

Proximity

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, hypno]

[Synopsis: Alone in an abandoned building, Andy begins to realize he is following post-hypnotic suggestions. Then he hears footsteps.]

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 autobiographical it may seem, 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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Andy takes off his glasses and his class ring. The ring is heavy, and its stone glints red in the shadowy light. He puts these things in his shoe. He runs his hands through his hair nervously, then tugs at his necktie, tugs it off, begins to unbutton his dress shirt, obviously expensive, pulling it free from the neat tuck he had made this morning. Under this shirt he wears an athletic tee-shirt, what his friends are calling "wife-beaters" now. His shoulders are freckled, round with muscle that twitches and flexes as he fumbles with his fly.

He removes his slacks, folding them neatly, looking for somewhere to put them. He places his folded trousers on top of his shoes. His socks are black and cover his calves. His boxers are white, like his tee-shirt. He takes off his watch; it goes into the shoe with his ring and glasses.

The room where he finds himself is empty. One wall is a wall of windows that overlooks Central Avenue. The floor is covered with dirty tiles. He has left footprints with every step--shoes first, then sock-blurred outlines of his feet. He is thinking his pants may be getting dirty as he lifts a foot to inspect the soiled sole of

his sock. He touches his hair again. He wears it barbered short, long enough up front to move around a bit, the sides clipped to the scalp. The look is vaguely military. His whole personal is vaguely military: his stance, the precision of his speech, his tight manners. He checks his wrist for the time, forgetting his stowed watch. He holds his hands behind his back, at ease, waiting.

Andy is not sure why he is here--only that it feels somehow *right* to be here. He is not sure why he stands here in his tee-shirt, boxers, and socks--only that this feels like the way he is supposed to be.

The sudden hydraulic whine of the elevator startles him. He would have sworn he was alone in this building.

The elevator is moving. Whether that is good or bad, expected or not, he cannot seem to decide. Something distracts him. He would have liked to have pissed before coming here, he is thinking. He touches himself through his boxers, his slightly thickened cock dangling against his balls. He pushes around his cock and balls, and pulls hard on his dick to lengthen it.

The elevator reaches the floor to which it has been summoned and stops. After a moment, the whine resumes and it starts moving again. The building has five floors, and the elevator is slow. The building is unoccupied. Andy checked the first three floors on his way up to the fourth; every floor is like this one, although not as empty as this one. The other floors house abandoned, decrepit office furniture, rolls of dusty carpeting, mysterious cardboard boxes and wooden crates. He stopped at the fourth floor, got off, looked around.

Andy had received a key to the building in the mail last week. It was wrapped in a pale blue piece of paper that bore this typewritten address on Central Avenue, just four blocks from where he lives. That key is in his pants pocket, along with his set of personal keys. He places his hands behind his back again, holding them against the tops of his ass cheeks which he flexes again and again, a nervous habit.

"This is how I want to find you," said the voice on the phone earlier. Andy had found himself listening carefully, smiling. So serious, this guy. Andy wrote down the specifics: white boxers, black over-the-calf socks, athletic tee-shirt.

"Do you have any tattoos?" the man's voice had asked.

"No, sir," Andy had replied.

"You'll be hearing from me."

The elevator stops. Ding! The doors groan open. He can hear footsteps, one set, echoing down the hall. Andy feels a sense of expectation. He knows he is waiting for something, though not sure what. He looks over his shoulder toward the wall of windows. A gray-skied afternoon. The windows are as dirty as the floor. The buildings across the street are like this one, unoccupied, their windows dirt-glazed, like vacant eyes.

This room is a large, open area, probably once held dozens of worker cubicles. Now it is empty except for Andy standing precisely in its center. He turns and faces the door, which he expects will open soon, the footsteps coming closer. He does not know what to expect, how this scene will play itself out. Still, it excites him, and all resistance keeps melting away somehow, until being here makes more sense somehow as a fantasy than watching boys smoke or wearing thongs or having one's feet tickled. Each footstep touches him somehow, electric and sensual. Each footfall vibrates through him so that when the man fills the doorway at the other end of the room, a black paper cutout, Andy's breath catches in his chest and he looks down to find his beefy knob leaking through the thin white cotton. *Oh, man*, he whistles in his head.

The man barks out a word, *the* word, that jolts Andy's head like lightning, and the room seems to tilt a little, dizzying, everything turning dreamlike.

The man is built like Andy. He stands in the doorway for a few minutes. He is dressed, as Andy had been, in business attire. He steps into the vast concrete room, winding his way toward Andy, circuitously, circling him.

"Eyes forward," the man snaps when Andy's head turns to watch. Andy somehow knows he is not to speak unless asked. He faces forward, blushing. His cock pulses under the scrutiny; he wants desperately to touch himself. The man comes closer, coming into Andy's line of vision. He is attractive, dark-headed, well-built. He is wearing a dark gray suit, not as expensive as Andy's but still nice, with a white shirt, a loosened magenta-patterned tie. He is about thirty-five, maybe forty--hard to tell. He stops ten paces directly in front of Andy.

