



The Seven Deadly Sins
and Virtues

THE INITIATOR



LUST

D. J. Manly

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The Initiator

The 7 Deadly Sins and Virtues Series

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THE INITIATOR

SEVEN SINS AND VIRTUES

LUST

BY

D. J. MANLY

CHAPTER ONE

The ceremony was still days away, yet people had been gathering for weeks in the inner chamber of the Commons. It was the most exciting event to take place on Star Mountain in many years. After three decades, Grayson would step down as their beloved sexual sage, and pass the gauntlet to Terrel.

It wasn't just the huge feast and celebration awaiting the good citizens that was titillating; it was anticipating the moment they would finally see the next chosen one. Predestined from birth to replace Grayson, Terrel had been in training on the distant star of Telepathia for the last eight years. Finally the time had come. He would return to the mountain, undergo the initiation, and take his rightful place as their Oracle of sexual pleasure.

Guards now began to enter the Commons, a public gathering place at the entrance to the sacred tower. They were trying to shoo away the gathering mob, blocking the way of the elders to the council room. The soldiers had done this every day for the last few weeks. For the most part, it was a waste of energy. As soon as the elders crossed the shiny tile floors, and locked themselves away in the conference room, the crowds were back. Even the guards dispatched from

Telepathia were especially light hearted. They couldn't blame the people for their excitement. No matter how often they tried to tell the crowd that Terrel had not yet arrived, or that seeing him before his initiation was forbidden; the people lingered, their eyes filled with anticipation.

It was this joy, this light hearted almost giddy expectation of coming events, which allowed Adrian to penetrate their boundaries only two nights before the arrival of Terrel.

Adrian knew the people were awaiting the arrival of their new sexual sage from Telepathia. Over the last few weeks, each time he flew over the mountain, he caught sight of pockets of people dancing and celebrating. Even the extra warriors wandering the grounds joined in on the festivities occasionally. This night, Adrian didn't just fly over the mountain; instead he hovered just behind the bright star of Telepathia which shone down over it. He didn't feel any mind force field guarding the perimeter like he usually did. The elders appeared to be far more preoccupied with security inside, than they were with their borders. The timing couldn't have been more perfect. There they were, completely oblivious to what lurked directly above them, going about their mundane little lives, supplying telepathic services to the world. Adrian knew that they sold their telepathic abilities to the highest bidder, sometimes even to unscrupulous warlords who held entire countries in captivity. Although his people were imprisoned in Blood Valley for their crimes, the people of Star Mountain were no shiny innocents either.

To hell with Lucus! To hell with his preaching about how they had to improve their reputation...show they could co-exist peacefully with others in the universe. He was tired of Falk- those spongy little, blood filled creatures, which reminded one of a cross between a lizard and a rat. He was tired of raising them, and damn tired of eating them. Vampires were meant to drink blood from people, not animals! Falk couldn't look you in the eye as you drank. Falk didn't even feel the extraordinary pleasure of being drained by a vampire.

As Adrian looked down on the Telepathian people, who from this distance resembled tiny ants; he licked his lips. They were his natural prey. He had tasted many of them before being brought to the Valley. He could still taste their blood running over his teeth, trickling down his throat. Now that they were distracted, he'd swoop down, have a snack, and swoop back up. No one would ever be the wiser.

* * * *

It had been almost nine years since Terrel had been back here on the mountain. He had missed it. He wanted to look around at the lovely little cottages that were couched between the majestic mountains, but he never got the chance. The star ship had landed on the roof of the sacred tower, where Kadar had met him. The minute he arrived, Terrel was whisked away to a prepared room in a heavily guarded chamber, high above the ground. Apart from the soldiers marching below in the courtyard, there were no people in sight.

The grounds were deserted.

Kadar, one of the elders with long white hair and a short cropped beard, escorted him to his room. Once they were behind closed doors, Kadar bowed low to him and silently kissed his hand.

Terrel looked around him now at the tastefully decorated room. Everything was red satin. The bedspread and curtains were done in stripes with tiny silver stars everywhere. It was a nice room, and colourful. Anything was better than Telepathia with its ever glowing silver hue, and sterile atmosphere.

"Why is it so quiet, I wonder?" Terrel began, knowing full well that Kadar was not allowed to speak in his presence until after the initiation. "The elders on Telepathia told me I would be greeted by crowds, and that I would have to be very careful that no one saw me. Yet, there was no one."

Kadar put up a wrinkled hand. His wise green eyes lowered for a moment, then, he raised them, reminding Terrel that he wasn't permitted to answer. Only his predecessor Grayson would be allowed to talk with him before the ceremony. In fact, he'd spend his final hours in solitude with him. It was a kind of meditation he had to undergo before making the transition to the sexual leader.

Kadar nodded at him, indicating that it was time to leave him. Terrel watched as he walked to the door, opened it, and left. He was alone for the first time in a long time. He hoped Grayson would come to him soon. He needed to talk to him, needed his reassurance. He knew he was prepared for what lay ahead. He was fully aware of the enormous

responsibility and privilege it was...but he also knew its burden, its sacrifice. He surmised that Grayson would be sad for having to leave his exalted place, but surely there would be a part of him rejoicing in his new found freedom.

The sage of sexuality was the most important role one could play in Telepathian society. Telepathia was an entire culture built on an ability to transmit psychic information. Telepathian's provided guidance to the entire universe. They prevented wars and disease, as well as helped the desperate individual in their quest for truth. The Mountain site was erected by the Star planet primarily for this purpose, equipped with a state of the art telepathic transmitter, whose power would be expanded with the building of the psychic pathway.

Every Telepathian was required to use their talents...to foster the collective prosperity of its citizenry. That meant they worked consistently with their brains, and it was exhausting work. It caused muscle strain and headaches. Sexual recreation had proven indispensable in alleviating those side effects. Pleasure to the body gave relief to the overextended brain. If the brain was going to continue to be strong and efficient, sexuality had to be expressed, and perfected.

The sage had been chosen at birth for generations now. A small circle on the inside of the infant's thigh marked one for the position. He had been born with that mark. Just before his tenth birthday, he had been taken from the mountain...taken from his parents, to the distant star where his theoretical training began.

He had hated Telepathia. The people there were cold, unfriendly. He missed his parents, his friends. It took some time before he accepted his fate...accepted the fact that he would never lead a normal life. On his eighteenth birthday, he would come home, experience sexual pleasure for the first time, initiated by a specially selected individual who would forever remain anonymous to him. After the initiation, he would be able to preside over sexual ceremonies, initiate the virgins, and provide advice for those who needed it. He would be revered, adored, honoured, but it came with great sacrifice. The sage was forbidden to fall in love. Although he was allowed many lovers, he was forbidden to feel anything more than lust for them. All his sexual acts were required to be for the purpose of healing, educating, or relieving sexual tension. If at any time, the council found him growing attached to one particular lover, that person would be banished. Personal sentiment could never be allowed to interfere with his duties.

It was these thoughts that filled his troubled mind when the door opened. Terrel looked up sharply to see an older man standing in front of him. He was handsome, with blond hair like himself. He wore a long white robe with shiny gold threads running around the collar and sleeves. He knew it had to be Grayson.

"Are we all blond haired?" Grayson chuckled softly, closing the door behind him. He walked over to where Terrel was standing, and smiled. "It seems as if we have never had a dark haired sage."

Terrel immediately embraced him. "Grayson," he

said, hugging him to him. "I'm so happy to see you."

"I can feel the tension in you." He moved away from him and went to the window. "This is your time Terrel, and we both know what you must face." After a second, he turned around. "You may ask me anything, you may say anything, but you know that after the initiation takes place..."

"I know that," Terrel interjected, letting his eyes settle on the huge four poster bed with the red stripped spread and pillow shams. "They've told me everything. This is the only time my thoughts will not be subjected to their invasion. They will read my mind whenever they choose."

"Are you afraid?" Grayson asked.

Terrel nodded slightly.

"What frightens you most...the initiation?"

"No, actually," he blushed a little, "I can't wait. All this talk about the pleasures of it...finally I can do more than dream about it. It's not that...although I find it disheartening, never to be able to know who he is."

"It might be a woman," Grayson reminded him.

Terrel looked down for a moment. "I know I'm not supposed to have any preference but..."

"...but you do," Grayson returned, lifting Terrel's chin with a finger. "Don't worry. It was the same for me. I hoped for a beautiful man. Even though I wouldn't be able to see him, I'd feel his beauty. It was a woman they sent. If they suspect you prefer one over the other..." he trailed off.

Terrel grinned. "I made a point of pretending that I preferred women. I would let it slip once in awhile. I

was always being chastised for it..."

Grayson laughed. "Ah ha! Already you've learned."

Terrel laughed too. Sobering he said, "It's not fair. Although our people are not condemned for preferring one sex to another; we are."

"Yes, but we are expected to be a sexual sage to all. We cannot show a decided preference. And remember," Grayson pointed out, "our people are encouraged not to declare a preference either. Those who experience sexual pleasure exclusively with either men or women are subject to sexual counselling."

Terrel frowned. "I know."

"The initiation wasn't the worst of it for me," Grayson told him.

Terrel drew closer, listening intently. "What was it?"

"It was to be forever alone."

Terrel swallowed hard. "Were you ever...did you ever...fall in love?" He brought his voice down to a whisper.

Grayson nodded. "I've never told anyone this, but now that it's almost over, it doesn't matter anymore."

"I won't tell anyone," Terrel urged.

Grayson took his hand, walking with him over to the bed. They sat together. Terrel examined his dark blond hair and green eyes, deciding that he was a handsome man, though not beautiful. "It was in my mind. He wasn't from here. He engaged in a mind meeting with me."

Terrel gasped. "You mean you made love in that

meeting?"

He nodded. "It wasn't our intention, but he was so beautiful that I...well...I seduced him. I *had* to have him."

"He must have had great powers. Even some Telepathian's can't have mind sex...at least not for sustained periods. Did you experience orgasm?"

"Yes. In fact, three times," Grayson replied softly.

"You felt...ah love?" Terrel asked in wonder.

Grayson nodded.

"The elders didn't discover it?"

"No. It helped that he was a stranger. We weren't supposed to meet...even in our minds...it was forbidden. I made sure I never thought of it, unless I was sure they weren't spying."

Terrel narrowed his eyes. "Grayson...he was from the Blood Valley!"

Grayson smiled slightly. "Yes."

Terrel gasped. "If they'd found out, you could have been..."

Grayson patted Terrel's hand. "This is our secret. No matter how much they tell you that you must not love, sometimes love is there regardless. It just won't be denied."

"Did he feel the same?"

"I'll never know. I never forgot him."

"What about now...now that you're free? You could go to him, and..."

"I cannot. He's a vampire, Terrel. Now, you must never breathe a word of this. Promise?"

"I promise," Terrel said, his heart beating hard in his chest.

"Now, I must tell you something else. I don't want you to get upset."

"What is it?" Terrel asked a little anxiously.

"Last night we were attacked by vampires."

Terrel's eyes widened. "I thought we had an agreement that..."

"Well, apparently the vampires have decided not to honour it. We lost over twenty people. The vampires went on a blood lust. It was horrible."

Terrel narrowed his eyes. "What about the ceremony?"

"It will go ahead as planned."

"What will happen now?"

"The original agreement between our people is forfeit. Today the council voted to overtake the Valley of Blood with mind control. They will enslave, and contain them. They are after all, our prisoners."

"Enslave?"

"Yes. We will bring some here, the ones who will be of use. They will act as sexual surrogates, as well as servants. The rest will be held captive by mind control in the valley itself. It's unfortunate. Their probation was going so well."

"When will all this take place?" Terrel said, getting to his feet.

Placing a hand on Terrel's forearm, Grayson said, "It has already begun."

* * * *

Lucus attempted to block out Octavia's pleas as he stood looking out the window. Already the

procession had started. Several vampires were wandering out of the valley, their eyes fixed on the bright star which shone down on the distant mountain. Lucus had received the Star council's communiqué an hour ago. He had explained to them that the culprit was being dealt with; but with the carnage that was done; they refused to believe that it had been the work of just one vampire.

"You have broken the truce, Lucus, forfeited your agreement. We could never trust you again. You were sent here on a trial basis. We are responsible for your containment. We tried to let you lead your lives with as little interference from us as possible. Your period of grace is over. We will take the best as slaves. The others will remain under strict mind control."

That was it. He had tried to contact them again until his mind ached. There was no response. Now the best of his vampires were on their way to enslavement...being led like fodder to the fire...and there was nothing he could do about it.

Finally, he could stand listening to Octavia no more. He turned around and literally hissed at her. "Do you realise what Adrian has done?" He took her by the back of the neck and forced her to look out the window. "Look at them all...proud, beautiful. They will soon be on their knees," he growled. "You dare come to me and plead for mercy on his behalf." He released her roughly. "He knew the rules. He broke them. It's not like he was starving."

Octavia fell to her knees. She clutched onto Lucus' legs. "He wanted only to be a vampire again, to feed like normal vampires on mortal flesh. Please, Lucus. I

will do anything," she sobbed, "anything. Please don't leave him hanging out there to perish in the sun."

Octavia was Adrian's sister. Their relationship bordered on the incestuous. She could be just as disrespectful of the rules as Adrian could. Often she had complained about having to eat Falk. This talk about the glory days of the vampire was over. His father had seen to that. Once they had been free. Then his father had decided to return to the ancient practises of the vampires. He began to drink human blood. Soon, others followed until entire populations were being wiped out. That's when the Telepathians had been contracted to contain the vampires in Blood Valley. He had been brought here as a boy. Defiant until the end, his father had died fighting the people of the mountain. He had left him with this mess. Lucus had tried to make a life for his people, tried to live peacefully, burying the fact that they were little more than prisoners. Now Adrian had brought that one painful fact to the surface again.

Lucus pushed Octavia away from him. She went sprawling on the floor. "His fate is sealed. It was sealed when he went hunting where it was forbidden. And if you were smart, you'd go below before you end up being led across the valley as well."

"You bastard! You would take their side over your own kind!" she accused, ignoring his advice. "Your father wouldn't have. He would have fought them."

"It is not a matter of taking their side...and leave my father out of this. He is the reason we are stuck in this hole in the first place. We cannot fight. They are

too powerful. This bargain protected us. Why can't you see what your brother has done?"

"My Lord," Theodore came barrelling in now, saving him from a fuller explanation, "we can't put any more underground. The tunnels are quite full. Already over thirty have been summoned and are on their way to the mountain.

His world as he knew it was coming to an end, because of Adrian's lust for human blood. He had done all he could to keep them together. Now, he would have to find some way to save them, even if it meant his own demise. "We will have to tell them to dig holes, go into the earth."

