

## Close encounter -- 2/3

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

::

### 2. Faith. (Patrick)

::

Faith is the strangest thing.

I used to have faith. When you are a child, you believe what you are told.

Later, you learn that words are instruments of lying.

I learned to not have faith. To never trust beyond realistic expectations.

Then he comes to me, and suddenly my hard-earned knowledge is turned upside-down.

"I chose to stay with you because I know that you're a genius, but not enough to care about your life," he says.

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

He doesn't reply. He has picked up the chisel of words, and used it to engrave truth instead of lies, but I haven't been ready to follow. I am still playing a game he had already quit, and my retort cuts him deep.

He is left bleeding in silence.

::

What can I do?

I have wounded him like I have been wounded. I am just like those I swore to myself I would never be. I have defended myself, turning my bitterness into a weapon with practiced ease, the one and only time I did not need to.

The least I can do is... give myself up to him, to do with me whatever he wants.

I write the only truth I still can find into myself. For him. I owe it to him.

"I wait for you".

By now the card will be in his hands. Unsigned, but he doesn't need a signature. He knows.

I busy myself with the blindfold, the knots. How best to bind my hands in such a way that I

can't free myself. How to make it comfortable enough that I don't lose sensation in my fingers.

I focus on the knots. The wait would make me crazy otherwise.

Or maybe I am crazed out already.

He may not come.

Why should he?

There is only so much the human heart can endure. I know from mine.

He will not come.

He will not come, and I will die, here in the darkness of the soul, tied by knots of my own making, because I didn't dare to be free.

I am shrouded in silence.

::

But there comes a breathing in the darkness.

Another, I am not mistaken, and my hands twist in my bindings because I need to touch him and to know he's real. And here.

I squeeze my eyes shut under the blindfold, trying to keep tears inside-- comfort, frustration, and guilt.

Comfort that he's here at all. Whatever he's come to do with me, he's here.

Self-imposed frustration. I bound my wrists to prevent myself from touching him, now that I would, now that I \*want\*, the red velvet ribbon taut on my skin like a command, forbidding me to try and make him forget who I really am. The one who would not touch unless to wound.

Guilt, because I don't deserve this. His nearness, the soft blowing of his breath, the beat of his heart, picking up slightly as he looks at me in what must be a faint sliver of light from the door left ajar.

::

"Patrick."

My name a sigh, but a surge of energy makes me tense and twitch from groin up to shoulders, down to knees.

He touches me and I tremble, fear and desire. There are no words and no lies here between us. I remain silent and allow him to read me, and I know that every touch is truth. He can kill me if he wants. Once he will have seen and touched everything I am, once he will have known me for what I am, unworthy and yet totally his, he can kill me if he wants. I know he can do it with his bare hands.

His fingertips slide across my belly, up to my nipples, the scar on the turn of the clavicle, Adam's apple, the carotid. He could rip it out now, and I'd bleed to death, my blood a testament to the murderous love I have for him.

But no, he strokes my face, lowers the blindfold.

I keep my eyes wide shut.

I don't want to look, or whatever is left of me would be lost forever. I am selfish enough to want this, to want \*him\*, even if it should be the last thing I'll ever know.

I can't dare to hope...

But, oh, he's parting my legs, warm hands so gentle on the inside of my thighs, and now he's pressing in, slowly, slowly--

I can't stop myself. I push down. I curl up, raising my legs to his shoulders, hooking my knees and pulling him deeper in, bringing myself to the brink of a precipice and fighting to hold myself there.

Look, this is me. This scorched red cliff overlooking a desert. Look, while I try not to fall. Look before I die. This is what I can give you, for as long as I can. As long as you want.

I expect him to push me off the cliff, and I wouldn't fight.

But he kisses me instead, shocking like rain on the rough sand below.

"Don't fight it so hard," he whispers in my ear, his voice so soft, the breath warm on my skin.

"Let it go. Open your eyes."

My heart clenches and I make a sound, half hiccup, half sob. He said to open my eyes, and I do.

And I \*know\*.

Suddenly, I know what it is that he's doing, and why, and how can I not believe?

He loves me. He wants me for himself. He wants-- he dares to want us to be happy. He wants happiness to be possible, one moment at a time. He wants \*us\*. There is an \*us\* he wants.

"Come for me," he pleads, and his fingers close on my cock.

I can't, not yet. I am terrified to lose this nearness. Lose myself and never find the way back to him.

But on he goes, moving himself inside me, moving his hand on me, moving my fear up and away like rubble shoveled from a buried temple,

until

until

until

I inhale, a cool breeze among the fluted columns, and the breeze is a word.

The truth.

"...Jack."

I come.

He doesn't leave me alone. Something powerful goes through him and out to me, grabbing me and taking me with him in an unstoppable plunge down the cliff.

We fall together.

The desert has flourished into a joy of greenery.

::

He holds me. He lays me down. He unties the ribbon from my wrists. I am free to touch, and I greedily do, threading my fingers through his fine dark hair. He rests his head on my chest. We listen to our heartbeats slowly calming, synchronizing. Faith is the strangest thing. Sometimes it can be a gift.

::