

Flashes

by **Wrestlr**

[MC, gay, M/M, hypno]

Disclaimer: There's sex and maybe a few other minor perversions in this. If you don't like that sort of thing, read something else. Everybody in the story is legal age. Parts of this story may be autobiographical, or it might be all fiction--who can say?

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Light from oncoming cars splashed across our jeans and my bare chest before shifting onto the asphalt and disappearing as the cars passed. The night was thick. Jake and I watched the cars and invented stories about their drivers. Foreign cars held cool numbers with cold, hard cash who wanted the world to know it--who cares if they thought their cash made them God's gift to hustlers, as long as they were willing to part with it?. Trucks and Jeeps sometimes got a little rough, sometimes freaky--you could get pushed around, maybe bruised, and the fuckers rarely tipped you. Sedans and SUVs were usually suburban tricks, especially if there was a child seat in the back--your basic Mr. Brady types, respectable family men with dirty little secrets, always so nervous and a little too quick to shoot their wads.

My buddy Jake always loved those Mr. Brady types. He was always saying to me, "By the time I jump in the car, they're so busy doing it inside their heads, they're already hard and juicin'. Saves me time and energy, 'cause once I go down on 'em, it's nearly over. But you? You walk around with all these goofy dreams. You wanna get to know these losers and have a fucking romance or something special. Grow the fuck up! The only thing this is about is money. Money and Mr. Get-This-Thing-Off-For-Me-Right-Now."

That's sort of true. Not that I was some sort of romantic sap, but I wanted to get to know the guys I did, or at

least come away with one special thing I could remember about them for a while. Jake said I liked to collect "experiences." Maybe that's why I went for the foreign cars when I had a choice. They held the promise of something exotic, someone different.

Jake? Well, he was such a fucking cynic. Maybe when you're 29 and still hustling street corners with 30 staring you in the face, you have a right to be. At least he still looked good. He still looked the part. He had that "Italian stallion" hard-boy act down pat. Dark, classic swimmer's build with all these long, lean muscles, and hopelessly butch. In spite of the warm night, he wore a leather jacket over his white tee-shirt--for "the attitude," he said. He told everyone he was "only 23." He was also an "Actor/Model." Hell--we *all* were, at least when we were on our knees.

Me? My name is Dick. That's not my *real* name, but it's the name I give the johns when they ask. I'm young, and I'm cute, but my best attribute is my dick. At eight and a quarter inches long, it's just a bit longer than average, but it's thick. Really thick. Thicker than any other dick I've ever seen, and I've seen a lot of them. The johns' eyes always get really big when they see it, like they can believe it's real, but it is. Trust me. So calling myself "Dick"--that just puts the spotlight on what they want and the one thing that's special about me. I think of it as "good marketing."

Other than that? I'm cute as hell--everyone says so. I'm trim and muscular from going to the gym. My hair is wavy, cut short. That week, I was working a little facial stubble, 'cause I look good with a little scruff on my lip and chin. It was a warm night, so I was out there in jeans and no shirt, showing off my muscled chest with its trimmed dusting of hair. I had just turned 21 the week before. I told everyone I was "19"--more marketing. If you're young, and trim, and cute enough, you're as young as they want you to be. That night, though---for no particular reason--I felt like being honest. Sometimes, honesty is a great gimmick.

Who knows what attracts certain men to specific guys? I don't know what drew the man in the expensive foreign silver sedan to me. Jake had gone back into an alley to take a leak. I kind of vaguely remembered this car belonging to a john Jake had hooked up with ... what?--a week ago? The window lowered, and a pair of dark eyes looked over every inch of me. They lingered on my chest a moment, then looked me right in the eye.

"What are you into tonight," he asked. Accent--couldn't place where from. South American?

I leaned down, propping my elbows on the edge of the window, acting all casual and sexy. "Fun," I said, my usual answer. "Wanna party?"

"Get in," he said. His voice was firm, a hard, no-nonsense baritone.

