

## Hugo's pets part 1 by [dariomindus@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:dariomindus@hotmail.co.uk) [www.damnd1.org](http://www.damnd1.org)

Fantasy, castration, kidnapping, rape

Timur ponders the day he became one of Hugo's pets.

### Hugo's pets – Part 1

Timur knelt on the cold stone floor looking at the back of an ornate wooden chair. It was more of a throne than a chair; grandiose, ancient, made of dark wood. Timur hated this view. It meant that the master was fucking him. Sometimes, rarely, the master would show him some consideration; even tenderness, but tonight was not one of those occasions. Even though Timur had sucked the master's rod to the best of his considerable abilities, the man now fucked him savagely, yanking his head back by the curly hair, and slamming his enormous rod into him as though he was driving a fence pole into hard earth.

Timur took no pleasure from the experience. He never did. He was incapable of doing so. Even if his brutalised eggs were not a constant source of pain, his own shrunken rod never stood up. Even after so long, his body had not adapted, or learned to enjoy the feel of a rod in his asshole. He was fiercely heterosexual, and though it had been the longest time since he had enjoyed the feel of a girl riding his rod; indeed, his girl was doubtless long since dead; his rod never forgot the sensation and his body and soul never lost the preference.

Around them three more young men sat watching, hiding their compassion behind forced expressions of impassivity, and knowing only too well that the master might decide to use any of them instead if they attracted his interest.

Timur still remembered the night he became one of Hugo's pets. It was over 300 years ago but the pain still remained; a never-ending reminder of that night.

In one way he supposed, he had been more fortunate than the rest of his family, but as harsh as their fate had been, he envied them. At least they were dead, and their suffering was brief.

He thought back to the knock on the door of their humble cottage. It was dark out, but not so late that a knock was beyond all reasonability. His father went to the door as Timur and his older brother put away the wooden plates from evening meal.

Suddenly there was a commotion; a scream, followed by a fearsome thud. His father came flying back into the room, followed by splintered beams from the heavy oak door. Timur glanced at his father. His face was missing; smashed to a pulp with a single blow. Timur looked to the open hallway and a tall, dark-haired man with glowing red eyes entered.

Timur's older brother Dominik grabbed a hefty carving knife from the shelf and charged at the man. The man intercepted his swinging arm easily, and with his other arm, jammed a long-clawed hand right through Dominik's chest. Dominik's eyes opened wide in shock, and his body went instantly limp. He was dead before his discarded corpse hit the floor.

Seeing the two strongest males in the house despatched as though they were nothing, his mother grabbed the two younger children aged 7 and 4 and retreated towards the corner of the room in terror. She made the sign of the cross in the air in front of her. Dominik stood by the plate cupboard, paralysed with fear.

The man turned his attention to the trio, walking casually, almost playfully towards them. His mother begged for mercy, invoking the name of God and several catholic saints.

The man snarled. The words made him angry.

“God? There is no God. Just me!” he snarled.

He grabbed her by the face, his hand wrapping around her head, and with his other hand, he tore her throat out in one movement, allowing her choking form to stagger backwards, before collapsing from blood loss.

Timur’s siblings were both crying, terrified, and as unable as he was to comprehend what they were seeing.

The man picked up the youngest child and sank his teeth into the little girl’s throat, drinking deeply. She struggled, but her efforts were nothing to him, and he continued to drink until her head drooped and she passed away.

Far from sated, the man lifted the boy, Taavi to his face and started to drink, and Timur saw his brother’s face slowly turn grey as the blood was drained from his body. Finally, as the last remaining member of his family struggled for life, Timur was galvanised to action. He picked up two more knives, but remembering Dominik’s fate, he threw the largest at the man.

“Noooo!” he screamed. “Leave him alone!”

The knife bounced handle-first, off the man, and Timur threw the second. By sheer luck, it hit the side of the man’s neck blade first. The man turned slowly to Timur, and gave him an even slower grin. Timur saw that the man had fangs. A vampire! The man pulled the blade from his neck and discarded it as though it was not even an annoyance.

“That will cost you,” he said in a deep, heavily accented voice.

