

Fear of Losing

By: kremesch

“Fuck! Aldrich... What’s your fucking problem?”

I knelt there, on the floor with my fingers digging into the biceps of Adrienne’s arms with an unnatural strength, silently panicking inside. I’d known the man for almost five years now, and he was used to my sudden outbursts and attacks. He also knew the reason behind them. But that didn’t mean that he was ever willing to give into them, and he fought with me every single time. That was good though, because in a sick sort of way, I wanted him to hit me. I wanted him to fight me, and I wanted him to get violent with me. Worst of all, I wanted to fucking feel it. I was fine for the first couple of years. I could feel to a certain degree, even though I knew I was getting worse. Then, as each year passed, it came to the point to where I could feel some pressure, which was the point to which I was at, if I was hit hard enough, or beaten hard enough. But for a little over a year now, I came to realise that I’d lost the sense of something else. I told no one, and I kept it to myself, hoping that maybe it would pass. It wasn’t so much what I had lost that made me panic, it was the fear that it brought about as I wondered... *How much more of myself am I going to lose?*

I’ve seen the mindless results of the experiments gone badly from that deranged scientist. I’ve seen first-hand what he did and does to his subjects. I’ve experienced it. I watched my lover suffer in pain and mental anguish while he drove me mad along with him, and I couldn’t bear the thought of becoming a victim to the loss of the only thing I had left, my mind. Although, some might argue, that I’d already lost that too. Particularly while I knelt there over top of a man that was beginning to hate me more and more each day, and I was begging him in a desperate whisper to...

“Touch yourself.”

“What the fuck, Aldrich?”

It didn’t surprise me that he was shocked and suddenly stopped fighting with me out sheer and utter bewilderment, staring at me dumbfounded. It wasn’t exactly a normal thing for me to say to him. In fact, I’d always managed to respect the fact that Adrienne had some concerns in that area, and always pursued the opposite sex as his chosen preference, even though I found myself attracted to him. Unlike Renault, who was the bane of my life and the reason for the poison that ran through my veins, Adrienne never played games. He never messed with my head, and he was always straight-forward and honest about his opinions, albeit, he was brash about it. I had a certain level of respect for him, and always tried to honour his choices. But I was desperate, and Adrienne was the only person I felt I could turn to when the terror struck me.

“Please... Adrienne...” I whined to him with a sobbing restraint to my voice. “I need you to cum for me.”

“I’m not fucking gay, Aldrich!”

There was that forthright honesty of his again. He wasn’t saying it to be insulting though. I knew him well enough to know that he was simply being blunt, like he always was. He always knew that I was attracted to other men, but he hung around me and accepted me anyway. Up until this point, we held a mutual respect for each other’s boundaries. But he was the only person I felt I could turn to, and I so desperately needed him to do what I was asking. The fact that I was asking it and needing it, and the fact that I knew what I was asking and needing, was enough to throw me even more into the overdriving panic I’d already allowed to consume me. I *was* losing my mind.

“I won’t touch you...” I comforted, while adjusting my pants to hide the deadened sensation that hid underneath them. “I won’t do anything to you... I just want to watch you... please.”

“NO!”

Why his protest stung so much, I didn’t really know, and why I just couldn’t leave him alone and respect his wishes, confused me even more. As a matter of fact, it scared me. Here I was, risking the only fucking friendship that I had simply because I hadn’t been able to awaken any kind of sensation or arousal within me for a little over a year. For the last six months, I’d been hiding out in the bathroom with my hands down my pants and tears running down the side of my face over the realization that it wasn’t something that was going to pass. I was dead. I hadn’t even left this world yet, and I was already dead. What made matters worse for me, was the fact that I was twenty one years old and putting so much focus and attention on something that never really mattered to me to begin with. In fact, the only person that ever really drove my libido into an overdrive was Renault, and that was mostly brought on from angry outbursts and a desire to punish him for fucking with me so much. But thoughts of him only made me more bitter, so it was best not to go there during those private attempts at some sort of redemption.

“Please... please... Adrienne... just let me watch you... let me watch... I won’t do anything you don’t want me to... I’ll even stay away from you... I just want to watch... I just want to remember...”

I was so sure of it... my mind was next. If I couldn't bring back something so simple, what was I going to do when it was something complex?

"Remember what?"

For some reason, Adrienne didn't fight me when I grabbed onto his wrist and guided his hand down. It was highly possible that he was in some sort of shock over what was happening. All I could really read from his eyes as he looked at me in disbelief was the fact that maybe he was telling himself that this wasn't happening. Or maybe he saw something that made him unsure. I didn't really know what made him let me undo the button and the zipper on his pants. All I did know was that I couldn't pull my pleading eye away from his hazel-blue eyes that defied me with a silent protest, even though he physically allowed me to guide his hand into motion over his undergarments on a momentum to get him started. I kept my word though, I didn't touch him, only his hand, and I pulled mine away from his once he started moving on his own.

