

Moments

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, HYPNO]

Synopsis: A hypnosis-based relationship unfolds through a series of remembered moments.

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."

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Most gay mind-control erotica begins with the same story: two men meet; one attempts control of, or is controlled by, the other; control is accepted or fought; the two men fuck, fight the inevitability of orgasm. This is not one of those stories. In this narrative, two men have already met, have already played with control, have already fucked, have already wrestled with inevitability. In fact, this isn't a story at all. This is just about the moments.

###

In that moment, I watched the moonlight slide down the sweat on his deeply etched back. He was deeply hypnotized, naked, stretched out in the moonlight. He seemed to glow with it. The room wasn't pitch black. The walls were just dark gray, having that quality of almost being black but failing, as if washed too often with abrasive soap. Small shards of moonlight struggled past partially closed blinds, and the bits of illumination competed with my hands and lips to give attention to my lover's skin.

I ran my fingers down the canyon between me and his spine. He trembled, because he always felt my touch so intensely when he was entranced like this. "You're incredible," I said, awed by his body and

how relaxed it became when he was hypnotized. The nerves at the edges of my reach seemed to tingle more as I touched the softer skin of his pale, round butt cheeks.

###

The words *butt cheeks* sound odd. Most of the words typically used in gay erotica have something odd about them; this is true of any erotica, or anything, everything, nothing at all. As if sound is more important than meaning. The sounds of some of the words are not beautiful, though the words attempt to describe beautiful things. I write the words *butt cheeks* and admonish myself because the basic compound belittles the aesthetic expressed in the objects themselves, or rather, expressed within myself, in what is potentially my soul, as I become a witness to my lover's physical body understood through light and texture. I want to use words that sound like the shape, that complement the perfection of its form, its color and density. Maybe *gluteal curve* is a better term. It sounds better. It rolls around the tongue. The formation of its phonemes create a tightening deep in the throat, the way the image of his body makes my throat clench up.

###

In that moment, I was the one deeply hypnotized. His cock slid in and out of my ass effortlessly as I lay on my belly, so relaxed, with my thighs spread apart and his warm body between them. Sometimes the latex snags a bit, but that time it didn't.

Everything was perfect. I floated in semi-awareness, my ass soaked with lube. "Just relax," he told me, "and let the waves of pleasure wash through you." His nuts tickled the insides of my thighs every time he pushed forward. I don't know what it was about that position, or about getting fucked while hypnotized, but I felt intensely stimulated as the head of his cock repeatedly scraped against my prostate and his voice curled, thick with lust, into my ear. He lay across my ass and kept pounding his cock into me. The sensation against my prostate kept intensifying and my own cock kept pushing into the softly resistant mattress.

"Are you ready to cum?" he purred in my ear. "Cum for me." The afternoon was hot but the room had a fan in it. I focused on the sound, its humming, constant and rhythmic, relaxing and settling. The warm currents of air pushed the hairs on my legs in the direction opposite of their growth. "Cum for me." Chills constantly wracked my skin as the air poured around my feet and along my calves and thighs and up my sides. I felt relaxed, as if I could lie there forever while my lover's cock stretched my asshole wider. "Cum now." I would have laid there forever, if not for the inevitability of orgasm and the slippery feeling of my own cum spreading between my thighs.

###

Once, before my lover and I had ever met, I had a conversation with an older, more seasoned friend. We discussed my interest in hypnosis; I explained to him that hypnosis made everything feel new, more intense. I felt jaded about "regular" sex. I sighed and told him I had already done everything there was to do and every type of guy that could be done, with only a few extreme exceptions. He looked at me in a resigned way, as if he had discovered the same depressing fact in his youth, but then he smiled and laughed: "Yes, but the lighting's always different."

