

Part 2

THE DREAMER

Dorak, of the Star Clone Sem, was tried and convicted of inciting temporal violence and, therefore, altering the sequence of time. He was banned to five parsecs of timelessness. His time-card at Chrono-trek was taken from him, to be returned only upon his rehabilitation.

It was a glum Dorak who was led from the court room in heavy chains and leather riggings. He winced as the guards whipped him periodically as they passed down the brick stairs to that dungeon that he, as well as his brothers, had most dreaded.

In the center of a large room in the midst of the dungeon stood the monstrosity: a perversion of humanity that made him rage inside. It represented punishment beyond the bearable. To be cut off from time for even a persec was torture comparable to insanity impotence or, even, death. And, to take away his time-card. That was likewise barbarous! A man's time-card was his human right.

It was a clear plastic tube, just large enough to fit a goodsized man inside, pale, anemic, dead. It seemed to float in space, a corruption' of all that was good and decent. It was alien to this comfortable dungeon with its familiar stones and brick, chains and iron bars. The aroma of massive, sweating men; the guards in their black leather harnesses and shaven heads; and the prisoners, naked and shivering in their cold chains against the cold stone walls. The racks, the crosses, the whips, the pins. The thing just floated there, waiting. It was torture just to see it. He could not remove his attention from it. Like the truly diabolical, it held great intrigue for him. Shuddering, he thought of how truly sadistic the Sem Clone could be. With that thought he suddenly grew calm. Perhaps there was a rightness to this thing. Could he come to see this series of events as complete when this matter was over? He caught the possibility of it. They brought his lover to him after dinner. Karg was so beautiful to him - tall, muscular, rugged and hairy. So like himself. His harness was sharply studded, so that when they embraced, Dorak was pricked and pierced across his torso; the embrace was electric.

Karg unchained him, then bound his wrists and ankles in leather cuffs with chrome rings. He slipped leather thongs through the rings and began to bind Dorak's arms to his legs in front of him. Then he thrust him, face down, on the tile floor. Karg began whipping him with a small cat-o-nine tails. A warm glow spread throughout Dorak's body; he was erect now. He looked up to see Karg also erect, his dark, golden cock thrust before his huge, glistening body, straining and sweating as he swung the whip. His low-hung balls bounced between his rock-hard legs.

Then, suddenly even as the last lash was striking Dorak's shoulder, Karg shifted behind him and thrust his familiar cock into Dorak's asshole, which almost shocked Dorak's body into bursting from its bindings. His mind exploded, nova-like, into pure white flame. Karg's cock rubbed his prostate as it rammed itself deeply inside him. He felt Karg's balls slip against his buns. He felt Karg's pace intensify, Harg's great hands slapping his sides, Karg's breathing build to gasps and, finally, as Karg screamed, he felt Karg's cum spew deeply into him. He screamed.

After which, with Karg on top of him, he felt his own cooling cum beneath him on the

floor. And he wished that this moment of them all would be the one that would last for all eternity, or at least for five crucial persecs of timelessness.

Karg pulled himself out and Dorak felt empty.

"Don't leave me yet," he asked Karg.

"Don't worry, Love, I can spend the night with you."

"Then I go off in the morning?" Dorak asked. He shivered.

"In the morning." Karg held his arms around Dorak's shoulders. "I love you," he said.

They slept, embracing throughout the night.

In the morning a surgeon in white gowns gave Dorak an injection that removed feeling from his body; then they blanked out his consciousness; then they placed him in the pale cylinder floating in the center of the room.

Karg watched: he could see Dorak's body in the white clouds in the tube. Then the body disappeared and Dorak was in a place where time did not exist.

Karg felt so alone.

It was, in their world, permissible to relate with those in the past. One of the exciting aspects of time travel was a sexual one: time provided an almost unlimited number of sexual partners in exotic settings.

Some families, such as the Sem Clone, had special interests, and had to search in more esoteric nooks and crannies of time and space to find their tricks.

It was permissible, even encouraged, to fuck the temporal natives. But, it was not permissible to tell them who one was, or to change the flow of time. Memories could be erased, mistakes undone, but sometimes a traveller revealed himself intentionally, and the tracks of time were warped.

