

# Choices

by **Wrestlr**

[M/M, hypno, MC]

Synopsis: Sometimes breaking out of the cycle of bad choices is hard.

Disclaimer: The naked hypnotist strides confidently into your room. His lips curl in what might be a smile as he dangles his shiny crystal pendulum before your eyes and announces, "Listen and obey. If you are not of legal age, or if you are offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how realistic it may appear, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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

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

Wrestlr's fiction is archived at the following URLs:

- [http://members.tripod.com/~Brock\\_J](http://members.tripod.com/~Brock_J) (MC and general M/M stories, plus my home page)
- <http://www.asstr.org/~wrestlr> (MC and general M/M stories, mirror site)
- <http://www.asstr.org/~mcstories/Authors/Wrestlr.html> (MC stories)

---

# Choices

by **Wrestlr**

1.

Aton was the hottest thing on two legs. I'd like to state that right up front, as if it won't be obvious. That's not an excuse for what happened. It's just a fact.

Aton showed up twice a week at the yoga center where I lead classes. Tuesdays and Thursdays, always for the last class of the day. He always wore a loose white wifebeater, which exposed a little carefully trimmed chest hair, and slate-gray sweatpants. I pegged him at about twenty-two to twenty-four years old. Hazel eyes and longish hair a shade darker brown, worn halfway down his neck, loose and carefree, a sexy little scruff of beard stubble lining his jaw and just a little thicker around his chin. Sure, he was good-looking, with a body he once told me was originally honed by swimming in high school and college and now kept in shape with strict regime that added running and of course yoga. But it was his attitude that really set my libido aflame.

You could see it in his eyes, this calm, inner peace. He never seemed rushed or upset--he had practically perfected serenity, and he wore it easily. It was in the way he moved, loose-limbed, long-legged, all sensual gentleness and quiet strength coiled together. He'd walk in minutes before class started, in his tee-shirt and sweatpants and bare feet, and survey the room with those calm eyes, that easy half-smile with which he greeted life, and I'd have to pause for a deep breath and an effort to compose myself. On those occasions in class when I had the opportunity to touch his arm or leg, to adjust his stance in some position or other, he never flinched but just let me do what needed to be done, like an alpha lion accepting the attention. And, like I said, I thought he was the sexiest thing on two legs.

"Jesus, you're smitten," Charlie said one night, class over, as he watched me watch Aton depart. Charlie was one of the other instructors. "Why don't you just ask him out?"

I shrugged, aware of my half-hard cock and hoping Charlie, the old horndog, wouldn't notice. "I'm too old for him." Which was probably true. At thirty, I was at least six or eight years older than Aton.

"Bullshit," Charlie cackled, letting his inner queen flame out more than usual while at work. "If you're not going to take a shot at that ass, I will. You mind?"

I'm not Mister Monogamy--not by a long shot--but compared to Charlie I was practically celibate. Charlie was ten years older than me but had the libido of a sixteen-year-old. *Yes, I mind very much, you jerk*, I thought, but I said, "Go for it, old man," throwing up our friendly banter to hide my cobra-flaring jealousy.

Still, at the next class, I was secretly pleased to see Aton smile, shake his head, and gently push away Charlie's intrusion into his personal space with three fingers against Charlie's chest. Aton even made rejection seem sexy.

"Maybe he doesn't like guys," Charlie mused, dealing with Aton's gentle rebuff.

I watched Aton roll up his mat. "Please. He's just afraid you'll eat him alive." Helping Charlie bandage his pride wouldn't hurt since we were friends. However, I couldn't imagine Aton being afraid of anything or anyone.

Charlie grinned brightly. "Yeah? You're probably right. He might make a good snack, but I prefer a full meal." Charlie was a notorious predator, but he hated to let prey slip away--especially prey as pretty as Aton.

I glanced at Charlie, recognizing his familiar coping mechanism. Aton's rejection had affected him more than he wanted to show. I knew the feeling.

Aton lingered behind after class one day. We had been working on a series of two-person positions. With an odd number of students, I'd stepped in to be Aton's partner. Having my hands touching his body, and his touch mine, had me nearly lost in lust and half-erect all through class. He would've had to be blind not to notice, and I prayed for his blindness each time his peaceful hazel gaze turned my way.

Aton lingered while everyone else departed. Wiping his forehead with his towel, he said, "I don't think I got that Parivritta Trikonasana variant right. Do you have a moment to help me through it?"

"Sure," I told him, though I didn't remember anything about his execution that hadn't been perfect. "Just let me go out front and turn off the lights and lock the doors." Because the Center was now supposed to be closed for the night.

"I pulled a muscle a few days ago helping my landlord repaint my apartment," he said. "I think that's why I had trouble with it tonight."

"That variant on the Revolved Triangle can be tricky. Let's walk through it."

The two-person variant involved starting out in one position, then moving into the Revolved Triangle. We stood butt to butt. I walked us through the position. We bent, clasped hands around the other's forearms, stretched. "That it," I said. "You're getting it. Just breathe. Feel your muscles stretch and open. Inhale. That's it. Elongate your spine as much as you can. Bend your arm back toward the ceiling. Feel the energy. That's it."

Being alone with Aton, touching him, working through the postures with him felt so ... Well, let's just say I was nervous and aroused at the same time, never wanting this time alone to end. I walked us through the posture again, until I was sure he had the hang of it, then I just continued on with other postures, including some of the really tricky ones and heavy lifting ones that I never do with a class. He could have said, *Sorry, time to go*, but didn't. He gamely followed along.

