

Perfect Wishes

By Billy_Ray77

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Chapter 1: The finding

“Goddamn it!” I thought as I wiped yet another spider web off my face. “I’m getting too fucking old for this shit.”

I was on my belly, squirming my way through a crawl space that seemed to go on forever.

“How many times did they add on to this house?” I mumbled to no one in particular, particularly because there was no one else there.

If you are unfamiliar with crawl spaces, let me tell you that they are either damp or dusty to the point of distraction, and every time someone adds on to their house they scab the two foundations together and knock an access hole from the old crawl space to the new in order to run the duct work. Usually just big enough for the duct work. Meaning, to get from one area to the other was always a tight squeeze.

This crawl space was of the damp variety and I had already been through three such access holes and since the last foundation wall I went through was made up of field stones I guessed this part of the house to be about 100 yrs old. I considered this verified by what had to be a hundred year buildup of spider webs and bug carcasses. I had been passing from the newest area of the house to the oldest and the older it got, the smaller the crawl space.

In case you are wondering why I was in a crawl space, I occasionally work in them.

My job is installing burglar and fire alarm systems. Running wires through homes entails a lot of attic and/or crawl space work. Both are a pain in the ass for someone my size. I am 6’1” and weigh about 225 lbs. I am not fat, don’t have a gut or anything, but I do not have the fat to muscle ration I would really like. I am usually just too damned tired after work to work out so I am stuck with a small spare tire.

Hell, let me just tell you all about myself and get that part over with—I am 45 yrs old, married, 2 boys (teenagers now) and just a normal blue-collar guy. I had retired from the Marine Corps 5 yrs ago and took a job installing fire and burglar alarm systems in homes. I make about \$1200 a month from my Marine pension, \$15.00 an hour at this job and my wife makes \$8.00 an hour as a clerk at Wal-Mart. I work as much overtime as I can get and volunteer for Saturday jobs whenever they come up. We usually bring in just over \$3000 a month after taxes, health insurance 401k's and other deductions. Between the mortgage, car payments, insurance, various credit cards and other household bills we barely have enough for groceries. Seemed like I always had enough, but just enough. There was never any extra.

Enough whining—back to the story.

This installation hadn't been too bad until now. The house was sort of out in the sticks and seemed to have started life as a small cabin on a lake. As the value of lake property went up so did the size of the house. The crawl spaces in the newer areas were actually pretty big, but there was one door down at this end of the house and the wire was already pushed down through the door jamb, all I had to do was get it and get out of here.

The ground had gone from damp to muddy as I finally reached the wall where the wire should be. I took my bearings, moved to where I should find it, twisted as best I could to my side and reached up into some insulation that looked to be about 50 yrs old. I found the wire, pulled on it and it came pretty easily. At least that ditzy woman hadn't closed the door on the wire.

The floor joists ran perpendicular to the way I had to go so I started drilling holes so I wouldn't have to come back and staple it up after I had it pulled to length. (I know, I could just let it lay, but I take more pride in my work than that.) About half way through - just when I started to notice the dampness soaking through my coat (as I was now on my back) and my mouth, nose and eyes were all suffering from the effects of the mud falling off my drill and the dust falling out of the floor joists—I saw what seemed to be an access hatch. I got my bearings again and I realized that it would be in the small closet in the master bedroom, which back when this was a newer house would have been the living room. I had checked that, looking for an easier way to get to this wire, and there was no hatch on the upper side, at least they hadn't accommodated it when they laid down the hardwood floor. It was just something else to irritate me.

As I was drilling holes in the joists passing this old hatch the drill bit hit something that rang like metal as it broke through the wood. I wiggled around to see what happened and saw that someone had nailed a two-by-twelve board between the joists in order to form a small shelf. It was set back about 8 inches from the hatch opening and I figured one could have easily opened the hatch and reached down to the shelf, but no one would have seen it without dropping down into the space.

Reaching up into the spider webs (ick) I felt a metallic object. I pulled it out. It looked like an old brass gravy boat or cream pitcher of some kind (at least that's what it looked like to me).

Now this is part I am sort of ashamed of. I don't usually steal things. In fact I hadn't stolen anything since I was 14. But I was dirty, wet, cold, tired and pissed. I'd been busting my ass 5-6

days a week and still struggling to make ends meet. I knew that the owners of this house had just bought it as part of an estate sale and while technically they now also owned this, they didn't know it. I thought I could polish it up and maybe get \$50 or \$60 on E-Bay for this "antique."

I worked my way out of the crawl bringing that wire to join the rest of the wire bundle that I would then pull up to where the alarm panel was located. I stuffed the antique into my coat right before I left the crawl space and headed for my truck. While cleaning the mud and spider webs off my face and out of my hair I slipped it under the seat and went back to finish the installation.

The rest of the day went fairly well. I only hurt myself three times and only once requiring a band-aid. Overall I liked my job but I am not the most graceful person, especially around tools.

As I often did during my longer drives home I reflected a bit about where I was in my life. I knew that I had no one to blame for my situation except myself. I could have gone to college and followed a much more lucrative career path. But when I was young, partying and chasing girls was so much more important. I finally found myself homeless in Florida in the early 80's and that was when I joined the Marines. That got me off the street and they really turned me around physically. I was pretty skinny and pathetic when I joined. After a couple of years as a grunt I retrained into an electronics repair specialty. With that going for me I landed in this job when I had retired. It wasn't so bad, but I wish my wife didn't have to work to help out.

On the plus side, had I not gone the way I had, I never would have met the woman I just referred to, Maria.

I had met Maria in Japan during my first assignment there. She is from the Philippines and as far as I am concerned that country harbors some of the most beautiful women in the world. She was 19 and a knock out when we were married, but now, after almost 20 yrs of marriage and giving birth and breast-feeding 2 boys she was showing the wear and tear.

Don't get me wrong. I love her as much or more now than when we married. Her face is still drop-dead gorgeous, but she does have a bit of a paunch she was never really able to get rid of after the boys were born and her tits aren't as self-buoyant as they used to be. But she is still very attractive and I catch guys looking at her all the time. The best part about Maria is her libido. She actually has a hard time sleeping if we don't have sex—though, that can get a bit tiresome at my age. Up until a few years ago if you had said that there would come a day when I would rather read in bed than fuck, I would have said you were nuts.

Without Maria I wouldn't have Craig and Tim. Craig is 17 and Tim is 14. And they are pretty good kids. They take martial arts and do decent in school. I am proud of them because so far they seem to have avoided the drugs and booze that led me down some paths I now wish I had avoided. I would prefer they did better in school or at least had a better attitude about it.

Focusing on the positive had me feeling a bit better by the time I pulled into the driveway. I went inside, greeted the family and ate dinner.

When I came out of the shower that night Maria was waiting for me in bed. She had slipped a porno movie into the VCR while I showered and now looked at me expectantly. I moved down between her legs and tried not to notice the negative aspects of her body.

What I focused on was her wonderful pussy. It is small and pink and never smells or tastes bad. Her lips are a slightly darker brown than her skin and the edges of them are just a little darker than that. When I spread the lips it looks as though she has applied hi-liter around her pussy.

I started a slow licking up and down just the way she likes it. Every time I got to the top I would cut back and forth across her clit once or twice and then lick back down the length of her pussy. As soon as she began to get really warmed up I flattened my tongue against her pussy and moved it in small circles while my upper lip rubbed her clit. It didn't take long before she was coming and had raised her ass off the bed and locked her legs around my neck. I kept pressure on her pussy until she relaxed and then a gentle licking brought her down slowly.

"Okay," she said, "now its my turn."

I climbed up the bed and lay on my back. Another great thing about Maria was that to her sex was a very giving thing. When she came she considered it giving me her orgasm and vice verse. Likewise she considered a blowjob as me allowing her to enjoy my cock and me eating her pussy her allowing me to enjoy it. And I did. And she certainly enjoyed my dick.

Her being small, we had developed a very nice position for a blowjob. She would sit Indian style and I would lay back with my butt in her lap. My legs to either side of her meant her tits were sandwiched between my legs and my balls sandwiched between her tits. With my nuts so encased she would suck on my cock, and, while she couldn't actually deep throat, she could get it in pretty deep. She had great technique, which included her tongue in constant motion on the part of my dick in her mouth while her lips slid up and down. She had also learned to reach up and manipulate my nipples while doing this. She would do this for me most nights when she had her period. She never let me come in her mouth but she would hold my cock and lick it while I shot onto my stomach. I was a lucky man to have a wife who, when she got PMS, just got hornier.

But tonight she was intent on getting fucked. So after sucking me for a while she got up and straddled me. Her tight little pussy smoothly engulfed my rigid cock. As was usual, within a few seconds of impaling herself she had another small orgasm. She worked her pussy around on my dick and I made it throb and jump inside her pussy in the way I knew she liked.

I liked it with her on top because her tits took on the shape they enjoyed years ago. I played with them while she moved on top of me and the hotter she got the rougher I got. She didn't like it rough until she was really worked up and then it really sent her if I pinched her nipples (not real hard but hard enough) or bit her lip. I saw her eyes start to lose focus while my thumbs were rolling her nipples.

Her hands on my shoulders began to squeeze almost painfully and I knew she was about to have a big one. Her movements became faster. I reached around and grabbed her ass. She never did develop a fat ass, for which I was also grateful since I have always been an ass man.

“I’m coming!” She kept saying over and over between moans.

I laid one finger across her asshole and that triggered the orgasm.

“OH! I’m mmmmmmm!” She moaned as it hit her and she held her breath for a long time. Her body went rigid and she squeezed my shoulders. Her head was thrown back and she was trying not to make too much noise. She finally dropped her head forward and her body relaxed as she collapsed onto me. She started nuzzling my neck murmuring, “I love you, that felt so good. How do you do that to me?”

“Because I love you.” I said.

She always asks those questions and I always give those answers.

“Is that all I get tonight or do you want more?” I asked her this because some nights she wants a few more like that one.

“That’s it,” she pants, “I’m finished.” She rolled over onto her back.

I rolled with her and ended up in the missionary position. I stroked slowly enjoying the soft friction of her pussy. She crossed her arms with her tits trapped between them, pushing them up. Her hands caressed my chest while I stroked. She moved her hips slightly and I could feel her bearing down on my cock with her pussy muscles. This added to her enjoyment as well and I can usually count on one or two more orgasms while I build up to my own. When she had an orgasm her pussy would grab my cock like a fist. This time it was her second orgasm that sent me over the edge and I slowed my pace to try and prolong it. Finally I rammed into her as deep as I could go and shot my cum into her awaiting pussy. She pulled me down into a hard embrace, both of us declaring our love for the other.

After I rolled off of her she went into the bathroom to clean up. This was all very pleasant, I mused, but it is the same thing every night, except for the actual number of orgasms Maria has, the script never varies.

She came back to bed and we snuggled up together. Her breathing told me she was asleep and I was about to slip off myself when I remembered the object under my truck seat. I carefully got out of bed and headed for the garage.

I got it from under the seat and took it down to my workshop in my basement. Under the bright light of my workbench I saw that the brass had actually survived quite well. I had anticipated a lot of elbow grease with polishing compounds but there only seemed to be a little tarnish. As I wiped off more of the grime I realized that it was far too shiny to be brass.

Shit, I wasn't too worried about unloading a hot brass knick-knack, but this was gold!

I also realized that it wasn't a gravy boat or cream pitcher either. It was an old-fashioned oil lamp.

I continued cleaning it and just as I was finishing it became very warm to the touch and a little trickle of smoke came out of the spout. I set it down quickly and reached for the small fire extinguisher I keep by my workbench (I told you I'm not all that graceful).

The trickle quickly became a stream. But it didn't behave as you would expect smoke to behave. Instead of spreading out across the ceiling it coalesced into a ball. Finally the smoke stopped coming out. The ball elongated into an egg shape and then the top of the egg started to look like a head. Shoulders appeared then arms and a torso. The smoky shape then solidified into the upper half of a man.

He looked sort of like Mr. Clean. In fact he looked exactly like Mr. Clean, t-shirt, ear ring and all, which I would have considered odd had he not materialized out of smoke and was right now half a body floating in my workshop on a cushion of that same coherent smoke. Those two items took precedent in my "isn't that odd" thought process.

Just as I was about to ask what the hell was going on I realized that I knew exactly what was going on. I knew what he was, what he was going to say and what I was expected to do. I also knew that it was impossible. It suddenly dawned on me what was really going on. I had to be...

"You are not dreaming." He said, calmly. "I am what I appear to be."

"Okay," I managed, "what... do you think... that I think... you appear to be." I still didn't believe it.

"You are going to make me say it aren't you?" He sighed, and then continued in bored voice, "I am the Jinni of the lamp—I am at your command—thank you for freeing me master—you may have three wishes - yada, yada, yada...."

"You don't have so sarcastic about it," I said, suddenly a little miffed, "This is the first time I ever saw a Jinni."

"It always is." He said, "Shall we get on with it?"

"Not so fast, how does this work?" I was stalling, trying to get my head straight. I thought knew what I was supposed to do but I didn't want to operate off balance and screw it up.

"How does what work?" He replied. I have always hated people who answer questions with questions. I was acclimating quickly to the situation and my brain was racing.

"This whole, lamp, Jinni, I'm the master and three wishes thing."

“You possess the lamp, therefore I am yours to command. I have the magical ability to grant you three wishes. You may begin your wishes at any time.” He was becoming a little less snide about the whole thing.

“When you say that you are mine to command,” I said trying not to miss anything, “is that just the wishes?”

“No, you can give me indefinite non-magical commands for as long as you possess the lamp. For example, if you ‘wish’ for a feast, I will conjure the largest most delicious feast you have ever seen. If you command me to prepare you a feast I will do so, however, I will have to do all the preparation in a more mundane manner. I wouldn’t recommend that, I am a horrible cook.”

“So what happens to you after the three wishes?”

“Generally, the possessor of the lamp orders me to return to the lamp, I must obey for the possessor still commands me. The lamp is then discarded for the next person to find.”

“So, I can give the lamp to someone else?”

“No, the lamp must be found by someone, unknown to the previous holder, who has no idea what it is he or she has found. Otherwise the magic will not manifest. There are the rules to the use and dispensation of magic. This is to ensure use of magic is rare and well dispersed thus preventing chaos”

I suddenly realized he was right. I could imagine folks lined up waiting for their turn at the lamp. Everyone would be wishing to be richer and more powerful than the one before him or her. So, I had to be careful, I couldn’t tell anyone about this because they would want the lamp, and giving it to them would do them no good.

“Are there rules about the wishes?”

“For a wish to be considered a wish, it must be a single, concise sentence beginning with the words ‘I wish...’ I will then grant your desire.”

He seemed to be less sarcastic but was still very haughty. I suddenly had a thought about all the Jinni tales I had heard.

“What about you twisting my wish and turning it into something that is really horrible?”

“That is possible,” he replied with a slight grin, “it depends upon how irritated I become with you.”

“And you have to follow my non-magical orders?”

“Yes”

“So, give me a few examples of how you could twist a wish, and I order you to tell the truth.”

“Well,” he began, but he didn’t look happy, “if you were to wish for millions of dollars, I could magically arrange for you to inherit or win the money or I could just make the money disappear from a bank vault and appear here, you would suddenly be in possession of a lot of money you couldn’t explain, and by spending it, some of it would eventually be traced back to the ‘robbery’ and you would go to jail. Another example would be if you wished to be irresistible to women—I could follow the spirit of that wish causing any woman you desired to succumb to your will, or I could grant the wish literally, causing all women to persistently, and possibly violently, pursue you.”

He continued impatiently, “Is that enough? Will you please get on with the wishing and let me return to my lamp.”

“It must be very comfortable in there if you want to go back so badly.”

“It is not. It is cold, dark, cramped—even for my ethereal form - and worse, it is boring. But it is my curse and when you get what you want I will be forced to return until someone else frees me for a short torturous foray into the outside world.”

“One more question,” I said, “how come you look like someone out of a TV commercial?”

“As I was forming I quickly scanned your mind for the language and cultural details I would need in order to communicate with you, I also chose a form from your memory. I could have chosen a form closer to your perceptions of a Jinni,” as he was saying this he morphed from Mr. Clean into the Jinni from Disney’s Aladdin complete with Robin Williams’ voice, then into Barbara Eden in her ‘Jeanie’ outfit and then back into Mr. Clean, “but I dislike stereotypes.” He concluded.

I was realizing many things right about now: First, this was an incredible opportunity; Second, I wasn’t going to ruin it by rushing into these wishes; Third and most important, I was tired and had to work in the morning.

“I tell you what,” I said, “Why don’t you take tonight and tomorrow to look around the ‘outside’ world and I’ll get back to you tomorrow night with the wishes.”

My head was spinning as I returned to bed, and it took a long time to fall asleep.

Chapter 2: The Wishing

I spent the next morning trying to figure out how to word my wishes. I knew what I wanted, but it was awfully complicated. I had always fantasized about being a super hero and that was what I wanted. But that one sentence rule had me worried. If I just wished for super powers who knew what I would end up with.

By lunch I had figured out how to get a complicated wish with only one sentence.

I sat down with a pad of paper and began outlining the powers I wanted. It took a while and I made several changes as I thought things through. My three wishes would be for physical super powers, mental super powers and immortality.

First, the physical powers: I would be strong enough to bench press 10 times my own body weight with all muscles throughout my body being proportionally strong and my bones, tendons and other related organs and parts being strong enough to take the stress. I would be as flexible and agile as any world-class gymnast. When someone was going to physically attack me, whether I was aware of it or not, (I have always liked Spiderman's Spider-sense) my thoughts and reactions would speed up to double the normal speed. My body would maintain the appearance and form of a man 6' 1" and 225 Lbs but my body fat would never exceed 6—8%.

Additionally, I would be immune to all forms of virus, bacteria, disease and toxin. In other words I would never get sick again. I would also be able to heal any injury 10 times as fast as normal and even be able to regenerate.

Second, the mental powers: I would be receptive to strong emotions such as fear or anger so I could quickly identify and pinpoint crimes in progress. I would be able to telepathically scan large groups looking for information buried in their minds. This way I would be able to ID the bad guys. I would be able to read minds individually as well. I would also be able to affect the thoughts of a person and actually change, either permanently or temporarily, their basic beliefs and, just in case I needed to protect my identity, I could also cause them to forget certain things. Last, I would have total recall so that I would never forget anything once I knew it. I figured with that one I might make a go of it as a bounty hunter.

Third, the immortality: This one took a while to settle on. My previous fantasies were pretty well handled by my first two wishes, but I couldn't see wasting the third. I finally decided that with all those things going for me why not ride it out as long as possible. The main problem with immortality as I saw it, was trying to hide the fact that I didn't age.

Then I figured it out that my body didn't have to actually be involved in my sticking around. Upon the death of my physical body, by whatever means, my essence, and/or my consciousness, and/or my spirit and/or my soul would be drawn to the nearest recently deceased adolescent body.

I would then be able to scan the body to see if the injuries could be handled by my healing abilities. If not, I could allow myself to be drawn to the next nearest, and so on, and so on until I found one I wanted to inhabit. I would then reanimate the body (since no one else was using it) enter it and begin the healing process. Once healthy it would be a simple matter to claim amnesia. I decided on an adolescent because I figured that living with parents and a family would make it easier to acclimate to the life I was stepping into. I thought that this would be a win—win situation, as I would continue my existence in this world and some family would not have to mourn the loss of a child.

I also included a Gone To Hell clause. A GTH plan is one war planners use as the final contingency—when all other plans are no longer feasible and everything has 'Gone To Hell.'

Usually it was something drastic, risky, stupid and irreversible. It either worked or you were screwed. But then, if you weren't screwed you wouldn't be using it anyway.

In this case the clause allowed me to stop the immortality process in the event I ever grew tired of it. Upon the death of my physical body I could, by force of will just allow nature to take its course and whatever happened to everyone else at death would then happen to me. I initially did that in case the world ever ended. I didn't want to be stuck with my consciousness floating around forever with no living body to enter. But it also occurred to me that I might eventually be ready to just let go.

After finishing the description of immortality I then returned to the other two descriptions and added that the power would transfer to my new body with me. I also added that the size of 6' 1", 225 lbs, and low body fat would be a gradual change finishing at about the age of 23.

By the time I had gotten all that down I was way over on my lunchtime, but one of the things I liked about this job was the independence. I had to really hump to finish at a decent time and on the way home I thought of how much help telekinesis and the ability to project a sort of mental eye would be in my job so I decide to add them to my list of mental powers.

I was late getting home but Maria was working an evening shift so there was no rush anyway. The boys were watching MTV, which I can't handle so I went right down to the workshop. The Jinni wasn't there so I sat to wait for him. While waiting I included the telekinesis, looked over my 3 sheets of paper and saw an important omission. I quickly added the fact that I would instinctively know how to work my new powers.

I had waited about an hour and was wondering when he would come back when I had a thought.

"Jinni," I called.

Suddenly he was right in front of me. No "poof", no smoke, nothing. He was just there.

"Interesting world these days," he said, happily with no prompting from me, "the last time I was able to wander around was over 1500 years ago. I have been aware of the changes, as I am aware of all things, but that is different than participating."

Then his demeanor changed.

"So, are you ready to make your wishes?" He asked almost wistfully.

"Yes, but I do have one other question."

"What now?" he asked, seemingly irritated again.

"If I do not order you back into the lamp after my wishes what will happen?"

"As I said, I will still be bound to your non-magical commands."

“What if I simply order you to go out into the world and have fun, you wouldn’t be dangerous or anything would you? And I order you to be truthful.”

“If you were to order me to not harm anyone, then I couldn’t cause harm.”

“And what would happen when the next person got the lamp?”

“I am forever linked to the lamp. As soon as you were no longer in possession of it, due either to your death, you discard it or someone else finds it, your command would terminate and I would be returned to the lamp to await the next legitimate possessor.”

“Then that is what I will do after we are through.” I assured him.

His mood noticeably elevated. I was counting on that and hoped that it would have him positively disposed towards me when he granted my wishes.

“For my first wish,” I took a deep breath and held out the paper describing immortality, “I wish... I had immortality as it is described on this sheet of paper.”

He looked at me for a long moment then reached out and took the paper. He read it and chuckled.

“Very good... very good...” he said grinning and nodding while he read it.

Then he looked at me and said, “As you wish—so shall it be.”

I waited but didn’t feel different; I guess I will have to wait until I die to see if it works.

I then held out the physical powers description.

“I wish... I had physical super powers as they are described on this sheet of paper.”

He took the paper and read it. He nodded once and looked at me.

“As you wish—so shall it be.”

Suddenly I felt better than I had ever felt. It was almost as if I were lighter. I was breathing easier and I no longer needed my glasses. I noticed my pants were quite a bit looser and realized I had carried more fat around my middle than I had thought. I tightened my belt and looked at the Jinni.

He was looking at me expectantly, and with a bemused twinkle in his eyes.

I then held out the mental powers description and said, “I wish... I had mental super powers as they are described on this sheet of paper.”

He took it and read it. He looked at me and said, “Will you truly allow me to roam free until you no longer possess the lamp?”

I nodded, suddenly nervous.

“Will you vow to maintain possession of the lamp as long as you can?”

“I do.” I replied.

“Then, as you wish—so shall it be.”

I looked at my workbench and could clearly remember building it. I remembered how every mark on it had been made. I remembered exactly what the back of it looked like even though it had been in place for almost 5 years. There was more but I found I could dismiss the thoughts easily and focus on the matter at hand.

He looked at me and said, “You left yourself open to trouble on that last one. I could have enacted your total recall in such a way that you would remember everything you have ever known, at all times. You would have had millions of facts and memories swarming your mind without relief. You would have quickly gone insane. I hope you will now keep your word.”

“You have it.” I quickly said, “I now command you to go out into the world to explore, experience and enjoy. I further command that you may not, by action or manipulation, cause harm to any living, cognizant thing.”

“Thank you, Master. Enjoy your new life.” And with that, he was gone. I never saw or heard from or about him again.

I then took the lamp and set up on a high shelf, behind a box that hadn’t moved since it was placed there over 4 years ago.

Chapter 3: The Discovering

I went back upstairs and reached out with my mind. The boys were still watching MTV and they were both trying real hard to ignore the fact that they each had homework they were ignoring. I explored their beliefs about school and education and found that they believed pretty much the same as I had at their age. School was mainly a social function and classes were a waste of time. The stuff they were learning was useless as far as they were concerned. School wasn’t so much difficult as it was boring.

Well, they were going to end up with a job with their name on their shirt just like their old man with that attitude. But I could fix that.

From now on they considered school to be a very important stepping stone on their life path. They would believe that they needed to do the best they could at everything assigned to them. Neither one of them had any thoughts about what to do after high school, but now college was

the main goal. They would start examining their skills, likes and values to help them decide on an eventual career path.

Since we lived hand to mouth, the first thing Craig was going to do the next day at school would be to visit the counselor to get information on ways to pay for college, they both also believed they should get jobs and start saving. I also instilled in them a strong belief in themselves and their own abilities.

As I walked into the living room Tim was just switching off the TV and Craig already had his history book open. I was no longer worried about their futures. I would, however like to start putting some money away for their educations. I wanted to be a super hero, not a super villain, so stealing money was not the way I would go.

But then again, what if I simply confiscated the ill-gotten gains of those I brought to justice?

It took an hour of cruising the part of town I normally wouldn't be in after dark before I found my target—a crack house. I scanned the guy out front and found the layout of the house, and more importantly, where the money was.

I parked my car about a block away. Walking back to the house I looked a little deeper into the mind of the guy out front. He was definitely a bad guy. He had participated in a few killings, a couple of rapes and uncountable beatings. I had no remorse about taking this guy down the way I had planned. I simply made him believe that I belonged there and walked right by him.

Inside I did a quick scan and made everyone believe I belonged there. The guys running the place were just as bad as the one outside. I tried making them believe that I wasn't there and they went from being mildly interested in me to completely ignoring me. The room where they kept all the money was in an area of the house blocked by a locked door. Since all the bad guys were behind that door I made one of them believe he should go check on the one out front.

When he opened the hall door I slipped by him and into the back of the house. I went to what would have been a bedroom when this was a residence but was now the money room. There were 5's, 10's and 20-dollar bills bundled and stacked on a table. I had no time to actually count it but there had to be thousands. (\$7,635... I found out later).

I made the two guys in here as well as the other four including the one outside believe that everything was fine in the money room and that there was no reason to be in here. They all became much more interested in keeping track of what was going on in the area where they conducted business.

Once they were gone I started gathering up the money. I found an old bag that once carried newspapers lying in the closet and filled it up. It barely held all the money. I left the room, found the back door and went out, leaving it unlocked behind me.

You probably think I was letting these hoods off easy. But I wasn't.

I knew I was condemning those guys to at least severe beatings and probably execution from their gang once the money was discovered missing with no explanation, but they were the types who were quick to mete out that sort of justice to others and now they would get some of what they had been giving.

Driving back to my home I decided that I would continue paying all my bills out of my paycheck and this money would go for things like groceries, gas and other things normally paid for in cash. The last thing I needed to do was draw attention to myself by suddenly paying off a bunch of credit cards.

It had dawned on me that, since magic existed, there was a good chance the government or some equally powerful entity would also be aware of it and would be on the lookout for guys like me. I had to be careful not to make dramatic changes that might make me interesting to those types.

While I was driving and thinking I suddenly sensed incredible fear. Two elderly folks were being mugged somewhere. I was able to pin point it—the alley to my right. I stopped my car at the mouth of the alley and ran into it. There were 2 perps holding knives and threatening an old man and an old woman. They had already given over everything they had but the muggers were insisting that they were holding out and telling them that they were going to cut them if they didn't fork over whatever it was they were hiding. The couple was terrified. I scanned the muggers and found that they knew the old folks had given everything and found it fun to scare them.

They heard me approaching and they turned.

“Back off man, this ain't your business.”

“I'm afraid it is.” I answered.

He started to lung at me and suddenly he seemed to be moving slowly. When I taught hand-to-hand combat we would have called it a “walking pace” for practicing moves. His right hand with the knife was out in front of him so I grabbed it inside the wrist with my left hand, stepped to my right bringing my right arm under his now straight right arm. I brought the inside of my right wrist up to meet the outside of his elbow and pulled it toward me while pushing with my left.

His elbow snapped backwards and before he could react I slammed my right elbow into the soft spot under his armpit, I clamped his upper arm inside my elbow and twisted to my left. Normally this would lay your opponent out in front of you for a deathblow but with my new strength and the speed at which I was moving, it threw him a good 10-15 feet away from me. I turned to see what his friend was doing and he was just starting to react by moving towards me. He also had his knife in his right hand so I stepped to my left and snapped a quick back fist into his knife hand. My knuckles hit square on the center of the back of his hand and I could feel the bones break. His knife fell in slow motion. His eyes were growing wide as the pain began to register and, since my right hand was already balled into a fist I brought it up and tagged him with an upper cut. He fell at normal speed, which I took to mean that any threat to me was over.

I looked at the old couple and said, “Call the police. Quickly, before these guys manage to get away. And, you never saw me.” In a few minutes they wouldn’t be able to describe me anyway.

They picked up their cell phone and he made the call while she was thanking me profusely. While they were doing that I checked out the muggers. They were trying to crawl away nursing their injured appendages. By the time the police arrived they would both believe that the only thing they could do to get proper medical attention would be to confess to the police every crime they had ever committed. They wouldn’t be able to describe me either.

I returned to my car and made it home with no more interruptions. I had just parked the car when Maria pulled in. I waited and hugged her hello and we went inside together.

We ate dinner, got ready for bed and made love again, just like last night. As we lay cuddling in the afterglow I started to examine her mind. I couldn’t understand most of what I found and then realized her thoughts and memories were in Tagalog—the language of the Philippines.

I searched her mind for the part that translated Tagalog into English and vice-versa. Finding it, I ran through word translations, grammar and idioms. Now that I knew the language I could understand everything.

She was thinking that she was lucky that she could enjoy sex. She and her friends often talked about sex and most of them didn’t enjoy it. Not that they couldn’t but it seems most of their husbands were selfish and inept when it came to that. She never said much when those conversations came up and I decide to change that. Ego, I guess.

Since I was toying with her mind, she also decided right then that she needed to start exercising everyday. She became determined that, starting tomorrow morning she would do some push-ups, sit-ups and a good 25 minutes on the Nordic Track that we had down in the family room.

Then I noticed a pleasant surprise. Cuddling together naked was getting me excited again. And I don’t mean just a little. Those super-fast recuperative powers worked for more than just wounds. I was raring to go like we hadn’t had sex for a week.

“Oh!” She said, with her cute little accent, “what’s happen to my friend?”

“Well,” I replied playfully, “you are just so damned sexy I can’t help my self.”

We made love again that night and again in the morning. I couldn’t believe it. My cock thought I was 16 again.

She wasn’t working that day and was still in bed when I left. I kissed her and teased her for staying in bed while I went to work.

“Its not my fault, you wear me out.” She claimed sleepily and rolled over.

The next day at work I finished a full day's install in about 2 hours. Whenever the homeowner wasn't looking (which was most of the time) I let telekinesis do all the work. I was able to form mental tools such as screwdrivers, hammer, drill and wire strippers. It was like I had three or four hands and the tool I needed was always already in one of them.

Fishing wires through the walls went quickly as I just grabbed the wire with my mind and using my mind's eye moved through the walls and floors with my mental drill getting it to the main panel location in a few seconds rather than the hour or so it used to take.

When I was done I had the cleanest install I had ever done. The customer signed the paper and I was on my way. Knowing I could never explain how I had finished so quickly I decided to fill out my time card to reflect the normal time and cruise for crime.

I had stopped several robberies and two assaults when it was time to go home. About three blocks from my house I again sensed incredible fear. I zeroed in and found it in a small house nestled in a nondescript part of the neighborhood.

I entered the home and found a young couple in the midst of a fight. Fight is the wrong word. Beating was more like it. He was a little bigger than me, dark hair and moustache. She was about five feet tall, blond and very attractive. He was intently focused on her and didn't hear me approach. She was curled into a defensive ball and didn't notice either.

I grabbed him from behind by the arms and pulled him away. He tried to turn to face me but couldn't break my grasp. She looked up and sprang to her feet.

"Hey! Leave him alone!" She yelled at me.

I had half expected it.

I made her believe that she needed run and hide in her bedroom.

I released the guy and he spun around trying to slug me. He was moving in slow motion and I simply slapped away each punch as it came. He tried to rush me but each time I grabbed his arms and pushed him back. He grabbed a bat from behind a chair. As he swung toward me I caught it, tore it from his grasp and set it down behind me. He finally tired and when he sat down he resumed normal speed. He looked totally defeated.

During the "fight" I had scanned both of them and found that they really did love each other. He just had a confidence and anger problem. He felt she was far too pretty for him and lived in terror of losing her. He had no outlet for this emotion other than trying to control her through violence. He was sitting with his head in his hands on the verge of tears but I knew he would never let another human being see him cry.

I said, "You know that was unacceptable. You should never hurt her. I suggest you look in the phone book for a good anger management class and sign up right away."

While I was talking I was making him believe that the one person he could trust the most was his wife. He also believed that if he ever laid another hand on her in anger he would lose her. He would call and join an anger class just as I suggested.

I reached out to the woman and made her forget that she needed to hide. She would never stand for this type of treatment again. She would support him in any effort he made to change but if he should return to these behaviors she would promptly leave. I was pretty sure his violent days were behind him but I also wanted to make sure she would take care of herself in case my suggestions didn't hold. As I heard her stirring in the bedroom I left. They would both forget me.

Chapter 4: The Party

During the next 6 months I evolved my work techniques to the point that I could do a whole weeks worth of installs in 1 or two mornings.

I didn't bother fronting for the customers anymore, when I left they would believe that I was there the day my invoice reflected and they remember me working a full day and using all the appropriate tools. In reality I simply stood in the middle of the house and used my telekinetic eye and tools to run all the wires and install all the devices. It usually took about twenty to thirty minutes for a relatively large house. The customer would then sign the invoice, which was dated for the day and time I should have been there. On that day the customer would, at about 5 or 5:30 in the evening send the normal test signals that I would generally send at the completion of an install.

This way I was clocking my normal five 10-hour days every week. I had plenty of time for crime fighting and money gathering. There were even a few times the customer who was home during my visit happened to be a very pretty housewife. As I was perpetually horny these days I would, in those circumstances have the woman believe that I was her husband or that she and I have been having a long-standing affair and today was just another day of lovemaking. When I left, along with the normal instructions I returned her beliefs back to normal with her memories appropriately altered. It was that distraction which sometimes caused me to spend an extra day working.

It still gave me lots of time to spread justice. The hoods and thugs I ran into were dealt with in three basic ways—according to how big of an asshole they were.

Some crooks were just overall losers: Call it bad luck, call it lack of motivation or goals, call it simple laziness. Call it whatever you want, but these aren't really bad people. They are just trying to get by. They made many mistakes in the past and the best they think they can hope for now is a minimum wage job and permanent classification as 'working poor.' So, they steal, or deal or scam. They really don't want to hurt anyone and rarely do... physically. What damage they do is usually covered by insurance.

For those who really haven't caused too much damage except to themselves, I will instill in them a belief that they can do better, that they really need to establish some goals and set a direction for their lives. They decide to seek out higher education, in some cases college, in others some

sort of vocational training. Either way they cease being a drain on society and begin contributing to it.

Then there are the more violent types: Those who commit violent robberies or just seem to enjoy victimizing others—to include rapists and child molesters. I do believe in our justice system so I let it take care of these types. The only intervention I take is making sure the justice system gets involved with all the information it needs to take certain action.

Some of less monstrous of these types I run into while stopping muggings, assaults and around the peripheries of rapes. I even find them at the drug houses I take down. Usually gang members who may only have been in for a short time or have no desire to engage in the truly heinous acts that the more seasoned members get involved in. Surprisingly I have found that this description fits most of them. Since my modes operandi at drug houses is to take the money and leave the operators to their fate, when I run into a person like this I will give them several serious injuries and leave them with the memory that the others punked out and gave the money to a rival gang that pulled a stick-up—and he was only one who tried to stop it. This would save his life, and give him enough respect so that he could safely leave the gang later to get his life back on track

Otherwise, I bring them to the attention of the police in various ways. The simplest is the one I used once but am afraid to use it again—to avoid bringing attention to myself. In that case he was a serial rapist, who I had walk into the nearest police station and confess everything. Afterwards, I realized that if hundreds of criminals began turning themselves in, folks might start to think it strange, thus garnering the attention I hoped to avoid.

So I developed other ways. Often when I stopped someone during a crime I would have them accidentally drop a wallet or some other identifying object and made sure that any witnesses would have clear memories of the incident and the criminal. Other tactics included; having them brag excessively about their crimes—eventually leading the police to them, having them neglect incriminating evidence, and the good old fashioned anonymous tip (after ensuring some handy evidence would be found).

My favorite was happening upon an armed robber planning to hit a liquor store. There were police in the area, so I made them believe that they were thirsty and that the store in question would be a good place to buy a few soda-pops. I then made the crook oblivious to the presence of police until they identify themselves. So with one cop standing at the door and another at the cash register this guy walks in and pulls a gun on the owner. You may have seen the video on TV.

But most often, for crooks like these, I indulged in my fantasies of being a super hero. I would sense the fear of the victim and intervene. Usually pummeling the crook in the process. Sometimes I had everyone believe that the victims fought back, sometimes it was attributed to a ‘good Samaritan’ who always had a different description. Once I even had everyone believe that one of the crooks, a guy on his first stick-up, had had a change of heart and stopped his partner halfway through the robbery. This got him off easy with the courts and I made sure he took his life in the right direction after that.

That leaves us with the worst of the worst. Those whose crimes were so extensive and heinous that should they ever go to trial for even a portion of them they would easily get the death penalty—at a large expense to society. These types were generally firmly entrenched in street gangs, biker gangs or organized crime syndicates of one type or another. Multiple killings and financial ruin of their victims were the mere beginnings of their resumes. These were also the types I got most of my operating capital from. By the time the money reached them it was usually so far removed from its victims that returning it would be next to impossible. At that level it was also amassed into pretty large sums, and generally entrusted to these folks for safekeeping until it made it to the next level.

At the street and biker gang levels these were the guys running either the individual drug houses or were in charge of drug dealing territories. With the street gangs it was mostly crack, with the bikers it was mostly met-amphetamine. With the organized crime guys, they were the ones at the ‘lieutenant’ levels and occasionally ‘captains’.

Either way, dealing with them was easy. I simply walked in, liberated as much money as I could find and left. I then left them to the tender mercies of their colleagues. Of course, ‘tender’ and ‘mercy’ being words completely foreign to their colleagues, they often ended up getting the death penalty and I saved society a ton of money in the process. And, a few times their colleagues got sloppy and were busted for the murders taking even more assholes off the streets.

The wishes had changed my life in three major ways. I now had no money worries whatsoever, I was able to indulge in my childhood fantasies of being a super hero, and I was pretty horny—with the ability to have sex with anyone I wanted to. Mostly I wanted to with my wife. Her daily exercising was really paying off. Her tummy was now much flatter and very firm. Her arms and legs had toned up beautifully and her tits had regained a little of their former firmness—and she still had one the most beautiful faces I had ever seen.

Still, I had plans for a lot more pussy in my future. I mentioned that I thought Filipina women were very beautiful. Several of Maria’s friends bolstered that stereotype quite nicely. I had Maria now joining in on the conversations about their respective husbands’ sexual prowess (or lack thereof). Her friends were impressed by her stories of how often we had sex and how many times she came.

I slowly had Maria come to the conclusion that it wasn’t right to keep me all to herself and she should share me with her friends. They often gathered at our house to talk. Certain that I could not understand them they spoke openly while I appeared to be reading or watching TV. They found themselves more and more noticing my nicely toned body and wondering how I looked naked and how my cock would feel inside them. Their pussies started to become wet in my presence.

I set it up and waited to see what would happen.

I arrived home one Friday evening to find the house full of beautiful Filipinas. That was not that uncommon but I could tell that tonight was different.

As I filled my plate with food in the kitchen and joined them at the table no one said a word. They just watched me. I began to eat and Maria moved behind me and started rubbing my shoulders.

“Sweetheart,” she said mischievously, “would you do us a very, very big favor?”

“What would that be,” I responded playfully, “and how much is it?”

They all laughed at that and Maria slapped me on top of my head. “No, crazy, we want you to look at something for us and tell us what you think.”

“What will I be looking at?”

“Us.” She answered. “You will look at some of the clothes we bought today and tell us what you think of them. You finish eating and wait in the living room, we will be right out.”

About a month ago they had aired the Victoria’s Secret fashion show on TV and I had ‘arraigned’ for an informal get together at our house that night and they ended up watching it and thinking of how the lingerie would look on them, and what I would think of it.

I just wanted them to get ideas about dressing sexy—and they came up with giving me a fashion show! This was why I just gave them the motivation and let them come up with the how-to part of it. I wouldn’t have thought of this.

I finished my food and moved out into the living room with a can of mountain dew (since I was now immune to toxins, I found alcohol no longer had any effect on me). I was just settling into the center of the sofa when the door to the master bedroom opened and out they came. They had dolled up in a hurry!

Maria turned on the stereo and ZZ Top began filling the room with music for the girls to move to.

“First,” said Maria, “the outfits we bought to wear when we go out dancing.”

She was wearing a red mini that seemed more like a long tube top than an actual dress. It snugly fit every curve of that (once again) wonderful body. Her long black hair fell straight to her lower back and ended in a ‘V’ cut.

Next out was Leena. She was about nine inches taller than Maria. She filled out her blouse nicely. It was white and lacy. It clung loosely to her figure showing the promise of some very nice tits. The blouse was tucked into a black leather mini-skirt that just barely kept her pussy out of site. She was at least a C cup with narrow waist and a tight little ass.

I looked up at her face; she was smiling at me, encouraging me to continue to look her over. Her lovely south pacific features had been affected by some White and Asian blood in her genetic past. Her eyes were almond shaped behind oval wire rimmed glasses, which were small and had

a very sexy effect on her face. Her hair was a dark brown rather than the typical jet-black and had slightly lighter hi-lights. It was thick, parted just over her left eye and hung down to her shoulders. She stood there, her tits sticking out her shirt in just the right way, and her ass, pushed out by the spike heels she wore. She could tell I thought she was beautiful and instead of smugness, I detected a little relief in her expression.

As soon as I finished getting the full effect from Leena out came Rose. Rose's hair was very curly, as black as hair can get and was down to just past her shoulders. She definitely had some Chinese in her. Her eyes were slanted up slightly on the outsides and her eyebrows were shaped to show this off. When she smiled her mouth made a lovely shape that revealed incredibly straight white teeth.

Her pink dress had short sleeves that only seemed to be attached right under her arms. From there it plunged in front and back. Her tits were half exposed giving an effect of incredible cleavage. Even though her tits were about a midrange 'B'-cup they looked respectably sized since they were on such a tiny frame. She was about 5' 2" and couldn't weight 90 lbs. Not anorexic at all she was nicely curved - just very thin. The plunge in back showed about an inch of ass cleavage as it rode down the curves of her tiny buns. Her dress showed every curve. Stopping just south of her hot snatch it revealed all of her gorgeous legs. After my eyes made the trip down her body I looked back to her eyes in time to catch her look of pleasure as she correctly interpreted my response to her and her outfit.

I had just finished my appraisal of Rose when Amy walked out. It almost seemed they knew when I was finished assessing each girl and were waiting for that before the next one came out.

Amy was about 5' 5" and she, like Leena, had some type of European blood in her family line. Her hair was a light brown and fell thickly in waves down to her ass. Her skin was light brown as well and her eyes brown rather than black. She had a tiny nose sitting on top of pouting lips painted a light pink. It all had the effect of softening her looks and providing her with an innocent sexiness. Her outfit, on the other hand screamed sexy with no hint of innocence. A red spaghetti strap dress was so tight and so mini that it left almost nothing to the imagination. Her 'B'-cup tits were apparently holding themselves up without the help of a bra and her nipples became more pronounced as I watched them. She was watching my eyes and my crotch when my hard-on gave an approving twitch. It was then I realized that she had been holding her breath waiting for my reaction. She let out quick sigh and looked as though she had just won a prize.

Last out was Beth. She was pure Polynesian and wore it well. Long black hair flowed to her narrow waist with just the slightest hint of a wave or two. Her face was one of classic Hawaiian beauty and her makeup was done to give the effect of a smoky slow sensuality—which was something she emanated even without makeup. Her tits were the smallest of the group although still in the lower end of the 'B'-cup range.

The dress was black and tied behind her neck like a halter. The neckline dropped to reveal a nice bit of cleavage. Below her tits there was a circle of material missing and it showed off a sexy, flat stomach with a diamond stud in the navel. The missing cloth also made it apparent that she

shaved off at least the top part of her pussy hair because there was nothing but smooth brown skin showing. When it became evident that I approved she flashed me a smile of appreciation.

They were all wearing spike heels and I love what those shoes do to a woman's legs. They all stood that about 10 feet in front of me trying quietly and seductively to get my attention. I was looking at five of the most glamorous looking beauties I had ever had the privilege of leering at in my own living room.

Leena and Amy returned to the bedroom and the others continued dancing. Maria and Rose remained facing me and kept leaning over to give me better looks at their tits. Beth came a few steps closer and turned around grinding her ass in my direction. After the dress tied at the back of her neck it then disappeared until the point her ass started to jut out behind her. She was swaying to the music. Her gyrations giving occasional hints of a bare pussy under the skirt. I was sitting back enjoying the show with my dick becoming painfully hard inside my pants.

At that point Leena and Amy returned. They were wearing matching lingerie. It was red against their light brown skins. Quarter cup bras lifted and accented their tits rather than hiding anything. Tiny red lace thongs came just shy of actually covering their delicious pussies. As they began to dance the other three disappeared into the bedroom.

Their job seemed to be to entertain and distract me, without actually getting anything started, until the others came back.

I shifted my rock hard cock inside my pants. Leena and Amy began to explore each other's bodies with caresses and licks. Amy was the first to find a nipple with her tongue and Leena let out a sigh. They ended up facing me. Leena behind Amy, reaching around to fondle Amy's tits while Amy reached behind her and kneaded Leena's pussy mound. Lusty panting combined with moans of pleasure while they both kept their eyes locked on me. My cock was screaming for attention but I forced myself to keep my hands at my sides.

Maria, Rose and Beth came out of the room and Leena and Amy almost jumped at me.

These three beauties had donned lingerie that matched the other two. Theirs was white and almost glowed against the brown skin.

The three in white now explored each other while the Leena and Amy began working on my clothes.

They unbuttoned my work shirt and pulled it off, all the while letting no opportunity pass to brush my face arms and hands with any exposed skin they had—and there was plenty of that. After pulling off my t-shirt Amy lightly tickled my cock through my pants while Leena worked on the button and zipper.

They got my pants off and settled in next to me on the sofa. The two lovelies snuggled up against me. I felt a set of lips nuzzling my neck and another set sucking at my left nipple. Someone was using her hand to fondle my right nipple and there were some very skilled fingers gently tickling

my balls and raging hard-on. My hands roamed across the parts I could reach finally settling on resting them on the little curve in the small of back right above the ass.

I was receiving this royal treatment while watching Maria and Beth each licking one of Rose's nipples. They also were playing with her pussy and she was gasping in ecstasy. Locking eyes with me she came, shuddering and fell slowly to her knees supported by her two friends. By now my cock was so hard it was jerking in time with my pulse - which was moving along at a pretty good clip.

Rose crawled towards me hungrily eyeing my cock. Amy and Leena slid down until they were kneeling on the floor, their tits pressed deliciously against my thighs and they slowly caressed my legs and balls. Maria and Beth took their places beside me. Suddenly I felt two mouths suckling my neck beneath each ear. My arms beneath theirs wrapped around each brown skin beauty and I had a handful of tight ass in each hand.

My lovely Maria and the Hawaiian honey Beth were fondling and caressing my nipples while they licked and sucked my neck. The china-doll Rose reached my crotch and she licked me from the bottom of my balls, slowly, up my cock until she reached the tip and then sucked it into her mouth. While she worked on my rock hard cock I felt several sets of fingers caressing my inner thighs and balls. I have never had so many tits in contact with my body at one time. They continued this treatment for quite a while, as though they wanted me to get my first orgasm out of the way. Rose's tongue was licking back and forth across my cock while her mouth moved up and down its length. All the stimulation was getting to me and as my body worked up to an intense orgasm I let out a long groan. Rose lifted her head off my cock and looked up at me. The other girls were focused on caressing my body while they looked at my cock waiting for the eruption. Rose licked the underside of my cock tickling my balls. The first shot streamed out like a fire hose. It shot up in front of Rose's face, spread out and land in her hair, across my thighs and the hands of the two caressing me there. Everyone but Rose froze. She continued to lick my cock as I shot out three more just like the first. I had never seen so much cum coming out on me before. It finally slowed to a dribble out of my slit when Rose again took it in her mouth and commenced to suck out any cum that tried staying behind. The other girls began moving again and descended on any body part my cum had landed upon, be it my body or one of theirs. Within seconds there was no evidence that I had ejaculated save some damp spots in Rose's hair, and the fact that I had an afterglow so intense I felt almost stoned. I was surprised to see Maria joining in as she had never tasted my cum before.

For her part, in trying to claim any left over cum Rose had ensured my cock would stay hard and Beth was the first to take advantage of it. She had been on my right side and now she threw her right leg over my lap and began grinding her crotch into mine. I felt the hot wet softness of her sizzling pussy against my still hard dick. She writhed around on top of me. I took in her sensual looks and dynamite body and caught a second wind. Maria had promised these girls a satisfying fuck and I needed to deliver.

The other girls all tried to maintain contact with both Beth and me so we were surrounded by a swirling mass of brown skinned steaming lust. I shifted her up and brought her pussy down on my cock. She reached down to make sure I didn't miss and guided me into her waiting snatch. I

call it a snatch because that is what it did to my cock. I felt her velvety pussy grabbing at my cock as she slid it up and down the full length of my pole. If I had not just cum I wouldn't have been able to last long inside this hottie. She worked her hips to engulf my rod over and over again; each time sliding up until just the head remained inside.

I shifted my hips so that as she descended on my dick, the tip would rub against the front wall of her pussy. She moaned in pleasure and my hands grabbed either side of her waist to help her move up and down. My fingers touched at her back. She started doing rotations with her hips and my cock swirled around inside its tight prison. I began to make my cock throb inside her pussy. She was shuddering and moaning. I leaned forward to lick her neck and when I did she slammed her pussy down on my cock and screamed.

Her pussy pulsed as she came, pulling and tugging at my sensitive, steel hard penis. She collapsed against me and I rolled over so that she was now seated (somewhat) on the sofa and I was kneeling in front of it with my cock buried to its hilt in her still spasming pussy.

