

The Surprise

by **Wrestlr**

[M/M, MC, hypno]

[Synopsis: He's hired to film yet another video, but he gets more than he expected.]

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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By **Wrestlr**

For Jared V.

1.

I used to star in gay porn videos. Yeah, you've probably heard of me. From the time I was eighteen until I was twenty-four, I must have starred in thirty movies. I "retired" two years ago--I'm twenty-six now--because I wanted to go out at the peak of my fame. Don't worry; I'm still damn hot.

But making gay fuck-flicks gave me some great experiences, and I don't just mean the sex. I learned to make films myself. I went mainstream. Well, sort of. Mostly, I get hired to make wedding videos or to film somebody's bar mitzvah. But every now and then, someone walks through my door who wants something different.

Like this guy. He's planning something special, he says. Something I'm "uniquely qualified" to film.

I tell him whatever--as long as there's no children or dead people involved, his money is as good as anyone else's. That's my only rule: No kids, and no snuff. Otherwise, what the customer wants, the customer gets. Though for some things, the customer pays in cash, in advance.

So this guy says he wants me to film him and three friends doing something unusual. He asks if I have a problem with gay men having sex. I'm asking myself why everyone who makes this request seems to think filming sex is so daring? Somehow, this is not a surprise, and I even manage not to yawn. I tell him no, that's no problem at all, but filming erotica falls into that "cash in advance" category.

See, lots of guys have asked me to film them making amateur sex-movies. Some have even asked me to join in, especially if they recognize me from my porn star days, but I've always declined.

This guy feels the need to warn me: what he has in mind is not quite the usual amateur sex-video. "Whatever," I say as he hands over the cash.

2.

My assistant, Connor, has set up the lights and the microphones for sound. He would be running Camera One, on the tripod.

My name's James. I'd be running Camera Two, going mobile to get the close-ups and the angle shots.

The client wants to be calling the shots. His name? That's not important. Let's call him "the Director." The names have been changed to protect the guilty, and all that stuff. Plus, y'know, there's a limit to how much I want to know sometimes, a limit to how much I can care.

The stars? There are three of them. Tony. John. Jared. Sounds like a standard "three-way plus direction" vanity production.

Why is it I always get the clients who think they're auteurs? They think they're making something that's so original and so radical, and what they end up doing is basically a generic gay group-sex scene with some guy in the background barking orders. Same old same old.

So here's the scene. An old barn, practically out on the edge of civilization. The farmer who owns it doesn't give a shit. He takes my money and looks the other way, doesn't ask any questions. I've used his barn before. We wouldn't be disturbed. Hay bales. Raw plank walls. A couple of blankets. Cue the stars in overalls. Instant farm-boy fantasy scene.

Mr. Director? Yeah, he loves it. Takes one look at the makeshift stage where his little sex-drama is going to unfold, and his face lights up like Las Vegas in a power surge.

3.

Connor freaks out almost immediately when the filming starts. It's not the sex--it's the preparation.

As my assistant, Connor and I have filmed pretty much everything there is to film. Married couples who want to make their own sex video. Gay guys who want to live out their "Porn Star for a Day" fantasies. Usually, he's cool with it--he's a young guy, twenty-two, and professional, studying filmmaking at the local college, where he's also on the track team. Connor and I, we never joined in, no matter how much the "stars" asked, or

offered to pay, and we've never done anything sexually together. He knows I'm gay, knows I used to be a big-name gay porn star, and he's okay with both. I've caught him eyeing my body a couple of times, but he's always looked away. As for whether he is gay or straight, he has always struck me as the "straight but curious" jock type, and still a little naïve.

This time, though, this wasn't quite like the vanity fuck-flick scenario we had been expecting, and even I was a little weirded-out by it.

Like I said, the Director loved it. He loved the idea. He loved the location. Connor and I got there early, mid-afternoon, and did some of the initial setup--lighting, sound, figuring out camera angles. This is early August, so it's hot as blazes in that barn, and the hot lights don't help any. Connor and I shuck our shirts pretty quickly. I have on a pair of denim cutoff shorts and sandals.