His muscles felt good under my hands. His hands felt good on my body. Maybe not as good as being naked and having sex, but I wasn't complaining.

Yoga is a narrative. The movement from position to position tells part of a story. Each part, each position, tells its portion and helps build the intensity. The story comes to a peak of physical activity by way of a series of wide-legged standing poses and balances, say, or a set of back bends or inversions, then winds down toward final relaxation through a series of less intense hip openers or forward bends. I ended up with us lotus-legged on the mat, facing each other, in a meditation position, eyes closed, knees nearly touching each other's. When I used partner positions in classes, I often ended this way, encouraging my students to take a quiet moment to relax and focus their attention inward.

"Concentrate on how your body feels--so relaxed and open. You can use this relaxed openness to connect to the universe. By increasing your awareness of the universe, you will heal, balance, and center yourself. Take a deep breath and relax. Let your mind reach out and sense the oneness of the universe. Feel the universe surrounding you, so warm and caring. Take a deep breath and relax. Let its energy flow through you. Feel the universe cradle you, cup you gently in its hand, and know yourself to be complete. Take a deep breath and relax. As you continue to drift and float, all other sounds fade away into the distance. You pay attention only to the sound of my voice, and delicious feeling of unity with the universe. Take a deep breath and relax. Drift and float. You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees or the stars. The universe is unfolding the way it should be. Take a deep breath and relax. You can accept that there is a universal plan, greater than any man, greater than any of us, and so you can be at peace with yourself. Take a deep breath and relax. Drowsy maybe. That's all right. Feel the universe cradle you, safely, securely. Let your muscles go loose and limp. Relax. Let the universe cradle you so very gently in its palm. Take a deep breath and relax. Let every muscle go limp now. Just relax in the universe's healing energy."

I eased myself around behind Aton. "Lay back," I told him. "Just let go and let the universe cradle you in its palm." His torso tilted back, and I eased him slowly down to the mat.

"We must listen for life to happen, listen expectantly. Now, you're focused on my voice. You're listening expectantly. Concentrate on listening. Relax. Drift. Let the universe cradle you like a drowsy, sleepy child. So relaxed. So sleepy. Let the positive energy of the universe flow through you, heal you, strengthen you. Relax. Focus. Open yourself to all the positive things the universe has to offer. You can learn to relax comfortably,

deeply, so sleepy and deeply relaxed, in the knowledge that the universe will cradle you and support you. You can let go now. You can relax. You can sleep. That's it. Sleep. Deeply asleep now."

I had gone a lot further with Aton than when I led my classes through "guided meditations." That was superficial stuff. This was deeper, a different direction.

That first time, I didn't touch Aton more than I already had. I didn't dare. Seeing him so deep in his meditation had me so aroused, if I touched him I wouldn't be able to stop until I came. As it was, I had a hard-on in my pants, the jockstrap under the loose fabric bending my prick almost painfully. I let that pain keep me from going farther, to the point of no return. Was he aroused? Was he hard? Did he find this as sexy as I did? I dared not put my hand on his crotch to find out.

That first time, I just talked to Aton and drank in the sight of him. I talked to him about crap like the oneness of the universe, when what I wasn't brave enough to say was, *Open your mouth and suck my cock*. I talked to him about healing energy, when what I was too chicken-shit to say was, *Take out your dick and jack it*. Positive energy? That meant: *Let me suck you*. The universe caring for and supporting him? That meant: *Cum, yeah, stud, shoot that load*.

I didn't say any of those things. Instead, after I'd memorized everything about his dozing face, preparing to retreat to the restroom and jack off to the memory the moment he left, too horny to even wait until I got home--instead, I snapped my fingers and patted his shoulder, chaste as a buddy. "Hey, wake up. It's getting late," I said as his eyes blinked, found my face, and he grinned sheepishly.

"Man, you should sell that meditation routine," he said, shaking the sleep from his muscles, grinning still, stretching, and climbing to his feet. "You'd make a fortune."

## 2.

Aton hired me for a private lesson the following Saturday afternoon. I do private lessons sometimes, for extra cash. He needed some help coming up to speed on positions for the upcoming expert class he wanted to take. I told him I'd have to check when the Center had a room available for a private lesson, but he asked me to come to his apartment instead. I was nervous as a virgin on prom night, hoping the invitation meant something, praying I didn't misread and get punched in the face.

Aton's apartment, freshly painted the white of empty art galleries, was a small studio layout. It was walking distance from the center. A second-floor space over a suburban garage. Windows on all four sides let in copious afternoon sunlight. A tri-fold screen separated his bed from the rest of the space. The sun beating down on the roof, his ceiling, made the whole place warmish but not uncomfortable.

He had little furniture, most of it around the sides, only a few personal effects. Simple, uncluttered, comfortable. The center of his apartment was open, maximizing the space, perfect for moving around. Perfect for yoga.

He greeted me at the door in those familiar gray sweat pants, barefoot as usual, but this time bare-chested too. He hadn't shaved--the stubble on his cheeks and jaw was thicker. He held the door open as I entered, and I passed a mere inch from his muscles, that carefully trimmed chest hair.

I was wedding-day jittery. I wanted to grab him, knock that screen aside, drag him into his bed, and spend the rest of the weekend molesting him. That inner calm he projected was a curse--I couldn't read it one way or

the other, which left me too paralyzed to make a move.

