

# Night Blind

by Wrestlr

[M/M, Hypno, MC]

Synopsis: Brent finds himself fascinated by the neighbors' son

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 are 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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The boy next door was a young man, no longer a boy, and home from college for summer vacation. Brent Dupuis did not keep up with neighborhood happenings the way his wife did. He noticed the boy's car, an ancient Jaguar, primer-covered, barely still street-worthy, sitting in the driveway and mentioned it to his wife.

"Oh, that's Max's," she said, stirring something on the stove.

"Max." Brent ran the familiar-sounding name through his mind, came up blank. "Max?" he asked.

His wife turned enough to look at him. "The Wellers' son," she said, as if he had forgotten his own name.

"Really, Brent," she scolded, "you are so oblivious sometimes."

The Wellers' son became something of a fixture in Brent's mind. Coming home from work and pulling into his driveway, Brent saw Max washing the family car. Max wore a blue tee-shirt, a baseball cap, a pair of gray sweatpants cut off into shorts--ragged where the legs had been cut away, worn and run through with holes,

having clearly seen better days. His shorts hung low, covering a great deal of the boy's thighs but not his thick calves.

Brent realized he was lingering in his car, staring as the boy bent over the hood to scrub at some spot with a giant soapy orange sponge. Then he looked at himself in the rearview mirror. He suddenly felt strange. *I'm thirty-two, he reminded himself, and married; not seventeen and still trying to figure out a way to get my best buddy to suck my dick.* He cut the engine and got out of the car.

"Hey, Mr. Dupuis," he heard. He turned to see the boy holding a hose, the sunlight caught in the arc of water, transforming it into a spray of splashing crystals.

"How are you, uh, Max," Brent replied. He shifted his briefcase to his other hand, walking across the strip of lawn that separated the driveways. Max dropped the hose and extended a hand he wiped first on the leg of his shorts. The boy had blond hair, thick and longish. His eyes, shaded by the baseball cap bill, turned out to be blue. He was built solidly, athletically muscled, but not too tall. Brent broke the handshake nervously. "Long time, no see," he said quickly.

The boy nodded and smiled. "Yeah, I guess," he shrugged.

"You're at ..." Brent said.

"State."

"How's it--" Brent started and stopped. "Finishing soon?"

"Couple more years."

"That's fine," Brent said, sounding to himself like an old man. He felt off-guard, on shaky ground, and he didn't know why. He glanced at the Wellers' house. "How are the folks? Don't get to see much of them. Everybody's so damn busy these days. Well, take it easy." He shut up, feeling on the verge of rambling.

The Weller boy nodded, and Brent walked to his house thinking that he did not care for the boy or his cool reserve. He poured himself a tall glass of vodka and went upstairs to change. From their bedroom window, he could see his wife doing something in her garden. He suddenly saw her as somebody else's wife; he felt he was looking into someone else's backyard, walking in someone else's house, living someone else's life.

He undressed, looking out the other window, the one that looked out on the front lawn. He could see the Weller boy rinsing the car off. Brent changed out of his pants and noticed his erection. He held out the elastic of his briefs and looked at the thick club that lay stiff and moist in the nest of soft black pubic hair. He looked out the window again and saw the Weller boy looking up at him. Brent stepped back from the window, his cock twitching in his underpants. He took a long swallow from his glass and headed for the shower.

\* \* \*

"I've got something you want," Max said to him. It was a sunny day, with shards of bright light glinting off everything, and Brent wondered where he had put his sunglasses. He followed Max behind a maze of hedges into a labyrinth of green walls that grew steadily higher and higher. They soon found themselves walking in a cool shade that seemed to grow darker with every step. It became so dark, in fact, that he couldn't see in front of him.

"I'm night-blind," he told the Weller boy.

"Grab hold of my pants," Max told him. Brent put a finger through Max's belt loop, and the boy's pants gave way. "Now you've done it," he heard Max say. "Cover me. Give me something to wear."

Brent undid his pants, stepped out of them, gave them to the boy, who suddenly was completely naked, standing before him in the warm glow of a lamp. They were in a room that must have been the boy's--or at least a room that seemed to Brent to be the boy's. There were pictures of naked women on the walls, centerfolds, and the boy was lying on his bed. Brent was naked now too.

Max looked up at him, said, "Just like the old days, eh, little buddy?"

