

Investment

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: The master vampire trains his latest thrall.

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 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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My latest acquisition is led into this windowless room where I wait. He is naked, except for the restraints that bind him--a hood of burlap, a collar, a slender chain too strong for humans to break that runs from collar through the handcuffs, down to the shackles on his ankles. By now, a day after I purchased him at the auction, the drugs his captors gave him when he was taken will have worn off; he will be feeling clearer-headed. I dislike feeding on them until the chemicals have burned out of their systems, dislike the flavor. Still, I understand the need for the drugs as a precaution, a way to keep him and the others in his situation docile and unable to remember clearly those who took them, where they were taken.

The guards who haul him in are naked too, as are all my thralls, unless we have some business to conduct outside of my estate. I am naked too, along with my First Thrall standing behind me.

In the last day, no doubt my other thralls have told him what happened. They will have told him what I am and what will happen to him, what to expect. No doubt he did not believe them, and still does not, until his handcuffs are fastened above his head to a thicker chain from the ceiling. When the hood

is removed, and he sees that this room, our nudity, his head probably fills with entirely possible fears of being tortured, perhaps raped. Then he sees me clearly for the first time. I smile for his benefit. He sees my teeth. Sees the little bit of fluid I have allowed to remain at the corner of my mouth after I fed on another thrall earlier.

Vampire is such an unpleasant word. We prefer to call ourselves Kin.

His eyes widen. He believes the evidence of his eyes now, believes the surging, almost instinctive terror that urges him to flee from the mere sight of me. Adrenaline makes the smell of him turn spicy. He pulls and struggles against the chains and handcuffs. He is a strong lad, but the chains are stronger. His fears predictably now revolve around being killed.

True, a part of him will die here this night, but only so that other parts of him can live. Fortunately for this youth, I do not enjoy inflicting pain for no reason.

This boy is pretty. Young too--twenty-two according to the auction catalog that I barely perused before I saw him brought to the stage. I was struck by his beautiful athletic build, crop of blond hair, and thick, appealing cock with heavy, dangling nuts. I knew from that first sight I must have him, regardless of the cost.

My body appears young still, since I was turned before my thirtieth year, but I am nearly three centuries old. Most of the Kin in this district are but babes by comparison, and they wisely defer to me. Once I made my interest known, none dared bid against me. The auctioneers had known what a prize they were presenting for sale and set a high price for him. Still, I have significant financial resources. I won him easily.

Perhaps he was captured when the slavers raided a fraternity house. Or perhaps he was out drinking one night and wandered into the wrong alley to take a piss on his way home. I neither know nor care about such details. His life before is over, so why dwell on it? I prefer not knowing such extraneous information about my thralls. I had gone to the auction simply because I wanted someone new in my feeding stable, wanted the brief challenge of breaking someone new. Certainly he was beautiful, but I wanted him because, even drugged on that cramped stage and blinded by the spotlights blazing down on him and the other fresh meat for auction, he was apprehensive, shy, bewildered, and angry--just my kind of challenge. There he was, and now here he is. What more do I need to know about him?

He thrashes himself this way and that, but the chains hold. He bellows his animal rage at being restrained, tries to impress me into keeping my distance with shows of strength as he surges against his bonds. But he is also smart; unable to strike me with his hands chained overhead, he quickly figures out how to use leverage. He uses the chains to lift himself off the floor, swings his body at me, delivers a powerful two-legged kick. His feet slam into the left side of my chest. Others have tried this before him, though; I am planted, strong, ready for the blow, so I am barely jolted. His eyes widen as, his body careening backward, he realizes that I am far stronger than he, that physical force will not free him. Panicking, he yells the usual warnings. Various versions of *Let me go*. A few threats from the *Keep away from me* category. The ever-popular *You'll never get away with this*. Since I purchased him for his beauty and not with the expectation of sparkling repartee, the lack of originality in his threats is not a disappointment. In an era where the ultimate expression of offense is to un-friend someone on a social media site, repartee is a dying art.

