

# Adytum Documentary Project

by **Wrestlr**

[M/M, MC, hypno, incest]

[Synopsis: David makes a documentary about his hiking trip to a sacred Native American site with his twin brother, his professor, and two other students. One year after their disappearance, his footage was found.]

Disclaimer: There's sex, sodomy, and maybe a few other minor perversions in this. If you don't like that sort of thing, read something else. Everybody in the story is legal age. Parts of this story may be autobiographical, or it might be all fiction---who can say?

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## Adytum Documentary Project, Part 1

### Tape 1

(The tape begins in a bedroom. The camera is pointed at a bed. The angle jumps as someone behind the camera adjusts the view.)

Jake: (Calling from off-screen.) "Have you seen my toothbrush?"

(The hips of another man, in jeans, fill the lens as he walks around behind the camera.)

Jane: (Also calling from off-screen.) "Your toothbrush ... is in the toothbrush holder. On the sink. Duh."

David: (Distracted, from behind the camera.) "Okay--I'm ready. Come out here, and let's get started."

(Through the bathroom door in the background and into the shot walks Jake, an attractive, dark-haired young man of about twenty, wearing only a pair of shorts.)

Jake: "Huh? C'mon, Davy, we gotta finish packing. We don't have time for this. We leave in six hours, and I wanna get some sleep, okay?"

Jane: (Off-screen.) "I don't see why I can't come too. What's so important about this stupid camping trip."

David: "It's not some 'stupid camping trip,' and you're just jealous 'cause you weren't invited."

Jane: (Sarcastically.) "Ha, ha. Veeeeery funny. So are you going to be making another one of your 'documentaries?' So have you ever finished one? I mean, like, in your *whole life*?"

David: "Jake, rein in your girlfriend, *please*?"

Jake: "Janie ..."

(The camera focuses on Jane as she jumps into the shot and sits on the bed, dead center of the screen.)

Jane: "No, seriously. I wanna be in David's documentary. I think it'll be ex-*ciiii*-ting."

Jake: "Janie, please, baby. You know I don't like it when you argue with my brother."

Jane: "And *I* don't like the way you always take his side."

Jake: "C'mon, baby, let it go. Just this once? For me?"

Jane: "I don't see why you have to go off and spend the whole break on some camping trip. Ever since the start of last semester, you been spending less and less time with me. I just wanted us to spend some time together so we can get back to the way we used to be."

Jake: "We been through this before. It's only for a few days, baby. This is really important to me, y'know? But you're important too. I'll call ya the minute I get back. Promise, baby."

Jane: "Promise? Okay. I'm gonna hold you to that, sexy."

David: "I'm gonna hurl."

Jane: (Sneering at the camera.) "Ha ha ha. You're so funny, David. I'll never understand how two twins can be so damn *different*. Okay, Jake, I'm outta here. Have fun, and call me the minute you get back."

Jake: "I will, baby."

(The camera catches their kiss. Then Jane backs out of the shot.)

Jake: "Later, babe."

Jane: "Later."

(Off-screen, the sound of a door shutting.)

David: "What ... a ... *bitch!* I'll never understand what you see in her, Jake."

Jake: "Lay off, Dave, okay? Just ... lay off."

David: "Okay. Whatever. Anyway, have a seat there on the bed. I wanna get some footage done before bed."

Jake: "Huh? We have to finish packing--"

David: "This'll just take a couple of minutes. It's for the documentary. Kind of like an establishing shot--you know, to give the audience some, like, background on who you are and stuff. I'm going to ask you one question, then you answer it, and we're done for the night. Have a seat on the bed."

(In the center of the shot, Jake sits cross-legged on the bed. David's hips, very close, pass in front of the lens again. His butt fills half of the camera's view as he bends over and adjusts a light. Jake grimaces as the light hits his face before broadening and softening. He fidgets and plays with his toes uncomfortably.)

Jake: "Shit, David, I don't see why we have to go through this bullshit. It's not like I have anything to say about the trip tomorrow. For chrissakes, it's not like I can say something you haven't heard a hundred times before."

David: "Maybe I have, but they haven't."

Jake: "Who?"

David: "The viewers."

(David's hip blocks the camera's view again as he walks back behind the camera.)

David: "Besides, you don't have to say anything profound. I'm going to ask everybody one question. They get one minute to answer it. It's like a way of introducing yourselves to the audience."

Jake: "What's the question?"

David: "Nobody can know until I tell them to start. That's kind of the point."

(The field of view jumps as David adjusts the camera angle. The image blurs then sharpens as he fiddles with the focus.)

Jake: "Oh, all right. Let's get this over with."

David: "Ready?"

Jake: "Is that the question?"

David: "No, smart ass. The question is this: Jake Bailey, talk about yourself."

Jake: "Huh? Talk about myself? What do you mean? ... Oh, I get it--you don't talk? You don't talk at all? Uh, okay. Well, uhm, my name is Jake, and this is my room. I'm David's twin brother."

That's David over there behind the camera. Hi, David. He's filming some kind of documentary about this trip we're going on tomorrow with our anthropology professor and a couple of other guys. I'm a junior at State, just like David. He's majoring in film studies, and I'm majoring in anthropology. Uhm ... what else? Well, I'm into video games and music--yeah, music is really important to me. I like a lot of groups like--hell, I don't know--by the time this documentary comes out, anyone I talk about will be so 'classic oldies.' Yuck! I also like boarding and doing stuff outdoors. That's one reason I'm glad we're going on this camping trip. I like staying active. I like working out, too. Can you tell? I'm starting to get kind of muscular. Well, I think so, at least. It's starting to pay off. I'm on the lacrosse team at State, and that helps too. Anyway, we're going on this camping trip tomorrow with Professor Thrull and a couple of other guys. I guess they're students too. We're gonna be gone for most of break, until the day before Fall term starts. We're taking some food with us but mostly we're going to be hiking up to these old places where Indians used to live. Dr. Thrull says it's out in the middle of this forest, with nobody around for, like, miles and miles. It's gonna take us two days just to hike there. He's gonna teach us some stuff about excavations in some old caves the Indians used and he's gonna show us how the Indians lived. There's a place he's going to show us that was, like, some kind of adytum--he says that's a kind of really sacred place, where they went for special ceremonies to honor the spirits. We're mostly going to live off the land, just like they did. I'm really psyched about it--it's gonna be a blast. It's like one last chance to have some fun before Fall term begins, 'cause I'm gonna be taking a lot of hell classes--"

David: "Time."

(Jake visibly relaxes. He falls over on his side, propped on one elbow, which carries his head past the view frame, cutting him off at the neck. After a second, the camera moves as David adjusts it to get Jake's head back in the frame.)

Jake: "Damn! Was that just one minute? It seemed like forever. That was pretty hard, getting put on the spot like that. I couldn't think of anything to say. What have the others been saying when you asked them?"

David: "I dunno. You're the first one."

(The screen cuts to static. Five seconds later, the tape resumes. Trees moving past. The camera is in a moving sport utility vehicle, pointed out the front passenger window at the passing trees and underbrush. The camera jerks around, crossing Professor Thrull's profile, then aiming into the backseat at Jake, sitting with a young blond man, Ted.)

David: "Okaaaay. So are you looking forward to this?"

Jake: (Enthusiastically.) "Oh, *yeah*, dude!"

David: We gotta pick up one more guy and pick up some stuff, and we are on our *waaaaaaay*."

(The camera turns back out the passenger window and zeroes in on the rearview mirror, filming the reflection of David aiming the camera at the rearview mirror.)

David: "That's me in the mirror. Hi! My name is David, and I'm getting this all on video. I'm going to use it for a project in this film class I'm taking this coming semester."

Thrull: "This is the place."

(The car pulls over to the curb and stops in front of a house. The camera aims at the front door, at two men coming out. One, a young light-skinned black man, carries a backpack in one hand, grins at the camera, and waves with his other hand. The other man stops just outside the front door and waves goodbye to the first.)