I checked his face. His eyes were blazing back at me, all dark intensity and promise, two stars under the dark nighttime air, staring right into me. Dashboard lights accented his face. Aged machismo. "El Hombre Latino"--a big Latino daddy type. He had an air--a presence--of forceful dominance to him. His stare kept drawing my eyes back to his. All I heard was a hot sound: smack-smack-smackity-smack! He motioned my eyes downward, and I looked. Fuck! There it was. He had his shorts open, and his cock shone like a bar of burnished gold in the dashboard glow as he slapped him hard against his burly thigh. Long. Very long. Maybe the longest I'd ever seen.

"Are you going to hurt me with that thing?" I teased, beyond impressed with his meat.

"Get in," he repeated. His tone said he was used to getting his way and didn't like having to tell me a second time.

"You ain't a cop or anything, are you?" I asked.

He could have been. Except for the expensive car. He sure looked kick-ass tough enough. But I'd been hustling for four years. I knew a cop when I sniffed one. They smelled like the street--gritty, dangerous, and tricky. Still, I had to be sure. Hustler Rule #1: *Ask first*. If he lies, it's entrapment. The man shook his head, no.

I felt Jake's arm settle on my bare shoulder as he stuck his head in the window too. "Hey," he said, peering in at the guy with a big grin. Without taking his eyes off the man, Jake hissed to me, "Ask him if he wants to double his fun."

"Both of you," the stranger said.

Jake slapped my shoulder and popped the back seat door. "Just don't fall in love, ya fucking romantic," Jake whispered to me as I climbed into the front seat.

We zoomed down the boulevard. I looked over for another glance at his big, long meat. He'd put it away, but the bulge of it in the shape of Florida (my favorite state) lay across his thigh. He was silent. Too silent. My time was money, so I figured I should run down the menu.

"We get thirty each for a blowjob. Sixty each for regular sex. Anything else, we can negotiate. But I don't kiss." I hated the sound of that--so harsh and emotionally empty. It wasn't me; it was just what I did.

"How much for the night?" he asked, his shining eyes never leaving the road.

"The night?" I had to compute. Not many asked for the night. "Uh ... five bills each, up front." I glanced back at Jake, who squinted his eyes in agreement. I had the rent to pay, and this guy with his fancy car looked like he could afford it.

The stranger looked at me as if I was kidding. So my eager side, the cocky salesman, kicked in. "Hey, I've had rich men offer to leave their frickin' families for me! I'm worth it, mister."

He stopped at a light. That knot in his pants looked like a fistful of quarters. He grabbed me by the chin and looked at me the way food inspectors look at meat. Had I passed his Pretty Boy test? Next I thought he'd ask to see my fucking teeth.

"How many men have you been with tonight, huh?" he growled. "Don't lie to me."

"Two," I said, and that was the truth.

He released my chin, reached into his wallet, and slammed three folded-up Benjamins in my fist. He tossed three more into the back seat to Jake. The light changes, and we headed into the night.

He pulled out this thick, clumsily rolled joint and a lighter. To get us "relaxed and in the mood to party," he said. Jake, from the back seat, snatched it and lit up. Took a deep toke. Passed it to me. I took a hit, even though pot usually doesn't do much for me. I could tell this was good shit. I held it out to the stranger. He shook his head, no, without looking away from the road. I passed it back to Jake.

I thought he would drive us to a hotel, but instead we went to the building where he lived. We got on the elevator. He pressed the top button--"PH" for "Penthouse." I tried not to look impressed.

He unlocked and opened the door. Walked in like he fucking *owned* the place--which I guess he did. We followed him in. He picked up a remote control, and quiet music started, some drum-and-bass song, soft and trancey as a slow heartbeat. This strobe light lit the room, from on top of the stereo system. It blinked incredibly fast, flares of stark white light, then darkness, several times a second.

"Have a seat," he said. "On the couch."

Jake went right to the long, pale leather couch; he draped his leather jacket over the arm and flopped down on the far side. He seemed to know what was going on, and I remembered he'd been with this man before, about a week ago. The strobe light kept me disoriented--I wasn't used to this way of seeing things, so stop-and-start.

"I said, have a seat," the stranger grumbled at me.

Okay. It was his money. I sat down on the couch, next to Jake. I made sure I was in the middle--if the stranger came over, I'd be between him and Jake.

