

Duet

by **Wrestlr**

[M/M, Hypno, MC]

Synopsis: An aspiring singer-songwriter seeks therapy to overcome a creative block.

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

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I walk into his office, say hello, and shake his hand, just like every Monday afternoon for the last three months. Monday is my day off from my mall job, and the day I seldom have a performance scheduled. It's the one day during the week that I'm anywhere close to rested.

I'm dressed casually: tee-shirt, jeans, flip-flops. I'm a musician; people expect casualness from me.

He smiles, seems happy to see me, as if he looks forward to our sessions too. He gestures me toward one of the leather chairs in front of his huge, nearly bare desk. I sit--no, I sink into it. The chair is soft, deep, and I relax into it, let it practically swallow me. I've done this before. I know what will happen, and how. I'm already relaxing. I take the key on its chain from around my neck and hand it to him. The key is symbolic: by returning it to him, I acknowledge that in this place he has the authority. I have come to enjoy, almost crave, the relaxed feeling I get every week from turning control over to him. He will use that control, and the key, in a few minutes, but first we talk.

We make small talk about my week. How have I been doing? Has my creative block eased up? Have I been productive? Have I been working on a new song?

Focus, he tells me. Focus is the key.

I tell him I've started a new song. It isn't finished yet. I'm not one of those songwriters who can write a great song start to finish in a day and then sing it to an appreciative audience that same night. No, my creative process has always been grueling, almost glacier-slow. I stand in my own way, question everything too much. Lately, the process has gotten so tortuous I haven't been able to produce anything. This new song is the first in months. That in itself feels like a success.

Focus, he tells me. Focus is the key. He holds up the brass key suspended from its length of chain. A few weeks ago, he gave it to me. Now I wear it as a reminder. But during our sessions, I return it to him. The key is a metaphor, he says. I should focus on it, and I do, as he lets it sway and turn in the air between us and talks to me with that honeyed voice of his.

Just the fact that I've started a new song feels like a success. That's why I come to him. That's why I sit in this chair every Monday afternoon and listen to his honeyed voice. He has experience helping creative people like me get over whatever blocks they've thrown in their own path. I want--need--him to help me. Fortunately his rates are a sliding scale. He knows I have no money. Starving singer-songwriters like me can seldom afford professionals like him.

He could have been a singer too, with a voice like that. It slides into my ear, warm and moist as a tongue. It makes me want to listen to him.

By now he knows nearly everything about me, everything that makes me tick. He knows I'm twenty-three. He knows what I have for breakfast most mornings, the kind of movies I like, and when the last time I got laid was. My personal history, education, job history, relationship history--I've told him all of it. I'm usually a very private person, so my sharing all of that about myself with him is a sign of how much I need this counseling to work.

He's a good-looking man. I'm attracted to him physically. I wonder if he knows that too? Probably. As well, I'm attracted to his personality, to his voice. He is always so confident. That's one of the things I respect most about him.

He knows I'm bi. He knows I'm single and not looking for a relationship until after my music career starts taking off. He knows I've gotten a lot of mileage out of being good-looking. I'm a good singer and I play guitar well enough to accompany myself, but I get singing gigs because people like to watch good-looking people onstage. I have great hair--thick, black, curly--but my best features are my eyes and my generous mouth. Everyone compliments my eyes and my smile. They'll watch me perform onstage and dream of how I'd perform in the bedroom. What would I be like?--am I an aggressive lover?--or gentle? What would my eyes look like, shrouded with lust as we kiss our way through our bodies' love song? What would my mouth look like, feel like, against their skin, kissing, licking, nibbling, hungry to taste the truth of their passion. And of course, what would my body look like naked? They can tell I've got a good body--a great chest, nice abs, a big basket in my crotch. What carnal pleasures are hidden just beneath my clothes? Would I be a selfish lover?--or giving? In what positions would we fuck? How many times before we were both satisfied? Would I stay the night? Longer?

