

# A Matter of Time

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: He keeps losing time and waking up to memories of a porn star.

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 offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how realistic it may appear, 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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*Why can't I wake up*, I thought, followed by, *Where am I?*

I'd fought my way back to partial wakefulness, somehow, but already whatever that had been laid upon me was tugging me back down, back into sleep. I wouldn't be able to stay awake long.

I was lying on my back. Draped across my gut was definitely a leg, a masculine, muscular, hairy leg. Another leg lay under me at the small of my back. Whoever he was, he had me in a scissors grip, but his legs were limp and the grip was a loose, relaxed one. By his heavy, steady breathing, I didn't think he even knew it. He seemed to be sleeping. I should have been uncomfortable lying on that leg, having that other leg lying on me. His limbs had a weight on me, yes; but a comfortable, voluptuous weight, flesh against flesh, warmth. I could feel the impression of his calf in the soft spot just above my hip. I could sleep like this forever, and I felt some influence trying to force my eyes to close again.

My arms were behind my head, against something warm and yielding, possibly the sleeper's stomach or chest. When I turned my head, the movement stirred up a smell: slightly musky, mostly aromatic. I brought one hand down to touch his leg; as I did, my elbow grazed through a head of hair alongside

me--but not hair where the sleeper's head could possibly be. Okay, so two men were here with me instead of just one.

I lay there staring at his calf and thinking about how good all of this felt, our warm bodies draped together so casually. As I knew, I didn't recognize his leg; I'd never seen his calf before. I wanted to push his leg aside, free myself from its weight, turned around, see where I was, who I was with, maybe stand up. But I was too weak to push at his calf. My strength was ending. I couldn't fight the urge to sleep any longer. I closed my eyes and slipped back into the drowse.

I don't know how much time passed. When I came to wakefulness again, the urge to stay asleep was weaker. Weaker, but not gone yet. I felt someone stirring down by my feet, a body shifting, turning over. Okay, so either I'd misjudged the positions of the bodies before--the one under me and the one with the head of hair next to my elbow--or a third body was there with us.

I put my hand on the thick, hairy thigh that lay across me. I stroked it, then moved up to his crotch and squeezed his half-hard cock: a big one, thick. Who was he? Who were they? Heavy, steady breathing all around me lulled me, blocked out another sound, a sound that seemed right but didn't. Birds. I was hearing birds waking up and waking up more birds. Was it morning? My last memories had been at night, but now a new day seemed to be beginning. I breathed deeply. The air seemed heavier, warmer than it had.

I squeezed his cock again. It felt plumper now; not fully aroused yet, but in the process of becoming. I felt more movement down by my feet. The weakened compulsion was tugging at me again, and I closed my eyes. I didn't fall back into sleep though, but instead drifted in a half-daze, aware of part of what happened around me. A hand on my leg. Then two hands moving up my legs, caressing my thighs. And warm breath on my crotch, a tongue on my balls. I couldn't move my hand down to his head or to my cock. I was too sleepy to do anything except slowly squeeze the cock I already held; by now it was fully hard, but its owner had not moved, maybe still slumbering. With my eyes closed, the world was only a series of physical sensations, happening so slowly, so luxuriously. Next to me, a body that must have been until that moment lying parallel to me, not quite touching me, moved against me. Hair brushed my biceps; an arm pressed against my hip. A hand encircled my cock, and a mouth closed over my nipple. Then the mouth was no longer on my nipple, it was on my mouth, the tongue probing until I opened and responded. His silky long hair framed my face, flowed over my cheeks. He kissed my eyes and then went back to my nipples, gently chewing, pinching, back and forth.

A sudden sharp flash of light against on my eyes made me wince, squeeze my eyelids tight. A blissful warmth flowed over my face. Sunlight? I squinted, didn't see a window, but it seemed like sunlight. So the sun was up, and the birds were singing. Where? I didn't know. All I knew was this heavy, contented sensation that filled me, pulled at me, urging me down into sleep again: all was as it should be, everything was right with the world, and all I needed to do was touch, let myself be touched, and sink back into sleep again.