Theodore hurried down the corridor, Lucas on his heels. Octavia clamoured after them, still sobbing. "Please...please... Lucas, don't leave Adrian out in the..."

"All right," Lucas snapped, turning to glare at her. "I'll kill him now. He'll die quickly but it won't matter. We will all end up their slaves."

Octavia went to kiss his hand, but Lucas withheld it. "Find a place where the people from the mountain can't penetrate your thoughts."

Her eyes changed from green to red, and she lowered her face.

"Dig a deep hole, bury yourself," Lucas spat, then, turned his back on her.

Pausing for a minute, he came to stand beside Theodore on the open balcony of his stone castle. They both watched helplessly as more and more vampires began to make their way to the mountain, totally under the power of the Star council. It would

do no good to try and call them back. To do that, he would have to look them in the eye. There were too many, and at this time he would be fighting a powerful collective mind force.

"How do they choose?" Theodore asked Lucas, meeting the black violet eyes, now filled with fury.

"Beauty mostly...and strength. They need sexual surrogates, and they need strong slaves. They are building a mental pathway to Telepathia."

Theodore shivered. "Will they ever release us?"

Lucas shrugged his broad shoulders. He doubted it.

"And you...?"

"I know what you are thinking," Lucas muttered. Many regarded him as beautiful. He had the typical tall, muscular body and waist length thick black hair of his kind. His exquisite brooding dark features were made even more dramatic with his beautiful black-violet eyes. "Why am I still here?"

Theodore nodded.

"My time will come. Right now my mind has prepared to block their suggestions, but already my head aches with the effort." He looked at Theodore, handsome and strong. "Eventually, I will be forced to surrender. Right now, they will take only what they need and leave the others behind, stripping their minds of all free will..." He sighed deeply, "...and they call us...vampires!"


Theodore noticed the anger in his Lord's voice. He touched his forearm sympathetically, then, just like that, he froze. All expression drained from his face. Abruptly, he scaled the barricade, flying down from

the top of the castle to the ground.

Lucus cried out to him as he watched him begin to make his way toward the mountain. Theodore never even turned around.

Swearing loudly, Lucas went to find the others, encouraging those who remained, to find a place to hide for now. On his way, he noticed that Adrian had disappeared from where he was hanging in the courtyard. Lucas quickly concluded that he too was probably on his way to the mountain. His punishment there would be far worse than what he would have dealt him.

As he watched the others scramble for shelter, Lucas tried to keep the barrier up in his mind. The ache in his head was intensifying. He would warn all he could before going under ground himself. Even if his mind control wasn't as powerful as the Telepathians; he knew it was strong enough to draw some of his people back to the valley...but he couldn't do it from a distance like they could. Tomorrow night, they would be initiating their new sexual sage. Their attention would be diverted. The powerful collective mind pact they had going on right now, would be weakened. If he could resist them that long, it was then he would strike. He would try and bring as many of them home as he could. How he would keep them here was another thing, but one step at a time. Right now, he could no longer see straight. The pain had become unbearable. He felt his body turning in the direction of the mountain. The pain began to lift. He let out a fierce cry, his violet- black eyes blazing with a force he didn't even know he had.



“Noooooooooooo!” Turning his body back around, the pain gripped his head again like a vice. He fell to his knees and began to dig into the sand.

CHAPTER TWO

Terrel ate a hearty meal that evening of spinach quiche and salad. Grayson had been rather silent in the final hours leading up to the preparation, lost in his own thoughts. When Terrel stepped naked into the scented bath that had been prepared for him, Grayson finally spoke. "I will go and get the special robe."

"Are you all right, Grayson?" Terrel asked him, breathing in the scent of the flowers all around him. In the morning, buckets of roses had been brought in by Kadar, who simply smiled at him and left. Later, Grayson had brought them both food, and they had talked about their training.

"I'm fine."

"You will miss it," Terrel murmured, sinking down into the fragrant water. When Grayson remained silent, Terrel continued, "Where will you go now? What will you do?"

"I might travel for awhile," Grayson said, "if the council permits."

"What is wrong, Grayson?" Terrel asked. Reaching for a towel, he stepped out of the tub.

"There are vampire slaves everywhere," he admitted. "They have been rendered mindless. I keep thinking that I will see...him."

"Oh Grayson, I forgot," Terrel said softly, wrapping himself in the towel. "You still...?"

"Yes. I care about him. I would hate to see such a beautiful, powerful vampire..." He stopped, shaking his head. "There is nothing I can do. Perhaps he got away. I've not seen him yet."

"Is it safe to use a vampire as a sexual surrogate?" Terrel asked abruptly.

"Under the control of the council, yes," Grayson told him, preparing to dress him for his initiation. "They will be the perfect sexual surrogate. They will do as you say...and they have extraordinary sexual prowess. I wish I'd had access to them when I was sage...but they were obeying the truce then."

Terrel walked over to where Grayson was holding the short white robe, trimmed with gold. He put his arms in the sleeves, then, held them out as Grayson brought the material of the robe around back and fastened it, leaving his body naked and exposed. Lifting a gold collar with a long chain off the vanity table, he fastened it around Terrel's neck. Terrel trembled.

"Are you ready?" Grayson asked him.

Terrel nodded.

Next, he fitted a black satin blindfold over Terrel's head. He was immediately immersed in darkness. Leading him over to the bed, Grayson bid him to get on his knees. Terrel heard the rattle of the chain, then a clicking sound. "You are now chained to the bed."

Grayson told him.

Terrel licked his lips. His initiator was supposed to introduce him to sexual pleasure. He or she was also to teach him servitude to his needs. He must be submissive, open to experiencing everything sexual pleasure had to offer. He could show no resistance. The time would come when all would be submissive to him, but not yet...not tonight.

Grayson touched his shoulder. "I will leave you now."

Exposed, naked, bound, Terrel was suddenly feeling very alone. "Don't leave me."

"I have to."

"Have you seen him...her?"

"No."

"Who chose?" His voice sounded frantic now.

"The council. Don't worry, Terrel," Grayson's voice was soothing. "It will be all right. The council cannot penetrate anyone's thoughts in this room. This is your last opportunity to feel and think the way you want, without them knowing...your last taste of freedom. I have to go. You must meditate, ready yourself."

"Thank you, Grayson," he stammered. He felt his cock stiffen. A few seconds later, the door clicked closed.

* * * *

Lucus had been correct. The upcoming ceremony had preoccupied the council, and their collective mind force was significantly weaker than before. Tonight

many of the vampires had come up from underground as well. They were no longer being summoned, and the pilgrimage across the valley had stopped.

Lucus knew some of his people were being kept in cages in an underground prison right below the Commons. As he flew over the mountain, he could see them in his mind. They were crammed together like docile cattle. Landing as inconspicuously as he could, he entered the Commons. It was crowded. People were singing and dancing. Donning a black hooded jacket, he kept his head down to hide his brilliant violet eyes. He moved through the crowd toward the main door, not sure how he was going to find his way to the underground prison. He kept his mind on the celebration, blending his thoughts with all the others so that they wouldn't stand out.

Once inside the door, he spotted several guards coming towards him down the long corridor. He didn't even know where the entrance to the prison was. He just knew he had to move. These guards would read his thoughts in a second, and right now, he was panicking. Taking the nearest stairwell, he began to climb, reaching the top within seconds. He waited, looking around him, then down the lone corridor. There was someone coming. He sucked in some breath and waited. As the figure appeared, Lucas grabbed him, his hands on the head. Instantaneously, he broke the neck. The man fell on the floor at his feet. Lucas looked down to see a middle aged man, his blue eyes staring up at him, lifeless. He felt an instant of regret then, an image of

his people penned up in that cage below wiped it away.

Footsteps now, bounding up the stairs. Pain began to pound in his head. They knew he was here; killing one of them had made that a certainty. They would torment his mind until he surrendered. Damn. It was over. He would end up down there with the rest of them. Well, he wasn't going without a fight.

Lucus scrambled down the hallway, his pulses racing. He tore open the first door he came to. As he closed it behind him, he rested his forehead against it, listening, his chest heaving. Abruptly the pain stopped. He brought his fingers to his temple. Nothing. The footsteps that were pounding on the cement had also died. They were gone. Lucus wasn't sure why, but he was certainly glad of it. With his breathing returning to normal, he turned around.

His eyes widened. He wasn't alone. There was a young man sitting on the bed on his knees. He was trembling. He was mostly naked, except for a robe that covered his shoulders and arms. There was a collar around his neck, secured to the bed. He had something covering his eyes.

Lucus didn't dare speak. He just stood there frozen, wondering if he would read his thoughts and call the guards.

"I can't call anyone," Terrel said. "Our thoughts are contained here. Why would I? This is my fate."

Contained? How lucky could he get! "Fate?" Lucus repeated, deciding that what ever the young man thought he was here for, he'd better play along.

"I am yours," he whispered. "I was hoping they'd

send me a man, and you have such a beautiful voice. Don't tell anyone that. I don't even think we should be talking, but they won't know. We can say or do what we want here. Aren't you going to touch me?"

Lucus' mouth opened. Touch him? Well, under different circumstances...he was quite beautiful, and being on display the way he was with his cock and nipples so hard and needy... Suddenly, he found himself inching toward the bed. Then, it dawned on him. He knew who he was. He was the new sexual sage. Lucas had read enough about their culture to know that this was his initiation. Lucas felt his own cock harden.

Lucus heard Terrel's breathing quicken. He could sense his sexual excitement as he drew closer to the bed. He concentrated on reading Terrel's thoughts. He couldn't give him any reason to be suspicious. He was supposed to initiate him, give him his first taste of sex. Then, he could do what he'd come to do during the public ceremony.

"What did you come to do?" Terrel asked quizzically.

"You are not supposed to talk," Lucas said deeply, removing his clothes. "You are supposed to be submissive to me. Don't talk and don't read my thoughts."

Terrel nodded.

Putting his clothes aside, Lucas came over to the bed. Reaching out, he touched Terrel's face as he watched him run a hand over his chest, tweaking one of his nipples, then the other.

He saw his knees widen. Then Terrel's mind

screamed into his brain. *Touch me...use me.*

Lucas let his eyes wander down over him, settling on his erect cock and almond shaped balls. He glanced down at his own erection that was growing in leaps. Getting onto the bed on his knees, he faced him.

Terrel felt a hand wrap around his sex... fingers stroking it. He let a moan escape from his lips. Another hand came up and grabbed the chain that was attached to the collar. His head was wrenched back, lips pressing themselves against his throat, as the other hand roughly fondled his cock and his testicles. Terrel's hips jutted forward. Lips moved downwards now, the chain pulled again as a tongue lapped gently over one of his nipples, before being captured between teeth, pulled, ravished. Terrel moaned again, deeply, as a mouth surrounded his sex, hands moving around to his ass to caress the cheeks, then, roughly parting them. Fingers went up inside of him, as the mouth continued to suck his cock. The pressure of the fingers up inside of him brought a low guttural groan from his chest.

"Turn around," Lucas told him gruffly, his own passion now seizing him in an iron grip. The mortal was beautiful, his skin so soft and smooth.

Terrel moved around on his knees. The collar turned as he did. He felt the robe being ripped from his arms, felt himself being pushed forward on his elbows. His cheeks were parted again, his cock close to bursting. He felt a tongue sliding inside of him, moving around sensuously, tasting, teasing. He began

to thrash. A strong hand quieted him. Fingers now, one, then two, plunged deep inside of his inner core again. The pleasure shot through his entire body. Another hand reached under to fondle his cock at the same time. "Please..." he cried out. "Mercy." Bringing him back up to his knees by the collar, Terrel was being pulled back against a big, strong muscular body. Arms wrapped around him, fingers played with his cock, his testicles, his tits. Terrel abandoned himself to it, feeling lips moving along his jaw, to his shoulders. Long silky hair was falling around him, and a big, hard erection was jutting against his hip.

Terrel squirmed in his arms, moaning. He wanted to scream out at him. "*Fuck me...fuck me!*" He couldn't. He was the submissive one, the receptacle, subject to the initiators demands.

As his body continued to be tormented, Terrel's face was turned around to the initiator, who kissed him deeply. Terrel begged for permission to touch him now. He wanted to feel the body that held him, touch the flesh that felt cool, rather than heated.

The answer that came back to his mind was a firm, "no."

Terrel felt the initiator's cock poised before his primed entrance now. He began to enter him.

With Terrel's cock in his hand, and his own cock in the other, Lucus sliced into him.

Terrel fell forward on his knees, taking the thick, hard organ deeper and deeper, biting down on his lips, moaning loudly as the cock inside of him began to move to a frantic rhythm. It was delicious. He tried to keep his hips quiet, but they began to move all on

their own in a sensuous dance with the other man's cock.

Terrel came, then, came again, the fucking going on and on. All his training had been wrong. Some men could go far longer than predicted. At one point, he could swear they actually floated off the bed, but that could have only been delirium. Finally, the cock inside of him exploded. As he was released, Terrel fell on his stomach back to the bed, sighing with pleasure.

Lucus got up off the bed and walked to the other side of the room. His thirst was raging now. He wanted nothing more than to go back to that bed, grab that young body and suck him dry. He licked his lips. He wouldn't do that. He had to rescue his people, and go home, and maybe try to plead with the council again to forgive what had happened. Maybe this ceremony would put them in a positive frame of mind.

"What are you thinking?" Terrel asked Lucus suddenly. "Your mind is a maze. I can't really focus on your thoughts."

Lucus remained silent. He could feel the desperation coming from him.

"I know this doesn't make much sense," Terrel said, "but I want to touch you. It's quite shocking to me that I am feeling this much lust from someone I've never even seen." He laughed uncomfortably. "After you leave this room, I will never see you again...and..."

"Go on," Lucus said softly.

"They say your memory of this night will be gone

once you leave this room," Terrel replied, turning over now on the bed. "The council erases it from the initiators memory, but not from mine."

"Really?" Lucas replied, beginning to put his clothes back on. "Why aren't you allowed to know the identity of this...ah initiator?"

"Because..." Terrel sighed, "you always remain attached emotionally to your first...and I'm not allowed to have emotional attachments."

"I see," Lucas replied softly. He paused, watching him for a minute. "It seems cruel. In fact, this is a cruel society."

Terrel blinked under his blindfold. "Do you think so? We are a society based on pleasure."

Lucas shrugged into his shirt. He fell silent.

"Can I touch you before you go?" Terrel sat up. Lucas saw his entire body tremble. He knew Terrel was remembering the feel of his hard, naked body against his.

Lucas didn't answer.

"Are you very beautiful? Did they choose a beautiful man just to torment me with the memory of what he must look like?"

"That's not for me to say," Lucas replied deeply.