Still, what will occur between us requires some formality, some ritual, at least on my part. I always begin with a show of authority. "I assume you have been told your name?"

He sighs, having tired himself, recognizing the futility of struggle against chains and cuffs. He keeps his eyes aimed at the floor as he replies: "My name is David--"

I seize his jaw, faster than he can comprehend, wrench his head to face me. He panics again, sensing my strength could fracture his jaw, which it indeed could. "No," I state calmly, as I have thousands of times over the years. "This 'David' ceased to exist the moment you were taken." His eyes find mine, the human manner of trying to interpret my expression, which he finds void of emotion, and then he remembers what my gaze is rumored to do, and his eyes skitter away and downward. He hangs limply in the chains and my grip. Good. "Your name"--the slightest twist of my hand on his jaw--"is Thrall, like every other who serves my pleasure. If you come to deserve an individual name, like my First Thrall here"--I release his jaw and gesture casually at the human standing behind me, almost forgotten in the background--"then you must earn that honor through devotion and service to me."

I give him my standard speech. *The life you lived before is over. No one knows where you are. No one is coming to rescue you. Family, friends--you will never see them again. I am your family now, and more. By the time I am finished remaking your mind, in just a few days time, serving me will feel familiar and right, like something you want to spend the rest of your life doing. Nothing will have ever felt so intense or so right before. You will no longer want to be "rescued." You will stay willingly, which eliminates any "crime" that you may think was committed upon you in the eyes of your human law enforcement authorities. Your choice is simple: You can fight me, and I will break you; or you can surrender, and I will lead you. But either way, I will remake you as I like.*

He does not look at my face. He fears what my gaze could do to him. Of all the aspects of the Kin that the "vampire legends" got wrong, with regard to our gaze the stories captured but a limited part, because the fabulists were unable to comprehend the full extent. Wisely, this youth keeps his gaze averted, looks around. As I speak, he notes for the first time that the guards are gone. Notices that he is alone with me in this windowless room, except for my First Thrall standing nonchalantly behind me. To this boy's credit, he does not interrupt me, does not attempt to wheedle my First into aiding him. My First is my most capable assistant, my right hand in charge of managing my estate and my other thralls; I claimed him ten years ago when he was nineteen, he has served me faithfully since, and he will never betray me.

You will be happy and content here. If you are cooperative, demonstrate to me that you are trustworthy and have initiative, you may rise to a position of responsibility, like my First Thrall here and the others who run my estate. Otherwise you will become part of my feeding stock. Either way, you will be cared for and well-treated. But disobedience of any kind will be severely punished.

The new boy searches the room, looking for anything: an escape, something that could help him. He is suspended from a chain in its center, and the square room--dimly lit, heavy concrete walls that are nearly soundproof--contains only a table holding orderly rows of objects. His eyes widen when he realizes what he is seeing. Dildos. Butt plugs. Clamps. Whips. More devices than he can count, all intended to cause the most exquisite pain. His fears from before have been suddenly given tangible form. He thrashes against the chains again.

I wait until he has tired of his pointless struggles, less than a minute. "Tonight I am going to demonstrate to you the consequences of disobedience so that you will understand," I say, strolling the two steps to the table and picking up a random implement, a heretic's fork, elegant in its simplicity. Most of these devices are just for show, but he does not need to know that. "True, your Inquisitions occurred before my time, but their lessons have been passed down and I have learned them well. I am going to show you that your body can endure more pain that you realize and still keep breathing."

The casualness with which I am saying these things is intended to terrify him. Already he appears ready to weep. My heart, if I still have one, ceased beating long ago; he will find his tears cannot beseech a reprieve from me.

I make a selection from the table. A short whip. Leather: something so fleeting as skin transmuted beyond mortality into near permanence, something that can be used to transform others. This seems a fitting choice, because I have been transmuted beyond my mortal birth into Kin, and because I will use this leather whip as I transform this boy into my newest thrall.

