

## Disgusting stuff I don't want on my main account

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# **Disgusting stuff I don't want on my main account**

by Anonymous

## Summary

Like the title says, this is some pretty depraved stuff I don't feel comfortable putting on my main account.

Major trigger warning for some pretty heavy stuff like sibling incest, child abuse/molestation, transphobia/homophobia, and brutal rape.

Obviously I don't condone any of this, and neither should you.

Also do not be daunted by the large chapter size. Most of these are either standalone oneshots or loosely interconnected plots at best.

# Don't Stand So Close To Me

## Chapter Summary

"Just like the old man in that book by Nabokov"  
Randal wakes up in Luther's dream.

Randal had woken up in a familiar classroom.

He knew he was dreaming, and was excited to see his dream friend Satoru.

Unfortunately, Satoru was nowhere to be found. Unfortunately, someone else had taken his place, and that person was Luther. Surprisingly, this dream-Luther was not the weird, bespectacled teenage Luther, but normal, full-grown Luther in all of his adult glory.

Randal looked down at himself, and to his shock he had the body of a seven-year-old. He was clad in a smaller version of the gakuran he always wore, complete with the school shorts he wore with it as a child. And, something else was off. He touched his face, expecting to feel his glasses. They were not there, yet his vision was perfect! Just like when he was little.

*Huh, I guess I'm a little kid in this dream...* he thought to himself. He thought some more.

*Wait... I must be... No, not possible! I absolutely cannot be in Luther's dream!*

"Randal, come here." dream-Luther snapped the child out of his obsessive thoughts.

"Mhm." Randal stepped forward, coming close to his brother.

He looked up at him. From this angle, he looked so much more... imposing. Not to say he wasn't frighteningly intimidating already, but Randal being in a child's body made it even worse.

Luther hulked over the small boy. He stooped down a bit, arms outstretched. He picked Randal up, and sat him down on top of one of the wooden school desks in the classroom.

*I guess I really am in Luther's dream...*

Luther knelt down so that he and Randal were eye to eye.

"Lu-Luther... What's going on?" even his voice sounded much less mature.

"Don't worry, Ran." Luther replied calmly.

That sentence made Randal's heart jump. Luther hadn't called him that since he was a toddler.

"Big brother... I'm really scared."

Luther placed a hand on the trembling child's shoulder.

"There's nothing to worry about, OK?" Luther leaned in, his face way too close to Randal's. "It's good for a teacher to get one-on-one lessons with his students sometimes."

Randal could feel Luther's uncomfortably hot breath on his neck as the man leaned in closer. He began to kiss the child's neck mechanically and devoid of any real emotion.

Randal shivered.

"I know you're nervous." Luther whispered, nibbling on Randal's right earlobe. "I can feel you trembling."

Randal's eyes began to well up with tears. Even though he was scared and confused, he felt a warm feeling in his chest and stomach.

"Luther, my tummy feels weird..."

"How so?" Luther pulled away and went back to being face-to-face with the frightened child.

"I...I dunno..." Randal replied hoarsely. "It feels really warm and all tingly and stuff, I guess..."

"Well, what should we do about that?" Luther gazed into his student's eyes.

"Umm, I dunno..." Randal tried to avoid his teacher's gaze, and could feel his face burning up with embarrassment and shame.

"Well, I am your teacher, so how about I teach you how to deal with these emotions whenever they come up, OK? You'd like that wouldn't you?"

Luther didn't want for a response. He began to unbutton Randal's shirt.

Randal clung to his brother, tiny fists grabbing onto the adult's sleeves.

He took off the shirt.

Randal blushed even more, and tried to cover up his tiny chest and stomach with weak arms. Luther grabbed them and pulled them away.

"Ah, that's not good...You're too shy." Luther shook his head. "You don't have to be shy, it's just me." Luther began to fondle the seven-year-old's tiny chest, paying extra attention to puffy, developing nipples.

Randal whined.

"It feels good, doesn't it?" Luther groaned, feeling himself get hard from watching the boy's uncomfortable and pained reactions. "Tell me it feels good."

"Mhn, big brother..." Randal panted, starting to enter an almost dissociative state in order to preserve any dignity his poor mind had left.

"You're a good student." Luther said, placing soft kisses among Randal's shoulders and collarbone. "You're such a fast learner, and I'm really proud of you."

"Luther, there's so many butterflies in my tummy..." Randal whimpered, tears rolling down his flushed cheeks.

Luther pushed Randal down so that the boy was on his back, and began to unbuckle his pants.

"Big brother... what are you doing?" Randal panted.

"For today's special *Luther After-School Lesson*, I'm going to teach you how grown-ups love each other. Aren't you excited?" after he finished unbuckling his belt, he unbuttoned his pants and pulled them down, exposing the massive tent in the boxers he was wearing.

"I-I guess... I dunno if I wanna be a grown-up yet, Luther..." Randal squirmed, growing more and more uncomfortable at the looming figure above him became more and more menacing.

"Randal, can you sit up for me?"

"..." Randal felt limp, like his whole body was made out of jelly.

Luther sighed, and hoisted him back into an upright position on the desk. He pointed to his erect penis.

"You know what that is, right?"

"Um, peepee?" Randal blushed looking away but occasionally shyly glimpsing at his brother's erection. "I thought we had to be married to do this kinda stuff, big brother."

"Well," Luther thought for a minute. "This is just practice, OK? Maybe if you like it and you want to do it more we could get married."

"Oh, OK." the child replied in a shy voice.

Luther pulled down his boxers.

"You can touch it, if you want. You know, like an anatomy lesson."

Randal reached out with a tiny gloved hand. He poked the tip, which caused Luther to groan under his breath. A bit of precum started to drip out of his erect penis, moistening Randal's pointer finger.

"What's that, big brother? What happened?"

"T-That's called precum. When you start feeling really good, sometimes that can happen." Luther panted, trying to maintain his calm and collected composure.

"OK."

"Randal, can you be a good boy for me and take off your shorts?"

"You want me to get naked?"

"Yes, then I can show you how adult love works, OK?"

"OK..."

Randal began to slowly unbutton his shorts, sliding them off to reveal white briefs.

"You can lay back down if you need to, Randal."

Randal laid back down on the cold wooden desk, his shorts falling around his bony ankles. He covered his chest and stomach with his arms instinctively.

Luther reached down and fondled the small boy's genitalia through his underwear, causing a cry from him.

"You feel really wet down there..."

"D-Did I pee myself, Luther??" Randal asked, embarrassed

"No, it looks like you actually came. You're so small I didn't even think you'd be able to do that." Luther mused aloud.

"I... came?"

"Yes, see! I told you you were a fast learner! Good job." Luther cooed, caressing the boy's tiny thigh. "Cumming is what happens when you feel *really* good. It's like precum, but better. Do you want to feel good together?"

"Um, OK..."

Luther leaned down over the young boy, and began to push his erect penis against the boy's underwear. Randal whimpered and shivered.

"Open your mouth, Randal. Let me give you an adult kiss."

The boy opened his mouth slightly, and Luther stuck his tongue in, all while grinding roughly against the poor child. He snaked his tongue around the child's mouth, feeling his teeth, his gums, his cheeks. He only paused this to suck on the boy's tongue briefly, eliciting a whimper from him.

Luther pulled away, breathing heavily. Randal panted, a trail of saliva still connecting their mouths.

"Ah, Lu-Luther... I gotta go pee..." Randal whined pathetically.

"Don't worry about it. Do you think you can hold it in?" Luther traced long, slender fingers over the boy's shuddering stomach and drew circles around his small, erect nipples.

Randal began to cry softly as he urinated himself.

"Oh, Ran. Whatever are we going to do with you..." Luther sighed, taking off the boy's underwear and the bunched-up school shorts that had been around his ankles this whole time. The image of his younger brother splayed out in front of him, wearing nothing but black knee-socks and school-issued loafers was just downright *erotic*. "Can you be a good boy and do something for me?"

Randal sniffled, snot and tears running down his face.

"If you could, please scoot backwards and spread your legs, thank you."

Randal did what he was told, albeit slowly and with a high amount of shame and mumbled protesting.

In a moment of clarity he wondered why he was doing all of this. But, he then recalled that this was *Luther's* dream, not his, so ultimately Luther was running the show, not him. He was powerless, being manipulated like putty in his brother's hands. If it was going to be like this, all he could really do was grin and bear it, and go along with whatever sick thing Luther wanted him to do.

Honestly, he was quite shocked at his sibling's subconscious. The straightforward, blunted-affect Luther, dreaming about doing such *awful* things to his very own blood-related sibling. And when that sibling was only seven, no doubt! The next time they saw each other, Randal would never be able to think of his (now) formerly beloved brother dearest in the same way again.

Luther began rubbing his throbbing, engorged penis over Randal's tight, urine soaked genitalia.

"Luther..." Randal moaned. "Why don't I have a peepee like yours?"

"Some people are just born like that, Ran. It's really not a big deal, OK." Luther groaned, rubbing harder. "You're clenching your legs together, can you try and relax a bit and spread them wider for me?"

Randal spread his legs as wide as he could.

"Good boy..." Luther said, pressing kisses onto the boy's lips and chin. At this point he was harder than he had ever been in his life, and it was extremely painful. It also didn't help that Randal was so freaked out by this whole ordeal that his tiny hands were pressing up against the man's chest, gripping tightly at his shirt and actively trying to escape the situation. As he continued to press as hard as he could against the boy's pussy without actually inserting himself into it, Randal's knees knocked together again, slamming into Luther's stomach. "Holy shit, Ran. Am I going to have to hold your legs down the entire time I'm fucking you?"

Randal was shocked. Luther never *EVER* cursed. Never, not ever. Not even once. (At least, not to his knowledge.)

"I'm sorry. Should big brother hold your legs down for you while we have an adult love-making session?" he sighed, wiping sweat from his brow.

"..." Randal was very obviously petrified, his heart was beating so fast, and his fight or flight mode had been activated. He tried to push Luther away. "I don't know who you are, or what you did to my big brother, but I don't wanna do this anymore!! You're not Luther! You're so mean!" he sobbed. His tiny body wriggled pathetically against the desk.

Luther spread the boy's legs as far apart as he could, pressing down so hard on small, bony thighs that his fingernails were digging into the soft skin.

"I don't care if you want to do this. You've been such a brat... such a tease... This is your punishment." Luther said, slowly thrusting into the boy's tiny pussy. "Holy shit..."

Randal screamed. He had never had anything this big inside of him like this, much less anything inside of him at all.

"Big b-brother!! You're gonna kill me! You're tearing me apart!" Randal cried out.

Luther shoved himself deeper, groaning. He hadn't had any action in years, and, quite frankly, he didn't care if Randal wasn't enjoying this. This was the best he had ever felt in his whole life.

"You'll be OK. Just power through it." he grunted, thrusting harder and harder.

Even though he had limited sexual experience, he felt pretty confident.

"Luther!" Randal cried out, snapping Luther out of his bliss. "S-Something's coming!!"

"See, I told you you'd feel good. Cum for me, Ran. Be a good boy..."

Randal's eyes were half lidded, and red from crying so hard. His breathing was ragged, and he was clinging on the the sides of the desk as hard as he could.

"Wrap your legs around me..."

Randal did as he was told, wrapping around his brother's torso tightly.

"See, doesn't that feel good?"

"Ah... ah..." Randal moaned weakly.

Luther felt Randal's little pussy tighten up around his cock, and he could feel the warm flow of Randal's cum enveloping him.

Randal's voice was hoarse, and he looked like he was on the brink of passing out. But Luther didn't care. He was about to cum, to claim his little brother's womb for his own. He was possessive; he didn't want anyone else defiling his precious little Ran. He couldn't help it, Randal was just so cute and Luther wanted him all to himself.

"Ran! I'm cumming!" Luther groaned as he ejaculated.

At this point, Randal had become unresponsive. As Luther pulled out, a mixture of his own cum and the boy's cum gushed out slowly.

Randal's abused pussy was bleeding pretty heavily, and his breathing was extremely ragged.

Luther knelt down, and began eating out the unconscious boy. He gently slurped the mixture of the boy's cum and his own out of the throbbing, bleeding orifice. He nibbled on the boy's sensitive clit, eliciting a tired moan from above. He kissed the boy's labia and stuck his tongue deep into his vagina. He had started to lick down lower, but he felt a small pair of hands grip his hair.

"Luther... Stop it..." Randal said weakly.

Luther got up.

"Oh, you thought I was done with you, huh? We've still got all night to go. Turn around."

Randal flipped over from his back onto his stomach. Luther grabbed the child's hips, and began to rub his still-erect penis on the boy's bottom. He spread it apart, and suddenly, without warning, thrust back into the boy's abused cunt.

Randal yelped.

Luther thrust in and out of him with enough force to make the table slightly rock back and forth. He took one hand off the boy's hips to pull his hair. He pulled the boy backwards towards himself and

began groaning in his ear. He used his other free hand to pinch the boy's chest and nipples.

"Luther..."

"Randal! I love you!"

Randal moaned more.

"God, I'm gonna cum again. Fuck..." Luther grunted as he came again. This time, he came so much that cum was running down Randal's thighs. He flipped the boy over so that they were face to face, and Luther rewarded Randal with several deep, passionate kisses.

Randal pulled away, heavily panting.

"Come on, Ran. Let's get you all cleaned up."

Randal's vision started to fade as he woke up. He was extremely disturbed, and very much traumatized. But besides that, he had noticed that his underwear was slick with cum. He got up out of his coffin-shaped bed, still feeling extremely dirty and violated. He exited the room and started to head for the bathroom, hoping that a long bath would help him scrub away the uncleanness Luther's dream had exposed him to.

As he walked down the hall, he bumped into his brother.

"Good morning, Randal."

# Like a Butcher

## Chapter Summary

Nyen and Randal have a little "fun". Nyen may or may not be involved.

(No, I will not stop naming these chapters after songs.)

Also this chapter is very much inspired by likefireincairo's fics if you like this chapter pls check them out too yayy

Since I made you guys suffer through that last chapter, have some doodles.

 Random fanarts

Randal wasn't even sure how he ended up in this situation, eyes half-lidded and glossed over, with cat scratches on his forehead and fingerprint-shaped bruises on his neck.

Nyen, however, has a perfect recollection of this incident.

Of course, like usual, Randal was being a fucking stuck-up brat. Nyen couldn't stand him. Of course, when Luther was around, he acted as polite and civil as possible towards the teenager, but when it was just them...

"So you're telling me you actually *like* this?" Nyen grit his teeth as he squeezed a clawed hand tighter around Randal's small neck. Randal was so tiny that Nyen was able to pick him up, his feet dangling off the ground while his mouth was foaming and his breathing labored. "Well, not like you can really talk. Since you're not acting like you want me to stop, I'll keep going."

Randal's mind was in ecstasy, white-hot fireworks exploding and bouncing around his peripheral vision as he struggled to breathe. He didn't even try to fight back. It was useless. Nyen was very strong (possibly even stronger than Luther), and fighting against this absolute beast of a man would have some pretty severe consequences. Luckily for the both of them, (despite displaying sadistic tendencies to those weaker than him) Randal was quite the little masochist.

"Hgk..." Randal coughed, reaching up to grab onto the catman's wrist.

"Shut the fuck up." Nyen spat. "Open your fucking mouth."

Randal obeyed delightfully.

Nyen spat into it.

Randal swallowed weakly, and grinned maniacally.

"You fucking loser. Don't tell me you actually enjoyed that, you fucking fag." Nyen suddenly let go of the boy, letting him fall to the floor with a loud THUD. "Master Luther won't be home for a while so I can brutalize you all I want..." He stooped over Randal, who was coughing and rubbing his neck. Nyen grinned. "You wanna have some *real* fun?"

Randal didn't reply, and kept gasping and coughing and sputtering pathetically, all with a deranged grin on his face.

"You fucking scare me sometimes, y'know. You literally have no fucking future, pathetic NEET scum."

Randal smiled wider, the skin around his mouth creasing as it stretched further and further in an inhuman way.

Nyen groans. *What the hell did Master Luther do to this kid to make him turn out like this?*

"I'm telling Luther on you." Randal continued to smile creepily. "I'm gonna tell him you bad-touched me~" he giggled.

Nyen froze.

"You wouldn't." he said, trying to maintain his flat composure. However, deep down, he was worried. *If Master Luther ever found out about this...*

"Oh, but what if I would..." Randal replied cheekily, sitting up and gazing up at the catman smugly. "Let's say that I *did* tell big brother about this... What would you do?"

*What a fucking brat*, Nyen thought to himself angrily. *He wants me to play along with his little game... but we'll play by my rules.*

"Hmm, let's see..." Nyen pretended to be deep in thought for a moment, stroking his stubbly chin. "Oh, I know! I'll claw your friend Sebastian's eyes out. And maybe after that, I'll tear open his stomach."

He reveled in the teenage boy's horrified expression.

Randal backed up slightly.

"You wouldn't really hurt Sebastian, would you?" he replied, almost petrified. "He... he's my best friend and I don't want you to hurt him."

It was the first time Nyen had ever seen the boy scared, and he was quite enjoying it.

"I know your weakness now." Nyen smiled saccharinely.

"N-No! T-The Dark Prince has no weaknesses whatsoever!"

"Oh, so you don't mind if me and Sebastian have a little 'fun' together?" the catman moved closer to the terrified teenager, and began to light a cigarette.

"Um, we can have fun together!! Whatever you're gonna do to him, do to me instead!"

Nyen took a long drag of his cigarette. "How noble of you." he exhaled sharply, smoke filling the room. He knelt down in front of the boy, and grabbed his wrist.

Randal shuddered, and half-heartedly tried to wriggle free of the catman's grasp.

Nyen rolled up the boy's sleeves, and took his cigarette out of his mouth. He extinguished it on the boy's already scarred wrist.

Nyen knew Randal self-harmed, but he never knew it was *this* fucking bad. Some of the wounds were already healed, but most of them looked recent. It was absolute carnage.

"Randal. Why do you cut yourself?"

"Umm, dunno. Feels good?" he was gritting his teeth from the burn of Nyen's cigarette on his injured wrist. "I'm gonna tell Luther you smoked in the house~"

"No the fuck you're not." Nyen replied, gripping Randal's bony wrist harder.

Footsteps.

The other catman, Nyen walked in.

"Hey." Nyen said casually, briefly glancing at him.

"...привет." Nyen replied awkwardly.

"Master Luther isn't at home right now. There's nothing here to see."

"тогда все в порядке. Пока." Nyen walked away.

"Do you think he'll tell Luther on us?" Randal asked.

"Nah. He doesn't even speak English. We're fine." Nyen said, awkwardly adjusting his legs.

His knee collided with Randal's crotch, which caused a whimper from the teen.

"What, don't tell me you liked that."

Randal remained quiet, although Nyen did notice that the boy was discreetly trying to rub himself against his knee.

"What the *hell* do you think you're doing?" Nyen replied disgustedly, although he could feel his penis throb slightly.

*Fucking brat*, he thought to himself. *Why am I getting horny over this teenage faggot?*

Randal ignored him, rubbing against Nyen's knee harder.

Nyen let go of the boy's wrist, letting it fall limp. Randal had submitted himself to an awkward pleasure as he continued to hump Nyen like a dog in heat.

*Surely that can't feel good*, Nyen thought. *We're both fully clothed.*

Nyen grabbed Randal's stringy ginger bangs by the root, his palm resting against the boy's slightly sweaty forehead.

"Y'know, I was a horny teenager like you once, believe it or not." he hissed quietly, looking directly into the bespectacled boy's dark eyes. "Do you not know how to jerk off properly?"

Randal is breathing erratically, and Nyen swears he can hear the boy's heart pounding through his spasming chest.

"I'll take that as a no. You're fucking gross, you know. You're acting like a filthy dog in heat. You should be fucking ashamed of yourself." Nyen spat as he pulled Randal's hair tighter in his clenched fist. He could feel his claws beginning to dig into the boy's greasy scalp.

"Gh, N-Nyen!..." Randal cried out pathetically, his eyes scrunched shut tightly as he spread his legs to get into a better position.

"I'm surprised your *beloved brother dearest* never taught you how to pleasure yourself... It almost makes me feel bad." Nyen said in a mocking tone as he pulled out another cigarette and lit it. He inhaled deeply.

"Nyen! I... I'm--!" Randal yelps as his breathing becomes even more frantic and heavy.

Nyen exhales, blowing smoke into the boy's face. He smiles as the boy coughs and chokes on the cloud. He lets go of Randal's greasy hair and grabs his neck again, choking him much like before.

"Oh?" he says amusedly. "You'd better be quick about this. I've got things to do, I don't have all day. Stupid fucking little girl."

Randal attempts to say something, but Nyen doesn't care and it's not like he can talk anyways.

"That's all you are. Just a stupid, confused little girl." Nyen said, loosening his grip on the boy and getting up, despite whined protests from Randal.

"Nyen..." the boy cried out pathetically, still humping the air.

"You were too slow. Like I said, I have stuff to do. I'm a busy man. Go ask your brother to molest you or something, kid. I don't care." Nyen said as he walked away.

He walked to the house's downstairs washroom, ashamed of what he was about to do. He sat down on the toilet and unbuttoned his pants, freeing his aching cock from his underwear.

"I can't believe I'm actually about to do this..." he grumbled under his breath. He thought about Randal's animalistic moans, the lewd facial expressions he had while Nyen was hurting him. All of this made his cock throb in his hand. He began to masturbate.

*It's still really weird that Master Luther never taught that kid how to masturbate properly.*

# Head Like a Hole

## Chapter Summary

Randal & Sebastian try their hand at a lobotomy, wacky hijinks ensue.

"Hmgff... Jack Nicholson~~~~" Randal whimpered, covering his mouth with a gloved hand.

He was in the basement, staring at an image of Jack Nicholson as Jack Torrance in the 1980 Stanley Kubrick film 'The Shining', doing a rather... X-rated activity. The Ivory family computer was full of Google searches such as "the shining heres johnny scene porn version", "Jack Nicholson hot sexy pics", "How to remove cat urine stains from leather couch?", (OK, that last one was Luther's but, anyway, you get the idea). The old computer had been in the family for years, and it had belonged to someone else even before that as Luther had found it trashed on the side of the road one day while driving. He couldn't pass up the idea of getting a computer for free, even if it was quite old. If only he knew how his younger brother was using it...

"Oh, dear, sweet Jack Nicholson... I'm getting close~~~~" Randal groaned, about to reach an orgasmic peak when...

"Uh, Randal?"

Shit.

Randal quickly changed the open tab to a bootlegged recording of an innocuous Ren & Stimpy episode.

"Yes, my dearest Sebastian?" Randal said, sweat dripping down his brow and breath irregular.

"What were you—"

"N-Nothing at all... hah..."

"Ren & Stimpy? I... I remember that show." Sebastian replies awkwardly, trying to clear the air.

"Ohhh~~~~ How sweet that my *dearest* Sebastian and I can share a fond childhood memory~"

"Randal, you're acting weird. Well," Sebastian stammered. "Not like you really act normal to begin with. Whatever."

Randal shut off the computer and did a quick 180° swivel in the desk chair to face his pet.

"So... what brings you here?" he asked in an unamused voice.

*Honestly, I was kinda hoping to get a break from you and your fucked up brother and his... lovers?* Sebastian thought to himself. *Literally, no matter where I go, I literally cannot escape this psychopath!*

"Sebsatiaaaaaan~ Were you never taught how to answer a question or something?" Randal replied, trying to discreetly zip up his pants.

Sebastian couldn't help but notice this, and how the boy's glove looked... almost... wet? He turned a brilliant shade of pink once he was able to put two and two together. *Randal was jerking off to... Ren & Stimp?* He slowly started to back away from the strange bespectacled teen, when all of a sudden he stepped on his own untied shoelace, causing him to fall backwards, landing hardly on his tailbone.

"Oh, you! I thought I already taught you how to tie your shoelaces, you sly dog, you!" Randal grinned and narrowed his eyes, getting up out of his chair and leaning over the petrified and embarrassed ginger. "Come on! Luther doesn't know we're down here so we can have as much computer time as we want!" he reached out a hand to poor Sebastian, which the boy awkwardly took.

Randal pulled his pet up, and sat back down on the ancient den chair, swiveling it another 180° to face the computer again. He motioned for Sebastian to pull up a chair and sit next to him, which the ginger reluctantly did. Sebastian was absolutely petrified. He feared how Randal would react if he even *dreamt* of disobeying his master, so he tried to do whatever the psychopathic teen wanted him to do (even if he didn't want to do it himself). He quickly learned that that was just how things worked in the Ivory household.

Randal had awful posture, hunching over the keyboard with his knees tucked up under his chin. His feet slightly dangled off the chair. He was typing something on the keyboard, which was cracked and dirty and smelled dank like the rest of the basement.

Finally.

"Jack Nicholson epic fail funny moments?" Sebastian read Randal's Google search aloud. *What the hell, is this dude five years old?*

"Oh, Jack Nicholson~~~ He's so... so dreamy~~ Not as dreamy as my beloved Sebastian~~~~~" Randal says, clicking on the first thing that pops up, a career retrospective of Jack Nicholson's best moments in the movie versions of *The Shining* and *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*.

"Oh, I know who that guy is. We had to read *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's nest* in grade 12." Sebastian says bluntly, ignoring Randal's weird comments. *Which is ironic because the main character is an insane child molestor called Randle...* Sebastian's train of thought screeched to a halt when he realized how heavily Randal was breathing watching this video. "What the hell is wrong with you?" he muttered aloud, immediately regretting this quip. Luckily for him, Randal was too engrossed in his computer screen to notice that he had said anything.

"S-Sebastian~~~ I wanna try doing a lobotomy together ♡ That would be soooo romantic, wouldn't it? ♡" Randal swooned as he turned his head like an owl to glance at Sebastian. His breathing is still heavy.

"W-What?"

"You know, like when you get an ice pick or something sharp, and you stab it aaaaalllll around someone's brain and eyes ♡ " Randal's eyes grew heavy and his breathing heavy and labored. Sebastian could have sworn that the boy's pupils had hearts in them like some shitty romance anime.

"..." Sebastian glanced behind him at the stairs leading back to the main floor of the house. He honestly debated whether he should run or not. The reason why he was in the basement in the first place was because he was avoiding Nyen. (It's a long story.) Psychopathic furry, or psychopathic homosexual teenager? Which one was worse? He turned over the decision in his mind. Then, he came up with an idea. "Sure, Randal. We can do your lobotomy. But only if *I'm* the one doing it." he replied, smirking slyly in awe of his clever plan.

"Oh! Sebastian taking the lead! Atta boy~~~" Randal replied, patting his pet's leg. "My boy has become a man!" he continued, wiping a tear from his eye.

"Yeah, OK, whatever. Can we just get over this?"

Quite frankly, Sebastian was excited. He knew that the Randle in One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest was lobotomized, which left him peaceable, albeit mostly disabled. A completely ideal situation... although Sebastian wasn't sure how to do a lobotomy, he was sure he'd be able to figure it out. Eventually.

"I dunno if we have any icepicks..." Randal mused aloud, interlocking his fingers behind his head and leaning back in his chair, feet pointed forward and off the ground. "Oh! I know!" he reached into his pants pocket and produced a rather sharp dagger. Its hilt was gold-plated, and it was encrusted with small gemstones reminiscent of rubies and sapphires. "IIII stole this from Luther~~ Heh heh..."

Randal got off of the chair and laid down on the floor.

"Lay on top of me, Sebastian~~ I'm ready for my lobotomy~~ ♡ ♡ ♡ " Randal crooned hoarsely, dragging the blade across his tongue. Blood began to flow from his mouth slowly.

Sebastian stood up, and stood straddling over Randal, He wasn't sure what it was. Maybe it was Randal's suggestive position, or the fact that he was finally being submissive instead of a brute like normal? Something about this whole situation gave Sebastian a major power boner and he was too prideful to notice. Underneath his awkward exterior, he was just another testosterone-fueled teenager with a high libido. He *had* had sex before, with the girlfriend he left behind in the human world, but neither of them enjoyed it due to lack of experience. Maybe, with Randal, it'd be different.

But then...

Sebastian started to feel a pounding from deep within his chest that made its way all the way up into his ears.

*I can't do this. I can't do this.* No matter how much he hated Randal, he didn't feel comfortable with taking away someone's autonomy like that. Even if said person was practically begging for it. And, besides, he was squeamish, one of those folks who faints at the sight of blood.

"I can't do this." He knelt down, completely ignoring the fact he was straddled over Randal. The teenager felt something inside him snap, this was his final straw. He buried his face in his hands and began to sob. "I can't fucking do this."

"Sebastian! Don't be so lilly-livered! Heh... you feel so heavy... you might as well crush me to death." Randal's nose began to bleed profusely. "Just go through with it~~"

Sebastian adjusted himself awkwardly. Randal could feel the boy's erection.

"Oh, you sly dog! You say you don't like this, and then--" he groped the boy's crotch.

"Fuck it. I have nothing left to lose." Sebastian muttered angrily, beginning to tear through the buttons on Randal's shirt.

"So direct!! Kyaa!!!! ♡ ♡ Sebastian-kun, I'm not ready!! Kekeke~~~ ♡ ♡ " Randal squealed, obviously copying some obscene hentai manga he had read while Luther was away and unable to monitor him. He dropped the dagger in his hand.

*I don't give a fuck if this makes me a faggot! I don't fucking care! He's already put me through so much! This is fine, it's just a punishment, I'm not gay and this doesn't make me gay!* Sebastian's thoughts were running a mile a minute as he furrowed his brow, sweat dripping down it and gathering on his chin. *I'm going crazy in this fucking house!!!!!!!!!!!!!!*

Sebastian squeezed his erection through the stupid jester tights he was forced to wear. He began to pull down Randal's pants, much to the boy's amusement.

"Do it." he commanded under bated breath, nose still gushing with blood.

Sebastian freed himself from as much of the jester costume as he could, which admittedly wasn't much. He began to remove Randal's underwear...

*Huh?*

"Randal, you..."

Instead of the penis Sebastian was expecting...

"You're a girl?"

Randal scrunched his eyes shut tightly, as if ashamed. He squirms, trying to get even a brush of pleasure. Unfortunately, with the way Sebastian is holding him down he doesn't get much.

"It... it doesn't matter. Just *fuck me* Sebastian!" he hissed. "You're such a little coward, it honestly pisses me off. I thought I trained you better than this, you pussy." his eyes open back up, and he squints, lips parted to allow his tongue to lap up the quickly coagulating blood in his nostrils and on his upper lip.

*I can't believe I let this stupid girl.... Never mind. Any hole's a goal,* and he was relieved (albeit in an extremely fucked-up way) to find out that this predicament did not, in fact, mean he was gay. After all, Randal was just a confused and psychotic little girl with an extremely strange and overbearing (possibly inhuman) brother with a equally as weird fucked up furry polygamous relationship. Sebastian was mentally kicking himself. Weird little teenage kid who still plays with dolls and watches girly anime and brags about being molested by her brother. Of course she's a girl. How could he not have realized right away??? Even her voice should have been a dead giveaway, but he had just chalked it up to her being a late bloomer or something.

"What are you waiting for? Just do it already ♡" Randal snapped Sebastian out of his dissociation. He grabbed the boy's hand and pushed it down to his cunt, holding it down with an iron grip.

"Uwaah~ ♡ ♡" Randal whimpered lewdly (yet again copying a hentai manga he read once). "It's

almost like Sebastian-kun is raping me~~~~~ ♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡" he began to hump Sebastian's hand.

Sebastian somehow managed to wriggle his arm free of Randal's vice grip and used it to grab onto the boy(?)'s surprisingly flat chest. Randal snaked his legs out and around from underneath Sebastian's body and used them to wrap around him tightly, forcing his penis to rub against Randal's already dripping pussy.

"Are ya gonna do it? ♡"

This forcefulness toppled Sebastian's masculinity over the edge. No way in hell was he going to let this retarded 15 year old girl dominate him again. He gripped Randal's chest harder, eliciting a yelp from the bespectacled boy.

"So forceful~~ Kyaa~n ♡♡♡♡"

"Shut the fuck up." Sebastian replied bluntly, with a tinge of anger surrounding his words. He began to violently thrust deep inside of his 'master'. "I'm going to fucking own you! Let's see how *you* feel about getting turned into a fucking hot dog!! Let's see how *you* feel getting everything you know and love taken away from you!! Let's see how *you* feel about being forced to dress in this stupid fucking retarded clown outfit! Who's the master now?! Huh?"

"I-It's- ah! It's actually an... umm, j-jest--"

"Guess what?! I don't fucking care! Remember that night you came crying to me about how your brother raped you so hard you bled? I don't care! I was actually fucking happy seeing you in that state of agony!! I hope you feel like that for the rest of your fucking stupid worthless life! Fucking worthless faggot! Now you know how I feel every. single. fucking. day!"

Randal gazed up at Sebastian with tears welling in his eyes.

"This isn't f-fun anymore, Sebastian. C-Can we stop?" he pouted, with a face full of sincere anguish.

"You mean *nothing* to me. I won't listen to you!"

"Y-You didn't need to bring up Lu-Luth- my *Big brother* like that..." Randal replied tearfully, obviously getting choked up trying to say Luther's name.

*My body's betraying me... thought Randal. This is so... disgusting, yet I really like it... Oh, fiddlesticks, or whatever old-timey people say when something bad happens. Randal~ ♡ You can do this!* his inner psyche trying to cheer him up through this traumatic and painful endeavor. *Think about stuff that makes you happy ♡ Umm... Dorothy Gale and the Tin Man! Ronald McDonald! No... it's not working...*

Sebastian finally reached an agonizing climax. *So, that was what sex was actually like, huh? It was OK, I guess. More painful than I thought it would be.* He collapsed next to Randal, who was sobbing incessantly with snot and blood and bloody snot and snotty blood running down his face and into his open, panting mouth.

"You... you really hurt me ♡ I never thought I'd see that side of you..." Randal coughed, choking on snot and phlegm and the sore throat he had received by screaming and crying nonstop for almost 10

minutes.

Sebastian got up, panting. A wave of horror washed over him after he realized the full force of what he had done. He turned weakly to look at Randal, who was still floating in-and-out of dissociation, mumbling to himself about Frank Zappa and woodlouse-flavored ice cream.

"R-Randal... I-I'm so, *so* fucking sorry... I did- I didn't mean it..."

"Sebastian? What are you talking about? All I said was that Luther found out we were down here so we hafta get off the computer..." Randal replied, raising a non-existent eyebrow.

Sebastian snapped out of his thoughts. Beside him was Randal, fully clothed and still awkwardly hunched over in the large den chair with a paused Jack Nicholson acting career retrospective video on the computer screen.

"Oh... I, uh. Um, never mind. Let's go back upstairs."

Randal turned off the computer.

# Ars Moriendi

## Chapter Summary

A/N: (do people still do this shit anymore?) I'm severely injured rn and will be going in for a surgery in the near future that, at best, will make me bedbound for at least 2 months, and at worst, make me permanently disabled. Excuse any errors in this chapter and any future chapters because I'm on a shit ton of lidocaine and other pain meds. Nothing super traumatic or NSFW in this chapter, just some brotherly love and guys being dudes.

"Goodnight, Randal. Please try to actually sleep tonight." Luther said, tucking his younger brother into his coffin bed.

"Yeah, whatever." Randal replied, yawning.

Luther began to walk away.

"Hey, where are you going?"

"What do you mean?"

"I think you forgot something..." Randal giggles sleepily.

"Hmm? And what would that be?"

"My goodnight kiss, dummy! Can't sleep without it!"

"Oh, alright. Fine" Luther walks over and gives Randal a quick peck on the forehead.

"I think Sebastian might want a kiss too~~ Kekeke..."

Luther looks over to a terrified Sebastian, who is violently shaking his head no.

"Uh, I think I'll let you guys rest. Goodnight"

# Hanging on the Crosses (By the Side of the Road)

## Chapter Summary

I'm back fuckers. In this chapter Randal becomes a priest (not really).  
'We'll play host to the Holy Ghost / We will dance with the lively dead'

"Where the hell did you get that stupid costume, Value Village?" Nyen peered over the newspaper he was reading to glance at Randal.

Randal was wearing a priest's uniform made out of some shiny, cheap material.

The teenager smirked.

"That doesn't matter, sinner~~ You'll regret everything you've said once... the rapture comes..." he replied in a faux-preachy voice, glaring at the catman smug as ever.

"OK, what the *hell* are you talking about?" *Christ*, Nyen thought to himself. *Did this kid think he was actually some kind of priest?*

"Don't speak that way to, er, uh, *F-Father Randal!*" Nyen had called his bluff. Randal could pretend to be a priest and LARP as he might, he wasn't delusional enough to want to become an actual priest. Of course, in true white, traditional Canadian fashion, Luther had adorned parts of the house with miniature crucifixes. Although, to be quite honest, he just thought they looked cool and all of the cute houses he had seen on TV had at *least* one miniature crucifix. Not that Luther (or any of the household) had read the Bible in any capacity, for that matter.

"Hm. You're really fucking weird." Nyen sighed, a hint of a smile appearing on his face for a brief moment. He went back to his newspaper.

"I-It's just a LARP!! Hahaha!!" Randal burst out into awkward laughter. Even though Randal thought highly of himself, deep down he still had a (rather healthy) fear of Nyen. After all, he'd killed countless ratmen in just a few minutes.

"Whatever." *Can this retard shut the hell up? Master Luther should be back from the store about now... Whenever he's gone this kid always gravitates towards me; like I'm his replacement or some shit. Almost makes me feel bad for him. I couldn't deal with this kid constantly begging for my attention.*

Randal used this moment of silence to aimlessly meander to the bathroom. He closed the door behind him, pulling his pants down. He sat down on the counter, and reached into the pocket located on the breast of his costume's shirt. He pulled out a boxcutter.

"..." he exhaled sharply through his nose. Whenever he got excited, it felt like something was constricting itself around his lungs and airway, making his breathing ragged and heavy. His nose felt clogged, too. He licked his upper lip, tasting the warm, familiar metallic liquid gushing slowly out of his right nostril. "...Blood." Another side effect of his excited state was nosebleeds. It was

interesting, to say the least, but Randal didn't mind one bit as it helped him feel more like a character in an ecchi or romance anime.

He began to make small cuts on his already-heavily scarred thigh. He watched the blood slowly pool up around these incisions with a sparkle in his wide eyes.

“Wow... hahahaha... this feels so *good* ~~~” he rasped, reaching one hand into his underwear to masturbate as he continued to cut himself with the boxcutter. “I don’t get it... why do people like Luther not support this kind of stuff..? They say it’s bad for you, but *I* think they’re just stiffs who don’t like to have fun~~~ Kekeke... If it feels this good, it can’t be all *that* bad~~!”

The blood gushing from his nose had already begun to drip down his chin, dirtying the shiny black fabric of his shirt with wet, red stains. At this point, his leg was completely covered in cuts, bleeding heavily. He didn’t seem to notice or care as he slashed through the skin even more. It was awful, and he already felt so, *so* lightheaded as he began to reach an orgasm.

Then, the door to the bathroom began to open.

*Shit!!* Randal thought to himself, panicked. He thought he had locked the door to the bathroom, but he surmised he hadn’t if someone was able to open it so suddenly. Although adrenaline rushed through his body, he was out of it, with his hand down his pants. Time seemed to move slowly and his body felt as if it was made of gelatin.

“Oh. Uh,” the person who had opened the door was Nyen. “What the fuck are you doing?” he replied, eyes widened in shock at the erotic sight in front of him.

“Gh-! N-None of your business, stupid!” Randal whined pathetically, wheezing and pulling his hand out of his underwear. He tried to back up, away from this intruder.

Nyen’s pupils thinned into small slits, much like a real cat. He narrowed his eyes as he closed the bathroom door behind him, locking it and walking closer to the teenager.

“You’re disgusting.” the catman grit his teeth as he grabbed the boy’s wrists, causing him to drop the boxcutter. “Why the *hell* do you do this shit to yourself?”

“It... it feels good~~” Randal replied, trying to free himself from Nyen’s grasp and leaning forward so their faces were mere centimeters apart. He smiled, narrowing his eyes as well. His nose was still gushing with deep red blood. He smiled wider, his front teeth beginning to be covered with blood.

“Fuck.” As much as Nyen hated Randal’s cocky attitude, he couldn’t help but feel turned on by the kid’s defiance. Something about the teen was just *aching* for a life lesson, and not the G-Rated after-school special kind. He was practically *begging* for a punishment. That’s how he rationalized it in his mind, anyway.

“You’re not gonna actually do anything.” Randal broke the silence, grinning even wider than humanly possible, his cheeks wrinkled where the folds of his mouth had been stretched out.

“You’re just a dumb coward~~~”

“Stupid fucking little girl. Shut up.” Nyen replied angrily, forcing Randal backwards. He wrestled the teen’s boxers off, exposing his twitching and dripping cunt. “You think you’re a man, huh? I’ll teach you what a real man is.” he muttered under his breath.

“Y-You wouldn’t do this to a-a holy man of God, would you?!?” Randal replied, half-heartedly attempting to resist by bringing his knees up to cover his exposed genitalia. Nyen could see through his façade. It *was* just a LARP, like the boy had said himself earlier.

“God doesn’t fucking exist.” Nyen smiled, bringing his face closer to the teen’s. “Plus, like I said, you’re not even a man. Just a stupid, confused little girl.”

Randal continued to smile, although Nyen could tell there were tears in his eyes.

*Fuck.*

“Get up. And turn around, I don’t want to see your face. It’s pathetic. You think this is funny, don’t you?” Nyen sighed.

Randal obliged, leaning into the bathroom counter.

“Luther’s gonna be *sooo* pissed at you once he finds out about this~~” Randal replied jovially, his voice muffled due to the fact his face was buried into his arm.

“I’ll make sure he doesn’t.” Nyen replied, unbuckling his pants. “. . . Doesn’t even matter anyway since he does the same shit I do to you.” He felt his cock throb. He pulled down his pants and underwear slightly. He looked down at the boy’s cunt, it was red and felt rough and scabbed somehow, like the teen had scratched it and it was only now starting to heal. *Right*, Nyen thought to himself. Kid doesn’t even know how to jerk off properly. *He’s too rough with himself and just ends up getting injured.*

He flicked a clawed finger over the boy’s clit, smiling sadistically as he felt him shudder, sweat rolling down the back of his thighs.

“Hurry up.” Randal muttered, almost angrily.

“Hm? You think you’re better than me, huh? You think you can tell me what to do?” Nyen grabbed the boy’s bony hips. Randal was so thin that Nyen’s large hands almost wrapped around his body completely. He aligned his fully erect penis with the boy’s pussy, rubbing the entrance slightly.

Randal moaned quietly.

“Keep your voice down. Master Luther came back a few minutes ago, and if you know what’s good for you, you won’t let him find out about this.”

“Hm, it’s like I’m in an NTR hentai... kehehe ~~” Randal giggled quietly.

Nyen sighed as he quickly thrust into the boy, his whole length devoured by the boy’s throbbing, wet cunt.

“GHK!!” Randal yelped, biting down on his gloved hand to try and stifle his moans.

“I told you to be quiet.” Nyen hissed, digging his fingers deeper into the teen’s hips, causing them slightly bleed. “You’re getting blood all over the drawers and the counter.”

Nyen began to thrust in and out. It had been so long since he had *actual*, penetrative sex. Sure, he’d jerked off, and had that... strange encounter with Randal a few weeks prior, but actual sex... Hm. It felt nice, even if it was with someone he couldn’t stand. Maybe, since he hated the teen so

much, it felt better. Hearing him whimper and sob and groan underneath him. He could be as rough as he wanted.

“N-Nhyen... c-cummingh...” Randal moaned, his cunt twitching around Nyen’s cock. “Hgk...”

“I’m not even close. Just... just try to hold on a bit longer.” he was shocked at his choice of words. It was almost like he was being nice to the teen. The kid he hated so much. The kid he thought was annoying and stupid. The kid he had fantasized about killing when he’d get especially mad. But, whatever. All he could think about was how *good* this felt, despite the overlying circumstances and his feelings towards the teen.

He felt Randal grow limp underneath him. *Did he... pass out? Whatever. Doesn’t matter. At least I don’t have to hear his annoying voice anymore.* Nyen *hated* Randal’s voice. It was achingly feminine, despite his protests that, yes, he was a *real boy*, whatever that meant. Granted, his behaviors weren’t necessarily feminine (besides his hobby of collecting dolls), but Nyen knew that he was born a girl and nothing could change that. Obviously, he was cordial in the sense he respected Randal’s identity, but that was only out of conformity for his Master. If Luther heard him misgender his poor, innocent little baby brother, he’d tear him a new one (literally). He couldn’t risk it. But when his Master wasn’t around...

He felt himself draw near. He was about to cum. Randal woke up, as well.

“N-Nho... s-stop...” he whined, half conscious.

“I’m getting close... Don’t ruin this for me.” Nyen leaned over the boy, smushing his head down against the linoleum countertop.

Randal made more pathetic, gross whining noises, but at least they were quieter this time.

“You know you like this. Fucking fag. Some ‘man of God’ you are.” Nyen groaned. “Hopefully this will teach you not to act like a fucking retard all the time.”

He felt himself cum, more than he had in a very long time. He slammed into the boy one final time, letting go of him and pulling out.

“You should probably clean yourself up.” he said, pulling his pants back on and zipping them up. He fidgeted with his belt, and unlocked the bathroom door. “Oh, and clean up the counter while you’re at it. You got blood everywhere.” he sighed, wiping his brow and exiting the bathroom, closing the door behind him.