Taavi was already close to death, but the man returned his attention to the boy, wrapping his hand around the boy’s head. He turned back to Timur, and then slowly, as though doing it to show off to the teenager, his slowly closed his hand. Taavi screamed, then there was pistol-crack of bone, then grey and red matter squirted between the man’s fingers as he squeezed his hand into a tight fist. What was left of Timur’s brother fell to the floor.

“That was your fault,” the man said sadistically. “But YOU are the real reason I am here. I’ve seen you by the roadside, selling vegetables. You’re a handsome one. You’re going to be one of my pets.”

Timur was bewildered. He was just a simple farm boy. It was true that he sold the vegetables his family sold on their small plot of land to bring in a few roubles, but he was nothing special.

“Why?” he asked, looking at the remains of his family with tears streaming down his cheeks.

The man shrugged indifferently.

“It’s tidier like this. No angry mobs searching for you. I could kill a thousand without raising a sweat, but it does get messy.”

The man's casual statement of power terrified Timur even more than the demonstration he had just witnessed. His father was a powerful man; his 25-year-old brother was almost as strong, yet they had been despatched with no effort at all.

Without warning, Timur bolted for the hallway. He reached it ahead of the man, and in three bounds he was at the door. Then there was a wisp of smoke and the man materialised in front of him. Timur tumbled over himself in his effort to avoid bumping into the supernatural being, then the vampire grabbed him by the collar of his rustic work shirt and lifted him a foot off the ground. Timur's legs scrabbled comically as the man walked back into the house.

"Please, please, have mercy, what have I done to you?" Timur babbled.

"Done? You've done nothing. But you are FAR too pretty to be selling vegetables and digging in the dirt for a living alongside these peasants."

Timur remembered his mother once looking into his dark eyes, and brushing a curl of dark hair to the side.

"The girls will all be fighting to be your wife one day."

At the time, he laughed bashfully, unaware of just how beautiful he was. Perhaps she would have minded her words if she had known that it was a man who fought for him. A vampire at that!

"You're going to live with me in luxury, where I can enjoy you for a looong time," Hugo said to Timur.

Timur frowned, confused.

"I don't understand."

The man smiled.

"You will. I'm going to give you a gift, but first..."

He gripped the waistband of Timur's heavy linen breeches and yanked them down in one movement, snapping the rope tie. They fell past his side-laced leather shoes to the floor.

"What are you doing?!" Timur protested.

Hugo looked between the teenager's legs, instantly taking in the sight. The boy's uncircumcised penis was shrivelled with fear, its foreskin forming a tight snout on the end. Beneath, his testicles were not so tight; clearly visible and hanging loose in their scrawny scrotum.

Before Timur could react, Hugo reached out and gripped the young man's testicles. He could feel each of them between his fingers, like two small balls of warm dough.

Timur reached down to protect himself, but even though the man's grip was gentle, his hand was as immovable as stone.

"I told you that you would pay. All of my pets lose their eggs, but you..."

He left the sentence hanging, and instead started to roll Timur's left testicle between his thumb and first two fingers, sensually caressing the soft orb.

Timur knew only well how vulnerable his testicles were to the man's sadistic whims, but now that the vampire had confirmed that Timur was going to lose his eggs, the young man was half-crazed with fear.

"No, no! Not my balls, please not that!"

Hugo grinned slowly at him. He had the testicle between his fingers as he wanted it now, with his thumb on one end, and the pad of his index finger on the other. He knew from the experience of many hundreds of crushed testicles, that this produced the strongest reaction, and was thus almost certainly the most painful. He started to squeeze slowly, crushing the testicle from the ends.

Timur's eyes widened slightly in fear, then all at once, the sensation transitioned from discomfort to a shooting bolt of white-hot agony. His eyes shot open, as wide as they could go. Hugo grinned at the young man's owlish expression; amused by the fact that the level of pain managed to surprise him. His testicle was being crushed; how did he expect it to feel?

Hanging by the scruff of his shirt, Timur ran and kicked in mid-air, like a crazed swimmer desperately trying to exit a lake ahead of a voracious crocodile. His arms at first futilely tugged at the man's hand, then, when he discovered that that did not diminish the pressure, he pinwheeled them, trying with equal futility, to knock aside, the arm that held him aloft. Timur screamed and gurgled, frantically trying to alleviate the pain.

