

# Jokers

by Wrestlr

[M/M, Hypno, MC]

Synopsis: Ted is tired of being the butt of practical jokes and wants revenge ... or a piece of his roommate's butt.

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 autobiographical it may seem, 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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- [http://members.tripod.com/~Brock\\_J](http://members.tripod.com/~Brock_J) (MC and general M/M stories, plus my home page)
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I woke when my alarm clock buzzed to find a hundred rats, cockroaches, spiders, and snakes crawling all over me--and naturally I shrieked like a scared little girlie. I leapt out of bed, jumping and slapping away the vermin as rapid-fast as I could, still squealing in terror.

And then suddenly, I realized: There was nothing there except one plastic snake. No rats, no cockroaches, no spiders. It was all in my head. The last thing I remembered from the night before was my roommate and that fucking crystal of his-- Jimmy! It was my fucking roommate and his fucking post-hypnotic suggestions again!

I looked over. Sure enough, Jimmy had his video camera pointed at me, recording my little horror-fest wake up dance. Awesome.

Jimmy was belly-laughing his ass off, filming the whole time, barely able to keep the camera aimed at me. "Good morning, Teddy-boy," he cackled. "Sleep well?" He was laughing so fucking hard, tears streamed down his face while I fought to catch my breath.

"Fucker!" I bellowed, flinging my pillow at him, missing by a mile. Naturally, he caught my girlie throw on camera too, no doubt planning to send it to all his friends or, worse, post it on ViewTube. While I'd seen hundreds of rats, cockroaches, and snakes in my head, anyone watching the video would see me squealing over just one plastic snake, and not even a realistic one at that. I was never ever going to live this down!

I was ready to pulverize him; but for some reason, he wasn't running. Instead, he pointed the camera down at my body, laughing even louder. "Nice morning wood," he howled. "Thanks for the perfect ending, Ted!"

I froze, mid-step, and tried to cover my boxers with my hand as best I could, my hard-on poking my palm, unwilling to settle down. The sight of my roommate Jimmy in nothing but that usual pair of torn sweat shorts, his body glowing in the early morning sun, was doing nothing to deflate my boner. So I jumped back into bed and threw the blanket over my raging erection. "I'll get you, you asshole!" I hissed. "Just when you least expect it! Wait and see!"

"I'm shaking, I'm shaking," he mocked, already leaving. He rounded the corner, out of sight before the door swung shut, his chuckling fading in the distance.

I reached inside my boxers, wrapped my hand around my still-throbbing prick, gave it a slow tug while imagining Jimmy straddling my hips, my cock up his hole, his prick bouncing up and down as he rode up and down on my fuck-stick. I imagined his head tilted back so I could kiss and lick his neck, while pulling his heavy nut sac, fuzzed with that wiry blond hair. I'd practically memorized the hair on his scrotum because he always wore these same baggy sweat shorts, his balls sometimes flopping out, my eyes zeroing in on them when he wasn't looking. All of these thoughts instant-replayed through my head as my fist pumped away, my moans muffled by the blanket, stroking my cock faster now, my cum rising up, up, up until it burst out, dousing the inside of my boxers with a heavy load--hot, sticky sperm.

"I'll fucking get you, Jimmy," I quietly growled, my body twitching, my voice all gravelly, my hand nursing the last drops out of my cock.

It was November, and Jimmy had been doing this shit to me since Campus Housing assigned us to be roommates at the start of the semester. Not every day, but most days, he was pulling those practical jokes of his, and I was always the victim. Well, I'd fucking had enough. I just needed a plan. Something devious. Something that would either get me into his pants or else get me some revenge for all the pranks he was constantly pulling on me; something to make his heart stop for a few seconds. I needed the ultimate prank. As I was cleaning up my sticky mess, I searched for a plan to take my twisted revenge. But how? He had that crystal of his and that spell. Getting my hands on it would be the ultimate revenge. I needed a way and some excellent timing.

Jimmy was an archeology major, a senior, older than me and more experienced in just about every way. His dad was an archeologist. I asked about that crystal pendant Jimmy wore, and he told me his dad found it in some Mayan ruins he was excavating. The Mayan priests probably used to use it in their religious celebrations--so it must have been a magic crystal, right? Well, what college sophomore like me stood a chance against Mayan magic crystal shit, right? That second night after we started rooming together, when he told me he was going to use it to put a hypnosis spell on me, I didn't fucking know what was going on, but I went out like a light.

