

The Wrong One

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, hypno]

[Synopsis: Sometimes, we all fall in love with the wrong one.]

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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1.

My wife's gay cousin is staying with us while he looks for work. Did that come out wrong?--"My wife's gay cousin"? That's not how I meant it to sound. Kurt is my wife's cousin, and he's gay, and he has been staying with us. That's what I meant.

I don't have a problem with gay guys--hell, I messed around with a couple of guys back in college, just experimenting and stuff like that before I met Carol--and I think the issues I had at first with Kurt would have been the case no matter who was moving into our guest bedroom. I mean, when I'm starting to get romantic in our bedroom with my wife Carol, and I'm kissing her neck and trying to warm her up so she'll let me fuck her, and somebody knocks on the bedroom door and yells, "Either of you seen the remote for the TV?"--well, when the mood gets broken like that and Carol pushes me away and won't let me touch her again, what does it matter if he's gay, straight, or a space alien? Damn fucker.

Kurt doesn't mean to get underfoot. He just graduated from the university across town. He wants to stay in the city, but he had to move out of the dorm when he graduated and he can't afford a place until he gets a job. So Carol offered him our guest bedroom for a couple of months. Just until he gets on his feet. I love Carol and all, and Kurt was one of her closest relatives when they were growing up, so I said okay, hoping it would make her happy and reverse some of the coldness I'd been feeling in her the last few weeks.

My name is Michael. Carol and I are twenty-six. We met in college and got right married after graduation. We've been married just over three years. No kids yet--just a mortgage on a small two-bedroom, one-bath bungalow in the suburbs. But we've been thinking of starting a family and getting a bigger place. Things have kind of cooled off between Carol and me, compared to when we were in college, before we tied the knot, but that's normal when you've been married a few years, right?

Kurt is twenty-three. He just got some kind of art degree--who knows what kind of job he can get with that. Advertising, maybe? Anyway, he tries not to get in the way too much, but he's around more than I thought he would be. I mean, he doesn't have a job, and most of his friends have graduated and moved off, so he's pretty much around all the time. I'd met him a few times over the years and I liked him well enough, but I just knew having him around all the time would be a major pain in the ass. At least he didn't bring his tricks home.

Two months after Kurt moved in, Carol's father has this bad heart attack. Carol takes two weeks off work and goes home to help her mom take care of him. Kurt seems kind of nervous about that--I mean, he and Carol are close, but I'm just some guy he doesn't know too well. It's one thing to move in with your cousin and her straight husband who doesn't much like you, and another to suddenly find yourself staying with just the straight husband who doesn't much like you.

But off Carol goes. That leaves me there at home most evenings with Kurt. At first, I try to be friendly, figuring to make the best of the situation.

And I find out, y'know, Kurt's not such a bad guy after all. We like the same sports, which means we don't fight over the TV remote. We both like to run, though I run through the neighborhood streets and he likes to run in the big park a few blocks over. Sure, I catch him eyeing me a couple of times in a way that makes me nervous, but I figure it's just a crush because I'm a good-looking guy. He'll get over it soon enough, right? And he knows I'm married to Carol.

Once we start finding out we have some common interests, we start hanging out together a little more. He takes me over to the park one Saturday, and we go running through the park. Afterward, we down bottles of water to rehydrate ourselves, and we toss a Frisbee for, like, an hour in the hot afternoon sun. I shuck my shirt off to work on my tan, and after a little while he does too. We're playing with the Frisbee in the hot summer sun and the slight breeze, in our running shorts and shoes--half-socks for me--and sweating and laughing, showing off our bodies. He has a nice body too, for a guy I guess--the kind of long, sleek muscles you get from running and swimming. He's tall, nearly as tall as me. He smiles a lot. His chest and legs are hairy, which I hadn't expected--I mean, for some reason I keep thinking, *Carol doesn't have any hair on her*, but I realize that's dumb because Carol's not a guy. I guess it was 'cause he looks so much like Carol: same eyes, same smile, same dark hair color. He's as handsome as Carol is pretty. We're tossing the Frisbee and having a great time, and afterward I sprawl out on the grass in the sun to work on my tan some more and I kind of doze off.