Dorak had intentionally revealed himself. He had wellmeant reasons, but the rule was law. The monitors caught the crime and rectified it. And caught the criminal. Who confessed and went to court and was found guilty.

Dorak saw the building, at the corner of 11th and Fulsom Streets. It stood, darkly brick and ominous, familiar from his world, with towers thrust into the foggy sky. An alleyway penetrated the center of the building. He looked down it; it was dimly lit. A long, black Rolls Royce sat parked by a door under the single light.

Dorak walked down the alley, his leathers squeaking as he moved. He noticed that the glass on the door, behind a set of bars, was painted black. He reached out, turned the brass knob, as polished as the oak of the door. It turned and the door opened. He walked into a dim hallway. At the end of the hall was a glass window with a ticket vendor behind it. The vendor wore a black leather hood, was tattooed, with gold rings piercing his tits.

"General admission or the specials?" the vendor asked.

"What's the difference?" Dorak asked, adding, "I'm a stranger here."

"You are not really a stranger. General admission covers everything."

Dorak wondered about the vendor's remark, but purchased a general admission.

A buzzer rang and a door next to the vendor's window opened. Dorak entered the place with no name. There had been no indications that this building was open for business; Dorak had, simply, been drawn into the dark passages, the halls and aisles, stairways and coves from one area to another, rubbing bodies in the crowded spaces, sucking

cock, being bound and beat, being fucked, watching porno shows, resting in Jacuzzi pools, drinking in the bar, cruising in the dark corners, gazing at the art in the gallery, having a hamburger, watching someone having his head shaved, watching body builders working out in the gym (fascinated as two Atlases wrestled and fucked each other), the locker rooms (where he sniffed jock straps while someone gave him a blow Job), the cowboy set (pure Hollywood, where he donned a cowboy hat and boots and got fucked riding double on a horse, the saddle horn pressing tightly into his groin). He saw a black door on the fourth floor, and remembered the towers; he felt drawn to the door. It opened by itself as he approached it. There was a long, narrow staircase. He could not tell for sure if he could see the top of it, but he could see that there was a bright light ahead of him. He began to climb. The walls were mahogany paneled and leather coated. The bannister was gleaming brass. The stair was carpeted in dark brown fur.

He had not realized how much noise he was leaving behind him, the disco music primarily, until it began to fade away, the static of stillness remaining in his ears. The light at the top was almost too brilliant to bear. He tried to shade his eyes; it didn't help much.

His eyes began to adjust to the brightness. He saw, at the center of the room, seated on a white tiled circular stage, a dark, richly hirsute, finely proportioned man with black hair and sharp, blue eyes. He seemed to be in a trance. Dorak felt compelled to move toward him. The man lifted his bowed head and looked at Dorak, his gaze seeming to burn Dorak's eyes. Dorak pulled back. The man smiled. And, suddenly, Dorak felt warm and alive in ways he seldom felt.

"Who are you?" Dorak asked, kneeling before the seated figure.

"I am the Dreamer," the man replied. "My name is Sam.

You have a general admission ticket. Shall we go?"

Dorak was puzzled. "Where?" he asked.

"Your dreams or mine, whichever you prefer." "Can you merge them?" Dorak asked.

"Reluctantly. Oh, don't be put off," Sam said.

"It's Just a matter of sometimes conflicting styles. Of course it is possible."

"If there is a conflict, can we put a stop to it?"

"Of course. I command a tight ship. I can both dream and be aware."

"Then, let's do it. If it is all right with you, Sam."

Sam looked at Dorak. "There is one thing, whatever happens, when two dreams merge, both dreamers must be completely honest. Can you do that? For me, it is second nature, but not for the rest of us, unfortunately. Can you do it?"

"Yes, I think so." Dorak was mesmerized by the man; he had never felt so attracted to a man; he wanted not only their dreams, but their bodies and minds to blend as well.

"The consequences of dishonesty can be devastating," Sam said. "Come, sit down with me."

Dorak sat in front of Sam; they faced each other.

"Move closer, here," Sam said, indicating to Dorak that he wanted them to entwine their legs about each other. Their cocks touched. They hugged each other. Sam pressed his mouth to Dorak's mouth; his tongue boldly pushed itself into Dorak's mouth; their cocks were erect, pressing tightly against each other.