We will begin the time-honored way. I walk behind him, noting that a tear has formed at the corner of one eye, but he does not cry. "Please," he says, quietly. "Just tell me--"

I begin. My blows rip at his tender buttocks, leaving streaks of red but not breaking the skin. His previously milk-white ass bounces and his body dances against the chains. Blow after blow. He howls after through the first few strikes, instinctively, the wail of an animal trying to alert its pack, then he clamps his mouth shut, wasting his strength on stoic resistance, determined to deny me the satisfaction of his screams. I restrain my strength, striking hard enough to cause pain without breaking the skin or causing lasting damage. I work efficiently, striking to maximize the thunderclaps of agony, never focusing on one place long to prevent desensitization. I run my hands over his ass, appraising, searching for untouched spots, neglected areas, to which I then apply my leather. This particular whip is handy: it can be used from a distance for long, violent strappings, and it can be doubled up for quick, rhythmic slashing. His butt is heated and red, practically glowing, but he keeps his mouth closed. The most I can elicit are grunts and his body's involuntary jerks against his bonds.

I stroll around in front of him. "Does my discipline arouse you, make you hot?" I ask. I grip his jaw, threaten the bone with a slight warning squeeze. "Look me in the eye, thrall, and answer your master."

He glares his defiance at me, hard and resolute. Our stares lock. After a moment, my gaze weaves its spell around his mind, and his expression softens. "Good boy," I coo, praising an obedient pet, as my gaze begins the work of reforming his mind that will take several days. "Always obey your master." His body responds to the enthrallment with arousal; his skin flushes slightly and his cock begins to swell.

I break the gaze, release his jaw, turn away from him. While he shakes off the effect, I select another tool from the table, a riding crop this time, to replace the whip. I pretend not to notice his reaction as he deals with his shame at being naked and semi-aroused, his most private parts exposed to my scrutiny if I but looked his way again.

Instead I am behind him again. I bring the crop down hard on his shoulder, then across his back, and especially the backs of his fuzzy thighs. I lash him brutally, introducing multiple new parts of his body to fiery pain. I ensure that pain comes at him in waves, a constant burn that renews with ever-increasing peaks. The skin of his back from neck to knees evolves from merely lavender to raging scarlet.

Satisfied, I step around him again. Before I can grab his jaw again, through, he sobs, "Please ... Just ..."

I should continue, but I pause to hear him out. Perhaps I still hope for entertaining repartee.

He chokes back the tears, his body's involuntary reaction. "My brother ... You can--you can do whatever you want to me--"

Well, obviously I can. I have been in the process of proving exactly that. My hopes diminish.

--but my brother--he was with me when--when we were ...taken." He gasps and chokes as he struggles for coherence. "He was with me on that stage--but I couldn't--the drugs they gave us ... Please--I gotta know what happened to him. Tell me if he's all right. Then you can--" He chokes a final time and, head down, body sagging against the chains, he gives in to his weeping.

I am unsure how to proceed. I should continue with his training, but ...

Let us say the moon makes my decision. I sigh and glance at my First and give him a barely perceptible nod. He understands, of course. His fingers dance over the tablet computer he holds.

"Please ..." my new thrall-in-training blubbers through his tears. "Please ..."

Less than a minute passes. I sense my First at my side. I turn slightly toward him. Head respectfully declined, he offers the tablet to me. On the screen, from the auction catalog--which should have been erased and irretrievable as soon as the auction concluded--a photo of another face and naked torso, similar to my new thrall's, but darker of hair, perhaps a couple of years younger. I see the familial resemblance, in spite of the drug-addled expression. Handsome, though not as stellar as the older brother I acquired. I might have bid on him too, had I not been so smitten by the looks of the one I purchased.

I hold the screen in front of the chained boy. "Is this your brother?"

He stifles a whine, sniffs, and finally nods curtly, silently.

I touch the screen and look at the data my First has somehow retrieved. He is my First for a reason; his competencies seem to know no bounds.