When I wake up, Kurt has his sketch pad, and he's scratching away at it, and he shows me what he's been drawing. A picture of this happy labrador retriever we saw chasing a squirrel earlier. A close-up of the face of one of those greedy ducks that comes waddling up from the pond to harass you for bread. A

picture of me napping. I'm sprawled out on my back on the grass in the picture, with my knees bent up a little. The perspective is mostly in profile and from slightly above, like he was sitting off to the side and looking down at me from a short distance away. My right shoulder and head are in the lower left corner, and my feet are angled toward to upper right. He's used just a little color to indicate my red running shorts and the green grass, but otherwise it's a black-and-white sketch. He's made me look good, like something that should be hanging in a museum somewhere, and I feel myself blushing uncomfortably when I see how he's drawn every muscle on my smooth chest and tight abs. I tell him he's sure talented. He offers to give me the sketch, but I decline--I mean, what am I going to do with a half-naked drawing of myself? I don't say a thing about the way he's drawn this ridge in my shorts like I had an erection or something while I was napping. Maybe I was dreaming about Carol.

2.

Later we're sitting around the living room. I'm in the chair and he's on the couch. We've both showered and changed into jeans and tee-shirts. We're watching something on the sports channel and finishing off the last of a delivery pizza and drinking beer and yelling when somebody onscreen makes a good play or screws up. You know--guy stuff. We're just being guys. It's easy to forget he's gay.

Did I mention the beer? Yeah, we're drinking a lot of beer. We've killed a six-pack except for the last swallows, and we're about to start a second. I'm missing Carol, but right now, the beer and sports are more immediate. We're laughing at something the announcer said, then Kurt looks over at me and says, "Hey, Michael, you ever get high?"

I say, "You mean, like, smoke pot and stuff? That never did much for me other than give me the munchies."

"Naw--I mean, like, X or something?"

The beer buzz has my thoughts processing slower than usual. X? Ecstasy? "Never tried that," I say, which is true.

"Just a sec," Kurt says and hops off the couch. He retreats to his bedroom. Then I hear him in the kitchen, in the refrigerator.

Then he's back, carrying two glasses of orange juice. He hands me one glass, then a small tablet.

I peer at the pill. "What's this?" I ask, though my beer-soaked brain is already coming up with the answer when he says it.

"X. Go ahead. You'll like it. You gotta wash it down with orange juice--the vitamin C helps your body absorb it."

I look up him like, *What the fuck?*

He holds up a tablet of his own. "It's good stuff. I got it from my therapist."

Okay, that's going to take me a moment to process.

Kurt says, "We'll do it together. C'mon--it'll be fun." He tosses his tablet in the air and catches it in his mouth, like candy. "What's the matter? I hadn't figured you for a lightweight, big guy."

That does it!--I'll show him I'm no lightweight. Carol would have freaked if she saw me getting high--hell, she doesn't even like it when I have more than a couple of drinks with my buds on those rare occasions--but she isn't here. I figure what she doesn't know won't hurt me. I park the tablet on my tongue and swallow.

"Cheers," Kurt says, grinning, toasting us with his glass before he downs half his juice. I turn up my glass too and drain every last drop.

We're watching more sports and waiting and joking around. The boring part of getting high always is waiting for something to kick in.

"Are you feeling it?" Kurt asks. Maybe half an hour has gone by. I'm seeing these little shadows of color, like afterimages, around things on the TV screen. It's kind of pretty. And the announcer is saying things and his voice is making all these golden streaks, which is kind of weird. Is that called synaesthesia? I'm perceiving everything as colors. There's this little edge of euphoria around everything. I'm feeling kind of relaxed and energized at the same time. I figure out, *Okay, so this must be what X is like.*

So I look over at him and say, "Uh huh."

"Real smooth, isn't it? This is good stuff."

I look at him, and there's this little rim of color outlining his head and shoulders, and I'm pretty sure he's my best friend in the whole world. Any resentment I had against him being underfoot these last few weeks has melted away. He gets up to do something, and as he walks past, I grab his leg, and he half-tumbles into the chair on top of me. We're giggling, and he tries to get up but I'm trying to hug him and I don't let go, and then we're both toppling into the floor. At least he's hugging me back. My skin feels all tingly, and it feels good to hug him.

