

Symbiosis

by Para*Psyte and Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, vampire]

[Synopsis: The new guy sees his dorm-mates as dinner.]

Disclaimer: There's sex, sodomy, and maybe a few other minor perversions in this. If you don't like that sort of thing, read something else. Everybody in the story is legal age. Parts of this story may be autobiographical, or it might be all fiction--who can say?

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Symbiosis

Jay got a new roommate at the start of winter semester. His last roommate graduated at the end of fall term, and Housing Services assigned him a new one.

Jay used to be a real party animal. I mean, around the dorm he was, like, notorious. Every night he'd be getting drunk, scamming chicks, and generally raising hell. Now, he almost never went out. He went to class, and sometimes I'd see him in the communal bathroom down the hall, but that was about it. Sure, sometimes we'd go by his room to see if he wanted to go out drinking with us or maybe catch a band playing at one of the frat parties. He'd open the door--he was almost always around--he'd open the door, looking a little groggy like he'd just been woke up out of a nap, but he'd say he was studying or something, and he never wanted to go out. Most of the time his roommate would be there too, curled up with a textbook, looking at us with this sly little smile like he knew some kind of secret.

I didn't know his roommate that well. Never could remember his name. He was pretty standoff-ish and kept to himself. He was always staring with these really weird eyes. Funny-looking. There was nothing wrong with them--I mean, he was a good-looking guy--but they had this ... this look to them. Kind of playful, like he knew a secret about you, and magnetic too, like you wanted to look into them to see if you could discover the secret in them, but also kind of scary-intense at the same time. Unnerving, like he could see right through you.

Nobody seemed to know much about Jay's roommate. Some of the guys had introduced themselves but it never seemed to go any further with him than, "Hi, how are you."

Then John and Martin--they lived across the hall from Jay and his roommate--started hanging out with them. I'd see Jay's roommate going into their room sometimes right after lights out--hey, nobody here on our floor shuts down just because it's lights-out time, so I was still here and there in the hallways when I'd see Jay's roommate going in John and Martin's room. I wouldn't have thought anything about it, except John and Martin kind of disappeared off the radar too and stopped hanging out with us. They stopped going out. Seemed like all they wanted to do was hang out in their dorm rooms with Jay and his roommate.

My roommate Rod and I, we were like, *Well, that's their choice.* We didn't push them to keep coming out with us.

Let me tell you about myself. My name is Victor. I'm a college student, and I like to party--a lot. I'm part black and part Latino; that gives me light caramel-brown skin and dark hair which I wear cut short. I have really dark, penetrating, almond-shaped eyes. I'm a good-looking guy, muscular too from years of playing sports and working out in the gym. The ladies always loved my handsome face, my strong arms, the dusting of hair across my solid pecs, my tight six-pack abs, and especially my eight-inch uncut dick.

I'd been out to a party with some friends. I wasn't shitfaced drunk or anything, but I sure did have a buzz going--a nice, happy buzz. It was around two in the morning. By then almost everyone was in for the night and sound asleep. There were only a few voices, from further down the hall, of guys still awake and moving around.

My roommate Rod, he hadn't wanted to go to the party with me, which I thought was kind of weird. He'd been acting kind of strange the last couple of days himself, not going out as much and sleeping later than usual in the mornings.

I unlocked the door to our dorm room quietly. Dark inside. Probably Rod was already asleep? The slice of light from the hallway fell across his bare, white-boy legs, stretched out on his bed, on top of the covers. He made a low moan.

"It's just me," I whispered as I shut the door quietly, cutting off the light from outside. "Sorry to wake you."

And he made this weird groaning sound, softly, kind of like, "Ooowh-waaah."

That sounded really strange, like he was sick or something, so I said, "You sick or something? Watch your eyes--I'm turning on the light."

And I reached out and flipped on the switch.

And the moment the light came on, dazzling my eyes for less than a second, I saw ...

Rod stretched out on his bed.

On his back.

Naked.

Long, hard cock.

Eyes nearly closed, rolled back so that just the whites showed through the slits between his eyelids.

And Jay's roommate, also naked, curled up around Rod's head and shoulders.

Smiling at me.

Staring right at me with those eyes.

Those eyes. So intense I couldn't look away.

And this voice, this thought, whispered *//quiet//* in my head, and I thought, *That was kind of strange*, but I just stood there, quietly, watching them, looking Jay's roommate right in the eye as he looked back, smiling slightly as if he knew a secret.

And Rod groaned again, and from the corner of my eye I saw his cock jumping and cum appearing on his stomach and chest.

Jay's roommate stirred for the first time, uncoiling himself, separating from Rod. Rod's eyes were closed now, as if he'd dropped completely into sleep. Jay's roommate, though, was very much awake, moving slowly, like a snake sated by a full meal. Standing. Turning toward me. Smiling. Looking me right in the eye. Looking and not looking away.