Connor has on a pair of snug football shorts, the kind with the lace-up front; these has a navy-blue stripe down the side of one hip, the number "19" printed on one leg, and a navy-blue lace weaving up the crotch. I always joke with him about those shorts every time he wears them, asking him if the "19" referred to inches, and he always laughs and blushes and turns away. See, the joke is: if he really had a nineteen-inch penis, no way would those shorts fit him. Uh, I guess you had to be there.

Today he also wears athletic shoes and those little half-socks that only come up to the ankle--socklets, I call them. Between the snug shorts and the socklets, he is showing plenty of skin, practically showing himself off. I notice his body was developing nicely. He recently started working out at the college gym, and he is starting to muscle up a bit. The extra muscle looks really good on him. So I look--big deal!--I'm only human.

Anyway, the Director and his three "stars" arrive around six o'clock that evening. By then, the trees are blocking the sun's rays, and the barn is starting to cool down a bit. Not enough, though, so my shirt has stayed off. Connor's too. The Director eyes our chests; he obviously likes what he sees. Connor is cool about it--he maybe isn't into guys, but he doesn't mind being looked at.

Enter the "stars" *de jour*. They stand around for a second, looking around and blinking under the bright white lights, and the Director introduces them. Connor and I shake everybody's hand.

Tony. Sandy hair. Green eyes. About Connor's age?--early twenties? Cute as hell. A great big smile going everywhere. White puka-shell necklace, baggy orange-and-brown shorts, and a white tank top with "LIFEGUARD" arching across the chest in red. That slim, muscular body you see on guys who swim a lot. Looks like a surfer boy, fresh off the beach.

John. Brown hair. Steel-blue eyes. Maybe twenty-six. Handsome as a model. Taller than the other two. Beefier--this guy knows his way around a gym but isn't over-built. Gray chino shorts, a fresh white athletic tee-shirt that shows off his torso with his shirt tail tucked in, a black belt. Loafers with no socks. Looks like a young professional, heading to the suburbs for a backyard cocktail party with his coworkers.

Jared. Thick, darker hair, nearly black. Dark eyes, nearly black. A little older--late twenties? As good-looking as the other two, but there's an exotic edge to his features, as if he has some Middle Eastern blood. He's muscular too--not quite as buffed up as John, but no slouch. He's wearing jeans and a blue shirt. There's some hair showing at the neckline--a hairy chest. A nice package showing in the crotch of his jeans too.

Damn. Usually, Connor and I are a lot more attractive than the people we film. This bunch, though, is really good-looking. Good thing we aren't competing with them. Jared catches me looking at him and grins and winks. That's okay--I caught him and his friends ogling Connor and me earlier, so I wink back.

The Director hands each of his actors a bundle and tells them to go get "into costume." They disappear off behind a stack of hay bales. So I shoulder the mobile camera I'm going to be using, and I walk over to the guy I've been calling the Director. I ask him how he wants to run this show. He says he'll take care of everything. He's going to give the actors their "parts," help them get "into character." All he wants from Connor and me is for us to "film everything." He's emphatic about that. Says it twice: "Film everything."

The actors emerge, a little nervous, a little uncertain. For John and Jared, their street clothes have been replaced by overalls and tee-shirts, all carefully smudged to look dirty. No shoes. Tony wears dark slacks, dress shoes, and a crystalline white dress shirt, all obviously expensive; he still wears that puka-shell necklace, though, visible in the open throat of his shirt. They look unsure, but the Director tells them they look perfect. And they do look good. Not exactly like farm boys, but close enough for an amateur video. Hell, I've seen models in professional porn who looked less believable.

Show time. I nod over my shoulder to Connor, standing at the main camera on its tripod. He hits a button and the red light on top of the camera lights up. I fire up my camera too.

I'm heading in to get some close-ups of their new look, but the Director asks me to stand back at first. Just watch and film and don't interfere. Getting the actors "into character"--his words--will take a few minutes, and he doesn't want us interrupting them by moving in for close-ups until the main action begins. But he reiterates: "Film everything."

Whatever, I think, panning out for a wide shot that includes the Director and his whole cast. He's directing them to sit on the bales of hay in the center of the space. A couple of blankets will turn this into a platform for the sex later. Right now, though, they sit down on the edge, facing him.