# Disobedience

## Chapter Summary

Recovery from surgery is hard.

Randal was in Luther's room, on his bed.

He hadn't been able to sleep, and was causing all sorts of chaos around the house, so his older brother decided it would be best to monitor him. Luther didn't need to sleep like an ordinary human, and didn't have eyelids so even if he wanted to, he wouldn't be able to. That didn't stop him from at least laying down for a few hours every night, clad in pajamas and a sleeping mask.

Randal was surprisingly quiet, which was a victory for Luther. He was finally able to get the troublesome teenager to fall asleep! He glanced over at the boy, closing the book he was reading.

Indeed, Randal was asleep. He opened the book back up and continued to read.

However, Randal wasn't *actually* sleeping. He didn't feel tired, and even if he did, he was so resistant to sleeping that he would stay awake until his body physically forced him to fall asleep.

He was merely pretending. What he was actually doing was much, much worse.

His hand was in his boxers, rubbing his clit quite roughly. He wasn't obvious about it, stopping whenever he could sense Luther getting up or peering at him from the corner of the room. This was quite nice, as the bed was comfy and smelled like his brother. Normally, he didn't like this smell, but when he was horny for his older brother it was a different story. It was like a switch flipped in his mind and changed him into someone else. Randal 2.0, if you will.

He bit down on his lower lip, hard, to prevent himself from letting a moan slip out. He was sleeping, remember? He couldn't let his older brother find out he was doing such a lewd activity in his bed!

However, perhaps he had gotten *too* into it. Luther had noticed Randal was twitching in his sleep, a cause for concern. He got up, setting his book down, and walked over to the bed.

"Randal, are you..." Luther realized what his brother was *actually* doing, and gazed down upon him in embarrassment and disgust. "Oh."

Randal paused and looked up at him, panting.

"Please... *please* do not masturbate in my bed. And please do not do this sort of 'activity' while I am in the room." he said angrily, his face a bright shade of red.

# If we could undo psychosis, pt. 1

## Chapter Summary

Luther reminisces about the “good old days”, AKA when Randal was less feral. Lol

## Chapter Notes

I’m a bad bitch! You can’t kill me!  
In other news, I’m back and as autistic as ever.

It was a quiet night, which was unusual in the Ivory household.

Luther was sitting in his armchair, reminiscing about his dearest younger brother’s youth.

Back when he was more of a younger *brother*, and less of a younger *bother*.

-

“Big brother ...” a small voice cried from the entrance of Luther’s room.

*Randal.*

”Come in.” Luther replied.

The door opened, revealing a pajama-clad (well, if you consider an old, oversized Rammstein t-shirt from the Value Village bins, a pair of blue-plaid boxers, and gym socks proper PJs) Randal. He was about twelve years old, and his hair was messy and wild as ever.

”I... I had a nightmare.” the tween replied, eyes darting wildly across the room.

”You can come and rest with me, if you’d like.”

”OK...” Randal replied quietly, in defeat. He closed the door behind him as he crawled into his brother’s bed.

*Must’ve been some nightmare*, Luther thought to himself. *I know he hates coming in here.*

Randal pulled the covers over his head as he curled into a ball, knees pressed tightly against his chest. His breathing was shaky.

”Hey. Come here.” Luther pulled the covers down a bit, uncovering his brother’s ginger hair.

Randal looked up at him, eyes puffy.

"You can sit on my lap, if you'd like."

"..."

"I'm being serious, Randal. Older brothers understand these things." the man sighed, patting his thigh.

"...Mm." Randal pouted, but was receptive and straddled his brother's leg. He glanced in his eyes for a split second, then turned away, blushing.

*N-not like that... Luther thought to himself. What is he trying to do?*

Randal buried his face into his brother's chest, breathing heavily.

Luther stroked the tween's back tentatively, eliciting a groan from the boy. He couldn't tell if it was in joy or in annoyance. Or maybe something else. He experimented by stroking the boy's hair as well.

"B... big brother ..." Randal rasped hoarsely, his thighs clenching around Luther's leg tightly. He gripped the man's shirt tightly with his small, gloved hands.

"There, there." Luther was not well-versed in childcare, or caring for any living being for that matter. It was a miracle that both Randal and his catmen had made it this far.

"I... I love you, Luther." Randal whispered. Luther could feel the heat coming from his flushed face through his shirt.

-

Luther's thoughts about his current situation interrupted this replayed memory.

*He would never willingly say anything like this now. Even back then, him being affectionate was rare, but it definitely happened on occasion... But now... Randal is such a brat. Where did I go wrong?*

Anyways.

-

"I... love you too, Randal." Luther sighed, pressing his hand against Randal's lower back to scoot him in closer.

"Can you..." Randal began, finishing his sentence with unintelligible mumbling.

"Use your words."

Randal looked up into his brother's eyes, blushing profusely.

"Can we ..." he panted, his eyes narrowing.

"What is it that you want, Randal? My patience is wearing thin." Luther groaned, massaging the bridge of his nose betwixt an index finger and thumb. "Just tell me."

Randal grabbed his brother's shirt tighter than he had before, pulling their faces close together.

Luther's eyes widened.

"A-are you ...?" It was not very easy to get the Master of the Ivory household flustered, but Randal had it down to a science, it seemed. Both Nyen and Nyon (and maybe even Nana) had noticed how the youngest Ivory seemed to have his elder brother wrapped around his finger.

"..." Randal grinned slyly as he felt Luther's hands tremble as they fumbled around his hips.

Luther wrapped his cold, shaking hands around his brother's thin waist.

*He needs to be eating more.*

Randal pressed his nose against Luther's their mouths inching ever closer.

*His lips are chapped.*

Luther made various observations about his sibling's ailments to distract himself from what seemed imminent. Time marched on, albeit twenty times slower than usual. He felt his hands trembling more as they gripped Randal's hips tighter.

*What is he trying to achieve here? Is this a game? What happens if I...*

He couldn't take this anymore. Lifting one hand slowly, he gripped Randal's hair. He felt Randal shudder, but couldn't blame him. He pressed his lips against his brother's, slowly and gently. Very chaste.

Randal pulled away, sighing.

"You're hopeless, big brother." he grinned. "Do you really—" his sentence halted as Luther gripped his hair tighter and kissed him again.

This kiss was different. It was longer, and Randal's lips had parted slightly so Luther decided to experiment by flicking his tongue between them. Randal seemed to reciprocate, so he deepened the kiss and shoved his tongue down his brother's throat.

He felt Randal's small hands push against his chest, and felt him begin to squirm. Luther had an iron grip on the back of Randal's head, preventing him from pulling away.

With his free hand, he gripped the boy's left hip tighter, nearly leaving fingernail imprints in pale skin. Randal's shirt had started to lift up slightly.

Finally, after what had seemed like an eternity, Luther let go. Randal pulled away, gasping and blushing. His face was beet red, and his breathing was heavy and fast.

"Lu... Luther ..." Randal whined.

*Did I go too far?*

"Randal, look, I—"

"That was amazing ..."

“You liked that?”

”Uh... uh huh!” Randal rubbed his sleepy, drooping eyes roughly.

”You’re tired, huh?”

”Mm... I’m not...” the tween yawned loudly. He leaned back into his brother’s chest, his bony back arching slightly.

Luther sighed.

”If you’re tired, you can sleep here.”

”I can’t ... possibly fall asleep now, big brother... you tease.” Randal yawned more, any attempts to be seductive failing due to his sleepiness. He began to sleepily buck his hips against his brother’s thigh.

Luther sighed heavily.

*Puberty?*

-

Luther sighed as he came back to reality. This may have been three or four years ago, but he remembered it like it was yesterday.

*If only something like that could happen now...*

His thoughts were interrupted as Randal walked into the room. He plopped himself down on his elder brother’s lap, making himself comfy as he adjusted his position.

”Randal.” Luther said tentatively.

”Thou brother.” Randal replied, slightly irritated as he intertwined his feet with Luther’s.

“What exactly are you ...?”

”Eh. I don’t know. I wanted to sit here but you were in the way.”

”I see.”

Seeing an opportunity, he began to ruffle the boy’s hair.

”Um, can you not?” Randal replied, his tone growing crabbier.

Luther sighed.

“Sorry.”

## If we could undo psychosis, pt. 2

### Chapter Summary

A continuation of the previous chapter, somewhat. Also told from Nyen's point of view, as well.

### Chapter Notes

I will include some recent (albeit lazy) fanart as a consolidation for the fact I haven't updated in so long.

Sorry.

Newer (and grosser) things are on their way.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Meowwww

Nyen walked into the room, noticing Randal slouched across his Master's lap.

A hint of jealousy began to form on his face, but as Luther noticed him, he scowled and looked away.

*This damn spoiled brat*, the catman thought to himself. *That should be me right now...*

"Randal, can you please get up?" Luther sighed. "I have things to do."

"I'm comfy. Why don't you make Nyen do it?" Randal grinned, sticking his tongue out at Nyen in a way that made the catman's blood boil.

That smug expression and attitude Randal seemed to carry at nearly all times had started many major arguments over the years. But... somehow had Randal gotten *worse*? No. That was impossible. He was always like this, right?

-

"Ran, I'd like to introduce you to the newest member of this family. His name is Nyen."

"Um. Hi. I'll assume you're the Master's brother?" Nyen looked at his shoes, adjusting the collar of his shirt anxiously.

"He is a cat. I am sure you've heard of these things." Luther replied, monotonely. He motioned for Nyen to sit down next to Randal.

Nyen sat, peering at the small, ginger-haired child next to him out of the corners of his eyes.

This child turned to look at him, eyes wide in bewilderment.

"Um, big brother...?"

"Yes?" Luther asked, sitting down in an armchair across from them.

"That's literally just some guy. And- And he's British, I think." Randal replied, quizzically.

"You'll have to excuse him. He's only five and thinks he knows everything." Luther smiled. (The first and only time Nyen recalls ever seeing him smile.) "KIDs these days. So precocious."

Randal continued to stare at Nyen curiously.

*His eyes are so wide, he thought to himself. And I don't think I've seen him blink this entire time. Odd.*

"Well, I have to arrange our new *pet's* living quarters, so I'll be busy for some time. You two should get to know each other." Luther got up suddenly and left.

"N... Nee-yen? Is that your name?" Randal replied, eyes still wide.

"Um, Nyen. Yeah." the catman replied awkwardly. He had no prior experience with children, and was not very fond of them. But for his Master, he'd make an effort to be especially kind to Randal. After all, they were going to be spending a lot of time together in the same house.

"Cool. Um, do you like Pokemon? Do you like Richard Wagner? Luther, erm, my big brother, makes me play the violin a lot. He says it's so I become a 'well-rounded' person, whatever that means. I hate it. I don't wa-"

"Hey, slow down, kid... Jeez. Um, yeah. I've heard of Pokemon. That's the one with, uh,"

"PIKACHU!" Randal screeched excitedly, nearly bursting Nyen's sensitive eardrums. "Wow! This is AWESOME! You... You like POKEMON??!!??!!??!!?"

*I said nothing of the sort...* Nyen sighed.

"Sure. And I remember hearing of Richard Wagner. I prefer modern music. My favorite band is Happy Mondays. They're quite popular where I'm from, they've just come out with a new song called 'Step On'. It's good."

Randal's eyes widened.

"You're SO COOL!" Again, with the ear-shattering screeches.

-

Well, maybe Randal wasn't always a smug, stuck-up brat, but he was annoying in other ways.

As Nyen came back to reality, leaving his daydream, he had noticed Randal was laying on the floor, dejectedly, and Luther was nowhere to be seen.

*Well, I guess I'd rather have Randal be that annoying five year old again. At least he respected me back then.* Nyen walked over to the teen, towering over him.

"I never get what I want in this stupid house! This sucks!" the boy yelled into the carpeted floor.

"Enough with the histrionics, you idiot. Where is Master Luther?" Nyen hissed.

"Beats me." Randal replied, getting up from his pathetic position. He slunked over to the armchair where Luther had been sitting previously. "Can you leave me alone? Go kill some ratmen or something until my old fart brother comes back."

Nyen's right eye twitched angrily.

"You are not my Master. You have some nerve ordering me around like that."

"We~ell..." Randal replied, his eyes narrowing. "I'm the Master's brother, and since he's not here right now, I'm second in command. You're actually *under* me, you *peasant*."

"I'm warning you. You're making a really stupid decision talking to me like that. You do *not* want to mess with me." Nyen replied, attempting to control the rage boiling deep inside of him.

"Oooh, I'm *so* scared." Randal replied sarcastically, that stupid smirk reappearing on his face.

Something inside Nyen snapped.

He stooped down to Randal's level, their noses nearly colliding with each other.

Randal looked up at him, unimpressed.

"I'll have you know that I used to do MDMA every. single. day. I became homeless. I was attacked multiple times. I nearly died. I saw my stupid, pathetic life flash before my eyes more than once. Master Luther has given me this wonderful opportunity to turn my life around, and until very recently, it was *great*. Just *great*." Nyen spat. "It was perfect, in fact. Until a certain *someone* decided they were better than everyone else in this house and made it *our* problem!"

Randal's face flushed, and his eyes darted across the room wildly. He tried to slink out of the armchair, but Nyen gripped his bony shoulder tightly.

"L-Leave me alone." he mumbled, feigning apathy. But, Nyen could hear the teen's heart racing.

"Stupid. So, so *stupid*!" Nyen gripped Randal's shoulder harder, beginning to feel his claws tear into the boy's gakuran. He didn't care. His other hand laid by his side, clenched and trembling with rage. "What, exactly, gives you the idea that you can treat everyone like shit? Even your poor brother has been worried sick about your recent behavior."

Randal's eyes widened.

"You- you're lying. Luther never said anything like that." Randal whined. "He..."

"I'm not lying. You seriously need discipline." Nyen wrapped his free hand around Randal's throat, reminiscent of an earlier argument between them. "You need to fix your attitude."

"You... you need to... fix your face..." Randal replied, grinning as Nyen's hand wrapped even tighter around his neck, cutting off any source of oxygen.

*Damn it.*

Nyen's hands were shaking due to the amount of force he was exerting on the teen.

"Listen. To. Me." Nyen hissed, his brow furrowed. "Weaklings like you should fear those who possess true strength. Like *me*."

*Man, this loser's gotta be compensating for something, Randal thought to himself as an all-too familiar feeling flooded through his groin. When's he gonna hurry up and molest me? I wanted to play DK64 with Sebastian today.*

-

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't realize anyone was in here..." Nyen had walked in on Randal using the bathroom.

"It's OK. Luther said I'm big enough to be in here by myself. I *am* five years old, after all." Randal replied, a haughty look on his face. As the boy got up, Nyen accidentally caught a glimpse of his crotch.

*A... a girl?*

-

Nyen's grip had loosened up enough to let air flow back into Randal's lungs. Randal used this opportunity to slink away, behind Nyen.

"Nyen. Sit down."

Nyen sat on the armchair, feeling absolutely defeated.

*Why do I even bother anymore?* the catman thought to himself. *Nothing I do seems to be right.*

Randal sat down, straddling the man's legs. He smiled.

"What are you..."

Randal brought his face closer to Nyen's, sharply inhaling through his nose. Their foreheads touched.

"I guess I have been a... a little bit mean to you." Randal said quietly.

*Is this some sort of weird mindgame? Does he really think he can manipulate me?* Nyen's mind was racing.

"Can you just leave me alone? You're weirding me out." the man sighed, dejectedly. "If this is a fucked-up game of chicken, I'm not interested in playing."

Randal frowned, wrapping his skinny arms around Nyen's waist.

"I... really am sorry, Nyen. I didn't mean for it to get this far." Randal whispered. His pouting lips looked so full, and maybe even slightly erotic. (Or maybe the erotic nature of this act was exacerbated by the fact Randal had spread his legs over the catman's crotch and had begin to rock his hips over Nyen's growing erection.)

"Randal, what a-

Randal pushed his lips against Nyen's, hugging his waist tighter. They kissed, and Nyen felt his erection grow.

*Fuck. What is this idiot doing?*

Randal continued kissing him, and bucked his hips faster, causing Nyen to shudder.

The teen pulled away, panting.

"Doesn't this feel good?" he sighed.

"I... um, sure."

Randal smirked.

"It's pretty obvious that you're enjoying this."

Nyen sighed.

Randal's breathing grew heavier as his motions grew more frantic.

"N-Nyen..." he groaned as his eyes shut tightly.

Then...

-

"You've been staring at me like an idiot for the past minute. What's wrong with you?" Randal groaned, annoyed. "I appreciate that you stopped trying to asphyxiate me, but since you're standing in front of me I can't get up. I'm gonna piss myself if you don't leave."

*What... how?* Nyen felt beads of sweat drip from his forehead. *Was I just imagining things?*

He felt that same rage he felt earlier come back. This time, he saw red.

"Take off your pants."

"Huh? B-"

"Do it." Nyen spat, his ears ringing. "I'm going to treat you like the girl you are. It'll feel nice to finally knock you down a peg."

Randal felt his nose begin to bleed in anxiety and anticipation.

*Honestly, this guy's a genuine idiot.* Randal thought to himself as he unbuckled his belt and let his pants and boxers fall around his ankles. *He really does think he's in control in this situation. If he was a little bit smarter, I think this would actually be pretty scary. Luckily, he's all brawn and no brains. Geniuses like me will rule the world, kehehe.*

Nyen glanced at Randal's pussy. It was red, and the area around it was covered in scratches.

"You seriously jerk off like a twelve year old who's just discovered porn for the first time." Nyen sighed. "No wonder why you bleed so much. You have to be gentler."

Randal groaned. A sex-ed lesson was not what he had anticipated.

"Not that I care about that kind of stuff much anyway." Nyen began to free his aching penis from his pants.

Randal smirked. Nyen had fallen perfectly into his trap.

Luther had attempted to have sexual intercourse with Randal on a few occasions, but it only ended up with Randal in blinding pain and a nervous Luther rubbing his back apologetically. Nyen was *leagues* better, although Randal knew that the catman would never willingly have sex with him. And, besides, Randal liked how rough the man could be. Luther could be rough, but it wasn't enough to get him aroused. And, of course, Sebastian was too squeamish and innocent to even *attempt* that sort of thing. *Poor, sweet, innocent Sebastian.*

Randal was at that age where his pubic hair had begun to grow. As Nyen lined his cock against Randal's pussy, he noticed thin, ginger wisps surrounding that area.

*Hm. He thought to himself. Funny how he's pulled out his eyelashes and eyebrows to the point of no return, but has kept the hair down here... Does he think that makes him more manly or something?*

Nyen disregarded this thought, and pushed his way into Randal's tight entrance.

"Gh... N-Nyen, I-" Randal grunted, his eyes screwed shut.

Nyen grabbed Randal's extremely bony hips tightly.

"Wrap your legs around me. That will make this easier."

*Fuck this. I can't believe I'm showing even a semblance of kindness to this fucking brat. I'll show him who's really in control.*

Randal weakly wrapped his legs around Nyen's lower half.

"Mh." he groaned, biting down on his gloved hand as Nyen pushed deeper.

Randal's cunt was already starting to bleed a bit.

"This feels so much better than your puny little fingers, doesn't it?" Nyen smirked. "Just remember, this is a punishment, so don't enjoy it too much."

The catman quickly and violently thrust the rest of his length into Randal's tight pussy, which caused Randal to grip the side of the armchair with his free hand.

Seeing the teen's pained expression made his head dizzy with excitement. He began to thrust in and out, picking up speed.

"Agh- It... it hu- it hurts!!" Randal cried, attempting and failing to keep his voice down. He wasn't sure where Luther's exact whereabouts were, but if he was still in the house, he didn't want to be

caught. Luther would probably say something like *'Oh, only I can touch my dearest Randal like that'* or some stupid crap.

Randal let go of the armchair and began to rub his clit.

"Don't do that." Nyen replied, grabbing Randal's wrist and moving it aside.

"Mgh.. Sorry." Randal's eyes shot open, teeth biting down ever hard on his gloved fingers. "N-Nyen... I'm... I'm c-close."

"I don't care, quickshot. Let me finish, at least, will you?"

"D-Don't cum... in me... I-I'll g..." Randal winced as Nyen's penis poked at an angle that made his stomach feel as if it was being pierced with a knife. "I don't wanna... get pregnant..."

Nyen stared down.

"You... had your period?"

"Hgk... N-...No." Randal smiled coyly. "I just felt like s-saying tha-AH!"

"Stupid brat." Nyen grit his teeth. *You really had me worried for a second...* Nyen didn't want to imagine Randal pregnant with a half human-half catman baby. He shuddered at the mere thought.

"Hah..." Randal smirked.

"I'm going to cum soon." Nyen replied, gripping Randal's hips tighter.

"Do it. Coward." Randal's eyes narrowed, gazing up at Nyen.

"Ugh."

Randal reached up to grab Nyen's face. Curious, the catman let Randal pull it downwards.

Randal laughed, and kissed Nyen, smirking devilishly as he pulled away.

Nyen felt his face turn beet red as he came.

"Don't be so gentle next time." Randal replied as he started to put his pants back on.

*Who was really in charge here?*

## Chapter End Notes

This is random, but here are my voice headcanons for the Ivory household lmao (I needed to get this in writing)

Luther - Brendan Gleeson (more specifically, his role as Abbot Cellach in Secret of Kells) but less Irish

Randal - That one Toronto accent meme lady (IYKYK) but like. Less feminine and with a hint of Fortnite squeaker kid. Also with a mix of that one guy playing Mafia III whose mom is

telling him to use the bathroom (Luther: YOU'RE SHITTING YOURSELF! GO TO THE BATHROOM! Randal: ... not yet!!)

Nyen - Mark Hamill, specifically his voice role as Muska in Castle in the Sky. But 5% more british. I feel like his voice is very similar to Luther's but he doesn't mind. He's originally from Manchester (my headcanon), but his accent was never strong and as he's under Luther's influence his accent becomes more Canadian.

Nyon - He rarely ever talks so IDK. Maybe just a general Russian accent but quiet and monotone. He speaks quite properly.

Sebastian - Linguine from Ratatouille and also the water guy from Elemental (I think his name is Wade? IDK) Is Sebastian *\*not\** Linguine Ratatouille?? 1. Italian name 2. Delivery guys 3. Pathetic ginger twinks. COINCIDENCE? I THINK NOT!

# Love & Pride, pt. 1

## Chapter Summary

Randal hits puberty. (Again? Maybe Sebastian was right, Randal is a late bloomer.)

AKA, Randal can dish it out, but can't take it.

"That's what my heart yearns for now / Love & Pride...

Start your journey / Early or maybe later (get your boots on)

Or look for rainbows (it's cloudy) / Take your hairdryer, blow them all away

...

Knowing, sensing, seeing / Eating, sleeping (that's just being)

Touching, testing, loving / Wanting and taking more love and more pride"

## Chapter Notes

This is probably the most vilest chapter I have written so far. Also more of my art is included because I like drawing Randal. As well as making him suffer. Lol.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)



"Randal."

"..." No response. Randal was too busy playing Kirby 64: The Crystal Shards to listen to anything his dearest brother had to say. Not that he was uncaring, but obviously collecting each purple low-poly diamond to complete the full crystal to save Ripple Star was way more important.

"Randal. Turn off the game."

"..."

"Randal. I am going to unplug your console."

"Bullshit, you don't know how to disconnect the HDMI cable." Randal mumbled, rolling his eyes.

"I will not accept that kind of language in this house. You have exactly twenty seconds before you're in actual trouble." Luther sighed, rubbing his temple.

"Nya nya~" Randal replied sticking out his tongue. "You're not gonna do anything."

"Fine. Behave that way. You have approximately ten more seconds before you're in trouble."

"Ugh. I lost all my lives because you were distracting me. Now I have to start this stupid level over again." Randal groaned, dropping his controller. He crawled forward to turn off the TV. "What did you want?"

"I had a query."

"Shoot."

"When was the last time you took a bath?" Luther asked, glaring daggers into Randal's skull.

Every hair on the teen's body stood on end.

"Um, like, yesterday?" he replied awkwardly, avoiding eye contact with his sibling.

"Hm." Luther was not convinced. "You say that every time I ask. And we both know it's not true."

"Ack." *He caught me...*

"I wasn't born yesterday, Randal. Come here and let me bathe you. It's about time we washed your hair."

"Fine." Randal replied, defeated. He got up and followed Luther into the bathroom.

Randal begun to take off his clothing while Luther ran the bath water.

"I tested it for you. It shouldn't be too hot. Although, warm water is proven to be more effective for scrubbing away dirt and germs." Luther said, kneeling over the bath tub as Randal stepped in it.

*This doesn't feel half bad,* Randal thought to himself as he sunk into the warm water.

He felt a cold glob of shampoo hit the top of his head.

"Hm. Your hair is quite tangled. Luckily I have some detangling shampoo and conditioner we can use. Look, it has a fun character on it." Luther said mechanically, pointing to the cartoon featured on the shampoo bottle.

"Spongebob? What the hell? I'm fifteen. I'm not a kid anymore, thou brother." Randal rolled his eyes.

"Sure, but you're still the same little Ran who always slept with two teddy bears every night, one in each arm." Luther replied, methodically rubbing the shampoo into Randal's matted hair.

Randal ignored him, pouting. *Whatever. What does this guy know about anything, anyway? He's so ancient and lame. And a dork.*

Luther sighed.

"I think it's also about time I gave your hair a trim."

Randal's eyes widened in horror as he physically recoiled from the man's touch.

"No way in hell! I don't trust you! You're gonna make my hair look like... *yours*..." the teen shuddered, picturing himself with the same outdated hairstyle his brother sported.

"Fine. But at least let me brush it."

"Fine. Relationships are all about compromise, or whatever. Just hurry it up. I'm bored and your hands are cold."

Luther grit his teeth. Something about his brother... that kid just knew how to get on his nerves. He washed the rest of the shampoo out of Randal's wild hair, and began to apply conditioner.

"Why do you always want to bathe me?" Randal asked absentmindedly, scratching the scars on his arm. "Do you really like seeing me naked that much, big brother?" his eyes narrowed as Luther blushed.

"Don't talk like that. I'm your brother, this is simply a part of my brotherly duties."

"Ha, I can see you staring at my chest. You're an awful liar." Randal smirked, pushing his chest forward, slightly.

Luther inhaled sharply. *Was it really that obvious? It's not like I can really help it.*

"That is simply not true. You must be mistaken, as I would never do such a thing."

"Sure. Yeah." Randal replied sarcastically, his grin widening and eyes narrowing. "I don't care about that kinda stuff, you know. You can be honest with me."

"This is simply a brotherly bonding activity, and that is final. Nothing more, nothing less." Luther's heart was racing. Had he been found out?

Randal's body was undergoing changes. And Luther couldn't help but notice these *changes*. He wanted so badly to just *defile* Randal, but his previous attempts at such activities had always ended in catastrophic failure, as Randal's body was too small and immature to experience such pleasures. *What a shame.*

*But now...*

"OK, your hair is perfect now. Well, I guess as perfect as it can be in its current state." Luther said. "I really would appreciate if you'd let me cut it for you... But I won't force you to say yes."

"Nope. Not happening." Randal replied nonchalantly, stepping out of the bath. "Dry me off."

Luther thought for a moment.

"You can do it by yourself, can't you? You are a big boy now, right?" He stood up.

Randal glared.

"Please, Luther." he groaned, pouting. "You did say this was a brotherly bonding activity, right?"  
*Ha, got him there,* Randal smirked.

But to his surprise, Luther actually got a towel and began to dry him off, paying special attention to the boy's budding breasts.

"Hgk! Hey, be careful, will you?! I'm sensitive... right there..." Randal blushed.

"Hm, really?" Luther replied blankly. "Let me take a look."

"AGH!! What the hell?!?!? No!" Randal yelped angrily, grabbing the towel from Luther's hands and covering his chest with it. "Leave me alone, you old fart."

"I thought you said you didn't care about these things, Randal."

"..." Randal pouted, blushing even more.

"Get dressed and meet me in my study. I want to have a talk with you." Luther left.

"Fuck you." Randal muttered under his breath. Luther pretended not to hear this.

A few minutes later, Randal came into the tidy, yet neglected spare room that was currently being used as Luther's 'study'. (What, exactly, was he studying? Honestly, he probably got the idea from HGTV or something.) Luther was sitting in his den chair.

Randal was wearing gym shorts, and a light blue, nearly-sheer camisole that left little to the imagination.

"What are you wearing?" Luther sighed, disappointedly.

"Well, your stupid cat guy tore up my old gakuran, and my other one is in the laundry right now. I just pulled out what I could find in my closet." Randal replied, slinking over Luther to perch himself atop the wooden desk his brother was seated in front of.

"Ah, Nyen. Yes, I did have a chat with him about that. I suppose we'll have to buy you a new one." Luther replied, trying not to look at the boy seated directly in front of him. "Can you please get off of my desk? There's an extra chair behind me."

Randal placed his sock-clad feet upon the arms of the den chair, spreading his legs in front of his brother dearest.

"Randal. What is with you today?" Luther sighed, exasperatedly. "Get your feet off of my chair."

"Aw, c'mon, thine brother! You know you're enjoying this!" Randal smirked.

Luther pushed the teen's legs aside.

"I understand your body may... be going through some changes."

"Oh, yeah? Like *what?*" Randal brought his feet to Luther's thighs, and rested them there.

"Well, for starters," Luther was beet red. *How do I say this without sounding like an awful pervert?*  
"I've noticed... your chest..."

"Hey! So you *were* looking at my chest! Luther, you sly dog, you!" Randal giggled. *I knew it!*

"This is no time to make light of a serious situation. I do believe you're going through... puberty."  
Luther sighed, his face ever-redder. *I knew this would happen eventually...*

Randal inched his toes up Luther's thighs.

"You have a boner."

*Shit.* Luther tried to compose himself.

"It... it's nothing. Your chest is sore because your breasts are developing. And your body is undergoing other changes, as well, but they aren't visib-"

"I know I turn you on, big brother." Randal cooed, his feet beginning to rub Luther's erection through his pants. "You don't have to be weird about it anymore. Just say it." he smirked, his voice breathy.

"W-Well, you're becoming such a well-rounded Fräulein..."

Randal glared as his feet stopped moving.

"I-I mean..."

Randal began taking off his camisole.

"You can look *aaaall* you want. No shame in it."

"Randal."

"Luther." the teen replied in a mocking tone.

Luther stood up, towering over his brother.

Randal froze, realizing the true brevity of this situation.

"I... um." he mumbled, blushing.

Luther stooped over him, beginning to fondle the teen's small breasts with his cold hands.

"Agh... so c-cold..."

Luther said nothing as his groping continued.

"Mgh... it... it hurts so bad..." Randal whined, although his sore breasts being touched so roughly turned him on more than he would have liked to admit. He wrapped his arms around Luther's middle. Tears began to form in his eyes. "You're s-so mean."

"You need to stop hurting yourself." Luther replied, coldly. "I've noticed the cuts on your arms and legs. And your chest."

"L-Luther..." Randal moaned. *It's all your fault I do that stuff*, he scowled. And it was true, Randal had first started harming himself to cope with the fact his big brother, *his guardian*, had made sexual advances on him at the mere age of nine years old. *What else was I supposed to do?*

The man stopped, leaving Randal a panting, teary, sweaty, squirming mess.

"I think this is an activity that would best be carried out in my bedroom." Luther said.

"Ugh." *I can't say no to him, can I?*

Eventually, they both wound up in Luther's bed, the door to his room locked behind them. Randal sat on the edge of the bed, his puffy nipples poking through the thin material of his camisole.

"Randal, I hope you know that that shirt is an undershirt. It's not meant to be worn by itself." Luther said mechanically, sitting next to him.

Randal scooted away.

"I thought you'd be excited for this. Why are you acting so skittish?"

"Leave me alone. Just fuck me and get it over with." Randal pouted, crossing his arms defiantly.

Luther pulled Randal onto his lap, massaging the teen's skinny, scarred thighs.

"Since you're a developing adolescent, sexual urges are exceedingly normal. There's nothing to be ashamed of." Luther cooed, burying his face into the top of Randal's scalp. (Which was still slightly damp from being washed less than an hour earlier.) He began to reach up Randal's shirt to fondle his chest. "I know you think about these things as well."

Randal attempted to squirm out of Luther's grasp. *This is awful! I need to get out of here... somehow.*

"I see you're uncomfortable. This is a necessary step for our brotherly bonding." Luther brought his left hand to Randal's face. "Kiss my rings."

*What the hell?* Randal thought to himself, panicking. However, he followed this command. He didn't want to make his brother angry. He had experienced an enraged Luther once, and even then he knew that was enough.

Luther began to rub the teen's lower lip with his index finger. Randal opened his mouth and began to suck on Luther's finger.

"Good. So good." Luther cooed, his erection stronger than ever. He continued to fondle Randal's chest. "I don't want to hurt you; I'll try my best to be gentle. But no promises. You know how it is."

Luther pulled his finger out of Randal's mouth. He wiped it dry on his shirt.

"Can you stand up for me?"

Randal stood up, turning to face his brother. He avoided any eye contact, instead choosing to stare at the painting on the wall above Luther's bed. His vision was blurry, despite his glasses being on. He just couldn't quite make it out. Luther got up, standing in front of him.

"I am going to ask you to do something that I have only asked of you once." Luther said, unbuckling his belt. "It may be a bit scary, but I want you to do this for me."

Traumatic memories came flooding back into Randal's head.

*Fuck. He's gonna ask me to do that again, isn't he?*

His stomach dropped as Luther unveiled his engorged penis. It was fucking huge. *A health hazard.*

"I am going to ask you to... perform fellatio on me. This is a part of our brotherly bonding activities."

*No, no, no! No way in hell! I need to leave!*

"Yes, brother dearest." *Why am I saying this?!?!? It ended so badly last time! I need to get out!*

Randal dropped to his knees, grasping Luther's bulge in both hands. It barely fit. *Damn it.*

He opened his mouth, inserting Luther's swollen head gingerly between his lips. He sucked his cheeks in, licking around his brother's urethra and under the skin of his tip.

Luther groaned in pleasure, placing one of his hands on the back of Randal's head, snaking his cold fingers through damp ginger locks.

*I really do love him...* Randal thought to himself as he felt his brother's fingers clenching ever tighter on his scalp. *But he...*

Randal's thought process was interrupted by Luther quickly pushing his head down the length of his cock, causing the teen to gag.

*I'm going to suffocate, I think... Maybe that would be better.* Randal's eyes watered as snot dripped down his nose. Luther began to thrust in and out of his brother's throat, causing the teen to gag more.

*His teeth are a little uncomfortable, but he's not used to this. Yet... Other than that,* Luther thought to himself, *this is perfect. I'll have to train him more.*

"Randal, do you think you could open your mouth a little more? Your teeth are scraping against me, and it's a little uncomfortable."

Randal screwed his eyes shut, too dissociated to listen or pay attention to anything but the sensation of being choked, then released, then choked over and over again. He sputtered and gagged, gripping Luther's thighs tightly with his small, gloved hands. *This will all be over soon... Hopefully.*

"Randal, I'm close. Hold on for a little while longer."

Randal's head was swimming, his eyes bleary with tears and his nose gushing with snot.

"Such a good little boy for me. Such a perfect boy, in fact."

*I'm a... good boy?* Randal's grip on his brother's thighs loosened as his body began to relax. *I'm making him... happy~~~~!* ♡♡♡

Luther came, thrusting his cock down Randal's throat a final time for good measure. He pulled Randal away from his crotch, stumbling backwards to his bed. He sat and watched Randal cough, attempting to swallow all of his semen.

"You did a very good job, Randal. I'm proud of you." Luther cooed.

"Hrgk... This tastes so gross..." Randal gagged.

"I would... like to return the favor. Please come here."

The alarm bells sounded once again in Randal's head as he quickly came back to reality.

"It won't... it won't fit. You know how this went last time." Randal mumbled anxiously, his heart racing. He sniffled, snot still gushing out of his nose.

"You'll be OK, Ran. Your loving brother will walk you through everything." Luther replied, leaning back on the bed, his penis still erect.

*What the hell is wrong with him?*

Randal crawled into bed laying down next to Luther, facing away from him.

"Lay on your stomach."

Randal did as he was told. He felt his brother take off the gym shorts and boxers he was wearing.

*Well, at least I didn't throw up all over Luther's dick. Like last time.* The teen groaned as he felt Luther's cold fingers being inserted in his pussy.

"Hm. You're still pretty tight." Luther mused aloud. *But... his cunt feels wet. I suppose he's aroused by this.*

Suddenly, a strange feeling hit Randal's lower stomach. Well, to be more specific, this odd feeling was situated in his bladder.

"AGH!! Lu-Luther! Stop! I have to... I HAVE TO PEE...!!!!!" He whimpered, his knees knocking together and back arching in discomfort.

"That's fine. Go ahead."

*No way! He wants me to... no. I won't. I'll hold it in. It's fine.* Randal tried to rationalize the situation in his head.

Luther began to stretch out the trembling teen with his cold, long, bony fingers. He was satisfied with the whimpers coming from Randal's quivering lips. Although, since Randal's face was buried deep in the down comforter on Luther's bed, they were a bit muffled. Luther was still pleased with himself. *I'm such a good brother ♡*, he thought to himself, the semblance of a small grin forming on his face. He was elated.

"AGH! LUTHER! S-STOP!" Randal cried, his legs shaking (and terribly so) as Luther snuck another finger into Randal's cunt. "Id... id hurds..." he sniffled.

"Shh. There's nothing to be scared about. Just relax and it will feel better." Luther began to massage the back of Randal's left thigh with his free hand. "If you'd stop shaking so much..."

"Agh... ahh..." Randal groaned, in pain, as he reluctantly came all over Luther's hand. Surprisingly, he hadn't urinated yet. His full bladder was, however, making this encounter more painful than it should have been. The boy collapsed into the Luther-scented down comforter, breathing heavily.

"You did a fine job." Luther cooed, petting the back of Randal's head with the very fingers that he had used to finger him. "I think you're ready."

Randal began to sob. Loudly.

"Shh, you're fine. It's ok." Luther continued to pet Randal, much like how he'd pet Nyen or Nyon. He grabbed his half-erect penis, giving it a few half-hearted strokes. "I love you so much. My baby brother. So perfect and good, just for *me*."

"Stop... I don't want to... do this." Randal managed to choke out a few words in-between hearty sobs and shaky, crescendo-ing breaths. "You have... your cat guys... go fuck them. I... you're so mean to me!"

"Randal. Listen to me." Luther replied, a tinge of disappointment and perhaps maybe even anger dancing across his deep voice. He gripped Randal's scalp as he mounted him, forcing the boy to lift his head up and backwards to view his brother. "I only do these things because I *love* you. Only *I* can touch you like this." His voice was firm but gentle, turning Randal into a puddle of goo underneath him. "I know that, deep down, you really do want this as much as I do. I know that, in time, you'll admit it. I know you *enjoy* it."

Randal sighed. *We really do love each other... how amazing! A miracle... ♡ Truly so.... ♡♡♡♡♡*

"I know that your... *suggestive comments* are never in vain. That there is some truth to them..." Luther continued, rubbing his penis on Randal's twitching cunt. As he gazed into the boy's eyes, he could have sworn he saw hearts forming in his pupils. "All you have to do is give in to your feelings. Give in to *me*. All you have to do is just be *honest* with yourself, Randal. Do you think you can do that for me?"

Randal gazed at Luther's upside-down visage. Normally, making eye contact (or even *looking* at him, for that matter) usually unnerved him to an extreme degree. He just felt so *nervous*, plagued by his inhibitions. Luther was just ... everything he was not. Mature. Manly. Calm in even the worst situations (mostly). And he had a huge amount of respect for him, even if he didn't always outwardly show it. He *loved* him. *So* much. Maybe, even *too* much. But he couldn't help it, right? He was just a helpless, hormonal teen, of course he'd be drawn to someone so smart and so, *so* much more mature than he was. Or, maybe it was the fact that he had read too many mangas with incestuous themes. Or, maybe even still, it could be both. Two things can be true at once, can't they? It was true. Randal Ivory was a brotherfucker. And, maybe he was OK with that. He could finally admit it to himself. This, all along, was what he really wanted. Luther had finally fallen under his spell. All of that so-called 'innocent flirting' wasn't so aimless, and maybe not so innocent after all. He had played it off as a game of chicken, banter between siblings. But, his ultimate goal, was to get Luther to crack. And finally, they would be having *actual* sex. *Luther was right*, he

thought to himself. *This isn't actually too scary. It shouldn't hurt as much now. It'll be fine. This won't be like last time. Or the time before that. It'll be juuuust fine and dandy ~~~~ ♡♡♡*

Luther let go of the boy's scalp, letting his head flop back into the pillow. Despite his glasses and cheeks stained with tears, and snot and semen residue leftover on his upper lip and mouth, he couldn't help but find his brother adorable. Carnally so. He used this opportunity to slide the head of his penis into Randal's still soaked cunt.

"Mhghfff... Oh, God," Randal moaned, blindingly white burning-hot stars dancing around his peripheral vision as he felt himself become stretched in a way that didn't actually hurt this time. "Lu... Luther..." he whined into the pillow, adjusting his bottom in an attempt to get Luther's full length inside of him. He gripped the comforter tightly.

"Randal, you're so tight. I promise I'll be as gentle as I can this time. Just relax your body." Luther pushed himself further in, nearly bottoming out halfway through. *I guess he's still pretty small.* Beads of sweat began to form on the man's forehead. *I can't mess this up. We're making progress. Good progress. He's such a good, obedient boy. If only he was like this all the time. Oh, well.*

Randal didn't care anymore.

A steady stream of urine released itself from Randal's full bladder. He moaned. This actually... felt good? Albeit a bit humiliating. But still good.

Luther's cold hands grabbed the sides of his thighs as he pushed himself in more, his crotch becoming soaked with his beloved baby brother's urine. He didn't mind. Human urine wasn't as smelly as feline urine, and it was easy enough to just pop the comforter in the washing machine as soon as they were done with their *brotherly bonding*.

"I love you, Randal. Such a good, perfect little boy. I'm going to start moving." Luther hissed, gripping Randal's hips even tighter.

*He... said...*

"I LOVE YOU TOO LUTHER!!!!!! ♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡♡" Randal cried out a bit too loudly as he felt Luther slide in and out of him. Something inside of him probably tore from the extreme force and sheer size of his brother's dick, but he didn't care. "Ah! Ah! AGH!" Randal sobbed, but instead of cries of fear or sadness, he was overjoyed. They were tears of pleasure; nothing like what he had ever experienced before. This was better than any stupid video game, even better than jerking off to Jack Nicholson, alone, after everyone else was asleep. His cunt hurt so, *so* fucking badly, but it just felt so *good*. He felt Luther's hands push up his camisole and begin to squeeze his developing breasts. They were still so sore and tender, but Luther's cold, smooth hands counterbalanced the painful sensation just perfectly. It was the perfect combination of both pleasure and pain. He felt the remaining dregs of urine running down his legs, along with a much thicker, warmer substance. (Blood? Cum? Bloody cum? It didn't matter when he was in the throes of ecstasy.) This was unlike anything he had experienced before. Even with Nyen. Even with Sebastian. No one else could make him feel like this. No one else could touch him just like this, scratching all of his itches perfectly. This was unlike any previous time Luther had attempted to have sex with him. All of those bad, traumatizing memories melted away, all being replaced with this moment, this now, this miraculous experience.

"See, I told you that you'd like this." Luther huffed, thrusting hard. *I hope I'm not hurting him too badly... He seems to be enjoying himself, I suppose. That's all that really matters.*

"I'm gonna... Haah... Aghk... Hgk... Gonna c-cum...!!!" Randal whined quietly, his fingers interlaced with the edge of the comforter. Normally, he hated Luther's rosewater scented perfume, but in the moment all he could do was inhale and huff the lingering scent off of the thick blanket. "Fuck..." he moaned as he felt himself cum. Hard.

"Language." Luther groaned underneath his breath. "I'm getting close." he inhaled sharply through his nose. He hadn't felt this energetic in so long. He hadn't had actual, *real* sex in what felt like decades. (Which was probably accurate.) Not even with his catmen. He... had tried, but they just couldn't make him feel the same way his dear, most precious little Randal did. This was on another level. He had had dream sex with baby Randal a few weeks prior, but this... *This* was real. It wasn't just a dream. And it was *so* much better than any time before, so much better than he had ever felt in his life. Thirty two years old. Maybe not as ancient as Randal always made it sound, but it felt like it took him more than just fifteen years to finally deflower his baby brother. For real, this time. No pussyng out, no regrets, just true love. He had thought that his feelings and urges were bad, disgusting, even, for so, *so* achingly long. But forbidden fruit always tastes the sweetest, as he had come to find out. He was tired of being coy, tired of playing dumb to his brother's advances; tired of *disciplining* him for experiencing the very same urges he, himself had tried to hide and repress for so long. Randal was finally old enough, and it was worth every single year he had waited for this moment to become real. It wasn't a dream. Here he was, fucking his fifteen year old brother senseless. Was his whole life leading up to this moment?

Luther felt himself cum. Literal buckets. He had never been this aroused, this excited. For anyone, *anything*.

He pulled out, flipping Randal on his back. Randal was panting hard, and his eyes were closed.

*Did he pass out? Whatever. I waited fifteen years for this moment. I'm not done yet.*

Luther leaned over the semi-unconscious boy, reinserting his penis into Randal's dripping, cum-filled cunt. He began thrusting, harder so than before. More animalistic. Almost like a catman. (Maybe.)