Andy remembers this man, vaguely remembers meeting him, though he cannot seem to recall the man's name. They met at a party a few weeks before. The man was a friend, maybe boyfriend, of the host. Andy was bored. He found himself outside, alone on the patio under the starlit night, nursing his drink. The man had come outside too, seemed surprised to find Andy there. They began talking, both tired of the host's pretentious friends inside. The man's ring had caught Andy's eye in the moonlight when the man sipped his beer. Engraved gold, with a dark red stone similar to Andy's ring. The man caught Andy looking, caught Andy trying to determine if the ring was likewise expensive, the stone genuine. "Do you like it?" the man had asked, voice deep and rumbling, soothing in a way. "Do you like the stone?" He shifted it back and forth in front of Andy's face, showing it off. "It's very rare. Every stone like this has a little flaw, deep inside. Can you see it? Look deep into it. Concentrate, and maybe you'll start to make it out ..." Andy didn't mind that the man kept talking, kept turning that ring back and forth, kept touching Andy's body through his clothes, kept talking soft and low, though Andy finds he cannot now remember what the man said. *Hypnosis*, Andy realized, then found he did not seem to care, more focused on how relaxed he felt, listening, and how good the man's hands felt as they unzipped Andy's fly and reached inside ...

Here and now, the man directs him, "Lift your shirt slowly, just to your sternum." Andy does. His stomach is ribbed and carved and bare, veins snaking down under the waistband of his boxers. His navel is a fat plug that resembles another knotty hole on his body.

"Higher," the man says, "but slowly." He has blue-green eyes, Andy guesses distractedly, and they are direct and intense, studying Andy's based flesh. There is a patch of hair separating Andy's pectorals and some wisps that circle his nips. He raises his shirt by millimeters until his nipples slide out. They are stiff and demand attention, red plugs with direct connections to Andy's groin. Just exposing them like this makes Andy's dick pulse, the way it feels so right to follow the man's instructions.

"Leave your shirt where it is--it'll stay on its own," the man says, and Andy lets go, and the shirt hugs the tops of his pectorals and stays put. He places his hands behind his back again. The man comes closer, is more direct, until he decides to look at Andy from behind again. He makes his way around Andy like someone inspecting a statue in a museum, bemused, fascinated. Like Andy, the man holds his hands behind his back. *Strolling*, Andy thinks lazily through the fog that fills his head.

The man is maybe an arm's length away now, rounding Andy's right side. The man's gaze aims at Andy's lower torso. Just then the man hikes his trouser legs and makes a quick squat, checking out Andy's thighs, with are thick with muscle, dark with hair. He reaches out but stops himself, looking up at Andy, who still looks straight ahead, obediently. He stands again, eye to eye with Andy.

He walks behind Andy again and tells him to bare his ass. Andy takes his boxers down in back just under his ass cheeks and stops. He feels the man's hands on him back there. He has Andy's ass in his hands, and he squeezes hard, spreading the cheeks. Andy hears the rustle of the man's clothing as he squats, seams straining, and he feels the man's warm breath whispering over his anus, feathery words that tickle at his thoughts too, and then the man's tongue swiping a taste across the crack of his ass. Andy's stiff dick makes reactionary twitches and fresh drops of pre-cum soak the front of his boxers. The man's grip on his ass is firm, almost painful, as he opens Andy up to the assault of his poker-like tongue. Andy's butt hole blooms and the tongue stabs into him, and Andy relaxes with a low moan that vibrates through him, down to the man behind him, who reaches around and grips Andy's thick-shafted cock through his dampening white boxers.

The man stops abruptly, rising from his crouch, brushing at the knees of his slacks.

"Pull them up," he growls, and Andy complies, but he misses the man's mouth and grip. Unconsciously, his hand finds his dripping dick and tugs at it.

"Stop," orders the man. "Do *not* do that again." He comes around to face Andy, his face close. The man is about four inches taller, and his mouth is set right at Andy's nose so that he can smell his own ass on the man's mouth. He finds himself somehow wondering what it would be like to lick the lips that had just licked his hole so passionately. The man leans closer, closer, closer, and Andy's cock slides between the taller man's thighs. The man kisses him roughly, once, and stops.

"How does your ass taste?" he asks Andy. "Do you like it?"

