



... as  $\theta$  is between  
and  $2\pi$ ,  $r = \sin \theta$   
Retraces its steps.

Vi Kors  
The Mist and the Lightning  
Part VI

СОДЕРЖИТ  
НЕЦЕНЗУРНУЮ  
БРАНЬ

18+

Ви Корс

**The Mist and the Lightning. Part VI**

«ЛитРес: Самиздат»

2015

## **Корс В.**

The Mist and the Lightning. Part VI / В. Корс — «ЛитРес: Самиздат», 2015

Continuation of the sensational erotic adventure... They are not offspring of Hell; they just lived nearby... Arel Chig is a fallen prince, the only one who dares to break the rules in a society separated by race, language and origin. When he meets Nikto, a strange man of many secrets, Arel's life is going to change. Содержит нецензурную брань. Содержит нецензурную брань.

“The only truly wise adviser we have is death. Every time you feel how it often happens to you that everything goes wrong and you are on the verge of complete collapse, turn left and ask your death if this is so. And your death will answer that you are mistaken, and that besides its touch there is nothing that really would matter. Your death will say: “But I have not touched you yet!”

Carlos Castaneda.

Part six Chapter one Lis sleeps

Mountains were black, as if covered with soot. A gloomy landscape. On one of the sooty sites in front of the dark pharynx of the cave people were working. People? Lis was not at all sure of this. Wrapped from head to toe in black, clothes as dirty and soiled as everything around, they made up a whole with a bleak landscape. But the outlines of their figures and measured movements still resembled human ones. Lis couldn't say more precisely which creatures were working there. Slowly, as if they had an eternity in reserve, they rolled some iron barrels into the cave. As black as these mountains, and these entities and this cave, in the depths of which Lis caught a glimpse of the

flame. From time to time its distant but bright reflections burst from the depths, illuminating the arches of the entrance and the platform. In these moments, the creatures froze, as if waiting, then again took up work.

Lis, fascinated, watched their tricky actions. He didn't know who they were, and what the name of the place was, but he KNEW what was in these barrels! Remains. The human remains.

And these gloomy and detached workers were not people, they could not be people, the world of people remained somewhere there, far, far away, Lis felt it, and an expression involuntarily came to his mind: “Not a single living soul” . So it was. Angels, or demons, in any case, of a lower order, were monotonously rolling barrels into the cave. And

their work had no end.

Lis didn't smell the decay, the smell of rotting remains of perishing flesh. No. There were no such smells, because in the barrels were not parts of the bodies: arms, legs, tripe. In these terrible vessels of death lay the remains of dead human souls. The human nature itself. The immortal eternal starlet ceased to shine. Eternal? Lis saw now that no. Empty shells, distorted pieces, radiating no more life. Souls: dead, broken, broken, unable to survive, turned into dust.

And therefore, in the air there was no smell of decomposition of flesh, but something much worse – longing. Relentless, all-embracing, bottomless and endless longing. The one that makes you want to howl and tear off the hair on your head. The longing that you will never experience on earth, so hopeless and absolute it was.

Lis squeezed his temples with his hands and closed his eyes, trying to get rid of the obsession, of this all-consuming feeling of longing and hopeless despair. He became scared, very scared from the mere thought that his soul might be there... in one of these barrels.

**WAKE UP AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!**

Lis was lying on the bed, breathing heavily and staring into the darkness, but such a familiar darkness of his room.

No, he's not Arel, he will never scream in his sleep!

And feeling the familiar comfort of his bed, Lis closed his eyes. A heavy dream, yes... But he is not Arel to worry about such nonsense. You

never know what a dream you can see. Does he, who has taken so many stimulants and “drugs” in his life, not know this. He knows in what terrible worlds can lead more than once subjected to correction, and that's why unbalanced consciousness. So there is no need even to think about it.

He woke up safely and lay in his bed. In his room. And his room is securely locked. He is safe. But...

And Lis felt how cold goose bumps ran down his spine, holding his body in fear, because he very clearly understood now that there was someone else in the room. And this “someone” was lying nearby, right behind him, quietly, not moving. And in a kind of panic, a strange thought occurred in Lis' head, that if he makes some movement, then this “someone” will move too. And it will be faster.

Lis froze, thinking only that this creature behind him didn't have to realize that he had already woken up and knew... Knew what?! That in his bed, in which, he perfectly remembered, he lay down alone, now someone else lies? Rave! Complete nonsense! Lis didn't leave slaves for the night, and when did he have a slave for the last time? Why did he even decide that someone was lying behind him? The whole point was that he didn't decide. He KNEW.

This is a dream. A damn dream again! And Lis is not Arel to scream... But damn it! How he now wanted to do it!

Drawing himself together instantly, like a cat, like an animal, Lis jumped up. At one jump, away from the bed, pulling the canopy to the side, and at the same time turning around.

Her dark hair was still braided in two tight braids, long to the floor.

Lying on his bed, Shela looked at Lis with strange whitish eyes without pupils.

A match struck, and the darkness of the room was a little diffused by a blinking light. Lis turned to the light, and Nikto saw it. Nikto lit a candle.

“W-what the hell is going on here?” Whispered the Lis.

Nikto shook his head oddly, and laid aside the open book lying on the table. It was a book of Lis. It was very convenient for making various drugs.

“A useful book,” said Nikto, “and a complicated one. However, I never doubted you,” he added, trying to smile. And in the dim light of the candle, his grin turned out to be truly creepy.

Lis staggered back and looked at Shela:

– She...

“She was cold there, in the basement where the servants threw her. At the very bottom. See what the rats did to her?”

Lis with undisguised disgust looked at Shela, at her chewed stumps instead of her hands. Hands that once so gently and skillfully caressed him. Her legs were chopped down to the knees. Exactly chopped off. Lis knew that. Rats could gnaw them, but they would leave bones. And too evenly they were bitten off. Apparently others feasted on her feet. Other, eternally hungry creatures living in this castle, and having maybe even less rights than rats. Slaves of Prince Arel.

