

Return on Investment

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: The master vampire begins training a new thrall. A sequel to ["Investment."](#)

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."

Copyright - 2015 by Wrestlr. Permission granted to archive if and only if no fee (including any form of "Adult Verification") is charged to read the file. If anyone pays a cent to anyone to read your site, you can't use this without the express permission of (and payment to) the author. This paragraph must be included as part of any archive.

Comments to wrestlr@iname.com

Wrestlr's fiction is archived at the following URLs:

- <http://www.asstr.org/~wrestlr> (MC and general M/M stories, mirror site)
- <http://www.mcstories.com/Authors/Wrestlr.html> (MC stories)

Author's note: This is a sequel to ["Investment,"](#) in response to a reader who asked about what happened to the brother mentioned briefly in that story. I suggest reading it first.

Return on Investment

by Wrestlr

The boy is not in place when I walk into the room. This is unexpected. He is not my first thrall-in-training today--the first was a blond beauty, now in his second day of being broken and rebuilt to my liking, a task I take quite seriously. But for the new boy who should be awaiting me, today is his first day of training, and I expected to find him fastened to the chain in the center of the room when I entered. For a moment I wonder if my guards are to blame, whether I need to postpone the start of this new thrall-to-be in order to punish them. That any who serve under me would intentionally disobey is almost inconceivable. Still, the evidence--the lack of the thrall-to-be--is before me.

I hear them approaching. More specifically, I hear them struggling. I step aside and watch the door. It bursts open and wrenching bodies practically fall into the room. The new boy and I have not yet met, but he must be strong because three guards, instead of the usual two, are laboring to keep him under control.

"Sorry, master," one of the guards mutters as his two cohorts wrangle the fighting young man to the chain. "He's a spitfire, this one. Been like that since he got here."

Likely the slaver from whom I purchased this youth decided to cut his expenses by not administering sufficient drugs to keep him pliant during transport. No matter.

I make no response. I am displeased, by their tardiness and by the presumed familiarity from this guard. An uncooperative youth is no excuse. I turn my head slightly toward my First Thrall who stands behind me, and I narrow my eyes. He understands; he taps the screen of the tablet computer he carries, sending instructions that these guards will be disciplined when they return to their posts. I do not care what punishment is meted upon them; I care only that discipline is maintained.

The guards manage to fasten the cuffs to the chain. The young man--barely that, I estimate, since he is probably eighteen--thrashes and jerks. He is indeed quite strong, naked body dense with muscles that are clearly not just for show. A bit of dust falls from where the chain fastens to an old hook sunk into the ceiling. Yes, quite strong. An athlete, used to proving himself in contests instead of lifting slabs of iron--his strength has been honed by wrestling or rugby, perhaps, or one of those ritualized fighting styles called a "martial art." No matter. I will enjoy breaking him and bending that strength to my service.

He stands. After a quick survey of his new surroundings with the rage of a terrified animal, he lunges and bucks, testing his latest bonds. The guards stumble back. The chain, of course, holds and the youth does not advance far. His stance suggests a level of "self-defense" or martial arts training, but no real melee experience. He fights because he is angry; take away that emotion and his façade crumbles. Still, the combination of an athlete's muscle, his defense training, and his native cleverness could make him a challenge, might allow him to turn an opportunity to his advantage. I will not underestimate him.

"Leave us," I tell the guards, making no attempt to hide my annoyance, and they do.

The panting youth glares at my First and me, defiantly, assessing his next target. Sandy hair. Quite comely of face. Two days of beard stubble--likely none of my caretaker thralls trusted him with a razor. His body is nicely proportioned. His cock, though soft, dangles with the promise of sufficient length and thickness. Yes, I expect to enjoy this new thrall in many, many ways.

He does not try to introduce himself, nor do I. This pleases me. Our adversarial roles seem clear enough to him. My First has already confirmed that this young man had been told the standard facts of where he is and why he is here. I need not repeat them.

He snarls his bestial fury. He looks from me to my First, then back. He breaks our silence first with a demand: "Which of you assholes is in charge?"

I debate whether to add a ball-gag to his training, at least at the start. The idea of his mouth struggling against the gag makes me chuckle. Which, I suppose, also functions as the answer to his question.

The youth pinpoints his ire on me. "They're gonna find me," he yells--as if, in this small room, I would have any trouble hearing his anger in a quieter tone. "My brother has already told the cops you kidnapped me, and they'll find me, you bastards."

I do not correct him because I see no need to quibble. I did in fact not kidnap him; he was taken by slavers, sold at auction, and I merely bought him. Such revision to his understanding serves no benefit in what will transpire between us. And of his brother?--He will learn soon enough.

I step forward to begin my part of this drama.

I am naked; I wear my nakedness proudly. My First Thrall, the guards, likewise; everyone in my service is naked while on the grounds of my estate. This youth was purchased yesterday, was delivered to my estate a few hours ago. No doubt he has noticed that everyone he has seen here has been unclothed. He himself seems to feel no shame at being nude, has an athlete's casual acceptance of that fact, though he tosses his head and tugs at the thick leather collar and the manacles that are his only garments.

His collar and manacles have been fastened to a chain dangling from the ceiling. The boy tugs and bucks and whips his body this way and that. He peers upward at the hook in the ceiling, as if blaming it. He jerks and pulls against his chains, trying his muscles against the metal, just like all the other thralls-to-be who have hung in these rooms before him, spouting their defiance before feeling my discipline and my bliss, before allowing themselves to be broken like a colt to a saddle, before finally accepting their fates. This youth is but the latest here. Human strength is finite, and insufficient to win his freedom.

He is planning something though. Then the boy does something unexpected. He climbs the chain quickly, as if it were a rope in gym class, barely hindered by the length of manacle that lets his hands reach only a few inches at a time. I'm faster and stronger than he--I could stop him--but I am curious; I want to see what opportunity he hopes to exploit.

He clings to the hook at the ceiling, tugging and grunting. The chain rattles like an unintelligible telegraph code. He cannot expect to hang there forever; human strength is short-lived. Soon enough he will tire. He must know that he cannot avoid me forever.