"Ah. I know the Kin who bought him," I muse to the chained boy. "He is a supplier to a, shall we say, *rarified* clientele. Most likely, your brother will be tattooed, perhaps given specialized body modifications, remade into a sexual toy for those who prefer ... more depraved pleasures from their thralls. This buyer enjoys a brisk repeat business, because most thralls he sells are used up within a few months. And those that survive ... Well, they are not good for much else except resale to the lower end of the market as surplus. If your brother's fate is merciful, he will be dead within, say, three to four months."

The boy stares at the screen--safer than staring at me--as I hand the tablet back to my First. The boy swallows a whimper. "Please," he beseeches, eyes pointed at the floor. "Please, master."

I note the word. He intends it as a sign of obedience, attempting to manipulate me. I know this. But something in his tone pleads more movingly.

"Please ..." he says again. "I won't fight you. Please ... Just ..."

Save my brother.

I sigh. "Understand: If I do this, if your brother is brought here, you will not see him until your training--and his--is complete. By then, neither of you will be the man you were before. You will remember that you are brothers, but whatever love you feel for him will be overwhelmed by your devotion to me. I am your family now." I grasp his jaw again and turn his face to mine, testing him. Our eyes meet. "You understand this? Do you still wish this thing?"

He manages a nod and a whisper--"Yes ..."--just before his thoughts succumb to the spell of my eyes.

I incline my head to my First and murmur, "You are authorized to offer up to three times what was paid for the brother. Four, if he is as yet untouched by hand or hunger."

My First nods and begins the finger-dance on the screen.

I look into the boy's eyes again, bore my thoughts deeply into his head, advance his adjustment. Again his body responds with arousal, pain forgotten, lost temporarily in ecstasy that has his skin tingling and his dick hardening again.

Until I suddenly break off the contact.

I select a different crop. This time I stand in front of him. My first blows to his chest and shoulders are gentle, almost teasing, until more smashing blows from the crop thrust pain into the mix. True to his word, the boy does not fight me. His body jerks and twists because he cannot completely overcome its instinct to flee from pain, but otherwise he hangs in his bonds and accepts the punishment I deal. The crop leaves crisscross lines and welts up and down his chest and ribs and arms, much to my satisfaction.

Periodically I stop, turn his face to mine, and overwhelm his thoughts. He is learning that my eyes mean respite, pleasure, a way to numb the pain briefly, to replace it with bliss. Soon, after we have repeated this cycle--torture, then relief--when I pause from beating him, his eyes begin to seek out mine, hungry for that escape into ecstasy again. The boy does not realize he has lost, is lost, is well on his way to becoming mine. He no longer cares that he is naked, that my gaze leaves him closer and closer to full erection each time, that I am likely already making the changes to his psyche that I promised. Perhaps he thinks he will be aware of the changes and will be able to resist them, but I have led him further toward thrall-hood than he realizes. Each time his eyes seek out mine, each time he escapes the pain, a new part of him does not come back unchanged. Each time, he takes longer to shake off the effects of my gaze.

The boy does not try to beg me to stop, nor plead for mercy. I play his nerves like an instrument. He has long since stopped paying attention to anything except the blood pounding in his ears and his body's shrill scream of need each time a fresh chorus of agony sings through him. The body is a cruder instrument but easier to tune than the mind. I play his flesh for the melody, then his mind for the counterpoint. The song goes on: pain, then the bliss of my gaze, then pain again.

At some point during one verse of pain, the boy loses control of his bladder, as they all do eventually. For this reason, the floor beneath him includes a drain. He urinates helplessly, a steady stream that he cannot stop. His pain is now joined by shame, and he weeps, dangling loose-bodied from the chain, shuddering silently as his bladder empties. Even this shame has a purpose in my plan. I wait until he is finished, not because I share his emotion, which I don't, but because I do not want the unnecessary mess of causing his fluids to splatter. But soon enough we begin our song again, and this interlude becomes part of the greater symphony of renewed pain that washes the boy's mind.