"So, can I touch you?" Terrel breathed. "You wouldn't let me, in bed. Is it because they forbid it...because they think there might be a chance that I'll recognise you one day?" His mind was pleading. *Please don't leave me yet. Let me hold on to you a little while longer.*

"It's just not a good idea, that's all," Lucas said. "I'll wait here until you have to leave...until they call

you. Will they come for you?" Lucus asked nervously.

"No. I go when I'm ready. I am initiated now. They must wait for me."

Lucus leaned against the wall. "What about the collar?"

"I can break it now, see?" He grinned, reaching up and taking off the unlocked collar. "I always could. My submission was voluntary."

"There's so much I don't understand," Lucus said almost to himself.

"It's not your place to understand your sexual master," Terrel replied. Reaching up, he touched the blindfold. "They would know if I took it off, looked at you for just a second. I wouldn't be able to hide it."

"What would happen if you did...look at me?" Lucus breathed.

"I would be dishonoured, banished perhaps. Maybe death. I don't really know. It would be up to the council. It's tempting." He smiled. He rose off the bed. "You must go now. It is my time."

Lucus took one last look at him. "Goodbye," he said. "Good luck."

Lucus left the room. He didn't see Terrel hastily tear off the blindfold, and look around him after he left. He didn't hear him say, "Goodbye my love, whoever you are. I will never forget you," before taking a deep breath, and beginning his slow descent down the staircase.

* * * *

Lucus was looking frantically for the entrance to the

basement. Where in hell was it? Just when he thought he'd found it, it disappeared again. He was beginning to think it was a mind trick. He froze suddenly as the sound of cheers and cries exploded in the Commons. The crowd was going wild. The sexual sage must have made his appearance. *Where in hell was that door?* His head was pounding again. *You can't escape us, Lucus. We know that you're here. We knew you'd come. It's noble but futile. You are ours. We wanted you most of all...so fierce, so strong, so beautiful.* The pain was overwhelming now. He slipped to his knees. *You will never find the opening, Lucus. You are correct in your assumption. It is a mind illusion. They are somewhere where you'll never find them. The people of blood valley are no more. You all belong to us. Give yourself over to the pleasure, Lucus. You may be just strong enough to retain the experience of it. Beautiful Lucus... beautiful... beautiful Lucus...beautiful...*

When he opened his eyes, he was in a dark place. He was naked, chained to the wall. There was a steel collar around his neck. His legs and arms were spread out as far as they could go and fastened with steel manacles attached to a cold, cement wall. He could barely move.

A man walked by him, accompanied by two guards. He was dressed in white pants and a blue jacket, his hair and beard were salt and pepper. He was carrying a computerized notebook that fit in the palm of his hand. A guard stood obediently at his side, listening attentively to his instructions. "Ah, this one," he said, pausing, running his piercing blue eyes lecherously over Lucus. "He's not to be used for

labour, solely for pleasure. He will be on the sexual surrogate list, as well as be our toy at council functions. He is to be given obedience programming once a day."

"Yes Sir, I understand," the guard replied.

Lucus glared at the man. "You can try to make me obedient if you want, but I will never be your slave!"

As the blue eyes pierced his, a wave of pain gripped his head. "We'll see, Lord Vampire. We will see."

Lucus hissed at him, exposing his sharp fangs as his head went back. His black-violet eyes blazed.

"Shall I cut off those sharp teeth of his?" The guard asked with a leer.

"No. They make him sexy. They make him passionate. Many Telepathian's have had sexual fantasies about vampires. We might send him to the Club."

The guard rubbed his hands together. "They will tame you there, Vampire boy," he laughed, letting his lust-filled eyes move slowly over Lucas' nude body.

Lucus closed his eyes, trying to focus on the pain. When he concentrated on it, it lost some of its strength. Fighting it only seemed made it worse.

The men moved on. If he craned his neck, he could see that there were row upon row of cages. He knew they were filled with vampires. He could hear that man saying now, "this one for labour, this one for sex, this one for sex, this one for labour, this one for labour..." His voice began to fade.

A few hours later; the guard who had been with that man returned. He stood in front of the cage for a moment, then, lifted up a strange contraption. It was

silver and looked like an engraving pencil. When he pressed on it, it gave off an intense beam of light which he shone directly into Lucas' eyes.

Lucas immediately closed his eyes against the harsh rays it was giving off.

"You can close your eyes if you want," the voice said. "It penetrates the brain anyway. This should make you docile, subject to our commands. I may test it out myself later." The last sentence was slurred, filled with innuendo.

Searing hot flashes popped in Lucas' head. He let out a cry. *Don't give in...don't give in. Fight. You can fight Lucas...you can fight.* Losing consciousness, Lucas' head fell forward. There was only darkness now, and freedom from the pain.

CHAPTER THREE

Terrel was nervous about prescribing vampires as surrogates. Although he'd seen them walking among them, docile and obedient, he didn't trust them. What if something went wrong? What if they suddenly went wild and tore someone's throat out? Today he had requested a meeting with the council to discuss the matter. As he walked along the great corridor to the conference room, a few of the vampires passed him. They lowered their heads when they saw him. They were mostly dark creatures with eyes that looked haunted and empty. Their beauty was astounding and he had heard much about their exceptional sexual skills. Still, he had his reservations.

The four members of the council were waiting for him. Eton was there. Although not exactly a member of the council, he was their strong arm. He always wore a blue suit jacket regardless of the weather and was known for his efficiency. Everyone rose, and bowed as he entered, then sat back down as he waved at them to do so. His eyes went automatically to Kadar, who was wise and kind. Kadar bowed his head and smiled at him. Beside Kadar sat his own

father Best. He had distanced himself from his son years ago when he had been taken away for training. They seemed little more than strangers now. His mother had left the mountain only months after he had been taken. She had never approved of him being taken away.

The last two members of the council were women. Champagne was a powerful telepath. Terrel feared her most of all. She knew everything about everyone. Although all members were supposed to be equal, she was unofficially the leader. Her sister Andrea was stern and unforgiving. Her punishments for violation of the laws were legend.

"You wanted to see us, Sage?" Champagne began, pushing her long silver blond hair back from her well lined face.

"Yes," he said. "I have concerns about using the vampires as sexual surrogates. I understand they are being used for sexual amusement in the Club...and..."

"You disapprove?" His father inquired.

"No," Terrel replied. "The sexual free play zone is critical to discouraging sexual crime. Using the vampires exempts our own from having to serve in the Club. I have never approved of randomly selecting innocents to provide this service."

"The vampires have been under our control for several weeks now. So far, there have been no incidents," Eton commented, his eyes respectfully cast down. "I have only been releasing them when I am confident they are correctly programmed. I suggest you test one under controlled conditions, my Lord."

Terrel nodded. "Very well, but we must not forget that they are killers...that one of their kind went on a killing spree and drained the blood from over twenty of our citizens."

"Have you ever heard the expression, keep your friends close and your enemies closer, Sage?" Andrea announced.

"I have."

"Like Eton says, those blood suckers are ours now...completely under our control. They are useful. We have some right now building the telepathic road to our mother star. Others are serving as sexual toys and amusement for our deviants. I am sure you will find them satisfactory tools for sexual instruction. They are quite adept."

Eton stood up now. "If there is even a hint of disobedience," he told Terrel, bowing now and kissing his hand, "they will be destroyed."

"Do you now feel assured, my sage?" Champagne asked softly.

Terrel nodded half-heartedly. "We shall see. Tonight I will go to the Club to witness the performance of the slaves in the deviant room. If I am satisfied, tomorrow, I will begin prescribing them."

As he turned to leave, they all rose, bowing their heads.

Returning to his room, he waited for the next citizen to come seeking his council. The citizen came in on his knees. Terrel told him to rise. It was a young man, only recently initiated by Grayson. His eyes were filled with tears as he spoke. "My Sage," he said, grabbing his hand and kissing it. Terrel allowed the

kiss, then, withdrew his hand. He walked across the deeply carpeted room to the pedestal where his red velvet lined chair sat. "What distresses you so, Citizen?"

"My lover is very unhappy with me. I have some exotic tastes that she does not share. I have a problem becoming hard for her."

"There are no exotic tastes, Citizen. You should know this. All desire...all manner of desire is valid...even deviant desire has a place. Does your desire qualify for the deviant room?"

He licked his lips. "I don't know. Last night she shared me with her brother. I wanted to be dominated by him sexually. She seemed open to this until it began. I was extremely excited...just as she wanted me to be. She suddenly grew angry. For the first time, I felt very excited, yet..."

Terrel put up his hand. "It may be because she has a rivalry with her brother. You need a neutral party...a sexual surrogate. Close you eyes and picture your fantasy. I will try to secure a surrogate who fulfills that fantasy. I will call you to come back when I'm ready."

The citizen bowed his head. "I thank you. I am grateful. Do you have all the information you need?"

Terrel nodded. "Your thoughts were very clear. It shall be done."

When he left, Terrel contacted Eton telepathically. *I need a surrogate of the following description: he must be tall and very male. Strong, and dark. We will use a vampire. You will stay nearby ready to be called on in case anything should go wrong. Can you carry out this order?*

Eton responded immediately. *Certainly, my Lord. It will be done. May I accompany you tonight to the Deviant Room?*

Terrel gave his consent, then, invited the next citizen to appear before him.

* * * *

Once a day, Lucus was aware of the cage being opened. Someone lifted a vial of Falk blood to his lips, and allowed him to drink from it. It was never enough to satisfy, just enough to sustain him. He was weak and disoriented. He dreaded the time when that beam would be directed into his eyes, and it was, everyday. It felt as if his brain was on fire. Voices collected in his head, pain...burning pain... and the only thing that alleviated the sensation was to sleep. The darkness of his cell allowed him to go into a state of pseudo hibernation. It was a trait used by his ancestors who went underground to rest, after having wandered the earth for too many years. It made everything bearable, and as Lucus was soon to discover, lessened the impact of the programming.

He had no idea how long he'd been in that cell when they came for him. He looked up into faces he didn't recognise. He heard voices that somehow he obeyed, yet somewhere in his mind, he knew his free will was still intact. It was there, although it seemed removed, far away, just beyond his reach.

The restraints were gone. He was on his knees. "Get up! Get up, vampire." The steel collar disappeared from his neck as he stood on unsteady

legs. Someone wrenched his arms behind his back, and attached gold chains. He felt a hand lift his chin. Fingers collected his waist length black hair and tied it back from his face. A face leered in front of him. He recognized it now. It was the one in the blue suit jacket.

"I'm Eton. You will address me as Master."

"Yes Master," he replied. *It didn't even sound like his voice.*

Eton's hand reached out and pinched one of his nipples. Lucus winced. "Say you like it. Tell me to do it again!"

"I like it. Do it again," he repeated without expression.

Eton pinched both nipples at the same time.

Lucus didn't react.

Eton's eyes went down to his sex. "Put his cock in the ring. Make sure that it stays up at all times. You are not to touch yourself unless given permission, do you understand?" Eton glared at him.

Lucus nodded, feeling a solid gold band being shoved down to the base of his cock.

"I'd love to play with you but I don't have time now," Eton glared at him. "Guards, would you like to taste him?"

"Oh yes, Lord Eton," a hand crawled over Lucus' buttocks.

"Perhaps later. Tonight, you will be the main course in the deviant room, Vampire. You will service a broad range of sexual appetites. They're going to love you." Turning to the guards, he said, "Take him to Jojo. He'll prepare him for tonight."

"Walk, Vampire," someone barked, and Lucus moved forward out of the cell.

* * * *

Terrel walked out onto his private balcony to stare up at the star of Telepathy. He had no idea how lonely he would feel at the end of each day. All this talk of sexual problems, yet he had no one to share his bed at night. It's not like he couldn't request someone to serve his sexual needs, but no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't stop thinking about his initiator. At any moment, he expected to be chastised by the council for his lustful thoughts.

When Grayson suddenly asked for permission to enter, Terrel was most grateful for his presence. *Enter my friend.*

"I knew you were feeling down, Terrel," Grayson said, walking out onto the balcony. He embraced Terrel.

"I know why you are here. It's been a tough few weeks, Grayson," Terrel moaned. "And although I know I shouldn't, no matter how hard I try, I can't stop thinking about him. Grayson, I can't help but look at each face I see and wonder if...."

"Terrel," Grayson said softly, touching his shoulder. "I'm not supposed to tell you this. He's dead. Your initiator is dead."

"Dead?" Terrel gasped, reaching out and gripping Grayson's arm.

Grayson sighed. "I'm sorry. He was killed by a vampire. It must have happened right after he left

you. In fact, it was the prince who killed him."

"Prince? Vampires can be princes?"

"Yes, it is an inherited position handed down through the generations. He is the strongest of their kind."

"I see. Go on," Terrel said.

"He had come here to try and liberate some of the others...and well...he must have encountered the initiator when he was on his way out of your chambers. His neck was snapped. He didn't suffer."

Tears ran down Terrel's face. "The bastard. I want this vampire prince...I want to see him...I want him dead!"

Grayson took Terrel by the shoulders. "No. You can't tell anyone I told you about this. You must wipe it from your mind. The council is watching you. They want you to stop lusting for him. I just wanted to end your suffering. I thought it would help if you knew there was no chance that..."

Terrel went to sit on the edge of his bed. The tears streamed down his face. "We'll never touch again...even unknowingly. As long as he was alive, I had hope that..."

"Stop thinking about it now," Grayson cautioned. "It's good your hope is gone. It will end your torment." He paused, looking around for a minute, then, with a smile, he couldn't resist asking, "Was it *that* beautiful, Terrel?"

Terrel nodded. "He awakened those sensations, gave flight to what was only thought. I will love him always." Terrel looked up at Grayson. "Can you not tell me now...tell me his name?"

Grayson shook his head. "Let's talk of other things. I've already said too much."

"Of course," Terrel gasped. "You have taken a risk telling me this. We will talk of other things."

"Tell me of your day?" Grayson asked.

Terrel told him what he could, then, abruptly stood up. "I'm sorry, my friend, this is the end of our visit for this evening. Eton is taking me to the Deviant room tonight. They are using vampires. I want to observe."

"They are highly effective," Grayson said. "They are beautiful and hearty, skilled as well. There is no danger of permanent maiming or death. Better them, than our own citizens. I thoroughly enjoyed several of them at the Club last evening."

"Thank you for your input," Terrel told him. "Please, come see me tomorrow night. We will talk some more."

Grayson kissed his hand, and left him.

* * * *

Jojo looked up with interest from where he was sitting on the embroidered loveseat, sipping his evening tea. Even from the twenty foot distance he sat from the main doors, he could see the gorgeous specimen being propelled towards him by two guards in their short grey robes. Very tall, broad shoulders, muscular calves and thighs; incredible muscular definition...and the closer he came, the more astounding the picture.

