

# The Black Room

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, hypno]

[Synopsis: Ever wonder how those all-male cam sites keep their models coming back for more?]

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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He types something frantically into the wireless keyboard, something like, "cumming" probably, then he lays back on the couch, jacking his hard-on quickly, and he cums. Hard. Shooting all over his chest. Staring straight at the cam the whole time.

When he finally sits up, it's 8:50 on the nose. Perfect timing. He grins wickedly at the cam. The guys watching their monitors at home think he's grinning right at them. But he's not. He's grinning at the small photo beside the cam. A photo of you. For "inspiration."

His real name isn't important. Onscreen, on your cam site, he's known as "Jed." That's as good a name as any other.

He says his good-byes to the guys in the chat room who have been watching his performance on the cam. It's the end of his two-hour shift. He puts up the sign that reads, "Next model in 10 minutes," and he's through for the day. He climbs off the couch and reaches for his discarded underwear (white briefs) and shorts (khaki), as Sean, your resident computer geek and set-up guy, sweeps in to change the sheet covering the couch and change the lube to the kind preferred by Tony, the next guy, who you've already gotten primed and ready for his shift.

Jed zips his shorts and shuffles barefooted toward you. His body still feels the afterglow--you can see it in the way he moves, limbs still feeling heavy and relaxed, still grinning sheepishly. Athletic body, every muscle balanced and proportioned. Swarthy Mediterranean looks. Black hair cut short. Hazel eyes. Chest hair neatly trimmed. A shadow of a goatee framing his sensual mouth.

Give him a grin. "Hey there," you say. "Great session tonight. The subscribers really ate it up."

His eye sparkle. You can tell just by looking into them how in love with you he is. All your men are like this. Hope fills his voice: "You saw my session?"

"Yep, most of it." Put your hand on his back, at the base of his bare neck. Guide him toward the back. "You had them practically licking their screens the whole time."

Jed has finished his shift, but he's not quite finished for the day. You're guiding him to the back room. Your fingertip, stroking gently on the back of his neck, is triggering the buried commands, cueing his subconscious to help relax him still further, getting him ready for what is to come.

They call it the Black Room. All the guys who spend time in front of the cams for your site spend time here after their shifts. They call it "the Black Room" because, when you open the door, like you're doing now, they can see that the walls inside are painted black. They might as well call it "the blank room," because you've made sure they never remember what happens once they enter. Your suggestions help them forget. Later, if they wonder what went on after that or why they can't remember, their subconscious minds are programmed to make them laugh it off as nothing and get distracted by something else.

Guide Jed inside. His eyes are already half-closed, his mind and body already deeply relaxed. All you have to do is escort him the rest of the way there.

The only real furniture is a simple dentist's chair in the center of the room for him, all black and chrome, and a plain, black chair beside it for you. Lead Jed to the dentist's chair and tell him to sit down, lie back. He does. The chair is reclined, aiming his eyes at the black ceiling.

Press a switch--the lights lower. "That's it," you tell him. "Just lie back and relax," and he does.

Guide him through the exercise. "Relax and close your eyes. In a very few moments you're going to be more relaxed than you've ever known yourself to be. I'm going to name certain parts of your body, and as I do, I want you to feel that part begin to relax. To help you relax, I want you to imagine yourself in a forest. It's almost nighttime and the sky is a beautiful, deep blue. The stars are coming out, and the moon is lighting up the forest trees. Off in the distance, you can hear the hypnotic sounds of a bubbling brook, and the crickets seem to be lulling you to sleep. That's right.

"As you lie motionless, you begin noticing a wonderfully brilliant white light just above your head. And this white light is the most relaxing light you can imagine, and as it begins to lower around the crown of your head, you seem to be touched with a desire and willingness to relax deeper and deeper, with every breath you take. Continuing to lower now, the light begins to touch your forehead, and as it does, I want you to feel all the little worries just seem to disappear. Your forehead feels so relaxed, and you feel this relaxing light coming around your eyes. And your eyelids seem to be very, very heavy, so heavy. They want to stay closed. They may flutter a little, and that's okay. Just feel heavy they are.

"As the relaxation comes down around your face now, feel all the little muscles in your face just begin to relax. That's right."

Continue to lead him through the exercise, leading the image of the relaxing light down his body, down his legs. He breathes deeply and slowly, almost fully relaxed, almost fully in the deep, suggestible state.

Say to him, "Now I want you to imagine yourself in that forest, facing a row of trees. Their branches grown up overhead, and entwine, and form a very safe and very relaxing warm tunnel. This tunnel leads deeper into the forest. It will lead you into a profound state of deep, deep hypnosis. We're going to go down that tunnel now, and as I count backwards from ten to zero, each number will take you even deeper. Are you ready to go down the tunnel with me? That's right. Very good.

"10 ... Take that first step down.

"9 ... Deeper and deeper.

"8 ... Way down now.

"7 ... Deeper, and deeper.

"6 ... So incredibly relaxed."

"5 ... Deeper still.

"4 ... You are going into a deep state of hypnosis now.

"3 ... Feel yourself opening to my suggestions.

"2 ... Relaxed to even move. Feeling very calm.

"1 ... At the next number, you will enter this beautiful place of peace and tranquillity called deep, deep hypnosis. More relaxed and peaceful than you've ever been. Feeling so wonderful.

"Zero."