\* \* \*

Brent opened his eyes with a start. It was dark in the room, and his wife lay beside him. He heard her snoring softly, felt the warmth of her body. His cock was erect. He wanted to close his eyes and return to the dream, to being naked with the naked Weller boy laid out like breakfast in bed. *At least I think that's what I want*, he thought to himself as he drifted back to sleep.

\* \* \*

Brent stood in his backyard. He still wore the boxers he woke up in and carried a cup of coffee, stepping barefoot across the dewy lawn and looking at his wife's tomatoes. He walked out of the long shadow of the house. The sun warmed the back of his head and slid down over his bare shoulders.

It was early--not yet seven o'clock--and his morning wood was still thick and filled with blood. He touched himself through his shorts and propped the warm, hard bottom of the coffee mug against his prick. He looked back at the house, up to his bedroom window. His wife was still asleep. He glanced over the hedges at the Weller house and saw a flash of white move by an open window. It was the boy walking by in a towel. He went by again, this time without the towel, stopping at the window to open it more, his naked torso perfectly centered, perfectly exposed from the tops of his thighs to the bottom of his rib cage.

Brent felt something of a flutter in his own rib cage: the hard, swift beating of his heart. He sipped his coffee, eyes peering over the mug rim. There was no screen on the window, and Brent's view was clear and unimpeded when Max turned on a light. He watched the boy walk over to his bed and lie down. Brent then saw the profile of the boy's cock and his hand stroking it. Even from that distance Brent experienced the girth of the thing--the boy was tugging on something that resembled a beer can. Max pushed at the base of it so that it stood up, and Brent could even make out the flare of the head, its wide flange, and the way it jerked as the boy suddenly spurting out a pearly string of cum.

"Christ Almighty!" Brent muttered, aloud, turning his back and regarding the tomatoes that were hard and green and shining in the early morning light. He gripped his coffee mug, gauging the thickness of it as compared to Max's cock. He glanced down at his own, which jutted out, tenting the front of his boxers. The sun was on his back again, providing warmth that was physical, sensual. He clasped his hands together over his crotch, pressing the base of the mug hard against himself, creating an intense and wonderful ache, and he was almost tempted to bring himself off.

\* \* \*

He went out into the backyard again that night. He was stripped down to his boxers in the summer heat, ready

for bed, but not ready for sleep yet. He looked up at the sky and the stars, then glanced quickly at the Weller house. The boy's room was dark. Brent dug his hand into the front of his boxer shorts, scratching, curling his toes in the cool, damp grass. He was surrounded by the evening drones of crickets and humming air conditioners.

He shook his head, realizing that he hadn't changed much in fifteen years. All day he had been thinking about Tony, his best friend in high school, and how he'd sit in Tony's backyard at night waiting to see his friend get undressed for bed. Tony would strut around his room naked and proud--with good reason, Brent recalled, envisioning his buddy's beautiful build: lean and hard from wrestling, baseball, and all the other sports he played.

Tony would lean out the window finally, whispering out into the night: "You out there, Brent?" Brent would have to find his voice and modulate it to keep it from jumping octaves higher. "Come here, little buddy," Tony would say. *Little buddy*, though Brent was only an inch shorter and a little less muscular. Brent would creep across the wet lawn, picking his way carefully, night-blind even then, and stand by Tony's window, looking in over the sill at the huge boner Tony had popping up out of a thick nest of black pubes.

Tony would move his erection back and forth, slowly, knowing Brent's eyes were locked to it.

"You looking at my cock?" Tony would say. "I know you are. Take a good look. It's all right. Look at my cock. Watch it. Yeah. Stare at it. Look at it. The more you stare at it, the heavier your thoughts become. Heavier and heavier. The longer you concentrate on it, the heavier and heavier your thoughts become. You're going into a deep state of relaxation. Keep concentrating and relaxing as your thoughts get heavier and heavier and heavier. So hard to think now, isn't it? Yeah. Yeah, I can see it is. You love staring at my dick and relaxing, don't you, Brent? Yeah. Do you want to touch it, Brent? Do you want to touch my dick?"

He'd reach in to touch it, wondering if this would be the time that Tony gave in. It wasn't; Tony never gave in. "I ain't like that, man," he'd say, grinning, while his cock head went greasy with precum. "I'll see you tomorrow in school," he'd continue, still smiling, before turning, offering Brent the vista of his beautiful ass--tight-cracked, hard- muscled, shaded with fine dark hairs--and walking to his bedside where he'd crawl between the sheets and turn off the light. "G'night, Brent," he'd say.