The boy's awareness has shrunk to just his own skin. He has forgotten about my First Thrall, but I have not. My First came to me as a beautiful boy, like this new one, and my First has grown under ten years of my guidance into a quite handsome man: nearing thirty years old, his body is tight and athletic. He stands almost unnoticed to one side, naked and aroused--my First is well-hung, so his arousal is obvious if this new boy would just look at him. My First is aroused not by the spectacle of this boy being beaten, but by what it represents, the spectacle of pride being broken, of beauty being transformed to my liking. My First has seen this happen many times before. He knows why he is here, knows what is to happen, and soon, and that arouses him too. He waits patiently, and he watches.

I pull myself away from the boy's eyes following the latest verse of our song and wait while the boy shakes off the effect. Rousing himself takes longer and longer each time; the effect is beginning to take deep root in him. I do not care whether he realizes that fact or not. I bend my head in and turn his face away. He tenses. My lips touch his neck, just above the collar. He wonders, fears, whether this will be the time, whether he will experience my teeth, but instead he feels simply a chaste kiss. My finger moves down his torso, over burning skin: chest, abdomen, pubes, a fingertip glide along his thick, hard cock, from base to tip, making it bob in the air. The acknowledgement of his erection and his obvious need shames him, makes him blush, but his cock does not soften. He trembles, anticipating and fearing my next move.

I look up as if noticing my First and his erection for the first time, a bit of theatre for the new thrall's benefit. I move to my First silently as a serpent. I smile at him, showing a bit of fang. He smiles back at me, the very model of acquiescence. I look into his eyes as I extract the tablet from his relaxing hand and place it on the table. Watching us, the boy will be seeing my First's expression slowly slacken. The boy's eyes widen as he realizes what he is seeing. Seeing my First's hard cock makes the boy suddenly aware again of his own, and I sense his renewed burn of embarrassment. Ah, well, I will purge him of his shame soon enough too, just as I did my First ten years ago when he hung right where the boy is now.

I glide behind my First, so the boy can get a good view of what transpires. My First is here to be an example: perfect openness, perfect obedience, perfect acquiescence. I want the boy to understand exactly what will happen soon between him and me, by seeing it happen now between my First and me.

My First moans dreamily, still lost in my gaze-spell as I wrap my arms around him from behind, caress his naked torso, slide my mouth across his neck, lips open to reveal a bit of my teeth. My hand finds the First's cock and wraps around it. The boy stares at us as I gently, so slowly, stroke my First's cock. The new thrall is young; perhaps he has not yet been in the presence of two men locked together in a dance of lust. Certainly he has never been in the presence of a Kin locked together with his prey in the act of feeding. The way that foreplay unfolds is often similar in both situations.

I move in front of my First again, eye to eye. I lift him easily. My First's body is not limp but moves loosely in my grip, unresisting. The new boy is realizing again my greater physical strength, and probably too the power in my stare. Seeing what my eyes do to my First, the new boy realizes what my gaze has been doing to him; perhaps too he comes to understand the extent to which he has already come to accept what my eyes have been doing to him. Too late, too late.

I lower my First to the floor, gently, appearing to play the caring lover instead of the predator. His head rests against the wall, slightly propped up so that our eyes can remain locked. I bend over him, kiss my way down his abdomen to his trimmed pubes and the fuck-stick jutting from his groin. I swallow his cock with practiced ease. The new thrall tries to turn away from the shameless spectacle

of lust in front of him, but he cannot look away for long. He soon stops even the pretense of trying, and his eyes practically devour us, bugging out in shock as he watches us. I am pleased by his reaction. His own erection remains in full force.

My throat nurses my First's lengthy cock, as if I were a calf suckling its mother's teat. The First Thrall is still very much enraptured by my stare, and his body makes unconscious groans and yips of pleasure as I suck him. I can sense his arousal, the way it stirs the life force inside him, and I hunger to feed. I release his cock from my throat and wrap my hand around it, jack its spit-soaked length with long, slow strokes. My First has given himself completely to me, of course, and now he gives himself over to me again, as I lift him from the floor, stand him before the boy, take my position behind my First. I want my new thrall to see exactly what happens. One of my arms pins us together, my First's back to my chest. My other arm snakes down as I stroke his cock. I kiss my First's neck, give my new thrall-in-training a sly grin, and then bite into the life coursing through my First's neck.