Interestingly, do rats eat their own specie? Do they bite off their paws?

She was the same disenfranchised gray shadow, a rat, only in human form. And now she was lying on his bed, dirtying it with black stained blood from vile stumps.

“It's you!” Yelled Lis frantically. “You killed her! Now take her away! Let her bask in your bed! But she has nothing to do with me!”

“Really?” Nikto grunted. “I wonder, and what does she think about it? Maybe we'll ask her? Let her tell how Arel mocked her. Or how she

went crazy with fear, but there was no one to protect her. Although, one person said that he loved her, that she was very dear to him...”

“Shut up! Shut your crooked mouth! She is just a slave, my fleeting whim, and if she didn't understand it from the very beginning, this is her problem!”

“No, she understood everything, and didn't pretend to be anything! Just this man reassured her. By the way, have you ever seen Arel having fun with his slaves? He kills them so slowly. Hours pass in agony. It may pass all night. Before...”

“Will you shut up?!”

“Here you will begin to grab at any straw. And of course you will believe, if someone promises you...”

“Shut up!”

“And quit you.” “Shut up.”

“To the mercy of fate.” “Shut! Up!”

“Betray you.”

“You're just a dream. My wacky nightmare! And I don't care what you mean, Nikto. I'm sick of listening to you! You delivered her from a painful death, what a benefactor! Maybe it was easier not to choose her that day?”

“Maybe,” Nikto agreed. “But you made your choice, and I made mine. The first move was yours, first you. Then I.”

“You mean if I chose another...”

“I just fulfilled her last request. She wanted to see you again, nothing more,” and Nikto limped toward the door.

He opened it without any difficulties. And Lis nearly howled with rage. However, in a dream, locks really rarely save from uninvited guests.

“He walks around my room, touches my things, considers everything here!” Lis in indignation went to the table to hide his book.

Involuntarily he leaned over the open page:

“For, with hasty steps, at dawn someone is approaching me, someone who takes possession of me and cuts me down with a sword piercing me, and knocks me in order to bring me into harmony. And by the power of his hands holding a sword, he separates the skin from my head, and he connects the bones with pieces of meat, and all together, according to his plan, burns on fire until I feel how my body is transformed and becomes a spirit. And this is my unbearable torment.”

Lis sharply raised his head, suddenly realizing that he had read out, completely forgot about Shela. And in vain. Standing on the bed on all fours, Shela was preparing to jump.

And Lis screamed. Loudly, desperately, to finally wake up.

Chapter two

Lis reflexes

Lis looked in disgust at his reflection in the mirror. Black hair dye almost washed off, the color faded. Now he was neither red, nor black. Some dirty gray hair, not dark copper as originally, and not coal black as intended. Before, the color of his hair was often compared to fire. Women flatteringly told him this when he bent over them. They said that his face seemed to be framed by flames. And now the fire has gone out. Only gray ash remained. Not live hair. And Lis, with disgust, stroked them back, removing them from his face. He reached for his hairpin. The fluffy bright fox tail, habitually, gently caressing, lay down in the palm of his hand, but Lis immediately sadly laid it aside. His

favorite hairpin would have looked ridiculous on this dull hair. It used to be that his own tail argued with a fluffy decoration and clearly won, but now...

And Lis involuntarily caught himself thinking that now, as never before, he understands Squint-Eye. Squint-Eye, whom he always despised and humiliated. He called him a weakling, and considered a rag. Now he guessed the motives that moved Squint-Eye. Now these motives sounded in his soul. Now he barely restrained himself, so as not to grab the knife, and not cut to hell all his hair. Cut off this sign of the lord and the chosen warrior, and so on and so forth. A sign that has become so pathetic. And if he had been drugged, like Bert at that moment, oh!

Lis really wanted to inject something into himself now. But he endured because he was afraid of new trips. Even more terrible nightmares. He felt tired, awake, old and broken. Old wounds ached and reminded about themselves regularly. His body began to lose ground. He understood that. But he couldn't fix anything.

And the face... it began to peel off because of this damn dye. Just like Arel's. But Arel didn't suffer too much from this, or it seemed that he didn't suffer. It seemed to him that he really didn't give a damn that people shied away from him in different directions. They look at them secretly, fearing a direct look. However, for Lis it is also all the same! Have they had enough of staring at him?!

“But why?! Why I was born this way?” asked himself a question stupid

Lis, not understanding how beautiful he really was. His mother was embarrassed of him, and Karina...

The sky is blue, there's not a cloud, as if they are in the “Upper world”. Two captives are fighting in the arena below. Two blacks. They are just entertainment, meat, and Sigmer looks not at the battle of the “doomed to death”, but at her. At Karina. His Karina. He watches how intensely and concentratedly she watches the actions of her compatriots exposed for fun. As if she herself were fighting down there. She flinches at every attack, at each dangerous moment she moves forward, clutching her fingers in the parapet. He wonders, which one of them she supports. Sigmer is annoyed by it. But she does not notice that he is looking at her carefully. she is all down there, in dust and blood. He wants her to be distracted, to notice him, to look at him. Empty hopes.

A satin red ribbon is tied around her neck, hiding bruises from a completely different “jewelry” – an iron collar. It was removed recently. And there are traces of his teeth there.

And Sigmer catches himself thinking that he wants to do this with her again. Make pain so that she glances, remembers him.

“Gladiators inevitably,” they fight really brilliantly. Neither one nor the other wants to give up. “As for the last time” is ridiculous, because it is so. The battle drags on, two desperate people are already just rolling

in the dust of the arena, violently clinging to each other. “Blacks...” The instinct of self-preservation doesn't allow them to give up. They are warriors.

“Have mercy on them!” She finally turns to him, with a plea in her eyes and voice. “Send them to hard labor camp, but don't force one of them to kill the other. They fought honestly, and are equal in strength!”