And he went to my bed and sat down in the middle of it, and the voice whispered in my head again: *//strip//* So hard to concentrate on anything. My body was moving. Shirt coming off. Shoes. Socks. Then my jeans dropping and my legs sliding out of them, and my lucky boxer-briefs sliding down, and my feet pulling free of them. Naked. Gloriously naked, and hard, my cock so hard and eager--it had been hard since the moment Jay's roommate and I first locked our eyes together.

//come//

This whisper itching in the back of my head felt as natural as my own thoughts. My body walked forward, toward my bed and Jay's roommate stretched out on it.

He opened his arms to me, and I climbed onto the mattress, stretching

out, letting him enfold me in his hug. I'd never done anything with a guy--I'd never touched a naked guy before except for those accidental ways in the gym or in the showers--nothing sexual. This felt sexual. Very sexual. Very ... nice too. Like I belonged there.

The minute his skin touched mine ... There was this buzzing all through my body. Not the alcohol buzz--that had disappeared--but an electric tingling like energy running through me. I was lying on my back. He had fit his naked body up alongside mine, turned toward me, one leg thrown over mine and one arm across my chest, his other arm up and curled around my head.

I felt ... happy. No, not just happy. Euphoric, if that word means anything. I felt his presence in the back of my head, familiar, like a kind of comfortable companionship that meant I'd never be alone again. I felt like I belonged there, with him curled up next to me. Everywhere our bodies touched, everywhere my skin contacted his, the tingling was a dozen times more intense. It was like his touch was doing something to me, even stronger than his eyes. It felt so fucking good. So intense. Better than anything I'd ever felt before. Tingling. Like my skin was singing to his and vice versa, singing, as he pulled something out of me, some kind of life-energy from me. I didn't care. I was just lost in what I was feeling and loving the intensity, so overwhelming, and I heard myself groan from someplace far away, getting farther, fading, slipping, letting go, letting him take what he wanted. He was taking it, taking it in, feeding on it, feeding on me, taking it from me, and I didn't want it to ever stop, and then I was cumming, like my cock was blooming and all this pleasure surging through me must be all at once what flowers feel slowly as they open. I was cumming and my whole body was burning with joy and ecstasy, cum squirting out of me, so intensely it threatened to make me black out, blackness swirling at the edge of my senses, numbness sliding over my limbs now, so heavy, exhaustion

overwhelming me, as my eyes closed the rest of the way into a seamless slumber.

I awoke. Sunshine through the windows. Jay's roommate was nowhere to be seen. I hadn't dreamed it--I was sprawled out naked, on top of the covers, with dried cum on my stomach and my discarded clothes strewn in a line from where I'd been standing the night before.

I stretched. My body felt terrific. My head too--no hangover. My thoughts felt crisp and clear. I wasn't upset or anything. No doubt or uncertainty, as if what Jay's roommate had done has cleared away some fog from my senses. My morning hard-on rolled across my stomach and hip as I sat up. I gave it a little squeeze but I didn't want to jack off--I wanted to save it for later.

Rod with his morning wood was waking up at the same time, stirring, sitting up and yawning, stretching, scratching absent-mindedly at the dried cum on his stomach as he looked around. Our eyes met, and we grinned at each other, and I felt some kind of connection to him--just a kind of vague sense of connectedness. We both climbed out of bed. I smiled back and punched his arm playfully, as we started getting ready to hit the showers and start the day.

Classes, the gym--oh, yeah, and a couple of meals at the cafeteria--that was pretty much my day. After dinner, normally I'd be getting ready to go out, maybe having a few preliminary drinks to get myself primed for partying. That night, though, come eight o'clock, I was still sitting around the dorm room with Rod. I just didn't feel much like going out and partying. I just felt like having a quiet night, sitting around in just my gray boxer-briefs, reading a magazine. Rod must have been thinking the same thing because, except for baby-blue boxer shorts instead, he was sprawled on his bed doing the same thing.

And then we felt it start. That tingling sensation. Faint at first. Definitely there, though. Definitely there. This relaxed, happy feeling coming over me. Rod too--he felt it too. I could tell. We were connected, and more than us. We were connected the others. Jay. Martin. John. The rest. It was Jay's roommate--he was the hub, and we were all connected through him. He was doing that thing again. Taking that something. Giving that pleasure. Feeding. I didn't know who he was doing it to right then--probably Jay since they roomed together--but we definitely knew he was doing it.

My cock was stretching hard against the stretchy front of my boxer-briefs. I felt so ... peaceful and happy. Waiting. Ready. Eager.

I felt the guy cum. Whoever it was. I felt his final orgasm ripple through the connection. Just a hint of what he was feeling, but enough to make me gasp. Oh, man!--this felt so fucking great! I just lay back on my bed to enjoy it.