The hand tightened on my cock. I thought if I could move my head far enough to get my mouth on the cock I was holding in my hand, things couldn't get any better. I shifted my torso a bit against the two bodies that were working on me, trying for leverage, and my mouth was closer to my hand. The one who had been licking my balls took them in his mouth and moved his hands under me to grasp my ass. I could feel his pecs against my thighs. Hard, rounded pecs, with a little hair on them. His biceps held his body against me. The one who had been working my nipples licked down my abs and took my cock all the way down, burying his nose in my pubes. The one pinning me with his legs exhaled, a

long, deep sigh that ended in a gasp and an involuntary jerk of his body as I took half his cock into my mouth and started to suck. I felt more rhythmic movement down below; still sucking my cock and balls, the other two bodies were jerking each other off.

Soon, I tasted cum, as the cock in my mouth shuddered and surrendered its load to me. A warm, blissful orgasm was building in me too. Just as I began to cum, I heard a morning breeze rustle the leaves of a tree outside. But then all I knew was the euphoria that rolled through me, drowning me, and I sank back into sleep even before I was through climaxing.

I woke up sitting behind the wheel of my car, all flannel-mouthed and groggy-headed. The key was in the ignition, and I was very neatly parked in a space under a shady tree at the outer edge of a shopping mall parking lot. The sun was high, and whoever had parked me had thought to leave a window open a half-inch, letting in the slightly cool early spring air. Daytime? I'd gone ... where the night before?--right--to the Male Box; that was the gay bar near my apartment. Had I drunk too much? Passed out? I never drank that much, and I didn't feel hung over. Had I hooked up? Had someone slipped some drug in my drink? All I could be sure of was that I was in a mall parking lot. I was completely dressed, which certainly didn't strike me as out of the ordinary. If I hadn't been dressed, maybe the fragments of memories would have come back sooner. No, the memories didn't start to hit until I was waiting for a traffic light two blocks from home. Birdsong flooded through the open window. For a moment, memory overwhelmed my awareness of my immediate surroundings--memories of warm bare skin, the weight of limp limbs, something yellow-brown that flashed like a large, faceted gemstone--until I was snapped back by an automobile horn blowing and then the roar of a car pulling around to pass me. By the time I'd snapped out of it, the light was changing back to red again.

I sat at my kitchen table, with a beer in front of me to calm my nerves. I refused to believe the events had been a dream; I never remembered my dreams, and I knew this had really happened. I remembered detail after detail, more information every time, but still not a complete scenario. I was pretty certain somebody had slipped something in my drink, something that made me sleepy and made my memories blurry, but it hadn't felt like a drug. Whenever I tried to remember how it started, all I could recall was something yellow-brown that seemed to pull at my thoughts. I wasn't sure what had knocked me out, but no, I decided it wasn't a drug. I certainly wasn't sorry the events had happened. But I couldn't stop wondering about questions like where, with whom, and why?

I was no closer to an explanation when the envelope containing the DVD was pushed under my front door early one morning, two days later. No sender name or address on the envelope. I hadn't ordered anything, so I was curious. I popped the DVD into the player immediately.

The movie title, *Morning Wood Orgy*, appeared in a fancy script, accompanied by a generic disco soundtrack. As nearly as I could determine, I was the one billed as *Très Hardon*; at least, mine was the prone naked body onscreen when that name appeared--*Très Hardon*, in that same fancy script across my upper chest and neck--during the opening credits. The edge of the camera frame effectively beheaded me, but that was definitely my body and definitely my tattoo, a little unicorn low in the region where my groin and hip met. I wasn't into porn flicks particularly, so I didn't recognize the other cast names or photos, the director, or the studio. I found myself feeling slightly offended that I wasn't given top billing; that went to an actor named Stud Dickster, the guy who'd had me in the scissors grip. I didn't think there was any point in checking the phone listings to see if that was his real name.

I don't watch a lot of porn scenes, but this one stunned me. The plot? Nonexistent, just a bunch of bodies moving together. Production values? Decent, meaning at least the viewer could see and hear

what was going on. Actually, the camera work was pretty good for an amateur production. All of my fellow thespians seemed dazed or had their eyes closed throughout. I wondered whether they'd been told to act that way or whether they were also fellow conscripts under the influence of whatever had zonked me out.