Jojo stood up, desperately wanting to get a look at

the face which was directed down, and partly shrouded by some long black hair which had escaped from its binds.

The guards halted directly in front of him. "He's to be used for recreational and rehabilitation purposes," one of them barked.

Jojo nodded, running his eyes over him now. "Great cock, nice balls, and..." he moved around Lucas and ogled his ass, "wow! What an ass...he'll drive 'em wild. Now," Jojo said, moving back in front, "let's get a look at that face." Hesitating, Jojo eyed the guards whose hands were still fastened on Lucas' forearms, "has he been adequately programmed? I wouldn't want him taking a bite out of me now?"

"He's docile as a door mouse," one of the guards said gruffly.

Jojo reached out and lifted Lucas' chin with his finger. He sucked in some breath. What he saw wasn't just beautiful, it was enough to make a grown man cry. The first thing that jumped out at him were his eyes; violet. He'd never seen eyes that colour before, even on a vampire. They were huge, fringed with thick black lashes. His mouth was luscious, full sensuous lips designed for pleasure, high cheekbones, square jaw. Jojo walked around the back and took the tie off his hair. Black silky hair flowed all the way to his waist. Jojo couldn't resist taking some of it in his fingers. "What did I do to deserve this one?" Jojo breathed.

The guards were saying something. There was laughter.

Jojo noticed the vampires beautiful violet eyes

focus on him. He flashed him a silver toothed smile. Suddenly the vampires entire body jerked involuntarily. The guards tightened their hold on his arms.

Jojo took a step back. His hair, thick and tightly curled appeared to almost rise off his head.

"Don't worry," the guard beside him said, "it's nothing...just his nervous system. He's been given enough programming to fry his brain. You'll be perfectly safe."

"He needs a bath," Jojo said excitedly. "I'm going to make a mint on him. Are you sure he'll do what he's told?"

The guards released their hold on him. "Of course. Give him an order."

Jojo came close to him. He looked into his eyes. "Run your hands over your body and moan deeply."

The guard laughed as Lucus ran his hands over his own body and moaned deeply.

"Splendid," Jojo licked his lips. "I plan to taste you first, vampire. What's your name?"

"Lucus," he replied.

"He is the Lord of the vampires," someone mocked.

"Really, Lord eh?" Jojo chuckled. "Well, my Lord, you'll be servicing the lowly ones tonight."

Suddenly the guards were gone. The vampire was following him into a room where others were...other mortals. He looked lost.

"Get him into the shower," Jojo instructed, watching as two men turned on the water and dragged him into the stall, running their hands over

his body.

"Just wash him," someone barked. "You can have him later. I get him first."

Lucus closed his eyes. His mind was screaming at him. Why was he enduring these indignities? Freedom felt so close and still his body couldn't make any move to free himself. His thoughts were soothing, reassuring. *You're not lost, Lucas. You are still there. If you reach...you can feel it All your free will hasn't been stolen yet.*

Soft towels dried his skin now. Warm air moved his hair around his head. The little man came to stand in front of him. Suddenly without warning, he reached out and slapped his cock hard. Lucas winced.

"You will stay hard, always. Do you understand?"

He nodded.

"No one wants a limp dick'd vampire," he sneered at him. "Twist your nipples, keep them hard as well. Remember you are a servant of pleasure. It is the only reason that you're alive."

Lucus twisted his nipples, feeling them harden under his fingers.

"Your body is a toy, that's all it is," Jojo said, leaning forward and licking one nipple, then instantly pressing it between a jewelled clamp. It pinched like hell.

Jojo laughed. He played with Lucas' other nipple for a minute, rolling it between his fingers, then clamped it as well with a matching jewel. Standing back for a second, he admired his handiwork. "Charming," he announced, then slapped his cock

again. "No cock ring. You stay hard on your own," he barked, "or I'll have you beaten. Do you understand, you beast?"

Lucus nodded. His thoughts were racing. *Stay hard...endure...sex toy...reason for living...you stupid bastard.*

"Now, I'm going to have you. There will be no grease...no preparation. You could be had by a hundred tonight." Grabbing Lucas by his long black hair, Jojo pushed him to his knees. There were eyes watching them. Lucas felt a cock slam into him. He grunted. It wasn't painful, just uncomfortable. Something flashed in his head. He saw blood. He saw that little man's neck between his jaws. As Jojo pumped into him, shouting incoherently, Lucas tasted that blood. It was not like Falk blood. It was rich and smooth and oh so satisfying. *No Lucas. You can't. There are a hundred reasons why you can't.*

It was over. The little man's sperm was leaking out of him, running down the back of his thigh. Jojo was standing up now. Others demanded to take a turn. "No, there isn't time," Jojo said. "He's going out into the free-for-all room now. They don't know what they're in for. Come beauty," he said, dragging Lucas up to his feet. "Tell me you loved being fucked by me," he stood on tip toe and kissed Lucas' shoulder.

"I love being fucked by you," he repeated without expression. *I'd rather drain you dry though. Hah. Where did that come from, Lucas? If only I had the strength to grab him by his scrawny throat now and...*

He was being led out into another room, up onto some sort of a stage or podium. It was almost like an

arena, round and huge. The room was filled with people, some sitting, others crowded together below. The lights were so bright, a variety of colours circling the room...and there was bizarre, hypnotic music. Lucus could barely see anything.

Terrel sat quietly in a private viewing area beside Eton, up above the podium. "There's one of them...our newest," Eton said with pride. "What do you think, Sage?"

What did he think? The specimen on display was absolutely mind numbingly gorgeous. The crowd was losing control. "What do you think of this one, boys and girls?" Terrel heard Jojo call out as he swung Lucus around and around so that the crowd could see him at all angles. As he did, Terrel saw Lucus' long hair fall down over his face, hiding the practically blank expression lurking there. Ordering Lucus to hold his hands out at his sides, Jojo ran his hands over his smooth muscled chest, playing with the little clamps. "This one won't be cheap. Dig deep in your pockets!"

"Who is he?" Terrel asked breathlessly, not being able to stop his cock from hardening from the sight of him. He wished he was closer. He wanted to touch him. *He wanted to taste him.*

Eton cast him a look.

"Never mind," Terrel replied. "He's a vampire, remember. It doesn't count...and I am allowed to lust...even to have him...as long as I don't become emotionally attached."

Eton nodded. "Of course, my Lord."

"So, who is he?"

"A very special vampire," Eton began, rubbing his hands together.

Terrel was about to ask something else, but his attention was caught again by what was happening on the podium.

"We start with a game tonight," Jojo was announcing, looking very short standing beside the tall figure of Lucas. Abruptly, he shoved Lucas to his knees.

The vampire actually looked at him and snarled. For a moment, it looked as though he was trying to make an effort to get to his feet. Jojo could have sworn he saw his fine muscles tremble...but then he squeezed his eyes shut and raised a hand to his head.

Jojo laughed. "If you fight Cretin, they will kill you with pain." The vampire on the floor lay still now, his breathing shallow.

"I will choose one person from the crowd to come and fuck him first...a freebie to start off," Jojo called out. "After that, you form a line. Have your currency ready. He is the price of two of the others. You can pass him around after you've paid. Try not to wear him out completely." Jojo's eyes went to the door. "The other blood sucker slaves are being brought in now. They are to be used as well."

Closing his eyes, Jojo pointed to someone in the crowd. The man practically bounded up on stage. He was a rough, scruffy sort.

"He is a sexual deviant," Eton laughed suddenly, turning to Terrel. "Lucas is unlucky."

"Lucas," Terrel tasted the name on his lips. "Is that

his name?"

Eton bowed his head.

Terrel turned his eyes to the performance.

"Santome gets first crack at this gorgeous ass," Jojo was saying," a deviant, fucking a blood thirsty killer!" The crowd erupted into laughter. Now they began to chant as Santome slowly took down his pants, making a show of it.

The crowd erupted in laughter as Lucus growled deep in his chest. A hand slapped him on the backside several times. On his knees, arms pulled Lucus up by the hair. He was entered forcefully, nipple clamps pulled, hair yanked.

"Keep resisting vampire," Jojo hissed when he heard him growl. "Keep resisting and we'll kill you with the pain."

Terrel narrowed his eyes. He understood the purpose of the deviant room. It was to allow those behaviours to exist in a controlled environment, without spilling out into the community. Rape, torture, all was permitted here. He had recently sent several citizens here for therapy. It was a necessity, but he had never witnessed it before. A few times, he found himself looking away.

When the one called Santome had finished with the vampire, others lined up to take him. They were laying him out now, hands everywhere, exploring every part of him, inserting objects into him, torturing his balls, his cock. He lay there passively, not protesting, not uttering a sound. Terrel had seen what he'd come for. The programming was thorough. "I want to leave," Terrel said abruptly, rising from his

seat.

"Lord," Eton said, rising with him.

"Tomorrow you will bring him to me. He is passive enough. I want to use him as a surrogate. I have a long list of citizens waiting."

"As you wish, Lord Sage," Eton bowed. "I was also thinking of him for council celebrations. Do you think he'd be suitable?"

"I will have to give him a closer inspection first," Terrel replied.

* * * *

Lucus saw Jojo standing at the window of his balcony. He was lying nearby on the bed, still completely naked. He'd been carried into Jojo's private bedroom last night. With all that he'd endured, he didn't have a mark on him. He knew that he had been made to cater to the most depraved sexual appetite last night. He had tried to fight but the pain in his head each time he put up resistance was excruciating. Finally, he had gone to his knees, crying out in pain, his hands covering his head.

"Ah, beauty," Jojo said now, leering at him, "I have plans for you. Stand up and come over to me."

Lucus threw his long legs over the bed.

"I am going to run my hands all over your naked body. I'm going to tie you up and torture you," he whispered, parting the purple robe he wore to show his shrivelled penis. "You're going to suck this and make it hard."

Lucus walked toward him. He stopped in front of

him, narrowing his eyes from the glare of his teeth. The sun had just gone down.

"What are you waiting for, slave...meat...sex toy..."

Lucus reached out for him. Squeezing his neck between his hands, he lifted him up off the ground. Jojo's mouth opened. No sound came out. Lucus' mouth began to water. He could smell his blood, almost taste it.

Don't drink, Lucus...don't drink...they'll know it's you. Concentrate. You have the strength. Do it. Do it! His head thumped. Jojo kicked out with his stubby little legs, struggling for breath. Lucus grunted. Ignoring the pain, he carried Jojo effortlessly over to the guardrail. Hoisting him up and over, he paused long enough to smile at him, before dropping him fifty feet to his death.

Don't think. Don't think about it. They will never suspect it's you. Be obedient. Be obedient Lucus. He listened to his programming, gave into it, knowing that at any time if he concentrated hard enough, he could reach in, and find himself again. The pain subsided. He was ready for his next command.

CHAPTER FOUR

Surrogates had always been the best solution in solving sexual problems. Terrel was a firm believer in them. Although there usually wasn't any problem finding surrogates...it seemed everyone wanted to be one; there was a definite problem finding good ones. Surrogates had to be beautiful, seductive, skilled, and willing to follow instructions. That was a tall order. Hopefully this vampire would provide a solution.

Eton was late in bringing Lucus to him. He apologised when he arrived, saying there had been an incident. "What incident?" Terrel demanded, running his eyes over the naked vampire who stood with his head down in front of him. He was even more incredibly beautiful close up.

"Jojo. He fell off his balcony," Eton said. "He's dead. I had to find someone to take his place at the Club."

"He fell?"

"Yes," Eton replied. "Shall I leave the blood sucker with you or...?"

"Leave us," Terrel said, his eyes going to the vampire in front of him. When Eton left, Terrel said,

"Lift up your head. I want to see your eyes when I speak to you. I don't entirely trust your sort."

Lucus lifted his head.

Terrel blinked. The thoughts coming from the vampire were perplexing...something about *a night*. "What night?" Terrel asked curiously, coming closer so that he could make out the colour of those eyes.

Lucus remained silent.

"You do speak, don't you?"

"Yes my Lord," he said, lowering his head again.

"Pick up your head," Terrel demanded. "What colour are they...are they black...no...they look purple. Your eyes, they are incredible."

"Violet actually," he answered.

Terrel couldn't stop looking into them. "They are quite sensational." He gave himself a mental shrug and stepped away from him. "You will be my surrogate. You need to wear a robe when you are not working, and I need to tell you about my duties. Do you follow?"

Lucus nodded.

Terrel ran his eyes over him again. "You guard your thoughts. What are you trying to hide from me?"

Lucus shook his head. "Nothing."

Terrel summoned the guard. He came immediately. "Bring a robe for the slave," Terrel demanded.

"But they are not allowed to wear clothes my Lord," the guard said. "Council orders."

Terrel waved him away, irritated. Damn distracting. He would speak to the council about that.

He couldn't stop looking at the curve of his ass, or at the muscular tone of his pectorals...not to mention his cock. What a beautiful cock he had, so solid and thick. Clothing probably wouldn't make any difference anyway.

"I am waiting for orders, My Lord," Lucas said, following Terrel's agitated movements around the room with his eyes.

Terrel paused, letting his eyes move over him. He felt himself literally start to salivate. *My orders...yes well...umm...I am allowed sexual services. He is a sexual surrogate. Enough lusting...time for action.* Sending out a telepathic announcement that he didn't wish to be interrupted, Terrel walked over to the bed and sat down. "Come over here," he told Lucas.

Terrel saw Lucas swallow. The vampire's thoughts were saying, *Keep you mind blank...focus on obey...obedience...obedience...*

"Why do you keep repeating that in your mind?" Terrel demanded. "It's irritating."

Lucas lowered his head. "Forgive me my Lord. It keeps me focused on my duties."

Terrel cocked his head at him. There was something in those beautiful violet eyes of his, something he didn't see in the others. He couldn't put his finger on it. "I want you to make love to me."

Terrel could have sworn he saw him lick his lips, the tip of his tongue darting out so slightly. "I need sexual release," Terrel told him. "I haven't had any since..." he paused, sensation moving over his body, memory, "my initiation."

Lucas looked up sharply. *Seems he had made quite an*

impression on him.

"Yes," Terrel replied with a sigh, "my initiator was skilled."

Lucus stiffened. *Damn, he is good. He can read my thoughts like a book. Don't think.*

"I've heard that vampires are skilled in sexual pleasure. I'm hoping you can help. That's what you are here for Lucas, to help."

Fucking great...that's all he'd ever wanted in life, to help mortals deal with their sexual problems.

Terrel jumped up from the bed. He took a step towards Lucas. "Did you think that?"

"Think what, my Lord?" He bowed his head, frowning. *Damn it Lucas....obey...think obey. I am here to obey...obey...*

"Get on your knees Lucas," Terrel commanded. "Now!"

