

# The VIP Experience

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: Professional wrestlers and sensory link tech. What could possibly go wrong?

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 are offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how realistic it may appear, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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"You can't be serious right now. No fucking way." Milo took the wrestling shorts Diamond was handing him and stretched out the waistband. He held the trunks across his crotch, hip to hip, eyed the glossy, ultra-red spandex material skeptically. The material was far too vivid, far too shiny, made his eyes hurt. The garment was cut like the Speedos like swimmers wore but seemed even skimpier, if that was even possible; if he tried to pack his junk in the front of these briefs, every detail of his genitals would be outlined--*Absolutely no way!* "These are way too small--"

"They'll stretch."

"They'll be too tight. My cock and balls will be spilling out every time I move. And nobody wears stuff like this anymore."

"It's a classic look," Diamond dismissed with a shrug, "and it's what the sponsors asked for, so you're gonna wear it. Besides, got a good body on you, Milo. You should show it off more. You're just starting out--you gotta go out there and do whatever it takes to catch the fans' attention. Flex your pecs, show off your abs. You need to do something to catch the links, kid, and skin is always a booster."

Milo was a big man, impressively muscled, but he still had to tilt his head to look his trainer and manager in the eye. "The fans will see my junk in these. No way I'm wearing them."

Diamond smirked. "I've seen your junk, Milo. You should show that off more too; a little Visible Penis Line will give the crowd a thrill--could give your connection numbers a real boost. Trust me on that. You're just starting out. You need to do whatever you can to catch the crowd's eye."

"Ew. I don't need a bunch of pervs connecting up to ..."

"Shit, your first pro fight and you're already turning into a prima donna? No linkers means no commissions, and no commissions means your career goes nowhere. So what if somebody sees the outline of your big dick? You want to get paid, right? Gotta play the game to get the gain, Milo. You know that."

"But." Milo didn't want to be branded as difficult this early in his career. Difficult wrestlers didn't get booked for matches; wrestlers who didn't get booked for matches got evicted from their apartments for not being able to pay their rent. Milo liked having a roof over his head, so he shut his mouth.

"Have a seat on the bench," Diamond told him, "and hold still--I have to sync your implant to the Senso-Share network. Town's Podunk as hell, but some local-boy-made-good just paid a shit-ton of money so's they could put in a new system, one of those fancy enhanced ones. That's something, at least."

Milo sat on the bench as instructed. He considered the shiny red briefs again. Fabric this tight would cling to his cock and balls, rub across them as he wrestled; having his cock positioned to be seen would be one issue, but the possibility of friction raised a new worry. The locker room was nearly deserted, but Milo still looked around to make sure that he wouldn't be overheard. Lowering his voice, he said, "What if, during the match, I get ... excited, you know? I don't want the audience feeling, uh, *that* through the senso-feed."

"You worried about the fans catching on if you pop a hard-on?"

"Yeah. You know it happens," Milo muttered. He heard Diamond behind him, pressing buttons on the remote control. He felt the implant in the back of his neck, at the base of his skull, tingle as the local Senso-Share network connected. Milo continued: "Hell, the Internet is full of amateur wrestlers showing boners during a match. In these shorts and with a senso-feed ..."

Diamond's easy laugh echoed through the confined space, causing the few people in the locker room to look their way. "With what you got in those jeans, if you pop a boner you'll sure be giving the audience their money's worth. They'll connect by the dozens to feel what wrestling with a big dick like yours feels like."

Uncomfortably, Milo half-laughed too but only because that was the reaction he thought Diamond expected.

"Look," his trainer said low so only Milo would hear, "it's not like they're going to stop the match so you can stroke off a load or wait 'til it goes down. So what if you pop a boner? Don't worry about it." The connection in Milo's implant flickered, then steadied as Diamond made another adjustment. "There," Diamond said. "How's that coming through?"

In the lower-left corner of Milo's field of vision, the small Senso-Share display menu appeared, translucent white frame and letters. This was where he could track the number of connections, see their feedback ratings, figure out which showboat moves the crowd liked from the way the numbers went up or down. "Okay, it's coming through fine," he confirmed to Diamond. The connection went both ways: audience members connected to him would be able to experience the match from his point of view, see what he saw, feel what he felt, his muscles straining, the hits he gave and took. *Live the experience of your favorite celebrities and sports stars!* announced the Senso-Share marketing, and these days links were just a fact of life, even down in the lower end of the professional wrestling world. Milo knew he'd probably never rise above these regional

barnstorming matches, bringing the small-town masses the thrill of not just watching a pro wrestling match but actually being in the ring through the Senso-Share connection. Out here, the matches were a little rougher, less scripted, a little more *anything goes*, because no one in the sticks cared as much about all the rules and regulations that governed real matches in the big city, but he still needed to put on a good show to make money doing this, make his performances a good experience for those who linked up to share what he was feeling during them. Good experiences meant bookings for more matches, and more matches meant more money from connection tips. But surely what he shared should have some limits? And if he really did get a hard-on in those tight shorts?--He was glad this barnstorming match was being held at a civic center in the middle of nowhere. Maybe no one would record this match and no one in the wider world would ever see it.

But then a tiny menu appeared at the corner of eye, text too small to make out, except for a *Yes/No* toggle. This hadn't happened in any of the training sessions when Milo had patched into the archaic Senso-Share system at Diamond's gym. "Uh, it's asking for consent? Never seen that before."

"Oh"--Diamond's tone was dismissive--"that's because we're expecting some VIP bigshots tonight. It's all standard stuff saying if they want to give you requests for special moves they want to see, you'll try to work them in. Trust me--you'll make hella-good tips if you go along. Just a formality. Go ahead and tell it yes."

