The Stanislavsky Legacy

by Ghanisfics

Summary

An ordinary indoor shooting day at the set of a certain epic motion picture. And the lengths to which some of the cast have to go to chase the winter's cold.

Notes

Konstatin Stanislavski: Russian pioneer of the theatre and film acting method called Method Acting, later on adopted by the American Lee Strasberg who founded The Actors Studio.
Colin put his hand on his neck and stretched the tired muscles, a slightly annoyed look on his face. Around him preparations were being made for today’s shoot. It was cold in the huge Pinewood studio, freezing cold, London mid-winter kind of cold. He was all dressed and ready for the job for which he was paid. If only he could get rid of the gray smoke packing in thick clouds inside his head. It had nothing to do with last night’s orgiastic partying. It was just one of those days when you know you’d better stay in bed.

/But then again, who would want to miss this?/

Jared had entered the studio, dressed in pants hanging very loosely around his hips and a long open green silky robe over his shoulders. The mist inside Colin’s head cleared up a little, as he grinned and softly whistled, along with some of the crew members. Jeeeayzes, did Oliver have a clue ...? He whipped the grin off his face as Jared looked him straight in the eyes. Deadly serious. Ignoring the good-humoredly teasing going on around him. Probably already in character.

Colin suppressed a sigh. Jared stepped into character a lot easier then he did, disappearing completely, sometimes not re-emerging for the whole day. Colin had a different take on his acting method. Alexander was somehow a part of him, constantly, and he allowed the Macedonian to take the lead when necessary, but often had trouble getting the upper hand again afterwards.

Luckily today’s scenes shouldn’t be too difficult to handle. Colin threw an ugly grin at Jared, who pretended /or didn’t he?/ to be shocked by his king’s behavior, and then draped himself and the luxuriously embroidered golden cloak he was clad in on the fur and silk covered couch, a few papyrus sheets in his hands. He laid back comfortably, watching Oliver giving directions to Jared and the supporting actor who would be in the scene, playing a sculptor.

Scene 34. Take 1. Enter Hephaistion. He sailed into Alexander’s richly furnished bedroom, passing a sculptor finishing yet another of those busts of the new ruler of Persia. The forward movement made the silk coat swing open to reveal a smooth muscled torso. Hephaistion threw an inquisitive look at the bust as he proceeded –
“Cut!”

The bust had fallen on the floor, as if it had collapsed under Jared’s disapproval. Colin smirked. The props people present on the set went ashen white, but Oliver seemed willing to be indulgent that day. The sculptor got the order to not even breathe into the direction of the cardboard prop.

Take 2. Whistling of a silk coat. Staying trapped behind the sculptor’s stool. Take 3. “Cut!” Shit, this was going to be a long day. Colin stretched his back. Oliver, annoyed: “Does the word ‘concentrate’ means anything to anyone on this set today?” Take 7. Colin stared at the make-believe papyrus in his hands, covered with good decent modern day English words, altered into a very fake Egyptian kind of scripture. It looked ridiculous.

Take 9. An ever-undisturbed Jared made it past the sculptor and got behind Colin at the head-end of the large couch.

Hephaistion leant over to read the Queen Mother’s letter as he placed his hands on his king’s shoulders. /Arrghh. Fuck, he’s good at this./

“Cut.” Colin, frustrated: “No, no, no, no!” Jared squeezed Colin’s shoulders a bit longer before letting go, avoiding his groping hands. “Col’, get your ass back on that couch!” Oliver promptly growled.

Take 11. This was torture. Colin had spent the bigger part of the morning lying on that couch and his back was beginning to protest. His mind started to drift off. He saw the elusive emerald robe flowing open again. Perfectly sculpted shoulders, narrow waist, small brown nipples standing proudly erect, braving the icy temperature. His mind raced ahead and the lines slipped into his head. Stay with me...

/“Stay with me. And I will lay you down on these soft furs. I will cover you with precious silks, which have traveled from the furthest borders of my empire, to find those colorings that match your azure eyes and your dark locks. I will chase the cold out of your shivering body with my warm breath caressing your skin and I will replace it with a wildly flaming fire ...”/

“COLIN!!!”

/Nice of you, fuckhead, to manage to get into character before the fuckin’ shootin’ day is over. What ...? Shit .../

Colin groaned as he realized that his gaze was fixed somewhere at the level of Jared’s navel and that in fact it had been fixed there for a while, the papyrus forgotten in his lap. He was going to pay for this, probably with a public whipping. Or worse. He met Jared’s audacious smirk and felt like grabbing the other’s throat.