Beth lay semi reclined on the sofa. Clearly exhausted yet receiving pleasure from every stroke of my cock. She called out in joy each time I plunged my hard dick into her. It was as though each stroke was both riding the wave of her last orgasm and spurring on her next. I felt hard nipples and soft tits against my back as two hands began fondling my nipples, two more hands began massaging my ass cheeks. Leena and Maria were pressed up against me and then they each sucked in an ear lobe. I pinched Beth's nipples and kneaded her tits while I stroked in and out. She was a vision of exotic loveliness lying there moaning helplessly, she looked out at me from under half lidded eyes.

I became aware of a phenomenon that I had noticed on occasion. A mild telepathic connection between me and the person I was fucking. As my excitement increased I seemed to feed the other person who in turn became more excited. Their increased excitement fed back to me thereby increasing mine. It was an erotic feedback loop.

"Give me your cum," she begged, "It feels so fucking good!" This sentence trailed off into a scream of pleasure as she came again. This time the pulsating of her pussy was just too damn good and I felt my orgasm coming on.

"Okay, here it comes, Beth."

Once again I shot a load of cum like never before. I can't remember for certain but I know it was at least three or four good shots of hot cum hosed deep into the Hawaiian hottie's steaming pussy. I don't know for sure because she and I were both on stimulation over-load and the harder I came the harder she came. We fed on each other's orgasms for what seemed like forever. I haven't figured out how to control that effect. Perhaps that is a good thing because it could become highly addictive.

I collapsed forward onto her and she grabbed and hugged me weakly whimpering softly as she buried her face in my neck.

“Thank you, OH! Thank you,” she cried—meaning she was literally crying at this point. “I have never felt like that before!” Her pussy was still throbbing, albeit weakly around my cock and she hugged my neck desperately. I pulled out slowly and gave her a long kiss as her disappointment over losing my cock gave way to a very contented afterglow. She seemed to sink into the sofa and a long satisfied sigh escaped her lips as she closed her eyes, savoring the afterglow.

I turned from the sofa to get a surprise. While Maria and Leena helped me fuck Beth, Rose and Amy had gone down the basement and brought up a couple queen size futons we had. They placed them side by side and they almost covered the living room floor. I was pulled onto the large bed and fell into a roiling cauldron of hot brown flesh and lustrous hair.

Another mass of hot wet throbbing flesh engulfed my cock and suddenly I had a very pretty pussy hovering above my face. I’m not sure who’s it was but the lovely brown lips and luscious pink interior was too much to resist and I began to lick and suck as best I could inducing moans from above. Someone else was coming repeatedly while trying like hell to coax more cum from my balls.

I was loath to even blink because everywhere I looked I saw sensuous hair, an angelic face, a perfectly shaped tit or a delicious pink pussy. My cock was either being sucked or fucked constantly. As soon as one source of pleasure slipped off, I barely had time to register the cool air hitting it when either a mouth or a pussy intent on bringing forth yet another eruption of hot cum would again swallow it up.

I awoke in the morning surrounded by beautiful women sleeping the sleep of the well fucked. Amy was draped across me having fallen asleep immediately following her final orgasm of the night. My semi-flaccid cock was still embedded in her pussy and the thought that I slept all night with this steamy brown fuck machine riding my cock sparked a brand new erection.

My cock began to swell inside this lovely Amer-Asian cutie and as it reached full hardness it woke her up. As soon as she opened her eyes I could tell she was on her way to an orgasm. She sat up with her eyes locked on mine, her lower lip sucked into her mouth. She had a pleading look in her eyes, like she wanted another orgasm but wasn’t sure if she would survive it. She finally succumbed and her pussy clamped down tight on my cock and she let out a long groan of pleasure. Her orgasmic throws took me over the top and I shot jet after jet of hot morning cum deep into her receptive pussy.

Her cries woke up the others and I excused myself to go piss and get cleaned up. When I emerged they were sitting around the table like I had seen them a hundred times before, only this was how I always fantasized about it. They were in various stages of undress and what they were wearing simply enhanced rather than hid any of their assets.

They were talking amongst each other in Tagalog, which they didn’t think I understood.

I heard them telling Maria how lucky she was and wondering if I would be able to fuck them again this morning before they had to leave.

Maria came to me, handed me a cup of coffee and gave me a big hug.

“Thank you, honey, “she purred,” I told them how good you were and they didn’t believe me, but you didn’t let me down

“He didn’t let anyone down.” Said Leena looking me up and down, absently caressing one of her bare nipples.

“But he sure ‘went down’ pretty good!” laughed Rose.

Maria was beaming, like a proud mother listening to people praising a son who just won the spelling bee.

“Well,” I said soberly, “you can thank Maria. She taught me everything I needed to know about making a hot Filipina cum numerous times.”

“Oh, we will thank her,” said Amy with an evil grin, “and I know how best to do it!”

She, Rose and Beth grabbed Maria and led her into the living room. I followed in a tight embrace with Leena and saw Maria on the floor with an eager mouth servicing both her tits and her pussy.

Saturday and Sunday went pretty much like Friday night. There were a few breaks for meal preparation and consumption but mostly it was one continuous orgy. I must have come over thirty times that weekend. I found that even when exhausted my hard-on would return within a few minutes if properly attended to, and the longest it would take me to come would be an hour, but it usually didn’t take that long. I couldn’t even begin to guess how many times each of the girls came. But, by Sunday night they had all returned to their homes and Maria and I spent the night in slow lovemaking.

The big party was fun but I decided that from now on I would take it easier, no more than two or three at a time. Don’t get me wrong, I certainly enjoyed it but with that many women it was hard to give each the attention she deserved.

Chapter 5: Predator versus Predator

Shortly after the big orgy I flashed on an idea of how to use some of my extra funds to pay bills down faster, without drawing attention.

Before finding the lamp I had picked up extra money running concealed wires for folks for things like phones, TV cable and computer networks. This had been entirely under the table before. I went down and registered it as a personal business. This way I could claim I was making a thousand or more dollars a month with which I could pay off things faster.

Sure I would have to pay taxes on it but so what, there was still a lot of money that I wasn’t claiming. We were living pretty good.

I didn't want to run out and pay cash for a new car, but I was able to take the cars we already had in and have them fixed up as good as new. We went out to some very nice restaurants quite often. We ate well at home too since grocery money wasn't an issue.

Most nights we usually had a guest in bed.

Maria had always wanted a maid and it was a simple procedure for me to find some available hottie who had no obligations and have her believe that it was her job to come to our house some time in the afternoon, tidy up bit, do some laundry, cook a meal, clean it up and join us at bed time. Some I had returning at regular intervals and some were one time deals. Often, one of Maria's friends would join us along with our 'maid'. I wasn't controlling them anymore, they came and went as they wished.

On an average day I would wake up to our 'maid' sucking my cock, (she, having instructions on what time I needed to wake up, and, her 'internal clock' set to wake her up on time). I would then have a nice morning screw with her, Maria and anyone else that happened to be present.

After that I would either go to work or go mete out justice until I felt like going home.

The 'maids' were conditioned to be very sultry, sensuous and demonstrative so dinner was always very erotic.

I know what you're thinking. I may be a bastard, but I'm not a fucking bastard...

I rewarded the girls in one-way or another. They were paid very well for their time, and since most of them came from the nearby college that helped them out. I had also found that by combining mind reading with telekinesis I could make a few synaptic connections, which would result in the person being able to utilize more of their brain. This gave them better thought processing, better analytical reasoning and much better retention.

I usually tried to clean up their self-perception and self worth as well. Any who didn't have a direction in their life were given the belief that it was about time to get going on that. Grades improved, majors were declared and those that weren't in college or a trade school made plans to get there.

So they were better off after they did a few stints as our 'maid'.

These encounters were fun, exciting and fulfilling. But to set them all down here would likely get boring. There are only so many ways to fuck. I have my favorites like anyone else so I will avoid the redundancy and only chronicle those that stand out.

Like Heather.

When one installs alarm systems for a living he or she will spend a lot of time in the homes of very rich people.

This particular day found me in the home of a very successful grocery magnate, Mr. Gregory Martin, who owned about a gross of large grocery stores throughout the state. The House was over 5000 square feet and had 4 bedrooms, (including one multi-room master suite) 4 1/2 baths with an incredible family room in the walkout basement, which happened to walk out onto a lovely beach.

But, the nicest part of it (which I noticed right away) was the amazing trophy wife he had, Heather.

He was just leaving for work as I arrived. We exchanged pleasantries and I did a quick scan. He was an all right guy. Nearing 60, he was looking forward to retirement but deep down he knew he would never really retire.

Hard work and an acute business sense had brought him from a smallish corner store his father started to the success he now had. He treated his employees right and their loyalty and good feelings toward him had a lot to do with his success.

He left and I got to work.

I reached out and had Heather believe she was interested in what I was doing so she would stick around for a while. I was enjoying the scenery.

She was twenty-three and the epitome of the blonde bombshell. I know my tastes generally run toward the brown-skinned variety but a beautiful woman is a beautiful woman.

Tall, about 5'10" she was a living, breathing Barbie doll. Large D-cup tits, a narrow waist and perfectly rounded hips over very shapely legs.

Her face was flawlessly chiseled with bright blue eyes, a petite nose and sensuous lips.

What really made her stand out though, was her hair. So golden it almost glowed. It fell in thick waves to just about her shoulder blades.

You have heard the expression that beauty is only skin deep. It truly applied here.

Inside she was very ugly. She was selfish, greedy, manipulative and almost completely amoral.

I was curious about this and did a deep scan of her memories. She knew she was pretty; she had been beautiful and fawned over all her life. She was the cutest kid in school throughout elementary school, and since then had always been the hottest girl in class. And, she had always known it. Her parents were well off, thereby giving her all the advantages.

By age of fourteen she fully realized the effect she had on the male of the species. An early bloomer, anyone seeing her at fourteen would have guessed eighteen. She used this to her advantage and began practicing the art of manipulation. Within a year or two she recognized the

limitations of simply teasing and began to explore the possibilities of going further. She knew what the promise of sex would get her and wanted to find out what actual sex could.

But she was wary that once a man had her she could lose a little of her control. So she decided that she would become so adept at sex that they would want to be with her again and again. She read everything she could find about sexual techniques—some, actual instructions like the Kama-Sutra and some, more illustrative on the fantasies and desires of men like ‘Penthouse Letters.’ But the study could only do so much—she needed a practice patsy.

Her brother seemed the safest. He was about a year older than her and not as popular in school despite the family’s money. Though he was book smart, he had moderate acne, and, having lived in the shadow of his perfect little sister all his life, almost no self-esteem.

She began by becoming friendlier towards him. Helping him pick out clothing and making hairstyle suggestions. She solicited his help with her homework and this led to a campaign of teasing and ‘accidental’ exhibitionism. She began thanking him for his help with hugs and kisses, brief and innocent at first they gradually started lasting longer and longer until one day, during a long hug, she kissed him full on the mouth. She then ‘allowed’ one thing to lead to another until they eventually ended up in bed. After that, they began having sex regularly.

She used these sessions to perfect her techniques.

She knew he felt terribly guilty over having ‘seduced’ his younger sister but couldn’t bring himself to stop—she was beautiful, enthusiastic and talented.

It lasted about two years. During his senior year she tearfully informed him that she had finally realized what ‘he’ had done to ‘her’ and that they would no longer be having sex.

She said that she wouldn’t tell anyone as long as he was nice to her and didn’t bother her anymore. She managed to make him feel even guiltier than before and he became a social hermit.

His last semester of high school was dismal and he barely graduated. Soon after that he discovered drinking, crawled into a bottle and has been there ever since (about five years now).

He has been cut off from his family due to his drunken behavior and has worked a string of menial jobs barely making ends met. She hasn’t given it a second thought. In fact, she was one of the key players in getting him cut off because she found him embarrassing.

Her family’s social position gave her access to some very promising young up and comers, but she was impatient. She didn’t see why she should latch on to some youngster who was building his wealth and then be stuck with him... she wanted it all with no strings.

When our grocery king’s wife of nearly forty years died, Heather went to work. Her family had always been friendly with the Martin’s and she made herself available to ‘help’ wherever she could. Drawing upon her skills it didn’t take her long to have this vulnerable old man falling in love with her, and believing that she was falling in love with him.

They were married a little over a year after his wife died, over the objections of his two children, a boy and a girl, both about ten years older than her. She used this animosity to her advantage ensuring that her loving husband had her firmly implanted in his will to protect her from his 'hateful' kids. She figured that within a few years she could have them completely out of the family business, after that she didn't think she would have to wait long before this old workaholic keeled over leaving her with everything—which she would promptly split up and sell to the highest bidders.

This brief history covered her two most prominent victims but there were others. She would descend upon an unsuspecting target with all her guns blazing. Most men didn't know what had hit them. She would get what she wanted and move on. Always with them feeling they had done something wrong.

Back to my turn... Her appearance already had mister happy at attention and she was noticing (smugly). I knew what I was going to do; I just didn't know how I would choose to go about it. As I was working on getting the alarm system installed I hit upon a plan.

I made her believe that she had a rare condition that required regular doses of sperm from donors with an uncommon blood type. (Pretty flimsy I know, but I have found that a belief is a belief, and also that the fewer actual details I provide the better. Once a person believes something, their mind will fill in the holes with all sorts of confabulations and rationalizations.)

Once that belief was in place I then had her believe that these doses were generally administered vaginally at a sterile clinic and at great cost. Those suffering from this condition were not treated very well at these clinics and they never liked going there. A girl with this condition who could hook up with a guy with the right blood type was spared this horrible process.

She further believed that through her manipulations of some of the workers at this clinic she was able to get a list of donors and was seeking out one in order to make him her lover—and personal sperm donor. Any guesses as to who she believed was on that list?

Not a scenario that would hold up in the long run but she would forget it as soon as I left anyway.

As I like to do, I gave her the ball and let her run with it. She disappeared into the master suite for about half an hour. By the time she came out I was pretty much done but had left most of the devices open and was still putzing around like I wasn't. She was now wearing a skimpy, pink, silk nightgown and a sheer housecoat. She had deftly applied a minimal amount of make up and the difference was quite noticeable. She expressed sincere interest in what I was doing and was appropriately impressed with how I was doing the work. She was pleasant and friendly offering me coffee or soda pop and was really a very good conversationalist. Her 'interest' in what I was doing had her frequently looking over my shoulder, 'accidentally' brushing her full firm breasts against my back, her arms often made contact with mine and she made sure she was adequately awed by my musculature (which was really pretty good at this point but I'm sure that it didn't matter).

As things went on she began to compare my body with that of her husband who, while ‘nice enough’, ‘just didn’t have the energy a younger man might—especially one in such good shape.’ Most guys my age are half in denial already and it doesn’t take much to flatter them.

All in all she was very good. In fact, had I not known what she was doing I might have easily been duped. When she turned it on she exuded a sensuality and sexiness that had my heart pumping regardless of what I knew or didn’t know.

As for my part I decided to play hard to get and when I didn’t respond to her suggestiveness I could sense her frustration, although, without my special mental abilities I don’t think I would have spotted it. Like I said, she was good.

Eventually I let her talk me into allowing her to make me lunch since I was ‘working so hard and doing such a good job’ (I laugh at the first part but can’t argue with the second—even before my wishes I had always taken pride in a clean professional job).

I picked up that she had decided that I was just a bit slow (which she liked as I would be easier to control) and that she would have to become a little more obvious. She normally operated over longer periods of time and could afford to let things simmer for a while until something eventually happened. In this case she ‘knew’ that once I left the house her opportunity would be lost. She had me sit at the table and while setting down the silverware (from directly behind me) she ran her hand along my arm and said, “muscles like yours have always turned me on.”

“Excuse me?” I said quizzically.

“I’m sorry,” she said with an embarrassed look—but without taking her hand off of me, “you are just so handsome and in such great shape, I have been watching you all morning and you are so sexy. It has been so long since I have been really satisfied. I love my husband (hint of a tear?)—but he just can’t give me what I need.” She seemed so vulnerable, lonely and desperate how could I say no. She was a world-class actress.

“Okay,” I said, pretending she had only just now gotten to me. I stood and faced her, “But just this one time, I have a family and don’t want to risk losing them.”

Since I knew what to look for I noticed just the slightest gleam of victory in her eyes but she never broke out of her role as the grateful, poor little rich girl. She embraced me and her body molded instantly to mine. Her tits (which were some of the nicest real tits I have ever seen) pressed against my chest and I could feel the heat from her pussy warming up my already raging hard on. She nuzzled my neck murmuring thank-you’s while her hands roamed up and down my back and through the hair on the back of my head. Finally she lifted her face and kissed me. Her lips pressed against mine with her tongue gently entering my mouth and contacting mine. It felt as though there was an electric current between us. She broke the kiss and stepped back taking one of my hands in hers—also giving me a nice view of her delicious body. She stepped backwards leading me by the hand towards the master bedroom. She maintained eye contact and her expression was one of admiration and gratitude.

“I have never done anything like this before,” she lied shyly, but then went on, “I’m so glad you agreed to this, you have no idea what it means to me.”

As we entered the bedroom she began unbuttoning my shirt, loosening my belt and opening my pants. It never seemed awkward, and I don’t know that I could tell you exactly how it happened but suddenly we were both naked and again in a heated embrace.

Nude, her body was everything it had promised to be under the skimpy negligee. Perfectly toned and proportioned.

She guided me backwards into a chair. Once I was seated she knelt down and went to work on my cock. I did a quick scan of her thoughts as she started sucking my hardened member. She was determined that this would not be the only time we did this. She needed as much of my sperm as she could get, as often as she could get it so she was going to make sure I would want her again and again. But, always one to hedge her bets she was going to get as much of it this time as possible.

And, she was very good at giving blowjobs. As her mouth moved slowly up and down my shaft, one hand cupped and kneaded my balls while the other attended to the part of my cock currently not in her mouth. As for the part that was in her mouth, her tongue seemed to be everywhere at once. The sensation was incredible. I knew that with the state I was in when we started, a cock sucking like that wouldn’t last long. She knew it too because as my cock grew harder and my balls tightened she increased her efforts until my seed gushed out into her mouth.

The connection I sometimes have with my sex partners was in full effect and she moaned, as she had a small orgasm herself along with mine. Ever the greedy bitch though, she didn’t let any of my cum go to waste. She continued sucking until she had swallowed every drop my excited dick had to give her.

She rose to her feet and moved to the bed. She stood there waiting as I joined her.

“Well, you are up to the task, aren’t you?” She said with delight looking at my still swollen penis. “I want to feel you inside me.”

I lay her back on the bed and moved my face between her legs. I loved eating pussy and I wasn’t about to let this one get away. I wasn’t disappointed. It was a cute little pussy, full pink lips with just small patch of neatly trimmed blonde hair well out of the way. She took care of it and it tasted wonderful.

My tongue explored every part of her pussy. She writhed on the bed as I could sense her excitement building. I also sensed confusion. She normally didn’t enjoy sex all that much; it was a tool to get what she wanted. She had to stay in control. She never let herself get caught up in it. But the orgasm she had while blowing me had gotten her juices flowing and she was quickly headed for another one. I continued licking and sucking her pussy until I could feel the waves of her orgasm wash over me.

I kissed my way up her body and as I reached her mouth she threw her arms around me and hugged me tightly. She had had orgasms before but that last one was the best she had ever had. But, she also knew she had more cum to coax out of me.

I slowly slid my cock into her pussy. It was hot, tight, slick and still quivering. She gasped moaned holding me tightly, her legs wrapping around my ass and pulling me all the way in. I started small strokes as I nibbled her neck right below her ear. Once again, my excitement fed her excitement and visa-versa. Although, as excited as she was she didn't lose sight of her mission. She was using every trick she knew with, what happened to be, a very skilled pussy. She was clenching it around my cock, making a tight pussy tighter. She was moving her hips slightly as I stroked creating a very pleasant sensation. She let go of me and I rose up on my hands, she arched her back presenting her tits nicely. Her hair was splayed around her head making her face almost glow. Her eyes were fiery with lust and her lips slightly parted as she panted for breath.

We were spiraling up towards another mutual orgasm when her pussy went to work on my cock in earnest. She locked eyes with me but I could tell most of her attention was on the vaginal invader she was currently wrestling with. She bore down on me and I couldn't take it any more. She screamed in orgasm as I shot my wad deep inside her.

I rolled off her and we cuddled for a while. She sighed contentedly. I checked her thoughts again. She was enjoying herself but was a little miffed at herself at the same time. As far as she was concerned she was on the job and shouldn't be giving in to physical pleasures. But she figured there was no harm done, she had gotten two loads from me already and, the way things were going she may be able to get another one after a short rest. At that thought her hand moved down and began exploring my balls and flaccid cock.

"If you wake him up, you will have to deal with him," I said jokingly.

"I'm counting on it." She purred.

While we lay there I began forming another plan. Exploring her mind I began to feel sorry for her in a way. She had grown up with such overblown sense of entitlement that even though she was able to get almost anything she wanted she always felt that it wasn't enough. The satiated contentment she felt after her orgasms was the closest she had come to feeling happy since she was a little girl.

I finally found the problem.

Her subconscious was a seething mass of guilt and self-loathing. What she had done to her brother and others later had affected her, even though she never allowed these feelings to enter conscious thought. What she had set in motion due to adolescent greed and lack of forethought would poison her for the rest of her life. The problem was, the more she hated herself, the more havoc she would wreak among those she set in her sights.

As the plan formulated, my cock was responding to her attention and she rolled up on top of me. She reached down and grabbed my cock and held it steady as she settled her pussy down around it. She slid up and down my rod while moving her hips around in little circles. This had the effect of rubbing my cock harder on the various sides of her pussy; we once again began a slow spiral of excitement. As her orgasm built she started slamming her pussy back and forth. A long staccato moan escaped her lips as she brought herself over the edge. She came moaning and crying for what seemed like minutes.

When she finished she collapsed on top me, panting. Her mind was roiling; she was supposed to be in charge. She was supposed to be making this so good that I would be begging for another get together. Instead, she was afraid that she would be the one doing the begging. I made my cock jump inside her and that got her attention.

She got back on the job.

And I know one hard dick that was glad she did.

Once again, she used all her tricks. The slick velvety friction inside her pussy was pulsing, clenching and quivering as it slid up and down my pole. I reached up and kneaded her perfect tits, teasing her nipples and caressing her sides. I took one nipple in my mouth, played with the other one with one hand and fondled with her ass with the other.

My finger got closer and closer to her asshole and I could sense the wildness return. Her fucking got more frantic as I laid my finger across her sphincter. She had never felt this before and it drove her wild. Her plan fell by the wayside as she began fuck with wild abandon. The neighbors were likely wondering what all the noise was as she screamed her pleasure through one, two and a third orgasm when her pussy's wild gyrations finally persuaded my cock to bring forth another scalding tribute.

We lay there in the afterglow when I realized that she wasn't so much cuddling with me as she was desperately clinging to me. Scanning her thoughts I found she had decided that she was leaving her husband - fortune be damned—and running away with me. She was confident she could convince me to leave my family. She just knew that she couldn't live without me.

Luckily I had the answer to that problem. But it could wait.

By the time I was pulling out of the driveway, Heather would remember that we had a long talk during lunch and she had decided that she was actually in love with Greg.

She also knew that the only way she would be able to love him the way he deserved to be loved was to come clean with him about everything. Greg would accept her as she was and not be taken aback by her newfound honesty (I swung by his office and saw to that).

She would tell him about her brother and the others she had hurt and how she had to try and make things right again. She would go to her brother explain everything. How she had seduced him, how that had led to his drinking and expulsion from the family. She would then do

whatever she could to help him get his life back in order, to include any treatment or therapy he may need as well as funding his education in whatever school he could get into.

Then she would embark on her mission to make amends to the others she had hurt.

How did I do this? Actually it was pretty simple. I just put her back in touch with her conscience and gave her insight as to how to go about coping with it.

And, by the way, she had forgotten all about her “condition” and the fact that we had spent most of the day fucking our brains out was now remembered as a dream starring her husband instead of me.

I liked the “condition” scenario and planned to use it in the future.

Greg would support her in her endeavors, proud that she was now the loving, compassionate person he thought she was all along. As for Greg, he would start to delegate more to his managers—the loyalty he had instilled through his fairness and generosity ensured they would always act in the best interest of the company. He was also going to embark on a conditioning routine as soon as he got the okay from his doctor.

These two are going to have a long happy life together.

Chapter 6: A Minor Oversight

My life went on like this for several years.

By now I had all my credit cards paid off and was well on my way to paying off the mortgage in less than half the time originally planned.

Craig was doing well in college, majoring in engineering and Tim was now a straight A senior in high school. Both were confident and did well with the girls, a fact that would have me worried about paternity suites if I hadn’t made sure they steadfastly believed in condoms. With my powers I didn’t have to worry about condoms. I could neither carry nor catch any diseases and my sperm was inert until I chose otherwise.

I had been taking trips out of town to various other cities in pursuit of my super hero activities. I realized quite some time ago that I needed to spread out my activities in order to keep a low profile.

Today I got off a plane in L.A. (After having gotten off ‘on’ the plane with another passenger who happened to be a very hot redhead.)

She got on the plane shortly after I did. I saw her come through the door and her fiery hair flowing across her shoulders stood out, drawing attention to her lovely face and green eyes. About 5’ 6” and maybe 100 lbs she was dressed for travel. Faded jeans, looking comfortably snug hugged a nicely rounded ass. A lacey white halter stretched across C-cup tits and pink waist

length button up sweater (left open) revealed a very nice hourglass figure with a diamond stud in her navel. She moved down the aisle looking for her seat I scanned her thoughts, finding her seat number I made the guy sitting next to me believe he was to be in that seat and she was suddenly looking for the seat right next to me.

As she was settling in to her seat she began to believe that we were a couple, just married and on our way to our honeymoon. She also believed that it was a long time fantasy of hers to become a member of the mile high club and this flight was the one.

Right after the seat belt sign was turned off we got comfortable by raising the armrest between us and covering ourselves with a blanket. I ran my hands across her body. Her skin was smooth and very well shaped. Her hand was caressing my chest inside my shirt and with each circuit it went lower and lower until she finally entered my pants to find my cock already hard and ready to go. By now I had one of my hands down her pants and a well lubricated finger sliding up, down and in her hot slit.

She was visibly flushed and breathing hard.

“I am going to the bathroom,” she announced in a hoarse whisper, “give me about a minute.”

I waited the minute and followed her to the bathroom. Knocking lightly I opened the door just enough for me to slip in. It was a tight fit with her sitting naked on the sink. As soon as I locked the door we embraced in a tongue wrestling lip lock. Her hot skin was in great contrast to the cool airplane atmosphere. I sat down for a quick snack. I expected her pussy would be clean and well cared for and I was not disappointed. As I licked her sweetness I shucked my shirt and pants as best I could in the close confines of the lavatory. My rock hard dick waved in the cool air while I licked and sucked her through two orgasms. Every time she came my cock twitched and ached, almost squirting the pre-cum that I could feel dripping off my balls. The feedback loop was functioning.

Okay, I know it seems like I mention the mysterious ‘feedback’ every time. But it really is quite rare. I mentioned earlier that I would only be relating the more memorable experiences and it is present in just about all of those. I was getting fucked three or more times everyday and while sex will never be mundane to experience it can be boring to talk about over and over again. Suffice it to say that when I realized that the ‘feedback loop’ was happening I would make the best of it. I really wish I could figure out why it was present sometimes and not others.

Anyway.... I sensed the feedback but since I was only giving stimulation and not receiving any it was pretty much a one-way street. I had been enjoying her hot snatch for almost ten minutes. The floor was quite a mess with the pre-cum that dribbled out of my cock and her pussy juice dripping off my chin. The small bathroom was much warmer than it had been. The time didn’t bother me since I wasn’t worried about getting caught, but my dick was so swollen by now I was afraid it might split wide open if I didn’t wrap it in a tight pussy soon.

As soon as she had come down from her last orgasm I stood and faced her. She looked at me with a lusty smile on her face although her lovely green eyes seemed to barely focus. My cock

rubbed across the lips of her soaked pussy and her hips twitched. She grabbed me and pulled me to her in a tight hug.

“Oh, God,” she gasped, “Fuck me now! I need it so bad!”

I slid the head of my cock into her and she moaned hungrily. I kept it there for a few seconds. She locked eyes with a beseeching look,

“Please?” she begged, “all the way.”

I slowly drove it all the way in. Her hot snatch convulsed around it while she gave a fresh whimper with every inch. Her pussy felt glorious around my cock and I knew that I was feeding her my pleasure just as she was feeding me hers. Her excitement grew and she began grabbing my cock with her pussy. It felt like she was trying to lock it inside her but she was far too wet for any kind of grip.

I wanted to pound into her like a jackhammer but kept myself at a slow methodical pace. I concentrated on how good it felt to slide my dick slowly in and out her hot twitching pussy. I knew that the more I enjoyed the feeling the more I was sending to her. Her exhilaration rose higher and higher and it became harder and harder to keep from coming. I wanted to wait until she started and I didn't have to wait long. Suddenly she held her breath and bore down on her abdomen muscles clamping her pussy tight around my cock.

I felt her orgasm rush over me, and my cock exploded. Spurt after spurt of hot cum gushed out into her welcoming pussy. With each spasm of ecstasy I fed her she reciprocated with a wave of her own. I almost blacked out. It was just like the feeling you get when you stand up too fast and the blood rushes from your head. Time seemed to stand still and I have no idea how long I was hanging in a limbo of orgasmic bliss. When I returned to my senses I could tell she wasn't back yet. Her eyes were completely unfocused and she was releasing a slow sigh.

Suddenly with a sharp intake of air her eyes focused on me and she hugged me tightly.

“Oh, My God,” she exclaimed quietly, “I have never felt anything like that before!”

We embraced, enjoying the sense of afterglow times two that the feedback allows. I noticed that my cock was still inside her and still very rigid. I started moving it in and out again.

“Ooohhhh!” she sighed, “Don't tell me you have anything left.”

“Let's see how much I have left I said, shaky but gaining more strength every second.

All in all we were in there about an hour and a half. I came three times and she came seven not counting the two she had while I ate her.

We returned to our seats with several hours still remaining and just in time for the snack service. While we ate, I explored her mind to see what I could do to thank her for our tryst.

I found out that joining the mile high club had actually been a fantasy of hers. I kicked myself for being impatient. I probably could have let her engineer a much more entertaining scenario had I known this. But now that I did know it, I decided that she wouldn't forget me.

By the time we were done eating she remembered that we had talked a bit and the subject of the mile high club came up. She confided in her fantasy and on a whim she decided to act upon it. She remembers a very enjoyable experience but has decided that sex with strangers is dangerous and from now on she will limit herself to known partners.

That last part was because I caught her thinking that maybe the experience was so intense because I was a complete stranger. I worried that if she began seeking sex with strangers she would at best end up with some serious STD's and at worst, AIDS or maybe hook up with some obsessive violent asshole. So I had her begin to believe that it was the acting out of a fantasy that did it. I figured that it was much safer for her to indulge in her fantasies with guys she knew and it would be a lot of fun for them as well.

There were definitely some lucky guys who owed me Christmas cards from now on.

I realized she was my first redhead and, if she was any measure, the rumors about redheads were true. She was an incredible sex partner. I wouldn't mind keeping her around for a while, but she had her life to live and I had an agenda of my own. Still, I made a note of her address and phone number and decided I would look her up whenever I was in her neck of the woods.

After getting off the plane and saying goodbye to Ann (did I forget to mention her name? Oops...) I headed for a seedy area of Hollywood to look for some crimes to stop and some targets of opportunity money-wise.

It didn't take long before I sensed fear. As I came up on the scene I felt the fear mixed with a dose of anger and helplessness as well. It was an old man being braced by three thugs. Disheveled hair, ill-fitting clothes and a lot of tattoos and chains festooned these assholes. They were all vicious bastards who stole and robbed for a living, had killed before and didn't mind it as long as there were no witnesses. They had all done a short stretch or two for robbery and/or assault but had never been pinned for any of their more serious crimes. I didn't know how they had ended up amoral predators and at this point I didn't care. Their victim had distracted me.

He was in his late eighties to early nineties. I could tell that at one time he had been a large formidable man but was now a mere shadow of what he once was. He was wearing tennis shoes, tan slacks and a light blue windbreaker. He had a VFW cap on his head that indicated he had seen action in the pacific with the Marines in World War II.

He had been to the VFW hall for a few drinks and was heading home when these assholes accosted him. He'd been mugged twice before in the last year and it pissed him off. Back in his younger days he would gone through these guys like tissue paper. That he could no longer do that was pissing him off too.

He had just enough of a buzz on to decide to hell with it. He wasn't going to take it anymore and he was going to stand up for himself. And, it was going to get him killed.

He knew that they would kill him, but didn't care. He had faced death a thousand times against the Japanese and he never let the fear keep him from doing what he had to do then, he wouldn't now.

I found myself surprisingly angry. I don't know if it was feedback from the old man or if it just pissed me off too. Having spent twenty years in the Marines living in the shadow of glory cast by men like these, I had enormous respect for them. To see these punks ridiculing and harassing this man had me enraged.

I yelled at them. I'm not sure exactly what I yelled but I got their attention. They turned around and two of them were letting me know that it was none of my business and I should just go away. The third one puzzled me. He whistled. If I had not been so clouded by anger maybe I would have scanned them better before acting.

I could have semi-immobilized them and let the old man take them out (in retrospect, that would have been real cool) but I just wanted to kick their asses. The whistled caught me off guard and before I could find out what it meant by reading his mind something hit me from behind. Now I was real confused. I was supposed to kick into fight speed when I was attacked—even if I didn't know it was coming.

Whatever it was on my back had almost knocked me off my feet and was now squeezing my left collarbone painfully. I reached behind me and felt fur.

It was a dog.

It was a big dog.

It was a big dog with a very strong mouth.

Spinning around I was able to grab it by the collar pull it free throwing it to the ground in front of me. A very large Rottweiler hit the ground with a yelp.

Whatever it was that turned on fight speed must be linked to my telepathy. Somehow I must sense the violent thoughts that occur just before an attack. Since the owner of the dog wasn't actually attacking me, it didn't trigger the response. Something I would need to remember in the future.

The dog must have landed hard because it had a hard time getting up and it continued yelping.

The owner of the dog screamed something at me and came towards me with a knife. Finally, fight speed kicked in. The other two assholes were right behind the first but that didn't bother me. What bothered me was the amount of blood on my clothing and the amount of my blood hitting the assholes as I took them out. I knew that I was hurt very badly. An important vein or

artery had been punctured. I knew that at the end of this fight I would pass out or maybe die from blood loss.

I didn't want to take a chance on leaving anyone around to hurt the old man so I went all out. Drawing upon the knowledge of martial arts I had learned from instructors of several different disciplines as well as my own hand-to-hand combat experience I really let them have it. The dog owner ended up with a broken neck but he was the only one I killed. I had shut my nerves off and felt no pain so I didn't realize at the time he had left his knife in my side when I killed him.

The other two closed on me. I stuck my fingers two knuckled deep into the eyes of the next one. Angling my fingers upwards, they slid in above the eyeballs and when I curled my fingers they popped out bouncing on his cheeks while I held his face like a six-pack.

The other jerk hit me with a pipe across my shoulders while I was blinding his buddy so I side kicked him hard at the front of his knee. With my strength, my foot went straight through snapping his knee backwards. His screams joined his friends as he went down on the ground.

He was tough; I'll give him that. With one leg useless he landed on his other knee, managed to stay up on it and took another swing at me with his pipe. But all that got him was a broken arm and a smack across the temple with his own pipe. The other guy was staggering around screaming. I bet he had a very odd view of the ground.

And time returned to normal.

The old man was completely out of danger but he had stuck around. I felt dizzy and weak and became aware that I was lying on the ground. The old man's face came into view and I remember thinking it odd that a dark gray fog—like you see in those cheesy glamour shots - surrounded his head.

"Somebody's calling an ambulance, buddy," he told me with concern in his eyes, "you just hang on there. You're gonna be alright."

I knew this wasn't the first time he had told that to a severely wounded and dying man. Even though it had been over sixty years since the last time, he was still pretty good and I almost believed him.

"They better hurry," I murmured.

"Why did you do that?" he asked, "you don't know me. Why did you get involved?"

I looked up. I knew I couldn't explain the Jinni and my super powers.

I knew I didn't have time to explain to him my own time as a Marine and respect I had for him and all those others who went before me.

But maybe I could tell him that part.

I met his eyes for a brief moment and managed to say, “Semper Fi, Mac.” It’s a Marine thing...

Then, I died.

The next thing I knew, I was above the old man. I had no real physical sensations yet I felt a pull in one particular direction. I fought it for the time being and observed the scene below. I wanted to try and give the old man a gift to make his remaining time as peaceful as I could.

He sat on the ground with my head in his lap. Tears streamed down his face and without reading his mind I knew they weren’t for me. Those were the tears he never cried decades before when he held countless other dead and dying Marines. Some, like me he didn’t know, others were his best friends. I was more determined than before to make his last years peaceful.

Scanning him was difficult. I had to consciously fight the pressure I felt, trying to draw me to my next body. But at the same time it took quite a bit to penetrate his mind. Apparently my mental powers were boosted a lot by the physical energy of an actual body.

I found there wasn’t much more I could give him. After returning from the war he had led a satisfying and successful life. He had five kids; all doing well, over a dozen grandchildren and his wife was still alive as well.

Other than the punks he had to deal with here the only disquiet he had in his life was over not having really mourned the loss of all those he had left on various coral islands all those years ago.

It seemed he was doing that now. As he cried, he saw in his lap - not my face—but the faces of the friends he would never forget. With every tear he released one more ghost, one more nightmare.

Maybe, in the end, I did give him that gift. I tried to think of a way for him to deal with the neighborhood that had gone downhill since he bought a falling apart shack over fifty years ago, which he remodeled and added on to until it became a very nice home that he didn’t want to leave. But, now he had decided to sell his home and move up north with the daughter who had a guest house and had been trying to convince her parents they would be better off there.

There was nothing more for me to do here. I succumbed to the pressure and the ground flashed by as I was pulled rapidly, who knows where, to the scene of a car accident.

There had been a head-on collision. Two seriously injured in a large RV and three dead in what might have been a Mustang convertible. I checked the three dead ones. All teenagers, two so severely damaged that I couldn’t do anything about it. The other one I could repair and re-animate but there were complications. He was the driver of the mustang. From the scene it appeared he had crossed the centerline and hit the RV. And, he was drunk. From the amount of booze in his body he must have been sloppy drunk. I decided I didn’t need the baggage that would come with this and passed on this body.

I no sooner thought that thought than I was being whisked away to another recently dead teenager. While the ground was rushing by under me, I thought of Maria and the boys and all the women who had become a part of my life. I thought of the lamp hidden in the basement and wondered what would become of the Jinni—did this count as my death?

I didn't have much time for these thoughts as I soon reached my destination.

I was floating outside a high school. There were flashing lights and lots of commotion. Policemen were asking questions and trying to keep the crowd away from a couple of paramedics working on a still figure. A young girl was straining against one of the officers and screaming. With a scan that wasn't so hard since I wasn't fighting to stay in place, I found the paramedics knew they were just going through the motions. This kid had been severely beaten. They had seen it before. They also knew that they would keep administering CPR and shocking him until they were able to get him into an ambulance and out of sight of his schoolmates before they would even acknowledge to each other they knew he was gone.

I checked the body. The killing blow had been to the chest. A fractured rib had punctured the heart. With telekinesis I moved the rib just enough and repaired the damage to the heart. There was still a lot of damage to the body but with the heart repaired they could get it stabilized and into a hospital where I (and the doctors) could finish the healing.

They were just prepping another zap from their portable defibrillator. As soon as they shocked it, I waited a second to see if it would work, when it didn't I re-animated the body.

It seemed to the paramedics that the shock worked. It made their week and jolted them into fevered action. No longer were they going through the motions trying to spare the other kids the trauma of seeing a friend die before their eyes. Now they were actually saving a life.

That was all I knew. Having committed to this body I was now limited by it and sank into unconsciousness.

Chapter 7: A New Life

When I awoke it took a few minutes to figure out where I was. Once I realized what had happened I started to take stock of the situation.

While I was still puzzling it out a woman came through the door. She moved towards the bed slowly. She was older, but still attractive. Brown hair about shoulder length framed classic features on a well taken care of face. What really made her look old were the deeply etched lines. Worry lines my grandmother would have called them.

As she got closer she realized my eyes were open and she shrieked. Running to the bed she embraced me, crying. I guessed she was his(my) mother but did a scan to confirm it. I had to be careful. I had decided long ago I would feign amnesia to help ease myself into this body's life. But to act indifferent to this woman would break her heart. Saying, "I'm sorry, do I know you?" was out. But I had to pretend to be confused.

The door opened again and a nurse entered. Obviously brought by my(his) mother's scream. She rushed in, saw my eyes were open, stuck her head back into the hall and shouted, "Get doctor Evans!"

She came to the bed and tried to pull his(my) mother off of me. "Give him some air, Matty." She said. "The doctor will be here soon. Let's see if he has anything to say."

Mother reluctantly released me and backed up a little—still holding my hand.

"Well, sweetheart, how are we feeling?" Asked the nurse as she took my other hand and checked my pulse.

"Hungry." I said. That was a safe thing to say.

"That's a good sign," She said with a smile, "we'll see about getting you something to eat just as soon as the doctor gets a look at you."

"Honey," That was my(his) mother, "I was so worried. I don't know what I would have done if you hadn't made it."

Just then, the door opened again and a middle-aged man walked in wearing a white coat.

"I hear someone's awake!" he exclaimed with forced cheerfulness. "Danny, my boy, you gave us quite a scare."

The nurse gave him a quick synopsis of the vitals she had rapidly collected.

I looked at the doctor, and as quizzically as I could, I asked "Danny? Who is Danny?"

His(my) mother stepped back, her hand to her mouth.

He looked to the nurse, "Would you be kind enough to take Matty for a cup of coffee while Danny and I have a little talk."

Matty (I got tired of trying to decide who's mother she was) didn't want to leave but allowed the nurse to guide her out the door.

"Son," the doctor began, "do you know what year it is?"

I tried to look as though I was thinking, "No, sir." I replied.

"Do you know how old you are?"

"No, sir." I replied.

"Can you tell me where you were born?"

“No, sir.” I replied.

“Do you remember anything about yourself?”

“No, sir.” I replied after a few minutes of apparent concentration.

That began a rather extensive charade. Lucky for me I could read the minds of the experts who examined me and was able to present all the right symptoms.

For continuity and ease of writing I will now be referring to my new body in the first person. It’s just easier, okay?

I was in the hospital for another six weeks. During that time I got reacquainted (re?) with my family, ‘found out’ what year it was and pretty much everything else about myself that anyone could think of.

My name was Danny, but you probably already figured that part out. I was seventeen years old and just finished my junior year in high school.

My parents were decent enough but in the interest of their privacy I will not mention their last name or the exact town we lived in - though it is in Southern California.

Matty you have met, Sam was my father and I had a sister, Sarah, who was a year younger than me. She had been the one trying to get past the police officer.

She was also why I was here. From what I could gather (and I could ‘gather’ quite a bit) she and Danny were very close when they were younger but lately had grown apart.

That was not quite true. Upon entering high school she had become embarrassed to be his sister. She had blossomed into a very beautiful young woman and he was an outcast.

He was tall, painfully thin, acne and not smart enough to fit in with the nerds. As soon as she realized that most of those in her desired social circle viewed him with contempt she felt that she had to follow along or risk being not accepted. I found that this made her a little uncomfortable with herself but what do sixteen-year-olds (boys or girls) understand about these types of things.

But that’s not why I was here. Apparently her treatment hadn’t changed Danny’s feelings.

She had been on a date with Tom, one of the graduating football stars and they ended up at the house of another, Paul, who was just like him. The two of them had tried to get her into a threesome but she refused. They grew insistent and began to get a little rough so she kicked one of them in the balls and ran out of the house.

She called her big brother on her cell phone and he picked her up and took her home. She was too frightened to say anything and it may have ended there, but the next day at school the two assholes (perhaps in an attempt to divert any thing she may have told someone) let everyone

know that not only had they had the threesome but also that it was her idea. They claimed she had begged for it and wanted it in every hole. They also spread around that she wasn't a very good lay since her pussy and ass were all worn out.

After school that day, Danny had found his little sister sitting in his car sobbing inconsolably. What happened next I pieced together from the minds of various witnesses when they were brought in to hospital room to give depositions (the lawyers thought it would be good psychology—my parents are suing the parents of the other kids for medical expenses). Danny had left Sarah in his car and sought out the two Neanderthals in question. Finding them with some other jocks on their way to the parking lot he stopped them and demanded they tell the truth. From the pictures I got from the minds of the witnesses Danny was enraged.

When they tried to dismiss him and push their way past him he tried to stop them. It appeared that the effort was pretty pitiful but it got their attention. In total, four of the football players joined in the response. The beating was quick and brutal. By the time Sarah had realized something was happening and got on the scene it was all but over.

Poor kid. He tried to stand up for family and it got him killed.

Of course I was the only one who knew it got him killed. That saved those four assholes from a very long stretch of prison time. As it was, two of them were doing a few years in jail for assault with intent to do great bodily harm instead of on they're way to college. The other two just got probation since they stopped when Danny hit the ground.

The two that went to jail (Tom and Paul—the same two who tried to rape Sarah) had kept on stomping and kicking for a while. Actually, they had kept it up until Sarah arrived and started screaming for someone to help her brother.

My being here had also saved Sarah from some major guilt. She felt bad enough anyway.

The day I woke up was the first day all summer she hadn't come to see me. Many days she sat by my bed all day. My mother would show up after work and they would both sit there until the hospital made them leave. Sometimes my father would join them.

Since I woke up she hadn't missed a day. She couldn't do enough for me. As I said she felt pretty bad. She wanted to apologize for how she had treated me.

The reason for my beating was now well known by everyone (the real truth had come out saving her reputation) but she didn't think I knew how she behaved towards me for the year and a half leading up to it. She was pretty torn. She was enjoying our renewed relationship but was certain that I would hate her once I found out she had joined in on the teasing and abuse dealt out to her brother. She was afraid that I would find out anyway and wanted to be the one to tell me, along with a profound apology. She was just afraid I could never forgive her. Like I said, what do sixteen year olds know about such things?

This particular day we were in my room watching a rerun of the Andy Griffith Show and just enjoying each other's company. She was very pleasant to look at. Long auburn hair fell in silky locks straight down to about the middle of her back. She had a small very pretty mouth and a perfect nose. High cheekbones gave wonderful accent to her green eyes. Her breasts were already mid range C-cups but her narrow waist made them look bigger. Her ass and hips were a bit small but nicely shaped and I figured they would fill out to ideal curves in the next few years.

Her guilt had been building up over the past few weeks and I knew she hadn't slept much lately. She couldn't keep this inside her much longer.

"Sarah?"

She looked over at me, "What ya' need big brother?" She said with a little grin. She really had not been able to do enough for me. She had made it her mission to keep me warm, comfortable and well fed.

"I don't know. But something just seems wrong." I sent her thoughts in right direction.

"Uhm, What do you mean?" she asked with a worried look.

"I'm not sure, really. But whenever you come here, I am happy to see you. I love our time together, you are really a wonderful sister and I always hate to see you go. But, somewhere, deep down, whenever I see you there is a feeling of sadness. I don't know why." As I said this gave her some small mental pushes.

"I know why." She said, her eyes filling with tears. "Its because of what I did. You just don't remember."

"C'mon," I said, "I know what happened and it wasn't your fault. You have to stop blaming yourself."

"Not that!" she said with a sudden sob. Tears were streaming down her face and she was trying to look at me but couldn't seem to do it. Suddenly she jumped out of her chair and wrapped her arms around my neck.

"I'm so sorry, Danny!" She said crying and gasping. She was clinging to me desperately. "I was horrible to you. I was mean and awful. Please forgive me! I beg you. I'll never say anything mean about you or ignore you or anything, just don't hate me! Oh, God, can you ever forgive me?"

I held her for a while and let her cry. When her hysterics had been reduced to mere weeping I pushed her back to arm's length.

"Sarah, what are you talking about? I could never hate you. You are my little sister and I love you, no matter what."

She was sitting on the side of my bed, blubbering, trying to look me in the eye but unable to accomplish it.

“I hope that’s true.” She said softly, eyes downcast.

“Of course its true.” I said. She finally looked up to meet my gaze. “I love you no matter what. Now, tell me what you are talking about.” I knew that she had to get it out or it would eat her forever.

She drew a long shuddering breath and tried to compose herself. Finally she began.

“At the beginning of my freshman year I made friends with some of the popular kids. Danny, please don’t take this wrong, but you aren’t very popular.”

“That’s okay, I kind of figured that out since you and the folks have been my only visitors.” I said trying to be reassuring. “Go on.”

“Well, my friends—probably shouldn’t call them friends, really - they would make fun of you, sometimes behind your back and sometimes to your face. I was embarrassed. I was afraid. I wanted to be popular. I wanted to fit in... So I did it too.” The last part came out in a gush and started a new flood of tears.

I lay there quietly, watching her, holding her hands and letting her get it out.

“Sarah, I understand. I don’t hate you for it.”

“No! You don’t understand!” She spat. She stood up and began pacing around the room, angry. “They would tease you and call you names and I would laugh right along with them! I never told them to stop, I could see how it hurt you and I never said anything! I could see how much it hurt you when I was with them and I knew it was wrong and I did it anyway! EEWWWW!!! I make myself sick! Hundreds of times I watched you being their victim and I... didn’t... do... ANYTHING! GOD... I am so PATHETIC!”

She turned her back to me and seemed to deflate.

With a heavy sigh she continued in a quiet voice, “But one little rumor starts about me and you were right there defending me.” She turned back around. “Defending me just like when we were little and you never let anyone pick on your baby sister.”

Fresh tears welled up and she threw herself towards me, again, hugging me urgently and trying to talk around her tears.

“Oh God, Danny... you could have been... been killed by those fuckers... I tried to help you... you weren’t breathing... I kept telling people to call 911 but it took forever before someone did... I tried CPR but I didn’t know how... when the paramedics couldn’t revive you... I didn’t know what I was going to do... I couldn’t have lived with myself... I was so scared...”

She pulled away, sniffing and trying to gather herself.

“So anyway, that’s why you don’t understand. You don’t remember the hurt I caused you. You don’t remember what a horrible person I am. I don’t know if I could ever make it up to you.”

“Sarah, I do understand.” She started to say something but I stopped her. “Just listen, Okay? I don’t remember details of my life but I do know stuff. I remembered how to talk, walk and eat—and while you were talking I did understand wanting to be liked and accepted. I can understand how embarrassing it would be to have someone like me as your brother.”

“But it wasn’t right!” She protested.

“Right and wrong got nothing to do with it. When I realized no one was coming to visit me, and what that must mean I was okay with it. I guess I was used to it, I don’t know but it didn’t bother me.”