Occasionally, some fans have had the opportunity to find out. I'm only human.

I want people to respect me as an artist though. Being good-looking is a great way to get onstage at first. But my art is what will keep me onstage night after night. Being a great singer with great songs, songs that speak to them, will make people want to listen to me, make them want me for more than just a fantasy. That's why I need to learn to stop self-sabotaging and get over this creative block. That's what motivates me to be here. I need this counseling to work.

He thinks I'm holding myself back. I am. We agree on that. I self-censor, second-guess, and self-sabotage myself too much. Getting started in the music business is cutthroat. I'm so afraid of not making it. I want every career move to be perfect. I want every song to be perfect, every performance. Onstage, I turn my head off, and I come alive. Everything goes my way. I can sing. I can play guitar. I have presence. Audiences love my performances. But offstage, when it's just me writing the music, something happens. I hadn't been able to finish a new song in months.

After the first few sessions, he introduced the idea. A proven method. He said he had good success with it previously; he thought it would work for me. It was a way to help quiet my critical conscious mind for a while and let my creative mind, my subconscious, come forward. I was wary. All I knew was what I'd seen in movies and television shows. He assured me otherwise and named people with whom he had worked early in their careers, artists who originated locally whose work I knew and respected. They had gone on to success, stardom, careers. I wanted all of that. No pressure, he told me. He wanted me to decide on my own.

I thought about it for the next week. During our next session, I said yes. How could I not?

The method was traditional. Nothing fancy, he said. The trick was to pick an object that had significance to the person. For example, he said, a writer might choose a pen. I played guitar, so I thought perhaps a pick? No, he suggested something different. He showed me a key. Just an ordinary brass door key. A key could unlock the door, he said, could set me free from the chains in which I'd imprisoned myself. He handed me the key so I could examine it. I turned it over in my hands. Just an ordinary key, slightly scuffed from frequent use during its life. I liked the idea, the poetry of the metaphor. He must have known I would. I turned it over and over in my hands. Would I like to try it? I looked at him, and I agreed.

He slipped the key onto a chain. An ordinary brass ball-chain, like a million cheap necklaces use. He held up the chain. The key dangled in the air between us.

Now, just like that first time, he begins by telling me to fix my eyes on the key. His voice is confident; he knows without a doubt that this will work. His voice is low, as if singing me a lullaby. Take a few deep breaths. Watch the key. Keep my eyes on it. Watch it as it turns. Keep breathing deeply. Listen to the sound of his voice. Watch the key. Eyelids getting heavy? Tired? Yes. Heavier. Watch the key. Stare at it. Eyelids heavy. Blink. Heavier. Breathe deeply, heavily. Eyelids pulling down. So heavy. Arms heavy. Legs heavy. Eyelids so heavy, almost watching to close, almost closed. Closing. Heavier. Drowsier. Sleepier. Heavier. Closing them will feel good. Closing down, down. Slowly closing. Harder to see. Just listen. Eyelids closing. Closing them feels so good. Very, very hard to keep them open now. Soon they will close tightly. Almost closed now. Tightly closing. Tightly closed. Feel so good. So heavy. So relaxed. So limp. Eyes tightly closed. Comfortable. Just listen. Eyelids closed. Feel so good. So comfortable. Just drifting. Comfortable and relaxed. Drift into an easy calm, relaxed state.

It's not like being asleep, not exactly. Part of me is still awake, still aware. Other parts are asleep. With my eyes closed, I drift in the darkness. I listen to his voice. It soothes me, coaxes me, makes me want to follow its suggestions. It never orders, merely suggests. I choose whether to follow the suggestions. More times than not, I follow. Obeying them is easy. Each time we do this, it becomes easier. I obey more easily, more

completely, each time. I open my eyes when he says I can, but I do not awake. It's not time for that. It's time to open my eyes but stay deeply relaxed. I can open my eyes and know the thinking parts of me will remain deeply asleep. It's easy. Obeying his suggestions is easy, easier than resisting. Resisting is too difficult. I'm too relaxed. Obeying is easy. All I have to do is listen to his voice and its suggestions.