"G'night, Tony," Brent would say back, standing in the dark, hard as steel and all but giving off sparks in the moist night air.

\* \* \*

Brent worked out in the garage. His wife refused to let him keep his weights in the house. There was a two-car garage. She parked her car in half. He parked his in the driveway and used his half for his weight bench and weights, along with their washing machine.

After work sometimes and on Saturdays, he stripped to his gym shorts and worked out. In the summer, like now, he worked out with the garage door open, seeking the comfort of moving air against the sweltering heat. When the choice was ventilate or bake, he chose ventilate. Sometimes, like now, when his wife was away--some charity group meeting, shopping, a movie with friends, whatever--he stripped to his old white gym shorts and nothing else, not even underwear. He liked the feeling, free-balling, working his body, nearly naked, where anyone passing on the street could see.

There he was, wearing nothing but his pair of loose white gym shorts, flat on his back, pumping out his first set of repetitions on the bench press, when he sensed someone watching. He finished his set and sat up. Max

stood in the open garage doorway. Two weeks before, Brent had accepted the boy's offer to mow his yard every week. Though he liked to do the yard work himself, Brent had accepted, thinking the boy would need the cash for spending money when he returned to college that fall. Now there Max stood, awaiting this week's payment.

"I, uh, finished the lawn, Mr. Dupuis," he mumbled, sweating, not trying to disguise his intent stare at Brent's bare chest. Brent squinted at the boy, backlit by the overcast sun behind him. Beyond, the sky was gray with possibility. Brent wondered if the boy had gotten a glimpse up his shorts--he wasn't wearing underwear underneath--but he doubted the angle was right. Still, he found his dick arousing a bit at the thought.

*I'm a good-looking man, and I don't mind being looked at,* Brent thought. *I'd been looked at like that before--I knew the score.* He decided to tease him just a little.

"Come on over here," Brent said, sitting up, flexing arms and pectorals, "and get in a set. How much weight do you bench?" Max told him, and Brent swung himself up to standing. He pulled off a couple of weights on either side and positioned himself to spot the boy. He patted the bar. "C'mon, I wanna see you do a set of ten."

Max tucked his head, suddenly shy. "I--uhm ..."

"Come on," Brent insisted. He liked the boy's sudden shyness, saw this as his chance to crack the boy's cool reserve.

Max recovered part of his confidence, strode over. He laid back on the bench and took hold of the bar. The way Brent was standing over his head, as if innocently spotting him, Max could definitely get a glimpse up the leg of Brent's shorts, probably found himself starting at the cock head point-blank. Max blushed and suddenly became very interested in the bar. *Got you, kid,* Brent thought, suppressing a smirk.

Brent felt like he was opening a door that would be hard to close. He was married, loved his wife. He wasn't about to do anything sexual with this boy--young man, really. He just felt like showing off a little. Maybe teasing the boy that way was a little mean, like the way Tony used to tease Brent with shows of his cock years before. But Brent told himself all that was going to happen was him giving the kid fuel for jack-off fantasies.

Brent found himself talking. "Focus, Max. Focus on your technique. Lift the bar. That's right. Let it sink down toward your chest and breathe in. Good. Hold it a second. Focus on the bar as you listen to me. Now push it up, and breathe out. Good. Hold it a second. Just allow these things to take place. Don't think about them. Let the bar come back down, and breathe in deeply. Very good. Hold it a second. Focus on the bar. Now again--push it up and exhale. Good. The more you do this--down again and inhale--the easier it becomes to focus on your technique, on the bar and my voice. Hold it ... and up and exhale. Breathing out stress. Good. Very good, Max. Focus. No distractions. Now down and inhale. Breathing in oxygen and focus. Keep going now. Yes, just like that. It's a very familiar motion, isn't it? You could do this in your sleep, I bet. In fact, as you raise and lower the bar, as you focus on it, have you noticed yet a little drowsy feeling, just a little drowsy, heavy, focused feeling starting in and around your eyes. Maybe you have. Focus on the bar. Yes. As you focus, each time you raise the bar upward, focusing so intently now, that heavy, drowsy feeling in your eyes keeps becoming stronger. That's right. As you lift and lower the bar, you could do this in your sleep. Yes. Such a familiar motion. As your eyes begin to close down now, surrendering to that focused sleepy feeling, you know increasingly that you want to allow them to remain closed. Yes. They are closing down now, closing all the way now. Let it happen. Yes. That's right. Want it to happen. Focus. So focused. Feel it happening now. So easy to keep raising and lowering the bar, even with your eyes closed. So easy to