Lucus fell to his knees.

Terrell opened his robe, letting it fall to the floor. His erection stood out straight from his groin, his balls feeling as if they were in a vice. Lucas' eyes were level with his erection. He resisted licking his lips this time, obviously waiting for the go ahead.

"Suck it," Terrel practically hissed at him, "put it in your mouth. Show me this skill everyone raves about. I must know you are capable so that later..."

Lucus didn't wait for further elaborations. He placed a fist around the base of Terrel's cock, and Terrel stopped talking. Squeezing it gently but firmly, Lucas began to trace the head of his cock with his tongue. *Nice.* Then he began to lick the underside of it slowly down to the base, continuing to flex his fingers

around the circumference.

Terrel moaned. The sensations shooting up his penis were causing his knees to tremble.

Lucus licked back up the top of his organ now, then, placed his lips around the head, making sure his sharp vampire incisors remained sheaved inside their protective pockets. Slowly he sucked his way downward, taking more and more of Terrel's cock into his mouth as he went.

Terrel felt his cock hit the back of Lucas' throat. The things he was doing to it with his tongue and his mouth was driving him to the point of no return. He reached down and placed his hands on Lucas' head, pulling on his hair as he felt the increase of pressure around his cock. Lucas was moving his mouth up and down now in a smooth fluid motion, one hand still squeezing the base, the other grabbing and stretching his balls. Terrel threw his head back and let out a strangled sob. As he shot into Lucas' mouth, the vampire on his knees in front of him, took it all, and didn't let go until he had pumped out the last bit of cream Terrel had in him.

Releasing his cock now, Lucas sat back, waiting.

That was hot. Don't think...don't think...if only my cock wasn't as hard as rock.

Terrel reached down and stroked his hair now, moving it back from his face. "You are right, vampire. Your cock is as hard as rock." He took his chin between his fingers and looked down into those unusual eyes. "Do you want to fuck me, vampire?"

"Only if you command it, Lord," Lucas replied, trembling. "I am here to serve."

Yes...yes...yes.

Terrel walked over to the bed. He reached over to the night table and picked up a collar. In one swift motion, he snapped it around his neck. "I want it on my knees," Terrel told him, getting up on the bed, and fastening the collar chain to the bedpost. "Come now. I won't instruct you in the art of pleasure. I want to see what you can do."

"Lord," he said.

Terrel watched him as he crawled onto the bed. For a moment he looked deep into his eyes. "I won't touch you yet," Terrel told him, "and I won't speak until you are through with me. Then when you are finished, I want you to lie down here beside me so that I may touch you until I'm satisfied. Is that understood?"

Lucus nodded. "Is it true," he asked, "that no one can see inside this room?"

"Not entirely. I would hope that the council would respect my privacy when I ask them to. There are no guarantees," Terrel replied, touching his face. "Can you feel desire, Vampire...even with your will abducted the way it is...or are you just going through the motions?"

Lucus looked down at his fully erect cock, causing Terrel to follow his gaze. "I guess I have my answer," Terrel smiled faintly, wanting desperately to touch it. "Go on now, show me. You are free to use my body as you wish. I am yours...just as if you are my..."

Initiator.

Yes. How do you know about that? You seem to know a lot.

I don't. I have read some things. We won't speak of it ever.

All right. You are so beautiful, you make my heart stop, vampire. Kiss me.

Lucus wrapped his arms around him and took his mouth savagely. He had been commanded to be his master. He could think what he wanted now. And as his arms tightened around him, all he could think of was how much at this moment he wanted to fuck him. *I want to bury my cock deep in you ass...but not yet...not just yet.*

The kiss deepened, their tongues doing a wicked dance. Terrel moaned against his hard muscular chest as Lucas moved his hands over his ass, yanking his body closer to his. As he did, the chain on the collar strained, rattling against the bedpost. Lucas lifted him so that Terrel's legs were now hoisted around his hips. Propelling him back on his elbows, Terrel's swiftly hardening cock bobbed against Lucas' rock hard abs. Lucas leaned over him, his long hair brushing against Terrel's forearms. Gentle hands smoothed back Terrel's golden hair from his forehead, fingers trickled over his cheekbones, then moved over his lips. Terrel closed his eyes, taking Lucas' fingers into his mouth and sucking on them. The hands continued their journey downward, pausing just beneath the thick collar to caress the skin there. Terrel's chest was rising and falling rapidly, a pulse throbbing near his carotid artery. Lucas licked his lips now. *Blood.* Pushing the thought away, he moved his eyes passed the artery to his chest. Tiny brown nubs, stiff and ready for pleasure met his

fingers. As soon as he began to play with them, Terrel raised his swollen cock higher, and let out a soft sound of pleasure. In response, Lucus pinched them between his thumb and forefinger, then, tugged and rolled them roughly, smiling as Terrel began to thrash.

You are driving me crazy, vampire. I know I'm not supposed to ask but touch my cock. Please. I'm going to...ahhhh....okay... play with my nipples like that. I love it. I love it...but I don't know how long I can hold on before shooting all...

Lucus smoothed his hands over Terrel's stomach, then lowered his lips to his navel. As he did, he grasped his cock in his fist and squeezed gently, moving the other hand under his buttocks to part his butt cheeks with his fingers. His lips slipped down to his cock, lapping around the base, pulling his legs up higher so that he could have greater access to his anus. Lucus pulled back now, yanking Terrel's legs up so that his anus was totally exposed to him. Flipping his legs up against his shoulders, he lowered his mouth there, first licking his ball sack, then moving lower. Parting his buttocks with his hands, he let his tongue touch the tender opening. He teased it, grabbing onto Terrel's calves to keep him from moving around.

Terrel cried out. "Oh God....Oh God...yes...yes...ahhhhh...." *I can't hold on. I'm going to explode. Stop now. Stop...I can't stand it...I...Oh ummmm....ummmm.*

Lucus replaced his tongue with a finger, pushing it deep inside past his prostate. He applied pressure. Massaging his balls at the same time, he removed his

finger and impaled Terrel with his cock.

Terrel moaned deeply as Lucas' cock delved deep inside of him. *Baby...yes...do it...fuck me...oh yes....yes.*

Lucus began to pump. He knew Terrel was coming. He removed his hand from his balls and pumped harder, trying to prolong it as long as he could. Terrel came. He shot all over Lucas' stomach, and in his hair...but Lucas didn't notice. He threw his head back and let out a growl that sounded like thunder. Realms of pleasure shot through him, his entire body going into spasm. Emptying the last of his ejaculation into Terrel, he withdrew, sitting there on his knees, his eyes closed.

Terrel sat up. He was enjoying the look on his face, the way his naked chest heaved up and down, the disarrayed long hair which fell over his shoulders, and cascaded down his back. Terrel laid back with a sigh. *Ummm. That was nice. That was nicer than nice.*

"Thank you," Lucas said with an acknowledgement of his dark head, his eyes open now.

Terrel ran a satisfied hand over his chest as he lay back looking at him. "Don't answer back unless I tell you to. Your eyes have changed colour. They are more purple than violet right now."

Lucus nodded. "Yes. I've been told that they do that."

Terrel felt the sudden sting of jealousy. He could have only been told that by a lover. He pushed the thought away. "All right," he said, unsnapping the collar and removing it. "Come here."

Lucus moved closer.

"Put it on," he said, indicting the collar.

Lucus frowned inwardly, but took the collar as bid and placed it around his neck. He snapped it closed. It was tight.

"You realise that you are my whore...my slave?" Terrel said, his voice taking on a note of possession.

Lucus merely nodded.

Terrel yanked the chain. Lucas' body jerked forward, causing him to fall on the bed beside him. "Now, I get to do what I was not allowed to do with my initiator, touch him. I get to touch you, play with your body in any way I choose. Turn over on your back."

Lucus turned over, his eyes watching him. *Do what you want baby.*

Oh, I intend to. I am your master.

I have no master.

"What did you think?" Terrel demanded. "Are you being defiant?"

Lucas felt the collar being pulled. He swallowed. "I'm not used to having a master...that's all. I'm sure you shall make an excellent one, my Lord."

Terrel smiled, running his eyes over his nakedness. "We shall see. Do you know it was a vampire who murdered my initiator?"

Lucus' eyes widened. *Obey. Obey...think obey. I didn't know.*

"I intend to find out who he is...and when I do, I will torture him like none before. The problem is I don't know...and I can't ask," Terrel sighed. "I'm not even supposed to know that my initiator is dead."

Lucus bit his lip. *I know nothing about initiators. Your*

culture is so different from mine.

"Ah," Terrel cooed, running his hand over Lucas' chest, "but you do know something about pleasure, don't you vampire? In fact," he moved his hand down to his sex and began to casually play with it, "you know quite a bit about pleasure."

Lucas let his head dig into the mattress as Terrel's hand continued to fondle his cock. One of his nipples was being captured now between Terrel's teeth. Nipping at it, he pulled gently, then, lapped at it with his tongue. *You have beautiful nipples. And this...your cock...so big and thick. I could play with it all night. Turn over.*

Lucas felt the collar being yanked again and he struggled onto his stomach.

"Get up on your knees and spread your legs wide," Terrel told him.

No, not that. A light headache began at the base of his temples.

"Did you say no?" Terrel demanded hotly, tightening the hold he had on the chain.

Lucas felt himself choke some. He got up on his knees. *No will...he had no will...obey.*

"We might have to have your programming checked," Terrel murmured.

Damn!

Terrel's hand moved over his buttocks. Lucas stiffened. Terrel moaned as he touched him. "So beautiful." Lucas' ass cheeks were spread now, one finger tip penetrated him. Lucas shifted his weight some. Vampire lords were not penetrated sexually. He had already been humiliated enough. Jojo paid

with his life for letting those mortals penetrate him. *Stop thinking!*

Terrel wasn't listening to Lucas' thoughts anyway. He was lost in the sight of his gorgeous ass, lost in the feeling of it. He pressed his lips against one cheek, then the other, dipping one finger deeper inside of him, then two.

It's okay...I'm relaxing now...my teeth are retracting. It happened last night as well...when those bastards had been so obsessed with violating me. I hadn't even noticed the change...I could easily break the chain holding me now, drain the blood from ahhh...ummm....the pleasure...damn...keep doing that...that feels good...oh yeah...oh yeah....go on baby...go on...

I know what they did you to Lucas. I am the Sage of sexual pleasure...not pain. Trust me. I won't hurt you.

Lucus' body relaxed. Terrel now replaced his fingers with his tongue, moving a hand between his legs to massage his testicles, his sex.

Lucus groaned.

Terrel could feel his cock literally pulsing. "I'm going to fuck you, vampire," Terrel told him.

Do something, anything. I'm losing control.

The chain was pulled upright. Lucas was standing up on his knees. Terrel wrapped his arms around him and pulled him backward. He twisted his nipples again, then reached down and slapped at his cock. Lucas cried out. A finger went back up into his anus, this time covered with a creamy, musk smelling oil. Terrel massaged it deep inside of him, playing with his stiff cock with the other hand as he did.

Lucus' ass crashed against Terrel's cock. "You

want it? You want it Vampire?"

"Do it now!" He demanded, his voice sounding inhuman.

Terrel paused, surprised at the gravelly tone, but he wasted little time contemplating it. He was too hard, too horny. He wanted inside that gorgeous ass, and he wasn't willing to wait.

As Terrel plunged into him, wrapping one hand around his long black hair, Lucas flew forward. *Come on...pump...go on...pump...give it all to me...go...go...your cock is stretching me to the limit...stretch me further...deeper...deeper...don't hold back...let my ass feel it...to hell with who I am!*

Terrel rode him hard, urged on by Lucas' deliciously wicked thoughts. He went and went, and when he came, it was earth shattering, causing his body to shudder with pleasure. He threw back his head, slapped Lucas' delicious ass, and then pushed away from him.

Lucas lay quiet on the bed. *That was nice...that was way nice...to hell with the no submissive rule. Who ever thought that one up never got rode like that!*

Terrel got up from the bed now, and put on his robe. He had no idea what that vampire was going on about. His thoughts seemed jumbled, confused. It had to be the programming. He wondered what he had been like...before. "Sit up," he told him suddenly.

Lucas obeyed.

Terrel came over and removed the collar. After he did, he looked at him for a long moment, then, caressed his cheek. "You did well."

"My Lord," Lucas lowered his eyes.

"Okay," he said, summoning the guards in his head, "back to your cage for the night. Tomorrow I'm going to put you to work."

Instantly, two guards came in.

"Take him to his cage," Terrel said. "Give him what ever it is these beasts eat. He's been worked hard. Bring him to me early in the morning."

The two guards led Lucus out of Terrel's chambers.

Terrel watched him go. Sitting back down on the bed for a minute, he sighed. Closing his eyes, he licked his lips, remembering how he tasted. Enough, he told himself sternly. Rising, he left his chambers, to go and meet with the council.

CHAPTER FOUR

Lucus wasn't sure how long he would be able to hide the fact that he was no longer under their control. If they suspected the programming had worn off, they would simply reprogram him. He didn't want that. He tried to keep his mind filled with his programming, but he noticed that as long as he kept his expression blank, no one seemed to pay much attention to what he was thinking. It was Terrel he had to be careful around. He seemed intensely interested in reading his thoughts. He still couldn't believe he hadn't picked up on the fact that he had been his initiator. He didn't know whether to be insulted, or relieved.

They came and got him early that morning, too early apparently, because the guard who was leading him down the hall suddenly stopped, and said, "The Sage isn't ready for you yet, Vampire. You'll have to wait *here*."

Here was actually a tiny alcove which looked out onto the corridor from the East, and through a glass partition to the West. Suddenly an onslaught of vampires came toward him down the corridor. Lucas,

who was leaning against the wall, lifted his head slightly, attempting to make some eye contact with them. Even when they did look right at him, there didn't seem to be any recognition at all. He didn't see Adrian anywhere. He had the distinct feeling that Adrian had been exterminated. He couldn't say that he felt sorry about that. Then he saw Theodore. *Theo...cousin. Are you in there? Can you hear me?* Nothing. Theodore didn't even look at him.

The guards were forcing them all into a straight line. There seemed to be an endless stream of them, thirty maybe. There were certainly far more of them here than he originally suspected. Marched around the corner, they filed into the room on the other side of the partition.

The guard was paying little attention to Lucas, giving him the chance to move his head to the side and watch the activity. Men and women in white jackets were attaching wires to the vampire's temples. Lucas narrowed his eyes as he saw a bright light stream into the room. With his extra sensitive hearing he could hear the sounds of whining. Through the glare, he caught a glimpse of some of their faces which were distorted with pain. *Bastards!* Lucas' lips drew back over his jaw in a snarl.