What is she hoping for? That in the prisoner camp they will wait for release. That “their people” will come to save them. There can be no more stupidity! “Blacks” will never recapture lost positions. And those who were captured are doomed. What's the difference? Die now, or slowly and painfully rot in hard labor.

He signs, and both captives leave the arena alive. In a burst of gratitude, she snuggles up to him, hugging:

“Thanks! Thanks! Thanks!”

He stands, barely holding back such a stupid and inappropriate victorious grin now, with outward indifference accepting her grateful tenderness. And when she easily blows in his ear, dodges with made discontent:

“What a silly habit!”

In response, she smiles ingratiatingly, expecting him to smile too. Now he will tumble her down right here on the balcony, and he doesn't give a damn that she will be lying rigidly flat on stone slabs. And she will understand how much he really loves her. No.

And he turns around to leave. He gives out some instructions to his advisers, completely ignoring her, while constantly backing and sensing her presence, knowing that she is nearby and obediently following him.

The warriors will be hanged that evening. However, she will not know about it. She is never interested in the further fate of the "pardoned".

His thoughts rush about in his head like birds in a cage.

She would never have stabbed Arel! Everyone likes Arel! Everyone chooses Arel... And Nikto too ... Oh! Just not that!

"Come here. Do this. Maybe you will feel better if you fuck me. Your headache..."

No! Don't think about it! Don't think at all!

"You smell like a grave... No, really, nobody told you before? Arel didn't tell you? No! Actually, it's good, not a grave, I put it badly, it is the earth, damp earth, as if you went down to the cellar, it smells the same..."

And it seems to Lis that Nikto thinks for a minute and then agrees:

"Strange, I never thought about it, but after all I lived half my life underground... But, it's better not to mess with my past. Stop stirring up my past..."

And Nikto bends over him ...

"Don't mess with my past. Stop stirring up my past..."

And Lis doesn't notice how he unconsciously clutches his ear, covering it with his palm.

He timidly runs his hand over the tattooed hip. He feels irregularities, slight bulges of the picture, where the skin was apparently pierced deeper than necessary. Or such barely perceptible bulges are formed when the paint for some reason "comes out" and you have to pass this place several times with a needle. Or maybe just in these areas, healing somehow happened incorrectly and something similar to traces of scars formed. Lis understands this a little, however, he knows, he heard from someone that if the tattoo is convex, it means that it was

made incorrectly. Too rough and deep. Or if the tattoo is blurry, it means it was made incorrectly, the paint was hammered into the fat layer. Or both are true. Or maybe it should be so? There is no point in this reasoning. It's just that Lis feels slight bumps under his fingers and he

likes it. He damn likes it! He feels such an easy languor and desire, as there... then... in the extreme limit. As if from Nikto's some kind of attracting waves emanate. Lis has already fucked him, just now. Fast, probably even aggressive. Without any preludes and sentiments. And nothing prevents

him from getting up and leaving now. But he is not leaving. Instead, he continues to lie nearby and strokes, strokes this painted body. Nikto doesn't move and says nothing. He made no sound at all for the time that their "love" lasted. Interestingly, does he groan under Arel?

"Say something," Lis asks mentally, "say you are not kidding me!"

"How's your head? Doesn't hurt anymore?" Suddenly says Nikto and turns to Lis. And Lis is ready to bet that mischievous sparks are dancing in his bright eyes. The face is a motionless mask, and the eyes are alive and they laugh. Damn him! Lis' throat intercepts with indignation, but he doesn't want to quarrel now, he himself doesn't understand why. And he listens to his feelings. And negatively shakes his head:

"No. It no longer hurts."

It no longer hurts, so why the hell is he not leaving! And what kind of nonsense is all this?! Did he come here for some pill against headache?! He came to sort it out, talk, find out in the end! Only now he least of all wants to find out something, to understand something. He wants... Damn! He wants to touch this body, this skin, these lips..."

Why did he do that! Yes, he was simply mad when he embraced this white-haired monster and nevertheless kissed him. He dug into this lying

mouth with his lips. And Nikto answered him. Their kiss... This weakness... He showed his feelings, revealed himself as a boy and in front of whom?!

In front of that man who didn't care at all, who was simply having fun, he whiled away the time between doses, watching the reactions of funny confused Lis.

"Lis, leave this to Arel! Madness is not your cup of tea, it doesn't suit you!"

"It looks poorly! Lis!"

"You tremble like a leaf in the wind, you are afraid!"

"Because you yourself don't understand what you are doing, and this is funny, Lis who doesn't understand what he is doing..."

Yes, that evening Lis could argue with Arel about which of them was worse.

But in those moments when their lips touched, Lis realized that he would break and do for Nikto more than just fuck him. And that he will let Nikto do something more. He remembered how he literally rolled out of bed.

Wine! Urgently drink wine and get distracted! All around lay bottles with only sweet wine, as Arel liked.

"No, not this grape molasses of Arel!"

Fox remembered that Nikto was confused for a long time in the names and color of the label, trying to bring Lis what he asked. It was funny and distracted him.

He managed to resist this obsession. He resisted and was proud of it. Resisted? And Lis smiled bitterly at his memories.

They drank wine and talked, Lis remembered that about some things that previously seemed to him unusually important, and at that moment when they finally could talk about them, Lis didn't care. He looked at Nikto and felt his victory. So it seemed to him then. And I wanted more and more. Fortunately, it was already getting light, and Nikto said that he needed a shot. He began to prepare a dose for himself. He suggested making a dose for Lis also. Lis refused and left. He rejoiced. And he was drunk.