He never took it off except to shower or sleep. He always said this little chant under his breath when he put it on in the morning and when he took it off at night. That's how I knew the magic was real.

Here's a confession about me that no one but Jimmy knew: I was a virgin. Yep, except for an attempted blowjob from a girl I was dating senior year in high school, aborted before she did more than lick the head once because her parents came home early, I was a complete virgin. Jimmy had lots of boyfriends--he practically went through them three a week--while I couldn't seem to get a date at all. Not that I was looking that hard; I wanted Jimmy, so badly I could barely hide it, and no other guy would do.

I lay on my back on my bed, head dangling over the edge, watching Jimmy do pushups upside-down. He was shirtless, wearing just those beat-up sweat shorts, and his lean torso lifted and dropped with mechanical precision. That little pendant he wore tapped the floor every time his chest descended, waited for his chest to touch it, then lifted a second later when his chest heaved upward again. I imagined being under him, naked. Crap, I was hopelessly in love, hopelessly in lust too.

"Jimmy, how do you get a guy in bed?"

He paused, arms outstretched, sweat drawing a line down the seat of his threadbare shorts, parting the heavens.

"Guys are easy. You tell them what they want to hear, and they'll do whatever you want." He returned to his workout, a daily routine I made sure not to miss.

"Yeah, but ..."

"You're a good-looking guy, pup, but you should be out there doing it instead of hanging around in here talking to me." He rolled onto his back, started doing crunches. If he just turned a little more to the left, I'd be able to see up the leg of his shorts, maybe get an eyeful of his cock or his balls nestled inside the shadows.

"Well, maybe I need someone to, you know, walk me through it, just the first time. Someone I trusted." Deep breath, the smell of his sweat mixing up my thoughts. "Like you, maybe."

He barked a laugh as he sat up and looked hard at me. "Do it with *you*? You're like my little brother, Ted." A huge smile lit up his face. "Oh--you're just shitting with me, aren't you?"

"Yeah," I said, deflated, defeated. I watched him continue torturing his body toward perfection. I ran my hand over my own chest and stomach. I was slimmer--no one would ever want me.

He jumped to his feet, shook his neck and shoulders. "I'm gonna take a shower. I stink."

Okay. So Plan A tanked, big time. Time for Plan B. I just wished I had a Plan B.

Luckily, there was a novelty store not far from our dorm. I went by there the next afternoon. They had a lot of stuff for magic tricks too. When I was standing at the counter waiting to pay for the burglar mask and toy gun I needed for my plan, I saw this little rack of crystal pendants in the display case; they looked kind of like Jimmy's, but I didn't think much about the coincidence.

I lucked out. Jimmy went out drinking that night, leaving me plenty of time to set everything up: I had his camera hidden, ready to switch on and record the proceedings. All I needed to do was dress all in black and hide inside his closet like a burglar, the toy gun nestled in my front pocket, the mask and a bandana tied

around my neck to disguise me. When he got home, I'd jump out and scare the shit out of him--all on camera, of course. Vengeance would be mine! Easy!

He got home late. I watched through the tiniest opening in his closet door as he flicked on the lights and shut the door behind him. It was all I could do to stifle a laugh as I imagined his shocked reaction. But when he reached into his dresser drawer and pulled out a bottle of lube, I knew I wasn't going to be jumping out anytime soon. Things were going in a completely unexpected direction, but I was definitely interested. Sure, I was trapped in his closet, but here was the possibility of a promising show ahead of me. My breath caught and my heart thudded in my chest as he unbuttoned his shirt and tossed it to the floor. Next, he kicked off his shoes and rolled off his socks. He was about two feet away from me now, admiring himself in his full-length mirror, flexing his brawny chest, tightening his six-pack. The crystal pendant rolled across his pecs as he tilted his body this way and that, examining himself. I stared at every inch of him, rubbing my quick-stiffening cock through my jeans.