The scissors-gripper, Stud, looked to be about twenty-five. Big fucker, dark hair, and I did a lot of regretting about not having run my hands through all that hair on his pecs and abs. He had designer stubble to complement all the other hair; and his big dick was definitely not computer-enhanced--I could attest to that. The silky-haired actor who had ended up with my cum in his mouth was a cute fucker--he could have my cum in his mouth any time he wanted it. He looked too young to be such a good cock-sucker, eighteen maybe, long blond hair. He had a pretty face and long everything: legs, arms, torso, dick. I remembered how those thighs had felt against mine.

Even though the other two had my cock at double-hard as I watched, the one down below was the one I fell in love with. If he'd stood up at any time, I could have been sure, but I guessed him to be about six feet tall, hunky body, well-developed, negligible hair except for a thick brown thatch on his head, cut kind of military severe. He had been listed as Mancave Steelhard in the opening credits. Now, as the camera panned around to show his ass while he was licking my balls, I almost came. He had the ass of my dreams, highlighted as his legs spread outside and against mine, and a good-sized prick that looked indeed steel-hard, a tight bag of egg-sized balls swinging slightly. Okay, I did cum, made one huge fucking mess in a fresh pair of briefs. I never laid a hand on my dick. It was already up and ready by the time I saw him, and I was cumming less than a minute after that shot of his ass.

I was also pissed. Who was Mancave Steelhard? How could I contact them to get his contact details? Well, of course, that was the crux, wasn't it: Who were *they*?

The envelope had also contained two copies of a release form in which I'd be granting some corporation the right to distribute the film in which I appeared--and a smaller envelope with one thousand dollars--cash, fortunately, not a check made out to "Très Hardon." A short, handwritten note from someone whose signature was an indecipherable scrawl said that there would be more where that came from if I'd sign the forms and return them in the enclosed prepaid envelope. I signed and returned all the boilerplate that very morning and deposited the cash.

I did worry that maybe appearing in a porn movie might have a detrimental impact on my legitimate modeling work, but it wasn't like I was booking enough modeling work yet to matter. I was barely getting enough jobs to pay the rent. At that point in my fledgling career, when I had maybe eighty bucks in the bank and the rent was due in a couple of weeks, all money was welcome. Besides, lots of other models had done porn early in their careers when they needed cash. By the time my career was big enough to worry about that, I'd probably be able to afford an agent, and I'd let the agent handle any damage that needed controlling. Besides, my head and face had been cut off in the credits shot, and my face hadn't been featured that much in the porn flick itself, though several of my body parts had starred in key scenes. I could always deny that was me in the vid. My tattoo, a small unicorn low on my groin that was only visible when I was naked, was the only evidence to prove it was me; and only people I'd been intimate with would know about the tattoo.

I told myself I wanted answers about what had happened to me, but what I really wanted was to get in touch with the actor billed with Mancave Steelhard. Thanks to papers in the envelope, I had a generic-sounding studio name, a legitimate-looking address, and a phone number. I tried calling, thinking--I don't know--I'd just flat-out demand answers, maybe threaten a lawsuit even though I'd signed the papers; but the number went directly to a please leave a message voice mail box, no matter what time

of day I tried it. I didn't leave a message, and I'm glad I didn't. The pursuit was more fun this way. I checked out the return address too. The address, I was disappointed to learn, was one of those generic mailbox rental and mail forwarding businesses. And the clerk at the desk there refused to release any details about the company that had rented the box. I wasn't going to be able to get information that way.

I checked out the studio online too, but all I found were a few scenes from its movies on tube sites, scenes that all seemed to feature sleepy-looking men. No "porn stars," or at least no famous names I recognized, but a couple of guys looked sort of familiar, like maybe I'd seen them around town. From the comments sections, the vids seemed pretty popular--people liked their "realism," whatever that meant.

I watched that film countless times over the next several days. I even began to give myself little directorial tips: when to move my hip, when to raise my eyebrow, how to improve the overall erotic effect by looking more like I was savoring the dick in my mouth instead of just devouring it. Did my left pec look better in profile than my right? I vowed never again to let anybody upstage me in the cum scene. Yeah, a fucking star was born.

