

Disclaimer: The following story depicts sexual acts between two young men. Though unspecified, both participants are intended to be over eighteen. If such material offends you, or you are offended by profanity, please do not continue reading. This story belongs to Tim (myself: onegforall@gmail.com) and should not be distributed to other sites without expressed consent.

The Man as Beast

As I came out of the kitchen I saw that bastard Sevio, standing outside the corridor that led to his father's study and quarters. Just because his father was castellan he thought he had some right to lord it around the castle as if he were a prince. Far from it: like me, he was a simple squire almost at the age to be knighted.

He caught my gaze and beckoned me down the passage, a simple flick of his eyes. Interesting, he could put aside his hatred for me for a moment. Or it could be a trap, but I didn't see any malice in his lips. It wasn't as if I couldn't take him; we'd sparred often and I'd won my fair share. I saw his pecs bulging under his tunic, large from years of swinging a sword, and I felt my own muscles ripple. My curiosity got the better of me, and I followed.

The corridor was dark and the air was stale, but as it was flanked on one side by the dining room and kitchen, and on the other by the ballroom, there was simply no room for windows. I took in a deep breath; the lack of fresh air stifled my chest.

His father's study was decent. I'd never been there before, and the ass couldn't even be bothered to show me around. The furniture was cushioned, though not with the lavish velvets one saw in the guest rooms, and the castellan had a bookcase, situated right next to the window. I looked at some of the titles: "Soap-making", "The Tales of Remy the Traveler".

Sevio was fiddling with something behind me. I turned to see him standing over a table, hands busy inside the open drawer. Curious, I walked up behind him, resting a hand on his muscled shoulder. He jumped. "Xavte!" he hissed. Then he reached back into the drawer and something clicked.

He opened a closet next to the table and slid away part of the back wall. I couldn't hide my surprise; in the darkness I wouldn't have even known there was a panel there. He turned to me and smiled. My breath caught in my throat. His eyes were a golden brown, like the feathers of a falcon, and they captivated me for a moment. In all the swordfights, and even through the leers and hatred that flamed between us, I'd never been close enough to truly see them. "Come on," he whispered.

The passageway led down a dark flight of stairs. We didn't go fast enough to lose footing, but we didn't slow for caution, either. As I descended I felt strange feelings rise up in me, feelings that should never have been there. I hated that bastard, and he hated me. That was the end of it. I would not break our rivalry for some sick, twisted moment of lust, and neither would he, I was sure of it. From the day my parents sent me to this castle and I befriended the prince, we had been enemies. This was not about to change.

The room at the bottom of those stairs was completely dark, but a word of sorcery from his lips and sconces in each corner blazed. My eyes, though, were focused on the great chandelier that hung from the ceiling, flickering with fire.

This room must have been the true study of the castellan. Here was the wealth and glamour, hidden away in this room deep underground. The floor was covered in a soft carpet with a design that told me it came from far west, perhaps Bellaria. The chairs were deep and soft, looking as though you could lose yourself in their massive cushions. I walked out into the room, admiring the few paintings that graced the walls, and at the other end I turned to see what the part of the room looked like where we came from.

But Sevio was standing there, his eyes glittering with excitement. His soft, pink lips curved into a smile and the firelight made his short-cropped hair look like straw at sunset. I felt myself smile and I couldn't stop it.

He came at me, shoving me against the wall and pressing his lips into mine. The impact shot pain into my arms and back. His kiss was pure ecstasy, but I didn't want it.

I pushed him away. "What are you doing?" I yelled, angry and scared.

He chuckled. "You're mine."

He came at me again, but I grabbed his arms and reversed us, slamming him against the wall. For an instant, I saw fear in his eyes. My erection pulsed. "No, you're *mine*."

I kissed him, hungrily, greedily, but not letting my passions sway my mind. He would be under *my* control. I could feel all of his bulk as I pressed my body against his, still pinning his arms against the wall. He bit my lip, hard enough to draw blood, but the sting only fueled my lust and I pressed harder into him, thrusting my tongue into his mouth. His tongue was lively, and when it met mine I felt sparks travel between them, as if years of hatred formed a deep connection that was now complete.