He unbuttoned his khakis and slid them off. His waist was eye-level with me, his briefs noticeably tented. I'd seen Jimmy naked before, a lot, but never hard and never in such close proximity. I crouched there mesmerized, my zipper now down, my hand inside, watching as he peeled off his briefs. His cock bounced out, jutting a good eight or nine inches, the wide mushroom head already slick at his piss-slit with a little pre-cum. Those big balls of his in their sack swayed like a pendulum when he turned. I reached for something to stifle a groan, and my hand found a pair of his used underwear, musky and smelling of his ass and cock. I sniffed it, eyelids fluttering, and yanked on my prick while he ogled his perfect naked body in the mirror. Vanity, thy name is Jimmy. Still, I wasn't complaining at all. Lucky me--I had a ringside seat.

He sat on his bed, pushed himself into the middle of his mattress. He lay back, out of my line of vision. Slowly, quietly, I stood up, peeked down to find a good view of him again. An arm propped up his head so he could watch himself jacking off in the mirror, his cock slick with lube, gleaming, those heavy balls of his bouncing as he beat his meat. The sound of his breathing spiraling around the room, causing my head to spin. I sighed, pushing my jeans and briefs down around my calves, eagerly matching him stroke for stroke.

Another surprise: his legs went up and apart, his asshole winking back at him from the mirror. I pressed my face flush to the closet door, staring hungrily as he rubbed some lube around and around his hair-rimmed chute. His finger slid in. He moaned. The finger was joined by a second, both of them disappearing up his ass.

He moaned louder, but his moan was eclipsed, sadly, by the sound of the closet door suddenly swinging open and me tumbling out, cock still in hand, jeans hobbled around my ankles, his dirty underwear crammed up against my face.

"What the fuck?" he shouted. His hand popped free from his ass as he scooted away, fear and confusion stretched across his face. "Ted!" he hollered at me a second later.

I managed to reach down to my jeans and tug out the toy gun. "Bang," I squeaked.

He sprang off the bed, pouncing on me, suddenly furious. His hard cock accidentally butted against mine, his hands suddenly on my chest, his face an inch from mine, both of us breathing erratically. "What the fuck were you doing?" he yelled point-blank into my face.

"Trying to scare you?" I tried. My voice sounded unconvincing. "To get revenge?"

He pulled back, his scowl turning to a smirk. "So you want to get even, huh? I don't think that's gonna

happen, Ted. You know what is going to happen?"

I bit my lip, conscious of his weight pinning my legs in place, wanting his hands on my chest again, wanting to kiss him. I shook my head. "No?"

He picked up the Mayan crystal pendant hanging against his chest and pointed at me. "What's going to happen now is, you're going to take a little nap, Ted."

"No!" I snapped, trying to pull my legs out from under him.

"Yes, Ted. You know it's going to happen." He waggled the crystal at me and recited that Mayan hypnosis spell, and I felt myself getting sleepy. He grinned, seeing me fall under the magic again. "See? You know it's already happening." He recited the spell again.

All the next day, I kept thinking of those pendants like Jimmy's at the novelty shop. They were similar to his, but not exactly. Since Plans A and B crashed, I needed to do some nosing around to come up with a really good Plan C.

Jimmy's laptop was the place to start. He kept everything on it--class notes, essays and email, music files, the video files he shot with that damned camera.

I got back to the dorm late, after I knew Jimmy would be in bed. He woke up when I walked in and turned on the light.

"Been at the library all night, working on a paper," I explained as he squinted sleepily at me. "Hey, dude, can I use your printer? Mine's out of ink, and I gotta turn in my paper first thing in the morning." It was a believable excuse, because half the time my printer really *was* out of ink. Jimmy didn't need to know there was a fresh cartridge in it.

He just blinked at me, mumbled something, and rolled over, trying to block out the light and get back to sleep. I assumed that he mumbled was permission, so I plugged my memory stick into his laptop, fired up the word processor, and started printing my paper.

Jimmy had his back to me, and he slept like a rock. The time was perfect for me to do a little snooping on his hard drive. And don't think I didn't notice he had taken off that crystal pendant and laid it on the night stand by his bed. But first, time to snoop.

His email didn't have anything interesting--nothing that gave me any ideas for revenge, anyway--but Jimmy never was an email-writing kind of guy. I found some of the videos he took of me falling victim to his pranks. I knew what they were because they had my name and things like "rubber snake panic attack" and "balloon surprise" in the file names. I could have deleted them all, but I knew he had backups and had uploaded copies to some server somewhere, so what was the point? Plus, if they turned up missing, he'd know I'd been snooping and he'd never trust me like this again.