“You don’t remember, you can’t know how bad it was.” She said. “You MUST have hated me.”

“I don’t have to remember to know that I did understand what you were doing and why and that I was okay with it. If I hated you I wouldn’t be here now. If I hated you I never would have stuck up for you. If I was as hurt as you think I was I would have viewed your humiliation like a kind of justice.” I took her hands and look in her eyes. “But I didn’t. I took exception to it. Therefore I can only assume that I DID understand and that I still loved you anyway.”

I squeezed her hands and gave her a smile.

“Consider yourself fully forgiven.”

She threw herself back into an embrace, this time tears of joy flowed forth.

“But,” she blubbered, “I will never stop trying to make up for it. I swear, I will be the best sister in whole world.”

I know where some of you wanted this to go, I did too... but I couldn’t do it. When you have done as much meandering through as many minds as I have you come to understand certain things. One of them is that incest, even when consensual, leaves scars. The social taboo of it is so great that it makes a person feel as though they have a sick secret they must protect. That plays havoc with self-esteem. So I decided to leave her alone and just enjoy the scenery. But my new adolescent body WAS pretty horny, as you will soon find out.]

Chapter 8: The Hospital Stay

My new body was healing rapidly. One of the first things I noticed was that the horniness of adolescence was even worse than I remembered. Maybe it was the virility my powers gave me or maybe it was just the presence of the lovely Sarah, I don’t know. But as I healed, I was almost painfully aroused quite a bit of the time.

Surprisingly enough, there is no shortage of attractive women working in hospitals. Between doctors, nurses, aids, technicians and administrators I found a number of beauties to satisfy my needs.

It was a simple matter of the night staff believing that adolescent males needed sexual release to facilitate healing.

Marna was one of my favorites and it was with her I got the idea.

She was a 28-year-old blond honey. She was one of those petite packages. A tiny waist sat between a tight round ass and small B-cup tits. I really have no idea how long her hair is since whenever I see her it is always worn up off her neck. Her face has sharp attractive features. Small lips under a tiny pointed nose gave perfect accent to her slightly almond shaped blue eyes. At about 5' 2" she couldn't have weighed ninety pounds.

She came into my room the second night I was awake.

"How are we feeling tonight?" It was standard bedside chatter, said almost without thought a thousand times a day.

"Better I guess." I responded automatically. Her beauty had stunned me and my cock was already starting to swell. I knew I had to have her so I immediately made her believe that she needed to check my vitals, slowly and carefully. That would give me time to think of something.

She took my wrist and her soft warm hands and felt for a pulse - which must have been racing. I touched her thoughts and found that she did notice that it was pretty fast but she also figured out why since it wasn't the first time a male patient had a bit of an elevated pulse when she took it. She wasn't arrogant about it and in fact I found that she had entered nursing because she really did have a desire to help people.

She tried to find something to like in everyone she met. Of course with some she had to try harder than with others. But she was a big fan of humanity. She didn't mind that men found her attractive—she didn't try to flaunt it or take advantage of it, but she did enjoy it most of the time and if they liked looking at her, what was the damage?

She was also thinking that I wasn't so bad myself. This surprised me since the body I had seen prior to entering it didn't seem to be the attractive type. But I realized that my powers had been at work while I had slept. I looked through her eyes and realized in that month I had put on about 15 pounds and the acne was completely gone. The gauntness and the red splotches had hidden a rather good-looking young man.

Shouldn't have surprised me though. My mother and father were both attractive people and you met my sister in the last chapter. Had Danny not been killed he likely would have grown out of his awkwardness and developed into the sort of man nobody recognized at the ten-year class reunion. He was gone now, but the potential of his body would be fully recognized in just a few years.

While Marna was taking my vitals I hit upon the idea of having her believe that sexual release was important to the healing process. (She would only believe this while with me, and then only when we were alone) She believed that part of her job was to coax orgasms out of the young men under her charge. She finished up with my vitals and pulled the sheet away.

“So, now let’s see how this is doing tonight.” She said as she reached for my swollen cock. The fact that she did this matter-of-factly yet with her cheerful bedside manner was extremely erotic.

“My, we are in need of some release aren’t we?” She remarked fondling my rock hard cock.

Danny was fairly well endowed, or she had very tiny hands, or both. Her fingers barely reached all the way around it. Her touch was electrifying and it jumped to an even firmer state.

“There, there,” she cooed, “you just relax and let Marna fix you up.” She stroked me gently with one hand and lightly caressed my chest and nipples with the other. Leaning over, kissed my beneath my ear and continued kissing down my chest until she got to my manhood.

She ran her tongue down the length stopping to suck in one of my balls. I felt a shiver run through my whole body. I knew I wasn’t going to last long.

Releasing my ball she licked back up to the head of my dick and took it into her mouth. The warm softness that engulfed my swollen member was almost too much. I felt her lips and tongue sliding up and down and my balls began to boil.

Then she started to gently knead my balls while her mouth worked its magic and that was it.

“I’m going to cum!” I warned but to my surprise she kept her mouth tightly clamped on my cock while jet after steaming jet of hot cum spurted out of my raging hard-on. She tried desperately to swallow it and did a pretty good job. She continued sucking, trying to clean me out completely. My cock stayed defiantly rock hard despite the incredible orgasm I just had and she couldn’t help but notice.

“Well it must have been a while since you have been in a coma and all.” She commented, gently stroking my penis. “I guess you will just need a second treatment tonight.”

She released my organ and took a step back, slipping out of her uniform.

Her silky smooth skin had just a hint of olive color. Her tits were about a handful and she had no need of a bra—though she did wear one.

It never ceases to amaze me how, once I have instilled a belief, people will fill in the holes and even the history of that belief out of pure confabulation. (Though it does explain how a lot of religions and cults survive.) Her next statement was a perfect example of this.

Her dress on the floor, she took quick glance at the door while she shed the lingerie and moved back to my bed. She had a mischievous grin and said, “I don’t usually do it this way, but you are

awfully cute and after what you did for your sister, (apparently my sister had been regaling the hospital staff with the story of how heroically her big brother had come to her defense) I think you deserve something extra.”

In nurse Marna’s mind, not only had she filled in her history of helping adolescent patients achieve sexual release, she even knew how she accomplished this and ‘remembered’ that she normally didn’t screw them

She climbed onto the bed and straddled me. I reached up and cupped one tit and ran my other hand slowly up and down her side. Her skin was soft smooth and warm to my touch. As my fingertips brushed her slightly concealed rib cage she gave a small shiver of enjoyment.

She reached down and guided my burning cock into her boiling pussy. As she gradually engulfed my cock she locked her eyes on mine. Her pussy felt so good. It was hot and very tight but so well lubricated that I had no trouble sliding in. My current cock was a bit longer than my old one and she seemed to slide down it forever. When she bottomed out she gave it a quick squeeze and this forced a short gasp of pleasure from me. Tightening the grasp her pussy had on my cock she let out a long sigh, her eyes rolling up in her head.

I briefly touched her mind and found that she was greatly enjoying this. Her desire to help others, her attraction to me and her feelings that this was a reward for my ‘heroism’ combined within her mind to make this a totally giving experience which, to her, was very erotic. It didn’t hurt that she had found little time lately for sex and that my cock was among the larger of those she had heretofore encountered. Plus, it could currently cut diamonds and was throbbing so hard inside her hot tight pussy that it almost hurt.

She slowly slid up and down my stiff pole. The feeling was unbelievable. She would slide it up until it almost came out then without any pause at all she would reverse direction and slide back down. She would pause a bit when she hit bottom but only to squeeze her cunt muscles a few times. When she did this it seemed that she could feel every bump and pulsing vein on my cock. She seemed to enjoy this almost as much, if not more than I did. But she was obviously doing this for me.

Except when her eyes were involuntarily closed or rolling back she kept those beautiful blue orbs focused on mine. Her lips were slightly apart but her jaw was clenched with concentration. She watched my eyes for signs of pleasure and every time I gave indication that my bliss reached a new height her blue almond shaped eyes would twinkle with glee.

By concentrating on pleasing my cock she had increased her own awareness of the pulsating member invading her pussy. Watching the pretty little blond package working at my cock was quite a turn on. My hands explored her tight body and enlarged nipples. After only about five minutes of her sliding and squeezing her hot box around my hard cock she had worked herself up to a massive orgasm. As it came upon her I saw her eyes widen, her mouth opened and she sucked in a quick gasp and then, biting down on her lower lip so she wouldn’t cry out, she began to shake and slammed her pussy down hard on my dick. Her pussy convulsed around my cock. She let out a little moan and the spasmodic fit her pussy was having on my cock put me over the

edge. My cum boiled out of my balls and shot out of my cock like a water from a fire hose. Jet after jet of scalding cum exploded into her quivering pussy.

I was still suffering aftershocks when she returned to reality and bent down to me. As I came down I found her beautiful face inches from mine. She was smiling, stroking my hair and whispering, “Did you like that, baby?” When I was finally able to answer that yes I did like it very much she giggled and kissed me. “Well, I liked it too.” And gave her pussy a little squeezed on my semi-rigid cock.

“As fun as this was,” she said, “I have other patients to attend to so I better get at it.

She climbed off my dick but still had one more surprise for me. Instead of grabbing the sponge from my sponge bath to clean the cum (both hers and mine) from my cock, she bent over and licked up every drop. After thoroughly cleaning me she stroked my hair again, looked down lovingly and said, “There, think you can get some sleep now, sweetie?” Hell. I was half asleep already. I don’t remember her leaving.

Being as horny as I was, just about every time a nurse, candy striper or pretty technician came into my room alone and we were not likely to be interrupted they suddenly believed that sexual release was a vital part of the healing process and it was up to them to help me out. When they left they remembered having performed only their normal duties.

How they approached it seemed to be an extension of their bedside manner. Some were perfunctory and mechanical, stroking my cock until it shot. Some were more caring about it but only a few went beyond hand jobs. Two other nurses, one aid, my physical therapist and a few of the candy stripers sucked me off and one of the young enthusiastic lasses even went so far as to swallow. But none of them fucked me, and none of them were even remotely as enthusiastic and giving as Marna.

She would show up five nights a week. She lovingly coaxed one or two loads out of me every time. She loved to fuck me and as I grew stronger I was able to help out and she would have three or four orgasms each time.

She only remembered the belief I had instilled in her when we were together alone and at those times she remembered everything we had done together. It was a bit funny, watching her breeze into my room her usual cheerful, bubbly self and as soon as she laid eyes on me she transformed. She was still cheerful and bubbly but she also became loving and very sensual. But, even when we weren’t alone and she didn’t remember the intimate side of our relationship; she still treated me as one of her special patients.

I don’t know if this was due to some subconscious reaction to our secret dealings or if she would have felt this way regardless but either way it made her presence very pleasant—alone or not.

I considered keeping her after I left the hospital but eventually talked myself out of it. If I kept every hot piece of tail I had from now on I would soon be trailing a harem of thousands and I think that would attract the sort of attention that I knew I still needed to avoid.

So I gave her my typical gifts. In her case I had her believe that she needed to take care of herself, physically and mentally in order to avoid the burn out that happens often to those in her profession. That way she would avoid succumbing to the drugs, alcohol or overeating that claimed so many of the kind hearted in our society.

I also found that she had a hard time with relationships. Since she was such a people pleaser she had never been able to be completely intimate on an emotional level. Like a lot of women in our world she found domineering men to be sexually attractive. Since most men of this type are at least a little emotionally abusive, and she had just enough self-respect to not endure such treatment, her relationships didn't last long.

She was very confused as to why this continually happened, relationship after relationship. So I gave her a belief that seeing a therapist would help her make the appropriate changes.

(I don't often know how my gifts end up working out but in this case I did find out. A few years later I took a rescued victim to an emergency room and there was Marna, as beautiful as ever. She had that look one gets when they recognize someone, but aren't sure whom it is they are recognizing. This was likely because I had reached full physical potential and was a hell of a lot taller and beefier than when she knew me. So, I told her who I was and after several "Oh my God", a couple "Look at you" and a few very nice hugs she took a break and we had a cup of coffee in the cafeteria. I scanned her while we caught up and found that she loved life. She worked out regular, had a very healthy self-respect and, after coming to terms with her personal demons she had started dating a very nice guy who worked in hospital administration. They had married and had a healthy relationship based upon honesty, mutual respect and incredible sex. I couldn't have wanted more for her. She was still a knock out and I considered the two of us slipping away for a more intimate reunion but decided against it since I had already given her everything I could and I don't like taking sex without giving something back. I told her I was happy for her, had a final (very nice) hug and went about my life.)

Chapter 9: A New Home

My return home went smoothly. My family showed me around the house gingerly—as though they expected at any moment my memories would come flooding back by the sight this room or that.

It was a very nice house. Within its 2 stories it had 4 bedrooms, 3 1/2 bathrooms, living room, formal dining room, family room and breakfast nook off the kitchen, and an unfinished basement underneath. Besides the usual clutter and stowage the basement had a home gym, weight bench, treadmill and ski machine. Apparently my parents were into fitness (it showed) but the weights had been my father trying to beef up his son. It hadn't worked before, but I guessed he would soon be seeing some changes.

Our parent's bedroom was on the main floor and there were three bedrooms and a large common room upstairs.

A shared bathroom joined Sarah's and my bedrooms but it appeared that she was the only one who used it. Sarah, who told me I usually used the one in the hall, confirmed this assumption.

In front of the house was a good-sized yard with a large driveway leading into a 2 car attached garage. Nice neighborhood, full but with the houses far enough apart so no one felt squeezed in.

In back was a stone patio surrounding a large swimming pool. It had the typical curved slide and a diving board over the 12ft deep end. A propane grill and several pieces of lawn furniture occupied the larger part of the patio between the pool and the house.

My father ran a successful business but it had suffered lately, as he was distracted with concern for me. This weekend was a very important annual event pertaining to his business (no, I'm not going to tell you what business it was) being held in Las Vegas. Typically, Sam and Matty would attend this function together and then spend a week or so as 'their' time.

They weren't planning on going but I knew that would mean even more trouble for his business.

"C'mon dad," I pleaded, "I'm fine and Sarah can keep an eye on me."

"Yeah," Sarah joined in, "you guys haven't missed a year since Danny was twelve. We'll be fine. We always are."

Dad was visibly conflicted. After a long moment of reflection, "Maybe I could go Saturday morning and come right back Sunday afternoon." He turned to Matty, "you could stay here and I'll only be gone one night."

"Oh no," Sarah chimed in, "you guys need a break this year more than ever. Mom, you've hardly gotten any sleep at all this summer. You and dad haven't been out together in months. You guys really need this. The doctors gave Danny a clean bill of health and you better believe I will be watching him like a hawk. Any sign of a problem and he is on the way to the hospital and I am on the phone to you."

They were still hesitant. But Sarah was right, they really needed some time away, just the two of them. So... a little push here... a little suggestion there...

"Okay." They said almost in unison. Mom continued, "but if he even gets dizzy from sneezing too hard you had better be on the phone young lady."

"Don't worry, mom." Sarah said putting her right arm around my waist and looking up at me. "I almost lost my big brother once. I won't take any chances."

The next day they were on a plane. It wasn't really as easy as I made it sound, they really didn't want to go. But the stress of the last few months was taking a toll on their relationship and if Sam's business didn't get a boost soon he may not recover. This house had to have a hell of a big mortgage.

And, frankly, I felt guilty enough deceiving them as it was.

But I was still in a horny adolescent body. By the end of the second day I was about out of my mind. Sarah was fawning all over me and waiting on me hand and foot. Worst of all she had to hug me all the time. Don't get me wrong—the hugs were enjoyable. Too enjoyable. Sarah was getting more voluptuous by the minute (or so it seemed). My cock was rock hard almost all the time.

It was just after dinner. Sarah had ensured I was comfortable in the family room with the TV remote at hand and was making milkshakes for dessert. I was trying to decide whether I would jack off while my mental eye watched her in the shower or fuck her and take a chance that erasing her memory would be enough (I had found that memory erasure always left some residual so I had to replace the memory with something close to what really happened—such as with criminals and victims they just remembered a different person being involved). I am ashamed to say that the idea of having Sarah 'show her brother how much she loved him' was beginning to gain ground.

The doorbell rang and I heard the blender switch off. A few moments of hushed female voices and Sarah entered the family room with a beautiful blonde in tow. A few inches taller than Sarah at 5' she had c-cup tits under a short, tight t-shirt. Her belly button was pierced accenting her tiny waist and she was wearing hip-hugger jeans over a well-rounded ass. Long, thick silky blonde hair fell to mid waist framing blue eyes and delicate features.

"Danny," Sarah explained, "you don't remember her, but this is Melody. She's been my best friend forever, and, well, you knew her... before."

"Uhm... Hi." Melody said a bit uncomfortably, "I don't know what to say... Its... nice to meet you?"

I chuckled, "awkward, isn't it? For me too. It's weird, meeting folks I know for the first time. Don't worry about it. Its nice to meet you too, Melody."

Sarah laughed. "Sit down. I was just finishing up some shakes, I'll be right back."

Melody sat down and looked like she was trying to figure out how to say something. I, on the other hand, was trying to figure out how best to get into her nicely shaped jeans. So, being the nosey type, I sneaked a look inside her pretty head.

Turns out she and Sarah had been friends since they were toddlers. Neither of them could remember a time they weren't playing together. She lived a few blocks away. Her father had died when she was three but had provided well for her and her mother so they were able to continue living in the house. Her mother now worked as a night dispatcher for the Sheriff's department.

As Sarah and Melody grew in to beautiful young women they had managed the social climb together. She had never held any personal animosity towards me, in fact she had always liked me since I was her best friend's big brother and Sarah and I were pretty close. But, like Sarah, she

had felt the pressure to target me from time to time. Right now she was remembering the three of us playing Monopoly in this very room when we were all still in elementary school. I sensed tremendous guilt within her and assumed that she was feeling the same remorse that Sarah had suffered.

Suddenly, she knew how she was going to make it up to me. (What, you think I had something to do with that?... well, maybe a little)

Right about the same time I made sure that Sarah—on her way back into the family room—would be on board with Melody's plan. Then, I got out of it and waited to see what would happen.

As Sarah was handing out the shakes Melody took a deep breath and said, "I feel really bad about what happened, Danny." She turned to Sarah, "I need to apologize to you too, Sarah. This whole thing is sort of my fault."

Even a telepath can be taken by surprise. I wanted to hear more but Sarah's eyes began to narrow.

"Wait a minute," Sarah interrupted, "I just remembered, you went out with Tom too." She said, suspiciously, "it must have been... about two months before I did."

Melody looked at the carpet. "Yes."

"Don't tell me he did the same thing to you. Don't tell me you knew what he was like."

Melody looked up at Sarah, "Yes, I knew."

I felt a flash of rage come off of Sarah and it was just enough warning to make sure she stayed in her seat.

"You BITCH! Why didn't you warn me? You let me go out with that fucker and I was almost RAPED!"

"But Sarah... I didn't tell you because I was so ashamed... I didn't get away. I tried to stop them but couldn't. They held me down, made fun of me and even hit me. I was so scared and humiliated that I didn't tell anybody."

Sarah was hardly placated—she seemed to get even angrier.

"But when you heard I was going out with him why didn't you warn me then?"

"I'm sorry, I... I didn't know you were going out with him until the end of the day. I almost said something before we left school but was still too embarrassed. Later... I knew I had to tell you no matter what you would think of me. I called your house, but you had already left. And then..."

well it just seemed too late. The next day they were bragging... I figured they did it to you too and I didn't know what to do."

I wasn't reading Sarah at the time so I was a little surprised at how angry she was. This was her best friend, and, after all Sarah had gotten away from them.

"You were EMBARRASSED? You almost got my brother killed! Was your fucking PRIDE worth his LIFE?"

Ah, that explained it.

"I'm sorry!" Cried Melody, on the verge of tears, "It all happened so fast. They were telling everyone all that bullshit. I was so confused. I thought about talking to you so we could go to the police together and maybe press charges or something. I would have too... I think... if it hadn't got out of hand so fast. Then Danny got beaten up... school was over... you were at the hospital all the time..."

Sarah wasn't really listening. She was still seeing red and blaming Melody for what had happened to me. If I wasn't mentally holding her back I'm pretty sure she would have physically attacked Melody by now. I had to intervene.

"Sarah," I said calmly but firmly, sending a mental command making sure she would take to heart what I was about to say, "Melody had no idea that I would go off half cocked and neither did you. It wasn't her fault. It wasn't your fault. Sure, if she had warned you, you wouldn't have gone out with him. If you hadn't fought hard enough, you would have been raped and they wouldn't have been running their mouths. If you hadn't told me what they were saying about you, I wouldn't have gone looking for them. If I hadn't been such an idiot I would grabbed a tire iron or something before going after them. But none of that was the case."

I got up and walked to Sarah, kneeling down to look her in the eye.

"Right now I think you are missing what's really important. Look, I'm okay now, you got away from them, and your reputation has even been salvaged. But more importantly, and listen to me here, you said you were 'almost' raped by those assholes. In case you missed it, Melody 'was' raped by those assholes. I think she needs a best friend about now."

Sarah looked from me to Melody. As my words sunk in her expression softened and slowly turned to anguish.

"Oh, God, Melody. I can be such a jerk." She got up and went to Melody and sat down next to her, putting her arm around her.

"I'm sorry, it just caught me by surprise is all. Whatever you need from me, just ask." Then they fell into a tear filled embrace, oblivious to me.

While Sarah was comforting Melody I decided to visit the little boys room. Coming back, I heard them talking and stopped in the hallway just out of sight.

“I don’t want him to get hurt,” Sarah was saying, “as far as I know he has never even been on a date, never mind a girlfriend or what you’re talking about. I’m afraid you’ll break his heart.”

“I won’t hurt him,” Melody replied, “I promise. We had good times as kids. He has always been a good guy and real nice to me and I guess I forgot that until we almost lost him. If I can make amends to him by giving him a few thrills what will it hurt? It’s not like I’m a virgin. I just have to make sure that the situation is made clear right from the start so that Danny doesn’t misunderstand anything.”

“So that I don’t misunderstand what?” I said coming back into the room.

Both girls were rendered speechless for several moments. Melody looked from me to Sarah and back a few times and finally stayed on Sarah. She raised her eyebrows in askance.

Sarah studied her for a second or two and then.

“Danny,” she said, turning to me, “Melody has something to say to you.” Then she sat back.

I looked at Melody, admiring her silky blonde locks.

“I want to make amends for the way I treated you and I want to atone for my inaction that led to this whole fucked up situation.”

She stood and walked over to me, wrapped her arms loosely around my waist and looked up into my eyes. Her pelvis pushed gently on mine and I had no doubt she felt the iron cock that appeared within seconds.

“I am going to let you do whatever you want with me. I am offering you my sexual services for the rest of the summer.”

This, my friends, is why I leave the details to them. I was thinking of screwing her once or twice. Once with this beauty would have sufficed.

Sarah sat in stunned silence. She knew what was coming but I think the scope of Melody’s offer took her by surprise.

Melody was waiting for my answer, a hint of desperation eyes. She felt this was the only way to assuage the guilt she felt.

I touched her mind and realized what the offer truly entailed. Her only sexual experience had been being raped by those two assholes. They hadn’t been gentle and cared nothing for her feelings. As far as she knew that was what sex was like. And yet she was willing to go through it again and again in order to make amends.

I put my arms around her and said, “You have a deal. But only if you really mean it.”

I felt relief coming from her. But it was colored by a touch of fear.

She tightened arms around me, but didn’t take her eyes from mine.

“For you, Danny,” she said softly, “I really mean it.”

We tightened our embrace into a full-blown hug. Her tiny frame nestled against my body. I could feel her firm tits pressing into my lower chest. Her neck bent just slightly to rest her head against my shoulder.

We held each other for a long moment.

She obviously could still feel my erection pressing against her and she gave it a little bump with her pelvis. Grinning up at me she said, “So do you want to start now?”

She expected that once she made the offer I would throw her to the ground, rip off her clothes and viciously pummel her defenseless pussy with my raging hard-on.

She would have to learn that sex was not like that.

“Not right now.” I said, looking over at Sarah, “I believe right now we have some delicious milk shakes prepared by my lovely sister and they are melting away as we speak.”

Both girls laughed at that.

“You’re an idiot, you know that.” Sarah chuckled. But I could tell she was relieved. She didn’t feel much like being alone.

We took our seats and began working on our shakes, reminiscing (well, they were) about when we were little kids together and having lots of laughs doing it. I again felt guilty for my deceit but then realized what it would have meant had ‘Danny’ not survived. Sarah would have been a total wreck and if she had not killed herself by now, who knows how she would have reacted to Melody’s revelations. If Sarah had killed herself, how would Melody have dealt with the guilt she felt over not warning Sarah? She would have felt responsible for two deaths. Either way they would definitely not be sitting around laughing at each other right now.

About eight o’clock Sarah said that she was tired and was going to bed. She never went to bed that early, I’m sure she did it for my benefit.

Melody had called her mother to tell her that she would be spending the night at our house. Something she and Sarah did quite often. So often, in fact, Melody kept a spare toothbrush and clothing at our house. Her mother didn’t mind since on nights she worked she wasn’t home until long after midnight.

We went upstairs to my room. I could feel her fear mounting with every step.

I closed my door. She looked nervously towards the bed and reached up to strip off her shirt.

“Hold on,” I said pulling her towards me. Taking her head in my hands I leaned down and kissed her. After a second she responded. My hands stroked her thick silky hair and her hands began roaming on my back. Our tongues met and danced between our mouths.

Breaking the kiss I lowered my head and began nuzzling her neck. I licked and sucked the side of her neck from her shoulder to her earlobe. She put her hands on the back of my neck holding me to her.

“MMMM, Danny, that feels good.” She purred. But it seemed forced.

My hands were stroking her sides and in one motion I brought them both up, bringing her shirt with them. She stood in front of me topless and shaking—certain that now the violence would begin. Not backing out or asking me to stop. Her selflessness was admirable. Maybe it would help if she felt more in control.

“If you want to continue, then unbutton my shirt,” I instructed, “and then my pants.”

Her hands were shaking and she handled the buttons, belt and zipper clumsily.

It didn’t seem to be working so I touched her mind and found that she was dreading what was to come, even as she undressed me. After her previous encounter her fragile little pussy had bled for days and had been sore for weeks.

She had derived no pleasure at all from any part of the experience. The entire event was sheer terror from the moment it started until long after it was over and those feelings came back to her now. She struggled through them for my sake.

She knew that she was pretty and she knew what boys wanted so she thought that this was the best way to make amends to me—a feeling that I was responsible for.

When I gave her the idea I had no inkling of how negative she felt towards sex. This poor girl would need some serious TLC.

So, with my shirt and pants open but still more or less on I took her over to the bed and we sat down.

“Melody,” I said softly, “the only time you had had sex was when you were raped wasn’t it?” I had to ask since I couldn’t explain how I already knew it.

“Yes,” she answered.

“Well, sex isn’t like that. It will be different with us. But you don’t have to do this if you really don’t want to.” Despite the pleading from my cock I kept my thoughts out of her mind and let her decide for herself. All I had implanted earlier was the decision to make the offer. If she really couldn’t go through with it she could stop it now.

She looked down and was quiet for a full minute before looking back to me with moist eyes.

“But I don’t have anything else to offer you.” She said with a quiver in her voice. “I really do care about you. I have since we were little. I admired you then and always appreciated how you looked out for Sarah and I. You have always been nice to me, even when I wasn’t so nice to you. So... if you want to do this... I mean... I’ll understand if you don’t... you know... since I was raped and all... but if you still want to do this... then, I want to do this. Just...” she swallowed hard and her voice quivered, “try not to hurt me, okay?” That last sentence almost broke my heart.

So beautiful, so delicate, how could anyone have abused her like that?

“I could never hurt you, sweetie,” I answered gently. “And if I have anything to say about it,” I wrapped my arm around her bare shoulder protectively and looked deeply into her lovely blue eyes, “no one will ever hurt you again.”

I continued, “you are truly, breathtakingly beautiful. You are also very sweet, very brave and if Sarah has been your friend for so long you must be a very nice person. So of course I want to make love to you. But I want you to enjoy it. So you will have to trust me. If you need to stop at any time, you just tell me and we will. If you can’t do it, I’ll understand.”

She looked into my eyes for a moment then stood up and stepped away from the bed. I thought she was leaving but the next thing I knew she had turned around and was sliding her pants down to the floor. She stood in front me completely naked. Her hair lay across her shoulders framing her rounded tits. Nicely shaped they were just about the perfect size for her body. Her narrow waist gave way to gently curved hips and a tight round ass. A small amount of hair sat just over her pussy, it looked soft and was as golden as the hair on her head. Her thighs had a nice shape and I knew without reading her mind she was a cheerleader. She had that slim athletic build. In the seconds it took to look her over she had stepped back to the bed and put her arms on my shoulders.

“I trust you, Danny.” She said, still nervous but not nearly as nervous as before. “My offer stands. I am yours until school starts. After that, well, we’ll see.”

I reached up and brought her head down to mine and we locked in a passionate kiss that had no trace of her earlier reservation. As we kissed I spun her slowly down to lie beside me. She pushed my shirt down my arms with her tongue still in my mouth.

Again I moved my attention from her mouth to her neck and this time her response was genuine. While I nuzzled her neck my fingertips lightly outlined the contours of her tit. When my palm

brushed her erect nipple she gasped and arched her back pressing her tit into my hand. I kneaded it gently and she moaned.

“Oh my God!” she sighed as my mouth covered her nipple and sucked it tenderly.

I worked on one nipple for a while then the other. I stroked my hand down her side. Her skin was smooth and soft. It was incredible. I wanted to lick and suck every inch of her.

Her breathing was heavy and with each exhale a soft moan escaped. I was still suckling her nipple when my hand reached her mound. Her pussy hair was as soft as down. My fingers swept in between her legs and found her pussy already slightly moist.

“Ohhhhh.... Yessssss” she hissed as my fingers slid along her slit.

I moved my mouth from her nipple and started licking and sucking slowly towards her pussy. I was amazed at what a wonderful sensation it was feeling her warm soft skin with my tongue. She tasted wonderful. When my mouth reached to top of her pubic hair I skipped down and started sucking on her inner thighs, starting just above the knee and working my way up.

Her neck arched, driving her head deeper into the pillow and her back rose up off the bed.

I reached her pussy and gave it a lick.

“AAHHHHH.... Oh SHIT!” She exclaimed, her body giving a violent jerk. I kept sliding my tongue up and down her slit, sometimes flat against it and sometimes driving it in between her lips. “That’s so.... Ohhh... good...ungh.... Mmmm... Oh Danny... I’ve never... ohhh... what.... Ahhh... I’m feeling.... OHHHH GOD!” Her body convulsed as she had her very first orgasm.

I slid up her body and gazed down at her exquisite face while her orgasm diminished. Slowly her eyes focused on me. Her hands snaked to the back of my head and she pulled me down into a fervent kiss, trying to suck my tongue down her throat.

When she released me, “So this is what sex is like when its not rape?” she asked quietly, locking her eyes with mine.

“No,” I answered, “this is what sex is like when you are with someone you trust and who cares about you.”

“Thank you.” She whispered still staring into my eyes. “Thank you for caring about me even though I was raped.”

“The rape was not your fault.” I answered softly.

“I know, but since it happened I have felt, I don’t know, dirty... unworthy... like something was wrong with me. But right here, now, you holding me like this. I feel... clean. Special.”

“You are special,” I said and kissed her, “now, would you mind if I returned to what I was doing?”

She giggled, “be my guest.”

I slid back down to her pussy. I pulled my face back a few inches and opened her lips. Her pussy was magnificent. The soft, short, golden hair was fairly full above her pussy but not very much around her lips. It didn't appear that she trimmed or shaved, at this point she didn't need to. The lips were slightly darker than the surrounding flesh but the inside was bright pink. It seemed so tiny. I was mesmerized by it as I slid my finger over it and then gently pushed in, just about half an inch. I wasn't sure if my cock would fit but I was damn sure going to try. I was almost oblivious to the noise coming from just a few feet away.

“Ohhhh.... Shit... Danny.... That's so... ungh.... OH GOD!

I put my mouth back over her delicate pussy and again, explored it with my tongue.

“Ahhhhh... Oh my God... Oh my God... Oh my God... Oh my God...”

Her tiny pussy was absolutely delicious. Very wet too. I'm not sure if she was generating all the moisture or if my mouth was watering out of control. If I could stay here licking this for all the rest of eternity I would be content.

“Ahhh... Ahhh... Ohhh... Unnghhh...”

I was able to easily cover her entire pussy with my mouth. My upper lip softly massaged her clit while my tongue alternated between licking around her pussy and diving into it.

Couples improve their sex lives by being able to tell each other what they like and what they don't like. A good lover is able figure out a lot of this by reading the body language of his partner. A telepath who is paying attention is able to perform flawlessly, quickly zeroing in on a perfect pattern. Melody whipped her head from side to side. Arched her back and gripped the sheets at her sides.

There wasn't even any of the feedback loop occurring and her responsiveness was diving me into a frenzy of sexual desire.

So much pre-cum was dribbling out of my cold steel cock that the sheet under it was drenched. So was the sheet that was soaking up everything dripping off my chin.

“Ohhh... Ohhh... Uhnngghhh.... Oh God... not again... DAMN.... That's Good... Danny... Unghhh... Danny... I'm Coming... AAHHHHHHH!!!” Her body jerked around on the bed but I held my mouth firmly to her pussy while she rode wave after wave of orgasm. Finally, when the thrashing has diminished to minor convulsions I reluctantly removed my mouth from the vaginal confection I had discovered.

As I slid up her body once again I used telekinesis to make my pants slide down off my legs. This time as I held her, the tip of my raging cock was pressed tightly against her hot wet pussy lips.

She smiled weakly up at me, “I thought I was supposed to be servicing you? How come I’m having all the fun?”

“Oh, don’t worry about that,” I answered, “I’m having plenty of fun. But I’m about to have more. Are you ready?”

“If having you inside me is even half as good as that was, I’m ready.” She panted. “I want more.”

“I’ll go slow, you tell me when to stop if it gets too much.”

I took hold of my cock and slid it up and down her slit, making sure it was good and slick. Gradually, I started pushing it in, stopping when the head was all the way.

I again locked eyes with Melody.

“Ohhh... it feels like it’s splitting me in two... but its so good... put more in.”

I slid in another inch and then back out so just the head was in. Eye to eye with her the whole time. Her pussy was so tight I was afraid to pull it all the way out—I may not get it back in. I kept on like that. Stroking slowly and gently. Pushing it another inch every three or four strokes. The hot slick pussy clutched my cock firmly. It felt like a velvet lined, volcanic vise. Each stroke sent thrills up and down my spine.

She tried to keep eye contact but her eyes kept slipping up into her head. She wrapped her arms around my neck trying to pull me to her but I stayed up so I wouldn’t lose sight of the angelic vision I beheld. Finally, after what seemed like days, my cock was fully inserted into the steamy grip of her tiny, golden snatch.

“OH Shit!...” she cried with abandon, “So big... So good... OH Danny...”

She arched her back. Her breath coming in ragged gasps of ecstasy. The process of working my turgid member fully into her incredibly tight pussy had me almost ready to come but I held on as best I could while she worked up into her orgasm.

I slowly stroked in and out and watched her writhe beneath me as she spiraled higher and higher to her peak. She was having a series of small orgasms, but instead of providing relief, each one pushed her onto an even higher plane of sexual excitement.

“Ohhh... So good... so good...so good... Oh Danny... Danny... Oh God Danny... I’m coming... I’m coming.... OHHHH... OHHH... Danny.... DAANNNY!!!!”

As she came, she wrapped her legs around my ass and pulled me hard into her. She tried so hard to pull me down to her that she pulled her self up. She hugged me tightly, her torso up off the bed as her body convulsed in pleasure again and again. With that angle, every time her body jerked her pussy would contraction around my cock, driving it ever deeper into her snug love hole.

I gasped, "I'm Coming!"

My cum burst from my cock in thick boiling jets. I came so hard and so much that her little snatch couldn't hold it and I could feel it running down my balls even as more sprayed into her.

We dropped to the bed with the last of our mutual orgasm still causing slight spasms of joy. We held each other tightly and rolled to our sides. We lay there smiling at each other, my cock still hard and still embedded deeply in her pussy.

I don't know how long we lay there in afterglow but eventually...

"It's gotta come out sometime." I said.

"Oh," she moaned, "but I like it in there."

"Tomorrow," I offered, "if you feel like it."

"If I feel like it?" she laughed, "I don't think I ever want to do anything else."

I knew her inexperienced pussy was going to be a little sore just from what activity we had already had. I wanted to make sure that such a fragile thing was taken care of so I slowly pulled out.

She sighed, disappointed, then snuggled into me, contented. We both drifted off to sleep in very short order. Neither one of us even minded the wet sheets.

Chapter 10: Lessons of the Heart

When I awoke the next morning I was so comfortable I didn't open my eyes right away. I was snuggled up against a soft warm body, my head resting on her breast, her arm around my neck. One of my arms lay across her chest and my hand was embedded in silky hair.

The change in my breathing may have told her I was awake.

A sweet voice whispered, "I love you."

I felt very relaxed and very happy. All was right with the world. I opened my eyes to see a long lock of blonde hair.

Blonde? It should have been black...

Oh Shit...

Thoughts and feelings I had been successfully suppressing came rushing in.

Maria...

I thought of my old life. Craig, who will be soon graduating from engineering school, and Tim, who will be starting college about the same time I would be going back to high school. I thought of all the 'maids' who shared a bed with Maria and I—several were regulars and had become fairly close with us. I thought of all Maria's friends who had become more than just friends over the past years.

But mostly...

Maria...

Sweet, lovely, tender... Maria... My love.

A giant hole opened up in the pit of my stomach. A feeling of loss and sadness swept over me.

I felt hot tears run down my face and land on Melody's smooth breast.

"Danny?" She said with concern, "what's wrong?"

"I don't know," I began, not sure what to tell her. The moment seemed too intimate to lie. "I guess I just realized how much I lost. You know, that day. Since I woke up in the hospital, there is just... so much I no longer have."

She tightened her hold on me and brought her other arm around protectively.

"I know you lost everything, but you have me now. I hope that can make up for at least some of it."

Funny. We were talking about completely different situations but her words fit perfectly and were—surprisingly—very consoling.

"It helps," I said truthfully.

"I love you." She said again.

Another wave of guilt. "You can't love me. You don't even know me." More tears stung my eyes.

"Don't be silly," she began, but I cut her off.

“You don’t. You may think you do, but I’m a different person now. It’s like... the Danny you knew died that day. I’m completely different.”

“I know,” she cooed, “that’s why I can love you. I don’t think I could have loved the old Danny.”

I reluctantly pulled myself away from her, turning to face her.

“Was the old Danny so pathetic?”

“No, nothing like that. Before... well, before ‘it’ happened, you never expressed much emotion. You may have sat with us last night while we were reminiscing, but you wouldn’t have been laughing and joking with us. You would have sat quietly, not saying much, maybe smiling a time or two. I don’t even know if you would have taken me up on my offer. You were just, I don’t know, emotionally flat all the time.”

“You walked around all day with almost no expression on your face. You interacted with people fine, but never with any emotion. In fact the only emotion I ever saw from you was anger, and then, only a few times. Mainly when we were little, and always when someone was messing with Sarah. Or me... but I was always with Sarah so anyone picking on me was picking on her too.” She stopped for a moment, gathering her thoughts.

“Seemed like she was the only thing you ever really cared about. People could do stuff to you all day long and you would just take it. Not responding, not even running away—I never got that. But boy oh boy, if someone started calling us names or God forbid, started pushing us around... you really came alive. You would be right there.”

“I got in fights over her before?”

“Not really fights. When you stuck up for us you were so angry... so... crazy, that whoever you were mad at would either get the hell out of there or start in on you.”

“And then later, we grew up and bullies stopped picking on us and were after you most of the time. I never even thought about those days in the park until I that day you went after Tom and Paul.”

“Did my temper scare you?”

“I was never afraid of you. Even when Sarah and I became snobby bitches—shut up,” she said quickly as I opened my mouth to protest, “you know very well that’s what we were. We would pick on you at school so the rest of those elitist fucks would think we were cool, and then later, here, you would act like it never happened. We would be sitting out by the pool you would offer to bring us lemon aide or some other nice gesture.”

“So if I was that nice why couldn’t you love me?”

“Because I don’t think you could have loved me.”

“But why? You are so” then she cut me off.

“Not because of me...” she cut in, “because I don’t think you ‘could’ love. Not like you can now. Whatever was going on inside you, it seemed to just turn off your emotions. You were either angry... or... nothing.”

She went on, “When I made my offer I really wasn’t sure if you would accept, but if you did I was sure that it was going to be an emotionless fuck. You would have been nice about, but it would have been just that... a fuck. Instead, you... ‘made love’ to me. In a way I am certain the ‘old’ Danny couldn’t have.”

She smiled down at me. “So it is you that I have fallen in love with. Not my memories of how you used to be. The ‘you’ that you are now.”

I lay back down on her breast. She wrapped her arms around my head and sighed.

I felt wonderful... Damn it...

I never felt this way cuddling with anyone but Maria. All the other women... the sex was great and they were mostly very nice (or at least they were when I got done with them). But they never made me feel so comfortable. So contented. So... Happy.

I missed Maria.

I had made sure she and the boys were taken care of. I had bought several life insurance policies and she must have gotten just over a million dollars when I died. Plus there was close to half that much hidden around the house. She knew about the stashed money of course and the precautions about using it. Financially she would be fine so I wasn’t worried about that.

But, emotionally... I wondered how she had held up these past few months. I made up my mind to find a way to look in on her and the boys. Maybe a private detective could work up a dossier or something... would they even work for a minor? Maybe I could figure out how actually meet up with her. Go home? Could I go home again?

I missed Maria, but here, snuggled up with Melody I felt as contented as I ever did with her. I didn’t know if it was just transference, (love the one you’re with...) or if I was falling in love with Melody.

Many studies indicate that love is merely a release of certain chemicals in the brain. Was love a physical thing? Was this body falling in love with Melody and taking me along for the ride? Then why was my heart singing for Melody while at the same time pining for Maria?

There weren’t any studies on how a person’s second body reacts to the memories of their first. Was I going to have to go through this every time I switched to a new body?

Well there was always the ‘Gone to Hell’ clause in my immortality wish. That clause that said I could forgo entering another body and just let nature take its course. Shit... more to think about. But for now...

I could hear Melody’s heartbeat.

Maria and I used to snuggle like this, one resting upon the other. If I mentioned that I could hear her heartbeat she would answer that it was beating for me. I would say the same thing to her if she heard mine. At the time I always thought it was contrived and corny. We had lots of little exchanges like that. As though we were following a script. They were cute but I always thought of them with a little cynicism. I missed them now.

I was about to tell Melody that I could hear her heartbeat.

What if she didn’t say it? That would only expand my sense of loss.

What if she did say it? That would intrude on a private intimacy I had with Maria.

Was I trying to replace her? I didn’t want Melody to be Maria. She couldn’t be. But if, in time, I loved her as deeply as I did Maria, would that be disloyal to Maria?

She had buried her husband. Hopefully she would move on. She was still very attractive even approaching 50. She had money and a delightful personality. She also wouldn’t take any shit. She would find another. And she would make sure he was a decent guy.

The thought of that squeezed my heart even more. Maria... loving another man. Not just having sex with another. That didn’t bother me so much. I had had sex with hundreds of other women during our last years together but I only loved her. There hadn’t been any other men because that wasn’t what I was interested in. But now that I was gone I was sure she would seek out other partners and that didn’t bother me. But eventually she would fall in love with another just as I was (maybe) falling in love with Melody.

That hurt. It hurt that she would give her heart to another. And it hurt that I could do the same. It was confusing and heartbreaking. The void inside me opened even wider and a renewed flow of tears fell on Melody’s soft warm chest.

She was cuddling me protectively, allowing me to cry out my loss without judging or interfering. Just letting me know just by her presence that she was here to support me. I snuggled deeper into her embrace.

We were like that; quiet, just being with each other, for a long time.

Finally I decided it was time to get moving around. With a big sigh I sat up. I turned to her, reached up and stroked her face with the back of my hand, wondering at how smooth her skin was. She turned and kissed it.

“I think, that I love you, too.” I said slowly, “but, honestly, I don’t know. I know I want to be with you. I know being with you makes me happy. I know I don’t want to lose you. But maybe I don’t know what love is. Maybe we can figure it out together?”

“That’s good enough for me. As long as I am with you.” She said with a smile. “But, right now,” she added with a mischievous twinkle in her eye, “in case you haven’t noticed, we both stink.”

“Then... to the showers!” I said with a laugh, pointing towards the bathroom door.

I pushed all my recent ruminations to the back of my mind and headed for the bathroom I used. Melody always used Sarah’s bathroom.

I had just gotten started washing when the shower curtain pulled back and there was Melody.

“I need a shower too. Got room in there for one more?” she asked innocently.

She had only been out of my sight a few minutes, but it was enough for me to be stunned by her loveliness. A stray thought from the past did slip in and I wondered if even the impressive Heather had been anywhere near this beautiful when she was sixteen. I doubted it.

“Absolutely. Come on in.”

She entered the shower and started soaping me up. She carefully lathered my shoulders and back, my chest and even my legs. When she got to my cock she spent a long time caressing it with her soapy hand. She was staring at it as well. She rinsed me off, and then turned me so the water was running on my back.

“Last night you got to study my pussy, today I want a good long look at this.”

She knelt down before me and looked intently at my rigid manhood. It was around eight inches long and about as thick as her wrist.

“How... in the hell... did this... fit inside me? It’s almost as big as I am.” She laughed. “No wonder I’m sore this morning. I don’t know how you got this monster into me, but I’m glad you did.”

Looking at my cock she said, “you and I are going to be good friends.” And she leaned in and gave it a kiss.

Backing up about three inches, she licked her lips, then, keeping her eyes on mine, gave it a long lick from my balls to the head. She smiled and said, “MMMM, that tastes pretty good. You don’t mind if we stay here a while do you?”

“Not at all... please... be my guest.” I answered impishly.

She started licking my cock up and down, turning her head from side to side trying to lick every part of it. Her gorgeous face looked very small moving around my massive hard-on. The sight of it thrilled me. Finally, she wrapped her mouth around the head and began sucking me in earnest. She wasn't very accomplished at giving head, but it was her first time. And since I have had only one orgasm in the past three days she didn't have to be very good. She could have been giving me a literal blowjob (meaning just blowing on it) and the results would have been the same.

Her mouth and tongue danced around on the head of my cock. She suckled at it for a while, then licked it then sucked it some more. Even wet, her hair had a golden quality to it. She had one hand stroking the part of my dick that wouldn't fit in her mouth and one hand cupping my balls. She kept this up for about five minutes before I felt my balls start to tighten, then, she looked up at me with those stunning blue eyes, I could see her lovely lips around my cock and I couldn't take any more.

"I'm coming!" I warned.

She pulled back but continued stroking. Thick jets of hot cum sprayed onto her upper chest and throat. Four or five shots coated her upper body with cum which then began to run down over her tits. She watched—amazed, letting it shoot out and splash all over her. When it was done and she was sure no more was coming out, she gave my cock one last quick kiss and released it. She studied the jism dribbling down her body. She stood up but was still looking at it curiously.

With one finger she scooped a small portion off her left tit and stuck it in her mouth. Seemingly lost in thought for a few moments.

"I wondered what it would taste like. I like it. At least I like yours." She added that last part with a smile.

It was my turn to wash her. After lathering her up all over I took care to ensure her firm globes were as clean as I could get them. Then for good measure I spent just as much time making sure her well-rounded ass cheeks were nice and clean. After I was done groping - I mean—"washing" her we left the shower and got dressed.

We went down to the kitchen hand in hand to find Sarah reading the directions on a box of pancake mix. She looked up when she heard us and smiled.

"It's a good thing mom and dad weren't here last night. Though they may have heard you in 'Vegas.'"

Melody laughed and dropped my hand. She went over to Sarah (I noticed she was walking somewhat stiffly but hiding it well—I only noticed because I was enjoying the view of her walking away).

"What can I do to help?"

“Well,” said Sarah looking back to the box, “you can get the milk and two eggs out of the fridge while I get a bowl.” She looked up at me, “and you can set the table.”

We had a hearty pancake breakfast. I was enjoying myself immensely. What man wouldn't? My libido was currently satisfied, my belly was full of delicious food and I was in the presence of two dazzling beauties. It didn't matter that one of them was off limits sexually—I do enjoy looking. And, since I knew I wasn't really her brother, the thoughts I had didn't make me feel guilty.

“It's a nice day out there,” said Sarah looking out the window while rinsing off the last of our dishes, “we should spend the day out at the pool.”

Oh... horrors... now I would have to watch them bouncing around in bikinis.

I managed to keep my thoughts and concerns about the life I left behind out of it and we had a great time. Splashing and playing for several hours before finding ourselves resting on lounge chairs. I was reclined, my face in the sun and my eyes closed. Another thought I had been having crept up and I brought it out.

“Are you really going to let them get away with it?” I asked not looking at either one of them.

A moment... then, Sarah, “is who going to let who get away with what?”

I opened my eyes and looked at them.

“Are you two going to let Tom and Paul get away with rape and attempted rape?”

Melody was sitting quietly. Sarah looked thoughtful and said, “you know, that did come up during your case. The prosecutor asked if I wanted to press charges and I said I wasn't sure. He never asked again and I didn't bring it up.”

“What good would it do?” Melody chimed. “They're already in prison where they belong.”

“Yes they are,” I said, “but in less than four or five years they will be getting out. And, right now they are in prison for assault and almost killing me. That's no big deal where they are and may even get them some respect. But, if they were in there for raping a fifteen year old girl—their experience would change dramatically and they would be there for a lot longer.”

Sarah was developing an evil grin but Melody still looked unconvinced.

I sat up and swung my feet to the ground.

“Look, if they did this to you,” I said looking at Melody, “and they tried doing it to Sarah, how many other girls do you think were their victims? You don't believe they only did this the two times.”

Melody was now sitting up facing me and was chewing her lower lip; Sarah's evil grin was turning to anger.

Still talking to Melody, "Sarah could bring charges of attempted rape but that wouldn't add too much to their sentence. But, if you pressed charges, it would tack on a considerable amount of time and maybe some of their other victims would come forward. I would imagine convictions for being serial rapists would have them behind bars for a long time."

"I... I don't know," said Melody softly, "I hear they don't treat rape victims very nice. My mother is always bitching about it."

Sarah moved over to sit beside her and I reached out and took her hand.

"You have us," reassured Sarah, "we will be with you every step of the way."

"I promised you last night that I would never let anybody hurt you again. I meant it." I said squeezing her hand. "Besides, with your mother being an insider with the cops, she should be able to shield you from the worst. At the very least you should tell her. She loves you as much—no, she loves you more than we do. She should know."