The whole next day he was in high spirits, recalling some moments, this surprised, inquiring look, turn of the head, subordinate pose. Scrolling through these scenes in my head over and over again. He had such a strange feeling that Nikto belonged to him, and not to Arel at all. In the evening, playing a game of cards, he was amused in his heart, watching as Arel lazily tangled white strands of Nikto's hair. He didn't care and wasn't irritated because Nikto was sitting at the feet of the prince. As if it was he, Lis, who graciously allowed Arel to play with HIS toy. All day he didn't feel like taking a drug, only in the evening, probably still allowing himself to drink too much, or was he drunk not from wine? No. He probably still got drunk, because... What happened next... What he did to Nikto later... it was probably cruel.

Lis was driving away these memories from his memory, but couldn't help but think about it. The fact that that evening he waited for Arel to go to Squint-Eye. And he returned to Nikto. He returned to...

No, Lis no longer wanted to think about it!

### Chapter three

#### Revenge of Lis

It is strange that Nikto wasn't surprised at his arrival that evening. However, Lis vaguely remembered the very moment of his arrival, he was still very drunk. Lis wasn't just drunk, he was drunk like a motherfucker. He took over all the bad habits of Arel – madness and alcoholism. Lis didn't remember how he managed to justify his next

visit, or Nikto didn't ask him about anything. Lis only remembered that he prudently locked the door with a key, and Nikto said that he was trying in vain, because Arel had his own key to that room. Then Lis said that he would leave the key in the keyhole so that Arel couldn't insert

his own one. And Nikto shrugged indifferently. This whole talk about keys Lis remembered very vaguely, much more clearly he remembered what happened afterwards.

He knocked Nikto onto the bed, pushing him into the chest with both hands. And he fell. Raising himself a little on his elbows, he looked at Lis with his bright, cold eyes. He watched how Lis confidently and

leisurely took off his jacket. Squealing, he threw it aside. Left naked to the waist, he unfastens the belt buckle. Without taking his eyes off the bright eyes, untied his fly. With pleasure he noticed how Nikto lowers his gaze and looked no longer in Lis' eyes, but where he needed to. He looked at

Lis, how he with both hands pulled the soft suede leather of his pants from his hips. He looked at it and then looked up at Lis again. And Lis felt uneasy. He remembered that he was sobered up at that moment. And he got scared of what he was doing. And Nikto, immediately catching this fleeting weakness in Lis' behavior, slightly bowed his head to the side, and the expression on his face at that moment was as if he wanted to say to his unlucky lover: "Well, it happens...".

And Lis became furious. He no longer showed off, growling he lashed out at such a self-confident "son of the devil", not feeling any resistance. Their dicks touched, snuggling together. Lis began to kiss Nikto, his chest, nipples, belly... Eagerly, as if trying to catch up yesterday.

And now he couldn't recall these moments without having to squeeze inside, as if from a blow under his breath. He really felt physically ill.

No, nevertheless he didn't cross the border, he didn't take "unclean" in his mouth. Slightly satisfying his desire, he managed to pull himself together and remember why he had come. He seemed to hear his drunken, mocking voice:

"And I have a present for you, Nik! I would love to give you a bottle of wine... I would put it in your ass! And I'd look how you would writhe! But let's leave this prerogative to Arel. Although it's a pity, of course... However, why not? Maybe later..." He smiled badly.

No one listened intently to him. Lis knew that the word

"prerogative" was not clear to him, and his sense of superiority brought

to him no less joy than everything before that taken together.

Slowly, he reached for his bag, pulled out a skein of black wide patch from there...

"Do you remember? You blinded me there, in the extreme limit. First in the throne room, when I had the imprudence to wake up and looked at you. And then. Do you remember how you clicked on my eyes with your damn magic? So I stopped seeing, and the bandage was no longer needed! Did you think I would forget that? I remember! I remember very well, Nik... this is humiliation! I don't forget anything!

And I want you to feel how it feels to be naked, blinded, a toy in the wrong hands!

At that moment, it seemed to Lis that Nikto wanted to object, wanted to say something. He only opened his mouth, preparing to make a sound, as Lis screamed at him, he remembered his scream. It seemed to him that if Nikto said anything, he would begin to explain, justify or deny, generally blabber him, and Lis would not do what he intended. And he was used to doing what was intended.

Lis taped his mouth, hastily, rudely, furiously, in several layers. Nikto didn't resist. Absolutely. Like when they painted arrows on his eyes and wrote "Arel's Litter" on his forehead. Probably, Nikto found some perverse pleasure giving his human body to be torn to pieces. That is what Lis thought, thought already later, when he was trying to analyze all these inadequate and not logical actions of Nikto, who allowed to do all kinds of vile things with his body without feeling like neither a sense of humiliation nor a sense of fear, as if he himself hated it and wanted to destroy it. In Nikto there was strength and dignity, and at the same time

it was not. Absolutely. Lis didn't understand this. It was another mystery.

It still seemed to Lis that at such moments Nikto was a human being. A human taking revenge. Destroying himself in revenge. Was it pleasant for a demon to return to a fucked body? Or even be there at the same time. These were funny thoughts. However, later the opposite, not so funny thoughts came to his mind. It is possible that it was not at all that man took revenge on the demon, but quite the opposite. Forcing the body to be submissive, the demon thus punished and asserted his authority. In this case, Arel and now Lis were "raising" Nikto in the best possible way. Well, "daddy" should be pleased.