Suddenly he drops. More importantly, his chain is loose from the hook and drops with him. Somehow he has done what no one before him thought to do: unable to free his collar and manacles for the chain, he found a way to free the chain from its mooring. Clever boy. He has found a way to surprise me.

He turns as he falls and lands on his feet, crouching and rolling to dispel the force of landing. He regains his footing quickly, winching slightly. This victory has cost him, but whatever injury he sustained appears minor. He reels the chain into his hand and glares at me. He swings a length of chain in a circle in front of him, means to use it as a weapon. I sense my First stepping back; for all his extraordinary administrative skills, my First is not a trained brawler. He is content to let me deal with this loose thrall-to-be.

Deal with it I shall. I step forward.

"Stay back! Keep away from me!" the youth bellows at me, as if the idea should already have occurred to me. I ignore his warning and stand my ground. "Move away from the door!" is his next shout. I will quiet him quickly, if only to stop him from deafening my keen hearing in this cramped room.

When I do not move aside, he advances, swings the length of metal links at my head. He obviously has no experience with using chain as a weapon. I could stop the blow, but I gauge that my First is safely out of range, so I simply duck, moving almost faster than the youth can see. The chain whips over my head and continues its arc. Its weight pulls the youth off-balance. He stumbles. Still, I do not strike. He needs to realize the futility on his own. Realization will help him accept the inevitable.

We face each other as he readies the chain again. His anger prevents him from interpreting my calm adequately. He swings a short length of chain in a warning. I do not flinch. He lunges again, swinging lower, aiming a devastating strike at my body. However, it does not touch me.

I stoop under the blow, snatch the chain as it passes, and yank. The youth is unprepared for my speed or my strength, and he staggers forward. I have the advantage. I leap for the ceiling. At the apex, I grab the neck of the hook as he had done. I lift the chain and the boy, and I thrust the chain over the bend again, clinging long enough to squeeze the gap shut so no one will ever again be able to dislodge the chain.

When I lightly land, so few seconds have passed that the boy is only just realizing that he is suspended from the chain again. He starts with, "What the--? How the fuck--!" His bare legs kick. He tugs on his shackles, on the chain, but he finds no weakness now.

I face my First. I have other training rooms; I do not have to tell him to have this problem resolved in all of them. He already busies himself with his tablet, sending orders to the thralls who maintain my facilities.

The youth continues to bluster at me far too loudly. Perhaps he knows no lower volume? He declares no one could do what I just did. That rattles him more than his return to captivity. He demands to know how I did it, what I am.

"But surely," I flier, showing just a bit of fang, "you were told what I am." Because I know that he was indeed told. I know he scoffed, thinking the facts too fantastic to be comprehended. And now I see him begin to wonder whether to believe after all.

This room is seldom used; I do not often have two new possessions to train into thralls simultaneously. A small table holds the tools, a selection, but my favorites are here. The youth watches as I choose a whip. Perhaps he also does not believe that I will use this on him. He will learn otherwise, repeatedly. He has already been told why he is here by the others: that he will learn pain at the master's hands, that the master will break him, that the master will remake him to his liking.

He will learn that I am the master.

I walk behind him. He watches me over his shoulder. His entire back and ass are exposed to me, a canvas on which I will score the symphony of his pain. He expects the whip on his back. I see the muscles tense across his shoulders, along his spine, preparing. He plans to take my blow there and prove his manhood. I swing the whip but target instead the backs of his thighs. A crack like thunder. He screams, not expecting how the sensitive nerves there burn so brightly, and he tries to dance away. My second lick catches him just below his comely buttocks. He yowls in animal pain.

He recovers quickly, tries to pretend he can take the beating. "Thank you, sir. May I have another," he snipes. I recognize both the reference and his undisguised sarcasm. I give him his "another," across the tender backs of his knees, and another, and another.

The blows sting mercilessly, and I am tireless, applying them in quick succession. He barely perceives gap in time between strikes. His entire awareness becomes focused on his legs, the erupting stripes of fire I continue to inflict.

Normally, I choose to alternate the pain of intense punishment, ameliorated by the euphoria of my gaze. At this time, normally I would start into his eyes, introducing him to the relief he will come to crave, introducing him to the spell that, once he comes to welcome it, I will use to break his resistance. This boy, though, is atypically headstrong. He knows how to use the pain and how redirect it as fuel into his anger. I must either overpower him or outlast him. Both involve risks--the first to his flesh, the second to his mind. Before offering him my gaze, I must make sure the pain sinks deeper than his skin if I am to break him efficiently. I must vary from my usual script. I shall thrash him until his mind is numb with the red burn of agony before giving him the relief of my stare.

At some point in punishing any particular body part, the nerves become fatigued, report pain less sharply. At that point I must move my attentions to another, fresher set of nerves. I pause when I have exhausted the backs of his legs, not to allow him respite but to change implements before I continue. Tears run down his cheeks. This is only his body's involuntary response; he does not weep, but he cannot stop the tears from forming. He thinks, following Nietzsche, that what does not kill him will make him stronger. He is wrong. That which does not kill us defines us, and I will work until he accepts the new identity I have chosen for him. I know the paths to his acceptance, and I will lead him along them like a freshly bridled colt.

He still burns hot with anger, as he snarls quietly. But at least, with his voice rough from screaming, he has discovered how to speak in a less-earsplitting volume. "They're gonna find me. You know why? My brother was with me when they kidnapped me. He damn sure got a good look at those two guys. He's going to tell the cops, and they'll put out an A.P.B. on those guys. They'll find them, and then they'll find me. It's just a matter of time, you bastard. You'll be sorry. Wait and see!"

This is the second time he has mentioned his brother. He clings to a narrative he tells himself of his own salvation. He does not know his brother cannot save him. The slavers who took him gave him drugs, of course, to keep him docile, and perhaps the drugs have also addled his memory. He might not remember his brother was taken too, was sold at the same auction. He probably does not know that his brother is the new thrall I began training yesterday. But I decide to defer that revelation. Our path leads elsewhere first.