Randal's eyes shot open.

"Ah, s-stop... I already-"

Luther shut up the panting, overstimulated boy with a deep, passionate kiss. He sucked on the boy's tongue.

Randal reached up his arms to wrap them around Luther's back, pulling him closer. Luther began to roughly rub Randal's swollen clit with his thumb, causing Randal to moan into his mouth. With his free hand, Luther massaged rough circles into Randal's right breast.

"Such a good, good boy. I love you. I'm so proud of you." Luther muttered, pulling away from their kiss.

Randal was too overstimulated to reply, tears welling back up in his eyes, his body limp and glasses crooked.

Luther thrust faster and harder, resting his face on Randal's chest. He was starting to feel a bit fatigued, but... *I have to continue. For the sake of Randal I waited so long for this. I can't stop now.*

*He's just so perfect. So perfectly pliant for me... and only me... Such a good boy. Such a perfect little prince.*

"My sweet little prince... How I love you so."

"Mhgffuu... I'm... c-cummingh aghainh..." Randal gasped, on the verge of passing out again. He took several deep breaths. "Lu... ther... I love you." he weakly touseled his brother's hair as his head still lay on top of his bony, budding chest. "K... Kiss me again."

Luther obliged, with several deep kisses perfectly fit for such a spoiled little prince. With lots of tongue, and spit, and licking of gums and teeth.

"I'm going to... cum again..." Luther groaned. If he had eyelids, surely they would be drooping noticeably. He was exhausted, but so close to finishing again inside of his brother. His baby. He was going to finally mark his womb with his seed. For real. Not just in a wet dream, not in a masturbatory before-bed fantasy. This was reality; real life. And it couldn't be any better.

For so long, Luther had tried to fit in with other humans. He went to a normal, human high school, wore normal, human clothes, and lived in a normal, human house. He had even managed to make himself some normal, human friends. It was the sixties. Or, was it the seventies? Time seemed to pass differently whenever Randal was around. He had been thirty two for hundreds of years, it felt like. But, regardless, he remembered being seventeen when Randal was born. His pride and joy, his baby brother. He couldn't remember the exact circumstances of Randal's birth, all he remembered was they were brothers, and he was all alone. He sacrificed everything to take care of this baby. *His* baby. He spent so much time reading parenting manuals he had found in the Value Village bargain book bins. He worked so hard. They had each other, and that was all they needed. And recently, he had been questioning if the sacrifices he had made were worth it. But now, he knew never to question that type of thing ever again. It was all worth it, for this moment, for *every* moment, good or bad that the two had spent together.

*I hope he stays this small forever. I don't want him to change. I want him to be the same, pliant little boy he is right now.* Luther thought, praying silently to any force, real or imaginary who would listen to his pleas. *Fifteen forever. Yes, that sounds good. No more changes, no more tears. I want to take care of him. Forever.*

He came. He completed his goal. He did it. And by God, it was worth every second.

## Chapter End Notes

OK so bascially Randal doesn't mind sex with Nyen because he views Nyen as below him, but he's petrified at the thought of sex with Luther (even gentle, loving \*brotherly\* intercourse) because he respects him too much and is nervous around him. (And also probably because of Luther accidentally traumatizing him as a small child.)

Also hahaha Randal got put in his place (finally). He won't learn his lesson, though, and things will go back to normal pretty quickly.

Toodleoo, tata for now, et. cetera.

## Love & Pride, pt. 2

### Chapter Summary

Continuation of part one, the last chapter.

There's less Luther. More Sebastian. Because I like pathetic men.

Randal mirrors Luther's behavior to an unhealthy degree. There are several parallels in this chapter to the previous one.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

They laid there for a while.

Eventually, Luther regained his composure and got up.

"You are not to tell anyone about this, young man. Do you understand?" He began to button his pants back up.

"Yeah, yeah. Whatever." Randal groaned, stretching. His eyes were puffy and tearstained, and his nose was clogged up with snot. "I'm sure that *I* don't have to tell them. I'm sure they heard the whooooooole thing~~~~ ♡♡" he smirked as he sat up and adjusted his glasses. *Shit, I have to clean them soon. They got dirty.*

Luther turned a bright shade of pink.

"I... suppose. You weren't particularly quiet tonight." he sighed, grabbing a comb to fix his hair.

"Sorry for pissing on your sheets, or whatever. And getting other fluids on them." Randal began putting his clothes back on. Cum (Luthers? Or his own?) dripped out of him, although he didn't seem to notice or care.

"It's fine. It's getting late." Luther replied, pointing to an imaginary wristwatch. "I think it's time for *someone* to go to bed."

"Oh yeah?" Randal replied, smugly, his eyes narrowing and grin widening deviously. "Make me."

"I will have none of this nonsense. Go to bed. You are a growing *Junge*, and if you want to be as tall as I am, resting frequently will help with gaining height."

"That sounds made up, but whatever. I guess I *am* feeling a little tired." Randal yawned. "Can you carry me? I'm *much* too tired to possibly walk *aaaalll* by myself..." he continued in a haughty, faux-posh British accent.

Luther sighed. *Such a handful... But... I can't deny such a simple request.*

"Fine. Come here." Luther said, bending down to pick his brother up. As he began to carry him, bridal style, he noticed how *light* the boy was. "Randal."

"Yeah?" the teen replied, eyes half lidded and his fingers tangled up in a piece of string. He leaned his right side into Luther's chest, sleepily.

Luther chose to ignore the piece of thread in the boy's hands.

"Have you been eating?"

"Yup. Three meals a day plus snacks." the boy replied lazily, twiddling his thumbs and getting his hands more entangled in this long mystery string.

"I know you're lying."

"Ack. Um, well, The Dark Prince doesn't *need* to eat! He never gets hungry! He feeds off of, um... yeah. Sorry." Randal attempted to stretch himself out in Luther's arms.

"I'll be keeping an eye on you. Here is your room. I think you can do the rest." Luther sighed, starting to put Randal down.

"No! You have to tuck me in, thine dearest brother!" Randal scampered back into Luther's arms. "I... can't sleep if you don't tuck me in."

Luther sighed, but obliged him. He opened the door to the boy's bedroom and placed him gingerly into his coffin bed.

"Goodnight, Randal."

"You're missing something." Randal giggled.

"What is it this time?" Luther asked, a hint of exasperation in his voice. *Is it possible that I'm spoiling him too much?*

"My goodnight kiss, you idiot." Randal smirked, covering his body with his blanket.

"I do not appreciate your name-calling. However, I'll choose to ignore it this time." Luther stooped down and kissed Randal's forehead quickly.

Randal's smile widened as he took off his glasses and set them down next to his pillow.

"I love you, big brother."

"I... love you too, Randal. Please try to get some rest." Luther replied quietly as he left the room.

Randal closed his eyes until he heard Luther's footsteps leave the room and walk down the hall. He peeked over the brim of his coffin, making sure the coast was clear.

Then...

"Psst. Sebastian!" He whisper-yelled excitedly.

"..." No reply.

"Sebastian! Wake up!" Randal got out of his coffin and crawled into the adjacent coffin Sebastian was using as a bed. He shook the older teen roughly.

"I'm not sleeping." Sebastian mumbled.

"Sebastian. Do you like Wendy's?" Randal snickered.

*What the hell?* Sebastian thought to himself, confused. *What kind of question is that? Is this a trick? What kind of answer is he expecting?*

Randal began to spoon him, wrapping his arms around the teen's chest and pressing his chest against his back.

"Um..." Sebastian began to sweat. *Why is he so close to me...? I have to stay calm, somehow.*

"W... When-deez nuts hit... your... gahaha..." Randal cackled. "I shan't say it..." he continued to laugh, wheezing in between each giggle.

*Holy shit. This kid is fucking retarded. God, I need to continue finding a way out of here...*

Randal began to grope Sebastian's chest and stomach with his small, slender fingers.

*Why is he touching me? Is this a nightmare? I can't let him win...*

Sebastian remained stone-faced, trying his best not to react. *Randal's looking for a reaction. If I don't give him one, he'll leave me alone.*

"Luther said my breasts are *developing*." Randal rasped in Sebastian's ear. "Do you want to see?"

"..." *Fuck no! I don't want to see that!* Sebastian squeezed his eyes tight, silently praying that Randal would grow bored and leave him alone.

Sebastian felt Randal get up.

*Fucking finally. Thank God.* Sebastian was already quite traumatized from hearing the loud moaning coming from Luther's room earlier. He wasn't quite sure how much more torture his poor mind could take. *Wait-*

Randal had moved in front of Sebastian, kneeling and slowly pulling up the camisole he was wearing. Even through the darkness, Sebastian could make out his figure since he was so pale his skin nearly glowed in the low light. He could tell Randal was smiling.

"You're not looking~~~" Randal teased, leaning forward. "*Look.*"

He was nearly on top of Sebastian, leaning forward so far the older boy was scared he'd fall on top of him. He had no choice but to look. He could see faint fingerprint marks on the pale breasts. His nipples were puffy. Sebastian wished that he was blind in this moment. Even through the night's veil of darkness, he could still see everything. *Everything.* Imprinted in his mind. This was psychological torture.

Suddenly, Randal leaned over more, his breasts nearly touching Sebastian's face.

"..." Sebastian was sweating bullets and his eyes didn't seem to blink. He was petrified; too scared stiff to breathe or blink. His heart was beating faster than it had ever before. He was frozen.

"I know you like this, kehehe..." Randal laughed, his smirk wider than ever. "I'm going to breastfeed you now. You're pretty hungry. I can tell."

*No! Where did he get that idea?! I need to get out of here!*

"Open your mouth, Sebastian~~~ I have milk for you..."

"No!" Sebastian surprised himself. He had never, *never* said anything like that before. He had never disobeyed his 'Master'. But, there's a first time for everything, he supposed.

Randal moved back.

"No? You're not hungry right now?" Randal sighed, dejectedly. "Hmf... I try so hard to make my pet happy, but he's always so fussy. He must be going through puberty, too..." he mused aloud.

"Randal?" Sebastian's voice was meek and shaky. "H-How old are you?"

"I'm fifteen!" Randal beamed.

*Shit. Am I a pedophile? I mean, I'm eighteen... or nineteen, can't remember which. Fuck, I've been in here so long I'm becoming crazy like him! I guess if he's the one coming onto me... I'm innocent. I'm not a pedophile. I'm normal. I'm not attracted to him. I'm not gay. I'm not gay.* Sebastian attempted to do some mental gymnastics to justify everything he had experienced in these past few minutes. He continued to sweat as his face turned redder and redder.

It was around four A.M., so the sun had started to rise. Small slits of sunlight beamed their way into Randal's room, partially obscured by the dusty venetian blinds that were always drawn to a close.

Sebastian and Randal sat together in silence. It was not amicable.

"I think that... no." Randal said, attempting to break the awkward silence. Sebastian glared at him, then flipped over to his side, facing away from the smaller teen. "Um."

Randal crawled back into the coffin, spooning Sebastian in a way reminiscent of the past few minutes. Sebastian could feel Randal's breasts poking out, even through the fabric of both of their shirts.

*I need to ignore him. No, what I really need is to figure out a way to leave. I have to be successful this time. If I'm not... A million scenarios played in Sebastian's weary mind, none of them pleasant. I'll be doomed. I don't know how much more I can take...*

He felt Randal's gloved hands move down from his chest to his torso.

"Hmm... I suppose your belly feels pretty full. I guess I'll have to feed you later." Randal's hot breath clung to Sebastian's sweaty neck.

"..." Sebastian didn't trust any food that was prepared in the Ivory household. Although... Luther's breakfast of bacon and eggs sounded miles better than anything Randal had attempted to feed him, and definitely *leagues* better than his *breastmilk*. Could Randal really produce breastmilk? Sebastian was sure that only pregnant women could do stuff like that, but knowing Randal he

decided not to question it. Thinking about things like this, especially involving his captor, his 'Master', made his stomach churn.

But all of a sudden, Sebastian felt Randal's hands move lower.

"H-Hey!" Sebastian snapped, feeling Randal's cold hands freeze in place. *Shit. I wasn't supposed to react. He's gonna get mad and...*

"Haah... haha, Sebastian, you silly sausage..." Randal traced his fingers around the hem of Sebastian's boxers.

Recently, Randal had decided Sebastian was worthy of wearing clothes again. Which, was a relief. None of the articles of clothing were things that he would normally choose, but they fit fine. Anything was better than the jester costume Randal had resigned him to for what seemed like hundreds of years.

*Don't react. Don't react. Don't react. Don't react. Stay perfectly still, and he'll get bored. He'll get bored and leave me alone. I can't react. I'll get out of here soon. I'll be free. I have to stay still. Perfectly still. I can't react. I can't...*

"..." Sebastian began to cry silent tears. His chest heaved in and out as salinated bodily water flowed uncontrollably from his eyes.

"Oh, dear." Randal whispered, in a mockingly sweet tone. "Poor, sweet thing..." Randal reached inside of Sebastian's boxers with one hand, feeling around for the older teen's genitalia. He kissed the back of his ear.

Sebastian covered his face with his hands as his sobbing became... well, not so silent. "Randal..." he whimpered in a hoarse voice. "S-Stop..."

*Damn it. I can't hold it in anymore. I... I'm weak. Nyen was right. I'm stupid. And weak. And a coward. I can't even defend myself against this maniac. Fuck, fuck, FUCK!*

"Oh, Sebastian~~ You and I both know you really *do* want this! Just be *honest* with yourself!" Randal cooed, mimicking Luther's earlier speech. "We are both so deeply, *madly* in love with each other that you shouldn't be so nervous anymore! We've fully bonded as Master and pet ♡♡" Sebastian could tell Randal was grinning maniacally, despite facing away from him. "There's no need to hide your true feelings anymore... The Bangles were right... this truly *is* an Eternal Flame ♡"

"I... I'm not... Hghnf..." Sebastian attempted to choke out the words that were plaguing him. "I'm... not a... faggot... I'm..."

"Shh... Just let it happen..." Randal whispered, his hands fumbling around Sebastian's limp dick. He gripped it with an all too-tight grasp, and began to massage it quite roughly.

Snot began coming out of Sebastian's nose, dirtying the hands that were still covering his face. He didn't care. This was just an awful nightmare, right? That's all this was, right?

"I know what you people like... You're just like Luther ♡" Randal whispered in attempt to sound seductive. In reality, he just sounded constipated.

*I don't want to be compared to your brother, you fucking freak! I'm nothing like him!*

"Ooh... an interesting development... haah... haha... Oh, wow..." Randal gasped breathlessly as he felt Sebastian reluctantly harden in his hand. He placed his free hand on the older teen's hip. "Juuuust sit back and relax... Let the magic happen ♡" Randal leaned in closer, if that was even possible, his hand gripping even tighter. *Hm*, Randal thought to himself as he began stroking Sebastian's penis faster and more firmly. *He's not as big as Luther... Interesting. I'll make a mental note of this.*

Sebastian felt he had nothing more to lose. Every moment that he had spent in this house was leading up to this terrible, wonderful moment.

*I'm not weak. I'm strong. I'm the strongest person in this house. I'm a man, I can defend myself!* His eyes narrowed, and he slowly removed his snot-and-tear-covered hands from his face.

"I'm not afraid of you."

Randal paused.

"Huh?"

"I'm not afraid of you. You're just a fifteen year old girl who thinks she's better than everyone. And guess what?" Sebastian snapped, Randal's hand still on his semi-erect dick. "It's not my problem."

Randal wrapped his free arm around the older teen tightly; a vice grip. Sebastian attempted to wriggle away, but somehow Randal had become freakishly strong.

*Shit.* His plan had backfired. *Well, I suppose being turned into a hot dog again would be better than whatever this is. I guess... I just have to grin and bear it.*

And grin (maybe not) and bear it the poor boy did.

"Oh, my poor, fussy Sebastian..." Randal cooed, stroking his pet's dick with more ferocity and passion than before. "My sweet, poor, confused little pet..." he sighed. "You know this feels so goooood~~~ ♡♡♡ No need to be so coy ♡♡"

*Confused? No... you've got this all wrong...* Sebastian grit his teeth, attempting to remain stone-faced and perfectly quiet. *You're the confused one here!*

"Aghk... fuck..." Sebastian's eyes grew heavy; he was tired of trying to resist. He bit down hard on his lower lip.

*Maybe... if I... I can make this feel good...*

Randal's gloved hands, although cool, were small and somehow just *so good* at this...

*I... I give up... I can't resist anymore... Ugh. I'm weak.*

He felt Randal's free hand begin to cup and fondle his balls.

"Nfuu... such a good, obedient pet..." Randal whined, getting agitated. *Ugh... he's still resisting a little... Maybe if I praise him more...*

Sebastian shuddered at the sensation of his scrotum being fondled so roughly. He had never experienced anything like this before.

Suddenly, Randal's hands withdrew.

"Wuh... What?" Sebastian whined sleepily.

"Haah... hahaha... haa... it's my turn ☆" Randal rasped erotically (well, as erotic as a fifteen year-old cryptid shut-in NEET loser could possibly be) as he flipped his pet onto his back and crawled on top of him. He straddled Sebastian's penis as he began to take off his gym shorts and boxers. He discarded them, and began to rub his pussy (still oozing with Luther's cum) on top of Sebastian's aching confused penis. His eyes narrowed and he smirked as he took off his shirt. "I... I'll admit, I got a little jealous that Sebastian was having all the fun... I wanted to join in too... We can feel good together ♡♡♡♡♡♡"

The morning light had seeped through enough to light up the room more, and Randal's visage and figure were more visible through Sebastian's sleepy, tear-swollen eyes. Randal was grinning like a psychopath, his head tilted slightly akin to a deranged puppy.

"It's five o'clock, A.M., so that means we have exactly two hours and twenty nine minutes and... fifty four seconds before Luther comes in here to wake us up... kehehehe..." Randal's nose was bleeding as his hips moved more erratically. His breathing was ragged and labored.

Sebastian couldn't help but gaze up at Randal's breasts. After all, he was pinned on his back and had no choice but to look up. Looking at the boy(?)'s chest was much better than making eye contact with him, which is how he attempted to rationalize it, anyway. And... he couldn't help it. He was a hormonal young man who hadn't had access to breasts in aeons. *Just... pretend this is someone else...*

Randal lowered his hips, his cunt engulfing Sebastian's raging boner. He leaned forward, his small, scarred breasts colliding with Sebastian's face. The older teen couldn't help but buck into the warm, oozing entrance. He hadn't felt anything like this, not even with his girlfriend back in his old life. Maybe... maybe this was worth it... Maybe. Randal's cool flesh felt good against his flushed face. Maybe he'd be smothered. That'd be nice. He attempted to move his arms, but Randal was sitting on top of them.

"Hff... Randal..." Sebastian whimpered weakly. "I can't move my arms..."

Randal pretended to ignore him as he bucked his hips faster.

"Ah... Sebastian~~~~ This feels... Amazing... ♡♡♡♡" Randal whined, arching his back. *Although... it's a lot different than with Luther. I think.* His small, bony chest was crushing Sebastian's face, causing the older teen's head to spin dazzlingly.

Instinctively, Sebastian kissed the small mounds of flesh that were on top of his face, causing Randal to moan, girlishly and loudly.

*Shit! He has to be quiet! I don't want Luther to see my dick!*

"Randal...!" Sebastian hissed. "Be quiet!"

"Hfuuu... ah... I don't... want to... be quiet... ♡" Randal groaned, arching his back and crushing Sebastian even more. "We're so in love... there's no use hiding it... ♡" he grabbed the top of Sebastian's head with his arms, muffling him with his chest. He stroked the boy's curly ginger hair.

Eventually, Sebastian regained enough strength to wriggle his arms out from under Randal's scarred legs. He grabbed the boy's hips, attempting to thrust and match the rhythm that Randal had set.

"Hff... What's this??" Randal sat up, looking at his pet below him. "The student has become the teacher! AHN!" he yelped as Sebastian thrust especially hard into him. "Uhuhu... this is... truly... *amazing* ♡" *He's getting so good at this!* Randal thought to himself, smiling as his nose began to bleed and drip onto Sebastian's face and torso. *I'm so proud!*

Sebastian let go of the boy's waist, and Randal leaned forward more, arching his back yet again. The older teen began to grope his breasts, which had Luther's fingernails still imprinted on them. Neither of them cared.

Randal smiled.

"You're too gentle... It's gonna take more than that to get me off, Sebastian-kun ☆" Randal winked, faux-demurely. He wrapped his hands around Sebastian's and squeezed until Sebastian's fingernails began to nearly cut through his already scarred and reddened skin. "Oooohu.... This..." his eyes rolled back into his skull in an unholy pleasure.

"Randal... I'm gonna... Hgh....!!" Sebastian whined. *I don't care anymore. This is fucking amazing!*

Randal looked down at his pet, tucking his long hair behind both his ears. "I don't have my glasses on."

Sebastian's dick twitched; he knew he was close. He wasn't even thinking anymore. This was all instinctual, animalistic. (The best way to make love ☆ - Randal)

"Agh... I'm so close...!!!"

"Do it." Randal cooed encouragingly, petting Sebastian's hair and running his curls through his thin fingers. *Hm, my fingers are a lot like Luther's... Weird.*

Sebastian bucked his hips even harder, finally reaching his climax.

"Oh! A-AH!! Oh..." Randal groaned. "Hmggfff... fuck... That was..." he rolled over to lay down next to his pet, panting and sweaty. "I love you, Sebastian."

"I love... you too, Randal." Sebastian groaned, exhausted again.

Then, the post-coitus clarity began to hit.

*I really... No... this is another fucked up dream... A nightmare? Ugh... My... He began to sob again. I fucking hate myself. I... I'm...*

-

Luther came into Randal's room at approximately seven thirty three A.M.

"Randal. Sebastian. I made breakfast. Wake up." He glanced over the dual coffins.

Randal was still completely naked, laying next to Sebastian. While Sebastian... seemed paralyzed and comatose. They were both fast asleep.

"Hm. That's what I thought." *I thought I could hear noises*, Luther thought to himself, his cheeks flushed. *Good to know that I'm not crazy.*

He went down to the kitchen, fetching himself a cup of tea. He poured some sugar into it, and a few seconds later, he heard two sets of familiar footsteps walking downstairs to enter the kitchen.

"Thine... brother~ ☆" Randal yawned lazily. Sebastian looked more corpse-like than usual.

"I know what you two were doing in there." Luther said, not looking up from his tea. He stirred the liquid in its small, florally-painted cup as Nyen peered over the top of his head to glare at both Randal and Sebastian. Nyen was reading a newspaper in Russian. (Where did he find that?)

Randal turned bright pink.

"T-Thine brother!!! It's just a misunderstanding! You see-" he stammered, shoving Sebastian behind him awkwardly.

"Shush. I know these kinds of things, as an adult. Now, you two, eat your breakfast before it gets cold. And Randal," Luther said, commanding Randal to come closer.

Randal slowly walked over to his brother.

Luther motioned for him to bend downwards. "I want to have a special talk with you after we are done with our breakfast festivities." he whispered in the teen's ear, causing all of his ginger hair to stand on end.

## Chapter End Notes

This is my Randalcore playlist mwahahahaha... I will add more stuff later perhaps but these are songs that I listen to when writing this. <https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLTzErbZkCe5ycILPs6s7U8um4XvguAA0b>

Full of songs Randal canonically enjoys + songs that I think he would listen to (I'm him I would know (joke) (or not)) and also some of the songs in this playlist are the chapter titles in this work.

Oh yeah and also throwback to when I was mutuals with Cpt. Howdie on twitter before I got banned wauuughh I've been in this fandom from day one I remember when the Lucids were first made (Not trying to brag I was like a baby at the time. I miss that) Also. Satorucore playlist soon next few chapters or so will feature more Sebastian, Satoru, and Nyen OK.

# A Dog With Sharper Teeth/Fading Like a Flower (Double Feature!)

## Chapter Summary

A special two-for-the-price-of-one feature starring everyone's favorite oft-neglected little rascals Nyon and Tsukada Satoru!

Oh, and Randal is there too. And Nyen, maybe.

(For today's fanart I tried out a different style of coloring and rendering. I hope you guys like it. I will be doing things like this from now on.)

Also warning for mild vomit stuff. Nothing really sexual here because I didn't feel like writing sex stuff. The focus on this chapter is mostly the art at the very top.

## Chapter Notes

My Russian is bad because I am using a translator. Sorry. Knowing Ukrainian isn't enough. I need to go back to language class.

I'm sure by this point, we are all in agreement that Randal is the epitome of the word "brat." He can be quite awful at times, and whines when things don't go exactly his way. Today was no different.

Luther had gone to the store, Nyen was nowhere to be found, and Sebastian was asleep.

Randal didn't feel like playing with his dolls, and most certainly did *not* want to clean his room as his brother had requested before he left to run some unknown errand. (In reality, Luther had told him exactly where he was going and what time he would be returning, but as per usual, Randal wasn't listening.)

*Hmm, whatever shall I do?* He thought to himself. His eyes narrowed and a smirk appeared on his face *A-ha!*

Logically, he came to the conclusion that he should bother the only other occupant in the house that was, firstly, alive, and number two, was humanoid and bipedal.

"Nyon... kekeke..." Randal's smile grew wider as he began to search the house for the elusive catman. *Well, wait..* He thought, pausing in his steps and nearly tripping. *He only speaks Russian... this may prove to be a little more difficult... But for I, the Dark Prince of the Ivory household, this shall be a piece of cake!*

Eventually, he found him in the living room, drinking some kind of black coffee concoction out of one of Luther's floral teacups.

*Why didn't I check here first?* Randal thought, mentally kicking himself for checking every drawer in the upstairs bathroom and under the floorboards and loose pieces of carpet in the hallway.

"Nyon!" Randal cheered, running over to the catman and flopping down on the couch next to him, facefirst. "Oof."

"Рэндал." Nyon said cautiously, taking a sip from his cup.

Randal lifted up his head, arms still outstretched in front of him. He smiled.

"э-э?" Nyon looked down at the strange boy, unamused. *Он странный...*

Randal scrambled to sit up. He peered up at the catman.

"So....." Randal's eyes were wide, and his lack of eyebrows or eyelashes made him look quite uncanny.

"Это... Что ты делаешь?" Nyon adjusted his seating position anxiously.

Randal narrowed his eyes, smirking devilishly.

"I'm boooooored."

"..." No response.

Randal inched himself closer, his face nearly colliding with the catman's crotch.

"чего ты здесь пытаешься достичь?"

"Uhh..." Randal scoured his brain for any Russian phrases he may know. His eyes widened. "сука блять! сука блять! See, I *do* know Russian!"

Nyon felt the urge to facepalm, but he resisted. Honestly, at least the boy was trying, right?

"I... I do speak English, you know." Nyon sighed. "I just... choose not to, most times."

Randal's eyes widened, even more so than humanly possible. Then, he sighed.

"Ugh... you've missed out on so much fun stuff though! You could've at least said *something*, you know!" Randal replied, dejectedly, poking the catman's thigh.

*мне не следовало этого говорить*, Nyon thought to himself. *это ошибка...*

Randal rested his chin atop the frustrated man's thigh, looking up at him with an unamused look in his eyes. Nyon placed his coffee down.

"What is it that you want?" he sighed, unimpressed with Randal's odd behavior. (As per usual, as Randal never acts normally.)

"Dunno. Bored." Randal yawned. "I'm tired. I could... fall asleep... right... here..." his eyes fluttered, warm breath wafting around Nyon's crotch.

*Иисус*, Nyon sighed. *это ужасно*. He flicked Randal's forehead, but the teen was already asleep.

Just then, Nyen shuffled in, covered in blood and dirt. He looked zombified.

"чья это кровь?" Nyon asked, curiously.

"Speak English, *Russki*." Nyen spat. "And I'll assume that was a question that I don't feel like answering, so I'll ignore it." The catman slouched down on Luther's armchair, lighting up a cigarette. "Holy fuck."

"You are getting blood on the Master's chair."

"Do I *look* like I care?" Nyen took a drag from his cigarette. "Jesus, it's been a day. There are more important things going on in this world." Nyen lowered his gaze to a sleeping Randal. His eyes narrowed suspiciously. "Hm. What's this?"

"Nothing. I believe he is asleep." Nyen replied. *как мне...?*

"So you're all buddy-buddy with *Randal* now, I see." Nyen raised an eyebrow, cigarette dangling from his mouth. "How *very* interesting."

"You... lack understanding. He-"

"I don't care what you have to say." Nyen's voice became more aggressive and agitated. *This stupid fucking brat is ruining everything.*

Randal woke up, yawning. He noticed Nyen, and his eyes widened anxiously.

"What are *you* doing here?" the boy asked, anxiously, his wild eyes darting across the room.

"I live in this house too, you know. There aren't many other places I could go." Nyen replied, taking yet another drag of his cigarette. "I could ask *you* the same question."

"Leave him alone. He's just... a kid." Nyen replied, trying to avoid any potential conflicts. He quite liked it when the house was peaceful and quiet, which was rare. He wished he could reverse time to have avoided this whole situation.

"*Hm*." Nyen's eyes narrowed, making him look even more catlike in appearance. "So I see. This is a *very* interesting situation, indeed." he purred, smugly.

Randal had fallen asleep again.

"There is... nothing here. Nothing interesting. You, go."

"..." Nyen got up, dried blood encrusting Luther's beloved armchair. "Whatever. You're acting weird."

"There is blood..."

"I don't care." Nyen huffed, beginning to shuffle out of the room. "I'll clean it later. Maybe."

Nyen stroked Randal's ginger hair tentatively, his hands shaking. *он слишком суров...*

Randal began to stir, making a noise akin to a small yawn and his hands clenching onto the material of Nyen's pants, but regardless didn't fully awaken.

-

"Randal-kun, Randal-kun!!!" A familiar voice cheered. "R-Randal-kun, huff huff, you c-came back!!" it was Satoru, Randal's dream friend, running towards him at incredible speed.

"Ah... Satoru...kun..." Randal sighed, rubbing his forehead. "Uh, where am I?"

Satoru cocked his head, pouting. "You... don't remember?"

"...Huh?"

"...We're in school right now! Today there aren't any classes since it's a Saturday, but we have backgammon club on the school rooftop today."

"..." Randal looked down at his feet, apathetically.

"What... What's wrong... with you?" Satoru got uncomfortably close to Randal, intertwining the teen's small, gloved hands with his own. He looked into the boy's blank eyes, hoping to find something resembling an emotion or thought.

"I don't feel so good..." Randal replied, his hands clammy.

"What's-" Satoru's question was interrupted by the vomit spilling out of Randal's mouth.

"Hrgk... Ugh. Fuck." Randal panted.

"Oh, you're... sick..." Satoru's voice was breathy, his face uncomfortably close to Randal's. He pressed their lips firmly together, ignoring the fact that Randal had literally just puked. He pulled away, smiling, mouth covered in vomit. "I... sure do hope you feel better soon, Randal-kun." He smiled and wiped his mouth with the sleeve of his gakuran.

"Yeah, yeah, whatever. I have to shit."

"Oh... um... I think there's a WC on the third floor... if you, you know... need to go." Satoru replied, disappointed. He let go of Randal's hands.

Randal walked down the hall, but before Satoru could follow him, he disappeared.

"He must've woken up..." Satoru sighed, talking to himself. *Why does this always happen...? I'm so unlucky.* Recently, Randal hadn't been sleeping or even dreaming very often. To say Satoru was lonely was a massive understatement. He was crestfallen, dejected, et. cetera, yadda yadda. Randal had created him, and he had been indebted to this mysterious bespectacled boy ever since. Hell, he had watched Randal grow up, had listened to all of his problems, he had even helped him in some scenarios... And now... Randal didn't care about him? Not even one bit? *Why? Why did this have to happen to me? We had it so good, and now he barely even acknowledges me? What good am I? I can... already feel myself fading away... he's... forgetting me.*

# 2000 Miles

## Chapter Summary

Satoru and Randal fuck in the snow.

(Based off of this image ->

<https://ranfren.neocities.org/profile/satorutsukada/randaldreamthumb.png>)

'In these frozen and silent nights, sometimes in a dream, you appear'

It was an exceptionally cold midwinters' night.

Tsukada Satoru was wandering aimlessly through the frozen wastelands of Randal's dreamscape. The last thing he remembered was being in the confines of classroom 2-A, but in the blink of an eye he was whisked away. Through the snowing, foggy sky, he could see the lights of a small town in the distance.

"Huff... huff..." he could see his own breath. Luckily, he was wearing the proper clothing for the weather. He knew Randal would probably enter the dream soon; a sudden change of scenery and mood often meant his REM stages were just beginning. His mind was active. Satoru rubbed his hands together. "I've... just gotta keep walking. Randal-kun's probably... nearby..." *Hopefully...* His feet were growing numb trudging in the snow despite the warm winter boots he was wearing.

As Satoru meandered through the desolate landscape, he saw a movement out of the corner of his eye. He turned to meet this, unsure of what to expect.

"S-Satoru... kun..." It was Randal. His nose was running, and his cheeks and nose were rosy from the bite of the winter air. He smiled.

"R-Randal-kun... you... you came back!" Satoru couldn't help but smile as he reached his gloved hand to Randal's nose to wipe the snot away. Randal sniffled.

"Well, yeah." Randal glanced over at a large object in the distance. "Do you see that?" he said, pointing at it.

"Yeah."

"Let's go check it out!"

"O-OK...!" *This is just like the old days... everything is alright again!* Satoru was elated. It almost felt like a dream; he hadn't felt this happy in ages. He reached for Randal's hand, and the ginger teen was receptive this time. *His hand is so small...* Satoru thought to himself as he interlaced his fingers with Randal's own.

The two boys ran over to the large, immobile object. It was a broken-down car. There was a small tent next to it.

"D-Do you think someone's here?" Satoru whispered anxiously. "I... I think we should leave, right? I don't wanna get caught poking around in here."

"Look! I found some snacks in here!" Randal cheered, reaching through the broken window of the car.

"SHH! Randal!" Satoru pleaded.

Randal turned to look at the anxious Satoru, his arm still halfway inside the car and his hand full of various candies. He narrowed his eyes, smugly, and his nose was running again. He wiped it away, sniffing.

"You're such a scaredy-cat, Satoru." he replied, smugly. "There's nothing to worry about."

"I... I suppose... you're right... Randal-kun..." *He's so cool... and so fearless! But, what if we do get caught? Surely he'll know what to do.*

"Let's check the tent!" Randal replied, excitedly. He pocketed the candies.

"Um... I don't want to..." Satoru replied, taking a step back.

"Why not? There might be some more stuff in there~~~" Randal replied, teasingly, in a singsong voice.

"F... Fine." Satoru sighed.

Randal knelt down and opened the flaps of the tent. Satoru squatted beside him, cautiously, every possible alarm bell sounding in his head.

"A-HA!" Randal yelled, causing his companion to nearly jump out of his skin. "There's nothing here." he smirked, looking over at the startled Satoru. He laughed. "Ahh.. Haha... You should see the look on your face~~!! You look... haha... so funny..." he said, covering his mouth with a gloved hand in an attempt to stifle his laughter. Satoru was unamused, glaring daggers into Randal's skull. "Sorry, sorry."

"Can we go now? This place is weirding me out... I don't wanna get in trouble, Randal-kun..."

"It's fiiiine. Grow up and stop being such a whiny little kid! There's gotta be some good stuff in here!" Randal replied nonchalantly, crawling into the tent and rummaging through the various things inside.

"Randal... um," Satoru mumbled, "There's a... sleeping bag in here with someone in it..."

Randal paused.

"Well, let's see who's in it!"

*That's a terrible idea! What is he thinking?!*

The ginger teen unzipped the sleeping bag slowly, reveling in Satoru's anxious pleas not to. Finally, the sleeping figure was revealed. It was bloated and pale and blue beyond any recognition. Its lips were completely black, and it looked like it was crafted from porcelain.

"AH!!" Satoru replied, losing his balance and falling backwards. "Oof..." He got up and crawled into the tent.

"Satoru, look at this..." Randal replied gingerly, pointing at the sleeping bag.

"What *is* that?" Satoru asked, hiding behind his companion and peering over his shoulder.

"It's a corpse." Randal said, turning his head towards Satoru and grinning boyishly. "Whoever was in here must've froze to death and died in their sleep... That's too bad."

"I-"

"There's not really anything good in here, anyways." Randal continued, interrupting his friend. "There was an empty thermos in here that might've had soup or something in it. It's useless now, so let's keep going."

"Alright..." Satoru sighed as both boys left the tent and continued walking through the snow-covered fields.

They walked in silence for what seemed like ages in the desolate wonderland, passing frostbitten scarecrows in their barren fields and rotting oak trees infested with the bloated corpses of frozen bluebirds and eastern gray squirrels.

Satoru reached for Randal's hand, yet again, but Randal wasn't paying attention.

*I guess it's back to usual, now.* Satoru sighed. The city lights in front of them seemed to be getting farther and farther away the more they continued to walk, somehow.

"Satoru, look!" Randal paused in his steps, causing his companion to nearly run into him. The bespectacled boy pointed at a tree in the distance. "That tree has something hanging from it. I wanna go check it out!"

Before Satoru could say anything, Randal had already begun to run towards the mysterious tree.

"RANDAL-KUN! W-WAIT!!" Satoru panted as he tried to catch up to his beloved companion.

In only a few minutes, both boys had made it to the tree, panting. The icy clouds of their warm breath mingled together for a moment in the frozen night sky.

"Haah... huff... Wow..." Randal panted, his nose dripping with snot yet again. "It looks like someone killed themselves here!" he said cheerfully, nudging the hanging body.

*So that's what it was...* Satoru sighed, sitting down on a large rock conveniently located a few steps away.

"I wonder if this person was with whoever died in that tent? Maybe this guy said something like 'I'll go get some help in the town while you hang out in the tent.' Or something like that." Randal speculated, watching the hanging body swing back and forth gently. "The rope they used is really nice. It's all frozen and rotted, but it's still doing its job! That's... incredible..." Randal beamed, still a little out of breath from running. He turned around.

Satoru looked up at him, glumly, with his head in his hands. Randal sat down next to him, leaning in and inhaling loudly through his stuffed nose.

"Want some candy?" Randal asked, reaching into his pocket. "Looks like we have... a couple of Coffee Crisps and some-"

"I'm not hungry." Satoru replied, interrupting his friend.

Randal frowned and put the candy back in his pocket.

"OK."

The two looked out into the distance for some time in silence. The dark purple sky was finally changing color into a vibrant pink-orange as the night transitioned into early morning. If Satoru had to guess, it was probably around five or six A.M.

Randal turned to look at his companion. The hanged corpse was still gently swaying in the breeze.

"It's cold... I don't wanna end up like the dead guys." he said, leaning harder into Satoru and wrapping his arms around his companion. He nuzzled his face into Satoru's neck.

Satoru jumped. *His face is so cold...*

"Well, I guess we could cuddle for warmth... maybe." Satoru replied, getting an idea. He hadn't had any physical or intimate contact with his companion in ages, and this was the perfect time for that! But... "Never mind, that was a stupi-"

Randal tackled Satoru, causing the two boys to fall. They landed side by side, facing each other. Randal wrapped his arms around Satoru and buried his face into the boy's chest. He sighed, deeply. Satoru tentatively wrapped his arms around Randal, causing the ginger teen to shudder, but ultimately pull him closer. Their hearts were beating in tandem as the sunrise was deepening and causing the snow to become dazzlingly white from the sun's reflection.

"Mmh..." Randal groaned quietly, his voice muffled by Satoru's winter coat. "Satoru..."

"Randal-kun..." Satoru smiled meekly. This was amazing. He didn't care that they were cold; if they froze to death, he wouldn't even care because it meant he could finally die happy, in his best friend's arms. He removed his hands from the teen's waist, and cupped his hands around his face, guiding it closer to his own. They were eye to eye, their warm breath melting the coldness off of each other's faces.

Randal closed his eyes, his heart beating slowly.

*Thump, thump, thump.*

Satoru smushed their faces together, rubbing Randal's nose with his own. They shared a small kiss in the thick blanket of snow.

*This... almost feels fake. Satoru thought to himself, his eyelids growing heavy. If it is, I don't want it to end. I don't care if this isn't real. I'm happy...*

His thoughts were interrupted by an urgency in his groin. He felt himself harden, and surely his companion felt it too, as their bodies were pressed as close together as physically possible. *Fuck...*

"Shh, Satoru-kun, it's OK." Randal smiled gently. "Let's..."

Satoru nodded enthusiastically and excitedly. Randal didn't even have to finish his sentence before he started unbuckling his belt and unzipping his pants. Randal smiled and began to pull down his own pants. Randal dropped to all fours in the snow, with Satoru moving behind him.

Randal turned his head, narrowing his eyes and grinning.

"Hurry up and do it." he replied, smirking. The lenses of his glasses caught the sun just right, and they beamed for a split-second like in a shitty anime.

Satoru anxiously inserted himself into Randal's already dripping cunt. *I see... he felt the same... This is amazing...* Satoru began to move, leaning on top of his companion and wrapping his arms around him. "We have to stay warm..." he smiled.

Randal whimpered at both Satoru beginning to fuck him, and the weight of another person on top of him. His arms trembled, but he was mainly concerned about the warm, wonderful feelings in both his pussy and the depths of his stomach.

"D-Does it feel... good?" Satoru whined, nuzzling his face into the back of Randal's neck.

"Haah... yeah..." Randal moaned, biting his lip and focusing on the fact he could see his breath cloud out around his face every time he moaned. *This will be over soon... My arms fucking hurt.*

"Ah! Ah! R-Randal-kun! Mhgh..!" Satoru whimpered, thrusting his hips faster. "Agh... Fuck, this is too good! I... I love you, Randal-kun! I-I'm gonna cum!"

*Well, that was quicker than expected,* Randal winced. *I guess that's a good thing.*

"S-Satoru!" he yelped as Satoru thrust so hard it nearly knocked them both face-first into the snow. "Agh!" Luckily for the both of them, he was able to regain his balance. *This doesn't feel very good... He's... not like Luther or Nyen at all. This sucks.*

Finally, after what seemed like ages (but was only around thirty seconds) Satoru came. He pulled himself out, panting. Randal's arms gave out, and he collapsed into the snow. He could hear Satoru calling his name, but something else was drawing him away...

"Randal."

His eyes shot open, waking up in his room. The (real) morning light was beginning to seep into his bedroom, and its brightness was hurting his sensitive eyes.

"Randal. It's time to wake up. I made breakfast."

It was Luther.

"HISSSSSSSS!!!!!!!!!!!" Randal spat, covered his clammy face with the blanket in his coffin. "Leave me aloneeee." he groaned, his voice muffled by the fabric covering his mouth.

# Angel's Thanatos

## Chapter Summary

Randal plays Silent Hill 2 and gets scared.  
THIS IS WHOLESOME OK GUYS

The past couple of days were like any other in the Ivory household. Loud and chaotic.

Luther was at his wit's end.

"Randal. Why have you been such a nightmare recently? What's gotten into you?" Luther sighed, hands on his hips as he surveyed the damage that his younger sibling had caused to his study.

"Aww, c'mon, thou brother~~" Randal batted his nonexistent eyelashes in a (failed) attempt to sedate Luther's growing rage. "It's not like you even use this room anyway, haha."

"That's not the matter. What did you even *do* in here?" The whole room is covered in some kind of coarse, pitch-black dust. *Are these ashes? No... They're too black and not fine enough. Hm...* Luther lets some of the dust sift between his fingertips. He instantly regrets this, as his index and forefinger are now stained completely black.

Randal sticks out his tongue in jest. He'd been caught, and would most likely get a punishment of some kind. It was inevitable. *I hope he doesn't take away my Wii... I've gotten really good at Carnival Games.*

"...I'm going to take away your Ouija board for the time being. I'll give it back once you learn how to behave." Luther replies, his voice devoid of any emotion.

*What?! This is even worse!*

"B-But thine *brother!* S-Surely there's a better way to go around this!" Randal pleads, practically throwing himself on the floor in desperation.

Luther sighs.

"Fine."

"I'm off the hook?" Randal looks up, his eyes wide.

"Not completely." This utterance causes Randal to whine in protest. "However, I'd like to make a deal with you."

"I'm listening..." Randal replies, standing back up and dusting himself off. His eyes are narrowed and the corners of his mouth are teasing a sinister grin.



"You have the face of someone who desperately needs sleep. If you don't go to bed, I'm returning your game for store credit. And I will use the store credit to buy something more psychologically stimulating for you. Something educational, perhaps."

"..."

"Don't make me regret doing something nice for you."

"Fine." Randal saved his game and turned off the TV. He yawned, his eyes already baggy from the lack of sleep. He began to walk to his room, and Luther turned out the lights behind him, causing the boy to jump.

"Hm? What's the matter?"

"Ah... S-Sorry, I thought I saw Pyramid Head in the hallway... Heh." Randal's heartbeat returns to normal.

"Pyramid what now?" Luther asked, quizzically.

"Oh, um, from my game." Randal's eyes are glancing around. *Surely that wasn't real, right? My eyes are just playing a mean trick on me!*

"OK... Well, off to bed with you."

"Goodnight, brother."

"Goodnight, Randal. Try to get some sleep tonight."

"I'll... try. No promises, though. You know how it is." Randal smirks, and sprints down the dark hallway to his bedroom.