David: "That's Damien--he was in our class." (Yells out the window.) "Hey, Damien, ready to go?"

(The camera zooms in on Damien grinning and waving again to the camera again as he crosses in front of the vehicle, on his way to the back seat on the driver's side. The camera pans across Professor Thrull as it tracks Damien. Damien opens the door, shoves his backpack over the seat into the back, climbs in, and pulls the door shut.)

Damien: "Hey, guys."

Jake: "Who's that guy? Your roommate?"

Damien: (Grinning out the window and waving again.) "Kinda. That's my boyfriend. We're kind of in the process of breaking up."

Jake: (Shocked.) "Boyfriend ...? Uh ..."

Thrull: "Let's get started, shall we? We've got about four hours of driving ahead of us and then about a six-hour hike to get behind us before nightfall."

(The camera pans across scenery as the vehicle starts moving. The lens jerks around, crossing Professor Thrull's profile, then aiming into the backseat at Jake, sitting between Ted and Damien. Jake is still pretending to be engrossed in a magazine after Damien's revelation.)

David: "So what did you bring today?"

Jake: (Holding up items into the camera's view.) "Got some, uhm, potato chips ... and my favorite, beer ... and, hm-hm, you'd be surprised what I'm looking at."

(Jake grins and holds up a porn magazine into the camera's view, open to a spread of two naked women licking each other.)

David: "My Gaaaaaawd!"

Damien: "Gross."

Jake: "She's got really big tits."

David: "Whoa! Fuckin' *cool!* Look at this, Professor!"

Thrull: (Laughing.) "I'm trying to drive up here, guys."

David: "Hey, Damien, I wanna give you a question and I want you to answer it any way you want. You get one minute, uninterrupted, to answer it."

Damien: "Any way I want? What's the question?"

David: "You ready? Damien, talk about yourself."

Damien: "That's a question? Well, okay. Uhm ... Well, my name is Damien and I'm nineteen. My boyfriend's name is Travis--hi, Travis!--and he's pretty hot--"

Jake: "Eww!"

Damien: "Hush. He said 'uninterrupted.' Anyway, I'm half-black on my father's side, and I'm part-Cuban and part-Cherokee on my mother's side. So when Professor Thrull invited me to come on this trip, I jumped at the chance, 'cause it's like this chance to get in touch with some of my roots, you know? See where they lived and stuff like that. My roots are important to me, y'know? I'm really in touch with the Cuban side of my heritage. I lived in Cuba with my mom until I was eighteen. Can you tell by my accent? I learned English, like, a couple years ago so I could come here to go to school. I used to wait tables in my uncle's restaurant when I was in Cuba. When I was sixteen this big, sexy blond tourist from New York came in. He was so handsome I brought him a drink on the house, but then I didn't know what else to say. So he offered to show me how I could learn to improve my English, back at his room. He said he was going to teach me the Gay Alphabet. You know, like, 'A is for Asshole,' and then he made this circle with his thumb and finger so I'd understand. Then he said, 'B is for Buttfuck,' and he poked his finger through the hole. And 'C is for Cock,' and he put my hand on his crotch so I could feel his big, hard boner straining through his jeans--"

Jake: "Excuse me--this is just fucking *way* too much information!"

Damien: "He *said* I could answer it any way I wanted. *Anyway*, that night after I got off, I met him at the beachfront house he was renting for the summer, and I got to know his cock up close and personal. By the time summer was over, I spoke English just as well as he did--"

David: "Time."

Jake: (Protesting to David.) "That was more than one minute."

David: "Was it? I guess I lost track."

Jake: "You did that on purpose. Uh--no offense, Damien."

Damien: (Smugly.) "None taken."

Thrull: "Gentlemen, this is where we turn. This is where we park and start hiking."

(The tape jumps into static. Thirty seconds later, it resumes. Daylight. The camera pans across trees, grass, a sport utility vehicle's rear bumper, a couple of legs. Backpacks are being unloaded. Someone drops another one onto the ground at the periphery of the camera's view.)

David: "Okay, I'm gonna start getting this on film."

Dr. Thrull: (Warningly, from off-screen.) "David ..."

David: "It won't get in the way, Doc. Honest. Pretty soon you'll forget the camera is even here. If it starts annoying anybody, I'll turn it off."

Dr. Thrull: "Well, okay. For now, anyway. Damien, can you get that one? Jake, here's one for you."

David: "Here we are, starting off. We've driven about four hours to the middle of nowhere, and now--"

Dr. Thrull: "Here, David, you take this one."

(The camera swings around and points at Dr. Thrull, who hands a large red backpack out of the back of his vehicle. David's arm enters the frame from the side and takes the pack. The field of view tilts suddenly as the pack's weight yanks David's arm down. In the background, two men laugh as the camera stops a few inches short of the ground.)

David: "Holy fuck! What's in this thing?"

Dr. Thrull: (Laughing too.) "Oh, come on. It can't be all *that* heavy."

(The camera jumps wildly--panning across trees, dirt and rocks, trees again, Jake's face, David's shoulder--as David pulls on the backpack. It finally settles on Dr. Thrull, who is locking up the rear door of his vehicle.)

David: "That's Dr. Thrull, our teacher and official guide for the next several days. He's the one who has to make sure we learn how to live off the land and don't have to eat each other to survive."

Damien: (From off-screen.) "And don't get lost either--that's important too."

David: "Yeah, that's important too."

(The camera pans to Ted, a blond youth, about twenty-one years old, shifting under the weight of a heavy backpack.)

David: "That's Teddy."

(The camera pans again, passing Jake.)

David: "That's my brother Jake again."

(The camera pans again to a slim black man of nineteen, who smiles for the camera.)

David: "And that's Damien, the last of our little group of happy campers."

Dr. Thrull: (From off-screen.) "Okay, guys, let's get started. We've got a long hike ahead of us before nightfall."

(The camera watches Dr. Thrull head onto a trail heading up the hill. Jake and Damien follow him, hoisting

heavy packs. The camera bobs as David follows Damien, close behind. The camera aims over Damien's shoulder, at trees, bits of sky, occasional glimpses of Dr. Thrull slightly ahead of them.)

David: "So this is it. Everybody ready? We're officially on our way. But to where exactly? What will we encounter and what will we learn about ourselves? These and other questions will be answered during our next two weeks together."

Jake: (From off-screen.) "Jeez, David--will you fucking *listen* to yourself? Turn that damn camera off!"

Damien: "Yeah, turn it off until there's something to film, dude. Unless you just like making a movie about my butt."

David: "Fuck you, Jake. You too, Damien."

(The camera angle drops, picking up Damien's legs, and David's hand swipes into the frame, fumbles at the controls.)

Damien: (Teasingly.) "It'll be the best piece of ass you ever had, white boy. I promise you that."

David: "Uh, frickin' *whatev's*, dude ..."

Thrull: (Over his shoulder.) "Everything okay back there?"

David: "You bet, Professor. What's our first stop?"

Thrull: "We've got to hike about four hours before we camp for the night. There are some caves that we'll pass about three hours in with some cave drawings--these probably predate the Native Americans--and I think that will start getting us in the right frame of mind."

David: "Cool."

Thrull: "One last thing. Anyone got a cell phone? Pager? Radio?"

Jake: "I've got a phone."

Thrull" "Leave it in the glove compartment. I don't want any distractions on this trip."

Jake: "But what if--"

Thrull: "No 'buts.' I told you when we planned this trip: no cell phones. Leave it in the glove compartment, and you can claim it when we get back."

Jake: "Yes, sir."

Thrull: "Is that everything? No one else has any contraband? Okay, then--let's get underway."

(Thrull starts up the hill, following a trail. Jake falls in behind him, followed by Damien, and the camera.)

Jake: (Over his shoulder to the camera.) "Are we having fun yet? Uh-huh! Uh-huh!"