The couch faced the pricey stereo system, with the strobe on top of it stabbing blasts of light right into our faces. It hurt my eyes. I was still kind of buzzed from the pot in the car, and the strobe made me feel like I was hallucinating, like a dream of seeing things underwater. I had to look away. But with the whole room dark except when the strobe washed it out like lightning, it was inescapable.

"Kiss me," the stranger said, settling next to me on the couch.

"Huh?" I kind of snapped out of it and said, "Huh?" I looked over at him. He had on this pair of sunglasses. Against the flickering glare, I watched the way his profile caught the light. Hot. I was secretly glad he'd chosen me. But I was there for a reason, so I reached over and slowly massaged his thigh. I felt the tip of his member, and I put my hand over his shaft, squeezing gently, feeling it grow harder and thicker through his pants with every stroke.

"Kiss me," he said again, his face zeroing in on mine.

I pulled back. "No way. Like I said, I don't kiss. Sorry, dude." I wanted to kiss him, but this was part of the job.

He sighed. "Tonight it's my money and my trip. I expect to be calling the shots."

"You're in charge," I said, "but on anything but that, okay?"

He sighed again. I could tell he didn't like not getting his way. "Let's try something," he said. "Maybe it will help you feel more ... cooperative."

I said, "Okay, sure. Like what?"

"Ten cycles a second," His voice curled around my ear like a jaguar's purr.

"Shhh," he said. With one finger against my jaw, he gently, firmly, turned my head back toward the strobing light.

"Huh?" I squinted. Looking at it made my eyes hurt.

"Look into the light. Look past the light. Keep your eyes open and let it in. Your eyes will get used to it in a

moment."

I tried. Once I got used to the intensity, the light held my gaze, like a magnet.

"See? See how easy?" he said. "Ten cycles a second. The same rhythm as your brain. Your alpha waves, when you are in a very relaxed, visualizing state, are at about ten cycles per second. Some say a flashing light like this, it can cause hallucinations. I say it can help you see things in a whole new way. Your friend Jake, he knows. He remembers."

I looked over at Jake. He was staring straight ahead at the strobe. His expression was slack, lips slightly apart.

The man 's hand caressed my jaw, aimed my face back at the light. "Look into the light," he murmured. "Look as long and deep into the light as you can."

What is it about a strobe light that makes it hold your attention? I don't know. All I knew was, as much as it hurt my eyes at first, the more I stared the easier it got.

"Do you feel it?" the man said. "That little tired feeling at the corners of your eyes? I think you do. The little tired, relaxed feeling. Can you feel it starting to spread? Spreading out into your eyebrows and cheeks. Yes? This wave of tiredness spreading out and making everything it touches feel so relaxed and limp."

I did feel it, like a little itchy sensation at the outside corner of each eye. Yeah, I felt it starting to flow outward when he said so, too.

"Spreading all through your face now, and back into your scalp, covering your entire head. It feels good, doesn't it? So relaxing, yes? That's right--just let it spread and relax you."

He kept talking, and I felt it flowing through my body. Down into my neck and shoulders. My upper arms, elbows, forearms, wrists, hands, and fingers. Down my back. Down my chest. Into my stomach. Through my hips. Down my thighs, knees, calves, ankles, feet--finally draining out the very tips of my toes.

"There. Feeling so tired now. So relaxed, aren't you? Your whole body feels so heavy and limp. Even your eyelids. So heavy. You'd like to close them, I know. Eyes so heavy, so tired. Already starting to close. So tired. So ready for sleep. Yes, so sleepy. Let your eyelids close. Close them and sleep. Sleep now."

He snapped his fingers. I opened my eyes, blinking. The strobe was off; the overhead light was on. The man had lost the sunglasses. He had turned, facing me, his knees spread wide.

"What was all *that* about?" I asked. Beside me, Jake stretched and yawned.

The man shrugged and ignored my question. "Unzip me, and take out my dick," he said.

Okay, I thought as my hands moved almost on their own, I get it now--he's a fucking control freak.