I put on his headphones to keep the sound from waking Jimmy. I opened a couple of the video files. There was a little me onscreen, jumping around and screaming in one video, spinning around and flailing in another. I seemed to do that a lot in the videos Jimmy shot, because they were all of various practical jokes he playing on me. Okay, maybe the videos might be a *little* funny, if they didn't all star me as the victim.

There were a few files of other guys falling victim to Jimmy's pranks. A couple of them I recognized as

ex-boyfriends of his. Jimmy was gorgeous, but he could really be a prick with those practical jokes of his.

Then, I hit the first big surprise. Jimmy was obviously holding the video camera in one hand and not paying much attention to where he was aiming it. In the video, this one starring one of his recent ex-boyfriends, his boyfriend was laying flat on his back, on a bed that might be Jimmy's in this very dorm room. The boyfriend's eyes were closed, and he seemed to be asleep, except he had this really intent look on his face. Jimmy's other hand held that crystal in the camera frame. Jimmy's voice in the headphones chanted, "Light as a feather, stiff as a board. Light as a feather, stiff as a board. Stiff as a board," as the camera and Jimmy's head slid down the boyfriend's body. Was the boyfriend under the Mayan spell?--I couldn't tell for sure, but it seemed so. Jimmy's hand tucked the crystal into its palm and tugged up the boyfriend's shirt, exposing two inches of flat tummy. Then his hand went for the boyfriend's belt, yanking at it until it opened, and the snap of his pants, and his zipper. Two snaps on the boyfriend's boxers popped open and the hard head of the ex's cock was exposed to the camera.

"Light as a feather, stiff as a board," Jimmy chanted. "Stiff as a board, stiff as a board." His head descended to the cock head, and his tongue guided his mouth over it. The camera angle jerked around--hard to see what was obviously going on. Jimmy was focused on the blowjob, the camera a nearly forgotten afterthought, until Jimmy's head came off that dick and the camera righted itself and zoomed in on the glans, and Jimmy said, "Shoot now. Cum now. Cum now," and the camera captured one, two, three spurs of semen.

Surprise number two. In another video the camera focused on my head and chest. I was shirtless, sitting back against the wall at the head of my bed. Jimmy's crystal pendant dangled into the edge of the frame for a moment before disappearing again. Jimmy's voice was chanting that Mayan hypnosis spell quietly, which explained my blank expression, eyes nearly closed, mouth gaping open a little. Jimmy's voice said, "Open your mouth. That's right." The camera swung around and captured the image of Jimmy's erection sliding into my lips.

Well. Apparently I wasn't as much of a virgin as I thought I was.

Now I definitely needed a Plan C.

I did a little more snooping. I stumbled onto something in Jimmy's document history. Seems Jimmy kept a journal. I did a quick search for my name, but that only turned up a couple of uninteresting entries about Jimmy moving into the dorm, and generic shit about living with me. Like I was just some bit player in his life.

Then I did a search for the word "crystal," just to see what I could turn up about it.

Surprise number three. I happened upon a series of entries that told exactly how he got the crystal and learned to use the magic. So I did what anybody would do: I copied the contents of that directory to my memory stick. I shut down his computer--saying, "Thanks, dude," in case he was still awake, but he was sound asleep--and I laid down on my bed, plugged the stick into my computer, and kept reading.

He was sixteen, maybe seventeen. Jimmy had been spending the summer with his dad at an archeological dig at some old Mayan place, just like he told me, but from there all the other details--well, things weren't like the version of the story he gave me back when he first moved in.

He got partnered with these two guys. One was a local archeology student at some college, but the other was older, probably mid-twenties, a recent archeology graduate working his first real dig. They got to be friends and Jimmy hung out with the two of them a lot when the workdays were over. They were supposed to take

Jimmy under their wings and show him the ropes, teach him how to work the dig. They did that, according to what he wrote in his journal, but they did a lot more, stuff his dad probably wouldn't have approved of.