"You're fucking sick, Aldrich," he muttered, with a hint of truth, and adjusted himself more comfortably against the wall as he sat on the floor and continued on with deepening breaths.

Nodding, I pushed myself away from him and sat, crouched at his side. With my thumbnail between my front teeth, I watched him with my other hand between my own legs, grasping onto something that wasn't worth grasping onto. "I know."

There was a hint of truth in my voice as well. I honestly couldn't say which one of us the situation was more humiliating for, him for being persuaded into doing something that he didn't really want to do, or me, for needing him to do it. There wasn't anyone else I could ask or confide in. I'd closed myself off from getting close to anyone after Renault. He crushed everything inside of me and then walked me into a situation in which I no longer had a will to try and escape from. With those thoughts being pushed out of my mind, I let go of myself and crawled slightly closer to Adrienne when I noticed his breath becoming more hitched. The look on his face was beautiful. It looked like he was experiencing something otherworldly, and I found myself moving even closer. So close in fact, that I could hear his breath close in my ear, and I found myself imagining what the warmth of it would feel like. I kept my promise though. I didn't touch him at all. I had no intention of pushing things any further than I had already pushed. The line I was on was thin enough as it was with Adrienne, and I didn't want to risk losing the only sounding board that I had.

"Kiss me."

His breathy request came as a shock to me, and I froze from the fact that I'd been caught hovering that close to him. I wasn't sure if I'd heard him correctly, but he repeated it without opening his eyes, before he bit on his bottom lip. "It'll help." He said, so I did. But it wasn't anything risky. I was under the impression that I was already risking enough as it was. It was him that got passionate and rammed his tongue into my mouth like he was looking for a way to fit me into his own, and I found myself giving into it, enjoying the movement of his tongue against mine and the slightly bitter taste of his saliva, as our teeth banged against each other. I found myself wanting to thank him for letting me indulge. I hadn't kissed anyone for over a year for fear that they'd expect something from me, and even worse, I hadn't held anyone, not that it was something I could really indulge in to its fullest anyway, but the desire was still there. However, I found that I could imagine things better if I was actually doing them or participating in them, and he was letting me. To make the moment even more perfect and tormenting at the same time, was the fact that I still had sensation in my tongue, and I still had the ability to taste. The tormenting part of it was, that I knew one day that would go too, so I indulged. I indulged by pulling his hand away from himself and pinning both his wrists to his sides when he was almost at a climax.

He reacted angrily, just like I hoped he would, setting himself back a few paces and accusing me of playing one of my sick and twisted games. He accused me of only wanting to get him worked up just so I could play him for a fool, and that I was nothing more than a fucking asshole. There was some truth to what he said. I'd been called a fucking asshole enough times by enough people to know it was true, and I did play a lot of games with people. Mostly, it was out of resentment for wasting my earlier years away with Renault, but there was a part of me that began to enjoy it more and more. However, neither of those truths were my goal this time around. I found myself wanting to indulge in that which I could, and hopefully thank him in the process for that which I was truly thankful for.

Shaking my head at him, while I trailed my mouth along his jaw-line, and then down his neck, licking, tasting, and sucking at the savoury salts on his flesh, I muttered in between kisses that I just wanted to taste him. I wanted him in my mouth so badly, that I probably wouldn't have accepted no for an answer. In fact, I know I wouldn't have accepted no, which is why I was so thankful when he didn't respond, but un-tensed in a manner that suggested to me that he could accept that, even though he wasn't willing to verbally admit it. That was fine though. Being attracted to the things I was attracted to was hard to admit to myself at first. So, I could understand where his apprehension and equal willingness came from. I'm not saying that Adrienne was gay and that he just didn't know

it, because in all honesty, he wasn't. What I am saying is that there was a part of him that was willing to let me do what I wanted to do because it did appeal to him, but there was also a part of him that didn't like the idea, for the very same reason.

"Oh... oh God..."

Once I felt he was comfortable with what I was doing, I let go of his wrists and ran my hands along his outer thighs, trying to imagine what his skin would feel like below fingertips that could feel. I tried to imagine what his temperature would be like against my own, and I tried to imagine what it felt like for him to have my tongue running wildly and slickly along him, and the feeling of a warm dampness accepting him fully and hungrily into its desperate cavern. I gave it everything that I could in order to try and feel it somewhere in my mind. Savouring not only the coppery flavour of his juices and the pungent smell of his hormones, but also what the feeling of his hands running through my hair would feel like. I was turning into an animal, a desperate and hungry animal, just like all of Hojo's other failed experiments that roamed mindlessly along the country side. I was losing myself in whatever hunger I could indulge in, and I felt like crying over it. Here I was desperately throwing myself at someone that was just as weak as I was, and somewhere out there, Renault was free. He was rescued and free to live a normal life in comparison to mine. I began to hate him even more over it.