Tears began streaming down her face, she spoke through her sobs, "I thought about telling her... about a million times... but... what would she think of me?"

"She will think that her little baby was the victim of some heinous shit perpetrated on her by two creeps." I told her, "She won't blame you. You are the only one who does."

Melody looked to Sarah, "but you got away... you fought them off... I didn't stop them. I should have fought harder,"

Sarah put her arm around Melody, "I got lucky, Mel. Maybe they were over confident, I don't know. You tried to stop them too. You just weren't lucky. You must have fought harder than I did, you were there for God only knows how long—I kicked once then ran. If just the door had been locked it would have been all over for me too. You have nothing to be ashamed of."

I decided to play dirty, "you hesitated once and Sarah was almost raped like you were. What about their next victim? When they get out of prison there will be no record of a sex crime, so they won't have to register, no one will be warned."

She turned her head and sobbed into Sarah's shoulder a few times then straightened up.

"Will you guys come with me to tell mom?" She looked so scared and vulnerable.

"Of course we will, won't we, Sarah?"

"I'll go anywhere with you." Sarah said giving her shoulder a squeeze, "whatever it takes to help you put this behind you."

While Melody composed herself I checked the time. Her Mother wouldn't be leaving for work for several more hours so we had plenty of time. We went back into the house to get dressed.

You may be wondering why I didn't just make Melody believe that she should report the rape and have done with it.

I had discovered that my mind control was a bit tricky. You may remember that I had included on all my powers that I would instinctively know how to use them. When I wanted to dabble in someone's mind I knew 'how' to do it—but I didn't know 'what' I was doing. I had learned that some things were so deeply embedded in the psyche that altering a belief left certain traces.

When I used to fuck various housewives sometimes I had to make some of them believe I was their husband because not all women are prone to screwing around. Some were. Memories didn't go away completely either. I mentioned earlier that it was more effective to replace a memory with something close to what happened than to try and erase it. Making them believe it was all a dream was very effective as was (in the case of crime) letting them remember the event with a few minor changes—the most important of which was my appearance. For that one I took a trick from the Jinni and just let them substitute a person from their memory. People remember things they don't know that they remember. I liked to have them describe me as a person they saw in the background of the last TV show they watched. It worked wonderfully and really frustrated the cops who never got the same description from people who saw the same thing.

I had realized something was wrong one day, shortly after I got my power. I was installing a system in a church office. The receptionist was very hot—though dressed down. She was single so I simply made her believe she found me attractive and wanted to have sex with me. When she hadn't responded I made her very horny and believe she had to have sex with me. It still didn't seem to be working.

I was puzzled so I looked into her mind and found that not only was she an employee of the church, she was a regular attendee and fully believed in all its teachings. She felt it was of utmost importance to live as her religion taught her. A sentiment I am sorry to report is all too rare.

The feelings I was instilling were making her extremely uncomfortable, as her virginity was important to her. She was feverishly praying (albeit silently) for the feelings to pass. Sure that it was a test of some sort.

I had no idea what would happen if I kept pushing, so I let it go. She passed her crisis with flying colors and felt much better for having done so. But, it made me aware that my mental meddling could cause problems—and not ones I could easily fix.

I began looking into what effects my changes had on people. My basic 'gifts' (better thinking and retention along with goals and drive) were safe enough. But I learned how to alter memories more effectively and also what limits there were. Most important I learned that I could not just have someone 'get over' a serious trauma. While the science of psychology has quite a few things wrong—one thing it is right about is that when a person has lost their sense of 'self' (for

want of a better term) through their own action or through something happening to them, there is a process they must go through in order to recover what they lost.

I tried several things to short cut the process but none of them worked as satisfactorily as the natural salvage of ones self through cathartic release, and various events that would help them regain belief in themselves. It was with this knowledge that I set Heather on her course atonement and tried to get Marna headed towards a brighter future.

It was also why I needed to have Melody seek justice for herself and work through whatever demons remained from that night. I had helped her deal with some of them, and coming clean to Sarah had dealt with some as well. But there were more.

We arrived a Melody's house in a somber mood and her mother (who's name was Betty by the way) knew immediately something was going on.

Since she worked late she also slept late and was in her housecoat drinking coffee when we walked in. While she had short brown hair and hazel eyes, it was easy to see where Melody got her looks. At the higher end of the thirties, she was very attractive and, being single, Betty had tried to stay in shape. She had large breasts pushing out her housecoat and it was cinched around a remarkably narrow waist. Interestingly, I noticed I wasn't as sexually attracted to her as I would have been in my old body. Of course in my old body, she would have been a much younger woman to me.

"Hey honey," she said to Melody, "I was wondering if I would get to see you toda..." she stopped as she noticed our mood. "What's wrong?"

Melody jumped right in, maybe afraid that if she hesitated she would chicken out.

"Mom, you remember those boys who beat up Danny?" Her mother nodded, "and that happened because they tried to rape Sarah?" Her mother nodded again, her eyes growing suspicious. "Well, a few months before they tried to rape Sarah... they..." a quick swallow, "they raped me." The tears flowed again. She began shaking.

Her mother jumped up and rushed to her, sweeping into a tight embrace. "Oh honey!" was all she said, repeating it several times. Melody was sobbing hard but had her arms wrapped around her mother taking in the comfort that only a mother can provide.

Finally she looked over Melody's head towards Sarah and I.

"How long have you two known this?" She was working hard to keep accusation out of her voice. She knew there was plenty of blame to be thrown around but that none if it applied to anyone in this room. However, she was still a little miffed that Melody had confided in someone else first.

"I just told them" Melody said, her voice muffled by her mother's embrace. She pulled her head back and sniffed.

“I just told them. I felt guilty... because if I had warned Sarah... none of this would have happened. They convinced me that I had to tell you.”

“They were right,” she said looking down to Melody, then back up at us, “Thank you.”

Still holding tightly to her mother, Melody said, “So, what do we do now?”

“You know what I think you should do. But I am going to leave it up to you.”

“I have to report it.”

“Are you sure, honey? I’ll do my best but it is going to get unpleasant.”

“I’m sure... I have to.” She laid her head back into her mother, this time her face was to the side, tears still streaming down her face. “I’m sorry, mommy.” She sobbed, “I’m so sorry.”

“Shhhh...” comforted her mother, “You have nothing to be sorry for.” Maybe if enough people told her that she would begin to believe it. “And I’m very proud of you for coming forward. Most young women wouldn’t. You are very brave.”

Betty took control at that point. I made sure that Betty and anyone else along the way would accept the presence of Sarah and I so we could stay with her. But that was all the dabbling I did.

Betty took the time to put on her uniform before we left knowing what effect it would have at the station. Even though she was just a dispatcher, the uniform made her one of ‘them’ and it did help.

Sarah and I followed in my car. At the station Betty ensured she contacted all the right people and the other cops, for the most part, were being very careful around Melody. They would have been fools not to since, Betty, like a mother bear, was hovering nearby, protectively.

We had explained to Betty the importance of our parents’ trip, both professionally and personally, and since they already knew what had happened to Sarah, Betty agreed to wait until they returned before informing them about Melody and arraigning for Sarah to press her charges. We knew that since Melody was such a fixture in our home, as soon as they heard what had happened they would rush right back to lend whatever support they could.

Statements were taken, reports filed and investigators talked to. Betty ensured a rape counselor was present and often the process was interrupted while Melody broke into tears and then composed herself. It was almost as difficult for Sarah and I to observe as it was for Melody to endure. Hearing how they had held her down, stripped her, took turns fucking her and then laughed while they slapped her around between bouts of rough sex was very tough. Betty, Sarah and I weren’t the only ones who got very angry hearing about the rough treatment of this dainty flower. Finally it was over.

Betty called her supervisor, informed her she wouldn't be in for her shift and told her what had happened. Her supervisor understood completely and offered her full support should Betty need anything.

Sarah and I again followed in my car and we went back to their house. Betty made us hot chocolate but the cups were only half drained before it became evident that Melody was wiped out. A round of hugs, and Melody was escorted up to bed by her mother.

Sarah and I headed home. We were quiet all the way, but as we pulled into the driveway Sarah turned to me.

"What happened today. It was a good thing wasn't it? I mean, Melody's gonna be okay?"

"What happened today was a very good thing." I assured her, "and Melody is going to be okay because of it."

At that, we went in. We were pretty wiped out too, and, since neither one of us felt like eating, we called it an early night.

Chapter 11: Not Friendless

During breakfast the next day I decided to ask Sarah some questions about how I was before. Melody had intrigued me and I wanted to know more.

"I'm not sure how or when it happened,' she was saying, "but you have been picked on all your life. There are a bunch of assholes in this neighborhood and as far as I know you have been their favorite target since, well, probably even before kindergarten."

She looked at me concerned, "are you sure you want to hear all this? I'm not having a ton of fun telling you."

"I'm sorry," I said, "but yes, I do want to know what I was like. Sounds pretty bad, school won't be much fun."

"I don't think it will be all that bad. With the story out about those two and why you braced them, a lot of people will be on your side. And you have filled out a bit—that physical therapy you got in the hospital sure did you some good."

I knew my body was adjusting towards its final structure of 6'1" and 225. It only had a few years to make the transition and with this body, that meant noticeable changes almost by the month. I was eating like a horse most days.

Sarah continued with a smile, "I don't think you will have any trouble with too many regular ass bags. You should watch out for the football team though. Tom and Paul were their heroes and they all think that since you more or less started the fight that they shouldn't have gotten in any trouble."

“It’s not just the bullies,” I said thoughtfully, “it doesn’t sound like I had any friends at all. Doesn’t sound like I ever had the ability to make any.”

At that, Sarah looked startled. “Oh Shit... Jason!”

“What?” I asked, “Who’s Jason?”

“You do have a friend,” she said hurriedly, “his name is Jason and he lives next door. You’ve been friends with him as long as I’ve been friends with Melody. You grew up together.”

“Then I must not do friendship very well since he hasn’t been around.”

“That’s because he hasn’t been around!” she explained.

I have been trying to stay out of her head, partly because I respect her privacy, and partly because I didn’t trust myself to dabble around in there as horny as I was.

But she wasn’t making a lot of sense and I was about to take a peek when she continued in a rush.

“I mean he hasn’t been in town. He spends summers in Florida with his dad. The day you got beat up was the last day of school... he left that morning. He should be back in a few days. I don’t know if he even knows what happened.”

“Wouldn’t his mother have told him?”

“Who knows, she’s kind of a bitch, she doesn’t like you because she thinks that his hanging around with you holds him back socially.”

“So she may not have told him.”

“She may not even care or even know that it happened. She is so self absorbed that any news about it probably went right over her head. I know she never talks to mom and dad. He never calls during the summers. I don’t know his number there and I didn’t even think about trying to contact him. At first we didn’t want to worry him until we knew which way you were going to go. Then when you woke up, well... All I thought about this summer was getting you better and trying to convince you to forgive me. I guess I can be a self absorbed bitch too”

“Knowing one’s self is the first step to improvement.” I said playfully.

“Fuck you.” She laughed and threw a sausage at me. I caught it (thank you reflexes) and popped it in my mouth.

“But you’re right, I am going to change. When I thought I was going to lose you I swore that if you would pull through I would never be mean to anyone ever again. From now on I treat ‘everyone’ with respect until they give me a reason not to.”

She spent the next hour or so filling me in about my one and only friend.

Jason was the same age as I was. His parents had divorced about 10 years ago and his father moved to Florida because, according to Sarah, that's as far away as he could get from Monica (Jason's mother). Apparently Jason, while not sleeping here as much as Melody (since he lived right next door) spent a good deal of time here, as his mother never really noticed if he was home or not.

Our parents had accepted his presence just like Melody's. They were good people, my parents. Opening their home to kids in need. Melody, because her mother worked odd hours, and Jason, because his mother wasn't there even when she was. My mother had even been to parent-teacher meetings with Jason's teachers because his mother couldn't find time to make it.

He was average height for a boy our age, thin, like I was, but smart and actually pretty good looking (according to Sarah). He often caught some of shit thrown at me. But we had been pretty tight.

We spent the rest of the day doing various chores and talking about school and the 'old' days.

About three o'clock the doorbell rang and I opened it up to find Betty and Melody standing on the front porch.

"Hi," I said stepping aside, "come in."

They walked in as Sarah came out of the living room.

"You won't mind if Melody stays here tonight will you?" Betty asked.

"Of course not." I said. "She's family around here."

"I wasn't going to go to work but she..." Melody cut her off.

"Mom, I'll be fine. And you said last week that you don't have any personal time left. You probably won't even get paid for yesterday. You didn't even need to bring me over here, I can walk."

I could tell she was a little embarrassed by her mother's... well... mothering.

Betty softened. "I know dear. Look, you may have been living with this thing for months, but I'm still in the first twenty-four hours of knowing my little girl was horribly violated. Give me some time, okay?"

Melody hugged her mother. "I know, mom. I love you."

"I love you too honey." And with that, her mother started to leave, stopped opened her mouth to say something, looked at Melody, stopped again, sighed, turned and left.

“She’s really not taking this well.” Melody said looking after her mother. “We talked all day. She’s so worried about me. She wants me to see a therapist... I guess that isn’t a bad thing.” She turned to me and gave me a warm hug. “I just want to see you.”

“What about me?” Sarah chimed in.

“Oh sure, you too, the more the merrier.” Melody said flippantly. She turned to embrace Sarah, and said in a more serious tone, “it’s still you and me, girlfriend, us against the world.”

We all went into the living room and Melody flopped down on the sofa.

“So what’s up? Ya miss me?”

“We’ve been counting the seconds,” Sarah said a bit too sweetly, and then pointed at me, “well, he has anyway.”

I hadn’t said anything yet because I was enjoying Melody’s radiance. Her laugh at Sarah’s joke snapped me back.

“Actually, I just found out I have a friend nobody bothered to tell me about.”

“Son-of-a-bitch,” Melody said, startled, “Is Jason back?”

“Not yet,” Sarah said, “but he should be, any day now.”

“Sorry, Danny,” Melody said, “I just never thought to tell you about him. I guess I figured you knew.”

“That’s alright,” I said, “It’s just one more thing I will have to deal with when the time comes.”

The rest of the evening went by in more conversation about my past life.

Later, Melody and I went up to bed and slowly undressed each other.

Laying her back on the bed I gave her a slow fingertip massage. As my fingers brushed her skin she shivered. Eventually I found myself face to face with her perfect little pussy.

Placing the index fingers of each hand to the sides of her luscious lips, I pulled her pussy open until I had as much pink sweet pussy flesh exposed as I could. Laying my tongue flat against it, I moved my head around in slow tiny circles.

“Oh that is good...” Melody moaned, “Mmmm baby keep doing that...”

I kept it up for quite a while until I could tell her excitement was about to crest. Then, with my mouth I made a tight seal against the flesh surrounding my golden treasure. Creating suction, I

sucked her little pussy part way into my mouth. With my hands free I reached up and began gently twisting her nipples.

“My God...” she screamed, “Yes baby... So good... Mmm... So good... Danny... Danny... Ohhh... DANNY!”

Again I kept my mouth in full contact with her pussy as she rode wave after wave of orgasmic joy. My mouth filled with her nectar. Again and again she squealed my name as she came.

When her orgasms finished I slid up her sleek body and embraced her. She was trying to catch her breath and she smiled at me weakly. We cuddled for a few minutes while she composed herself.

“Where did you learn how to do that?” She asked feebly.

Fuck.

I was supposed to be a virgin until her. I hadn’t actually said so, but it was a given. What could I tell her? Did I dare reveal my true nature? Or do I continue to tell lie after lie to this sweet angel.

How would she take it? She thought she was in love with a childhood friend. How could I tell her that a pervert old enough to be her father had body snatched her childhood friend and had taken advantage of her? Oh, she would like that.

I have heard they call them white lies because, since they are intended to preserve the other person’s feelings more than to cover a wrong doing, they don’t blacken your soul the way a normal lie does. I hope so because my soul had become black enough lately.

In my misspent youth (my original misspent youth) I learned that the best lies have a sound basis in the truth—they are easier to remember.

“Promise you won’t get mad?” I asked.

She shifted a little, “why?”

“Well, while I was in the hospital, one of the nurses said she admired how I tried to take up for my sister and that she was rewarding me for being such a hero. She came to my room several times and taught me a few things.”

I didn’t say I was a good liar... just that I did it a lot.

I felt a wave of jealousy coming from her and in a panic, I quickly augmented her confidence in my feelings for her and made it so she wouldn’t be jealous.

She relaxed. “Was she pretty?” She asked slowly.

“Yes,” I answered truthfully (finally—I told the truth... do I get a cookie?)

I leaned forward so I could turn and look her in the eye. “But she wasn’t as beautiful as you are.” (Another truth... I was on a roll) “Besides, she was older, Almost thirty.” (Apologies to Marna)

“Do you love her?”

“No.”

“But you made love to her?”

“We had sex. It’s different. I think that there are two ways of having sex. There is making love, like we do, when two people become as one, our feelings for each other bonding us together in a way that is more than physical.”

“And the other way?”

“Sex for fun. It feels good, its fun to make another feel good. I cared for her. I don’t think I could have sex with someone if I didn’t care about her at least a little. I don’t think you would like me much if I could.”

“Probably not, what about what happened to me?”

“That’s not sex,” I spat, “That’s violence. It was them beating you up and degrading you. Not much different than what they did to me except they used their cocks instead of their fists.”

“That’s a good way of thinking about it,” she said snuggling into me, “that way it has nothing whatsoever to do with what we share.”

She tilted her head up and kissed my neck. “And if you ever see that nurse again, tell her I said to thank her for being a good teacher.”

She then started sucking and kissing my neck, slowly working her way down to my throbbing member.

Taking it in her mouth she started suckling on it. Then she looked up.

“I didn’t have a teacher, Danny,” she said, her blue eyes sparkling, “teach me how to make you feel as good as you make me feel.”

So I gave her the guided tour of the penis. Where the sensitive areas are, how to milk the part that is not in her mouth. How to properly fondle the balls (not too hard). How to keep her tongue over her bottom teeth while sliding the penis in and out of her mouth. When to apply suction. How to move her tongue from side to side while the penis slides in and out.

She wanted to practice. She had her own ideas as well. I came twice. The second time she kept her mouth working on my cock while I came. It was incredible. She swallowed it all.

After that we made love three more times that night. In between sessions, with my tongue and lips, I explored every inch of her breathtaking body—from her ankles to her ears. And, every single inch was smooth, soft and sweet.

Looking into her eyes when I came that final time and seeing the joy she felt, I knew I was in love. I could try lying to myself some more. But I doubted I would believe me.

I still loved Maria. Have no doubt about that. But I was dead as far as she was concerned. I couldn't return to her any more than I could tell Melody the truth.

My reaction to Melody's mother, who was very attractive and even younger than Maria, had me worried about my reaction if I did see her again. Would my younger body not find her as lovely as I remembered? I was afraid to take that chance. I wanted to remember her as she was in my mind.

All I had left was solace in the fact that, having lost one of the sweetest, most beautiful women in the entire world, I found another. I didn't deserve either of them.

I slept late the next day. Slipping out of bed I gave Melody a gentle kiss on the cheek. She purred, still more asleep than awake.

By time I got cleaned up and dressed it was almost noon. I stopped by some pictures in the hallway. There were several, but the one's I was interested in were last years school portraits.

There was Sarah, lovely as ever. A bright smile on her face. A smile that lived in every aspect of her face. Her sparkling green eyes shone with it.

Then there was Danny. He was smiling also but only with his mouth. There was no smile in his eyes. In fact they looked sad.

I touched his picture and realized the person in the photo was dead but nobody knew it. There was nobody to mourn for him but me.

"Sorry kid," I whispered, my throat tight, "I'm all you got. I know you worried about your sister; I'll take good care of her. I promise you that. I hope that wherever you are now, your eyes can smile."

I wondered how he had gotten to be the way he was. I had done enough meandering through the human psyche to have some pretty educated guesses based upon the description of his behavior from Sarah and Melody.

According to Sarah it started even before Kindergarten. It was probably down at their neighborhood park. He got pushed down or slugged or something. He cried, whined for his

mother or something else that got the bullies attention. Parasites like that are always seeking a new target. And like sharks smelling blood in the water they were drawn to Danny.

Once marked, he became a favorite target. At that young age he didn't understand that he was just a victim. He thought he had done something wrong. Eventually he thought there was something wrong with him and he was just getting what he deserved.

Imagine a life where, out of the hundreds you come in contact with on a daily basis, some view you with open contempt, some delight in acting upon that contempt and the rest are simply indifferent to your plight.

Except for five, his parents, his sister, Melody and Jason. And of those I imagine there were times he caught concern in his father's eyes—but what he saw was disappointment. I have found that what you believe another thinks of you is far more important than what they really think. The only kindness he could ever really count on was from Sarah. Perhaps Melody as well, but maybe that was only me wanting to believe that.

I felt a bit of closeness with Danny over that. I mentioned before that I had been pretty thin when I entered the Marines. I had also been the target of several bullies during my school years. Not to the extent Danny had but it had been bad enough.

I could understand his reaction to his sister being picked upon. Of the five who didn't victimize him only two were weaker than he. Only two he felt he needed to protect. To prevent them from feeling the same way he felt. I have a feeling he would have stuck up for Melody even if she weren't with Sarah.

Even after Sarah and Melody joined the rest of the world, he knew they didn't mean it, understood why they did it and could still count on a kind word back in the safety of his home.

So what started out to be a promising life took a sharp downturn early on. And, with every shit sandwich he was forced to eat he only felt worse about himself.

I had once heard that there is no greater love, that a man lay his life down for another. If that is love—and God is love—then I pray that Danny is in heaven.

Angels don't stomp you in the gut and rub your face in the dirt.

I touched the face in the picture again, swallowed the lump in my throat and headed down to the kitchen.

Walking down the stairs I heard Sarah's voice coming up.

"...but he's different now." She was saying. "In a way, a lot more fun. Maybe since he doesn't remember all the crap he had to put up with he's actually able to enjoy life. I don't know but he's okay. He laughs now..."

I walked into the kitchen. There was a boy, about my age sitting at the counter with Sarah.

“Is this Jason?” I asked leaning on the doorframe.

“Yep.” Quipped Sarah, a sparkle of amusement coming to her eyes.

Jason looked uncomfortable. “Uhm... yeah, it’s me... you really don’t remember?”

“No, but I’ve heard all about you,” I said walking over to him. As I passed Sarah I gave her a playful swat on the shoulder, “and you seem to enjoy these moments way too much.”

I grabbed Jason’s hand and with the other arm swept him into a half hug.

“It’s great to finally meet you.”

We held the embrace for a second; pounding each other’s back in the way that men do in order to assure each other that—‘even though I’m hugging you, I’m not gay’.

Jason looked at me as I broke the embrace and went to sit down at the table.

“Look, man,” he said, “I had no idea what happened. If mom had told me I’d have made dad bring me right back.”

“No problem.” I assured him, “you couldn’t have done anything, and at least one person who cares about me didn’t have to stew in worry the whole time I was in a coma.”

He wanted to know the whole story. Sarah finished filling him in on what happened before I woke up in the hospital and just as she was completing the story, the air was split by a shrill shriek.

“JASON!” Screamed Melody, bounding through the kitchen to give him a big hug.

“Welcome home.” She said as she broke the hug.

Jason sat there stunned. “Did everyone get kicked in the head while I was gone? First Sarah greets me at the door with a hug, which hasn’t happened in years, and a kiss on the cheek, which has ‘never’ happened. Then Melody gives me a hug and acts happy to see me.”

While he was talking Melody came over, stood behind me, bent over and wrapped her arms around my neck. Seeing this, Jason’s eyes grew wide and he shook his head.

“Either you guys are fucking with me, or I am in some sort of twilight zone episode.”

The three of us laughed and he looked even more bewildered.

“Look,” Said Sarah seriously, “Melody and I were real shits to you the past few years and we owe you a big apology.”

“Yeah, Jason, I’m really sorry for the lousy way I treated you.” Melody said just as sincere.

Sarah continued, “It’s too bad that we had to almost lose Danny in order for us to see what stupid elitist idiots we had become.”

“We’ve turned over a new leaf,” said Melody, “No more miss bitch, we promise.”

Still confused, he pointed at Melody, her arms wrapped around me. “What’s up with that?”

“Oh, nothing,” Melody said quickly, letting me go and sitting down opposite me, “We’re in love, that’s all.”

Jason’s jaw hit the floor, rolled across and kitchen and landed under the refrigerator.

Sarah was watching him with a small smile on her face.

“You know, Danny,” he finally said, “for being the one with no memory, you’re the most normal one here.”

We all laughed again, this time Jason joined in, shaking his head.

We all pitched in to make a quick meal and, seeing we were running low on groceries Sarah and Melody offered to go to the store and leave us here to catch up.

After they had gone we went into the living room and sat down for an awkward moment of silence.

There was something I wanted to try, so...

“Jason, can you keep a secret?”

“Of course I can, you know that... oh... maybe you don’t. Yeah. I have always kept your secrets Danny, and you have always kept mine.”

“Something happened to me.”

Yeah, I know...”

“Besides that.” I said quickly, “maybe it was the head injury, I don’t know but I can do stuff now.”

“Like what?”

“I think I can read minds.”

I had to make this look good. “Think of something, it doesn’t matter what.”

I made a big show of concentration.

“Okay, think of something other than ‘what the hell is he doing.’”

Jason looked shocked for a second and then nodded.

I ‘concentrated’ again.

“I see a pool, smaller than ours, and there is a screen house surrounding it.”

“Holy shit! That’s my dad’s pool. I’ve never told you about it. How’d you do that?”

“I’m not sure, but its been happening to me since I woke up. You are the only person I’ve told.”

“That’s wild! Can you make people do things? Is this why Melody is in love with you?”

Time for more black marks on the soul... “No, I can’t control people, at least I haven’t been able to do it. Melody just sort of happened. But there are some other things I can do.”

I looked at the chair opposite me, ‘concentrated’ and it flew backwards, thumping against the wall.

“HOLY SHIT!” Jason shouted jumping up. “That is so COOL!”

“What else? What else can you do?”

“I want to try something; I think I can communicate telepathically. A few times in the hospital people responded to things I’m certain I was just thinking. I’ve been afraid to try it. Are you game?”

“Hit me.” He said, excited.

I have wanted to try this for quite a while, but there was never anyone who could ‘receive’.

I projected towards him; sort a combination of a scan and telekinesis. I aimed it his auditory nerves.

<Jason, can you hear me?>

He bent over and clapped his hands over his ears. “Hey! Turn down the volume would ya!”

“Sorry.”

“Man,” he said sitting back up, “it was like it was coming from all around, and so loud. Like thunder. You could make people think God was talking to them with that trick.” He added smiling.

“You mind if I try again?”

“Okay but turn it down.”

I pulled back on the power and...

<How is this?>

“Still like you’re yelling, but not so bad.”

I dialed down even further...

<Can you hear me now?>

“That’s good, its like you’re talking to me but your voice has no real direction. So we could, like, have a conversation without ever opening our mouths.”

“Not that easy though,” I lied, “Unless I really concentrate, all I get is like a whisper I can almost, but not quite, make out.”

“So what can we do with it?”

“Oh, we’ll figure out something. I just had to tell somebody.”

I had been wondering if I could project a voice into someone’s head, and now I knew. But, part of the cat was out of the bag now and I had to figure out what to do with it. But I actually felt a lot better having someone in on at least part of my secret.

The girls returned with the groceries and after fine supper and we spent the evening around the pool. Splashing and playing and finally just lounging. Enjoying each other’s presence without having to say anything.

As the evening grew into night, “You guys mind if I crash here?” Jason asked, “I’m pissed at Mom for not telling me about what happened. I don’t feel much like talking to her.”

“Of course,” said Sarah quickly, before I could even open my mouth. “You are always welcome here. You know that.”

Melody and I left them talking, poolside and headed up to my room. I’ve mentioned before that, while sex is never boring to enact, and making love even more so, continually talking about it can be tedious.

Suffice it to say, Melody, she with the glowing golden hair, she with the stunning blue eyes, Sweet in disposition, selfless and adventurous (not to mention a killer body) performed flawlessly. Taking me to heights I thought were lost to me.

We made love long into the night, and went to sleep in each other's arms having dreams that were but pale shadows of the real thing.

We awoke the next morning still feeling the afterglow of our demonstrations of love. As we dressed we tried to maintain some sort of physical contact. We went down to the kitchen arm in arm to find my charming sister again trying to decipher the instructions on a box of pancake mix.

"Good, you're here," She said glancing up from her reading, "What the hell are you supposed to do different if you want to make waffles?"

There were strawberries on the counter and a can of whipped cream. They hadn't brought them home yesterday so she must have gone out early to pick them up.

Melody separated from me and went over to her, peering at the box, "I think its and extra egg or something."

"Danny," Sarah said to me, "find the waffle iron, I think its in one of the bottom cabinets over there." Pointing to the section of cabinets left of the sink.

As I was banging around digging it out, Jason shuffled into the kitchen.

"Well, there you are, sleepy head," Sarah chimed sweetly, "I wondered when you would get up." She slipped off her stool, walked over to him and took him in a tight embrace. Then kissed him full on the mouth for several seconds. "You barely moved when I got up."

Shit... Shit... shit... my feelings with Melody...I must have been projecting passion... love... I don't know. Sarah must have been affected by it and she threw herself at the first boy available. Only it won't last... Jason is gonna get his heart broken.

Damn it... I should have foreseen this and taken precautions. I thought she answered too quickly last night. But all I could think about was getting to bed with Melody. Damn it!

I peered into Sarah's mind and was immediately relieved. I was too quick to blame myself. Sarah had a crush on Jason when we were younger. She still found him attractive and very sweet. She had ignored her feelings when she felt he was socially beneath her, but now, with her new attitude, all that changed.

She had decided she wanted to date him when he showed up at our house yesterday morning. After Melody and I left last night they talked for quite a while. One thing led to another and, well, perhaps my passion with Melody had something to do with how quickly she bedded him, but they likely would have wound up there anyway.

Checking Jason I found he had been in love with Sarah for as long as he could remember. He was still in shock to have finally had his wildest dream come true.

He looked at me a bit uncomfortably.

“Are you cool with this, bro?” He asked. An icy flash from Sarah’s green eyes told me I had better be cool with this. But I was anyway. They were destined to be together. I wondered how Danny’s actual death would have affected them. Would they have sought comfort from each other and gotten together anyway? Probably not, since in the condition Sarah was in, had her brother died I doubt she would have survived the summer. In spite of all the deceit, maybe someone besides me has benefited from all this.

“Way cool,” I said with a smile. “What could be better than two of the nicest people I know getting together? But you better be good to her... you know how I get if someone fucks with my little sister.”

Melody was giving Sarah a hug and they were giggling like... well... teenage girls.

Jason looked at them, and then remarked, “You know, last year we were the two biggest losers in the whole school. This year we are going to show up with the hottest chicks in town on our arms.” Then he looked concerned, “there are some guys who won’t like this. There could be some trouble.”

“There had better not be any trouble.” The girls said almost in unison.

“That’s a good point,” I said, “but I have a plan. In the hospital they had me working out as part of my physical therapy (at least that’s what my family believed) and it has done me a world of good. I think you and I should make it a habit to hit those weights in the basement every day. Couldn’t hurt.”

“You do look bigger,” Jason observed, “do you think it would work for me like that?”

I knew it would thanks to me. “I’m sure of it, in fact,” I said heading for the basement door, “we should get started right now. The girls can finish breakfast,” I opened the door and let Jason precede me. “Cooking is women’s work anyway.” I finished with a grin only Jason could see.

A sponge from the sink hit me in the back of my head.

“Eat shit!” Sarah laughed.

I stopped, with my hand on the door. I turned around and looked her in the eye.

“No,” I said, seriously, “No I won’t. And I’m never going to again.” Then I turned and headed down the stairs. As I did, I heard Sarah’s voice, softly, as though she didn’t intend for me to hear it.

“Good for you...”

Chapter 12: Back to School

We were on our way back to the first day of school. Sam and Matty had been home just over a week. Jason spent most of his time at our house, going home only to clean up and change clothes. This wasn't unusual and as far as Sam and Matty were concerned he was a regular part of the household. Melody spent every night at our house when Betty was working. She would run home in the afternoons to spend some time with her mother but would return as soon as Betty left for work. Neither parent found this odd either. And I didn't even have to do any dabbling.

At night, Melody would come and go through Sarah's room and Jason through mine. I did dabble with the folks just enough so they wouldn't pop in to either room unexpected.

As soon as Sam and Matty had heard about Melody's ordeal they reacted as we thought they would. We had a long talk one night with Betty present and they gave Melody all the love and support any child might expect from her own parents. They also let Betty know that she had their support as well and whatever she needed—all she had to do was ask. They were fully supportive of Sarah going down and giving her statement and they helped her file a complaint.

The other concern was pregnancy. I knew my boys were inert, I had seen to that. And after making sure Sarah hadn't got lucky (or unlucky, as it were) her first time with Jason I made sure his were too. That was a bit tricky. I finally figured out that all I had to do was to make his sperm inert only for one month at a time. I just had to remember to renew it every month. I was worried that if something happened to me, Jason would be stuck impotent the rest of his life.

Exactly how I did that? Don't know, but I have the Jinni to thank one more time. I was again glad I had included that I would instinctively know how to use my powers, no tedious trial and error or endless practice.

Sam was happy to see the weights were getting some use. Whatever the old Danny thought he had seen in his father's eyes had, in fact, been love or concern, not pity or disappointment. Sam was a good man. And he had been concerned as any father would be who had a child who didn't seem to be happy.

I was using telekinesis and my knowledge of anatomy to help Jason bulk up faster. In the last two weeks he hadn't turned into world-class bodybuilder but he did have more tone and definition than he used to.

We walked up from the parking lot, hand in hand with our respective beauties. We got a lot of second looks but no one said anything to us or gave any signs of trouble.

During my first hour I was approached by one of the football players.

I recognized him from witness memories as one of the guys who had taken a few shots at Danny but stopped early.

“Danny?” He said hesitantly.

“What do you want?” I said warily.

“I want to say how sorry I am about last year. I got no excuse. I’m... I’m just sorry, that’s all.”

I wondered if this was one of the terms of his probation. So I peeked. Nope... in fact he could get in trouble for talking to me. His name was Kevin. I checked into his recollections of that day. He hadn’t even known what was going on. Danny had walked up yelling at Tom. He wouldn’t get out of the way. When Tom shoved him, Danny hit back and had tried kicking Tom in the balls. When Paul shoved Danny, he had fallen into Kevin, so Kevin hit him. Punched him a few times. In his mind it was just another day of slapping around those weaker than him.

But, when Danny had gone down, and Tom and Paul kept on kicking him, he knew something was wrong. He was even trying to pull Paul off Danny when Sarah showed up and started screaming.

He had been sick about it all summer. He had been reliving that moment and a hundred like it over and over again and he didn’t like any of it. He was just another stupid kid who needed a wake up—he got one at Danny’s expense.

“I... I heard about your memory and all... I’m...” he was struggling for words. He had prepared a speech, practiced it hoping to say all the right things to garner Danny’s forgiveness. But he couldn’t remember any of it. “look... you probably don’t want anything to do with me... but if you have any problems with any of the other guys you let me know, okay? I’ve told them all to lay off you. But I don’t know about a few of them. Just watch your back and let me know if any of them give you shit.”

“Okay” I said slowly. “Thanks.”

“I... well I’m just really sorry.” And he walked away.

The problem didn’t come until lunch.

We were sitting at a table outside when Jason looked over my shoulder.

“Here it comes.” He said quietly. “It’s Stan, he used to worship Tom.”

I turned and stood up.

A good-sized boy was breaking free of a pack of guys in letterman jackets. A few of them tried to hold him back but he shook them off.

“Hey! Dork!” He shouted as he strode towards us.

He looked at Sarah and Melody and sneered, “What are you two doing? Slumming?”

“Actually,” said Melody, “I think we traded up.”

He wasn’t sure how to respond to that, so, after a second he turned back to me.

“You got a good man sitting in jail when he should be playing for UCLA.”

“He should have thought of that before he started stomping on me.” I said calmly.

“Well, I think you should start this year the same way you ended last year.”

With that he sent a right hand straight at my face. He had no sooner started swinging when everything slowed down.

He had aimed it right at my nose. Not a bad strategy for a first punch. You can stun a guy and within a few seconds the eyes tear up and it gets hard to see. Not good in a fight.

I slipped my head a few inches to the left and his punch went past my face. At the same time I grabbed his wrist with my right hand and slapped the back of his elbow with my left. Not hard enough to break it—I didn’t want that this time. I hyper extended his arm though and if you have ever had that happen you know how much it hurts.

Keeping hold of his arm I stepped to the left, turned to my right and by pushing more on his elbow I let his own momentum carry him to the ground. I folded my right leg under me and dropped on his back, knocking the wind out of him.

Time returned to normal telling me the fight had gone out of him. He was wincing but hadn’t cried out. Not bad—that elbow had to hurt like hell. But guys don’t get to be star football players by being afraid of a little pain. That’s why I knew I had to make this one stick or I would really have to fuck someone up. They were assholes, sure, but they were still just kids. Big, strong kids... but still just kids. I didn’t want to have to cripple or kill any of them.

I reached down and grabbed his hair. I pulled back until he had no doubt that any farther and his neck would snap. He started groaning. I let go and his face popped into the pavement. Before he could recover I backhanded him hard then grabbed his hair again, not pulling back so far this time. If he had two good arms he would have probably tried getting out from under me, but his right arm was pretty useless at that moment.

“This is your freebie,” I said as menacingly as I could, “so you better listen good,” I looked up to the crowd that had gathered, many of them the guys he had been talking to just moments before.

“You ALL better listen good.” I increased my volume so they could all hear me. “You used to pick on me and I would take it. I never saw the point in fighting. That was my mistake. Because

some of you thought that meant it was open season on my little sister. That was your mistake. I'm not taking it any more. You fuck with me... I'm gonna hurt you. You fuck with my family or my friends... I'm gonna hurt you BAD!" I returned my attention the guy on the ground; I pulled back on his hair a little more. "Is all this crystal clear?"

"Yes." He croaked.

I released him and stood up.

"Anyone else got a beef with me?" I was still in 'menace' mode. "Now's the time. Today I won't cripple anyone. After today... fuck you."

Nobody wanted any. I sat back down. Some of the letterman jackets helped Stan to his feet and took him away.

Sarah, Melody, and Jason were staring at me, as were a lot of the folks milling about the courtyard.

Sarah broke the silence, "Big brother... I am impressed."

"Where did you learn that?" blurted Jason.

"If you could do that?" Melody said quietly, "Why didn't you ever do it before?"

"I don't know," I said looking at her. "Maybe I couldn't do it before. Maybe I could but just didn't feel like it. Maybe I didn't think I was worth fighting for."

I looked around the table. "It's different now."

Sarah was looking at me with pride in her eyes. I bet the old Danny would have given anything for her to look at him like that. In the end, he gave it all.

She got up and walked around the table. Pulling me up she gave me a warm hug.

"You were always worth fighting for." She whispered in my ear. I hope Danny heard her.

The rest of the day was uneventful. At least for me.

The first day of school is always more than just finding your classes and figuring out your locker combination. It is about renewing friendships held dormant over the summer. Sarah, Melody and even Jason were busy with that. With Jason it wasn't so much friendships. He had been a peer tutor last year and had been assigned to help a few of the same kids this year.

If Danny had any 'school' friends, they didn't say anything.

On the way home, Melody said she wanted to go to her house for a while. Her mother would be working.

“I’m hoping you can help one of my friends.” She was saying. “She has always been one of the most cheerful people I have known. But now... she reminds a lot of how you were... you know... before.”

“What do you think happened?” I asked, afraid that I knew the answer.

“Tom and Paul.” She spat. “I bet I know when too, about two weeks before Sarah. I think if we can get her out of her shell she may press charges too. But, even if she doesn’t... I can’t just watch her like this.”

We were only at Melody’s for a few minutes when the bell rang.

Melody let in a gorgeous little Korean looking girl. She was slightly shorter than Melody, and I had seen her at school. I think she was a senior, like me.

I guessed she was a gymnast or something like that because she was lithe and curvy. The way a woman gets when her muscles are well developed—not quite like a body builder. Although some of those women look pretty damned good when they are not pumped up and oiled.

But this young lady wasn’t quite that defined. She had pert B-cup tits and prominent nipples pushing out her tight t-shirt. Her waist dipped sharply into a narrow band right at her belly button and then swept back out to meet her well-rounded hips and ass. Her shapely legs were openly displayed beneath a short skirt. I just knew that under that skirt was a rock hard pair of ass cheeks.

She had jet-black hair, which, on the sides, ran strait to the top of her shoulders but in the back it swept down in a ‘V’ to an area in between her shoulder blades. Black almond shaped eyes and a tiny nose sat above attractive full lips.

Those pretty lips weren’t smiling.

“Danny,” said Melody, “This is April.”

Melody led her over to a chair. And she sat down.

“Hi April, its nice to meet you.” I said cheerfully.

She remained flat and emotionless. “Hi... actually we’ve known each other. We’ve had a lot of classes together.”

As we small talked about school I started rummaging through her head. If Melody wanted me to help her I had to know what was wrong. You can’t fix a leaky sink in the kitchen by changing the spark plugs in the car.

She was right. The two assholes strike again.

April wasn't a virgin when they got to her however. She had lost that right after turning fifteen. Her first time had been with a boyfriend she had been seeing for a few months. He had been a virgin too and, though it had been awkward at times it had been wonderful. Her first orgasm had been glorious.

I won't say that she turned into a slut because I hate the negative connotations that word has. And, depending upon your definition she probably wasn't. She simply loved sex. She wasn't a nymphomaniac. That leads to compulsive and risky behavior.

She had to like a guy. He had to show her respect. If she was going steady she wouldn't play the field and she always demanded a condom.

Sex wasn't the only thing in her life either. She enjoyed gymnastics (I was right) and she took great pleasure in playing the piano. She was very good at both.

But she loved sex. Her orgasms were intense. More than that she enjoyed watching the thrill a guy got exploring her hot tight little body. She marveled that she could turn a limp little penis into a thick throbbing cock. Feeling that cock in her slick, tiny pussy sent shivers of delight up and down her spine. It excited her to see a boy cum. She liked the expression on his face, the spasm of bliss he had and the hot jets of cum. Knowing that she had caused it was an excitement all its own. In addition to her other orgasms, she almost always came when her man did.

But the two assholes had ruined it. If they had tried to bed her separately and had shown her only a modicum of respect they each would have had a night they would never have forgotten. But respect towards women was something those two may never learn.

She had gone with Tom after school one day actually hoping they would end up in bed. Tom was handsome, large and powerful. She expected that he would provide an energetic and entertaining fuck. But when Paul showed up she became uncomfortable with the situation long before it turned ugly. She had tried making excuses and leaving but they wouldn't hear of it. When she got insistent they attacked.

She had fought. She may be tiny but pound for pound she was pretty powerful.

Sarah was right, she had been lucky, probably because they hadn't expected it from her.

They knew April was strong, confident and capable. They were ready. She had scored several good shots but one of them always managed to hang on to her. If there had only been one of them she likely would have escaped. But there were two, and like I said earlier, football is a rough game and you don't become a star player if you can't take a hit. They had found it great fun and after a few minutes finally had her pinned down.

Paul held her arms while Tom peeled off her jeans. She managed one final kick in the face. He didn't laugh that one off.

They had gotten rough with Melody—but seeing the scene in April’s memory I was glad Melody hadn’t fought harder.

They had beaten her brutally. She had endured like many victims of brutality endure. She had found a safe place within her mind and had retreated there. She lay limp and nearly catatonic while they took turns savaging her. As final payback for the kick, she was rolled over, her damaged face pushed painfully into the mattress while Tom ripped apart her virgin ass. When they were done they had quite literally thrown her and her clothing out Tom’s back door laughing.

She had dressed and staggered the few miles home in a fugue. She too, was far too humiliated to tell anyone. She explained the black eye, split lip and swollen jaw to her parents by claiming she was by herself in the gym trying some stuff on the balance beam and had fallen badly. (“Yes mom, I know I wasn’t supposed to do that alone. *sob* Yes I know it was stupid. *sob* I promise not to do it again.”)

Her parents had fussed over her injuries like any good parent would, making her rest, supplying her with ice and making sure she got nice soft foods for a few days. She couldn’t risk going to the hospital because they would have found the finger shaped bruises on her upper arms. So she stoically suffered the fractured ribs alone, no sympathy for those.

But along with the physical brutality, they had brutalized her psyche. Before, she had been a strong confident girl who loved people. She had been a bubbly socialite involved in everything. People were good. They were her friends. Any that weren’t, well she could handle herself pretty well.

Now she saw herself as small, vulnerable. She was afraid all the time. She cringed at any fast movement. She looked at people with suspicion. Before, she had always been the one to greet a new face in the crowd. Now strangers were to be avoided. Feared. Nothing held any passion for her anymore. She hadn’t touched a piano since that day. She hadn’t gone to the meeting for the gymnastics team two days prior to school starting. She didn’t care. She couldn’t have sex any more, she couldn’t even masturbate without thinking of the violence. Fear was all she had left.

She didn’t like what she had become but couldn’t overcome the fear. Near the end of summer she had sought out a boy that she had enjoyed casual sex with several times.

Shane was a caring and competent lover and she enjoyed his company as well.

During the evening he had remarked at how quiet and reserved she was. During sex she had again found herself hiding in her mind, removed from what was happening to her body. She was no longer an eager, adventurous, sensual co-participant in sex. She lay limp, simply taking it. He thought he had done something wrong. He tried to talk to her afterward but she lay silent as he dressed and left. Then she cried.

While I sifted through her memories our small talk gradually shifted to what Tom and Paul had done. Melody bravely related her story and sat close to April, comforting her as she told hers.

She held back on some of the details and downplayed the physical injuries. But, the telling was still cathartic. When she told about Shane—she did tell the whole story. At that point she cried, showing the only emotion she had shown all day.

“He thinks it was his fault.” She finished, sniffing.

Melody was holding April tightly. “You couldn’t trust Shane?”

“Not really. I mean, I knew Shane wouldn’t get violent, but its like I thought he might. I don’t know what’s wrong with me.”

“You had two people you thought you could trust, violate you in the worst ways possible.” I finally said. “Now you don’t know who you can trust and who you can’t.”

“Something like that.” She sniffed pressing deeper into Melody.

Melody gave her a squeeze, “I felt like that too, but Danny helped me. He helped me remember that most people aren’t like that. That people care for one another.”

“How?”

“He made love to me.”

“You were able to... enjoy it?”

“Yes, it was just like you always said it was... Better.”

Melody looked a bit conflicted for a split second then, “I bet he could help you too. If you are willing to try it”

“What are you saying? You want me to... with your boyfriend?”

I was about to ask the same thing, but I couldn’t find my tongue.

“That’s how strong my trust is now. I know he loves me. I also know that he is one of the most sensitive caring people in the world and if anyone can bring back the old April it’s him. And I really miss the old April.”

I was thinking also, and not just with my little head. Melody was helped by our lovemaking but that was because we were able to connect so strongly on an emotional level. Normally having sex wouldn’t do a whole lot for a rape victim. But in this case, if April could learn to enjoy sex again it may restore some of her previous passion for life and begin the healing of the damage done by the rape.

I confess that at this point I did dabble just a little, I made her receptive to Melody's suggestion. I admit, however that it wasn't total altruism on my part. I told you she was an extremely hot little package. But I wouldn't have done it if I didn't think it would help.

April looked at me. "Do you really think it will make a difference."

"Your problem is different than Melody's. She had never experienced sex and after the rape thought that was it. You know what sex can be like, but can't experience it anymore without shutting down and retreating into your mind."

"So what can I do? I really don't like being like this."

"I think if we can get you through it, and at the same time keep you connected with what's happening, you know, not let you withdraw into your mind, it may work."

We went up to Melody's room. Once there Melody gave her a hug, then me. "I'll be downstairs." She turned to leave.

"Wait!" April was almost shouting. "Please stay."

Melody stopped and turned to her.

"I know I can trust you." Stated April with a pleading look.

Melody returned to her and gave her a short hug. "Okay, I won't go anywhere."

April began undressing, slowly, nervously. I sat on the bed and watched.

Her body really was remarkable. Her tits were about a handful with large nipples. Her brown skin was flawless. I was right; she had a rock hard ass, which was a perfect accent to her shapely legs.

It had been a while since I had been with a brown skinned beauty. I pushed back thoughts of Maria and concentrated on the lovely little woman before me. I was extremely aroused as Melody led her over to me. I placed my hands on her waist, fingertips touching in the back. I looked up and caught her eye.

"Stay with us. You don't have anything to be afraid of here."

She nodded imperceptibly and I guided her down to the bed next to me. Melody watched as I took one nipple in my mouth and suckled it gently.

No response. I moved to the other and then licked and sucked my way down her flawlessly toned stomach. She had just a tiny patch of pubic hair, which I avoided easily and reached her pussy. It was beautiful. Her brown lips parted slightly showing me the bright pink treasure inside. I gave it a slow gentle lick and I felt her body tighten.

“No you don’t.” Said Melody softly as she moved to the bed. Climbing on she took Aprils head in her lap. “Stay with us sweetie. Come back to me.”

April’s eyes were going glassy so I went into her mind.

There is a difference between scanning, reading and going in. Going in is somewhat like sending my minds eye into a persons mind and I feel like I am physically there. I don’t do it often. I don’t really like it. The human mind is a place full of images—though they aren’t really. It’s more like perceptions. I perceive things out of their energy and my mind turns it into pictures. This is what I ‘saw’ in Aprils mind.

A little girl, April, at about five years old, is running. Staring wide-eyed all around, sobbing and shaking violently. She hears Melody’s voice and is looking for the source. I insert Melody’s image to go with the voice and the little girls stops, facing her. Melody walks slowly towards her. The little girl doesn’t run but is still frightened. Melody kneels down to her.

“Come on sweetie,” she was saying, “it’s okay... I’m here. I will keep you safe.”

The little girl took Melody’s hand and they both vanished.

I returned to the room. April was looking up at Melody, her eyes no longer glassy.

I gave her pussy another slow lick. A sharp intake of breath told me she was still here. I licked in slow circles. A soft sigh. I work my tongue up and down her slit, wiggling it from side to side as I do. Her warm nectar begins to flow. She moans.

“That’s it April, stay with me. Feels so good doesn’t it?” Melody says softly, preventing April from sliding back into her mind.

“MMM.... Yes it does...”

I continue working on her yummy little pink patch of heaven. It was soft and warm, getting warmer by the second. April still has her eyes locked on Melody.

“Oh yes...” almost a whisper, “it is good... so good...”

I feel her pussy start to quiver and she moans a little louder as she has a small orgasm.

“Mmm... that’s goood...”