He managed to wrest his arms free from my grasp and with one hand he clenched my butt. I shuddered, and thrust my hips against him, feeling moans escape my throat. With my free hands I cradled his face, holding it so I could explore every inch of skin with my lips. His stubble caressed my cheeks and I found myself licking his face, tasting the salt of sweat. He reached his hand into my trousers and slid his finger down my crack, teasing my asshole. I felt myself losing it.

Breaking away, just for a moment, I slid my hand down his chest, feeling the thick muscles through his tunic and put my hand between his legs, massaging his groin. The groan that came out of his throat caressed my ears, it was more compelling than the song of the siren.

Sevio stood up from the wall and grabbed my collar, tearing at the fabric. It gave under his strength, ripping and setting my heaving chest free. The torn tunic fell to the ground, and I felt the warm air of our room stroke my skin, stealing my control. He came to kiss me, but I grabbed his shirt and the lust inside me gave me the strength to tear it to pieces.

I pulled him close, wrapped my arms around him so that our sweaty muscles melted together and locked his lips in a kiss. The feeling was incredible, and I shuddered again, groaning as we danced the dance of lust. Sevio came back at me with even more force, his teeth scratching my chin and cheeks. With one hand he cradled my head while the other kneaded my butt.

Enemy or not, I knew I could make him mine, forever. I broke away and lowered to my knees, hooking my thumbs in his pants and pulling them down. His cock stood hard and full, a bead of precum sparkling on the tip.

I pressed my face into his legs, caressing his thigh with my lips. He hissed, but I kept going, licking the sweat from his skin. I stuck my tongue behind his balls, smelling the hot musk of man. Taking his balls into my mouth, I played with them, rolling them around with my tongue. I licked right up to the base of his shaft, pulling his entire sack between my lips. He moaned, and I felt his cock pulse against my forehead.

I grabbed hold of his dick, opening my mouth wide and licking his shaft around the base. He groaned, and I squeezed the head a little more, to see if I could draw some more precum from him. My hand wet from his excitement, I leaned back for a moment and looked up into his eyes, rubbing the precum all over my chest. I could see his chest heaving, and fear in his eyes, but I could have been his slave for those golden eyes and pink lips.

I swallowed his cock whole, letting it slide into my throat. His groan was deep and rattling, his voice low, and my own dick shuddered. I swirled my tongue around it, feeling each ripple of vein, the ring under his head, his slit. All of this weakened my mind, allowing the taste of his precum and the sound of his voice to fuel my lust. I caressed the tip with my lips, closing my teeth to let it brush against my gums and slide into my cheeks. Sevio had my hair in his grasp and he pulled at my roots to the point of pain, and I loved it.

Taking his whole manmeat into my mouth again, I reached up between his legs and pressed a finger between his cheeks. His skin was warm and soft, and I slid it up and down the length of his crack. His moans grew louder, and I could hear his gasps of breath. I slid my finger over his asshole, and I could feel it clench. I pressed harder, burying it up to my first knuckle.

This time he screamed. His cock pulsed, and I kept going, but his seed stayed inside. I wanted him to cum so badly, to feel his semen coat my mouth and seep down my throat. I used my tongue to hold the head against the roof of my mouth and rubbed it back and forth. He moaned and screamed, but there was no cum. I plunged my finger further into his ass, until his tight hole would let me go no further. His cheeks clenched around it, and I could feel the muscles in his ass working. His ambrosial nectar wouldn't come, though.

Perhaps he needed a little more loosening. I pulled my finger out of his ass and stood up, and we kissed. He kissed me back hard, with a force I didn't even think possible. He was hungry, and he tore at the cord that bound my pants, shoving them to the floor. I wrapped my arms around him and I could feel his corded muscles tensed, and my stomach churned and my heart skipped a beat.

He threw me away from him, spinning me so that I hit the floor on my stomach. Pain shot through my legs and arms, and a yell escaped me. I ached and my muscles tensed, but I couldn't move. He laid down on top of me, pinning me to the floor. For a few moments, he humped me, his dick sliding over my ass. His husky breaths assaulted my ear and I closed my eyes tight, the incredible lust inside me pulling at some monster who'd been caged for years.