I select a crop with small, stinging barbs at its tip. I turn and say to him, "These cops in whom you place so much faith have no authority here. Here my will is the sole law, and I am its enforcer. Besides, I understand you humans have willed us out of existence. We aren't real. Vampires. Nosferatu. Kin." I pronounce the slurs in an exaggerated style--*waaaam-peer, nozzz-ferrrr-ah-tooooo*--intended to introduce some comedic counterpoint into the proceedings. But alas, he merely gawks, seems not in the mood for levity. Very well, then. I continue: "Your police will only see the evidence they are allowed to see, and they will not see anything that leads them to you or to me." I punctuate this last bit with a smile, cold as a python's, and a full flash of my fangs.

The youth's eyes almost explode out of his head. Finally, he comprehends. "You're a--"

"Kin," I interrupt. "We prefer to be called Kin. If you use the *V*-word, I shall be quite displeased, and you will not enjoy my displeasure."

He gulps, then tries, "*Exorcizo te ... uhm .. omne spiritas ... uh ...*"

"An exorcism?--How droll. I've not heard those words in years. Boy, you are full of surprises. But your pronunciation, no pun intended, sucks."

I stroll behind him, lean forward, my lips dangerously close to his ear, his throat. He trembles. "Try again," I breathe.

"*Exorcizo te omne ...*"

"*Omnis*," I correct, letting him feel my hiss on his skin, just above the collar.

"*Omnis spiritas*--"

"*Spiritus*."

My hands circle him from behind, a parody of a love-making embrace, which he seems to find distracting, and his pronunciation of the Latin becomes still more abysmal.

"*Spiraht ... spiruhts ... uh ...*"

My fingertips find and rest against his nipples. He is too worried about death, my lips brushing his neck, to be concerned about my hands.

I continue for him: "--*Immunde, in nomine Dei Patris omnipotentis, et in noimine Jesu Christi Filii ejus*. Isn't that how it goes? You might think twice next time before starting a ritual that you cannot finish. You might annoy whatever you are trying to exorcise. Too, I believe you'll find exorcisms are most effective on demons, ghosts, spirits of the dead."

"But you're dead."

"Ah. Yes, I will concede that point, technically. But the Kin are not spirits. We are very much physical. An exorcism is pointless. But, as they say in your vernacular: Nice try."

I squeeze his nipples, sudden and hard, hard enough to bruise, for I am stronger than a human. The youth screams in pain and surprise. Before his scream ends, his nerves are reporting the crop smashing into the skin of his shoulder and deltoid, and he screams for that too, scream until his lungs are empty of air, and still he cannot untwist from the agony enough to breathe.

His legs were a warm-up. His back, the dense muscles there, his firm buttocks--these are the start of the main event. The crop is painful, stinging, even under normal use, and I am thrashing him slightly harder than most humans could bear. His body twists and jerks, practically dancing as it tries instinctively to escape. The only mercy I show is that I do not use my full strength on him, my hand restrained because I have, after all, no interest in permanently damaging what could be a useful thrall. He is a willful boy, and must bear more pain than usual before I begin offering the seductive succor of my gaze.

Some men can be led to their own breaking. Others, like this one, must be driven to it.

The back and shoulders can accept a significant amount of punishment, so I lead him though a significant amount of pain. Still, I do not stop to offer relief. When I have finished, no patch of skin is unmarked, wrist to shoulder, shoulder to ankle. The back half of his body has become a painting entirely in scarlet.

When I pause to change tools, he stops screaming. He gasps for air. He is semi-delirious from the unrelenting agony, and he babbles, his mind escaping into the solace of memory. I wonder whether I have misjudged his capacity. He has been more physically aggressive than his brother, physically stronger, but he is younger, less worldly, less mature--his mind appears less able to deal with what is happening. I may have pushed him too close to breaking too quickly. I debate whether to instead offer him the solace of my gaze now.

His meandering delirium catches my attention. "... The best brother ever ... You know what he did? The day after I turned eighteen, I came out to him ... He said it didn't matter, we were still family, and he drove all the way to pick me up, and he took me to a gay bar. He's straight, but he came and got me and took me to a gay bar anyway. He did a web search and found one ... Took me because he knew I wouldn't go on my own, and he wanted to get me laid for my birthday, so he took me to a gay bar so I could meet someone and lose that big *V for virgin* on my forehead. How cool is that? ... These two guys came up and started talking to us and buying us drinks. He said there was something weird about them, but I didn't care ... They were real cute and not that old, like mid-twenties. And one of them, it was like one look in his eyes and I'd have done anything he wanted. Next thing I know ..."

This is, I understand as I consider which tool to employ next, his mind's way of asking itself, *How did I get here?* His brother, his sole hope of rescue, is the connection. From his brother, to what they did together, to how he came to be hanging here and enduring more pain than he has ever imagined possible. I do not tell him that the two men who approached him and his brother in that bar were likely the slavers who took him--he is reaching that conclusion on his own. I do not tell him they were likely low-ranking Kin. And I do not tell him that his brother was taken too. I shall show him the truth in my own time.

But his mind's wanderings have provided a pertinent fact. This new thrall is a homosexual--*gay*, I suppose, or *queer* in the today's more permissive parlance--which means he may accept the final acts more readily. Not that he'll have the choice.

But before the final acts, we must work through the second half of our masterwork of pain on his skin.

This time I shall begin me work on his front. I stand before him, evaluating his chest, tight stomach, the generous genitalia that dangle below. He breaks through his delirium and scowls at me. His earlier screams have taken a toll on his voice. "Well? Get on with it," he growls hoarsely.