4.

The Director tells them to find a spot on the wall behind him. Perhaps something shiny? Something intricate? Something unusual? Some special object.

I'm thinking, *What now?*

"Stare at the special part of object," he tells them. "Fix your eyes on it. Take a deep, deep breath. Just breathe deeply. Listen to my voice. Just look right at it. Maybe your eyes start to get tired soon? Maybe your eyelids start to get heavy. Yes. You've experienced all this before. Keep your eyes fixed on the object. Maybe you already feel the heaviness in your eyelids? That familiar heaviness? Almost as if your eyelids are attached to a heavy weight, a heavy, enormously heavy weight. And the longer you stare, the more you feel your eyelids getting heavy, heavier, and you blink. Yes, you blink, and your eyelids may feel like something is pulling them down, pulling, pulling at them, as if they want to close, slowly close. Pulling at them. Closing them. They want to close and get drowsier, sleepier, heavier. And you may find yourself a feeling that they're closing now, closing slowly, slowly closing, getting drowsier, more tired, and when they do finally close, how good you'll feel. Yes. So drowsy. So heavy. Heavy feeling, pulling down, down, down, slowly closing, eyelids slowly closing. Getting harder and harder to see, harder and harder to keep them open, and you feel good. Very, very hard to keep them open. So very hard to keep them open. You may feel that very soon they will close, close tightly, already closing, almost closed, tightly closing now, tightly closing. Yes. There--your eyes are tightly closed. You feel good. You feel comfortable. You feel relaxed all over. Just relax and let yourself drift comfortably and enjoy this comfortable, relaxed state. You may find that your head is growing heavier now. Maybe it starts to nod forward some. Yes? Yes. Just let it nod forward. Let yourself drift in an

easy, calm, relaxed state."

Hypnosis? Well, that's a surprise. Never encountered *that* before.

I glance over at Connor. He's looking wide-eyed at me like, *What the fuck?* He's really spooked, shifting nervously.

I shrug as best I can with the big camera on my shoulder, and I motion back at the tableau and mouth the words silently: *Just keep filming.*

Okay, the Director didn't say anything about hypnotizing his actors. I'm pretty iffy about this, myself. But I've heard people can't be made to do things they don't want to under hypnosis, so I guess these guys are okay with it? Something tells me he has done this to them before. And wasn't there some famous director who had once hypnotized all of his actors for some movie?

Besides, like I said: what the customer wants, the customer gets, as long as he pays cash. And the Director had. And I sure need that cash.

The three actors are sitting there with their eyes closed, heads drooped forward. The Director is droning on. "You can close your eyes now. Let yourself begin breathing deeply and slowly. Before you let go completely into a deep hypnotic state, just let yourself listen carefully to everything that I say to you ..." Blah blah blah.

He didn't really say "blah blah blah"--I'm summarizing. He drones on and on, and to tell you the truth I don't remember all of it. He tells them what he wants them to do, who he wants them to be. John is going to be the farm foreman. Jared will be one of his hired hands. Tony will be the owner's arrogant son. They'll ignore the Director, the lights, the cameras and cameramen--wouldn't register them at all. As far as they are concerned, they will think themselves alone in the barn. On the count of three, they'll act out this scenario he has given them.

He counts to three and snaps his fingers.

5.

They all open their eyes, blinking a little, looking around. The change in their manners is immediate and profound. Tony has gone from being the affable surfer-boy to being an arrogant little shit. John, from being the quiet, confident young professional to an alpha-male supervisor who has to kowtow to the boss' spoiled brat son and doesn't like it. Jared becomes the farm hand who has fucked up somehow. Tony caught him at it and now is trying to get Jared fired, and fired immediately, though he knows how much Jared needs the work. John is caught uncomfortably in the middle.

I have to admit: the transformations are astounding. They've taken on the rural accents and the mannerisms. They've become very different people.