"Aurrghh ...," my First groans, an animal sound as I feed on his animal life. He cums, and his semen spurts out before slowing to coat my fingers as I still stroke him. The boy watches--fascinated, repelled, aroused, fearing, and yet also finding himself wanting. He cannot look away. I feed slowly, drawing out the act. As I feed on my First, I stare at the boy, but I do not enthrall him. I want to make sure the boy sees and understands everything; I want him to understand his new place in the food chain.

My First is semi-conscious when I have finished. I ease his limp body down to the floor again, prop him against the wall safely out of the way. The boy expects me to turn to him next, and I do. My finger under his chin is gentle, turning his head away to expose his neck. My other hand on his shoulder grips just firmly enough on the harassed flesh to cause a burn. The boy trembles, an animal in a trap, wondering how soon he will feel my bite--now?--now?--wondering whether he fears it, or perhaps wants it too. He holds his breath, waiting.

But instead I release him and advance to the table again. At first the boy exhales in relief, but then his eyes widen in fear as I pick up and examine a new implement, because now he finally starts to understand. He understands I am in control of all things. He understands the cycle of pain will begin again and will continue until he is fully, completely broken. He understands his new place in this world that revolves around me. "This time," I muse as if deciding on a wine, "I think we shall use a quirt."

Some time afterward, I say, "Enough for tonight," breaking our gaze for the last time. By now, the boy's body from toes to collar, front and back, is intensely red. By now, the burn of each stray brush of air across his skin reminds him of his punishment. His erection throbs and bounces in front of him.

My First has recovered enough to stand, shakily, his cock and one thigh still flecked with his dried cum. He nods when I look him way and withdraws. He sends in the guards and the medic.

I enjoy the act of transform, not to destroy beauty but to reshape it to my desires. I have stopped short of physical damage. My medic will treat the boy with ointments to revert the boy's body back to its pure paleness. The mental transformation, though, has already begun and cannot be undone. True to his word, the boy has not fought me, though over the course of our session I would have stripped him of his urge to resist anyway. Usually the process takes five sessions like this, but after tonight's progress I am hopeful that my work on this boy might be complete after only three.

An hour before dawn, I visit the boy in his holding cell. He is asleep. He has been fed and bathed, his skin cooled and soothed by the medics with unguents, an offensively strong stink to my sensitive nose, though I know these ministrations to be necessary.

The small room is bare except for a chamber pot and the mattress upon which he sleeps under a thin blanket. He senses me as I slide noiselessly into the room, alerted perhaps by the slight click of the door as it shuts. "Who's there?" he whispers, demanding and fearful, groggy with sleep. Likely he can barely make out my outline in the dim light squeezing through the tiny window, a foot high and only four inches wide, too narrow to squeeze through. His manacles and shackles have been removed, but the heavy leather collar remains snug around his neck, now tethered to a chain from one wall, a length that would stop several feet short of the door were he to dash for it. Everything about this room is intended to send a message that his incarceration is absolute, escape impossible. Everything is intended to remind him that hope will not save him. But he does not dash for the door; he barely moves, since likely the slightest movements still cause immobilizing pain.

I am not the monster here. Once upon a time, according to human legends, a young woman named Pandora opened a jar and unleashed every evil into the world--except for hope, which remained trapped inside the lid. Hope is the monster here, the most monstrous of all, and for that reason it remained in Pandora's jar. This new thrall is one of the lucky ones, for I will cure him of hope.

But for now, his question hangs in the air, dreading an answer.

"I have come to you, boy. Is that how you address me?"

"No, master. Sorry, master."

He overplays his cooperativeness, perhaps believing overconfidence will make me careless, as if I were a movie villain. He misjudges--I am not the villain--but no matter. I shall soon enough cure him of such games too.

For now, in one swift motion, I am on the mattress with him, another display of superiority.

He gasps and recoils, fearfully. "What--?"

