

There is a light that never goes out

::

::

::

Jack

by athens7

October 28, 2016

::

It happened out of nowhere.

Well, that is how it felt then, at least. But, how it is often the case with the two of us, in hindsight it seems more and more like an inevitable development that just needed the right incentive to manifest itself.

Be as it may, to this day I do not have a satisfying explanation to offer for what lies deep beneath this newly-discovered... facet of our bond. Our need and love for each other, I discover with each year, each day, each hour that passes, can choose the most unexpected ways to manifest and assert themselves.

(I had occasion to read samples of the Marquis de Sade's questionable erotica. I felt like weeping afterwards, and not with tears of relief. If those are the terms you wish to adopt for this discussion, I feel much more affinity with the unnamed protagonist of *Herr von Sacher-Masoch's "Venus in Furs"*.)

As usual, I'm circling around the point. Such is my difficulty in giving some semblance of order to my thoughts. But there is also another reason why I find myself struggling in composing this account: the specifics of that fateful night are, quite frankly, rather hazy in my mind, blurred and confused around the edges, out of focus, as if I have just woken up from slumber, and my eyes haven't adjusted to the light of the real world quite yet.

The facts, then, imprecise as my recollection of them may be.

It was a dark, depressing night, the air humid and sticky, my lungs struggling with it. The fog was, impossibly, even more oppressive than usual, heavy with coal residues and smoke; it dogged all our footsteps, as we wearily dragged ourselves back home after a thoroughly unsatisfying evening at the Old Vic, where we had just been witnesses to one of the most dreadful performances of Hamlet I have ever had the misfortune to see (and I am including the ones we improptu staged at Portora in our dissipated youth).

Now, I am an enthusiast of the Bard as much as the next respectable gentleman in Albion, but I am also well aware of the vagaries and the imperfections of this silly little world of ours, and this allows me to take abuse towards the finer arts almost always in stride. But Patrick, unlike me, is an artist and a performer in his own right, therefore it is ingrained in the very core of his being that he be incapable of abiding such crimes. That is to say, that night at the Old Vic he *despised* every single "creative choice" made in the production, and made sure that everyone, from the other honorable guests to any poor soul directly involved with the play, was informed of the fact.

In particular, the way the actor playing Polonius counseled Laertes to “neither a borrower nor a lender be”, elicited such a disgusted, aggrieved sigh from my misanthrope (really, one would think he has been raised by *wolves*), that we then became the targets of many outraged looks and pointed coughs. The rest of the evening, as I recall, was spent by yours truly valiantly trying to prevent us being banned for life from the premises.

Again, I digress. The point of the matter is, we were both in a foul mood, albeit for slightly different reasons. That said, I confess I am only marginally ashamed of my own attitude that night, while I feel no guilt whatsoever about what happened once we were safely behind closed doors. I can only summon a minor sense of bafflement.

The maid long since dismissed from her duties, we had just made our way to my study, still carrying on the heated conversation started in the carriage, when I said (and this is where my memories become crystal-clear, and sharp as a scalpel): “After all these years, I still find it mind-boggling how you can behave like such a – a naughty brat!”

I had spoken the words, and yet they hit me as if someone had dropped them on me like bricks, ringing clear like a bell tolling.

We stood there, in the middle of the room, staring at each other; I could see his Adam’s apple bobbing once, twice, his lips slightly parted, and his brow furrowed like he couldn’t *believe* the audacity of me (frankly, neither could I).

He advanced towards me, so close that his nose was almost caressing mine, and his breath taunted my mouth when he spoke: “Then I would say it’s time you do something about my... *attitude, sir*”.

(The way his teeth and tongue shaped and polished those “t’s”, the way he hissed that “sir”, like a fuse catching fire and burning its way to the dynamite, a cocked pistol shooting once, twice, thrice, and hitting me in the throat, between my ribs, in my loins.)

But he wasn’t finished. I saw him hesitate for less than a second, and maybe in another world, in another level of reality, he *did* say no more, or said something else entirely, but in this wonderful, absurd little world where we are living, he inhaled deeply, tilted his head to the side and said...

“What are you going to do about it, sir? Spank me?”

I lost my mind.

I mean, that is what must have happened, because I really do not know how else one could describe the utter void my head became upon hearing those words. All thought deserted me, and I am not referring to just the “rational” kind of the thing. I mean that my cognitive system essentially and effectively ceased to function: it blacked-out, a candle dying in the middle of a dark room, a streetlight fizzling out, a ship disappearing over the horizon.

The next thing I know, I was doing just as he had suggested: I was spanking him.