focus on my voice. Yes. Good. As your arms move the bar up and down, as you surrender completely to this sleepy, focused feeling, you begin to enter a deep, peaceful sleep. That's right. And when you've entered that deep, peaceful sleep--so focused--just let the bar rise one last time until your arms are fully extended. That's right--just like that."

Brent gripped the weight bar and said, "Now I'm going to take the bar from you. Just let it go. That it." He lifted it away and settled it into the cradle.

Brent found himself hard in his shorts, just like all those years before working out with Tony in the basement, and he wished he'd put on underwear. He told himself he was just doing this to see if he could get inside the kid's head. He liked reciting the routine Tony used to say to him, and he was hard the whole time, but he told himself he wasn't doing this for sex.

Brent woke Max up with a snap of his fingers. Not for long, of course--Brent immediately started walking Max through a second set before he could get his bearings, and gave him the same routine. Damned if Max didn't close his eyes a little faster the second time. Brent woke him up, then took him into a third set and a third trance. Then it was time to wake him up, hand him his check for the yard work, and send him home.

Brent had the most obscene hard-on tenting the front of his shorts the whole time. They both pretended not to notice, but Max kept glancing at it and his eyes nearly bugged out of his head each time. Brent blushed but found he liked putting on a show for the boy.

When Max left, Brent went inside his house, dropped his shorts, and jacked off in a frenzy. He probably popped his load before the boy left his driveway.

\* \* \*

Their after-work and Saturday workouts became part of their routine. Max would drop by, or would finish the yard if it were Saturday, and came looking for Brent in the garage, where he'd be half-way through his workout. What started as a coincidence became intentional, on both their parts. They never talked about it.

Sometimes Brent hypnotized Max; sometime he didn't. They never talked about that part either.

Truth was, when Brent admitted it to himself, he was coming to like the kid. Liked having him around. Liked the way the kid looked at him. Liked looking at the kid too.

\* \* \*

Brent stood in the twilight with a refilled glass of vodka. His wife was still out with her friends or something; she didn't always tell him where she was going or what she was doing. He had the feeling lately that he was missing something, a sensation so strong that he would check his pockets or rush to the window to see if something was going by. He stepped out into the back yard, the thick air, seeing stars overhead and a pale, amber slice of moon sinking into the horizon. *Well, I missed that*, he told himself. The ice cubes in his drink popped and rattled. He sat down on the grass and looked up at the sky, telling himself that he was content.

"Mister Dupuis?" he heard someone say.

Startled, he knocked over his drink. He recognized the boy's voice immediately even though he could not quite make him out in the darkness, standing against the gray horizon. Max stepped into the soft light that fell across the lawn from the house, and Brent looked at the boy's legs. Fine gold hairs shone under knees that

were tanned brown.

"Don't call me 'mister,'" Brent said as he stood. "Makes me sound old."

"Okay, Brent," Max said.

Brent liked the way Max said his name. "What are you up to?" he asked, picking up his glass and holding it up to the light to see if there was anything left in it to drink. The boy only shrugged. "Well, I need another drink," Brent said finally. "You want one? You old enough?"

"I guess," Max said.

They went inside. "Vodka and ice all right?" Brent asked. "It's all I've got, actually. Maybe some orange juice." Max sat on the love seat Brent had never gotten used to--so small and fussy--and seemed to fill it up. He sat with his sneakered feet placed one on top of the other, his knees spread far apart, and his baggy khaki shorts spread canopy-like over the space between his thick golden thighs. Max's button-down shirt--Brooks Brothers, Brent guessed--was for the most part unbuttoned. He looked into it as he handed the boy his drink, spotting a reddish nipple in a patch of light-colored hair.

"Thanks," the Weller boy said. Max looked at the photo of Brent and his wife from their wedding day, which seemed to Brent so long ago, on the little table beside the love seat. "Are you two planning to have kids? You're not too old."