I carried my gym bag while he showed me around, which took seconds--"Kitchen's over there, bathroom's through there, and over there's where I sleep." Like I said, the place was small. Still, Aton's bare-chested presence infused it like incense and made me sweat.

His mat waited in the middle of the floor. I dropped my gym bag by the wall and unfurled my mat alongside his. I kicked off my shoes. "Ready?"

"You know it."

I guided us through the preliminaries. Stretching. Breathing. Stuff familiar and expected.

"That's it. Stretch your left arm forward. Feel your heart opening to the world. Move your right arm up--that's it--and feel the energy of the universe flow into you. Relax into the position. Keep your legs straight. Feel them ground you. Focus your attention forward. Shut out all distractions except the sound of my voice. Hold that. Take a deep, cleansing breath. Good. Now release it. Bring your hands up. Fix your attention on a spot and keep it there, no matter how you move. Hands up a little more. Good. Breathe. You don't have to keep your eyes open all the time, since it's only natural to blink, but I want you to try to make the effort to keep them open, keep them focused, as much as you can. Just relax and focus. Good. Breathe. Hands up a little more. Excellent. Relax into the position. Focus on my voice. Breathe. Relax.

"Now, what you must accomplish in this position is simple: I want you to remain relaxed and at ease even with your eyes open, and your hands in this position. Hold that position. Feel the energy of the universe flowing around you and through you. Remaining relaxed and at ease, move your hands up in front of your face with the fingers pointed upward, and pressed together. Good. Breathe. Now, keep your eyes open, concentrate on that spot you picked. As you concentrate on my voice and that one spot, that one spot only, your fingers are going to spread apart. You do not have to make them spread, but do not try and stop them. Concentrate. Let the energy of the universe flow into you. Concentrate, and allow things to take place. Relax. Focus. Feel your fingers spreading apart now. Automatically separating now, spreading. Maybe it feels like a string is tied to each finger, pulling them apart. Separating further, further. Good. So focused now. Feeling the relaxing, drowsy energy of the universe flowing through you. Please do not let anything disturb you as you focus and concentrate. This drowsy, heavy feeling of oneness with the universe, this heavy, so drowsy feeling in your eyes, is becoming stronger now that your fingers have spread apart. It is a normal, natural sensation. You feel the oneness with the universe, the caring, nurturing energy all around you. As I begin to count from five down to one, that heavy, drowsy feeling will continue to grow stronger. Just let it happen. When the heavy, drowsy feeling becomes too much for you to resist, just let your eyes close as you continue to hold this position. Five ... Four ... Three ..."

Aton's eyes closed on *Two*.

Well, this was promising. Should I lead him to the bed and strip him and make love to him until sunup? Or should I just tug down his sweatpants and blow him before he woke up and figured out what was happening? My nerve failed completely, and instead I snapped my fingers. "Hey. Wake up. Stay with me here."

"Huh? Oh. Sorry. Guess my mind wandered."

"No problem. Happens sometimes."

He broke the position and reached down for his towel, wiped his forehead. I took the opportunity to do the

same.

Aton said, "It's getting hot in here. You can get more comfortable if you need to."

"Huh?" I said, then, "Oh," because I figured it out. Well, this might be promising too. I peeled off my tee-shirt.

Aton dropped his towel, barely gave me a glance. "I like this a lot better than classes. I feel the stretch more--getting some better intensity. Okay, yogi, what's next?"

The apartment was permeated with his musky scent, distinctly masculine and comforting. I took a deep breath of it and said, "Let's try a change of pace. Let's meditate for a few minutes before we continue."

"Okay, sure," he said. As I sat on my mat, he put his hands on his hips, then froze. "Uh, do you mind? I always meditate in the buff when I'm at home."

"Sure," I said without thinking. I blushed when I realized what he'd said, and what I'd said too. But he wasn't looking at me, didn't notice. He dropped his sweats and kicked them aside.

"You can too, if you want," he said as I pretended not to notice the dangle of his cock, the darker color of it, the length of his foreskin.

"Thanks, but I'm fine." Because if I had taken off my pants, he'd have seen the very hard erection I was sporting.

We assumed the lotus position on our mats. Fortunately, he had his eyes closed and didn't notice me peeking at his nest of pubes, the base inch of cock that I could see gliding down into the hollow created by his legs.

I said to him, "First, lower your hands to your sides. That's right. In just a moment, I will ask you to bring your hands back to this position. When you do, I want you to feel the way they hang in the air, the way the energy of the universe flows around them. You will find it very easy to go back into that deep, meditative trance where you felt your connection to the universe, the oneness. Would that be all right with you?"

"Um-hmm," he nodded.

"Now, keep your eyes closed, and take in a couple of deep, easy breaths. Relaxing, cleansing deep breaths. Hold each breath for a moment, and then exhale slowly. In just a moment I am going to have you extend your arms in front of you, just as you had them a little while ago. When I ask you to move your hands to this position, I am going to have you focus on my voice and follow my simple instructions. Just relax. I'm going to touch you from time to time, to show you how to hold the pose correctly, and that will help you relax. I want you to extend your arms out in front of you just as you had them earlier. Good. That's it. Focus on my voice. Concentrate on the way your hands feel. The way your fingers feel there in the air. Touch your hands together and concentrate on the spot where they touch. Good. You're doing fine. Now move your hands apart, but keep concentrating on the spot where your hands touched. I am going to count from three down to one. With each count, take a deep, relaxing, cleansing breath. Hold it a moment, and then release.