"Okay, if you say so." Diamond was in charge; if Milo didn't do what he said, Diamond could pull him from tonight's roster and Milo's pro wrestling career would be tits-up dead before his first match. He didn't have much choice, and anyway Diamond knew more about this kind of stuff. Milo moved his eye to flip the toggle to *Yes* and the consent menu disappeared. "Okay. Done."

An icon appeared on the menu: Diamond's connection. "Try it," the coach told him. Milo slapped himself firmly on his thigh. Diamond winced as the connection carried what Milo had felt into the trainer's brain, making him feel the slap as if it had happened to Diamond's thigh. "Ow. Comin' through loud and clear," Diamond confirmed. The icon disappeared as he disconnected. "Nearly forgot. Got something for you."

Milo watched Diamond reach down into the gym bag and pull out a pair of long white boots. "What are those for?" Milo asked.

"You're going to wear 'em tonight." Diamond deposited the footwear on the bench beside Milo; they would be at least knee-high. One tumbled off onto the concrete floor. Milo's jaw clenched. "What's wrong with the boots I usually wear?" Did Milo's voice sound whiny? Yes, he sounded whiny. But dammit, he'd planned to wear the gear he'd been practicing in: a dark-blue singlet--though Spandex too, the singlet covered more skin and seemed definitely more modest than the tiny trunks--and black kneepads, black mid-calf boots, and a blue-and-white spandex mask.

"Well, change of plans, kid. A couple of the big-spender VIPs want you in the red trunks. It's your first pro match, so you gotta be a jobber tonight."

Milo nodded; he and Diamond had discussed this, and Milo was going to be thrown around some, make his opponent look good, and then take a fall and lose the fight. The winner would advance in the standings, and then in a couple of months they'd have a rematch that Diamond would bill a revenge bout. Audiences loved revenge matches and the tips would be better. "If you're wearing your usual dark gear and black boots, the audience is gonna think you're a heel, and they won't be as interested later when we schedule your rematch. So you gotta wear the red trunks and the white boots so they'll know you're not the villain." The way Diamond explained all of this, as if the situation was perfectly obvious, made sense to Milo.

One of the other wrestlers called to Diamond, and the big trainer gave Milo an encouraging nod before walking away.

Milo gripped the edge of the changing bench where he sat. Diamond, one of the best managers in this area, trained wrestlers who wanted to turn pro, and Milo knew he was lucky the man agreed to coach him. Milo sighed and began to pull off his street clothes. What else could he do? Tonight was a small, independent promotion. Rocket City Pro Wrestling had set up the barnstorming gig at the civic center in some Podunk town where the Senso-Share rules weren't as strictly enforced. Hell, the local politicians probably didn't even know about the rules--they were probably just happy to have a couple hundred regional fans pouring in to spend their credits and pump up the local economy for a bit. Diamond had told him civic leaders in small towns never asked many questions. Milo hadn't asked many questions either. He'd wrestled--*real* wrestling--through high school and college. Now graduated, with a degree in computer engineering that wasn't exactly causing employers to line up and offer him a salary, not since artificial intelligences could do that sort of work faster and cheaper than any human, he'd decided to try stretching out his athletic career by going into pro wrestling. Pro wrestling wasn't the same as college wrestling, not at all, but maybe he could earn some credits. His rent needed to be paid and pronto!

He'd practiced for months, working a crappy part-time job, sleeping a minimum number of hours, and spending as much time as he could at Diamond's gym, working out and learning how to do the pro-wrestling moves, practice-sparring, the theatrical moves, learning to read the room and determine what the audience wanted to see based on Senso-Share connections. Tonight was his debut pro match--his first time actually performing in front of an audience, his make-or-break moment. After tonight he would actually be able to call himself a professional wrestler. True, he was only getting a whole fifteen credits for the match itself--getting pummeled for fifteen minutes by his friend Nate, but money was money--and he'd get tips from the audience and a commission from the number of Senso-Share connections; the whole purpose of the menu in the corner of his eye was to track the connections and get feedback comments so he could figure out what the audience wanted. The way Diamond explained it, about five percent of the audience would link in because they liked his looks and wanted to be him, feel what he felt; and twenty percent would join because they hated his opponent and wanted to feel what beating him up would feel like; and most of the rest would jump from one wrestler to the other based on whoever seemed to be winning, and Milo would get a small commission for each audience member who spent at least seventy percent of the match time connected to his feed.

So tonight Milo was the jobber hired to make his friend Nate look good by losing to him. And while Nate could get a little carried away and Milo had no doubts that he'd receive a few bruises for the pittance he'd be paid, at least he knew he could trust Nate not to break any bones. Not purposely, anyway. The audience would get a good show, and maybe Milo would make enough credits to keep himself from getting evicted. Plus, a good performance meant he'd get booked for more matches and be guaranteed a revenge rematch to redeem his loss in a few months. He'd make more money in the rematch.

Milo had to struggle into the skimpy trunks Diamond had given him. Damn, they were tight--and if the ass panel had slightly less coverage, the trunks might have been mistaken for a thong. He looked down. Even flaccid and pointed discreetly downward, his cock stood out through the stretchy bright material, which clung to and clearly outlined the tube of his dick-shaft. Good thing he was wrestling against Nate--while Nate was a great guy, Milo didn't find him sexually attractive at all. Wrestling could sometimes be a turn-on for Milo's unruly dick and it didn't need any further stimulation. Dammit, Milo didn't want to spunk a load of cum into his trunks right in the middle of the match!

Milo was finishing with lacing up his new boots when Diamond came back over and said, "Good look for you. Told you so."

Milo stood and step-tested the new boots. "I'd rather wear my black ones. These aren't broken in."

The big coach sat down wearily. "Already told you--you're a jobber tonight, not a heel. You gotta wear the white ones. And no mask either. I already told you that, right? Audience needs to see your face tonight."