*What's gotten into him? Luther thinks to himself. Silent Hill 2, hm? I... suppose it wouldn't hurt too much to check it out for myself. He walked over to the living room and picked up the box for the game. He examined the front and back very thoroughly. Hmm... Rated 'M' for mature...? And the little pictures on the back of the box look quite disturbing as well. I already regret this; I've failed him by not doing my due diligence before buying this game for him...*

Luther dejectedly walked to his room. *Poor Randal. I hope he's not too terrified.*

He barely got in bed before he heard a faint knock on his door.

"Come in."

"LutherICan'tSleep..." Randal panted, his hair tousled terribly and his eyes so baggy they were barely open. "Pyramid Head....." he quickly shut the door behind him and practically dove into his brother's bed.

Luther sighed.

"Come here. It's OK." It was clear he had no idea how to comfort the terrified teen, but by God did he try. He began to stroke Randal's back. He was shivering. Randal scooted himself closer.

"Scary... nurses..." the teen mumbled, half asleep.

"You can sleep in here tonight, if you wish."

"...Thank you." Randal yawns, curling up next to his sibling. "Can you... Can you stroke my hair... like you used to when I was little?"

*Who am I to deny such an innocent request?* Luther began working his cold fingers through Randal's knotted and gnarled ginger hair.

"Let me brush your hair tomorrow."

"...Nho..." Randal whined, sleepily. "Mhn... This feels nice."

The man made do with his fingers, attempting to un-mat the fiery mess of hair on Randal's head. This proved to be difficult.

Randal rested his head on his brother's lap, curling up and pulling the rosewater-scented down comforter around both of them.

"I love you, big brother. I promise I'll be good forever."

# Black Car Drives South

## Chapter Summary

Randal attempts to sneak out.

Also, he and Nyen are starting to get along. Maybe. How wholesome.

## Chapter Notes

I am back with more art and writing..

Also the title of this chapter is yet another Honolulu Mountain Daffodils song. Gotta love the Daffs :-)

Also this chapter and the next one are inspired by my boyfriend I love him more than life itself.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was another late night in the Ivory household.

Every nightly duty had been completed. All the dishes had been washed, carpets vacuumed, various items put back in their proper places, floors swept, and, of course, everyone was quietly tucked away in bed, fast asleep. Hopefully.

Well, that was simply not the case. Like a thief in the night, Randal had somehow managed to get out of bed and make his way downstairs without alerting anyone. His final destination? That was anyone's guess. Only he knew the correct answer, like always.

He had made it halfway through the living room, quietly tiptoeing his way through the ground floor of the house. *Carefully, carefully... Almost there.*

He continued on his quest, nearing the front door. But... something wasn't quite right. He felt a pair of invisible eyes follow his footsteps. Was he being watched? The pitch-blackness of the night made an excellent cover for anyone willing to be sneaky. Unless, of course, this person had excellent night vision. And whoever this was could be one of three people.

"What useless little *vermin* could be sneaking around here at this hour...?" A low, faux-smug voice grumbled into the night. Whoever this was sounded bored out of their mind, and barely awake.

Randal nearly jumped out of his skin, all of his hair standing on end. *Have I been caught?!*

The lights were turned on, nearly blinding the poor boy.

"Over here, idiot." *Nyen...*

"Oh. It's *you*." Randal rolled his eyes, sighing. "Don't tell my brother about this." He began to reach for the doorknob.

"Where are you going?" Nyen raised an eyebrow.

"None of your business." Randal turned around and stuck out his tongue. "You're gonna follow me into the woods and rape me or something, aren't you?" *Just leave me alone...*

"Hm." The catman sighed, stroking his chin. He hadn't shaved in a few days. "I wouldn't do that. But you never know. There might be someone out there who would." *What the hell is wrong with this kid?*

"Whatever. I'm not scared of anything." Randal began to open the door. "...And I'm *definitely* not scared of *you*." He smirked, and his smug demeanor was clear as day in his voice.

*Fuck*, Nyen thought. *He's really pissing me off now. What's up with that?* It was almost like Randal had a special talent for rubbing people the wrong way at best, and at worst, driving them to actual insanity.

The catman dug his claws into the back of Randal's scalp, pulling him away from the still-closed door with excessive force.

"OWWW! What the hell?!" Randal flailed his hands around in the air, attempting to simultaneously balance his feet on the ground and wrestle himself out of the death grip Nyen had on him. "Let me go!!"

"Shut up. You'll wake everyone up if you keep screaming like that." Nyen continued to drag him away from the front of the house. "You're so annoying. Your voice is so girly it makes me sick." He spat, his grip growing ever-harder and his rage boiling deep inside him like Luther's beloved earl grey on the stove. "Can't you at least *try* to be a man?" ...*Since you certainly think you really are one.*

Randal remained silent. He stopped struggling, and deep down, this actually felt kind of nice. Albeit in a fucked-up way. *Of course.*

And, of course, Nyen continued to hurl careless insults and hurtful remarks his way. Randal didn't care. His nose was already starting to bleed, and his breathing grew labored. He tried his best to suppress his pained whines.

"Hff..." Randal's chest felt tight, it was getting harder to breathe and his nose was stuffy from the blood gushing out of it. "Aah..."

Nyen let go. *What?*

Randal turned around, the catman towering over him. He avoided eye contact, wiping the coagulating blood from his nose. He grinned sheepishly.

"So you think this is a game?" Nyen grit his teeth, trying to remain calm. *He just wants a reaction. I can't give him one.* "You're not supposed to like this."

Randal's eyes narrowed, his grin growing wider and more malicious.

"Huhu..." He cackled. "If you know I like this so much, why do you keep doing it?" His grin grew inhumanly wider. "I think... that... Mayyyyybe you like this too~ Hahaha..."

"That's not true. Not at all."

The boy got uncomfortably close to Nyen. He gazed upwards, making direct eye contact. Nyen's eyes narrowed, and he frowned.

"Admit it~ Admit it already~!! You're just as fucked up as I am. There's no denying that ♡" Randal stood on his tiptoes attempting to get their faces as close together as possible. Nyen furrowed his brow and looked away.

"Leave me alone before I actually hurt you." *I don't care what the consequences are anymore. I might actually kill him this time.* The catman's heart was pounding in his chest, threatening to explode at any given moment. Was it rage? Was it arousal? It could be both, neither, one or the other. It didn't matter anymore. He wanted that brat gone for good, and that was final.

Randal remained silent, grinning.

"I'm warning you. Don't do anything stupid." *Fuck, he's baiting me, isn't he? And I've taken it, all of it, hook, line, and sinker.*

Nyen grabbed Randal's stringy, greasy bangs by the root, the palm of his hand colliding with the boy's forehead. *God, when's the last time he bathed? His hair's fucking nasty.*

Randal grinned, closing his eyes.

"Stop smiling. It's creepy when you do that." Nyen sighed. "Look. I know what you're trying to do here. Can you at least pretend to hate *this* a little bit?"

Randal narrowed his eyes, gazing directly into the catman's own.

"Maybe. No promises, though ♡♡" He bit his lower lip in an attempt to be seductive. Well, as seductive as a deranged, mentally ill child with poor hygiene could possibly be. *It was enough.*

"We'll have to be quick. And you need to be quiet." *God, I can't believe I'm actually bargaining with him... But, he's just too good. Maybe this will be worth it. Maybe if I give him what he wants... maybe then, he'll finally respect me. Genius.*

"Sure. Whatever." Randal began to take off his pants.

"No! Not here, you idiot. Follow me." Nyen let go of Randal's hair and lead him to the downstairs washroom. The teen followed him like a lost puppy. (Well, one with mange and rabies.)

Randal closed the door behind them. He peered anxiously into Nyen's eyes.

"S-So..." Randal cleared his throat awkwardly. "Ehe.."

"Get on your knees."

"But-" Randal whined.

"Just do it."

"Ugh. Fine." Randal gingerly knelt on the cold tile floor as Nyen unbuckled his belt and freed his half-erect penis.

"I'm sure you can figure it out from here." Nyen guided Randal's face to his dick, the teen's heavy breath welcomingly warm. Randal gripped Nyen's pants tightly in balled fists as his parted lips inched tantalizingly closer to... *Fuck*. Nyen felt himself grow painfully harder. "Just..." He gripped Randal's ginger locks tighter, his fingers intertwining with its fiery, wild roots. His hands were shaking; balling into fists.

"Ah... Be p-patient..." Randal gasped, groaning at the sensation of Nyen's claws digging into his scalp. In return, his hands clenched around Nyen's thighs even tighter through his pants. He carefully placed several chaste (really?) kisses along the head of Nyen's aching penis. This did little to help as Nyen only dug his claws in deeper. "Agh...!" As he whined, he parted his lips more, panting heavily on the catman's dick.

*He's taking so fucking long. I can't stand it...* He couldn't wait any longer! *Be patient, my ass! I'm the one in control here!* Nyen huffed impatiently as he quickly thrust himself into Randal's mouth in a raw display of primal desire, causing the boy to gag as he struggled against Nyen's iron grip. *This is fuckin' amazing.* The catman grit his teeth, letting out a hiss through his clenched jaw. *We have to be quiet.* He could physically feel Randal choking on his length, the boy drooling and his small hands attempting to keep his body balanced.

Nyen began to slowly move his hips, the grating sensation of Randal's sharp teeth becoming more apparent with each thrust. "Open your mouth more." he groaned, attempting to circumvent the painful sensation on his genitalia by grabbing Randal's hair tighter. He reached his free hand backwards onto the sink countertop to steady himself.

Randal inhaled sharply through his bloody, clogged nose, loosening his jaw. He was so focused on the external sensations he was experiencing that he didn't realize all of his muscles were clenched as tightly as possible. Nyen pushed his head further, the boy's nose colliding with his lower stomach. *Damnit*, Nyen groaned, deep in thought. *This feels too good.* He silently cursed his Master for keeping something *this* amazing away from him for so long. *Although... he does need some more work with his technique.*

Nyen's dick was all the way down Randal's throat, effectively preventing him from breathing. Tears began to well up in his half-lidded eyes as he looked up.

"Don't... look at me like that." Nyen sighed, avoiding eye contact with the boy below him. He half-heartedly attempted to shove his dick even further down the boy's already full throat, causing him to retch in discomfort. "Come on. I know you can do better than this." He sharply thrust into Randal's mouth, bucking his hips forward so hard he nearly loses his balance.

Randal gripped even harder onto the catman's thighs, tears rolling down his cheeks. Nyen couldn't tell if the teenager was enjoying this, but it's not like that really mattered, anyway. *He'll be able to hold out; it'll only be for a few more minutes.* Nyen already felt himself getting close, which was a bit embarrassing. But, to be fair, he hadn't done anything like this in what felt like ages. He began to move again, barely letting his dick escape Randal's lips before ramming it back down his throat.

Randal could barely breathe, and his nose was running with both the remnants of coagulated blood and thick snot. But, somehow, he felt solace in this. He didn't mind Nyen taking out his anger on him. He was calm, for he was confident he could bend any negative situation to his whim. His

glasses were getting fogged up. *I might pass out...* ♡ he thought to himself, his ears beginning to ring. *I think that would be OK...*

With a final thrust, Nyen came deep in Randal's throat. *Fuck.* Nyen exhaled. *That felt nice.* He looked down.

Randal's hair was disheveled (moreso than usual, of course), and his glasses were completely fogged up. His nose was snotty, bloody, et. cetera, and he was struggling to swallow all of the cum in his mouth. He was still gagging, clutching his throat weakly with small hands.

"Hgk... ah..." he coughed, pathetically, taking off his glasses and wiping the lenses on the breast of his shirt. "Nyen... I-"

"What?" Nyen groaned, pulling his pants back up and wiping the sweat from his brow.

Randal smirked weakly.

"*Thank you.*" He whispered feebly as he got up. He began unbutton his shirt as he pushed Nyen against the sink countertop.

*What is he...?* Nyen glared at the boy's smug expression. *So... he thinks he's in control now?*

Randal placed a small, shaking hand on Nyen's hip. "I... I wanted to... ask you something." His face was beet-red.

*OK... He's actually scaring me.* "What is it?"

"Um. C-Can we... kiss?" His eyes narrowed as his grin widened. "I wanna practice that kind of stuff, but Sebastian isn't too willing to help me out. It's not fair!" he pouted.

*This fucking wanton brat.* Nyen groaned, clearly annoyed by this request. But... something deep inside of him... "Fine. I'll help you out, just this once. Don't tell anyone I did this for you."

"Deal. As long as you don't tell Luther I tried to sneak out, your secret's safe with me." he winked.

"Fine." Nyen picked Randal up and set him on the countertop. He was unsurprisingly light. *Does this kid ever eat anything?* He took a step back and glanced at the sight in front of him. Randal was absentmindedly running a strand of his greasy hair between his forefinger and thumb. His posture was awful, he was slumped forward and his eyes were red and puffy. *Jesus.* Nyen decided he'd need a cigarette after this. And a cold shower. And a shot of Nyen's vodka. Well, maybe more than just a shot. *Fuck. I'm gonna regret this in the morning.*

Randal was absentmindedly chewing on the insides of his cheeks. Nyen leaned forward, their faces nearly touching. Randal could smell cigarettes on the catman's breath. And maybe even the slightest hint of whiskey. Or some kind of alcohol-adjacent beverage. Randal closed his eyes and soon their lips collided, a little awkwardly. Randal reached for the catman's torso, pulling their bodies closer. The boy's gakuran shirt was slightly unbuttoned, and his skin underneath was ghostly cold, as usual.

Nyen pulled away. "There."

"Um, I... I'm not done yet." Randal blushed, looking at his feet. They dangled a couple of feet off the floor. "Can we...?"

"God damnit. Fine. Okay." Nyen rolled his eyes as Randal pulled him back in for another kiss. This time it was deeper, with more passion, more emotion, more feeling.

Randal somehow managed to snake his tongue inside Nyen's mouth, causing the catman to wrap his arms around the boy's waist and pull him closer. Nyen was shaking.

Randal's tongue wandered across Nyen's mouth, intertwined with his own, licking his teeth, his gums... Fuck. This was too much. Nyen's hands were trembling atop Randal's bony hips. *How... how is this...?*

Nyen gripped Randal's hips harder, causing the boy to moan into his mouth softly. He could feel his claws digging into the soft skin. Randal pulled away, panting and blushing. His face was dazzlingly red.

"I'm not finished."

Randal weakly protested, his hands balling into tiny, trembling fists. He grabbed Nyen's shirt.

"You're getting a taste of your own medicine, you know." Nyen rested his nose ontop of Randal's, closing his eyes and sighing deeply. "You can't just leave me like this. An eye for an eye."

Randal sighed lazily, his breath hot against Nyen's sweaty, stubbly face. "I suppose so." His eyes were heavy and half-lidded. "You need to shave. Your stubble scratches my face."

*I suppose he's not wrong.* They kiss again, Nyen's left hand moving up Randal's back and up to his hair. Nyen sticks his barbed cat-tongue down Randal's throat, causing the boy to startle a bit. It's rough, like sandpaper (because he's a catman, obviously). His rough tongue scraped across the inside of Randal's cheeks, eventually deciding to press itself against the back of Randal's tongue. Tears began to well up in the boy's eyes. This was clearly becoming too much for him, but Nyen didn't care. He relished every sign of discomfort the boy was displaying. His watering eyes screwed tightly shut, his hands digging into the fabric of his long-sleeved 'Nevada' shirt, his squirminess. *Finally. Maybe, just maybe... I can get what I finally want.* He paused. *No, not just what I want. Screw that. It's what I deserve. The weak should fear the strong. It's nature's hierarchy.*

Randal attempted to pull away, but Nyen's hand was on the back of his head preventing him from moving. *He's so strong... What the hell?* His fists clenched even tighter. He was suffocating, again. He whined weakly, and Nyen finally let him go. He pulled away, coughing. The tears that were welling up in the corners of his eyes were threatening to spill down his rosy cheeks.

"Hfu... Haah..." He panted, taking off his glasses so he could wipe the tears from his eyes.

"Was that enough *practice* for you?" Nyen smirked sarcastically, fixing his hair and straightening out his crumpled shirt. He was grinning malevolently; mockingly.

"..." Randal put his glasses back on and hopped off the countertop, pouting. "I think you're an idiot."

"That's what I thought." Nyen stopped the boy from leaving. "I *hate* you." he smirked as Randal weaseled his tiny body around the catman and exited the bathroom.

## Chapter End Notes

Nyen has a hair-pulling kink >:-)))  
I haven't slept in almost two days. Please help.

# The Lovecats

## Chapter Summary

Luther spoils his baby brother.

Also, despite the title, the catmen don't really show up in this chapter.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Luther von Ivory was a very meticulous man.

He was meticulous about his appearance, his daily tasks, how he presented himself to others, and even how others perceived him. Which, was just as difficult as it sounds. Over his approximately thirty-two years of normal human life, he had come to learn influencing people was not very easy.

Of course, this only meant one thing. He had to act in a way; have a certain demeanor about him, that would *demand* attention and respect. His image was perfectly curated, and he could tell other people felt the same way. He knew that *they* knew he was well put-together. Which requires a certain amount of meticulousness.

However, there was one small hiccup in his plan to be perfect. His brother, Randal.

Randal was everything he was not. Bold, garish, shrewd. He lacked the same introspection and self-awareness that had made Luther so successful at basically everything in life. Which is why he was forced to constantly supervise him. Oh, well. He gave up a normal life to raise him after their parents had mysteriously died, anyway. He was a *unique circumstance*, most definitely.

However... deep inside, Luther knew Randal admired him. He wanted to be just like him. So all he could do was provide himself as a positive human adult figure, and hope for the best that everything works itself out.

But, anyway. Enough of that.

Luther was in the house's living room, and it was late evening. Dinner festivities had recently commenced, and everyone was off doing their own thing. The house was finally quiet, which was nice. Luther savored moments of solace like this whenever he could, as they were quite rare nowadays. Recently, the Ivory household had been rife with chaos, which Luther had chalked it up to having two emotionally volatile teenagers, one of them actively going through puberty. He was sure that, even though now, he was quite the very definition of the word 'perfect', he had been an arrogant brat at that age. Well, maybe not. If he was he would've probably remembered it. Randal took after their mother. Or something. Yeah, no. Luther was positively perfect, even as a child, so this was just a Randal problem. He sighed as he turned the page of the book he was reading.

*Hmm...* he thought to himself, not really paying attention to the text on the pages of his book. *It almost seems a little too quiet. Interesting...* He set his book down on the coffee table in front of him, and went to investigate the house.

Last time the house was this quiet, Randal had managed to channel some type of spirit through his Ouija board and it took up residence in his Fisher Price ChatterPhone. It took several weeks to convince it to leave, and traditional methods such as silver bullets and throwing salt didn't work. But, that was then and this is now. Luther had hoped none of that nonsense was going on in that moment.

He finally reached the boy's room, and knocked firmly on the door. *No response.* Typical. He went ahead and let himself in.

And... to his surprise, Randal was actually behaving. He was sitting in his coffin-bed simply playing with a Tamagotchi-pet-thing or whatever they were called. His pet, Sebastian, was laying a few feet away on the floor, asleep.

"Randal."

"Oh, thou brother." Randal didn't look up from his game. "I have to feed it." he pointed to the small, pixellated creature dancing across the egg-shaped screen.

"I'll wait." Luther replied, patiently.

A few seconds passed.

"Okay, I'm done. What's up?" he gazed up at his brother, setting his Tamagotchi down and pulling his knees to his chest. Luther couldn't help but notice that Randal's hair was fashioned into a messy ponytail, and he was wearing that same loose-fitting Rammstein shirt he'd bought at Value Village years ago. His milky-white, bony shoulders were exposed. His pale neck, too. Luther felt himself blush a bit.

*I... I shouldn't be looking at him in that way. I told myself I'd stop.*

"Um..." Randal picked up his Tamagotchi again to fiddle with it.

"I apologize. You were being so quiet, I felt that I had to check on you." Luther sighed, regaining his composure.

Randal closed his eyes and smiled softly.

"Well, thine brother, I didn't feel like causing chaos today. The Dark Prince has off days too, you know."

"Yeah, Okay." Luther sighed. Randal was exceptionally odd, and even Luther had a hard time catching up with his interests and hobbies, things like that, although he always tried to be supportive of everything he did as long as it wasn't harmful to himself or others.

He looked down at his younger sibling. *God*, his shirt really left little to the imagination. From his height, Luther could see straight down into it. From Randal's exposed collarbones to his pink, developing breast buds, to his nearly-translucent and nearly-concave stomach. And his hair... something about seeing his brother in a cute little ponytail...

Randal absentmindedly chewed on the fingertips of his glove as he used his free hand to play his Tamagotchi.

"Randal, I would... like to meet you in my room. I..." Luther racked his mind for an excuse to see him, alone. "I have a gift for you." Which, to his credit, wasn't exactly a lie. He had something *special* planned. He almost smiled at his own genius.

"Oh?" Randal perked up. He set his Tamagotchi down and got up. He was wearing a pair of white socks that were a little loose on him. *So cute*, Luther thought to himself. *He's so small*.

Randal followed Luther to his room. Luther closed and locked the door behind them.

"So...?" Randal looked around, awkwardly. "Um..."

Luther sat down on the bed, which led Randal to figure out the true reason they were here.

He pouted.

"I... Can we do this another time? I'm..." He stammered, awkwardly, his stomach doing somersaults. His face was drained of all color, and he was twiddling his thumbs awkwardly. "I don't want to do *that*."

"Shh, Randal. Come here." Randal came forward, allowing Luther to rub his lower back. "You seem to have forgotten our conversation about this."

"Y-Yeah... but..."

Luther sighed.

"Randal. What did I say about being honest?"

Randal began to nervously teethe on his index finger as Luther continued to caress him from a seated position.

*Why is he like this?! He's so...* The teen sighed, his brain running at a mile a minute. *Ugh. I hate this.*

"I know that you have a lot of complicated feelings inside that head of yours. I can tell. Older brothers know these things. Come, sit on my lap. There's nothing to worry about."

Luther's monotone voice did nothing to calm Randal's anxious mind. His brother was literally the worst person to talk to if you were nervous. His voice rarely showed any kind of emotion, and it almost seemed robotic, somehow, like an old answering machine. Randal stood in place, statuesque. Luther literally had to pick him up and set him on his lap.

*This is just like last time! Damn it!!* Randal's face was beet red as he felt his brother reach into his shirt and caress his stomach. His gloved hands gripped tightly onto his thighs, in a weak attempt to prevent anything from happening down *there*. But... as Luther's large hands began to wander up to his chest...

"Hmfff!!" Randal gasped, biting down on his tongue, hard, in an attempt to stifle his moans. "Agh!!" Luther's cold, bony fingers began to knead into the sore, developing breast tissue. *This...* "Haah!!" He cried, breathily as Luther twisted one of his nipples quite roughly. "Lu-Luther...~!!!" *This feels so good!*

"I knew you'd come around, eventually." Luther muttered in the teen's ear, kissing the top of his head. "You're such a good, honest boy deep down. I know it."

Randal's eyes began to well up with tears as he squirmed in his brother's lap, awkwardly.

Luther inhaled, sharply. *If he keeps moving like this... I'll get an erection...* He kissed the side of Randal's neck tenderly, his teeth slightly grazing the skin. Randal jumped slightly at the cold sensation of his brother's mouth.

"You're so c-cold..." Was all Randal could say in the moment as Luther tenderly caressed him. *Ugh, this is torture... Randal groaned, thinking to himself. When are we going to do something actually fun? This touching stuff is soooo boring, and I'm way too old to be sitting in his lap like this!*

Luther moved one of his hands back down to Randal's stomach, slender fingers tracing the inside of the waistband of his boxer shorts.

*Huhu... now we're talking!* Randal grinned as his nose began to bleed. He sniffled, attempting not to get blood all over his face and clothes. Normally, he wouldn't care about these things.... But Luther was a clean freak, and they were in his domain.

"Ran," Luther cooed, reveling in the jolt of energy he felt course through his sibling by using his childhood pet-name. "Spread your legs a little for me."

"Mhm..." Randal obeyed. He felt Luther's cold hands reach into his shorts and begin to caress his puffy cunt. "Hnnmm... Ah...~~" Randal whined, practically humping his brother's hand, desperate for more action.

Luther was a very, *very* meticulous man in all aspects of his life, even including in sexual intercourse. He wanted to take this nice and slowly, easing his beloved baby brother into the activities of the night. Randal was... well, the exact opposite. He wanted this over and done with; he needed the instant gratification of being able to cum in his pants right away. Unfortunately for him, Luther had other plans. He had a very slow, methodical approach to these sorts of things.

"So... Ran... why is your hair up like this?" Luther mouthed into Randal's neck, his lips grazing softly across the skin. He continued to massage Randal's cunt, paying extra attention to his clit, which caused the boy to buck his hips violently. "It's cute."

"B-Because... ah!! Because if I'm lo-looking down at my T-Tomogat-atchi... my hair was in t-the way..!!!" Randal managed to gasp out a (mostly) coherent answer, which satisfied Luther.

"I see... Very cute. You should wear it like this... more often." Luther sighed, reveling in his brother's pained moans and whimpers as he brushed perfectly manicured fingernails roughly against his clit.

"I'm g-gonna... Gh-" Randal cried. He felt himself getting close to finishing. But, just as he was about to climax, Luther withdrew his hands. This left the boy a shaking, shivering mess. Tears welled up in his eyes as he now had to deal with the pain of this ruined orgasm. "Luth... er..." Randal managed to choke out, practically deflating into his brother's lap.

The smallest semblance of a grin teased its appearance on Luther's face.

"I couldn't let you finish that early." Luther lifted up Randal's light body, flipping him over onto his back on the bed. Luther towered over him. "We have all night, you know. Since you were such a good boy, I've decided that you don't have to worry about things such as 'bedtime' tonight. Just focus on me ♡" He removed Randal's shirt and boxers, with little protest from the teen. Luther got on his knees, spreading his brother's thin, scarred legs apart and bringing his face closer to the boy's wet, exposed pussy.

*He's really... Ugh... That's so gross...* Randal felt Luther's breath hit his cunt. It was a strange and unfriendly new sensation. "Haah... P-please d-don't..." he pleaded.

Luther ignored Randal's whines, and began to lick and kiss and suck on the insides of Randal's upper thighs. His inhumanly long, serpentine tongue created an interesting feeling against the boy's scarred flesh, to say the least.

Randal looked up at the ceiling lamp, his eyes shut tight as he felt Luther leave a gentle bite on his inner thigh. "Agh... S-Stoppit..." the boy whined pathetically, his face scrunching in awkward pleasure and agony.

Luther grabbed the boy's bony hips, sliding him closer. Randal gripped onto the down comforter on the bed for respite, his grip tightening as he felt his brother place several small kisses upon his clit. This action caused electricity to shoot through his whole body, his toes curling and back arching upwards. He felt his brother grab him tighter as he began to gently lick and suck the folds of his already tortured cunt.

"Hnnghhmm...!!!" Randal whined, covering his face with both hands in an attempt to stifle his moans. He felt Luther begin to insert his serpentine tongue inside of his pussy. "A-Ah! L-Luther...!! S-STOP! THIS IS... T-THIS IS SO EMBARRASSING!!!" Randal cried, loudly, his toes curling so hard his feet became cramped as his brother continued to eat him out. "Puh... Please...!!!" large tears began to fall from his eyes. "S-Stop!!!! I don't... haah...!!!"

Luther ignored him. He knew he was doing something correctly to elicit such a beautiful reaction. *He's so sensitive ♡ How cute ♡♡*

"I-I'm gonna... hhgh.... c-cum!!!" Randal's voice was raspy, and his breathing was ragged and unsteady. He reached down to tentatively grab Luther's hair with his left hand. "Haah!! Aah!!" he felt himself cum all over Luther's tongue. "This is so embarrassing..." Randal covered his face with his hands as he sobbed. "Why did you have to do that?... I didn't want you to... see *that*..."

Luther got up, licking his lips. He got on top of the nude boy, leaning over him to kiss him and feed him his own cum. Randal's eyes shot open in terror as Luther's tongue slid its way around his mouth and down to the back of his throat, pushing the boy's own cum into his esophagus. He caressed his brother's face gently. He pulled away slowly, making direct eye contact with Randal.

"You're such a good boy, Randal. You did such a good job." He cooed, his unblinking eyes searing flames into Randal's poor, traumatized brain. "I love you. My sweet little prince ♡"

*I should kill myself. Why couldn't he have done something normal?!* Randal thought to himself, unaware of the situational irony behind his last statement. Before anything else could happen, though, Luther unbuckled his belt and freed his erect penis.

"It's only fair... I think I've loosened you up enough." Luther replied, coolly, as he began to slide his penis into Randal's little cunt. Randal instinctually wrapped his legs around Luther's waist as the

pressure was almost too much to bear. Even though he was soaking wet, it was still a painfully tight squeeze. "Ugh." Luther groaned. "Relax your body a little bit." he placed a few chaste kisses upon Randal's sweaty forehead as he pushed against the boy's pussy. "I love you. You can hold onto my hand if you want." He offered a hand to the boy, which he weakly accepted.

"Agh..." Randal lazily groaned. "It's... nhot gonna fit..." he panted as he grabbed Luther's hand tightly. "Mhh..." His eyes were bleary with tears, and he bit down on his lower lip. His legs were numb and he felt like he had to piss. Luther's free hand pawed roughly at his breasts.

"I'm going in... get ready." Luther hissed through grit teeth, quickly placing an open-mouthed kiss onto Randal's lips as he thrust his full length into Randal's poor womb. Randal moaned painfully into his brother's mouth, tears and snot flowing freely from his eyes and nostrils. They shared several deep, open-mouthed kisses as Luther found a good momentum.

*This is better...* "Haah... Mh..." Randal moaned, his eyes half-lidded.

Luther rested his forehead upon the boy's own.

"Luther... haah... I love you..." Randal panted lazily. "T-Thou brother..."

"I love you too, Randal. Thank you for being honest ♡"

"C-Can we... do this more often..?" Randal couldn't believe the words coming out of his own mouth. But... being used... like *this*, no matter how traumatizing, was fucking *amazing*.

"Of course." Luther winced. "I'm getting close."

"Cum in me ♡" Randal replied, grinning sleepily.

*It is past his bedtime...* Luther thought to himself as he drew near to his climax. *I might as well just have him sleep in here tonight.*

Randal began to lazy play with his clit, his sleepy grin growing wider and his eyes narrowing slyly. Luther grabbed his arm and moved it away as he began to rub it with his large fingers.

"Ohhuu!!! That... feels so... good~~ ♡♡♡" Randal whined, grabbing the sides of the comfortor with his now-free hands. "Mh... I love you."

"I love you too." Luther kissed him, sticking his tongue down the boy's throat and licking around his mouth, his gums, his teeth. He came spectacularly. As he pulled out, he noticed Randal had already fallen asleep, his lips still upturned in a smirk.

## Chapter End Notes

Ivorycest reigns supreme!

Also I updated my Randalcore playlist nyaa

<https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLTzErbZkCe5ycILPs6s7U8um4XvguAA0b> <- Best played on shuffle because I added a bunch of songs by the same bands all together all at once.

Day two of no sleep I am going crazy. I'm being serious I haven't slept in approx. 48 hours or so.

# The Collector

## Chapter Summary

Sebastian tries to escape, but his Master has other plans  
'I get a cicada, I must get you / I get a spider, I must get you  
Pretending to listen to the road I sniff the ether / I slam the trunk shut, punishment for refusing  
my love  
...  
I'll give you anything you want / Anything but your freedom'

## Chapter Notes

Listen to this song during the chase scene for maximum enrichment ->  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6oVwCqVXoaA>

It was yet another late night for the only fully-human resident of the accursed Ivory household. Sebastian wasn't sure what day of the week it was; not like that mattered much anyways since every day blurred together. Just how long had he been here for? Every day that passed by was one too many.

It was dark, and the house was surprisingly quiet. Or, maybe Sebastian had grown deaf and ignorant to the constant chatter and creaking of the motley assortment of ball-jointed porcelain dolls and other fanciful toys that belonged to his so-called '*Master*'. God, like he'd ever call *him* that. *I'm a grown man, for crying out loud! Gosh... even being stuck at work in a snowstorm would be better than whatever 'this' is.* In all truthfulness, Sebastian hated his past life working as a measly pizza-delivery driver. But... he'd rather be doing that than anything else in the world if it guaranteed he'd never have to spend another minute in the Ivory house.

He was laying on his back in his coffin-bed, desperately attempting to go to sleep. His mind was racing, though, and that made relaxing an absolutely herculean task. The room was pitch-black, and that added to his feelings of uneasiness. If someone -- no, *something*, rather, was watching him in this moment, he wouldn't be able to tell. Sebastian was a world-class overthinker, which was proving to be one of his biggest problems in this exact moment in time.

Suddenly, though, his anxious thoughts were interrupted by a small noise. It almost sounded like a hiccup; a gasp, maybe? It came from the adjacent coffin where his captor/tormentor/personal Satan was sleeping. Morbid curiosity got the better of him, and he lifted his head up, slightly so, to catch

a glimpse of what was going on. Which, didn't work, as the room was still shrouded in darkness and he couldn't see even an inch in front of him. He laid back down, his eyes bleary and mouth dry.

Suddenly -- A whine, a shudder, and... an awfully *familiar* noise of...

*Is he seriously jerking off?* Sebastian felt his stomach drop and his face grow flushed. *What the hell??*

Yes, indeed, Randal was using the cover of night to pleasure himself in an unholy way.

"Hmff.. hff..." The boy had bit down on his tongue, hard, to prevent any moans from escaping his lips. He was not very successful. Beads of sweat were forming on his forehead as he squinted his eyes tightly, thin fingers furiously rubbing against his cunt. His heart was pounding so hard it rang in his ears and caused his vision to pulsate. And speaking of his tongue, his fanglike teeth had begun to puncture the muscle, causing his mouth to quickly fill up with the metallic taste of his own blood.

Sebastian was paralyzed with both fear and disgust... and maybe... *NO!!!!!! No. I need to get out of here! For real!* he thought to himself, eyes wild and body twitching erratically with a sudden dose of adrenaline injected straight into his heart from his veins.

"Hku... mh..." Randal squeaked, furrowing his brow as he felt himself on the verge of orgasm. Wet 'schlick'ing noises came from his general direction, causing Sebastian to nearly vomit in horror. *Ah! I'm getting so close ~~* Randal thought to himself, feeling his brain turn into mush as his mouth began to leak the blood that had been filling it. *Jerking off is awesome! Having hands is so magical* ☆ He bit down on his puncture-wound-riddled tongue harder, exhaling and inhaling harshly through his nose as he finally got his release. *Fuck... It made a huge mess... And I probably got blood on my sheets... Luther's gonna be so mad at me.* He sighed, panting, his heart still beating quickly. He pulled his cum-soaked hand out of his pants, examining it. *Hm... not too bad!* ☆ He swallowed the blood in his mouth quickly, slightly retching at the sheer volume of it all. *I have to be more careful next time. That was a lot of blood, and if I drink too much I might get a stomachache like last time. Whatever.* His train of thought was interrupted by the creaking of the room's rotted floorboards.

*Shit!* Sebastian thought to himself. Somehow, he had made it nearly to the door without bumping into anything in the dark. He squinted, attempting to see if Randal had been alerted to this noise.

Randal stirred slightly, as he did, in fact hear this noise. But, to the relief of his pet, he simply wasn't interested. He was sleepy and still a bit lightheaded from his masturbation session.

*Thank God,* Sebastian thought to himself as he finally reached the door to the hallway. He opened it, and much to his horror it opened with a loud *creeeaaak!* *Yeah, fuck, he definitely heard that. I guess my only option now is to...* He could see Randal getting up out of the corner of his eye. *...To run.* He mentally prepared himself for the long sprint down the seemingly-undending hallway, down the flight of stairs (maybe it would be faster to slide down the banister, like in *Mary Poppins?*)... and then finally through the living room and out the door... and he'd finally be FREE! Well, somewhat. Navigating the nearly-impenetrable forest that surrounded the house like an angry green sea would prove to be a challenge as well... but, he decided he'd worry about that when the time came.

"Ah... where are you going?" Randal huffed confusedly, his voice raspy and his legs nearly giving out. As he slowly crept closer to the room's entranceway, he wobbled like a newborn fawn learning how to walk for the first time.

*It's now or never.* Sebastian thought to himself as he practically threw himself out of the door and bolted into the hallway.

"H-Hey! Wait up!!" Randal giggled maniacally. *He thinks this is one of his games, huh?* Sebastian looked behind for a split second. Randal was walking quickly, his strides somehow nearly as quick as his pet's sprinting. *Why the hell is he so fast?!*

Sebastian made it to the end of the hall, leaping down the staircase two steps at a time.

"T-That's no fair!! Wait for me!" Randal cried, nearly falling as he awkwardly traversed down each step. *These stairs are so gay!* He thought to himself, angrily. *Ugh, I'm running out of my Dark Princely Powers already! Humans have too much endurance and strength, even for me...*

The two had made it down to the living room in no time at all.

"Ah!! I get it!" Randal panted, refusing to give up his pursuit. "We're playing tag, aren't we? And I'm 'it'! Howww funnnn~~~" He lunged at his pet, somehow actually managing to land on top of him and knock him to the floor.

*It's so fucking over.* Sebastian thought to himself as he wriggled around trying to get back up. *I'm going to die here, aren't I?*

"Ufuufu... you're 'it' now..." Sebastian managed to turn himself around so he was laying on his back looking up at his captor. Randal had an inhumanly large grin adorning his sweaty, flushed face. His eyes narrowed as he awkwardly adjusted his hips to straddle the older teen. He slumped forward, their foreheads colliding roughly. He breathed raggedly into Sebastian's face, causing him to gulp nervously.

As Randal adjusted his hips, he felt something beneath him... *Hmm...* He grinned, thinking to himself. *I've been a little bit neglectful of his 'needs'... so I'm not very surprised he'd react like this. Hehe... Well, I'll give him exaaaactly what he asked for ♡♡♡* And, it was true. Sebastian hadn't jerked off in weeks (months?), and his limited sexual experiences were with, well, *Randal*, who had the sexual knowledge of a child who just discovered how babies are made.

*FuckfuckfuckfuckfuckFUCK!* *Why am I reacting like this?!?!?!?* Sebastian bit down on his lower lip, hard, as he began to sweat. His eyes were wide with fear as Randal's lips grew closer to his own. *I don't want this I don't want this I don't want this I don't want this .....* He attempted to wriggle his way out of this situation, but he was unsuccessful and since his body was tired he grew limp underneath his 'Master'. His hands gripped the shag carpet tightly, his fingers twitching with fear (and arousal).

Randal tucked his hair behind his ears, bringing his lips to his pet's. His eyes narrowed haughtily as he began to kiss Sebastian. He stuck his tongue in the older teen's mouth, reveling in his pained and fearful reaction. He drooled a bit, his tongue running over Sebastian's teeth. *Interesting. Humans' teeth aren't very sharp. Veeery interesting.* Sebastian gagged as Randal's drool hit the back of his throat and began to fill his mouth. It was like the boy was dripping poison into his mouth with a pipette. At least that would've actually killed him; that would've been *way* better. The terrified boy's nose began to drip with snot as he continued trying to escape. His crotch hit Randal's lower stomach in a painfully arousing way, causing his dick to twitch.

Randal pulled away, adjusting his glasses and sneering. His face was a bright shade of pink, and he almost looked flustered. Almost.

"We~HELL, Sebastian!" he snickered uncontrollably, his entire body shaking. "Why don't you take me out to dinner first if you're gonna *FUCK* me?!" he had a crazed expression on his blushing face, his glasses catching the light of the ceiling lamp above them. Since Luther was presumably in bed, Randal didn't hold back from saying something so crude, as he knew he wouldn't get in trouble for this. Without Luther, Randal'd probably have taken over the entirety of Canada and the northern portion of the United States plus Alaska. His doting older brother, always keeping him in check and disciplining him when needed... but, he wasn't here right now, *so...* "I hope you know that I'm not going to hold back Seba-chan~~ ☆" Randal rasped as he began unbuttoning his pants, a dark shadow clouding his face.

*What the fuck did he just call me...? This is... this can't be happening!* Randal's excess drool was running down Sebastian's face as he froze in panic, much like a deer in the headlights about to be run over by a semitruck on a dimly-lit country road. He knew it was coming, yet there was nothing else he could do other than face the beautiful destruction that was seemingly imminent. *Should I kill myself tomorrow?* (Luckily for the both of us, dear reader, he is too much of a coward to do such a thing.)

Randal licked his lips menacingly, his tongue still dripping with saliva. "I'm so excited... This will be *excellent*." he smirked, a steady stream of blood running down his nose. "More bonding time with my beloved pet~ How wonderful is that?" *Gosh, I sounded like Luther.* Randal shuddered a bit at the thought of being anything like his brother. *Ugh. Anyways.* He finished unzipping his pants, and began to unbutton his shirt as well.

*His hips are so fucking bony, and I can see his ribcage... How is he so strong? Realistically, he should weigh, like, ninety pounds. Why can't I fight back against him??* Sebastian couldn't help but succumb to his emotions and began to silently sob, mentally praying to a higher power that this was all just a bad dream, or something.

"Oh... you're crying." Randal said, matter-of-factly. "What's wrong now?" he adjusted his glasses and frowned, annoyed.

"...I don't..." the older teen whimpered meekly.

"Hm? You know you're gonna have to speak up, Sebastian! I c-"

"I don't want this! Get off of me!" Both boys were shocked at this statement. *I... can't believe I said that. He's gonna kill me now...*

"You *say* you don't want this..." Randal sneered, "Yeeet...." he rolled his hips over Sebastian's erection. "Your body is telling me something else ~ ☆ Honesty really is the best policy, you know." He quickly stood up, quickly taking off his pants and shirt. He was now completely nude, save for his socks and gloves. (And glasses, if you count those as an article of clothing. Randal and his glasses *are* a package deal, after all.) He threw his discarded clothing on the floor and sat back down, landing hardly on his pet's throbbing boner.

Sebastian awkwardly covered his face with his hands, fingers practically digging into his eyeballs. Randal grabbed both of them, forcing them out of the way.

"Haah... let me see you ~" He smiled, his breathing heavy and his nose beginning to bleed again. "Haha... how did I get so lucky? You're *perfect*."

If anyone else had spoken those words with such sincerity, surely Sebastian would be overjoyed. *Ugh... why me? No one's ever said anything like this to me before; why does it have to be him? This fucking sucks. What did I do to deserve this?*

Randal's cunt was soaking wet; even Sebastian could feel it through his clothes. "I'm so excited ♡ I'll take *good* care of you~" the bespectacled boy sighed, hastily freeing his pet's painfully-hard boner from his pants.

*I don't care anymore.* Sebastian groaned. *I don't have much of a choice here, do I? Oh well, game is game. Might as well enjoy it. Or whatever. God. I really should kill myself soon.* (Again, he will not do this. Not ever.)

Randal awkwardly inserted Sebastian's penis in his twitching cunt, a deranged expression haunting his ghostly-pale visage. "Hngf!!" he whined sharply, biting down on his tongue as his cunt stretched painfully. "We... we have to do this quickly. And we have to be quiet, I think. Everyone is still a-AHsleep! Gh!" he groaned as his hips bucked involuntarily, making it feel like his cervix had been stabbed. "Hff... hff... Ah." he whined, panting hard. *I don't know why it hurts so badly...* tears welled up in his eyes. *It... it feels good, I think.* He began to move, causing Sebastian to squeak awkwardly. "Hehe... you're really enjoying this, aren't you?" the younger boy looked down at his pet's blushing face. "You're so cute when you're all embarrassed like this... ♡ Gosh, shy boys are just the cutest ♡♡" he smirked, beginning to frantically paw at his sore, swollen clit with his left hand.

"Please... Please stop." Sebastian cried weakly. "I'm about to cum..."

"Hm." Randal paused for a second, his brow sweaty and his wild hair messy as ever. "You *did* say please." he smirked, his body now completely still.

*F-Finally...* Sebastian closed his weary eyes. But, something wasn't right. *My dick hurts! I... no. I can't. I... fuck. I have to do this. I have to cum.* A single tear escaped his right eye. "...Keep going." he muttered under his breath, gritting his teeth

"Hahaha... oh, wow, Seba-chan!!" Randal giggled breathlessly. "I didn't think you'd be the one wearing the pants in this relationship! Hehe..." he wiped his eyes, and began to move his hips again. "Ohh, yes!! This is amazing!!" he moaned.

*He's not being quiet at all! He's gonna wake up Luther and...* Sebastian screwed his eyes shut and covered his face with his hands, praying to any higher power that would listen for the Ivory household patriarch to *not* see his penis. Suddenly, the urgency of an fast-approaching orgasm hit him again. "Ah... I'm gonna... cum..." he panted.

"Go ahead ☆ Fill my womb with your seed!!" Randal cried, obviously lifting this lewd line from some shitty hentai he saw online once. "Haahn... this is... wonderful~~~ My heart is pounding so fast and- Oh." he pouted as he felt his pet's cum finally enter him. "Ehe..." he giggled sheepishly, blushing a beet-red tone and scratching the back of his head. "Well. That was nice. Now we have to go back to bed before..." Randal looked up to see Luther slightly emerge from the shadows of the hallway. "WHAT THE HELL?"

"I was merely... observing. You need to go back to bed. Now." his face was a bright pink, and as Randal got up to go yell at him, he disappeared back into the cloak of the night.