"Three. Breathe in deeply--yes, just like that. Feeling heavy and tired after everything we did today. Release. Two. Breathe in again. Whole body feeling heavy and relaxed. Release. One. So heavy. Breathe in again and relax. Even with your eyes closed, you can still feel that spot where your hands touched. Maybe soon you will notice that your hands are beginning to move together again. They're connected to the universe. The

calming, healing energy of the universe is entering you through your hands. The energy of the universe is drawing your hands back together. Yes. Let the universe cradle you. In just a moment your hands will touch. As they touch your entire body will feel loose and limp. You will be going into a very deep meditative state. Your hands are moving closer now, closer. The moment that they touch, your whole body becomes loose and limp. You will be going into a very special kind of meditation, almost like sleep. Almost there. Get ready to let go. The moment they touch, let go and go into that very deep, very special type of sleep. Very good. Just like that."

I eased myself around behind Aton. "Lay back," I told him. "Enjoy that very special sleep now. Let go and let the universe cradle you in its palm." His torso eased back, and I lowered him gently, laying him onto his back on his mat.

Let's just say that not every part of Aton's body was asleep. His cock rose up, wide awake and just past six inches long and hard as iron, the foreskin already retracted back off the head. Not the biggest I'd ever seen, but a perfectly serviceable piece of meat.

"While you're deep in the meditative sleep, your subconscious mind can talk directly to the universe, and the universe can provide gentle, healing energy your subconscious mind can use to accomplish your goals. Is there some part of your life that you would like to change? Do you have certain goals that you have yet to achieve? Tell it to the universe and feel yourself receive the energy to change that. Do you find yourself stressed out or wishing you had enough energy to accomplish more? You will be able to do more, in less time and with what will seem like only half the effort. This simple process for talking to the universe will help you in all aspects of your life. Some people call this process meditation, or prayer, or self-hypnosis. Once the word 'hypnosis' is mentioned, people become unsure. However, you naturally experience hypnosis every day. You're experiencing it now. It's perfectly natural. Have you ever been so involved in something, maybe a yoga routine or a daydream, so involved that someone had to yell to get your attention? You were in deep meditative trance, hypnotized. Your conscious mind may be in a trance, but your subconscious mind stays aware and connected to the universe. Deep meditation and daydreaming are also forms of trance or self-hypnosis."

I touched his arm. He didn't react. Good. I kept talking as I touched his chest.

"When you are sleeping this very special hypnotic sleep, just like you're sleeping now, the universe can give suggestions directly to your subconscious mind. These suggestions may be presented to the subconscious mind as images or sensations--however you choose to perceive them is normal. What the mind believes and perceives, the body achieves. When you present a vivid image to the subconscious mind, consistently, with belief and conviction, the subconscious mind begins to change your behavior patterns in ways so you will become, accomplish, or realize that image the subconscious mind has received and accepted."

Would he let me touch his erection? I did and he didn't react. I knelt beside him. My fingers wrapped around his rod, slowly, gently, and began to stroke.

"Here's how to do it. First, concentrate on the deep, relaxed sleep you are experiencing, the feeling of oneness. Let the universe cradle you. As you take a deep, cleansing breath, feel yourself becoming anchored here. Understand that you can return to this place and experience this very special state whenever you want. Imagine the universe's deep relaxation filling you as you breathe in, and all stress, anxiety, and tension escaping as you exhale. Imagine each and every muscle and body part relaxing just a little more, letting go just a little more. Use the energy from the universe to see yourself vividly as you want to be. Create a complete image of the perfect you, as how you will be. See where the perfect you is, your surroundings. Hear

what's in the background. Smell the air. Feel the emotions that you have in this image. Truly experience this image of the perfect you. That image will always be waiting here for you when you return to this relaxed sleep."

Aton's cock pulsed and spat his cum onto my hand and his tight, fluttering stomach muscles. I wiped his cum across my cockhead and began to stroke.

"When I say, 'The universe cradles you,' that will be your cue to return to this deeply relaxed, deeply asleep state of oneness where the perfect you is connected to the universe. The universe will lift you up and cradle you, so safely and gently, and you will say, 'I am lifted up,' to help yourself understand that you are returning to this very special sleep. Know that you can achieve this with the energy the universe has given you in this deep meditative hypnotic trance."

I came hard, spurting my jizm onto his stomach alongside his.

"When you feel like you are ready to wake up, simply breathe and let your conscious mind awaken. With each breath, imagine yourself refreshed, more powerful, and re-energized. Better mentally, physically, and emotionally. That's it. Breathe and let your conscious mind awaken at its own pace."

Aton yawned and opened his eyes. He sat up, looked around at me, and suddenly we seemed eyeball-to-eyeball. He looked down at himself, at the cum on his body. "Shit," he said. His mask of calmness was inscrutable. Was he pissed? Was he going to throw me out? I could plead human weakness, because he had to know how hot he was.

"Shit," he said again, yawning again, grinning sheepishly, blushing too. "Sorry about that. I guess that meditation got a little too intense--obviously. I've never had a spontaneous ejaculation before, not even a wet dream."

So ... he wasn't pissed? Was he pretending not to remember I had jacked us off, or did he really not remember? Part of me was grateful he showed no sign of disapproval. Another part was getting a little tired of all this relentless serenity.

Wait--had he just said he never had a wet dream? I parroted, "Never?"

"Nope. I guess as a kid I kept my balls drained enough. Back then I must have jacked off three times a day."