"Oh God."

Adrienne's mindless muttering was becoming more and more illegible and broken. His hands were running more and more wildly through my hair, and his breath was hitching more and more desperately.

"Ha... I'm gonna cum."

Opening my eyes, so I could watch the expression on his face, I found myself suddenly stopping, confusing him. I wanted more... I needed more, and I pushed myself to a kneeling position and started undoing my pants so I could take them off. Startled, Adrienne's eyes darted open, and he pushed himself into the wall behind him in a panic.

"You're not fucking me, Aldrich," he said, almost frantically.

He went to quickly grab his pants to pull them up in defence, but I grabbed his wrists again, shaking my head at him. Then I pressed my mouth to his while he struggled with me. I needed to do something to calm him down, and I found myself telling him the truth. "I don't want to fuck you, Adrienne," I told him with rushed breathiness, while running my mouth along his neck again, and then I pleaded desperately into his ear, "I want you to fuck *me*... please."

"What?"

Staring at me in utter confusion again, he didn't struggle with me when I pulled him away from the wall toward me and pleaded with him again, pulling my pants further off. "Please... please."

"There isn't any lubricant," he said with a dumfounded expression, and looked around the room like he didn't want to believe what was going on. "I-I ca -"

Cutting him off by pressing my mouth firmly against his again, I lowered my hand to his ready member and stroked it in a way that I would have loved to have felt myself. Like a wild animal, I ran my hands all over him, telling him that I didn't fucking need any lubricant. I couldn't feel shit anyway... just do it. Just use me so I can watch. It was disturbing. I'll be the first to admit to it too. I knew there was nothing normal about my behaviour or what I was asking of him. But it didn't stop me from guiding him into me either. If I could have felt, I probably would have screamed or cried out from the force in which he entered. But as it was, I was left numb and wondered why he just stayed still for a moment as if he was waiting for me to adjust to him. There was nothing in me to react; therefore there was nothing in me to adjust to him.

"Fuck..." he muttered, and wrapped his arms around my body firmly to hold me while he buried his face into my neck and whispered in shame, "You're fucking tight."

He may have been right. I wouldn't have known. It was such a long time ago that I was left scarred that I never really knew the extent of damage done to me, and no one had ever dominated me outside of that one excessive time. It was always the other way around. But his stillness was about to drive me mad. "Move..." I airily commanded, and then I repeated myself with more determination when he didn't. "Move!"

"Fuck, you're demanding..."

"Oh yes... Oh yes..." I muttered with my eye closed, when he finally did start. "Oh God... Fuck... fuck me harder... fuck me harder..." In a strange frenzy, I found myself overwhelmed with an unknown sensation due to the fact that I could actually feel something, and it became stronger when he met my demands. Albeit, it wasn't really pain or pleasure in the sense that I could recall. It was a mild discomfort, somewhere deep inside of me, and each time he thrust there was a dull shooting that I couldn't quite make out. But whatever it was, I found myself enjoying it. I was enjoying the fact that I was feeling *something*. "Oh God, Adrienne... don't stop... don't fucking stop."

Years ago, I don't think I ever would have imagined myself in such a state. I don't think I ever would have found ecstasy in being roughly pounded against the floor without any preparation. I don't think I ever would have begged. But that was years ago. Things change. They change whether we want them to or not, and I said things I never thought I would say to keep the momentum going. I asked for things I never thought I would ask for, and I wanted it all so badly. I wanted it so badly that it hurt inside. It hurt because I knew I would never get them. Instead, all I could do was indulge in this sickening sense of humiliation over knowing that this is what I've been reduced to. I've been reduced to a nothing that indulged in everybody else's something, and oh, how I wanted to see his face when he came. I wanted to see it so badly that I wanted him to cum inside of me while I watched his face.

"Cum for me, Adrienne..." I muttered, bringing my hands up to run through strands of hair that I couldn't feel. "Cum inside of me... cum for me." I was a babbling idiot as drops of sweat fell upon me and ran down my skin. "God, yes... cum for me... Let me see you cum for me..."

Nodding without really paying any attention to me, he supported his weight with one arm, so his face was above mine. Sweat soaked his hair and droplets fell from the tips while he arched his neck and opened his mouth with his eyes closed tight, in accompaniment of his hitched breaths. He had his other arm wrapped below my backside to keep me tilted in a better position for him while I kept my legs wrapped high above his waist and matched his thrusts to ease his efforts and help him along.

"Oh God, you look so beautiful..." I breathed out with an envious sadness, and traced my fingers along his face and his neck. "You look so free..."

"You'd better not push me away again." He warned me, ignoring everything I was saying and appearing a little frustrated at the fact that I'd already done it twice in succession when he was close.