He guides me through an exercise, the newest part. He says that I am ready to try again. I am relaxed enough to try again.

I imagine my worries as spinning globes floating in the air around me. They're various sizes, various dark colors, spinning faster or slower, depending on how energy I have invested in them, much power I have given them. There's my worry about money, since I barely have enough to make my rent payment this month. My worry that my mall job saps too much from me, leaving nothing for my music. Another that my songs aren't good enough; and another that my voice will leave me. They're dark colors because they are parasites, giving me nothing in return. I see them all, surrounding me, floating and spinning in the air around me.

I don't have to be afraid of them, though. He suggests a way to deal with them.

I can reach out and touch them, one by one. I can touch them and slow them, until they stop spinning. The energy leaves each one as I slow it and stop it, and take it in my hands, and put it into this box off to the side. As I put each quieted worry into the box, that part of my critical mind goes to sleep. I can keep doing this until all the worries are safely stored in the box, and then I can shut the lid. I know they are still there, but they have no power over me any longer. I have taken away their power and put them aside.

No worries means no fears. I have nothing to fear, nothing to distract me from this deep calmness. I have put aside my worries, my resistance--all the things that hold me back. He suggests that a good artist merely shows his emotions, while a great artist casts aside his shackles and reveals to his audience the underlying truths, both emotional and physical. He knows I want to be a great artist. Perhaps I can demonstrate that I have freed myself from resistance, from shame, from everything that has held me back? Perhaps I can demonstrate that I no longer fear exposure or shame? Can I demonstrate this to him in the way he suggests?

I'm wearing flip-flops, so taking them off is easy. I just slide my feet back, and they're bare. My shirt is trickier. It's just a tee-shirt, but my arms are so relaxed and heavy--I'm focused but uncoordinated. I wiggle and fumble and eventually work it up and off over my shoulders and head. My arms slowly sag downward, limp again, and the tee-shirt slips from my grasp to the floor.

Not every part of me is limp. I'm so fucking aroused. My cock is so fucking hard. This happens every time he relaxes me. I know he can see my erection in my jeans, but I'm not ready yet. I'm not ready to remove my jeans. Not yet. Maybe someday, but not yet. He tells me how aroused I feel, and that's true. He wants me naked, wants me to cum, and wants to watch me as I cum--maybe he wants more too. He coaxes me, but doesn't push. The neediness in my cock and balls is nearly irresistible. I want to yield to it so badly. I want to take out my cock and stroke it, not caring if he watches, but some small resistance still lingers in me. He suggests, but he doesn't demand. He allows me to keep my jeans on if some resistance in me hasn't been stilled yet. He knows it will happen when I'm ready. He knows the success will be sweetest if I earn it myself.

This overwhelming horniness will stay with me, though, after I leave his office. I'll go home, and the moment I get inside my place I'll have to take care of my erection. I won't make it to the bedroom. I won't even take the time to strip. The moment my door closes behind me, I'll claw open my jeans and shove them to my knees. I'll jack off like a fiend until I cum and cum and cum. Only then will this erection be satisfied and my balls relieved of the pressure building in them. Only when I yield to the consuming horniness will it leave

me.

For now, though, I'm not ready. Something still holds me back. He asks if I can identify it. Is there some remaining worry-globe that I have not yet stilled? Perhaps a lingering doubt that this therapy will work? I don't know. I cannot see the cause. Perhaps, he suggests, it is too small to see, or too large. Either way, stillness will happen in time; freedom will happen. Perhaps not now, perhaps soon, but it will happen in its own time. The confidence in his voice does not waver.

I can't let myself go as far as he wants physically, can't let go as fully. Something still holds me back. He doesn't push. He is patient, assures me it will happen in its own time. I know it too, but not yet.