Melody stroked her hair and I quickly removed my clothes.

I placed my thick member at her dripping slit. Rubbing it up and down elicited more moans. I slid it in about halfway and stopped as her body stiffened again.

“Come back sweetie.” Urged Melody. “C’mon... you can do it baby... I’m here.”

April gave no response and I was about to pull out when Melody bent down and kissed her full on the lips. The kiss went on for a few seconds, then, April's hand rose up and cupped the back of Melody's head. The kiss went on for a few more seconds, this time both of them participating.

Melody broke the kiss, April looked at me and I slowly finished sliding my dick into her hot snatch.

There was fire in her eyes, a look of desire on her gorgeous face as her pussy tightened around my steel rod. She looked back up at Melody and smiled, "That's some good cock." April was back.

Melody smiled, "I know."

I started pumping into her. She wrapped her legs around me and ground her pussy hard onto my pelvis.

"Oh yeah... that's the way..."

When my cock was fully inserted she would push towards me grind her pelvis in small circles. She was enjoying the ride. Her head was still in Melody's lap. Melody was fondling her left tit and nipple. April tilted her head and tongue-kissed Melody's arm, licking the inside of her elbow.

Melody gasped.

I continued driving into her. Her legs were pulling me in and urging me to go faster. I would pull out to almost the head then slam it back into and she would give a sharp moan each time and a longer one as she ground into me.

"Unh... Oooohh... Unh... Mmmmm..." she watched my cock working her pussy and her eyes flashed with lust.

"Ooh... Ooh... Ooooh... Ooooooh... Yes... Yes... Yeesss... Yessssssss!"

She came with abandon. Wildly thrashing her hips clenching her pussy and locking her legs around me.

Melody held her tightly as she wound down, panting.

She smiled up at her, and then looked at me. "Thanks... both of you. I never thought I would feel that again."

She looked up at Melody again. "I think he deserves a reward for that."

She pulled her pussy off my cock and moving as only a gymnast can, she was suddenly on top of me. She reached down and guided my rock hard member back into her slick pussy.

Her hands on my chest, her knees astride, she slid her hot snatch up and down my pole. Up until it almost fell out then all the way down, shifting her hips at the bottom to make sure it went all the way in. The whole time she was squeezing and milking me.

I couldn't take my eyes off her. She was exquisite. Her body was incredible. Her brown skin was smooth and perfect. Her face was classic Korean beauty. Her dark eyes locked with mine and sparkled with lust and joy.

Suddenly I felt fingers brushing my balls. Melody, now naked, began fondling my sack while April rode me.

April must have seen something in my eyes because she knew I was coming before I did. Or maybe she just knew how to bring it out.

"That's it baby... feels so good... you're so good... you're gonna give it to me... C'mon... you want to give it to me... Give April your cum baby... Shoot it deep... you know I want it... that's it... OH YEAH..."

Melody squeezed gently and an enormous amount of cum boiled out of my balls and hosed into April's tight twat. She kept her eyes on mine and bit her lower lip as my orgasm triggered hers. She slammed her pussy down hard and moaned through her teeth, never breaking eye contact. She seemed to thrill with every jet of cum. My cock convulsed again and again, even after there was nothing more to come out.

She smiled and bent down to kiss me. "Thank you baby, that was nice." Then sat back up.

"I liked it too." I said weakly. After coming that hard my cock was deflating, there was just enough left to keep it from popping out of her. But, then, the way she was sitting, it didn't really have anywhere to go.

She turned to Melody, "Thank you too." Then she gave her a passionate kiss.

The vision I beheld was highly erotic. April's black hair and brown skin contrasted nicely with Melody's fair, golden features. The sight of these two lovelies kissing so deeply made my cock jump back to instant attention.

"Ooh!" Squealed April as my erstwhile deflating cock suddenly filled her again. A lusty grin on her face, her eyes sparkled as she said to Melody, "I think he likes that."

"But we need to clean him up first." She slipped off and Melody dropped her head and began sucking me.

"Mmmmm," Lifting her head, "that's interesting, it's the same... but different."

"Let me try." Said April dropping down to lick and my renewed hard-on.

It was even more erotic than their kiss. Two lovely faces, one fair, one dark, were licking cum off my cock. Black hair tangled with blond. A few times their tongues met and they briefly left my rigid pole to share a short kiss before attacking my cock with renewed vigor.

Melody stopped and licked her lips. "I want more of that and I know where to find it."

She grabbed April and laid her on her back. Her head dove between April's legs and she began licking and sucking my cum from April's pussy.

April shifted around and had her head between Melody's knees. Raising her head she began lapping at Melody's pussy.

They ate each other out feverishly. It had turned into some sort of contest to see who could make the other cum first. They were both moaning in pleasure but continued working on the other. I felt waves of lust and pleasure emanating from them getting me so aroused my cock threatened to split.

"AAAH HH YEES SSSSSSS!" Melody lifted her head from April's little twat and screamed out her orgasm. April won.

I couldn't hold back any longer. I leapt up behind Melody and slid my cock into her steaming, quivering, love hole. She screamed out another orgasm as my cock slammed its full length into her.

She began eating April again as I drove into her. I could feel April's tongue and lips on my cock and balls. Melody's pussy was as wonderful as ever. Hot, tight and responsive. It molded itself to my cock perfectly.

"Mmmmmmm...." Moaned Melody, humming into April's pussy.

"Oh yes..." answered April, her voice slightly muffled by my balls

The energetic fucking Melody was getting was driving her towards her orgasm. The enthusiastic munching April's pussy was receiving had her on edge also.

The fabulous friction on my cock from Melody's golden pussy and the suckling of my balls from April's mouth meant I wasn't going to last long either.

April started it.

"Oh Yesssss! I'm commmmmming!"

Then Melody's tight pussy grabbed my cock as she came. This sent me right over and I shot a thick load deep into her.

We shuddered in a three-way orgasm for a long moment, then I pulled out of Melody and lay down beside her, alternating between kissing her and licking at April's delicious pussy.

Her eyes were half open and she moaned softly while April tried to suck my cum from Melody's greedy snatch and my dribbling cock..

A few minutes later we were sitting up in a circle on Melody's bed.

April licked her lips to ensure no cum had escaped and looked lustily at me.

"That's pretty good, I may have to get some of that straight from the tap."

"Not today, I laughed. I'm fresh out."

April gave Melody a hug, "thank you again. You saved my life."

She broke the hug, did a quick check to see if the embrace had done anything to my flagging member, and then got up.

"I should be getting home." She said as we dressed. "I have to call Shane, and then the gymnastics coach. See if it's not too late to get on the team."

April had her car so we walked her out to it. Melody had just brought up the subject of going to the police.

"That's a good idea. I should have done it that night. Then maybe Sarah wouldn't have gotten involved and... well... Danny... I'm sorry"

"I don't know, some things happen the way they were supposed to."

Melody sidled up to her in a one armed hug. "Do you want some company when you tell your folks?"

"No, I don't think so. My parents are pretty cool. I'll be all right. It's the cops I'm worried about."

"Call me before you go and I'll make sure that my mom is there to help you out. I will be too if you want."

She gave us each a nice long hug and left.

"You never cease to amaze me." I said to Melody giving her a hug.

"I knew you could help her."

"I think you helped more than I did. Are you sure you're okay with me screwing her?"

“Why? Did you fall in love with her and now you’re going to leave me?”

“Not a chance... you won’t get rid of me that easy... you’re stuck with me no matter how much hot pussy you throw at me.”

She giggled. “Then I was right.”

We locked up her house and drove over to mine. Sarah and Jason were out by the pool and we joined them for a few minutes until we were called in for supper.

I had lied to April (a white one). I had some left. But I was saving it for Melody and she got it in a long, slow, passionate manner, later that night.

Chapter 13: a new direction.

“Man this is cool!” Jason kept saying every few minutes.

We were in my car returning from the desert where we had gone to play with my powers. In my previous life I had only used telekinesis to help me with my job, I wanted to really put it through its paces and see what I could do.

We had found a remote area that had been used in the past as a dumping ground for unwanted items such as vehicles and household appliances.

I practiced by throwing around the bigger stuff and by testing my dexterity with medium to heavy loads. The heavier an item the harder it was to maneuver it with precision. The laws of physics still applied and mass was mass.

Turns out my telekinetic strength was linked to my physical strength. Since, I could bench press ten times my final weight of 225 pounds I could lift things with my mind that were that heavy. Not too bad. Easily lifting things that weighed over a ton. Very convenient for changing a flat tire, which I had done to test my ability to lift a heavy load while at the same time doing something that required a bit of dexterity.

I could also send out a mental wave of force with that same amount of power. It could be a pinpoint jab or spread out over a wider area. I simply envisioned the shape of my ‘bolt’ and sent it out with as much power behind it as I desired. At Jason’s urging I played around with pretending to punch cars, refrigerators and a large rock, each time sending a mental bolt just in front of my fist. I never touched anything but it looked like I was pulverizing stuff with my bare hands. I realized that I had to be careful with this. It could be a devastating weapon. Imagine a projectile with about anywhere from a one-inch radius to ten feet or more, hitting with the force of a speeding car. Ever swing a one-ton sledgehammer? I have.

I tried to project a physical shield, but couldn’t get it to work. I had Jason shoot at me with a paintball gun hoping that I could protect myself from projectile weapons by simply erecting a barrier between me and whoever was firing at me. No dice. First time the Jinni let me down. Of

course I hadn't specifically asked for it, and if I could do it I would have known how instinctively. I could stop individual projectiles simply by blasting them with a bolt of energy. If I could see it, I could hit it. Really had to keep my eye on the ball though. Probably not much help trying to stop a bullet.

"You can really make those bastards eat shit now." Blurted Jason with a big smile on his face.

"Then I won't be any better than they are."

Jason looked shocked, "but they... you..."

He sat back and looked thoughtful for a while. I let him figure it out.

After a while, "I guess you're right. It would be sweet to put some of those fuckers in their place though."

"Think about how it feels to you when you are tutoring someone and they suddenly get it. They understand something they didn't before and now they are excited about it. How does that feel?"

"Pretty good, I guess." He said, looking at me puzzled, "Yeah... it's real cool."

"Did watching me punch out Stan feel better than that?"

"No, I guess it didn't."

"That's my point. I can think of a lot better things to do with my powers than beat people up. Don't misunderstand. I told everybody I wasn't taking any more shit, and I'm not. You don't have to either. But I want to try and find a way of helping people too."

I wanted to up the ante a little as far as how much Jason knew. We pulled into a 7-11 for some drinks. When we returned I had a Mountain Dew and Jason had a Dr Pepper.

He looked at me curiously since I hadn't started the car.

"What's up?"

"What are you drinking?"

"It's a... why the hell did I get a Dr Pepper? I hate this shit."

I was smiling and he got it right away.

"You fucker! I thought you said you couldn't do that."

"I figured it out."

“COOL!” Then he stopped. His mood abruptly sobered. “Hey... did you... Is this why Sarah....”

“I didn’t do that. I swear. She has liked you for a long time”

“I want to believe you. I’m crazy about her. But it’s no good if she doesn’t really...”

“I know. Don’t worry. Its real.”

We went back in and were able to trade the Dr Pepper for a Pepsi and were on our way.

“I think that these suggestions could really be used to help folks.” I told him and the conversation got back into full swing.

We threw some ideas around and before we knew it, we were home. The girls were sitting by the pool. April was with them. Sarah and Melody are beautiful. They have got very sexy bodies. But April. Her curves. How tightly packed she is. Her body is amazing. And, of course she had to be wearing the skimpiest bikini. Her sleek brown skin and the powerful, graceful, catlike way she moved... Our reaction to it had to be noticeable but much to Sarah and Melody’s credit they didn’t act mad or anything.

April’s Parents had taken her to the police station and, with Betty’s help, filed a complaint.

“You’re mom is pretty cool,” she was saying to Melody. “And, that lady she had talk to me is real smart. I got an appointment to talk to some other lady too.”

“If it’s the same lady I’ve been seeing you’ll like her.”

We small talked a bit and then Sarah announced that she needed Jason’s help with some homework and would he mind giving her a hand upstairs. Turns out, April was in the same class and having a little trouble herself. The three of them headed into the house.

I stayed out of their heads since I have been trying to respect privacy. I would have to find out what was up the old fashioned way. Gossip.

“She’s gone, you can put your eyes back in your head.” Melody was grinning.

“Huh? What? Oh... I... I was just trying to figure out exactly what she would need to change in order to be half as beautiful as you.”

She laughed. “You are so full of shit!”

“Well, that’s my story... I’m sticking to it.”

“What’s up with that, by the way?” I asked pointing in the direction they had gone.

She flushed a little bit, “Well... Sarah and I were talking... I sort of... mentioned... you know... about the three of us... you, me and April...”

“You told my sister that we had a three-way?”

“Well... yeah... She said she was curious so I called April. We played around a little upstairs... it got a little hot... April said that she could sure use a nice stiff dick.” A mischievous glint in the eye, “I knew you would be tired from last night... so... I asked Sarah to take care of it.”

“Hey,” I laughed, “don’t do me any more favors.”

She laughed. “Really though, Sarah was curious... and April liked the idea. She thinks Jason is cool.”

“You realized, of course, you might have killed Jason.” I said in mock concern.

We both laughed.

I cupped the bulge in my pants. “But that leaves you alone to deal with this.”

“Oh, I’m not afraid of that.” She said with a smile. “He’s my friend. We get along great.”

We headed upstairs.

I won’t bore you with the mundane.

A few hours later we were all back out by the pool, Jason and I trying to pretend we weren’t ogling April. After a few minutes Jason turned to me.

“Dude...”

“Oh yeah...” I replied.

“Man...”

And that’s all that needed to be said.

Speaking of April pressing charges. In the end, after the accusations went public, eight other girls came forward and filed complaints. They were all from the same social group of kids. Seemed Tom and Paul hunted close to home. I guess it was easier to lure a girl away if she thought you were her friend. I didn’t have to have sex with the rest of them though (too bad—they were all very hot).

The way Melody and I had helped April had awakened something in her. She had always liked sex and now her choices of possible partners had doubled. However, she seemed more

comfortable with a new partner if it was a woman, or if another woman was present. She still had trust issues with men, especially those she didn't know well.

She had made it up to Shane. Repeatedly. He had been acting very happy around school

Except for a few minor trust issues April was back with a vengeance. Just like before, I wouldn't have called her a slut. She just knew what she liked. When April found something she liked she always did it the best way she could. She was careful, more careful than before thank goodness, and she always gave and expected respect. She wasn't out prowling every night. With gymnastics and her music she didn't have time. She was also concerned about disease so she had a handful of regular partners and pretty much stuck to them. If she had a boy and a girl that she especially enjoyed, she like to see if she could get them both at the same time for some extra fun. Shane was the lucky third in several of these manage-a-trois. And, no I wasn't peeking, she told us. She also wasn't looking for a serious relationship at this time in her life. She had no doubt that someday she would settle down and I had no doubt he would be a very lucky man. But right now she was interested in college and perhaps a career as a veterinarian.

She spent quite a few evenings at our house. Sometimes with Melody and I, sometimes with Sarah and Jason. He and I never really talked about it. Not as in depth as we did that first day by the pool, but that was part of the whole respect thing. You didn't kiss and tell. At lease we didn't.

Something had awakened in Melody that night also. She seemed to really enjoy the times April would join us (almost as much as I did). I knew she was playing around with Sarah from time to time, though neither of them ever mentioned it to Jason or I. I found out by accident. We were making love and I was scanning her to see what she liked and what she didn't as far as our current position went, (too mundane—no point going into detail) when I caught an image of Sarah and Melody in a heated sixty-nine. Thankfully, I knew that Sarah wasn't really my sister so I have no guilt at my thoughts.

Melody liked sex with other girls. But, since she was basically heterosexual she liked it better when there was a cock involved. Lucky for me, the only cock she wanted was mine. But, for a sixteen-year-old cheerleader, identifying other bisexual women was difficult. The topic came up one evening when we were at Melody's house with April.

They had just finished trying to kill me. April had been serious about getting it straight from the tap and she always started with a very skilled blowjob. Their favorite way of finishing me off was for April to keep the head of my cock in her mouth, her tongue lashing it and she sucking hard, Melody would stroke the section of cock not in April's mouth, both of them looking up at me. A vision like that after a period of April's talented ministrations, well, any man who could last more than a minute deserves a medal. After making me cum, April would then share with Melody via a passionate French kiss.

I loved Melody and she was more than sexy enough to get my motor running repeatedly, but April was in a class all her own. Even with my 'enhancements' I had a hard time keeping up with her. The fact that she could excite a boy turned her on. My ability to keep my cock staying at attention through numerous orgasms really got her hot. And anybody who got April 'really hot'

was in for some no holds barred, raw, lusty fucking. The look of fiery yearning in her dark eyes as she bounced that perfectly sculpted body up and down my cock was a staggering sight. Her pussy had an amazing amount of control. I used to watch shows in bars overseas where women would pick up stacks of coins with their pussies, then stand, do the splits and drop them out one by one. They had nothing on April.

She also had an instinct for when a man was about to cum and would always slow down so she could draw out that moment of heightened excitement just before my cock began filling her tight pussy with cum. And she never stopped just because I was shooting either. Even though she was having her own orgasm She would use her extraordinary musculature to milk out every drop of cum she could.

We lay in the afterglow, I had an arm around each girl and they were snuggled up on either side of me. There was a lot for me to think about and deal with. My previous family, my daily deceit, how I would use my power to help people... but at that moment none of it mattered. All that mattered was the smooth warm skin pressed against me by two delightful, beautiful girls.

April and Sarah had been talking, quietly, and I finally decided to listen.

“There are quite a few at school.” April was telling Melody.

“I’ve seen some I think are... I want to ask... but what if they’re not? It’s not like I want the whole school knowing.”

“Why not let me make some introductions? I know some girls who may be interested.”

Mister happy gave a halfhearted twitch. He knew what they were talking about and wanted to respond, but was just too tired. We had been at it over three hours and I had cum five times, I swear they were tag teaming so they could each rest while I had to keep working.

“In the meantime,” April said with a sigh as she reluctantly sat up, “I have things that need doing if I want to keep my grades up. I can see my own way out... you two keep snuggling... I like seeing you like that.”

I watched her dress. I told you it was a pleasure just watching her move. It was almost as much fun watching her dress as it was watching her undress, less anticipation maybe, but still fun.

As she dressed, the words she had just spoken percolated through my brain and I had a sudden realization.

The ‘gifts’.

In my previous life I always rewarded the women I had sex with by dabbling about in their brains, giving them better retention, analytical thinking, drive and ambition. I hadn’t been doing that, and if anyone deserved it, April did.

She dressed, I tinkered. When she left I knew she would no longer have to struggle to maintain an 'A' average.

I was wallowing in my altruism when it dawned on me I was just as much an elitist bastard as those who used to tease Danny.

If April hadn't been a beautiful girl, she would still be struggling. It never occurred to me that I was ignoring all the other folks. If a girl was plain, or fat, or had too much acne... too bad for her, she was on her own. And if you were male... it didn't matter what you looked like. If Sarah and Melody could change, then so could I.

'Gifts for everyone' would be my new motto.

I started the next Monday. It was going to be a real task. It wasn't a big school but there were still almost seven hundred kids spread out between the freshman and senior classes. I took just under a month to get to everyone. I used my mind's eye a lot and, okay, I did peak into the girl's locker room—but only to see if there was someone there I had missed... really... no, really... nah... even I don't believe me. But I did find out that it had a range of about one hundred fifty yards. Approaching that, things got fuzzy and I wouldn't be able to mentally connect or use telekinesis. Beyond that and I got nothing.

The change when I was done was remarkable. Suddenly almost everyone, even the slackers and the stoners, were turning in homework and doing well if not acing tests and quizzes. Jason was a bit confused as some of the kids he was tutoring began dropping out of the program. So I let him in on it and he got a real kick out of it.

He wasn't out of business entirely. Not everyone was a secret Einstein waiting to be unleashed. There are things like dyslexia and other learning problems that I couldn't do anything about. I had tried. There were also some folks who, just by virtue of brain chemistry, and even with my help, still weren't that bright. These are the ones that Jason and the other tutors still worked with. He liked it, he said, because now he was working with kids who really needed the help and really wanted to learn instead of wasting time with kids who were just lazy—kids who had made up a good part of those he worked with previously. Kids no longer suffering from that particular problem.

In addition to my usual gifts I had also included a desire to be health conscious. The burger joints weren't closing down—I hadn't turned everyone into fanatics—but for the most part everyone began to eat a bit better and exercise. I could see that there were some girls who were chunky to outright obese now, that were really going to wow them at the ten-year reunion.

It was fun to watch the faculty. They were mystified about what it was they had done to engender such a change in the student body. They all had their theories and it made for some lively discussions in the faculty lounge.

There were also some effects I hadn't counted on. The area of sports was the main one. The school had always been an average one. The occasional winning season at this sport or that but not

very often. Apparently a lot of the jocks were just going through the motions out on their respective playing fields. They cared about winning and losing but during practice just didn't see the point.

Now they practiced hard, listened to the coaches and took the lessons to heart.

They began to do much better. Eventually they began to win. Every team. With my mind being receptive to strong emotions, pep rallies were virtual tornadoes of excitement and school spirit. It was a little hard to take but I would go just to watch Melody and Sarah down on the floor with the rest of the varsity cheerleaders. One of them we got to know a lot better.

She was the first of April's 'referrals'. Her name was Theresa. She was a tall beautiful Latina. At first she was slightly reluctant. She remembered the old Danny. However, she had been lusting after Melody for quite some time and, since she liked cock too, if taking mine was what it took to get into Melody's pants, she was willing. Then, after hearing Melody and April talk me up (bless their hearts) she was actually looking forward to it.

We had taken her to Melody's house after cheerleading practice and they were still in uniform. After getting to know each other a bit we ended up in the bedroom.

She was a senior also, almost eighteen and stood about 5' 8". She likely tipped the scales at 110 pounds. She wasn't as dark as April but her skin had a dusky, olive tone to it. She had long, highlighted brown hair that fell thickly across her shoulders and down her back in wavy ringlets. Her dark eyes smoked with sensuality. She had high cheekbones and a petite nose over full red lips. Firm tits, about the size of big oranges, rode high and proud upon her chest. She had a tiny waist that flared out into nice hips and a round ass. Her legs were long and perfect.

We started with them undressing each other. I watched from a chair as these two lovelies delighted in each discovery of newly revealed skin. Melody was nervous, April had just happened and after the first time Melody was comfortable with her. But with Theresa, it was new. She had anticipated this, gone over it in her head and like all anticipated events she was worried about making a mistake. Theresa, on the other hand, had been in this situation before and, while she was excited about it, wasn't so nervous.

She took the lead. Melody stood and Theresa slowly pulled the uniform top up over Melody's head. She traced around Melody's pink bra with her fingertips, eliciting a shiver of excitement from her. Melody then stripped off Theresa's top. Theresa's bra was white and lacey. They carefully explored the contours of each other's bodies for a few minutes before leaning in and locking their mouths together. As they kissed they slowly pressed their bodies against one another until they were holding each other tightly.

When they broke the embrace, Theresa came away with Melody's bra in her hands, revealing those wondrous globes that never failed to exhilarate me. She marveled at them as well, lightly caressing them with her fingertips. Melody exhaled with a shiver and a low sigh of pleasure. Theresa then turned around and Melody unclasped her bra. Theresa looked at me as it fell to the floor revealing marvelous tits that hadn't needed a bra any more than Melody's had. A small

smile indicated that she had seen I was suitably impressed. She winked at me then turned back to Melody. Caressing her chest and stomach, Theresa knelt down and stripped off the pleated skirt. Melody stepped out of it and Theresa pressed the side of her face against the, still panty clad, golden vagina.

Starting at Melody's ankles, Theresa's fingertips slowly stroked up her body in one long motion as she stood. Melody raised her arms and Theresa continued all the way to Melody's wrists as she knelt before Theresa. Down came Theresa's skirt. She wore a thong that matched her bra in color and lace. Across the top of her firm ass she had a dainty curly tattoo. Melody was lightly massaging her pussy through the thong. I looked up to see Theresa looking over her shoulder at me. She smiled, brighter this time, and winked again.

Melody stood and they moved to the bed. Theresa lay her down and peeled off Melody's last garment. She lay on top, and with her hips between Melody's legs they kissed, long and passionate. Theresa ground her pelvis into Melody's.

"Ooohh..." moaned Melody when the kiss ended.

Theresa suckled her way down to Melody's tits and spent a good long time in appreciation of them. Melody moaned some more, her little hands grasping at the bed sheets.

Then Theresa was at her pussy, lapping and sucking and driving Melody wild. It was driving me wild too. Seeing Melody in such a state of arousal and having Theresa's fine ass waving in the air was more than any man could take. I stood, stripped and got in behind Theresa. I slipped her thong down her legs. She gave no response other than to raise each knee off the bed so I could get it completely off. Then, while she pleased Melody I dove into her gorgeous pussy. Like April, she had a nicely shaped, tiny patch of hair just above. Her dark lips protected the succulent pink flesh inside.

I have commented before that I like to eat pussy. I love the soft feel of it under my tongue. The delicate flavor of well cared for pussy is a treat to be savored for as long as I can. But more than that, is the reaction I get while I am at it. The moans of pleasure, the shudders of joy and the sensual movements as they writhe with enjoyment.

My tongue fully explored Theresa's glorious twat. The lips were full and a bit larger than Melody's. Her response was more than satisfying. With her mouth buried in Melody's sex, her moans were slightly muffled. Another contest of sorts ensued. I was trying to get her to cum before she could make Melody cum. I don't know if she was in on the game, but she was eating her with gusto. She won and Melody came with a squeal, whipping her head from side to side and almost ripping the sheets.

Having satisfied her fantasy of diving on Melody's golden muff, Theresa looked back at me.

"Give me that dick," she panted, "I gotta have it in me."

I rose to my knees and aimed my cock at the pretty twat below her gorgeous light brown ass.

Her pussy was so wet it was no trouble sliding it all the way in with the first thrust.

She yelped in delight as I bottomed out, pushing her ass against me and wiggling it slightly. She moved her ass in little circles as I stroked in and out.

“Yes... Ooh Yes... Fill me up baby... So good...”

Melody had slipped out from under her, Theresa had moved up so she was hanging on to the headboard. This brought her head up almost even with mine. I leaned in and sucked at her neck. My hands went around and began kneading and caressing her fabulous globes.

I felt a pressure on my back. Melody was hugging me from behind. I could feel her tits pressed against my back. She reached around and was fondling my nipples. I could feel the heat from her pussy as she pressed her pelvis against my ass, matching my movements.

“Oh God...” squealed Theresa, “so big... Unh... that’s it baby... Ooh...just like that...”

And from behind, “You like that sweetie? Feels so good, huh? Mmm... looks like it feels good...”

I didn’t know if she was talking to Theresa, or me or both. But it sure had me going. Theresa had her head thrown back and was meeting my thrusts with wanton abandon. I pulled off her neck and with my hands still full of tits I looked down past her heart shaped ass to my cock driving into her steamy snatch. It pulsed and quivered around my cock. I was just feeling the beginnings of an orgasm when she pushed back on me hard and screamed.

“Aaahhh.... Yeessssss... Ooohhh... Sooo Gooood....”

Her tight pussy throbbed in orgasm around my cock and Melody, seeing it, reached between my legs to gently grab at my balls as thick jets of cum flooded Theresa’s still pulsing love hole.

Just as I finished, Melody turned my head and gave me an ardent kiss. Then she pulled me out of Theresa, rolled her over and greedily started eating my cum out of Theresa’s dripping pussy. Theresa hadn’t fully recovered from her previous orgasm and immediately started another orgasm. Or maybe, Melody’s mouth was simply extending the orgasm my cock had started. Whatever it was I could sense waves of pleasure from Theresa, and waves of desire from Melody. I lay down next to Theresa.

As Theresa was enjoying getting her pussy cleaned out by Melody she was looking hungrily at my waving cock and as soon as Melody was done, Theresa dove on it.

“Mmmmm...” she hummed as she sucked off the combination of my cum and her juices. She was kneeling between my legs and her wavy hair fell down and was tickling my legs and balls while her divine mouth licked and sucked at my raging hard-on.

Melody's pussy was over my face and I wasted no time in partaking of my favorite confection. It wasn't long before I heard lots of pleasure noises above me and scalding pussy juice flowed down my cheeks.

Melody put her hands Theresa's shoulders for support as she rode out two more orgasms. While I was making Melody cum, Theresa was proving that she was no amateur at oral sex. Just after Melody's second orgasm I was shooting into Theresa's ready mouth.

She kept it in her mouth when I was done, rose up and kissed Melody. I could see a small amount drip out from between their mouths. And hang on Melody's cheek. When they separated. Theresa saw it, licked it up but kept her tongue out of her mouth. Melody stuck out her tongue and their tongues met, sliding around on each other and liberally spreading the small dollop of cum evenly on both appendages.

Then the sex started in earnest. I fucked Melody with Theresa riding my tongue while they made out and groped each other above me. I fucked Theresa with Melody riding her mouth, this time it was Melody and I who were making out and groping each other, while Theresa watched from below. I fucked Melody from behind, this time Theresa snuggled against my back, fondling my balls until I came like a fire hose into Melody's tiny pussy.

Enough of the mundane...

Hours later, I found myself again in the enviable position of having two satiated beauties nestled up to either side of me. They were almost purring as they softly caressed my chest, smiling at each other. I think we would have stayed there forever if it hadn't been a school night. We got up and grab-assed a little while getting dressed, locked up the house and drove Theresa home, the three of us in the front seat.

On the way home, Melody snuggled up to me and I had to wake her up in the driveway.

Chapter 14: Found

The school year spun by in a blur. Except for the nights Melody spent at home because her mother wasn't working she slept at our house. So did Jason. Most days I woke up snuggling with Melody and shortly after, she and Jason would switch rooms. We would all get dressed and have breakfast with the folks.

I found a private detective who had connections back home. After a little 'persuasion' he was willing to work for me. Once a month I would show up at his office, collect a report on how Maria and the boys were doing and pay him cash in advance for next month's report.

The boys were doing well. Craig was interning with a good engineering firm with good job prospects for after graduation. He had set a date to be married to what sounded like a wonderful girl and it tugged at my heartstrings that I would miss it.

Tim was pulling a 4.0 but hadn't decided on a major yet. No big deal, he had another year at least before he would really have to worry about that.

Maria was dating. She was seeing a guy I knew. He was the brother-in-law to one of her friends. A real nice guy, though the last time I had talked to him he had been going through a messy divorce brought about by his ex-wife's infidelity (it wasn't me—I swear). It hurt a bit, reading about that, but I was glad for her at the same time. Like I said, he was a good guy and would treat her right.

I had no more problems with any football players and I even wound up on pretty friendly terms with Kevin (the guy who apologized to me on that first day.)

April hooked us up with three other girls. One, while sexy and pleasant enough hadn't worked out real well but that left us with April, Theresa, Miriam and Jackie.

Miriam was a slim blonde hottie with short hair and smallish titties. Jackie was a beautiful brunette with 'D' cup tits and a very adventurous spirit.

Miriam was a gymnast like April but not quite as well built. Her face had a Meryl Streep quality to it. She was limber, playful, had a rock hard ass and a tasty, tight, talented pussy.

Jackie had known April through some other lesbian friends. Thick wavy brown hair fell to mid waist. She had a classic hourglass figure, which included those nice big tits, flat, toned stomach and a beautiful hip/ass combination. She was a freshman in college and always brought along her copy of the Kama Sutra. Very entertaining.

At least once a week we would get together with one of the other girls. We enjoyed all of them and they had a good time (they came back for more anyway). But, April was always our favorite. Besides her talent, she shared a bond with Melody and I that went beyond sexual. She even showed up a few times on nights we were with one of the other girls. All welcomed her and those were nights to remember. Let me tell you, that having Melody, April and Theresa in bed is an experience that I will remember no matter how many lives I live. They probably heard it a block away.

But in the end it was always Melody and I. Sex for fun was fantastic. But making love with Melody took me to another world. Just like when I made love with... well... you know.

I had also returned to fighting crime. After school I had a few hours while Melody and Sarah did the cheerleading thing and Jason was tutoring. Two nights a week, Melody stayed with her mother and I was free to cruise. Jason helped out too. When he was available he would drive so I could make faster getaways.

Plenty of thugs in the LA basin let me assure you. I didn't need money this time around but I still liked to liberate as much as I could. I kept some of it, for incidentals, nice things for Melody, but most of it I would bag up and drop off at some church, homeless shelter or soup kitchen. Nice thing about being a mind reader is knowing which charity administrators will spend it where it is

supposed to be spent and which ones will blow it on hookers—in which case I'll probably end up with it again right after the hooker spends it on crack.

I was using telekinesis a little more too. Once you get the hang of it, keeping your car in neutral and pushing it with your mind while the engine idles is a real gas saver.

But in general I was back to the same old modus operandi. Sensing fear, showing up and stopping the bad guy. False descriptions all around and I was off to save another (but, you can bet I was checking for dogs now).

I was trying to keep a low profile because a few times I felt that tickly feeling like you're being watched. But a broad scan never turned up anything. I finally found out what it was about two weeks before graduation.

Jason and I were sitting in the living room watching an old rerun of *Saved by the Bell* when Sam walked in and tossed me an envelope.

The return address was a firm with an office in Torrance. I opened it up and my gut froze.

It was a single sheet of letterhead.

It had two sentences with no signature.

It said, "Please come to our office on Saturday at 10 AM. We would like to talk to you about your telepathy."

"Dude," said Jason with concern in his voice, "you look horrible. What is that?"

Putting my finger to my lips, I motioned for him to follow me and we went to my room where I let him read it.

"Shit."

My sentiments exactly. I wondered where I fucked up.

"What are you gonna do?"

"I'm going to meet them."

"You can't just walk in there, what if it's a trap or something."

"If they wanted to hurt me, they wouldn't have sent an invitation. The question is, what will they do if I don't show. I've got the feeling that whoever this is, they are used to people doing what they ask them to."

"I guess..." he still didn't like it.

“Besides, look right here, in the letter... they said ‘please’.”

He punched my shoulder. Those weights were making a difference. “I should go with you. To watch your back.”

“No can do buddy, I don’t think they want any one else along, and if it does turn shitty It may be all I can do to get myself out.”

I sent the letter to my top shelf, behind a book, folding it up along the way.

“My main concern right now is how am I going to get out of here Saturday without making Sarah and Melody suspicious.”

“We’ll just go plinking varmints again.” That was the excuse we had used to get out into the desert to practice my telekinesis. It would work again.

So that Saturday we loaded a couple 22’s into the trunk of my car. I dropped Jason off at a mall in Redondo Beach and headed to the office.

I wondered who these people were. The Government? Those behind the Government?

It took me a while to find a parking spot. The building was fairly good sized and one of a dozen others just like it. Not an obvious Government building. CIA?

The office I was looking for was on the top floor and when I entered I was awed by the opulence. A very voluptuous and attractive blonde woman was seated behind a desk.

“May I help you?” she asked seductively, her eyes doing split second darts to my crotch.

“I guess so,” I said, “I received a letter saying someone from this office wanted to speak to me. I don’t really know anything else.”

“That’s fine,” she purred, “you just have a seat over there,” indicating some comfortable seats off to one side, “and I’ll get someone to take care of you.”

As I found a seat I scanned her to see if she knew why I was here. She didn’t know anything. Really. She had been instructed that should anyone show up with a story like mine she was to notify Mr. Hall. Other than that she really didn’t know much. She knew how to answer the phone and direct the calls, she knew how to greet those walking in and notify the appropriate parties. There was no personal history. Her name was Cherry, but that was it. No family, no home. She left her desk when instructed, went with whoever she was told to go with. She ate and slept where and when she was instructed. The only other thing in her mind was a vast library of sexual techniques. She was a living fuck doll with basic clerical skills.

I had to pull out of her mind before I threw up. Sure it was intriguing, even tempting considering her looks, but at one time she was a person with likes, dislikes, hopes and dreams like anyone else. She was a sister, a daughter maybe even a wife and a mother. And now...

I didn't have long to wait before a distinguished looking man of about fifty came out of an office and greeted me. He led me back to the office he came from. It was a large office. A deck outside had a view that overlooked the rest of the city.

"Sit Down, Danny" he said cheerfully. "My name is Stuart Hall. I wanted to meet you and explain a few things. I didn't want to leave you out in the lobby, but I have to finish this, I won't be a moment." He picked up a pen and started writing on a piece of paper.

I guess I was impatient. I didn't feel like listening to some long prepared talk. The woman outside had shortened my patience with these folks. I wanted to know who they were right now.

I tried to scan him... Nothing. I sent my eye out to Cherry and found her mind right away. I tried to read Stuart again... Nothing. I pushed harder into his brain... There... a whisper...

"What The Fuck Are You Doing?" He Roared. "You Lousy Little SHIT!"

Suddenly I was on fire. My skin blistered and peeled off. The marrow in my bones boiled, incinerating me from within. I drew a breath to scream but the searing air turned my lungs to useless lumps of charred flesh.

Then as quickly as it started. It was over. I was curled up on the floor, panting and sweating. I looked at my hands and arms. There were no burns... nothing... I could breath fine.

The man, Stuart, stood over me.

"That was about one second." He stated flatly. "One minute and you would either be a dribbling, mindless lump of flesh—completely catatonic. Longer than that and you would be dead. Wanna know how I know these things?"

I didn't. He helped me back into my chair.

"That's gratitude for you." He said as he walked back around his desk and sat down. "I invite you here to explain the rules and within the first minute you break the most cardinal one."

He pointed a pencil at me. "Boy, you NEVER try to read another telepath. Especially if your shields are for shit."

As soon as he had started yelling I knew he was another mind reader. So that part wasn't a big shock. But he said something about shields.

"Shields?" I asked weakly.

“Oh for the love of Christ! You haven’t even toyed with protecting your mind from others like you?”

“I’m gonna do you a favor, boy. I’m gonna throw another of those blasts at you in ten seconds. All you have to do is put up something to block me.”

I tried to envision some sort of shield. The Jinni hadn’t let me down yet. If I tried it, it should work. I envisioned a globe around my head. It was like a one-way mirror. Only instead of reflecting light it reflected mental energy.

I felt a split second of pressure on my shield. Then, he nodded.

“Better. At least you’re a quick study. You may even survive.”

“Now for the rules—before you break another one and I have to kill you.”

“Wait a minute.” I interjected, “Who are you people?”

He looked impatient. “Listen, Son, I’m trying to do you another favor. You may be a big fish in a small pond in your little corner of the world. But, here you ain’t shit. You shut the fuck up. Let me explain the rules. Then we can talk about whatever you want to talk about.”

I shut the fuck up.

“First: You never try to read another telepath. A lot of them won’t be as nice about as I was. If you try to read someone and you hit a shield, that’s a telepath. Back the fuck off. Try introducing yourself the old fashioned way.”

“Second: We don’t give a shit what you do to, or with, the dead heads. But whatever you do, don’t attract attention, and don’t seek public positions of power.”

“Third: If a dead head has been claimed by another telepath, leave it alone unless invited. We can be territorial about our property.”

“Fourth: When you travel to another Territory, you report your presence to the nearest office. If you are asked to leave a territory by that Territory’s Chief, you get out. Don’t argue or ask why. Just do it.”

“Fifth: If you run into any other telepath breaking any of these rules you report it to the Territorial Chief before you do anything else. Don’t even take a leak before hitting a phone. Rogues can be dangerous and if he is going to kill you we would like to find out about him first.”

“You got those?” He asked pointedly.

“Yes, but some of them confuse me.”

“Then ask.”

“Okay, Who are you? The Second Rule tells me you probably aren’t the Government.”

“Hell no we aren’t the Government, and before you ask, we aren’t even the power behind the throne. We don’t give a diddly-damn what the Government does. Doesn’t mean anything to us.”

He sat back, “We are Telepaths. There are only a few thousand in the whole world. These rules were devised a long time ago to help us live in peace. According to our history, it used to be anarchy. Telepaths subjugating hundreds of dead heads and trying to destroy the others. After we almost wiped each other out, we learned. The rules are what help us thrive. Any violations are taken seriously. If you really fuck up, we take you out. The most important thing is peace among the telepaths. Second most important is that we stay a ‘secret’ society. You do anything that threatens our secrecy—we take you out.”

“You divided up territories?”

“Yes. I’ll get you a map along with contact information for each territorial office. We are actually formed as Multinational Syndicate. Basically a Chief is in charge of telepath activity in his area. In this area there are eight Territories in the United States, six in Canada and five in Mexico. Each Territory has branch offices in every major city. The map I’ll get you has every territory and office in the world identified. It’s pretty easy. Like I said, we really don’t care what you do as long as you don’t break The Rules. The Rules are what let us coexist peacefully. Basically, don’t fuck with another telepath and don’t attract attention. Break the rules and you could very well end up dead.”

“But, apparently I attracted attention. How did you find me?”

“You attracted OUR attention. That’s not a problem unless you make it one. We don’t want you attracting the attention of the non-telepathic power structure. You know, police, FBI, CIA, that kind of shit. As for how we found you. We pay attention to odd patterns.”

He opened a file and glanced at it, “In your case, it was spotted by one of our staff that a fairly small mediocre high school suddenly started scoring much higher on standardized tests and its teams were winning games they usually didn’t win. So we looked closer and we found that one particular student, who had previously been a loser with poor grades, got kicked in the head one day and suddenly he is getting straight A’s and dating the prettiest girl in school. It ain’t rocket science.”

“I guess I was pretty obvious, huh?” Well, they knew about the telepathy, but not how I got it.

“Only to those who know what to look for.” He looked back down at the file in front of him.

“Great taste, boy. That is one sweet piece of meat you got there. I see you have a small occasional harem.” He looked at some other sheets. “Hmm... Left you sister alone though... what a waste... Let me know if you ever decide to farm her out... okay... Hmm... looks like over all

you're some kind of Boy Scout aren't you?" Before I could answer, he raised his hand, "Its not a problem. Like I said, we don't care what you do."

This guy was starting to piss me off. But I needed to learn more.

"Maybe we can use that though." He said thoughtfully.

"So do all telepaths get kicked in the head?"

"No. Some are born that way. Telepaths can have children. About one in twenty five develop powers. They usually manifest at adolescence though there are indications before that. They start their training early so by the time the powers are fully manifested they have a pretty good handle on them. Most naturals are pretty powerful. I'm a natural. Those like you, who probably had a natural somewhere in your family tree, had the power lying latent. About a third of the population does. Once in a while, one of you gets a head injury that seems to knock loose whatever was blocking you. Occasionally a kid will be what we call a super-latent. Someone who hasn't had an active telepath in his known family history but come adolescence—boom. No head trauma necessary"

"Are we all male? You keep saying 'his'?"

"No, about fifteen percent of us are female. All of the ones I know about are naturals though. Common thought is that any trauma strong enough to release the power is too much for the more fragile female body to survive. Every one of you who got the power your way almost died getting it."

"Are you the Chief?"

"No, not yet anyway. Each Chief has a staff of several telepaths and a few hundred dead heads. The dead heads analyze data and bring odd patterns to our attention. The telepaths are then responsible for observing, contacting and controlling the other telepaths in our territory."

How do you do that? I mean, no offense, but you aren't that big, and now that I can put up a shield, well, what if I came over that desk?"

"Let me guess," He said with a sneer, "You know Karate. Bet you learned it the easy way too. We all did. And other stuff too. And unless you have practiced, it's hard to both fight and maintain a shield. So if you're feeling froggy... jump."

"No, thanks... I was just asking."

He looked at me thoughtfully. "I would like you to get that practice though. You got up a pretty good shield on your first try. That makes me think you got a strong talent. You are also a good-sized boy and look like you can handle yourself. But, mainly, like I said before, you're a Boy Scout."

“So? What do you mean by that?”

“You don’t like to hurt people. You don’t like people who do hurt people. Our biggest problem is with rogue talents who won’t play by the rules.”

“I’m still not following you.”

“Idiots, usually new to their power who go a bit crazy, who plow through the dead heads like mental bulldozers. Often they are super-latents. No slow discovery and development of the power while recovering in the hospital, or, like a natural, no one to warn him and prepare him for what’s coming. They get their power overnight and go nuts. They think they are God. They don’t have any skill, no finesse. You met our receptionist. She’s one we salvaged from a rogue super-latent. He took over a mansion and filled it with fifty just like her. He was going out every day and grabbing one or two off the street. It’s that kind of shit we can’t ignore. We tracked him down and took him out. We found the homeowner a drooling mess just wandering the halls. The women had their minds shredded. Nothing left but how to screw. Most of them couldn’t even talk. We had to put down all but four.”

Put down? Was he talking about people?

“The ones we didn’t put down ended up bimbos like Cherry. We were able to program in skill sets and make her useful. She, the ones we salvaged with her and some others are also used as incentives for the other dead heads on our staff. Anyone bringing us a promising pattern gets to take one of them home and keep her for a week. Great for morale.”

“Anyway, I’d like you to get some training and be on call for when we have to go after the occasional rogue. That will put you on our payroll, we set you up with an office here that you can use to manage whatever enterprises have going, we have a gym downstairs and you even get an apartment right here in the building for you to use for... whatever.”

I hadn’t said much. I was remembering that in a strange situation it was best to keep my mouth closed and my ears open. I was also reminded of a proverb that said I should keep my friends close but my enemies even closer. I didn’t like these guys but guessed I would be safer as an insider.

“Sure, I guess I could do that.”

“Fine, now, tell me something. When you put up your shield, what were you thinking about?”

I told him, then added, “Why? Did I do something wrong?”

“No, not at all. I liked it. I’ve never had a shield bounce fire back at me before. That’s the pitfalls of formal training... no imagination... remember that my boy. Follow me for a little tour and we’ll get you set up.”

As we walked down the hall he stayed a few steps ahead of me and kept looking back to talk.

“You’re in luck, its Friday. Been fucked today?”

He opened the door to a large conference room.

Men were lined up across the room. They were entering through a side door. One of them was just leaving through the same door.

Their attention was on the other side of the room. A large wooden ‘X’ was propped up against the wall. Shackled to the ‘X’ was a beautiful redhead with an incredible figure. She was naked and straining at her bonds. The next guy in line had just donned a condom and dipped his fingers in a jar, rubbed, whatever it was over his sheathed prick, stepped up to the woman and plunged his dick into her pussy. Grabbing at her breasts he fucked her for several minutes, shuddered in orgasm, stepped back, stripped off the condom, dropped it in a garbage bag, zipped up his pants and left. The process was repeating itself with the next one before he got two steps away.

The woman was straining, but not to escape. She was trying to get at the men. They weren’t coming fast enough for her.

“Come on big boy! Let’s go! Fill me up! Whaddaya got for me! Come on!”

As the men entered her she would shriek with delight, gyrating her pelvis and screaming in orgasm.

“Yeessss! Give it to me! Yeeeeeeessssss! ”

Stuart watched me in amusement. “If the staff does a good job all week, then on Fridays they all get a turn fucking a bimbo. Like I said, it is great for moral.”

It was reprehensible is what it was. But I would follow my instinct and play along as long as my conscience could bear it. “What is it they are doing before the take their turn.”

He laughed, “You ever see a pussy that has been fucked by several hundred cocks over the span of a few hours? I have and it ain’t pretty. Hell, you can kill a woman that way. The condoms are to keep the mess to a minimum and the KY jelly is so her pussy doesn’t get ripped to shreds.”

“She seems like she is enjoying it... why is she tied up?”

“That’s for her protection. The rogue that programmed her set it up so that she would orgasm whenever there is a cock inside her. She’s addicted to it. Without one she goes into withdrawal. We’ve seen it a hundred times. We can alter the program enough so that a dildo will keep the withdrawals away but won’t induce an orgasm. Best we could do to keep them stable. Cherry has one in her right now. Anyway, the men, we call them drones by the way, are conditioned to get what they want and to not let anything stop them. They aren’t programmed to be nice about how they go about it. In this case, they are told to fuck her and get back to work. She would likely try to stop them from pulling out and they would hurt her. So this is the best way. Hell of a show eh?”

He slapped me on the back. “You want to take a turn? She’s a great fuck.”

“No. I don’t think so.” I was about to puke on his shoes.

“Suit yourself.” We left the room and moved deeper into the maze of hallways and cubicles. People, all men, were busy at computer terminals and gathered around dry erase boards with circles and arrows all over them.

“In case you ever decide to go rogue yourself and try something in here,” he said in warning, “just know that behind these walls are several remotely operated machine guns. A team in a different office is watching everything that goes on over closed circuit video. They control the guns. Anything fucked up starts happening and they open up. We hate that, we lose a lot of drones and spend months rebuilding the staff.”

We stopped in front of a desk occupied by a man in his thirties.

“Henry,” said Stuart

Henry immediately turned away from his computer terminal, Faced Stuart, folded his hands in his lap and bowed his head.

“Yes, Sir.”

“Henry, this is Danny.” Henry looked up at me for a second then put his head back down. " I want you to get him an access code for the main office, a private office, the gym and one of the apartments. Also set him up with a phone and pager.”

He put his hand on my shoulder. “Henry will take care of you, when he is done come back to my office and we’ll go see Tex. He’s the Chief.” He added with a wink.

“Before you go,” I said, stopping him, “do you mind if I just read some of these guys? I would like to see what you have done to them, you know, maybe pick up some pointers.” I decided I better ask first. People as arrogant as Stuart usually got that way for a reason. The way he had been prattling on about everything led me to believe that I needed to be careful around here. At least until I had it figured out.

He paused, “Sure,” he nodded, “go ahead, but no fucking around. We got things running smooth and I don’t have time for a bunch of reprogramming.”

When he was gone, Henry turned back to his computer and called up a spreadsheet.

He tapped at the keys for a bit and while he was doing that I looked into his mind.

At least he hadn’t been shredded. He still knew who he was and where he came from. He wasn’t married but did have parents and siblings. None of it mattered. He knew he had family but wouldn’t recognize them during office hours and didn’t care. In his mind, he was insignificant.

All that mattered was his job. Tex, Stuart and the other telepaths were giants. They ruled his every thought and deed. He was completely subservient to them. If he did a good job and was efficient in running the office they would reward him with one of the bimbo's for a few days a month. But more importantly they would be happy which in turn made him very happy. I looked around the room and guessed that all the other drones were just like him. A few spot checks confirmed that. They were the perfect office staff. Dedicated, loyal, efficient and would gladly lay down their very lives to make the boss happy. It was pathetic. I thought back to the grocery magnate Mr. Martin and thought how he had achieved almost the same thing with decent pay, benefits, fair treatment and open communication.

Henry grabbed something off the printer and stood up, "Please follow me, Sir."

I followed. In his mind I wasn't a giant but I was pretty big. The introduction from Stuart and the access codes he retrieved for me told him that much.