My grip on the tenderized skin of his shoulder must feel like sandpaper. He grunts as his nerves report this latest outrage of burning. A flourish of my other hand and the blanket is pulled from him, sent slumping into the corner. He cringes, naked body exposed, every cell of him aware of my proximity, my hunger, and his instinctive need to flee. Yet still, he feels his cock responding, which confuses him.

"Your brother," I tell him, to resolve our unfinished business, "is unharmed. He will be brought here by dark."

I have caught him off-guard. "I--" he begins, processing. His shoulders sag, releasing some tension. "Thank you, sir," he sighs finally. His tone is difficult to interpret, falls somewhere between relief and genuine gratitude. Probably he has come to realize that our bargain has likely extended his brother's life, but will in the short term consign his brother to the same tortures he has endured, if not worse--for what will his brother barter with?

Still, a tightness has flowed out of this youth, and the stink of fear fades slightly from him. I do not remind him that he will not see his brother until both of them have been trained, and transformed, into

my willing thralls. If he harbors any fantasies of a Hollywood-style reunion and mutual escape, he will soon find those fantasies fading like human dreams at sunrise.

"Look into my eyes, pretty boy," I tell him, half master's order, half seducer's coo. He understands his time has come, at last. He understands his part of the bargain, strives to meet his fate with courage. His eyes search for mine, barely able to find them in the dimness, but find them he does. "Look deeply into my eyes." He does. "Yes, that's it. Look deeply into my eyes."

My eyes seal their spell around his mind, quieting his thoughts. His body has learned how to respond: his breathing slows; his skin flushes; his muscles slack, his cock thickens and rises.

My kisses begin gently at his neck, out across a collarbone, then rougher on his abused nipples. His flesh trembles unconsciously, craving my kisses, fearing my bite. I lick a path down his tight, rippled abs. My mouth finds and closes around his cock, steadying it, my intense sucking making it smolder. He gasps. His cock-shaft is wide, would be a challenge for a human cock-sucker, but not for me. I come off it, tease the head with my tongue, then swallow his dick again. In sucking his young cock I pull vividly upon the reservoir of cum inside him that demands to be released. My new thrall needs to cum, as I need to feed.

Suddenly, inevitably, I taste pre-cum, a prelude to climax. I withdraw. I press his torso down into the mattress, face up, and I push his legs into the air. I play with and tongue-probe his asshole where the feathery hairs fan out. His bubble-butt is still ember-red from the beating, but the crevice even in this dim light is pale white, unreached by my whip, untouched by my toys. When I grip and squeeze his scarlet butt cheeks, he gurgles a quiet sob, because my pressure on his whipped ass hurts enough to penetrate even the haze that clouds his thoughts.

My cock is erect. I am naked. Tonight I will skip preliminaries such as foreplay. All I need is to apply the lube I brought; a slathering on my cock will be sufficient. I lock my eyes again on his. "Relax," I tell him, and, "I am going to fuck you now."

I neither need nor wait for his permission. I settle his heels on my shoulders. I guide my erection into his ass crack. I push into his hole, which is tight, resisting my intrusion by instinct. I push harder. Likely this force would hurt a human's penis, but my erection is stronger, harder, than a human's. It ramrods its way through his sphincter. The benefit of keeping him enraptured with my gaze is this: He does not scream when I so forcibly penetrate him.

I offer a few soft, soothing murmurs and softer kisses across his calves at my shoulders to help distract his body, but this is not gentle. This is no slippery, slow-sinking process of my dick into his ass. This is a savage fuck. My eyes stay locked on his, keep his thoughts suppressed. He is awash with the sensation of enthrallment and not focused on the specifics of what is happening; the pain in his ass is just component mixed into the hazy bliss inside his head. My cock burrows inside to the hilt, irresistible, inevitable.