(The camera records trees, rocks, grass, undergrowth, occasional exchanges between the young men. Eventually, they emerge from the forest. The camera records their progress up the flat face of the mountainside, in the blazing sunlight. Professor Thrull, caught in the edge of the camera's view as David stumbles over a rock outcropping, is the first to take off his shirt in the heat. Periodically, the camera catches one of the others pause to take off his shirt too. David puts the camera down, and it patiently views his leg as he takes off his own shirt, then picks up the camera again. After a long stretch, Jake turns to the camera.)

Jake: "Dude, it's, like, *so* fucking hot. Can you believe how fucking hot it is? Who's got the water bottle?"

Ted: "Me. Here you go."

Damien: "Fuck, it's hot."

Jake: (Sneering.) "I think that's a well-established fact by now."

Thrull: "Hey, now--"

David: "Don't stop them, Professor. They're just being real. This is great stuff."

(The camera zooms in on Ted, wiping sweat off his forehead, who grins uncomfortably, and steps aside. The camera pans to Jake and zooms in for an extreme close-up.)

David: "Gratuitous close-up!"

Jake: (Grinning.) "Will you get that damn thing out of my face?"

David: (Singing.) "Camera One closes in. /  
The soundtrack starts; the scene begins. /  
You're playing you now. /  
You're playing you noooooow."

Jake: "And will you *stop* singing that damn song, *please*?"

David: (Continues singing.) "You're playing you now. /  
Take a bow. Take a boooooow."

Jake: "Sheesh. I don't know what's worse--you sticking that damned camera in our faces, or your singing."

Damien: "Definitely the singing."

Ted: "No, the heat's worse than both of those. But the singing's a close second."

Damien: "Yeah."

David: (Laughing.) "Oh, fuck you. So, guys, how hot do you think it is? A hundred degrees?"

Jake: "Oh, at *least*, dude! I think I'm getting a sunburn too. Anybody got some sun block?"

Damien: "Sure. Here."

Jake: "What're you doing with sun block?"

Damien: "Huh?"

Jake: "I mean, you're *black*."

Damien: "Black people can sunburn too, dude."

Jake: "Oh. Um ... I guess I never thought about that."

Damien: "You want the sun block or not?"

Jake: "Uh, yeah. Thanks."

Ted: "Anybody know what time it is? I'm ready for some lunch."

Thrull: "Guy Davenport once wrote, 'The first thing to go when you walk into the wilderness is time. You eat when you are hungry, rest when you are tired. You fill a moment to its brim.'"

Ted: "Huh?"

Damien: "Who is this guy Dabbinport?"

Thrull: "Guy Davenport. He's a famous author."

Damien: "Never heard of him."

Thrull: "He was writing about the way people's perception changes when they get away from civilization. Out here, people just naturally fall more in tune with nature. Something about the outdoors reminds people of their pre-civilized origins, before cell phones, before cars, before any of the things that separate them from the spiritual parts of the world."

Jake: (Looking around, then mugging a grin for the camera.) "What it reminds me of is that old Monty Python episode. You know--the one about how to recognize different kinds of trees from a long way off, the one where every tree is, 'Number one ... the Larch .... the Larch.'"

(The camera sweeps around at the distant tree line.)

David: "I don't get it."

Damien: "Me neither. What's a lurch got to do with anything?"

Jake: "Never mind." (Shoving his face close to the camera.) "I guess it's obvious which one of us twins is the smart one."

Thrull: "Gentlemen, don't let the heat get to you. The Native American shaman has a very easy trick for beating it."

Damien: "Yeah? And what was that? Better tell us quick--I'm so hot my nipples are sweating."

Jake: "Yuck, Damien. Just ... yuck."

Thrull: "It's a way to open up your consciousness. Try this with me. Everybody stop just a moment. That's it. Just stand as still as you can and listen to me. Close your eyes. There's a sound that's perfectly natural for you to make. It's like a mantra. Maybe it's like an, 'oooooo,' or maybe it's like an, 'mmmmmm.' Just take a moment and find that sound. Use it to push the heat away and feel cooler. Don't worry if it's not the same sound the others are making or the same pitch. Find your sound, and make your sound. Try to hold the sound steady for thirty seconds. Ready? One, two, three. Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm ..."

(The camera, neglected while their eyes are closed, angles down at the ground and someone's foot.)

Thrull: "Okay. Open your eyes. How do you feel? Cooler?"

(The camera rights itself, closing in on Professor Thrull's head.)

Ted: "Yeah, I do."

Damien: "Yeah."

Jake: "Me too."

David: "How's that work, Professor?"

Thrull: "It's a little trick that we modern men call 'waking hypnosis.' We think of hypnosis as something modern but it's really not. The tribal shamans have been using techniques similar to it for centuries. The secret is in creating suggestibility and using it to help the person get something he wants. You men wanted to feel cooler, and the technique helped you get your mind off the heat. Let's take a five-minute break, and then we'd better get started if we're going to make it to the caves and the first camp site by nightfall."

Damien: "So all that ... that waking hypnosis shit--that was just a trick?"

Thrull: "No, it was very real. You felt the difference, didn't you?"

Damien: "Yeah ...?"

Thrull: "Let's try another experiment. Have you ever had a conversation with someone and later you know you enjoyed the conversation but you can't quite remember what you talked about?"

Damien: "Yeah, I guess so."

Thrull: "What we're going to do next might seem a little like that. Trust me, though--it'll take your mind off the heat in no time."

Damien: "I heard that!"

Thrull: "All I want you to do--all of you--is start counting backward from 300. No matter what I say, just keep counting. If you lose count, that's okay--just fall back in with the others. Try not to listen to me any more than you have to. You'll still be able to hear everything I say, but try not to listen. What's important is that you keep counting. Go ahead and start counting."

All: (In unison.) "Three hundred ... two ninety-nine ... two ninety-eight ..."

Thrull: "Just let everything happen, exactly as it wants to happen. Don't try to make anything happen, and don't try to stop anything from happening. Just allow everything to unfold and happen as it feels like it wants to, naturally and easily. Presently you'll find yourself counting a little slower. Now, I want you to bring your awareness to your arms. In a few moments, your arms will begin to feel heavy. So very, very heavy that when you try to lift them, they'll just drop back down. So heavy that you just can't be bothered to lift them at all. Like two lead weights. The more you try to lift those two very heavy, lead arms, the more you'll find that you simply can't. The more you try, the more you can't."

(The camera swings down, aiming at the dirt, as David's arm slumps.)

Thrull: "And next I'll ask you to bring your awareness into your eyes. I think you may find your eyes are becoming more ... and more tired. Very tired. They may even feel a little watery, or may even go out of focus. Already your eyelids are beginning to feel very heavy and very tired. Presently you may find that they begin to blink more heavily, becoming more and more tired. As soon as they begin to blink, more heavily, just let them blink, more heavily, more, as often as they like. You see. They're starting to blink very heavily and feel very tired right now. Your eyelids ... growing heavier and heavier. So heavy, in fact, that they feel like they want to close, entirely on their own. As soon as they feel like they want to close, let them go; just let them close. And they're already feeling like they want to close, aren't they? Now let them go. Closing down more and more heavily, more and more relaxed and calm. No need to count anymore. Let yourself go, completely loose and completely limp. Breathe quietly, in, and out. Sleep now. Sleep very, very deeply indeed. Relax completely. Give yourself up to this very pleasant, relaxed, drowsy feeling. Just sleep now. Very, very deeply indeed. Now, I want you all to bring your awareness to the hand you write with. Concentrate as best you can in your tired, relaxed state of mind and body. In a moment, instead of feeling heavy, it will begin to feel lighter and lighter. Light as a feather. As if there's no weight in it at all. Lighter. Lighter. Wanting to float up into the air all by itself, just like a balloon. A bright balloon of your favorite color, as if your hand is tied to that balloon with a piece of string. Floating slowly up into the air, all by itself, as the balloon lifts it higher and higher."