"Yes," I say to the youth in chains, "let us continue." The thick leather belt, I decide. His chest and torso will be the next territory on my map. I will stand close in front of him, where he will be forced to look at me as I rain down blow upon blow like some force of nature. He will not be able to turn away, to escape my own version of his savage fury turned back on him, as I make him suffer enough pain to push his mind to the brink of shattering. I do not relish the pain I inflict; I am not by nature uncaring toward my thralls. Rather, I regret the necessity of pain. But one must pass through hell first to reach heaven. Without this agony of being broken, how can he understand the sublimity of service?

He holds his body at ready, muscles slightly tensed. I understand the signs and approach anyway. As expected, he moves suddenly, pulls his legs and body up, shoves his legs forward to swing toward me. The stain of moving on his battered back and flanks joins his anger as he bellows at me, more a raspy hiss than a throated yell.

He has planned something other than a simple kick, though--but in mid-swing the chain shifts; his body twists in some way he didn't quite anticipate, angles to the side. Instead of his legs going over

both of my shoulders, his right leg comes down on my head, slides down to my right shoulder. His left leg waves pointlessly in the air.

For a moment, he just looks at me, confused. He can't do much from this position, certainly not what he intended. So I help. My hands on his thighs easily lift his legs. I settle them again as he intended, across my shoulders, on either side of my neck. This turn surprises him, but he is not complaining. Instead, he squeezes his thighs at my neck, probably intending to snap it, though he lacks sufficient leverage.

"Did you think this through?" I ask him, keeping my gaze fixed on his larynx so that our gazes do not meet. I can't help but smile. That glimpse of my fang makes him realize: my bite is uncomfortably close to his femoral artery in both legs and to his genitals, a number of points he probably prefers to keep un-bitten.

He tries anyway, clamping his thighs tightly, twisting his body, trying either to wrench my neck or to topple me so that he can kick and stomp me into submission. He has found a killer spirit inside himself, a desperate last effort. I am, though, unmoved.

"Truly, did you think this through?" I ask again. "Assuming a broken neck is enough to kill me, you are still chained here in this room, surrounded by tools of torture, and my thralls would not be happy once they discovered what you had done. You might find them to be less skilled and far less gentle than me." I flick my gaze up.

Of course his pride requires that he stare back. His eyes seethe with fury--but sparks of doubt too now, and fear, from the knowledge that he has taken his best shots and been ineffective every time. This is another of the wedges I need, and I will hammer it home through his brave façade.

Another second, and our gazes have meshed for too long. He cannot look away. His expression softens under the enthralling effect of my eyes. His legs still hug my neck, but the heavy muscles loosen. His expression slacks. Yes, for the first time, he feels the spell of my gaze, experiences the bliss that transports him beyond the pains inflicted on his body.

My hands are gentle. I ease his legs apart, lower his body. His form is not entirely limp but not entirely capable of supporting itself. Pain forgotten, his body responds with arousal. His skin flushes. His lust awakens. His dick thickens, lengthens.

He voices his quiet longing: "Nnnn ..."

Most men, under my influence, grow quiet; their thoughts open to me like a flower, welcoming me, a pollinating bee, to enter at my leisure. Somehow, though, his mind still struggles. I feel it jitter and twist. It has not found a way to repel my intrusion, but it tries nonetheless, a fly seeking to break free of a spider's web. It defends itself by assailing me with memories, hurling them like shards of glass. He and another child chase a frolicking collie across an expanse of sunlit grass. He swings into the summer air before releasing the rope and plunging into river waters below. His mind's way of comforting and empowering itself. The shock of the first time he masturbated to climax, and his naughty shame afterward. The anger he felt, half-understood, when some friend loved another instead. His mind's way of asserting its strength and sending painful things to warn me away. I caress his cheek. Yes, I understand how to break this boy.

Pain, torture alone, will not work as effectively for him. He instinctively understands how to handle pain, how to channel it into anger, raw energy. The athlete in him has taught him this. If I push pain hard enough to break his spirit, his mind is likely to shatter first, and an unhinged thrall is useless to me. Pain is necessary, but this boy requires additional ingredients. His enthrallment shall begin with doubt, followed by seduction.

I look away, break out connection. After a moment, he jerks and gasps. "*What the fuck did you do to me?*" he demands.

"Did you not like it? Most men find it quite arousing." I glance down at his needful erection. "At least part of you found it ... stimulating."

He funnels his shame into anger, jerking at his chains, kicking at me. "*I'll kill you! I'll kill you!*"

"As we have established, I am already dead," I reply.

He ignores my sarcasm and hurls his body this way and that, flopping and gyrating against his bonds, a frenzy of wasted energy. I imagine that not even marlins on a deep-sea fisherman's line struggle so. Pity--his thrashings have caused his dick to go limp.

"They're gonna find me," he hoarsely yells, for the tenth or twentieth time since we began. His rage degenerates into near-hysteria, and he yammers incoherently. "My brother--the cops--they'll be looking--he won't give up--they'll find me--better let me go--they'll--I'll--he's gonna--just a matter of time--"

Good. I recognize the signs. Our next route begins with doubt.

My tone is emotionless, chilly: "Yes. Time. I suspect your heterosexual brother told no one he was taking you to a gay bar or specifically which one. I suspect you, being closeted, told no one either. Am I correct?"

Silence from him, other than the clinks of the restraints as his body sways against their embrace.

No matter. As I move back to my table of toys, I continue: "So no one knows where you went. Did your brother inform anyone that he was coming to you? You were taken two, perhaps three, days ago. At least another day, perhaps two, shall pass before these friends of yours move from 'has anyone seen David or Phillip' to 'David and Phillip are missing.' By the time they think to call these police in whom you place so much faith, the trail will be cold. Even if the authorities learn which bar you entered, no one there is likely to remember you, or to have seen you leave, or to remember the men with whom you left."

He has gone still as I spoke. Silence for several moments. I turn to face him.

"How ..." he begins. "How do you know my brother's name is David?" This initiates a new episode of thrashing and kicking. "Tell me! How the fuck do you know my brother's name is David?" He turns and jerks, and his body dances at the end of the chain. He lashes out but cannot reach me. "Tell me!"

I advance. I stop inches outside his reach. He kicks and swipes but cannot reach me.