“Get out. Have a smoke.” Oliver really wasn’t himself today, letting him off the hook so easily. “Jared, get back to the make-up room. Make those girls explain to you how to wear that eyeliner for more than half an hour without smudging it.” Colin ducked away from the heavy cushion Jared launched at him in his attempt to make someone pay for the injustice in this world and the one inflicted on him just now, in particular.

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Colin should have gone outside but he had found a small room stuffed with props abandoned from a previous shoot. It was still cold in there but it was better then having his balls frozen off. Lifesaving nicotine rush. Ah ... He should get his act together. Oliver’s patience had obviously reached its limits.

The door opened and Jared came in, darkly circled eyes, luscious hair spread over his shoulders
covered by a large thick fur he must have grabbed from somewhere on the set. /Jared ...?/ A sad, adoring look, with a hint of tragic foreknowledge. /Jay, fuck, snap out off that fuckin’ method acting trip of yours!/ 

Colin tried to sound casual: “You wanna blow?” Leaning against the wall, one knee hauled up, he held out what was left of the cigarette. Jared ignored it. The mesmerizing stare never leaving his eyes he let the fur cloak fall down on the ground. Colin put the cigarette back to his lips; it would be a shame to waste it. More important, it gave his confused mind something to focus on. The azure eyes opened a little more into a questioning look and the silken covering slowly slipped from delicately rounded shoulders, falling in a heap around Jared’s feet. Colin gazed, feeling a weird swirling in his stomach. /I definitely shouldn’t have gotten up this morning./ 

Jared’s hands moved to the waistband of his pants. He undid the knot holding it all in place and thus the pants followed the same path as the previous clothing. Colin felt the blood leaving his head and rushing to concentrate somewhere in a lower area. /Ravage ..../ 

The dizzying feeling changed into a lightly panicked one when Jared took two steps to halt right in front of him, softly glazing eyes still staring into his. /You’d better get a grip on yourself, pal!/ He exhaled a last blow from what was left of the too long neglected cigarette in his hand, then turned his whole body slightly to the right in an attempt to act casual. An arm firmly placed against the wall limited his movement. Colin’s eyes quickly turned back to Jared’s face. A smirking grin on upward curving lips. All doubt left Colin’s head. He recognized a challenge when he was given one. With his right hand he grabbed Jared’s arm and turned his body around pushing Jared against the stone brick wall. He heard a surprised hiss right before he crushed his lips to Jared’s. Jared struggled to get away from the unpleasantly cold wall, but Colin kept him firmly in place, renewing and intensifying the kiss, victorious trumpets shouting in his head. Jared ceased to resist and went pliant in his arms, his mouth opening to let an overly audacious Colin explore the velvety insides. His right arm curled around Colin’s waist, slowly moving upwards to plunge his hand into Colin’s blond dyed curls. He started moving his hips in a hypnotizing rhythm. 

Colin groaned realizing he was loosing the upper hand again. He couldn’t remember the last time he had been turned on like this. His cock would soon take over, doing the thinking for him, and he knew for sure he should not let the control over this situation slip out of his hands. With his right knee he quickly forced Jared’s legs open. Releasing Jared’s left arm he lowered himself a bit to be able to put both arms under Jared’s buttocks, lifting him just a few inches from the ground. Luckily the movement had broken the kiss, for he was sure Jared in his rage would have bitten him, feeling the stone bricks scratch his back. /So tense! Like an angry tiger .../ 

He felt the hand on his neck squeeze him nastily. He put his lips to Jared’s throat, kissing and licking sensually, until he felt Jared relax again. When he heard a soft whimper he heaved his mouth to Jared’s ear, blowing softly into the dark long hair. “The lads will have to do their partying without me tonight,” he whispered hoarsely, “I’m gonna take a six-pack up to me room and have some R and R of me own.” He paused. “Be there at 8.” 

He firmly put Jared back down on his feet, his back muscles relaxing thankfully. Without another word he headed for the door. On the way out he grabbed the silk clothing. He launched them at Jared and then quickly turned to leave the room, not too sure about the look in Jared’s eyes.
Chapter Summary

How do you tame a tiger?

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7H52 PM. Colin sat on his bed, wiggling a cigarette between his lips. His eyes swept over the chaos in his hotel room. Pants, T-shirts, socks and other pieces of clothing lay piled up in little heaps, along with empty cans of beer and an empty cardboard pizza box. It was a mess, but it was HIS mess. A few pages torn out of the Alexander script and some sheets of paper with notes completed the scene. Absentmindedly he let the fingers of his right hand tap on the nightstand. Suddenly he got up, picked up the empty pizza box from the writing desk and threw it into the trash can. There. At least the desk was cleaned up. He couldn't do anything more without betraying the essence of his personality. He threw what was left of the cigarette in the ashtray.