###

In that moment, he was the one hypnotized. He squatted down on my cock with its latex shroud. I watched in fascination as his stomach tightened up and he threw his head back. My cock was barely inside of him, had only just pushed inside and stretched his ass a tiny bit, and he was already breathing quickly and harshly. For some people, hypnosis is calming and relaxing; in him, though, it released an animal abandon. If his breath were a painting, it would be a Pollack or Kandinsky--kinetic, violent, esthetically random.

"Relax," I told him. "Focus." I ran my hands along the backs of his thighs, along his flexing calves to his ankles. "Your mind is deeply asleep. Your body is deeply relaxed. You can do this." His eyes were closed in concentrated slumber as he lowered his inflamed ass a few more inches. He let out one last grunt as his sphincter seemed to open up. He groaned and his whole body slammed down on the last few inches of my blood-swollen cock. His eyes flickered but did not open. He did not awaken. He liked the feeling of being fucked while hypnotized just as much as I did. A slight smile turned the ends of his lips.

I wanted to kiss him then, but I couldn't move, being pushed all the way inside him. His balls were pressed firmly against my abdomen and my lust built up, evolved into a new level of madness. But there was a force, an unseen message that traveled the space between his body and mine that stopped me from thrusting up and into him farther, if that were even possible. I was frozen by his intensity and my breathing got heavier as I struggled with my own desire. "Do it," I whispered to him. "So easy to do it. Fuck yourself on my cock."

Sensual fire circled my cock as he raised himself up a bit and then sat back down. He stopped moving again, and his breathing was as loud as mine. He made a low sound, too simple to be words but too convoluted to be mere sensation. "Tell me," I whispered. "So easy to relax and tell me what you're feeling." I expected him to say *full of your cock*, or *feels so good*, or even *it hurts*.

But instead he said, "I love you."

I didn't know what to say, so I pushed forward, threw him on his back, and fucked the hell out of him.

###

Writing this is difficult for me. The writing process itself is not difficult, because the words come on their own. The difficult part is the way the words make me feel. My face gets hot, and I find breathing is hard. I feel dizzy, light-headed, anxious, impatient to hear what comes next.

###

In that moment, as the water washed down my chest, I held my breath. My attention was focused on the water spraying down on me. I had just stepped into the shower--legs spread, arms up, palms pressed against the cool, slippery tile--when he slipped in behind me, unnoticed until his arms glided around my waist. His voice just behind my ear told me to focus on the water, to relax, to let myself sink back into that pleasantly hypnotized state. "Just relax," he told me, "and let it happen." He pushed a soapy finger inside the tight ring of my ass. His other hand stroked my back and chest. He stroked my cock and eased his finger inside me as I stood. Water washed down my head and shoulders; it made a river of my spine. He pressed himself against me from behind, lapping at the steamy ocean that flooded down my body. He pushed me forward until my chest pressed up against the cold ceramic wall. He knelt. His tongue pushed deeper and harder into my burning hole.

"Take charge," he told me. "Make me suck your cock. Make me do it." In obedience, I turned quickly and rammed my swollen cock into the warm absence between his lips. I tangled my rough fingers in the wet and silky jungle of his hair and pushed my cock deeper into him. I slapped my slick cock against his cheek, knowing that he always loved it in the face. I forced him down on me in a way that was neither rough nor gentle. Hypnotized, I was firm and resolved and determined, but I wasn't cruel. It was a balance he appreciated. He liked being in control of me through hypnosis and ordering me to take control of our sex. He liked the idea of this balance.

His soft lips and eager touch coated my cock in his spit, and I looked down at his beautiful face as it traveled closer and farther and closer and farther from my pubes. *You're so beautiful*, I wanted to say but couldn't, and he was, even with his eyes squinted shut against the water slamming everywhere. I kept looking down, concentrating on the details, the way his long eyelashes curved up slightly, the way his lips seemed redder than usual as he swallowed my soap-scented cock. I got closer and closer and when I got too close to orgasm I lost control of my thrusts. My cock popped out of his mouth and I rapid-blasted hard cum against his cheek before he recaptured my cock-head with his lips and claimed the rest of my spunk for his mouth. His own cum slithered between my feet and down the drain.