I heard nothing more, and life went on. In the modeling business, the face and body are everything, and when I wasn't strutting my stuff in some designer *de jour*'s suits or swimwear, I spent most of my time building the body in the gym and sweating out social excesses in the steam room. My gym also had a guy who worked out constantly; I'm sure there's one just like him in every gym: absolutely fantastic body, and just so damned proud of it. He cruised himself in the mirrors, and sometimes he cruised other guys aloofly, like maybe he might just let them touch him sometime, if they were lucky. He'd run his hands over his body for his audience's benefit, his eyes glazing in ecstasy at what he felt there. In the steam room, he'd position himself in some casually tantalizing pose and sometimes scratch at his cock and balls while staring at some guy, the stare saying *I know you want it, you can look but you can't touch*. He'd never paid much attention to me, and I'd never wanted to suck his cock, consoling myself that in a few years gravity would get him; he'd probably skip the gym one day and all that muscle tone and definition would collapse into a forty-eight-inch waistline. I was surprised one day when he sat down next to me in the steam room. We were alone, and he could have sat anywhere.

As a pretext for being heard over the hissing steam vent, he moved closer to me, until our biceps made contact. "Saw you last night, man. That new video everybody's talking about? That was you, wasn't it?"

Ah, my tattoo. Since I was naked in the steam room, he must have seen the little unicorn tattoo on my groin and realized where he'd seen it before.

The gym god went on: "That blond kid blowing you--was he as good as it looked?" While he was saying this, his hand moved across my thigh, rubbing and squeezing it, and ended up with a firm grip on my cock.

Ah, okay--I understood: he didn't want me to be me--not Joe Blow, some aspiring model. He wanted me to be Très Hardon, featured player in *Morning Wood Orgy*. But I admit, I was still flattered. Also, except for jacking off to *Morning Wood Orgy*, I hadn't had sex with anyone since that DVD arrived. Vanity and horniness made me a pushover. He only had to squeeze my cock once more, and it was rock-hard.

Vanity and horniness also made me a son of a bitch. Maybe Très Hardon was kind of a bastard. Yeah, insatiable sex drive but a real asshole. Okay, I had my motivation and my character; begin scene.

"Yeah, he really was that good," I drawled confidently. "Think you can do any better?" Probably he couldn't; nobody had ever sucked my cock as well as the blond kid had. But teasing this guy with that fact was still nice--and satisfying for other reasons. Yeah, I was going to like being Très Hardon.

As soon as the gym god was on his knees in front of me, I pulled him in and locked his shoulders with my thighs. As he sucked me, I kneaded his shoulders, digging my thumbs into them. He was a decent cock-sucker, but not as good as the blond kid. He was good-looking, but not as attractive to me as Mancave Steelhard and his military haircut. I separated my thighs, rubbed and squeezed the gym god's forearms and biceps. I told him to flex them and practically came as they bulged under my hands. He was really into sucking me, and when he went all the way down, I moved my groin around, trying to get even more of me into his mouth. I was very close to cumming when it hit me that I wanted his ass. Très Hardon was a cocky bastard, and Très Hardon fucked. Très Hardon wanted his ass. I reached down and tugged his head off of my cock. He looked up at me, his mouth a big *O* where my cock had been.

"You like my cock?" he said, wagging its hardness at me, fishing for compliments to feed his ego. "Is it as big as Stud Dickster's?"

It wasn't, but it was close. "Mmm," I responded, because Très Hardon would never take the bait. "Stand up," I said with as much authority as I could muster. "Turn around. Bend over. Grab your ankles. You're about to get fucked by a porn star." He eagerly complied.

Beautiful ass; practically a work of art, the second-most beautiful one I'd ever seen, after Mancave's. I gathered up a handful of each cheek and squeezed. I moved my hands up to his waist, felt his hard gut-muscles contract. I heard his breath coming short and harsh. "Tell me how much you want it," I said low and slow, leaning my whole body over and onto his. "Tell me how much you want my dick up your ass."

He turned his head. "Please do it. Fuck me, man! Make me feel it"--the last words through clenched teeth, little bits of spit at the corners of his mouth.

Oh, yeah, I made him feel it. Every time I drove my cock into him, I remembered him strutting around the gym, the way he was always demanding adulation as a God-given right. Très Hardon was in the saddle now. Très Hardon was showing this gym god he wasn't so special, showing what his ass was really for.

"Fuck me! Yeah! Use my ass!" this gym god gasped, totally into whatever little porn scene was unfolding behind his clamped-shut eyes. There in the steam room, someone could have walked in on us at any moment. I didn't care--Très Hardon wouldn't care--Très Hardon just fucked whenever, wherever, he wanted.