When Dorak pulled himself back from Sam's kiss, he saw that they were in another place, a strange and lonely place, with no clear definition to anything. Slowly, the place began to come into focus.

They were in the center of an Arabian tent, on a Persian rug, surrounded by richly patterned pillows, hookahs, tall glasses and half a dozen muscular, pale, shaved slaves. Sam lifted Dorak by the buns and lowered him onto his cock. Dorak began to shiver as the cock pressed deeper into him. Sam twisted Dorak's tits, spit on his hand and began to jerk off Dorak's cock. Dorak began, slowly at first, trying to feel Sam's rhythms, to move his ass about, up and down, from side to side. A slave came near them and began to play a pipe, a sensuous, weaving music. Dorak moved his ass, contracting his sphincters in rhythm to the music. Sam leaned back on one arm, still rubbing Dorak's cock, breathing deeply.

The music grew faster, Dorak's movements intensified, Sam began to thrust himself upward. Dorak's prostate was burning with white heat, he felt the cum building up, felt Sam's cock stiffen to steel-like hardness, felt his abdominals quiver, watched Sam's body contract to glimmering, sweat-wet muscularity. They grabbed each other, ravished each other's mouths with their tongues, held each other so hard that their bodies, tensions reaching climax, began to blend into each other. Dorak felt Sam's excited cells mixing with his own, felt both of their bodies' excitements, the burning rush to climax. They came together, as they were one. At that moment Dorak sensed in Sam something marvelous beyond his experience or belief. It was as if he had seen everything. Pain, pleasure, past, future, everything in the collective memory of a human race. And yet, later, as he lay back, separate once more from Sam, he remembered the 'everything,' and it seemed to have been nothing at all, really.

They were lying, side by side, on the velvet-like carpet. As the memory returned to Dorak, Sam leaned over him and said, "You had the slightest glimpse of the Core." Dorak nodded. When he had seen it, he knew it as if he had known it forever. He had known the Core.

"What did you see in me?" Dorak asked.

"The truth," Sam replied. He looked squarely into Dorak's eyes.

"I saw the truth."

"Then you must know who I am and where I come from."

"I do."

"I didn't expect someone like you, or this whole building for that matter when I came back here."

"I didn't bring you back in time, but I brought you into this building. I brought you here to me," Sam said.

"Why? How?" Dorak asked.

"I sensed you on the street, I sensed that you were alien somehow, but I didn't know why. You don't look any different from the others, but you didn't belong. I was curious. Then, when I saw you, I wanted you."

"I still want you," Dorak said.

There were rites of slavery, rites of bondage; there was pain that transcended into pleasure; there was union and synergy; melting, merging, sipping the wonderful sweet

wine of each other's body and mind and soul, knowing and being known, dreaming each other's dream, touching and sharing the innermost secret places of the other, working out the knots and thorns of lives they had known and been outside the dream. Later, singing love songs to each other with their silent eyes, lying side by side, Dorak reached out and took Sam's hands.

Sam said, "I saw your world as you see it."

"I wanted you to see it."

"Thank you. It is a hard world. For me it would be hard."

"It is my world."

They kissed, their bodies passionate and hard against each other. They shifted into a 69 and drank each other's cum. They spun the web of their tapestry throughout time and space, and awoke on the raised tile circle in the tower of the great brick building, their legs encircling each other, their cocks still pressed hard against each other, their bellies wet with cum and sweat. Then Dorak was alone. Sam walked away, out of the bright light, disappearing into the shadows of a far wall.

There were no goodbyes. But, Dorak knew that it was over.

Dorak returned from his five seconds of timelessness. Karg refrained from time travel after Dorak came back; they spent long nights in bondage, discipline, and the pleasure of engaging their wills, like stags with their horns locked, in the cells of the clone family cluster.

Dorak could not travel back again, ever; he understood that fact. For, if he could go back, if he were once more given his time-card, he knew that he would find, once more, the dark, brick building and would once again, climb that long staircase, once more open himself to the Dreamer and, once more, reveal his world to know the other.

He knew that he would never be reformed. The clone family would know it as well.

Karg knew it.

He loved Karg; but Karg was his clone, his brother, his identical twin.

What he remembered of the Dreamer was so little, in a world of real things. Yet, it was everything he knew.