###

I usually have music playing when I write, but I'm not listening to music right now. I couldn't think of a song that seemed to fit my mood or the mood of this piece. The room is quiet, with only my computer humming softly as if to accompany the tapping of the keys.

I went out earlier to buy the makings for dinner. It's sitting in the fridge: two lean steaks, baby carrots bathed in olive oil and tarragon, other unnamed vegetables. I have a bottle of red wine--Chianti, because I like Chianti: light, crisp, very cheap.

It's dark outside. It's darker inside. I think the only light is the one shining above my desk. The room keeps getting colder. The hardwood floor is beginning to chill beneath my bare feet. I can feel the temperature dropping on my bare legs and shirtless back, but my boxers are still warm; I guess I can still manage to keep my boxers warm.

###

In that moment, later that night, when the room was not fully dark but was sort of a washed-out black, with my lover deeply hypnotized and drifting in his own blank awareness, I pushed my hands into the crevice between his gluteal curves, or butt cheeks, or whatever, and separated them with a gentle pressure. Ritually, I exposed the textured circle of his ass and brought my tongue to it.

How can I describe how he tasted? Anything I inscribe would seem like a failing from the very first word. To taste him was a rush. I felt the same rush no matter what part of his body my tongue brushed. I could feel the same rush just lying next to him as he slept. The rush was in the way he tasted. It was in the way he smelled even in the morning when his breath was stale and sometimes sour, the way after working out his sweat was strong like primitive cologne. I don't mean that he smelled or tasted intensely different than any other human or man. I mean simply that this was *his* smell and *his* taste, and I have no other way to describe these qualities successfully. This failure makes me feel ineffectual. Tasting his ass that night, or any night, made feel both ineffectual and complete.

#

Writing erotica about hypnosis and him makes me think about erotica itself and its vocabulary. *Cock* is an interesting word. It both implies and embodies the masculine, the powerful. A cock is the part of a man that projects, invades, disrupts. The word *cock* fits it perfectly. Before sex, a cock really isn't a cock; it's a *dick*. Or a *prick* because it still has potential but exhibits no direct threat. Forgive me if this makes sex seem strangely violent. During sex it's a cock. During sex it has all the qualities of a cock. It becomes the word that names it. After sex, it is a penis--it should be called a *penis*. It is soft and quiet--sleeping.

I really like his penis. I like the way it feels pressed against my thigh as we curl together in bed. He sleeps in peaceful hypnosis, his guard down, completely relaxed. His vulnerability is beautiful. I'd say he was an angel, or at least looked like one, if I believed in angels. But I believe in his vulnerability, and I believe everything is possible. I don't know--maybe anything is possible.

#

In that moment, one night that we knelt in front of each other on the bed and gripped each other's cock with our right hands, I kissed him and slowly squeezed the head of his cock even as his whole body shivered and quaked, even as his hand tightened on my cock. I kissed his lips and kissed his neck and whispered, "I love you, too."

He kissed me back and whispered, "Oh, fuck, you're so hot."

Word-grenades like these flew back and forth. I barely breathed that he was *beautiful* and *hot, too* and *fucking incredible*, and he licked my nipples and mumbled, *Oh, that feels so good* and *you're gonna make me cum* and *I love you so fucking much*.

Looking back, remembering who said what is difficult. Maybe I said, *That feels so good*, and maybe he said, *You're so beautiful*, and maybe I said, *I love you so fucking much*, or maybe he did, or maybe it was both of us.

I remember that we both came at the same time and that our cocks sprayed against each other's chest and stomach. I don't remember exactly what we said, but I remember cumming at the same time.