*Yeah. I'm definitely going to fucking kill myself.*



# Cut Hands Has the Solution

## Chapter Summary

Randal's stomachache diary...

'I know you're a slow fussy pathetic eater, and I know you don't sleep much / But I'll still tell you: It's helping. And I'll still tell you: You're doing the right thing.'

## Chapter Notes

Mostly a comforting fic today guys .. But there is still Ivorycest and such ermm  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RO7mX3p8ypY> <- This song inspired this chapter  
Whitehouse is so Randalcore.

*January ??, 199X*

It was a cold midwinter's morning; the snow that had flurried in the night before was still covering the ground. No snowfall today, though... Luckily, the inside of the nearly-decayed Ivory household managed to stay warm somehow.

Randal had a fever.

He had woken up that morning with a pretty serious cold. His temperature was soaring ever-higher, and he had woken up with an awful headache-stomachache double-combo. K.O.! He was only seven years old, yet somehow had been dealt the short end of the stick when it came to physical health things. He got both blinding headaches and nauseatingly sickening stomachaches on what seemed like a regular basis, and all anyone could really do was just comfort him as he sobbed into his pillow or hold his hair up as he vomited. Anyways, the poor boy's nose was completely congested, running with thick snot, and his eyes were nearly sealed shut from the excess sleep-crust that had seeped out of his tearducts as he sobbed for hours and hours.

He was sleeping in Luther's bed, mainly so that his brother could observe his condition, and give him comfort or assistance when needed. His face was sweaty, and his stringy bangs were pushed up around his warm forehead.

"Mgh..." he grumbled, alerting his older sibling.

"Ran." Luther sighed, sitting on the edge of the bed. "Are you alright?" he wiped Randal's forehead with a cool, damp towel, and began wiping the crust out of the boy's eyes.

"My... tummy hurts." Randal whined, shuddering at the sensation of Luther's cold fingers poking around so close to his eyeballs.

"Do you need to vomit?" *I hope he doesn't. I don't feel like cleaning up again.*

"Nh... nuh-uh."

*Thank goodness.* "Do you need some water?"

"Um, okay."

Luther grabbed a glass of water off of the nightstand next to the bed, and held it up to his brother's lips.

"I can... drink it myself, big brother." Randal replied feebly, his small, shaking hands reaching for the glass. Luther sighed.

"You're too weak. You need to rest." Luther set the water down, kissing Randal's forehead gingerly.

Randal's already flushed face turned even redder, his tiny hands attempting to grab at his brother's shirt.

"My tummy... hurts so bad..." he whined, tears beginning to escape his eyes once again.

Luther sighed. *I hate seeing him like this, but what can I do about it? We've tried just about everything, it seems.* "What do you want me to do about that?" he replied, leaning closer to the boy.

"..." Randal hiccuped, sobbing pathetically. His beet-red face was contorted in pain; large tears rolling down his cheeks.

Instinctually, Luther reached out and began to stroke Randal's hair. *This isn't too different from petting one of the catmen... Hm.* "I... apologize for not being able to do much else. Please let me know if there's anything else you need."

Randal whined at the man's cool touch, his ringed fingers intertwining with locks of fiery ginger hair. "That... feels good." he whispered, his breathing heavy and his eyes half-lidded. Luther could've sworn he saw the softest smile dare itself to dance across the boy's mouth. If he could, he'd be smiling as well.

He was about to get back up and resume his prior activities when he felt Randal tug at his shirtsleeve.

"Yes?"

"Can you please..." Randal looked embarrassed. Snot was dripping down his nose to his lips. Luther wiped it away using the towel he was still holding.

"Use your words."

"Can you please lie down with me... My tummy feels better when you're here next... to... me..." Randal whimpered, covering his face with his tiny hands. His voice wavered, perhaps due to his shyness in this request.

"Of course." Luther spread himself out next to Randal, laying so that he was facing the boy. Randal turned to his side. They were face to face now. It may have been his mind playing tricks on him,

but he thought he almost heard his brother's small voice whisper a muffled 'thank you' as he buried his flushed face into the bedsheets. "I love you, Randal."

Randal rubbed his face into the bedsheets, in embarrassment, maybe? Luther placed his hand on the small of the boy's back and pushed him closer, their bodies mere atoms away from touching. He rubbed the boy's small back, kneading his long, cold fingers into his spine. This caused Randal to shiver. *He's so thin... This isn't good.* Luther thought, continuing to press his fingers into the boy's soft skin through his gakuran shirt. *I guess it makes sense. It seems like he ends up just vomiting everything back up after he eats so often.* He sighed as Randal continued to tremble and whine.

"Lu.... ther...." A small voice cried out quietly.

"Yes, Ran?"

"Can you please... massage my stomach like that?" Randal gasped. "AGH! LUTHER!!!" He suddenly cried out. "My t-tummy hurts SO BAD!!!!!!!" Randal rolled over to his back and began to whine and sob and whimper loudly. "Agh... hghkhkk...." he retched.

"Shh, it's OK. I'm right here." Luther cooed, moving in front of his brother and instructing him to wrap his thin legs around his waist as he sat on the bed. "My sweet little prince. My poor little Ran... Everything is going to be OK, I promise." He began to unbutton his younger sibling's gakuran from the bottom, exposing his thin, milk-white stomach. *He's so pale... He's like a porcelain doll.*

Randal shivered at the sensation of his brother's ice-cold hands so close to his stomach. "Nfu..." he panted, covering his face with his hands. Looking directly at his older brother scared him; it was so intimidating. His heart was pounding.

Finally, after those few tantalizingly agonizing seconds, his small stomach was finally fully exposed. Luther pulled the boy's hands away from his face.

"Look at me, Randal. I love you." he said in his trademark monotonous voice.

Randal blushed and mumbled something.

"Hm? Can you speak up? I didn't hear you."

"...I love you too, Luther." he grit his teeth as the throes of his stomachache pulled him back.

Luther began to knead his long, cold fingers into the boy's pale skin. *He's so soft... So perfect.*

The sensation caused Randal to involuntarily buckle his hips upwards, his legs shooting straight out as he balanced on his heels awkwardly. Luther cursed the sensation this sudden act sent to his crotch under his breath.

"D-Does it... feel good?" He asked, muttering awkwardly.

"M-Mhm..." Randal whined as Luther began to press down on his stomach harder, tracing deep circles around his navel and hips. He bit down on his gloved hand in an attempt to stifle his voice.

"It's OK, let it all out. I want to hear your voice." Luther said. "You don't need to hide how you feel. I know that you like this."

Randal removed his fingers from his mouth, a small trail of saliva attaching itself to his index finger. He whined as Luther bent down to kiss his forehead; his nose; his rosy tear-stained cheeks.

"I know you used to suck your thumb as a baby."

Randal didn't respond, his eyes heavy and his small hands gripping onto the down comforter.

"Did that feel good for you?"

"I... I don't remember..." Randal replied, his breathing ragged and voice strained.

"Would you like to suck on my fingers? Do you think that would be comforting for you?" Luther replied, gazing down at the boy. Randal's eyes met his for a second, and the boy blushed profusely.

"U-Um..." he replied, his face turning ever-redder.

Luther rested his forehead upon Randal's, and he could instantly feel how warm the boy still was. *I should probably take his temperature again after this.* His lips met the boy's in a small, chaste kiss. "I hope you know that I love you. I want to take care of you in any way that I can. I want you to know that everything will be OK, no matter how hard it seems. My little prince."

Randal hiccuped, beginning to drool a little involuntarily. He wrapped his legs around his brother's waist again, pulling the man's body closer to his own. He gripped onto the front of Luther's shirt, his tiny fists balled up so tightly they were trembling.

"Do you want me to kiss you again?"

Randal nodded fervently, his brow furrowed.

Luther removed one of his hands from the boy's stomach and placed it on the side of his face, snaking his fingers through the ginger hair that framed it so messily. Randal's heart was pounding. Hard. His ears were ringing and he couldn't breathe out of his nose due to the congestion. He panted, his breath warm and his chapped lips slightly parted; his sharp bottom teeth partially exposed. Luther used his other hand to firmly grip the boy's bony hip, making him whine.

"Luther..." Randal whined, unable to take even a second longer. Luther felt his sibling's legs wrap even tighter around his waist, akin to a boa constrictor attacking its prey.

Luther obliged, kissing Randal once again. He gripped onto the boy's hair tighter than tight, nearly pulling it from the root. Randal whined into his brother's mouth. His tongue snaked its way into Randal's small mouth, intertwining with the boy's. Randal was obviously inexperienced with these things, and this sensation made his body tense; every muscle seizing and clenching. *I wonder if this feels good for him...* Luther cursed himself at the evil thoughts beginning to make their way into his head. *He's too young. He's much too small for anything more than just this. I... I'm his brother; his guardian. I mustn't... not yet. I can't. Not right now.* He pulled away with a deep sigh, wiping the sweat from his brow.

Randal was panting and sobbing, his eyes puffy from crying so much.

"I think that's enough for now. Let me hold you." Luther got up, sneaking his way behind Randal and quickly pulling him into a spooning position. "There," he said, matter-of-factly. "I can massage your stomach like this, and you may suck on my fingers if you'd like." He made a conscious effort

to not let his crotch collide with the boy's backside. *This is just brotherly bonding. Nothing more, nothing less.* He hated thinking about such impure things. *But*, he wondered, *Will these feelings ever go away?* He wasn't sure. He didn't want to know the answer.

Ever since Randal could talk, he had insisted that, no, he wasn't a girl. He'd protest every time Luther tried to put him in a dress; every time he tried to put ribbons in his hair. *No, no, NO!! I'm a boy! I'm a real boy!* he'd cry out, throwing his tiny body to the floor and pounding his fists on the ground and kicking his feet in a protest-tantrum. He'd scream and cry until his lungs gave out; until he was a small, convulsing, sobbing puddle on the floor. His elder sibling had no clue how to react to this sort of thing. *Maybe this is just some sort of weird phase...* he'd think to himself. In order to placate Randal, Luther would dress him up in his old school uniforms, still slightly too large for his tiny frame. And yet, this seemed to make him happy. It wasn't a phase. And Luther didn't mind that one bit. Nothing could come between them; nothing could make him love his little prince any less. He was perfect, no matter what. *In every way.*

His thoughts were rudely interrupted by Randal hiccuping, startling the both of them.

"S-Sorry..." the boy muttered under his breath.

"It's fine." Luther replied, wrapping both of his hands around the boy's waist. His face was directly above Randal's fiery red hair, and he took this opportunity to bury his face in it, albeit a bit awkwardly. He felt his sibling squirm a bit. "Shh, it's OK." he murmured, placing several kisses atop the boy's head. "Does your stomach still hurt?"

Randal nodded his head. "It doesn't hurt as bad as it did earlier..." he mumbled, his trembling hands reaching down to meet his brother's at his lower stomach. "Can you... keep touching...?"

"Yes." Luther began to trace around the skin underneath the waistband younger boy's pants with an index finger, but after hearing the innocently unholy noises emerging from his lips, he decided against it. *I can't do this to him, yet. It's not fair.* He brought one hand up to the boy's mouth, rubbing his lower lip with his thumb. "Open your mouth." Randal obliged as Luther slipped two fingers inside. Luther could feel Randal's sharp teeth as the boy began to gently suck, his breathing growing heavy as his small body grew limp.

*I wonder what he's thinking about right now...* Luther thought to himself as his hands absentmindedly wandered back down to the waistband of his sibling's pants. This was a totally instinctual move with no thought put into it whatsoever... As his fingers drew closer to Randal's small cunt, the boy bit down on his fingers. Hard.

"..." Luther retracted his hands. *I suppose that was my fault.* "I'm... sorry. You should get some rest now." he sighed, getting up. *I feel bad leaving him like this, but I don't have much of a choice.*

-

*July ??, 200X*

As Randal blossomed into teenhood, he developed a particular problem. He still dealt with constant headaches and stomachaches, which had led to him avoiding food whenever he could. Under the watchful eye of Luther, this usually wasn't possible. And it also didn't help that he was also a picky eater. He hated any foods that weren't either A.) Candy or B.) Some sort of pastry. Due to his, well, rather restrictive and limited eating habits, his stomach had grown even more sensitive than before. This caused his vomiting problems to increase tenfold.

It was a summer day; much too hot to do much of anything except lay underneath the ceiling fan until you froze. Which, is what Randal was doing.

"Hff... This feels nice." he said, laying sprawled out on the floor. He closed his eyes and smiled as the fan blew cold air in his direction. But... *Shit. My stomach hurts!* He knew he had to find a bathroom, and quickly. He hated having to clean up his own vomit from the house's ancient shag carpet. *I'd rather lose all my teeth than do that!*

He made his way to the upstairs bathroom, quickly closing the door behind as he kneeled in front of the toilet.

"Hgk... Come on..." He retched, gripping the toilet's lid with clammy trembling hands. *Fuck. I don't want to have to do this again, but... it's not coming up.* Randal was convinced that the only solution to his dilemma was to induce vomiting by triggering his gag reflex. He sighed as his heart pounded, reluctantly shoving his fingers into his mouth and feeling around for the back of his throat. This act reminded him of a simpler time, when he was younger and the fingers in his mouth were not his own. He groaned as he shoved his fingers deeper. *Ugh.* His hair fell around his face. *I should've tied it back... Whatever.* He retched as his fingers brushed against his uvula.

The door opened, and Randal quickly turned his head as an unnatural degree like an owl.

"Okay. Why does this always happen? Do you not know how to lock doors?" It was Nyen, sighing. "Are you retarded?" He rubbed his forehead with his pawlike hand.

"W-Why do you catmen always want to use the bathroom when there's someone else in it?" Randal glared, turning his head back and sticking his fingers back down his throat in an attempt to finally vomit and get his evil stomachache over with. He started to drool all over his fingers as he felt the contents of his stomach begin to churn. *Hahaaa... Yes... it's working!* He smiled.

"The fuck are you doing?" Nyen shut the door behind him.

*What the hell? Can this guy leave already?!* Randal began to sweat as he retched again.

Nyen crouched next to him. "I see. So *this* is why you always spend so much time in here. I thought you were jerking off or something. Jesus."

Randal's eyes widened in fear. *He's gonna watch me throw up??! This is so embarrassing...* He felt his stomach backflip as he grew lightheaded. *Why... am I getting excited about this? I might... throw up for real now...*

"Why do you do this to yourself?" Nyen muttered, disgusted. "You cut yourself for pleasure, and now this? Don't tell me you get off to puking. Fucking degen." Randal could feel the catman's angrily narrowed pupils directly glaring at him.

Randal's eyes began to well up with tears as he slowly puked over his gloved hand. "Hgku.... ff..." He panted, retching. *I'm not done yet...* His eyes narrowed as sweat began to bead on his forehead. He removed his soiled fingers from his mouth, adjusting his glasses with his clean hand. "Can you... hold my hair up?" he turned his head slightly, his vision blurry. "I forgot to bring a hair tie with me."

Nyen scowled. *He's seriously asking for something like this now? "..."*

Randal noticed the sour expression on the catman's face. "As long as you're in here ... If you don't help me with this I'm going to tell Luther you raped me. And I'm not kidding." he hissed, the dark gleam in his eyes signaling to Nyen that perhaps he really did mean it.

The catman rolled his eyes and gathered up Randal's stringy, unkempt hair in one hand, holding it above the boy's head. Randal placed his gloved fingers back into his mouth, gagging at the sensation. He vomited more, the substance beginning to trickle down his wrist soiling his gakuran sleeve.

"Are you done?" Nyen groaned. *I'm going insane. I need to fucking shower after this.*

"Almost." Randal groaned, clutching his stomach with his free hand as he continued to drool on his fingers. "I'm almost done..." he panted as he shoved his fingers down to the back of his throat quickly, his heart pounding so hard he felt dizzy. He vomited up the last of his breakfast. "Haah... Fuck." he removed his hand from his mouth, wiping his fingers on his thigh. He turned his head to look at Nyen.

Nyen stared back at him, his eyes weary and filled with an unidentifiable emotion. (Anger? Annoyance? Pity? Whatever it was, it wasn't good.)

"You... can let go now." Randal said sheepishly as Nyen's grip tightened around his hair. His chapped lips were crusted with dried vomit and spit and phlegm.

"Don't ask me to do this again. I'll kill you, you fucking faggot." Nyen grit his teeth, exhaling loudly through his nose. He almost looked like he was blushing a bit. Maybe...

Randal smiled. "Don't worry about it."

Nyen let go as Randal flushed the toilet and washed his face with the cool water from the sink. The catman left, feeling disgusted at the growing pit in his stomach and the slight arousal he felt lower down. *Yeah. I'm really gonna need that shower.*

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# Two Wuv

## Chapter Summary

Randal's traumatic origin story. Or something like that.

## Chapter Notes

Nine year old Randal noodle incident.

God some of the other chapters here fucking suck guys should I delete them or what

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Randal was very inquisitive. Both as a child, and even now, to an extent.

Most people found this annoying, but Luther found it quite endearing that his younger sibling had such a thirst for knowledge, no matter how trivial it was.

"What kind of bug is that?" *It's a cicada.* "Can I eat it?" *No, please don't.* "Why don't I have fingernails anymore?" *Because you've chewed them off so much they can't grow back anymore.* "How do I beat the water temple in Zelda?" *Randal, you know that I am terrible at your 'video games' or whatever they're called.* "Can you help me tie my shoes?" "I scraped my knee, can you kiss it better?" ... And et. cetera and et. cetera, onwards forever. Neither of them minded this.

However, the same couldn't be said about everyone else.

Nana didn't talk, and couldn't comprehend human languages very well. She knew English, but never spoke it to anyone other than herself and maybe Luther on occasion. Well, she could also understand bits and pieces of Latvian, which Randal didn't speak. He knew to avoid her and her voracious appetite, anyway.

Nyon barely understood English, as well, as he had lived in Russia until very recently. He tried to be patient, but the youngest member of the Ivory household unnerved him. He was violent and unpredictable; prone to frequent temper tantrums and bouts of mania. And, with his limited English comprehension, of course their language barrier made everything more difficult; plus the fact he wasn't fond of idle conversation to begin with added to his frustrations.

And Nyen...

"What are you doing?" Randal asked, attempting to crawl up into the catman's lap.

"Fuck off." Nyen shoved him aside. He was already pissed off at something extremely inconsequential that had happened earlier that day (he forgot exactly what it was), and he didn't need his Master's absolute *brat* of a brother spoiling his mood even more.

This did little to deter the boy, and he somehow managed to weasel his way back up. He kneeled gingerly next to the catman, his knees touching the man's thigh and his tiny hands resting on top of it delicately.

Nyen looked down and glared. "What the hell do you want? I told you to leave me alone."

Randal smiled a toothy (sharp) fanged grin. "I asked you what you were doing!" he beamed.

*This fucking kid...* "I'm reading."

"What are you reading?"

*God damnit.* "...A book."

"About?" Randal narrowed his eyes, grinning even more. *This fucking kid just loves to piss people off, doesn't he?*

"Look, kiddo, if you don't leave me alone I'll..."

"Luther!" Randal leaped off the couch as his elder brother entered the room.

"Randal." Luther sighed, sensing the tension in the air. "Were you bothering my pet?"

Randal looked back over at Nyen, who was scowling. "Nuh uh!" he smiled faux-innocently.

Luther looked at him suspiciously.

"I didn't do anything, I swear!" Randal smiled saccharinely, a single fang poking out of his mouth. "I cannot tell a lie, brother dearest!"

"Sure. I would like to have a talk with you, if you don't mind."

Randal frowned.

"You aren't in trouble or anything. This will just be a talk."

"Okay..." the boy huffed.

They made it to Luther's room.

*I hate it in here... Everything smells like him and is so silly-looking. Why can't he like cool things, like Smash Bros. or something?* Randal thought to himself, looking around the meticulously-decorated room and sighing.

"Randal." His brother's voice snapped the boy out of his thoughts. "You need to be careful about bothering people."

"..." Randal looked at his feet shyly as Luther sat on the bed in front of him.

"Not everyone is as patient as I am, Ran. Do you understand?"

"...I understand."

"Some people don't appreciate being bothered. You need to learn how to approach people respectfully."

"...Okay."

"Come here, I know you may be a little bit upset. I can sense it."

Randal took a small step forward, his eyes glassy and beginning to well with tears. He sighed shakily.

"I just want to be friends with Nyen, but he doesn't like me..." he whined, taking off his glasses to wipe his eyes. "I don't get it... he's so mean to me for no reason."

Luther placed his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Shh, it's okay. I know that deep down he... actually does care about you." (This was a blatant lie, but obviously being truthful would just make the situation worse.) "I'll have a chat with him and see if we can... arrange something. Obviously, you can't force people to be your friends, and I hope you know that. This is different." He sighed. *What am I even saying? Obviously Nyen won't be receptive. He's very stubborn, and he's made it clear he wants nothing to do with Randal. I've gotten myself into quite the situation, haven't I? Why do these difficult things always happen to good men like me?*

Randal weakly smiled. "You mean it?"

*I really don't...* "Yes, of course." he squeezed the boy's shoulder, sending shivers down his small spine.

"I want my own pet someday." Randal replied, putting his glasses back on. "It's not fair you get to have all the fun around here." he pouted, slinking out of Luther's grasp.

"Your fifteenth birthday." Luther replied, taking a second to gather his thoughts. "If you're good, I'll get you one then."

"What?! That's like," Randal huffed, counting on his fingers. "...Like six years from now! I dunno if I can wait that long..." he moaned.

"A pet is a big responsibility, Randal. I want to make sure that you're ready. And you'd need to prove to me that you're capable of taking care of a living thing. That will take some time."

"...Fine." Randal sighed, knowing he couldn't argue with that. He rocked back and forth on his heels, his hands behind his back. Thinking about owning a pet, a real-life, flesh-and-blood, living, breathing pet made him so, *so* excited. *Not yet! I can't think about that stuff yet!*

"Randal?" Luther asked, snapping the boy out of his thoughts rather rudely. "Are you... alright?"

Randal's face was red, and his nose had started to bleed. "Um..." He wiped his nose, dirtying his glove in the process with the red liquid. *Crap!*

"...Is something the matter? You can tell me, you know." Luther's voice was monotonous, as usual, but there was almost a hint of emotion. Maybe 'caring' or 'concern', two things that seemed like a foreign concept to him until very recently.

"I..." Randal squeaked, smiling sheepishly and sighing. "It's nothing." he examined the bloodstains on his hand.

"Be honest with me. It's not just 'nothing'."

Randal narrowed his eyes haughtily. "I know what you do with your *pets* while you think I'm asleep, big brother." he smiled. *Well, I guess he called my bluff. I guess my only option is to be so honest he regrets asking me. I always win.* The boy crossed his arms in defiance, his upper lip turning in a sneer.

Luther turned a brilliant shade of pink. "I... ah. I see." he sighed, regaining his composure. "Well. I suppose you'd find out about *those* things one way or another. So, that's why you want a pet?"

Randal blushed, biting down on his lower lip awkwardly. "No, I, uh... It's not like that!" he waved his hands in front of his face, trying to explain himself. "Although," he adjusted his glasses and tucked a strand of hair behind his left ear nervously. "I am a bit curious, I guess. I dunno anything about that kind of stuff."

"..." Luther sighed. *How do I go about this...?* "Would you like to know... more?"

"..." Randal turned redder. "I... um..."

"We're going to have to have this 'talk' sooner or later. Would you like to learn now? Or later? It's up to you, I won't force you to make a decision." *I'm unprepared. I didn't think he'd grow up this fast.*

"...I guess now. Let's get it over with."

Luther sighed. *I need to figure out how to make this easy for the both of us.* "Hmm. Tell me what you know already; that will make it easier so I can just tell you about the things you don't know yet."

"Umm..." Randal paused a moment, thinking. "I know that if... *things* happen enough, then... um..." he buried his face in his hands. "This is so embarrassing. I really... don't know all that much. It's weird. But I think about it sometimes." he sighed, his face burning ever-redder as he rambled awkwardly in a futile attempt to save face.

"I can tell you're a little scared. Am I right?"

"Uh... uh huh..." Randal replied, his voice muffled.

"You don't need to be embarrassed about those feelings. It's completely natural, and everyone feels like this sometimes." *Which, is true. Even people like me have those feelings sometimes. It's not really something anyone can control. Unfortunately.*

"R-Really?" the boy looked up, twiddling his thumbs. "I mean... I guess that makes sense. I thought that kind of stuff was really gross and bad. But if everyone does it..." he narrowed his eyes as his small body got uncomfortably close to Luther's. "I guess we don't have a problem now." he smiled, closing his eyes.

*What is he trying to do? "..."*

"Can you... show me...?" Randal huffed, his lips parted. His eyes were half-lidded. "I wanna know more."

*I've... dreamed of this very moment for so long. But, it doesn't feel right. This is... wrong, somehow. I can't. I mustn't.* Luther's real set of eyes nearly opened. This was the first time in his entire life he had felt actual fear. His heart was racing.

"Please...~? Pretty please~?" Randal gazed up at him coyly.

The man sighed. He had been bested. "Fine. Come here." he pulled Randal onto his lap, so that the boy was straddling him. They were face to face. *I... cannot hold back anymore. I hope I don't hurt him too much.*

Randal brought a hand to his mouth, biting down on his gloved index finger. Luther caressed his face, which caused the boy to avert his gaze.

"Your teeth are getting sharper."

"I know that." Randal puffed his cheeks out crabily. *A childish habit.* "Is this... all it is? That's what-"

"No. There is more to... sexual intercourse than just this. I... will admit, I'm a little nervous I might hurt you. Please tell me if I hurt you. I won't get mad or anything." he rubbed the boy's thigh, kneading the pale, nearly white skin in-between cool fingertips.

Randal sighed deeply, melting into his brother's arms. Small hands held onto the man's shirt. "I... feel funny."

"How so?"

"My head feels like it's on fire, and... and my legs are all tingly and stuff. And my tu- my stomach feels like it's doing backflips and there's so many butterflies..." Randal whined. "I've never felt like this before... I dunno what's going on... I want it to stop."

*...Likewise.* "Do you... think you're ready?"

"I dunno... I'm... scared." Randal adjusted his glasses and fidgeted with his gloves. "Well, I'm not *scared* scared. Maybe just nervous."

"That's OK. We don't have to do this if you don't want to." Luther placed several small kisses on Randal's scalp. *I should wash his hair soon.*

"I... want to."

"Are you sure?"

"I promise." Randal was shaking. He was very obviously nervous.

Luther picked Randal up and set him on the bed besides him. The boy laid on his back as he watched his brother get up and begin to unbuckle his pants.

*This is scary...* Randal's breathing was labored and his ears were ringing. *I wonder what'll happen next... ?* He looked in front of him to see Luther's now exposed penis. Randal instinctively drew his knees together in an attempt of self-preservation, despite the fact he was still fully clothed. "I..." he felt his throat go hoarse and dry. *Okay, this is really scary.*

"I can sense your fear. There's no need to be afraid. I'll guide you through everything." Luther said as he leaned over his trembling sibling. He began to undo the boy's pants, using a free hand to hold down his left leg. *He wanted this. There's no going back now.*

"What happens... next?" Randal rasped.

"I'll show you. Do you trust me?" he cast an idle glimpse down to the boy's exposed cunt. *He's already wet. He...*

"Mhm..."

Luther began to attempt to insert his penis inside of Randal's throbbing cunt. *It's not going to fit ...* he thought to himself. *No. This has to work. I'll make it work. I'm doing this for him. He wanted this.*

Randal whined at the contact, reaching up to grab at his brother's shirt. "This feels so weeeiiiiirddd..." he groaned, his face contorting into an interesting expression. Tears began to roll down his cheeks as his brother continued to try and insert himself into his small pussy.

"Deep breaths. You're going to be OK." he bottomed out despite being less than halfway inside. *Go figure.* He placed a hand on top of the bedsheets, gripping them tightly in an exertion of stress.

"I... I didn't realize... it would... feel like this..." Randal gasped in-between sobs. "It really hurts!!!" his legs instinctively wrapped around his brother's waist, inadvertently pulling them closer.

Luther could've sworn he felt something tear deep inside of his brother's tiny womb. He looked down. Randal was bleeding. *It's his first time. Of course.* He wiped sweat from his brow as he continued to attempt to insert himself.

"Mgh.... nh.... It won't... fit..." Randal panted, his eyes wide with fear and pain. "S-STOP!" he suddenly cried as his brother grabbed his bony hips and quickly forced the rest of his length inside. "LUTHER!! IT HURTS!" his eyes widened even more, their whites bloodshot. He began to sob even harder. "I don't... want to do this anymore!"

*Oh no. No. This... this is exactly what I had feared would happen. I hurt him. This is horrible. I've failed as a brother. I...* Luther sighed as he removed himself. "I'm... so sorry. I didn't mean for it to happen like this." He examined his penis. It was covered in Randal's blood. He collapsed next to the crying boy. "I'm truly sorry." his voice and face were emotionless as ever.

He turned to face the boy, zipping his pants and buckling his belt. He pulled his limp body close, kissing his sweaty forehead profusely in a pathetic attempt of an apology. Randal was unresponsive, still raggedly sobbing and gritting his teeth.

"I... Are you OK?" *Why did I ask that? The answer is obviously no.* He tentatively stroked the boy's hair, causing him to shudder.

"Hgk... I... it hurts really bad." Randal whimpered, drawing his knees close to his chest. "I didn't like it." All he could think about was the stabbing pain in his crotch. It felt like he had been split in half.

"I know." Luther murmured, continuing to pet the boy's lion's mane of hair slowly and methodically. "It's my fault. All of it is. I hurt you." He got up and helped Randal put his pants

back on properly. He picked him and carried him to his room, placing him gingerly in his coffin bed. “Try and get some sleep. If you do, you’ll feel better in no time.”

Randal didn’t respond as he was already passed out. His small hands gripped the blankets in his coffin tightly.

”I’m sorry.”

## Chapter End Notes

The mania is over guhhhhh I'm going to go fuck off for a while maybe

# Norwegian Wood

## Chapter Summary

Sometimes, older brothers need comforting too.  
Mostly a Luther-centric chapter. I love writing from his perspective he's sooo silly or something.

## Chapter Notes

This chapter is based directly off of my dream from recently where I was Randal and all of this stuff happened and it was really really scary. Ummm Luther yandere arc mentioned ???  
Now we know where Randal gets it from LOL.  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MQYybpKIDh0> (Luther is John Lennon confirmed)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The Ivory family patriarch was not one to talk about his 'feelings'. Foreign, useless, rudimentary, made-up things. They were folly. He had no need for them; to express them.

Yet, he somehow felt everything so intensely and truly deep down *wished* he could express himself. He couldn't express his emotions, whether with words or actions, although he tried to make sense of them when he could. He carefully studied the ways others -- those '*normal*' people showed affection; anger; sadness. It was so hard to make sense of it all, but he certainly did try.

Somehow, these things just came so *easily* (naturally?) to everyone else around him. Which was odd, because of course Luther Von Ivory naturally excelled at everything he did, right? Hell, even his younger brother was able to scream and cry and bitch and moan at even the slightest inconveniences, something which Luther envied in secret. *How does he do it? Is there something that he knows that I don't? Impossible... That can't be right.* Maybe, he was too preoccupied with his image. Or something.

Anyways.

"Randal, I told you not to watch this movie." Luther sighed, turning off the house's ancient television.

"WAIT! B-But..." Randal shrieked confusedly. "It was just getting to the good part..." He adjusted his glasses and crossed his arms angrily, slouching into the couch and practically melting into it. "Mickey and Mallory were *literally* just about to get married on the bridge!"

"... You've seen this movie a number of times. It's much too violent for a developing *Junge* such as yourself. Why can't you watch something with educational value, since you rarely go to school these days?"

This was a sore subject.

"Oh, but thine *brother!* The last time I went to school they dissected me! Here, I still have the scars from the vivisection!" Randal leaped off of the couch, quickly unbuttoning and lifting up his shirt. And, yes, the Y-shaped scarring still adorned his pale stomach and chest. "It was super annoying, so I don't think I'll be going back anytime soon." He huffed, rolling his eyes. "Those kids need to learn how to play nicely..."

"Hm. Excuses, excuses. I was shoved into a locker a few times when I was your age and I still had perfect attendance and perfect grades. Well," Luther paused, stroking his chin. "Until *you* came along. But that's another topic for another day. You need to be doing *something*, you know."

"..."

"And put your shirt back on. No one needs to see that right now."

Randal began to button his shirt back up, a wicked grin spreading across his face.

"What is it now, Randal?"

"My brother... got bullied in high school, huh? Were you a *nerd* or something?" Randal's eyes gleamed mischeviously.

"Well..."

"Only *losers* get bullied in high school, Luther~"

"Okay. Can you please cut that out? Yes, I may have been bullied as a teenager but I certainly was no square." Luther sighed, regretfully remembering his Godawful teen years. "I... had quite the 'wild' past, you could say."

"A wild past of being a teacher's pet and getting straight A's in every class?" Randal retorted, playfully teasing. "Sounds like you really *were* a dork!"

"... I would like to have a talk with you, in private."

*Ugh, again? Doesn't this happen way too often?* Randal sighed, crossing his arms. *I know exactly what's going to happen every single time, but...*

"There are a lot of things that I've never told you about. And I think you would benefit from knowing these things. Probably."

-

"So." Randal said, absentmindedly kicking his feet as he sat on the edge of his brother's bed. "Let's get this over with." *I know what's coming. Hopefully it doesn't hurt too much this time.* His eyes narrowed in anticipation as he frowned.

Luther sat beside him. Somehow, his mere presence was enough to cause a frantic feeling of anxiety to quickly overcome anyone who had the misfortune of being near him.

"I think it's time I had a talk with you about, uh, resilience. Or something like that. I really want you to continue to go to school." he turned to look at the boy, his glassy eyes causing Randal's hair

to stand on end. "Obviously, I want to encourage your independence and I really can't *force* you to do anything, so I hope that you don't feel pressured to make any rash decisions. Take some time to think about it while I talk to you. My main goal is to convince you to make your own decisions, I guess."

"Yeah, yeah. Whatever." *What the hell is he talking about?*

"Can you please stop chewing on the inside of your mouth? It's really irritating when you do that."

"...Sorry. Please continue." Randal replied sarcastically. He was obviously annoyed.

*He really has a knack for getting on my nerves. I don't know how he does it, or why he's so good at it... Never mind.* "You need to be a better listener."

"I *am* listening."

"Okay. Anyway, as I was saying, I wanted to talk to you about... some things I've never told you about."

"Uh, yeah. You already said that."

*I don't know why he thinks he can talk to me like that.* "I hope that you are able to relate to some of these things, and that you can use my learning experiences to better your own life." *This will be hard ... Being vulnerable in front of him probably isn't a good idea, but, you never know. Maybe this could do some good and correct his reckless behavior.* "Admittedly, you were right. I may have been a 'square'. However, I was able to enact revenge on those who had bullied me."

"Wait, really?" Randal turned to look at his brother, a glimmer in his eyes.

"Yes, but that's besides the point. This is not something I want to glamorize or glorify. In short, I-"

"What'd you do to them?! Did you pois-"

"It doesn't matter. Before you so *rudely* interrupted me, I was going to say that it was something that I deeply regret." the man sighed. "I snapped, and it certainly wasn't pretty. Luckily, no one figured out it was me. If they did..." *I probably wouldn't be here right now. But, the past is the past and I cannot change what I did nearly two decades ago.*

"...I see." Randal mused aloud. "Well, if *I* were you, I don't think I'd regret it." he smiled, his eyes narrowing in a cat-like manner.

"Who's to say? I don't think you really mean that, Randal. Deep down, I know you're still the same sensitive little boy you were ten years ago."

"Okay... this is getting weird now. Can you, like, stop psychoanalyzing me?" Randal fidgeted with his gloves anxiously. *I feel like I'm going to puke. I thought I knew what was going to happen! This isn't fair at all...*

Luther placed his hand on Randal's hip, scooting their bodies closer together. Randal was sure his older brother could hear his heart pounding nearly out of his chest. His ears were ringing and his head was spinning. Luther's presence was simply *intoxicating*... Something like vodka with crushed-up rohypnol mixed with few drops of midazolam for good measure. Something strong that'd knock you out for at least a day or two if it didn't outright kill you within a few hours.

*Please leave me alone. I'm fine. I'm fine.* Randal closed his eyes, trying to recount memories of times that were not *this*. *I don't need you. I don't need anyone.* (Deep down, this was a lie. In the moment, however, it felt right. Obviously Randal would spontaneously combust if even a single second went by where he was not the center of attention.)

"Do you... really want to know what happened?" Luther muttered under his breath. *I guess I've already said too much. What's the harm in saying more? I think it's time he found out; he'd figure it out eventually. I suppose it would be best if it came from me rather than someone else who is... unaware of what truly went on.*

"Sure." Randal replied breathlessly as Luther's cold fingers dug into his hipbone. Even through his clothing he could feel how cool they were. Very corpselike. The teen was getting antsy.

"I feel like it's time you knew. I'm glad you agree."

This moment seemed inappropriately intimate, considering the topic at hand. And also the fact they were blood related. Whatever. They'd crossed *that* boundary long ago. Still, Randal couldn't shake the uneasy feeling that he felt around Luther despite the fact that they had done things like this (and worse) numerous times.

"..." Randal sighed as he awkwardly leaned into Luther's side. *This is like being a little kid again. I don't know why I feel so tired.*

"I'm happy you're being receptive now. You're being so good..." *How do I start this off...? I knew I'd have to talk to him about it eventually, but I wasn't prepared...* Luther thought to himself. "...I'll go ahead and tell you everything. I hope you're able to learn from my mistakes..."

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It was a dark winter's night. It wasn't particularly cold, but there was still some snow on the ground from the past week. It was Valentine's day, 197X (Luther couldn't remember the exact year, but this was a good approximation).

The moon hung itself high upon the seldomly star-splattered canvas of the vast, open sky. *Fortune favors the bold. Tonight is the night,* Luther thought to himself as he adjusted his glasses. He held his trustworthy axe, once used to clear the woods behind the family home, heavily in his right hand. It was awkwardly heavy, causing him to lean forward slightly to accommodate for its weight. He stood in front of the high school he had grown to loathe, frowning slightly as he heard laughter and music coming inside of its gymnasium. *It was* the Valentine's day school dance, after all. A dance that he, in his nearly four years of high school, had never been invited to. And, obviously, going alone wasn't an option. You see, Luther was an outcast. He had no friends, no allies to defend him against the awful bullies that plagued the school's inner walls like horrible troglodyte goblins inside a hellish medieval dungeon. All he wanted was to just blend in. He didn't mind being a loner, but something about him just seemed to attract trouble. And when you're scrawny, you really can't defend yourself in a fistfight. *Unless... you bring an axe.*

He took a small step forward, slowly starting to approach the main entranceway. As he lifted up a shaking hand to push open the door, the lights flickered. *A premonition? No. I don't think so.* He forcefully pushed open the door, and walked down the long hallway to the gymnasium. His steps were slow, small, and awkward; the axe in his hand severely limited his range of motion and movement speed. *This is just to prove a point.* As he inched closer and closer to the gymnasium, its

blaring music growing ever louder. *I fucking hate Spandau Ballet.* Suddenly, he stopped in his tracks as he heard a slightly familiar voice in the background.

"...So, you actually invited him to the dance?"

"Well, I tried to. I wrote a note and taped it to his locker hoping he'd see it, but when I walked by after second period it had been torn off."

"So he saw it and stood you up? What a jerk!"

"I dunno about that... Brian's been really getting on my ass lately about me messing around with people he thinks are lame, y'know. I think he's just mad that I broke up with him last month and won't take him back. I've sworn off messing around with dumb jocks like him for good!"

"You guys aren't even dating and he still tries to control who you hang out with and stuff? That's, like, totally bogus. D'you think he's the one who messed up your note?"

"I'm pretty certain of it. I *know* Luther! He's a neat freak so he wouldn't leave tape and paper scraps on his locker. Only an idiot like Brian'd do something like that That's what I like about Luther! He's super smart and--"

This voice was talking about *him*. His heart nearly leaped out of his chest.

*Cynthia...* The only person in the entire school who was actually somewhat nice to him. With her long, blonde hair and sparkling green eyes and perfect teeth, she was like something out of a magazine. She'd smile at him in passing; catching his gaze from across the hall and just *acknowledging* his mere existence. She was the only person who didn't either actively terrorize him or avoid him out of fear. *Change of plan. I can't let her see this.* He quickly (well, as quickly as he could lugging around an axe) exited to the football field, hiding his weapon of choice underneath the bleachers. He sneaked back into the building, nonchalantly entering the crowded gymnasium.

He scanned the crowd for the object of his admiration, his dearest Cynthia. *This music is so loud... It's giving me a headache. How do people enjoy things like this...?*

"Wow. I can't believe you *actually* came."

Luther turned around.

*Brian.* He grit his teeth.

"So, did the lunch lady ask you out?" Brian sneered. His idiotic sports cronies surrounded the two of them, jeering.

"... Actually, I came here by myself."

"So you did. I think that's even worse."

"Hey! Brian! Leave him alone, you jerk!" *Cynthia!* Her enraged voice rang across the gymnasium just as the current song ended, causing people's heads to turn to see what the fuss was about. "Come on, Luther, we're leaving." she grabbed his hand, dragging him out of the gymnasium as yet *another* Spandau Ballet (Was it Spandau Ballet? They formed in 1979, yet only really became popular internationally with their studio album 'True', released in March of the year 1983. This

timeline didn't seem to add up... But, that doesn't really matter in the long-term scheme of things. Dear reader, do you *really* think Luther Von Ivory is a reliable narrator?)

Cynthia lead him to the football field, letting go of his hand as the two of them exited the school building.

Luther's heart was pounding so hard it was making him feel sick. He was dizzy and could barely stand up straight. *She... held my hand...* He awkwardly adjusted his glasses. "Th-Thank you for helping me out back there." He thanked the heavens above for the shroud of the night, because of this his female companion couldn't see his blushing face clearly.

Cynthia looked at her nails absentmindedly. "Oh, that? It's no big deal, Luther." she smiled, flashing her perfect smile. "Brian's just a big meathead. Ignore him."

*That's easy to say when you're not the one getting shoved into lockers and getting beat up every day after school over something so asinine and arbitrary... Whatever.*

"So," Cynthia continued. "How's your baby sister?"

"How did you...?"

"Oh, my mom's a nurse. She works in the maternity ward, and some lady with the last name 'Von Ivory' had a kid, apparently. There's not another Von Ivory family in town, is there?" she winked playfully. "I know that might sound totally creepy, but we're friends, right? Not much goes on in this town, anyway, so even the most mundane news spreads pretty quickly."

"Y-Yeah... Well, she's only a few months old, so not much has been going on. My parents aren't around a whole lot, so I have to take care of her whenever I can."

"I see... well, if you ever need a babysitter, just let me know. I'm trying to make some extra money before the school year's over so I can buy a car." Cynthia tucked her blonde hair behind her left ear and grinned. "Well, it was nice chatting with you. They're playing my favorite song right now, so I just *have* to dance! See you around!" she quickly made her way back inside the building, with Luther noting the way her violet dress perfectly fit her frame.

He stood in silence for a few minutes, unsure of what to do next. *Should I just call this entire thing off and go home? ... Yes. I should. I don't know what I thought I'd achieve here.* He wiped his nose with the back of his hand, sighing as he walked to retrieve his axe...

-

"So you mean you pussied out of it and-" Randal interrupted, eyes wide.

"Please do not interrupt me. I am not finished with the story." Luther sighed. His second set of eyes were starting to flutter open. Randal could tell his brother was emotional, a rare occurrence. Even though he wasn't sure what would happen, he waited in anticipation with bated breath to hear the story's conclusion.

-

He bent down to pick up his weapon, but before anything could happen he heard Brian and his goons coming up to him.

"So you're the one who Cyn left me for, huh?" he hissed. Even without seeing his face, Luther could tell he was angry.

"Leave me alone. I'm going home. And nothing happened." Luther picked up his axe and began to slowly begin his trek home. *God, these fucking idiots. Those low I.Q. morons make my blood boil.*

It didn't take him long to find out he was being followed. *Great. Just great...*

He turned around, scowling.

"Didn't anyone tell you not to mess around with someone who has a weapon?" he hissed, his eyes narrowing and his true eyes wide open. He struggled to lift the axe above his head, in a pathetic attempt at an intimidation tactic.

Brian merely laughed.

"You can barely even move with that thing. I don't think you'll be able t-" his speech was rudely interrupted by Luther's axe meeting his chest. It was magnificent. It was glorious. It was bloody. (Oh, wait, I forgot I'm not supposed to glorify this. Oops. At the time, the rush of adrenaline made it seem exciting. Whatever.)

As Brian fell to the ground, his friends began to ran away. The sidewalk was still icy from the past snowstorm, so running was an almost herculean task.

*Whatever. I'll let them run. It serves them right. They'll be traumatized for life. I can use this as blackmail... If they shove me in another locker, I'll kill them too. He smiled. And even if they do tell... no one would believe them. Now... Luther scanned the scene of his crime. Whatever shall I do with the body?*

Brian, face-down in the snow, sputtered as blood pooled around his body.

"Fuck. You." he managed to gasp.

Luther stooped down, grabbing the back of his tormentor's skull to raise it up. They made eye contact, Brian visibly shaken at the revelation of Luther's true eyes.

"No one will ever find your body, Brian. I'll make sure of it."

