

The House on the Island, Book 1

**by Para*Psyte and
Wrestlr**

[M/M, MC, vampire]

[Synopsis: There's someone new in town,
and Andrew finds himself on the menu."]

Disclaimer: The naked hypnotist strides
confidently into your room. His lips curl
in what might be a smile as he dangles his
shiny crystal pendulum before your eyes

and announces, "Listen and obey. If you are not of legal age, or if you offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how autobiographical it may seem, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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The House on the Island, Book 1

1.

Just past dark, Andrew jogged the isolated roads at the back of the campus, back where the lake's shoreline marked the boundary where the college ended and the rest of the world began. Though the lacrosse team practiced during the day, he did his jogging at night, after the day cooled down, in the peaceful darkness on the back roads away from nearly everyone else.

He was pushing himself through the last mile. The remains of the heat of the day, the long run, made his tee-shirt stick to his muscles like another skin. He couldn't wait to get back to his apartment, down a bottle of water, and drench himself under the shower. Right then, though, as he ran a stretch of road that left the woods to curve along the edge of the lake, he had just under a mile to go first.

Out near the middle of the placid water, an island rose. Andrew saw pinpoint lights in the house there, and he remembered an item in the newspaper about the old mansion there finally being sold--multi-million-dollar price tag--after years on the market. *Probably some rich asshole*, Andrew thought absently, *as if*

there weren't enough of them around here already. But right then, Andrew was more concerned with finishing his run, running his tired body through the shower, and maybe jacking off before going to sleep.

Just thinking about jerking off made his cock respond, hardening a little as his stride made the fabric of his shorts rub across it. With his roommate gone for a week and his brother not due to arrive until the day after tomorrow for a visit, Andrew would have the place to himself. That kind of privacy would give him time to jack off two or three times before his brother arrived.

Yeah, he thought, *I need to get off.* He

chuckled to himself and thought, *Down, boy--you'll get some attention real soon,* to his half-erect cock.

His cock apparently had its own schedule, and it kept getting harder as he ran. It was a nice feeling, he decided. He like running, and he liked being hard. The rough feel of the fabric--shorts and the cotton briefs under them--against his rod had him really looking forward to stripping down back at his place and jacking off. He'd do it in the shower first, he decided, then maybe again in bed while watching a porn movie.

His cock was demanding tonight. Hard as a spike. Tingling already, making him gasp. He wondered if he could head into

the bushes between the side of the road and the edge of the lake to pump out a quick load. He would have, too, except for one thing: the nagging feeling that he was being watched.

He looked back over his shoulder. No one. Looked right, looked left. Nothing but trees, bushes, the lake, and the faraway lights of the house on the island, too far away for anyone there to see him. Andrew peered ahead into the darkness. Nothing but curving road, empty except for him.

But that nagging feeling was there. He was being watched. A feeling like hunger in his stomach--he knew he shouldn't feel hungry, but his stomach had a light fluttery feeling nonetheless, almost as if he was

feeling someone else's hunger growing there, sharp as a warning.

And his sizeable cock. Harder now than ever. Demanding. Straining at the front of his shorts as it stretched urgently up along his hip. Every rapid stride sending a tingle through it.

Fuck it, he decided. Had to take care of his hard cock before it drove him crazy. He'd just go off in the bushes beside the road where no one could see what he was doing, then pump off a fast load. If someone really was watching, he'd just pretend he was taking a piss or something.

And just as he slowed his stride to a walk and turned toward the roadside

underbrush, he looked back over his shoulder one last time.

He saw a figure standing in the middle of the road, maybe fifty feet back.

Silhouetted by the rising moon. A man, by the shape, but age and identity indeterminate. Andrew couldn't see his shadowed face.

But his dick throbbed in his shorts, and his stomach tightened as if tickled from inside. And then the stranger looked at Andrew, looked him right in the eye across the distance between them. The stranger opened his eyes like slowly opening the blinds that had been blocking the sun from a darkened room, letting the golden-orange glow shine forth.

2.

"Yah!"

Andrew sat up in bed, suddenly awake.

Just the sun, slicing through the gaps in his curtains and slapping against his face.