Then Lis taped Nikto's eyes. He asked how Nikto felt, was it pleasant? And spreading his legs wide, holding his knees, he fucked him for the first time the way Arel could fuck, without turning his partner on his stomach. Fucked with some indescribable pleasure and animal desire, knowing that Nikto couldn't see the expression on his face, and

experiencing relief from this. Relaxing, throwing away the eternal contemptuous expression on his face – his mask, he gasped for air and closed his eyes as an orgasm covered him with a wave. After waiting a second, he immediately continued, not allowing his cock to rest and fall. Trying to get an orgasm after an orgasm. It seemed to him that all his sperm had long ended, or it was actually so. But he had this tickling feeling in the head of the penis, some crazy pleasure, the desire to feel this trembling of pleasure again and again, reaching the tips of the toes and bringing them to a cramp. More and more, like a horse jumping over a barrier after a barrier. And at that moment, when he takes the barrier... Lis seems to have begun to understand the meaning of the word – ecstasy. He watched his cock go back and forth; he looked fearlessly

into Nikto's face, not fearing the mocking glance of his icy eyes anymore. Blind and dumb. With such Nikto it was easier for him. He wondered what Arel would have told him if he had seen them? This thought alone made Lis come to an end. He imagined how Arel would enter the room and see this. His Nikto ... his mouth is sealed, and instead of his eyes... Nikto will lose half his eyelashes, Lis spared his eyebrows by sticking the tape a little lower. But it will still hurt... to tear off glue from the delicate skin of the eyelids. Lis imagined how the half-blood marks in the lip of Nikto would stick to the patch, clinging to it. It will

be difficult. He'll have to be careful not to tear his lip. If Arel saw it all! If he saw how he mutilated his Nik. Oh, that would be great! But only at the first moment. Then quarrel and hysteria of Arel would begin, and Lis didn't want it at all. But nobody could forbid him to dream about the first reaction of Arel.

The Lis saw that Nikto's dick was erect, and this amused his pride. He graciously allowed him to, at some point, grab his hand on his tattooed organ, and finish. Cum because Lis himself fucked him. Great and terrible! Lis was drunk and therefore surpassed himself. He would have wiped Nikto until blood, if Nikto had not been such a used whore, and if Lis had not come straight into him. But he liked to finish into him, then let his sperm squish inside. His dick whipped it in the foam, like egg white. He continued this act for as long as he could. Probably Nikto was satisfied. And if he could, he would thank him, Lis.

Then Lis left, not saying a word and not tearing off the patch. Let him do it himself, or wait for Arel. Nikto's hands were free, and Lis was a little warped only by one small spoonful of tar in a barrel of honey. For all this time, Nikto hasn't touched Lis. Yes, his cock was horny and he came. But Nikto never hugged Lis.

Lis drove these thoughts away. He wanted revenge, and he took revenge. What else is needed? Why would he hug him!

He gave himself a vow to no longer think about Nikto, not even look in his direction.

Nikto didn't take any initiative either. As if nothing had happened. Arel hugged him, Arel talked to him. He sat at Arel's feet, and laid a shaggy head on his lap. And he did not look at Lis. Why did he need Lis?!

And Lis didn't know, simply didn't know how to eradicate these thoughts from his consciousness, how to stop thinking about him.

Come again, just talk? What a stupid excuse! With such an excuse you cannot deceive even yourself, even if you really want to be deceived. Lis was disgusting to himself, he convinced himself that he was simply ridiculous. No, of course, it was not love! Not even sympathy! Unrequited feelings? Excluded! Just... Just, he wanted... He wanted Nikto to knock on his door the same way that Lis knocked on that ill-fated evening to him.

He wanted Nikto to come to him. Maybe for revenge. Never mind. Then Lis would have recouped! He would just throw Nikto out. Why does he need this... this misunderstanding, subhuman, let Arel continue to mess with him. But Lis would not even listen to him, he would immediately point to the door. It may even be polite. Polite and indifferent.

But Nikto didn't come. In waking life.

He began to come into his dreams. And it was completely terrible.

A thin stream of cold rusty water banged against the bottom of an old iron bath. Probably, only Lis in the rooms still had some semblance of a water supply. Uncomfortably bent, and putting the back of the head and crown under this stream, Lis rubbed and rubbed his hair, soaping and washing off again and again. The crooked-footed bathtub, once polished to a shine, had long been rusty. The rust was ginger and the

trickle of water was ginger. Only Lis' hair, no matter how hard he tried, never acquired its original shade.

Lis scolded himself again. Feeling sick and having a hard sleep knocked him out of the rut. This, of course, no one saw, but he was ashamed of this weakness even before himself. Now he will put himself in order, put on his face his usual mask of arrogant contempt, and not Arel, nor Enriki, nor anyone else, will ever guess what is really happening to him.

Now he will go to Nikto and tell him everything! Everything that he thinks about him. He will achieve recognition. Let Nikto explain to him whom Lis was fucking, a demon or a human, and who Nikto is, a demon or a human. And why all that was between them. Why was all this? Let him explain. Why did he do this, why did he allow it, and what does he want.

And what does Lis want? And Lis understood that he was afraid to answer this question even to himself, and this feeling of weakness infuriated him and made him angrier more than everything else taken together.

And he also understood that he didn't have to go to Nikto, no way! And he could not help but go.

## Chapter four

### Visiting

Lis was walking down the hall when he saw Tol. Involuntarily Lis pulled himself together, looking around, however, he immediately relaxed. Firstly, there was absolutely nowhere to hide in an empty and straight corridor. It was too late to look for the unlocked door. Secondly, Lis even wanted to meet someone who could distract him from these endless exhausting thoughts. Of course, the very last he wanted to meet this morning was Tol. But he didn't have to choose. Tol could distract him. Hold up. Get lost in thought. Yes, anything just to prevent Lis from reaching where he was heading. And it was a chance.

Seeing Lis, Tol sincerely rejoiced, waved his hands so that he stopped and waited for him. And Lis stopped. And already for this he was grateful to the idiot Tol, and was ready to listen to his next nonsense.

"I brought the meat!" Tol cried joyfully, from afar. Spreading hands, as if wanting to hug Lis, grab him, like welcoming a friend. Lis recoiled, rather abruptly. Tol obediently stopped, and stood in front of Lis as if rooted to the spot, shining with his narrow deep-set eyes. One eye is brown, and the iris of the second is half brown and half green.

"I brought the meat," he repeated joyfully.

Lis didn't give a damn about the meat. He didn't understand what this moron was talking about to him. He didn't give a shit about meat and Tol, and generally about everything except... And Lis asked:

"What kind of meat?" In the soul he was cursing Tol and thanking him at the same time.