* * * *

Champagne actually laughed at him when Terrel brought up the subject of clothing Lucas. After she stopped laughing, she spread out her hands on the glass table she sat in front of, contemplating his

request.

"Terrel...Terrel..." she said, waving her well manicured hand in the air, "really! The council has no time for such silly matters."

"It's not silly," Terrel remarked, clearly irritated. "If he is to be a sexual surrogate, he needs to be clothed when we are working on..."

Champagne began to laugh. "I'm glad I didn't bother calling your father and Kadar back for this, Terrel." She fixed him with her gaze. "Could it be that your cock hardens at the sight of this vampire fiend...and that's why you wish him clothed? He is a pleasure slave. He is to be naked at all times, his body available to any one of us, if we so desire. Are you having problems concentrating, my Lord?"

Terrel fell silent, not missing the sarcasm which had crept into her voice. He sucked in some breath as Champagne, and her sister Andrea, sniggered at their little joke.

"It is perfectly all right," Champagne sobered now. "Eventually when they are no longer useful, they will be disposed of anyway," she said with a shrug of her shoulders. "Ravish the bastard as much as you like. It is of no consequence."

Terrel narrowed his eyes, letting his gaze move around the round, rose coloured room. "I didn't know they were slated for extermination," he muttered.

"Naturally," it was Andrea who spoke now for the first time. "What do you expect us to do with them all? Right now they are building the mental pathway for us. It would be far too taxing a job for our citizens.

Already some of them have fried brains, and we've had to destroy them."

"Enough talk of that," Champagne cut in, noting the look on Terrel's face. "You have some sympathy for these killers?"

"Well, I..." Terrel replied simply.

"Considering that one killed your surrogate, well...I would think you'd hate them all," Champagne narrowed her eyes at him.

Terrel was flabbergasted. His jaw fell open.

"Yes," she cooed, "we know Grayson told you about that. It was a wise decision, if disloyal."

Coming to Grayson's defence, he said, "I no longer yearn for him."

"Good. That's why Grayson was not punished for his indiscretion," Champagne replied.

"I don't think we should exterminate them all," Andrea was saying now. "I think we should keep some of them for sex toys,"

"I thought we'd disposed of that subject for now," Champagne eyed her.

"Yes, we had, but I was thinking. They are extremely sexual. I've had a few and believe me..." she fanned herself.

Champagne tossed her sister a look of annoyance, then, looked back at Terrel. "Is that all?"

"No," Terrel replied. "I'd like to talk about the Deviant Room. I think we need to change some of the rules."

Both women laughed at the same time.

Terrel ignored their response. "I was there the other night and..." Terrel shuddered. "It's overly

cruel. Any society looking at us would..."

"No society is looking at us," Champagne snapped, her eyes cold. "We are above reproach, not subject to others scrutiny. We cannot change rules, Terrel. The whole point of the Deviant Room, is that, there are no rules. We'd think you'd be pleased that we are no longer using our own for fodder. Violators will no longer be violated. They will do the violating, until it is out of their system...and they will do it to vampires. Is that not humane? Anyway," she didn't wait for a response, "the subject is closed."

"The subject is not closed," Terrel replied, clenching his fists at his sides. "I believe that I am sexual sage. I should have some say as to what goes on in the Deviant Room."

"The Deviant Room has nothing to do with sexuality, Terrel," Champagne argued. "It has to do with the law. The council makes the law, not you."

Before he could respond, Andrea spoke. "We are pleased. You are performing your duties well...with quantifiable results."

Terrel bowed his head gratefully.

"We will use your vampire surrogate for our next council gathering," she continued, while Champagne turned in her seat as if she was ready to end the discussion.

"I...I thought that was my decision?" Terrel protested.

Champagne smiled like a cat. "Ah...you don't wish to share him, do you?"

"No, that's not it...it's just that..."

"I have decided," Champagne announced. "The

council will back me." She stood up.

Andrea stood up also. "Finally we get to taste him too. He's delicious...and the sensations he was causing in your body were..."

"You spied on us then!" Terrel accused, his temper flailing. "Am I to have no privacy? You know everything!"

Andrea laughed, a tinkling sound that echoed around the great room. "Of course not. How then will we entertain ourselves, Terrel?"

Terrel glared at her as she left the room.

Champagne gave him a patient look. "You'll get used to it, Terrel. You know how important you are to us. You must be monitored." With that, she was gone as well, leaving him standing there alone.

* * * *

As the guard reached out for Lucas' arm, Lucas lowered his head, trying desperately to hide the transformation that had come over him. His long dark hair was loose and hung down over his face; concealing his scarlet coloured eyes and razor sharp fangs. *Not now Lucas. Patience. You can't do anything for them now. Obey...obey...*

"That's a nice little vampire," the guard mocked, reaching out and twisting one of Lucas' nipples brutally. "If I had time, I'd fuck you so hard...that tight little ass. Too bad you didn't stick around the Deviant Room a little longer. I have the night off tonight. I would have loved to have a piece of you, darlin'."

I'd love to have a piece of you too, dar...a...ling...but not now...later. I'll make a point of it...a sharp point.

The guard paused, sensing something. He grabbed a fistful of Lucas' long black hair and pulled it back from his face. Lucas presented his most blank expression. *I'm obedient awaiting your command.*

"Yeah, well unfortunately, you are going to be obeying the Sages commands. Here we are," he paused at the entrance to Terrel's chambers.

Terrel knew the guard was outside with Lucas. He was pacing, not sure he really liked the conversation he'd just had with the council. He chewed on his thumbnail, ignoring the guard, who was asking for permission to enter. Finally he granted it.

Come.

"My Lord Sage, I bring the vampire as requested," the guard bowed, shoving Lucas into the room.

"Very well. You are dismissed," Terrel said, his gaze moving to Lucas. Terrel was hard as rock already, consumed with lust. *Ravish the bastard as much as you like. It is of no consequence. Damn it...gorgeous bastard. I want you. I want you now...here...come here, Lucas! I have the council's blessing to fuck you when ever I want, to lick and suck those hard nipples, that thick, juicy cock...play with that perfect, round ass.* "Lucus, I said, come here!"

Lucus moved over in front of Terrel.

Terrel loosened his robe, chuckling a little as Lucas' mind cried out... *I want to suck your cock. Let me...let me get down on my knees and...*

Do it...do it now...do it like you did before with your

lips and your tongue. Terrel closed his eyes, pushing Lucas down on his knees in front of him. He looked down into those large eyes, which had returned to violet. He allowed Lucas to tug on his robe. It fell to the floor at Terrel's feet. Terrel felt those violet eyes travel over him slowly, his well toned chest, the sinewy fine muscled biceps, the narrow waist and flat stomach. Then Lucas took his buttocks in his hands and massaged them, letting his tongue lap over his navel. Terrel's cock lengthened, bobbing against Lucas' shoulder. With one hand, Lucas pushed his waist length hair back over his shoulder then moved his lips down lower. Rearing back for a moment, he began to stroke Terrel's cock with his hand, drawing moans from between his lips. Terrel's hand came to rest on the top of his head as Lucas ran his tongue around the base of his cock. A drop of fluid appeared at the head of his cock. Lucas traced the large blue vein now standing out at the center, and picked up the drop with his tongue.

Terrel caressed Lucas' hair, taking some of the silky strands between his fingers. His grip tightened as Lucas took the head of his cock into his mouth, scraping his teeth over the sensitive skin.

Lucas' jaw widened. More of Terrel's cock disappeared inside of his mouth. Terrel broke out in a sweat, his other hand tightening into a fist at his side. Lucas relaxed his throat, taking Terrel deeper and deeper into his mouth. He didn't seem worried about breathing. He began to suck. His cheeks made hollows as he wrapped his lips tighter around Terrel's organ and at the same time reached up underneath

him and began to tease the opening of his anus.

Terrel cried out as he felt the tip of his finger began to move around in a circle just at the entrance. He gasped, cried out again as Lucas sucked harder, then blew, then sucked, then swallowed. *Ohhhh...yes....yes...yes!* He was coming. As his cock pulsated into orgasm, Lucas inserted his finger deeper, exerting pressure, and tightened his hold on the base. Terrel reached out to grab hold of the small table beside him, knocking it askew as Lucas released his hold, and he finished ejaculating all over Lucas' smooth muscular chest.

Lucas sat back, waiting for him to recover as Terrel closed his eyes, licking his lips like a cat who had just had an over abundance of milk.

Opening his eyes now, Terrel glanced over Lucas' body. Going down on his knees, he began to lick the semen off his chest, paying close attention to his nipples that were as solid as tiny rocks.

Lucas let his head roll back, savouring the sensation of Terrel sucking on his nipples. A hand settled on his cock now as the nipple sucking continued.

I can't get enough of you, Lucas. No one sucks my cock the way you do. It would be a shame to do away with all of you, given the way you suck cock.

Lucas froze. *Do away?*

Terrel had now abandoned his nipples for his enormous erection. He kissed the shaft, and then reached up to fondle his balls. "Lie back," Terrel told him, "on the floor like that. Open your legs."

Lucas slowly obey. *What did he mean by "do away?"*

Should he be surprised? What would they do with them when they were...

"Stop thinking about that!" Terrel demanded, meeting Lucas' eyes. "Forget I said anything. Spread your legs, lift your knees."

Lucus lifted his knees. *How in hell am I supposed to stop thinking about that when...*

Terrel sat back up. "Are you disobeying me, Vampire?"

"No, my Lord," he said, giving him an innocent look.

Terrel studied him suspiciously. "When were you last programmed?"

Lucus fought the urge to reply in his head. *Answer properly.* He was just about to say something when Terrel put up a hand. "It's Grayson. He needs to see me. Get up! We will discuss this later. Go and stand in the corner. I will need you shortly to assist me."

Lucus nodded, standing up and going over to the corner where he stood waiting. In his mind, he repeated his programming, hoping to prevent other thoughts from entering his mind. He watched Terrel put on his robe, his shoulder length blond hair cascading about his angelic face. Even if they had met at another time, it would have been hopeless. *Forget that, Lucas. You are not here for that.*

Grayson entered now, ignoring the naked vampire standing in the corner. Tears were collecting in his eyes. Falling on his knees, he clutched Terrel's hand, and kissed it.

"This is not necessary," Terrel said. "Grayson, rise,

rise and tell me what troubles you."

"I saw him," Grayson gasped, wiping at the tears which were now rolling down his cheeks, "I saw him."

"You saw who?"

"My lover...the one I met in my mind...the vampire."

Lucus shifted his weight, his eyes narrowing.

Terrel looked around. "Grayson, I don't think..."

"I don't give a damn if they hear or not...Terrel, you have to help me. They are killing him. They are draining his brain and..."

Theodore. He's talking about Theodore. Years ago, Theodore had sex with someone from the mountain... in his mind. It had happened by accident. Theo had been experimenting with mind control and somehow Grayson had answered his call. Theo had told him about it. He had told him he wanted to meet with this mortal again. Lucas had forbidden it. If it had been discovered by the council, it could have brought the entire community down.

"Are you sure it is the same one that you...?" Terrel began.

"Yes," Grayson nodded sadly. "I saw him. I could never forget that face. He's beautiful...more beautiful than he was in my mind. They are using his life force...draining it...Terrel... they have already disposed of several vampires. I can't just let them kill him. Isn't there a way that..."

"What can I do, Grayson?" Terrel threw up his hands. "I have no power over the law. They are prisoners...they are..."

Grayson turned to look at Lucas now. "And

him...look at him, Terrel. There is nothing behind his eyes. He is a shell. Don't you wonder what he must have been like before...what he would have been like as a lover...as a man?"

"He's not a man," Terrel snapped. "He's a vampire. Need I remind you that one of them killed my initiator, that they would sooner drink us dry than..."

"I don't believe that, and neither do you!" Grayson told him. "There are rumours that all this was the work of one vampire, that the council know this. They used it as an excuse to enslave them all, build their mental pathway to Telepathia."

Lucus lowered his head. *So...that was it. How convenient for them.*

Terrel shook his head in warning. "They are probably listening and..."

"I don't care if they are. I don't give a damn what they do to me," Grayson exclaimed. "I'm not going to sit back and let them destroy him. I love him, Terrel. I never stopped loving him."

"He's a..." Terrel paused, glancing over at Lucas, "he's a vampire, Grayson. Loving a vampire is foolish. They are not human. They are...well...if they weren't under our control, they would drink our blood...kill us."

Lucus recoiled inwardly. Terrel's words stung. *Okay, so what did he expect...that Terrel would fall head over heels for him? Of course not, but to say it that way...like he was some kind of a monster! If we would have wanted to drink you all dry, we would have done so by now. You*

can't judge us all by the actions of one!

When Grayson didn't reply, Terrel sighed deeply. "We can't discuss this now. In fact, we shouldn't be discussing this at all. I have to call the guard to send in a citizen. I have duties to perform."

Lucus was glaring at Terrel's back. *He can be such an insensitive bastard. We're good enough to fuck you though, quite adept at giving you blow jobs and making you come harder than you'd ever believed you could...and our minds are strong enough to build telepathic highways to the stars.*

Grayson turned now, and looked directly at him. *You're not programmed...your mind is...*

Lucus met Grayson's eyes boldly. *Shush. If you want me to help save Theo, find a pretext for us to be alone.*

Terrel appeared to be oblivious to the exchange between Grayson and Lucas. He was busy summoning the guard.

Grayson cast a look at Terrel, then, told Lucas silently: *I could be executed for this. I should report you. I should...*

Make your choice. Time is running out.

Theo. *Is that his name? It suits him. You remind me some of him. Are you related?*

Our fathers were brothers.

You are both beautiful. Doesn't Terrel see that...

Forget Terrel. He sees what he wants to see. Do you want Theo to die?

Of course I don't want him to die. Terrel will help me. He will see reason and...

Terrel won't do anything, even if he wanted to...and obviously, he doesn't. He thinks we are all monsters. So,

make your choice.

All right, but I can't do anything now. Later on I...all right, be quiet now, Terrel is finished. Grayson turned sharply back to Terrel. "Ah...my Lord..." he said a little too loudly, "I...I thank you for giving me an audience. I understand your hands are tied."

Terrel gave Grayson a sympathetic look. Coming closer, he placed a hand on his shoulder. "I am sorry. Please come back later. We will find a way to talk, without an audience. I have duties now and I..."

"Of course." Grayson murmured. "Don't let me keep you from them." After kissing Terrel's hand, he issued Lucas a veiled sideways glance, then, left the room.

Terrel glanced over at Lucas. "Wait here," he said, "I am going to meet with the citizens. I will call you when I need you. Be open to my summons."