"Me too," I said, stupidly.

He swung to his feet, padded toward the bathroom. "I need a minute to clean up. You really should sell that meditation routine. You'd make a fortune."

While he was gone, after I wiped my hand clean with my towel, I looked around his place. I heard his shower start, thought he'd be busy a few minutes.

His place held few clues about him, only three pictures of him with other people held by generic magnets to his small refrigerator. The first was him alongside a younger version of himself and an older man and woman: his family.

"That's me," he said, pointing at the younger version instead. "And my older brother, and my parents."

"Ah," I stalled, startling a little. I hadn't heard the shower cut off or him come up behind me. Damn bare feet.

"I thought your brother was you. He looks just like you."

"Everybody says that."

The next photo was a close-up of his face smashed cheek-to-cheek with another guy's, same age, both grinning deliriously at the camera. The third was him and a different guy, arms around each other's shoulders, both wearing backpacks, at a wilderness ridge in front of a sunset.

"That one is my first boyfriend, Tommy," he said, pointing at smashed-cheek guy. "We lost touch since we split. And that one"--backpack guy--"is my second boyfriend, Barry. We broke up a year ago." His placid tone was unchanged, betraying nothing.

*Oh*, I thought. Looks like Charlie was wrong about Aton not liking guys. I said, "Oh, sorry to hear that," mostly to fill the quiet air between us.

Aton looked at me with those inscrutably calm hazel eyes. "May I ask you a personal question? How do you feel about monogamy?"

*Monotony*, I thought, since I never considered myself the marrying type. Still, this was Aton. I said, "In favor, I guess," and was embarrassed to find I was blushing. Which meant: *For you, I'd pledge forever*. "Does that mean you're looking for a boyfriend again?"

Aton wiped the towel across his arm one last time and slung it across his shoulder. That smile again, and "Third time's the charm, right?" He turned away, and with the sight of his ass I realized he was still naked, and so was I--which had to mean ... what? He walked over to the screen that separated his bed from the rest of his space.

*Oh, please, please, please, call me over and let's get in that bed and suck each other dry until dawn*, I begged silently.

Instead, as he spread the towel over the screen to dry, he said, "You up for some more yoga? Or is there something else ...?"

Some days, you have to choose to make things happen. I eased up behind him. "The universe cradles you."

He blinked. Blinked again. Yawned. "I am lifted up," he said. His eyes closed, and his body sagged, shoulders against my chest. I pulled him toward the bed.

### 3.

Aton did not appear for class the following Tuesday. That was a major *uh-oh* moment for me. I held off on starting the class until the last possible moment, hoping he'd show, but finally I had to go ahead.

Had Aton realized what happened, when I pulled him to his bed and laid him down and sucked him until he came again? I couldn't stop myself. I'd felt so guilty afterward, I'd dressed and snuck out before he woke up, because technically that blowjob was nonconsensual.

Had I fucked up? Was he pissed at me? Would I never see him again?

He missed Thursday's class too.

Should I stop by his place? Should I give him some space? Or--what? Apologize? Send flowers? Beg forgiveness?

After class, as the last students were leaving and we were locking the door behind them, Charlie said, "What's with you? Have you turned bipolar? Monday and Tuesday morning, you were on top of the world. Now you look like your dog died. Uh, your dog didn't die, did it?"

"I don't have a dog, Charlie."

"Then what?"

"I screwed up and something didn't work out the way I wanted. Shit happens. Just drop it."

Charlie knew my history of making bad choices, but he didn't need to know the details so I didn't elaborate.

Charlie thought he was changing the subject. "I didn't see that hunk in your class tonight ..."

"Would it be okay if we don't talk? I just want to close up and go home."

Charlie's inner queen flung attitude my way. "Oh, honey, what crawled up your ass sideways and died?"

"Repeat: Don't want to talk; just want to close up and go home."

Inner Queen barked an overblown accent: "*Jawohl, mein Kommandant.*"

Normally it would have made me smile.

Leaving, Charlie waved goodbye over his shoulder in my general direction without looking and turned left toward his car. I turned right.

"Hey, yogi."

I peered into the shadows. "Aton?"

"Sorry I missed classes this week. A friend at work has been out sick and I had to cover her shifts."

"It's okay," I said, not knowing whether it was or wasn't.

"Your car's this way?" he asked, gesturing in the direction I'd been walking.

"Didn't drive. I walk to work. I live seven blocks away." Which meant: *Fuck, I'm babbling.* I tried a joke: "Yeah, my commute is a breeze."

Aton processed the geometry instead of laughing. I lived seven blocks this way. He lived about five blocks in a perpendicular direction. That put us how many blocks apart?

"I wanted to be here tonight. There's something I meant to do after our yoga session on Saturday."

"Oh?" That meant: *Uh-oh.*

"Yeah." He pushed in and kissed me. Surprise froze me, or else I'd have opened my mouth and devoured him. Instead he pressed his lips to my closed mouth, and I only started to respond when he was already pulling

away.

"So," he said, undeterred, "whose place is closer?" The beautiful bastard knew I wouldn't refuse him.

My cock was hardening quickly. "Uhm, the Center's right here. We could go inside and ..."

"Real bed. Real sheets. All night. Not just a quickie. Respect given and received. That okay with you?"

Was this kid really only in his young twenties? At his age, I'd have pulled a guy into the shadows, sucked him off right there, and never bothered remembering his name or number.

"Your place," I answered.