"Meat for barbecue!"

"I see, get the hell out of here," Lis thought, and said: "Where did you get it?"

"The owner of Backara gave it to me! After all, today is a holiday, do you know?!"

Yes, yes, Lis was in the know of some regular religious holiday of "blacks", "Spring Day" or "Day of some sacred tree", or "Some kind of a motherfucker day". There is only one meaning, endless sacrifices and donations to temples, and universal blessed fun. Lis didn't give a shit.

"Yes, of course I'm in the know."

"Well! How many times have I asked Arel! The weather is warm! We must get out, if not to the river, so at least sit in the garden. Fry meat!"

Yes, Lis remembered it, Tol has been mumbling about it to Arel for the past week. Arel sent him to hell. And he did it right. Tol generally needs only to be sent to hell. "Tol, fuck you!"

"Do you want me to help you persuade Arel?"

“No!” Tol rejoiced. “I have already persuaded him! He allowed everything! Tonight we will have a barbecue! I already ordered the cook and servants to pickle it in the kitchen!”

“But won’t they themselves devour it?”

Tol looked at Lis a little surprised, then laughed: “Good joke!”

“Do you think they will not eat it? What a joke! Or now only human meat should be given to them? Legs of beautiful young girls...”

“And what kind of meat?”

“Lamb! Lamb, still very young!” Tol sincerely rejoiced and answered Lis, not noticing either his sour appearance or his absent glance. He believed that Lis was really interested. It just could not be not interesting! And no matter what Lis was a narcissistic and arrogant type, not seeing anything around, except for his beloved person, THIS should have been interesting even to him. Tol didn’t doubt it.

“Lamb?” “Yes!”

“And legs too?”

“Legs?! No, why the legs! Al! You don’t understand anything in barbecue, legs don’t go for barbecue. Legs are possible if only in aspic...”

And Tol delved into the subject. And Lis stood and thought that only Tol, and only between them, calls him Al. Shortens his surname – Alis. Because they are paired. Because he insures Lis in battle. Covers him. And sometimes she shouts loudly and quickly to him during a fight. Apparently “Al” is easier for him to shout out than “Lis” or “Alis”.

“Al, right!”, “Al, how are you ?!” “Like shit, my dear Tol. Like shit.”

Tol has already completed an excursion into the jungle of cooking, and now he was staring at Lis, he was surprised that he never interrupted him and didn’t tell him to fuck off. But the truth was that somehow he

quickly finished, he could have screwed longer. And Lis would have listened, stand there. Damn, Tol can’t even say anything long and tedious, well, what a blockhead! What to ask?!

“And the weather is not very good, Tol, it seems like it’s going to start raining?”

“It is going to, but it hasn’t started! And when it start, nobody knows! It’s normal weather! Don’t worry! Everything will be just at its best! Listen up!”

And Tol still grabbed him, hugging with one hand:

“I’ll tell you such a thing now! About Lila! By the way, I invited her! We can arrange a really good time this night! Come, come to my place, I’ll tell you everything now! This is something!.. You just get fucked when you find out!”

“He was not even surprised that I was going after him,” thought Lis, doomed, “he considers me his friend. And judging by how all this is offered to me, he considers me his equal. Congratulations, Al!” Lis grinned bitterly.

He didn’t want to go to Tol and listen to some dubious vulgarities about Lila, he didn’t want to. But even more he didn’t want to go to him... Well, of the two evils, as you know, they usually choose the lesser.

Asa only grunted when she saw them on the threshold. Her next puppy, barked and rushed around. Lis realized that she, unlike Tol, noticed changes in his appearance. Noticed and appreciated.

“You look good!” She said, in “black” language, with a terrifying accent. In her performance, it sounded like: "You rook grood." Why do they always add these damn “g” and “shh”! Soft sounds don’t seem to exist at all for them. Vowels are also a problem.

Asa sat down by the mirror to preen. Well, at least she understands what kind of guest made them happy with his presence. Tol thundered with bottles, and at the same time with no less enthusiasm, as if he had just not told Lis, he began to share his stunning news with Asa:

“It will be an unbelievably tasty barbecue! You will swallow your tongue! I ordered to add to the pickle...”

“To the marinade, moron!”

“Can you imagine how fucking great it will turn out! Real jam!”

Lis sat in an armchair. Pictures of naked girls were hung on the walls in Tol’s room (on one of the pictures, the girls washed themselves in a bathhouse – and very naturalistically). Over the table hung a cheap

portrait of Jazmina, a singer popular in the “Lower”, bought at the fair. And above the fireplace, there were framed sheets with clever sayings:

“In the bowels of black, tri-color is born – black, white and red!” “Only black is true color, and the rest origin from it!”

Further, the logical conclusion followed that the “blacks” were the true progenitors of all mankind. Probably such “true blacks” as Arel. At first there were only them. And only then, from them, “whites” appeared, or rather, according to the logic of the writer, “whites” are the same “blacks”, only in a slightly different guise. They are “blacks” who have moved to the upper sublevel. And only then... only then the “reds” were born the very last.

They told him shit like that at a military school. Lis remembered that. They were raising the patriotic spirit of future warriors. “Blacks” are a chosen race,

“whites” are so-so, but “reds” is just a burp. Gods! What is he doing here?! Why is sitting here, barked by a fucking dog, and doesn’t leave? Lis knew why.

Tol set a tall crystal glass in front of him and poured wine. Lis really wanted to take him by the hair, because Tol's tail, despite shaved temples, was two Lis' arms and waist length, and to muzzle him on the tabletop.

Asa languidly approached the table to clink glasses with them too. Lis wanted to hit her no less.

They drank. Everything at once. Neither Tol nor Asa knew how to drink in sips, savoring the taste, and Lis didn't want to. He was now not in time to enjoy the bouquet. He wanted to get drunk and fall asleep until the evening. Until these fucking lamb barbecues. He was sure that Nikto would be there all the time with Arel, and Lis would not have a chance. And this is good.

