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Photo Shoot

by **Wrestlr**

I'm a photographer. That's what I do for a living, but it's only part of the story. You see, there's a reason why I always get the best from my models.

As far as models are concerned, I work with men. Almost exclusively. No women, no children, and no skinny little adolescent punk boys. Take, for example, Donny.

I do a lot of commissions for the local gym. Strictly small-time stuff, but in return they give me free membership, and it's a great place to find new models. When it comes time for me to shoot advertising work for the gym, the manager always asks me to work with Donny. He's one of their other members--he's not a professional model, but he ought to be. He's been working out there a while, and he's got the body to prove it. He's not an over-muscled bodybuilder. He's chiseled himself a beautiful body with perfect balance and form. He's an advertiser's walking wet dream, and the best part is he doesn't seem to realize it. Oh, he's really flattered each time the gym asks him to model for their promotional materials, but the real reason he does it is because the gym gives him two months' free membership each time.

Donny and I have worked together several times now. We've built--well, let's call it a rapport for now, okay? You'll understand more about it soon.

One of the major reasons I get the best from my models isn't because they're good models, though usually they are. Nor is it because I'm a great photographer, which I am. It's because of something extra I use to help my models open up and feel comfortable. Something I use to help them forget about any self-consciousness or limits, and to feel good about giving me what I want.

Donny came over to my studio precisely on time. That's one of the qualities I like about him--he never keeps me waiting. My studio is one big room, with a corner curtained off for changing, if the model is shy at first. I had a white backdrop hung against one wall, my lights and cameras all set up. I was ready for him.

Donny disappeared behind the curtain with his gym bag and changed into his workout duds as I busied myself with a few final touches to the equipment. When he emerged just a couple of minutes later, looking a little shy and modest, I was all set to go.

He looked good. Mid-twenties. Hazel eyes and medium brown hair. He'd gotten a fresh haircut, which framed his handsome face very nicely. He'd obviously been to the gym that day and pumped himself up. He looked

fine. The gym tee-shirt and gray sweat shorts the gym had requested fit him like a second skin. Donny can be very shy sometimes, and quiet. In spite of his beauty, I think he has a few self-confidence issues. My job, as a photographer, is to help him overcome those issues during the shoot. "Stand over here," I told him, pointing. He stood where I directed him, and I took a few light level readings. As we discussed what I wanted to get from this shoot, I snapped a few initial photos, not worrying about form or composition, just to help him get used to the camera.

"Okay, Donny, let's get started," I said, moving back. Most of the lights, with their diffuser umbrellas were on solid--no flashes to make him blink. Only one of the lights, smaller and dimmer than the others because its purpose was not to light the set, was a strobe. It pulsed quickly, at a very precise frequency, ten times a second. Donny wouldn't consciously remember that little strobe--indeed, he probably didn't remember much about our sessions at all--but he had seen it before.

I directed his attention to it. "Donny, for these first shots, I want you to look at that light over there, the one that's flashing. See it?"

"Yeah. Okay."

"Just focus on it for a moment while I get some preliminary shots, okay?"

"Sure."

I moved around the set a little, staying a bit in the background, snapping off a few shots. These would be good, but not as good as what I would be getting soon. My voice was low and soothing: "That's good, Donny. Just keep your eyes right there on that light. It's a special light, different from the others. It has something special in it. Can you see it?"

"Uh, no. What's so special about it?"

"Don't say a word, Donny. Just keep looking directly into it ... That's it. If you look closer, you can see what the difference is. Just keep your eyes on the light, Donny." I was standing off to the side, not taking pictures right then--I had to pay attention to the matter at hand. "That's it, Donny. Keep looking into the light. Focus all of your attention on it. You can see what makes it special if you focus hard enough."

One of the reasons I liked working with Donny so much had little to do with his attractiveness. It was because he was so receptive, always a very good subject.

"Keep your attention focused on that light, Donny. See how it flickers? Look deeper into it, Donny. Deeper. Deeper. You can do it. Deeper. That's it."

I moved in a little close, my voice low and smooth, soothing.

"Good, Donny. Keep looking deeply into the light. By now, your eyes may be starting to feel tired. That's okay. Your eyes are tired but I want you to keep looking into the light as long as you can, understand?"

His voice was soft, hesitant, far away. "... yes ..."

"Good man. Just keep looking into the light as long as you can, Donny. Your eyes are tired. Your whole body is tired, so very tired. Your eyelids are heavy, so heavy, but I want you to keep them open as long as you can."

His eyelids started to droop, and he hauled them open with an effort.

"Good. You're so tired. Very tired. You need to rest, to just relax and let everything go. No worries. Keep your eyes on the light, Donny. Feel how heavy your eyelids are. Feel the weariness flowing all through your body. You need to relax. Feel your body relax, all the worry and tension fading away."