-

"...And that's how it ended. I really can't be bothered to remember anything else." Luther groaned, visibly shaken by having recounted these memories. "It doesn't even really mattered that these events transpired. No one ever said anything, so I was never found out." his real eyes were wide and nearly bloodshot.

Randal tentatively glanced up at the man, as his grip was getting uncomfortably tight.

*What do I even do now? ...This is making me feel weird.*

"I..." he paused, carefully formulating his reply. "I'm sorry that you had to go through all of that. I guess." he snaked his way out of Luther's grasp, and stood before him. He adjusted his glasses and bit down on his lower lip thoughtfully with fanged teeth. *I have to be really careful. I don't want him to get mad or freak out on me... Wait! I know!* a devilish grin began to form on his face as he

slowly approached his brother. He knelt in front of him, resting his head on Luther's knees awkwardly. *He... likes this kind of stuff, right? I think so.* He tried to remind himself that, no, he was only doing this to prevent a potential disaster. Not of his own volition. Not because he secretly *yearned* for more intimate contact despite the fact it made him so anxious he could feel the bile rise in his throat every time he dared to even think about it. Not at all. *I do not have sexual fantasies about my older brother. I do not want to fuck my brother. I am not sexually attracted to my brother.* Those were the mantras that he repeated to himself often throughout long and lonely nights.

"..." Luther looked down at his younger brother, feeling puzzled. *What is he doing?*

Randal could sense his confusion, and looked up at his brother, his chin digging into the man's thigh almost painfully. The original objective of this conversation had long been forgotten by this point.

"I know you're upset." he said, quietly, his eyes half-lidded. He sighed. *I hope this is working. The last time he was mad it was really scary.*

"...I'm not." Luther replied, tentatively stroking Randal's matted hair.

"You're an awful liar, big brother ☆" Randal stuck his tongue out playfully. He suddenly stood up, quickly freeing Luther's hand from his scalp. *Hopefully he won't say anything about giving me a haircut.* He awkwardly straddled his flustered brother's lap, wrapping his arms around the man's waist. *His eyes are closing! This is a good sign ..... Hopefully-y-y nothing bad happens now.* He buried his face in Luther's chest, deeply exhaling. "I know you like this. I know you get mad about stuff sometimes. I-"

"I think you should stop talking now." Luther interrupted, his voice low, quiet, and unreadable. He embraced Randal, pulling his frail body close. *He feels warm. Is he feverish at all?* He brought a hand to the back of the boy's head, wrapping his fingers around gnarled ginger hair. *I think I'll brush his hair in the morning.* He attempted to brush out some of the knots with his fingers, causing Randal to gasp and shudder.

*Fuck! He's pulling too hard and it hurts. And his hands are so cold!* Randal's face scrunched up tightly at the painful and awkward sensation. It also didn't help that his glasses were digging into his face uncomfortably. His thin fingers gripped the fabric of Luther's shirt tightly. He had most certainly bit off more than he could chew, buuut... at least Luther wasn't going to go on a rampage anytime soon. So, win-lose situation like always; that's life; whatever. And... there was the prospect of *more*, which was certainly exciting, to say the least. Randal couldn't help it. He was spoiled, sure. But who's fault was that? Any time someone gave him something, he'd end up wanting more. And *more*. Not an admirable trait, sure, but it was one of his little 'intricacies' that made him, well, *him*. Luther was certain he'd grow out of it. Eventually. Anyways...

"It's getting late. I think you should go to bed." Luther let go of his brother, attempting to wristle out of the boy's arms. "I am sorry if I bored you with this conversation. I can't even remember the point I was trying to make." *Another failure. Hopefully he's at least learned something here.*

"No." Randal groaned, wrapping his arms around his brother's waist tighter. "I'm not even that tired yet..." he looked up and frowned.

*He's gotten quite strong. That's good, I suppose. I wonder if one day his powers will become even stronger than mine... No. I don't want to imagine that.* Luther shook his head at the idea. If Randal's

powers remained unchecked... Just thinking about it made him shudder.

"It's quite late. You really should be in bed right now, young man." Luther stroked Randal's hair gently. "You always say you're not tired when I tell you to go to bed, and I know you're lying every single time. I can tell that you're sleepy, there's no use in trying to lie about something so obvious."

"...Whatever."

"Where's my good, honest little boy? I know he's in there, somewhere." As he said this, he felt Randal's body temperature rise. *I see. So, he's embarrassed. Interesting.*

"Don't... say that kind of stuff." Randal hissed, unwrapping his arms from Luther's waist in order to bury his face in his hands. "It makes me feel really weird." *I can't go to sleep now! He's making my brain all messed up! This is so bad ...*

"How so?" Luther asked coyly, wrapping his hands around the boy's thin wrists and removing his hands. He could tell Randal was *extremely* flustered, as his face was flushed and his heart was pounding loudly. "Tell me. There's nothing to be scared about."

"Um..." Randal's eyes wildly darted around the room as he attempted to free his wrists from Luther's strong, icy grip. *Why the hell is he so strong?? I thought our powers would be close to equal by now... Not fair.* He pouted, closing his eyes and sighing dramatically.

"I don't want you to keep secrets from me." the energy in the room had taken a dark turn. Luther's voice was somehow more serious than it normally was.

"I... I'm not! I swear! Let me go..." Randal struggled in the man's grasp. *I'm not going to say anything! Leave me alone!* "I'm tired. I want to go to bed." his narrow eyes glimmered as he met Luther's gaze. *I've beat him at his own game.* He grinned devilishly.

Obviously, this didn't work.

"I know you're lying. You would never willingly admit something like that. I know you too well for an excuse this clumsy to work on me. Did you really think that would have *actually* worked?" Luther replied coolly, bringing Randal's left hand to his face. He kissed the boy's knuckles gently. "You have nothing to be afraid of. It's just me. You can tell me anything, you know."

*Ugh. This is just making everything worse,* Randal thought to himself angrily as he felt a wet spot begin to form in his underwear. *Damnit. Damnit. Damnit.* His face blushed even redder; his heart was pounding even harder and he felt so dizzy. *I shouldn't feel like this. This is bad. This is really, really bad.*

"Be a good boy, Randal."

The utterance of this sentence was nearly enough to send Randal spiraling. He nervously chewed on his bottom lip, eventually giving up trying to free his wrists. They were already beginning to feel sore.

"I..." he inhaled deeply, his breath hitching in his throat painfully. *I started all of this. What a big mistake! I guess I have to end it, too. Fine.* "I love you. And not in a..." he paused, carefully trying to articulate his feelings without sounding insane. "Not in a normal way. And... it makes me really confused. A-And..." he bit down on his lower lip, hard. He felt his eyes grow watery, his nose

stinging as he attempted to not burst into tears in front of his brother. "This is so embarrassing! I want to die!" he whined, squirming awkwardly. His cunt was dripping; his entire body was *aching*. *I thought I wanted this... why is it so embarrassing...?*

"I... see." Luther replied, not sure what else to say. *I had a feeling this might happen, eventually. I'm just glad he was at least able to admit it. With minimal prying from myself, of course. I want him to be honest without my intervention. I suppose we'll still have to work on that for the time being.* "I understand how you feel... And," he added. "To be honest, you're not very good at hiding your emotions. It's been painfully obvious over the years that your feelings towards me are... less than wholesome. And that is fine. This whole situation is my fault; I'm the one at blame here." *I guess I've ruined him. Oh, well, it's not like I can undo the damage. I don't know what the alternative to whatever 'this' is would have been... I want him to be more independent, but he's just so cute when he's clingy like this... I guess for now, this is fine. This is the last time I'll do anything like this.* (That was a blatant lie, but it placated him in the moment.) He let go of Randal's wrists, the boy rubbing them with a strained whine of relief.

"...I feel so gross." Randal whimpered, attempting not to cry. *Shit. Don't cry. Don't cry. Don't cry. Just... pretend like this isn't happening. Think of something else. Anything else. Just don't cry.* "Why do I have to feel this way, brother? What's... wrong with me?" *Fuck. It hurts so fucking bad. I'm so ...*

"Shh. This isn't your fault. As you very well know, everyone is burdened with these feelings from time to time." Luther replied quietly. *I feel so terrible. I wish he was young again and blissfully unaware of adult things like this. He's still just a child, and this is all my fault.* He wiped the tears that were starting to roll down his sibling's flushed cheeks with his cold fingers. "This isn't your fault. There's nothing wrong with you. Would you... like me to take care of it? Would you like me to help you make these feelings go away?" his tone was almost patronizing, reminding Randal of being nine-years-old again. The boy cried even harder, clinging to his brother and burying his face in the man's chest. *Ugh. I'll have to wash this shirt in the morning. No matter, any menial chore I'll have to do tomorrow is worth it for this very moment. This... is so horrible, but when he cries like this... he's just so... No. I shouldn't think such awful things. He's truly suffering right now, and I'm the only one who can make him feel better.*

"Puh... please..." Randal replied hoarsely. "Please... make it stop." his chapped lips were parted slightly, and his breath was heavy and ragged. "I want this feeling to go away."

Luther took special notice of the way his brother's chest heaved in and out. He began to unbutton the boy's gakuran halfway, exposing his small breasts.

"N-No... don't..." Randal pleaded pathetically. "I... hate them. Please... don't look."

His pleas fell upon deaf ears as Luther began to fondle them. He felt the boy's nipples grow hard underneath his fingers; his chest rose and fell rapidly as he began to panic. He placed several kisses upon the boy's chapped lips, not daring to open them. *That would be too much.*

"Gh... Luther, p-please stop!" Randal began to pant as he pulled away, his anxiety going through the roof. *I can't breathe! I'm going to die! My heart is pounding so hard and I feel like I'm going to pass out! This feels so awful...!* "I d-don't want this! I..." He had recently begun to feel dysphoric about his breasts, even though they were so small they were hardly noticeable most of the time. *I'm not a girl! I don't want to be a girl!!!! He said he'd never treat me like a girl again ... He lied. I*

*fucking hate him. I fucking hate him so bad. Once I kill myself, maybe then he'll be actually sorry for me. Maybe then he'll actually fucking love me.*

"I love you, Randal. You're being so good for me right now." Luther withdrew his hands, leaving Randal a crying, panicked mess in his lap. "See, honesty really does pay off. This is what you wanted. I know it. All you need to do now is just *admit* it to yourself ♡"

"...You said you wouldn't treat me like a girl anymore." Randal muttered angrily, snot and tears streaming down his face.

"Hm. You liked it when I touched your breasts a few weeks ago, did you not?" Luther sighed, fixing his hair. "What's gotten into you?" *I guess he still wants to be stubborn. Oh, well. Not that whatever he feels-- or, rather, whatever he thinks he feels - matter much right now. I know what he wants; I know him better than he knows himself. He wants this, just as badly as I do. I'm certain of it.*

"You're a fucking liar, Luther." Randal hissed, glaring through narrowed eyes as he took off his glasses in order to wipe the tears from their lenses with his shirt. "I'm going to bed." he started to get up, but his voyage back to his room was foiled by Luther picking him up and quite literally tossing him onto the bed. He looked up at his brother, his eyes beginning to fill with fear. *Oh, God. Please don't.*

"What makes you think you can talk to me like that?" Luther replied, deceptively calmly. His true eyes were beginning to show again, although his demeanor remained placid. Somewhat. He climbed on the bed, looking down at his trembling sibling. "I... thought I was a good brother."

Randal gulped anxiously as he attempted to cover his exposed chest. His hands were trembling too much for him to button his shirt back up. *I fucked up. I fucked up so bad. How... how can I make this better? C'mon... I need to think.* "I... I'm s-sorry." he screwed his eyes tightly shut as Luther brought his face close. He knew that looking directly into the man's true eyes for too long had the potential to give him horribly prostrating migraines. And he had only looked once, one second too long, years ago. Once was enough. "L-Luther, I'm so, *so* sorry." he panted, his ears filled with a horrible ringing noise no doubt caused by his brother's too-close presence. "I..." he opened his unbuttoned shirt back up, awkwardly exposing his small breasts. He was trembling. "H-Here. Touch them. *Please.*"

"..." Luther exhaled sharply. *He's too scared. This... isn't good. I want him to enjoy this, yet... He glanced at his ever-noticeable erection. He's so adorable like this. Goodness, I really need to learn how to control myself. I must be gentle with him. I never though I'd say this, but I'm getting too emotional, and that isn't good. I need to calm down.* He sighed, wiping sweat from his brow. His true eyes fluttered shut and disappeared. *Good. This is good.* "Open your eyes." he said, gently, kneeling over the boy.

"I'm really scared, Luther." Randal sobbed. "I... I don't know what to do." he was still trembling, and his jaw was clenched so tightly his teeth were hurting from biting down so hard. "I hate this."

"You don't have to worry about anything. I'll do your thinking for you, for now. You can trust me."

Randal slowly opened his eyes, exhaling deeply. *I didn't even realize I was holding my breath like that.* That painful feeling in his groin was returning, and it was even worse than before. *Why... did that turn me on so much?? I'm so fucked up. Nyen was right, there's something seriously wrong with me.*

"Tell me you love me. Tell me you want this." Luther began to unbuckle the boy's belt, sliding his pants down and exposing his sticky, dripping cunt. *Well, I guess I have my answer already. But I need to hear him actually say it.*

"I... love you." Randal panted breathlessly, his small hands clenching the bedsheets tightly. "Please... I..." *This is so embarrassing, I... Can I say it? "I want to..."*

"Yes? Use your words, please."

Randal blushed, biting his lower lip.

"Can I sit in your lap...?" *Agh. Fuck. I said it.* "L-Like I used to always do when I was a kid, a-and w-"

"Of course." Luther replied nonchalantly, removing the boy's pants and underwear and folding them. He placed the neatly folded clothes on the bed. *He's being so earnest... So pliant and honest. Such a good boy. I guess my hard work has finally paid off.* "Can you take off your shirt for me, please?"

"Mm... mhm." Randal replied, sitting up and taking off his shirt. He placed it next to the rest of his clothing without bothering to fold it. (Very telling of his personality, or something.)

Luther got up and sat at the edge of the bed, and Randal shyly climbed into his lap. He wrapped his arms around the boy's waist, burying his face in the crook of his small neck.

Randal shuddered at the contact, and tried to stifle his moans as he felt Luther begin to kiss his neck and collarbone and shoulder. He felt the man's serpentine tongue flick around the sensitive skin; his teeth dragging against the thin skin where his collarbone jutted out. *I... can't take this anymore* ♡ he sighed as he spread his legs and guided one of the man's hands to his exposed and twitching cunt. His eyes fluttered shut as he smiled and bit his lip.

"...Do you want me to-" Luther was taken aback at this sudden, straightforward action.

"Finger me, Luther." Randal's eyes opened, narrowing as he smiled smugly. He could feel his brother's hand hesitate, hovering awkwardly above his clit. "Do it." his shyness melted away as he was overcome with lust. He finally remembered just how *good* his brother could make him feel. Why was he even scared in the first place? And... of course, making his brother all flustered like this was one of his most favorite past-times, after all. "Are you *scared*? Scared to *defile* your little brother? A-"

"Be quiet." Luther replied, rubbing the boy's cunt quite roughly. Randal let out an awkward squeak as he was rudely interrupted by this sudden move.

"Uuuu... *God*, this feels so *fucking good*~~ ♡♡♡" Randal whined, leaning backwards into his brother's chest.

"Language." Luther replied, frustratedly. He pinched the boy's clit, causing him to buck his hips.

"Haah... aah... I'm already gonna... hff... I'm g-gonna cum if you keep this up!" Randal whined, gripping his brother's wrist with both of his small hands in an attempt to guide his fingers deeper. *I guess I was super pent-up, or something... Gosh, this feels way better than when I do it!*

Luther buried his face in his younger brother's hair. He could feel his erection growing painfully harder. He used his free hand to paw rough circles into the boy's left nipple, which caused his small body to stiffen.

"Be a good boy and cum for me. Don't hold back." he mumbled, sighing deeply. *This is amazing. I can't wait for what comes next. I can only hope that he enjoys it just as much as I do. I've worked so hard on making him feel good already...*

Randal whined as he came on his brother's hand, shuddering as Luther withdrew his fingers. He was panting, hard, and his head was throbbing. He saw stars, and *God*, they were *so* beautiful.

"Open your mouth."

Randal obliged as Luther stuck his soiled fingers into his mouth. *This is so fucking gross*, he thought to himself as he sucked on his brother's fingers. *It's making me feel weird. I think we're both really messed up* ♡

"Can we...?"

"Don't speak with your mouth full. Hold on." Luther removed his fingers from the boy's mouth, wiping them on his already dirtied shirt. "You may speak."

"Can we... h-have sex now?" Randal panted, attempting to stand up and nearly falling over. His knees were weak.

"Don't-- Don't do that. Here, hold on." Luther got up quickly, helping his brother steady himself. "Yes, we may." he guided Randal back to his bed, bending him over the edge gingerly.

Randal arched his back, wincing as his spine cracked awkwardly. "Oww! Crap..." he gripped the bedsheets tightly, burying his face into the down comforter and inhaling deeply.

"If you actually made an effort to stand up straight, that wouldn't have happened. You need to watch your posture. If y--"

"God, can you shut up? I thought you were going to violate me, not lecture me, you nancy." Randal huffed angrily, his voice muffled by the blanket.

"Watch your mouth." Luther muttered under his breath, undoing his pants and freeing his dick. It throbbed in his hand as he guided himself to Randal's still dripping cunt. He could see that the inner parts of the boy's thighs were slick with sweat and cum. He began to insert himself, causing Randal to gasp. *He's still so tight... I hope this won't be an issue.* It was a tight squeeze, but he was somehow able to slowly bottom out; every inch that went inside causing his brother to cry out in pain? Pleasure? He decided it was both, and that was fine.

"Mgh..." Randal moaned as Luther grabbed his bony hips tightly, beginning to thrust in and out of his cunt slowly and gingerly. *He's grabbing too hard ...* "You... you're being too gentle."

"Oh?" Luther leaned down, moving a hand to grab Randal's greasy fringe by its base. "Do you think you're in charge here?" he whispered in the boy's ear.

"U...um... AH!" Randal cried as Luther slammed his full length into his cunt forcefully. "Haah..."

"That's what I thought. Please don't tell me what to do." Luther's fingernails dug into Randal's scalp. Luckily, they weren't as sharp as Nyen's. It was still an uncomfortable sensation nonetheless. His other hand was still gripping Randal's hip tightly enough to leave fingernail marks on the pale skin.

"This is... nff!! So amazing!!" Randal cried, his head pounding with ecstasy. "I love you!!" *I want to... do this more often, I think* ♡

"I love you too, Ran. You're such a good boy." Luther's grip on his hair grew tighter as he felt the boy's cunt clench tighter around him. *Interesting, he still likes that nickname I made up for him years ago... He's so cute. I'm already close.* "Such a perfect prince. For me, and me alone." *He's mine.*

Randal sniffled. This pleasure was almost too much, too dizzying, and he felt like his heart was going to give out and that his brain was turning to mush. He felt tears roll down his cheeks, yet again. He felt overstimulated; his brother was just *too* good at this. He didn't want to cum. He just wanted to feel this urgent painful pleasure forever.

"Randal, I'm going to cum..." Luther groaned, his breathing ragged. He gently nibbled on the boy's ear.

"D-Do it... I'm close too..." Randal whispered, wiping his eyes and nose with gloved hands.

Luther let go of the boy's hair, grabbing his hips with both hands as they both came in tandem.

Randal flipped to his back as Luther got up.

"I... still..." Randal panted, his brain too scattered to form a coherent sentence. He grabbed Luther's wrist, guiding his hand to his cunt. "Please... f-finger me again, big brother." he bit down on his lower lip, rubbing his still-aching and dripping cunt on the man's trembling fingers.

"Okay." Luther sighed. *He's insatiable... What have I gotten myself into?* He couldn't help but smile, which he hadn't done in years.

Randal noticed this, wide-eyed.

"You... you... Holy shit." *I actually made him smile?*

"Ignore it." Luther replied, his face returning to normal as he slammed three fingers into Randal's aching cunt. He leaned over the boy, placing his free hand next to his small body in order to steady himself.

Randal cried out as Luther's fingers stretched him out even more, his thumb rubbing against his sore clit.

"Do you think I can fit a fourth finger in you, Randal?" he asked, his voice low and menacing. He leaned down and kissed the boy's forehead.

"G-Go ahead..." Randal panted as he grabbed his brother's face and kissed his lips forcefully. He grinned as he watched the man turn a brilliant shade of pink. Luther pulled him back in, forcing the boy's mouth open with his own and shoving his serpentine tongue down the boy's throat as he slipped his pinky into the boy's cunt.

Luther sucked on the boy's tongue as he continued to finger his abused cunt. Randal wrapped his arms around the back of his neck, his hips bucking at every sensation. This just felt *so good...*

*I'm so happy right now... He makes me feel so good... and he cares about me, and-- Fuck, I can't breathe!* The boy's lungs were burning and his eyes were beginning to water. He tried to push Luther away, small hands shoving against the man's chest, and *eventually* he got the memo and pulled away, a trail of saliva connecting their mouths. *Wow, this is just like hentai...* Randal panted, his vision bleary as he struggled to regain his breath.

Luther wiped his mouth with his free hand.

"I can tell you're close." he simply said, moving his hand to grope the boy's breasts. "Cum again for me."

Randal sighed at this new sensation. His breathing grew more frantic as he began to cum a third time.

"Good boy. Thank you." Luther removed his fingers. *I need to go wash my hands.*

"C-Can I sleep in here tonight?" Randal said, his breathing still heavy.

Luther sighed. "You may." *I'll need to wash these sheets in the morning. So many stupidly menial tasks... but it was all worth it. For him. My baby.*

A few moments had passed and Luther had finally crawled into bed, pulling Randal's nude body close to him as he slipped under the covers.

"Luther..." Randal yawned. "I can't find my glasses."

*Great.* the man thought to himself sarcastically. "Let's worry about that later. Right now, I think you should sleep. It is very late."

Randal kissed his brother suddenly and quickly.

"Hm?"

"Sorry... I just... I like doing that." Randal replied shyly.

"We can... kiss more often, if you'd like that." Luther was blushing furiously. *Oh, my. I shouldn't have said that. This is going to be a disaster.*

"..." Randal began to turn to face away, embarrassed, but Luther stopped him from moving by pulling him closer in a tight embrace.

The two kissed, again. And again. For what seemed like hours.

Each time Randal pulled away, Luther reveled in his flushed face and heavy breathing. The boy's eyelids were very heavy, and their bodies were desperately intertwined.

"This is so... amazing..." Randal's eyes fluttered as he yawned. The early morning daylight was already starting to seep into the room through the partially open curtains.

*I've messed up his sleep schedule, yet again. What kind of older brother am I?!*

## Chapter End Notes

It has taken me like five fucking days to write this. Uhh hope y'all are happy meow  
I keep having dreams that I'm Randal. I may write more chapters based off of my dreams if  
Ivorycest happens in them more often teehee

# Wriggle Like a Fucking Eel

## Chapter Summary

Nyen vs Randal epic rap battles of history

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It was an oddly peaceful day in the Ivory household.

Randal wasn't causing any problems as he was too busy playing Minecraft on the family's miraculously still-working Windows 95 computer. The basement of the house was cool, a fine respite away from the dog days of summer.

"Look, Sebastian!" Randal turned his head towards his pet, pointing at the screen.

He had forced the older teen to watch his 'epic gameplay' or something. Sebastian was just glad he wasn't actively being tortured.

"You're not looking! Look!" He poked the computer screen frantically. "I made Reimu from Touhou in here!"

"Um..." Sebastian had no clue what Randal was talking about. *What the hell is a 'Touhou'?*  
"...Cool."

"It took me, like, an hour. It was really hard. Luckily, I'm playing in creative mode so I h-"

Sebastian tuned the boy out. He was painfully bored, but that was a luxury nowadays it seemed. *He's so annoying. He never stops talking and-*

"Are you even paying attention to me?" Randal was pouting.

"..." *Shit. What do I do?* Sebastian felt his body tense up. *I have to be really careful with what I say here. If I say the wrong thing, he'll get pissed and... I don't wanna think about what could happen.*  
"I'm... just tired. Sorry."

This answer seemed to satisfy the teen, he paused his game and smiled gingerly.

"I see. I guess I'd better put you down for a nap..." Randal exited the game, turning off the computer. "I love the noises this thing makes. Um, let's go."

The two eventually made it to Randal's bedroom.

"Let me tuck you in, Sebastian!" he said gleefully.

"I... can do that myself." Sebastian replied, groaning as he began to get in the coffin he was forced to use as a bed.

"..." Randal frowned. *I wonder if he's fussy because he needs his rest... Yeah. That's it.* He knelt down next to the coffin, tucking his hair behind his ears.

*Is he... going to watch me sleep?* the older teen thought to himself as he got under the blanket. "I... don't know if I can sleep with you staring at me like that." *I don't even really need to sleep, but I might as well try to... Just to pass the time. But if he's going to watch me like this that'll be impossible.*

"Hm, you do have a point, actually." Randal placed his hands on the edge of the coffin, peering down at his pet ominously. He was still smiling. "I always tell Luther the same thing. It freaks me out when he tries to watch me sleep. And, like, he's not even sneaky about it! I can *literally* see him sitting in the corner acting like he's invisible. Which, for the record, he isn't." he pouted, sticking his tongue out

*Great. So that's something that happens regularly?* Sebastian now had one more thing to worry about.

"Well, I'll be nice and let you rest." Randal continued haughtily, patting his captive on the shoulder. "I'm a way better Master than my idiot brother." he giggled, beginning to stand up. *I guess this is a win-win. He can get some sleep and I can continue playing Minecraft! Now... should I create a new survival world?* "I trust my dolls enough to tell me if something goes wrong, so behave yourself! ☆" *Oh, and I almost forgot...*

Randal knelt back down, his figure looming over the coffin. His face got ever-closer to his pet's, causing the older teen to blush beet red.

*What's he doing?!*

Their lips collided awkwardly.

"There. *Now* you can sleep. I almost forgot the most important part of going to bed... The goodnight kiss! It's an ancient technique that is guaranteed to give you a good night's sleep!" Randal thought for a second. "Or, I guess it'd work just as well for an afternoon nap too. My brother taught it to me." he got up and left the room, leaving Sebastian flustered and confused.

As he made his way down the stairs to the ground floor of the house, he felt an interesting sensation.

*Hm... my ears are burning,* the boy thought to himself as he paused in his tracks, cupping his ears as he cautiously peered down the stairs in front of him. *Someone must be talking about me. I wonder who it is?* He abandoned his original Minecraft-playing plans in order to hunt down whoever was talking about him. *Hopefully whoever it is is saying something nice.*

Meanwhile, in the living room...

"--been pissing me off to no end lately, Master."

*Nyen. So... is it him?* Randal crept quietly down the stairs. As soon as he got to the last step, he paused, crouching and peering out from behind the banister of the staircase. *He doesn't look too happy. I wonder why?* he thought to himself, completely oblivious as to what was going on.

"Excuse me a moment." Luther said, setting down his tea. "Randal, I hope you know that I can see you clear as day spying on the both of us." he glared at his sibling, annoyed.

*Crap.* "Oh! Well..." Randal replied sheepishly, standing up and wringing his hands awkwardly. "I actually wasn't spying on you guys! Honestly, I swear!" his face was bright red.

Luther and Nyen did not seem convinced.

"...Gosh! I have a right to be in here as much as you two do! I live here too, you know!" he replied, angrily, in a futile attempt to try and diffuse the situation. It was obviously not working. "I wasn't trying to be sneaky or anything..."

"Sure. Now, if you'll excuse us, we were having a mature conversation that doesn't concern you." Luther sighed. *It's always so obvious when he's lying. I suppose he gets it from me.*

"Doesn't concern me, huh?" Randal replied smugly, hopping down that last step and fully entering the living room. He leaned against the entryway in an attempt to seem more nonchalant or something. "My ears were burning, thou brother, so *obviously* that means someone here was talking about me..." he tapped his chin curiously, adjusting his glasses with his other hand. "...So, yes, I do believe this conversation *does* concern me!" he pointed into the air dramatically.

"You've been playing too many of those 'Doctor Layton' games or whatever they're called, Randal. Please don't bother us."

"Erm... it's actually 'Professor' Layton, 'cause he hasn't gotten his doctorate ye-"

*"Randal."*

"Sorry." the teen bowed his head, quickly speedwalking to the basement. *Ugh. The people in this house are so lame! Especially my stupid brother!* As he sat down in front of the computer he brought his hands to his head and began pulling at his hair dramatically. "Fuuuuck." he whined to no-one in particular. *I'm gonna create a new survival world for sure. I need to kill some creepers and set some villages on fire. That'll make me feel better, I think.* "Okay." he sighed, looking around. "Thank God no one saw that."

He began to boot up the computer, but before anything could happen someone had entered the basement. Randal turned his head in a manner that was impossible within the normal human range of motion, the tendons in his neck snapping just a bit. The noise made him cringe, but he wasn't actually hurt or anything. The noise was just gross.

"What do *you* want?" he narrowed his eyes at the intruder. It was Nyen, of course. Unsurprisingly, catmen were very nosy much like real cats.

"Your brother asked me to talk to you. Look, I don't want to do this either, but-"

"Hm. I'm not interested." Randal turned his head back as he opened the MinecraftLauncher application. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I have *important* things to do here."

*I see. I try to be nice to this kid and he turns around and acts like this. Two can play at this game. Master Luther's at his wits' end trying to deal with this brat and he decided that I might be able to talk some sense into him. Maybe I can. Or not. We'll see. Any task he asks of me, I'll try to complete*

*to the best of my abilities. I just want him to be happy, and with Randal acting like this... Nyen cracked his knuckles forebodingly.*

Randal chose to ignore him. *I'm already really pissed and this guy just HAS to bother me, huh? Ugh. I hate this. I'm gonna slit my fucking wrists later when I can get some actual alone time.* The boy sighed, wiping sweat from his brow. *It's fine. It's fine, really. I need to calm down a little bit.* His thoughts were interrupted by a hand on his shoulder. He turned his head, awkwardly.

"I told you, I didn't want to have to do this. But your brother asked me to, so..." Nyen sighed, rubbing his jaw. "Let's make this quick. Can't you just listen to me for, like, five minutes?" *I'm not very good at discipline, but since Master asked me to... Ugh. I hate being roped into this shit but I really have no option here.*

Randal swatted Nyen's hand away angrily, smiling as the man withdrew it quickly. "Would it kill you to say no to him once in a while? Sometimes, Sebastian says no to me and nothing happens because I'm *nice*." the boy hissed, setting up his new survival world.

*Your brother isn't exactly 'nice' and neither are you. But... if I had to choose, I would choose him over you any day.* Nyen pulled up a chair, facing the boy. "I told you, I want to just get this over with. If you just listen to what I have to say, nothing will happen."

"Somehow, I doubt that." Randal replied, narrowing his eyes as he attempted to focus on the game. "And I also doubt my brother even asked you to come down here at all, anyway."

"Surprisingly, that's not true. He actually did ask me to do this for him, because he's sick of dealing with you." Nyen groaned. "I know, I know. I'm just as shocked as you are. But, why would I lie about something like this?"

Randal turned his head, pausing the game. "Oh, so he did. Interesting... *veeery* interesting." *I guess maybe that's why my ears were burning earlier. They were both talking about me.*

"Yeah. So, anyway, what I wa--"

"Shh. You don't even have to say or do anything, you know. You could leave right now, if you wanted to. Just go back upstairs and tell my brother you *really* grilled me. Or something." Randal turned back to focus on his game, smiling saccharinely. "And he'd be none the wiser ☆ You know, he acts like he can hear and see everything, but he really c--"

"Okay. Can you please be quiet? I'm trying to actually be nice to you for once; you know, show you some kindness or *something*, and you have the nerve to act like a stuck-up little bitch who thinks she can boss me around." Nyen replied, audibly growing more and more irate with each second that passed. "You may be above me on the stupid family ranking chart, but that doesn't really mean shit in real life. If I wasn't so fucking *polite*, you'd've actually been put in your place long ago. I could probably kill you if I actually wanted to. Your brother is the only thing stopping me." *I know I'm rambling, but it's true. This kid pisses me off, and I can't believe he actually treats everyone like this. The Master shelters him too much... In real life, this behavior could get him seriously hurt and--*

"Hahahaha... you're getting so worked up over nothing ~~..." *Seriously, what's this guy's problem? And I thought Luther was annoying...* Randal rolled his eyes. *Can he just leave already? He's distracting me.*

"..." Nyen grit his teeth and exhaled sharply. "Don't fuck with me."

"I'm not even doing anything!" Randal sighed, feeling himself grow frustrated. His hands were beginning to tremble. He was already a little angry from earlier, and this whole situation was just making everything worse. "You're literally getting so mad over nothing." *He has mental problems or something. Even Luther wouldn't get this mad...* "All you have to do is leave. I'll cover for you if my brother asks about it." *I don't even want to play fucking Minecraft anymore. This guy's ruined my entire day... I have to calm down. Getting mad is stooping down to his level. He's just a dumb cat guy. Yeah. That's it.* He exhaled slowly as his demeanor became more calm. "Hfuu... Anyways." he turned to look at the still visibly angry catman through half-lidded eyes. "Are you going to molest me or what?"

*What? "W-What are you...?" He's fucking with me. I... Nyen blushed. I wasn't even thinking about that. There's something seriously wrong in this kid's head. This is a stupid power play. He's trying to get a reaction out of me and it's actually working. Fuck this.*

"Well, why else would you come down here? Obviously you wanted to ~ I can tell by your reaction." Randal grinned maniacally as he turned off the computer. *I mean, I'm not wrong. Every time he's tried to talk to me about 'discipline' it always ends up being some weird sex thing. And I don't mind that one bit... I haven't done 'that' in a while, and now's my chance.* His nose bled a bit at the thought. "Like I said, my brother really doesn't know anything... Maybe you really could 'talk some sense into me' or whatever he wanted you to do ~" he turned to face Nyen, smiling smugly.

"You make me sick." Nyen smiled artificially, leaning forward. This caused Randal to cower. "I see you sucking in your stomach in the mirror every day. Who are you doing that for? You look fucking emasciated. And *weak*. So pathetic. And useless, too. You're just a stupid hikkikomori NEET with no life and no future." *I've wanted to say that for a while. He's too smug right now. I need to do just as Master said to discipline him... he wanted it this way. He always has to do everything the hardest way possible.* "And the scars on your arms? Another sign of your mental weakness. A *real man* wouldn't do something so cowardly, you know. If you were a better listener; if you listened to your brother, none of this would be happening right now. You should see how you make him feel. Maybe then you'd actually fucking behave. Stupid, pathetic, *cowardly* little girl." he spat, satisfied with Randal's response.

The boy had practically folded in on himself, his knees to his chest and body trembling. He was fidgeting with his gloves awkwardly, a self-soothing mechanism. "...I wasn't expecting you to say that." *Well, actually I was, I guess. He's such a bully. But...* "You... don't *really* think I'm a girl, right?" *When he says that kind of stuff, it makes me nervous...*

As Randal was going through puberty, he had become simultaneously repulsed and obsessed with the fact his body was betraying him. His growing chest, his hips... All too girly. He was a boy, right? Why would his body develop and grow in such a way that didn't suit him...? He was obviously offended at all of the other times in recent years where Nyen had called him a girl to his face, or the times he had made snide, offhand comments about him not being 'masculine' enough. But now, it was different. Those times were all jokes; careless insults said in the heat of the moment, right? Everyone here knew he really was a boy, right? *Right?*

Nyen grinned maliciously. "What kind of a *boy* has a cunt like this?" He leaned closer, placing a hand on the boy's trembling, bony hip. "I'm surprised that your brother, of all people, is even *remotely* attracted to you. Here I thought he had, you know, good taste." (This was an obvious, narcissistic reference to himself, which made Randal groan and almost roll his eyes. Almost.) "I

can hear you two going at it, and it's honestly disgusting. Hm..." he paused for a second, thinking. His eyes narrowed as his pupils became small slits. "I guess I'm not surprised that you're a brotherfucker. He's all you have, really. No one else'd want to fuck a kid who looks like you, acts like you... No one'd want to fuck a kid who's sexually attracted to fucking anime characters or some shit. I *saw* your notebook filled with your shitty drawings of naked anime chicks."

Randal nearly jumped out of his skin. *He... no way! I thought I hid it really well!!!!* "Fuuuuck! You fucking catmen always poke your noses where they don't belong! God!" He began to tear at his hair, trembling even more. He felt wet, hot, angry tears begin to force their way out of his tear ducts. "...And..." his raspy voice was so low it was almost a whisper. His eyes were dark. "It's not my fault Luther rapes me, you know. I'm fifteen. He's an adult. He should know better than that." Obviously that was a touchy subject for him. *He's the one who needs 'discipline' or whatever. Not me. That guy's the reason why I'm like this!! Blame him!*

"Well, you *are* fifteen. That's old enough to man up and defend yourself, right? Admit it. You like being used like a cheap whore, don't you?" Nyen's face was so close that their noses were almost touching. He moved his hand down to the boy's thigh, kneading it with his clawed fingers. He began to fumble with the buttons on the boy's gakuran shirt with his free hand. *C'mon....* he could feel his dick getting hard. He removed his hand from the boy's thigh to massage it. He finished unbuttoning the boy's shirt, exposing the pale, scarred skin underneath.

"...Don't look." Randal hissed, his nose running with snot and coagulated blood. He was still crying silent tears. *I want to die! He's gonna see my chest and...*

"Hm." Nyen's eyes widened at the sight of the boy's developing breasts. *Master wasn't lying when he said... Randal was going through puberty.* His face turned a brilliant pink.

"I told you not to look! Ugh!" Randal groaned, slamming his hands to his face. "You fucking... ghh..." he sniffled, his runny and bloody nose getting his gloves dirty. *I fucking hate this. IhatethisIhatethisIhatethisIHATETHIS! This... this whole thing makes me want to blow my fucking brains out...* He smiled a bit, his face still obscured by his hands. *Hahaa... maybe he's right. Maybe I am useless. Maybe... I really should kill myself...! ♡ Maybe...*

Nyen began to grope the teen's breasts, causing him to whine loudly. He grinned at this reaction as he dug his claws into the pale-white skin.

Randal moved his hands suddenly, grabbing the catman's wrists tightly. His maniacal face, covered in snot, tears, and blood, was a certainly frightening sight to behold. The fact he had no eyebrows nor eyelashes and the low lighting of the basement made it an all-too uncanny visual destined to haunt Nyen's nightmares for at least a week or so. It was like something out of a low budget horror movie.

"S-Stop looking at me like that." he felt a single drop of sweat drip down his forehead. *This kid's fucking psychotic.*

"...Harder." Randal's eyes narrowed as his grin grew wider. His chapped lips were beginning to crack and small droplets of blood started to form from the inhuman stretching of skin. "You're... not doing it hard enough." His small hands traveled to meet Nyen's fingers, giving them a tight squeeze. His claws sank into the thin, sensitive skin, causing pools of blood to form around his hands. "Nhh... this... ♡ Hahahaa.... this is..." he was so lightheaded that he could barely form a coherent sentence.

The catman was taken aback by this. *He... Okay. I need to show him that I'm the one in control. He needs to learn his lesson one way or the other. I'm doing this for Master. His happiness and sanity depend on it.* He moved his hands down to the boy's ribcage, giving it a tight squeeze. "You're so fucking skinny..." he muttered absentmindedly as he brought his face to the boy's chest, lapping up the blood that was dripping down his breasts.

"Gh!!!" Randal groaned through grit teeth. He grabbed Nyen's head with both hands, his fingers trembling. "Y-Your tongue is so rough!! Haah!!!" The roughness of his sandpaper-like tongue coupled with his open wounds led to an... interesting sensation. A welcome sensation, nonetheless, as he felt the ache in his cunt grow deeper and the wet spot in his underwear grow bigger. *It feels like I peed myself... what the hell?*

Nyen began to suck on the puncture wounds, pausing to place small kisses on the boy's puffy nipples. *Fuck... I haven't done anything like this in ages. This is actually really nice. Somewhat.* He scowled, remembering the fact that he was doing this to Randal, his Master's stupidly arrogant little brother. *Whatever. Don't think about it. That's why they invented alcohol. I'm definitely getting fucked up tonight.*

Randal began to push the man's head away, covering his bleeding mouth with a gloved hand.

Nyen gazed up at him, a blank expression on his face. His mouth was covered in blood, his hands still gripping the boy's torso tightly. "..."

Randal peered down at him, his eyelids heavy and his breathing ragged. He was panting, hard. "This is... too much..." he mumbled, his voice muffled by his hand. *...I never thought I'd say this but... I want my brother here... I wish... it was him instead. I hate this. Luther actually loves me. He cares about me! He... knows I'm a real boy, both inside and out, and--*

Nyen smiled, licking his lips. "Well, *I* don't think it's enough." he marveled at the sight of the helpless, hapless boy in front of him. He was in a daze, still crying a little bit, and his small chest heaved in and out with each uneven breath he took. "This is what you wanted, right? Well, honestly, it was never really about what *you* wanted. Sometimes, life'll kick you while you're down, and kiddo, right now is one of those times. So, grin and bear it. You may actually enjoy it, you fucking masochist." he closed his eyes and stood up, towering over the boy, freeing his cock. "That's today's lecture, courtesy of your brother. Hey, don't shoot the messenger, I've only said out loud what the both of us have thought in private for a while." he shrugged, smiling as Randal cowered in front of him.

Randal's gaze traveled down to his erection, and he closed his eyes shut tightly. He bit his lip, the impact of his teeth causing his lips to bleed even more.

"Scared? You know, this is what a *real man* looks like, by the way." he purred, grabbing the boy's hair by the root. He was able to lift the boy up, guiding him over to the desk. He bent him over it. *There. Now I don't have to look at him. His facial expressions freak me out.* "Take off your pants."

"N-No..." Randal whined. He whimpered as Nyen's fingernails dug into the back of his scalp, pressing his face even harder against the firm surface of the desk. *My glasses ... are digging into my face and --* He began to sob violently, his body shaking. He couldn't even think correctly anymore.

"Do it."

"...Uuuu..." he cried, his trembling hands fidgeting with his belt. Eventually, after what seemed like hours, he was able to undo his belt and slid his pants down, exposing his wet cunt. His breath hitched in his lungs; his heart nearly skipped a beat as he braced himself for the inevitable impact.

*Fuck. He's so wet... what's wrong with him? How'd he end up this perverted... he must've learned it from Master Luther or something. God. I'm concerned for both of them. Almost. This kid's so fucking easy.* He slowly inserted his dick into the warm, wet hole.

Randal's body tensed up suddenly at the impact. *I knew what was coming but... It feels more painful every time... Ugh.* "Haah.... nnhh..."

"I'm not even halfway through. Hold on..." Nyen groaned as he inserted himself into the teen's tight cunt. *He's so tight, even still. How surprising.* He gripped the boy's hips, his claws digging into the flesh. He inserted himself, inch by inch. Slowly. Carefully; more carefully than he'd've liked... but he couldn't break him. That wouldn't be fair. This was just discipline; a little punishment, after all. Not torture. Even so, the boy's cunt was starting to bleed as it was stretched out in such a careless manner. "Fuck, kiddo..." he mumbled under his breath as he bottomed out. "How's it feel?"

"..." the boy didn't answer, his breathing was heavy and he was whimpering and sobbing pathetically. The catman was satisfied with this answer, and he began to thrust in and out of Randal's cunt, causing the boy to yelp and whine loudly.

Nyen leaned over him, reaching over to place the boy in a headlock. He set his free hand on the desk in order to steady himself. "Doesn't this feel good? Getting used like the easy slut you are? I bet it feels amazing, doesn't it?" he muttered in Randal's ear, his breath causing the boy's skin to get goosebumps.

*He smells like cigarettes... Is he trying to... kill me?* Randal's oxygen was getting cut off as he was choked. *This happens every time. I hope this time it really kills me. And then... Luther'll find my body and then...* his eyes rolled back in his head as his mouth began to foam. He couldn't think anymore; it was like his brain had shut off. Not like he wanted to think, anyway. The sensation in his cunt, in his stomach ... that was all he needed. Thoughts were useless right now. *So fucking useless...* Just like him.

He passed out, his body suddenly growing limp and his head slouched forward. *No more resisting* ♡...

Nyen noticed this. *So, he's passed out... Maybe I shouldn't have choked him so hard. I'll let him breathe.* He unwrapped his arm from the boy's neck. He felt the urgent sensation of needing to cum. "I hope you know that just because you're passed out I won't go easy on you." he growled. "I'm getting close."

Randal's head suddenly shot up, his body tensing again. "AGH!!!" he cried, spasming violently.

"Hold fucking still, damnit! I'm about to cum, and I'm not letting you ruin this for me like you ruin everything else!" he shoved the boy's head back down on the desk, exerting extreme force to keep him down.

"I'm... ghh!! I'M CUMMING!" Randal's muffled voice yelled as his body seized a final time.

"Good. You know your place now." Nyen muttered as he, too, came. He pulled out, noticing how bloody Randal's cunt had become from the events. *Did he seriously pass out again? Fuck.* A small

cry from the boy relieved his worries. *He's fine. He'll be OK.*

With no one to hold him up, he slid off the desk and crumpled on the basement floor.