Tol immediately poured again. The wine was not sweet. Tol knew what kind of wine to pour to his friend, and Lis was at least a little pleased.

He nodded toward the puppy: "What's this?"  
"My dog!" answered Asa proudly.

Yes, she obviously already pretty well learned to chatter in "black"  
language.

"Can you make it shut up?" "Bushuy! Bushuy, lie down!"  
"Gods! Why Tol? Why did he meet Tol this morning!"

Bushuy lay in a basket and began to tear something violently there.

"And I told him: "Fuck, Arel! There is such weather, you have to get out of the hole in the end! And he told me: "Where are you going to take the meat? Are you going to hunt for meat?" And I already got it in "Backara"..."

Lis read the following saying:

"Believe in God's purpose! God hurts us to save! " Something new.  
"Tol?"

"I say... it will not rain. And he... Yes?" "What's this?"  
"Where?" Tol looked at the wall as if he had seen it for the first time in his life:

"Ah, that! This is a great thing! Lila gave it to me! And yet..." Tol with his inherent impulsiveness began to run around the room, scattering things.

"Asa! Where are the "Words of God"!"

Esa finished the wine, put the glass on the table and wiped her lips with a sleeve.

Tol cried out, trying to drown out the rumble from the collapsed arms rack:

"And Lila! Listen up. I wanted to tell you about Lila! We tumbled with her this way..." Tol froze. "It was a threesome."

He started running again:

“Me, Asa and her.” She and Asa were doing such things!” He froze again, looking in the corner with a basket.

“Damn! Damn! Damn!” Jumping to the puppy, Tol pulled from his mouth a chewed parchment.

“Look!”

He joyfully thrust the “Word of God”, which was in the dog’s saliva, under Lis’ nose.

“And I will give you a new heart. And I will give you a new spirit. And I

will take from the flesh your heart of stone and give you the heart...”

Lis could not read what heart it was promised to give them, the ending was irretrievably lost in the stomach of the dog.

Tol was looking at Lis with enthusiasm:

“She’ll come to barbecue today. She has promised! Do you want to arrange the foursome, to look what the girls will be doing?”

“Do I look like an idiot? Why does he think that I can be offered this?”

“Drink!” Asa irritably shoved Tol into the stomach with a glass poured to the brim. She was unhappy with the prolonged gap between the first and second, or the third drink.

“At least one sensible thought!” Lis drank in one gulp. He was still not getting drunk. He still wanted to leave.

“Do you want Asa?” Suddenly suggested Tol, casting the dictum away from himself. He was absolutely sincere in his impulse of hospitality.

And Asa smiled at Lis. She smiled beautifully, feminine. Lis really wanted to leave...

“I want her!”

“That’s it! And when Lila arrives, she will start such tricks... By the way, you have already nagged her. Have you noticed how crazy she is?”

Asa sat down on Lis’ knees and stroked his hair: “Red,” she said.

“Yes, dear, fucking red. And the “reds”, as you know, are the most crappy race. They have a rotten gut, so they say.”

She leaned toward his mouth. Lis answered her kiss, it was better than...

He lifted Asa in his arms and went to the bed, threw her at the bed. Asa immediately knocked him over.

They tumbled for a long time, Lis felt excited, but couldn't cum, no matter how he tried. Tol drank wine and didn't intervene, watching them with a pleased grin, as if anticipating the coming unforgettable evening.

Asa also seems very impressed. She was sitting on top of him now, and galloping, galloping, galloping... And Lis' horse was galloping. On flat terrain. Without any barriers.

He looked at her tattoos. Beautiful. A little darker than her dark skin, with swirling patterns. He recognized familiar themes in these interweaving. They mean something. Some are like those... this monogram on the thigh, slightly convex like that of...

And Lis timidly ran his hand over her tattooed thigh. He felt irregularities, light bulges of the picture, where the skin was apparently pierced deeper than necessary. Ahhh...

Satisfied, Asa fell off to the side. Tol stood at the foot of the bed, holding the puppy on its hind legs. The puppy twisted frantically, bending and trying to bite Tol's fingers. He was too round and pot-bellied to get what he wanted.

"You know, Lis," said Tol, not paying attention to the dog trying to get out, "I'll tell you as my best friend! When you're not showing off, you're so cool!"

Arel sat on the bed:

"My stomach hurts," he said plaintively.

"What's wrong with your stomach?" Nikto asked aloof, he was looking for something in his bag and it seemed he couldn't find it.

Outside the window, a windy but clear spring day began.

"It hurts, awful. Maybe the stomach, I don't know... And the same thing yesterday! What should I do?"

"Smoke and everything will pass." "Make me a smoke, Nick."

"And 'hard' does not suit you?"

"I love grass more. I like 'hard' less. It's you who likes 'hard'."

"Okay, now... wait..." Nikto stopped rummaging in his bag, went to the table and poured some grass on a sheet of paper.

"Hey?! What are you doing there? Nik, I think this is some important document. Are you going to tear it up?"

"I will just pin on it and that's it. I am not going to tear anything."

“Well, pin it... Arel tightened again, hugging his long-suffering belly with both hands. “Or maybe...” he began timidly after a while.

“No.”

Arel sighed heavily.

Nikto laughed, bowing his head over the paper and reading it: “Twelve days, three hours.”  
“What?”

“This paper. Document,” Nikto handed it to Arel. Arel indifferently took the sheet:  
“Ahhhh...” he said, “it was Enriki who gave me that. The decree. He grunted scornfully. Those freaks imposed a fine!”

“You’re taking time, it’s dangerous.” Arel cocked his head:  
“What do you suggest?! To give you away?!” He asked in exasperation. Nikto looked down, handing Arel a clogged cigarette:

“Hold on.”

Arel literally snatched it from Nikto’s fingers.