Andy nods slowly, drowsily, locking eyes with the man, who tips forward and runs his tongue over Andy's mouth. Andy knows he is not allowed to touch the man unless given explicit permission. The rules have been established ... earlier, though Andy is not sure exactly when, does not remember specifically being told. Still, Andy can discern the man's tight, muscular build, the breadth of his shoulders, and he had felt the girth of the man's thighs when his cock was caught between them. Andy wants desperately for the man to be at least as undressed as he is. When the man's suit coat falls open, revealing an obstinate hard-on pressing against the thin blue serge of his slacks, Andy takes it all in--the blunt head, the fat shaft. *Good company*, he thinks. Then, without warning, the man grips the hem of the right leg of Andy's boxers and tears the cloth up to the waistband. Free, Andy's cock sways, fully erect, like a crane in high wind.

"Take those off," the man snaps, walking around Andy and going to the window. From where Andy stands, he can see the man handling himself, rubbing the front of his trousers. Andy's own dick is thick and achingly stiff, a fat rolling vein meandering the shaft and disappearing into his clipped black bush. His rod tapers from the base, narrows so-slightly, capped with a red fleshy helmet that right now is wet with leakage and dripping, wasted, to the floor.

"Get on your knees," the man says from the window. Andy kneels on the concrete, his toes cracking. He rests his ass on his thighs and he waits, but the man barks for him to straighten up, and so he kneels the way he stands: at ease but ramrod stiff, shoulders back, chest out. He waits like this, muscles burning, knees aching. The concrete begins to feel like gravel, then broken glass, then red-hot coals. When the man finally rejoins him, Andy is dull-eyed and his cock is limp, hanging forgotten between his thighs.

"Stand up," the man says. He touches Andy's cock with two fingers, hefting it. It is heavy even when soft, losing none of its thickness. The man goes to his knees then, finally pleased. He begins to suck on Andy, using his tongue and mouth to coax him back to hardness. He pulls with his lips and takes the whole thing into his mouth, rolling it on his tongue, keeping it there until it hardens completely and stops up his throat. He

leans back and says with shining lips, "I like to earn that kind of response on my own."

Although he has spoken warmly, nothing has changed. The man's manner says he is still firmly in charge. Andy's head still feels fuzzy inside. The man climbs to his feet, brushing his hands together. "Turn around," he tells Andy, who makes a neat pivot and faces the windows. Andy hears a zipper slowly undone.

Andy hears the man say, "I want you to bend over," so he does. He listens to the man gather spit in his mouth, then feels it dribble toward his anus. More is produced--and palmed, Andy gathers, because he can hear the slick strokes the man is making on himself. Andy tried to recall his last fucking and decides it has been many years, done as a favor to a fellow top he was dating then and had topped time and time again. Since then, he had not had to make any concessions; since then, he has maintained what he considers his rightful position.

But now he has his ankles in his hands, and the blood is filling his head as he feels his first ruthless jab of cock in eight or ten years. He grunts at the pain that floods through him, clenches his teeth and concentrates on a crack in the concrete that runs between his sock-clad feet and the man's black leather dress shoes. He is rocked on his feet, lifted with each thrust and held by his shoulders. The man slams himself into Andy with calculated strokes and a tempered fierceness, but curiously uses his thumbs to gently massage Andy's shoulder blades, encouraging him to relax into the fuck. And as the strokes lessen in severity, Andy arches his back, trying to maneuver his assailant's cock head to a better position against his prostate, listening to the man behind him whispering fuck-talk as he kneads Andy's deltoids and pushes himself repeatedly into Andy's tight, hairy asshole.

"Straighten up," the man demands, and Andy presses his back against the man's suited chest. Andy's belly is caressed, his navel fingered. His cock, jutting painfully from his crotch, is ignored. The man puts his mouth on Andy's ear, tonguing it briskly, making fucking noises--grunts and sighs. His cock slides in and out. Andy estimates its length--eight to ten. It fills him up, banging against the hardening knob inside him, and the man begins to accelerate, driving himself faster and deeper, gripping Andy by the scruff of the neck.

"Here you go, boy," the man breathes again and again. "Here you go, boy," until he is yelling it, and pushing Andy over again, slamming into Andy's hole, which is sloppy now with pre-cum and spit and ass juice. "Cum now, boy," and Andy's cock begins to erupt out a load that comes of its own accord. Andy shoots and shoots, dribbling his cum all over his own socks and the man's pants cuffs as the man fills Andy's asshole, twitching and cursing, licking Andy's back and sweetly playing with one of his earlobes.

According to the rules, Andy cannot talk. There is no talking at all. Andy is to maintain his position until he hears the elevator making its descent. He feels the man pulling himself out of Andy's fucked hole: a long, slow drag, then a tiny pop when the head is tugged free. Andy listens to the man redoing his trousers behind him and walking away.

When he hears the elevator, he stretches. His head is starting to clear, as if waking. The buzzing in his butt hole confirms it was not just some half-remembered dream. He uses his destroyed boxers to wipe his ass. Balling them, he debates throwing them into a corner. He dresses himself, puts on his ring and watch and glasses, and pushes the wad of boxers into his pocket, alongside his keys.