"Okay, if you say so. I just don't want to look like some dork out there in these tiny shorts and boots."

"If anyone calls you a dork, you kick 'em square in the nuts. Just make sure your senso-feed is on first so your connections can feel what kicking an asshole in the nuts is like. Bet they'll really tip for that."

Milo smiled and glanced around the locker room. "Have you seen Nate? I want to talk over a few moves with him before our match."

Diamond didn't look Milo in the eye. "Ain't coming."

Milo paused, hoping he'd heard wrong or that Diamond was joking. "Uh, what?" he asked. "You mean my match is canceled? What the hell does my outfit matter if I'm not even going to wrestle?"

"Oh, you're still wrestling. Hell, we only got seven matches tonight. Can't afford to cancel one. You're gonna be wrestling Hampton Hildebrandt."

"Who the fuck is Hampton Hildebrandt? And where's Nate, anyway?" Milo could hear his own voice turning harder. He hated raising his voice to Diamond, but anger management had never been one of his best traits.

"Nate called this morning; he's got a stomach bug or something," Diamond said in a tone that made Milo think he might be lying or maybe just not telling the entire truth. "Hildebrandt is with the Maverick Wrestling Federation. He's a bit bigger than you, but he was coming to the show anyway. I needed someone fast, and he agreed to fill in."

"So you've known this all damn day and you only just now thought to tell me?" Milo felt like punching the nearest wall, but he was afraid he'd crack a bone against the cinderblock and the last thing he needed was a medical bill, so he kicked the bench instead. With Diamond's weight on it, the bench refused to shift even a tiny bit. All Milo accomplished was an unpleasant shockwave running up his shin.

"Hey," Diamond scolded, "don't scuff the damn boots. They're new. Can't have one of my guys going out there in scuffed boots like a damn hobo." He sighed. "Knew you'd blow your top. That's why I didn't say nothing earlier. Didn't want you stewing about it all damn day. Besides, you'll do great, no matter who you wrestle."

"But I don't know this guy! I've never practiced with him."

Diamond turned toward the locker room door, which was opening. He nodded at the young man coming in, duffel bag slung over his shoulder. "Here's your chance to get to know him. There's Hamp now."

Milo's eyebrows lifted in surprise because, wow, the man was gorgeous. Hildebrandt wasn't huge, but even with his shirt on, his body was perfectly proportioned. Many pro wrestlers were bulky and soft, built more like football linebackers used to barreling their way through an obstacle, but Hamp was built trim, like the efficiently muscled jocks Milo wrestled back in college. Milo could tell: Hamp Hildebrandt had a solid six-pack of abs and great pecs. The guy looked like he just stepped off the cover of a men's fitness magazine. Worse, he was exactly Milo's type. A couple of years older, golden skin, possibly some variety of Latino, dark hair worn short, dark brown eyes that sparkled like crystals even in the dim locker room lighting, a mouth that looked achingly kissable. His *I have a big dick* walk was confident, just a bit of swagger. Hamp Hildebrandt looked like Milo's ideal male made flesh.

Hamp spotted Diamond, grinned, and strode over to them. "Hey, Diamond. Hope I'm not late. This the guy I'm wrestling?" His glance fell on Milo. "You Milo? I'm Hamp. Nice to meet you."

Milo smiled weakly and firmly shook the offered hand, hoping no one would notice that his cock was now

stretching the thin material of his trunks nearly to a bursting point.

While Hamp started changing into his gear, Milo couldn't watch, not if he wanted his dick to stay in his trunks. He gave the excuse of being thirsty and went out to the hall. He hovered near the drinking fountain but didn't take a sip. He paced the hall, thinking about all the sadness in the world -starving children, lost puppies, anything to keep himself from imagining how Hamp Hildebrandt would look stripped down to get into his wrestling gear. Imagining would lead to disaster. Biting his lip, Milo looked down. Okay, distracting himself seemed to be working; he was still showing a thick tube outline in his trunks, but at least his cock wasn't tenting out the front. For the first time in his life Milo wished his dick wasn't so damn big. No one in the audience would be watching the wrestling--they'd all be focused on Milo's obvious boner. With his lousy luck, all the connections would go to Hamp, so the audience would see Milo's boner in point-of-view closeup through Hamp's senso-feed.

The audience. Maybe there wouldn't be much of a crowd. Milo had attended a few of these small barnstormer shows before, and sometimes independent shows like this one had a meager smattering of fans in attendance. Nothing to worry about. Then he remembered what Diamond had said about VIPs. Offend one of them, and they could get him blacklisted!

"Fuck!" Milo kicked the wall.

"You're not planning to kick me like that during the match, I hope?" came a voice behind him.

Milo turned. Hamp Hildebrandt was wearing an ancient leather vest, black, open down the front, chest bare underneath; his chest had been recently shaven, the skin looking slick as porcelain, down to the black trunks as skimpy as Milo's, where just the barest line of trimmed pubes dusted the skin along the edge of the waistband. Black knee pads, and tall black boots with a silver skull and crossbones emblazoned on them, in case the audience needed a reminder that Hamp was the bad guy of this match.

Milo bit his lip again to ensure that he wouldn't drool. "Just having a bad night," he said, knowing the excuse sounded lame.

Hamp smiled. *Stop doing that*, Milo silently ordered him; Milo had no defense against that smile.

Hamp said, "We better go over some moves, get an idea of how we'll work together. You a mat guy or a high-flyer?"

"High-flyer," Milo replied. His voice sounded too tight, so he cleared his throat and repeated the words more confidently. "I'm a high-flyer."

"Cool. Mat guy, myself. You can keep on trying leaps off the ropes and I'll catch you and pound you over my knee or something. I think you should come out dominating for the first few minutes and then I'll kick you in the balls to turn the tide. The fans will love that. Then ..."