After a minute or two, we felt it start again. Jay's roommate had moved on to the next man. A little stronger this time. Moving our way, feeding his way down the hall, toward us.

Neither Rod nor I spoke. We were sharing something too sweet for words. Every now and then, we'd look over at each other and just grin.

Closer now. Stronger. Lulling us into a happy, relaxed haze. So lethargic we could barely move.

"Oh, man," I managed to groan softly at one point through the cloud of what I was feeling, rolling my head to look over at Rod. "How many times ..."

He seemed to know what I meant--yeah, we were connected deeply--and

mumbled, "A coupla- ... First time ... in the showers, two day ago," before we sensed this guy, the third maybe, cumming too, making us gasp blissfully.

Another short break, letting us ride down off that plateau easily.

He didn't knock. He just opened the door and walked right in. Jay's roommate. Smiling that sly smile. His eyes met mine as soon as the door opened, and the voice whispered *//strip//* in the back of my head. I somehow managed to shuck off my boxer-briefs, happily.

I looked over. Rod was stretched out naked on his bed. Jay's roommate was winding himself around Rod's body. I felt the fire sparkle through me--strong, point-blank--as the feeding began. Rod settled contentedly into his grip, letting go, letting him take what he wanted. I felt Rod's consciousness ebbing as some part of his life force flowed into the guy.

One minute. Two. Time stretching out deliciously, slowing, crawling, and then Rod's orgasm crackling finally, making his body twitch as his cum spurted across his skin. His body settling with a final sigh into a deep state more inescapable than sleep.

Jay's roommate disentangling himself. Standing beside my bed. Looking down at me, a warm, comforting presence in the back of my head. Not talking. Just smiling. Me smiling back, anticipating.

And then he was climbing onto the bed with me, and that first touch of skin on skin made my cock jump, and I wanted to kiss him so badly--I'd never kissed a guy before in my life, but I wanted to kiss him and tell him that I loved this feeling--but everything was going limp as the sensation sang through my skin, like the sound of fire spreading across the surface of gasoline. The feeling better than anything I can imagine other than that final orgasm, pulling me down, body so relaxed and limp,

thoughts so slow, slowing further, everything gradually fading except the burn of the pleasure. All that mattered was lying there, touching him, letting him take what he wanted and give me this feeling in return. And then the feeling was building, building, burning away the last vestiges of my thoughts, and I was shooting, cumming, orgasm breaking over me like a tsunami, breaking me up and submerging me into the black depths of slumber.

Days went by. This became our routine. Every now and then, Jay's roommate would add another guy to his ... well, "stable" probably isn't the right word, but it's the word that comes to mind. I'd pass them in the hallways or in the bathroom, and I'd know--*we'd* know--we could see it in each other's eyes, sense the new, deep connection between us. I'd smile, and the other guy would smile, and we'd go on about our business without having to say a word. What was there to say, after all? "Welcome to the neighborhood?"

So I was standing at the urinal, peeing. It was the middle of the afternoon, so nearly everybody was still in class or at the library or somewhere else. All I had on is a pair of old gym shorts, and even then I had the front half of them pulled down into a bunch below my balls so I could pee.

I was thinking, *Aaaah, there's nothing like a good pee!* I kind of teased my cock with my fingers a little and this little tremble of pleasure ran through me.

"Your roommate--he has started acting weird lately, hasn't he?"

Hmm? I thought I was alone, so the voice kind of surprises me. I looked over my shoulder and there was that weird guy from down the hall, standing a couple of yards away.

He looked nervous, eyes shifting around, and it shows in his voice. "He has, hasn't he? Like something is different but he won't say what?" He was not so much looking at me as looking around, as if worried someone might see us.

"What do you mean?" I asked as I shook off the last couple of drops and gave my cock one last stroke. It was trying to get just a little hard, but I wanted to save it for Jay's roommate--there would be time for that soon, very soon.

I put my shorts back in place and turned away from the urinal, to look at this guy. I didn't know him much very well--he lived down on the other end of the hall, the end Jay's roommate hadn't gotten to yet, and he kept pretty much to himself. He was from another country--his name was Slovo or something funny like that. Some of the guys on the hall made fun of him because he was always going to church and was really religious--as in "don't drink, don't dance, stay a virgin until after marriage" religious.

"We can't talk much now," he said. "I just want to warn you. There's something happening. It started with the new guy, Jay's roommate. He's the tool. He's one of them, the old evil that leads men to sin, and we have to stop him before he spreads his evil."

I guessed Slovo didn't know that Jay's roommate had reached out to me a couple of times now. Or that I found myself liking it. I found myself thinking, *Slovo is kind of cute--Jay's roommate will like him*. Dark-haired. Slim. Nice-looking once you looked past the way nervousness was twisting up his face. Good body under those clothes.