Both of them had some Mayan blood in their family trees. The older one had this crystal pendant he claimed he had unearthed. He claimed it was a magic pendant. He claimed his family had been Mayan priests and he knew some of the old spells, spells older than the white man's arrival. Jimmy kept begging to see some Mayan magic. Finally, the older relented and demonstrated what he called a Mayan hypnosis spell on the younger. The older made the younger do things--sexual things--to him, like suck his cock, and then he made the younger do the same things to Jimmy. It was Jimmy's first orgasm with another person, and he described it as the most powerful orgasm he had ever had at that point. It pretty much wasted him, he wrote, and he was too spent to resist when the older dangled the crystal in front of his face, told him he couldn't help focusing on it, and started using the hypnosis spell on him too. Jimmy was just a naïve, horny adolescent from the suburbs; he was in awe of their experience, their bodies and their beauty, their easy masculine sexuality, their worldly experience. He already had crushes on both of them. It's no wonder he fell hard in love with them. No wonder he fell under their spell.

Jimmy couldn't resist the hypnosis spell. The older used it on him a lot. Every day at the dig, the older one would say the words and Jimmy would find himself hypnotized and helpless to resist. The older always made him take off his shirt, sometimes his shoes and socks, and by the end of the summer he was tanned nearly as dark as they were. After hours, in private, the older man made him take off everything else. Sometimes he would just hypnotize Jimmy, sometimes just the younger man, and sometimes both together. They would do sexual things together, and by the end of the summer he was nearly as experienced as they were. Jimmy loved their nut-brown bodies; he loved their nut-brown cocks. The older one also taught Jimmy how to hypnotize the younger one with the crystal--turns out it wasn't magic at all, just regular old hypnosis, but no less powerful or effective--and by the end of the summer he was pretty good at it. At the end of the summer, the older gave Jimmy a crystal of his own as a going-away gift--it was made for tourists by local craftsmen, so it really was Mayan in a kinda-sorta way.

I closed his journal file. So ... no magic spell, just plain hypnosis? And Jimmy had been hypnotized too?--a lot from what he described in his journal. And with this very crystal? I was hatching an evil Plan C for my revenge! All I needed to do was a little more research and to take care of a few arrangements.

Two days later I was ready. The night before Plan C went into motion, I'd swiped his "magic crystal" from the bedside table while Jimmy was asleep and replaced it with one of those "similar" ones from the novelty shop. Hey, I wasn't taking any chances! That morning, Jimmy put the substitute on without seeming to notice anything different. So far, so good.

About nine o'clock that night, I officially put Plan C into motion.

I walked into our dorm room. Jimmy, in nothing but that pair of threadbare sweat shorts, sat on his bed, with his back against the wall and a textbook open on his lap. The fake crystal dangled against his bare chest. I had been hanging out at the library most of the evening, doing more last-minute research on how to hypnotize, practicing my recitation of the Mayan spell I knew so well from being on the receiving end, and trying to screw up my courage. I was kind of nervous. What if this didn't work? I'd look like an even bigger fool.

I nodded to him. He nodded back, said, "Hey, dude."

I went to my closet, where I'd hidden his video camera, and switched it on. I definitely wanted a record of my revenge.

I said a silent prayer. This *had* to work. It just had to. If there really were any Mayan gods, please, please, please let them smile on me tonight!

Okay. Showtime.

I walked over to his bed. "Hey, Jimmy, I got something to show you." *Please, please, please!*

He closed the textbook. "Sure, Ted. What is it?"

I pulled the real crystal out of my shirt. "Look what I got, fucker." *Please, please, please!*

He recognized it, of course. "Hey, that's--" He frowned down at the pendant he wore and picked it up off his chest.

"That one's a fake," I told him, and his expression said he realized that, now that he looked at it closer. "I got the real one, and I know how to use it. I read your journal. I know all about it and how you used to get that 'Mayan hypnosis spell' shit used on you too, fucker. I bet it still works on you too." I pointed the crystal at him and recited the hypnosis spell. Hell, I knew it by heart. *Please, please, please!*

Jimmy blinked. He still looked surprised as shit. He blinked again.

I chanted the hypnosis spell, throwing in a few *Sleep, Jimmy's* for good measure. I'd read about that at the library in my research on hypnosis. *Please, please, please!*

Jimmy blinked again. His hand relaxed and sank to the bed. His eyes closed.

Holy fuck!--I fucking had him! And on camera too!

"Open your mouth, Jimmy," I whispered, barely able to believe my luck and not wanting to break the spell. I fumbled with the zipper on my jeans. My cock was so hard I could barely pry it through the opening, but I managed. I put my hand behind Jimmy's head and eased my cock forward to meet his mouth. "Suck it," I told him as my cock head touched his lips. His mouth went around the head as he began to nurse on it.