Milo thought Hamp had trailed off, but he soon realized the man was still talking. Milo had just gotten lost in those crystalline eyes, their color too dark to be called amber but too light to be called chocolate. Fuck, they were amazing. And those shoulders. Hamp had a Marine Corps globe and anchor tattooed on his exposed left bicep. The globe curved nicely with the muscle. Milo imagined that when Hamp flexed, the center of the globe popped right up into your face.

Shit, no way was this going to work! He couldn't get into the ring with this stud. No fucking way! Hell, they were just going over moves and Milo already had a fucking skyscraper in his trunks.

*Starving kids. People being mean to kittens*, Milo thought. Not working. Concentrate harder. *People being*

*mean to puppies.*

"Uh, what?" Hamp asked.

Milo realized he'd spoken aloud and stammered, "I--uh--I was agreeing with you. Sounds good."

"Oh. I thought you said something about puppies?"

"Nope. No, I was just agreeing with you," Milo said, knowing he was blushing. Since when did professional wrestlers blush? He pretended that he had an itch on the side of his face that needed scratching, hoping to disguise the redness. He stamped his foot rapidly on the floor. "Just saying these puppies can't wait to get started."

Hamp didn't look convinced but let it pass. "So we're cool on the finish? Torture rack?"

Had they gone over the finish? They must have, and Milo must have agreed to it, although he hadn't really been aware of what he'd agreed to. Slung over Hamp's shoulders with his arms and legs dangling in front of an audience?--Milo knew the move would just focus attention to his boner-filled trunks. He could already hear peals of laughter in his head. *Daddy, what's that in his shorts* some little kid in the audience would shout.

"Sure," Milo said, not knowing why he said it.

"Great!" Hamp slapped him on the back. "I saw some guys I've worked with before in the locker room, so I'm going to go catch up with them. See ya later, okay?"

"Sure," Milo repeated.

He could see only two options. Either he could feign sickness and cancel his match, or he somehow had to ensure he remained boner-free. Sure, he could claim he'd come down with whatever stomach bug had sidelined his original opponent Nate, but a cancelled match meant no credits to pay his rent--plus Diamond would be *pissed*! No, the only option was to wear out his cock before he climbed into the ring with Hamp, and the only reliable way to do that was to have one hell of a jack-off and empty his balls. But where?

The locker room was out, for obvious reasons. There was a separate shower area, but the entry was wide open and anyone walking about the locker room could easily look in. Milo therefore headed for the men's restroom. He had no way to lock the doors, of course, but at least he could hide in a stall and have some degree of privacy, as long as he refrained from moaning ...

Milo froze in the middle of the restroom. The stalls had no doors!

Fuck it all! He was standing in a backwoods civic center. They obviously removed the doors to discourage local teenagers from sneaking in here to do drugs, or jack into illegal porn sites, or jack off like Milo intended to do. Still, no one was in the restroom. If he picked the stall the farthest away from the doors, maybe he would be safe. At least he'd have time to put his pole away if someone came in.

Milo rubbed at his trunks as he quickly walked to the farthest stall. He was uncomfortably aware that his boots were sticking slightly to the floor as he strode along, and he wondered how much dried piss probably coated the tiles. *Fuck it*, he thought. *I gotta get off and keep my dick out of commission for the next couple of hours.*

Just as Milo stepped into the farthest stall, Diamond opened the restroom door and stuck his head inside. "There you are!" the big man declared when he spotted Milo. "Been looking for you. You and Hamp are

going on first, so get warmed-up and ready. Show gets underway in a couple of minutes."

So no time to jack off, damn it. Milo shook his head in frustration, thinking *Fuck my luck!*

Milo followed Diamond toward the fight area. Behind the partition that had been set up near the wrestling ring in the civic center auditorium, to keep the wrestlers out of sight until time for them to make their grand entrances, Milo tried deep breaths, did a few stretches, and then jogged in place. Nothing seemed to work. Whenever the vision of Hamp Hildebrandt popped into his mind, Milo's dick responded with enthusiastic swelling.

The Master of Ceremonies was out there working up the crowd. Milo couldn't see how many people were in attendance but the crowd sounded fairly substantial. He knew from peeking earlier that dozens of chairs had been set around the ring, in addition to the usual auditorium bleachers. Shit. If he was going to make a fool of himself in public, why couldn't it be a small crowd of old people nearly too blind to see his boner?

Diamond appeared beside him. "Ready?"

*Hell, no!--But my rent ...* "I guess."

"Let's do this." Diamond's big hand slapped him on the back and the coach snickered, as if Milo's lack of enthusiasm was meant to be a joke. "You'll do great. Trust me. Hildebrandt knows what he's doing out there. Just watch for his signals."

Before Milo could answer, the theme music suddenly blasted and the M.C. bellowed his name through the loudspeakers. "You're on," Diamond said, smacking Milo on his barely covered butt.

Trotting to the ring, Milo tried to grin and look ferocious as he scanned the crowd. Shit, shit, shit! This was worse than he had anticipated--this far from the city, these were all strangers, but suddenly everyone seemed to look like someone he knew. This couple reminded him of his parents. That crew of rowdy teens looked buddies from his college fraternity days cheering him on. And that guy over there was almost the twin of his old math professor.

So far, though, the nervous first-time trip through the crowd to the ring had quelled his dick into behaving. The shorts were still too tight, still far too skimpy, but at least his prick had gotten distracted and wasn't tenting them or trying to pole-vault free.