(The camera starts to pan upward as David's hand rises, until it is pointing vaguely at distant treetops.)

Thrull: "That's fine. Just allow your hand to hover there, all by itself. See how little effort it takes--in fact, no effort at all--just to allow it to stay there. Floating there. Effortlessly. All by itself. While you just experience what a natural and wonderful feeling it gives you, just floating there in the air. Now, in just a moment, I'm going to ask to listen to a few suggestions, and you'll find it very easy to listen, even if you feel so tired and out of it--"

(The tape runs out.)

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[Continue to Part 2](#)

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by **Wrestlr**

[M/M, MC, hypno, incest]

[Synopsis: David makes a documentary about his hiking trip to a sacred Native American site with his twin brother, his professor, and two other students. One year after their disappearance, his footage was found.]

Disclaimer: There's sex, sodomy, and maybe a few other minor perversions in this. If you don't like that sort of thing, read something else. Everybody in the story is legal age. Parts of this story may be autobiographical, or it might be all fiction---who can say?

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## Adytum Documentary Project, Part 2

### Tape 2

(The camera zooms in on Jake, shirtless, standing in front of a tree and undergrowth. It blurs, then focuses.)

Jake: "Oh-*kay*. We're standing outside the cave right now. There are some cave drawings inside that Professor Thrull says probably document some primitive fertility rituals. They're probably over a thousand years old, which puts them being made by people who lived here before the tribes we know as the Native Americans. Professor Thrull, why don't you tell us more about what we're about to see?"

Thrull: "Yes, well, these drawings were found by a hiker, someone ... a lot like all of you. He happened on this cave and--well, why don't we just step inside and let the drawings speak for themselves?"

(The camera follows Professor Thrull closely through an opening, barely wide enough for a man to pass through. The view jitters, zooming close to the rough rock walls before righting itself.)

Thrull: "Watch your step."

(The camera's light keeps Professor Thrull's left shoulder and the back of his head glowing in stark relief to the sudden blackness all around as the passage widens out into a long room receding in the distance beyond the ten-foot reach of the light. Thrull turns and squints, trying to see beyond the camera and its lamp. The camera zooms back, taking a wider perspective of one wall as Thrull gestures at the stone. Three flashlight beams converge on the wall, near the center of the camera's view.)

Thrull: "As you can see, some of the marks on the wall are obviously fairly recent. This set here ... appears to be spray paint. Quite a shame really. But the drawings--the real artifacts we're here to see--they're back here a little further. See these lines? This is the start of them. See back here? Where the lines start coming together? We don't know much about the people who made them--they probably predate the nations we call the Native Americans by a thousand years. They appear to be lines commemorating religious events and icons of fertility and the hunt."

Damien: "Professor, how do we *know* they're that old?"

Thrull: "We don't, conclusively. But the style is reminiscent of the cave paintings found in France and other parts of the world. See here? What looks like a patch of discolored rock? See here, these black lines are the horns, and the discolored area is the body. This was probably a deer or an elk. Some sort of sacred animal. Painting it here invoked the spirits to ensure a plentiful hunt. Let's move a little further back. Can all of you see? They're more obvious back here."

Ted: "Cool! I can see them now. That's ... what? Some kind of cow?"

Thrull: "That's another deer or an antelope of some kind. A little different from the first--the horns are smaller--but yes, you can see the body very plainly. And back here ... See here? These are crudely drawn human figures, probably commemorating a hunt or invoking the spirits to ensure another good hunt. These here are the hunters, pursuing ... this may be a bison or a boar or some sort. See their spears and their bows? A few are holding shorts lines; possibly these are knives. Some of the drawings--look there on the wall behind you--are more clearly fertility icons. See here? This figure has breasts and a swollen middle. Obviously intended to represent a pregnant woman. And over here in the very back is the real find. See them?"

Damien: "Are they doing what I think they're doing ...?"

(The camera zooms in on black lines, faint, that slowly focus into stick figures, some with erections, obviously engaged in pantomimes of sex.)

Thrull: "If you think they're procreating, yes, they're indeed doing what you think they're doing."

Ted: "Professor, these figures over here ..."

Thrull: "Ah, yes--those are the most interesting of all. See here, how the figure in the back is obviously a man. But the figures here and here, the ones being fucked, they have no breasts; they are not women. See here? These lines on the figures being fucked are almost certainly meant to indicate erect penises. What we've found here are primitive pictures of men having sex with other men."

Jake: "Ew!"

Thrull: "Jake, remember what I drummed into you in class. Don't impose your values on people who obviously had a very different value system. We don't know much about what those values were, but obviously they seemed to think homosexual intercourse had its place in fertility rituals, perhaps in their society overall too."

Ted: "Like the two-spirited people? I read about them in an article."

Damien: (Smugly.) "And *I* did my term paper on them."

Thrull: "Indeed, and quite a fine piece of research it was, Damien. To answer your question more directly, we don't know enough about them to know for certain. One thing I think we can say with some certainty--these drawings suggest a fairly sophisticated spirituality, and probably one based on a worship of the natural world. Perhaps they saw sexual activity as somehow invoking favorable attention from the spirit world, a way to ... inspire the spirits to themselves be fertile and ensure an abundant harvest. They seem to have viewed what we would today call homosexual intercourse as part of a larger cycle of fertility."

Damien: (Happily.) "You saying the people what did this was all gay?"

Thrull: "Not in the sense that we mean by the word 'gay.' That's a fairly modern concept. But certainly they seem to have had acts that we would call homosexual. Perhaps they believed that spirits came in many types and proclivities. Perhaps they believed that they needed to engage in many types of sex to inspire many types of spirits. That's all a bit conjectural on my part, I'm afraid. All I can tell you for sure is that these drawings are very old, and they appear to have been made by a group of people who looked to the natural world around them for their spirituality. The same natural world that's all around us now. And perhaps too, those spirits are still here, all around us, just waiting to inspire us."

Jake: "Professor, all this talk about spirits--you're creeping me out."

Thrull: "Am I? I'm sorry. Well, I suppose we've seen just about everything there is to see here, and we've still got a long hike to make before we camp for the night. Shall we?"

(The camera follows Professor Thrull's arm as he gestures back toward the vertical swathe of light that marks the cave entrance. The bit of blue sunlight visible beyond upsets the camera's aperture, and the view goes dark, then lightens as the camera automatically adjusts. A silhouette--Jake--steps between the camera and the light, heading back to the entrance. The camera follows.)

Damien: "Wow, Professor, I had no idea ... That was pretty cool."

Thrull: "Oh, there's more cool stuff waiting for you when we get to where we're heading. Just wait and see."

(The tape blips to static for five seconds. It resumes aimed at Ted and Jake, packs off, sitting in a clearing off to the side of the trail. Jake is pulling a rolled-up sleeping bag off of his backpack. Damien crosses between them and the camera, pulling off his backpack and setting it down.)

Jake: "Did anyone but me notice anything kinda weird in that cave?"

Damien: "Uhm, yeah. Kinda. Like I feel kinda horny all of a sudden."

Jake: "Ew."

Damien: "No, seriously. I mean, *really* horny."

Ted: (Laughing.) "It's the spirits doing it to you."

Damien: "Fuck you! I'm serious."

Jake: "Guys, I gotta go take a pee. I'll be right back."

(The camera zooms in as Jake picks up his backpack and exits to the camera's right. The view pans back and, under the camera's watchful eye, Damien and Ted disconnect tents and sleeping bags from their packs.)

Thrull: "Ted, why don't you clear some ground for the campfire? Damien, you and Jake give me a hand with the tents."

(The camera jolts as David sets it down. It documents their clumsy efforts to follow Thrull's instructions as they unroll and raise the first of three small tents, barely large enough for two men.)

David: "Anyone seen Jake?"

Ted: "He said he was gonna take a piss."