*Fuck, yeah!* Watching Jimmy's beautiful blond head swallow my hard-on made me even harder. Knowing it was being captured on video made it even sweeter. *Yes, yes, yes!*

"Get your shorts off," I ordered. "Get naked. Yeah. Stroke that dick, Jimmy. Let me see it hard. Yeah. That's it. Show me your ass. That's right. Play with it. Put a finger up your ass, Jimmy. Yeah, that's it. Feels good, right? Good man. Finger that ass." *Yes, yes, yes!*

Watching him naked and playing with his ass was great and all, but I wanted more. "Wait just a minute, Jimmy," I told him as I popped my cock out of his mouth. I wanted to be naked, and I got my shirt and shoes stripped off in seconds.

Just as I got my pants and underwear down around my ankles, Jimmy's body flying off the mattress collided with mine. We went down on the floor, wrestling, bodies tangled, me too hobbled by my pants and too surprised to put up much of a fight. *What the fuck!*

Jimmy came out on top of me, pinning me down. His face was barely an inch away from mine. He snarled, "Fuck! Next time, make sure the guy really is hypnotized and not just faking it. You were snooping on my computer, weren't you?"



"Uhm ... a little, yeah."

"This is your idea of a practical joke? This your idea of revenge? I bet you been planning this for a while now, right?"

"Couple of days, maybe?"

"Couple of days, huh? You want it that badly, huh?"

His lips unexpectedly brushed mine, teasing, sending a volt of fire down my back, causing my cock to bounce against the back of his bare butt parked on my stomach.

"What else you got planned, huh?"

"Um, I was kind of making it up as I went along," I replied, kissing him in return, soft and perfect, eyes open, aware of his warm weight pressing me down, watching him, waiting, every nerve in my body vibrating.

He laughed, reached back, and squeezes my prick gently but firmly. "Making it up, huh? Well, how about I make up the next part." He kissed me again, harder, insistent, his tongue snaking into my mouth, coiling around my own to swap some spit. "This what you want? You like your revenge so far?" Yes, yes, yes!

I broke away just far enough to babble, "Yuh-yeah," my hand roaming slowly up and down his back, my fingers running through the soft down just above his ass. "Especially the part where you were finger-fucking yourself."

A bit of crimson flared in his cheeks. "Oh, you liked that, huh?" But he was grinning and he began a slow, even stroke on my cock.

I grinned back. "Liked it, and taped it if I'm not mistaken."

He twitched his face back from mine, by just a hair. "This is all on film?"

"Your digital camera, so not 'film' technically, but yeah." I nodded my head toward my closet, where his camera was hidden.

He laughed again and mugged an expression at my closet. "My first porn role, and I've got top billing."

I laughed too. "Well, the top part remains to be seen. Looked to me like you enjoyed that finger up your ass, dude."

He moved in again, his forehead tilted against mine. "Fingers are one thing, dude. But, um, I never had a dick up there." When he saw my disbelief, he added, "What? I've had a lot of sex, but I've always done the fucking. I haven't been fucked up my ass yet."

I smiled, kissed his nose. "Yet, huh?"

He blushed again. "Yet. Right."

"Maybe today's your lucky day, Jimmy. Plus, it'll be on film--for, like, posterity and shit, right?"

He rubbed his ass and rolled over on his back. "More like 'posterior,' but you talked me into it. Fuck away,

roomie, if you're man enough."

"Oh, fuck yeah, I'm man enough," I purred, before I really realized what he said. I moved over, leaning against his side, my fingers exploring his peaks and valleys, those areas of his body I'd only memorized by sight previously, now suddenly available to me for closer inspection. "Really? I can fuck you, dude?" The sound of it sent my blood racing.

He grinned. "Hook the camera up to my computer, so we can watch it."

My cock hardened even more. "You want to watch me fuck you?"

He reached up, his hand stroking my chin before sliding down to pinch a nipple, his thumb and index fingers tweaking and pulling at it. "Sounds hot, dude. Why not?"

Who could argue with logic like that? I jumped up, kicked my feet free of my bunched pants, and retrieved the camera from its hiding place. Seconds later, I had it connected to his computer. I turned the screen where we could see it from his bed, I set the camera down on his desk where it had a good view of the area, and we were recording, the scene unfolding live on his screen.

I had a big smile on my face and the biggest hard-on of my life when I turned happily back to Jimmy. He had this really evil grin. I was, like, "Huh?"