What I said was, "Huh? What are you talking about?"

He was pretty nervous all right. He kept saying we had to stop "it" and

soon, before "it" led everyone in the dorm into sin. His babbling didn't make much sense to me, except he seemed to think Jay's roommate was like Count Dracula or something, and I kept thinking it wasn't like that at all.

We were interrupted by a couple of guys laughing, the door bursting open as they came in and headed toward the toilets.

When I looked back, Slovo was gone. I wondered, *Is this guy going to be a threat?*

Two days later, I was in the showers. Morning--before class. Our dorm had communal showers in the bathroom--four spray heads each along two opposing side walls. It was me, Rod, John, Martin, and Jay--we were all connected and sharing little knowing smiles as we soaped our bodies. And Tim and Jason were there too. They were clueless. They weren't part of us. Well, not yet anyway.

I remembered my roommie Rod telling me his first time with Jay's roommate had been right there in the showers, maybe even under the shower where I stood, and that thought made me horny as hell.

Tim was jabbering on about some chick he had boffed and how big her tits were and what a great piece of ass she was. He was telling a great story--he had Jason getting half-hard just listening to it. Tim was going on about "pussy this," and "pussy that." That was okay--I knew he'd get his priorities realigned as soon as I ...

Those weren't my thoughts. They were coming from ... They were being whispered into my head by ...

I felt his presence and turned. The rest of us did too, except for Tim and Jason.

Jay's roommate stood in the entry to the showers, naked except for a towel thrown over one shoulder, a towel which he was pulling off and dropping over the rack alongside ours. Jay's roommate turned his eyes across all of us, and I knew what I needed to do.

Tim was talking about how that chick had grabbed him and slammed him down on the mattress and climbed astride his cock to ride him, lots of hair going everywhere and her big ol' breasts bouncing all over the place--in his story at least--and his hands running through his own hair as he cried, "Oh, Tim!--Oh!--Oh!" like she supposedly did.

We were all moving, casually confident. Rod and Jay each grabbed one of Jason's arms and held on to him. Martin, John, and I grabbed Tim and, as his body stiffened with surprise, pushed him firmly back against the tile shower wall.

"Hey, what--?" Jason cried, fearing a prank.

"What the fuck?" Tim yelled in surprise. He struggled, uncertain whether we were joking or serious, and the water made his squirming limbs hard to hold.

We all turned to face Jay's roommate.

He looked Jason right in the eyes, and the word that I felt him send was *//sleep//* and Jason's eyes rolled back, and his eyes closed, head falling back, body gradually sagging in Rod and Jay's grip.

"What the fuck, guys?" Tim exclaimed again. Martin had pinned his right arm. John had pinned his right arm. Me, I was pressing his shoulders back against the shower wall. "Lemme go! This isn't funny." Tim hadn't seen what just happened to Jason--he was too worried about what we were about to do to him.

We weren't who he needed to be thinking about.

I felt the presence at my left shoulder, and I stepped aside. Tim tried to yank his left arm free--nearly made it too since he was a very strong guy, so I grabbed it at the elbow to help Martin hold it.

See, when I had stepped aside, that left Jay's roommate standing directly in front of Tim. After a second, Tim noticed that too. He looked at Jay's roommate, into his eyes, got lost in them, and I felt the tension in his arm muscles fade. Tim wasn't saying anything now. I caught a glimpse of Tim's hardening cock as Jay's roommate moved in, pressing himself up against Tim's pinned body. Their embrace pressed Tim's dick to the side, and I saw the tip of it angling up from the crevice formed between the two men's hips.

Man, that close to the buzz, I could barely concentrate, and my body responded by getting hard too. Good thing Tim wasn't putting up any struggle at all by then.

When Tim came, I felt it--we all did--even before I saw the tip of his trapped cock erupting with his white load.

Tim's body first slumped even more limply. Then he started to stand up on his own, and we let him. He was one of us now. It wasn't him in control right then, though. The real Tim, his mind, was deeply asleep. *Okay, I thought, so he can make us do what he wants even when we're asleep.* Just like observing a fact.

Jay's roommate had already turned his attention to Jason. Tim's body, forgotten for now, sidled under the spray to rinse itself of cum.

Still locked in sleep, Jason wasn't in any shape to resist. His body was ready for this. That half-hard cock he had when Tim was telling his

story was now fully hard. I longed to touch it myself and make him feel good, but that was what Jay's roommate was about to do, and he embraced Jason, arms wrapped securely around his chest. Rod and Jay stepped back. I felt Jay's roommate working his spell on Jason's body, the feeling singing so sweetly through me, through all of us, all of us hard, so hard, now too. I wanted to jack off so badly. I wanted Jay's roommate to reach out and touch me. But my time would come later, that night. Now, it was time for Jason to become one of us, to cum, and he was. His cock, angled off across his hip where Jay's roommate's thigh pressed close to his crotch, jumped and spat out his sperm, and I felt his orgasm run through me, just an echo of what Jason was feeling, but it felt great nonetheless.