Milo slid over the top rope and landed neatly, bouncing on his toes. The larger-than-he-expected crowd screamed and shouted, cheering him on. Under the too-bright, too-bluish spotlight that lit the ring, Milo strutted around the perimeter of the ropes, arms raised, roaring back at the crowd, enjoying their adulation in spite of his dread. Connections started coming through the Senso-Share link, feeding on his feeling of elation and nervous adrenaline. He bit his lip as the announcer hollered out his vital statistics. So far all the connections were light-blue icons, standard audience members. Then, just as the M.C. finished Milo's introduction, a bright-red icon appeared, then another. VIPs!--Two of them!--Connected to him! One flicked out, as if just testing the connection quality, but the other remained.

Then the loudspeakers blasted out new music--too loud, too distorted through civic center's overloaded sound system for Milo to identify the recognize the song--something dramatic, obviously Hamp' entrance theme.

Milo's brain said, *Don't look at him. Don't fucking look at him!* But of course his eyes looked anyway.

In a skintight black-and-silver skull mask that matched the silver skulls on his boots, Hamp swaggered in as though he owned the place, looking hot as hell. The audience of course picked up immediately on his villain role, but Hamp appeared to bask in the boos and catcalls coming from the crowd. He slid through the ropes



and into the ring, and rolled to his feet, giving the audience the bird-finger with both hands. The jeers increased to a deafening volume.

As Hamp shed his leather vest and cast it outside the ropes, Milo was too busy looking at Hamp's magnificent chest and, aside from noticing one red VIP icon, he barely registered the icons flickering in the little Senso-Share display menu at the corner of his vision, as the audience picked sides and connected. He barely heard the bell ring.

They started the match slowly, as they'd planned, and Milo controlled himself fairly well. Every time he started to gain an advantage, Hamp would either look to the referee for help or slide out of the ring to gain time and catch a breath. The crowd booed every time Hamp paused the action. Connections came and went, depending on who seemed to have control of the match at the moment, but Milo knew to expect that, paid only a little attention to the numbers. At one point, a second red VIP icon joined the first, but it soon left. The first red VIP stayed steady, and Milo began to hope for a nice tip at the end of the match.

As the match went on, Milo managed to focus his mind and shut out everything except the match, as he concentrated on Hamp as just another wrestler--not the hottest wrestler Milo had ever seen, just an opponent. Milo would scoop Hamp into his arms and body-slam him to the mat, but Hamp was just an opponent.

The match started going to hell when the first VIP "suggestion" came in, a tiny block of red text under the icon, and Milo seemed to hear the text whispered in the back of his mind, almost too faintly to make out. *Clothesline*. Hamp was coming off the ropes and starting a charge, and Milo could do that, had been planning to do it anyway. Milo stepped to one side a bit, brought up his arm and caught Hamp in the upper chest. Hamp's momentum did the rest and he drop-flopped to the mat on his back. With his opponent lying prone on the canvas, Milo brought his boot down toward Hamp's clavicle--*stomp!*--but Hamp had rolled aside. Milo's boot barely connected with Hamp's back, though of course Hamp reacted as if he'd just been pounded, putting on a good show for his connections. Hamp was trying to arch himself up off the canvas, his perfect ass butt arched up into Milo's vision. From Milo's vantage point, Hamp looked as though he was preparing to be butt-fucked.

Milo's cock immediately went into full-boner mode.

To make up for his miss, Milo stomped again. Distracted by that ass, this time he put a little too much force behind the move and Hamp's agonized writhing probably had some truth to it. Hamp's connections were sure getting their money's worth.

They'd discussed a shot to the balls as the signal to turn the tide, so Milo knew the time had come when Hamp got in a cheap hit, kicking Milo in the balls. *Too easy a target*, Milo thought as he groaned in pain and rolled to the mat. *Just aim directly under the big hard-on*. But the kick made a good excuse to clutch his spandex-stretching groin and quickly rearrange his junk before anything escaped the trunks. He slid his hard cock sideways; it would still be visible, but it wouldn't be jutting straight out.

Milo took hit after hit now that the tide of the match had turned. Connections came and went, mostly fewer than before, since now Milo was obviously losing. Most connections followed whoever was winning, even if he was the heel. Hamp slammed boots, knees, elbows, and fists into Milo's face and midsection, generally pounded the hell out of him, got him into crowd-pleaser holds like Boston crabs and camel clutches and two stomps to his stomach that led into a scorpion death lock. Hamp definitely knew his stuff. The kicks and punches were stiff enough to look real and cause a little pain for the senso-feeds without doing any real physical damage. Milo barely noticed the abuse his body was taking, however. He was too worried about whether his relentless hard-on was showing.

Finally the referee gave them the almost imperceptible nod that told them to wrap up the match. Hamp

smacked a boot into Milo's back, knocking him into the ropes; on the rebound Hamp spun Milo around and hoisted him over his shoulders for the finishing torture rack move they'd agreed on. Milo writhed and groaned as his body was stretched across Hamp's shoulders. This was a move Milo usually enjoyed being in--but this time he knew his crotch-up position had to be displaying a massive bulge in his trunks. No way the audience could miss it! Hamp positioned his hand right over Milo's crotch and--Milo couldn't believe this was happening--was actually cupping and *fondling* Milo's aching balls through the vivid trunks. Hamp dropped him into a body slam, and Milo screamed out his submission so loudly that he surely must have hurt the eardrums of everyone connected to Hamp.

Then the referee was shouting and signaling for Hamp and Milo to move away from each other. Milo quickly rolled over onto his stomach. He allowed himself a quick look. Yep, the situation was bad. His trunks even showed a thumbnail-sized wet area where his pre-cum had oozed through. Why had he listened to Diamond?--If Milo had worn his usual dark-blue singlet, that spot of pre-spunk would have been barely visible. At least the shiny fabric helped disguise the shine of his wet pre-cum under the hyper-bright spotlight.