(The camera shudders as he picks it up. The lens pans across dirt, grass, trees, settling on Ted and Damien.)

David: "This is taking way too long. I'm gonna go find out what's goin' on."

Ted: "Awright."

(The camera turns and advances slowly up a rise into the edge of the trees, accompanied by the sounds of multiple sets of footsteps in the leaves. Just over the rise, it settles on a patch of red--Jake's backpack sitting at the foot of a close group of trees. The camera is carried around to one side, and Jake's leg and hip come into view.)

David: "Hey, man, you alright? You okay?"

(The camera aims at Jake's back. He is looking down but doesn't answer. The camera sees his body tremble slightly. As the camera approaches Jake, a hand moves a branch out of the way. Jake has his shorts pushed down to mid-thigh. The porn magazine is open on the ground beside him. He is stroking his erection, ignoring the camera.)

Damien: "Oh, man, that's a good idea."

Ted: "Huh? What's he--oh!"



(They gather around the porn magazine, where the camera captures them from mid-torso down. The camera points down, taking in Jake's erection in one half of the frame, picture of a big-breasted brunette woman in the other half. David's hand enters the edge of the frame and massages his crotch. He unzips his shorts, unbuttons them, and works them down, freeing his own hard-on.)

Ted: "I'm really horny."

Damien: "Yeah ... me too."

(On opposite sides of the camera's view, Ted and Damien push their shorts down and haul out their stiff dicks. They start to stroke. The camera jumps around as David strokes himself, catching glimpses of all four of their cocks and the sounds of their gasps and groanings. After a moment, the camera stops jumping so badly as David holds it steadier.)

Damien: "Can I touch it?"

Ted: "Huh?"

Damien: "Can I touch it?"

(The camera watches Damien reach out and wrap his hand around Ted's erection.)

Ted: "I dunno ... That's kinda weird ..."

Damien: "Yeah?"

Ted: (Groans.) "I never did this before."

Damien: "I can't believe how good it feels ..."

Ted: "It feels ..."

Damien: "You don't like it?"

Ted: "I dunno ... I--I don't think I can do this. That chick's hot, but I don't think I can do this. I can't do this."

Damien: "You sure?"

Ted: "Yeah." (Firmly.) "Yeah--I gotta go."

(Ted steps back, pulling his rod out of Damien's grasp. Ted tucks his erection away and walks off, back toward the camp. The camera watches Damien reach for Jake's cock, displace Jake's hand, and start stroking it.)

Damien: (Panting.) "You two--are twins. You ever--do this--together?"

Jake: "Fuck, no." (Groaning.) "Oh, fuck--I'm gonna--gonna cum!"

Damien: "That's it."

(Jake turns away from Damien and the magazine, and the camera records his orgasm as he ejaculates onto the ground. When he finishes, he pushes Damien's hand away. Damien reaches for David's shaft.)

David: "Nuh-uh. I'm ready to--"

Damien: "Me too!"

(The camera watches them as they cum. Jake bends into the shot and scoops up the magazine. The camera angle jumps as David pulls his shorts back up. Jake has put the magazine away and picked up his pack. They follow Damien back toward the camp, a few paces behind.)

David: "Hey, Jake?"

Jake: "Yeah?"

David: "You know back there with the magazine, when we were jacking off?"

Jake: (Uncertainly.) "Ye-yeah?"

David: "Well, it was weird, but, uh, I wasn't thinking about my girlfriend." (Pause.) "What were you thinkin' about?"

Jake: "I don't wanna think about it, man. I was thinking about--I was looking at the magazine, man. What do you think? Will you turn that damn camera *off*?"

(The scene cuts to static, then resumes with the camera pointed at a blazing campfire. Thrull is waving a bundle of sticks--one end is burning, and it leaves trails of smoke across the camera's view.)

Damien: "Phew! What *is* that stink?"

Thrull: "Cedar and sage. It was sacred to many of the Native American tribes. Their shamans used it to create spiritual cleansing. They believed the scents helped create an atmosphere where the mind opened up and became receptive to the spirit realm."

Damien: "I don't think that stinky shit is gonna work."

Thrull: "Then maybe you'll get more of a rush from ... this."

Damien: "Weed? Shit, man! That's so cool!"

Ted: "Weed?"

Thrull: "It's okay. We're all adults here. It'll help clear your head."

Ted: "I dunno ..."

Damien: "You don't smoke a little weed sometimes?"

Ted: "No, never."

Damien: "Never?" (Takes a deep toke and holds it.) "Never? Fuck--this is good shit!"

Jake: "Pass it around, dude."

Damien: "Hang on--we got us a virgin to initiate. Here ya go, Ted. Just put it up to your lips and take a deep breath. Try to hold it in as long as you can."

Ted: (Taking the joint, dubiously.) "I dunno about this."

Damien: "It's cool. You'll like it."

(The camera zooms in as Ted sucks on the joint and immediately starts coughing. Everyone laughs.)

Ted: "Damn!"

Damien: "Try it again. Inhale a little slower. That's it. Now hold it. Hold it ... As long as you can."

(Ted holds his breath. The camera pulls back as he starts to cough again.)

Damien: (Laughing.) "Dat's some *good shit*, huh? Pass it on around, man."

Thrull: "Gentlemen, the tribal shaman used marijuana--hemp--as part of his preparations for communicating with the spirit realm. It helped him clear his mind, let him open his thoughts. He'd stare into the fire, kind of like you're probably starting to do now, and he'd focus his awareness until all he could see was the flames as they flickered. He would look deeper into the flames, deeper, into the heart of the flickering flames, and he would focus on nothing else. And I wonder if you're starting to feel the same thing he did? An increasing focus. A deepening sense of oneness. A deepening calmness coming over you, as you focus on the flames, feeling yourself relax and become open to whatever the flames have to show you. He'd stare into the flame for hours, without blinking. It's all about concentrating. And maybe you're starting to feel that kind of concentration now. So focused on the flames, without even trying. As you take a deep breath, you might feel yourself getting even more focused, staring even more deeply into the flame. It's okay to let yourself blink if you have to. Maybe you're feeling a little tired feeling at the corners of your eyes? Maybe you're feeling like you need to blink? Maybe your eyelids are starting to feel tired, and maybe kind of heavy. Maybe your eyelids are starting to feel so very heavy, so tired and so deliciously heavy, like there's a very heavy weight attached to both of them. Yes. You can feel it--the longer you stare into the flames, the more tired your eyelids are growing. So tired, after a long day of hiking with those heavy packs. So tired, and ready to sleep. So tired, looking deeper and deeper into the flames. And every time you have to blink, your eyelids feel like something is pulling them down, as if they're wanting to slowly close, yes, already starting to close. And maybe you're feeling that tired feeling spread out from your eyes, spread out though your face, down your neck, into your shoulders. So tired from a long day of hiking. So tired from those heavy packs. Shoulders so tired, and starting to sag a little. That tired feeling spreading down your back and down your chest, spreading through your arms and legs. So heavy. So tired. So heavy you couldn't move them even if you tried. So tired, as maybe you're letting your eyelids slowly close, as you're giving in to that tiredness you're feeling, letting yourself get drowsier and sleepier, your eyelids already so heavy you can hardly keep them open anymore. Just listen to my voice. Nothing distracts you. Other sounds, thoughts, anything that tries to distract you--just let it slip into the background and help you relax and feel even sleepier. I wonder if