It would have been an inconsequential effort for Hugo to have simply brought his fingers together, bursting the soft orb like a grape, but instead he took his time, looking the helpless young man in the face with a half-smile as he destroyed his manhood.

He wondered if the boy had starting fucking yet. He looked as though he had seen somewhere between 18 and 20 summers. If he was lucky, he had found a local farmgirl to poke his peg into; two minutes of sweaty thrusting in a field somewhere her father wouldn't catch them.

He wouldn't be doing that any more. He would not even be getting hard. Simply losing his eggs would not prevent it; eunuchs had no problem raising a pole after they recovered from the pain of castration, but Hugo had darker plans for the boy.

He continued very slowly squeezing, drawing the experience out, enjoying the feeling between his fingers. The soft testicle was less than half its former length; about the width of a finger now, then he felt a familiar sensation; the sudden decrease in resistance that denoted that something had given way. The fibrous capsule that contained the delicate meat within had undoubtedly ruptured.

The young man's violent reaction confirmed Hugo's assumption; his arms and legs thrashing in all directions as though he had been struck by a lightning bolt. Hugo continued squeezing until he felt warm offal on the side of his finger, then he stopped. His intention was not to excise all of the flesh from the tunica; that would bring the defiant peasant's suffering to an end too soon. Instead, Hugo left the young man with a crushed, half empty testicle that he would continue to feel for a long time to come.

He switched his attention to the other testicle. It was considerably larger than the other one.

"All the more to ruin," Hugo thought to himself.

He squeezed it in the same way as the left one, and though Timur already had one ruptured testicle, it did nothing to diminish the pain of the right one as the vampire sadistically squeezed it, taking his time, allowing the almost-man time to fully comprehend just how completely helpless he was in his hands.

Timur went berserk, and his gurgling scream reached a pitch so high that he sounded exactly like his little sister as she saw her parents being slaughtered. Hugo was unconcerned. The next nearest cottage was at least quarter of a mile away; maybe twice that. There would be nobody to hear his agonised wailing, and even if they did, he could easily deal with them if he had to.

Hugo shifted his attention between the boy's pained face, with its eyes bulging in agony, and his testicle, bulging even larger as he transformed its form from an oval to an orb, and then a torus before it went the way of the other, bursting, squirting its tender meat into his scrotum and assuring that no matter what happened in his future, Timur would never sire children.

Hugo pulled the young man's face close to his own, and pulled his head back by the hair, exposing his throat. Hugo bore his fangs, drawing his lips back to show Timur his fate. The youth was too agonised to react with any more than a widening of eyes formerly squeezed near-shut by pain. Hugo buried his teeth into the boy's neck, and started to drink.

The manling's blood was good, sweetened by healthy living and a daily diet of red meat. Hugo drank deeply, but not so deep that he took the boy's life as he had Timur's younger siblings.

He stopped short, and the curse that flowed within his own blood flowed back into Timur's, infecting him. Timur felt the heat in his veins as the infection surged through him. He didn't know it, but he would now become a thrall, inextricably bound to his master.

Timur finally slipped into merciful unconsciousness, his destroyed testicles no longer a concern.

## **Part 2**

When Timur awoke, he was completely naked and laying on a bed of rags, arranged nest-like on a floor made of stone flagstones. But he didn't care. All he cared about for the time-being, was the agony between his legs. He clambered to a sitting position, with his back against the rough, cold wall, spread his knees wide and looked down between his legs. His penis was tiny, almost shrunken fully inside his body, but his scrotum was just a little larger than normal, and looked as though it held two dark purple, misshapen fruits, each the size of a small plum. They were two throbbing lumps of agony, that emanated pain outwards, up into his stomach and even down into the top of his thighs. It felt as though the pain was travelling along his very veins and sinews, although in reality, it was the interconnected nerves that passed up into his abdomen and down his inner thighs that were screaming in protest at the abuse his testicles had suffered.

