

**Videomaster: script changes
can make a man immortal.**

Video Casting Couch

“Wanna be the ham in a sandwich?” Washburn asked the kid.

Wash was a hot man with a big dick and a fast mouth. He never screwed his words around wrong. Wash only screwed right.

“What it is,” he said, “is that I got a video gig shooting tonight. This pair of lovers—I’ve starred them now in two or three tapes. They’re hung. Good faces. Great butts.”

He moved his big hand down to check his crotch. His blond-furred fingers cupped his big balls. He pulled his whole package up and front. His meat swung like a big load with a short fuse through his green sweatsuit.

“But these guys are like anybody else: nothing turns them on like a hot surprise.” He smiled the smile of a man who knows where the next spoon up his nose is coming from. “You,” he said, “look like a pretty good surprise package!” He paused. “Strip off!” He sounded like the USMC Gunny Sgt. Washburn he had been during Nam. “Peel your shirt. Not so fast. Slow your moves down. Speed ain’t where sex is at. You gotta mosey on in. You gotta sidle on into it. These other two guys are pros. They ain’t gonna wanna fuck around with any dude so hot to trot he can’t hold his cum till his nuts turn blue.”

Wash stroked his belly.

“Tell you what,” he said. “I’m gonna direct you—if you got the parts to get the part. I mean if I’m gonna direct you tonight, then I’m gonna direct you now. You been undressing for years. Now you gotta learn how to savor your clothes; how to make them feel good, and look good, coming off your body. You got a good face—the kind of face a man likes to fuck. Your build looks good in clothes. You got a butt in those Levi’s meant for fuckin’. A mouth meant for suckin’. I’m gonna invest thirty minutes in you and teach you enough to last for thirty years. If you’re gonna co-star in one of my videotapes, you’re gonna ask me to use you. You’re gonna beg my star-fuckers to manhandle you for good and for true—right on camera.”

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HOW TO LEGALLY QUOTE FROM THIS WORK

Wash had a special talent: he recruited guys who were willing and able and just-about-ready to come out and lay it on the line.

"I want fresh meat, big meat, on my screen. That's you."

Wash pulled open his faded sweatshirt. His chest was matted with thick dark blond fur. "Drop your jeans." His left hand moved inside his shirt to stroke his hard-muscled pecs. Slow. Intent. His right hand rubbed his basket. Wash liked what he saw: built-talent, hung big; dick veined, head shiny; clean hot smell of ripe young cock filling up the room, warm with sunshine spilling in the high windows.

"You got good legs," Wash said. "Audiences like good legs. Good thighs make you look like you can throw a hard fuck." He mauled his own dick like a man used to feeding his heavy appetites. "Maybe in my next film, yeah, maybe I'll take a chance and star an unknown stud like you. You strip real good once you slow it down." Wash stood up. His dick: hard. "You wanna be featured in this movie tonight? Your cock wants to be a starfuck. Standin' straight up."

Wash moved around the young body. "You're a show-off little fucker, ain't you? Damn. Your dick is some real man-stough." Wash rubbed his own dick through his sweatpants. "Turn around," he ordered. "Nice fuck-in' butt. Squeeze it. Nice. Slow. Nice 'n' nasty. That sweet little butthole of yours looks ready for the whole nine yards. And nine yards is what you'll be gettin' tonight. Mouth. Butt. Two-on-one. Two men on one man. Two man-to-man lovers hot to throw a double-fuck into you." Wash pulled at his sweats and freed his huge dick from the wet pouch of his elastic-ribbed jockcup. "You want the part?" Wash liked the good groomed clip at the nape of the strong young neck.

"Turn around." Wash breathed a deep gulp of air.

The head of the big young cock dripped with the silver strand of eagerness.

"You sure are one handsome fucker," Wash said. "How much you wanna be in my videotape? How much you wanna be the ham in the lovers' sandwich? You don't say much with your mouth. You always let your dick do your business?" Wash looked hard. "Yeah," he said. "Wash understands." He reached to his left and pressed the PLAY and RECORD buttons. "You sure the fuck do let your dick run your business."

The video equipment whirled into life. Three cameras covered the studio. A flick of his finger and Wash could switch cameras or command a perfect-focus zoom close-up.

"How much," Wash said, "do you want me to make your dick bigger even than life?" Wash laughed. "This is what video's for, fucker. It's an

erotic art dreamt up by some horny little nerd one night with nothing better to do with his hardon than wanna rerun his fuck-suck-chop-chop till he busted his balls. I can't say I blame him. Sex drives technology. Come on," Wash said, "How much you want me to make you last forever the way you are today?"

Wash pulled his own sweatsuit down slowly off his muscled belly.

"The cameras are running," he said. "Come and get it. I want you down here between my thighs. I want to feel your nose against my belly and your chin against my balls. I want you to suck my dick deep down the back of your throat. Slow. Easy. Keep your hands off your dick. It looks good and hard standin' up stiff and dripping. Down on me. Go down on me."

Wash flicked the camera into a tight close-up. Over the back of the curly head of hair he studied his way down the good shoulders to the small of the back and all the way to the perfect mounds of butt.

"Down on me." He soothed the cocksucker down deeper than the fresh mouth had taken dick before. "I'm telling you now, and I want you to hear me good, I'm not fooling around." He said it with all the menace of a pro. "This is a test. A screen test. You take my direction, and I take good care of you."

Wash reached out his muscular arms and cupped the back of the thick hair in both his big hands. He held the head with pressure and started his pump. Slow. Easy. Pumping his dick into the beautiful bent face. Deeper. Fuller. He knew the scenario for the night's taping. Each thrust of his dick into the young face evolved the movement of the script more intricately in his head.

"Eat it," Wash said. "Eat my dick. Eat my cum. Eat my stuff!"

His directing hands worked the willing face harder and harder.

"You want it. You want it." His whole body contracted in the pleasure a man feels when he is connected deep into another man's warm wet body. "You want...everything!"

Wash pulled his big thick dick deep from within the open throat to shoot on the handsome, willing, hungry face.

On the video monitor, in full living color, he watched himself shooting into eyes, nose, mouth of the beautiful young man kneeling in service between his legs.

"Tonight," Wash said, panting with his cum, "those good ol' boys are gonna fuck you the way I want them to fuck you. Tonight I'm gonna strip you down to your white cotton sweat-socks. And my boys are gonna blow your socks off! I'm gonna put the one to work on your ass, and the other

one is gonna fuck your face. Tonight we're gonna tape some real fuckin' two-on-one tough stuff. Tonight these boys are gonna take you front-and-back and switch again till you cry for the camera."

Wash laughed; he was pleased with his plans.

"They got no idea they're gonna play tag and you're it. They're gonna really get off doin' what they're gonna do when they do you like they do. They're gonna like the change in the script. They're gonna be surprised."

Wash pulled the handsome face up off his dick and held the sweaty fresh-shaven cheeks in his big palms.

"Real surprised," he said. "For sure. They are gonna eat you up. They got no idea. And that's what I like. Big little surprises for my men!"

Wash looked hard into the promising, upturned face covered with sweat and cum.

"Fuck," he said. "Expected gifts ain't never worth giving."