you can so easily imagine what it would feel like, yes, to be carried gently and peacefully downward, inside your own thoughts, like a baby bear cub is carried by its strong mother bear, who would protect you while you sleep. And I wonder how strongly you can imagine what such a little cub would feel like, how good it would make you feel, how protected and safe and warm it would feel, to know that such a powerful guardian had given you its signal, that all would be well while you slept, more and more deeply, sleeping more deeply inside yourself with each relaxing breath, by allowing you to know that your guardian would stand watch while you slept so deeply, and so peacefully, so oblivious to the world, and everything that may be going on around you, so that you can hear nothing now, except the sound of my voice, and you can let yourself listen carefully, while you sleep so much deeper and deeper now. I'm going to count down from 20 down to 1; and as I count you may feel your eyelids grow heavier, drooping, so drowsy and so very, very sleepy. You can let them close any time you like. By the time I count down to 1, you'll be able to close them and you'll be able to go deep into sleep. A very deep sleep. Shall I begin counting? 20 ... 19 ... Eyelids heavy, drooping, feeling very drowsy, very sleepy. 18 ... 17 ... Eyelids starting to close, close. 16 ... 15 ... Imagine, when they finally close, how good it will feel to finally sleep. 14 ... 13 ... Head starting to nod. Heavy eyelids feel ready to close. 12 ... 11 ... Feeling very drowsy and very good, like you're entering a very deep and pleasant state of hypnosis. 10 ... 9 ... The next time you blink, that sleepy feeling is hypnosis coming over you. 8 ... 7 ... Feeling so good. 6 ... 5 ... Heavy eyelids closing, slowly closing, tightly closing. 4 ... 3 ... Closing them, closing tightly, close them, close them tightly ... 2 ... Feeling yourself drift into an easy, calm, relaxed hypnotic sleep. 1 ... Sleep now."

(The camera tips and falls from David's grip onto the ground. The camera lands on its side, with the ground running vertically up the left side of the shot. The lens is roughly aimed at Thrull, standing horizontally in the shot. The microphone is against the ground, which muffles the audio pickup. Thrull's mouth moves, but what he says cannot be heard. After a few minutes of Thrull talking, a hiking boot--David's--drops into the shot and bounces aside. A moment later, David's bare foot and ankle plant themselves in the upper part of the screen as he stands up. His foot lifts, as he slips his shorts and briefs down over it. His foot settles back on the ground, and he drops his clothing in front of the lens, blocking the view. The camera stares at his discarded shorts for several minutes, until the tape runs out.)

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[Continue to Part 3](#)

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# Adytum Documentary Project

by **Wrestlr**

[M/M, MC, hypno, incest]

[Synopsis: David makes a documentary about his hiking trip to a sacred Native American site with his twin brother, his professor, and two other students. One year after their disappearance, his footage was found.]

Disclaimer: There's sex, sodomy, and maybe a few other minor perversions in this. If you don't like that sort of thing, read something else. Everybody in the story is legal age. Parts of this story may be autobiographical, or it might be all fiction---who can say?

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## Adytum Documentary Project, Part 3

### Tape 3

(The tape begins with the camera aimed at the tent flap, closed, from the inside.)

Jake: "You ready?"

David: "Yup. Let's do it."

(The camera heads forward and pushes through the tent flap. It pans, taking in the ashes where the campfire was, the other two tents with their flaps open, obviously empty.)

David: "So where do you think everyone is?"

Jake: "Dunno. Maybe they went down to that creek?"

David: "Worth a shot."

(The camera, as they walk, aims at tree trunks, underbrush, a trail, Jake's back and butt. After a few minutes, the view changes to an open area bordering a creek, some ten yards across. Damien, naked, crotches in the shallows. The camera zooms in on him. Half of his face is covered with shaving cream. He holds a small mirror in his left hand, draws a safety razor over his cheek with his right.)

Jake: "Dude. Where's the professor and that other guy, Ted?"

(The camera zooms in, unsteadily, to an extreme close-up of Damien's face, looking up as he rinses the razor in the creek.)

Damien: "They went down that way. The professor wanted to talk to him in private, I guess."

David "Man, what's with that Ted dude? He's, like, so fucking shy. What does it take to get him to open up?"

Damien: "He's all right once you get to know him. Give him a chance, dude."

(The microphone picks up footsteps. The view tilts and turns, picking up Ted, in denim shorts and hiking boots, preceding Professor Thrull as they approach from an adjoining trail.)

Thrull: "Ah, David and Jake, so nice of you to join us. I was beginning to think you were going to sleep all day."

(Ted looks dazed, or half awake, and the camera tracks him as he walks past. He strips off his boots and shorts--no underwear--then picks up a bar of soap and wades out into the creek.)

Thrull: "David, why don't you come with me a moment. There's something I want to show you."

David: "Uhm, okay. Sure, Professor."

(The camera follows Professor Thrull's left shoulder down the trail. In the view beyond him, the trail opens out into a clearing.)

David: "So what's up, Professor?"

Thrull: "I just wanted to show you something, David. Put the camera down and come over here a second."

David: "Huh?"

Thrull: "Put the camera down. That's right. This will just take a minute or two, then you can get back to your documentary."

(The camera pans down at the approaching ground. It settles on the ground, aimed mostly at Professor Thrull, who stands off-center in the frame. A moment later David, in just a pair of old green gym shorts, walks into the frame--the camera watches his calves, thighs, butt, back, and head sequentially enter the view as he walks toward Professor Thrull.)

Thrull: "You remember this? The crystal I show you sometimes? You know, when we're talking."

(The camera sees Professor Thrull hold something up, but David's shoulder blocks the camera's view.)

David: "Yeah?"

Thrull: "Here. Take it. Here in the sunlight it sparkles even more than it does in my office, right? Hold it up into the light."

(The camera sees David hold up something, a faceted crystal dangling from a black cord.)

Thrull: "That's it. Hold it up a little higher. See how it flashes? I bet now, in the sunlight, you can see the secret hidden deep inside it. Remember our talks in my office? Remember how looking into the crystal always helped you relax and get in touch with your subconscious? I know you just woke up, so your subconscious, which was in control while you slept, is probably still aware, still trying to communicate with you. Hold the crystal up, just a little higher. That's right. Let it dangle in the light. Maybe you're trying to let it hang steady, but perhaps your subconscious wants it to see it move, see it sparkle. Just let your subconscious let it move if that's what it wants. See how it sparkles?"

David: (Distantly.) "I ... I can't stop it ..."

Thrull: "Just let it start to sway if that's what your subconscious wants. It's all a sign that your subconscious is taking charge again for a little while. A sign it's okay for your conscious mind to take a step back and let your subconscious take over for a little while. Let's try a little test to see how well your subconscious is communicating with your conscious mind. All you have to do is see if you can follow my words. Just look into the crystal--deeper--and follow my words. Not just what they mean--try to pay as little attention to what they mean as you can. Just follow the sound. Let it help you relax and let your subconscious mind take charge."

(The camera watches Professor Thrull step closer to David, whose eyelids are fluttering.)

Thrull: "You may be feeling yourself starting to relax. I know you're trying to be attentive, but you know how easy it is to just relax and let yourself drift. So easy to just drift. Let the sound of my words carry you off. Back to the place where your subconscious mind is in control. Back to that place where you close your eyes and sleep. Sleep now."

(The camera watches David's head drop forward. Professor Thrull moves in behind him, standing close, his hands on David's biceps, steadying him. What he whispers into David's ear is too soft for the camera's microphone to pick up. David occasionally grunts or makes a sound that might be agreement. Professor Thrull glances at the lens and the camera catches a smile at the corner of his mouth, as if he realizes the camera is recording him. Professor turns David in profile as he continues to whisper into David's ear. The camera watches the Professor's hand slide down the front of David's torso, easing down the front of his gym shorts, freeing David's erection. His hand wraps around that erection, pointing it toward the center of the screen as he begins to stroke. Professor Thrull glances at the camera again, and then whispers something. The camera records David's groan and his body quaking as he ejaculates onto the grass. After a few more strokes, the Professor tucks away David's cock and slips his shorts back into position. He whispers into David's ear a

little longer, then snaps his fingers. The camera watches David's head snap up, his eyes open and blinking.)

David: (Yawning.) "Huh? Sorry. I guess I zoned out?"

Thrull: "Don't worry about it, David. Let's head back to the others."

David: "Sure."