Lucas bowed his head in submission, watching Terrel as he disappeared into the adjoining room. *Keep your mind clear. Don't think, Lucas. Don't think about anything.*

Terrel came back into the room a few minutes later. Lucas looked up in surprise. "I didn't hear you, my Lord."

"I didn't call. We need to talk before you go in there. You must follow my instructions exactly, do you understand?"

"Yes, my Lord."

"This citizen fantasizes about being dominated by a beautiful, masculine man. His partner is interested in seeing this happen, but has a jealous streak. Of course they used her brother last time and I believe it

is sibling rivalry. But...I could be wrong. Be rough with him, a little humiliation is all right, not a lot. Don't suck his cock."

Lucus raised an eyebrow.

Terrel ran his eyes swiftly over him, then, looked away. *I don't want you sucking his cock under any circumstances.*

That was clear enough. Lucas shrugged his broad shoulders. "I am here to obey."

"Come on then," Terrel said, letting him walk ahead of him.

Lucus felt Terrel's stress. He was very anxious about something. Maybe he did have a conscience. Maybe not.

Terrel kept his eyes on Lucas' gorgeous ass as he walked through the door into Terrel's reception room. He wanted to reach out and give it a gentle squeeze, but he refrained. There would be time for that later.

The citizens were sitting on a small bench waiting. There was nothing else in the room except for a huge bed. They both stood up when they came in. "This is Lucas," Terrel said. "He is the surrogate."

"He is...a vampire," the woman remarked, running her eyes over Lucas' naked body.

"Yes," Terrel acknowledged. "He is completely harmless."

Lucus smiled sweetly at her. *Like a dog that's been given a frontal lobotomy.*

Terrel frowned at Lucas. *What in hell happened to obedience?*

I am obedient, my Lord. I am awaiting your

instructions.

"We can begin," Terrel said, his voice cool and commanding. "Cynthia, you may sit down on the bench. Douglas, please remain standing. Lucas, begin."

Lucus took a step towards Douglas, studying him more closely. He was a slender fellow in his young twenties with reddish blond hair, and a short beard. He wasn't exactly handsome, but he was pleasant enough to look at. His companion Cynthia was heavy set with enormous breasts. She had shoulder length black hair, and wore far too much makeup on her face.

When Lucas reached out and touched Douglas' face, he practically jumped out of his skin.

Remember Lucas, he wants to be dominated. Be rough with him. Use your instincts...use your vampire instincts.

Lucus swore under his breath. "So you want me to show my true colours, do you Terrel?" Terrel was studying him, nodding his approval when Lucas sneered and grabbed Douglas by the hair, pulling him closer. *Good Lucas. That's right.*

"Well, Douglas," Lucas growled, "everyone knows what blood thirsty fiends we are...what killers. Yet, it's so bizarre how much we are lusted after. There is this wanton attraction that you people have for us...such fascination. Oddly enough, we have no respect for human life...we'd sooner drain you than look at you...but yet, everyone wants us to ravish them...to consume them. Imagine what I am going to do to that body of yours."

"You might be overdoing it, Lucas," Terrel muttered.

Lucas ignored him.

Douglas grunted now as his hair was yanked tighter. They were chest to chest. "I want to see your ass. I want to see your cock. I plan to plug every hole...make you beg for relief." With one hand, Lucas ripped the shirt from Douglas' back.

Cynthia actually whimpered from where she sat on the bench, squirming some in her seat. She unbuttoned her blouse, and dug her heavy breasts out.

"Vampires aren't good for much, Dougie," Lucas ran his hand down over the man's chest, twisting one nipple brutally, "but we sure know how to give head...don't we Terrel?" He turned his eyes to Terrel, who stood in the corner. His violet- black eyes flashed at him.

Terrel noticeably stiffened. *Concentrate on the citizen, vampire. I am not in the room.*

Lucas stepped back. "Take down your pants," he told the trembling man.

Instantly Douglas began clawing at his belt. When the pants fell down over his hips, it was clear that he was extremely turned on.

"What a great erection," Cynthia moaned, pinching her nipples now brutally.

Terrel told her to stay silent.

Lucas reached out and grabbed Douglas' cock. Douglas cried out with pleasure as he squeezed. "Yes, we vampires are so good at sexual arousal. People say no one does it the way we can...and we can fuck, and

fuck and fuck...all night long. Would you like that, Douglas," Lucas pulled him by the cock up to his chest, "would you like me to fuck you all night long?"

Douglas nodded, licking his lips. Falling on his knees, he slid down the length of Lucas' body, his lips moving over Lucas' cock.

Lucas. Don't let him touch you. You do the touching.

Lucas pushed him backwards on the floor. "Get up," he told him, "get over there on the bed. For some reason that the Sage chooses not to explain, I am not supposed to be touched."

"Yes master," Douglas said, scrambling over to the bed on his knees.

Terrel's face twisted with anger. *You are being insubordinate Lucas, keep your mind on your duties, or I will have you put back in your cage.*

Before or after I suck your cock, my Lord?


"Enough!" Terrel demanded.

Lucas could feel the tips of his teeth now with his tongue. His own anger was growing. He looked coldly back at Terrel over his shoulder, as he grabbed Douglas' legs and spread them wide across the bed. "Douglas," he said loudly, all the while holding Terrel's eyes, "don't call me master. You will say, yes, my prince." *I am a prince, you know.*

At this moment Terrel gasped. Lucas turned his back and knelt between Douglas' thighs. Douglas cried out with pleasure as Lucas lowered his lips to his cock, defiantly taking it into his mouth.

Cynthia began to protest. "He's not supposed to..." but Lucas knew that Terrel couldn't hear what she was saying. His fists were clutched in rage at his

The Initiator



side. *You bastard, it was you,* his mind screamed at him. *You killed him...you killed my initiator!*

CHAPTER FIVE

Lucus was shouting obscenities at Terrel, as two guards dragged him down the hall. When his fangs emerged, and his eyes went crimson, the guards demanded help. It was issued in the form of searing pain flashing in Lucas' brain.

Terrel watched as Lucas went down on his knees, clutching his head. Instinctively, he took a step, reaching out to him, then clenched his jaw, and stepped back again. He was too distraught to realize that Grayson was standing beside him, until he felt him take his elbow. Deftly, Grayson steered him back inside his chambers.

When Terrel turned his eyes to the older man, they were filled with torment. "Don't say anything," he put up his hand. "You knew, didn't you? You knew he was the one who killed my initiator."

"No," Grayson said, shaking his head. "I didn't know. I had never seen the vampire prince. The council never pointed him out."

"He turned on me, just like that," Terrel said, sinking onto the bed, putting his face in his hands.

"Listen to what you are saying, Terrel. Would you

not do the same if the situation was reversed?"

Terrel closed his eyes, his hands shaking in anger as he withdrew them from his face. "He will be punished. He tricked me. He tricked us all, made us believe he was under our influence. He might have killed me if..."

"I don't think so. I don't believe he's a killer," Grayson replied softly.

Terrel stood up. "You have so much faith in these vampires, and yet your exposure to them has been quite minimal. You met that other vampire only in your mind. He couldn't have really hurt you anyway. I'm going to order Lucas' execution."

"Do you really want to do that?" Grayson met his eyes. "You are talking out of anger now. Don't do something that you will regret."

Terrel didn't answer.

Grayson sighed, and then threw up his arms. "He's dead anyway...they all are. As soon as the pathway is built, they will all be destroyed; unless someone on the council takes a particular liking to one of them and decides to keep them as a sex slave."

Terrel began to pace. "I want Lucas put in the Deviant Room," he growled, slapping his fist inside the other. "With his skill," he sneered, "they'll keep him around for a long time. He can enjoy his miserable existence..."

"Well, it won't happen right away," Grayson interrupted.

"Why not?" Terrel demanded.

"Lucas is slated to be our sexual slave at the next council gathering. I just spoke to Champagne."

"Don't they realise that...?" Terrel was flushed with exasperation now.

"They don't care. They've been lusting for him since he arrived. They will have him, and you will have to endure it. Can you endure it?"

"It makes no difference to me," he sniffed.

Grayson tilted his head slightly, and looked at him. "I think you care much for this vampire...too much."

Terrel clamped his jaw closed. *The matter is closed. As for the other vampire you mentioned earlier, I can't help you. I am convinced now that these vampires should be enslaved due to their vile nature. I have seen it first hand. I'm sorry, Grayson, you need to leave me now. I must rest.*

Grayson nodded, and quickly obeyed. He had been invited to the council gathering tomorrow night; and he knew they had sinister plans for Lucus. He didn't bring this up. Right now, Terrel was in no mood to listen anyway. They were not intending to re-program Lucus for the gathering. In fact, they wanted his free will intact. They would mentally dominate him, using pain. They wanted him to be ferocious, so that they could prove how dangerous these vampires were, justify their mass execution. Lucus would never see the Deviant Room. When they were finished with him, they would destroy him.

* * * *

Terrel lay down on his bed, and closed his eyes. He saw Lucus...so beautiful...so male with those flashing violet black eyes, and long silky black hair. His body ached to hold him, yet he knew it shouldn't. He tried

to recall the touch of his initiator, the first one to expose him to the act of sexual love. He was gone. Dead. He felt so empty inside. It was the only time he would be allowed to experience sex for the pure sake of it...without there being any agenda or...without their invasion. Lucus was a murderer. Tears came to his eyes. He must not have any more contact with him after the gathering. Maybe then, he'd stop wanting him. The tears rolled down his cheeks. His chest heaved and he began to sob. *Lucus...you son of a bitch...you beautiful, sexy, murdering bastard...I think I love you.*

* * * *

Lucus' fangs were exposed. He was snapping and snarling inside the cage when several hesitant looking guards came to take him out. As soon as the door opened, he was struck with pain. "You bastards," he cried out, feeling the guards pulling on his arms. He kicked and thrashed anyway as they dragged him down the corridor. Someone wrenched his arms across his back, clapping steel cuffs on his wrists. Lucus growled, stretching his neck, and actually managed to take a hunk out of the guard's arm.

"Shit, he bit me," the guard cried out frantically, hopping around, "a vampire bit me...am I going to be a vampire now...am I going to die?" He was staring at the blood that was soaking through the material of his robe.

As two other guards tried to reassure him, Lucus laughed in his face, snarling at him. "Yes, bleed you

son of a mind reading bastard...you're going to wake up tomorrow with fangs or worst...you'll be dead."

Lucus swayed on his feet as another wave of pain took him, making it seem like his head was going to rip away from his neck. He would have gone to his knees again if two pairs of arms hadn't been holding him up. He had no idea where they were taking him, but he'd been locked up in that cell for more than a day. They came several times to feed him, which Lucas thought suspicious. They had barely bothered coming once a day since he'd been in this hell. They hadn't tried to re-program him either. What in hell were they up to? He had to find a way to get to Theo and the others. He had to get out of here.

Suddenly, he was pushed forward. A door opened. Someone shoved him inside. He landed on his hands and knees on something soft.

Stay put, Lucas. Be a good boy. Don't move. Who was talking?

Lucus lifted his head, shaking his long hair back from his face. He looked around him, running his hands over the deep, red, plush carpet with the tiny silver stars sewn into it. He smelt something sweet in the air. There were gold candles all around, giving the room a smoky glow. Velvet lined love seats were scattered everywhere, and round lounging sofas.

He sat there quietly for the longest time, then, the door opened. Several people walked in, two men, one with a white beard, and that bastard who had been marching around with a clipboard when he'd first been captured. A woman with long silver hair in braids walked in now, and another one, younger with

a cruel mouth. Finally another man, fair hair...middle aged. They all found a place to sit. Then Grayson entered. Lucus looked up at him, trying to make eye contact.

The words...*don't- try- to- communicate-with-me...* jumped into his mind. Lucus looked away from him. A female vampire entered, naked with a tray. It was Octavia. She leaned forward, offering glasses of wine. Some of the council members reached over and slapped at her breasts before taking their glass. The one known as Eton twisted her nipples a few times, then, threw the wine in her face. "Leave now, vampire slut," he said smugly, leaning back on the little sofa. "Have your nice little hole well lubricated for me later." There was laughter.

Lucus scanned the room with his eyes, then in a loud voice, he said sarcastically, "Such a genteel bunch, aren't we? So, what ever you intend to do to me, do it, and get it over with."

"We're waiting for Terrel, of course," one man said. Lucus looked at him. He bore a marked resemblance to Terrel with his light eyes, and blond hair.

Reading Lucus' thoughts, he said, bowing his head, "I am his father, Best."

"We're in no hurry, vampire," a far older man announced. "We plan to take our time."

"Stand up," the woman Champagne said suddenly. "I am growing anxious. There is no reason why we can't admire you while we are waiting. You are quite a specimen. Come closer."

"Go to hell," Lucus replied.

"Now, now, that's no way to talk," she said, narrowing her eyes.

Lucus' head began to vibrate with torment. Grayson looked away. Lucus lowered his head, trying to fight them.

Stand up, Lucus! Why accept pain for such a simple command? Are you planning on being difficult all evening?

The door opened again. Terrel stood there at the threshold. Eyes turned to him in anticipation, heads lowered. Lucus glared at Terrel from where he sat on his knees in front of the council members. "I see his disposition has not improved," Terrel murmured, greeting each member with an auspicious bow of his golden head.

"He is being very stubborn," Champagne told him. "He will have to be taught to behave...learn that he is here tonight for our pleasure. I, for one, intend on tasting him."

Lucus' face twisted. *I think not!*

She laughed, her laugh sounding like a clear bell in the grand room. When she sobered, she stood up. Letting her robe fall to the floor, she stood there naked, large breasts topped with enormous pointed nipples. "Stand up, Lucus. It is the last time I will ask you."

Lucus lifted his chin. He narrowed his eyes, now black as coal and illuminated with an unholy light. Aloud, he said, "NO."

That simple word vibrated like thunder around the room.

"Did you say no?" Champagne bellowed.

"Council," she said raising her hand in the air, "the vampire slave said no. NOW!"

Lucus cried out as the council hit him with a collective mind force which raised him off the floor.

Terrel lunged forward from where he sat on the lounge, only to be held back by Grayson, who gave him a look of caution. *Stop before they notice.*

Terrel settled back in his seat.

Lucus was on his feet, more from necessity than choice. The pain continued, his vision blurred. He grunted. *You bastards! I warn you, I won't go easily.*

"Come here now, Lucas," Champagne beckoned with her hand.

The pain seared through his head, driving him forward. When he reached her, he fell on his knees at her feet. A hand reached down and caressed his head. "That's a good boy, Lucas. Now," she breathed, "you're going to do something that you vampires are good out, you're going to give me pleasure."

Grabbing him brutally by the hair, she dragged him upward until he was on his feet. He grunted. The pain in his head lessened. He gazed down at her, standing almost seven inches taller. His eyes looked calmed, returned to their peaceful violet-black. He cast a glance at Grayson, who turned his eyes quickly away.