He swung his legs over the edge of his bed. His bedroom. His running clothes strewn across the floor. No woods, no stranger. No harm done. Situation normal-just a dream.

Just a dream.

Whew. He ran a hand through his hair and snaked his other hand down to scratch his

balls. His balls felt drained and tired, that familiar fucked-out feeling. Recent, too, and still strong. He must have cum, but there was no jizm on him anywhere. None on the bed.

Just a dream.

A shower, two classes, a meal, another class, lacrosse practice--these passed for Andrew as if in a daze. He couldn't stop thinking about the dream. Something about it, something he couldn't quite remember, badgered him. Even when the Coach chewed him out on the field for not paying attention and missing some easy shots, he couldn't stop thinking about it.

Plus, he couldn't remember anything about

the end of his run. Not the part where he obviously came home, or the part where he took a shower, or jacked off. Just running, then waking up that morning from that dream that he also couldn't fully remember.

orange

breeze against skin

dark

a mouth

orange

hands here

there

touching

Back at his apartment, Andrew tried to struggle through some homework, but he couldn't stay focused. This pleasantly

lethargic horniness kept distracting him, feeling good, growing stronger. He found himself getting hard but felt too lazy to actually jack off. He puttered around the place, in part getting ready for his brother's visit the next day, but also just sitting around and enjoying the relaxed feeling that filled his body.

He managed to change into his running clothes around the time the sun disappeared below the horizon, and after doing his stretches, he hit the road for his jog. With the light fading quickly from the sky, he hit the road.

Andrew found himself running at a slower, more relaxed pace than usual. Mostly he just couldn't work up the energy

to hit his usual pace. His body felt pleasantly limber and relaxed, horny, but mostly he just wanted to enjoy himself.

hunger

orange

licking

orange

hungry

the feeling

Near the end of his run, he came to a familiar stretch of the back roads.

Isolated. Only the lake and its island to one side, the somber forest to the other. It was fully dark by then--had been for some time--but Andrew recognized the place anyway, recognized it as the setting for his dream the night before.

He slowed to a stop. Yes, this was definitely the place he remembered. Standing there, facing the water, hands on his hips and catching his breath, he could see a couple of tiny dots of light out on the island, where the house must be. Neither the stoic island nor the wind-whispering trees around him gave up any secrets, but he found himself feeling horny again, dick hardening so sweetly in his running shorts. Feeling so relaxed and horny, needing to get off. Flickering feeling in his stomach again too, like hunger but lighter, more quivering. And again, the feeling like being watched, though looking around he could see no one. Just like his dream.

Yeah, he decided, I need to get off pretty badly. He reached down and groped his

sensitive cock gently through his shorts. He had a long one, and he liked feeling its length. He was about to slip his hand down inside to stroke himself when he felt the sure presence behind him. Familiar. Comforting.

Andrew didn't move when he felt the strong, cool hands on his hips, sliding his shorts down. No underwear tonight, and his cock sprang up, happy and free.

A hand on his shoulder, and Andrew found himself turning around to face the stranger, falling happily again into the warm orange glow of the man's gaze.

3.

drifting

dark

sweet

orange

tongue teasing

hunger

eager

orange

floating

orange

everywhere

orange

Andrew opened his eyes. In his bed, in his room. It seemed cloudy, but this time he was sure it happened. He'd been out

running, gotten horny, and he'd let some guy blow him. No big deal--he was just a horny young guy getting off. Yeah, that had to be it.

The time was nearly noon. Andrew had slept much later than he had planned. He rolled out of bed, ignoring his semi-hard rod, and sleepy-stumbled into the shower. His brother would be arriving soon. Sure enough, seconds after Andrew emerged from the shower, his phone rang: Barry was calling to say he was downstairs.

Where Andrew at twenty-one years old was nearly six feet tall, with dark hair nearly jet-black, Barry, two years younger, stood an inch shorter and had lighter, slightly longer hair, bleached

nearly blond by the sun. Andrew played on the lacrosse team, and Barry at his university in the next state was a diver on the swim team. Andrew was an extrovert, but Barry was even more so.