Which wasn't the best choice. Sure, it was closer--seemed logical at the time--but when we got to his place, somebody was already at the top of the stairs and beating on his door.

"That's Barry," Aton sighed. We were still across the street. "Wait here, please."

Meanwhile, I processed the name--*Barry, Barry, who the fuck is Barry*--and came up with a match. Ex-boyfriend number two, from a year ago.

Aton climbed the stairs. Barry met him halfway down. I couldn't make out words, but I read their tones. Barry wheedled and begged. Aton said something firmly and shook his head: *No*. Barry responded with anger and waiving arms, as if practicing to give Charlie competition for the Miss Flaming Queen contest. Aton said something firmly and shook his head again: *No*.

Barry shoved Aton aside and stormed down the stairs. As he stalked toward his car, Barry saw me watching from across the street and figured it out. "He let you suck his dick yet, grandpa?" he yelled at me, before getting in his car, slamming the door shut, and squealing his tires into the night.

*Actually, yes*, I thought but said nothing.

I met Aton at the foot of the stairs. "Sorry," he said. "He broke up with me, but he's the one having trouble letting go."

I wanted to ask, *Why would anybody break up with you?--Is he fucking insane?* Which, judging from what I'd just seen, maybe was the case. I said, "Dumping you has got to be the stupidest thing he's ever done."

Aton shrugged. "Other than sleeping with my brother, maybe."

"Fuck!"

"Yeah ... Barry had trouble keeping it in his pants. I pretended not to notice, until one time we were visiting my family and I walked in on him with my brother. My brother was drunk, or he'd have said no. Barry, though, was sober and knew better." He sighed the memory back into the past where it belonged, smiled at me in the present, and said, "Ready to go upstairs?"

Aton walked into his apartment, flicked on the light, peeled off his shirt, turned to face me. I shut the door behind us. I walked over to him. We had walked here in silence, without touching, more like friends than guys who were about to fuck. Now I slipped my hands across his chest.

Aton flinched slightly. "Your hands are cold," he said, smiling.

"Only at first," I murmured. I planted my mouth over his, and we kissed hard. My hands kneaded the flesh of his chest and shoulders. His muscles were solid under my fingertips, the feel of hard rubber. I ran my thumbs back and forth across his nipples. Aton closed his eyes. I traced each abdominal ridge, the cut of each pectoral. I trembled to see this guy naked again. I tugged at my shirt. Aton took my wrists, stilled them, lifted them. I let him pull my shirt over my head. We stood nearly chest to chest. His torso was as beautiful to look at as it was to feel: ripped, the muscles sharply defined. The skin was the color of pale honey and had a silky resilience and smoothness under my fingers. I lifted his arm and buried my face in his left pit. The musky smell of fresh sweat filled my nose. I moved down to his left nipple and ran my tongue around it. Aton sighed audibly. I sucked on it and gave it a playful nip with my teeth. The nipple swelled to hardness in my mouth. I traced a wet trail across Aton's chest with my tongue and gave his right nipple equal time.

I am not generally a gentle lover. I like sex energetic. I like to wrestle in bed, feel my partner's strength, fuck throat fast, and plow ass hard. But that night all bets were off; I felt this irresistible need to let Aton call the shots. If he wanted it tender, we'd be tender. The feeling was so new to me, it almost seemed kinky. I decided to let it happen and follow Aton's lead. I slid my tongue down the ridges of his abdominals and across the rough fabric of his pants. His dick bulged against the material. I kissed it gently, running my tongue against the cloth, darkening it with my spit.

He was wearing dark jeans, a hemp belt. I reached and unfastened the belt, unbuttoned the waist button, looking up at Aton's face. He looked down at me, his eyes bright, his lips parted. I unzipped him. The overhead light behind him framed his dark hair like a halo. I slowly pulled down his pants.

His dick flopped heavily and erect into the air between us: meaty, thick, fleshy, traced with veins, the head swollen and engorged with blood. I exhaled sharply, just shy of a whistle. "Jeez, Aton," I said. "Do you fuck with this thing, or play baseball with it?"

Aton laughed. I loved this man's laugh: it was open and easy, with a sense of adventure in it. "I just do the usual things with it," he growled. "Show me how much you want to do them with me."

I took his dick in my mouth and moved my lips up the shaft until my nose was buried in his dark pubes. Aton sighed, and his dick pulsed at full hardness in my mouth. I started working it, sliding my lips up and down the shaft, rolling my tongue over it. Aton laid his hands on my head, not roughly, just as a guide, as he pumped his hips and fucked my face with deep, slow strokes. I was right: he liked it gentle. I closed my eyes and felt his cock move in and out, filling my mouth with flesh. I opened my throat wide and managed to take it all in each time he pushed his hips forward.

I ran my hands across his hard ass cheeks, prying them open, burrowing my fingers into his crack. I found and massaged his asshole, then tried to push one finger up inside. Aton squirmed and ground his hips hard against my face.

He turned away from my hands and pulled his erection out of my mouth. He walked toward the pair of yoga mats in the center of the space, shedding the rest of his clothes en route. "Come on. Show me that Parivritta Trikonasana variant again."

*Argh!*

I got naked and joined him. I was hard. He was hard. He grinned that inscrutable grin of his.