He kisses the top of my head, and I'm thinking that should make me feel weird or something, but it's just a kiss between good friends, so I hug him tighter. I'm pretty sure he's pressing a hard-on against me, but I don't reach for it. I mean, we're not *that* friendly. Besides, I'm married.

But that doesn't stop me from rolling over on top of him. I'm straddling his waist, and I'm poking and tickling the hell out of him. He's squirming and giggling and trying to push my hands away and trying unsuccessfully to tickle me back, and he's obviously enjoying the hell out of the attention.

"Hell, Michael," he says, gasping between tickle giggle-fits, "if I'd known you were this much fun when you loosened up, I'd have slipped you some Ecstasy a long time ago!"

I sit back, resting just a little of my weight on his stomach, and I poke him in the chest. I'm grinning. He grins and I poke him again.

He says, "You're a really sexy man, you know that?"

That makes me feel weird, since I'm married to Carol, so I pull back. He sits up. The next thing I know, he's kissing me. Kind of off-center, half on my lips and half on my cheek. After a second, I start kissing him back, and his tongue slips into my mouth to play.

This feels good and weird at the same time. Physically good; mentally weird. I want to hug him and kiss

him and show him how much I like him, but I'm married and I know I should have better limits.

He senses me pulling back. When his palm cups my pec, I push his hand away.

"Sorry," he says. "I didn't mean to go too far."

"It's--I--uhm ..." Okay, so I have no clue what I'm trying to say. I played around with guys a few times during my sophomore year of college, but nothing serious. I had told Carol about it--she had played around with chicks a time or two, herself--but we agreed we were both really, really straight and we wanted to be monogamous. Meaning, with each other. Getting all turned on with her handsome cousin who looks like a male version of her definitely falls outside the limits of "monogamous." I'm tempted, but I know that is the drug talking.

"Shh," he says. "It's okay. Really. I went too far. I'm sorry. Still friends?"

I grin and say, "Yep. Still friends."

"You really should loosen up a little more often, though. This is the happiest I've ever seen you--even before Carol left."

I lift my middle finger in that time-honored gesture and shoot him a bird.

Which he finds extremely funny and he collapses in giggles again.

"Duuuuude," he drawls, "you *gotta* learn to lighten up."

"Oh, screw you," I shoot back, and I can't stop grinning.

"Seriously. I mean, like, has Carol not been putting out or something?"

I really should tell him to mind his own business, but I'm feeling open, like there's no barriers. So I say, "Uhm, yeah. It's frustrating. She just doesn't seem to be into me anymore."

"Dude, that's so lame. You're a sexy guy. She doesn't know what she's missing. No wonder you're so uptight."

"I'm *not* uptight."

"Uh. Right. Whatever." But he says it with a wink. "Wanna try something? Here's another little trick I picked up from my therapist."

He reaches over to the end table and hands me a silver ink pen.

"It's easy," he says. "Just look at it. Maybe move it back and forth between your thumb and forefinger."

It's shiny. I'm still seeing afterimages. It tilts right and I see little gold and orange and red streaks. It tilts left and I see green and blue and purple. It's like watching a prism.

"See? Just watch the pen. The point of this exercise is to focus on your breathing and help you relax and loosen up a little. Breathe deeply. In ... And out ... Good. Now close your eyes and think of that pen

between your thumb and index finger. Now breathe in deeply and exhale slowly five times ... Each time you inhale, you bring more oxygen into your lungs. It moves through your whole body. Each time you exhale, you keep relaxing, becoming more calm and more peaceful. That relaxation is moving through your whole body, and through your shoulder, down your arm into your hand and fingers. Soon the fingers on your hand will become so relaxed that the pen will slip from your hand and drop to the floor. As you hear the pen dropping to the floor, it may seem a little funny at first, but it will help you to continue relaxing even more. You'll enjoy the feelings of relaxation that are coming over your whole body."

I'm thinking, *Whatever*, and mostly I'm watching the colors the silver pen makes as I move it back and forth, and the way his voice feels in the air.