He took me to an office, showed me how to open the coded lock and let me look around a bit. Then he took me past Cherry and showed me how to operate the keypad at the front door. Leaving the office we went down one floor to another door with a keypad. Same code, same procedure and we were in a well-stocked gymnasium complete with racquetball court, basketball court, sauna, steam room, showers and locker room. Back out to the hall. Around to the other side of the building and there were rows of doors with coded locks just like the offices. He showed me to a door, the same code as the office and were in a nicely furnished two-bedroom apartment. He let me look around for a minute then asked (very politely) if I needed anything else. I didn't and followed him back upstairs.

One last stop to pick up a cell phone and a pager and I was back in Stuart's office.

I sat down in the same seat I occupied before.

"What about money?" I asked him.

He smiled. "Don't worry about that. We don't need much."

Huh?

He continued, "We put you down as one of the corporate officers. You kick up five percent of whatever you take in. At the end of the year you let us know how much you want us to report to the IRS. Those numbers go to them as your salary and you pay the tax. You are an honest taxpaying citizen with no worries from that direction."

"You mean you don't pay me?"

He laughed. "Shit, boy, if you haven't learned how to make money with your talent maybe I should take back my offer. You are taking in cash aren't you?" He quickly leafed through my file again. "I see, man you are a Boy Scout. Well, we don't pay, so maybe you should start thinking about keeping some more of that."

“One more thing,” He said seriously, “Tex is the Chief because he is more powerful than I am. Naturals like Tex and I can do things you latents generally can’t.”

He tried to look nonchalant, but the stiffness in his face gave away that he was concentrating. The pen on the corner of his desk rose up in the air and quickly floated to his hand. “What do you think about that? You practice and try hard and maybe someday you could do that.”

With Herculean effort I kept from laughing. I wondered what he would think if I snatched the pens from the holder on his desk and signed my name with both of them at the same time while holding his desk three feet off the ground. But it is always best to have an ace up the sleeve.

“Wow!” I said with enthusiasm, “that’s wild!”

He smiled smugly and got up. “Let’s go meet the boss.”

We entered Tex’s office, he and Stuart looked at each other silently for a few minutes. Tex looked at me, without opening his mouth and a loud voice thundered from nowhere, *<So, Stuart tells me you have promise.>* Jason was right, without volume control that did hurt a bit. I looked around and they both laughed.

I hoped I looked suitably impressed.

I won’t bore you with the details of the rest of the meeting. Tex was just like Stuart. He told me the same things, told me to mind my P’s and Q’s and sent me on my way.

Stuart escorted me back to his office. “I’ll be in touch about your training. You’ll be meeting our other resident telepaths. There are a few more in the area that don’t work for us.” He handed me a slim folder, “I recommend you steer clear until you have a bit more experience. Some of them are real assholes.”

My head spun on the drive back to pick up Jason. I couldn’t believe that those guys could be so amoral. But the more I thought about it, the more it started to make sense.

These guys all got an incredible power as adolescents. I was forty-five years old when I got mine and I still used it to stick my dick into anything I could. It was only because I had spent so much time among my fellow human beings that had made me aware that everyone I came in contact with had hopes, dreams and lives of their own. I wondered what I would have been like if I had my powers as a teenager. I was a real shit as a teenager. I also remembered Jason’s excitement and how his first thoughts were to use the powers for revenge.

The telepaths, while continuing to age, hadn’t matured at all. Even the ‘naturals’ who had received guidance before full manifestation of their powers had received that guidance from thirty and forty year old adolescents.

I realized that many of the limits to my powers had really been reluctance on my part to go further. I could have easily forced people to do things that they would find repugnant. If that

caused trauma I could have wiped out the memory completely but at what cost. Memories are an odd sort of thing. They link with other memories almost randomly. By wiping out an afternoon tryst I may destroy a woman's memory of her puppy when she was ten, or her senior prom. And there would be that gap in her memory that would likely worry her a bit.

These guys didn't care. Power corrupts. Absolute power corrupts absolutely. They felt their superiority over normal human beings meant that they could do whatever they wanted. Their only concern was that they not get found out. Or start a war with other telepaths - which would likely end up in them getting found out.

I thought of the millions who go missing every year and wondered how many of them really ended up as drones or bimbos.

I picked up Jason and we headed home.

"So? How did it go?"

"They're bad news buddy. I think we should just stay away. We leave them alone and they will leave us alone." Another lie. With their disregard for any non-telepath, I want to keep Jason far away from them.

Chapter 15: Summer

As it always does, spring turned to summer. Jason, April, Theresa and I said goodbye to high school and prepared for college. Sarah, Melody and Miriam prepared for their new roles as seniors.

The summer was pleasant. 'School' friends transformed into 'summer' friends. Our pool became the place to hang out. The usual crew was, in addition the four of us, April, Miriam, Jackie and Theresa. Our occasional bedmates were also spending quality time with Jason and Sarah. Think of a combination and it had happened. About the only rule (unwritten) we followed was that I never got involved if Sarah was, and Jason stayed out of anything Melody was in. Other than that...

On this particular day we had been lounging around the pool. We liked to stay until Sam or Matty got home, then we would usually go to Melody's if her mom was working. It was fun to watch Sam come out to say hi, pretending not to notice the acres of sexy skin on display. Well, if he wasn't looking then he was dead. Sure, one of them was his daughter, but the other five weren't.

When the time came for us to split, Jackie and Sarah wanted to go to the mall so Jason went with them. I noticed Jackie had her book. A threesome with that girl was a combination of an orgy and game of twister. But I have to admit, that book does know what it is talking about. And it isn't the only book she has read. She does this thing with pressure points... Ahh never mind... hard to describe without pictures.

So I ended up sitting in Melody's living room with my golden goddess, herself, along with April, Miriam and Theresa. They were still in bikinis and I was almost drooling at the sight.

As was often the case, we knew what we were going to do, just not how we were going to get started.

As we discussed the topic, bikini straps began to loosen and before I knew it I was ogling four visions of perfect female anatomy. They determined that I would decide who got fucked first by having me lick each pussy and then choose the one I liked best.

Work... work... work... Can't they ever just make a decision?

So they arraigned four chairs from dining room into a circle around me. They each took a seat and spread their legs. You ever try looking in four different directions at once? Well, I if couldn't do it then it can't be done, 'cause no one has ever tried harder.

Have I mentioned how much I like to eat pussy? In my travels I have run into 'bad' pussy that simply couldn't be licked. It usually meant it wasn't cared for properly.

But that problem didn't exist here. As I lapped my way through my task it occurred to me that I was in the presence of four of the most perfect pussies in the world. If they had blindfolded me I doubt I would have known whose pussy I was licking.

In the end... I couldn't decide.

So, Miriam (the playful) came to the rescue.

"It's simple," she said excitedly, "we daisy chain. The first one of us who makes one of the others cum, gets the first fuck."

Sounded like a good idea to everyone.

The girls got down on the floor in a circle. Hell, I was enjoying the set up. Each girl was both licking a pussy and getting hers licked. It was extremely erotic to watch. Muffled moans began to fill the room as the excitement built. They had their own feedback loop going. As one girl's pleasure would increase, she would double her efforts on the pussy she was munching, that girl would get a boost so she would do the same, all around the circle. Tongues were diving into dripping pussies. Cheeks were shiny with juice. Moans were increasing in volume, and every once in a while a pelvis would give an involuntary jerk.

The floor was a writhing mass of smooth brown or golden tanned skin. The waves of pleasure coming off it were driving me crazy. Imagine my excitement watching the fervor that each girl was applying to her pussy licking and knowing each was doing so because she wanted my cock inside her.

Finally, one moan kept going a little longer than usual. The moan turned to a scream and a head popped up as Theresa came long and hard. She hadn't stood a chance. Have I mentioned that April was an overachiever?

They all got up and then helped Theresa to her feet. She gave April a long ardent hug as Melody went and got a barstool from the family room. April climbed up on it, facing me. They gathered around me and I gave her the prize. I started slowly, as I liked to. The friction of her tight pussy sent thrills up my spine.

Theresa was behind me, her large breasts pressing against my back. Melody was on my right and Miriam was on my left. I was holding them and they were holding April. Their tits rubbed enticingly along my sides.

I continued to stroke April's steamy snatch while she watched it. Her eyes again flared with lust and her pussy pulsed and contorted around my cock. The attention she had received as part of the contest had her almost there already.

"Oooh... Fuck me like that... Yes... Mmmm... Good.... Oh, Danny..."

She looked me in the eye and her pussy convulsed in orgasm.

"Oooooohhhh... God... Yeeeeeeessssss..." she screamed as she came. Waves of pleasure washed over me.

As her orgasm diminished her eyes sparkled with renewed vigor and in another move that only a gymnast could achieve, her legs locked solidly around me, she launched herself off the stool and wrapped her arms around my neck. She locked her mouth on mine and our tongues began a slow dance all their own.

I had tits pressed against my back, chest and sides. Hands gently caressed all parts of my body. Beautiful women surrounded me. A hot tight pussy was milking my cock.

I was thoroughly enjoying the moment.

We fucked like this for several minutes then April took her mouth from mine and began licking and sucking at my neck. I could feel her tongue exploring the sensitive area just under my ear. With all the other stimulation, it was more than I could take. With a moan of pleasure I began shooting load after load of hot cum up into her pulsing twat. She felt my orgasm and responded with one of her own. In our position her tight pussy pushed out my cum almost as fast as I could shoot it in. The tits disappeared from my sides and I felt two tongues licking the cum from my balls and legs. It was all I could do to remain standing. My knees felt weak as my orgasm subsided. She again locked her mouth on mine and gave me long passionate kiss.

"Thank you, Danny." She panted as she hugged me tight.

During the hug Miriam moved to the stool. Bending over she put her elbows on it and presented that tight tanned ass to me. I stepped forward and set April on top of Miriam's ass. Pulling my cock out of April (to her disappointment) I slid into Miriam's hot little snatch. Theresa was still behind me, and Melody moved to Miriam's head. Miriam began suckling Melody's tits while Melody fondled Miriam's.

I was staring into April's gorgeous face, stroking my cock in Miriam.

"Yeah baby..." April encouraged, her face alive with excitement, "Fuck her like that... Give it to her..."

Miriam's moans were muffled slightly by my golden beauties lovely breasts.

My gaze drifted from April's beautiful features, down past her firm brown tits, past her flat stomach and beyond her tiny twat to see my cock disappearing between Miriam's rock hard ass cheeks.

Theresa was fondling my nipples and pressing her wondrous globes firmly against my back. I could feel the heat from her pussy against my ass. I looked past April to see my exquisite blonde beauty, her eyes rolling in bliss as Miriam energetically suckled first one nipple then another. April had reached up and was gently caressing my ears and neck. Her words belied the gentleness of her fingers.

"Pound that pussy... you know she wants it... Fuck her good Danny... Fuck her like I know you can... Yeah... that's good pussy... you know it is..."

After several minutes I felt the beginnings of an orgasm and was a bit disappointed because I was having so much fun. But with so much stimulation and beauty surrounding me there was no forestalling the inevitable. Miriam's tight, dripping snatch was quivering and pulsing around my steel rod and somebody was fondling my balls. I think it was Miriam because everyone else's hands were accounted for.

As Miriam moaned out her orgasm into Melody's tits, I felt my cum burst from my balls and rush up the length of my cock, shooting into Miriam's greedy vagina. April was so into it she almost came herself.

I pulled out of Miriam and a hand on my shoulder turned me around. Theresa molded her statuesque body to mine, her mouth greedily sucking at my tongue. She gently pushed me to the floor and April dove on my cock sucking energetically, trying to see if there was any cum left. After she had me cleaned up, ensuring that no rigidity would disappear from my pole, her lovely face and talented mouth left my cock to be replaced by a hot wet pussy. Its scalding flesh slid down and fully engulfed it in one motion. I looked up to see Theresa's long beautiful brown hair. Her smoky eyes were ablaze and her pretty lips were slightly parted as she let out a contented sigh. That's all I saw because a magnificent little pussy suddenly appeared above my face and I began licking. As always, Melody's pussy was perfect. Soft, hot and very quickly dripping its delicious nectar onto me.

She and Theresa began kissing and I could hear them moaning into each other's mouths. April and Miriam had moved down and were caressing my legs and balls.

This is the one I wanted to last forever. I was receiving a very erotic massage of my legs and balls, I had a tight hot talented pussy trying to force yet even more cum from my still rock hard cock, and all I had to do was lick and suck at the most wonderful pussy in the world.

"Look at that cock... Yeah... fuck that pussy... work it Theresa... fuck him good..."

A few words of support from April and Miriam while nothing intelligible was coming from Theresa and Melody. They tried to give voice to their enjoyment but were too busy tongue wrestling.

This went on for what seemed like forever. I was lost in joy. When, once again the slick volcanic velvet friction on my cock pulled another orgasm from deep within. With a cry of bliss I filled Theresa's twat with thick love juice. I felt eager tongues lapping at my balls, cock and her pussy as April and Miriam tried to catch any overflow. Theresa's pussy slipped off and a mouth descended upon my still pulsing penis. I don't know who's mouth it was and at that point I didn't care. It felt wonderful.

The next thing I knew I was poised above Melody. Her hair splayed out on the floor like golden sunbeams. Her beauty was incredible. Her blue eyes had a hungry look as she begged me to impale her.

"Fuck me baby... I need you so bad... give me what I need..."

The other girls were gathered close and I could feel their warm presence. My eyes on Melody, I drove deep into her waiting and wondrous pussy. The other ceased to exist. We didn't hear their words of encouragement. It was only she and I. Our eyes locked as I stroked into her. She writhed in ecstasy and shivers of delight traveled my spine. We stayed like that forever. In our own world while shouts of lust and desire swirled around us. She came once, she came twice, and then we came together. I collapsed, embracing her tightly.

Eventually we were sitting around the floor, only using the furniture for backrests. I was snuggled with Melody on my right and Theresa on my left. April and Miriam sat side by side directly opposite about 4 feet away. As satiated as I was, I still enjoyed the view of April's hot little body. She yawned and stretched. She knew what that did to me. My cock gave a twitch and she eyed it hungrily.

She leaned forward and began a slow seductive crawl towards me.

"I think I want just one more little taste." She said with a sexy grin.

We talked about how the summer was going, the weather, the upcoming school year, college for some of us, a senior year for others, and through it all April gave me a long leisurely blow job,

never stopping and never speeding up. Ultimately she got her taste. The other girls applauded her as I came.

So, that's how my summer went. How was yours?

Sadly though, it wasn't all sun and sex. I was distracted by my 'summer job'.

I had told everyone I was interning at 'the office' (which is how I shall refer to the telepath's Syndicate since I don't want to make public its name).

In reality I was training, and getting to know the others.

While there were many telepaths in the area, there were five resident telepaths working for the Syndicate in addition to Stuart.

Eric was about 20, he was a latent with a bad case of hero worship regarding Stuart and Tex. That telekinesis trick had really floored him and he spent an extraordinary amount of time trying to figure out how to do it. He made money panhandling.

The first thing I found out was the phenomenon of 'broadcasting' an emotion or feeling. Eric used it when he was panhandling. Mind reading for them was strictly one on one. But they could broadcast. They could make everyone within a twenty-five or thirty foot radius feel happy, sad, whatever. Eric used this in his panhandling. He would stand on a corner, for an hour or two broadcasting 'generosity' and be raking in fives, tens and twenties. He would clear a thousand dollars or more each day.

As far as women, if he saw one that he liked, he would find a place and they would screw. She went away with the memory that she had done an impetuous act of sex with a complete stranger. I knew from my mental meanderings that some women wouldn't be too bothered by this but that some would. Eric didn't care.

Don was almost 30, another latent who still bore the scars of his releasing accident. Scars both physical and mental. An angry scar ran down his face and an angry streak ran through his psyche. He was a gambler. High stakes (back room only) poker. Not only did he always know what everyone held in their hands, he could keep the other players from folding when he wanted to drive up the pot. He could do this over and over because they always left the table without a clear memory of whom they had been playing with. If a person lost everything due to his gambling losses, Don couldn't care less. In his opinion lots of people did that everyday without his help. If they couldn't afford to lose, they shouldn't play.

When it came to women he was mean. He liked to humiliate them. He had perfected a technique that let the woman maintain her eyes and ears but he controlled everything else. He made them do horrible degrading things, with them being aware of everything the whole time. When he released them he let them remember, but made it impossible for them to tell anyone about it.

Gary was a natural. About 28 years old and overly friendly is the best way to describe him. He was the kind of guy who, even if he hadn't been a telepath would always have you checking over your shoulder to see if today was the day he stuck the knife in. I was never really sure what he did to make money. The only women I ever heard about him screwing were the office bimbos.

Larry was a 25 year old natural with a laid back attitude. He didn't let anyone or anything bother him. He actually had a real job. He sold luxury cars and he sold a lot of them. Funny thing though, all his customers always went for all the options and the extended warranty.

He kept his house well stocked with four or five lovelies at all times. He never screwed with their minds much, just enough to make them devoted to him. When he tired of them, they would go on their way with fond memories of that crazy period in their lives when they lived in that wild house with that guy (what was his name?) and all those other women.

Then there was Bob. At 35 he was completely without conscience and even for a telepath, he was a sleaze. His specialty was bimbos. He created them and then sold them. He liked to have them keep their own personalities, and would overlay that with all the options one would expect from a well-trained bimbo. He had connections to the international sex slave industry and his product always brought the highest prices.

He owned a bunch of high-class strip joints up and down the west coast. He would stash the girls in these places so they could earn money for him while they were waiting to be sold. And they brought in a lot of money. These were girls that never held out. All their tips went straight into his pockets. They danced when he said dance, they screwed when he said screw and were delighted to be doing either.

The training I went through consisted of several different exercises. Maintaining a shield while sparring was first. I would spar with one while another stood to the side and shot fire at me. The 'fire' was really a shot of mental energy aimed directly at the pain receptors in the brain. The more energy applied, the more pain felt. The rules were, that as soon as I either got hit or lost my shield they were to stop. But even an instant of that damned fire is an eternity. It was a good teacher though and it didn't take more than twice for me to learn to keep the shield up. Especially when the second time it was Don throwing the fire and I swear he kept it on longer than he was supposed to.

Next thing I had to do was trying to stop more than one mental assault at once. A shield was good for two or even three attackers. I didn't use the 'mirror' shield again because Stuart felt that it was always a good idea to have a few tricks that others didn't know about.

I thanked him for the sage advice.

By the end of summer I could spar with two attackers and fend off two mental attacks at the same time. That was the plateau for most all of them. I could also shield at least two mental attackers and send an attack of my own. I was sure I could do more. Sparring hadn't triggered 'fight speed' and with my reflective shield I had a feeling that I could repel a lot more mental energy than with the one I used.

I learned more about ‘broadcasting.’ I learned how to control it and it was a lot like my broad scans. When I did that I sent out a wave of mental ‘inquiries’ like a radar war. Any thoughts that matched my criteria came back as a blip on the radar and allowed me to zoom in. These guys could easily broadcast any emotion but either couldn’t do a broad scan or never thought about it. The other thing they either couldn’t do or never thought about it was a broadcast of fire. I didn’t bring it up.

I had stepped up my money collecting. I kept most of it and was planning on getting a house near the campus when school started. There were a ton of them for rent and I was certain I could find a landlord who could be persuaded to sell. If there were no assholes owning property, then some nice person would be making a little more than the market value for their home (under the table of course).

So between the parties, the training and crime fighting, the summer flew by. It was late August when my pager summoned me to the office.

Stuart looked impatient when I showed up. Larry and Don were already there.

“This will be enough,” huffed Stuart. “Let’s get going.”

I still wasn’t sure what was going on but we headed for the elevator with six drones.

Larry and I got into a black Escalade (Thank you Larry) with three of the drones. Stuart and Don took the rest in another.

We followed them towards the highway.

“We think we got a rogue up in North Hollywood,” Larry informed me. I suspected it was a rogue hunt since four telepaths was the standard size for a hunting party—that number being one more than even the best shield can generally withstand.

“A lot of calls to police about missing girls, teenagers to mid twenties and all described as being pretty.” That was one of the first triggers, so maybe this guy hadn’t been at it very long.

“How many?”

“About ten in the last twenty four hours. Most of them are from families who will be looking for them. If he has fucked them up we may have to bury the whole lot.”

My stomach flipped. He was talking about killing ten young women so no one would realize their minds had been altered.

A hard fact I had picked up during the summer was that these guys had no problem killing, even Larry, who I viewed as being the most innocuous of the bunch. As long as it could be covered up properly, they didn’t care anymore about killing a non-telepathic human than you or I would have swatting a fly intruding on our picnic.

Killing another telepath didn't bother them either since it was usually one who was breaking the rules.

Killing fucked up bimbos or drones was a given. Better to kill them than have them fall into the wrong hands and generate uncomfortable questions. Even functioning bimbos and drones were disposable. Regrettable, since it took a little time to properly mind fuck someone into a useful mindless slave, but they often did it.

Why do you think we had six drones with us? They were the cannon fodder. The rogue was likely some new guy who didn't know what he was doing. But there was always the risk that he was an experienced telepath just stirring up shit.

We hit North Hollywood and started a search pattern. Basically driving around doing quick checks on those we saw on the street looking for signs of mind control. You could tell when a person was under control. There was a lack of 'chatter'. A normal person is usually about one task, while thinking of one or two more. While that was going on he or she was interrupted several times a minute by stray thoughts about this or that which he or she easily dismisses and continues on task.

A person being controlled has no chatter. They are solidly focused on the task at hand. So we drive along and hit individuals with a quick scan looking for the lack of chatter.

It was late evening and there were quite a few folks on the street so I did a broad scan, careful to avoid Eric's shield. They all handled scanning and reading on a one on one basis. My broad scans could detect a shield if I concentrated, but I didn't know if a shield would sense a broad scan, and didn't want to find out just yet.

After about twenty minutes I had a hit.

"Get a twelve of bud and come back... Get a twelve of bud and come back... Get a twelve of bud and come back... Get a twelve of bud and come back..."

I narrowed it down. There was nothing else in her mind. No chatter at all.

"There," I told Larry pointing up the street, "the blond with the grocery sack."

Larry did his own scan, "yep, that's it." He followed and I called Stuart in the other car.

They caught up to us outside the house the woman had entered. I had already sent my eye in and found that there were eleven women inside and one kid about fifteen. Everyone was naked and the women were crawling after him begging for his attention. I scanned a few of them and they were pretty well gone.

Just before Stuart had arrived I had driven as deeply as I could into one of them and caught a whisper. I think she was in there—and if I could get close enough to go right in I may be able to bring her out.

“Okay,” Stuart was saying, “the drones hit the door and go in first. We follow five seconds later.”

“Why don’t I hit the door?” I offered. “You don’t really think there’s more than one of ‘em in there do you?”

“Look kid,” this is how we always do it. Why should we change now?”

“The way I understand it, the drones have no mental defenses and they can get pretty rough with everyone. Why take a chance on losing a drone or hurting some innocent bimbo if I can take this kid out?”

“Still the Boy Scout. What if you can’t handle him?”

“I’ll go with him.” Larry offered. “Sounds like fun, we go in, you send the drones in behind us and then you two follow.”

Stuart didn’t like it but I could tell he thought that I would either learn my lesson or be killed. Which one it was didn’t bother him too much.

I stepped up to the door and hit it with my foot, the door burst inward and I rushed through, Larry right behind me. The bimbos all scattered and one of them knocked over the only lamp. The room was plunged into blackness. Have I mentioned that telepaths need to see in order to direct their power? I tried a broad scan but there was too much confusion. Something hit my head, hard and slow. I pulled away from it as fast as I could and my hand shot up and grabbed it. It was a baseball bat. I must be in fight speed. I pulled on the bat and a body flew into me. I found the head and a quick pop in the temple put him out.

The room lit up, Larry had found another lamp. As soon as the light was on the drones rushed in with Stuart and Don right behind.

The rogue was lying on the floor, the bimbos were gathering around him, rubbing him and playing with his deflated member.

“You’re a tough kid,” Larry said. “Look at that Stu, he took a shot to the head with a baseball bat and still put the punk down.”

Stuart examined my forehead and decided I would be fine. I checked a mirror hanging on the wall and saw angry red mark that was already threatening to turn purple. I had been in fight speed so the impact hadn’t affected me like it would normally have, but the skin of my forehead had still been crushed between the wood of the bat and the bone of my skull.

Don had pulled out a pistol and was approaching the kid.

“Wait.” I implored, “Give the kid a chance won’t you? You haven’t even explained the rules to him yet.”

He looked at me puzzled, “he hit you in head with a bat. In my book that gets a death sentence. He’s scum.”

“He’s a stupid kid. He was just trying to get laid and we crashed his party. Look, he’s harmless now. Lets take him back to the office, wake him up and see if he’s willing to play ball.”

“Okay,” Said Stuart, “I supposed you want to take all these women back with us too.”

“Unless you have a problem riding with a beautiful naked woman in your lap.” I answered with a grin.

He laughed, “I would like to see what you think you can do. And the ride is just frosting on the cake. Okay, lets get all these things back to the office.”

The ride back was uneventful. The beautiful seductive bimbo in my lap kept begging me to fuck her. All of them were begging someone to fuck them. The drones weren’t given permission so they ignored their pleas; Larry was driving and didn’t want to kill us all. I don’t know how it went in the other car. I know I wasn’t tempted. What I did do was concentrate on reading her. Delving deep into her mind I found a shadow of what she used to be. I was sure I could help her. I tried to reach her but her mental turmoil was too pronounced. I sent my mind into another one. I went as deep as I could. Then deeper. She had nothing. She was a life support system for a vagina and nothing else. I don’t know if this one was one of his first ones, or one of his last ones when he thought he knew what he was doing, but when I came out of her mind I was ready to shoot the little bastard myself.

After we arrived at the office Stuart told me I could have a week to see what I could do with the bimbos. He would handle the telepath. He could have him.

The first day I found whispers of personality in six of them but still couldn’t get them calmed down enough to reach them. They were constantly agitated trying to get someone to fuck them.

Why not? I thought about sending for a drone but then decided I shouldn’t ask another to do something I wasn’t willing to do myself.

The first one was a lovely blond. She was a bit thicker than I had gotten used to but it wasn’t really fat. She had a farm girl figure. Healthy. Her measurements were probably 38-26-36. She had dirty blond hair falling thickly just past her shoulders. Round hazel eyes and full lips. I wouldn’t call her nose petite, but it fit her face perfectly.

I had taken her to the apartment I used in the building, sat on the sofa and said she could fuck me. She squealed in delight, shucked her clothes in an instant and immediately straddled me. I don’t know if she was always wet or if she lubed up in the moments it took her to undress but my cock slipped easily into her. The walls of her pussy pressed firmly against it as she happily pumped away. I tried to ignore the pleasure my cock was getting and her cries of joy. I entered her mind. It was no longer a swirling mass of desire and frustration. She was solidly focused on the thick cock embedded in her pussy. I searched for her.

I found her locked in a cage. Thick bars surrounded her.

“Who are you?” She asked me. “Can you help me?”

“What is your name?” I asked her.

“Angie.”

“Well, Angie, I am here to try and help you, but you have to do it. These bars are not real. You have been made to believe they are. They are constructed of your own mind and only you can destroy them.”

“But I’ve tried to escape. They are too strong.”

“Since the cage is made by you, it cannot be stronger than you. You have to fight. You have to find the strength within you.”

She threw herself at the bars with, again and again. They bent; I pulled at them and shouted for her to keep going. She hammered herself into them with renewed ferocity. Finally the cage shattered and disappeared. She fell into my arms.

We were back on the sofa. As she regained control of her mind, her body had just begun an orgasm. She shuddered through it and came down slowly. She became confused and her head spun as her eyes darted about the room. Finally she focused on me. Her eyes grew distant and I knew she was remembering. She remembered meeting the kid. The loss of control. The house. The other women. The debauchery.

With an anguished cry she launched herself off the sofa and backed across the room, trying to cover herself.

“Who are you? What did you do to me?” She was angry.

“I’m not going to tell you who I am, and I helped you.” I said calmly.

She remembered more. The rescue. The ride in the escalade. The begging for sex.

“What’s happening to me?” She wasn’t angry anymore. She was terrified.

“Can I go home? Will you let me leave?”

“No. You cannot leave. Not yet, anyway.”

She renewed her attempt to cover up.

“Why? What are you going to do to me? What where you doing to me?” She asked, her eyes on my still hard cock.

I raised my hips and pulled up my pants.

“Would you feel more comfortable if you got dressed?” I asked pointing to the clothing we had provided for her.

She quickly got dressed, trying to prevent me from seeing any more of her body than she had to.

“Sit down.” I instructed indicating a chair.

“Now listen to me,” I said once she had sat down. “Don’t speak. Just listen. Can you do that?” She nodded, nervously. “You remember what happened to you.” She nodded. “You remember not being in control of your mind and body.” She nodded. “You remember all the things you did.” She nodded. She looked nauseous. “Do you remember how you regained control of your mind?” She looked confused, then back at me and nodded. “If all I wanted to do was to fuck you, why would I have helped you do that?” She looked confused again.

“But... you ‘were’... fucking me...”

“Well... yes I was... but I had to. It was the only way I could get your ‘controlled’ mind to focus so I could find the real you inside. Is any of this making sense?”

“No.”

“Good.”

“When can I leave? When can I go home?” She started to cry.

I wanted to go to her, kneel down in front of her and reassure her. As I moved, she flinched. So I stayed put.

“Why can’t I leave? Who are you?”

“I am part of a group of telepaths. It was another telepath—not one of our group—who kidnapped and brainwashed you.” It wasn’t really ‘brainwashing’ but I guessed it was a term she would feel comfortable with. “We found you, brought you here and are trying to help you.”

“Fine. You helped me. I’m OK now. I want to leave.”

“If you left you would tell people about us.”

“I promise not to.”

“I don’t believe you.”

“Can’t you make it so I couldn’t tell anyone about you, even if I wanted to. Then you could let me go.” She was sobbing now.

“I’m very sorry. If I can arrange it, you will be allowed to go home. But you will not be permitted to remember any of this. You will have to have replacement memories that will suitably provide a cover story for the time you have been missing.”

Her eyes began to widen. “You do this a lot?”

“Actually this is the first time that I know of. Usually people like you are killed.”

Well... At least she wouldn’t scream or try to escape while I took her back upstairs. She had fainted.

I was able to recover all of the six I sensed personality in. It didn’t always work the first time but when it did, oddly enough, once they had regained their own minds, none of them wanted to finish fucking me. That’s gratitude for you.

And the other five? They were murdered. I won’t say ‘put down’ because murder is what it was. But then, they were already dead. Just their bodies survived. Bob didn’t want them. His customers do not want mindless fuck dolls. They considered keeping them as office bimbos, but because of the survivors a cover story was needed.

We ended up killing the kid too. He was too fucked up. The power had made him insane. He wouldn’t listen to anyone.

The deaths provided cover for the women I was able to salvage. We planted all of them, living and dead, back in the house where we found them. The six survivors all ‘remembered’ that the kid had kidnapped them one by one. Kept them bound, raped them then started killing them. They all remembered that Angie managed to get free, freed a few others and they took out the kid. The house was set up to support the story. Stuart wasn’t crazy about it at first. But after he made sure that no traces of the office or what really happened survived in their minds he went along.

I don’t know how many puppies or proms were lost, but they got their lives back.

That bastard Stuart had made me decide. Kill the women, and keep the bimbos, or kill the bimbos and release the women. Either way I had to decide who would die.

Just another black mark on an already darkened soul.

hapter 16: The College Years

I had decided on a house about two blocks from campus in late July. The landlord was a prick who was renting out four places. While I was looking at this one he suddenly decided that four was getting to be too much to manage and when I offered to buy this one (at a fair price) he jumped at it. By the time school started I had closed and Jason and I had moved in. It was a small three-bedroom two-bath place. Melody and Sarah loved it.

We furnished it with stuff from yard sales and a second hand store. Probably didn't have to, but that always seemed to be a college cliché and I do enjoy my clichés. I brought the picture of Danny that had hung in the upstairs hall. Matty had put my senior picture in its place.

Melody thought it a bit odd. I told her it was the only thing that helped me feel connected to my past (more lies to the angel) and she never said another word about it.

I had gotten into the habit of spending a few seconds each day looking at it, talking to him, letting him know how those he cared for were doing.

College itself was a blast. I came to the conclusion that I would seek a career in psychology. In addition to making some good money, I could help a lot of folks that way. I would always know what the problem was, despite what the patient did or didn't tell me. The patient would always be willing to take the steps necessary to resolve whatever issues he or she had. I mentioned before that I couldn't short cut the process and still get satisfactory results, but I could ensure the process was followed expeditiously. What I couldn't expedite was the process in getting qualified to hang up my shingle. I would need a PhD in order to practice and that was going to take years.

One year led to another. The second year Melody and Sarah moved in with us. Miriam went a school in Florida, Jackie sort of drifted away with some new friends but Theresa was a regular visitor to our little love shack (I said I liked clichés). Halfway through our second year April's father had a fire at his business. Trying to cut costs he had underinsured and was completely wiped out. Her folks were going back east to stay with family and she moved in to the third bedroom. She was having money problems and refused to take any from me.

"I know you want to give it to me out of friendship," she was saying, "but I have to do this on my own. It's enough that you guys are letting me stay here rent-free. That's all the charity that I am willing to accept." Have I mentioned that April was a confident, capable woman? Let me add 'proud' and 'independent'.

"But how are you going to cover tuition and books next semester?"

"One of the girls I know from school dances at this place downtown. She says I could make a lot of money there. She works two maybe three nights a week and is able to make more than enough. Why don't you guys come down there with me tonight and we can check it out?"

I wasn't worried that it may be one of Bob's places; his girls didn't go to college.

So we all went down, it was a pretty standard place. It had lots of chrome, upscale clientele, lap dances and VIP rooms. My main concern was the bouncers. They were the ones who were responsible for protecting both the owner's liquor license and the girls. I did a scan of all of them. They were tough, fairly smart and good at what they did. You didn't last as a bouncer in an upscale strip joint if you were stupid. The club's policy was that two or three bouncers would hit the parking lot after closing time to make sure that all the girls got to their cars safely and there were no obvious stalkers following them when they left.

April would be safe here, she would make a ton of money with her looks and talent, and she always did like to have men looking at her.

In addition to April's turn of events I was still indulging in my fantasy of being a crime fighter. It never got old. It was the most fun I had outside the bedroom. I even ran into Marna during my junior year. But I already told you about that.

I was also still working with the other telepaths. There had been three other rogues appear in our territory. None of them had made it. According to Larry, about the only ones that did were the ones who were found by picking up subtle patterns and low-key oddities—like the way I was found. It was felt that any telepath who didn't have the instinct and discipline to be careful and try to stay under the radar wasn't cut out for this life anyway. So they were murdered in cold blood.

The only bright spot was that Stuart was letting me work with the girls salvaged from these creeps. Some I could help, some I couldn't. I was able to come up with scenarios that involved the girls escaping from the clutches of a serial rapist, which meant that we didn't have to kill all the others. The ones I couldn't help we kept around as office bimbos. Still not sure what fate was worse. Of course, the cops were on the lookout for a fictional serial rapist who would, I have no doubt, strike again.

Then of course there was sex, lots and lots of sex. I enjoyed the scenery on campus. What man wouldn't? It's a lot more fun ogling pretty young women if you can ensure that nobody will notice your obvious stares. It's also a lot of fun knowing that I could fuck any of them I wanted. And, on occasion I did. There are many women (not a majority, unfortunately) who, given the right circumstances and proper precautions (always use a condom), have no problem engaging in occasional, casual sex. I still gave out my gifts to these women, but they weren't the only ones getting them. I didn't infect the whole campus, but if a person came to my attention that could use a boost, well why not?

The big girl I sat next to in biology had been to a frat party with a boy she never thought would be in her league. It was a pig party. She was thinking of killing herself. Not real seriously at this point, but... She eventually came to the determination that she would use her humiliation as the motivation to change. She would renew her vigor towards her schooling (she wanted to be a doctor) begin a healthy lifestyle and was confident that eventually she would meet the right person. And I had no doubt she would, slimmed down she would be fairly attractive.

There was the kid who was flunking out because he spent every night drinking instead of studying. I saw to it that he spent quite a few days in math class wondering where his life was going. He developed a desire to knock off the excessive drinking and stick to what was important. He struggled with the drinking for a little while; eventually he ended up at those meetings. He did much better after that.

I couldn't save everyone. But I could do what I could to help those I came in contact with. I could smooth out the rough spots. Hopefully I could balance the karma scales a little bit back in my favor.

April's new job was working out well. She was a natural. The best part, she was coming home from work very horny. Having all those guys watching her every night, getting all hot and bothered, the stiff pricks she rubbed up against during lap dances, and the desire she saw in the eyes of the men slipping bills into her g-string. She was going nuts at work. But, when she got home, there was always Sarah and Jason or Melody and I to help her take care of that little problem. More and more it was Melody and I.

On night, the others had gone to a party with Theresa and I had decided to stay home. I hadn't thought much about it, but when April got in the others weren't back yet. I could see she had the fire in her eyes.

"You wouldn't believe it!" She said, excited, "I was doing a lap dance, and then it happened. I could see it in his eyes. It was the most amazing thing."

"Slow down, April, what the hell are you talking about?"

"I made a guy cum during a lap dance! I'd heard about it, some of the other girls have had it happen, a few don't like it but I think it was great. He came and then I did. Best part, he knew I came too."

The whole time we were talking she had been sitting in my lap. Her tight little ass planted firmly against my growing cock.

"Let me show you!" She said, launching herself off my lap and turning on some more suitable music.

She had me sit in an armless dining room chair and began swaying to the beat a few feet in front of me. Articles of clothing were hitting the floor and the fire in her eyes turned to a blaze as she saw my appreciation. I could sense the waves of desire coming from her.

She slowly approached me, completely naked now. Her incredible body was glowing in the soft lamplight, her skin rippling with every smooth graceful undulation. Every movement, every step was deliberate and elegant. My breath was becoming ragged as she reached me and, with her hands on my shoulders, slowly lowered that perfect body onto mine. Her hips swayed seductively and she had a lusty grin on her face while she gently rubbed her hot little snatch against my pants.

Continuing her dance, she unbuttoned my shirt, caressing my chest as it became visible. Still swaying her hips above me she reached down and undid my pants. Backing slowly she took them with her, my engorged member waving in the cool air. She returned to me. Her hands were back on my shoulders and her hips were grinding on my thighs while the small patch of soft hair just above her tiny pussy was lightly brushing my cock. I reached up to feel those marvelously firm tits but she stopped me.

"No touching allowed." She purred hoarsely. I could feel her hot breath on my ear as she said it, then her tongue was licking all around my ear and neck while her pussy hair tickled my cock.

She lifted up and I could feel her hot, slick twat descend on my dick. The steamy firm grip of her pussy felt incredible. The soft friction as she ground up and down. Her nipples brushing my chest and her tongue on my neck.

I didn't think I would last very long and I was right. But she wasn't playing. Just as I felt my orgasm begin to build she would pull up, so that just the head of my cock was inside her, she kept her hands on my shoulders but backed off to arms length. She watched my eyes as she gyrated her shoulders and tits without moving her pelvis at all. The sight was erotic and exciting, but without direct stimulation, my cock was slowly brought back from the edge. As soon as she saw that there was no danger of orgasm she slid that fiery snatch back down and continued her dance. She was in amazing condition to keep it up for so long. We had been doing this for about twenty-five minutes and she had forestalled my orgasms three times. Each time it took less and less time for my next one to build. As I became more and more exhilarated I could feel the waves of passion coming from April increase.

Then I noticed it. The feedback loop! I hadn't had it yet in Danny's body but I could feel it now with April. All pretense of a playful lap dance were gone. As her desire rose and fed off of mine she was fucking me now for all she was worth.

"OH My God! Your cock ... so hard... feels so good... Mmmm... Yes... Danny... Fuck ME!..."

Her tight little body rose and fell on my cock with her pelvis twitching and gyrating. My cock swelled even more as the excitement felt by both of us increased.

"Yes... yes... yes... yes... Yes... Yes... Yeess.... Oh Yeeeeessss!"

With a scream she came. Her pussy clenched down on my cock. The waves of her orgasm flooded me and I shot thick jets of hot cum up into her throbbing twat. I sent her my orgasm which increased her own, she also felt my cum spraying her pussy and that provided her with even more stimulation. Her scream became a shriek as she felt the most intense orgasm of her life. We rode it for an eternity. My cock throbbing and pulsing with orgasm long after it had finished dispensing cum.

The glide down into afterglow was smooth, slow and long. Eventually we found ourselves sitting there, my semi-rigid cock still deep inside her tight little pussy, holding each other closely. Our chins were on each other's shoulders. Eyes closed, simply enjoying the moment, enjoying the company. The moment turned into long minutes lost in thought, she leaned back to look at me.

"Have I ever told you that I really appreciate how you and Melody helped me?"

"Yes, many times."

"Well then I guess its because I don't feel like I've ever been able to completely and fully communicate how much it means to me."

She slowly closed the gap between us and her lips fell on mine. She kissed me softly, gently, not with the passion and lust that April's kisses usually conveyed; but with something else.

Leaning back again, "I love you. I love Melody. I thought that love was lost to me. You, and Melody, found it for me. And for that, I love you."

"Sweet April," I said staring into her lovely eyes, "know that you are loved in return."

And I did love her. Not the same way I loved Melody, I don't think. But I loved April. And in other ways, I loved Sarah. I loved Jason too and even Theresa. These were now the most important people in my life. I would see to it that they were successful and happy wherever life took them.

The rest of the night we simply enjoyed each other's company. When the other's returned we were snuggled up on the sofa watching a movie and sharing a bowl of popcorn. I don't know of any time in either of my lives I had felt connected to so many people. I had Maria of course, and I had various groups of friends but never such closeness with so many. And since I knew Maria and boys were fine, I was able to relax and enjoy the warmth that washed over me in the presence of these good friends.

Speaking of Maria and the boys, I forgot to tell you that I had become a grandfather. The previous year I had been informed that Craig's wife was pregnant. She had given birth to a baby boy. As I paid for that months report I added some extra and asked that if it could be done with no chance of discovery, I would like a picture of the little tyke. It hadn't come for quite some time. I was patient because one of the primary considerations of this whole deal was that his connection back home would take absolutely no chances of discovery. Checking public records and the occasional drive by weren't too risky. But getting a good picture of the baby apparently was a bit of a problem. Parents tend to keep infants wrapped pretty tight or buried deep in a car seat when out in public.

When the pictures came, it was near the end of my junior year. They had been taken at a Chucky Cheese. It was his first birthday party. He had a red face and a fat little round head. He was beautiful. There were also some good shots of the family. Tim and Craig looked great, tall strong and handsome. Craig's wife was gorgeous (I expected no less). As I flipped through the pictures I finally found one that made my heart skip. Maria. She was holding the baby and laughing at something slightly off to her right. Her hair was pulled back in a ponytail. There were gray streaks through it now. I could see the age in her face, the wrinkles that hadn't been there before.

She was as every bit as beautiful as I remembered. The sparkle in her eyes was still there and that was what I had been in love with. The old heartache returned.

Growing old with her was what I had given up when I made my wishes. I hadn't meant it to be part of the deal, but I should have seen it coming. Karma don't ya know. For every selfish act we commit, something will eventually be taken away. For every evil we perpetrate upon another, an evil will befall us. I tried to balance the scales but I'm afraid I mainly used my power in selfish ways.

Karma is a stone cold bitch. She can't be bargained with. She can't be flattered or bribed. She does what she does. And she is a bitch.

She had been ignoring me for a while. But I should have known she would eventually notice me again.

It started during class registration of my senior year. April hadn't been home that morning. She, Shane and a few others had scheduled a week up in Big Bear but should have been back. I was concerned—it wasn't like April. School was important to her and she wanted to register early to make sure she got the classes she needed. But the others felt that she and Shane had simply extended their little vacation.

"They probably skipped Big Bear and headed for 'Vegas.'" Sarah laughed, "They'll come back married. You'll see."

But she didn't come back. I called Shane and he said that she had cancelled the trip and he hadn't seen her. With a feeling of dread I began a search of Bob's places. I knew that Bob sometimes recruited talent from other clubs. He should have left April alone, in a sense she was mine. But, it was the only lead I had. I had seen a list of his strip clubs once and that was all I needed. I prayed she wouldn't be in one of them.

I finally found her in a place in San Diego. The bouncers were all big, powerful drones. There were two telepaths in residence as well. I didn't think I would be able to get her out on my own. If I couldn't break Bob's lock on her mind, she would be fighting me. I wouldn't be able to constrain her and drive at the same time. I needed help.

I would get Jason and come back tomorrow. I couldn't risk taking to long or she would be out of the country.

When I returned home I found out Jason and Sarah had taken the weekend off and gone up to San Francisco. It would have to be Melody. She could wait in the car. She would do just fine.

I told her about seeing April in the club in San Diego and that we had to go and get her.

She didn't get it.

"Danny, why are you so upset? I know this isn't like April, but she has always had a wild side. She'll get this out of her system and be back in school in no time. Give her 'till the end of the semester. If she's not back we'll go and have a talk with her"

How could I make her understand? How could she know that this wasn't a phase April was going through? She had to know that if I didn't do something, April would be lost forever.

There could be no more lies.

I looked at my beloved Melody and I couldn't tell one more lie. I would lose her; of this I was certain. But she would see that she had to help me save April.

"Sit down, Melody. I have something to tell you and you aren't going to like it."

She looked at me oddly, but did as I asked. She trusted me. She was so naïve.

A lump formed in my throat. There would be no turning back. "I'm not Danny. Danny died..."

I told her everything. Everything. My previous life. Maria and my boys. The lamp, the Jinni, the wishes. What I had done and how I had died. I left out no detail. She deserved the truth. Every ugly little bit. How I had taken over Danny's body after he died. How I had manipulated her that first time we met. I told her what little bit I had told Jason. All the lies. To her, to Sam and Matty, to Sarah, to everyone. I told her about the other telepaths, the Syndicate, their bimbos and drones. I explained what had happened to April.

"So, I have to help her, try and bring her back. I am sure I can do it. Help me save April." I begged, "Then I'll leave. I won't intrude on your life any more."

She sat silent for a long while. Not looking at me. Not really looking anywhere. Just, silent. I sat and waited. When she finally spoke, it was soft and slow.

"Do I still call you Danny?"

"I've been Danny for so long... my real name is William, but you can call me what you like."

"Why would you leave?"

"Why would I stay? All the lies, the manipulation..."

"But I love you."

"You still think you love me?" I said angrily. "What part of 'I'm a mind fucking bastard' did you miss? I made you love me."

"No," she said softly, "From what you told me, and from what I remember, you made me offer to have sex with you. If I remember right, and you aren't lying anymore, you didn't 'make' me go through with it. You allowed me to make that decision, and then I fell in love with you all on my own. I have loved you more every day because of who you are. Not who I thought you used to be. I told you once that I couldn't have loved the old Danny. So it is you that I love."

"But all the lies—all the deceit. I'm almost sixty years old. I'm married for God's sake."

She thought about that, "Tell me more about your family"

I didn't have to hide it anymore, so I sent my eye after the dossiers and photos hidden in garage. They came floating into the room and landed on the coffee table. She was startled, but reached for them as soon as they touched down. She leafed through them, stopping to read a few lines every couple of pages. Finally she sat the papers down and looked at the photos.

"This is your... wife?" She asked turning the photo of Maria and the baby towards me.

"Yes."

"She's beautiful."

"Yes."

"And... you loved her... you still love her..."

"Yes." Fresh tears fell.

"But you love me too—and I believe that you really do love me."

I tried to answer but no words would come out.

"So with all that love you have to give, how could you be such an evil person?"

"You still don't see it? I'm a lying, son of a bitch. Sure I love her. But where am I? I abandoned her and my boys."

"And I can see how that affects you. If you were everything you are trying to make me believe you are, it wouldn't bother you. Bad people don't think they are bad Danny."

"Danny died." I spat, "And thanks to me NOBODY knew it, nobody mourned or prayed for him."

I sat down and put my head in my hands.

She was quiet for a while and then I heard her moving. Then I felt her hand on my shoulder.

"I don't believe that nobody mourned for him."

I looked up and she was holding his picture.

"I've always wondered why you kept this picture. Now it makes sense."

She touched his face. "There are two of us now, Danny." She whispered. Then she put it gently back on the shelf. She looked at it for a long while. Then turned to me.

“Unless you have lied to me again, unless you haven’t told me the whole truth about how we ended up together, then I do love you. I will always love you. You exposed yourself to me; you were willing to risk losing me and everything else in order to help a friend. That tells me that you ‘are’ the person I think you are; and I love you even more for it.”

She came to me and held me while I cried. This time tears of joy. We made love that night. It was like never before. There were no more lies between us. No more pretext to uphold. I had bared my soul, black as it was, and she still loved me.

The next day, we headed out to the car to go collect April. Just as she opened her door, she stopped. Looked at me, concerned, and said, “You know, we can’t tell anyone else about any of this—not Sarah, not April, you can’t even tell Jason any more than he already knows.”

“Why not?”

“Because,” she said seriously, “after we get married I don’t want anyone calling me ‘grandma’.”

God I love that girl.

Chapter 17: Rescue

The drive to San Diego was pleasant. She wanted to know all about my old life, and I guess I was ready to talk about it. I told her all about coming of age in the 1970’s. She laughed when I related the trauma of switching my car stereo from 8-track to cassette (no hybrid systems in those days) and having to re-stock my entire music library. She wondered at a world with no cell phones, no cordless phones and only the rare television with a remote control.

We talked about my days in the Marines, meeting Maria and our life together. She understood my loss, my confusion. She never once doubted my love and devotion towards her.

Before long the ride was over and we were eating a late lunch at a restaurant about 4 blocks from the club.

“Are you sure you can do this, Danny?” We had decided to continue calling me Danny, I was used to it and wouldn’t know what to do if I was referred to by my old name.

“Sure, Bob doesn’t erase the original personality, he just covers it up. April is in there and I can get her out.”

“No, I mean the club. You said there are a lot of bouncers and two others like you. Are you sure you can handle it?”

“They aren’t just like me. I have better telekinesis than they do. Plus once I’m attacked they won’t be able to keep up with me. I can get her out. I just don’t know who I’ll be bringing out with me, the real April, or bimbo April. If its bimbo April, I’ll have to be fighting her as well.”

“Won’t this get you into trouble with... the others?”

“It shouldn’t. Bob should have kept his hands off of April in the first place. She was already mine, in a manner of speaking. Once we get April back and safe, I’ll call the boss and we’ll get this straightened out.”

“Maybe you should call him now.”

“No, if I know Bob, he would deny everything and have April on a boat to Bahrain in an hour. I gotta get her out first.”

After we ate, we went to a small park and lay under a tree, not saying anything, not having to—just being together, loving each other and being happy.