Milo accepted the referee's help to get to his feet as Hamp triumphantly strutted around the ring, arms up in victory, chest puffed out, roaring back at the crowd, half of them cheering and half booing because the villain won. Hamp had yanked off his black-and-silver skull mask, and his expression blazed with victory too. Hamp pulled back his arm and flung his mask into the crowd, which cheered louder still. Milo wondered if Hamp did that after every match, if he bought his masks by the gross?--Masks cost money, and throwing one away after every match could get expensive. Maybe Hamp made enough on commissions to afford that little extravagance?

Hamp paused, as if getting a signal Milo hadn't seen or heard. The victorious wrestler stood still a moment, then quickly exited the ring. That seemed odd to Milo. Hamp had won and was leaving before he soaked up every moment of the crowd's adulation? Well, whatever. The crowd seemed to be quieting down a little, already hungry for the next match. Milo listened carefully to see if he could detect any laughter. He couldn't--maybe no one had noticed his erection or wet spot? Still, he got out of the ring a little too quickly for someone who supposedly just had the shit beat out of him. Hands slapped his back as he made his way, head down in "defeat," toward the entrance barrier. No one pointed at his crotch or jeered, and finally his cock was starting to deflate. Maybe no one had noticed?--Or they simply didn't give a fuck because he was the loser?

Once behind the partition, Milo stopped acting like a beaten dog and picked up his pace. All the senso-feed icons had disconnected from the display in the corner of his eye--well, of course they had, already moving on to the new match that the M.C. was already halfway through announcing. No one cared about him now that his match was done. Yeah, he'd change into his street clothes, then sneak back into the auditorium to watch the rest of the fights, pick up on some pointers while he waited to learn if he'd made any commissions tonight. *Not "if,"* he scolded himself, *but "how much."* *Be positive!* He strode down the hall toward the locker room.

A bit of text in VIP red under the connection menu caught his eye, and he paused to read it.

*Private session request received--*

*Pre-consent noted--*

*Select option--*

What the fuck did that mean? His match was over. Why was some VIP wanting a connection *now*? And what was a private session and pre-consent?--Must have been covered in the terms Diamond had told him to click through earlier. And the two option buttons didn't make any sense.

*Normal mode:*

*Consciousness: Enabled*

*Memories: Enabled*

*Sleep mode:*

*Consciousness: Suppressed*

*Memories: Suppressed*

*Response required*

5

4

Suppressed or enabled?--Milo didn't know what those meant, but he didn't like the idea of anything being suppressed. The display pulsed, demanding a response.

3

2

Apparently he needed to pick a mode soon, but which?

1

The counter ran out.

*Normal mode engaged.*

Milo's body jerked and he felt himself gasp as some new kind of connection happened. A euphoric haze spread through his thoughts, making everything seem cloudy and distant, as though he was watching the world on a slightly blurry video screen while buzzed on a mild intoxicant. At the same time, his body felt like a separate thing, seemed to feel everything almost too intensely: The stiffness of his new boots, the tightness of his trunks on his cock, balls and ass, the air moving over his bare back, chest, and nipples. *What the fuck?*

Then: *Walk*. A voice in the back of his mind spoke so quietly Milo wasn't sure he'd heard something. The voice seemed like a coach's--not just Diamond's but every coach Milo had ever had, rolled into one, an authority he was compelled to obey.

His body was walking on its own now, past the locker room door, going further down the hall. He couldn't stop himself, or turn around, or move any part of his body--or maybe he was too hazy to really try that hard? Whatever was happening, he somehow found that he didn't really mind, especially not if he felt like this.

His body walked until he saw a door. Someone had taped up a handwritten sign:

*Private Session Room*

*Do not enter*

He stopped in front of it, opened it, and entered.

The mostly empty room had been repurposed with practice mats on the floor: one stack of three here, another there. No pro wrestling ropes to make ring, but to Milo real wrestling needed only mats anyway. And there he found Hamp, standing just a little stiffer and straighter than before, still in his gear from the match, as if waiting for him.

"Hey, dude," Hamp said as the door shut behind Milo. "I was hoping it was going to be you. You awake in

there?"

"Urr," Milo groaned, a little too woozy to form words.

"Good. I like it when the other guy's awake and not sleepwalking through it. You know what's gonna happen, right?"

Mats ... An opponent ... A private rematch? Milo answered with an agreeable moan.

"Good. Your first pro match, right? Getting picked for a private VIP session's really good. Diamond didn't mention ...? Of course he didn't--that bastard probably didn't think you'd catch a private session after your first time in the ring. Don't worry; I've done this several times. Relax and let them drive. You just enjoy the ride. They're driving me too. I'll try to make sure it's good for you, if they let me. If you don't like something, just say so--they can hear you, so maybe they'll listen, but no promises--some VIPs do, and some don't."

"I ..." Milo stopped, realizing he had no idea what to say. Apparently he'd already committed to this and whatever was going on with his mind and body gave him no choice but to ride the situation out to its end. "Okay."

*Sit*--something like a quiet voice in the back of his head. Milo found himself compelled to sit down on the edge of a stack of mats. His hands moved as if on their own, began working the laces of his new boots. A few feet away, in profile, Hamp was pushing down his wrestling trunks. *What the fuck?* Were they supposed to wrestle in the nude or something? The side view of Hamp's now-bare ass cheek had Milo's frustrated cock responding and thickening again. Wrestling bare-ass with a hard-on would be awkward and maybe even painful. Milo knew he should feel something else--shame, maybe?--but he was too high on this ecstatic feeling pumping through his thoughts to worry about embarrassment right then.