8H02 PM. /Com'on, being late is fashionable./

Of course Jared was going to be late. Just to tease the hell out of him. Since the beginning of shooting not a day had gone by without Jared somehow finding a way to make Colin's blood boil. Sometimes Colin ended up yelling and cursing, sometimes he just stared at the American enigmatically, trying to hide that he didn't find the words to reciprocate. But at the end of the day they always fell over each other in a laughing fit.

Colin's eye fell on his cell phone. /Fuck, the ultimate lust killer!/ He switched it off and threw it a few times up and down.

8H13 PM. /I'm gonna fuckin' rip his brains out when he shows up!/ Colin went to the bathroom. Standing wide-legged over the toilet, his cock in his right hand, he looked at himself in the mirror above the sink. /You're gonna do WHAT exactly to Jared, IF he shows up?/ He shook the last drops off his cock and shut his pants. He lifted one eyebrow and launched a Cary Grant glance towards the mirror. /Cool. Relax .../
8H17 PM. It wasn't funny anymore. Heck, it had never been funny, ever since he had come back to his hotel room. With nothing else to do but wait.

8H18 PM. /He can't do this to me, the little fart!/ Colin took two giant steps towards the door and violently swung it open.

Jared was sitting on the floor opposite his room door, his arms on his hauled up knees. He looked up at Colin, a little grin spreading on his face. He glanced at his watch and his eyebrows made a little jump.

/AIDS HOLE!/ Colin turned around and stormed back into his room, slamming the door shut so hard it could have woken up the dead. He felt adrenaline poisoned. He leaned with his back against the door, breathing hard, the blood rushing in his ears.

After a while his pulse slowed down. The red curtain in front of his eyes disappeared. /What are you doing …? Open that door!/ 

/I can't let him do this to me./

/He's gonna leave if you don't open that door like right NOW .../

He capitulated, putting his pride on the top shelf of the darkest closet in his mind, and turned around to open the door again …

Jared was gone.

Before the enormity of his stupidity Colin fell to pieces. He began to realize that he might have spoiled more than just a nice evening of R&R. What had he been so uptight about? This was supposed to be a fun evening with his buddy. He began to doubt if Jared had really meant more than just to cocktease him a bit. He began to doubt everything, even the purpose of his existence in this world.

A little knock on the door made him jump five feet high. Jared walked in brazenly, wiggling his cell phone in the air. Colin stared at him for a full minute. Words failed him so he just closed the door.

Jared turned towards him with an expecting look in his wide open eyes, putting his hands on his hips.

Colin cleared his throat. "So you made it," he managed to say. Jared pouted his lips and nodded gravely: "Yeah ..." Colin cursed in silence; the last time he had felt like a clumsy oaf was in high school. Uneasiness crept over him. He had no idea how he was going to handle this.

Maybe Jared felt some compassion over his pathetic behavior. "I could use a drink," he said, nodding towards the mini-bar. Colin got the hint and gratefully went over to grab 2 bottles of Guinness. He went to the window and opened the bottles by hooking the top behind the windowsill. He threw one in Jared's direction and put up one elbow to lean against the window.

"Wow," Jared startled, but he caught the bottle without spoiling too much of the contents. He looked around to find a little spot to sit down. All chairs and couches in the room were hosting either clothes or rubbish. His only option was the writing desk. Colin observed him, numb and completely out of resources.

Jared leaned back, putting one hand behind him on the desk, lifting the bottle to his lips with the other. He got a good gulp, throwing his head back. Fascinated Colin watched Jared's thick hair fall back over his shoulders. Jared caught his glance. His lips closed around the top of the bottle and he made a slow in- and outward movement.
Colin stared for a few seconds. And suddenly all the tension left his body while he burst out in roaring laughter. Jared choked in his attempt to swallow some of the golden liquid. He groaned and chuckled at the same time while wiping away the drops of beer that had found their way up his nose. Colin folded in two, grabbing his stomach.

When they both had calmed down Colin left his little spot beside the window and approached the desk. Jared grinned at him, swinging the beer bottle between his middle and ring finger. Colin took the bottle and set it aside. He put his hands on Jared's knees and pushed his legs a bit further open, moving in between them. Jared leaned back on both his hands. Colin slowly moved his hands up towards Jared's hips. Jared leaned expectantly.