Brent lowered himself onto an easy chair adjoining the love seat, a perpendicular angle. "No," he said, taking a swallow from his glass. "No. It's been a long time since we even tried--" He shut his mouth, having said more than he intended, and blushed, thinking he must be drunker than he realized.

"So, what's up with the hypnosis?" the boy asked.

Brent blushed again and stared at his glass. "This friend of mine, in high school--Tony--he used to hypnotize me. He always called me his 'little buddy.' We'd be working out or later--he used to take out his dick and hypnotize me with it ..." Again he blushed, hotter this time, and suddenly gulped more vodka, hoping the bite in his throat would still his tongue.

Max eyed him. "You know, I think I saw you the other morning-in your backyard."

Brent straightened and turned, glancing at the window. Hot-faced, he took a long draw from his glass, well aware of his heart and its quick, hard beat. When he looked again at Max, he squinted, as if the boy glowed bright as the sun.

Max leaned forward, holding his glass with both hands. Brent looked at the boy's face: the sun-touched cheeks, the oddly dark lashes, the brows over cobalt-blue eyes, full lips slightly parted, the white tips of his teeth.

Max combed back his bangs with his fingers. The air in the room was gone, and Brent could hear the noises the house made and the glass-brittle snap of the ice cubes. He reached out and touched the boy's hair, the glossy yellow bangs that had fallen again over the boy's eyes. He could see the tremble in his fingers and wondered if Max felt him shaking.

Max grabbed Brent's wrist, a tight grip, bringing the hand down over his face. "I want you, man," Max said,

filling his mouth with Brent's fingers.

Brent felt underwater, disconnected. He realized his wife could walk in at any moment. She could very well be in the driveway right then, on her way into the house. How would he explain his fingers in the mouth of their next door neighbors' son? He felt the boy's tongue on his fingertips, slipping between the index and middle fingers and into the crotch the two digits made at his hand. Brent curled the two remaining fingers of his hand under Max's chin and eased his other hand inside the boy's open shirt. The skin there was cool and dry, soft with fine hairs.

He thought he heard Max say something.

"What?" Brent said.

Max spit out the hand. "Why don't you come closer or something?"

Brent brought his hand to his face and sniffed his still-wet fingers. He caught himself and squeezed his hands together between his knees. "It's just that--"

"Your wife?" Max said.

Brent nodded.

"There must be someplace ..." the boy said.

*Of course there is*, Brent thought. There were plenty of places. But someplace to do what? He sighed. "I don't know what to do," he said. "I mean, I don't know what you have in mind."

The boy looked at him. He smiled, then laughed. "Seriously?" he said.

Brent nodded.

"You never?"

Brent shook his head.

"Not even with your friend? The one who called you 'little buddy' and hypnotized you with his dick?"

Brent felt himself blush. "He never let me touch it. He just liked hypnotizing me, and he liked people looking at his dick." Brent mumbled, shaking his head again. "I've thought about it, and I might have had some opportunities here and there, but I've never--"

Max interrupted by leaning away and turning off the lamp on the table beside the love seat. The room remained softly lit with the light from the foyer. He stood up and walked the inches to Brent. Standing in front of the man, Max undid the last buttons of his shirt, untucking its tails from his shorts. Brent kept his hands between his knees, but his eyes roamed the boy's tanned torso.

The shirt dropped to the floor, and it was all Brent could do to keep from falling there himself, sliding down off the chair in a wet slurry. The boy touched the hairs that grew in a thick, vinelike trail leading to his crotch, slipping his fingers into the waistband of his khaki shorts. He pushed them down his hips and slowly revealed--no underwear--what Brent had seen only at a distance.

Max's crotch was beautiful in the half-light. His semi-hard cock lay thick over his smooth white balls. As Brent watched, it continued rising. Max's golden pubic hair pushed upward so that his balls looked peculiar, somewhat like eggs and roughly that size. Brent watched as the boy's fingers slipped under the ball sack and squeezed them in a stranglehold that looked painful and exciting. The cock twitched up, standing straight and nearly parallel with the boy's stomach.

Meanwhile, Brent's dick wrestled in the tight trap of his pants, but he seemed unable to move. Max reached behind his nuts and withdrew butt-stinky fingers, which he held under Brent's nose. Brent looked up at the boy.

"How do they smell?" Max wanted to know.

Brent could barely speak. "Fine," he managed.

"Fine?" Max said, sniffing them himself. "Hey, that's a ton better than fine. That's fucking excellent, I'd say."