#

Earlier, I wrote that this is not a story. That remains true. What I've written is a meaningless collection of transcribed moments--memories, thoughts, words--all waiting helplessly like dinner in the refrigerator, waiting for a man to come home and give them a purpose, a function, a reason for being reheated. The sentences sit like the miniature carrots soaking in olive oil and tarragon. What good is control without both a controller and a controlled? The words wait like the patient steaks as they slowly lose hold of their blood. This is not a story because the moments are incomplete, existing solely for the sound of a key turning in the front door lock. This remains unopened like the cheap Chianti, warm, on the counter. If this is a story, then it is not one about steaks or carrots, Chianti or the opening of a door. If this is anything, then perhaps it is about the asparagus--because the asparagus, like what comes after the moment, is something that I never seem to mention.

#

In that moment, in the shower one evening after sex, I stood beneath the jet-stream of slightly hot water, washing his cum, my cum off my chest and my stomach. He stood behind me and rubbed soap against my shoulders and back and ass, and then I felt something really warm dripping down my skin. I looked back and saw that he was peeing on my legs and ass. I remember that his peeing on me didn't turn me on. There was nothing special about the urine or the feel of it or the smell of it in the steam, but I was really excited because he hadn't asked if he could piss on me. He just did it. It was as if he really had to piss and I just happened to be there, so he just peed all over me. It made me feel really special, really used in a wonderful way. I turned around and let him piss on my cock and balls and legs, but I never peed on him, not right then, because peeing had been his idea. When he was done, I took the soap and cleaned my body, then his, and licked his body and licked his balls, his cock--I licked inside the slit of his cock because I loved him.

###

Writing this is difficult for me because the words and the memories excite me so much. I don't know whether I should be excited--and I don't know whether I shouldn't. I don't know if I should just keep writing as if my reaction isn't happening, as if I can easily breathe, as if my head isn't swimming from hormones. I want to jack off right now, but I don't--I don't know whether I should. I don't know if he'll come walking in, even as my cum erupts from my cock in his memory. I keep expecting him to just walk in at any moment; and I keep hoping that, when he does, he'll take my hand and lead me to the bedroom. I keep thinking that if I wait long enough, I won't have to jack myself off. If I wait long enough, he'll come home and we'll fuck and one of us will hypnotize the other and all my frustrations will dry up like spent cum on my skin. Just writing this makes me want to jack off really badly, but I don't. I won't. I won't, because I keep thinking that he might come home.

###

In that moment, when we got into bed together, naked, I draped my arm across his chest, entwined my legs around his legs, kissed his neck lightly, and ran my nose across the spicy skin below his jaw. I loved smelling him, touching him. I wanted to hypnotize him so that I could watch him fall asleep. I wanted him to hypnotize me because I wanted to fall to sleep with my flesh draped over his like cloak, sleeping, dreaming, unable to distinguish the dividing lines of our skin. I wanted to fall into hypnotic sleep, warm, cozy, feeling his soft penis sleeping on my thigh, my own penis sleeping against his skin. It's what I wanted. It's what I thought was going to happen. I expected him to lull me into hypnotic sleep that night, or maybe I would be the one to lull him as I had done the night before, the flip-a-coin decision I expected us to make tonight and tomorrow night and tomorrow and tomorrow ... *Expectation*. I wasn't really expecting anything, but I wasn't expecting agitation. I never expected his distance. I never expected us to stop talking; I thought we were just in the moment before a decision about who would sleep--who would control and who would be controlled, fuck and be fucked.

I never expected him get up and say, "I'm leaving."

I said, "Why?" as he pulled on his underwear in anger.

"I can't do this anymore."

"What are you saying?"

"I'm saying I'm leaving."

"Can't we talk about this?"

"No, we can't. We have. We tried. We can't talk anymore."

He didn't talk anymore. He pulled on his pants, shirt, shoes, and he walked across the living room. "I don't want to see you anymore."

"But wait!"

He didn't wait. I tried to block the door, but he slammed it on the something that connected us, and now I never see him anymore, and I spend my nights, endless moments, waiting, just waiting, and writing about waiting.