But this was why I was there, what he had paid for. I took that long column of meat, sliding my hand slowly up and down, working its dewy foreskin back and forth. He grasped my neck and brought my lips down to it and fed me his bloated dick--head, shaft, and all. He began to roll his hips, pumping it slowly, pumping it deeply. He found his groove inside my mouth and settled in to take my tongue on a long, rigorous ride. He pumped, and my jaw started to hurt from his size.

"Oh, damn," Jake swore, bringing his face up alongside mine. "Daddy, you're a whole lotta man."

"Just suck it, you two," he hissed.

I slipped my aching mouth off of him and settled down to lick his balls. Jake skated down his shaft, taking him more easily than I did. Jake's tongue and mouth slithered all around this guy's warm dick-skin and rode a thick zigzagging vein down to its base. Jake forced his nose deeply into the man's bush and promptly gagged. "Daddy" had a slight curve to his shaft, and I remembered how it had tickled my tonsils.

I gazed up. He was smiling as I kissed his thighs and Jake slobbered on his cock. I pushed Jake away and took another turn at sucking that cock. His precum mixed with Jake's and my saliva, and I wished they all tasted like this man in my mouth. I felt incredibly hungry for him, for it.

"Ooooh! Suck it! Shit! That feels fu--fuck--f-f-fucking *fantastic!*" he panted.

He threw his head back and let me swirl my mouth over him. Jake moved alongside me, licking the man's tight belly. I ran my tongue up and down his long, long shaft, then hummed on his balls as they surged in their silky sack. A hustler knows when a man is close--and he was.

Just when I thought he was getting his rocks off, he pulled me off of him by my chin. "Don't touch it," he growled, sitting back and letting it waver. My cock was thicker, but his was longer, maybe by two inches. He loved the attention that fucker brought.

He stuffed his stubbornly rigid dick away. "Get us some beers," he growled at Jake, and Jake headed for where I guessed the kitchen would be.

It was his cash, his trip. Over cold beers, he didn't want to finish our fuck right away. No. He wanted conversation.

"Why sell yourself?" he asked me when Jake went to the bathroom to piss. "A pretty kid like you should be in college planning a future."

Suddenly, this daddy figure had turned all parental on me. College? My honesty ruled. "I've got a violent past. Hustling's a way out. College? Maybe someday, but right now I gotta eat."

"You hungry? I could make you a sandwich."

"Sure, I'm hungry--always have been--but not for food. Hungry for something I can't quite explain. You really wanna know? I'm hungry for the doors to this whole fucking world to open wide and let me in."

"Where do you see yourself in ten years?" he asked. There was something like real concern in his brown eyes.

"I'll be a writer. A successful author with a hot best-seller and Hollywood types licking my ass for the movie rights. Man, I've got a lot of stories." Just the same, I was glad Jake wasn't in the room to hear me say that. Hell, I didn't even know why I was saying it to *this* guy.

"Oh, really? So you're ambitious. That's a good thing."

"Yeah. You gotta watch out for us ambitious hustlers. Jake says I'm too romantic for my own good. Maybe he's right."

"What's your name, kid?"

"Dick."

"No," he growled. "I mean your real name. Tell me the truth."

I never told them my real name; I never let honesty go *that* far. Somehow, though, I couldn't stop myself, and I told him.

"You know why I picked you tonight?" he said, smiling at me the way tigers must smile at their prey. No--I was misreading his expression: his smile was softer, more genuine than that. "You remind me of someone I used to like. A lot. We met at a place near that corner. He had your sweet face. Same eyes. I like that. The streets haven't tainted you yet."

I didn't know what to say. That's when Jake came back from the bathroom, full of his usual cocky attitude, so I didn't have to say anything. Jake had his tee-shirt off now, and he scratched at his plate-like pectoral, the left one with the little tattoo of a fist gripping lightning bolts and the words "Bad Ass" curved around it. "You got that kid going on about his goofy dreams?" Jake said, grinning. "He'll talk your damn ear off if ya let him."