"Other sounds and noises are fading away, and you are listening only to my voice. That relaxation is continuing to move through your whole body. You are relaxing from the top of your head to the tips of your toes. You are continuing to relax and feel more at ease. You are feeling peacefulness, comfort, and calmness all through your body. You will notice the rest of your body relaxing even more now, and soon the thumb and finger holding that pen will relax. As they continue relaxing, the pen will soon slip from your hand and drop to the floor. When the pen drops from your fingers, you will move into an even deeper hypnotic state, and you will keep your eyes closed until I ask you to open them ..."

3.

I had this weird-ass dream. I dreamed I was asleep and I opened my eyes and I was in bed with Carol. She was sleeping on her side--we both were--with me spooned up behind her. I had an erection, and it nestled up along the crack of her perfect ass. Only it wasn't Carol. It was Kurt. And somehow, I was all right with that--I guess 'cause I knew it was a dream. I had my arm thrown over his chest, and I started rubbing the tight muscles there, the smooth skin, the hair on his pecs and running down the middle of his abs. Kurt was wake up too. He lifted his leg, and I felt his hand slide back, down between us. He gripped my hard cock shaft and guided the head to his ass opening. His hole was already lubed, like maybe we'd fucked earlier. I hunched my hips forward, and the head slipped inside him. I pressed forward gently, and more of the shaft disappeared into him. I heard him sigh. I sighed too. It felt so fucking good ...

In the morning, I'm standing in the bathroom. I woke up alone twenty minutes earlier. Just me and my happy morning hard-on. No sign it was anything but a dream.

Now I'm fresh out of the shower. I've dried myself, and I'm still naked, standing at the sink. I'm shaving, with shaving cream still on half my face--damn, I'm good-looking--and I'm thinking about that dream and trying to process it, which had my cock half-hard no matter how weird the dream was. I'm thinking the dream must have been a lingering effect from the Ecstasy we took last night--and had Kurt tried to hypnotize me too?

There's a knock on the bathroom door as I'm rinsing my razor, and Kurt yells through the door. "Hey, Michael, can I come in and take a shower?"

"Sure," I call back, and I reach for a towel to wrap around my waist and my half-erection that refuses to go away. I'm thinking I need to jack off as soon as I can find some privacy.

"Thanks, dude," Kurt says as the door swings open. He has on a pair of plaid boxers that look a lot like a pair of mine. He sticks his hand in the shower stall and the water starts. I watch in the mirror as he shoves his boxers to his ankles, steps out of them, and steps into the shower.

I feel myself blush as I eye his bare ass, and I yank my eyes back to my razor.

The sight of his ass ... Dream or no dream, somehow, all my memories of fooling around with guys during my college sophomore year come flooding back to me. All those things us guys would do in the dorms when we were drunk enough that we could pretend like we didn't remember it the next day. My mouth waters when I think of how a guy's cock tastes.

"Hey, Michael."

I look up. Kurt is standing there in the shower, looking at me. He's grinning. His voice is low, seductive, but I can still hear every word perfectly over the sound of the water. "See anything you like?"

His cock is hard. He slides his hand around the base of it and moves it slowly back and forth. Back and forth. I think of the silver pen from last night, moving back and forth. What happened after that ...?

He smiles that sly, stubbly smile. "That's right," he says. "Just relax again. So easy, isn't it."

I'm suddenly aware of how long Carol has been gone, and how long it has been since she let me touch her. And how horny I am.

I've never wanted to fuck so much in my life. I'm hard, so incredibly hard. As I turn, face to face with Kurt, the towel scrubs against the side of the sink and falls away from my hips. I don't care. I'm hard, looking at Kurt. Kurt's hard, looking at me. He beckons me, and I step naked into the shower with him.

I've never wanted to fuck so much in my life. It feels good to get a handful and mouthful of another man's meat again. The shower spray rinses the remaining shaving cream off my face. It's a big, roomy shower. We suck each other, dive at each other's crotches, can't get enough of each other's cocks. The more he swallows of me, the more he presses his groin down into my throat too. We're pounding each other's mouths like we're possessed.