Hamp stood naked except for his knee pads and boots, respectable six-and-a-half-inch cock erect and standing out at a forty-five-degree angle from his groin. Hamp's exposed body was glorious, something out of a museum. Milo, first damn knee-high boot off, was working on his second; once his last boot and both kneepads were off, Milo felt himself compelled to stand--feet shoulder-width apart, spine erect, eyes aimed into the distance, hands clasped behind his head, displaying himself to Hamp, not caring that his erection was front and center in his skintight trunks. No, not displaying himself just to Hamp, but to whoever was driving Hamp. Did the VIPs like what they was seeing?

"I think they want me to help you with that," Hamp said with a sly smirk as he closed in, thumbs hooking under the waistband of Milo's insufficient trunks and peeling the garment down. Hamp knelt and Milo's seven inches of meat, suddenly freed, boinged up at Hamp's face, as if wanting to poke into his mouth while the man took the trunks to Milo's ankles. Milo stepped free of them. Hamp stood. His eyes raked up and down Milo's naked body, pausing briefly on his erect cock, and Hamp's expression looked wolfish and hungry. "Damn! I'm sure gonna enjoy busting your private session cherry!"

Hamp looked distracted for a moment. His body shuddered. He walked to one pile of mats and sat down on it, reached his hand awkwardly toward Milo. He whispered, "Come here, you hot fucker."

*Go.* Milo had no choice except to shuffle toward Hamp. The other wrestler grabbed Milo's wrist and pulled him down onto the mats. Before he could react, Hamp kissed him hard, shoving his tongue into Milo's mouth. *Kiss* Milo allowed himself to relax and let his tongue curl with Hamp's. Without breaking their mouth action, Hamp pushed Milo prone on the mats; Hamp's hands began exploring Milo's torso, kneading muscles and stroking nipples. Hamp finally broke off the kiss with a moan.

"I ... I'm usually a top, but they want you to fuck me. Do you wanna fuck me?" he whispered.

Milo listened and thought he heard *Fuck*, exactly what he wanted to hear; he almost laughed and then moaned his agreement.

Hamp grinned. "Figured you'd say that." From alongside the mats, he pulled up a small plastic bottle of lube. "They had everything ready for us, hot stuff."

Milo couldn't argue. He and Hamp kissed again, their hands pushing and grabbing until they were practically wrestling, or as close to wrestling as they could get with Milo lying down and Hamp hovering over him. Hamp's right hand suddenly slipped down Milo's stomach and Milo thought he was going to cum right then, just from Hamp's first stroke of his cock.

Luckily he managed not to. The kiss seemed to go on forever, but finally Hamp, grinning, broke away. "Can you lube up, stud?" The grin widened. "Or do you want me to do it for you?"

"I've--," Milo started, surprised he could speak this time. He tested his arms, and they seemed to move just fine. "I've got it," he said. After a pause, since apparently the orders weren't instantaneous, his hand reached out to take the bottle from Hamp. Milo knew he was ready to burst, and the slightest touch from Hamp might cause him to shoot. He thought, *Yeah, better do this myself.*

Hamp turned and clumsily bent over the mat-stack on his elbows and knees, perfect round butt aimed directly at Milo. Milo wanted to grip the hemispheres, squeeze and spread them, kiss and lick them, nip them with his teeth. But he couldn't--hadn't been told to move like that. Apparently he could embellish his orders when told to move but couldn't initiate something different. Which fucking sucked right then.

His VIP pilot seemed eager to advance to the main event. After Milo's hands lubed his erection with fast efficiency, his body knee-climbed onto the mat behind Hamp, between the man's calves. No preliminaries, no foreplay. Milo positioned his cock-head at Hamp's entrance and he shoved the glans inside Hamp's hole quickly, causing the hands-and-knees wrestler to jolt forward and bellow.

"Fuck!" Hamp swore as he recovered, two inches of Milo's cock stuck in his hole. "Take it easy back there, will ya? I'm usually in the driver's seat, don't get fucked all that often."

"Sorr--ree," Milo managed. How was Hamp so chatty when Milo had to concentrate to make even a word? The other wrestler must have had a lot more experience with these private sessions? *Worry about that later*, he told himself, because his body was already sliding his cock forward under orders to try again, pressing maybe a little too hard, until his public hair finally nuzzled Hamp's ass-cheeks. Hamp stayed tense throughout the entry--perhaps some muscles worked involuntarily and the Senso-Share couldn't override them?--and then once Milo's entry bottomed out, Hamp slowly relaxed. Milo's chest ached from trying to hold his breath, staying still until Hamp got used to the penetration, but if he let himself go like the urge itching at the back of his head demanded, he knew his body would plow his overheated cock in and out of Hamp too fast and their sex would come to an end far too soon.

"I think you're supposed to fuck me now," Hamp whispered. "Aren't they telling you to fuck me? Give me that cock, you bastard. Don't keep me waiting."

Milo's VIP pilot seemed to agree with that plan. Milo watched as his hands grabbed Hamp's hips and held them as his own hips began bucking, driving his hard dick-pole into and out of Hamp's ass. He forgot about his embarrassment before and during the match. He forgot about his erection showing in the front of his trucks throughout the match for the whole audience to see. Milo's world narrowed to his rigid cock moving in and out of that butt, the hot stud still wearing his wrestling boots, bent over in front of Milo and rocking from the force of Milo's meat fucking-fucking-fucking his ass. Milo vaguely hoped his VIP was enjoying the sensations just as much through the share feed, but ultimately he wanted his own pleasure too much right

then to worry about his VIP's experience.

Hamp arched his butt to meet Milo's strokes, and he let out a low moan. "Fuck," Hamp muttered, "that feels so good. Gonna make a ton of commissions from your dick in my ass, new guy. Fuck me harder!"