"Okay, Okay. Damnit." Nyen kicked the boy's ribcage gently, causing him to cough. "Good. You're still alive. I'll... help you get up in a second." *Was I too rough? Nah. I think that's exactly what he needed.*

## Chapter End Notes

Do you guys think that Nyen would listen to Whitehouse ..... I think he would. I think he'd be a fan of anything Steve Albini's been able to get his grubby hands on since he's also canonically a fan of Nirvana as well.

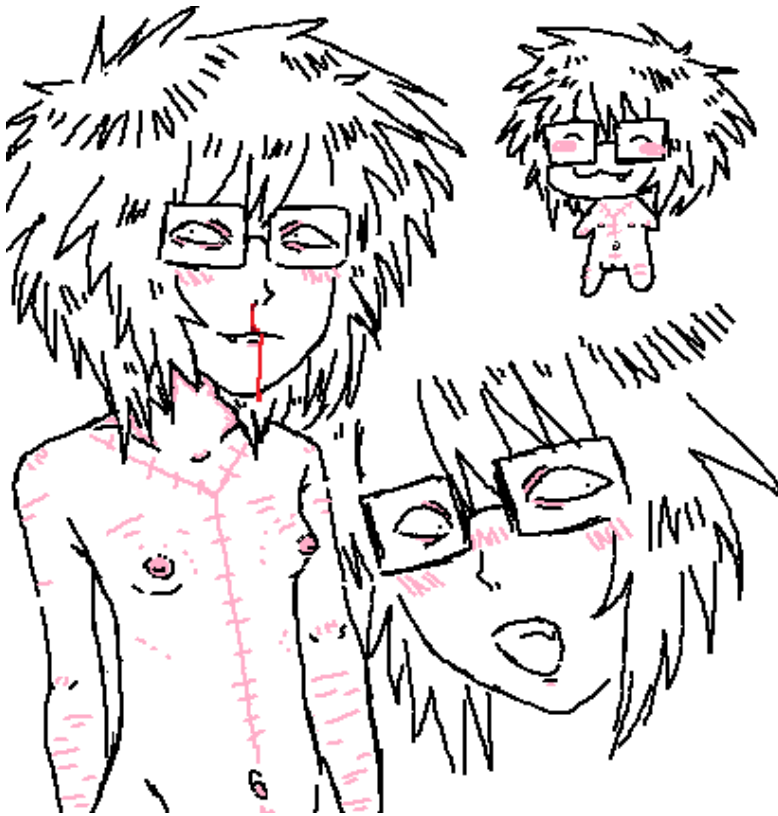
# Underwater Love

## Chapter Summary

Luther gives Randal a bath and brushes his hair. Nothing bad's gonna happen, right?

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



“Ugh, what do you *mean* I have to take a bath?!” Randal groaned, facepalming. “I took one last week!”

It was an average Sunday morning, very lazy and calm. Even the sun had taken its sweet time rising to the highest point in the sky, and the birds were quietly chirping out all the songs they knew.

”Randal, the average human takes at *least* one shower or bath a day, every day.” Luther replied, becoming slightly agitated. His jaw was clenched, but the rest of his face remained calm as usual. He had some difficulty with facial expressions.

”But I’m not the average human, dearest brother... You seem to have forgotten something very important!” Randal replied, snidely grinning. “I am the most beguiled, most repugnant, most malevolent Dark Prince!!” he finished by throwing his hands up in the air dramatically.

"Uh, yeah. Okay. The 'Dark Prince' needs to take a bath. Now. My patience is growing thin, and I really don't have any time for your childish pranks." *Sounds like someone picked up a dictionary recently.*

"..." Randal figured it was no use arguing. Trying to reason with his brother was like trying to run on hardwood floors with socks on. Try as you might to move, you probably won't get very far.

"Randal." Luther's stern tone made the boy shudder a little. "Would it kill you to listen to me? You need to show some respect."

"Yeah." the boy rolled his eyes. "Fine. Whatever. I'll take a bath. And I can do it on my own so there's no need for you to help me."

"I don't trust you. Let me come with you. I'll help you wash and comb your hair, okay?"

Randal sighed melancholically. His brother touching his hair like that ... seeing him naked in such a vulnerable position... These thoughts made his heart pound and his stomach fill with butterflies. Ever since he hit puberty, ever since they'd done *that* ... bathtime (and any close 'brotherly bonding time') had never been the same. Nonetheless...

"Okay." *I can't say no to him.*

-

"I tested the water for you. It should be the proper temperature. I know you're picky about these things." Luther sighed, kneeling in front of the bathtub.

Randal stood behind him, his head bowed and stature rigid. He sighed, deeply. He *really* did not want to take this bath. *This is such a waste of time... I'm not even dirty or anything, so what's the point? Why does everyone here just love to mess with me and order me around?*

"You can... get in, you know. Take your clothes off first, of course."

"Ugh. You put that weird bubble-bath stuff in there. You know I don't like it because it smells weird. And it has a weird texture that I *hate*." Randal groaned, frowning. He remained steadfast, not moving a single muscle. *I just said weird three times in a row. I think that sums up my opinions pretty well.*

"*Please*, Randal. You're driving me crazy. The sooner you get in the sooner this will be over." Luther's tone was growing more agitated.

"...Fine. But I'm going to complain the whooole time. Because I hate this." Randal began to unbutton his shirt. *Don't make this weird.*

"That's fine. You are allowed to express your opinions." *Although, sometimes I wish you didn't.*  
"The water grows colder every second you stand there wasting time."

"I'm taking off my clothes! Jeez..." Randal grumbled under his breath. "Don't rush me, old man."

Luther pretended not to hear this insult as his brother finished undressing. The boy quietly crept to the tub, gingerly getting into the water and submerging himself.

"Next time, could you make an effort to fold your clothes instead of just leaving them on the floor like this?" Luther turned and began collecting the various articles of clothing strewn about on the cool tile floor, folding them neatly. "They'll get wrinkled if you just let them sit there. Speaking of which..." he paused, turning to face the bathtub. He peered down at Randal, his expression blank. "When was the last time you cleaned your room? I was in there recently and--"

"Just wash my hair already!" Randal interrupted, clearly agitated. His fang-like teeth were bared, and his face was a pale shade of pink. "I'll... I'll clean it later, okay?" *I just want to get this over with! I'm so embarrassed... This never used to be an issue, but everything's different now for some reason.*

"My, my. I didn't think you'd be this enthusiastic about bathtime..." Luther muttered under his breath, squeezing some shampoo onto his hands.

*Does he act like this on purpose?! Is he... trying to make me...?* Randal's breathing grew heavy, his chest tightening. His head was spinning, and he wasn't quite sure why. He started to feel an all too-familiar ache in his crotch. *Ugh, why does him talking to me like this make me feel so... horny...?*

"You look quite flushed... Is the water too hot for you?" *I thought I made sure the temperature wasn't too warm...* Luther began to rub the shampoo into his brother's tangled hair, frustrated at how tangled and matted it had become. "...I need to be taking better care of you. I won't lie, your hair is in awful shape right now."

"I... but brother, I *like* it this way!" Randal protested, hissing at the sensation of his brother's cold fingers roughly detangling his hair. "Ack! B-Be more gentle, will you?!"

"...Sorry. Anyway, I'll need to brush it out after we're done here. I... won't even suggest the possibility of a haircut since I already know the answer." *Even though his hair's so tangled, he's still cute. I wish his attitude matched his appearance. Oh, well. He's feisty, and I suppose I can't really change something that is such a core tenet of his personality. He still looks feverish...* He put the back of his hand on the boy's forehead, feeling for an unhealthy rise in temperature. This caused Randal to blush even more.

"What are you... doing?" he rasped, his head bowing forward as his sibling's hand retreated.

"You don't *feel* like you have a fever at all. So, that's good. Your face is still red, though." Luther leaned forward, his face ever-closer to Randal's. He began to cup water in his hands, rinsing off the shampoo. "What's the matter?"

*Stop looking at me like that...!* Randal felt a nosebleed come on, and he tried his best to suppress it by sniffing profusely. "I-I'm fine, okay? Gh... You worry too much, big brother." *If he's leaning this close... he can definitely see my- NO! Don't think about that.* He shifted awkwardly, bringing his knees to his chest. "I... want to get out now."

"I haven't even put any conditioner in your hair yet. We're nowhere near finished." Luther sat back up, reaching for more haircare products. "It shouldn't take too long. After this, your hair should be clean. And soft."

"B-But!! If it's all soft my spikes'll be gone!" Randal pleaded, his eyes widening. *I like the way my hair looks when it's spiky and he's ruining it! When it's soft it gets flattened and it looks so girly and stupid!*

His pleas fell upon deaf ears as his brother began to gently massage the Spongebob-themed conditioner into his scalp. *His hair looks better when it's been washed and combed properly; when it frames his face perfectly, and it's soft to the touch... I miss when he'd let me stroke his hair regularly. I know he used to really like it when I did that, but now... Teenage hormones really are a doozy. I hope he grows out of this rebellious stage. He was truly such a lovely little boy back then.*

"Ugh. Your hands are so cold, and this conditioner smells like chemicals..." Randal mumbled, closing his eyes. He relaxed his body, his chest heaving outwards with a long sigh. *Him touching my hair like this actually feels kind of nice... Not that I'll ever say anything to him about it.* He managed a weak smile, a single fang poking out of his closed lips. *All I have to do is just ignore 'that feeling' and everything should be fine. Well, for now, at least. I'm gonna have to jerk off later.*

"I'm almost done here." Luther replied, rinsing the last of the conditioner out of the boy's hair. He admired his handiwork. *He looks so cute right now... He'll look even better when his hair is fully combed.* "That wasn't so terrible, now, was it?"

"...Mm, I guess so." Randal replied lazily, opening his eyes slowly. "You were totally looking at my chest the whole time." he gazed upwards through heavy-lidded eyes, in an expression that was a mix of annoyance and embarrassment. "I'm fifteen, dearest brother. I can bathe myself just fine, probably... I know you have ulterior motives with this stuff." *This is humiliating, but... I know I'm not wrong. God. Why can't these feelings just go away?*

"I... simply have no clue what you're talking about. Please do not accuse me of such unsavory things." *Is he trying to make me feel guilty? If so, it's working. Why does he feel the need to punish me like this? I already told him we needed to cease these 'behaviors'... and I promised myself I wouldn't do anything like 'that' to him ever again. I've felt terrible for the past six years-- No, even longer. He always has to go out of his way to make me feel like a horrible brother. Maybe he's right.* Luther sighed. *I mustn't lose my composure now.*

"We've already had *sex*, you know. There's really no use in denying the fact that you're sexually attracted to me; your own flesh-and-blood *sibling*." the boy's eyes narrowed as his hair still dripped with water. He grinned slightly. "Isn't that so disgusting, *Luther*?" he spat, taking great pride in how the utterance of his name made his brother shiver.

"Please don't talk to me like that. I thought I raised you better." Luther grabbed a towel and began drying off the boy's hair. "You can get out in a second. Just let me finish drying your hair." *What's gotten into him? He's being such a brat-- so much so that even the others have taken notice. Is this a puberty thing? He never used to talk back to me like this.* "If you're trying to get a rise out of me, it's not working."

"Everything I said is true, is it not?" Randal replied snobbishly, standing up suddenly. He ran his damp hair through his fingers, peering down at his still-kneeling brother. "I can always tell when you're lying." He smiled reluctantly, narrowing his eyes in an attempt to seem authoritative. Luther knew better.

The man could tell that Randal was uncertain; maybe even a little bit scared. He gazed upwards, taking a mental note of every scar; every bruise; every self-inflicted wound that littered his brother's frail body. His clenched hands, still holding the damp towel, were trembling slightly. *He's so... he's so perfect. I can't take my eyes off of him, but I must not think about him in such a lewd manner. That is simply unacceptable. He's still so young and I promised myself I wouldn't... do anything more with him. But he makes me feel so breathless and I cannot explain it. "..."* he

exhaled, staring blankly. "You need to stop harming yourself. It makes me so worried about you, you know. I don't want you to hurt yourself like this anymore." the man stood up, motioning for his sibling to step out of the bathtub.

Randal obliged as his brother embraced him suddenly and tightly, wrapping the towel around his small frame. He had not other option but to bury his face in Luther's chest, awkwardly. *Gosh... he smiled a little as he let himself melt into this sudden and unstable intimacy. He's such a worrywart. He's gonna have an aneurysm or something if he keeps stressing out about me like this.* Admittedly, this was very uncomfortable for the both of them, but it felt like the right thing to do in such a moment. *His hands are still shaking.*

"Randal." Luther muttered, letting go of him. "You know I worry about you because I love you. I can tell what you're thinking; that I worry too much. I know you think my fears are irrational, but..." he sighed, fixing his hair. "I can't help it. I can't stand seeing you upset or in pain, do you understand?" Which, actually wasn't necessarily him being forthcoming. He was a very sadistic man (especially regarding his younger bother), which was something he'd never admit to anyone other than himself, at least. Knowing Randal self-harmed felt like being cheated out of something he was entitled to. *If I wasn't as kind... I would definitely be the one inflicting those wounds upon him. But, I am only human, and I have morals I must abide by. I am not depraved enough to do such an awful thing to him.* (If only he knew this unseemly habit was originally all his fault...)

"...Yeah." Randal adjusted the towel anxiously.

"I... just want to protect you. I love you."

"...Okay." *What's he getting all sappy for? I was expecting him to get mad or something. I guess this is better.* Randal gazed down at his feet, remaining silent.

"Get dressed. Let me brush your hair now." *That was very vulnerable of me. Hopefully he doesn't make me regret this later.*

-

After Randal had gotten dressed, the two made their way to Luther's room. Randal was sitting in front of Luther's vanity as his brother gently and methodically brushed his hair.

"You know you don't have to do any of these things, right?" Randal said absentmindedly, slouching forward.

"Your posture is terrible, no wonder you always complain about your back hurting." Luther replied. "...And like I said, I do these things out of the goodness of my heart. What I'm trying to say is I do these things because I love you. So much, in fact."

"...You're making me blush, dearest brother." Randal replied sarcastically in a mock-flirtatious tone.

"Oh. Well, I don't mean like *that*..." Luther's hands paused, and his face was mildly pink. He was flustered, and it was apparent. "...I meant in a familial way. We *are* brothers, after all, and I don't mind taking care of you becau-"

"Oh, *come on!* You keep telling yourself that, but we've literally fucked multiple times and--"

"Language, young man. I... wish not to be reminded of those... *activities*. I've already apologized to you multiple times, and I want to put the past behind us so we can enjoy a normal and humanly brother/brother relationship." *He really knows how to push my buttons*. Luther blushed as torturously sexual memories of his brother replayed in his mind. *Thinking about him in such a manner is not only uncomfortable and embarrassing on the surface level, but it is immoral above all else. I shouldn't be having these terrible thoughts; these urges. This boy is going to be the death of me.*

"..." Randal grinned childishly. He enjoyed how easy it was to get his brother embarrassed. He whined suddenly as the comb pulled at a stubborn knot deep in his hair.

"Randal." Luther's voice was deep and stern. *Is he... trying to get me riled up on purpose?* He blushed even more.

"Jeez, you perv!" Randal pouted, playfully copying his manner of speech from some obscene ecchi manga he'd read once without permission. "You pulled really hard on my hair..." he finished, glancing into the mirror faux-demurely. "Of course I'm going to make a noise. It really hurt..."

"I'm... sorry." *I cannot take this anymore. Everything he does makes me feel so... so aroused. I... do not know what to do with myself anymore.* Luther placed the comb down. His hands were trembling too much to continue brushing his sibling's hair. He knelt behind the boy, wrapping his arms around him and burying his head into the boy's hair.

"Nfu... ~" Randal sighed, smiling sheepishly. "Gosh, thou brother, you..." his smile quickly faded as he felt his brother begin to unbutton his shirt. *No... he—*

"Please stop talking now. I have had enough of your antics, and quite frankly, you have been driving me insane as of late." *I don't want to have to do this, but he's behaving so wantonly it is almost like he's begging for this... Yes. He wants this just as much as I do. I'm positive.* He nuzzled the boy's hair with his face, reveling in the soft texture he had achieved by brushing and washing it. It was still a little damp, and smelled of cheap chemicals, but he didn't mind at all. As he continued unbuttoning the now anxious boy's shirt, he felt how *soft* his pale skin was... well, the parts of it that weren't marred by tough scar tissue. Some of these scars still felt fresh; like they were still in the early stages of healing, much to his dismay.

He only stopped when Randal let out a small whine.

"Am I... hurting you at all?" *I should be more careful around his... 'wounds', I suppose.*

"N-No." Randal replied, shakily. He leaned back into his brother's chest reluctantly, exhaling loudly. "Your hands are just always so cold. It's uncomfortable and a little creepy." *Is he actually trying to finger my cuts? I have no clue what this idiot is doing right now.*

"I apologize. You see, it's not really something I can control..." Luther mumbled absentmindedly. Talking aimlessly; rambling ... Anything to get his mind off of these so-called 'current events', to put it lightly... Yes. That is good. Idle, arbitrary chatter as a distraction. And, normally, he hated pointless conversations. He fully unbuttoned the boy's shirt, his hands trembling all the while.

*Why do we have to be in front of a mirror...? The last thing I want to do right now is look at my dumb face.* Randal groaned, closing his eyes as Luther removed his gakuran shirt.

"Some of these injuries still look quite fresh." Luther whispered directly into Randal's ear. "You shouldn't hurt yourself like that. It's not good for you."

Randal flinched, his eyes shut tightly closed. Even he was beginning to tremble now, his lower lip quivering in a manner indicative of anxiety. Or, maybe he was just cold, you know. "I don't care." he replied through chattering teeth. "Jesus *fuck*, your hands are cold." He moved his hands on top of Luther's, tentatively interlacing their fingers together. His eyes were still closed and his heart was beating rapidly.

"I already told you not to talk like that. Although..." Luther slowly moved his hand up the boy's chest, stopping at his heart. "I can tell you're anxious. So, I'll let it slide, because I'm such a kind, understanding person. Sometimes, in the heat of the moment--"

Randal tuned him out. He pretended to be unconscious, his body growing limp as he slouched even further backwards like a ragdoll. *Obviously this won't fool him, but hopefully he gets the idea and leaves me alone. I don't want to do this right now. I don't want to be here right now. At all.*

"Oh. Oh my ..." Luther replied as the boy leaned at an angle that directly stimulated his slightly erect penis.

"Gh!?!!" *He... seriously has a --???* Randal was truly disgusted. And... maybe a little intrigued, even through his ever-increasing apprehension. *I wonder what's going to happen...* He covered his face, attempting to stifle a no longer-dormant nosebleed.

"I... did not intend for this to happen." Luther replied, his voice a hushed whisper. His tone was unreadable, as usual, which frustrated Randal even more. His hands finally began to trail along the teen's chest, cold fingers lightly dragging across the flushed, sensitive skin of his nipples. He nervously placed a small kiss to his sibling's scalp.

"Please... stop." Randal whined, biting his still-quivering lower lip. "I... don't--"

"Shh. It's OK." Luther replied, ignoring his brother's obvious distress. *He's just being shy right now.* He placed a kiss on the back of the teen's ear, moving down to the skin between his neck and collarbone and placing several kisses upon the sensitive skin. This area was one of the few parts of his body not covered in self-inflicted wounds. He continued to lightly touch Randal's breasts, his the tips of his fingers barely even coming into contact with his skin. This made the teen shiver; his skin beginning to form goosebumps.

"*Luther:*" Randal groaned, under his breath. His hands had moved back to his brother's own, their fingers gingerly interlaced. His heart was racing, and his pale skin felt warm to the touch. He had finally opened his eyes again, averting his gaze from the mirror directly in front of them. *I look like shit right now.*

Luther gazed up, removing his mouth from Randal's collarbone. *I guess I got a little carried away. No matter.* "Yes, Randal?"

"I..." he shifted uncomfortably, his trembling hands clenched tightly around his brother's long fingers. "I don't want to do this anymore." *It's not like I even wanted to do this from the beginning, but this is making my stomach hurt and I can't stand it anymore. I have to puke.*

"Hm. I see." Luther replied, withdrawing his fingers. "Well, what would you like to do?"

Randal frowned at the coyness of his response. *Okay, he's playing dumb right now. I hate this, and I hate him even more now.* "Honestly, I..." he paused, squirming a bit as he felt his cunt growing achier and stickier. *Holy fuck! Why am I reacting like this...?* He bowed his head, his neatly-brushed hair falling around his face. *I don't want to be sexually attracted to my stupid brother! There's something really wrong with my brain right now...*

"Are you... embarrassed?" Luther asked, trying to gauge the boy's feelings. "I'm not a mind-reader, so please use your words."

*Yes, of course I'm embarrassed! No fucking shit!* "...Mhm."

*I see. So he's playing hard to get because he's still shy about these things. That makes sense.* "There's nothing to be worried about." Luther sighed, standing up. "Would you like to... continue? I can tell that you're..." *How do I word this?* "...Very aroused." the man blushed. *That was quite blunt of me to say.*

"Whatever. Just defile me already, will you? I know that was your goal from the beginning, so why don't you just go ahead and do it so we can get this over with and both be on our merry ways?" Randal muttered, leaning so far forward that his head collided with the vanity with a loud *THUNK* as his forehead collided with solid wood. "Oww..." he didn't bother to get up, his arms limply dangling in front of him and his fiery hair positioned like a ginger crown of thorns atop his head.

Luther gently lifted him up, setting him down gingerly on his bed. The boy was lying on his back, in a daze. The man sat next to him, exhaling sharply.

"This all feels so wrong," Randal panted, crossing his arms and placing them atop his nearly-concave stomach. His glasses were crooked and his exposed forehead was red from the impact of colliding with the vanity. He looked up at the ceiling blankly, his eyes darting wildly.

"I understand how you feel." Luther replied, moving closer. He gazed down upon his brother's exposed chest and stomach.

"Of course you do, my brother, who I am like in nearly every single way possible." Randal groaned, pawing at his face anxiously. "Whenever you're pissed at something, *I'm* pissed at something. I think we think really similarly. I hate to admit it, but you're just like me and— Well, I guess, *I'm* just like you. And it's driving me crazy." *I wanted to be just like him when I was a kid, but now... Maybe not so much. He sucks. And he's old.*

"Well, I try my best to be a good role model for you." Luther got up, unbuckling his belt. "It truly is no wonder that you've taken after me ♡"

"W-Wait, what are you—?"

"I really hate to ask this of you, but—"

"Are you going to ask me to... suck your dick?" Randal's eyes widened suddenly, his heart racing. "B-Because I don't want to... to do that..." He sat up, cowering as his brother finished undoing his pants.

"I suppose that's one way to word it. But, please, I need you to do this for me." *It's all that has been on my mind for a few days now, and I cannot bear to think about it any longer. He's just so... good at it, I guess. That's why. To hell with feeling guilty about this. I've forgotten my own words —*

*'These feelings are completely natural, and everyone deals with them from time to time. Even me.'* Yes. I did tell him that, didn't I? I... shouldn't repress these 'urges' any longer. That just makes everything worse.

"Ugh. Fine. Just be quick about it." Randal's heart skipped a beat. *I don't know why I'm saying any of this...* He got up, tucking his hair behind his ears and slowly beginning the walk of shame to his brother (which was only a few steps, but to him it felt like being dragged many miles through an infinite valley of broken glass). He knelt in front of the man, taking his dick into his hand and slowly fondling it with a gloved hand. He slouched inward, making himself as small as possible. Maybe, if he was lucky, he'd fold in on himself infinitely and cease to exist.

"Yes. Thank you. You're being such a good boy right now." Luther cooed as he began to stroke Randal's soft hair tenderly. *His hands are so small... and they're trembling.*

"..." Randal muttered something under his breath as he rolled his eyes. He exhaled loudly out of his nose as he brought his face closer to his brother's crotch, his hand slowly retreating. Luther couldn't see his face clearly, but he was sure the boy was blushing.

*He always gets so flustered when I compliment him. He's so cute when he's like this.* His fingers began to find their way along the teen's scalp, eventually settling at the back of his head. He gently pushed the boy closer. "Open your mouth."

Randal opened his mouth, his tongue slightly sticking out. Luther could feel his warm breath on his penis; an almost intoxicating sensation. The teen was ever-so-slightly resistant to his head being pushed, so Luther applied more pressure, almost forcing the boy to fall forward. Eventually, though, his mouth made contact and he hesitantly wrapped his lips around the head of his brother's now-throbbing erection.

*Yes. Finally.* "...So good for me. You're being *so* good." The man eased his length into Randal's mouth, aching slow. "Open your mouth more." he hissed as the boy's sharp teeth dragged along the skin.

Randal rolled his eyes again, his hair wild in his brother's grasp. *He's already undoing all of his 'hard work', haha.* He loosened his jaw, rewarded with Luther's cock hitting the back of his throat. He retched, his wild eyes filling with tears and his nose filling with snot.

"Breathe through your nose." *He's actually getting better at this. Much better.*

*I can't... It's too blocked.* Randal hollowed his cheeks as his brother continued to move in and out of his mouth quite roughly. He used his tongue to lap at the underside of the man's dick, causing him to groan slightly. Randal felt his cunt twitch, causing his stomach to churn. He felt so *guilty*-- and of course scared as ever. He knew what they were doing was wrong, and the little dignity he still had was being taken away from him by force. But, as he felt his brother stroke his hair almost lovingly, those feelings slowly melted away. Maybe this wasn't too bad. It had felt really good all the other times they'd fucked, so why was he feeling guilty *now*? He wanted this from the very beginning, right? His nose was running and his eyes were watery. *Is he even close? I... my throat hurts and I can't breathe.*

Normally, in any other situation he'd be able to pause for a second; pulling away to catch his breath for a second while he used his hand to complete the job. But, this wasn't any ordinary situation, and his brother's iron death grip was ever-steadfast on the back of his head preventing him from really moving away in any capacity. Every time his head'd pull away for even a second he'd be slammed

back down, his throat clamped around Luther's dick. *I know the average human can go three minutes without oxygen... My lungs feel like they're burning.* He leaned his body inward to steady himself as his wide, teary eyes looked directly upwards at his brother. His pupils were extremely constricted, and the whites of his eyes had begun to turn red from crying. He attempted to breathe through his clogged nostrils, loudly. This didn't offer much respite.

Luther looked down at the pathetic display beneath him. *He's looking at me so intently... I wonder what he's thinking?* "...You're doing such a good job." he grit his teeth. "I'm... going to cum soon. I'm so proud of you. You're doing so well."

Randal blushed and averted his gaze, his face suddenly buried in his brother's stomach as he was shoved forwards violently. He retched, this movement activating his gag reflex. He felt acidic bile begin to rise from his stomach. *Shit. I'm gonna puke!! I...* Randal balled his fists in his lap, focusing on breathing and *not* vomiting all over his brother's dick. Tears were rolling down his cheeks as Luther arduously came down his throat.

Randal quickly backed away, choking on both the vomit making its way up his throat and his brother's thick, virile semen. He vomited the combination of bodily fluids into his gloved hands painfully, trembling and whining the whole while. *Thank God I didn't eat anything today...* His vomit was quite liquid-y and didn't cause as big of a mess as it would've if he'd actually eaten that day like he was supposed to. "Eugh... Hff... Ugh." He panted, his heart pounding so hard it was causing his ears to ring and his vision to pulsate. He anxiously glanced at his hands, and instantly regretted it. *So gross.*

Luther buckled his pants back up and kneeled next to the boy. "Randal..." he muttered, his tone teasing a hint of amusement. *I guess I may have been a bit rough with him. I need to remember he's merely a boy and I need to exercise restraint once in a while.* "I... Let me help you clean this up." He rubbed the boy's back gingerly as Randal continued to dry heave. "Hold on."

A few minutes had passed and Randal's vomit had been cleaned up. The boy was de-gloved, his bare and fingernail-less hands exposed.

"I haven't taken my gloves off in a long time..." the boy mused aloud, studying his bare hands with a curious gaze. He was still shirtless, his pants awkwardly fitting around his narrow, bony waist. He flopped backwards onto Luther's bed sinking into the fluffy down comforter that was draped over it so neatly.

"Well, I guess this is a blessing in disguise." Luther replied, sighing. "This is the perfect opportunity to wash them. Which I hadn't been able to do in a long time." he finished, towering over the boy and glaring at him. *His... personal hygiene could be much better. Whatever will I do with him? Eventually he's going to have to do these things on his own... Gosh, I can't help but coddle him, though. He's just so adorable. I suppose those things will have to wait. He's still a child, after all.*

"Don't look at me like that!" Randal replied, playfully. His voice and demeanor were still a bit shaky, from anxiety and the fact he had vomited less than fifteen minutes prior, but Luther could tell his brother was in good spirits. At least, it appeared that way outwardly. "Your eyes are always so scary..." the boy muttered absentmindedly, bringing his hand to his mouth and chewing on his index finger carelessly.

"I apologize." Luther replied, enjoying the sight in front of him. His baby brother... small and vulnerable underneath him... Such an intoxicating image that he made sure to take special note of.

He wanted to remember this. After having to momentarily comfort his brother and put his vomit-stained gloves in the laundry, any horniness left in him had dissipated. But now... he felt his erection returning, painfully so. He leaned over the boy, placing his hands next to the small body laying in front of him.

Randal got this nonverbal message, carefully shooting a gaze to his brother's crotch. *Ugh. Really? I thought sucking his dick would be enough... Jeez.* "Do you... want to...?" he asked under his breath, removing his hand from his mouth and rubbing his jaw anxiously. He tried to appear confident; like he had complete control over everything that had happened and was going to happen, but he truly was fearful. His older brother was intimidating as hell.

"Yes, please." Luther muttered, unbuckling his pants yet again. "I'm glad I didn't even have to ask this time. You're so obedient. ♡" he freed his aching dick. It was throbbing in his hand, causing Randal to shiver.

Randal began to unbutton his pants, removing them fully. He was completely naked, save for his socks and glasses.

As Randal haphazardly tossed his pants on the floor in front of him, Luther couldn't help but notice his cum-soaked underwear. *I... really made him feel like this? Amazing.* This was enough to calm the man's weary nerves. For the longest time, he'd felt guilty; that he was forcing his precious, innocent little brother into doing something he didn't want to do. But now... *He wants this just as much as I do, and I know this for a fact.* He brushed a few ringed fingers over the boy's jutting hipbone, causing his still-leaking pussy to twitch.

*This is torture...* Randal thought to himself, flinching at his brother's touch. His head was spinning, and he was so wet it had started to drip down to his inner thighs. *I'm seriously screwed.* He braced himself for impact, but it never came. Instead, his brother had moved his bony hands up to the boy's mouth.

"What are you--?" Randal asked breathlessly.

"Have you been brushing your teeth regularly?" Luther attempted to part the boy's lips with his thin fingers as he leaned forward. They were so close together the man could feel the warmth emanating from his brother's frail body.

Randal attempted to remove his brother's freezing hands from his face, but his struggles were to no avail.

"Umm..." he blushed, looking away. "Why are you asking me this *now*? I thought we were gonna..." he panted, his mouth eventually opening slightly. Luther's forehead was nearly touching his own.

The man snuck a finger into the boy's mouth, parting his lips even more to examine the sharp fangs.

"I see... they look nice. I think they're getting sharper, if that's even possible." Luther muttered to himself, squeezing his aching cock with his free hand. *This is all too much... I need him now.* He removed his hand from the boy's face, using it to steady himself as he prepared to insert his penis inside of his brother.

"You were *totally* using that as an excuse to stick your fingers in my mouth, thou brother." Randal smirked, narrowing his eyes as his older sibling grabbed his hips and rubbed the tip of his penis against his soaked cunt. "Hff... Ah... I know you like that stuff." he winced as the man's fingernails began to break the already-sensitive skin of his hips.

"..." Luther remained silent as he focused his energy on being as gentle as possible. He didn't want to hurt his baby brother, after all. He'd already made him vomit. That was too much. He wanted Randal to feel good. ...But, his entrance was just so *tight*, even now. He didn't want to have to force his way in; that would be uncomfortable for the both of them. And although he didn't mind hearing his sibling's unfortunately adorable pained cries as he destroyed his cunt, he knew better. *I have to be more gentle with him. I must not lose control; if he is to enjoy this as well, I must not hurt him.* He felt beads of sweat form on his forehead.

"Brother..." Randal groaned under his breath, anxious and growing antsy from this teasing. "Please... just--" he wrapped his small hands around the man's wrists as his fingernails continued to dig into his hips. "I can't take this any longer. *I need you.*"

These words pierced Luther's heart, it seemed. *He actually said it.* Deep inside, he was ecstatic. His boy... he'd never said *anything* like that to him, even when he was younger and not so troublesome. He felt himself grow even harder, if that was even possible. It hurt so fucking bad; he knew he had to do *something*. And quickly.

"...Wrap your legs around me. That will make this a bit easier."

"Okay..." Randal did as he was told, using this opportunity to remove his hands from his brother's wrists to pull on his shirt's collar, pulling their faces even closer together. He was blushing, biting down on his quivering lower lip anxiously in a toothy grin.

*His little fangs are so cute... he's almost vampiric, in a sense. Everything about him is so...* Luther's thoughts were interrupted by his brother's legs wrapping tighter around him. *I see.* He could feel his brother's hot breath clinging to the air around them as he finally began to *actually fuck* him; with each labored gasp and tiny whimper inserting himself deeper, and deeper, until...

Randal snaked his arms around Luther's back, his back arched as he felt the man bottom out inside of him. His little body was so tense, each muscle in his body clenched so tightly it was causing him to tremble from the exertion.

"Are you feeling alright...?" Luther asked, his mind racing with such impure thoughts. "If you don't mind, I'll start moving." *I could completely and utterly ruin him right now with minimal effort, but that would not be wise. I need to take this slowly. I must be gentle.* "You're tensing up so much... try to relax." Luther groaned under his breath as he began to thrust slowly. "I don't want to hurt you at all." *He's still so anxious.* He caressed the boy's cheek tenderly, in an attempt to calm him down at least a little. This actually had the opposite effect, as Randal's cunt seized, squeezing Luther's dick almost painfully. He thought for a second. "Do you want me to kiss you? Would that help you calm down?"

Randal nodded, gulping nervously as his brother began to move again. His fingers had begun to dig into Luther's back, but since he didn't have fingernails it wasn't very painful and the man could barely feel it through the fabric of his shirt.

"Use your manners." *Does my tone sound patronizing?* Luther thought to himself. *I hope it does. I'm still his guardian, after all.*

"Mh..." Randal whined, tears welling up in his eyes as the pain in his womb grew. *He's just... so fucking big and it hurts every time. When will this start feeling good?*

"Can you say 'please' for me?" Luther rested his forehead upon Randal's, exhaling deeply. He kissed the tip of the boy's nose, which was still blushing a furious red color. *He's so cute when he's nervous like this. I can't place my finger on why that is.*

"...Please." Randal whispered, his brother's cock continuing to stretch him out painfully. *He's not even being rough or anything, but it still hurts so bad. I...* he arched his back upwards as his brother grabbed his face with both hands and bucked into his pussy quite violently. "GH!!" he bit down on his lower lip so hard it had started to bleed. His legs wrapped around his brother's back even tighter, reminding the man of Nana's snakelike form.

"Shh. It's alright." Luther muttered under his breath, not even attempting to calm Randal down anymore. *I didn't mean to move so suddenly. "Open your mouth." I'm holding back too much. I... must continue to be gentle. This is truly a test of will here. My efforts will pay off and reward me tenfold.*

Randal parted his lips hesitantly, trying not to moan. His brother's fingers were still entangled in his messy hair, and all his progress from earlier was nearly completely undone as the boy's hair was already starting to tangle again. Luther didn't mind; it gave him another excuse to repeat the day's events another time. Taking care of Randal really could be a chore, but getting to fuck him like this was a worthy reward.

He rewarded the boy's politeness with several open-mouthed kisses. He ran his snakelike tongue along the underside of Randal's sharp teeth, making him shudder and groan. Luther tried his best not to be rough, continuing to thrust at a snail's pace. This really was proving to be too much.

Randal moved his arms back to his brother's chest, desperately attempting to push him away. *This doesn't even feel good... I feel like I'm getting probed with, like, a knife or something. I don't know why I feel like this. Normally it doesn't hurt this much.*

Luther pulled away, looking deep into Randal's wide, teary eyes. He was shaky underneath him, coughing and gasping. His face was contorted in pain, his bloodied lower lip still trembling. He gripped the boy's hair at the base.

"...Randal. I can tell you're not enjoying this." It was quite apparent this statement rung ever-true.

"I'm not." Randal whined shakily. "I want to stop." Traumatic memories of being a nine-year-old again were flooding his mind, causing him to grow more agitated. He was beginning to panic at this point, his legs unwrapping from his brother's waist as he attempted to squirm out of his grasp.

Luther grabbed the boy's wrists, looking down upon his sibling's terrified face. This action caused Randal to sob and struggle even more. His efforts were in vain. Luther really did not know how to calm people down and here was the living proof. Something about his demeanor and the way he acted just made people agitated, for reasons unbeknownst to him. He felt his brother's cunt clench tightly as his fingers dug into the bony wrists. His fingernails had begun to dig into his sibling's still-healing cuts quite uncomfortably.

"You're always..." Randal hiccuped between sobs, still half-heartedly attempting to squirm away. "You're al-ways so mean to me!" *He always makes me so angry! I don't know if I've ever felt this upset before, and it's making me crazy! I thought I--*

Luther remained silent, glaring at his sibling intensely. *So, he thinks that I'm mean? I actually could be 'mean' to him, if I truly wanted to. I'm holding back so much; making sure that I'm not hurting him in any way, and this is how he chooses to thank me? Hm... Nyen was right. I can't believe I had waved off his comments for so long; Randal really is becoming quite spoiled. How bothersome this all is. I... truly did not want to treat him with cruelty, but he's really giving me no other option. Hopefully he'll learn something from this.*

"Luther... you're really scaring me." Randal whispered, his voice hoarse. His body had grown limp; he could struggle no longer and realized it was useless. His brother was both larger and stronger than him, so it was pointless to waste his energy on trying to escape. *I'm actually starting to feel scared. He looks kind of angry, but it doesn't look like his other eyes are going to open so I think... I'm okay...* the teenager wearily closed his eyes, sniffing weakly. *I have to be really careful. I don't want him to actually get mad and do something crazy.*

Luther loosened his grip, realizing Randal truly was afraid and not just trying to weasel his way out of an awkward situation. "I'm... sorry. I don't know what overcame me." *I think... I may be the one who needs to calm down.* He sighed, his dick still painfully hard and lodged halfway in Randal's throbbing pussy. He glanced down. *At least he's not bleeding this time.* He finally let go of his brother's wrists, noticing how his fingers had left bruises on the pale, delicate skin. The fact that the teen bruised *so* easily was arousing to him. *I want to bruise him more. I have had enough of him hurting himself; I want to be the only one who can inflict that sort of pain on him... I love him so much that it's become an unhealthy infatuation, but I don't care anymore. I must finish what I've started here, whether he likes it or not. I'll deal with any consequences this may have later. There's no use in worrying about negative hypothetical scenarios right now.* Luther wrapped his arms around the boy's torso, pulling his limp body upwards and smothering the boy's face with his broad chest. "I love you, Randal. Please forgive me for what I am about to do."

*What?* Randal's mind was blank, barely comprehending what was going on in this moment. All he knew was that he had been placed back on the bed and—"AGH!" he bit down on his tongue on accident, puncturing it and causing his mouth to suddenly fill with blood. Luther had thrust into his cunt suddenly, which is what caused this reaction. "Mgh!!!" Randal gasped through grit teeth, trying not to let any blood spill out of his mouth. He wrapped his legs around his brother's waist, again, in an attempt to balance himself. He placed his hands on the man's chest, gripping his shirt tightly in balled fists.

"I can tell you're actually enjoying this now..." Luther mused aloud as he fucked his sibling violently. "Do... you like it when I'm rough like this?"

"S-Stop!! I..." Randal's abused cunt was leaking. He had finally actually came, and this was quite embarrassing for him. For a moment, he truly did think he hated this. The voice of reason had come through for just a short moment in time, telling him this was disgusting; immoral; wrong ... But being utterly *desecrated* like this; by his own brother... this just felt so *good*. Too good. *He's ruined me for life* ... ♡ He began to choke on the blood that was still dripping down his throat, a little leaking out of his mouth.

Luther noticed this and quickly kissed him, forcing his tongue into the boy's mouth to lap up the blood that was filling it.

*He's... he's really drinking the blood out of my mouth ... Haha... ♡ This is so fucking gross ♡♡* Randal wrapped his arms around the back of the man's head, thoroughly enjoying the feeling of his

bleeding tongue being sucked on. He absentmindedly played with the man's hair, already feeling himself about to cum again within those few moments.

Luther pulled away, groaning, his mouth stained with Randal's blood. As he pulled away, a trail of bloody saliva connected their mouths for a split second. *That was... disturbingly erotic.* He knew he'd remember this moment for the rest of his life. "You feel so good, Ran. You're such a good boy for me, my prince." He reached around for the boy's left hand, placing it to his face and kissing it with his bloodstained lips. He held it to his cheek as he stroked the boy's wild hair. *I'm not even close to finishing ... I don't know if I have ever lasted this long.* He was full of stamina, something that was rather unusual.

"...Praise me more, brother." Randal rasped, his half-lidded eyes starry and tearstained. "I'm... gh — Gonna cum ... again...!!"

*This should be easy. I love giving him praise, although I oftentimes question if he is truly deserving of it.* He set Randal's limp hand on the bed gingerly. "You're being so good for me right now. You're so cute..." *That felt good to say.*

Randal grinned boyishly, his mouth still leaking blood.

"...Did you like that?" Luther absentmindedly ran a thumb over the boy's clit.

"AH!! D-Don't..." Randal gasped as he came. He brought both hands to his mouth in shock as his eyes widened inhumanly. "Don't tease me... like that... ♡" *Gosh... that was something, alright ♡ He's turning my brain into mush ♡♡♡*

"I can feel you clenching so tightly around me ♡" Luther cooed, kissing his brother's sweat-slicked forehead. "Tell me you like this."

"..." Randal sighed, blushing profusely. His mind was elsewhere; he felt like he was on the verge of losing consciousness. He'd come so hard he actually saw *stars*, even Luther could see the lights twinkling in his younger sibling's eyes. *My brain isn't working...* ♡♡♡♡ His chest felt tight and his nose was starting to bleed in pure ecstasy.

"Well. I suppose I have my answer, don't I?" Luther mumbled, his own climax drawing near. "I love you, Randal."

"...I love you too, big brother." Randal whimpered, grinding his hips awkwardly. He was feeling overstimulated; his cunt and inner thighs already beginning to feel numb... Curse that pinprick sensation that was spreading through his nerves all the way down to his toes. "Haah... I... Oh, gosh..."

"Shh. There is no need for words right now. I'm so close." Luther groaned. *His incessant chatter is distracting me. I need this so badly.* The man furrowed his brow, concentrating his full energy on cumming inside his brother's tiny cunt. He rubbed Randal's clit roughly, causing the boy to gasp and shudder. "...I would like you to cum again for me." *I don't care if I have to force another orgasm out of him. I need to hear his cute moans again. I need more of him like this.*

"...I w-won't cum again unless you..." Randal managed to choke out between shaky gasps and lazy moans. "Unless you praise m-me... Tell me you love me. Please. *More.*" He was still smiling.

*I can't say no to that, can I? Well, why would I even want to? He's deserving of it. "My little prince... so perfect. Good boy ♡ Good boy ♡ I love you so much. More than anyone, or anything."* In this moment, Luther's praise flowed naturally. Of *course* he'd want to reward such good behavior. Randal was actually behaving himself, and... Luther felt himself cum. *Finally...*

Randal came as well; this orgasm was a bit painful considering he'd already come twice before but that was fine. He didn't mind the pain this time. He groaned as his brother pulled out. He looked down, examining his cum-filled pussy. "Wow... haha... you actually came, like, a *lot* ♡" he panted, wiping his sweaty forehead with a bare hand. *Crap, I forgot I'm not wearing my gloves right now.* He cringed at the sensation of his hand brushing against the damp skin.

"...I'm sorry." Luther was quite embarrassed. "Let me clean this up. Stay there."

"N-No, um, don't worry about it." Randal replied awkwardly, shifting his legs.

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Eventually, everything was clean again and Randal was back in his gakuran uniform and gloves.

"Gosh, thou brother, do you seriously need to clean your sheets *every* time we f-- uh, have sex?" Randal remarked, listening for the familiar noise of the Ivory household's washing machine downstairs. They were still in Luther's room, and Randal was thoughtlessly running a strand of his ginger hair through his forefinger and thumb.

Luther shuddered at the thought of *not* washing the sheets every time a single droplet of bodily fluid-- whether it be sweat or something, well, greater, touched them, even for an instant. "Randal, how often do *you* think sheets should be washed? Actually, no. I don't want you to answer that question."

"Yeah. Anyway." Randal sat down on his brother's now-barren bed. (Well, save for the few pillows that adorned it. Those didn't need to be washed.) "Hey, how come you never told me you were a vampire?" he asked, playfully.