The man kicked off his shoes and stood up. He pulled off his shirt. He dropped his shorts and stepped out of them and stood there naked before us. With his cola-black hair and those dense dark brows, I was falling into his face, drowning in the ridiculous masculinity of it. By its earned lines and creases, I figured him for late thirties, 40 maybe. But physically, he was in his prime. Yes, I've seen my share of naked men, but his wide and flopping penis almost scared me. Something about it aroused me like no other man's ever had. His bare body welcomed my gaze.

He stood over me. His chest was so smooth, expansive, with nipples like brown coins. They were the size of pesos, so brown and erect, and so like his dick. He said, "Tonight, I don't give a damn about your rules. I'm going to kiss you." He bent, his full lips moving slowly toward mine.

I should have pulled back, but I had neither the time nor the will to refuse him, and so we kissed, just once--a long, almost levitating kiss. It made me feel at once needy, greedy, and desperate. My cock ached, so hard in my jeans.

He pulled away from me. "Have a seat," the man said to Jake. Jake dropped back down beside me on the couch. With his arms stretched out along the back and arm, Jake gave me a look, half-smile, half-smirk.

The man slipped on his sunglasses again. He tapped a button on the remote control. The overhead lights went off. The stereo came back into quiet life, another primal drum-and-bass beat. We sat there in the dark for a couple of seconds, just long enough for my eyes to start getting adjusted, then the strobe blasted out at us like a freight train.

Yeah, it hurt--scared the hell out of me, and that first burst felt like a knife in my eyes--but I couldn't look away. My body started feeling all relaxed again, and I just let everything settle down as I stared into the heart of the light.

The man was telling me--us--to let the light in, to let it help us relax again. I couldn't stop it, or maybe I just didn't want to. It felt so good. Made me feel so good all over. So horny. My cock was swelling in my jeans.

When the man said to, I popped my jeans open and unzipped. I hauled out my namesake. Like I said, it's about eight and a quarter long--a little longer than average--but it's really, really thick. I gave it a couple of strokes, and I felt this incredibly relaxed and pleasant feeling radiate through me, which made me want to

stroke it more. Beside me, Jake had his cock out too, stroking it.

The man told Jake to suck me, and Jake bent over my crotch. He teased his tongue slowly around the wide crown. He tried to get his mouth over the head, but he couldn't get more than a couple of inches in his mouth. His head rode up and down on my shaft and, like the man said, I felt myself relax deeper, like I was virtually melting in Jake's mouth.

The man told us to stand up and strip, so we pulled off our shoes, socks, jeans. I could tell he was impressed with my body. He called Jake over to him, and Jake shuffled over. Jake looked like he was sleepwalking, his eyes half-closed and his expression slack. The man turned him around and slipped his arms around him from behind. "That boy," he murmured into Jake's ear, meaning me, "has a big dick, doesn't he?"

Jake's voice was soft and faraway. "Uh huh ..."

"Wouldn't you like to get fucked by it? Wouldn't you like him to fuck you?"

"No ..." Jake looked vaguely uncomfortable. "I don't ...get fucked ..."

"Why not?"

"Hurts ..."

"Shhh ..." the man stage-whispered into Jake's ear. "You got fucked last week, here with me, and it felt great, didn't it?"

"Yeah ..."

"You'll feel ever better when he fucks you. I promise. I want to watch you get fucked by his big dick. And you want it too, don't you?"

"Yeah ..."

The man had Jake lean on his elbows over the arm of the couch. Jake had his feet apart. When the man suggested it, yeah, getting between Jake's legs and working lube from the bottle the man handed me was all I wanted to do.

I massaged the lube into Jake's ass with a finger, then two. We were in profile to the strobe, and its rapid-fire light felt good washing over us. When Jake's ass was relaxed and ready, I pulled on a condom and pressed myself into him. With my hands on his hips and my cock piercing his ass, Jake grunted and gasped as I slid deeper and deeper into him. When I was almost all the way in, I paused so he could get used to it. Then I started to fuck him. Jake moaned and grunted, but as the man whispered into his ear, Jake's noises began to turn into little sighs and gasps of pleasure.

Jake had a hand in his crotch, jacking himself. The man whispered about how ready Jake must feel, how it was okay to go ahead and cum. I felt Jake's body stiffen, then shudder. His ass clamped down on me, and his whole body jerked over and over as he pumped out his load.