I sing him my new song. It's not finished yet, of course. It would sound better if I accompanied myself on guitar, but I'm too relaxed to play. He listens. When I'm finished, he does not criticize. He compliments the word-play in the second verse; we both know that's clever. He comments on the cliché in the third verse, and suggests I think about whether the too-derivative chord progression I hummed works for the bridge. He's right. I knew in the back of my head that those were flaws. My fear of taking risks with my music made me hobble my creativity there and there with safe choices. Safe is pedestrian; pedestrian is the enemy. Can I left go of that fear?

He guides me through a new part of the exercise. I envision my creativity as a globe floating in front of me. It's bigger than the fears, and unlike them my creativity glows from inside, a pure golden light. The globe spins but ...

He's right. I can improve this. I can take the energy that powered my fears and I can connect it up to my creativity. All the energy that my fears drained away, I can use to supercharge my creativity. I feel myself making it so. The creativity globe spins faster, faster, and it brightens.

The globe resembles, becomes, a small sun. I feel its power, washing over and through me, illuminating everything. I begin to feel ...

I begin to understand. Yes. I understand now. I know how to change the clichéd third verse into something clever, something that recalls the word-play in the second, making the components more harmonious. I know how to change the key in the bridge, and how to echo that change in the final chorus. The pieces fit together now, an organic whole. I know how to finish my song, how to make it great. Yes. I understand so clearly now.

I surprise him when I begin, unbidden, to sing. I sing the new song again with the changes, and it is much improved. I know it, and he says so too. We both know it.

This is why I come to him. He helps me help myself. The light of my creativity bathes me. Whatever that last dark fear, it has been burned away now. I understand, and I am ready. I don't have to wait until I get home. I am ready.

My hand unfastens the button on my jeans. I unzip. This surprises him. He was not expecting this. He thought my unreadiness would not change so soon. I've shared everything else about myself with him. I'm ready now to share the most private, the most vulnerable, part of me. He watches as I lift my hips and slip my jeans down and off. I settle back in the chair--yes, so much more relaxed and ready than ever before. I'm not wearing underwear, and he sees my erection in full view for the first time.

He coaxes me, and I put my hand around my hardness and stroke it. Skin on skin is a different kind of music in my head, and I can play this tune too. He watches for a moment, then moves closer. As I rub myself, he

touches my lips with a finger. I open my mouth and his finger slides in. I suck on it, slowly, gently, no need to force the melody.

He sees the signs. His other hand touches my wrist, guides my hand away from my cock with a gentle pressure. I yield to him instead of to the urgency in my cock and balls. He does not want me to finish my body's song too quickly.

I know what he wants. I've known for a while. I'm ready. He has helped me, and I owe him so much. I know how to thank him. I'm ready to give him what he wants.

His desk is wide and nearly bare. Its selection as the stage where we perform this *pas de deux* is based entirely on its position, immediately in front of the chair where I slipped off my jeans. I stand when he suggests it. He sweeps his desk top clear--a pen, a notepad, a folded cell phone get brushed to the floor to make room for me.

I bend over the desk, palms flat on its surface. My feet are apart. He kneels between them, parts my ass cheeks, and begins to lick at my crevice and hole. I like the feeling. My body is an instrument that he plays with an expert touch. He is a confident lover. Our duet is new, but the song is familiar. My body craves something to be inside it--craves him inside me, physically now as well as mentally. As his tongue explores my crack for the first time, one of his hands slithers between my thighs to stroke my balls, complementary notes. I want him inside me, but for now he has other themes to explore.

I roll onto the desk top. I want to surrender myself to him. He's a good-looking man. I want this. My hard-on needs this, needs this release. He is ravenous, every movement and caress tingling across my skin feverishly. My body wants this music, responds to his touch with a desperate intensity. Just like he suggests, surrendering feels so much better than resisting.

I'm in no hurry. I'm too relaxed. I know this is going to happen. I know I'm going to cum, and soon. I don't have to endure the pressure until I get home this time. Yes, surrendering feels better than resisting.