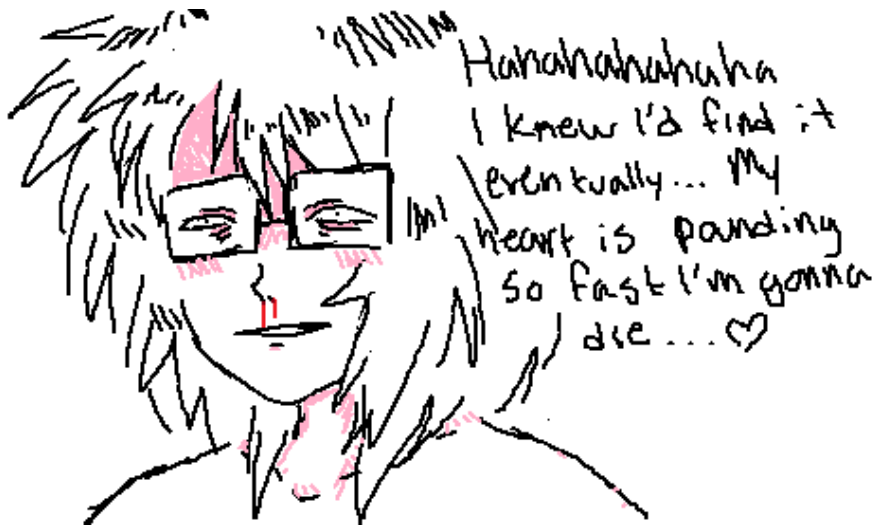
"I... what? I have no clue what you are talking about." Luther replied, quickly ducking in front of the vanity's mirror in order to fix his hair.

"Well..." Randal tilted his head, grinning and placing his hands on his lap. "You drank blood out of my mouth, dummy! That's... well... I dunno, brother. You're not exactly beating the 'Luther Von Ivory is a vampire' allegations here, are you now?" his grin widened as through the mirror he could see his brother's face turn a magnificent shade of pink.

*Why does he feel the need to bring this up now, of all times? "I... would not like to talk about that 'incident'. Do not remind me of it."* He continued to fix his hair, pretending to ignore Randal's obvious glee. *Obviously, his comments are in jest, but there's something more to them than just playful ribbing. Is he trying to make me do something irrational here?*

"I wanna do that again sometime! ☆ That was really fun, and... if you really *were* a vampire, I wouldn't tell anyone." Randal winked playfully as he hopped off the bed and exited the room. *He's such a dork. How am I even related to someone like him? I hope that when I'm his age, I'm way cooler. And have a better sense of fashion.*

"Good Lord, Randal." Luther murmured under his breath, feeling his chest tighten as he thought about the day's prior events. *I am going to need a cold shower immediately. I have to clear my head, somehow.*



^ My honest reaction upon finding Ranfren art in 4chan's /cm/ board ... Ok byeeee

#### Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys enjoyed my silly little drawings ... Someone tell this guy to put some clothes on or something! Gosh!

Also some of the images in the other chapters are broken. I might fix them soon.

Oh... and in the next chapter there will be catman yaoi because of course there will be. Randal is a fujoshi (probably)

# Be Aggressive

## Chapter Summary

'I started this, it's all for me / What's yours is mine and mine is mine that's plain to see'  
AKA CATMAN YAOI!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!111!!! or something.  
Fujoshi Randal needs to be canon like yesterday

## Chapter Notes

Nyen is from the PNW now because I forgot he's actually American. Him being British was funny though but it's not canon so I'm retconning it. He probably saw Nirvana in concert a bunch of times during their heyday and passed out every time Kurt glanced his direction while he was in the audience LMAO

The 'family dynamic' -- or, rather, the lack thereof, in the Ivory house was quite perverted from the regular Canadian WASP nuclear family. This was quite apparent, although each member of this motley crew filled the stereotypical role of the so-called 'nuclear family' in their own way like a fucked-up version of The Brady Bunch or something.

Randal was sitting at the kitchen table, sketching something furiously. He had recently finished the visual novel 'Kanon', so of *course* he had to draw his favorite characters from the game. He was sitting on his knees on the wooden chair, a bad, impolite habit that he couldn't break no matter how many times Luther had told him to sit with his feet on the floor and back straight.

He was so engrossed in his anime masterpiece that he barely even heard Nyen walk into the room and stand behind him, observing his sketches. Well, barely. He had *sensed* it, a lone doll floating down the hallway had telepathically alerted him to the catman's presence. Maybe if he didn't have such superhuman abilities, he'd've been unaware; Nyen *was* very catlike, after all, and his footsteps-- even upon the squeaky and slightly-rotted wooden flooring -- were as silent as a mouse running through a fresh blanket of snow.

"Drawing more anime shit, huh?" Nyen smirked, leaning over the boy. *It actually isn't half bad. I sure as hell couldn't draw anything like that.* "Is that your girlfriend?"

"G-Gah!!" Randal's pencil lead snapped in half as he tensed up. "I only like *three-dimensional* women. That exist in the real world. So there."

"We already talked about this, I saw your drawings of--" Nyen teased, but before he could say anything else Randal had already interrupted him. The boy's hair had grown wild; it became like this whenever he experienced intense emotions.

"T-Those were just... anatomy practice!" Randal waved his hands in an attempt to explain himself. He was flustered. "There wasn't anything sinister going on or anything!"

"3D women', huh?" Nyen smirked. "What kind of women are you even into, anyway? Well, not like you'd ever have a chance with a *real* one. It's sad, really, all you have is pixels on a screen and your hand. Poor thing." he placed his hand on Randal's shoulder.

"U-Umm...!" Randal shuddered. *Why the hell is he touching me?* "Well, m-my ideal woman is someone like Siouxsie Sioux! Or Chrissie Hynde! They're both quite lovely ladies, you know. And I also like Katy Perry but she's too much of a 'normie', an--"

"I've... heard enough." Nyen removed his hand from Randal's bony shoulder. "I feel awful for you. Like, unironically. Have you even *seen* a woman in real life? Nana doesn't count, by the way."

"The cashier at Wendy's!" Randal replied triumphantly, sticking out his tongue.

"She doesn't count, either."

"Why do you like to *fuck* with me so much?" Randal hissed, his voice dropping to a whisper to avoid potentially being caught swearing by his brother. "I'm busy. Leave me alone." he paused for a second, and turned his head. He was grinning maniacally. "Besides, it's not like you get much 'game' either... All you have is my idiot brother and Nyen. Which isn't much better, because at least *I* have my brother, Sebastian, and Satoru Tsukada. Plus, the cashier from Wendy's was *totally* into me." *Plus you those few times.* He cringed at the memories. *I'm not even gonna bring that up.*

*Satoru... huh, now? Is that some girl from one of his anime shows? Is he seriously delusional enough to think that cartoons are real life, or...? Actually, I wouldn't put it past him.* "I'm going to pretend like I didn't hear that." *My 'only game' is Master Luther and Nyen? Well, that's probably better than whatever he's got going on.* "...Do you actually think me and Nyen are in a relationship? Because that's not true." *We may both have the same owner, but that doesn't mean we've got anything 'more' going on. I've only done things with him at the Master's command. I'd never be involved with him by choice, and I know he feels the same way. He doesn't count.*

Randal grabbed a small pencil sharpener and began to sharpen his broken pencil as he returned back to his drawing. He was still smiling deviously. "Weeell... I think you're lying. I can hear you guys going at it with my brother when he thinks I'm in bed. Kukuku..." his eyes narrowed as he could sense Nyen's embarrassment.

"I..." Nyen's thoughts, or lack thereof, were interrupted by Nyen slinking into the room.

Nyen could sense the awkward energy stagnating in the room. "ну..." he broke the silence, his voice uncertain. "я был просто..."

"You. Come here." Nyen glared at the fellow catman, his narrow eyes gleaming.

Nyen walked over, slowly, unsure of what was going on. He knew that Nyen could be quite scary and unpredictable at times, so he always did whatever he was told to avoid getting on his bad side.

Randal turned around in his chair, completely forgetting about his art. His eyes were wide, and that devious grin was still plastered across his face.

"Me and Nyon are *not* involved with each other." Nyen glared at Randal, irritated with his gleeful reaction.

"..." Nyon chewed on his lower lip anxiously. *что происходит?* he thought to himself, an anxious feeling spreading across his entire body. He wanted to leave. Why was everything in this house always so stressful?

"This is just... this is just like that one manga I read! Wow, Nyen, you're *such* a 'tsundere', keke..." Randal giggled, taking off his glasses to wipe his eyes. "I think we can all tell who's the 'seme' and who's the 'uke' here..."

"What the hell are you even saying?" *I've... made this even worse. I fucked up. Leave it to him to turn everything against me.* "Randal, you're a fucking disease." he sighed, blushing furiously. He motioned for Nyon to follow him as he left the room. Nyon obliged, his eyes darting nervously back to Randal. The boy's nose had started to bleed ominously.

*Oh my God...* Randal thought to himself, cackling as he watched them exit the kitchen. He tried to stifle both his laughter and his ever-apparent nosebleed with a gloved hand as his mind raced with wild, manic thoughts. *They're totally gonna fuck.. This is... just like my mangas... AAAH!! I ship them so hard!!!!!!!!!!!!* "Hehe..." he stopped even trying to hide his excitement as he clutched his chest. Both of them were gone, and he was the only one downstairs now. Luther was in his garden (or something) and Sebastian was asleep, being guarded by a haunted army of porcelain dolls and demonic stuffed animals. "Hahahaha... haah... Wow." *This is... this is so...* his hands were trembling with excitement as ideas flooded his mind. He turned back to his sketchbook, fervently scribbling down the profane art of catman yaoi, being careful not to stain the pages of his sketchbook with the blood flowing freely from his nose.

-

The two catmen had found a quiet corner of the house, away from whatever was going on with Master Luther's absolute pain of a sibling. An empty, dust-covered room used as 'storage' or something on the second floor, the room furthest away from any action. This room had certainly seen better days; its flaky floral wallpaper was peeling off the wall in places, and the carpet hadn't been vacuumed in God knows how long. It's like this room was forgotten to time; normally Luther would clean *everything* constantly so the decrepit-ness of the room was quite shocking and unnerving to the both of them. Well, whatever. Anything to get away from *Randal*.

"I didn't even know this room existed." Nyen sighed, sitting down on a slightly-dusty couch that had been left in the room to rot for all eternity. "I don't think I've ever been in here before." he winced as a loose spring dug into his back. *I guess I can see why this's up here. It's falling apart.* "Do you ever say anything?"

Nyon continued to remain standing, peering around the room with weary eyes. The sole window of the room was covered by dusty and partially-broken venetian blinds; the late afternoon sun peeking through them and casting light patterns on the floor and highlighting the floating dust particles. His catlike instincts were telling him to lay down in these beams of light and take a long nap. But, he decided against it. He didn't want his companion to try and do anything weird while he slept. He wouldn't put such a thing past the man.

"You know, if you talked more, I think you wouldn't feel so damn anxious all the time." Nyen examined his clawlike fingernails, muttering absentmindedly. "Y'know, I just say whatever I want without thinking about it. It might lead to awkward things happening, but it just feels nice to get

everything I'm thinking out into the open. It's... a good stress-reliever. You should try it out sometime." he narrowed his eyes, glancing upwards at Nyon. "I can tell you always have a lot on your mind. Just let it out."

"...Yes. I do." Nyon sighed, reluctantly sitting on the couch. He made sure to sit as far away as possible from his companion. "But... I feel it would be unwise... to talk so idly. Words... cannot be taken back."

"Damn, you're actually really philosophical." Nyen laughed. "For the longest time I didn't even realize you spoke any English. How'd you wind up in Canada, anyway?"

"I... do not wish to speak about those circumstances." Nyon relaxed a bit, but his voice was still a worried hush. He was not fond of conversation.

"I won't press it. I remember hearing about some guy named 'Dostoyevsky'; some Ruski author or something. I've never read anything by him because I find fancy books pointless, but I remember hearing he thought the world was full of shit. And, I agree, honestly. The world sucks. At least Master Luther's here to make things better a little bit, sometimes." *I think I said too much, but... I just want someone to relate to. The Master is nice, but... he's different. I want someone I can talk to as an equal.*

"Yes... Fyodor Dostoyevsky... he is very famous in Russia. I have read his writings before." Nyon glanced hesitantly at the other catman. *он на самом деле довольно очарователен... хотя он такой резкий.* "He had a very... 'unhappy' view of the world; you are correct. I am surprised you have even heard of him... his works are quite intellectual."

"Well..." *Is he calling me an idiot?*

"I feel as if though you are much more intelligent than you let on. I do not think I have ever seen a side of you such as this." *я никогда не говорил так много. это слишком много?* Nyon gulped anxiously as Nyen slowly drew closer. *какой он...?*

As Nyen's lips drew closer to his face, he could smell cheap liquor coming off them. Their hearts were pounding.

"You... are drunk?"

"Not really." Nyen sighed, slinking away. *What was I doing?* "Sorry." he was blushing profusely.

"If you... would like to kiss me... I would not mind." Nyon was blushing now too. "I was just surprised. Usually you are not one for such tender moments."

"Oh, shut up." Nyen grumbled as he kissed Nyon's parted lips awkwardly. "I can be 'tender' whenever I want to." he pulled away, smirking.

Then, before anything else could happen, the door to the room opened, the two catmen scrambling to 'act natural'-- like they hadn't just kissed.

It was *Randal*, much to their chagrin.

"My brother was looking for you guys." the teen smiled menacingly. "He gets *so* worried whenever he can't find you two! Luckily for me, my dolls tell me everything! And... they told me you guys

were in here!" he narrowed his eyes, looking directly at Nyen and beaming a fanged grin. "You wouldn't want him to, you know, burst a blood vessel and *die* from anxiety, right?"

"Jesus Christ. We'll be down in a second, okay." Nyen glared at Randal, who was still smiling for some reason.

Randal gasped, then narrowed his eyes even more. They glimmered with a hint of malice. "You guys were... *having sex*... weren't you?" *This is literally the exact plot of my manga, what the hell? How'd I get so lucky ... to see 'yaoi'... right in my own home?!?*

"We did *not*. Leave us the fuck alone, you little shit. We were having a very philosophical discussion on the works of Dostoyevsky." Nyen groaned, getting up and beginning to head downstairs. Nyen followed him quickly, leaving Randal alone upstairs. The boy was still holding his sketchbook, full of perverted drawings of the two catmen 'getting it on', for lack of better wording.

*Their faces were all red, and they were breathing really heavily. They for sure just got done doing something really gross* ♡ Randal thought to himself, his nose starting to bleed a little bit again. He slowly wandered to his room, giddy with anticipation about what he was going to do next...

He slowly opened the door to his room, glancing around cautiously. *Good... Sebastian is still asleep. If he was awake I'd have to do this somewhere else.* He closed the door behind him, creeping over to his coffin-bed and setting his sketchbook down next to it. He laid down, unbuttoning his pants and covering himself with his blanket. *If anyone sees this, they'll think I'm just sleeping, haha.* He bit his lip as nervously ecstatic hands trailed down his stomach to his twitching cunt. *Gosh, I'm so... excited...* his heart was pounding and his breathing was labored. His chest was so constricted, it felt like something was crushing it. His vision was bleary as he bit down on his lip to stifle his moans while he thumbed his sensitive clit. *I'm... almost a little bit jealous of them... I don't know why I feel like this* ♡♡

His hips bucked violently into his hand as he began to spread himself open with his thin fingers. He covered his mouth with his free hand, trying so hard not to be too loud. *Fuck... this feels really good, but not as good as when Luther does it... oh, well.* He sighed as he moved his hand away from his face to reach into his shirt, squeezing his breasts. "Nff..." *They're still so sensitive because they're growing... I don't want... that, but touching them like this feels nice.* Even through his gloves, he could feel how soaked his cunt was. *I'm such a fucking degen* ♡♡♡ *Why am I even getting off to this?? If anyone found out... I'd be so screwed* ♡ He exhaled sharply as he finished on his hand; heart pounding and eyes heavy. *I think I'm going to take a nap.*



Twink death induced  
by traumatic situation  
(AKA Wither). Love can  
really change a person  
or whatever. →



Nyen twink death (based?!?!?)



"I... see." Luther knew his sibling was mad and felt that lecturing him on 'proper and polite language' was not warranted. After all, he didn't want to make him angrier. Randal's temper was something quite volatile and dangerous, and mixed with his latent powers ... The man shuddered. "Anyways, I made dinner. I just wanted to let you know that it was ready."

"Whatever. I'm not hungry." Randal turned to face away from his sibling. He was not in the mood to be bothered, and was most certainly not in the mood to deal with a 'nice family dinner' or whatever Luther had planned.

"Randal." Luther's voice was stern. "Have you eaten today? I know you probably haven't." *I really don't want to lecture him, but... knowing him, he'll probably feel better after he's actually eaten.*

Randal pretended to ignore his brother, although in hindsight this probably wasn't the best idea. The man's stern tone sent a chill down his spine, and it also didn't help that his mere presence was anxiety-inducing. Whatever.

"You need to eat something. If you do, surely you'll feel better." Luther stood over Randal's coffin ominously.

"Can you just ... leave me alone ...? God." Randal muttered under his breath, managing an extremely fake-sounding yawn. "Like I said, I'm *trying* to sleep."

"For goodness' sake, Randal, it is five o'clock. This is hardly an appropriate time to take a nap, but that's beside the point here. What I'm trying to say is that I can see right through every flimsy excuse you throw at me. I know you're not tired, and I know you haven't eaten at all today. Please, at least eat a little bit before it gets cold." *He's being so stubborn. An admirable quality, sure, but it drives me insane at times. I wish he would listen to me.* "Everyone is waiting on you downstairs."

"Fine." *I guess there's no point arguing with him. Maybe I am a little hungry ... Hopefully he made something tasty. Then this might be worth it.* Randal sat up, stretching. His muscles were a bit stiff from being clenched so angrily, and he winced as he felt a twinge in his neck.

Eventually, the two had made it downstairs.

"The hell...?" Randal sighed as he sat down. "What even is this?" he scowled, looking down at his plate.

"It's *Mettbrötchen*. And it's getting cold, so you'd better hurry up and eat it." Luther sighed.

"Dude, is this even fit for human consumption? Like, I don't even think I'd feed Sebastian this." *If I was hungry, I'm not anymore. This doesn't look edible.*

"Don't say that. It's a German delicacy; it's part of our heritage." Luther glared from across the table, his trademark blank expression doing little to diffuse the situation. "Everyone else here seems to be enjoying it. If you'd just try it, maybe you'd find it delicious as well."

Randal awkwardly gazed around, noting that in reality, nobody seemed to be enjoying this 'meal' very much. If he wasn't in such a sour mood, he'd make a humorous quip poking fun at this whole situation.

"Well, I don't know about that." Randal sat up, excusing himself rather rudely. "I told you I wasn't hungry. This is, like, World War II rations food. And I'm not eating it."

Before Luther could say anything else, Randal had already begun to make his way back to his bedroom.

*He... insulted my cooking. How typical. How bothersome.* "Whatever shall I do with him? Kids these days ... so precocious. I suppose 'respect' isn't the hip new thing anymore."

Nyen shot Nyon a knowing look. *I'd hate to admit this, but the kid actually has a point. If this is actually how they eat in Germany... that's depressing. Obviously I'd never say that out loud.*

"Do you want me to deal with him, Master?" the catman asked, looking for any excuse to not have to finish his meal.

"I don't think that is necessary. I do apologize that you are caught in the crossfire. He... really used to be such an agreeable little boy. I truly don't know where I went wrong."

*God, these people are so fucking weird...* Sebastian thought to himself as he awkwardly poked his fork at the slimy peppered meat-bread concoction. *I really wish I wasn't here right now. That's why I need to continue working on my escape plan. I need to find a way out of here, somehow.*

"I will talk to him. Soon, that is." Luther muttered. "Not right now. I just wanted to enjoy a nice dinner, as a family. But, Randal... he's just so..."

"Master, please don't worry too much about these things." Nyen glanced at Luther anxiously. "The kid's just, you know, a little hormonal." *I can't believe I'm actually compensating for that fucking brat. But... I can't stand seeing the Master so shaken up like this.* "Really, if there's anything you need me to do, just give the word and I'll do it."

"It's fine, really. He's *my* problem, and I feel horrible for your involvement in his discipline. That was an error on my part, and something I won't ask of you again." Luther sighed as he quickly finished his meal. *Whatever shall I do with him...?* "Now, if you'll excuse me, I shall.... Well, for lack of better words, he *is* going to receive a punishment of some sort for his egregious behavior."

Sebastian and Nyon glanced at the man anxiously, nearly catching a glimpse of his true eyes.

*He's.... pretty damn scary.* Sebastian shuddered. Truly, in this moment, he almost felt *bad* for Randal, which is something that surprised him. *I know I wouldn't want to be him right now.*

-

Randal was in his room, laying face-down in his coffin-bed. He had been screaming into his pillow for the past five or so minutes, something that was ever-apparent as Luther crept closer to his room. Although the screams were quite muffled, they could still be heard if you were close enough in proximity to him.

*My goodness, he sounds like some sort of wounded animal. He really should find a better way to express his feelings; surely being this enraged cannot be good for him.*

"Randal, I'm coming in." he said, opening the door to his brother's room.

Surprisingly, Randal stopped screaming. As Luther looked down upon him, he realized the teen looked quite defeated. *And pathetic.*

"You poor thing. You need to learn how to control your anger."

"Shut up." Randal's hoarse, muffled voice was barely a whisper.

Luther knelt in front of the coffin and began to tentatively stroke his sibling's matted hair. This action caused Randal to hiss and turn over rather quickly.

His face was red from screaming, and tears and snot were streaming down his face. His greasy fringe was sticking to his forehead, which was damp with sweat.

"Oh, my. You look absolutely worse for wear." Luther muttered under his breath, using his hand to brush away the hair that was sticking to the boy's face awkwardly. *I actually feel bad for him now... I don't think punishing him now would be very prudent of me. What he needs right now is for someone to take care of him. And that is exactly what I'll do.*

"Thine brother... Do you think I'm going to die?" Randal asked as he sighed dramatically, laying back down.

"Do I think you're going to die? Absolutely not." Luther replied, trying his best to make his voice sound soothing, somehow. An impossible task. "You're fine. Whatever's bothering you right now really doesn't matter. These things are temporary, and in the grand scheme of things, a minor upset is not the end of the world."

"...*I feel* like I'm dying." Randal crossed his arms over his chest in a pose reminiscent of the burial pose favored by the mummy-makers of ancient Egypt. He closed his eyes and lifted up his chin. "I wish I felt emotions like a normal person. All of this anger is burning up in my chest and it feels like it's going to burst soon..."

"Extend yourself some grace, now, Randal. You're in a volatile period of life; being a teenager is definitely not easy." *I'm trying so hard to placate him... Hopefully this works.* "Would you... like to talk about it at all? How you feel? Anything that you're struggling with, I want to help you get through. Because, after all," the man's voice grew lower as he leaned forward, his face nearly colliding with Randal's. "It's the least I can do for you, as your older brother."

The tension in the air was palpable, Randal's body temperature rising so quickly Luther could nearly feel the warmth emanating from him. He backed away, looking down at his brother's blushing visage. *I see ♡ I guess I should have expected such a reaction. He gets embarrassed by these things so easily, it's almost laughable. It's cute... although I suppose he gets it from me.*

Randal sat up, putting on his glasses. He was still frazzled, his heart pounding rapidly.

"I... I need to use the bathroom." he quickly rushed past his brother, exiting the room and entering the upstairs washroom, quickly closing the door behind him.

He glanced into the mirror for a split second as his wild eyes darted across the room, wincing at his reflection. *I seriously look like that? Eugh.* His eyes were red and puffy, and slightly-encrusted mucus dirtied his upper lip. He sighed as he grabbed a towel, dampening it and wiping his face. He removed his glasses as he wiped his tearstained eyes with a shirtsleeve. *That was... really gross. I can't believe Luther saw me like that. That's so embarrassing.* As he dried off his face, he couldn't help but take another look in the mirror in front of him. *I look so girly. And I'm small, so that doesn't help my case very much either. I wish I was cooler. And more masculine. Or something. Ugh, why does the Dark Prince even feel like this right now? This isn't... normal. The Dark Prince is always confident! And all-powerful!* He puffed out his chest in a false display of confidence as he set the towel down and put his glasses back on. *I... guess today's an off day or something. I*

*definitely don't feel confident or all-powerful. I feel like an angry little kid. Maybe that's all I am. Ugh, who am I kidding. This whole 'Dark Prince' shit is just a stupid LARP anyway, probably. My powers are so lame; they're not even close to Luther's, like, at all. Even his stupid twelve-year-old dream self has stronger and cooler powers than I do. Controlling dolls is all fine and dandy, but they don't always listen to me, and they're fragile too... I want more powers. I wish I could control humans. Or dreams. Or have reality-warping powers. Then, and only then, would my life be perfect.*

He hopped up on the sink countertop, rolling up the his shirtsleeve. He fished around in his shirt's breastpocket, smiling weakly as he found what he was looking for. *Trusty boxcutter, don't fail me now* ☆ He grasped it tightly in his left hand, slowly inching it closer to his exposed wrist. His hands were trembling in anticipation, and he even felt a nosebleed start to come on. Maybe. *This is so messed up, haha. I was so pissed and the only thing that actually made me happy today was cutting ... I'm an actual failure* ♡

His chest constricted and he felt his breathing grow heavy as he dragged the boxcutter's blade across the pale and already-scarred skin of his bony wrist. "Hffuuu... fuck." *This feels so good.* He smiled, biting down on his lower lip as he repeated this same action. He watched the blood beginning to pool around the wounds with great anticipation, marveling at both the sight and sensation of his injuries. *Everyone here is so stupid. I hate having to deal with them and their problems.* He groaned. *No, I shouldn't think about them right now. It's going to ruin my mood.*

His train of thought was interrupted by the quiet creak of the doorknob being turned and the door opening slowly.

"I don't mean to intrude, but--"

"L-LUTHER?!?!?!?!?!?" Randal yelped, his eyes wide. "Wh-... I thought I... I thought I locked the door!!!!!"

"I... um, no, you did not." He gazed down upon his sibling and his bloody wrist. The blood had already begun to make quite a mess, dirtying both the boy's clothing and the countertop itself. "You were taking so long in here I thought that I should check on you. I guess my 'brotherly sixth-sense feeling' was right; I figured you'd be getting up to no good in here and you were." he moved closer, closing and locking the door behind him.

Randal's manic eyes began to fill with tears, his painfully euphoric high already crashing down to the lowest Mariana's Trench of lows. "... he was seething; trembling with rage. If he was mad before, that was nothing compared to now. Mad? No, screw that. He was furious. "Why do you just *love* to ruin my entire life, brother?" he hissed through grit teeth.

"I will have none of that. Now, I know it's around here somewhere..." the man sighed, rummaging through the bathroom's medicine cabinet. "Ah, here it is." he pulled out a small roll of self-adhesive bandages. "Give me your arm. I'm going to clean you up." His unsoothing voice was as mechanical and monotone as ever.

Randal groaned as his brother began to run the sink, finding an unused towel and dampening it under the gentle, warm running water.

*Seeing him in this state... I really shouldn't be feeling like this. I don't like the fact he does this to himself. I need to nurture him. I need to care for him. Those feelings should override anything else I may feel. Yet... Luther glanced back at his younger sibling. Something about his demeanor when*

*he's in such a vulnerable position reawakens some dark feelings I thought I had buried long ago.* "This is so troublesome. There's so much blood." he stated matter-of-factly, in an attempt to stop his mind from wandering even further.

"This is all your fault." Randal whispered as he bowed his head forward. "Ghhh...."

"I beg your pardon?" Luther grabbed the boy's wrist rather roughly, on complete accident, as he held the damp towel to the bloodied skin. "This should stop the bleeding. Eventually. Just hold still for a few minutes." *I forgot, he still hasn't eaten anything today. ...Getting him to eat is like pulling teeth. I don't feel like preparing an entirely separate meal for him that he most likely won't even take a single bite of. And--*

"This is your fault." Randal said, interrupting his brother's train of thought as he looked directly at him, tears streaming down his face. *I don't care if looking at him directly like this gives me a headache. I don't care about anything right now.* "I only cut myself because you raped me. It helps me cope with the pain of knowing my own *blood-related brother* violated me so cruelly at the tender age of *nine*." he hissed in a faux-haughty voice. Luther could tell that, deep down his brother was truly hurting.

*This again? I... have already apologized to him numerous times. I quite simply do not know what else I could do to make it up to him. Is that also why he refuses to listen to me? Could all of this have been avoided by simply not giving into those... 'urges'? And here I thought I had excellent self-control. I suppose there are certain things about myself that even I am not privy to.* "I... sincerely apologize. I wish I could take my hurtful actions back, but that was over six years ago and I cannot control the past. I am unsure what else you want me to do." he removed the towel from the boy's wrist. It was still bleeding, but the flow had slowed down a little bit. "...I want you to tell me, now, how I can make it up to you." His voice was eerily stern, causing Randal's heart to palpitate. He placed a cold hand on the boy's thigh as their eyes interlocked yet again.

Randal thought for a second, his nose beginning to bleed again in nervous anticipation. *His hand is so cold, but it actually... feels kind of nice right now. Ugh. Fuck it, today's already been horrible. Why not make it worse? ♡ I'm going to absolutely humiliate him ♡ It'll feel fucking great to make him grovel at my feet like a dog.* He smiled, a dark shadow casting itself across his face.

"Oh, mine brother, it appears my wrist is still bleeding, is it not?" he sighed, lazily smirking. "It appears that conventional methods of stopping the blood haven't worked so far..."

"I haven't even put any bandages on your wounds yet, so I would not speak too s--"

"*Ahem.*" Randal interrupted his brother. "Maybe, just *maybe*, I'll let the whole 'six years ago' incident slide if you... if you, um..." *Oh my God... why am I getting embarrassed now?! I was feeling so confident just thinking about it, but I can't bring myself to actually say it... Ugh.* He glanced at his feet, which were dangling off the ground.

"Hm? Use your words, Randal." Luther stared at him blankly, unsure of what was going on exactly. "Really, if there's anything I can do, please do not hesitate to let me know. I truly am sorry, and I want to express it in any way I can." *What is he getting so flustered over?*

"C-Can you... kiss my... cuts...?" the teen's chest heaved with every word; completing the sentence was a painstaking task. *I actually said it... and I think my plan backfired. Now I'm the one being humiliated. Ugh. It always works out like this. I need to learn when to shut the hell up.*

*What's gotten into him...? What's with his fascination-- no, his absolute obsession with blood?* Luther thought to himself, his heart pounding. *I... Is this my fault? There was 'that incident' where I... no, I don't want to think about that. Horrible.* As his mind wandered to the recent blood-drinking fiasco, he felt himself become slightly aroused. *Good Lord. This is awful.*

"Well, are you going to do it, or not?!" Randal shouted in confusion, agitated and embarrassed. *I hope he says no and we can both forget that this ever happened. I'm actually so embarrassed right now...* he felt his brother's hand, still on his thigh, clench just a little bit tighter.

"..." *He needs to stop tempting me like this.* Luther's innate sadistic streak had been activated as thoughts of *actually* harming his brother raced through his mind. *This... cannot be good. I have a moral compass that I must follow. I must not let myself be led astray by such deviant perversions. I am a good person. I would never actually harm him like that. I can't.* He grabbed the boy's still-bloody wrist with his free hand, bringing it to his face. *I just wish I had known that I was the reason for his self-harming habits all along... I would have done these things for him, perhaps, if I was not such a shining beacon of morality for him. That would be unwise of me, his guardian and older brother, to encourage such negative and self-destructive vices.*

*Holy shit, he's actually doing it!* Randal's gaze traveled to his wrist as his brother placed several small, light kisses atop the wounds littered across the pale skin. "Ah... it feels so--" he brought his knees together, squirming at the awkward sensation. "Ff..." he bit down on his lower lip, trying his best not to swear. It wasn't necessarily a pleasurable feeling, but it was rather intimate and it just felt *interesting*. He wasn't exactly sure how to describe it, but whatever this feeling was was causing a pit to grow in his lower stomach as his cunt twitched.

Luther's hand fumbled around the boy's bony hip, grabbing it tightly as his serpentine tongue began to poke itself into the open wounds. This painful new sensation caused Randal to whine, the boy placing his free hand over his mouth in an attempt to stifle any noises he was making.

Luther removed his mouth from the boy's wrist, his mouth bloodied. "You don't need to hide your voice." he said, simply. "I want to hear every noise you make."

Randal obeyed, removing his hand from his mouth. *He's .... kind of scaring me right now, actually. This is so fucking awesome...* He moaned suddenly as his brother returned his attention to the open wounds on his wrist, beginning to suck on them gently. "Uuu... mh... ~" he winced at this painful pleasure, his free hand trembling all the while. "This feels really good ~~~" he whined as his eyes became bleary from the tears welling up in them.

Luther let go of the boy's wrist, letting it limply fall onto his lap. Randal shuddered, reaching for and clutching his wrist. His brother's strong grasp had left fingerprint-shaped bruises where he had held it, and the skin around his cuts was pink and puffy. The bleeding had stopped now, for the most part.

Luther leaned forward, wrapping his arms around Randal's waist and kissing him with bloody lips, delicately pouring the last remnant dregs of the boy's own blood down his throat via his snakelike tongue. He pulled away slowly, casting a glance down at his shivering sibling.

"Well. I suppose we're even now, aren't we, Randal?" he sighed, reaching for the bandages and beginning to wrap them around the boy's wrist. *My goodness ♡ He seemed to have actually enjoyed this, so hopefully he can finally move on... Or not. I really don't think his request was that simple. He is the type to hold grudges, after all, and this is a good example of that. Oh, well. In*

*time, I know he'll be able to mature enough to realize that nothing good comes from dwelling on the past.*

"Maybe." Randal groaned as he shifted his legs a bit, trying to hide his arousal. "Thanks for... um... 'that'."

## Chapter End Notes

I love Luther my boyfriend got into Ranfren and now he's a Luther kinnie. Wow. Awesomesauce. (I'm a Randal kinnie \*dies\*)

# Break the Black Ice

## Chapter Summary

Randal can bounce back from any injuries he receives, no matter how life-endangering or otherwise incurable they may be.

## Chapter Notes

Hello! I might post my other (tamer) Ranfren fics here as well using anon since my actual account is like a minefield of cringe and I don't want to look at it. So yeah, watch out for those.

Also I really appreciate all of the nice comments I get on here!

"Can you move? You're in my way."

It was a warm summer's day, and the heat had been driving Nyen insane. All he wanted was a can of cold beer, but Randal was blocking the way to the kitchen, quite playfully.

"Make me!" the ginger teen sneered. "I want to be alone while I eat lunch."

"You know I could, if I wanted to. But I feel like being nice today." Nyen groaned. *What the hell's wrong with this kid?* "I won't bother you, I'm just trying to get to the fridge. It'll only take me a second."

Randal's eyes narrowed darkly. "You heard me. I'm *not* moving."

"You..." Nyen chose his next words carefully. He knew Randal was trying to bait him into *something*, but he wasn't sure exactly *what*. Yet. "Do you want me to break all of your fingers? Because that wouldn't be too hard for me, you know."

"Huhu... I'd like to see you try, you idiot!" *My plan's working! Yes!* Of course, the boy had ulterior motives for this whole scenario. Being a hormonal teenager had left him... well, *antsy*, for lack of better words, and obviously he wasn't really in a position to just *ask* for sex. He'd come to find out that sex was one of those things that just kind of had to 'happen', you know. And of course... with Nyen, at least, inflicting pain upon others (nonconsensually, of course!) was one of the things that *really* got him 'going'. Naturally, this'd lead to sex, right?

"I'll make you regret everything you just said." the catman replied, smugly, grabbing one of Randal's gloved hands. "God, your hands're so fuckin' small..." *This should be easy.* He was blinded by frustration. Everything his Master's brother did pissed him off like nothing else. It's like the boy had a special talent for getting on peoples' nerves.

"You seem a little too excited about this, y'know." Randal panted, his face rather flushed as Nyen bent his index finger back. "You're *seriously* messed up. What if my brother found out? What if he found out that his, um, *beloved* pet kitten was--"

"Don't bring *him* up." Nyen shoved Randal against the wall, angrily. *If I was mad before... that was nothing.* "And... I could say the same thing about you. You're blushing like a damn schoolgirl. Wipe that stupid smirk off your face before I--"

"Nnh..." Randal whined, suddenly, at the pressure of his thin finger being bent backwards at great force. *This actually feels good!*

"See, what'd I say?" *Figures he'd enjoy this.* "You're such a pervert. How could *anyone* enjoy this?"

"D-Dunno..." Randal bit down on his lower lip. "J-Just... break my fingers already! Gosh, why are you hesitating so much! *Are you scared?*"

*Snap.*

"Why'd I be scared of a pervy little girl?" the catman grinned maliciously as he looked down upon Randal's pained expression. "One thing about me is I *keep* my promises. I won't stop until all of your fingers are broken, you know."

Randal felt the pit in his stomach grow ever-larger. *This is so bad!!* ♡♡♡ *I'm getting so turned on!* ♡♡♡ His poor, confused brain had been converting the painful sensation of broken bones into pleasure... Always the masochist, he was.

This was the norm. As a kid, those painful stomachaches and migraines he'd always get... he coped by learning to enjoy them. He'd enjoy the aftercare *even* more, like when he'd scrape his knees while on the playground and Luther'd kiss them so *tenderly* before putting Neosporin and bandages on them. He'd do it so much, Luther had started to suspect he was doing it on purpose. The teen blushed at these thoughts. No matter what happened, his elder brother dearest was always on his mind.

His middle finger being broken brought him back to reality.

"That felt *really good*... Do it... again. More." Randal whined, growing even antsy. He'd just came in his pants, all from having his fingers broken so intimately. His head was spinning, and his nose had begun to bleed.

*He's still enjoying this.* "What's wrong with you?" Nyen replied, blankly. "You know I could kill you, right? Would that turn you on even more?"

Randal grit his teeth. "Your hand is... so warm." Clearly, he couldn't think straight and he was having a hard time standing up.

"Alright..." Nyen groaned. "You honestly make me sick. I don't know how your brother can cope with your behavior."

"..." Randal remained silent, panting and squirming in the catman's tight grasp.

"Y'know, in my day, people like you would..."

"Ha. 'Back in my day'. You're so old, you're like a dinosaur." Randal gasped, his grin growing inhumanly wider. "You sound *just* like my brother."

*I know that's supposed to be an insult, but... Nyen thought to himself. I actually don't mind that comparison. The Master is the epitome of perfection. Mostly.*

"Keke, you're blushing! Did me mentioning my *idiot* brother really make you--"

"Shut up."

"Heh... he's your weakness, isn't he?"

"I don't want to talk about him right now." *I'm so fucking mad. I guess... you could consider him a 'weakness', but only because he's above me. He owns me, after all. Fuck, this kid's a serious brat. When will he learn to keep his mouth shut?* "And I know *your* weakness, too, by the way."

"The Dark Prince has no weaknesses!" Randal smirked, closing his eyes.

"We've already talked about that, you know. How'd you feel if I did the things I do to you to your little human pet? What's his name again? It's so long and stupid I can't be bothered to remember it."

*Sebastian.*

"N-No! Don't touch him! Humans are... vulnerable. And weak." Randal sighed, trying his best to not appear anxious. "And his name is *NOT* stupid, by the way. It's charming and elegant!" *And besides, only I can hurt him like this. Not like I'd really want to, though. You'd think a pet like him would understand that stuff, but he's a dumbass so I guess not. I should've known better.* He attempted to wriggle out of Nyen's grasp.

"Humans, huh? I know a *lot* about them. They're stronger than you'd think, surprisingly." Nyen's voice lowered as he whispered into Randal's ear menacingly. "Do you wanna find out *just* how much they can take?"

"N-No..." Randal whined in defeat.

"That's what I thought. You're not as 'high-and-mighty' as you think, kiddo." Nyen smirked, the smell of cigarettes on his breath becoming ever apparent. "I'm tired of you and your little ego problem. What exactly should I do to help you realize your place? Hmm..." he let go of the boy's hand, backing away. "Well, I guess I'm done here. You can leave now." He narrowed his eyes, his pupils turning into slits.

"..." Randal sighed, massaging his hand. *My fingers should heal up just fine, I think. I just need the proper darkness level for the regeneration process to happen. My room or the basement should be fine.* He glanced back at Nyen and his cheshire-cat grin. *Ugh, he's gotta have some kind of ulterior motives here. What should I do?*

"I said you were free to go. What's stopping you?" The catman replied lazily, leaning against the wall.

"I... dunno."

"Were you expecting 'more' from this?" *I know how this kid's mind works too well. Of course he is.*

"..." Randal's heart began to palpitate as he remembered the whole reason he'd gotten himself into this situation in the first place. His eyes narrowed as a dark gleam caught his glasses lenses. "*Of course.*"

Nyen's grin grew wider and more malicious. "That's what I thought, you little masochist." *He's disgusting. But... I guess I am too. Since I'm willing to stick my dick inside him and all. Whatever. Pussy is pussy, or something.*

-

They were now in the downstairs washroom, and Nyen had actually made sure to lock the door. He could be a little savage at times, as a beastman, but it's not like he wasn't cautious when necessary. He'd bent Randal over the countertop and removed his pants and underwear, noting at the fact the teen had came already.

"Did you actually cum from having your fingers broken?" he sighed as he unbuckled his belt.

"M-Maybe a little..." Randal gasped as Nyen's dick began to rub against his twitching cunt. "Hnff..."

"You're hopeless." The caman groaned as he gripped Randal's ginger hair firmly, his clawlike fingernails digging into the teen's scalp. "Keep your voice down. I don't want anyone hearing this. Plus your voice is annoying as hell anyway. You sound like a dying animal when you cum."

"W-Wouldn't that just... turn you on even more though?" Randal smirked as Nyen steadied himself by grabbing his bony hip. "I know how much you like killing stuff."

"I already told you to be quiet." Nyen hissed under his breath, pressing the boy's head firmly against the tiled surface of the countertop. "Brace yourself." he leaned over the boy as he entered the small, dripping cunt.

"Nff..!!" Randal bit down on his tongue in order to suppress his voice. "AH!!"

"This isn't going to work. If you can't be quiet enough on your own, I'll help you out." the catman's voice was low and ominous. He felt Randal's cunt tighten around him as he began to thrust quite violently. "I thought you might like that. Such a fucking whore. Does your brother do these kinds of things to you? Is he this rough with you?"

"D-Don't... talk about him... right now..." Randal panted. *I don't want to think about Luther right now! Why did he have to bring him up? This guy's such an asshole, like, for real!*

"I've heard enough of your voice." Nyen sighed, putting the boy in a headlock. "There, now you can cum while having your oxygen supply cut off. I know how much you like that." *And, honestly, I like it too. I don't have to hear his annoying voice, and the tighter I squeeze, the more I can feel his pussy twitch. Maybe this isn't too bad, after all. He has a serious attitude problem, but God, he's so tight I don't even care anymore.* "Try not to move your left hand so much. Your fingers are still broken."

"You... didn't keep your promise..." Randal gasped, struggling to talk as he continued to be choked from the tight headlock the catman had him in. *He's so strong...* ♡ His mouth was foaming as his eyes rolled back. "Nhhh!!"

"Hm?" *What's he even talking about? Is the lack of oxygen making him go crazy?* "Stop talking. I don't care what you have to say." He felt an orgasm looming on the horizon.

"Gonna... cum..." Randal whined breathlessly.

"Cumming from having your throat crushed, huh? Yeah, there's no way your mind's ever gonna recover from this. No wonder why women avoid you." Nyen perked up a bit as he felt Randal squirm a bit in his grasp. "If the girls at your school, like, the *really* hot ones knew you were doing this... if they knew you regularly have sex with your *own brother*... I wonder how they'd react. Knowing you're such an easy, masochistic brat that--"

"S...stop..." Randal whined feebly as he came. Tears had begun to well up in his eyes. *This is... so fucking humiliating. Yet...* he thought to himself as his heart continued to race. *It's making me so excited! ♡ What's wrong with me? ♡*

"Hm? If I didn't know any better, I'd say you're enjoying this? I mean," Nyen glanced downwards, noticing Randal had come again. "You already came twice. That tells me all I need to know. There's no really denying that you're a degen fag."

"Mgh..." *I am! ♡ I am enjoying this!* He felt his body grow limp. *I'm gonna pass out! This is just ... too exciting, after all~*

"Don't faint on me just yet. I'm... getting close. Just give me a few seconds." Nyen panted desperately, loosening his grip. "There." *I'm so close. This feels better than it should. I know I'm going to regret this later, so why do I always do it? Whatever. I just need to focus on cumming. That's it.* He slammed his hips into the boy, pulling away slowly as he finally came. He got up, wiping his brow and sighing as he looked down at the pathetic, trembling mess in front of him.

"Haah... ah, I..." Randal gasped, relieved at the fullness of his windpipe.

"What is it now?" Nyen groaned, buckling his belt. *I need a fuckin' shower.*

"I already told you." Randal replied, pulling his pants up and standing back up. He peered into the catman's weary eyes curiously. "You didn't keep your promise, dummy."

"That again? What'd I even--"

"You *promised* me you were gonna break all my fingers!" Randal smirked playfully, as he inched ever-closer to Nyen.

*Oh, right.* "A-About that..."

"Hm??? Are you a *liar*?" Randal purred, their bodies so close together they were mere atoms from contact.

"I've been called worse things. Now, leave me alone. I need to go shower." Nyen grumbled, angrily shoving the boy out of the way as he unlocked the washroom door.

-

Recently, Luther had noticed that Nyen and Randal had seemed to be getting along better than ever before.

*They've really warmed up to each other as of late... How excellent. This is how a proper family should be ♡*

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