"You ought to be more careful where you drop something like this," he said as he held up the crystal pendant--the real one. "Because, unlike you, I know how to use it."

He chanted that Mayan hypnosis spell. Even though I knew it was fake, just normal hypnosis and not irresistible magic at all, I still felt myself getting sleepy.

"That's it, Ted." He chanted it again and again. He guided me to his bed. I sat down, too groggy to fight it, falling asleep. He chanted it again and again, and I couldn't stop it. My eyes closed.

I opened my eyes. This was different. Only a short time had passed.

"That's it," Jimmy was saying to me. "See? It's so easy to open your eyes and be completely, perfectly asleep at the same time, isn't it. So easy to follow my instructions, isn't it."

I grunted quietly.

He caressed the side of my head. "All those memories, everything I said you could forget--well, you can remember it all now, if you want to. Just let it happen, if you want it to."

Images filled my head, like dreams, memories I had forgotten. His dick in my face, my face in his ass, his face in mine, images of his body moving against mine, going back weeks. If I'd been fully awake, I would have blushed crimson.

He climbed on the narrow bed beside me, rolled onto his back, and raised his legs up and apart, gazing at his ass onscreen as if it was a work of art, which it surely was. His fingers quickly began to run circles around the ring, dipping inside just a millimeter at a time. "Cool view," he mumbled to himself. He looked up at me and said, "Have a taste."

My head moved in closer, the smell of him wafting up my nose as my tongue darted across his asshole, soft

like velvet, tasting of sweat, salty-sweet.

"Yeah, Ted--lick that ass." He bucked his ass into my face while I sucked and slurped, his big balls bouncing on my forehead while he stroked his thick prick. I glanced above his horizon, his eyes focused on the action on the screen, his mouth open and panting. I shoved my tongue around his asshole, and he moaned through parted lips.

"Fuck, dude." he sighed. "Oh, wait--we're still getting to that." He chuckled at his own joke. "Lick my balls now, Ted. Suck them in your mouth and bathe them with your tongue."

My mouth obediently moved to its new target, licking and lapping at the tender spot beneath his sac before sucking on one ball, then the other, my tongue swirling around the glorious expanse of soft, wrinkled skin and fine blond hairs. He thumped his prick against my forehead, the head of it rubbing against my hair.

"Suck my cock, dude," he rasped, the last word drawn long and deep, almost a sigh. "Suck it."

My head felt slow and thick, but I knew what he wanted. My mouth found and surrounded his huge dick a second later, my lips working their way around the fat head and then down, down, down his shaft, feeling it pulse, gagging a little and eyes watering.

"Mmm," he moaned, voice husky, pumping his prick down my throat.

He turned my head sideways, and I watched my progress on the laptop, his meat disappearing and then reappearing, slick with my spit, his balls rising and falling with each slurp.

He popped his prick out of my eager mouth. "I'm ready to get fucked, dude. You ready to fuck me?"

I nodded.

"Hell, yeah, you are! Come on and fuck me already, Ted, before I change my mind." I pulled my head back. He pulled away. He smiled brightly and eyed my hard prick. "I better find a rubber." He reached into his nightstand drawer and pulled out a packet, quickly handing it to me. "Put it on, Ted. I want to get fucked now. I want you to fuck my virgin ass, dude."

I stretched my legs out and apart, and slid the rubber over my steel rod.

"Lay back," he ordered me, and I did. He squatted his beautiful body over me, bending at the knees, his hand reaching down, lube already slathered in his palm so that he could slick me up before he aligned his poophole with my poker. "Stick it in my ass, dude," he murmured. I held on to his hips and glided gently in, allowing just the tip nudge its way inside. He sucked in his breath before he relaxed and allowed the intrusion. He lowered his hips. He sighed long and low and deep as inch after inch of me worked its way into his butt. "Is that okay for you?" he asked.

I moaned something incoherent. A million tingles rode up and down my back like a runaway locomotive.

He moaned. "Feels good, dude. Just go slow."

He grinned, staring at the image of us fucking on his computer screen, looking exactly like he did in my fantasies. His head tilted back while he rode my cock, his giant balls bouncing as he stroked his massive tool, the whole thing mirrored on the laptop screen. "Fuck, that's fucking hot," he said to our onscreen images.