That seemed to suit his VIP pilot, and Milo's body did so, rougher, faster than Milo would have liked, his orgasm zooming in brighter and faster too. "Urrk!" he heard himself choke as Hamp's asshole snapped around his cock-shaft, and then Milo's mouth dropped open and his mind turned white with pleasure as his body began to shoot his load and his too-intense orgasm tore through him. He heard someone bellow and realized the voice was his own.

Hamp was grunting loudly, pumping his own dick, muscles working hard, ready to shoot. His body bucked. Milo couldn't see the man's cock, but he was able to see the ropes of cum that hit the mat beneath them.

When he could finally breathe, Milo felt his body slowly pull back, his softening cock sliding out of that tight ass, and he rolled onto the mat, onto his back. Hamp laughed and stretched out alongside him, stroking his hand over Milo's chest, teasing a sensitive nipple. Of Hamp's own volition?--Right then Milo didn't care.

Milo, finding he could move again without a whispering voice in the back of his head telling him what to do, reached out to touch Hamp's chest. Whatever hold on him had been released--the red VIP icon had disappeared from his connections list. The private session must have ended.

"Best way to finish off a match," Hamp sighed in satisfaction. "You did good out there in the ring--in the private session too. Got a good dick on you, and you sure know how to use it." He reached down and cupped Milo's balls and murmured, "Wouldn't mind going another round, if you're up for it." Hamp appeared to get distracted. "Looks like payment's coming through. A little under three thousand credits. Not bad for being the heel. How much did you make?"

Milo checked the Senso-Share menu in the corner of his eye. "Twenty-one hundred," he read out. No, that couldn't be right--that was nearly two months' rent! How much did he get paid for a private session anyway?

"Not bad for your first time. You'll make more when you kick my ass in the rematch in a couple of months. The fans always tip more when the promoters build it up as a big redemption arc, especially when the good guy--that's you--wins in the end, like good guys always do."

Milo sat up. Talking about their earnings had spoiled his mood, and now he was feeling suddenly vulnerable, more concerned about being naked in a room where anyone could walk in any minute. He groped the floor for his trunks, found them.

"Goin' somewhere?" Hamp asked, his voice still sex-rough.

The door opened, and Milo snapped his head up.

In walked two men, the wrestler who called himself The Oklahoma Earthquake and another, Steve "The Stunner" Williams. Milo, jaw dropping in shock, clutched his trunks to his bare crotch.

"Hey, guys," Hamp greeted them, as if being caught bare-ass naked, covered with lube and drying spunk, was a casual thing.

The two new entrants paid no attention to Milo or Hamp. They shuffle-walked to the other pile of mats.

"That's what sleep mode looks like, in case you're wondering," Hamp snickered, grinning at the other wrestlers. Earthquake dropped his trademark cowboy hat, slowly peeled off his fringed faux-buckskin vest,

exposing his thick-muscled shaved chest. Williams, long blond hair and burly chest still dripping with sweat from their match, stiffly pushed down his ankle-length tights, exposing a nice butt. "Knocks your mind out and whoever's connected moves you around. Like fucking a mannequin, I tell you. But I guess some VIPs like it--a lot of them insist on it, don't give you any other options."

Earthquake and Williams were naked except for their boots now, cocks hard with anticipation, crawling up onto the second set of mats. Kissing. Hands on the other's chest. Earthquake wasn't Milo's type, but he fantasized for a moment about having some fun with Williams.

"I'm gonna go--we should give them some privacy," Milo muttered, wriggling into his tiny trunks.

"What?--And miss the show? When their session ends, they won't even remember we were here."

The door opened and Milo exclaimed "*Diamond?*" as his manager walked in. *Fuck!* Milo was a grown-ass adult but he still felt humiliated, like a kid caught jacking-off by his dad.

Except Diamond's gaze didn't seem to register Milo at all, as blank as Earthquake and Williams. Diamond did private sessions too? Shit, Milo wondered how much some VIP had paid to get his manager to agree to that?

Diamond began to strip, revealing his body in quick stages, long thick cock a darker black than the rest of his skin except for the brown-pink helmet at the end. He climbed onto the mats where Earthquake and Williams were stretched out and starting to suck each other.

"Hey, looks like I got another request coming in for a private session. Sure you don't want to stick around?"

Milo backpedaled rapidly toward the door. "No, I think I'm gonna get a shower and ..."

Well, no need to finish making an excuse: Hamp's expression had already gone blank--sleep mode for him too, apparently--and his dick beginning to stiffen again, and he was sleepwalking to join the other three on their mats.

Milo recovered enough from the initial surprise to be tempted to go over there and make their session a five-way. Would he get a commission if he joined in of his own will?--Or would that be a freebie? By now he would feel foolish going back and joining in, so he decided he'd best head the locker room and the showers.

But first he couldn't resist spying on them for another few seconds as he opened the door. He'd wrestle against Hamp again in a couple of months--Diamond and Hamp both had said so--a redemption arc to build his career momentum, get his name and image out there for the fans. He'd feel that perfect body pressed to his in the ring again, and maybe he could sweet-talk Hamp into a little private session all to themselves afterward, no VIPs and no fans senso-linked in. Milo's cock began to stiffen as he watched Hamp's cock disappear into Earthquake's mouth while Diamond fingered lube into Williams' butthole. Milo rubbed his erection through his tight trucks as he closed his eyes and imagined his next time in the ring with Hamp. Milo moaned, maybe louder than he meant.

He opened his eyes to find slack-expressed Hamp looking at him, Diamond and the others too. "Uh, sorry, guys. I was just leaving."

As Milo backpedaled for the door, a red VIP icon lit up in his Senso-Share panel.

*Private session request received--*

*Pre-consent noted--*

*Sleep mode mandatory*

*Consciousness: Suppressed*

*Memories: Suppressed*

Milo had just enough time to read *Sleep mode engaged* before the world faded away.

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