In one move Colin put his hands under Jared's buttocks and pulled him towards him. He felt Jared jump in surprise and thought it best not to give him time to get back to his senses. With one arm he held their hips closely pressed together. His other arm curled behind Jared's back, grabbing a fistful of that thick dark hair. Their lips crushed together and two tongues started a fierce battle for control.

Colin came to the conclusion that he must have found the right angle to attack. Jared was struggling to find leverage, unable to decide if he should cling to Colin or put his hands back behind him on the desk. Colin triumphed, considering how long he could keep this going. His arms were getting tired but it all felt too good to give it up already.

Jared eased up a little. Colin decided that they both could use some time to regain their breath. He lowered a panting Jared on his back on the desk. Catching his breath Colin considered his next move. Anyway, he had Jared in his pocket. That was clear. He was going to rub it in a little deeper. He hopped on the desk and stood right up, his feet on both sides of Jared's hips. Jared didn't move an inch.

Colin started unbuttoning his shirt and Jared's eyes opened up a bit more. Colin flung the shirt towards a corner of the room. By chance it landed in the trash can, joining the pizza box. He started unzipping the fly of his jeans, making a nice show of it, savoring the moment. Getting rid of his underwear at the same time seemed to be a good option right now. Slowly he pushed pants and undies down, lifting one leg to let them slip off. Jared shifted his attention to Colin's groin and it made Colin's stomach jump a little. He lifted his other leg to get rid of the hindering jeans for good and instantly knew it had been a wrong move.

Jared rolled over to get off the desk. In a desperate move Colin tried to grab him, but the jeans wound around his one leg complicated the move and in the end they both fell to the ground, cursing like sailors. They rolled over, pushing and shoving. Colin knew Jared could punch the living daylights out of him if he wanted, but they weren't out to hurt each other. Jared wasn't going to give in easily though. He got on all fours and tried to crawl away. Without thinking Colin jumped on top of him. Jared yelped, feeling the air being forced out of his lungs.

"Would ya fuckin' stop this shit?" Colin panted. "Stop playin'. I wanna move on to the serious stuff." Jared snorted. Colin shook his leg to get rid of the jeans that had nearly done him in. That left him stark naked on top of a still fully clothed Jared. It wasn't fair. Ripping Jared's clothes off meant that he would have to heave himself up a little. Jared would slip from under him before he would be able to say "Oach!" He thought a while about sinking his teeth in Jared's neck to hold him down. He wondered what had put that kind of savagery into his mind and then discarded it.

An alternative was needed. Diplomacy? "I'll give ya a popsicle if ya show me your goodies." Jared punched him with an elbow but Colin felt him shaking with silent laughter. He lowered his head and whispered in Jared's ear: "I have this really, really big popsicle for ya ..." Jared started squirming underneath him and Colin managed to turn him around and get back on top of him, pinning Jared's
wrists down to the ground.

Jared smirked and sent him a challenging look. Colin realized that he would have to be more persuasive. He'll let Jared get acquainted with the promised candy. He moved until their groins rubbed together and got back to his exploration of Jared's tongue and the velvety insides of his mouth.

After a while he heard a soft moan escape from the deep of Jared's throat. A thirsty camel reaching the oasis couldn't have felt more satisfied than Colin. But he was careful this time. He released Jared's wrists but stayed on top of him, burying both his hands in Jared's long hair. He continued kissing him savagely and moving his hips. Jared didn't punch him, didn't scratch him, did nothing. Except kissing him back with equal fervor.

Colin began to hope that he would be able to pull it all together. He let one of his hands lift up Jared's tight fitting t-shirt to expose his nipples and starting pinching them gently. After a while his hand descended to the fly of Jared's jeans and slowly opened the zipper. A beautiful cock eagerly sprang to attention. He gave it a few strokes to give it a heartfelt welcome. Then he lowered the jeans completely. Jared moved himself up on his elbows and sent him a defying glance.

Colin put his tongue in his cheek and considered his next move. Jared hadn't given in completely yet. If he spoiled the impetus Jared could be walking out of that door in no time. His gaze drifted to his jacket, lying in a heap with three socks and one shoe, just a little to the left of them. Something dawned on him. Jared saw the look on Colin's face change and tensed. Colin dove to get the jacket, hoping Jared wouldn't move if he was careful not to crush him. But Jared seemed to be curious what Colin would come up with.

Colin fished frantically in the pockets of his jacket until he found the little miracle that had been there since one partying evening not so long ago. With a grin he showed Jared the little tube of lube. Jared groaned. "Com'on. Check and mate. Just admit defeat," Colin told him. Jared seemed of two minds. Colin decided to give him a convincing argument. He quickly opened the little tube but pushed so hard on it that a generous amount of the lube landed on Jared's stomach.