The man told Jake he was feeling very sleepy and wanted nothing more than to take a nap. Jake yawned and settled down on the couch, eyes closing.

The man told me to kiss him, and I did. Without leaving my mouth, with his hands on my arms, he turned me.

I floated in his grasp, a man with a rigid compass pointing north. Kissing and walking. Kissing and backward, he was guiding me into the room where he took his tricks and his lovers.

The strobe light followed us, falling through the doorway to light his bedroom. King-sized bed. He lay first, pulled me down into the terrain of his body. He told me to touch him, and my hands slow-danced along his chest and biceps, nipples and hips. His dick rose cobralike to meet me; its crown glistened for me in the alternating light, a perfect pearl. Against his body, I stiffened and unfurled. I moved the way he told me to. Wrestling, tumbling, flesh to flesh. Who would have thought our skin together would feel so ... *ahh!*

"Now, we fuck," he announced, as if I'd somehow earned the pleasure of his invasion.

Umph! That thick head, then the extra-long shaft of him slowly pierced my butt. If I ever thought this Latin man was just another stranger, just another big-dicked john--well, he told me about himself with each thrust, each time he bent forward to murmur something in my ear atop the strobe-washed bed. He was part velvet, part steel inside me. He'd been hurt. Hurt badly. I understood hurt. His dick was hurting me! He told me to trust him, and I did. He told me the pain was going away and what I was feeling was pleasure, and it was. I sizzled with the glorious sensation, and I winced from the overload of it. He moved--he fucked with all the rhythm of the barrio. His strokes revealed a past, yet he'd somehow emerged, better, smoother, fluid as the Caribbean sea. He was splitting me deeper, harder! There was a fighter in him. Aw, fuck! His dick and his body and that strobe and his voice were punching the shit out of me! I'd been fucked before, but never like this. I gazed into his face as the strobe rapidly flared across it and died, flared and died; there was tortured masculinity there--his sweat, his struggle was etched in that face, in the battle he was waging up my ass. Like he was mad at someone or something.

He told me to jack off as he fucked me, and I did. His dick was blazing then, aiming deep, pushing toward my stomach. *Uh!* I grunted and wanted to scream, but this heaviness in my head and body kept me from it. Did this papi like it when guys screamed as he fucked them? Did he like it when guys moaned about the way he made their bellies fill with fire that both burned and buzzed white-hot all through their nerves? All the pain I felt was becoming pleasure. Suddenly, I wanted to kiss him and fill his--and yes, my own--emptiness. But then he went with the flow, and maybe got caught up himself in the persuasion of the strobe, in the tidal force, rippling, trembling, every lunge swimming past the pit of me. Could he see me as more than a guy he'd brought home and paid to fuck?

Then, it happened, when he lost sight of our one-night reality and the relaxed state into which he'd lulled me, and I misplaced all vulnerabilities inside the slide of his dick up my ass. The whole world happened when, deep in the friction of the fuck, he groaned and sighed in a heavy husk, "*Aye--aye--I--I love--*"

It shot like cum, quick like cum. I heard it shoot like a soft spray of jizz from the erratic dick of his thoughts into my ear. "I love you," he whispered.

It embarrassed him. His jizz on my belly, the way he'd momentarily let himself feel: it mortified him. If my head had been clear, I would have told him it was okay, that I understood my role as a surrogate lover paid to get fucked. But that daydreamy feeling all through my head kept me from saying anything. But I rocked and pitched and came in hard, explosive darts to the thought that he could love me if he wanted to.

It's never been my thing to lose control. Hell, that's Hustler Rule #2. But I know how good "love" felt, once, tripping hotly from his lips. I know how it sometimes comes from a wet, disembodied glide or sometimes in a shout--high and sharp and raw.

Later, after the man woke us up and drove us back to our street corner at dawn, I told Jake about that part of the encounter, about that beautiful-sounding slip of the tongue. Jake was always the fucking cynic--he said, "Sometimes, my friend, when it's hot, tricks are like ventriloquists, like they're throwing voices from their dicks. Sometimes cocks come, shooting things we can't name."