I guided us through the two-person variant and into the Revolved Triangle. We bent. I ignored my hard-on. I got glimpses of, but never touched, Aton's erection. "That it," I said. "Breathe." Which meant: *Okay, fucker, we'll play it your way.* "Feel your muscles stretch and open. Feel the energy. That's it." Which meant: *If you wanna play games first, I'll play along.*

I moved us through some of the harder, more complex poses too. If Aton wanted to tease me, I'd made sure he paid for it with sore muscles tomorrow. If he thought that teaching yoga meant I couldn't be a real son of a bitch, he was in for a surprise.

Aton pulled out of a pose we were finishing. "Meditation break?"

"Okay, sure," I said. Which meant: *I'll show you meditation, you cock-tease.*

"This time, I want to lead it, okay?"

I shrugged. "Sure." Which meant: *What the fuck are you playing at now?*

Lotus pose, sitting face to face, a couple of feet apart. I took a deep initial breath. Which meant: *Show me what you got, punk.*

Aton started with, "First, I want you to lower your hands to your sides. That's it. I will ask you in a moment to bring your hands back to this position. When you do, I want you to feel how they hang in the air, the way the universe flows around them."

This was all vaguely familiar, like he was reciting my class mediation techniques back to me.

"Now, keep your eyes closed, and take in a couple of deep, easy breaths. Relaxing, cleansing deep breaths. Hold each breath for a moment, and then exhale slowly. In just a moment, when I ask you to move your hands to this position, I am going to have you focus on my voice and follow my simple instructions. Just relax. Will that be all right with you?"

I said, "Uh-huh." Which meant: *Is that all you got?*

Yeah, it was all familiar, stuff I'd done dozens of times, maybe hundreds, a thousand times. I let Aton prattle on--*universe this* and *energy that*--and tried to meditate. What he was reciting sounded like the generic routines I used in class.

*Focus on his voice?*--yeah, yeah.

*Just relax?*--uh huh.

*Concentrate?*--sure.

*Thoughts feeling heavy?*--okay.

*Leaden, slowing down?*--sure.

*Sinking into a deep, meditative sleep?*--what?--yes--I did feel myself sinking.

Aton snapped his fingers. I opened my eyes, searched around. I was laying back on the mat. He knelt beside me, grinning.

"How was that?"

"Uh, okay, I guess," I muttered, still trying to orient myself. Fuck, my dick was hard.

"Good." He rocked back on his heels and stood up. He had an erection too. "Because I memorized the meditation you did last time, so I could get it right."

I stared. What?

He grinned. "I have a confession. I had recorded our session on Saturday. I wanted to watch it later and critique my form. So I saw everything that happened. I spent the last few days memorizing it."

If he watched, he saw everything, including ...

I stood up too. "Listen--listen, I'm so fucking sorry--I never--"

"Don't worry about it. It was more than I expected, but I enjoyed it. No harm done. Provided ..."

"Provided what?"

Aton shrugged and grinned that inscrutably calm grin.

Wait--what did he just say? Something about the universe? I'd felt this way before. I knew what it meant. "I am ... lifted up," I replied, suddenly so sleepy.

"The universe cradles you," he repeated.

"I am lifted up ..."

He was reaching for my shoulders when my eyes closed.

I lay on my back on his bed. Aton hovered over me. "You have a beautiful cock," he murmured, stroking it slowly. "Bigger than mine too." He said it untainted by envy.

Why couldn't I move? My body was so heavy.

Aton wrapped his legs around mine and spread his full length on top of me. Every nerve ending in my body seemed wired to the slide of his skin against mine. He sat and wrapped his hand around both our cocks; he fist-fucked our dicks in unison, cock flesh against cock flesh. His balls pressed against mine. I wanted to reach up and squeeze his nipples, not gently, but couldn't. Aton looked down at me and smiled. My eyes closed again.

He had my dick in his mouth, deep-throating me with a long, slow tempo. The beard-scruff on his chin tickled my skin. From this position, all I could see was the crack of his ass and his ballsack, swinging heavily near my face. I wanted to kiss his balls, lift my head, and suck on his meaty scrotum. I couldn't make anything move. My eyes closed again.

"That's it," Aton whispered. My tongue moved just like he directed, higher, and I buried my face between his ass cheeks, probing his bung hole. From the way his body writhed against mine, he liked the sensations. I wrapped my hand around his dick just like he told me to and began stroking it. We eased into a smooth rhythm, my strokes and licks synchronized with Aton's slow, steady sucks on my cock.

Aton came up for air. He tilted his head and looked at me. "You're awake again, aren't you?"

I gave his dick a squeeze, which meant: *Hell, yes!*

"The universe--*Ow!*"

I gave his dick a rough downward jerk, hard, just painful enough to shut him up. Like I said, I am not generally a gentle lover. "No," I said. "I want to remember this."

"Yes sir, yogi. I would love to get my dick in your ass, yogi," he said. "Would that be all right with you?"

I laughed because he was just too polite. "Aton," I said, "stop fucking calling me 'yogi' unless we're in class, and start fucking my ass."

Aton grinned. He reached to the nightstand and retrieved a condom and a bottle of lube.

A few minutes later, after the preliminaries of lubing and condoming, I had my legs over his shoulders, and Aton readied himself for the initial plunge. He placed his hands on my hips, and his cock head probed against my asshole. With excruciating slowness he entered me. I shut my eyes and grimaced; his cock was average-sized, but I don't get fucked often.

"I know, yogi, I know," he murmured. "I'll go easy."

"Don't call me 'yogi' unless we're in class," I hissed again, as I adjusted to the uproar of his dick inside me.