"No... no... keep going... keep going... I won't stop you... just stay above me so I can watch... Just let me watch..."

When he moved his arm from below my waist and went to aid me, I found myself quickly grabbing him and telling him not to worry about me. I didn't need him feeling what he hadn't seemed to notice yet. I didn't need him concerning himself with something that was useless. I didn't really want him knowing, even though I knew I wouldn't be able to hide it for much longer.

With a quick tilt to his head, he simply said, "Whatever, Aldrich... I ain't blowin you after this." And then he put his arm back below my waist to reposition me. Not really seeming to care about the fact that I'd stopped him. That was okay though, because it actually made things easier, and the moment he climaxed made it all worth it for me. I don't think I was capable of putting the beauty of his expression into words. The only way I could describe it was to say that it looked like a silent scream of pleasure and agony all at once, and I tried to remember it. I tried to savour it. I tried to imprint it on my mind permanently so that I could always go back to it. I knew there was no way I was ever going to be able to ask this of him again. But this was all I needed. It was appreciated.

"Thank you... thank you, thank you thank you thank you," I chanted mindlessly, and stopped him from pulling out while I closed my eye and relished in my twisted sense of bliss. "Just wait... just wait a little longer."

Then I pulled him closer to me so I could just have him in my arms, and hopefully have him hold me back too, because I couldn't fight the sense that this was the last time that anyone was ever going to hold me. It may have also been so I could hide my face, because I didn't want him to see the sobbing mess I'd suddenly become as I fell victim to my own personal torment. But he felt me trembling and heard me sniffing, and he noticed what I knew he eventually would.

"How long have you been like this?" he asked reluctantly and held me a little closer without attempting to look at me.

"Over a year."

"You're getting worse... You should see a doctor," he said, and then he pulled back, and wiped the tears away from my eye. "He'll pay for it."

"No doctor can fix me."

"You can't live like this, Aldrich," he stated, and then he pulled out of me and stared downward with a paling expression. "Fuck."

"What?"

"You're fucking bleeding."

"Oh."

"Oh," he repeated in mimicry, and quickly got to his feet before kneeling down to carefully lift me to mine. "It's not something to fuckin' be ignored." Then he pulled me over to the bathroom and told me to sit on the toilet to expel his semen, while he started running the shower.

Adrienne was no stranger to male on male encounters. He was abducted by a prostitution ring when he was at the tender age of fourteen, where he was sodomized against his will in order to appease the man who'd become

his boss. He was a pretty little blonde boy who came from a poor family that lived in Sector 7, although the years had hardened his looks a little. His family never even bothered to look for him, except for his brother, who never found him until just a year ago. He was the same age as me, younger by a couple of months, and was pulled off the streets by his boss when he was seventeen. We both had the same boss, but we had different jobs until that fateful seventeenth year that was caused by Renault's own inability to deal with whatever life threw at him. He fucked everything up. But in a sick sort of way, he freed Adrienne from a life that threatened to devour him.

"Look," he started, as I pulled out a cigarette and lit it with a match, "what just happened..." With his hand under the water to test its temperature, he looked at the wall in a moment of pause, before looking back down at me. "It's not going to happen again."

"I wasn't expecting it to," I answered honestly, feeling a little guilty about using him like that. But I wasn't about to apologise to him.

"Yeah," he agreed, and walked over to me to help me pull the patch off my left eye and set it on the counter by the toilet. Then he knelt in front of me, and tilted my head a bit, studying my wound. He always knew about it, but he'd never actually *seen* it before, because I always kept it covered. "Shiva... is that what they did to you?"

"No... some little knife-wielding *demon* thought it would save me from a fate worse than *death*," I answered with a dry smile, and tilted my head a bit.

Snickering, he pulled me forward and started cleaning some of the blood and other excretions away from me, and for some reason, I let him. "Sounds like a nice guy... Guy, right?"

"I suppose... he was more of a *demon* than anything else," I answered him, and took another drag from my cigarette.

"An angry lover, or one of those gay-bashing jerks?"

"Both."

Sitting back after he was done, he studied me curiously for a moment, and came to the conclusion that I didn't really want to talk about it. So, he took my cigarette out of my hand and put it out on the counter, before he pulled me to my feet, and helped me remove the rest of my garments, while he did the same with his own. Then he aided me into the shower where he commenced to clean me off more and tend to himself as well. That was the way Adrienne was though. It didn't matter what you did to him or made him do, he was always able to brush it off and act like it never happened. He would just go about whatever business he felt was necessary, and continue on.

That was the way things remained with us. Sometimes we would get along, and other times we wouldn't. We were naturals together though, and our Boss took note of it, keeping us inseparable when he sent us out on the field to interrogate or eliminate his enemies, or both. But our relationship was nowhere near normal. There was no way it ever could be.