And then Jason's body was rinsing itself under the shower spray, and Jay's roommate was soaping himself, and the rest of us were shutting off our showers and filing out to dry ourselves, dress, and get on with our days.

I ran into Slovo as I was leaving the bathroom. "Don't forget," he muttered under his breath as he passed, as if we shouldn't be seen talking to each other. "He has to be stopped. Soon." And then he was hustling back down toward the far end of the hall.

That evening, I was back in my dorm room immediately after dinner. The moment I shut the door behind myself, I stripped down to my briefs. My body knew what was coming, and my cock started to harden before I even got my shirt off. I was rock-hard by the time I was down to my underwear.

No sign of Rod though. He had a late lab class that night, but he was never that late. There was about an hour to go before the nightly feedings would start, so Rod still had a little time.

And he bolted in just a couple of minutes before time. "Hey," he panted, breathless from running across campus, as he dropped his notebook on his desk. "He hasn't started yet, has he?"

I'd been reading some notes when Rod rushed in. I shook my head no--no, we'd both have known it--felt it--the minute Jay's roommate started.

Rod didn't even bother to close the door. He went straight to his closet and started unbuttoning his sport shirt. He had just a little time left to lose his shirt, sneakers, socks, jeans, and baseball cap, and he knew it. I sat up and swung my legs over the side of my bed, listening to Rod mutter under his breath about what a fucking ass his lab instructor had been for making them all stay late to finish.

Rod was a cute guy. He was my age and he played a lot of sports. Where I'm Latin, he's a basic white boy. Tall. Long, sleek limbs. Nice muscles. Smooth chest and tight abs. Attractive face. Light brown hair, almost blond. Nice butt.

Right then, as he dropped his shirt into his closet, Jay's roommate appeared in the open door behind Rod, and it began.

He was naked in our doorway. Seemed like every time I saw him recently, he'd been naked as if he didn't care who saw--maybe there was no one left in the dorm except that Slovo guy who would care? I saw Jay's roommate, and his eyes met mine, and I felt something from him reach out and lock around my head, my thoughts. He just walked right on in, letting the door swing closed behind him. Rod was too busy tossing his shirt on the floor of his closet--he didn't know Jay's roommate was there at first. Jay's roommate was right there beside him, putting his hand on Rod's shoulder, and turning Rod around to face him.

They were both in profile to me. I just sat there on the edge of my bed

and watched them. Jay's roommate, slightly smiling, staring down into Rod's eyes. Rod staring back, wide-eyed, smiling too, rapt, as Jay's roommate locked his influence around Rod's thoughts.

Normally, Jay's roommate would have told Rod to strip. Not this time, though. Instead, he just ran a finger over Rod's bare shoulder, grazing lightly over the skin. Rod was hard of course, his cock pushing a big lump in the front of his jeans.

Jay's roommate, hands on Rod's shoulders, turned him to face me. Jay's roommate looked me right in the eye and smiled that smile. Man, my cock had been hard but now it jumped and went even harder, like granite in my briefs. He would normally have told Rod to strip and started with Rod, since he was right there; but this time, he said something into Rod's head that I couldn't make out, and he gave Rod a gentle nudge forward, and Rod, still smiling, looked at me and sauntered sleepily over to where I sat, and he knelt between my spread knees, and he reached out and pulled down the front of my briefs and freed my aching cock, and he tucked the front of my briefs back up under my balls, and he tugged on my balls and teased them with one hand while his used his other hand to guide my cock as his mouth descended and gently swallowed it.

Oh, man! Rod was no stranger to sucking a dick. He knew what he was doing, and he was doing it well. I let my hand run up the back of his neck, accidentally dislodging his baseball cap, which fell down his back, and I ran my fingers through his sandy brown hair to encourage him. The sight of my beautiful roommate on his knees, in his jeans and sneakers, shirtless, sucking my cock was so sexy-hot I nearly came on the spot.

Jay's roommate on the bed behind me. His hands touching me here and there, stroking, caressing. I felt it starting, the connection, the draw, the

hunger in him sucking at me in a different way from Rod's mouth, and I leaned back in his arms and let him begin it, let Rod suck me, just let everything happen because it felt so damn good, and too soon I was cumming, cumming hard into Rod's mouth, cumming and my head going blank, cumming, cumming, everything fading except the pleasure that rang through me, cumming, cumming ...

The next morning when I woke up, I was lying in bed, naked, same as usual. Rod was naked in his bed, waking up at the same time. I remembered Rod blowing me the night before. He smiled at me and said good morning, same as usual, but didn't mention the blowjob. He just climbed to his feet, morning hard-on leading the way, and reached for his towel and shower stuff. So I didn't mention the blowjob either.