The humping stopped, and I let my self breathe, feeling the waves of pain wash over me from my bruises. I felt him maneuver my legs apart and soon his hot breath caressed my asshole. I moaned, feeling the vibrations building my chest and echo in my throat. His tongue plunged into my hole, and I felt my body pulse with pleasure. He ate

me as though I were his banquet, and I wanted to be eaten. His hands stretched my cheeks apart, and his tongue pressed deeper and deeper, farther than I thought it could. The licking stopped and he opened me, inserting one finger, then two. My muscles clenched tight, and even as it was pressed against the floor my cock hammered with pleasure.

His cock pressed at my hole, and I pushed against him, feeling the thick meat slide in. The pain sent screams erupting from my throat, screams that turned to pleasure. He was in, and I gasped for air. For the first time, I wanted to rest, to sleep, but the rhythmic pulsing began. His shaft slid back and forth inside me, and each movement sparked ecstasy inside me.

He laid down on top of me, thrusting his hips hard. I bucked against him, feeling my back arch against my will. I could hardly breathe, and each thrust stole my breath away, and I gasped and moaned in pleasure.

His arm wrapped against my forehead, pulling my head back. I pressed against the floor with my hands, lifting my chest to his will. His husky breath warmed my neck, and he kissed me, sucking on my neck. I closed my eyes, just letting myself feel the lust of our union. His lips drifted up the side of my head, and he nibbled on my ear. The pleasure was so intense I felt a tear leak from my eye. I turned my head to the side, feeling his lips brush across my cheek, and for a brief moment his lips met mine. I nearly choked on my breath.

He slammed me down again, stuffing my face into the carpet. The thrusts grew harder, his moans grew hoarser, and the pain grew maddening. I knew now that there was a beast inside of me, one that I'd kept caged for years. He was coming out, and I didn't know what I'd do or say when he did. Sevio's hands dug into my back and my muscles rippled under his touch. My whole body throbbed, the sensations that normally stayed within my cock spread to my lips, my arms, my legs, my fingers, my toes.

I felt his lips against the back of my neck, his teeth drawing blood from my veins. His hands reached up and held my face, their touch was soft but strong. His fingers caressed my lips, and I suckled on one, just to pacify my moans. He pounded me, his thrusts bodily moving me forward. I bucked with him, for all resistance I had was gone. He'd broken down all walls, destroyed my carefully erected fortress. I hated him, I still hate him, I will always hate him.

His thrusts grew faster, his manhood plunging deep inside me within each stroke. His hands pressed me down into the carpet, so hard I couldn't breathe. His moans filled my ears, filled my head, shook my body.

He screamed, an maddening scream that shook my body. His hands clenched my back, to the point where his fingernails pierced my skin. And his hot seed shot inside me, setting the beast free.

I screamed then, a scream that echoed from my whole body. Every pound of muscle in my body clenched, and I felt a searing pain, pleasure?, erupt in my manhood, amplified by the feeling of my ass clenching around Sevio. My cum pumped from my body, shaking every bone in my body with earth-shattering pleasure. I pulsed again, shooting more of my hot seed against my stomach. I'd lost all awareness of Sevio. I could only feel my voice shaking my chest, my muscles tensing, my bruises aching, my cuts bleeding. I shot again. The beast had escaped, he was roaring, filling my paralyzed body with his lust. I was breaking, I thought I would die. I came one last time, and then I

collapsed.

All at once, my muscles released, and an aching pain pulsed throughout my body. I felt tears stream down my cheeks, and an incredible joy from hearing and feeling my breath. I was alive, more alive than I had ever been in my life. I felt Sevio on top of me, relaxed and breathing softly, his dick had left me and hung against my leg.

Long after he got up, I lay there stunned. I remembered looking up at him once before he left. He stared down at me, naked, a smug grin on his face, then left me there. I felt completely spent.

Finally, I could push myself to my knees, and my hatred returned. Sevio. My enemy. My enemy! I screamed, slamming my fist against the ground. I had lost.