"My boy," I say evenly, to provoke him, "your brother told me his name himself, just yesterday, when he hung in a room much like this one, in exactly the position where you find yourself."

"He's here? Where is he? I want to see him!"

"Yes, he is here. No, you may not see him yet. And when you do, he will not be the brother you remember. After but two days of training, he is already well on his path to enthrallment."

Predictably, this boy bellows, "Let me see him now, dammit!" He continues in this vein for several minutes while I stand silently inches beyond his grasp. Finally he had tired himself again and sags against the chains.

"Your brother is the reason you are here," I say.

He makes no response, perhaps having learned I will provide no information before I am ready. He glares at me, angrily, and waits.

"I did not cause you or your brother to be taken. I merely bought your brother at an auction."

Scorn drips from his voice. "An auction? Like we're livestock or something."

"Yes--which is exactly how the Kin view humans, and how I view you."

His jaw shifts, but he decides against whatever he was about to say. Just as well.

"I bought your brother David. You, on the other hand, were bought by one of the traffickers serving a lower status and would have met a harsher, shorter existence. When your brother learned of this, he begged me--not for his life, but for yours. In return, he agreed not to fight me; he agreed to become my thrall willingly in return for my buying you and bringing you here, knowing that the cost would involve you becoming my thrall too. I considered the monetary cost of your purchase against the effort I would save in his training, and here you are. Here, as you have doubtlessly been told, you will be cared for, and you will find that obedience is rewarded. You will see your brother soon enough, and I suggest you thank him for this. He likely saved your life."

He glares silently.

"Your brother kept his word. He has accepted his training willingly, even when I took him to bed and fucked him."

"No--no! You're lying! David's straight!"

"Was he? Ah, perhaps he was, but for the Kin and our thralls, no such limits are necessary. You'll learn that soon enough. But I believe you said that you already prefer the male." I display my naked body to him. "Do you find me attractive? Do you want me to seduce you?"

He does not know how to interpret this change in direction. "I ..." he begins. His expression suggests many interpretations.

I will never be your thrall.

I don't believe you.

I want you.

I incline my head toward my First. He does not need words to understand my instruction: *Bring him*. My First bows and withdraws silently.

Meanwhile, this boy and I must return to our journey of pain. When I have finished spreading crimson pain across every nerve from his collar down across his shoulders, his chest, his ribs, my First has returned but knew better than to interrupt.

"I will break you," I tell the thrall-in-training as I end this portion of our travels.

For the first time he begins to fear I may be right. He does not know how much longer he can bear more of this torture. But he finds the strength to hiss, "You won't ..."

I ignore the boy and nod to my First.

My First leads him in, my new thrall formerly known as "David," and guides him forward. He stands unsteadily, still weak from undergoing the painful training and the euphoric feeding and fucking that happened just a few hours ago. He has not been cleaned yet--he has likely only just roused from the torpor that follows being fed upon. He stands naked, no longer ashamed. The marks of my care are still upon him: the fresh lash stripes livid everywhere across his pale skin, dots of what can only be his and my dried cum across his torso, the beatific half-smile, and--most importantly, my twin fang marks at his neck, just above the leather collar that is his only garment.

"Would this be proof enough?" I ask the boy in chains.

His eyes bulge; his jaw drops. His tone confirms the sufficiency when he whispers, "David?"

My latest thrall smiles his enigmatic smile and says simply, "Hi, Phillip."

My thrall-in-training of course starts with, "What have they done to you?"

"It's only bad at the beginning," his older brother tells him. "You'll see. You'll love it." His voice is serene, quiet, intended to be soothing. "It seems bad, but it's for your own good. I see that now. The master loves us so much. You'll see."

The youth in chains does not know how to respond. He gapes and stares.

I nod, and my First Thrall takes the older brother by the shoulders, guides him out. The younger in chains stares until they are nearly gone, then: "David! Wait! *David!*" But my new thrall does not wait. Docilely, he allows himself to be led away.

The youth turns to me. "What the fuck did you do to him?"

"The same thing I will do to you," I say. "You will understand in time."

I can see in his eyes: the doubt, once planted, has begun to flourish and will soon flower.

He makes a wheezing sound, neither quite a gasp nor a sob.

I close the distance between us. "You will understand soon," I tell him again. He hangs limply, does not struggle, as my hand under his jaw turns his face to meet me. The tears in his eyes are more ambiguous now. He blinks at them a moment before our eyes meet.

He cannot look away. The spell of my eyes unfurls through his mind. Part of him still fights, still struggles, but weaker. This time, I have the unquestioned advantage.

Under the pleasurable effect of my eyes, his pain is forgotten, seems too far away to notice. Still, his mind opposes me, throws memories at me again, resists my intrusion. I probe until I find the bright-burning sources of his anger. Always being second behind his older brother. The need to be stronger, more athletic to compensate. Fear of social reprisal if his sexuality were exposed. My thoughts coil around the brightest of these memories, squeeze and soothe them, soothe until they quiet, then go inert. He has fewer sources to fuel his rage now.

His mind still hurls memories at me, snippets of pride and pain, attempting to drive me out. This time, I did not let them pass unaltered. I move through them, one remembrance to the next, leaving a little trace of me behind. He runs on some childhood playground and turns to glimpse me watching him from the distance, a silent guardian. At his high school graduation ceremony just a few months before, he spots me there in the crowd. A birthday cake, five candles, and I stand in the background, smiling and clapping as he blows. A fall from a tree breaks his arm years before and I, not some nearby stranger, am the witness who summons help. These and more; every memory of import that his mind throws becomes colored by my presence.

I break the stare that binds him to me. I wait while he recovers his wits.

"You--" he whispers, both a question and a statement of awe. His confusion is obvious. He blinks, trying to fathom what has happened. What did I do to him? Why does his fury seem weaker, harder to maintain? How he is suddenly aware of my presence at virtually every important moment in his life. How could he not have realized before, he wonders. Who is he if he doubts everything that has made him who he is?