(David grows larger in the frame as he trots over to the camera. He disappears around the edge of the lens. The view jolts, then shifts as he picks up the camera, and aims it at Professor Thrull.)

David: "Lead the way."

(The camera follows the back of Professor Thrull's head back to the previous clearing where the men were bathing. Damien, still naked, is sitting beside the creek, watching Jake, standing in water to his navel, rinse the soap from his shoulders.)

Damien: "Hey."

David: "Where'd Ted get off to?"

Damien: "Went back to camp."

(The camera focuses on Jake, who is wading back toward the bank and wiping water from his eyes.)

Thrull: "Jake, would you come with me for a moment, please?"

Jake: "Huh? Oh, sure--just let me dry off and get dressed."

Thrull: "That's okay--you're fine the way you are. This won't take that long."

Jake: "Well, okay, I guess."

(The camera swings around to follow Jake following Professor Thrull out of the clearing.)

Damien: (Off-screen.) "You better get cleaned up if you're going to."

(The camera pans around to Damien's bare shoulder, then veers up to his face. The lens pulls back, taking in his naked body from knees to crown.)

David: "Huh?"

Damien: "I said, you better get cleaned up if you're going to. Want to borrow my soap?"

David: "Huh? Uh, no, that's all right."

Damien: "You okay?"

David: "Just a little groggy or something. Guess I'm not woke up good yet."



Damien: "Guess not."

David: "You going to sit there all day?"

Damien: "Me? You're the one just standing there pointing your camera at things."

David: "I meant, would you mind? I'd like a little privacy."

Damien: (Slightly indignantly.) "You asking me to leave? How come? You got something I ain't never seen before?"

David: "It's not that."

Damien: "What? You nervous? The big campus jock is afraid to get undressed in front of me? Is it 'cause I'm gay?"

David: "Uhm, no, I just--"

Damien: "It *is*, isn't it."

David: "Listen, why don't you just put some clothes on? This ain't some 'reality TV' show. You don't get extra points for hanging out naked, you know."

Damien: "Maybe I like being naked. Ever think of that? I'm good-looking. I've got a nice body. Maybe I like showing it off. You gonna tell me you never like to show off your body, Mr. Shorts So Tight He's Almost Spilling Out of Them? You afraid I'm gonna watch you get naked and I'm gonna get all hard and stuff? Or are you afraid you're gonna get all hard looking at me?"

(In the bottom edge of the view, the camera records Damien's penis shift, begin to harden. Damien wraps one hand around it, casually, and begins to stroke. His other hand strokes across his smooth chest.)

Damien: (Softly.) "You afraid of me or something? You afraid you might like it?"

(The camera aims steadily at Damien as he leans back. His sizeable cock is hard now, and he strokes it slowly. He stares into the lens and grins slyly.

Damien: (Closing his eyes and moaning.) "Oh, yeah!"

(The camera zooms in on Damien's cock. It's large, thick, uncircumcised. His cock and stroking hand fill the screen.)

Damien: "Oh, yeah! Mmm ... I'm gonna cum!"

(The shot pulls back, taking in Damien from forehead to mid-thigh. His body spasms and his cock spurts strips of sperm across his chest. It glistens in the morning sunlight.

Damien: (Opening his eyes and grinning.) "Wow ... So did you enjoy that too?"

David: "Huh? No, man. Dude, you're a dude--that doesn't do anything for me."

Damien: (Swirling a finger in a puddle of semen on his chest.) "Oh, yeah? Then why did you just film me jacking off for your documentary?"

David: "No *way*, dude! Fuck this crap."

(The camera turns away from Damien as David stomps back down the trail toward camp. The camera angles crazily down, rushing across grass, rocks, a fallen tree, as David paws at the controls.)

David: (Angrily.) "Fuck this shit!"

(The camera turns off. After a few seconds of static, the signal resumes. Back at the campsite, the tents have been broken down and everything packed. The camera pans across Ted, shirtless, as he shoulders his backpack. Beyond him, Jake, also wearing only a pair of shorts, adjusts a strap. Though apparently still early in the day, the temperature must already be hot, as the camera picks up sweat glistening on their skin.)

Thrull: "Everybody ready? We're going to have to push it a little harder today--we're getting started a little later than I'd planned."

(The camera follows Professor Thrull and Jake as they head onto a trail. As they cross a hilltop, the camera turns, taking in a sweep of mountains, treetops, blue skies.)

Thrull: "Okay, guys. Five minute break. Who wants water?"

Damien: "Cool. I'll take some."

Jake: "It's gonna be another scorcher."

Damien: "Already is. I'm practically melting."

Ted: (Yawning and shifting his backpack.) "Yeah ... the heat's really taking it out of me. I'm ... tired already ... Can't hardly ... keep my eyes open ..."

Thrull: "That' okay. That's your subconscious speaking to you. It's telling you it's okay to just let go and let your subconscious take charge. Remember yesterday? Remember how your subconscious stepped in and took charge and helped you handle the heat and exhaustion? It's letting you know it can do the same thing again if you want. All you have to do is relax and let your subconscious step forward. So easy. Just as easy as it was yesterday. Isn't it?"

Ted: (Yawning again.) "Yeah ... I ..."

(The camera turns toward Ted in time to catch his eyes close and his head slump forward.)

Thrull: "That's it. See how easy that was? So easy. So easy to open your eyes again and look at me and still stay in that deeply relaxed state where your subconscious mind is in control. Open your eyes, Ted. Look at me. That's good--you're doing fine. Ted, why don't you start the countdown, just like yesterday, so your friends can join you. You'd like that, wouldn't you, guys? Making the heat and the exertion so much easier to bear."

Ted: (Slowly.) "Three hundred ... two ninety-nine ... two ninety-eight ..."

Thrull: "That's it. See how easy?"

Damien: (Joining in.) "Two ninety-seven ... two ninety-six ..."

Jake: (Joining in.) "Two ninety-five ... two ninety-four ..."

Thrull: "David?"

David: (Joining in.) "Two ninety-three, two ninety-two ..."

Thrull: "That's the way. Just let the experience unfold for you the way it wants to unfold. Don't try to fight it. It's perfectly natural. Everything happens so naturally and easily. I'm wondering if you've noticed that you're already counting a little slower. See? Counting a little slower already as your conscious mind relaxes and lets your subconscious step forward again. Already feeling it start to happen again. See? See how much easier it is this time around? Already your arms are starting to feel heavy again, just like before, only so much heavier, so much sooner. So very, very heavy. So heavy they just hang there. You couldn't lift them even if you tried. In fact, they're so heavy you just can't be bothered to lift them at all. Just let them hang there, so heavy, so limp and heavy."

(The camera angles downward, hanging from David's dangling arm. After a moment, it picks up Professor Thrull's legs, moving in closer. The camera jolts as the Professor pulls it from David's grasp. The view rises, reversing, and the camera eyes David, Jake, Damien, and Ted, all standing there as if daydreaming, listening.)

Thrull: (From behind the camera.) "See how easy? I know you're so tired already. I can see it in your eyes. Can you feel it? How tired your eyes feel? Very tired. Already your eyelids are beginning to feel very heavy and very tired. You may even start to feel them wanting to close. Yes. Already wanting to close ..."

(The camera tilts upward, and Professor Thrull's hand pokes at the controls. After fumbling for a moment, he finds the right one and switches off the camera.)

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[Continue to Part 4](#)

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# Adytum Documentary Project

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, hypno, incest]

[Synopsis: David makes a documentary about his hiking trip to a sacred Native American site with his twin brother, his professor, and two other students. One year after their disappearance, his footage was found.]

Disclaimer: There's sex, sodomy, and maybe a few other minor perversions in this. If you don't like that sort of thing, read something else. Everybody in the story is legal age. Parts of this story may be autobiographical, or it might be all fiction---who can say?