He kicks off his shoes, pulls off his tie, and unbuttons his dress shirt, baring his broad chest and developed pecs. He takes my hand and slides it across them. I find a nipple and lightly rub one finger around its aureole. I pinch at the erect tip, softly, with my fingers. He moans his pleasure. His hand wraps around the back of my head and pulls my mouth to his other nipple. I continue to pinch the first while I lick the second.

Sensations roll through my body. Our lips meet. He lays me back on the desk, slides himself over me. His hips, still in their slacks, dry-hump my crotch, so gently, and the fabric rough-teases the sensitive underside of my erection. I can feel his erection pressing against mine through the cloth.

He asks me to strip him. I have never seen him naked before. I unzip his fly and unfasten his pants. I guide his pants and underwear down over the solid globes of his ass. He raises his hips; I turn my torso so that I can fumble his pants and underwear down and off. I'm too relaxed to play my part gracefully, but grace isn't required. Sometimes a movement can sound clumsy, yet still fit into a harmonious whole. His erect cock rubs against my arm as he thrusts against me.

Yes, what he says is right--I want to taste him, all of him. First, however, he pushes his face in and kisses my neck, licking the hollow at its base. His hands grasp my head and guide it, and I finally taste his skin. I tongue my way across his chest, licking each nipple in turn. Down across his abs. He eases my head toward my prize, thrusting his hard-on eagerly toward my lips. He is hung big but not huge. I can accommodate him. He is hard as stone.

My tongue finds his cock head. Its piss-slit pearls with pre-cum. I close my lips around his mushroom and suck on it. I lick the sensitive spot underneath the head. I want this so much. I want this cock inside my body, like his voice in my ear. I open both mouth and throat wide to accommodate his tool. I slide his entire hard-on down into my mouth, then into my throat. I can feel his heartbeat pulsing inside it. I ease my mouth down slowly, getting used to the feel of him inside me, all the way until my nose presses into the musky scent of his pubes. Then my lips slither up until just the mushroom head is squeezed between them. I plunge down into his hairy crotch again. I play my part of the rhythm. Up, down. Up, down. I have been told that I am very good at this.

Soon, too soon, he groans that he is going to cum. His body tenses. I push my mouth down onto his cock. I suck it to its base and up again and halfway down just in time to catch the first blast of his cum. It hits the back of my throat, powerful as a fire hose. The feeling sends hot thrills of excitement through my body.

I suck him, swallowing, until he is dry. His body relaxes. I nestle my head between his thighs, still drifting in my relaxed contentment, as his erection begins to soften. It slips from my mouth.

He lifts my head and kisses me, kisses down my neck. His fingers tickle the trail of pubic hair that leads down from my navel. His head joins those fingers and he laps at my navel. My cock is so hard, so ready. It is so hard while the rest of me is so relaxed and nearly limp. My cock knows this will happen. I know it will happen. I want it to happen. I want it, need, it to happen now.

His mouth goes no lower but instead moves upward. It traverses my abs, chest, throat, and chin until his lips find mine. He slides himself alongside me, rolls himself under me.

My still-hard cock presses against him.

I had wanted to feel him inside me, but he has another variation in mind, wants our body-song to explore a different but harmonious melody. I am willing to follow.

He tells me what he wants. He turns his body again. His face takes my stiffness into his mouth and begins to suck. As he slides his lips up and down my cock, I ease my face down between his thighs. His cock is awakening again and beginning to harden, begging to be noticed again. Instead, I push it aside and lick and lap his balls. I reach around his hip, slip my fingers into his ass crack to find his pucker. I pull my cock from his mouth and roll his body. I transfer my tongue to his ass and tongue the crack, zeroing in on the hole. I wrap one hand around his cock and jack it smoothly as I lick his asshole. He moans how good that feels, how much he wants me to fuck him.