I, sat on my (*oh so respectable, oh so proper, oh if only people knew, if only people could see us now*) chair; he, bent over my knee, his (*oh so elegant, oh so civilised, I was there in the boutique while the tailor took his measures for them*) trousers around his ankles, struggling not to fall off me, bracing himself with his feet and his hands.

My flesh against his flesh, the dry *smack-smack-smack* of my hand such a sweet, perfect counterpoint to his gasps, to his sighs.

Madness.

Complete, utter mayhem.

“What were you saying, boy?” I asked, and my voice sounded so alien to my own ears, that for a moment I did not know who or where I was. I stilled my hand.

Our ragged panting filled the room and my heart. I could feel my blood roaring, howling, like a wolf worshipping the moon (apparently, I am the one raised in the wilderness).

His breath hitched.

And *then*...

“Please –please, forgive me, sir.”

Had I really thought I had lost my mind, earlier? It was nothing, nothing compared to what I felt in that moment, the urge, the hunger, the compulsion, the sheer *need*, like something inside me eating its way through my innards, Patrick’s voice, his words, a force compelling me to, to – to take, to give, to get everything out.

I pushed him away, urging him up, up, *up*. I shed what little remained of my clothes, sat on the desk, guided him between my legs.

“You will have to work hard for it, son.”

::

::

::

Patrick

by mazaher

October 29, 2016

::

I always find a way to make him do what I want. Always. Down to such acts as are the farthest from his character, convictions and free will.

Oh, he is indeed strong-willed. He keeps his ethics safe behind steel walls not even I can climb or break. But since those very early days I found that I can sneak inside, and open the gates wide, and leave him vanquished and shattered in the most delicious ways.

I say leave him, but such moments are those when I feel less inclined to leave him at all. Like now, for instance.

I watch him on the armchair, still breathing hard, his eyelids half-closed in post-ejaculation bliss, his limbs sprawling and lax, his hair (on his head, on his chest, his legs, his...) ruffled and damp, and it’s all I can do not to press myself on to his strong agile body and whisper in his ear that I love him.

The evening began badly, horrid weather and worse choice of theatre. I found no better remedy than entertain myself by annoying as many neighbouring spectators as I could, and upsetting him. He’s so easily upset...

It’s not the peculiarly British terror of being embarrassed in public, whether through one’s own or another’s fault. Instead he has an uncanny gift of putting himself into others’ shoes, and he cringes on their behalf whenever they are inconvenienced in his presence.

We made our way home discussing my manners, or rather lack thereof: he preaching to me, I bitingly answering here and there while filling my eyes with his mobile, expressive face and the gestures of his hands, lighted at intervals by the passing streetlamps as the cab horse trotted on, and filling my nostrils with the scent of him when he’s hot with ...something.

There was a pattern forming between us all the while, which I didn’t recognise until we were home and reached the study and he uttered those two words-- “naughty brat”.

The devil himself must have been waiting in the shadows for just this moment to slip into my ear not the poison which killed that old fart, Hamlet I, but an equally poisonous idea... Could I make him keep faith to those words of his? Could I turn him away from what his tastes, his

education as a gentleman, his principles and his whole worldview suggest him, and plunge him into a darker, murkier area of mind and body?

I must have been already more than knee deep in that area myself, because what followed came to me as natural as breathing. No conscious thought, no well-considered choice: I challenged him, without the faintest idea of the consequences but fully aware that I was charging into the most delicate, fragile part of his mind and his heart. In there I charged, and there I found him, and he didn't step back, much less turn tails and run. He came forward to meet me.

It doesn't matter that those beautiful hands of his are heavy, that I am still smarting and will for days, that he soon lost count of time and number, that he hasn't even realised I have not come. (He would feel oh so guilty if he noticed, but I don't care a damn for coming tonight. I am savouring a tarter pleasure). The same rhythm was carrying us beyond ourselves, perhaps beyond humanity, to a place where there are no evening suits, no good manners and no bad acting. Indeed, where there is no acting at all, and what is there is truth-- the changeable, iridescent, terrible and glorious truth of us.

This evening may never be repeated, in fact it is unlikely that it ever will. But tonight we were more than we had ever been; we took a step further, and we took it together.

I am not afraid of tomorrow morning. I know he knows as well as I do that tonight added something to our lives and that in our last breath we both will sigh "we have lived".

Meanwhile, I watch him.

A deeper breath. He shivers as the wave of his pleasure recedes. I slip away before he stirs and return with the wolf pelt blanket Colonel Moran brought back to my father from one of his hunting trips in Russia. I know he hates the thought of those bright lives extinguished, but tonight this is the only garment fit to cover his nakedness and keep him warm.

The exercises of Venus are not always of the gentler sort, but fur... fur is always becoming.

::
::
::