Give him his instructions for the coming few days, to help him focus in his life. His day job, the gym, performing in front of the cam for your site two nights of the week, and you--these have become his center, and nothing else matters.

You bind your star performers to you with bonds of friendship, love, loyalty. They'll do anything for you, work for peanuts if you say, bring their best-looking friends from the gym in for an "interview" if the site has a position open. In this deep, suggestible state, Jed feels his heart swell with love for you. Love is easy to induce, and easy to reinforce. All it takes is a dream.

In his dream, Jed sees you climb on top of him. He opens his eyes to you bending down, kissing him. His arms around you, pulling you closer. Hands exploring. Skin and muscle moving against muscle and skin. Your mouth finding first his neck, then the trail to one nipple, and the arc toward the other.

In the real world, where you are, Jed's body arches up, and he slips off his shorts and briefs. In spite of having cum shortly before, his cock is already hard again, thick, uncut, throbbing needfully. His hand circles it, jacking slowly, his dream imagining it as your mouth. Legs pulling up. A spit-wet finger slipping between them, teasing his sensitive perineum and his hole, before slipping inside. He's dreaming of it being you inside him, your finger. This is something you let him dream about on-cam too, sometimes, for a special treat. It makes his performance especially intense--the subscribers eat it up.

He grits his teeth as he dreams of your finger in his slickened buttock. Rubbing the crinkled opening first with the end of your finger, then teasing the center of it. He gasps as you zero in on the tight aperture and begin inserting your finger. In his dream, the snug rim parts and the tight anal walls beyond spasm around your invading finger. His body tenses a little, instinctively, before your suggestions help him relax again. He sinks back. His muscles suddenly go limp, and the finger sinks all the way into his ass.

He moans and his mouth opens and his tongue comes out, licking his lips. Guide his dream so that he dreams of you slipping a second finger inside himself, stretching apart his snug butt rim.

"You like that?" you whisper close to his face. "You want my cock up there next?"

He squirms. It's not an effort to escape--his ass is lifting and shoving down on the fingers he thinks are yours, trying to get them deeper inside. "Yes," he murmurs throatily. "Fuck me ... please ..."

In his dream, he doesn't resist at all. He raises his butt to meet your impaling cock. His own cock looks purple and huge as he jacks it, eager as a striking snake.

He jumps a little as he dreams of your cock head jamming between his ass cheeks, stretching them open, driving past. Your suggestions relax him again, and he dreams of himself limp in your arms, moaning, your cock plunged deep in his asshole, buried to the balls.

In his dream, his ass massages your pumping cock like a heated glove, pulsing and throbbing around the whole length of it, as you begin to fuck him. He grunts and sighs, dreaming of lunge after lunge pounding his ass.

Your dream self is a fucking animal, thrusting and twisting, forcing your meat all the way up his butt. He loves it, writhing and wiggling his ass, begging for more.

He's jacking off, finger-fucking his own ass, imagining you're fucking him deeper and harder. His ass humps up and down, riding your fantasy rod. "I'm filling your sweet ass with my cum," you whisper into his head, and you tell him to cum too. He's gasping, laughing, pulling at his hard-on, shaking, slamming his ass down on his fingers, your cock. He lets his load fly, spurting across his chest, hitting his chin.

He collapses back against the chair, and you guide him deeper. Clean up his cum gently as you give him his instructions for the next few days, until his next cam session. He sits up, pulls his briefs and khaki shorts back on when you tell him to. It seems such a shame to bury his beautiful body under clothing, but you have other obligations.

He stands at your side when you open the door. Technically, he's still in his trance. The suggestion is that he'll slowly wake up as he walks with you to the front door, aware only of how much he loves you, how much fun he had, how much he's looking forward to his next cam session in a couple of days.

About forty-five minutes have passed since you went into the Black Room. Now, you pass through the hall between the cam rooms. In Room 1, Tony has stripped to his boxers; he's grinning wickedly and licking a large penis-shaped dildo, probably teasing the cam subscribers in the chat room as he squeezes his obvious hard-on through his underwear. He has a little over an hour to go in his shift, so he's pacing himself just the way you trained him, with his eyes on the picture of you right beside the cam.

In Room 2, Nick and Stan are winding up a duo session, another occasional treat. They're naked, and Nick is sucking Stan's mammoth cock with gusto, while Stan types something, probably telling some subscriber how

great Nick's mouth feels. Nick and Stan are both aware of the photo of you beside the cam, and they'll do anything for you. Yeah, they'll be finished with their shift in about ten minutes, and you'll enjoy taking them to the Black Room.

In the Control Room, your über-geek Sean gives you a thumbs-up, meaning all of the cams and servers are working perfectly. By now, he's probably gotten the snapshots from Jed's session tonight loaded up to the site gallery. Sean is good, cute too, and sometimes, like later tonight, you guide him into the Black Room at the end of the evening to keep him happy and loyal too.

As you reach the front door, Jed is nearly awake now. Hand him his shoes and socks and tee-shirt, which he like all the others stripped off the minute he came in. He rouses a little more as he slides them on again. Open the door, slip a check for his evening's work into the pocket of his shorts. He puts his arms around you and leans in for a kiss, awake now, smiling at you, eyes full of emotion.

"I'll see you in two days," you say to him. Behind you, either Nick or Stan is crying out as he cums for the cam. Right on schedule.

"Can't wait," Jed whispers, as he kisses you again quickly, on the cheek, before he disappears out the door and into the dark night beyond.

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