I toy with his nipples, pulling them, stretching them; I savor the way his body responds. My cock explores every tender crevice of his rectum, violently jack-hammering while his body shudders and bucks. Fucking him thusly is not about bodily pleasure; this is not gentle love-making between partners or even pleasure-making between sex-buddies. This act is about animal dominance: I will do, and he will submit. I own him and I will train him to my liking. I will break whatever resistance I encounter, mental or physical, and replace it with my own intent. He will be remade. He will come to find pleasure in obedience and loyalty. He will come to love me. Like the others before him.

This act has no cruelty. I neither know or care whether this boy's anus was unviolated before tonight. His hole is tight enough to imply virginity. I have no interest in making sure he looks back on his first time with me with affection or even satisfaction; the boy should consider himself lucky that his first time does not involve anger or fear. I take my time in fucking him, stoking his arousal, teaching his body to enjoy being penetrated, until: "Fuck me," he drawls groggily through the spell of my gaze. "Fuck me."

Very well. My cock in his ass is indeed initiating him into the pleasures of the flesh that his fellow thralls have come to crave. This is another way to banish his life before.

I push his knees closer to his chest; my body arches forward over him as my mouth glides across his. Our lips and tongues fit together, a kiss, which he first merely accepts and then seeks actively. His violated shit-hole lurches and bucks around my cock. I slam my dick deep into his guts again and again. He breaks the kiss to gasp as I find his prostate and ride it, unleashing still more new sensations into the mix.

In spite of what he might declare if his mind were clear, his body begins reveling in its violation. I have led him on an exploration, and his body has discovered the euphoria of being fucked. His body undergoes the change from accepting the pain of the intrusion to acknowledging the truth of pleasure inside. Where the body goes, the mind follows. He begins to understand that my big dick belongs right where it is, inside him, using him for pleasure. He begins to love this, to love me. His body blazes with passion now, participates in his transformation now, as I begin to break the last limiting chains of his previous life and bind him to me. I kiss him again, our tongues tangling in a gentle counterpoint to my violent dick-strokes in his ass. I slam his hard body, bounce his head against the mattress, and fuck his ass with all the bestial brutality of wolves rutting under a full moon.

His heels bounce atop my shoulders as I hammer at his mind and ass. Sweat pours from his body, the smell of musk and man-sex filling the air, a timeless narcotic no one can resist. I plant soft kisses on his parted lips, keep my gaze locked on his smoldering eyes. His dick bobs like a fire hose.

"Please ...," he murmurs through the spell, wanting release from the pleasure that consumes him. "Please ..."

He wants to cum. I could draw this out longer still, but young men always think themselves immortal and are too eager for their own good. Too, my time before dawn grows finite. I will let him have his accelerated ending just this once. My lips kiss across his cheek, find his neck, kiss at the life surging just under his skin. He feels my fangs at his neck just above the collar. The collar makes the angle a bit awkward for me, will make the feeding messier than usual, but I will manage. The boy experiences first the pricking discomfort when my sharp teeth pierce his skin as I begin to feed, and then a moment later an unexpected new euphoria consumes him. His ass spasms; his cock jerks. Helplessly, he begins to cum, more powerfully than he knew possible, another discovery. His cock spurts, sprays his seed onto his chest and his stomach while my thick dick hammers relentlessly away, pounding into his prostate, milking his body dry from within.

I begin to climax as I feed. My body erupts into his, as his life force pours into my mouth.

When my body and his have finished, I fall on top of him. My gaze remains locked on his. Semi-conscious, eyes half-closed, his mind is passive now, all barriers brought down by his orgasm, no resistance, and I can continue transforming his psyche. We lay together like this a long while, and I get much accomplished, more than usual. Already he begins to realize the absolute need for absolute

obedience and loyalty to me, his master, above all else, begins to love me--and most importantly, to know with complete certainty that his capture and purchase was not an *enslavement* but a *rescue*. This boy's transformation into a willing thrall will take less time and effort than I expected. He could eventually perhaps rival even my First in his devotion. Yes, the boy tried to bargain with me to purchase his brother, but if that gained me this level of cooperation from him so quickly, then the purchase was an expedient investment.

But for the moment, with dawn arriving, I must withdraw to my chambers to sleep.