But my first thought was, *Did I reciprocate?* I ran my tongue around my mouth, fishing for anything that might taste like cum, whatever cum might taste like, but all I tasted was morning breath.

Jay's roommate was curled around Rod. Rod was stretched out on his bed, on his back, naked, hard, and Jay's roommate had insinuated himself around Rod's body, taking him, feeding.

I was sitting on the edge of my bed, nothing on except my shorts, with a big hard-on inside them already. Waiting for my turn. Eagerly. Jay's roommate had calmed my thoughts with a look into my eyes when he came in, but that was just a formality--it wasn't like I was fighting or anything

Rod's body jerked, and his cock jumped, and it spat out stream after stream of his white cum, and then his body relaxed, completely, into that blissful trance with a happy sigh.

That night, Jay's roommate was already unwinding himself from Rod's

enthralled body when the door burst open.

Slovo sprang into our room with his eyes clamped shut. He was holding a crucifix out in front of himself like a weapon. He had something in his other hand too, like a vial of holy water or something. He was shouting something like, "Get back, creature. Back, demon. I command you, by all that's holy!"

Jay's roommate looked a little surprised but not worried. More like amused--the way an adult looks when a child says something really precocious. He just sat up and looked at Slovo, smiling gently.

The grim determination of Slovo's face wavered, cracking with uncertainty. He was unsure what to do, I guess, when Jay's roommate didn't recoil in terror. And he was really unsure what to make of the voice that just whispered *//relax//* into the back of his head. But the droop in his body was visible; his arms lowered the crucifix and vial a few inches.

Jay's roommate climbed off Rod's bed. And with the doubt winning, Slovo opened his eyes a crack to see what he was doing.

And their eyes found each other's. Connection. Gradually, Slovo's face relaxed more, and his eyes opened the rest of the way, looking right into Jay's roommate's. Jay's roommate reached out and took the crucifix and vial out of Slovo's unresisting hands. He kissed the crucifix and set both items aside on Rod's desk. Slovo's hands kept lowering, down to his sides.

Rod's body, enthralled, answered the silent command and sat up. His body left the bed and stood a couple of steps away, just waiting.

Slovo and Jay's roommate were just staring into each other's eyes. Some part of Slovo was still trying to fight--I saw little flinches in his face as

he struggled--but his body was responding. His erection rising in his crotch. His hands rising again to unbutton his shirt, obeying the *//strip//* command. Gradually his body came into view as his clothing fell away, steadily, item by item, unrushed. Sleek, smooth muscles lining his chest. Strong arms. Tight abs. A long, slim erection jutting from the wild, black tangle of his pubes, powered to steel hardness by years of pent-up restriction, no doubt.

Jay's roommate put his arm around Slovo's shoulders and guided him to Rod's empty bed. There was still a little resistance in the way Slovo moved but also an eagerness. He laid down on the bed, stretched out on his back exactly the way the little voice in the back of his head instructed.

Then, as Jay's roommate eased onto the bed with him, naked body sliding along naked body, it began, and Slovo wasn't resisting any more. No, it was safe to say he was seeing a whole new kind of heaven. And he liked it. A lot. Gasping, groaning, moaning--yeah, he was loving this. And as his body tensed and his cock pulsed and jumped and his orgasm broke over him with the finality of collapsing dam, releasing a flood of cum onto his stomach and chest and neck, he must have felt like he had been ushered into a whole new kind of communion.

No, Slovo would not be a problem any longer.

The following day, I got back to my dorm room, after class, after working out at the gym. Rod was nowhere to be seen--probably still in class. I had the room to myself for a while.

I was pulling off my tee-shirt. My chest and arms were still burning after my workout, and maybe I was so focused on that that I didn't realize he was behind me.

Jay's roommate touched my arm as I dropped my shirt onto my bed. I turned and fell into his eyes.

My hands, on auto-pilot, went to my belt, pulling at it, pulling it open.

"No, let me," he said--not the whisper in the back of my mind, but with his real voice. And I realized in all this time I'd never heard his voice before.

He opened my belt and my pants, and slid them to my knees. My cock was three-quarters hard and rising quickly. I sat down on my bed, not because he told me to but because he was kneeling and untying my shoes. I wanted to make it easier for him to pull them off. And he did--the right one first, then the left one, socks too. He pulled my drooped pants and underwear off. I pulled myself back into the center of my bed; his body rose and followed, came down alongside mine as I lay back.

He kissed me. I'd never kissed a guy before, but I kissed him back. I wanted to kiss him. His hands caressed my body--not feeding on me, just touching. "Tonight," he said, "I want to do something different, and you'll need all your strength. I have a gift for you that will change your life forever. It will make you like me. Do you accept this gift?"