Jared cursed when he felt the cold liquid and came up. Colin reacted quickly. He pushed Jared back down with one hand on his chest and started licking up the unfortunately spent lube. His tongue twirled in Jared's navel while his other hand reached between Jared's buttocks. When he entered a finger in the little opening, Jared gasped.

It had been a fight to get this far, but Colin could finally congratulate himself. He felt he was good at this. His pray was surrendering. He slid in a second finger. Jared moaned louder and lifted his legs, folding them round Colin's waist. Colin came up on his knees, pushing Jared's legs back down while continuing his teasing and torturing exploration of Jared's ass.

Jared arched his back, his arms flying up, one hand grabbing a foot of the nearby bed, the other squeezing Colin's lucky jacket and two of the socks. His hair was spread out on the floor and Colin thought he looked like an exotic fertility god.

Colin bent his head and gave a few licks on Jared's cock but withdrew his fingers. Jared scowled. "Get on that bed," Colin whispered. He hoped his voice had been commanding enough to cover his sudden uncertainty. He bit his lower lip. Eternity slipped by.

Jared moved.

/He's moving! He's fuckin' getting up the bed!! Yes!/
Colin crawled after him as fast as he could. Jared was still on hands and knees when Colin caught up with him. In what must have been a last attempt to defy him, Jared slipped away. Colin followed him and grabbed him by the hips while Jared clutched to the headboard of the bed. He entered Jared in one powerful thrust. They both gasped in harmony and stopped moving.

When the room had stopped turning around him Colin started a nice rolling and sliding movement, feeling Jared pick up the pace. Their rhythm slowly built up and became frantic, powerful hips thrusting, voices moaning, breaths panting. Colin slid one hand down to stroke Jared's cock. Jared threw back his head. Colin oppressed an urge to bury his face in Jared's hair, because he felt like biting again and wasn't sure he would be able to control that folly of his.

Colin's hands slipped on Jared's sweat slick hips but he managed to pull him backwards. Jared tried to hang on to the headboard but he fell on hands and knees. He groaned and surrendered to Colin's powerful attacks.

Jared came first with a loud shriek. He collapsed on the bed. Colin circled his hips with one arm and heaved him up, continuing to pound in him. His release finally washed over him like a powerful tsunami and he roared out his victory.

He fell next to Jared and turned on his back. Jared lifted his head and from between the dark locks hanging chaotically all over his face Colin saw his blue eyes twinkle. He grinned back.

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The next day they resumed shooting for the same scenes. Colin enjoyed the back massage while Jared was pleading something in favor of Alexander's mother in his ear, Colin didn't care what exactly. But his lines came back to him so he got up from the couch reluctantly and voiced Alexander's oedipal frustration. Jared did his best to look thoughtful.

Colin turned around and put as much desperate need in his voice as he could master: "Stay with me tonight, Hephaistion." A muscle under his left eye wanted to twitch but he managed to control it until he heard the delivering short word. "Cut!" Oliver sounded as if he had swallowed a broomstick.

Colin released the muscles of his cheeks and laughed. Jared was lying on his back, his hair hanging down from the side of the couch, a blissful smile on his lips. Oliver came to stand next to him. "You are just begging for my foot to get into a close encounter with your ass, aren't you," he growled. Jared came up with an innocent look in his wide open eyes and shook his head in denial. He smiled angelically. Colin chuckled.

They did it over once more. Colin's back appreciated all the attention. Oliver let the cameras continue rolling this time. Out of the depths of his actor's resources Jared plugged Hephaistion's expression of forcefully repressed hope. With a meaningful glance he turned his head towards Francisco Bosch who was fumbling in the back of the set next to a bath tub. Once his head was turned away from the camera Jared put out his tongue towards Francisco and then gravely confronted Colin again. Francisco's shoulders slumped.

With a dignity he knew he could never master in real life Colin dismissed the Persian dancing bath sponge in favor of the emperor's sensual masseur. Francisco's deception spontaneously spread all over his face. A virtuoso in the art of reading testosterone driven body language, he thought he would give up his right ball to be part of those two's intimacy. Life was as unfair to him as it had been to his alter ego.

Oliver growled a "Cut!" and considered if it was too late to renegotiate that blue-eyed hormonal time bomb's contract, invoking distracting behavior towards fellow actors. He decided that he risked being
publicly lynched for modern slavery by the Screen Actor's Guild. "Take five," he added reluctantly and shook his head while his leading male stars excitedly crawled over couches, stools and other stage props to get to the dressing rooms as quickly as possible.

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