He opened his thighs even wider and timidly reached for his eggs, lifting them gently. They were much heavier than usual, and even their own weight pained him. He grimaced at the bolts of throbbing pain that radiated continuously out from each testicle, almost as sharp as the moment the vampire had burst them.

Timur probed the left one as gently as he could, and even the lightest touch made him wince at the pain, but he had to know how badly they were damaged.

The death of his family hung like a dark cloud in his mind; a crippling weight; but he didn't even dare to contemplate the event. Right now, his own survival was paramount, but even before that, he had to deal with the pain that made it hard even to breath.

He gently explored the testicle, and quickly discovered the point where the tunica had split and the soft meat within had squirted through. He had no medical comprehension, but he correctly intuited that when a part of your testicle is turned to mush, the testicle would be beyond saving. He let out a few grizzling sobs, before moving on to his right testicle. His brother used to tease him about how much larger it was than his left.

"Potato and the pea!" he used to joke.

Far more flesh had squirted out of that testicle, and now pooled in a sloppy mush at the base of his scrotum. He touched the evacuated meat gently. There was no sensation, but what remained of the testicle was agonising.

"He burst your eggs?" a voice asked.

Timur's head whipped up and he saw a boy about his own age. The boy was naked. Timur noticed that his penis was also tiny and his scrotum appeared empty.

Timur gritted his teeth and gave a terse nod.

"He likes to do that. You must have upset him. Did you fight back?"

Timur nodded again.

"Who... what is he?" he asked, struggling to speak through the pain.

"His name is Hugo. He's a vampire. A blood-sucker. And you're his latest pet. He likes pretty boys. You're the fifth. He's very choosy. You're lucky I suppose. Usually, he just fucks them and kills them."

"My... my balls," Timur groaned. "They hurt so badly. Can you help?"

"Did he bite you right after he burst them?"

Timur nodded.

The other boy looked sad.

"Then I'm sorry, there's nothing I can do. He did it deliberately just before he turned you. So that you would feel the pain a long time."

"How long?" Timur managed to ask.

"Forever. You'll learn to cope with it, maybe in a few months, maybe years, but it will never go away. It's his way of reminding you never to defy him. It took Anatoly 2 years before he could cope with it, and I don't think Kasimir ever got used to it."

"I don't understand," Timur said in gasping breaths.

"It's part of the curse," the other boy explained dropping to his knees by Timur. "However you are when he turns you is how you will be forever. I was lucky. He took my eggs cleanly – crushed the cords with his nail. They were dead before he turned me, then they just withered away afterwards. Almost no pain."

"But what does he want with us?"

The other boy looked almost surprised by the question.

"Why, to use us of course. Why else?"

Timur frowned in confusion, so the other boy elaborated.

"Have you dipped your rod yet? Fucked a girl?"

Timur nodded.

"Yes, a few times."

"Well, that's why Hugo keeps US. He likes to fuck boys. And he likes to have his rod sucked by boys. And a lot more besides. You'll find out soon enough."

He stood up.

"Anyway, the master sent me to collect you. Whatever you do, show him complete respect at all times. As bad as you feel now, he can make things MUCH worse, believe me."

Timur looked at the other youth with a deep sense of dread. He was in so much pain that he could barely breathe. He accepted the hand that the young man offered.

"I'm Nikolai by the way. We'll be getting to know each other very well."

He pulled Timur to his feet, and Timur whimpered as the effort tugged on the cords of his testicles, increasing the pain. He limped slowly along, following Nikolai as the young man led him through the murky stone halls of what seemed to be a castle or a vast ancient manor house.

Every step sent bolts of pain through his groin. Timur had never been so aware of his testicles; the way they hung; the way they swung as he moved. He tried cupping them to stop them moving but the pressure of his hands only made things worse. Yet his eggs refused to tuck up higher for protection, and it felt as though his own body obtusely fought against him.

They arrived outside a heavy, well-worn oak door and Nikolai stopped.

"This could be bad. He can be very cruel. But nothing he does will kill you. Just remember, you'll wake up no worse tomorrow than you are today. Be humble, respectful and above all, obedient, and hopefully the master will show you mercy."

With that, he knocked on the door.