I had only a vague idea what he meant, but I nodded.

He kissed me again. His hands massaged and stroked and caressed my torso. He rolled me onto my stomach, trapping my hard dick between my body and the mattress. He massaged my back with his hands and kisses, working his way down. Sooner or later, his tongue found my ass crack and burrowed in to find the hole.

That nearly made me jump out of my skin! No one had even licked my asshole before. I'd heard of guys who liked to have their girlfriends put a

finger up their buttocks, and I'd heard of getting fucked up the butt, but I never knew a tongue could feel like that.

"Shh," he whispered from between my ass cheeks. "Try to relax and enjoy it."

I started getting into it. I never knew my ass could feel this good, but I was learning quickly. He reached up under my hips and pulled my hard cock down so that he could lick it between my legs. I felt one of his fingers, slick, slide against my asshole, pressing in. "Push back," he said, "like you're taking a shit." Romantic image, right? Well, I did what he told me to, and his finger slid in. I didn't really enjoy it at first, but he was licking my cock, and his weight held my legs in place, so I toughed it out. Guess what? After a few minutes I started feeling kind of good back there, and I settled into the mattress with a sigh, and I thought, Okay, maybe I can handle *this*.

"Okay, it's time," he whispered into my ear as he kissed along the outer edge of it with the weight of his body lightly pressing down on my back. "This is your last chance to change your mind."

I thought I knew what was coming. I said, "Do it."

"It'll hurt some at first, but I'll try to be as gentle as I can. Roll over on your back--it'll be easier that way."

So I did, and he pushed my legs up onto his shoulders, leaning forward so much my knees nearly touched my chest. His hand fiddled with something between my ass and his hips, and I felt something hard and round slide into place between my butt cheeks. Pressing forward, against me. Trying to enter me.

He told me, "Try to relax as much as possible. Push back and it'll go in

easier."

So I did. And yeah, in spite of the lube he had smeared up my crack and all over his cock, it hurt. Burned like hell. I twisted my head to the side and bit my pillow to keep from crying out. I felt the head of his cock pop past my sphincter, and--whew!--after that the rest seemed to slide in easier.

It hurt. It burned. I wanted him to stop, but I forced myself to take it. I liked him a lot, and I wanted him to do what he wanted. I gasped and concentrated on keeping my ass from clenching around the intruder.

And then--and then--I started to feel something up inside. Kind of a tingly warmth. It felt kind of good. Okay, I guessed I could see why some guys might get into it, once they got past the pain.

And just as I was starting to enjoy it, he wrenched his face up and threw his head back. "I'm gonna cum," he said, squeezing the words from between clenched teeth as his torso began to jump and buck. He pressed his weight forward, burying himself inside me as far as possible.

And I felt his cum enter me. I felt it like a new kind of intrusion. I felt it burning inside me, felt my stomach muscles start to spasm almost immediately, as if trying to shit out his cum, and I knew that all along he had been talking about--warning me about--something entirely different. My stomach muscles were starting to cramp, starting deep inside, twisting. I was starting to panic.

He pulled his cock out of me. He was watching my face. My expression had fear and pain written all over it. "Shh," he said, trying to comfort me, caressing my cheek with his palm. "I know it hurts. I'll be right here with you. It hurts, but you'll be all right soon."

"Oh, fuck! *Fuck!*" I swore as my abdomen cramped like a convulsion and the pain inside me began to spread into my groin and legs and up into my chest.

"I'm going to protect you from the worst of it," he said, and then in the back of my head I heard the whisper *//sleep//* and in spite of the intense pain, my eyes closed.

I opened my eyes later, letting the oblivion slide away.

Jay's roommate was sitting on the bed beside me. "About twenty-four hours," he said before I could ask the question.

Something twisted inside me. My whole body felt sore. Weak and sore.

"What did you do to me?" I asked. I knew, but I felt like I had to ask anyway.

"You'll be hungry," he said. "You should feed now."

He looked across the room, and I followed his gaze.

Jay and Rod sat on Rod's bed in their boxers. There was something vague about their eyes, their slight smiles. Something distracted.

Jay's roommate reached out his hand, and Jay stood up slowly, almost as if he was sleepwalking. He dropped his boxer shorts and stepped out of them. Naked. Cock hard.

And I had never seen anything more beautiful.

I wanted to touch him. I wanted to reach out and touch him and hold him close and ...

Jay walked over. His roommate yielded his place on my narrow bed, and Jay sat down. He was the perfect choice. He had been the first one his roommate fed on when he came here--the one he'd been feeding on the longest, the one who would be easiest for a beginner like me.

I reached for him and pulled him close. I had zero technique--all I had was a hunger, and I needed him to fill it.