Brent nodded, licking his lips.

"You ought to taste it," Max said. Brent grabbed the boy's fingers. "My dad's always saying honey's better from the hive."

Brent found that he could barely breathe. "Your dad's a smart guy," he whispered.

Max turned around, and Brent was facing an ass as smooth and white as the boy's balls. Max bent at the waist, leaning his elbow against his thighs, and spread his cheeks. The knotted pucker poked out of the shadows and seemed to wink at Brent. Max pushed his impossibly thick prick back between his legs as far as his balls would allow.

"Sniff it, man," the boy said. "Go ahead. Smell my butt." Brent leaned forward and breathed in the smell of the boy, the smell of his clothes, soap, and skin. He moved closer, strangling his own dick in his shorts, and put his nose very near the dark crack of Max's ass.

"Now," Max purred, "is that fine or what?"

Brent inhaled the sweet stink of the boy's asshole. Then he closed his eyes and pushed his nose against the hard, moist hole, tilted his face up, and lapped at it with his tongue. He felt the pucker soften and then go hard again. It pulsed like this as he licked at it and around it, slicking the curly hairs there with his tongue, feeling the boy's balls pressed against his chin as Max jacked his fist over his cock.

Brent licked down the hard channel that seemed to grow out from the boy's hole. He pressed his face against the heat of the boy's crotch, sensing stubble. He sucked on Max's balls and rolled them in his mouth.

"The ass," he heard. Max's voice hissed low and insistent. "Back to the ass, man."

"Your balls," Brent said. "They're shaved?"

"Yeah. You like it, don't you?"

Brent nodded, nudging the bald balls with his rough chin again. The boy pushed his asshole against Brent's mouth. Brent could feel the boy heaving, hunched over like a football center. Max straightened slowly, and his butt was suddenly closed to Brent. The boy turned around, and Brent faced his formidable pecker, its head

shining in the half-light, slicked over with precum.

Max's fingers gripped the base of his cock, made it wag slowly back and forth. "Look at my dick, Brent. It's okay. Take a good look. Follow it with your eyes as it moves back and forth, buddy. Take a deep breath. Hold it. That's right. Relax. Keep your eyes on my dick ..."

Meanwhile, Brent's dick wrestled in the tight trap of his shorts, but he seemed unable to move. He listened to everything Max said. He felt himself relaxing, letting go, slipping away somehow, like all those nights years before with Tony, losing himself into the guidance of another man.

"Open up," he heard the boy say.

He looked up, coming back to himself, shocked and confused. "No," Brent said, shaking his head. "I--I can't."

"Relax. Listen to me. Yes, you can. Open up, Brent."

Max grabbed a handful of Brent's hair. "I'm coming, man," he said through clenched teeth, "and I want you to take my load."

Brent squared his jaw and set his teeth tight. He tried to move his head, but the boy held him firmly.

"Please," he heard Max whisper as he felt the first wet bullet of goo hit his face, right under his eye. The second shot slapped his lips, and Brent parted them and took the rest--five or six spurts of liquid heat. Max eased up on the back of his neck, and Brent let the boy smear jizm across his mouth like lip balm.

Max reached for his shorts, and Brent licked his lips, swallowing the salty cum he had caught in his mouth. He watched Max button his shirt and tuck it into his pants. The boy looked for his drink and found it on the floor by the love seat. He drank it down, handing Brent the glass after draining it. He touched Brent's head.

"That was excellent, Mister Dupuis," he said.

Brent could see the fat outline of the boy's prick through his pants. He felt as though his own pants front was about to burst open. His precum had made a mess of his shorts.

They froze, hearing a car in the driveway, as headlights splashed against the closed curtain of a front window. Brent's wife, returning.

"I'll see you," he heard Max say, and the boy was gone.

\* \* \*

Brent noticed the boy's car was gone the next morning when he was getting into his own to go to work, and it wasn't there when he came home that night. Brent undressed upstairs, getting out of his dark suit. He walked around the bedroom in his underwear, aware of the now-constant dull ache in his groin. He looked out the window at the Wellers' driveway, at the empty space where the primered Jaguar had been parked.

"I'm taking a walk," Brent told his wife. "Want to come?" She looked up from her magazine and shook her head.