His expression is colored by a new player: temptation. He admits to himself that what he just experienced from my gaze felt good. He admits to himself that he wants to feel it again, might not be able to resist another opportunity to get lost in my stare, even though he fears the loss of another part of himself if he does.

Sigmund Freud was correct that humans are motivated to seek pleasure and avoid pain. Combine the two, through, and humans will run directly into their enthrallment and never look back.

"You will understand soon enough," I say. "For now, take comfort in this: everything that happens truly is for your own good. We must continue the pain so that you understand the consequences."

Confused, still somewhat dazed, he shows no response. He knows his thoughts are not clear, that he is reacting as he would have before, but he cannot determine why. He does not fully understand, but the promise of future understanding is sufficient for him, for now. That acceptance will be the final wedge I need.

I have already bestowed the cleansing blessing of pain on three-quarters of his body. I must now complete my task; I pick up a tool from the table and start the process of helping him complete his journey.

Afterward, his semi-conscious body has been gently removed from the chains, has been carried to my medics to begin the process of healing. Later still, I slip into his dark cell. I am surprised to find him

awake, sitting cross-legged in the rough mattress that--other than the blanket bunched in his lap, a chamber pot, and the chain tethering his collar to the wall--is the only item in this room.

He starts when he sees me there. He may have been half-dozing, fighting sleep but slowly losing, but adrenaline jolts him awake. Perhaps he thought remaining vigilant until dawn would save him. He is still shocked that I have entered soundlessly; only a slight sense of movement in the near-dark has alerted him.

He whispers, "I know you're there."

I move closer. In the sliver of moonlight through the narrow window, he confirms the intruder is me, and his body tenses.

"Why?" is all he says.

"Because you have no other choice," I answer.

At first he is surprised that I said *you* instead of *I*. He tries to work out what I meant, and after a moment decides I have given him a sort of absolution. The inevitable must be accepted. He nods, looks down at the mattress.

I move closer. I bend and place the bottle of lubricant beside the mattress.

He gasps because suddenly, faster than he could see, I am sitting before him on the mattress, squatting, facing him. He sighs his resignation. "Okay ... Just do it." He tips his head back and aside, exposing his neck. "Get it over with."

Impertinent to the end. I may almost miss that.

I lean in. My hands are light on his bare skin, steadying him but conscious of his still-distressed flesh. I lean closer. He feels my lips brush along the edge of the thick leather collar. I kiss his throat. Just a simple kiss. Then I withdraw.

He looks at me, near tears. He trembles, both loving and fearing the thrill of looking me in the face. He does not understand what is happening here. He craves the escape, the pleasure, of falling into my gaze again. But he realizes what my stare can do, knows it to be part of the reason his own head feels so muddled, believes it to be the reason his brother earlier was so much different from the *best brother ever* that he remembers. Where should he look? If the eyes are the windows to the soul, what can they let in? He cannot work through the conflict between what my eyes will do to his mind versus what they will make his body feel, so he plays demure and averts his face. "Just don't hurt me anymore," he whispers.

I touch the blanket bunched in his lap, and I slowly, gently, draw it away, revealing his nakedness. "You have no need for barriers between us, ever again."

His skin prickles, but he does not oppose me.

I touch his chest with one finger, less pressure than a feather. I say, "I want you to want me."

I am a handsome man. Part of him responds to that; part of him wants me in spite of himself. He is a good-looking youth, is used to being wanted too. He thinks our desires move in along a common path.

He has already made his decision but needs enticement to accept it. I take his wrist, guide his hand to my own erection, knowing he will mistake my hunger for a deeper emotion. He wonders what sex with me would be like, and that colors his thoughts and his skin as he blushes. His cock hardens.

He thinks he understands. Surely I must want what he wants, what every human wants?--Empathy, pleasure, forgiveness, companionship, an end to loneliness? He risks my eyes, trying to read my expression. He misinterprets my intensity because I wear many masks, play many roles in this drama between us, where perspectives change like funhouse mirrors. Villain. Protector. Tutor. Now ... perhaps lover, he wonders? Can I in some way be redeemed? Or perhaps, more manipulatively, he tells himself that after a seduction my guard will be down and then he could gain the advantage, make me his prisoner, barter for his and his brother's release? Whatever story he tells himself is his narrative, known to him alone. Still, he seems smart enough to fear the consequences of misreading. I did not bring him here for companionship, and I do not need redemption or forgiveness. He does not realize that everything he has experienced and will experience is about *his* redemption. Only one destination remains; the route to it can vary. He is choosing the path of desire, one I am adept at following. Lust? Blood? Let him guess at which desire. I do not enlighten him. I do not tell him that I hunger instead for completion. Whatever he thinks of me now, I will become blameless in the end.

He swallows. His throat must still be sore from hours of screaming. My finger traces a line along his shoulder. He takes a deep breath. A day ago, he would have been certain he was reading the situation correctly, reaching the only possible interpretation. All he knows now is that he wants me and fears me in equal measure. Beyond that, his memories are jumbled, he has been introduced to a world that includes fangs and blinding pain, and he has seen his brother's progress along the route that he knows he too is following. Too many changes. He cannot be certain. My kiss will still contain teeth sharp as daggers.

His body trembles, which excites me more than it should. He experiences the happy terror of being a virgin, always ready to make that fatal fall. I know from his memories that his experiences with men have been limited--a few hand-jobs and mutual jacking-off here and there, mere puppy squirmings. He has been reserving oral and anal acts for ... what?--his first Serious Boyfriend? The handsome hero who will rescue him? How romantic, and how pointless. His rescue is at hand, and I am handsome, but I suspect he would try to deny that I am the hero here. No matter.

He trembles again, having chosen his path. He leans toward me, almost imperceptibly, unconsciously indicating his receptiveness to our mating ritual. Very well. I will play the seducer. I have initiated men into the mysteries of sex more times than I can count. I find sex to be a pleasant experience and a useful tool in larger seductions, nothing more.

Voice tight, he whispers, "I've never ..."

Made love.

Been made love to.