The gym god gasped--"Oh, fuck!"--and tossed his head back and started to shoot his load without touching his cock, just from the pressure of my cock driving inside his ass.

*So fucking hot!* I thought, more about my performance than the guy I was performing for. I couldn't hold out any longer. Just before I started to cum, I pulled out and shoved him around and shot in his face. He lunged into me, went down on my cock, and took the last spasm. I held him to me as our

breath got back to normal. He wrapped his arms around me and grinned and whispered, "Anytime you want to do that again, just say the word."

"Maybe," I shrugged. Then I pushed him away and collapsed back onto the steam room bench, and he faded into the swirling mist.

And ... *scene*.

One night, not long after Très Hardon had slain the gym dragon, I dropped by The Male Box. I hadn't been there for a couple of weeks, not since the night that turned into *Morning Wood Orgy*. The note in the envelope had promised *more where that came from*, and The Male Box had been where that evening started. Plus, if I was right and my fellow stars were local talent too, maybe I'd get lucky and happen across Mancave Steelhard on my own.

The bar was popular, crowded. Once inside, I circulated, chatted up a few guys I knew, danced to a couple of songs with this guy I'd tricked with a couple of times, then circulated some more and went upstairs. The upstairs level was quieter, a place where people could kick back and have a conversation away from the *boom-boom-boom* thunder on the dance floor. Three men sitting at one of the tables in the back of the chill space caught my eye. Three men: one well-dressed without being *sugar-daddy* ostentatious, probably around forty; the other two eighteen to twenty, very cute but looking almost too young to be in this bar. Nothing all that special about them, other than the age difference, except--

Except both of the young guys, left and right, looked like they were fighting to stay awake.

And there on the finger of the older guy in the middle was a ring with that big yellow-brown jewel I remembered.

Okay, so how would that cocky bastard Très Hardon play this? He'd go over to their table and demand to be given Mancave Steelhard's phone number. He'd strut his stuff right over to their table ...

I walked over to the table and took the fourth seat, directly across from the older guy, and I looked him right in the eye. Zoned-out blond kid and half-zonked brunette kid didn't react to me, didn't take their eyes off the jewel, but the older guy frowned up at me. "Hi," I said. "Remember me?"

His eyebrows went up, and he wolf-smiled. "Yes. Yes, indeed I do remember you. What a lucky surprise to see you again so soon. I believe you remember my ring too, yes?"

My eyes flicked automatically down at the ring on his finger, the oversized yellow-brown stone, unusually faceted. Yes, I remembered it. The weird facets caught even the dim bar lighting in strange ways, pulling in the light, pulling me in too. Yes ... I remembered ...

"That's it," the older guy was saying. "Just let it work its magic on you again. You remember exactly how it felt, don't you." His voice seemed to be coming from farther and farther away.

I yanked my eyes up to his. What the fuck had almost happened? I'd barely even looked at that stone and it had almost ... almost what? Damn, thinking was so difficult. All I wanted to do was look down at the jewel again, let it capture my thoughts, get lost in its depths, let myself close my eyes and ... sleep. Yes, all I wanted to do was close my eyes and sleep.

The blond's eyes had closed and were not reopening now. The brunette's weren't far behind. Another few moments and he'd be gone. Like his buddy; like I'd almost been.

"They're very pretty, aren't they, these two young men? But they're very new, so horny and eager they sank under the spell of my jewel before they even knew what was happening, just like you that first time. This one"--he caressed the brunette's sagging shoulder--"was telling me he has only had sex with men twice. They will benefit from your experience. You'd like to sink again, wouldn't you. You'd like to help guide them, teach them all the techniques you've learned." He lifted his hand, and the jewel flickered in front of my gaze again. "Just close your eyes, and let it take you."

I was lying face-down. Rather, my face was to one side, my cheek pressing into something soft and yielding--the textured fabric of a comforter, recently laundered, by the feel and fabric softener smell. I fretted groggily about the little imprint patterns the fabric might have left on my cheek. My thoughts were slow, dreamlike, but it didn't surprise me, and I didn't want to try to wake up more fully. My arms were at my sides, the palms of my hands upward. Everything seemed so slow, so luxurious. I wondered why that thought seemed familiar, but I couldn't hold on to it and it didn't seem worth pursuing.