I move around for some close-ups and angles that we'll edit together with the footage from Connor's stationary camera. Tony is snarling that if John doesn't do what he says, he'll have John fired too, and then John and Jared would both be fucked. Really fucked. Tony is poking John's chest and growling that maybe he should really fuck them, then they'd be sorry. John grabs the front of Tony's shirt and practically lifts him off his feet with a "Listen here, you little shit" and a threat that maybe John should fuck Tony like the little bitch he is. These guys really seem mad at each other.

Tony struggles, and John and Tony tumble down on the hay bales, wrestling and struggling at each other. Jared throws himself on top of them. Passionate anger turns to passionate kisses, passionate groping. A familiar story begins unfolding. Okay, I know what to expect now.

The Director is giving them an instruction here, an instruction there, and sometimes telling me what shot he wants: "Zoom in on so-and-so's face," and "Be sure to get a close-up of so-and-so." Pretty soon, there's a shirt flying this way, and another flying that way, and a shoe dropping loudly onto the floor, and the clatter of overall straps, the metal ends, flailing loose.

The Director tells them what to do, who to do it to, and they seem to be doing it. These guys move together in a primal mass of writhing arms and legs--hard to tell whose are whose. There's a comfortable familiarity about them, as if they have danced this dance together before, to the music of the Director's instructions.

They're naked. Even Tony's shell necklace has been discarded. I get a short close-up of it beside the hay bales, where it landed.

These men moving together--kissing, touching, exploring, massaging, touching, licking, probing, touching--there's something very sensual about their bodies, an easy fluency with each others' skin. They're really enjoying this, physically. The Director keeps telling them how relaxed they are, how focused, how good they feel, how intense. And I sure don't see any evidence to the contrary.

Hell, part of me wants nothing more than to put down my camera and wallow on those blankets with them.

I have a hard-on like a steel rod in my cutoffs. I might sound all jaded about filming sex; but the truth is, sometimes it turns me on like wildfire. Hell, I'm a twenty-six-year-old guy, and I'm only human, and I get horny too. Right now, I'm wearing a pair of cut-offs with no underwear, so I'm pretty sure my horniness is on full display.

6.

So I'm right in there next to the action. Connor at Camera One is getting a lot of the wider shots--Camera One is on the tripod, so he can zoom in and out, and turn the camera to a limited degree, but he's mostly some distance from the action--which is good, since I think Connor is really feeling weird about that hypnosis shit. If he has to, he can walk out and Camera One will still keep filming, as long as he leaves it on.

Me, I'm getting lots of close-ups: shots of strong arms, muscular legs, hard cocks, rock-solid asses, cute faces, lust-dazed expressions. Everything is still at the level of foreplay so far, but any guy knows it's not going to stay that way much longer.

And Jared rolls away from the other two, who're still going at it, and he sits up. He's blinking, and he looks at me, then at the Director, and he says groggily, "What's ..."

This close, I get a great shot of his sleepy face, his muscular body and hairy chest, and that big, thick cock of his--probably about average length but two-fisted thick. If I weren't such a professional, my mouth would be watering.

Jared's eyes fix on my cock, the ridge it makes in the front of my shorts. He's still hard and his twitches. The Director gently nudges me out of the way, and I step back a few yards. "Don't worry about a thing," he says to Jared. He has a coin in his hand, and he holds it up, turning it over and over in his fingers like a circus

trick. "Just listen to what I say," he says. "Focus on my voice. You know how inevitable hypnosis can be. You're seen, felt, it happen, just a little while ago. It's going to happen again. It's inevitable. There's nothing you have to do. It's going to happen automatically, so you don't need to think about that now. You will have no conscious control over what happens. See? Already it's starting to happen. It's inevitable. Yes. The muscles in and around your eyes begin to relax, all by themselves, as you just continue breathing. Each breath. Easily, freely. No need to worry or do anything about it. Without thinking about it, you will soon enter a deep, peaceful, hypnotic trance, without any effort. There is nothing important for your conscious mind to do. Nothing really important except the activities of your subconscious mind, as which is as automatic as dreaming. Yes.