"Come," the master's deep voice commanded.

Nikolai opened the door and stood aside so that Timur could enter. Timur walked timidly into the room, his hands cupped in front of his groin. Waiting for him was the man who had murdered his family. Nikolai closed the door and withdrew, leaving them alone.

The man looked up and gave a half smile.

"My name is Hugo. You will call me master. From this point on your life is here with me. You will do whatever I tell you without question. As you have already discovered, I am more than willing to punish you, and quite capable of doing so in the most... uncomfortable of ways."

His smile morphed into a smirk.

"How *are* your eggs by the way?"

Timur looked down towards his hands.

"Very, uh, very painful sir. Master."

"Good. They will serve as a reminder never to defy me again. Now move your hands aside. Nothing you formerly owned is yours any more. Your body is mine. Your rod is mine. Your hole is mine."

Hesitantly, like a coquettish geisha, Timur moved his hands aside in a series of small jerks. He was not generally shy about his body, but then his genitals were not generally the focus of attention.

Hugo was reclining on a padded chair next to his bed.

"Come closer boy, so that I can get a better look at you."

Timur moved closer and Hugo stared at his groin.

"Your rod is small. Pain does that. It will shrink smaller still over time. It's one of the few changes that this gift allows. Your eggs will never heal. That is the price you pay for defiance."

"You were killing my little brother."

Hugo's hand whipped out, fast as a striking cobra, and he struck Timur's injured testicles with the back of his fingers. Timur gasped and fell to the floor in agony, clutching at his testicles, rolling around making toneless groans of air.

"Watch your mouth boy."

Timur turned his head up towards the vampire, his eyes filled with tears. He knew that he was going to have to watch every single word if he was to avoid a future filled with even worse pain.

Hugo reached down and gripped him by the throat, effortlessly lifting him off the floor with an impossibly strong grip. Timur grasped at the man's arm, desperate to free his airway. Hugo threw him backwards onto the bed.

Timur lay, momentarily stunned by his utter powerless.

"Don't move!" Hugo snarled at him, and Timur complied, laying absolutely rigid on the bed, looking back at him, terrified even to blink, his eyes wide.

Hugo tore open the front of his own breeches to reveal a hefty meat snake within. He pulled his cock out, allowing it to flop over the slit in the front of his trousers. Timur looked at it with dread. It was twice as big as his own under normal circumstances, but now, with his penis no more than a shrunken slug, the man's snake was at least six times the size.

Hugo gripped it in his fist, unskinning the dark purple head with the first tug. He tugged a few times more, and it hardened shockingly fast. Within mere seconds it stood up, as thick as a baby's arm, and hard as a branch. The man reached into a pot that stood atop his bedside bureau and withdrew a wad of grease. He slathered it onto his hard rod with his fingertips, smearing it across with his palm.

Hugo looked down at Timur.

"Have you had a rod in your hole before?"

Timur shook his head fearfully.

“Not even your brother’s?”

Timur’s head barely moved as he shook it once again.

Hugo grinned.

“Good. Then this will be a new experience for you.”

He leaned forwards and grabbed the boy’s ankles, yanking Timur towards the edge of the bed, lifting the boy’s ass into the air and spreading his legs as he did so. Timur instinctively placed hands across his groin.

Hugo grinned in the flickering orange candle light.

“It’s not your eggs I’m interested in; not this time.”

He switched his grip so that he was holding the young man behind the knees, spreading Timur’s legs to either side of his own body, and lifting the boy’s rump off the bed, then he aimed his cock at Timur’s hole.

“Please,” Timur begged. “not that! I’m a man.”

Hugo laughed.

“You’re a boy, not a man. And soon you’ll be more girl than boy. I’m going to turn your asshole into a cunt.”

“No master I...”

Timur never finished the sentence. Hugo made good on his promise and thrust his enormous rod into the helpless young man’s virgin hole.

Despite the continuing pain in his tortured eggs, which now flopped back towards his belly, Timur still screamed anew as the vampire’s hard tool penetrated him, stretching then tearing his hole. This was no tender introduction to the pleasures of anal intercourse; it was a brutal invasion; a savage rape in which Hugo’s unnaturally hard member ploughed a new furrow into Timur’s hole.