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## Adytum Documentary Project, Part 4

### Tape 4

(The camera sees nothing but black with sporadic flicks of light. Night. The view fumbles and rights itself, panning around a large campfire and the fire-lit faces of Ted and Jake.)

- David: (From behind the camera.) "You know, this fire is, like, *really* nice. I wanna say thanks for inviting me along on this trip and letting me film it. I got some really good footage today, and I'm gonna get some really great footage tomorrow. Here's to tomorrow." (Hoists a beer into the camera's view.)
- Jake: (Tapping his beer can against David's.) "Here's to tomorrow. I think I'm gonna finish off this beer and then I'm gonna hit the sack."
- Ted: "Yeah, I'm gonna turn in too."
- David: "Well, I want to get an early start tomorrow, so ..."

(The camera follows Jake into the tent. It focuses on his ass as he slides through the flap. When the camera follows him inside, Jake is flopping down on his back.)

Jake: (Whispering.) "I'm so tired."

(As Jake starts to slide his shorts off, the camera is turned off. After a second of static--an unknown amount of time in real life, the signal resumes. The camera's light is off, and the picture is black. At first, only voices are heard.)

Jake: (Whispering urgently.) "Can you hear that, man?"

(The audio track carries the sound of someone fumbling against the camera in the dark. In the background are the sounds of a man moaning. David turns on the camera light, and Jake's face and bare shoulder flare into the shot. Jake winces and squints against the light.)

Jake: "There it is again."

(The camera pushes forward, through the tent flap and into the dark night beyond. The fire has burned down to embers.)

David: "You see anything?"

Jake: "It's coming from ... That's Ted and Damien's tent?"

(The camera aims at the small tent. The tent walls jolt from within as someone inside moves in the close quarters.)

Ted: (From inside the tent.) "Oh, yeah--I always wondered what another dude's dick would feel like."

David: (Whispering.) "Did he say-- *Omigod!* Do you know what they're--"

Jake: (Whispering; trying not to laugh.) "They're having sex! Ted and Damien!"

David: "Fuck, man--I know Damien's a fag, but I didn't know Ted was too!"

Jake: "C'mon back inside, man. I *don't* think I wanna see this."

(The camera follows Jake's bare butt back into the tent. Jake sprawls out on his back on top of his sleeping bag.)

David: "Hey, Jake, you remember yesterday, when we were jacking off together with the porn mag ...?"

Jake: "Yeah ...?"

David: "Why did you tell Damien we never did anything like that together before?"

Jake: "Shit, man, he's a fag. I didn't want him thinking we were fags too. Besides, that shit we used to do was just kid stuff. Just kids being curious, y'know?"

David: "I dunno, man. These last couple of days, I been thinking a lot about what we used to--"

Jake: "Don't, man. Just ... don't, okay? That's over. Just turn off the camera and let's get some sleep, okay?"

David: (Quiet and uncertain.) "Dude, if that's true, why are you getting ..."

(The camera zooms in on Jake's cock, semi-hard and rising. Jake has his eyes closed and doesn't respond. The scene jumps as David sets the camera aside. In the cramped quarters, the camera picks up Jake's body from the chin down. In the center of the shot, David slides up against Jake's legs and bends over his hips.)

David: "You okay with this?"

(The camera catches Jake close his eyes but give no other response. He stretches out, and his head moves out of the frame entirely. David takes hold of Jake's cock and strokes it, looking fascinated. After a moment, he bends closer. In the scene, his tongue can be seen licking the head of Jake's cock. He fits his mouth over the head and starts to suck it, using his hand to stroke the part of the shaft that he can't get into his mouth. After his head bobs up and down on Jake's shaft a few times, he pulls off.)

David: "I don't know about you, but I got this really huge rush going over me--I don't know what it is. You should try this, bro."

Jake: "I dunno ... It's been a while."

(As David works his shorts off, he kicks the camera, turning it so that it catches Jake from the nipples down. David turns his body so that his legs fall alongside Jake's torso. David bends back over Jake's cock, where his head blocks the camera's view of his mouth sucking Jake's cock. After a moment, Jake sighs contentedly and reaches for David's cock. David's hips are in the way, but the camera captures the motion of Jake's arm pumping in David's crotch.)

Jake: "Your beard stubble--it feels good on my balls when you suck me."

David: "You like that?"

Jake: "Oh, yeah, dude. Your mouth feels so much better than my girlfriend. I should say, my *ex*-girlfriend."

David: "Your dick keeps hitting this place in my mouth that feels really good. I can't believe how good this feels."

Jake: "I can't believe it's been so long since we did this. You're making my dick feel great."

David: "Wanna know what would feel even better?"

Jake: "Way ahead of you, bro."

(Jake climbs across the camera's field of view and rummages in a backpack. He puts something in David's hand.)

David: "Condoms? Lubricant? Dude, why'd you bring these on a trip where there's no chicks?"

Jake: "I didn't bring them. I just found them in my pack yesterday."

David: "Well, never look a gift horse in the mouth."

Jake: (Grinning.) "Or in the ass?"

David: "I'm gonna fuck your ass."

Jake: "Naw--I'm gonna fuck *yours*."

(Jake and David wrestle and, in the cramped space of the tent, one of them accidentally kicks the camera. The angle catches them from the thighs down. After a few minutes, their wrestling slows, turns into the glide of horny flesh on flesh. Eventually, one is face down, legs spread. The other climbs between those legs. Which twin is which cannot be determined from the thighs down.)

Unknown: (Whispering.) "Oh, yeah--that feels great. Fuck me, bro. Fuck me now."

(The camera captures the motion of one twin positioning his cock, slightly off-screen, at the other twin's ass, then pushing forward.)

Both: (In unison.) "Oh, yeah!"

(The camera catches their grunts and groans as they move together. After a few minutes, the fucking twin's legs tense.)

Unknown: (Whimpering.) "I'm gonna cum."

Other: (Whispering.) "Do it. Shoot it!"

Unknown: "Dude, I'm gonna cum! Ah! *Uh!*"

Other: "Whoa! Oh, my God! Gonna cum too."

(The twin getting fucked moves his leg, kicking the camera again. The lens now aims at their ankles. The fucking twin, tensed, suddenly sags, spent.)

Unknown: (Whispering.) "Oh, yeah, dude. That was better than my girlfriend ever was ..."

(Their legs leave the camera's field of vision. The microphone picks a sound that might be kissing.)

Jake: (Off-screen.) "Holy-- David, you bastard, were you filming us?"

David: (Also off-screen.) "Naw--it's okay. See? It wasn't even aimed at us. It didn't get anything."

(David's flushed face juts into the camera's line of sight. The screen tilts as he fumbles with the controls, and the camera goes off. After a brief burst of static, the picture resumes. The camera jerks, aimed at the inside of the tent, as someone fumbles with the controls.)

Jake: (Off-screen.) "Shit! Shit! Shit! Where're my shorts?"

David: (Yelling behind the camera.) "Hang on a second."

Damien: (From outside the tent.) "Hurry it up. This is important. We've got an emergency here."

David: "Ready?"

Jake: "Yeah."

Jake pushes past the camera, pushes open the tent flap. Brilliant sunlight causes the auto-aperture to darken the picture. As the camera follows Jake's ass out through the tent, the image corrects itself. The camera pans up Damien's body to his face.

Jake: "So what's the big crisis? And what's this stuff all over the place?"

Damien: "It's the Professor's stuff. He's missing."

David: "No way!"

Jake: "He's probably just gone off to take a crap or something."

Damien: "No, he's not. Ted and me, we already went looking around a little. He's not anywhere around. We tried yelling and yelling, and he doesn't answer us."

The camera zooms in on Jake picking through some of the debris strewn across the camp. In close-up, the camera pans across various personal effects on the ground--a shirt, a toothbrush, a sock.

Jake: "How come we didn't hear it when all this shit got thrown around?"

Damien: "Now you see what I'm saying? Something's happened to the Professor."

(The tape runs out.)

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*To be continued*

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