"You are responding very well. Without noticing it, you have already altered your rate of breathing. You are breathing much more freely and easily ... feely and easily. And you are already showing signs that you're drifting off into a hypnotic trance. Yes, you are. So inevitable. Just relax and let it happen. You can really enjoy relaxing more and more, and your subconscious mind will listen to every word I say. It keeps becoming less and less important for you to listen consciously to my voice. Your subconscious mind can hear me even if I whisper.

"I know you can feel it. You are continuing to drift, becoming a little more detached. Starting to let go completely. Your own mind is letting go, at your own pace, just as rapidly as you feel you are ready. Yes. I know you can feel it happening. It's inevitable. You continue becoming more relaxed and comfortable as you sit there with your eyes feeling so tired. Feeling so very tired. Yes. Tired. Sleepy. So very, very tired. Wanting just to close them, just for a moment. Yes. Close them just for a moment longer. Yes, let them close. So tired. So sleepy. Eyes closing, closing, closed. So tightly closed. Tightly closed.

"As you experience that deepening comfort with your sleepy eyes closed, you don't have to move, or talk, or let anything bother you. Your own inner mind can respond automatically to everything I say to you, and you will be pleasantly surprised with your continuous progress as you relax and grow more comfortable."

"You are getting much closer to a deep hypnotic trance. So inevitable. You may be beginning to realize that you don't care whether you are going into a deep trance. Being in this peaceful state allows you to experience the comfort of a hypnotic trance, a deep, comfortable hypnotic trance. Being hypnotized is always a very enjoyable experience. So very pleasant. So calming. So peaceful and completely relaxing. It just seems natural, doesn't it, to include hypnosis in your future. Every time I hypnotize you, it becomes more enjoyable. You really enjoy having me hypnotize you. You will always enjoy the sensations ... of comfort ... of peacefulness ... of calmness. So relaxing and calming. And all the other sensations that come automatically from this wonderful experience. You will be really happy that you decided to have me hypnotize you, as you continue experiencing that pleasant relaxed, hypnotic trance. Continue enjoying this pleasant experience of hypnosis as your subconscious mind receives everything I tell you. And you will be pleased the way you automatically respond to everything I say."

And the Director tells Jared to open his eyes, feel the arousal, roll over, and immerse himself back into the tangled sea of bodies with John and Tony. Jared does so, happily, with a sleepy grin.

And the Director looks off to one side--he seems slightly surprised, like he's considering something--then he says, "Yes, you feel it too. So inevitable, isn't it? Just like I said. Just keep listening to everything I say, as you continue to relax and enjoy that pleasant, comfortable feeling of hypnosis."

Who's he talking to? As I peer through the viewfinder, I widen the view angle.

"That's it. Eyes so tired. Barely able to keep them open. Feeling so good. So relaxed. So sleepy. Don't worry--you only have to keep them open for another moment or two. Come here. Each step relaxes you twice as much. Come here, and I will help you close those tired, tired eyes and enjoy that deep, inevitable hypnotic sleep that you want to enjoy so much. That's it. Slow, easy steps. Each step relaxes you twice as deeply."

I pan further out. The camera and tripod? Connor stepping around from behind it? Shuffling slowly forward, toward the Director and the men on the makeshift bed of hay bales?

Why are Connor's eyes half-open like that? Or should I say, half-closed? Arms hanging limp, shuffling like a sleepwalker, face slack. I zoom in for a better view, in profile.

"That's it," the Director says, putting his arm around Connor's bare shoulders. He guides Connor the rest of the way to the edge of the hay bales.

7.

The Director tells Connor, "You're doing very well. So relaxed. So peaceful. So deeply, deeply hypnotized. Sinking deeper each time you follow my easy, easy suggestions. Go ahead and let your eyes close now. Go ahead. It's okay. It's inevitable. Nothing more you need to think about, or worry about. Just close those eyes and sleep, sleep deeply, a deep, inevitable hypnotic sleep."

Connor's eyes close.

"That's good. As you drift deeper into hypnotic sleep, your subconscious mind can listen to my voice and follow my easy, easy instructions. I can tell watching all this action has got you aroused. You're a horny young guy--it would happen to anyone. No worries. No fears. And as your conscious mind and all its barriers sleep, safely out of the way, maybe your subconscious mind would like to relax and enjoy something nice? Maybe you would like to imagine yourself part of the action, in your own private world? Maybe you would like to share the sensations they're feeling? That's so easy. Give yourself permission to want that. All you have to do is let your subconscious mind follow a few more suggestions."