Brent walked out into the cool night air. The subdivision in which he lived butted up against a golf course, and this was Brent's favorite place to walk. It offered a lot of open space--no obstructions to trip him up in his

night-blindness--and while there were holes and sand traps to contend with, Brent usually got around without mishap.

He walked along at a good clip, feeling he needed the exercise since he had skipped his workout that afternoon. He heard someone behind him and turned around, thinking that his wife had changed her mind. But it wasn't his wife--he could tell that much. He started off again. He cut through someone's yard, and a dog barked. He quickly got himself onto the fairway again.

He felt once more that someone was behind him, but he saw no one--just dark shadows and the lights of houses through the trees. He took another step without looking and stumbled, falling with a splash into a shallow water trap pond.

"Jesus!--Fuck!" he swore, getting up. He heard someone laugh, a voice he recognized, and he squinted into the dark. "Max?" he said.

The boy stepped forward and helped him up, standing in the water himself. "You're soaked, man," Max said. He was shirtless, wearing dark jeans that faded into the night around him. His torso, looking paler now in the dark than the tanned skin Brent remembered, seemed to float luminously amid the shadows.

"I don't see too well in the dark," Brent said sheepishly.

They walked up on the bank and sat down. Brent tried to wipe himself off with his hands but gave up, having gotten nowhere, and lay back on the grass, dripping and chilled. Max joined him.

"I think," Max began, "it's time we kissed. No hypnosis or vodka this time."

They turned to face each other. They were hesitant at first, kissing with hard, pinched lips. But open mouths and wrestling tongues soon followed, and Brent pulled the boy on top of him, slipping his hands into the loose waistband of the boy's shorts and taking up handfuls of the boy's butt, digging his fingers into his soft, furry crack. He ate the boy's mouth with a passion he thought he lost years ago, and he loved making the boy moan.

He loved the feel of Max's raspy chin against his own, and he knew he wanted to fuck the boy. "I'm going to fuck your lights out," he said.

"Yeah," Max moaned. "I want you to."

They began to undress, pulling themselves free of their wet clothes and tossing them aside, feeling the cool air all over their bodies, their cocks iron-hard. Brent closed his eyes as Max went down on him, taking the cock head and shaft into his mouth, lips closing tightly and slipping down to kiss Brent's curling black pubes. When Max moved up to the head again, Brent shoved the boy's mouth down over his cock, feeling the tips of the boy's teeth against the base of his shaft and the tightening of his throat as he gagged and grunted. Brent arched his back and felt as though he was going to pass out.

Max got up and straddled Brent's hips, lowering himself onto Brent's slick, burning staff. "Ah," Max sighed.

*Nothing like cunt*, Brent thought as Max's sphincter gave a little to allow Brent's prick entry. It tightened up again once his cock had forced its way in. Brent reached up to play with the boy's nipples, finding them easily in the dark, hard and pointy. Max rode up and down on the cock.

"You're too fuckin' big," he heard the boy grunt.

"Feels like a good fit to me," Brent grumbled. He sat forward and circled his arms around Max, almost cradling him. He ran his fingers over the boy's muscular back, luxuriating in the feeling of his slicked-up pecker thrusting in and out of Max's clenching hole. Brent put his lips in the space between Max's pecs, where the small patch of golden chest hairs clustered. He twisted his body and flipped the boy gently so that Max's back was down against the bank of the pond, one of his legs elevated in the hook of Brent's elbow, the other across Brent's shoulder.

Brent hit a rhythm the boy liked, and stuck with it until he felt the pressure build in his nuts and the drool and drip of his prick. He was close to busting. He dripped sweat on the boy in the dark and wished for more light so he could see the boy's face. He wanted to know what Max looked like with a cock up his ass. He kissed the boy, hungry mouth to hungry mouth, chewing on his lips and rolling his tongue around vigorously.

"Fuck!--I'm coming!" Brent yowled, pulling out and holding on to the shaft of his cock, spraying Max's belly with globs of cum. Max grunted and shot a wicked load of his own, slicking the heated, hairless skin of his balls.

When it was all over and they had dressed, Brent followed Max through the night, concentrating on the ghost of pale torso skin and the lights that lay ahead. He stumbled once and reached out for Max. He touched the boy's back with both hands and let them fall to his hips. "I'm night-blind," he heard himself say.

Max turned around and planted a warm kiss on Brent's lips. "That's okay," he said, pulling away. "Just grab hold of my pants."

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