Barry liked to party, and his enthusiasm was infectious. In spite of himself, Andrew got caught up in Hurricane Barry, as they swept out of Andrew's place and out to the quad to flirt with the women students, then off to the first of several bars to get drunk and try to find chicks to get laid.

Barry got really drunk. Andrew got buzzed but was sober enough to realize when they'd had enough. When Barry staggered into some guy in a bar, spilling the guy's

drink and nearly causing a fight over it, Andrew was the one who made sure they got out of the bar in one piece and back to his place. By that point, Barry was nearly ready to pass out, so Andrew pulled the living room couch out into a bed and poured Barry into it to sleep off the alcohol.

"Night, bro," Barry mumbled as he struggled to pull off his shirt. "You know I love ya, man. You ... you th' best bro ever, bro. I fucking *mean* that."

"Yeah, thanks, Barry," Andrew said, spreading the blanket over him as Barry lay back. "Now get some sleep. There's aspirin on the bathroom counter if you need it tomorrow."

"Thanks, bro ..." Barry mumbled, already half-asleep.

Andrew went into his bedroom, undressed, and crawled under the covers, falling asleep almost immediately.

Only to be awakened by a soft scratching noise.

... scritch, scritch, scritch ...

Persistent. He tried to roll over and ignore it, but it kept invading his head.

... scritch ... scritch ...

Barry's voice, knotted with sleep: "Dude, you awake? Something's outside, scratching at your window."

... *scritch, scritch* ...

Andrew opened his eyes, thinking, *But we're on the third floor*. He looked up. In the darkness, Barry stood in the bedroom doorway. Wearing nothing but his jeans. Andrew's sleepy thoughts registered that Barry's body was losing the lankiness of adolescence, starting to fill out with muscle.

... *scritch, scritch* ...

Barry made his way over to the curtains. No sunlight spilled through the tiny crack between them--still dark outside. Andrew sat up groggily, aware of his brick-hard erection and that tickly feeling in his stomach. Barry pulled aside one edge of

the curtain. Andrew couldn't see what Barry was looking at, but he saw the faint color that a light cast on Barry's face. Barry breathed, "Whoa ...," in quiet amazement, standing still for a second as if paralyzed. Then his hand found and mechanically pulled the cord, and the curtains parted.

And Andrew followed Barry's gaze down into the far bottom corner of the window, where two small disks glowed, a gentle, deep orange that pulled Andrew in too.

4.

Andrew awoke. He lay there in bed, body too relaxed to move yet, so he listened to the shower run.

About the night before, he remembered nothing after seeing the ... eyes? Yes, he decided, those must have been eyes. Of someone outside a third-story window. Something must have happened after that, because the curtains were closed, but he didn't remember anything further. Nothing. Everything was a blank.

The shower stopped, and he heard the shower curtain being pushed back. About a minute later, the bathroom door opened,

and Barry swaggered out, with one of Andrew's cream-colored towels wrapped around his waist and rubbing another towel over his wet hair.

"Hey, dude," Barry chuckled as Andrew sat up. "Man, I sure had fun last night. It's been a while since I got fucked-up drunk like that. Damn, I still feel pretty buzzed." Barry leaned against the bedroom door frame and grinned. "How about you, bro?" he said, voice low and soft. "You still feeling buzzed too?"

Andrew thought he saw something stir under the front of Barry's towel--Barry was starting to get hard. Andrew realized that he had an erection himself, and that Barry surely had to be able to see it

outlined under the thin sheet that bunched at Andrew's hips.

Barry closed his eyes and leaned his head against the door frame. "Mmm," he moaned softly. "Yeah ... Real nice buzz." He dropped the towel he had used to dry his hair, and his hand slithered into the front of the other towel around his waist.

That towel slipped open, then tumbled off Barry's slender hips. Eyes closed, head tilted slightly back, his face bore the vaguely smiling expression of a cherub playing at being naughty. His fingers stroked his balls underneath his rising rod, then they wound around the shaft and gave it a first, exploratory stroke. His lips parted. A soft sigh escaped.