He looked down at me and our eyes locked. He nodded and smiled, a big toothy grin, then he rose up and slammed his ass down, up and down, again and again and again, each time smashing himself into my balls. The effect was blinding, pleasure combined mixed with pain, euphoric, sending my cock pumping and grinding hard on autopilot into his hole.

He tipped his head back. I was feeling more clear-headed now, not quite awake maybe but not completely under his hypnotic spell anymore either. I reached my hands around his waist, and my thumbs strummed his solid abs. He leaned down over me. My face craned up to lick his neck and then suck an earlobe. "Make me cum, dude," he rasped.

"Okay," I whispered back, because I couldn't think of anything else to say.

And then I let him have everything I had, my cock plunging in, every inch of it, ramming against his stone-hard prostate, both of us panting now, sweat-soaked, his hand working feverishly on his dick.

"Fuck, dude," he moaned, the sound wrapping around my head as he shot his load across my chest and his asshole clamped tighter on my dick shaft, and then I shot my load a few seconds later into the condom up his ass. Both of us were staring at the screen now, watching his cock explode, the cum spewing all over me, thick wads of it firing up and out, landing on my chest, my neck, his sheets, his thigh--watching my face twist up as I orgasmed too. Our moans mixed inseparably into a soundtrack for the video.

"Fuck," I hissed, my cock accidentally popping all the way out of his ass as I collapsed against the bed, the end of the rubber swollen with my jizz. My arms locked around Jimmy, holding on to him tightly, as we both tried to catch our breath.

Eventually he pulled away, stood up. He helped me to my feet, staring at me, sheepishly. Then his head moved in and he gave me a kiss, a tender kiss. "That was fucking hot, dude," he managed.

"Understatement," I corrected, as I dropped the condom into the nearby trash can.

He pulled back the blanket, and we tumbled into his bed and drifted off to sleep together, his arms wrapped snugly around me, the scene unfolding again in my dreams.

I woke up long after the sun made its appearance. I was alone, his side of the bed empty. I sat up. His sheet and blanket bunched around my morning woody.

The laptop screen was dark, but there was a note attached to it: "Gone to get breakfast--back soon." I grinned, remembering Jimmy's body, and I reached under the covers and stroked my happy hard-on. I reached over to the camera, and hit the Play button. The memory of what we did together was no longer just in my head--it played out again on the screen. My dick throbbed as I watched the moment of entry, his perfect ass impaled on my cock. I beat off as I watched, turning up the volume to listen to the sounds of our fucking.

The sound got drowned out by the noise of Jimmy smashing out from the closet, and of me squealing--as usual, like a little girl--and jumping away as he bounded at me, toy gun pointed my way, the bandana over his mouth, stark naked, hard as a fucking rock. "Bang!" he shouted.

He smirked triumphantly. "And that's how you do the jumping-out-of-the-closet joke."

I let go of my cock and grabbed his pillow and flung it at him. "Fucker!"

He stared at us having sex to the screen. "Next time, dude, I will be. It'll be your turn to get fucked."

I grinned, my heart suddenly pumping even harder. "No time like the present." I climbed back onto his bed on all fours, legs wide, my asshole winking up at him. God, I sure hoped this looked sexy!

He switched the camera to Record mode. Then I felt his warm tongue glide down into my ass crack. "Present and future, babe," he murmured. His tongue pushed in and up and back. Then it was replaced by a spit-slick index finger. His other hand fumbled with something. I turned my head and saw his computer screen showing the camera's eye view of my ass, in close-up where his free hand brought it for a tight shot. I watched as a second finger joined the first in my ass a moment later. It felt funny, but good too. My ass was in the process of being deflowered. "All of it captured for all time on camera, babe," Jimmy added.

I chuckled, stroking my cock, the cum already churning from my balls. "Yeah, man, fuck my virgin ass. Teach me every-fucking-thing."

"You got it, dude."

"That crystal thing too."

"Sure, dude, I'll teach you. Now shut up and get ready for my dick up your ass." I watched onscreen as he rolled on a rubber.

"Present and future. Gotta love the 'posterity's sake' thing, babe," I replied. His sheathed prick started to push inside of me, making me gasp, painful at first, but filling every inch of me, pleasure spreading and blooming, until I lost where I ended and he began. *Yes, yes, yes!* "That's no joke," I sighed, looking directly into the camera.

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