“Why did they set such a deadline?” Nikto asked. “Why such strange numbers, twelve days, three hours?”

Arel blew smoke, and handed the jamb back to Nikto: “Will you?”  
Nikto nodded.

“They are morons,” Arel continued, “for me their stupid orders mean nothing. Twelve days, thirteen days, a week. I don’t give a shit... shi-i-i- t...”

“It just sounds so cool – twelve days, three hours, they should have written twelve minutes, three seconds!”

“Yes, fucked up,” agreed Arel, taking the cigarette again and taking a deep drag.

“They first demanded for a week or something,” he continued after a while, when he blew smoke. “Then they realized that it was pointless, they wrote this demand. Knowing fully well that this was pointless. They just supposedly do everything according to the law. First warning, second, third. Then a fine.”

“And what next is the law? Nikto asked. “When these twelve days end?” “Next? Guard is next, Nik...”

Nikto shook his head.

“I have a finale in the “Lower” Coliseum.” “I know.”  
“It sucks...” Nikto returned to his bag.

“It’s jamming me so much, oh!” Arel leaned back on the pillows. He crouched into a lump, and covered himself with a blanket:

“Why is shit always happening to me, Nik? Will you explain me? Why am I always a laughing stock? Why do stories go about me, not you, not Lis, not Enriki, it’s me who always gets into a stupid position!”

“Don’t talk nonsense, you are just high a little, that’s all.”

“Aha! And why didn’t they manage to comb out my horse properly? All combed out, and mine skims like cattle!”

Nikto laughed:

“If it weren’t so cold in the winter in the stable, they wouldn’t have become so overgrown with wool.”

“Yeah...”

“Is your stomach alright?” “Nah...”

Chapter five

Good weed. Lis and Squint-Eye talk about love

“Hi, Alis,” Squint-Eye went down the stairs to the hall and sat at the end of the table in Arel’s place. Leaning with his elbows on the countertop, he laid his chin on his hands with his palms open up:

“What are you doing?”

“Hello,” Lis muttered distantly, on the table in front of him lay a deck of cards.

“I thought everybody were already on a picnic.”

“They are,” Lis nodded and thoughtfully picked up the cards in his hands.

“Why don’t you go?”

“I’ll go now...” Slowly, as if reluctantly, Lis began to shuffle the deck. All the first half of the day he spent with Tol, until he ran away to

organize his lamb barbecue. When Lis was leaving, Asa, the dumb Asa, asked him:

“What bothers you so much?” She noticed it!

“Nothing!” He brushed off.

And she looked at him very seriously, and said, as he thought, a little regretfully:

“I would like to help you.”

He got angry. Probably not even on her, but on himself, for really wanting to share this with someone.

“It's all right, Asa.”

“Well, as you know,” she answered, shrugging her shoulders. She didn't insist.

And he suddenly said:

“I just want to know the answer to one question, that's all.” She didn't laugh, as he expected:

“Do you know what I do when I want to find out about something?” “Well?”

“I ask a question and remove the card from the deck. If the red color falls, then the answer is yes. If it is a black card, the answer is no.”

Lis pulled out a card.

“Let's have a smoke?” Suggested Squint-Eye.

“With me?!” Today, everyone offered him something to do with them: Tol to drink, Squint-Eye to smoke, Asa to fuck. Or they suggested earlier, just Lis didn't notice.

“Well, yes,” said Squint-Eye simply.

“But what about Arel? You usually light up with him.”

“Arel has already smoked a little since morning with Nik,” Squint-Eye grinned.

So all this was pointless! In vain Lis lurked so much time at Tol! Heck! “Why?!”

“What “Why?” Asked Squint-Eye, looking at Lis in surprise.

“Why did he smoke with Nikto, and not with you? After all, all the last time he was getting high with you!”

“Well yes. Lis, what are you getting at?”

“At nothing!” Lis looked at Squint-Eye with hatred.

Squint-Eye, not paying any attention to his gaze, saluted the tip of the jamb, set fire to it, dragging on. His eye was covered with a blindfold. Scruffy hair framed his thin face. Lis couldn't understand what Arel found in this man. Why was he so loyally friends with him, for so many years. Why he sat for hours in his room.

“So what?” Squint-Eye inquiringly looked at Lis. “Come on...”

They lit up.

Lis took out another card. Just in case. To confirm answer?

“Are you still jealous of Arel, or what?” Asked Squint-Eye a bit later. “Why do you care so much that he gets high, as you put it, with me?”

“Squint-Eye, I feel sorry for you,” Lis said without annoyance.

“Does it infuriate you that he communicates with me, and not with you?”

“I don’t care!”

“Do you miss Arel?”

“I don't need Arel! And I'm tired of all these cheap jokes!” Squint-Eye laughed:

“Yeah. Everyone knows that Arel is the best lover in this city. And whoever tried him will never want anything else.”

“Yes, I have fucked him. So, what is next? I was pleased only that he obeyed me and was in my power. Nothing more! Got it?”

“Of course. Don’t freak out.”

“And now, already knowing what he is, I would not even be glad about that.”

“Why so?”

“I thought I meant something to him, and he gave me his body just because he gives it to everyone!”

Squint-Eye laughed even louder: “But this is not true!”

“It's true! And I won't be surprised if he soon wants to suck off Vil!”

“Lis, you are really jealous! And you say that men's love is not in your style!”

“Exactly!”

“And you don’t have a woman!” “And I don’t have a man either!” “That's because you need only Arel.” “You don’t understand anything!”

“But at one point he was yours. He really loved you,” Squint-Eye was no longer laughing.

“Yes...” Lis agreed.

“He still loves you now.”

“Not anymore. He loves Nikto and it is for sure!”

“He's been with Nik for a long time. Maybe over time, he will start bothering him.”

## **Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.**

Текст предоставлен ООО «ЛитРес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, [купив полную легальную версию](#) на ЛитРес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.