My fingers find their way around his ass. Carol in the early days used to love it when I would do something like this with her clit. My roommate back in college always loved it when I played with his ass like this. I sink my finger into the heat of Kurt's hole. He squeezes his sphincter tight around my finger, loving the way I'm poking it into him back there. He wants it, and I give it to him. His thick, long cock hardens against his abs.

Then he says he wants me to sit on it. Sit on his cock. He wants to feel my ass hugging his cock all the way down to his balls.

It's been a while since I had a cock up my ass. Not since college. Not since before I met Carol. But I'm horny, and I'm not in control, and I'm more than horny enough to do it. I get on top of him, lube his cock up with some of Carol's conditioning shampoo, and notch his rod into my hole. He plays with my asshole, relaxing it, making it easier for me to push myself down onto his fucker. It feels so good to finally have something so big to fill my hole again.

I really want the whole thing inside of me, every inch. He just smiles, and tells me to breathe and relax, and watches me fuck myself for a while, slowly taking more and more of his shaft up my hole, until I'm taking the whole thing. When I hit bottom, he starts playing with my pecs, rubbing my hard-on, squeezing my cockhead. Getting me hotter for him. He has me turn around, spin on his cock. Now I can rub his balls and feel the root of the rod impaling me. He reaches around, grabs my cock, starts jacking.

His strokes on my cock feel so good, I grind my hips all over the place, practically gyrating on his thick dick. I can't help heaving up in mid-air, then cramming back down on his cock.

Then everything tightens. Everything! My dick hardens. My ass clamps around him. Every muscle in my body goes rigid. I'm going to cream like I've never done before. The way he squeezes it, he's practically throttling the cum right out of me. I swear, all my jizz is firing out in one series of blinding explosions that send me reeling. My cum splatters all over the shower stall. He polishes me off by flipping me over on the shower floor and pounding my ass until every drop of cum shoots from his nuts. We're lying plastered together under the spray for a long time after that, until the hot water runs out and the spray starts turning cold.

4.

Carol hasn't returned my calls. She should have come home a week ago. Kurt and I have been having a hell of a good time while she's been away, but I still love her and miss her.

She calls when she is overdue by a week. By then, Kurt and I have been fucking for nearly two weeks, and I've had more sex in those two weeks than I've had in practically my whole life. All Kurt has to do is show me his cock and move it back and forth, and I feel kinda funny, really horny and relaxed at the same time, and suddenly there's nothing important except ...

Kurt knows I miss her. She hasn't called, and she isn't home yet. I think he's trying to keep my mind off of the situation. And I have to admit, I'm enjoying his distractions.

Carol calls. She's crying. She says she isn't coming home. Ever. Her father never had a heart attack--that was a lie. She had met someone new. She had gone away with him. Two weeks in a paradise that I could never give her. Since she left, she has been living with her new lover. She wants to stay there. She wants a divorce.

She's crying. I'm trying to cry but I can't. I'm too stunned. Kurt watches me from the couch, probably hearing only my side of the conversation. He doesn't seem surprised. He has been her confidante--he probably knew all along she had found someone new.

I want her to be happy. She says she is filing for divorce, and she asks me not to fight it. To let her go. I say okay, if that's what she wants. She says she wants to stop by tomorrow to pick up her stuff. She'll stop by while I'm at work. She asks me not to be there. She doesn't want to see me again. Ever.

I put the phone down.

I've misjudged what she felt about me. I knew she had become a little more distant lately, but ... Maybe I've misjudged what I was feeling too, clinging to something that I only thought was there. I've been wrong for years.

Kurt is sprawled on half the couch, watching me. He's wearing a gray shirt, faded jeans, a sad smile. He puts his bare feet up on the coffee table, legs spread. "Hey, Michael," he says quietly, and, "It'll be all right," and, "She doesn't want to stand in your way anymore."

I look at him, and I'm struck again by how much he looks like a male version of Carol. No--how handsome he is--how much *she* looks like *him*. Maybe I was waiting for the wrong one all along.

"Hey, Michael," he says in that familiar tone. He unzips his jeans. No underwear. Pulls out his cock, half-hard and rising. He moves it back and forth again, back and forth. I can't look away. I know this is what I'm supposed to do, what I should have been doing all along. I find myself on my knees, bending over his cock, opening my mouth, letting him inside me again.