Donny's shoulders visibly loosened. His face was slack, his eyes half-closed.

"That's it, Donny. No more tension. Let it all go. It's okay, Donny. Listen to my voice and focus. You're feeling very relaxed and very tired. You like this feeling, don't you?"

"... yes ..."

"Focus on the light, Donny and feel how relaxed you're becoming. So relaxed, as if you're floating. You're very relaxed, aren't you?"

"... yes ... relaxed ..."

"Good, Donny. Very good. You're feeling so relaxed and so tired. Your eyelids are so tired and so very heavy. You cannot keep them open much longer. You're so tired. You feel like you need to sleep. Your body has let go of all that stress, and you're so sleepy. Ready to sleep after your hard day, aren't you." It wasn't a question because I wasn't asking for his agreement.

"... yes ... sleepy ..."

"Donny, when I count to five, you will fall into a deep, rest sleep. You will still be able to hear and respond to my voice, even when you're asleep. You like hearing my voice, don't you. My voice helps you relax. Helps you feel calm and relaxed. Donny, you're so very relaxed and so very tired. You're ready to sleep now, aren't you."

"... yes ..."

"Donny, listen to my voice as I count. On five, you will fall into a deep, restful sleep." By now, I was standing directly beside him, murmuring my commands into his ear. "One. You feel so pleasantly relaxed and sleepy ... Two. Your eyelids are so heavy. It's impossible to keep them open ... Three. Your eyelids close and shut tight." Donny's eyelids slid slowly shut. "You cannot open them again ... Four. You are nearly asleep ... Five." Donny's head slumped forward. "Very good, Donny. Sleep. You can still hear me, but you will remain asleep. You feel so good, so relaxed, so peaceful. You love this feeling, don't you? You can answer me. You love this feeling, don't you, Donny?"

His voice was soft, mumbling like he was talking in his sleep. "... y's ..."

"Good, Donny. All you can hear now is my voice. My voice is all that matters. Focus on my voice. Can you do that for me, Donny?"

"... yes ..."

"Very good. Now, Donny, you're a very confident man. You're very comfortable and confident, and you feel good doing what I ask you to do, not shy at all. Isn't that true?"

"...yessss ..."

"In fact, you've got an exhibitionist streak, and you really get off on showing off your body, don't you,

Donny?"

"... yes ..."

"It's going to seem very natural for you to show off your body and do what I ask you to do, won't it."

"... yes ... natur'l ..."

"You will feel eager to show off your body, and you will feel very comfortable following my instructions, won't you."

"... yes ... comft'ble ..."

"Donny, I want you to show me how comfortable you are with me. I want you to take off your shirt for me to show off your beautiful body. You'd like that, wouldn't you."

"... yes ..." Donny's hands floated up slowly, took hold of his tee-shirt, and lifted up and off his body. I took note of his tanned, muscular torso, even more defined now than last time. He dropped his shirt, let his arms drop again to his sides.

"Good, Donny. Very good." I had had Donny in a trance several times before. He made an excellent subject. Each time, I kept him from remembering that I had hypnotized him, letting him remember only how much he enjoyed the photo shoot and how pleased we both were with the results. I continued to reinforce his obedience with suggestions for a while to ensure his obedience.

"Donny, I want you to focus on this very relaxed state you're in. Next time you hear me say 'Look into the light,'" Donny, you will find it very easy to return to this very relaxed, peaceful state. You'll slip into this state naturally and easily, just like falling asleep at night."

"... light ..."

"Yes, Donny. Now, I'm going to wake you up. When I count to five, you will awaken, feeling great, but you won't remember anything that has happened since you fell asleep. Understand?"

"... yes ..."

"Good. Ready? One. Starting to wake up ... Two. Feeling fine ... Three. Feeling more awake ... Four. Almost there ... Five. Wide awake."

Donny blinked and looked at me. He reached up and rubbed his chest, an absent gesture but it showed my suggestions were taking effect. I gave him my most charming grin. "Ready to get started?"

I put Donny through a series of poses. He was cooperative and agreeable. Over the course of the shoot, I talked him out of his shorts and his jockstrap. Somehow, though, he just wasn't conveying the sensuality I was hoping to capture. Naturally, the photos used in the advertisement couldn't be that racy, and most of the shots we were taking would end up in my private album, but something was missing: a small element that would electrify these photos. Donny is a stunning brunette--his body and face were both exquisite--but somehow he still came across as a good-looking guy showing off a great body, instead of the God of Sex I wanted to get on film. I was getting photos of Donny stretched out on a white sheet at the foot of the set when I figured out what I needed to do.

I paused to load a fresh roll of film. "Donny," I began.

"Yeah?" He looked over at me, a reclining naked man comfortable with his body being on display.