"Oh, man," he moaned to no one in particular, "I shouldn't be doing this. I should save it ... but I gotta get off."

Barry's cock was fully hard now, and he was stroking it--slow, firm strokes--as if he had forgotten Andrew was there.

Andrew felt a shiver of pleasure run through him, and he looked down to find that his hand had pushed back the sheet, exposing his cock, jacking it off slowly, matching Barry's rhythm. Andrew noted that his cock was larger than Barry's.

Andrew tried to pull his hand away, but he couldn't. He tried to reach for the sheet, to cover his exposed erection, but he couldn't. All he could do was sit there in bed and jack off. Some part of him was

enjoying it and wanted more.

"Oh, man," Barry moaned again, and when Andrew looked up, Barry ejaculated, his cum sprinkling down onto a fallen towel. Barry's body trembled as he came, enjoying the tremors of pleasure that tripped through him.

Barry leered at Andrew as he shook off the last drops. "Mmm, yeah--nothing like starting the day with a good cum. Right, bro?"

Andrew said nothing. He kept jerking his hard cock, leaned back, wondered how much bigger his cock was than Barry's, kept stroking, wondered what Barry's dick would taste like if he took it in his mouth

and sucked it, kept stroking his hand up and down on his shaft, kept fisting his meat. An involuntary moan slid out of his throat.

"Looks like my big bro could use a little help," Barry whispered. He sauntered over to the bed, face still flushed from his orgasm, and he knelt beside the narrow mattress. "Want me to help, bro? Want me to help you cum?"

And before Andrew could make himself say anything, Barry bent forward, and he pushed Andrew's hand off his hard-on, and Barry's mouth engulfed it like a warm, wet vice. Their eyes were locked together. The feel of Barry's mouth immediately pushed Andrew past the

edge, and he started to cum and cum.

5.

Andrew and Barry tumbled through the door. Back home after another night of drinking and partying.

Whatever had occurred between them that morning had gone unmentioned. Thinking back, Andrew thought he remembered feeling as if Barry were sucking at more than just his dick. Such a sweet release. Was it any wonder Andrew had fallen immediately into a deep sleep for a couple of hours afterward? Now, rested, relaxed, he and Barry had been out raising a little hell at the local bars.

The time was getting late, past midnight,

into the A.M. hours. They'd left the bar just before closing time. Now, they fell onto the unmade sofa bed in the living room, laughing. Trying to unlock the door, drunk-clumsy, had seemed so funny to them. Andrew just couldn't stop laughing, even when he noticed the draft of night air.

Andrew looked over at the window. It must have been open, behind the closed curtain, because the modest night breeze blew in and harassed the fabric.

"Mmm," Barry hummed inscrutably, eyes rapturously closed. When he opened them again, there was something in them. Some expression, some little bit of light. It held Andrew's attention, and he couldn't look away.

Barry smiled at him, rolling toward Andrew on the mattress, pressing Andrew's chest down with one hand, flat on his back. Andrew was very aware of his hardness, straining at the confinement of his jeans, but he couldn't look away from the spark in Barry's eyes.

Barry's fingertips found and traced the outline of Andrew's erection through his jeans. Barry kept smiling down into Andrew's face. His fingers lingered at the zipper, then slowly, so slowly pulled the tongue of it down. One finger slipped inside. Then another. Finding Andrew's cock. Touching it. Easing themselves along its length. Andrew couldn't look away from Barry's eyes, the hungry flicker turning to flame.

Barry popped the snap on Andrew's jeans, opening room for his fingers to enter and form a fist around Andrew's rod. Their eyes stayed locked as Barry pulled Andrew's cock out into the open air, then coiled his body so that his breath grazed the skin of the sensitive head, then kissed it, gently. Andrew caught his breath, trying to fight the feelings flooding his mind and body, but failed, finding himself yielding to them. And liking it. Loving the way looking into Barry's eyes made him feel, as the flame caught in them and they began to glow with a soft orange warmth.

And suddenly Andrew was aware that they were not alone. He didn't really care. The presence was familiar, welcome, and he could not break away from Barry's

gaze. It was the man from the night before, and the night before that--Andrew knew it, recognized him from some core place inside. Barry felt him too, and turned away from Andrew's cock.