About eight o’clock we called it time and headed back for the car. I could tell she was worried. I was too, a little. I had battled rogues before but the odds were always even or in my favor since I was never alone. This was the first time I would be up against two adversaries and a bunch of drones. Plus, I would be busy with April.

Melody kissed me for luck and waited in the car. She parked about halfway through the parking lot, in a spot she could watch the door and come running as I came out.

I entered the club and spotted April right away. She was on the stage with a few other girls, playing to the audience and collecting bills in her g-string. To watch her I never would have guessed she was a bimbo, but then her eyes fell on me. She regarded me for a few moments, gyrating to the music then her gaze swept on past with no hint of recognition.

I sat down, ordered a beer, told the waitress I wanted a lap dance and which girl I wanted it from. Then I slipped her an extra twenty to put me first in line. While I waited I checked out the club - seven bouncers plus the guy at the door. The same two telepaths were there. Their job was to make sure anyone wanting a ‘special’ dance wasn’t on the vice squad. If I tried to take April back to the VIP section they would spot me as a telepath. I wasn’t sure how much they would care but I didn’t want to take the chance. I would have to do it out here.

Finally April was standing before me. She was beautiful, as always and still had the fiery lust in her eyes. I slipped her a fifty and she asked seductively if I wanted to go in the back. I told her out here was fine. She began her dance, straddling me and rubbing her tits on my face. Once she was focused on her job, I went for her mind.

She wasn’t a little girl running away this time, it was full grown April, but bound by hundreds of marionette strings that rose up into the blackness of her mind. She looked at me, a helpless pleading in her eyes.

“Danny! Help me!”

Her cry was desperate. I went to the puppet in her mind and examined the strings. I tried to break them but they were resistant. I left her mind to check out the club. As I receded I heard a distressed, “NO!”

I checked the telepaths but they hadn’t sensed anything. I sent part of my awareness back into April’s mind but kept a part out here to keep watch. The disorientation was nauseating. Maybe I should have brought Melody in with me. No, far too dangerous, I would just have to cope.

“Danny! Don’t leave me again. Get me out of here!”

I went back to her strings. “You will have to help, April. You are strong enough, I know you are.”

I reached up and grabbed the string leading to her right hands. Pulling it down I held it on front of her.

“Only you can break this.”

“I’ve tried! I can’t!” She sounded so helpless.

Come on, you are April. You are the strongest person I know. They can’t keep you imprisoned like this.”

“Please, Danny, I need you.”

“I’m here for you April. I won’t leave you. But you have to fight like you have never fought before. Someone else may have placed these bonds here, but they are made of your own mind. You have to find every ounce of strength inside you. You have to be determined that no one holds you against your will!”

The look in her eyes changed, from desperation to determination to anger to rage. She looked up at the void above her, where the strings all lead. She screamed in outrage and defiance and the string to her head burst into flame and disappeared. She lunged her head forward and took the strand I held between her teeth and it too vanished. Her right hand now partially free, she began ripping at the others.

I was having problems of my own. At the first sign April was regaining control of herself the other telepaths had noticed me. The drones were closing in. I couldn’t leave April’s mind just yet. She needed the strength my presence gave her. I only needed a few more minutes.

My awareness still split, I stood with April in my arms as the first waves of fire hit my shield. With part of my mind in April and my shield under such assault, I would have to deal with the drones the old fashioned way. As the first one approached, I didn’t even wait for fight speed, I spun a roundhouse to the side of his head. You ever try to do a roundhouse kick with 100 pounds of naked, squirming Korean beauty in your arms? It isn’t as much fun as it sounds. He dropped anyway.

The next guy was moving a lot slower and he got a shin planted firmly into the lower two ribs of his left side, I heard the cracks and he flew over a chair. In her mind April was still tearing at her bonds. The more she released, the more her actions were transmitted to her real body. Her thrashing made it hard to hold on. The drones were still coming and the pressure on my shields was building to a force I wasn't sure I could hold off.

"Harder!" I shouted to the April in her mind, "you've got to get free, I don't know how much longer I can stay with you!"

My feet were lashing out in all directions, drones attacked and were repelled; I felt tendrils of heat seeping through my shield. A fist connected with the right side of my head as I kicked at a drone on my left. There were too many of them. More blows connected and it felt like was standing far too close to a raging bonfire.

Covering April as best I could I dropped to the floor and went all the way into her mind.

I began pulling at the strings, trying to help her get free. She redoubled her efforts. As I reached up to grab a string, the skin on the back of my hand smoldered and blistered.

Just as the pain was becoming almost unbearable she was free. I was swept out of her mind back to the floor of the club. Feet and fists were raining down upon me—the fire was intense. I renewed my shield and lashed out with telekinetic bolts. No more fire, the drones pushed back, I regained my feet and bundled April in my arms. The pressure was still on my shields but I couldn't tell where the telepaths were. Again I lashed out with my feet. But I was also striking with my telekinetic bolts as well. The drones fell back as we made our way to the door. I spotted one of the telepaths and shot him with a bolt. He dropped like a sack of potatoes and the pressure on my shield decreased, then stopped.

April began screaming in agony. The remaining bastard was targeting her. I hugged her close and bent my head to hers. I tried to make my shield protect her. It didn't work. I was at fight speed so I knew she hadn't been burning as long as it seemed, but it probably seemed even longer to her. I sent out a powerful broad scan, trying to find a hole where a shield might be. There! The far corner. I sent large bolt of energy that direction. April quit screaming and went limp. She had been burning for almost two full seconds, not long enough for any permanent damage, but it must have been horrific to endure. I cleared away the remaining drones and ran out to the parking lot.

The second I burst through the door I heard tires squealing and Melody was right there. I piled in with April on my lap and she took off. We didn't relax until we were on the highway. Then Melody looked at me cradling the sleeping April and snorted,

"I wondered what was taking so long. You just had to wait until she was naked didn't you."

"Well I knew you would have your clothes on and it's a long drive home." I retorted.

She laughed and then noticed April was still, "is she okay?"

“They hit her with a mental pain blast, I stopped it before it lasted too long but the intensity knocked her out. She’ll come around in a while.” I assured her.

We discussed what April would be told. We finally agreed she had to be told the truth. I could try to make her believe her period of mental enslavement was a dream. But after what she had been through, and considering what she meant to us, she deserved the whole truth.

April slept all the way back home. I was carrying her through the door when she stirred.

“What the hell?” She mumbled, confused.

Her eyes darted and she looked around the room, slowly recognizing where she was. Then she looked at me. “Are you real?” I was still holding her in my arms.

“Yes sweetheart, I’m real. You’re safe now.”

She threw her arms around me and began to cry.

We carried her into her room and gently laid her on her bed. She clung to my neck so I lay down next to her. Melody took the other side and spooned her from behind. We were like that for a long time. April, her face buried in the nape of my neck, crying. Melody and I, not knowing what to say, just being there for her.

Finally she stopped crying. Still held me for a long while then she spoke.

“Does anybody know what happened to me? Because I don’t”

We helped her dress and took her out into the living room. She sat between us, still craving the comfort of human contact.

I started by telling her she had been kidnapped by a telepath. Then I went through the whole thing again. My old life, the Jinni, the wishes... everything. How I ended up as Danny, how I was contacted by the telepathic syndicate and about their odd amoral code of ethics.

We told her about my concern when she disappeared and how I found her at that club.

She actually took it all very well. Considering what she had just experienced I guess she would have believed just about anything. She spent a while looking through the file on Maria and the boys. She also thought Maria was lovely and commented that my boys were pretty hot too. She and Melody shared a hearty “Awww” over my grandson.

The conversation drifted back to her rescue.

“Did you set the club on fire or something? I remember feeling like I was being burned.”

“That was one of the weapons the telepaths use. It wasn’t working against me and so the son-of-a-bitch guarding you decided to hit you with it. I’m afraid I may have killed him.”

“Danny,” April then looked at Melody, “we still call him Danny, right?”

“That’s what I call him, besides, William still loves his wife... Danny is ours.”

April smiled at that, then concerned, “Danny, what about the other girls?”

I shifted uncomfortably. “I can’t do anything about that.”

“But they are enslaved just like I was. We can’t just leave them there.”

“I know, and it makes me sick, all those bimbos and drones make me sick. But if I try to do anything about it I’d probably be killed. It could also put you two, and even Sarah and Jason in jeopardy... Maybe... I don’t know... maybe some day I’ll figure out something.”

April thought for a minute, “My father used to say the only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing. I just can’t believe that there is nothing we can do.”

Great... more poundage on the ‘bad’ side of my karmic scale.

“Maybe we can think of something. Tell us more about what you and those other women went through.

She remembered being at several clubs; they moved the girls around every week.

She told how four men had abducted her while she was on her way to pick up Shane to go to Big Bear. She met a man who told her she would call her friend and cancel the trip. She had no intention of doing any such thing, but felt and heard herself doing it. She knew what was going on but had no control. A part of her was involved in what she was doing but her basic ‘self’ was merely an observer.

She would dance when told to dance, she would give lap dances and, when told it was okay by a bouncer, she would fuck whoever paid her enough. It had been like that every night since she had been taken.

“I saw you come in, I knew it was you. But I couldn’t do anything about it. My body wouldn’t respond to anything I tried to tell it to do. It was horrible.”

I knew Bob was sick fucker. I knew he left the basic personalities intact but I had no idea he left them conscious of what was going on. He was as bad or even worse than Don. At least Don released the women to deal with their trauma. Bob’s girls were enslaved for the rest of their lives.

“You should get some sleep.” I told her. “We can deal with the rest of this in the morning.”

Melody and I started to get up.

“No.”

“No what?”

“I don’t want to go to sleep. Not yet.” She gave us both a very serious look.

“The way he... conditioned... us. I couldn’t feel anything. Not pain, not hunger, and not pleasure—not even in my dreams. That fucker even took my dreams away from me.”

She reached out and took my arm. “For weeks I have been screwing on command, not feeling anything. And, I have had this dream before. Someone rescues me, but it isn’t real. It’s never real. I want to be sure this is really happening. Make love to me. If this is real then I will be able to feel it. Then I’ll be able to believe it.”

I took her head in my hands and kissed her. “It’s real my sweet, you lay back and let Melody and I prove it to you.”

Kissing and caressing her, we slowly stripped off her clothing. I again marveled at her perfectly formed body. Melody began to lick at her pussy while I fondled her breasts. They had filled out a little in last few years and seemed to be in the ‘C’ range these days. She writhed in pleasure, her movements sending thrills through me. I kissed her again and she responded with her usual fiery passion.

“I can feel it!” she cried in joy. “Oh God... it feels WONDERFUL!”

She threw herself off the sofa into my arms and the three of us rolled to the floor.

I ended up between her legs; she had her head in Melody’s lap. I was reminded of our first time. Melody bent down and kissed her long and hard as I slipped my cock into her amazing tight little pussy. She grabbed at my cock greedily with her talented twat as she tongue wrestled with Melody. We screwed like that for a long time. Spinning around the floor, each time ending up in a different combination of giving and receiving pleasure. I have no idea how many times she came. I have no idea how many times Melody came. I came twice. Finally, hours later, I found myself on top of April, stroking slowly, lovingly into her. I was up on my right elbow, my right hand under her shoulder and cradling her head, my left arm around Melody. Melody was lying on her side pressing tightly to us, caressing us both, watching us with an adoring look on her face. I gazed at April’s lovely face and into her beautiful eyes.

April looked into my eyes and softly said, “Again, I owe you my life. Both of you.”

She looked over at Melody, “I love you.” She said, then she looked at me, “I love you.”

The look of love in her eyes, the tenderness in her voice, I knew then that I loved her as well. A love as deep and meaningful as the love I shared with Melody—as the love I had shared with Maria.

“I love you sweet April.” I whispered

“And I love you truly.” Melody said.

“Fill me Danny, I want you to fill me with your love.” I felt my response boiling up. Melody smiled lovingly as I began pumping my seed deep into April. April moaned softly as she came in response to my orgasm. But her eyes never left mine.

After it was over the three of us embraced.

“This is how it should always be,” sighed Melody, “the three of us, together forever.”

“I don’t know if I could go on without the two of you.” April said, softly, “You have done so much for me. You both mean so much to me.”

“You are special to us as well.” I told her.

Having said all there was to say, we snuggled for a while, and then we unraveled ourselves. We contemplated going to sleep but April had one more thing she wanted to do.

“Pizza... it has been weeks and if I don’t get a pizza soon I’m gonna hurt somebody!”

We called a place not too far away and ordered a couple of pizzas. Yes, I said a couple; you have never eaten pizza with tiny little April and me have you.

I kissed them both, told them I would be back as soon as I could.

“Thirty minutes or it’s free!” April laughed, pushing me out the door.

I drove away the happiest man in the world. I was in love with two women, who loved each other as much as they loved me. And this time there were no secrets. No lies to hide behind. This could actually work.

I started scripting the call I would make to Stuart the next day. Bob would pay for this. April was mine. He had tried to steal her.

That was against the rules.

Chapter 18: Descent

“I’m a joker... I’m a smoker... I’m a midnight toker...” I sang along cheerfully with the radio as I pulled into the driveway. I grabbed the pizzas and headed in.

Just before I reached the door I stopped. Something wasn't right. It was too quiet. I couldn't sense any emotions from the house. Dropping the boxes I rushed in.

"Melody! April!" I ran through the house. I found her in the kitchen.

The table was on its side. There were utensils scattered on the counter and floor. There was blood all over the floor. April lay amidst it.

As gently as I could I cradled her in my arms.

"Oh God, sweetie, what did they do to you?" I whispered in anguish. "MELODY!" I screamed knowing she wasn't here. Who could have done this? Where could Melody be?

I returned my attention to April. There was a spark of life. I heard a ragged exhale and pink froth speckled her lips. Her eyes were open but they weren't focused on anything. She was dying in my arms.

I sent my eye into her and found three ribs in her back had been broken and plunged into her left lung. The lung was collapsed. I tried to heal her but it didn't work.

I had never healed another person before. I remembered when I took over Danny's body. I had moved his ribs and mended his heart before entering. I could do this; I just had to do it like I did it with Danny.

I tried putting myself back in that frame of mind. I pushed the ribs out and tried mending the lung. It was working. I looked for other problems. There were many other broken bones but nothing life threatening. Her spleen had ruptured and a kidney was crushed, I worked on repairing those. Sever head injury, brain swelling could be an issue, she needed a hospital. I needed to find Melody.

Her lung was taking a long time. A lung isn't a balloon, it is a million tiny balloons and I had to fix all the broken ones.

As I concentrated on healing April I suddenly realized that I wasn't 'in' April anymore, I 'was' April.

She must have been so close to death. In healing her the same way I did Danny's body, my power thought I was committing to April's body. I was in her mind—I was her mind. I knew her hopes and dreams. I had all her thoughts and memories as though they were my own. I felt the love she had for Melody and I. I relived the fury with which she had fought off the men who attacked the house, and the fear she felt as she fell, knowing that there was no one left to protect Melody.

I couldn't be here. April was still here—she wasn't dead yet. I pulled back. It was too hard. I started getting dizzy. I was succumbing to the unconsciousness that currently bound April's body. I reached out for my own body and found it. Anchoring part of my mind there I pulled

with all my might, it was like trying to pull myself through a large vat of molasses. I pulled harder, then harder... and then... Darkness.

I woke up looking at the kitchen ceiling. I looked around and found I was lying next to April. I don't know how long I had been there. I rolled to my knees. And checked her.

She was still breathing, but just barely, her heartbeat was faint. I picked up her as gently as I could. I carried her into the living room and lay her on the sofa. I prayed she would make it. I was still worried about her head but I had done all I could. I kissed her gently and stood. I had no idea how long I had been out. I had to find Melody.

I looked for the phone. I saw the clock; I had been out for hours.

Then I saw it. In my rush through the room earlier I hadn't noticed the item sitting on the TV. It was a video camera with cables connecting it to the set. I turned on the TV and pushed play.

I found the phone and called 911 while the video started and pleaded for an ambulance for April, I gave them the address. I wondered if she would still be alive when they arrived.

The TV had my attention.

Bob stood in front of the house looking at the camera and speaking in hushed tones. "Okay Boy Scout," Bob was saying, "you want to fuck with me? Lets see what that gets you."

He turned to the door, entered and stood aside. Drones poured past him. Melody started to come out of the kitchen, saw the men, screamed and ducked back in.

The drones went after her. Whoever was holding the camera was right behind them. As it entered the kitchen April was pulling a knife out of a drone's neck and swinging it at the next closest one. Melody was behind her. April slashed them with her knife keeping them at bay for several seconds. Finally one of the drones rushed her, taking the knife deep in his chest. As he died he grabbed her wrist preventing her from pulling the knife out just long enough for the rest to reach her.

She tried to keep fighting. She tried to stay between them and Melody. She was valiant and fierce. But there were too many and they were too big. It was over in a minute. Then they were on Melody. She was watching April fall and screaming. A drone had each arm. One stood behind her and clamped his hand over her mouth.

Bob entered the picture; he glanced back to make sure I could see Melody in the frame.

"That's a damned shame." He said looking down at April. "But we still have this one." He gestured towards Melody. "Now then, what should we do with her?" He signaled to someone off camera and a drone approached her, ripping open her shirt. "I know... its not Friday, but they have worked so hard tonight! Lets go boys!"

They dragged her out. Just before shutting off the camera, Bob came back into frame and said, "By the way... we are all out of KY Jelly." Then he laughed and the picture went black.

The trip to the office was a blur.

I tried calling Stuart but he wasn't in. Of course he wouldn't be at this time of night. I reached him on his cell.

"I don't know," he said after I told him what had happened. "Sounds like they were both with you out of their own free will. That doesn't mark them as your property. That just makes them dead heads up for grabs. So it looks like you stole Bob's property. Look, best advice I can give you is to just hole up for a few weeks. Stay out of sight. Bob will calm down and we can probably get him to accept a cash settlement for you busting up his club. If you start trying to throw your weight around now, we're gonna have to put you down."

"I want to talk to Tex."

"He is gonna say the same thing. Hell, boy, he may not even give you the option of laying low. He may just have you come right in so we can blow you away. No... you stay put and don't stick your head up for a few weeks. This will all blow over."

I threw the phone out the window.

Tires squealing I pulled up to the office.

I entered the elevator and pushed the button for the top floor. As it rose I sent out multiple eyes to try and find Melody. I searched the apartments, the offices and the conference rooms. It was too many eyes. My stomach flipped. On my hands and knees, retching uncontrollably I finally found her in the main conference room.

By the time the elevator reached it's destination I had finished puking and was back on my feet. I strode through the hall rapidly; reaching the doors to the office I blasted them off their hinges.

Gary burst out of his office and I slammed him through the wall back into it; he lay limp and broken over his desk.

I headed towards the room Melody was in. A mental eye swept the offices to either side of me looking for any signs of the Telepaths.

I saw streaks of fire zipping across my path. I took out the machine gun out with a mental ram carrying all the strength I could muster.

The guns were hidden behind the wall. I had no idea where they were until they started firing. Those controlling the guns were watching cameras hidden about the complex, but not connected to the guns. The only chance I had was that the remote operators couldn't adjust the direction of

their fire until they after they began throwing tracers. Assuming the gun wasn't pointing at me with its first burst I should have a few seconds to destroy it before rounds started hitting me.

As soon as one would fire I would hit it with my two thousand pound sledgehammer. Utterly destroying it. Most of them weren't pointed at me. I took a few slugs but I had already turned off my nerves and didn't care. I had to reach Melody.

Drones swarmed in upon me. Time slowed, making it easier to take out the guns but with the added distraction of the drones more bullets found their mark. Any of the drones able to avoid my telekinetic bolts caught a foot or fist and went to sleep.

It didn't matter how many I blew away with my mental blasts they kept coming. The machine guns mowed them down as they searched for me. The drones were fanatics of the worst kind. They had no choice, no other options; they had to stop me no matter what. I didn't have a choice either.

Don came around a corner and hit me with his fire. My shield deflected it. More rounds hit me as I sent a bolt of energy through his forehead.

No signs of Bob. No problem. Once I got Melody to safety I would deal with him.

There was door I was looking for. I threw a drone through it and saw her.

She was bound to the X-frame. He had shackled her wrists with chains just long enough for her to get her hands in front of her. Her waist was tightly bound to the frame and her feet were free. He did all that on purpose. He wanted her to resist. He wanted her to fight. The drones had gotten what they were told to get, and they hadn't been nice about it. Drones were still lined up and one was starting to fuck her. I snatched him with my mind and threw him against the wall.

She had been here for hours and wasn't resisting any more. An unspeakable amount of blood and cum had run down her legs and pooled at her feet. I could see bloody patches of raw skull through missing clumps of her golden hair. Blood from her flattened nose ran down her chin and streaked her once lovely chest. Her lips were swollen and adding their blood to that from her nose. Her jaw was slack and at an odd angle. I could see she had teeth missing. Her right arm was bent one too many times between her shoulder and the iron cuff holding her delicate wrist. Her battered body was mottled with red welts and angry purple bruises.

I saw all this as I rushed to her, Throwing bolts as fast as I could. Drone bodies broke and flew around the room. Snapping her bindings with my mind she fell into my arms.

Weakly, barely conscious, one eye focused on me, the other drifted off to the left, she managed through swollen lips and a broken jaw to say, "I... I knew...you... would..." but that was all. She never drew another breath with which to finish her sentence.

My beautiful, delicate flower was dead. Desperately I searched for a spark of life. I could try to save her like I had tried with April. But she was gone.

She had gamely held on. Knowing I would rescue her she refused to submit to the unconsciousness that would have spared her much suffering. She had endured it waiting for me and I hadn't come in time.

I wondered how many times the door had opened and she had looked, hoping to see me come charging through it, only to see another tormentor walk in.

My perfect memory betrayed me and I was assailed with a clear vision of me, sitting on a bed, my arm around Melody's quivering bare shoulder assuring her that no one would ever hurt her again.

It was my biggest lie to this sweet angel.

I hugged her to me, too late to protect her, too late to save her.

The drones poured through the door and I put my body between Melody and them. Fists, feet and various weapons rained down on me. I quit caring and the block on my nerves dropped. I screamed. Not in pain, in despair. I deserved the pain. My pain mattered not. The blows I absorbed mattered not. The blood pumping from a dozen bullet holes mattered not. Only Melody mattered and she was gone. Before long, so was I.

I floated above the fray. Even my spirit was numb. I looked, hoping that in my ethereal form I might see Melody in hers. I couldn't. Maybe she had been gone too long.

The drones were still beating at my body. Too dedicated to their masters to stop.

These were the bastards who had beaten and fucked my little beauty to death. They had tortured her for hours. In a rage I struck out. Fighting the pressure trying to draw me to my next body I swept the room brutally.

Broken bodies flew against the walls.

I was still trying to lash out as I was pulled away.

The ground flashed by. I had no idea where I was headed.

I was in an alley. It was dark and wet. A boy of about 17 lay under a makeshift shelter of cardboard. He was gaunt, long blondish hair and pale skin. A needle in his arm told me all I needed to know. He was already gone or I wouldn't be here.

I purged the poisons from his body and committed.

When I awoke it was night—still or again? I didn't care. I lay amidst a pool of vomit, urine and diarrhea. I didn't care. All I cared about was finding mind fuckers and killing them as brutally as I could.

I rose and left the alley. Passersby looked at me with distaste as my stench hit them. I didn't care. Fuck them. None of them had done anything to help April or Melody.

I looked around and realized I was in New Orleans. The location of the local office came immediately to my mind. I started running, lashing out before me. People were thrown to the ground.

Fuck them. They let it happen.

But they didn't let it happen. I let it happen. I sobbed as I ran. I reached the building I was looking for. I pounded through the main doors to the office. There was a bimbo at the front desk. I slapped her unconscious and headed deeper into the complex.

My mental eye found a group of four telepaths just noticing the commotion.

I blew apart the wall and was among them. Four blasts of fire hit my shield. Prickles of heat leaked through and I relished the pain as I reached out and snapped a neck.

Drones streamed in through both the door and the hole I had made. The telepaths backed away as the horde of drones tried to take me down. I helped one of the telepaths with a one-ton shove and his skull splattered against a steel window frame. Then the drones overwhelmed me. I was striking out with my hands, feet and mind. Drones flew away from me as fast as they poured in. I was holding one by the neck, his feet off the floor. Just as I felt the satisfying squish of his windpipe collapsing—his head exploded. I hadn't done that. Then my arm exploded. I hadn't done that either. A streak of something scribed an angry red line across my bicep, quickly followed by another, which brushed just past my nose.

I was floating above the room. Tracers from the machine gun still stitched through it even though the danger was passed. The body I had so briefly occupied lay headless among a pile of dead and dying drones.

The ground flashed by. I needed to get back to California. I couldn't tell which direction I was going.

A young man lay twisted at the bottom of a snowy ravine. Face down; his shoulder lay against a tree, his skis tilting off at an angle that didn't seem possible. Three young women stood at the top crying and screaming a name. Two other young men worked their way down the side of the ravine calling the same name the women were screaming.

The mountains... Colorado, not California. Pass

Three teens were in a mangled car. I could fix any of them. Two boys and a girl. A flashlight shone over the scene. A Maine State Trooper held it. Pass.

Four kids were in the back of a pickup truck. It had been a drinking game. Three were unconscious. One was dead. He must have won. Texas license plate. Pass

A body floated in the water. Brackish water. A swamp. Pass

She was skinny. Too skinny. She was naked. Her feet tied to the legs of a wooden sawhorse. Her body bent over it and her hands tied as well. Two people, a man and a woman argue. He wasn't supposed to kill her. Just beat her and fuck her. She was gagged. At some point she had thrown up, but the vomit couldn't get past the gag. It filled her mouth and sinus cavity. She had drowned. He never stopped.

On the table. A phone book. Orange County.

I cleared the vomit from her lungs and airway blowing out the gag. I snapped the bonds and committed.

I struggled to remain conscious. Dizzy... everything foggy. Then it started to clear.

The man and woman looked at me with horror. Two quick flicks with my power and they were asleep.

While I looked for clothing I searched their minds, trying to find out who I was. The woman only knew her as Jasmine. No last name and she had no confidence in the veracity of the first. She didn't care either.

He hadn't even known that much. Didn't even have a name to use when he would brag to his buddies how he was brought to orgasm by a skinny teenage hooker in her death throws.

Fuck them.

Dressed, I found my way to the street.

Fuck! Orange County... New York.

So. There were telepaths here. The location of the local office came unbidden to the front of my mind.

I needed a car. I had to keep moving. I had to find telepaths and kill them. I couldn't afford to stop. If I stopped I may have time to think. I didn't want to think. Not about...

Tears streaked my face and huge sobs racked my chest as I stumbled through a parking lot looking for a car with the keys in it.

Keys? Fuck.

A minute later I was roaring along a highway using telekinesis to help me make corners at speeds that were unthinkable. Tears blurred the road; they mingled with the saliva and snot speckling the windshield as I howled out my rage and anguish.

I'm not even sure I stopped the car before I jumped out in front of the office. The large window in the front imploded cutting the limo to shreds. I leapt through snarling like a feral animal. Two telepaths looked out to see what had happened and I snapped out a mental blade severing the head of one. The other disappeared. I followed and was beset by a dozen drones. I mowed them down trying to follow the telepath. I was more animal than human, growling and lashing out in all directions with every weapon I had. I was too focused on finding the telepath and many blows found their marks.

I tried to push the drone away but my arm was broken in too many places. I reveled in the pain. The physical pain drowns out the more horrible one. He wouldn't leave so I darted my head forward and sunk my teeth into his neck.

Blood spewed over me as I twisted and yanked backward. He fell back and I spit out a large chunk of flesh I found in my mouth.

Something hit me from behind.

I was floating above the skinny young girl. She lay with her neck at an odd angle. A man stood over her with a stool. As I was pulled away I sent fire into his brain as long as I could reach.

There were more dead kids. Another body, another brief, violent existence.

Then more dead kids.

There were more deaths and more lives. More violence. I don't know how many. I quit trying to figure out where I was. I had descended into sheer madness. I would look for a body I could animate and use immediately, enter it, and make my way to the nearest office as quickly as I could and kill as many as I could before I was killed.

Often the bodies were not in the best condition but I found that with rudimentary splints I could accomplish quite a bit even with several broken bones. The pain was welcome—it was penance for my greatest failure.

At some of the smaller offices the drones were armed and I died in a hail of bullets. A few times there were far too many telepaths and I was mentally burned to death. I considered that to be good practice for when I got to Hell. But then, I was already in Hell—a hell of fury and torment. I killed dozens of telepaths, hundreds of drones. I drown my rage in blood. But it couldn't bring them back.

After a long while my anger was subsiding. My sorrow was not. I passed on body after body not caring. At least I couldn't cry in this form.

I have no idea how much time passed. Perhaps minutes, perhaps days, perhaps weeks. I was drawn to death after death but none as horrible as the one death I needed to stop remembering.

I was about to let it all slip away when another memory came to me.

I was lying by a pool and asking two lovely girls, “Are you really going to let them get away with it?”

I had wanted to make sure they wouldn’t. I had believed in justice.

Justice...

Fuck justice...

Revenge.

The room was small, dim and cluttered. I was looking down at a boy of about 16. He had black hair just past his ears. He was skinny. There were porn magazines strewn about the bed. He was naked. There was a scarf tied around his neck.

It’s called autoerotic asphyxiation. The lack of oxygen to the brain is supposed to intensify orgasm. But sometimes a practitioner will pass out before or during orgasm and not have a chance to loosen whatever they were using to constrict their neck. That’s what happened here.

My mind loosened the scarf. I re-animated the body and committed.

When I woke, it was even darker than when I entered the body. The clock said 2:48. I rolled over. Magazines crunched under me but I paid them no mind. I buried my face in the pillow and cried for hours.

I must have cried myself to sleep because somebody was pounding on the door.

There was a female voice with a thick southern accent. “Get up, loser! Mom will be home soon and them dishes better be done or its my ass too!”

I sent out an eye and found a heavysset girl standing in a hall. She had stringy brown hair and too much make up. I read her and found out her name was Susan. My name was Wesley. Our mother worked the night shift at a manufacturing plant. There was no father. The mother usually stopped for a few drinks at a co-workers house on the way home. Generally she got home around nine in the morning, was drunk and—if the chores weren’t done—she was violent.

I had to wash the dishes or the mother would hurt us. Looking around I found a dirty pair of jeans and pulled them on. I unlocked the door and opened it.

She looked past me and saw the magazines on the bed and rolled her eyes in disgust.

“God you’re pathetic. Get your ass in the kitchen and get them dishes done.”

I brushed by her, fatigued, my thoughts in disorder, and headed down the narrow hall. It was a mobile home. It had two small bedrooms off a hall on one end and a larger bedroom at the other end. Between the sleeping areas was sandwiched a tiny living room and an even smaller kitchen

I started filling the sink with water and she flopped down in front of a nineteen-inch television. Music videos.

When I finished I went in and sat down. I was still in a fugue. I was exhausted. I was confused.

She rolled her eyes again. “You best hide them fuck rags before mom gets home. Remember last time.”

I didn’t. She did. I found it in her mind. The mother had beaten the boy with a broom and then called someone. A man. They called him Uncle Robby. He had come over. He had rolled up the offending periodical tightly and the boy received another beating, this time with his own magazine. After, the boy lay on the floor whimpering and was ignored while they ate and drank beer.

The uncle had taken the magazine with him when he left.

Nice family.

I went back to the room and stuffed them all under the mattress.

I was still confused. Where was I? I was supposed to be doing something—but what?

While cleaning up the magazines there had been an Asian girl with long black hair on one of the covers.

Long black hair...

Like Maria...

A lump in my throat... a hole in my heart.

Another hole in my heart.

April... Melody...

Memories came flooding in and I buried my face in the still damp pillow crying in despair.

The door was open. The girl must have heard me. I sensed her presence. She just stood there, watching. After a few long minutes I heard the door gently click shut.

Chapter 19

When I awoke this time, I remembered everything.

I remembered my father Sam and my mother Matty. I remembered Sarah, my loving little sister and Jason my best friend and I hoped they were all unhurt. I remembered before them—Maria and my boys. But most of all I remembered Melody and April and the bastards who killed them.

They would pay, but how? I could make my way to California and attack the office, but I probably wouldn't get all the ones I wanted. I had to think, I had to make a plan. I needed time. I would have to try and fit in here until I had it figured out.

By mining the memories of the others in the house I could manage it. They would never know anything was wrong. Once I had a plan I would just disappear, another white trash runaway. This 'family' wouldn't shed a tear.

The clock said 4:00 PM. I got up and left the room. My 'sister' was back in front of the television, a bag of chips in her lap. She didn't even glance in my direction as I sat down.

How would 'Wesley' normally react in this situation? I dug around in her mind to find out.

She was still trying to figure out what she had seen earlier. Why had her brother been crying like that? When she had gone back to his room she had been planning on firing a couple of zingers because he was crying. But the heartbreaking sobs had stopped her. She couldn't have hurt him any more than he already hurt. She wouldn't want to hurt him that bad. She had stood there trying to think of something to say, something to ease his pain. But she had no experience in being nice to her brother, or anyone else for that matter. So she had simply closed the door as quietly as she could and left.

Under normal circumstances she would have insulted him the moment he walked in the room. He would have responded by calling her a fat bitch or something else and they would have insulted one another back and forth until they ran through their usual repertoire.

But now, she was worried about him. She had seen him beaten severely, by their mother, by their uncle Robby, by other kids. She had seen him humiliated in school, in the street, but she had never seen him cry like that. Had never heard sobs like that coming from his room.

She wanted to ask him what was wrong. She wanted to find out if he was thinking about killing himself. She didn't think she would want that. She was worried.

"I'm okay now." I said flatly, speaking with a southern accent that matched her own. I kept a tendril of awareness in her mind.

"Like..." she had been about to say 'like I care' which would have been her usual, automatic retort. But she was worried about her brother. It was a feeling she was not used to.

"Are you sure? You're not thinking of doing anything... crazy or something?"

"No." I wondered at her unfamiliarity with basic kindness, her uncertainty of how to handle concern for another.

As we watched television I searched her mind for more details.

We lived in a crappy trailer court outside of Pine Bluff, Arkansas. Our mother's name was Marsha. She had been a free spirit in high school, until she got pregnant with Susan at sixteen. The father had stayed with her, though they had both dropped out of school. When Wesley was born less than a year after Susan he had enough and was gone.

Of course our mother blamed everything on us. It was Susan's fault she never graduated from school and had no decent job prospects and had to work the night shift six days a week. It was my (Wesley's) fault that she had lost her man and never lost the weight she put on during her two pregnancies and had, in fact gained more since.

'Uncle' Robby was not our uncle, but the only guy she could get to sleep with her on occasion—if she could get him drunk enough. She wasn't physically ugly, though she wouldn't be called pretty by any stretch either. She was basically plain and overweight. Her main problem was that she was permanently angry. Life was unfair, and it was everybody else's fault. Her anger only got worse when she was drunk, which was usually.

Marsha was a negative and unpleasant person and only a few would bother to socialize with her, those as negative as her. But for her children she was a monster. They had grown from babies to middle stage adolescents with no concept of love, only anger and hate. For a kid like that making a friend was hard enough, Marsha's behavior had made sure that any friends we accidentally made didn't last.

I thought about the contrast with how Sam and Matty had raised their children. Danny and Sarah had learned about love at home, hate was taught out on the street. Even as tortured as Danny was, home was a safe place where he knew he was loved. In this house, home was where the hate and anger was taught—and the street is no place to learn about love. I hadn't intended to do anything here other than figure out a plan and leave, but this girl deserved some sort of chance.

"I've been thinking. Do you think that this is all there is?" I asked her.

"What do you mean?"

"Hate. Is hate all there is? Isn't there supposed to be love? People in movies and on TV are always falling in love, loving their families... shit like that. Do you ever wonder what its like?"

"It's not for trailer trash like us." She snorted. I found that to be a very sad statement.

"Maybe," I thought for a minute. "Susan?"

"What?"

"I don't hate you, Susan."

"Yeah? Well... I don't hate you either... loser."

It was a start.

When we heard Marsha stirring in her room we left, going separate ways. I walked around the trailer court. It was about what one would expect, low to no income, occasional small time drug dealer, mostly welfare moms or working poor—some like Marsha, others doing the best they could. I stayed gone until I was sure Marsha had left and then returned home. There wasn't much to eat in the house, what was there was junk.

"Are you hungry?" I asked Susan as she came inside.

"Are you saying I'm fat?" She snapped automatically.

"No," I said calmly, "I'm hungry, I wondered if you were too?"

She looked at me oddly. "Yeah, I guess I'm hungry. You got something to eat?"

"No, but I thought that we could go get something." I was starving. My body was already trying to catch up to my final height and weight.

"You get some money?"

"No, but I know where I can get some. Come on."

I left the home and she followed, more out of curiosity than any belief that I really had a plan.

I had a plan to get money, what I didn't have was a plan to get revenge against those bastards who had killed April and tortured my sweet Melody to death. It was a constant buzz at the back of my mind.

We walked to the nearby strip mall I had found in her mind and there were quite a few people there. I pulled Eric's favorite trick and, while broadcasting generosity, asked people for money. In fifteen minutes I had about thirty dollars.

"How did you do that?" Susan asked, amazed.

"I guess I look pretty pathetic."

"You got that right."

We spent it at a Taco place and ate our fill. We were sitting there, empty wrappers surrounding us and sipping our drinks. She was studying me, still puzzled.

"Why you being nice to me?" She was still a little worried. She thought that I might be being nice to her as a way of saying goodbye.

"I don't know, you're my sister, if I can't be nice to you, who else is there?"

“You never have before.”

I thought about the relationship between Danny and Sarah, both before I came along and after. So very different than the way these two had grown up.

“I’m thinking about a lot of things I’ve never done before.” I decided to try something, she was already half convinced I was about to commit suicide. “This morning, I was about ready to kill myself.” Her eyes widened. “I didn’t know what else to do. I heard you come in my room. I was waiting for you to rip on me for crying. But you didn’t. That made me think that maybe one person, maybe you... cared about me.”

“Yeah, well... don’t let it go to your head. I... just don’t want to see you do anything stupid that’s all.” She wasn’t so worried now. But she was still a little confused. This was probably the longest she had gone in the presence of her brother without a violent argument.

We sat there, finished our sodas and walked back home.

My foray into madness had lasted several weeks. School had already started. The next morning was a Monday, a school day.

It was also a day I discovered some disturbing changes in me.

The lockers in this school were handed out on an alphabetical basis regardless of grade. That meant my sister’s locker was right next to mine.

After third hour I was headed for my locker. I was almost there and I saw Susan just backing up from hers to close it. Three guys were passing, Susan stepped back into their path and the one closest to her shoved her out of the way, hard. She slammed into the lockers.

“Watch it, bitch.” Said the guy who shoved her. My mind flashed on me saying that if ‘you fuck with my family I am going to hurt you bad.’

He and his friends were laughing as he passed me and I lashed out with my left foot, catching him behind the knee. Driving through, my foot slammed his knee to the floor. I stepped up with one foot still on his leg and grabbed his chin in the crook of my elbow.

I barely stopped myself just before I snapped his neck. I had fully intended to do just that. I guess I wasn’t completely sane just yet. I didn’t kill him because I didn’t want to go to jail.

I stopped, standing on his leg, twisting his head just enough.

“You will not do that to my sister.” I growled in his ear. Then continued in a whisper. “You should know that I could come up behind you any time I want and do this. If you retaliate for this—I will, and next time I will snap your neck. So either you decide you were wrong for what you did to my sister and forget about this, or one of us goes to prison for killing the other. Its your decision.”

I let him go and continued to my locker. Susan was rubbing a forearm and looked at me confused. “What do you think you are doing? Tony will kill you.”

“I think that since nobody else will ever be looking out for us, we have to look out for each other. What is he doing?”

She looked past me. “The other two bozos are helping him up and they’re leaving.” Then she looked at me. “I guess I should thank you then.”

The warning bell went off and we had to hurry to class. I didn’t see her again the rest of the day.

That afternoon, while walking home, I was trying to think about how I would get revenge. It was hard to think because I was so horny. The school was a small one but there were still a lot of hot girls running around and all those firm tits and tight little asses had my teenage hormones in a full boil.

I passed a group of girls sitting on a car in front of a mobile home. I used to see these same girls in some of the neighborhoods back home. They were high school age, trashy and very hot—Seventeen going on twenty-seven. They were next generation of trailer park welfare moms.

I entered the mind of what looked to be the oldest. I made sure she noticed me then made sure her thoughts headed in the right direction.

She spoke to her friends without taking her eyes off of me.

Her friends tried to stop her but she started towards me.

“Hey, Wesley.” She said, approaching me.

“What?”

“Wanna come to my house and smoke a joint?”

I tried to look uncertain. Then, “Sure.”

We were almost to her house when Susan spotted us and cut us off.

“Hey, Tina,” she called, “come here for a minute.”

I realized I had not even looked for her name in her mind. I hadn’t known what it was until Susan said it.

They stepped a few yards away, I rode just enough of Tina’s mind to overhear.

“What are you doing with my brother?” Susan was asking her, she sounded angry.

“Why do you care?”

“Don’t play dumb and don’t forget I can whup your ass. You know about that shit with Tony today, you taking my brother someplace where he’s gonna get beat up.”

“Fuck Tony!” She spat. “That sum-bitch been seeing Cheryl behind my back. I wouldn’t do shit for that fucker no more.”

“Oh,” Susan said, confused. “Then why you walking with him?”

“Relax,” Tina said, pausing briefly to figure out what to tell Susan. I helped her decide. “If you must know, I was bored and curious, and so I thought I would bust your brother’s cherry. You got a problem with that? You think he won’t want to?”

Susan seemed placated. “Yeah. He’ll want to. Look, have your fun but be nice about it okay? He... he’s kind of had a rough time lately.”

“Since when do you care?”

“You know my family. He and I gotta look out for each other. We ain’t got no one else.” She was catching on quick.

Tina softened. “Sure, he’s not so bad—don’t worry, I’ll be nice. Hey, maybe this will help smooth out that rough time, huh?”

Susan headed toward our home and I continued on with Tina pretending I still didn’t know what was going on.

We got to her house and she fired up a joint. After a few tokes each, she sat back and we started talking. We talked a bit about school and about the neighborhood. She was getting stoned—the pot had no effect on me.

“Have you ever seen a tit that wasn’t in a magazine?” she asked suddenly.

I stood. “If you’re just gonna make fun of me, I’ll be going.”

“No... I wasn’t... I just wondered if you wanted to see mine, that’s all.”

“You serious?”

“Yep.” And then she stood and stripped off her shirt.

Tina stood about 5’4” and had a slim build. Her skin had a slight olive tint. She had largish ‘C’ cup tits over a narrow waist and rounded hips. Her legs were a little on the skinny side but overall she was very attractive.

Light brown hair hung in loose curls down to her waist. It framed slightly almond brown eyes, a sharp nose and full lips on an angular face—very pretty.

She was the same age as Susan and was also a senior.

I stared at her tits like a kid who never saw any before. It wasn't hard—I like looking at breasts. And she did have some nice ones. They rode high on her chest and they reminded me of Theresa's.

"You can touch 'em if you want." She said, trying to be seductive.

I reached out and traced them with my fingers. She responded with a sharp intake of breath. I pulled back.

"Did I do something wrong?"

She laughed, "No, that meant it felt good. Go ahead, you can squeeze 'em too, just go easy."

I stepped a few inches closer and began to explore her breasts more fully.

"Mmmm... yeah... there, on the nipple... yeah, like that... that feels good, sugar."

"Can I lick 'em?"

"Yeah baby, momma likes that."

I suckled first at one nipple then the other.

"God, you're getting me hot." She panted, "Let's go back to my room."

She took my hand and led me towards the back of the mobile home. Her room was at the very end. We entered and she shut the door.

Turning to me she stripped off her jeans and stood in front of me naked. Her pussy hair was trimmed to just a small line a few inches long.

"You like what you see, sugar?" She said with a grin.

"Very much." My cock was straining at my own jeans. I stood there staring.

"Well... you gonna get undressed?" She laughed.

"Oh... yeah..." I said with a stammer. She wanted to pop a cherry so I would act as naïve as I could. I stripped off my shirt and made sure to stumble a bit getting my pants off.

"Not bad. Not bad at all." She commented, looking at my erect member.

Wesley wasn't as long as Danny had been. A little over seven inches, it was also just slightly thinner, but still respectable.

"I like that," she said slowly approaching me. "You think you can put that big ol' thang inside my teeny pussy?" She spoke softly and her accent was turning me on. She reached me and embraced me with her left arm. Her right hand began lightly stroking my cock as she tilted her head up to kiss me, her firm breasts and hard nipples pressing against my bare chest.

"Can we try some stuff first?" I asked.

"What are you thinking, sugar?" Her voice was a sexy whisper.

"Well... I've always heard about eating pussy. Can I try that?"

"Why you sure can." She said with a smile and lay back on her bed.

She spread her legs and I got my first good look at her pussy. It seemed well cared for. The skin around her lips was smooth, her lips parted slightly and I could see the bright pink flesh inside.

"Does that look as good as the ones in your magazines?"

"Better." I said, staring. "Its beautiful. You're beautiful."

I approached her, crawling onto the bed and bringing my face down to my favorite snack. I looked up at her. "What do I do?"

"Just start licking it, up and down at first."

I touched my tongue to it, and began a slow lick towards the clit. Just as I suspected, it was well cared for, soft and delicious.

"Ooohh... that's the way, sugar. Yes. Right there, stay there for a bit. That's called the clit. Mmmmm... it feels real good when you lick it like that."

I worked on her clit for a while then slid my tongue back down her slit. Flattening it out I began working in small circles, moving up and down slowly. My tongue was able to completely cover her tiny slit.

"Oohh yeah baby... that's real good..."

I tickled her clit with my upper lip while exploring her pussy with my tongue. Wesley had one of those long tongues and I bet if I tried I could touch the tip of my nose with it.

"Mmmm... Ohhhh... AAAAHHHHH"

She came with a shudder. When she was done, I lifted my face away from my tasty treat and looked up at her.

“Was that right?” I asked as innocently as I could.

“Absolutely, sugar. Most guys can’t do that to a girl. You’re good at this. Now come up here and give me kiss.”

I slid my body up hers, and we locked our lips together. She rolled us over, and then broke the kiss.

“Now it’s your turn baby. You’re gonna like this.”

She slid down my body. She brushed her tits against my cock for a few moments then dropped her mouth on it.

She licked and sucked up and down my shaft enthusiastically. It felt wonderful. Her warm mouth and soft lips and tongue sent thrills emanating from my cock up and down my spine. Her tongue lashed my cock as her mouth moved up and down. She sucked greedily and before long...

“I’m gonna come.” She continued sucking.

I shot stream after stream of hot cum into her mouth.

She tried to take it all but some leaked out the sides of her mouth. She swallowed as fast as she could. Then lifted her mouth giggling.

“You sure do come a lot.” Then, eyeing the cum dripping down my still hard cock, “Waste not want not...” she set to work cleaning me off, ensuring no cum would go to waste.

“I’m glad to see you’re still good and hard. I was afraid we might have to take a break before fucking.”

She straddled me and guided my cock into her hot snatch. Once she had it inserted, she slid her pussy all the way down in one motion. Her pussy was comfortably snug; giving my cock sparkles of delight with its slick, hot velvety friction.

She was looking me in the eye.

“How do like that, sugar? Does my little pussy feel good on your big ol’ cock?”

“I like it fine.” I told her, gazing up at her in wonderment. “Damn, you sure are pretty.”

She smiled warmly at the compliment.

“Thank you, baby. Now you just lay back and let me show you how momma pleases her man.”

She did very well. She slid her hot snatch up and down slowly, gyrating her hips. As she bottomed out I would shift my hips forward, rubbing my cock against the front wall of her pussy.

“Oohh... Yeah baby, move it like that... Mmmm... momma likes that... Oh Yeah...”

As she became more and more excited, her body lowered towards mine until her stiff nipples were caressing my chest as she slid her pussy up and down my pole.

“Oh God... That’s good, sugar... keep doing it like that... Oh Yes... OH YES”

As she peaked, she collapsed onto me, pressing those firm globes into my chest. I bent my knees and started slamming my cock into her hot twat.

“YES BABY... THAT’S THE WAY... OOOHH...”

She came hard, her whole body shaking. She writhed in bliss on top of me, grinding her pussy down on my cock. Her feverish movements slowed and she propped up on one elbow to look at me with a weak grin.

“Why you just a natural at this ain’t you?” she said breathlessly “here I’m supposed to be rockin’ your world and you go and rock mine... twice.” She gave me a kiss. “Now its your turn. I want you shoot some of that delicious cum up into my hungry little pussy. Can you do that for Tina, sugar?”

“I... I think I can.”

She rose back up on her arms and started working my cock again. She was looking in my eyes and flexing her pussy as it stroked up and down my shaft.

I started talking to her. “Damn that feels good, Tina... God your pussy feels so good.”

I could tell she liked it, so I kept up the patter.

“I like my cock inside your pussy... your pussy is so tight on my cock...”

Her excitement was building again, mine was too, she did have some talent.

“Oh Yeah... Keep fucking me like that... I’m gonna blow if you keep doing that...”

Her tempo increased a bit. Her breath was coming in ragged gasps. I could feel her pussy tighten in orgasm and it put me over the edge.

She squealed in orgasm just as thick jets of cum began hosing down her hot snatch.

We embraced tightly as we came together then glided down into after glow.

She propped back up on one elbow, smiling at me, then sighed.

“Well, you are full of surprises. I thought I was doing something nice for you, but then you go and give me the best fuck I think I have ever had.” She gave my cock a little squeeze with her pussy. “And shit... you’re still hard as a rock in there ain’t ya.”

“You wanna fuck some more?” I asked her with a grin.

“Hell yeah... but you gonna have to be on top, you got me limp as a little ol’ rag doll.”

We rolled over and I began stroking slowly. She really was quite attractive. Her brown hair splayed out around her head framing her narrow features. Her eyes semi closed watched me, her mouth a small smile, her body moving slightly as she enjoyed my cock sliding into her pussy. Her writhing grew more pronounced and she arched her back pressing those nice tits into my stomach. She had a small orgasm, then another. I kept on with a steady pace, She didn’t have another big orgasm, but she did have four or five small ones before I shot another load of hot cum deep inside her.

We lay there later, snuggling together just for the comfort of it.

“Why did you do this?” I asked her. I was curious how she rationalized my suggestion that she fuck me.

“Well, I seen you walking by and I was thinking how you was probably the only guy I know in your grade or up who was still a virgin. Now don’t get mad or nothing, ‘cause you know its true. So, anyway, that made me think about how guys always go on about how they popped this girl’s cherry or that girl’s cherry, and I decided that I would pop yours... that’s all.”

“Oh, then you don’t really like me or nothing.”

