

Close encounter -- 1/3

by athens7 as Jack (font: Courier New)
and mazaher as Patrick (font: Verdana)

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1. Devotion (Jack)

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"It's my responsibility. This is what I chose, what I am. What I do with it is none of your business. If you're tired, you can go away whenever you wish."
"I chose to stay with you because I know that you're a genius, but not enough to care about your life."

"Nobody cares about it, so tell me why should I?"

"..."

He kills me. Every time he says something like that, he kills me with his double-edged knife. But I can't speak the words, because he would never understand them. I spare myself this minor pain, at least.

I die and then I come back to life just to prevent him from hurting himself again. He rips my heart from my chest then gives it back to me just to smash it on the floor again and again and again. My executioner and my redeemer. I'm being chewed in the mouths of Lucifer and then I'm entering the Emyprean.

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I climb the stairs, the small square of paper in my hand the only real thing of this dream world I'm walking into.

I find the room and enter.

He's waiting for me.

It's not a large bed.

There's no light, as it should be. This is a thing of the soul, and hearts need darkness to show their true natures.

His wrists twist ineffectively, bound in the velvet red ribbon.

Behind the blindfold, I know that his eyes are closed.

I allow myself the privilege of his name.

"Patrick."

His sex twitches, synchronised with mine.

When my weight makes the mattress dip, his long thighs tense and bend inwards, a inch or two; at some ultrasonic level, I can hear the fibers in his biceps starting to tremble.

I touch him; the creamy skin of his abdomen ripples and quivers under my palm, his nipples harden.

My fingertips outline the clavicle, the thyroid cartilage, find the pulse of the carotid artery (still, still beating, but for how much longer? just how many seconds would it take to kill you?), and then up along the mandible, a caress to the cheekbone, then inch the blindfold down around the neck.

Still closed.

On top of him, parting his legs, enveloping his torso, skimming along the perineum, searching for the opening, his eyes wide shut, pressing against that tight ring, breaching slowly slowly -

Inside. So hot. And already it's too much.

His knees straddling my shoulders, till the ankles lock behind my neck.

Thrusting, torturously thrusting ---

But.

I lean forward and we kiss, at last. Spellbound.

But.

"Don't fight it so hard", I whisper wetly in that perfectly-shaped, maddening ear, my focus flashing for a moment on the creases of the tragus, the conca, the crus...

"Let it go. Open your eyes."

A hiccup, and my heart jumps in my throat..

He opens them, oh sweet Lord, he does, he does, and he's watching me, in total trust and abandon.

Do you want the Pantheon, the Ninth Symphony, the Orion constellation? I'll go and conquer them all for you, if you look at me like that; just look at me like that.

Speeding up the rhythm, faster, faster, faster. Not enough, not enough. How could this ever be enough?

Could I crawl under your skin and stay there, a second envelop, an invisible armour shielding you from all that's evil and wrong and ugly in this unfair world of ours? Why can't I? Why, why, why?

Earth is not a cold, dead place my love, and we can be happy, if only for a moment, if we choose to be, so please, let yourself feel this, feel it feel it feelit ---

--- the plea becomes a litany, this litany is what defines me; a prayer I lay down at his bare feet.

"Come for me", I pant grabbing his cock and making it slide in my fist.

His mouth opens in a silent shout, his features twist, his nails dig deep in his palms.

And yet, and yet. Still he resists.

| *Oh, oh please, have mercy. I can't do this I can't I can't I can't ---* |

Of course you can. Gather up your fear and give it all to me. I'll catch you. I've waited all this time and I'll never be tired.

There.

He inhales, then ---

"... *Jack* ", staring at me, clenching around me, bathing my stomach and my fingers with his release.

I stand in awe and I'm lost he's won I'm won he's lost.

Conflagration. Something grabs my bowels and pulls and I come, I melt, thick wax rising from my loins and seeping through my shoulder blades, every bone stretching and compressing and all I see is his darkly, deeply, beautifully blue eyes.

I'm a small insignificant planet caught in his orbit, sucked in by his light, burning and knowing that it's alright: he's my responsibility, this is what I choose again and again and again. This is what I am.

The revelation annihilates us every time.

I ease his body down, release his wrists, and immediately his hands settle on my head, his fine fingers threading through my hair and I want to weep, to dedicate a poem or a sonata to him.

When the silence and our alternating breathings become too much to bear, I kiss his clavicle and rest my ear on his left pectoral, and let his heartbeat be my lullaby.

He is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear?

He is the strength of my life: of whom shall I be afraid?

He is my *raison d'être*, and the best thing God has created is another day to live at his side.

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