"That's better," she said, stroking his long black hair like she would a favourite pet.

All eyes were on Lucas now as Champagne reached out and enveloped his cock in her fist. "Nice," she said. "Big, wide, this cock gave our sage much pleasure."

She released his cock, letting her hand trail up to his chest. "The muscle definition is delicious. I love the pectorals, not to mention the biceps," she murmured, moving the hand over to his arm.

Lucus didn't blink. He allowed her to move her thumb now over one of his nipples, while her other hand smoothed down over his back to his ass.

Champagne caressed Lucas' hair again now, then, pulled his head down, pressing his face against her breasts. "Suck them. Suck my nipples," she urged, pulling brutally on Lucas' cock with her other hand.

Pick her up and lay her on the bed so that we can all watch, Lucas. Lucas scooped Champagne up in his arms and walked her over to one of the velvet beds. He lay her down gently, kneeling on the side of the bed on one knee. Lowering his head, he began to suckle her breasts as her hands came up and wrapped in his long hair. Terrel watched as the council members rose from their seat. Surrounding the bed, they reached out their hands to move them over Lucas as Champagne moaned.

Grayson remained anxiously in his seat, beside Terrel. He had heard his mind screaming silently from the moment the council members started touching Lucas.

I am the sage, I should be guiding this meeting...I should...be...

"Calm, Terrel. It will be alright," Grayson told him.

Then the first cries rang out, cries that had nothing to do with sexual gratification. The members of the council now in various stages of undress began to slowly back away from the bed. Grayson sprang to

his feet. Terrel let out an audible gasp.

Lucus rose up, his mouth open, razor sharp fangs dripping with blood. Throwing his head back like a banshee, he howled.

Champagne lay on the bed, her throat covered with blood, streams of it dripping down onto her left breast.

Kadar was frantically saying the same thing over and over again, "You will obey. You will obey. You will obey."

Lucus wiped the blood off his chin with the back of his hand. Grayson brushed by the council members, and came to stand beside Lucas. "It is over," Grayson told the terrified council members. He looked from one to another. "You can no longer control his mind. Right now, all the vampires are waking up, are regaining their free will."

"Grayson," Kadar shook his head, his voice trembling. "I can't believe that you had a part in this...you...you disabled the mind flow."

"Yes. It took longer to go down than expected." He turned to Lucas. "I'm sorry, Lucas. Just know there will be no pain while the mind flow is down. You must hurry. The disabling is temporary. They will be working on it as we speak."

Terrel walked by the others. He stood beside the bed. He looked down at the body of Champagne, then back at Lucas. There were tears in his eyes. "You're an animal. You killed my initiator. You killed Champagne. You vampires are all animals and..."

Lucus gave him a sad look. "You are naïve, Terrel...perhaps it's not your fault. You have always

led a sheltered life. I didn't kill Champagne, and I assure you, I did not kill your initiator." Picking up a robe laying on the floor near the bed, Lucas slipped into it quickly. Turning to Grayson, he said, "Let's go get Theo and the others. Come with us."

Grayson nodded, as the council members stood there, stunned. "Thank you, Lucas."

Suddenly a siren began to blare.

"You will never get away with this," Terrel's father lashed out now as Lucas and Grayson made for the door. "You'll never get past the guards."

Grayson clutched Lucas' arm. "He's right. I don't know how you'll be able to get everyone out. We'll have to fight off the guards, and it won't take long for the machine to be up and running again."

Lucas' eyes went to Terrel. He took a step, reached out and grabbed him by the wrist. Placing an arm across Terrel's throat, he pressed his chest against his back. "We will have time, if we take him with us."

The council members cried out. Eton made a move towards them, and Lucas backhanded him. He fell unconscious on the floor. "He is our guarantee that we can get out, and our guarantee that they won't try this again." Glaring at the council members, Lucas began to drag Terrel across the room. Terrel began to struggle, but Lucas' strong arms held him prone. "Try and stop us, and he's dead. And, vampires don't have headaches, so if anyone so much as gets a slight pain, he's dead. Is that clear?"

He didn't give them time to answer. As fast as they could, they hurried through the corridors, the guards stopping in their tracks at the sight of their

sexual sage struggling in the arms of the vampire prince. Vampires began to join them at each junction. Grayson went to open the cages and free some more.

Terrel watched everything through terrified eyes, saw vampires feeding on guards, drawing back their lips to reveal dangerous needle sharp teeth. His feet weren't touching the ground as Lucas ran, and hollered to the others. They were suddenly outside, making their way over the mountain. He watched some of them take to the night sky, crying out to each other, laughing, celebrating.

Lucas paused just at the very top of the mountain. Terrel knew that he was watching to make sure that none of the others were being detained. He still held him in a tight hold, his arm around his waist. The cool night air blew across the mountain and into the valley. The Star of Telepathia blinked in the azure sky. Terrel closed his eyes. He almost settled down into his arms for a moment, savouring the feeling of their strength and security. But, this wasn't the same Lucas. It wasn't the Lucas that he could command and control. It was a vampire, one that could take a bite out of him if he wanted.

"Vampire prince," Lucas corrected, lowering his mouth to Terrel's neck. "And taking a bite out of you might be quite pleasurable, except I don't drink human blood...normally."

"Liar," Terrel accused, struggling against him.

"Now stop that," he teased, running a tongue along Terrel's throat, "you're getting me all excited, and oops," he slipped his hand downward and

brushed the back of it across Terrel's erection, "looks like it's doing the same to you."

Terrel clicked his tongue, his own cock stiffening in spite of his anger. *Arrogant jerk.*

"Now that's not very nice, Terrel. It was merely an observation," Lucus told him with a smirk. Tightening his hold on Terrel, he said, "Looks like everyone is out safely. Now, I suggest you hold on." With that, he lifted them both up into the night.

CHAPTER SIX

Terrel was shaking with a combination of terror and anger when Lucus carried him into his bedroom, and dumped him on the bed. "How dare you? They'll have your hide for this...kidnapping the sexual sage and..."

Lucus folded his arms across the chest. There was a bored expression on his handsome face as he studied him. "Terrel, shut up," he said.

"How dare you tell me to..."

"Oh, I dare a lot of things," he mused, lifting a dark eyebrow.

"I don't like you. In fact, I don't know what I ever saw in you," Terrel snapped.

"You sound like a jilted little girl," Lucus told him, his mouth curving up on one end.

Terrel gave him a furious look. "I demand to know what you intend to do!"

"Well, to tell you the truth, Terrel," Lucus said, "right now, I plan to take a hot bath, change into something that doesn't resemble a dress, and get my house back in order."

"I mean, about me," Terrel growled, throwing his

legs off the bed and standing up.

Lucus sighed, running his eyes over him in a lecherous fashion. "What is it you would like me to do, exactly?"

Terrel flushed. Flustered, he said, "I didn't mean that. Is that all you ever think about?"

"Well when I'm with the exalted, all mighty sage of sexual whatever..."

"You have no respect...no respect for anything and..."

Lucus crossed the room so fast; Terrel didn't even see him move. He grabbed him, and covered his mouth with his. Terrel's mouth melted under his. Abruptly, Lucus let him go. Terrel's head was spinning. His heart was thudding in his chest. "Wha..a...t was that for?"

"To get you to shut up," Lucus replied.

Terrel glared at him with those blue eyes.

"Well, it worked didn't it?"

"No, it didn't work. I'm not staying here with a murderer."

"I am not a murderer!"

"Yes, you are. You killed my initiator...and you killed Champagne. You killed all those people in..."

"Champagne is not dead. She'll be fine, and those people that were killed were killed by one vampire, Adrian, and he was executed the moment he arrived on the mountain."

"You're trying to tell me that one vampire...?"

"Yes. You can believe me or not. I don't care anymore."

"And my initiator...the only man I'll ever care

about, what about him? You killed him!"

Lucus sighed deeply. "I did not kill your initiator!"

"Grayson told me his neck was snapped. The council told me it was the...the...prince." He practically spat out the word, then, he narrowed his eyes. "You are no prince."

"I assure you I am," he replied smugly, shaking back his long hair.

"A brat prince, maybe," Terrel conceded.

Lucus laughed out loud.

"If you didn't kill my initiator," Terrel demanded, "then who did?"

"Nobody," Lucas replied with a shrug. "And is it true that he's the only man you've ever cared about?"

"Yes," Terrel replied stubbornly. "His neck was snapped. He..."

Lucus sighed. "Terrel, I did snap the guy's neck but..."

"See, you did..."

"Let me finish," Lucas insisted, his eyes flashing in anger. "He was not your initiator. He was supposed to be your initiator."

Terrel blanked, his jaw opening. "I don't follow."

Just then a knock sounded on the door. Theodore entered. "My prince," he kissed his hand, "I hope I am not interrupting anything."

"What is it Theo?" Lucas asked kindly.

"On behalf of us all, we want to thank you for bringing us home, and also," he paused, lowering his voice, "for Grayson."

Lucus gave him a brief hug. "We wouldn't be here without Grayson's help."

"Can he stay?" He lifted hopeful eyes. "Can he stay with me?"

"As long as he wants," Lucas told him.

Theo smiled. "Thank you."

Lucas nodded.

"And the ceremony for those of us who..."

"We will have one tomorrow night, a memorial for those who didn't come home."

Theo looked sad for a moment.

Lucas placed a hand on his shoulder. "I'm glad that you came home, cousin."

"Me too." Nodding politely at Terrel, Theodore quickly left the room.

Lucas glanced at Terrel. "I'm going to take my bath. We will continue this discussion later. Grayson wants to see you."

Terrel said nothing. After Lucas left the room, he sunk back down on the bed, and waited.

He wasn't sure how to feel about Grayson. After all, he was here in Blood Valley because of him, a hostage.

Grayson sensed that Terrel was more than a little miffed at him. He stayed near the window after he walked in, his back slightly turned. "It's a nice view."

"Um," Terrel nodded. "I'm being held prisoner in a bloody tower...no pun intended."

Grayson ignored the comment. "How are you?"

"Well, he hasn't tortured me yet. I'm a prisoner of vampires. How do you expect me to be?"

"What we were doing was wrong," Grayson said, looking at him now. "You know that deep inside, Terrel. You know we were using the vampires. The

murders were done by one, a vampire that Lucas tells me now would have been dealt with...destroyed."

Terrel considered his words. He knew his words were true. "That doesn't change the fact that you turned on your own people."

"I'm in love," Grayson held out his hands, "and until now, I didn't know Theo had always felt the same. You love Lucas. I know you do...and he..."

"I don't love that fiend," Terrel snapped. "What I felt for Lucas was lust, pure and simple...lust for a vampire. Don't try and make us the same."

"But we are the same. We both hated our destiny. We both had the best sex of our lives with vampires. We both wanted someone to come along and set us free. You are not a prisoner, Terrel. You are truly free for the first time in your life. Lucas has set you free."

"How can you say that? Lucas used me, to free himself," Terrel protested. "He wouldn't have even taken me with him if it hadn't been to his advantage."

"I think he would have come back for you. I think he would have risked his life again to take you away from there...if he knew you loved him."

Terrel made a face. "Anyway, I've just exchanged one prison for the other. I'm his prisoner now."

Grayson smiled almost tenderly at him. "In time you'll feel differently. I have to go. I promised Theodore that we'd take a walk together. Don't hate me too much, Terrel. I'm finally happy. Allow yourself to be happy too."

Terrel fought back tears. He crawled on the bed and gathered himself into a little ball. After awhile, he fell asleep.

* * * *

He was on his knees, a blindfold around his eyes, a golden collar attached to a chain around his neck. Hands were fondling his cock, teasing his nipples...fingers spread him open and moved up inside of him. He cried out, his entire body undulating in pleasure as the chain was jerked back. Then the blindfold suddenly was lifted. He looked into black-purple eyes, beautiful eyes...beautiful face. *Lucus.*

Bolting upright in the bed, Terrel looked over to see the face in his dream standing at the foot of his bed. Clad in tight black pants and a jade silk shirt, his waist long hair blew gently out from his back. He was smiling at him. "Sleep well?" His deep baritone voice was so smooth and soft, it made him feel weak.

The breath caught in Terrel's throat. He was so beautiful. It was lust, only lust. Slowly, Terrel crawled out of bed. He took a few steps towards him. "You didn't kill my initiator, did you, Lucas?"

Lucus shook his head.

"Because..." Terrel could hardly breath, "because...you are...you are my initiator."

"Yes," Lucas said softly.

"Why...why didn't you tell me?" Terrel came closer, his eyes pleading.

"I think you knew it all along. I was just waiting for you to accept it."

Terrel lowered his head. "The way I treated you..."

Lucus moved over to him, lifting his chin. "That's

in the past now. I forgive you. In the end, you would have never let them hurt me."

Terrel was lost in those beautiful purple-black eyes. The truth was, he had always been lost in them. "Is it possible? Can it be that you and I... when it is against all the rules of..."

"You don't have to follow their rules anymore," Lucas told him, pulling him into his arms. "You belong here now. You belong with me, if you want to stay."

Terrel's arms tightened around his neck. He held him close to him. "You mean I can touch you without anyone watching, without anyone knowing my thoughts?"

Lucas separated himself from him, and looked down into his face. Brushing some of the fair hair off his forehead, he said, "Say you love me, Terrel, say you want to stay here with me, and you can touch me anytime you want...as much as you want."

"I..." Terrel choked. "I do...I love you," Terrel whispered, reaching up to hungrily kiss his mouth. "Please, don't send me away."

Lucas' hands moved down over Terrel's back, as his lips fastened on his. *I love you too, baby.* With a deep groan, Lucas clutched his buttocks in his hands, and yanked Terrel's body up hard against his.

Below in the courtyard, Grayson reached for Theodore's hand, and gave it a gentle squeeze. He glanced up once at the tower window, and grinned. "I think Terrel's about to learn the difference between lust and love," he grinned.

“Um,” Theo said, leaning over to kiss Grayson’s mouth, “and I believe the Prince is about to teach him.”

THE END

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I write not only for my own pleasure, but for the pleasure of my readers. I can't remember a time in my life when I haven't written and told stories. When I'm not writing, I'm dreaming about writing, doing something wild and adventurous, or trying to make the world a better and more open minded place to live in. I adore beautiful men, and I know I'm not alone in this! Eroticism between consenting adults, in all its many forms is the icing on the cake of life! D. J. loves to receive letters from readers, and will actually write back!

PUBLISHED BOOKS:

Eternal Souls Book 1 Vampire Lust
Brennus' Witch

Dreaming of Brandon Archer

Christmas with Wistan—writing as Brandon Archer

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