The Director says something to the men on the blankets. From the knotted limbs, hands reach out. I'm not sure whose are whose. One touches Connor's leg, strokes down the muscular thigh. Another finds the navy-blue drawstring at the fly of his shorts and pulls it slowly, sensually. The knot unwinds and falls open. Two other hands find Connor's shorts; they slip those shorts and the briefs underneath slowly down, down his thighs, down past his knees, past his calves, letting the shorts settle around his ankles. I can only see the head of Connor's cock from this angle, sticking straight out, hard, the shape and color of a ripe plum. I skirt around the tableau for a better angle.

"So easy to follow my suggestions," the Director is whispering into Connor's ear. "Lift your foot." Connor does, and the Director gives the men on the blankets an instruction. Their hands sweep down, untie and pull off Connor's shoe, slip his shorts and briefs off over that foot, then tug off his socklet. "Good," the Director says, and, "Now put your foot down and lift the other." Connor does. Another instruction to the men, and now Connor stands naked and hard beside the hay bales. The Director whispers into Connor's ear. I can see Connor's eyes twitching under their closed lids, as if he's dreaming.

The Director whispers, and Connor moans happily. The Director has his hand resting lightly on Connor's shoulder. Connor's body tips forward--does he fall or is he pushed?--and he topples over and is caught into the waiting arms of the three stars on the blanket.

I had considered Connor "straight but curious," like I said. Now I'm thinking, *Looks like I might have to revise the "curious" part after today.*

I move in. It's like filming a bucketful of tadpoles, the way they wriggle and squirm together. The Director instructs them past foreplay and into sex. Mouths find cocks. Fingers find assholes. I can't always tell whose arms or legs or asses or cocks are whose, but every mouth seems to have a hard cock in it. Every mouth including Connor's, when it swims into my viewfinder for a new seconds.

Damn! This is so hot my cock is about to burst. My rod has gone harder than I can remember. It feels white-hot, about to erupt if I touch it.

8.

And the Director says, "That's right. Just relax. Focus. It's so inevitable. Soon you too will fall inevitably into hypnosis."

And I pan the camera up, and through the viewfinder I see him looking right at me, with that little coin rolling between his fingers, like a magician who's about to make it disappear or something.

"Yes," he says firmly. "You listened to my induction too. You know how inevitable it is. Inevitable that maybe you found yourself relaxing too, starting to let go, let the hypnosis take over."

Now, I'm pretty sure I'm *not* hypnotized, but he keeps talking, and I keep filming.

Pretty soon, he tells me to walk over beside the hay bales, so I do. I'm pretty sure I'm not hypnotized, but if he's offering me a blowjob, I'm sure as hell willing.

So I head on over to the hay bales like he says. He tells something to Jared. Jared peels himself out of that Gordian knot of flesh. He pulls himself over to the edge in front of me. He may be deeply hypnotized--and I don't doubt for a second that he is--but I can tell he's really into me anyway. He looks pretty damn beautiful to me too, with that well-built body, that big, big dick, and that expression that's equal parts blank and lust. He reaches down and unfastens the straps of my sandals, and I step out of them--the right one first, then the left one. Except for my shorts, I'm as naked as they are--good thing I've never had a problem with showing off my body. He reaches up, and he unsnaps my cutoffs, and unzips them, and slides them down my muscular legs. I don't have on any underwear underneath them, so my dick springs out and nearly hits him in the eye.

His eye isn't exactly the body part I have in mind. The Director tells him to lick my cock, and he does. Pretty soon, I'm getting sucked, and I'm discovering that Jared is good, *really* good, at it. He has one hand reaching up to play with the hard muscles of my chest and nipples, his other hand reaching down to stroke himself, slow and easy. No hurry--just feeling good and enjoying it.