I turned the strobe back on. "Donny, listen carefully. See that flashing light?"

"Yeah ... ?" Donny's voice, as he turned his gaze that direction, was already taking on that faraway quality.

"Donny, listen to my voice, and ... look into the light."

"The ... light ..." Donny's voice faded away.

"Good, Donny. Relax and look deeply into the light. Let your eyes close, and sleep." On cue, Donny's eyelids sagged down, down, down, and didn't reopen. "Donny, you're very relaxed and very deeply asleep. You're a very beautiful man. A beautiful, sexy man."

"... sexy ..."

"Yes, Donny, very sexy. And very horny too. You can feel it, can't you, how horny you are?"

"... yes ... horny ..." His uncut cock was stirring, stretching out, hardening.

"It's all right, Donny. Get your dick hard. Listen to my voice and relax. You're incredibly horny--hornier than you've ever been--and you need to jack off."

Donny wrapped his hand around his rod. It was perfectly straight, average-sized but it was attached to a man who was beautiful, which made it extraordinary.

"That's it, Donny. So horny. You need to get off so badly. Everything you're feeling is so intense. Jerk yourself off. "

Donny arched his back, his mouth open in a silent moan of pleasure. His hand was pumping faster and faster on his cock. This was exactly what I needed, and I was getting it all on film.

"Cum, Donny, cum now."

A guttural cry burst from his throat and Donny's body bucked. He flung his head back and his hips forward, and white bolts shot out of his cock, flying up to splatter against his chest and belly.

"That's it, Donny. Now let your body relax. Sleep." His body sank down onto the sheet, limp, drained.

"Donny, there's only one more thing I want you to do, and you'll find it very easy to do this. Come over here."

Donny climbed to his feet. Like a sleepwalker, he shuffled over to me, his cum starting to run down his torso. I opened my pants, pushed them down. My cock was hard and jutted up between us. I needed relief. I didn't know whether Donny was straight or gay and, frankly, I didn't care.

"Donny, kneel down. We're friends, and friend help each other out. You want to help me feel good, don't you?"

"... yes ..."

"Donny, you can open your eyes but stay deeply asleep. Open your eyes. Look at my cock. You want to make

me feel good, don't you?"

His eyes opened slowly. His voice came from that same faraway place: "... yes ..."

"Sucking my cock would make me feel good, wouldn't it, Donny?"

"... yes ..."

"Suck my cock, Donny."

He reached up, guided my cock to his lips. He kissed the head. He was moving slow, tentatively, like a somnambulist. He licked the head, a little of the shaft. His jaw slid open, and he eased his mouth down over the head, letting it slide over his tongue. I'm hung pretty big, but after the first few sessions like this one Donny got to where he could handle it pretty well. After a few tentative attempts, Donny was soon gliding up and down on my hard-on. It felt great and I was really enjoying it. Too bad Donny wouldn't remember it when he woke up.

I was feeling great, and soon I felt my cum churning up in my balls. "Gonna cum," I grunted, as my orgasm shattered through my body and I spurted my load down Donny's throat.

I gave his head a pat as my breathing returned slowly to normal. "Good boy, Donny." I pulled up my pants. From there, it was all over. Not much left to do. "Donny, I want you to just relax a moment." I grabbed a towel and wiped the cum off his skin. "Donny, it's time for you to get dressed." He moved about the set, putting on his jockstrap, short, shirt, and shoes. "When I count to five, Donny, you're going to wake up and you're not going to remember anything that happened since you fell asleep. All you will remember was that we had a very enjoyable photo shoot and we got a lot of good shots. Ready?"

"... yes ..."

"When I count to five, you will wake up. One. You're starting to wake up ... Two. Feeling fine ... Three. Feeling more and more awake ... Four. Almost awake ... Five. Wide awake."

Donny blinked and looked at me.

I patted the camera. "I've got some great shots here. You're a good model. You really should think of doing this for a living."

He was suddenly shy again. "Uh ... thanks, but I don't think I'm really cut out for that."

"So I guess I'll see you at the gym sometime?"

"Sure thing."

We said goodbye and shook hands. Then he disappeared out my door. I knew I'd see him again.

The shot I submitted for the gym's advertising was a composite. A profile shot, from thigh to forehead. In it, Donny is reclined on a white sheet, his bare torso glistening with sweat. The gym tee-shirt is superimposed over his crotch and hip, the suggested nudity putting the gym logo on the tee-shirt into the foreground. It's an incredibly hot shot, looking for all the world like a gorgeous young man caught jerking off, his eyes closed as if in a private revelry or a trance. When the gym saw the picture, they were so impressed they want to make it part of a long-running promotional campaign. I'll need to take more photographs, naturally, and they're

already talking about asking Donny to model for me again. I can hardly wait.