I pressed my body to Jay's. He was smiling happily, as if enjoying the attention. I could feel it inside him, the energy I needed. However, it was like handing me a can of beans without a can opener. I couldn't figure out how to get at his energy, to get the process started.

Jay's roommate put his hand over mine, and I felt something. Jay's energy is breaking through. Flowing through my hand toward his roommate's. So that was how it was done. I was so lost in marveling at how it felt that I nearly forgot to take it in, but soon I was taking it as fast as his body would give it. Like nursing a cow.

Jay was relaxing into my arms, and I was doing it all myself now, feeding, taking, taking everything his body has to give me. He was settling into my arms, eyes rolling back in his head, slowly going limp except for his hard, hard cock, pointing straight up, and then I felt it--I felt it happening in him--and he was cumming, shooting his spunk all over his stomach, and I felt something push me back, break the connection between us, and then I was sitting there blinking, looking at Jay's slumbering body, draped limply across mine, and the cum dotting his stomach and chest and starting to run a little.

Jay's roommate looked at me. Somehow, without even the whisper in the back of my head, I knew he was asking me if I enjoyed it. If I wanted more. I nodded.

I understood now. I understood how.

I looked over at Rod, and my eyes pulled his gaze to them, into them. I pushed the command *//stand//* into his head, and he did. Then *//strip//* and he did that too. I pulled him to me. I was losing myself a little. He wasn't my roommate Rod to me just then--I was hungry and he was a meal, and I latched onto him and pulled him to me, into my arms, down on the bed, and the feelings that I had experienced before of being fed on were nothing compared to the joy of doing the feeding, and I siphoned his energy as rapidly as I could.

Suddenly, Rod was cumming, and Jay's roommate was breaking my connection, pulling me away from him. Just by looking at me, he scolded me a little for losing control like that and warned me not to get that lost in it again.

Jay's roommate showed me the ropes over the next week. Showed me what I could do, how to do it. He was a patient teacher. Everything was new to me. What I especially liked was how receptive guys were once we fed on them; though their minds were blacked out, their bodies would follow out instructions like puppets--thralls, Jay's roommate called them, half-jokingly.

Jay's roommate and I shared the men at first, though I knew soon I'd need to find a feeding ground of my own.

I needed to get moved to another dorm, exclusive territory where I could feed. Jay's roommate told me who to see in the campus housing office to make sure my request would be approved.

Zach in the Housing Services office turned out to be a student himself, probably a senior. I went to see him, just like Jay's roommate told me to. The moment I saw him, I knew how Jay's roommate had persuaded Zach

to let him move to our dorm--I could hear in his head traces of other voices. Jay's roommate was one, and there were at least two others, one of which resonated as being old, very old and powerful.

Zach was well-trained. I think he sensed the hunger in me. We went into a private office to talk, and the moment the door was closed and I looked into his eyes, his mind became receptive. Eagerly receptive--as if he had been waiting for me to do this. So I ordered him *//strip//* and he began revealing a long, lithe body. Sleek muscles--probably a runner. Smooth chest. Black hair and brown eyes. And a very long, sleek cock too, hardening

I told him to lie down on the carpet, and I wove myself around him, making sure as much of my skin was touching as much of his as possible, and I took him down, slowly, sweetly, helping him relax and surrender to me, surrender control, surrender all of his delicious energy. And at the end, his cock exploded with a huge load, as if he hadn't cum since Jay's roommate had visited him, maybe right there in that same office.

So I moved into my new place shortly after spring break. Rod and a lot of my friends from the old dorm helped me move. Slovo helped out too. Moving didn't take long--I didn't have that much stuff. My new room was a single, and I was going to miss having a roommate.

I hugged the guys goodbye outside of my new dorm. They had to get back to be ready for Jay's roommate in a little while. Sure, I'd be seeing them around campus, but that wouldn't be the same.

I walked back up to my new floor and surveyed the rows of doors. There were a few guys milling about at the other end of the hall where the TV lounge and the bathroom were, but most of the guys were probably still having dinner in the cafeteria or out looking for a party. Pretty soon

that would change. I was looking forward to it.

For the time being, though, I had to get some things unpacked--hey, I was still a college student, and I still had homework to do and papers to write, so I headed back into my room.

I was starting to get hungry.

There was a knock on my door. I opened it to find this gorgeous blond guy standing in the hallway. "Hey," he said. "You must be the new guy. I'm Josh--I live across the hall. We're going to be neighbors."

Well, well, there's nothing like room service, I thought. What I said was, "Hi, Josh. C'mon in, man." I let my eyes reach out and reel him in, and I felt his mild surprise turn to happiness as his mind went quiet, body relaxing, cock hardening, and he stepped inside, already pulling off his shirt like I told him to, revealing a nicely proportioned chest sprinkled with golden hair, and I shut the door behind him.