I heard a faint rustling behind me and then felt a body roll against mine. The places where it touched me made me excruciatingly aware of my skin. Then his whole body settled on me, though he seemed to be able to hold most of his weight himself. He seemed almost exactly my size. His kneecaps fit exactly into the backs of my knees; his thighs matched mine, the hairs on them tickling deliciously. Our crotches would have been exactly together, but of course they weren't--his was against my ass, and his cock was hard and fitted between my ass cheeks. The head was pressed between his groin and my lower back. His shoulders lay against mine. He stretched his arms in front of us. When another pair of thighs moved in to cradle my head, I realized that he had reached out to put his hands on someone in front of us.

Hands lifted my arms and placed them on the thighs cradling my head. I moved my hands to encircle the waist above the thighs. Fingertips came up under my chin, raised my head, and turned it. A cock slapped my nose. I looked higher, finding a face: the brunette kid, eyes still closed, squirming weakly in the sleep that still held him tightly. He looked innocent as a babe in his sleep. His long, slim cock was hard, a wicked upward curve to it. I opened my mouth, and his thighs widened a little as his body presented his cock to me and I took it. I heard his muffled grunt of pleasure, and I began to suck, and he began to fuck my mouth slowly. I could feel the muscles in his thighs moving against the sides of my head with every thrust.

From above and behind me, a needy groan. The weight on me diminished as his body lifted. I instinctively tried to follow it, to keep contact with him. This was what someone back there wanted me to do. My body was off the ground, and a head slipped in under me. Long blond hair caressed my groin, and then my cock was in his mouth. Even without the hair I'd have known who it was: the blond cock-sucker who'd blown me in *Morning Wood Orgy*, the one who knew all that could ever be known about cock-sucking. Alongside him lay the blond kid from the club, face working in the cock-sucker's groin as the kid stroked himself. Then I felt loving hands spread my ass cheeks, and then a tongue slotted into my asshole. Without any cue from me, my ass began to writhe as I tried to get more of that tongue into me, and more of my erection into the cock-sucker's mouth. Suddenly the tongue was gone, hands gripped on my hips, and lips kissed up my spine to my neck, where a bristly military haircut scraped against my ear. I knew who this was: Mancave Steelhard. Then his cock began to penetrate me. Everything seemed orchestrated. Mancave's cock in my ass, the brunette kid's cock in my mouth, the long-haired youth's mouth on my cock, the blond kid too. They--we--all moved together to a slowly increasing tempo. I wanted to drift in this cloud of drowsy euphoria forever. I came, they came, we all came, and then we lay just as we were for long minutes. I didn't even



consider opening my eyes, just lay there listening to them breathing against me, waiting until someone moved and the next round began.

Morning. The same parking lot; the same parking space. Before I even drove out of the lot, I was dredging up the details. The video came two days later. This time the title was *Sleepover Seductions*. Mancave Steelhard got top billing, and by the end of that first day I'd cum ten times from watching his ass while he fucked me.

Maybe I ought to get myself an agent. I've been in several more video scenes--seems like it happens every other week or so when I visit The Male Box, and now I have ten thousand bucks in the bank, enough that I don't have to worry about how I'll manage to pay the rent for a few months. I'm no closer to finding out Mancave Steelhard's real name or meeting him, though we've costarred in seven fuck-scenes so far. He and I haven't been in every scene together, but most of them. I felt so disappointed those few times I watched a vid to find we'd been partnered with other people. My favorites are the scenes where he and I are together. I've memorized every nuance of the way his hips give my ass pleasure in the ones where he fucks me, and every quiver of ecstasy he experiences in those where I fuck him. Our bodies seem to respond instinctively to each other. Someday, I'll run into him at The Male Box. I want to ask him out, find out if we're as good together awake as our somnambulant bodies are on video. It's only a matter of time.

Until then, I have him almost every time that yellow-brown jewel steals my thoughts. Sometimes I see the man and make my way to him; sometimes he catches me by surprise. But I never resist, knowing in a day or two I'll receive another video documenting my time with Mancave. I also haven't gotten top billing--yet. But I know that too is only a matter of time.

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