Been food.

"Trust your body," I advise. "It will know what to do when the moment comes"--which answers possible ways he could have completed his phrase. My body glides to his like a breeze, eases him back onto the mattress. "I will guide you," I say, because the last words spoken between us before we begin should be a truth.

My skin brushes his, from chest to knee, not pressing but present. My mouth touches his. We kiss. Twelve seconds pass, and then cautiously he parts his lips, sends his tongue into my mouth. We deepen the kiss together. His tongue carefully probes for the sharpness of my fangs, and his hesitancy amuses me. I break the kiss and chuckle. He pulls back and assesses me: am I laughing at him?--do I think he kisses badly?-- *does* he kiss badly?

I push his torso prone onto the mattress, probably harder than I should have, given his abused skin, because he chokes back a quiet yelp. But as the wave of pain passes, he finds himself distracted by another sensation, infinitely more interesting: my mouth slowly engulfing his erection. He watches as my head descends, rises, descends again, all the while dragging a sweet suction along his dick. "Aw, man," he whispers, his tone so different from the bellowing fighter I first met, "that feel so ..."

I want him to grimace, grunt, and groan. I want him to shoot the biggest load of his life.

His hand tentatively caresses the back of my head. He fears me still, but he is working up the courage to push his dick deeper into mouth. I thwart him by coming off his cock, lapping instead at his balls. I suck them separately, then together in my mouth.

"Oh, fuck, yeah--suck my nuts. No one's ever done that before. Suck my dick. Please. Get back on my dick and suck it."

I keep tongue-working his scrotum. Whatever he thinks of having his wishes ignored, he does not say. Perhaps he realizes that, yes, soon enough I will go back to his straining hardness.

I have turned my body, and now I lie alongside him, my hips beside his head as I bury my head in this crotch, ignoring his thick, blood-filled erection in favor of lapping at his ball-sack. He has large balls, and I like the way they fill his scrotum. My mouth on his sack makes him hotter, hornier. He likes the way I keep finding some new way to lick, tease, nip, suck. He jibbers little sounds of appreciation. I shift again, my hips rising over his face. I offer him my own erection. He considers it a moment, then takes his first fateful lick of the head, tasting my flesh, a drop of pre-cum at the tip, for the first time.

As I slather his nuts, he experiments with my cock, licks at it, tries taking the head into his mouth. I could jab my cock into him with but a jerk of my hips, but I hold back, let him learn at his own pace for now. He tries to do to me what I did to him earlier, what he hopes I will do to him again. I have a larger than average dick; he attempts too much into his throat too quickly and gags. He tries again, more timidly, intimidated by my size. I choose to defer breaking in his throat with lessons in cock-sucking for now. I pull my dick-head from his lips, and I rotate myself around so that I can face him.

Once his training is complete, once he is released from this cell into the community of my thralls, they will initiate him into the finer points of sex with men. My thralls are a randy lot, which I encourage. This handsome youth and his pretty, previously heterosexual brother will be quite popular with their brother thralls, I imagine. Tonight, though, his first time belongs to me and me alone. I will teach by example.

I kiss and nibble a line from his jaw to his neck to his shoulder. Gentle, chaste kisses. "Please," he whines quietly, barely coherent. "Suck my ... I gotta ... Need to cum ..."

Very well--I skip ahead to his crotch. My mouth finds the base of his manhood, move in a velvet trail up the shaft, seducing the most sensitive part of him with kisses and licks, first with the tip of my tongue, then the blade, then the rougher flat surface, spreading pleasure along his shaft. His dick

throbs and jumps. He dares a hand on the back of my head again but does not apply force. My lips reach the tip of his cock in due time, not before. I open and receive the head into my mouth, teasing him with the slowness, then I suddenly vacuum his length into my maw.

"Oh, sweet fucking--!" he gasps. He has forgotten that I am a predator. His hand clutches the back of my head, gripping, as he tries to cling to reality. "Suck it, dude! Faster!" I do not pause to remind him that I am *master*, not *dude*; I shall forgive the lapse this once as virginal exuberance. Just as well, because his coherence collapses again under the onslaught of sensation: "Oh, crap!--I'm--Fuck!--Your mouth is so--Suck it!--Fucking--Oh, fuck!"

I play the wanton now and focus on coiling him tighter with ecstasy. I slurp every inch of his prick, teasing it, sucking, tongue-lashing it, nestling my nose in his trimmed curly pubes. He recovers his wits enough to hiss: "Gonna cum--fuck!--in your mouth, cock-sucker!" And then his head snaps back and his body arches upward. I hold onto his strong thighs which he bucks and blow. Globes of the thickest, sweetest cum I tasted in a while fill my mouth.

When his body is finished, he lies, limp and waiting, torn between enjoyment of the afterglow and fear of my fangs, which he has remembered and expects to feel at any moment. My chin rests on his thigh, he realizes, close to the throbbing artery.

He says, "You're going to do it soon, aren't you? Bite me, I mean."

"Yes."

"Just do it, okay? Get it over with."

I say nothing.

"I should hate you," he says to the ceiling. "I *do* hate you. I'm just so ... fucking tired."

I say nothing.

"Will it hurt?"

I tell him the truth: "Just for a moment--only a brief prick. Then you will feel a rapture stronger than any orgasm. I know from experience that the moment is your body's most intense experience."

"Will I ... Will I be happy? ... Here, I mean, in the future."

"More than you can imagine. You and your brother will be happier and more content in my house than you ever thought possible. You will be cared for and nurtured. You will have purpose, and you will be surrounded by people you love more than brothers."

"I'll never love you, you know. I don't know how I could ever ..."

"You will. You will feel differently soon. When you wake up tomorrow, you will already find yourself wondering why you fought so."

"But I won't be *me*, will I?" He remembers how different his brother seemed earlier.

"You will. I change nothing about you; I only bind you to myself to ensure your devotion and service."

"Enslavement, you mean."

I sigh because I have no patience to debate semantics. "Enthrallment," I correct. "Enthrallment is necessary. You will feel differently soon."