He began fucking me with a gentle, slow tempo, whispering reassurances. His hands caressed my torso. I opened my eyes and his face hovered immediately above mine, watching me carefully. I moved my body in pace with his, and everything turned good, better, getting better; the feeling of him filling me excited me, as my hard flagpole declared. Lust and need cracked through his calm and into his smile--sexy as hell. He quickened his pace, thrusting deep, grinding his pelvis against me. I reached down, cupped his balls in my hand, squeezed them gently. Aton smeared his lube-slick hand around my rod and jacked me. He bent closer, and we kissed, thrusting our tongues deeply into each other's mouths.

Aton pulled away, upright between my legs. He breathed deeply and steadily, exhaling in a loud sigh with each thrust of his hips. After a while, it dawned on me that this was fucking as meditation; he was using the same breathing techniques I taught. I matched my breathing with his, and eventually I got us synchronized. Withdraw, inhale; thrust, exhale.

Aton noticed my attempts. "Yeah, man, that's right," he panted. "Let's see where we can go with this."

Sensations swept over my body, starting from my asshole and radiating outward. I never before felt so intensely the act of being fucked. I groaned my appreciation and closed my eyes, letting Aton's dick and lube-smeared hand work their wonders on me.

"Open your eyes, man," Aton urged. "Stay with me. Don't go away."

I opened my eyes to see Aton looking down at me, sweat along his forehead, his eyebrows knitted with concentration, raw need. I held his gaze, and we fucked like this, eyes locked, breathing in unison, bodies thrusting and pulling away in a rhythm that came more naturally with each stroke. I ran my hands over his sweat-slicked torso. I seemed sharply aware of everything around me: the stark gallery-white walls, the softness of the mattress under my back, the patterns of light through the screen beside the bed. But mostly I

was aware of Aton. I felt myself drawn up out of my body and pulled into those hazel-brown eyes of his. Matching his breathing and thrusting patterns no longer took any effort; we moved as one body now.

Aton's sighs came faster and more ragged. His face dripped perspiration, and his lips pulled back to break his calm mask in a soundless snarl. But his gaze never wavered from mine. I knew he was ready to cum any moment, and I felt the load being pulled up from my balls too. I could have easily shot my jizm, but I managed to hold off, to wait for Aton; I felt I had more control over my body than ever before.

Aton groaned. I twisted his nipple gently, then rougher, which pushed him over the edge. He thrust, deep and hard, one final time and cried out. He bent in and kissed me, his torso writhing against mine, and I felt his dick pulse inside me as his load squirted into the condom up my ass. At the same time, I felt my own load erupt up from my balls and I yelled, my voice muffled by his mouth. My spunk shot out onto my belly, one frothy rope after another. Aton embraced me in a bear hug, squashing his body tightly against mine. His cock popped free of my ass as I shuddered out the last of my load.

We curled together in silence, face to face, each wrapped in the other's strong arms, feeling our hearts beat against each other's chest. I wanted this flesh-on-flesh feeling to last forever. I wanted to freeze time right here in the afterglow of a good cosmic fuck. But inevitably Aton rolled onto his back. I laid there beside him on the bed. "Wow, Aton," I said, awed, "that was--"

--Fucking incredible," he finished.

We laid shoulder-to-shoulder alongside each a while. He looked like a jungle cat relaxing. He looked beautiful. I wanted to hold that image of him in my mind for the rest of my life.

He smiled at me. "It's great when there's a connection, isn't it?" That spooked me because it sounded a little too ... *already married*. I could fall for Aton, hard. A romp in the sack was one thing, but finishing each other's sentences?--talking about a "connection"? The last thing I wanted to be was sucked into some dysfunctional marriage. That was how the Barrys of the world got created. I understood Barry and his kind more than I let on: players willing to play a game called monogamy until they got a chance to gamble on a side bet. I didn't want to be a Barry or a Charlie, but was I ready to an Aton?--to be with Aton? I'd been pretty sure it was just lust or a crush last time, when I coerced him into letting me blow him. He was the sexiest man alive, inside and out, and he deserved better than another Barry--or me.

I let that thought go when Aton rolled toward me and kissed me again. Lying there a while longer felt nice enough to overcome my guilt, his arm draped across my chest, my head nestled against his.

I felt myself drifting into sleep. Something nagged at me, the momentum of a lifetime of bad choices--I reminded myself I wasn't the *stay the night* type. Reluctantly I forced myself to sit up before I dozed off.

"You can spend the night here," Aton said.

I stifled a yawn. "Thanks, but I have an early class to lead in the morning." An excuse, but the regret was real. Aton took my refusal, like everything else, with equanimity. A thought flashed through my head--a serpent in Eden--that it would have been nice if at least some disappointment peeked through his calmness. "Maybe we can do this again?" I tried to sound casual, resuming the familiar mask of habit. I scanned his face carefully, warily, for his reaction.

Aton smiled. "Yeah. That would be great." He seemed to mean it.

*Leave it at that*, I thought, *don't push it*. I swung my legs over the side of the bed.

His hand, warm but tentative, on my arm stopped me. "I don't want you to go. I really like you. I think we have a real connection. We should see where this leads."

"Thanks, but my class--"

--Will forgive you if you're a little tired. You'll forgive me too, I hope," he declared more confidently, a decision made.

I raised a curious eyebrow.

He licked his lips and said, "The universe cradles you."

I felt my eyes closing, my body sinking back into his arms. "I am lifted up," I agreed, surrendering to him.

---