The Director is talking to the other guys, giving them instructions, but I'm not paying attention to that. I've got the camera aimed down at Jared's body, his face, that spot where my cock keeps disappearing and reappearing in it. The Director tells me he's going to take the camera off my tired, tired shoulder now, and I feel his hands on it, so I let him. He takes it, and my hand drifts down and settles on the back of Jared's head. I'm not hypnotized, but if all the Director wants me to do is stand there and get blown, I'm more than willing.

The Director has his pants open and he's jacking himself with one hand as he aims the camera with the other. He is telling the others to spread out. John has his cock up Tony's ass. They roll a little, and Tony, with

Connor's hand around his cock, is practically on display for the camera. That's a great shot the Director is getting. The Director says something else, and suddenly Tony is cumming: bucking, gasping, moaning, chest heaving, abs tight, cock shooting his spunk up everywhere, all over his chest.

Another changeover, and it's Connor in the spotlight, with one of John's hands feeding in under his ass like John has a finger up Connor's ass. Damn, Connor has a pretty cock--why haven't I ever tried to see it before? Tony moves in, tonguing Connor's balls, and Connor gasps and starts shooting his load without even touching his cock. He's cumming hard, like a convulsion, his cock spewing semen like a fire hose, his face twisted in pleasure.

Then it's John, jacking himself, kissing Tony, Connor kissing John's neck, while John reaches over to slip a finger in Jared's upturned ass. Most of John's body is turned now so the camera has a good view of him. He's beautiful enough to be in a museum, and the Director is panning the camera to capture every inch of him. John gives a strangled moan and a shudder. Then his cum is flying all over, all over Tony too.

When the Director gives the word, Jared starts to cum. He has been jacking himself off, with John's finger up his ass, and Jared has himself a nice, quiet orgasm, the kind that just flow over you, and you just start cumming and cumming, so sweetly, the kind that go on a while, coating his hand and belly.

I'm not hypnotized, but I'm close to climaxing. Jared moans as he cums, with my cock deep in his throat, as he starts to shoot, and that jolt tugs me over the edge. I quickly pull out of his mouth so the camera will have a good view, and I jack myself off. Three strokes, and I'm busting my nut all over Jared's face and chin and shoulder, and my orgasm is so intense--*holy fuck!--holy fuck!--*

9.

I wake up from a little nap. I'm sitting on the floor, off to one side, my back to the wall of that room in the barn. I have my shorts on again, but not my sandals or my shirt.

I've been sleeping there for a while because my body is a little stiff. It's cooler--the sun must have long since gone down. What time is it? I stretch and yawn. Connor sleeps alongside me, his head rolled partly onto my shoulder. I ease myself out from under him, and he stirs a little, shifting his body but not waking yet.

I stand up. I don't remember anything after cumming, but then I'm a guy and I've always loved a little nap after I shoot a load. Maybe I was hypnotized after all, but who can say?

Surprise number one: The Director is gone. Tony, John, Jared--all gone. No trace of them except for the rumpled blankets ... and Tony's puka-shell necklace, still lying where he discarded it when they stripped. Nothing else here but Connor, me, our equipment, and hay bales. Good thing the Director paid cash in advance.

I walk over to my camera. Camera Two is sitting on a bale. The side panel is open. Surprise number two: The tape is gone. So I check Camera One. It's open too, tape gone. I guess the Director took the tapes with him--maybe he decided he didn't want us to edit the footage together after all.

I admit, it was pretty hot. My body still feels relaxed and buzzed from that orgasm. Whether the hypnosis was real or not--who cares?--I wouldn't mind having that kind of scene happen again. Not at all.

I get my sandals on and turn off the bright lights we used to film. I stroll over to Connor. He looks so

peaceful sleeping there in just his shorts, with the drawstring fly still untied. Cute too--damn cute. I'm wondering if I'll need to revise the "straight" part of that "straight but curious" label now too.

As I look around, I shove my hands in the front pockets of my shorts--habit. Surprise number three: A piece of paper in my pocket. I pull it out, carefully unfold it. Someone's neat block handwriting announces "JARED" and a phone number.

That makes me smile. I'm still grinning as I stick out my foot and nudge Connor's muscular arm and say, "Wake up, sleepyhead. Let's pack up and call it a day."