The man was talking into them, speaking directly into their heads, not with words but something more primal. He was calling them his children; he was play-scolding them for starting without him. His eyes throbbed with light, golden sparkles of charm among the orange.

When he asked them to strip, wordlessly, inside their heads, they did so happily. By now, Andrew had lost whatever he might have wanted in what the stranger wanted, and he knew Barry had too. Hard cocks

being ignored for now--only the stranger's needs mattered. Andrew stretched himself out again on the mattress, on his back, Barry stretched out beside him, both of them looking up at the stranger.

The stranger lowered himself onto the mattress, hovering over Barry's body. He bent down, a gourmand approaching a favorite meal. Barry and the stranger kept their eyes locked on each other's as the stranger gathered himself between Barry's sprawled legs and began to suckle his cock, gently at first but with growing hunger, urgency. And Andrew felt it too, in the pit of him. Felt the stranger draining something out of Barry, drawing sustenance from him, feeding off of him, as Barry started to cum, the stranger

swallowing Barry's load, swallowing his life-strength, as Barry gave it willingly, as Barry began to relax, eyes closing finally, sagging into something deeper than sleep.

Andrew knew he was next. His turn. Something in him leapt eagerly at the thought, but some other small voice screamed at him to turn away, pull away, fight the feelings that were sweeping over him when the stranger's eyes and their comforting glow pierced into his. The feelings overwhelmed him when the stranger's mouth found Andrew's cock, silencing the small voice, sucking away the residue of opposition as he sucked away Andrew's consciousness, and Andrew felt himself beginning to ejaculate.

6.

The following night, after they had awakened together in bed that morning, curled together like napping puppies, Andrew took Barry out to meet some of his buddies from the lacrosse team. All through dinner at the small restaurant, with the sun setting outside, Andrew and Barry kept smiling slyly at each other. If they noticed, Andrew's friends didn't seem to think it anything except the bond of two close brothers.

The original plans were simple: dinner, then go out drinking. Andrew drove. Barry had the passenger seat beside him. In the back seat, Andrew's friends were wedged

practically on top of each other. Tony, the handsome, cocky stud. Zach, the cute boy used to getting by on his good looks. Dre, muscular, shy, and affable. Brice, with his ready smile. Martin, red-haired, hot-headed, passionate about everything.

As he drove, with his brother beside him and his best friends squirming and jostling each other in the back seat, joking, horsing around, happy jocks eager for a night of fun, Andrew felt the hunger rise up inside him. His hunger this time--it had become his own. He looked over at Barry. Barry was looking back at him, smiling, and Andrew saw the sparkles flicker in Barry's eyes, and knew they mirrored those in his. They smiled at each other, unspoken communication.

They were speeding down a quiet side street, a shortcut to the area where their favorite bars clustered. But that was a couple of miles away still. Here, only trees lined the roads, and even streetlights were far between. No other cars.

Andrew slowed the car, pulled off to the side of the road.

"Hey, what's up?" someone protested from the back seat. Tony. "How come we're stopping?"

"Cool--let me out," someone else said. Zach. "I gotta piss *bad*."

"Fuck, make it quick--I wanna get so *laid* tonight!" Brice.

Andrew shifted the gears into Park. He and Barry exchanged one last smile, the light coming up in their eyes, before they bent themselves toward the back seat and turned on Andrew's teammates the tranquilizing orange blaze of their eyes.

7.

At the dock on the edge of the lake, Andrew and Barry climbed into one of the six rowboats. They were gluttoned with the energy they'd taken from Andrew's friends, who were sleeping off the effect in the car, safely hidden in the trees.

*Tony, the handsome young stallion, had fallen under their influence immediately. Seated in the middle, he was the first upon whom their gaze fell, point-blank. "What the fu-"
-" he stammered as their glowing eyes swept at his. Then he was sinking back against the seat, voice faltering, "Fuh fuh" His life*

was ruled by his cock, and the instant it responded to their call, he was theirs. He did what they suggested, climbed out of the car, climbed out of his clothes. He was the first to fall. Barry knelt before him and fed on his thick cock with its upward curve, bringing him expertly to a fast orgasm that poured his life-energy into Barry.