“Oh you’re not so bad, and after the way you fucked me, honey, we can do this again... if you want to.”

“How about tomorrow?”

“Meet me here after school.” She said with a smile, and then she looked at the clock. “My momma will be home in about a half hour, you should be gone by then or I’ll likely get a whippin’. I ain’t supposed to have boys over when she ain’t home.”

Twenty minutes later I was out her door and headed home. No longer distracted by needs of the flesh, I again turned my thoughts to revenge.

Revenge, I had heard, is a dish best served cold. I always took that to mean one should wait until it is not expected, and the emotions of the moment (in this case mine) had calmed. That way I could think clearly and plan an effective and suitable revenge.

But what could I do to them that would serve justice for what they did to Melody and April (I still didn't really know what had happened to her—but she had been barely alive when I left her).

Suddenly there was Tony standing in front of me.

“You're a pretty tough bastard when you catch a guy by surprise ain't you, fuck nuts.”

He had a sneer and he looked ready to fight. I was feeling generous after my time with Tina, so I decided to give him a chance. He was alone so it might work. I made sure he stayed put while I said what I wanted.

“You don't want this.” I said as calmly as I could. “Only three ways this ends. You hurt me real bad or kill me, in which case you go to jail. You just beat me up and then some time in the next week or so, like I told you I would, I come at you from behind and kill you, in which case I go to jail. Or maybe I get lucky right here and hurt you bad or kill you, in which case I get off 'cause its self defense. None of these has an upside for you, and two out of three you end up dead. Why don't we just go on about our own business?”

I kept out of his mind and let him decide of his own free will. As I was waiting, I realized that if he decided to attack me I 'was' going to kill him. He was just a stupid bully kid. But I didn't care. I waited for his decision.

He studied me for a while, apparently he didn't like the conclusion he came to because...

“You just stay the hell away from me, asshole.” He turned and left, I noticed he was limping a little.

I made it home with no further incident. Susan was watching TV. I don't know what was on because I was concerned about what I had been doing.

First, I almost kill a stupid kid for shoving my 'sister' into a locker. Then I am ready to bang some girl without even caring enough to find out her name. Finally, I let that same stupid kid make up his own mind whether or not I am going to kill him.

This wasn't me. I didn't like it. Was I still crazy? I didn't think so; if I were still crazy I would have killed the kid. If I were still crazy it wouldn't be bothering me.

Hell... I shouldn't care. The world didn't care. Melody was dead, April was probably dead and the world didn't care. People like Marsha were raising kids like Wesley and Susan and the world didn't care. I thought back to the young prostitute whose body I had used, there were thousands—no—tens of thousands just like her out there and the world didn't care. Nobody cared. Why should I be the only one in the entire world who cared?

“You okay Wes?” Susan asked.

“Yeah, I'm alright.”

“Did you...Uh... have fun?”

“Yeah, I guess so.”

“She didn’t do nothin’... mean did she?”

“Naw, she’s alright.”

“Good...”

Okay... maybe the entire world isn’t that uncaring...

Chapter 20: Return

Over the next few months I tried to resume some of my old ways. I had Susan more conscious about her health, she was eating better and we were getting some exercise by walking down to the strip mall every night to get some money (I looked into robbing the crooks around here but even the criminals were poor in this area), then over to the Winn-Dixie for groceries. Like always, helping someone else made me feel better.

Part of my problem was that I had been feeling sorry for myself. I missed Melody and April. I knew what happened to Melody but I had no idea about April, even if she had survived her injuries had been so extensive that she may be in a coma or at least crippled.

All I really knew was that Susan had been half right when she said that love wasn’t for people like us. It would suit her fine, but it wasn’t for me. With what I had to do, anyone I loved would become target.

I still had no plan. I couldn’t think of anything that would make them pay dearly enough for what they had done. Anything I came up with didn’t seem adequate. It was frustrating.

It was just after Easter when it came to me. Bob, Stuart and even Tex were inconsequential. I should have taken care of them right from the beginning. Any of them alone were no match for me. As I found out on my rampage, it took four or more pretty powerful telepaths to overpower me.

It was the power structure behind the telepaths that was screwed up.

It went back to the idea I had after my first meeting with Stuart. The telepaths have had no adult supervision. They had no moral compass. They didn’t care about what they did to the ‘dead heads’ because it simply never dawned on them that they should. Some, like Larry, did develop an ethic of sorts and that said quite a bit about their own inherent goodness. Most people, even ‘dead heads’ had to learn how to be good people. It almost never comes naturally.

I was still trying to work out the details when, one day after school, I arrived at Tina’s house for our usual rendezvous only to find Susan there as well.

“What are you doing here?” Her change in diet and increase in activity had her looking much better. Her ass and waist had shrunk to attractive proportions. Tina had been spending a lot of time at our house. Now that she was more focused on school, she had become friends with Susan (who shared her academic focus) and had been giving her make-up and hair tips. We had been getting along much better and that had improved her attitude. Susan had actually been getting attention from some of the boys at school.

“You didn’t think I forgot did you?” I wondered what it was she hadn’t forgotten.

Tina popped up from behind the kitchen counter with a cake in her hands. They sang happy birthday to me. There were two candles on the cake—a ‘one’ and a ‘seven’, which I took to mean that it was my seventeenth birthday. Nothing obvious gets past me for very long.

“Well,” laughed Susan, “cut the cake so we can eat it... then I’ll leave and let Tina give you your present.” She winked at Tina who laughed.

The cake was very good, Susan and Tina had made it, and my present was extremely enjoyable—yet far too mundane to chronicle.

It always amazed me how little things could make such a big difference.

Last fall, Susan had been a surly sedentary young woman, unattractive in both looks and demeanor. She had no aspirations in life, no direction.

Now, she was a delightful, fairly attractive girl who was working part time and wanted to become a social worker. Apparently Wesley and Susan had been involved with county social workers from time to time and Susan was very unimpressed with them. Once she had been given drive and focus to make something of her life a direction hadn’t been too far behind. As almost always is the case, a person with a real direction in their life has a hard time being surly.

Tina had been on the fast track to nowhere. Her primary objective had been to get knocked up in her senior year so that at some point in the summer following graduation she would have a baby and the state would pay her enough for a trailer of her own. Then she figured the real party would start.

Now she wanted to be a teacher. She knew it wouldn’t be easy, but, like Susan, she also knew that if she worked hard and explored all the alternatives, she would eventually get the education necessary to live her dream.

But it wasn’t the difference in them I was talking about. It was the difference in me. By simply by taking a little focus off of my misery and trying to help these two young women I had lost a lot of my anger. Don’t be mistaken; I still had all my resolve. Bob, Stuart and Tex would die. Changes would be made. But I would do it with a clear head.

And so it was that one Saturday, shortly after school was out, I decided to say goodbye to Arkansas. I woke Susan up early.

“What... What is it?” she yawned.

“I just wanted to say goodbye.”

“What?” she woke up pretty quick. “What do you mean, goodbye?”

“I’m leaving. I’m going out to California. I’ll call when I get settled.”

“What you gonna do out there? I... I thought we were supposed to look out for each other? What am I going to do with you gone?”

“You’ll be fine, you got your plans. You’ll be working full time this summer and next fall you’re off to college. I’ve got something I’ve got to do.” I didn’t feel like a long scene so I dabbled a little and simply had her accept this.

“I don’t want you to go... I’ll miss you.” Susan said sadly.

“I’ll miss you too, big sister.”

I gave her a hug and another promise to be in touch. Then I left.

I went to Tina’s house and repeated the scene all over again. She wanted to slip away for a goodbye fuck but I declined. So with a hug and kiss I was away.

Using my powers to help me get rides and avoid difficult questions, I hitchhiked up Hwy 530 into Little Rock. From there I was able to get a ride to Oklahoma City. It was getting late so I spent the night in a furniture store. Turns out the manager ‘forgot’ to check the store thoroughly and set the security system that night—very convenient for me. I left the store early, panhandled enough for breakfast and was back on the road. The second day I made it to Flagstaff and basically repeated my Oklahoma City experience, except this time it was a major department store.

By mid afternoon the third day I was passing through Barstow on my way to L.A. The trucker who picked me up was talking incessantly. Since he had bought me lunch, I pretended to listen but I had tuned him out hours ago. I knew what I was going to do, but it depended on me being on the inside. I had to make the telepaths find me—but it had to be in such a way that they wouldn’t kill me out of hand. I had to make a stir, but not such a big one that they would decide I was just another stupid kid who couldn’t handle the ability to control minds.

It was evening when I got to L.A. After I got dropped off I ‘found’ a nice guy who was willing to give me a ride to my destination - one of Bob’s strip clubs.

Even though I was quite a bit bigger than I had been when I inhabited this body, it had been less than a year and I still looked very young. So, I made the bouncer at the door believe I had paid, was of legal age and entered. It was a Monday night so there were not many patrons. Only one

telepath in residence, I don't think he noticed my broad scan, though he was watching me with interest due to my obvious age. Five bouncers were apparent, evenly spaced about the place.

I took a seat at the catwalk and placed a five-dollar bill on the edge, staring at one of two beautiful, big breasted blondes currently dancing naked. She came over and squatted down, skillfully slipping the bill in her garter. In any other place the stripper would have immediately noticed my age and called for a bouncer, but Bob's girls weren't big on independent thought. She shook her large tits in my face and then lay back on the stage, spreading her legs and pushing her lovely little twat in my face. The telepath was still watching me, I made it obvious that I was spending a few seconds concentrating on each bouncer, and then I 'concentrated' on the stripper in front of me. Basically I was telling them not to notice anything out of the ordinary, and the stripper was to believe that anything that happened was normal for the tip I had given her.

I leaned forward and took a few licks at her pussy. It was nice and clean and tasted fine, but my main reason was to make sure it was wet. Then I stood, unzipped my pants and plunged my cock into her slick snatch. She was laying back on the stage, gyrating her body to the music, I stroked her pussy with my cock and nobody seemed to notice. I saw the telepath was using his cell phone.

I drove my cock into her pussy like this for several minutes. She was very pretty. Straight, dazzling blond hair just past her shoulders. A small patch of dark pubic hair just off of her pussy told how she became a blonde. She had large 'D' cup tits that were as natural as her hair color, a tiny waist and a well-rounded ass. Her pussy was nice and tight and the way she was moving helped quite a bit.

It didn't take long before I filled her hot pussy with cum.

I zipped up my pants and sat back down to watch. She rolled away and regained her feet. She continued her dance with my cum dribbling down her legs.

A few minutes later the telepath came and sat next to me.

"That's some show, don't you think?"

I glanced at him but otherwise ignored him.

"Aren't you a little young to be in here?" he asked.

I sent a clumsy probe in his direction, it hit his shield. I turned and stared at him, my best look of fear on my face.

"Don't worry." He laughed, "I'm not going to do anything to you. In fact there is someone coming who wants to help you. Why don't you come with me, we can wait in the back."

He went back to the club office. I followed trying to look suspicious. He asked me questions about who I was and where I was from. I stuck to Wesley's history and answered the questions truthfully. I knew they would check out my story. Before long, Bob showed up.

As soon as I saw him my rage boiled up and threatened to override my common sense. All I wanted to do was to grab him by the throat and slowly squeeze the life out of him. I wanted to look into his eyes as I killed him. I wanted to throw fire into his brain for hour after hour, keeping him awake and feeling every brutal second. I wanted to tell him who I was and why I was killing him. Watch the fear appear in his eyes as he realized this was the end. Instead, I sat there, trying to look as calm as I could.

He asked me the same questions and I gave the same answers.

"You're too young to work for me." Bob employed about a dozen telepaths who monitored activity in his many clubs. That way he could exceed the limits of what was legal without worrying about vice cops. "I do know someone who may be interested in you though. I'll take you there tomorrow if you want."

I agreed and he asked me if I had a place to stay for the night.

"I can find a place," I said stubbornly, "I ain't had to sleep out in the cold yet."

"I bet you haven't, but you have done a good job of staying under the radar so far, I would hate for you to fuck it up now. Why don't you stay with me tonight? I've got a couple bimbos at my place that make these girls look like amateurs."

How could I say no?

At his place I met a gorgeous red headed woman who went by the name Tiffany. She had large 'D' tits, narrow waist and perfect ass and hips. She was also very enthusiastic about satisfying my every whim. She brought me something to eat, then fed it to me. She ensured I had enough to drink and didn't seem to mind that I was roaming my hands all over her scantily clad body whenever she was within reach. Bob watched amused. I concentrated on Tiffany so I wouldn't be obsessed with killing him.

Bob put some porn on the TV and I allowed her to give me a blowjob since Bob was getting one from blonde lovely named Melinda. Later though, when we went to bed, I told her nothing would make me happier than to just sleep next to her. She accepted this and happily snuggled up next to me and drifted off. I explored her mind and found her just like April, terrified and confused, trapped in a tangle of controlling threads, but aware of everything just the same. I concealed my presence since I didn't want Bob to know I had been there, and eventually went to sleep.

That morning Bob took me to the office. It was a different place than before. I got a tour; the basic layout was the same except this time the apartments and gymnasium were on a much

higher floor than the office. I was given a temporary apartment and told I would meet with the boss the next day.

The next day was very similar to the first time Danny met with Stuart, except this time I had a makeshift shield in place that kept out most of his fire. I hadn't probed his mind this time but he always made it a point to show the new guys just what he could do. The only other difference was that in addition accepting the 'job' and the apartment, I also accepted his offer of a live-in bimbo to warm my bed in the apartment. It would have looked suspicious if a horny seventeen-year-old boy had turned down the offer of a beautiful woman to share his bed. Her name was Bethany and I had helped salvage her from one of the rogue latent telepaths we had put down when I was Danny. There was nothing of what she used to be in her mind. She was a bimbo, plain and simple.

I would like to say I took the high road and didn't screw her. But that would be a lie. I was in a horny teenager's body; she was a beautiful woman with thick brown hair falling to mid back, an adorable face and a hot voluptuous body. She was eager and anxious to please me so I let her.

Every time I arrived at the apartment she would greet me with a hug that molded her perfect body to mine. Her tits were large, real and they felt marvelous against my chest. She kissed me lustily, her tongue dancing in my mouth, her fingers running through the hair on the back of my head.

Her waist was so tiny I could wrap my arm completely around her during these embraces. My hands would roam down to her ass, which was round and compact. As my hands slid over her body she would tremble with anticipation.

The rogue that initially kidnapped her had loved blowjobs and we hadn't been able to completely program out her desire for the taste of cum. So she always started with a blowjob that would put the most talented porn star to shame. Her mouth seemed to be everywhere at once and her hands were never idle. She would be caressing my balls and ass while stroking my cock in time with her mouth's movement. She could completely engulf my cock, taking it deep down her throat until her lips touched my balls. When I came, which never took long, she would suck it down like drinking a milkshake from a straw—my cock couldn't pump it out fast enough for her. When I was done filling her mouth she would savor the last bit of it in her mouth for a long time before finally swallowing it down.

Her pussy was clean, hot and talented. Its tight, slick, velvety friction never failed to provide sparks of pleasure that shot up and down my spine. She had hair trigger orgasms and always came repeatedly while I was licking or fucking her. She coaxed intense orgasms from me. Whether she was on top and bouncing that voluptuous body up and down on my cock, or I was on top driving into her tiny, tight pussy, she was the perfect sex partner.

Living with a bimbo was an interesting experience. In or out of the bedroom, she was exuberant in her efforts to please me. But 'in' was where she really excelled. She was responsive, cooperative, and talented. Everything you would want in a sex partner, except 'she' wasn't there. While having sex her there was no respect and appreciation for the person that she was. When I

was with Tina or any of the other women I had been with, we knew it was sex just for the fun of it, but there was still the personal connection. She liked me for who I was, and I liked her the same. With Maria, Melody or April there was the love that we shared which turned sex into more than just a physical coupling.

With Bethany, there was none of that. Of course she eagerly declared her love for me, but she had no love to give. And how can you love someone who isn't really there? There was no personality to appreciate. It was sort of like masturbating (Okay it was better - but you know what I mean). She was whatever I wanted her to be - except she was incapable of being what a man really needs. A man needs a partner—another person to share his life, his hopes, and his dreams. She couldn't share those because she had none of her own - though she used to.

I did develop affection for her. Like you would a favorite pet. I know that sounds callous but that's really all she was. Any sign of disappointment hit her hard so I tried to make sure I always acted pleased with her no matter what. If she 'pleased' me it filled her with joy. It wasn't her fault that she had become what she was. If I could change it I would. The only way to really change her would be to completely erase what she now was and build another false persona.

I had tried it once, 'Danny' had discovered who one of the bimbos was through a missing persons detective. I had mined the memories of her family and what friends I could find. I tried to rebuild the woman she had been. It hadn't worked. She had still been an automaton. No initiative, no creativity, she couldn't do anything that hadn't been programmed into her. She was a flesh robot. She couldn't even learn something the traditional way, without programming a skill into her she couldn't do it.

I also learned to be very careful with experiments like that. It seemed with each new mind wipe the brain became less and less able to take in new information. Sort of like a video tape that keeps getting erased and re-recorded on. Each new recording has a little less quality than the previous one. Enough mind wipes and it was conceivable that you could end up with a person who couldn't be programmed at all. So, Bethany was what she was. At least I could try and make her happy.

She provided limited companionship and sexual release. It was all I had. It was all I would ever have. I could never risk love again. I could never put someone in that vulnerable of a position again. If another person I loved ever ended up tortured the way Melody had been...

I had to bide my time. I had to wait until I had been programmed into all the drones or my takeover would have to be very bloody. I would have to take out Tex first.

The power structure of the telepaths was one of survival of the fittest. Since discipline within the telepathic ranks was generally swift, brutal and final, the leader had to be the strongest. I could take over by challenging the current leader. It didn't have to be a battle to the death, but in this case it would be. The other telepaths wouldn't get involved but if the drones saw me attacking their leader and I wasn't an 'insider' then they would try to defend him.

It took about three weeks. In the interim I had caught up on old news. The police were looking for Danny and Melody. The story was that Danny had been a disgruntled employee who, after interning with the company for several years during college had recently found out he wasn't going to be offered a permanent job. He had gone ballistic in the office. Shooting it up and using explosives he had gotten from God knows where. It was uncertain whether or not Melody was an accomplice or a hostage. No mention of April. They must have manipulated the cops and kept what happened at our house quiet. I still didn't know if she had survived.

On the day I was sure the drones would accept my leadership, I put up my shield and headed for Tex's office.

As I passed through the conference room, Eric (the panhandler with dreams of telekinesis) was sitting there concentrating on a coin.

"Hey," he said excitedly, "I think it moved... did you see it move?"

I was feeling generous so, "Sure, I think it did."

"I thought so!"

Generous? "Turn it off Eric... you aren't out on the street."

"Sorry," he called after me, "sometimes I forget..."

I entered Tex's office without knocking. He looked up and then sat back, agitated but curious.

"What the hell do you want? You can't barge in here..."

"Shut the fuck up, old man. I'm here to take over."

A twinkle of amusement shone in his eye. He hit a button on his intercom. "Cherry, have any staff present meet in the conference room." Then he stood. "After you." Pointing towards the door.

When we got to the conference room, Eric and Stuart were already there. Larry arrived a moment after Tex and I.

"This little shit has challenged me." Tex said haughtily. I saw amusement on Stuarts face, curiosity on Eric's and a bit of dismay on Larry's.

"You all know the rules," he continued, "you stay out of it, this is between him and me." He looked at me, "The attacks are mental only. This is a contest of mental strength. Got it."

"I understand," I said, "Let's get on with it."

Fire hit my shield. He was very powerful and the smallest bit of it got through. During my descent onto madness I had developed a high threshold for pain so what little I felt didn't bother me. I made my shield reflective and that took care of it. His mental blast was scattered. Acting on an idea I had a while back, I changed the shape of my shield into a parabola pointing at him. Now he should be getting the full force of his own blast, plus a little intensification, right back. It would seem to him that I was throwing fire back; he must have been impressed at the strength of my blast, since it was slightly more focused and intense than he was sending. A little concern crept into his eyes.

A chair slammed into my leg. I didn't let it budge me. But it did surprise me, he was a lot more powerful than Stuart.

"You didn't tell me we could use telekinesis." I observed.

Tex smiled, "What's the matter kid? You bring a knife to a gunfight?"

He sent the vase from the table flying towards me; I sent a bolt that shattered it. The concern was back in his eyes. I added my most powerful blast of fire to that already hitting him. He began to sweat. A mental shove pushed him roughly against the wall. My flame got through and he screamed. The pressure against my shield stopped. He had quit sending his fire, so the blast he was receiving was cut in half, his shield could now handle what I sent. He recovered. Another something hit me from behind. I backed up to a wall. He sent more objects after me but I destroyed them. I sent out a telekinetic tendril that wrapped around his neck, I slowly tightened it. He realized what was happening but it was too late to do anything about it. As his brain became starved for oxygen, his shield dropped and he tried to scream. I continued to send fire and hold his neck closed until I was sure he was dead.

Stuart started to step forward to say something but I wasn't interested. The same mental hand that had choked Tex now squeezed Stuart's heart. He clutched his chest and fell to the floor. It appeared he was having a heart attack. In moments he was dead. Eric and Larry tried to rouse him but couldn't. For a minute I regretted that I had let him pass so easily but what was done, was done.

Larry stood. "I guess that makes you the boss. Now what?"

"I want to see you in my office." I told him and he proceeded me out of the conference room. Eric was already calling for some drones to come and take care of the bodies, death came easily to these guys and the aftermath was routine."

I almost ran into Larry when he turned to enter Tex's old office, but it was my office now.

"You've been around here for a long time, right?" I asked him as soon as the door was closed. The pretense was gone so I dropped the southern accent. He cocked and eyebrow at that but didn't comment.

"Bob's been her longer, but yeah I know the ropes."

“I want you to be my second in command.”

“I don’t know that I want to,” he said flatly. “What are your plans?”

“Let me answer that by asking you some questions.”

“Shoot.”

“You don’t like the way most of these guys operate do you?”

“Not really.”

“You don’t like the way they treat non-telepaths.”

His eyebrows arched slightly when I didn’t use the derogatory term, ‘dead head’.

“No, I can’t say that I do.”

“Well, neither do I.”

“I am also going to let you in on a little secret. I am not what you call a ‘super-latent’.” They had all assumed that was how I had come by my powers.

That got his curiosity up.

“I was given my powers. I was given them by someone you know.”

He sat down, so did I. I continued with the story I had prepared.

“Just under a year ago I had a dream. A guy came to me in my dream and told me his name was Danny.” That peaked his interest. “He said he was a telepath who had just been killed by other telepaths, bad telepaths. He said he could give me great power but that I had to use it to make changes. I agreed and, in addition to telepathy and telekinesis he gave me memories, memories that were of another office, but the same people. He told me I could trust you. There are other memories, painful ones.”

He sat quietly for several minutes. The story was far-fetched but not impossible. I watched him.

“That would clear up some mysteries. I wonder if you weren’t the only one he visited. Right after he died, for about two weeks, Syndicate offices all over the country were attacked, one after another. If Danny did all this when he died, what took you so long?”

“I thought I should practice with the power. Figure out how to use it.”

“We found out the night he attacked he was a very powerful telekinetic, like you just demonstrated. Why didn’t he use it before it was too late?”

“He didn’t think he could make a difference before. He didn’t think it was his place. When he came to me he thought different. He believed, and I believe, that I can and should make that difference.”

“How do you plan to make a difference?” Larry was a pragmatist. He needed details, but I could tell he was interested.

“I intend to make new rules that include a more moral way of dealing with non-telepaths. The new rules will be enforced as strongly as the old rules. You know as well as I do that there are more telepaths out there like you. Guys who don’t like the way the non-telepaths are enslaved and altered. Most telepaths are like Eric, they simply haven’t ever really thought about it. There are only a small percentage of them that are truly slimy. Guys like Bob.”

“What about Bob?” He asked, sitting forward.

“Danny showed me what he did. He has to die. Is that a problem?”

“No, I never liked him anyway. Okay, you got your second in command.”

“Great, first thing, get Eric in here and I can explain the new rules to him.”

Eric went along with it. He asked me to help him develop his telekinesis but I told him that if he had it, he would have known by now. He was disappointed.

Then I called for Bob.

He arrived after several hours. Larry told him I had beaten Tex but nothing else.

“So, you’re the new boss eh?” He said, aware that if I had bested Tex then I must have considerable power, but any respect he directed towards me was given grudgingly.

“What do you want from me? I mind my own business and kick up everything I’m supposed to.”

“Have a seat.” I said then waited for him to do so. He looked at me for a few minutes. When it became apparent that I wasn’t going to continue until he complied, he sat down.

“You are out of business.” He looked shocked, then angry.

“What the hell are you talking about?”

“What you do is despicable. I don’t want you doing it anymore.”

“Fuck this!” He made to get up but I held him in his chair with telekinetic pressure. He looked surprised.

“In fact, in order to make sure that you don’t ever do it again, you are going to sign over ownership of all your clubs.” I hit a button and Larry came in with a stack of papers and set them on my desk, right in front of Bob. Then he left. “There are little stickers with arrows on them everywhere you are to sign.”

“Fuck you. I’m not signing anything.”

“Then you are going to die.” I shot fire at him. He put up his shield and hit me with his best shot. I was using the same shield that I had used with Tex and the intensity of what he was receiving doubled. I could see some of it was getting through. Finally he shouted.

“Okay! Okay! Just stop it!”

I kept him in his chair, but allowed him enough movement to sign all the papers. With each signature his anger increased.

“Now what?” He spat. “You gonna make me leave the territory?”

“No. Now I am going to kill you.”

“But... But...” He had to stop when the pressure holding in him in his chair became painful. I was slowly adding weight. He began to grimace.

“Do you remember Danny?” His eyes widened.

“You may not believe this. I am the person you knew as Danny.”

“That’s... not possible...” he croaked.

“Anything is possible. I died in such a rage that my spirit couldn’t move on. I possessed this body and came for you.” I saw fear in his eyes. I savored it.

“You took a girl that I cared about. You saw me in her mind and you took her anyway. You turned her into one of your bimbos, even though I loved her.”

“Not... your... property.... you... didn’t... mark... her.” He managed.

“I shouldn’t have had to. You saw in her mind how much we meant to each other. And then when I took her back, you killed her and took another girl I loved.”

“But... you...Arghhh...” I could hear the chair begin to creak under the weight.

“You had unspeakable things done to that woman.” The chair finally collapsed.

Bob lay on the floor groaning. I adjusted my telekinetic press so that it was lower at his feet. I heard the bones begin to crunch. Bob screamed for the first time.

“STOP! STOP! I’m sorry! I’ll Stop! I’ll do whatever you say!”

I walked over so I could look straight down into his eyes.

“I’ll bet Melody begged you to stop. But you didn’t did you?” His eyes were filled with terror. “She screamed and begged for mercy while the drones beat her and fucked her brutally. Didn’t she? DIDN’T SHE?”

“YES! SHE BEGGED. I said I was sor... Aarrggghhhhhh!” I heard his knees pop. A wet spot appeared at his groin.

His eyes held even more terror now. The weight on his chest was making it hard to breath. I squatted down close to his head.

“You taught me a valuable lesson. I now know that love is not for me. I can’t afford to put anyone in danger like that again. You taught me that by horribly defiling, torturing and murdering two women that I loved more than life itself. You are going to die for it.”

His eyes bulged. His pelvis shattered and he tried to scream but his chest was too constricted to allow him a deep breath. He squeaked in pain and horror. As his torso was compressed the blood had nowhere else to go but his head. His mouth opened in a silent scream as blood came out of his eyes, nose and ears. His pants suddenly became very bloody as the skin of his legs split open. I continued pressing down and heard the first of his ribs cracking. He was still trying to scream and a gush of blood and bile came out of his mouth. He turned to look at me, his eyes pleading as more ribs cracked. The blood in his mouth gurgled as he fought for breath. I slowed the press and watched his eyes begging me for several more minutes and then he was gone.

I stared at his body impassively. I thought making him suffer would feel good. But now that it was over, now that he had suffered horribly, April and Melody were still gone. His suffering hadn’t filled the hole in my heart.

Revenge is never as satisfying as we think it will be.

I called for Larry. He came in and stopped, staring at what used to be Bob.

“Have someone clean this up.” I said flatly.

He nodded, turned and walked out. I heard him talking to himself, “Rule number one—don’t piss off the boss...”

With Bob gone I had some other business to take care of. I tried to push thoughts of the past to the back of my mind and concentrate on moving forward.

I wanted to finish High School (again) and I still intended on becoming a psychologist so the other thing I had Larry do was to become my legal guardian. It’s funny how simple a process that is when every caseworker and judge you encounter is enthusiastically behind the effort. It

probably wouldn't hold up if Marsha ever tried to contest it, but there was no danger of that. I had called Susan to let her know I was okay and she told me Marsha hadn't even reported my running away.

I spent about two weeks becoming familiar with my job as the Territorial chief. I read the files on all the telepaths living in my territory. I was mistaken thinking that most telepaths were like Eric. In fact most of them were more like Larry. Many of them had jobs and just used their power to make sure promotions and raises came fast. Some had a string of sex partners; others had married the prettiest girl in school and were living their dream. Still others were drifters staying under the radar, living day to day—in comfort of course. Most of them didn't want to be bothered by the Syndicate. They were all very financially successful and whether their incomes were above the table or under, they all kicked up five percent in order to keep insane rogues from blowing everyone's cover. Other than that they just wanted to be left alone. Most of those who 'worked' for the Syndicate were power seekers. There were exceptions like Larry. I was learning to like him. He basically minded his own business but did the rogue hunts for kicks. Now that I was in charge and promised to make positive changes he was more interested in the job.

I had all the office managers come to the territorial office and we had a frank discussion concerning the new way the non-telepaths were to be treated.

"No more bullshit." I told them. "From now on we DO care what telepaths do to and with the non-telepaths. No more kidnapping women to make bimbos for sale. Drones are to be given back their lives. You can make them incapable of talking about us, but they are human beings—and they will be treated as such. Women rescued from rogues are to be rehabilitated whenever possible. Replacement memories will be provided and they will be released. Those too far gone... well, we will still have bimbos. But they will be used for normal sexual release, no violent kinky bullshit. No longer are Bimbos a disposable commodity. I have some other ideas about what we can do with these women, but I'll send out information on that later. In the meantime, anyone who feels a need to fuck a mindless sex slave can use an existing one instead of making their own out of the neighbor's daughter."

One of the guys stood, angry, "Who the fuck do you think you are? I've got a good business going and..."

I wanted the non-telepaths treated better, but these guys still had to be ruled with an iron fist. They respected power—nothing else. I had intended to make an impression on the managers, I wasn't sure how I was going to do it, and then this guy ran his mouth and made it easy.

I had read his file. His name was Frank and he was as sleazy as Bob if not worse. I more or less planned on killing him sooner or later. I grabbed his neck and head with two telekinetic tendrils, lifted him up, and gave a simple twist. His neck cracked loudly. I released him and his lifeless body fell heavily on the table.

"Furthermore," I continued as though there had been no interruption, the rest of the managers were staring at the body. "Any children identified as having the power will begin ethics training by the age of 11. We hold ourselves out to be superior to the non-telepaths but you raise your

children to be thieves and pimps. From now on there will more to ‘right and wrong’ other than how it affects the telepathic community. Right and wrong now extends to the rest of the world. You want to fuck some babe, fine—but be nice about it. You want to fuck someone over, make sure it is someone who deserves to be fucked over.”

They were looking at me again.

“Any questions or complaints?”

There were none. Imagine that. Most seemed to take it in stride but I could tell there were a few I might be having problems with.

I took stock of the most pressing issues on my plate: I wanted to contact personally all the telepaths living in this territory and let them know the new deal. I had to deal with all of Bob’s Bimbos and his clubs. I had to try and stay on top of those telepaths who like the old way of doing things—I knew they were probably already forming alliances and plotting to take me down.

I had my personal agenda also: I had to get out and gather up some cash. I had to get ready for my senior year of high school.

But before any of that, I had one thing that I needed to do first.

Chapter 21: Loose ends

Once I had most everything under control with the other telepaths I had one more important task to complete. My former friends and family deserved to know what had really happened and that Danny and Melody were not missing, but were in fact, dead.

They also needed to be protected.

I called Sam, my former father, and told him I needed to talk with him, Matty and Betty about Danny and Melody. I asked him to ensure Sarah and Jason were there.

I arrived at my old home, knocked on the door and Sam let me in, leading me to the family room. Matty was there sitting on the love seat, Sam sat down next to her. Betty was there also seated in one of the overstuffed chairs. Jason was sitting on the sofa along side Sarah, as lovely as ever but with a suspicious look on her face.

Next to them was April. She was alive—and she was a beautiful sight to see. Seeing her alive and apparently healthy filled me with joy. I wanted to rush to her and take her in my arms declaring my undying love—but I couldn’t. I knew that the change I was making within the Syndicate would gain me many powerful enemies. I couldn’t put her at risk again.

Love wasn’t for someone like me. I couldn’t reveal myself to her or to any of the others.

I had given Sam a business card that identified me as being affiliated with the company. He recognized the name as the one Danny had ‘worked’ for and had allegedly gone postal on. I dabbled just enough to ensure that my age wouldn’t be problem for anyone present.

“Before I begin, I need to let you know that anything said here today is confidential and will in no way alter the public perception of what has happened. Now, I want you to prepare yourselves for some bad news.” I paused for a few seconds. A brief scan told me that all I was really doing was confirming what they all thought anyway, “Danny and Melody died the night they disappeared.” They all reacted in their own way. Jason sat stone-faced with his arm around Sarah who dropped her head in silent prayer. April got a distant look in her eye but said nothing. Matty and Betty began to weep and Sam, through his own grief, tried to comfort Matty. I paused again for several minutes to let them come to terms with my disclosure.

“Before I tell you any more, you should know the truth about Danny.” I turned to Jason, “Jason, tell everyone Danny’s secret.”

He looked at me with shock on his face. All eyes were upon him. All eyes except April, she looked at me. She knew more than Jason, she knew the real truth and she also knew what Jason believed. I guessed she was trying to decide if I had asked Jason to tell what he knew because that was all I wanted the others to know, or if it was because it was all I knew.

Jason told them everything he knew—about Danny waking up in the hospital with mental powers, about his crime fighting and about the other telepaths.

Eyes widened at the revelation. I picked up the story.

“So when April disappeared, Danny suspected what had happened. April was rescued and Melody was kidnapped in retaliation. In trying to rescue her, they were both killed.”

Betty had become angry, “what did that little bastard do to my Melody?”

“Now Betty,” Sam said trying to calm her.

“Don’t you ‘now Betty’ me, Sam. Your little Svengali brainwashed my baby into doing God knows what and it is his fault she is dead.” She stood as she spoke, storming into the kitchen, returning with a can of Coke. She angrily popped the top and sat back down.

“I don’t believe that.” Sarah said, becoming angry herself. “Melody loved Danny, I know she did.”

“He brainwashed her into loving him.” Betty snapped.

Sarah was about to argue the point further but I stopped her with a raised hand.

“What are you holding, Betty?” I asked her calmly.

She looked at the Coke in her hand, "It's a coke."

"Why aren't you drinking it?"

She looked puzzled. "I... I don't want to... I don't drink... soda pop..."

"Then why did you get it?"

"I... I don't... you did this?"

"I did to you what Danny did to Melody. He did manipulate her into offering him sex. But just as you went and got the Coke but didn't drink it because you really didn't want it, Danny didn't make Melody do anything she didn't want to. Their love was real. Sadly, if he had done what you accuse him of, Melody would be alive since the rules governing telepaths say that anyone enslaved by one is off limits to another. If she was his love slave, they couldn't have touched her."

Betty sat there and the room was silent for several minutes while everyone let the information sink in. Her face softened and she sat the Coke on the end table and looked at Sam and Matty. "I'm sorry, I know Danny was a good kid. I just..."

"We understand Betty." Sam said, Matty nodded.

"In case you were wondering, the telepaths who were behind Danny and Melody's deaths have been killed. I represent a group that has taken control in this area. We are trying to change the way things are done, less interference with non-telepaths, interactions that are beneficial rather than destructive."

"Where were you before?" Sam asked bluntly.

I needed to word this carefully. I didn't want to lie about this, but I couldn't tell him that 'before' I had been living upstairs. "There have always been telepaths who felt this way, regrettably, it was Danny and Melody's deaths that prompted the action that has been taken. We have decided that it is time we stop being good men doing nothing."

April studied me quietly. She had a look in her eye I couldn't interpret.

"I came here today because I felt you deserved to know the truth." - well most of it anyway.

I also wanted to ensure no telepaths would ever intrude on their lives again. I sat a pile of my business cards on the coffee table.

"As a precaution against any further retaliation, I want each of you to take one of these cards. You need to watch each other closely. Stay in contact often. If there are any odd changes of behavior, unexplained disappearances or gaps in memory you need to call me right away."

I stood. "I am afraid that after I leave, though you will remember everything I have told you, you will find it impossible to discuss it except amongst yourselves. I don't like doing this, but it must be this way."

I walked out, with a lump in my throat and an ache in my heart, leaving them to live out their lives in peace.

I was halfway to my car when a voice stopped me.

"It's you, isn't it?" April said, softly.

Her voice froze me in my tracks. I again had a powerful urge to rush to her and take her in my arms. I wanted her. I needed her desperately. I swallowed and tried to control my voice.

"I'm not who you think I am." I stated flatly without turning. I couldn't bear to look into her dark sensuous eyes; I didn't think I could resist the powerful urge to hold her.

"Yes, you are. I would know you anywhere. I prayed you would come back to me. Don't leave me again, Danny."

I couldn't do this without facing her. She had earned that much. I steeled myself to what I must do and turned. "My name is Wesley. And I am involved in something very dangerous. If Danny were here, do you really think he would risk having you end up the way Melody did?"

"I can take care of myself." There was desperation in her eyes. "There has been nothing but emptiness since I lost the two of you. Danny... or William... or whoever you are... I need you."

I continued to look into her eyes. They were frantic, pleading. I turned back towards my car.

"My name is Wesley." I stepped to my car and opened the door. The door was suddenly ripped from my grasp and slammed shut. I spun to face her; she was still standing almost ten feet away.

She had used telekinesis.

"I said that I can take care of myself." She said as tears began to fall.

My mind whirled. Had she been a latent? The beating she took... But her telekinesis was far too powerful... When I tried to heal her... my consciousness had tried to take over her body... the powers were transferred into her... When I pulled myself out they must have remained... But I still had my powers... Of course, the transfer of power didn't necessarily mean that the power left the old body... the point should have been moot... the old body was supposed to be dead.

So April had just as much power as I had. That meant she was very powerful. She 'could' take care of herself...

I no longer held myself back, I stepped towards her opening my arms and she rushed into them. She hugged me tightly. Not an embrace of lust, but one seeking comfort and love. I hugged her back the same way.

“I missed you so much,” she managed, between sobs.

“I missed you to sweetheart.” I whispered burying my face in her hair, drinking in her scent.

When we broke our embrace I looked into her eyes. “So, what do we do now?”

“I’m not letting you out of my sight.” She said, “Give me two seconds.”

She ran back to the house, Sarah was watching from the porch. April spoke to her. Sarah seemed to argue with her, but April turned back to me, Sarah tried to grab her arm but April pulled free and ran back to me. I led her around to the passenger side of the car. As she was getting in I looked up to see Sarah studying us. I wondered what she thought, but was loath to invade her mind again. It tugged at my heart to have to leave her in the dark, but it was for the best. I knew I would never see her again.

We drove away. She sat quiet for several minutes.

“I have so much I want to ask you.” She finally said, “But first I need to know what happened to Melody.” She was somber and staring straight ahead.

“She was killed.”

“You know what I mean, Danny. What did those bastards do to her?”

“Call me Wesley, and there’s no reason to go into it.”

She turned to me, her voice rose angrily, “The reason is because I love her and I tried to stop them... to protect her... and I failed. Now, God Damn It, you tell me what they did to her—no, you share your memory of it with me. Send it to my mind. What did you see when you found her. And don’t try to change anything, I deserve the truth.”

I looked at her. We had shared a mind for a short while and she would know if I tried to send her a false image just as I knew that she was serious about knowing what had happened. She needed the truth just as I would have needed it. By trying to keep it from her, whom was I really trying to protect?

So I did it. Finding the memory was easy. It was burned into my brain. Even without my perfect fucking memory it would be forever burned into my brain.

I sent it to her. She gasped.

“Oh my God!” She sobbed, “Those fuckers!”

I pulled into a parking lot and took her in my arms and let her cry.

“I should have fought harder... I should have made her run out the back... Oh God, Melody... How could anyone do that to her?”

“Shhh...” I rocked her in my arms, “It wasn’t your fault, April. I saw how courageously you fought; you couldn’t have done anything else. There were too many of them.” Her crying lessened after a long while. Then I felt her stiffen.

“You said those responsible had been killed. It was the guy who kidnapped me that did that to her wasn’t it?”

“Yes, his name was Bob.”

“Tell me how he died.”

I sent her that memory as well.

After seeing the images in her mind, she sat quietly thinking for several minutes. Then she gave a nod.

“Good.”

Rule number two, Larry—don’t piss off April.

I pulled back out onto the road, April stayed under my arm.

“I also want to know what you did to me. You saved me that night. Somehow I know you did. And I know you had to do something desperate in order to do it. I have some... very odd memories—memories that don’t seem to be mine. Is that how I got this... power?”

I thought about what to tell her. She already knew about the Jinni and my wishes. I decided that I would never again lie to someone I loved.

“I’m not real sure. Evidently I’m only supposed to heal bodies I am going to take over. When I tried to heal you, I ended up inside you. Not just in your mind like when I rescued you, but my soul, my consciousness left my body and went in to yours. My wishes were that my powers would go with me into my new body. So you must have gotten them then. When our consciousnesses were merged some of our memories were also.”

“What can I do? I have been afraid to really try anything. I know that I am a lot stronger than I used to be. I have heard people’s thoughts sometimes, but I’m afraid of hurting them so I stop it as soon I realize I’m doing it. I have played around a little moving things with my mind but I’m still a little freaked out by it.”

“Well, you can read minds, change peoples beliefs and alter or erase memories. You can also send thoughts to another, verbal stuff or images like I just did. You can also send mental energy directed at the pain center in the brain—what that telepath did to you when I was taking you out of the club.”

She gave a slight shiver at the memory.

“You should also be able to erect a mental shield to protect your mind from such attacks.”

“Can we do the same thing aimed at the pleasure centers?”

“I don’t know... no one has ever mentioned it.” Leave it to April to be innovative in that direction.

“What else has happened to me?”

“Physically, its been almost a year since you got the power and by now you should be on your way being just over six feet tall and well over two hundred pounds.” She looked startled, “But it doesn’t look like that is going to happen. When I got my power I was already 6’1” and about the same weight I wanted, I just had more body fat than I wanted... You were 22 years old, so 5’2” was pretty much your max height. As far as physique goes—you were already perfect. So it’s my guess that this is how you will remain. You should thank the Jinni for granting the spirit of the wish on this one. You should be able to bench press ten times your weight with all other muscles proportional. Telekinesis just takes practice. But anything you can move with your muscles, you can move with your mind. Oh, and I almost forgot, anytime you are physically attacked your mind will speed up.”

“I also seem to remember things a lot better.”

“That’s because you also have a perfect memory with total recall.” I was talking fast. I was getting excited. I could have a partner who I loved and who would be able to defend herself. She already had the fighting spirit; she just needed a little training and practice.

She backed up a little and looked at me.

“It’s weird, if I just listen to you, the way you speak, the way your body feels when I snuggle against you, its like I’m with Danny again, but then I look at you and its not you.”

“Well, I am Wesley now. But it’s still me.

She leaned beck into me.

“What’s it like? When you take over another body.”

“It’s a bit odd. I have no real physical being, but my consciousness interprets my surroundings as though I do. I can ‘see’ and ‘hear’ whatever it is I come upon. My spirit is drawn to the body of

an adolescent who has just died. When I get there I have to assess whether or not I can fix the body and whether or not I want to. If I fix it and get it started again I am drawn into it. What happens after that depends on the seriousness of the remaining injuries. Sometimes I black out for a while, sometimes I can get right up.”

“Do you think that will happen to me when I die?”

“I don’t know. I don’t know if that power transferred or not. I know I don’t want to find out for a long, long time.”

About that time we arrived at the office.

We went up to my apartment. As we entered Bethany came to greet me but stopped halfway across the room. April looked at her, curious.

“April, I want you to meet, Bethany.”

“Is she... like I was?” She looked puzzled.

“No she isn’t. If she was, she wouldn’t still be here. But in the interest of starting your training I want you to find out what is different.”

I turned to Bethany, “Bethany, this is April, you will please and obey her just like me. Right now I would like you to sit down on the couch and remain still.”

Bethany, as always, enthusiastically did precisely what she was told.

“April, sit next to her and I want you to read her mind. Just send your awareness into her, listen for her thoughts, and then it’s a bit like working your way through a computer directory. You look for specific information and you will find it all cross-referenced so to speak.” The mind is quite a tangle of interconnected memories.

April looked nervous. But she sat next to Bethany and concentrated on her. I knew she was successful when a look of horror came over her face. Her success also confirmed that she had the instinctive knowledge of how to use her power, she just didn’t know that yet.

“This is awful.” She said when she had withdrawn. “I couldn’t find anything in her mind about who she is. There are things there, sort of like ‘how to’ manuals—primarily sex, but there was no personality, no... soul. I expected to find her trapped like I was. But I couldn’t find her anywhere.”

“And you won’t. The person she was has been completely wiped out. Gone forever. She is nothing but a human robot. It can’t be changed, I’ve tried.”

We sat down and I shared with her all my efforts at salvaging bimbos, the successes and the failures.

“So if there is anything left of them inside we can give them back their life, but these poor souls... what can we do for them?”

“We can treat them as humanely as possible.” I said. “They were, and in some places still are, used in pretty horrible ways, they’re considered disposable. I have instituted some changes and now they are supposed to be treated better, at least around here. I was also thinking about programming in comprehensive clerical skill sets and other training and setting up a temporary help agency, but there are some identity issues that I have to overcome first.”

“I’d like to help with that.”

I thought she might. “There is another thing I would like you to help me with. Before I killed Bob I had him sign over all his clubs. I haven’t gotten to them yet, but they were the next things on my list. They are girls who have been conditioned like you were. We can save them. It is going to be a lot of work but I assume you want in.”

“Yeah, I want to help with that,” She said with a grim look, “those poor women.”

“That is for tomorrow.” I said, and then I went and knelt down before Bethany on the couch, “Bethany, you have been a good girl and I am very pleased with you.” She beamed at the praise, “Right now I would like you to lie down and sleep.” She happily complied.

I turned to April; she was looking sadly at Bethany.

“If she had a tail it would be wagging.”

“It is pretty sad. But its not her fault, so the best we can do is try not to cause her any worry or make her feel like she isn’t doing a good job.”

“So what now?” She asked.

“I think it’s bed time.”

She slid into my embrace and looked up at me, smiling. “I thought you would never ask.” We headed for the bedroom.

On top of the tall dresser there were two candles. I crossed room and lit one of them.

“Candles? You’re getting romantic in your old age.” April said with a grin.

“That’s for Melody. I burn it every night for a few hours.”

She sobered as I told her. Then she took in the second candle, the one I hadn’t lit—noting its darkened wick.

“At least you won’t need that one any more.” She said embracing me tightly. “She still lives on in our hearts you know.”

She then crossed to the candles and lit the second. “That one is no longer ‘for’ me, but from me.”

She smiled at me. “When I thought both of you were dead I felt cursed to have such grief doubled. But now I know that I was very lucky. I know that Melody’s spirit will come alive within us as we make love.”

She began to strip.

I shivered with anticipation as April made a show of slowly undressing for me. Naked, she crossed the room in graceful catlike strides. I reached out and touched her firm breasts, caressing them, my fingers then tracing the contours of her magnificent body. She lay on the bed and I undressed. I’m sure I wasn’t anywhere near as graceful and sexy as April had been, but she gave no indication that she minded. She watched curiously as I revealed my new body to her.

I fell into her embrace and we kissed passionately.

I felt waves of excitement coming from her as I kissed and suckled my way down to her fabulous tits. I brushed my cheek up against one, marveling at the softness of the breast. A thrill of exhilaration ran through me as my tongue made contact with her hard nipple.

“My God!” she exclaimed as she felt my excitement wash over her. “I can feel your desire, do you always feel this during sex?”

I interrupted my licking, “You have empathy. You can feel happiness, sadness, fear, anger and of course, lust.”

“I like it,” she gasped, “the feeling I get from you, its so strong.”

I had slid up and was looking in her eyes again, “that’s because I love you so dearly, because I find you so lovely, so sexy, so exciting.” I felt her excitement increase. April had always found it to be quite a turn on when she excited someone else. We all enjoy seeing our partner respond to our efforts, to see them excited by us. It was why I loved eating pussy; I could see the response and know I was causing the pleasure. For April, it was even more of a turn-on than for most.

Seeing someone’s response is one thing, actually feeling it takes it to a completely different level. It wasn’t quite like the feedback loop; the excitement I felt coming off of her didn’t automatically increase my own excitement like the feedback did.

I resumed my mouth’s exploration of her wondrous physique. She thrilled me and I thrilled her right back. Eventually I found myself face to face with the sweet pink flesh of her tiny twat. I licked and sucked at it. She responded, writhing with moans and ragged breaths until she finally gasped and shuddered in orgasm.

She had her fingers entangled in my hair and she was smiling at me lovingly, I still had my tongue pressed against her sweet pussy, but it wasn't moving.

"I had no doubt who you were, but if I had any, that would have taken care of them. Only you have ever made me feel like that."

She pulled me up and we again engaged in a passionate kiss. She rolled us over and when we broke our kiss she slid down to engulf my rigid cock in her loving, talented mouth. This time I responded with moans and involuntary hips thrusts as she sucked and licked me rapidly to an explosion of thick cum which she eagerly swallowed.

The edge taken off our initial desire we then settled into slow lovemaking. Worshiping one another, loving one another, trying to give more pleasure than we were each receiving. Her hot slick pussy squeezed my rock hard cock in its velvety grasp. But more than that, to look into her eyes as I lovingly stroked into her and to see the love she had for me made it so much better.

I had once mentioned to Melody that to 'make love' bonded two people together in ways that were more than physical. With April, now that she was a telepath, that too was taken to a new and wondrous height. As our bodies intertwined, so did our minds. I could feel her love for me and she could feel mine as our emotions washed over each other in powerful waves. We were of one body, of one mind. We stayed linked together for hours. Tightly embraced, physically, mentally and emotionally. Our many orgasms were mutual, intense and lasted forever.

Later we snuggled in both a physical and emotional afterglow. Our minds were still connected as we drifted off to sleep, sharing our dreams. Dreams, where Melody could join us.