"Just do it, okay? What are you waiting for?"

I do not reply with words. Instead, he feels my tongue stroke against his ball sack, which crinkles and tightens, as if trying to pull his orbs away from my maw. His dick begins to swell. He looks down at me, trying to see what my mouth is doing in the darkness, expecting another blow-job. His cock thickens, stretches, continues to harden.

"You have been very brave," I tell him, "but are you brave enough?"

For what is to come.

To let go.

To accept.

My challenge has been issued. He will not back down now.

I sit up. Suddenly, he finds me astride him, straddling his groin, facing him. My hips hover over his genitals. I reach back. With practiced ease I recover the bottle of lube that I placed beside the mattress earlier. I apply a generous amount to his returned erection, guide it to my anal orifice. He seems shocked to find this happening. Good. Surprise was my intent.

I want it to go in just right: smooth and easy. His dick is average in length, but quite thick. My slick hand around his shaft guides it to its target. He is too eager, trying to push his hips forward before his cock-head is anywhere near my hole. I shift my body, using my legs and hips to pin him in place. He gets the idea: I am in control of everything--our sex, his body, his pleasure.

When he feels the pressure on his glans, when he senses me pushing my ass down onto his cock, he dares another attempt at pushing his cock-head forward. I allow this, and his head begins to push into my ass lips. My sphincter expands. His body trembles like a taught string. He gasps as his cock-head breaches my opening. I accept more of his dick, until my chute is crammed with his cock.

"Now you may fuck me, boy," I tell him. "Fuck me in the ass with your big dick."

It hurts at first, but I am ready. His hunger to fuck is a kind of madness. He does not know what to do, how to move, where to look, where to put his hands. Finally, we move together. My body teaches his. He learns to quiet his hips and let my body drive the fuck. He learns to be content and let me lead.

He grins, pleased with himself at having solved the puzzle of sex, perhaps imagining the stories of his first time--*he was a real sucker, ha-ha*--that he will tell his friends at college. I do not interrupt his fantasy with a reminder that he will never see those friends again.

I take one of his wrists, guide his hand to my cock. He explores the size of my erection, experiments with the heft of it. I guide his other hand to my chest, where he gravitates toward a nipple. With his attention divided--his cock in my ass, his hand on my cock, his fingers around my nipple--his responses are a jumble of acts; sporadic as one starts and stalls when his focus turns elsewhere, no style or coordination. I take charge of the ass-sex, creating sensations he never discovered. His hands fall away as all of his attention rivets to his erection sliding inside me. Ah, virgins!--We will have to work on his multi-tasking another time.

"Tight," he gasps. "Feels so fucking good."

His muscles work at their new tasks as if this were their intended purpose all along. He pants, begins to sweat. I bend forward and kiss him. His hips continue driving his cock in and out of my ass, with my body moving in tandem, my hole clamping and massaging his thick shaft.

A mistimed move, and his cock accidentally pops out of my ass. He breaks the kiss--"Sorry"--and I sit up, reach back to guide his rod into me anew. My hand lingers to stroke his ball sack as his hips search for their rhythm again. "Oh, fuck," he sighs. His expression twists with a new intensity, confirmed when he moans, "So amazing." I lean forward, nuzzle his jaw, kissing and licking toward his ear. His animal lust blinds him to the danger.

My pleasure overcomes me, as I planned, and my orgasm begins. I moan--"Nnngh"--against his cheek, then pull back so he can watch. I ejaculate onto his hand and his torso. His eyes search my face, congratulating himself, eagerly recording the evidence of the ecstasy he has caused me. Now that my passion is spent, my head is clearer, and I can concentrate on what comes next.

Our bodies continue their work. I bend forward again, nuzzle his cheek. He pushes his face toward mine, seeking another kiss, but my mouth continues its path toward his ear. "Fuck," he grunts, louder. "Nearly there." My tongue glides along his neck, following a line alongside the heavy leather collar that he has forgotten. "Gonna cum."

"Your brother will be so proud of you," I whisper.

His eyes snap open, realizing how far he has slipped and angry at the reminder, but his body is too far along--his orgasm is upon him. The first jolts of ecstasy and ejaculation ripple his muscles.

My teeth, just above the collar, pierce his skin.

"*Gaah!*" he cries as his life flows into my mouth and his semen flows into my ass. His body torques, bending up off the mattress, but I cling to him, mouth and ass, not relinquishing either hold on him as he orgasms in intensive new ways. His body bucks and shudders. My ass takes what he gives. My mouth takes what I need.

At long last his body sags, orgasm finishing, into the torpor of being fed upon. His dick begins to soften in my ass, slips out, as my mouth continues to draw at his throat, slowly, drawing out the bliss that has turned him slack-jawed, limp-limbed. I have taken him to new destinations, and he has become a quiet passenger for this next part of our journey. When I have finished feeding, I pull my head back. "Good boy," I whisper to him. My finger on his chin turns his head to face mine. He offers no opposition. Our eyes, his half-closed, meet for the final time tonight. His mind is dazed, at best semi-conscious, and it offers no struggle as my gaze weaves its snare around his thoughts. I need no wedges to break his defenses now; his orgasm and my feeding have completed that task. My influence

slides deeply into his mind, permeating it, short-circuiting the last of his anger and redirecting it, binding his will to mine. His façade of resistance falls. He does not, cannot, resist me now as I begin the work of his enthrallment in earnest.

When I finish, he sleeps, the latest blessing I have given him. Tonight I have laid the groundwork. He will require a few more sessions to ensure the absoluteness of his obedience and my control, but the difficult part is complete, for both of us. I spoke the truth to him earlier. When he awakens, he will find many of his old worries, fears, and shames gone, replaced by a contented acceptance. He will wonder why he fussed and fought so. He will never resist me again. Instead, he will welcome me, welcome his new life.

A final kiss on his deep-breathing lips. I spread the blanket over his prone body. I stand. For the first time, I call him by his name, his new name: "Sleep well, thrall."