They each took an oar and began working the boat across the still surface of the water, heading for the island and its sentinel mansion.

Brice thought it was a joke, at first. At first, when they turned to him in the back seat, he thought they were

wearing some trick device to make their eyes glow like that. By the time, a second later, he realized the very real effect their eyes were having on him, they were already deep inside his head, and the blissful ecstasy invading his body made his smile linger even after his thoughts went blank. He too got out of the car at their command, and got out of his clothes, and got his cock sucked by Andrew, feeding Andrew his orgasm and everything he wanted to take.

They reached the short pier on the island. Three rowboats were there before them, and more would be coming. Soon. Very soon.

Dre went quietly. He was shy, off the playing field, and reserved. His teammates liked his calm, gentle strength. His body was the most muscular, the most developed, but that wasn't the kind of strength they were after. One look into their eyes, and Dre was theirs. Their hunger, calling the strength inside him, made his body feel so pleasantly relaxed, so horny, that resisting never even occurred to him. His numbed mind followed their instructions easily, stripping away his shirt and white shorts on command. Hard already. Awaiting his turn. Awaiting Barry's mouth and its hunger that emptied him quickly to orgasm.

Andrew and Barry climbed the winding stone steps to the mansion's front door. The door itself stood open. They entered into the semi-shadowy space beyond.

Martin tried to fight it. He even managed to withstand it, for just a few seconds. He was seated on the far end, behind Andrew. Tony and the others had blocked the effect from reaching him as fully. When he felt the first tingle run through his body, the answering hardness in his crotch beginning, he was confused. Some automatic reaction in him said these had to be evil feelings and had to be fought. But when Tony sank back under their influence, and Barry's eyes swept

*across Martin's, he felt himself
surrendering in spite of himself.
None of that mattered any longer.
Soon, stripped and standing
alongside the car, Martin was
brought to climax by Andrew's
hungry mouth.*

Three men already waited there.
Attractive. Naked. Heads bowed, seeming
unaware of anything around them.
Kneeling in an arc that would soon
become a circle. The pattern of it was
mapped out on the expensive marble tile
floor. Andrew and Barry stripped too,
leaving their clothes in small piles over
near the wall, where the other three had
already left theirs. Barry knelt into the
next place in the arc, extending it closer to

a closed circle, and Andrew took the next.

Zach was accidental. He had to pee. Even as Andrew was shifting the car into Park, Zach was opening the door, stumbling out into the night. At the tree line, he shoved down his shorts and began that much-anticipated piss. He was unaware of what was occurring to his friends back at the car until he turned around and headed back. Wasn't Tony wearing a shirt before, he thought, and the others too? Then he realized they were naked. Andrew and Barry kneeling before them. "What the--" Zach exclaimed. Then the brothers were standing, looking his way, looking at, into,

him. Zach vaguely found his hands fluttering up to begin unbuttoning his shirt, exposing his chest to the cool night air, before his thoughts faded entirely. Barry settled before him and opened Zach's pants and siphoned him quickly, surely, to orgasm.

Head bowed respectfully, eyes closed, Andrew was vaguely aware of another arrival, then another, each man taking a spot, making the circle more complete.

Then, that familiar presence in the back of his head. Andrew opened his eyes. There, in the middle of the circle, twelve strong now, stood the stranger. He spoke to them wordlessly, into their heads. He called

them his children. He thanked them for gathering the strength they had brought to him. He offered them the opportunity to entertain him.

As one, Andrew, Barry, and the other ten men in the circle stood. They knew what was going to happen--what had to happen.

They fell on one another. With their eyes glowing, this was a contest of will and strength. Turning away from Barry, Andrew threw himself into the face of the man on the other side of him. Grappling hand to hand, they stared into each other's eyes, trying to subdue the other. Andrew's dick was hard. He was determined to succeed. Athletics made him a fighter, and he fought. Draining his friends earlier

made him strong, and he fought. He felt the other man begin to falter, and he pressed his advantage, pushing himself into the man's head. The man wavered, his resolve weakening under the influence of Andrew's glowing eyes. Andrew pressed himself against his naked opponent, grinding their hard cocks alongside each other, and the man surrendered. Andrew pressed him down onto the floor and wrapped his mouth around the man's stiff dick, and fed on him, taking all the strength the man had inside and adding it to his own.