Timur felt like a rabbit being fucked by a stallion, bloated by a cock that was far too large for him. Hugo pushed, balls-deep on his very first thrust, moving slowly only so that the man-boy could feel the full experience of being turned into a woman, and feel it Timur did. The stretching and tearing were terrible enough, but the feeling of being filled as 11, 12, 13 inches of thick vampire meat burrowed into him was the worst bit. The stretching was painful; more than painful, but feeling every inch of the hell spawn’s cock as it displaced his intestines was what made him feel as though he was being emasculated. He could see a ridge along his belly, denoting the progress of the superhuman meat.

Then Hugo started thrusting, smashing in hard on every down stroke, as though he was trying to destroy Timur’s insides, and the ridge appeared and disappeared. Timur gritted his teeth, reluctant to afford the sadist any more satisfaction, but his prick couldn’t lie. It was now shrunken to less than an inch; a quarter of its former size. He looked up at his now-pitiful cock as it wobbled against his belly with each pounding stroke, it pointed toward his chin like a tiny thumb.

“Come on boy, let’s see a little life in you!” Hugo said, and smacked the youth’s destroyed eggs hard with a cupped hand.

Hugo jumped at the pain, arching his hips into the air, before dropping them back down and undergoing a pained, sinuous series of continuous writhing motions. Hugo gripped his hips to prevent him twisting right off his rod, but Timur’s squirming massaged Hugo’s rod, enhancing his pleasure significantly.

“That’s more like it! Do you like the feeling of my rod in your hole? You look as though you do. I’ll wager you never enjoyed poking a girl as much as you are enjoying being poked right now. I’m sure that you have been secretly waiting all your life for a man to give you a good cuntin’g haven’t you?”

He grinned widely, and while Timur was greatly distracted by the agony in his eggs and hole, Hugo could see that his words were penetrating the red haze of pain, just as his cock penetrated the young man’s virgin hole. He enjoyed toying with his pets, especially in the early days, when they still saw themselves as virile males. Attacking their sense of masculinity with his words and actions was part of the fun.

He continued savagely fucking Timur in the candle light, and the young man continued to groan and cry, torn between his need to fight for his sense of masculine identity, and the danger of putting up any resistance whatsoever.

Every so often, when he felt that Timur’s writhing had lost its intensity, Hugo would slap him again in his swollen testicles, energising the youth into a new flurry of involuntary movement.

In between slaps, Timur became aware of something unsettling; the vampire’s erection was cold as ice.

“Cold as the grave,” Timur realised with a shiver.

Eventually, Hugo reached a noisy climax. Timur felt cold fluid spurting into him but Hugo hastily withdrew and took his enormous member in his fist, pumping it urgently to maintain the peak of arousal. A veritable fountain of fluid spurted from the eye, and Hugo directed it onto Timur’s upturned scrotum. It splashed from Timur’s broken eggs onto his face. Timur turned away in disgust, as his new master continued to anoint him with his cum.

“Your eggs will be forever dry, but don’t worry, mine are never dry, and I’m only too happy to share it with you,” Hugo sneered. “Of course, it won’t be as enjoyable for you as it used to be when you were the one squirting, but you can take it as a small consolation.”

He eventually stopped squirting, and looked down. Timur looked as though he had showered in the creamy fluid.

Timur wiped it from his eyes, and timidly looked up at himself. The vampire’s semen was glowing. Timur did not want to ask why, but he imagined it was like some kind of magical potion, not that he’d ever seen a magical potion to compare against.

Hugo reached down and gripped both of Timur’s goo-coated testicles in his hand. Timur looked up at him in alarm, his eyes pleading and the vampire paused. The boy hoped for a second that even in

Hugo's black heart there was a tiny grain of mercy. Then Hugo squeezed hard, renewing Timur's pain.

"Ahhh, AHHHH!" the young man screamed.

"These will never be anything more to you than a source of pain. With each passing day, you'll become less of a man. I'm done for now boy," Hugo said. "Go find one of the others and wash yourself off. I want you clean ready for supper."