He reaches over the side of the desk, pulls open a drawer. Lube. A condom. He hands them to me. I know what he wants, and I'm ready to do it. He rolls onto his back. His legs rise and descend onto my shoulders. I spread lubricant in his hole. It accepts my finger. I massage the opening and slide two fingers inside.

He moans and pushes his ass toward me as I rub along the walls of his anus. Spreading the opening wider, gently, I put a third finger inside him. I explore deep up his chute, and my middle finger touches his prostate. He moans and tells me he wants to feel my cock up there.

I slide my fingers out and reach for the condom. I push the rubbered head of my hard cock against his asshole. He takes a deep breath, as I start to push my cock inside and the next verse begins.

He grunts and moans. I push until my pubes rest against his butt cheeks. He reaches between us, fists his tool. His asshole clamps tightly around my cock. Gently I begin to thrust in and out as he plays with his erection. I

feel my cockhead rub against his prostate.

He tells me how much he likes the feel of me fucking him, and I am happy I can give him this in return for what he has given me. He rolls his ass up against me, wanting more of me inside, and I feel it massaging rhythmically around my excited cock. His hand moves in the same rhythm up and down on his cock. Husky-voiced, he tells me how good my cock feels inside him. He tells me to fuck him faster, calls me *stud* and *baby* and *cocksucker*.

He curls his torso toward me, and his hands grasp at my nipples. My nipples aren't normally very sensitive. But then he says something else and--*ahh!* --they become little dials, cranking up the pleasure volume until it distorts like an overdriven guitar amp. I throw my head back, open-mouthed, and moan at the intensity he awakens.

I thrust into him. I fuck him with quicker strokes, just like he asks. Since I first sat down in his chair, I have felt the pressure and need in my nuts and cock. Now with my dick up his ass, I feel that need swallow everything else. His cock erupts between us, coating his fingers with his second load. His asshole pulsates, squeezes my cock as he shoots. He tells me it is time, time for me to cum too, and he twists at one of my nipples again with cum-slick fingers. The pressure in my balls builds another step, almost painful, and then the tingle in and round my cockhead announces my orgasm into the chorus, and my balls begin to pump, and I cum and cum and cum.

I find myself sitting in the chair again. I am still naked. He sits, still naked too, on the corner of his desk. I feel whatever he has just said to me slip away, already nearly forgotten, at least by the still-asleep thinking part of me. I reach for my pants. I am still clumsy, loose-limbed and too relaxed to be graceful, but I manage to pull my pants on, tuck away my genitals, and fasten the fly and zipper. I slip my feet back into my flip-flops.

He hands me the key on its chain. I slip it over my head, settle it around my neck. The key is cold against my bare chest but warms quickly. I understand why he wants me to wear it until next week. Each time I see it, feel it, against my chest, it reminds me of our success, how far we've come, how much farther we can go. Focus is the key; the key will focus me. It will remind me how much better surrendering to my creativity feels than resisting. I will not remove it until I return next week.

I pick my tee-shirt up off the floor. He does not "awaken" me. He never does. The thinking parts of my mind will awaken on their own, gradually, in their own time, in their own ways--each time a little more integrated with the creative parts. I am becoming whole, the parts no longer working against each other. I know how to make this happen. I can feel it happening more and more each week, each time he relaxes me.

Usually we part with a handshake. He is right, though--that seems impersonal after what we just shared. He suggests a kiss, and our bodies move together. He has not dressed yet. My shirt is still off. Our bare chests grind together, the key between us, as we share a hug and a kiss.

He tells me that soon, perhaps very soon, he will take me home with him after my session, and then I can feel this relaxed, this drifting and comfortable feeling, with him all night long. He does not ask for an answer. He knows that, when he asks, maybe next week, maybe next month, I will surrender to his voice, his suggestions, and his bed. We both know this.

We kiss again. At his door, I pull my shirt on over the key around my neck, and then I and the new song in my head go out into the world.