When he rose, instead of twelve, there were six. Andrew didn't have time to dwell on it--one of the others was already throwing himself at him. This man, a

taller, more muscular blond, was stronger than the first, physically and internally too. Andrew thought he recognized him from campus--football team? The blond pressed in hard, and Andrew could feel his body start to respond to the man's power, could feel himself being overwhelmed. The man was bending in close, his head aiming confidently for Andrew's crotch. Andrew knew that if the man got that mouth on Andrew's stiff manhood, he would be lost, and it was just seconds away from happening.

With his last bit of will, Andrew forced his leg up. Hard. His ankle ricocheted against the man's balls, and the man doubled over with a sharp cry.

It worked. The distraction had broken the blond's concentration and his hold on Andrew. Andrew shoved the man's head back and thrust his gaze deep into the man's eyes. All the fight was gone out of the man now, and Andrew had him easily. A few moments more, after sucking him, Andrew had his formidable strength too.

Andrew turned, looking for his next opponent.

Only one man was left, and he was rising from the prone, limp body of Andrew's brother Barry, whom he had just drained. Andrew yowled and flung himself at the last man. This man was the strongest of all, now bolstered by all of the power he had taken from Barry as well as his

previous wins. Andrew was stronger now too. They stood inches apart, eyes blazing into each other like miniature suns, pushing to find a weakness. Both men were driven to win, but Andrew had anger on his side. Grappling hand-to-hand as well as eye-to-eye, they were evenly matched. The other man was a couple of years older than Andrew, physically the same size. Any other time, their competitive drives might have made them friends, but this was a fight to the finish.

Time stretched out as they pushed and struggled, struggled and pushed. The strain was incredible--Andrew was sure he had never fought harder.

Suddenly, the other man gasp sharply,

body stiffening. His eyes rolled back and the glow faded from them as they closed, and his body sagged limply against Andrew's. But this wasn't Andrew's doing, he knew. The stranger had put his hand on the other man's shoulder and shut him down.

Andrew looked up at the stranger. He felt the stranger's words in the back of his head, telling Andrew how impressed he was, how pleased. He nodded for Andrew to finish the job, and Andrew dropped onto his felled opponent, mouth finding his unresisting stiff cock and sucking it in the now-familiar way, bringing the man to climax, taking his power.

Andrew rolled off the man. His body felt

incandescent with the power it contained. The stranger's eyes glowed softly down into his own, and Andrew surrendered happily. He had won. This was his reward, to be laid back and gently nursed, with the power inside him, his and others', too much to contain for long, already spiraling out into the stranger's mouth. When he awakened, he would be the favorite, at least until the next contest, and maybe that was enough.

Andrew realized the stranger was using the glow more subtly, letting him enjoy what was happening without muffling his thoughts entirely. Sharing an awareness of what Andrew was now, what he could do. This feeling--absolute communion, absolute communication--was as sweet as

the sucking, which kept Andrew's body teased to the cusp of orgasm. He had accepted his new role somehow, he realized, without even knowing it.

Absolute seduction. What the stranger was doing to him, the sensations flooding him, felt more intense than anything Andrew had ever experienced. Now that he was learning how, he could hardly wait to share this with Barry, his roommate, and the lacrosse team.

Andrew's final thoughts, before the stranger triggered in him the final ascent into orgasm. Soon his brother would be going back to his own college. Maybe Barry would start his own little outpost for the stranger there. And when Andrew's roommate returned at the end of the week,

wouldn't he be surprised by how much Andrew's life had changed, practically overnight. Maybe his roommate would even be allowed to take Barry's place.

But all that was still in the uncertain future. Right then, Andrew surrendered happily to the finality, as his thoughts ejaculated out into the numbness of deep sleep.
