


BALLISTIC IN DRAINED!





Terry Mason really wasn't expecting to be worked over by a loan-shark's thugs - well, not like this, at least.

I don't hear you complaining.

Oh, wow, guys - this is kind of, um, unexpected....

Well, I mean, Rico certainly knows how to work a dude's cock. Appreciating the nipple worship, too.

Terry was working late at the garage, tuning his personal cycle, when he had visitors.

Dude's abs are like fucking rock! Gotta taste that hot dick!



Fuck, guys, this was going so well...

Rico suddenly grabbed a pair of pliers and twisted Terry's nipple, even as Don pinned the muscled young mechanic's arms behind his back and handcuffed him! The combo made Terry shiver, then shoot his load!

Guy has **arms** like fucking **iron**. I think he could snap those cuffs, but fuck, he's getting **off** on this...

You like that, smartass? Maybe I should take this hammer to those nuts, huh?



Terry shivered and swallowed hard as Rico took the pliers and tortured his nipples and balls with them. He couldn't help himself, and he shot another load of cum all over his abs.



Better have our money next time, or we'll crush those balls into paste!

After the men left, Terry got cleaned up and found his pants. He cleaned his gun and sighed, then decided to go on patrol.

Man, I'm squeezing his nuts as hard as I can, and it just makes his cock hard!



Terry retrieved his armored costume from its hiding place, put on his mask, and checked his weapons. He was ready for action as BALLISTIC!

I should look in on the Wake Harbor gangs tonight. I hear they have a new leader. He might be trouble if he can unify those cutthroat bastards.



The streets and alleys of Wake Harbor were oddly quiet as Ballistic dismounted. Something was wrong....



Be
calm, pretty boy.
You're safe now. Put your
guns down. Just
relax....

Fog suddenly billowed up as a woman appeared in front of him. She was nude and pale and... oddly... Ballistic felt his thoughts grow distant and fuzzy. He let his guns drop as she approached.



NO!
Something...
something is wrong,
here...

That
light!

Hiissss!

Hush. Calm
yourself!

Ballistic almost fought free of their control but then...



No, please.. stop...

So hard and strong....

Ballistic staggered back as they both moved in close, and unzipped his costume. Then one slid her long fingers into his hidden seam and pulled his penis out into the air. He was so hard his cock hurt and throbbed, along with his nuts, eager for release. He'd never felt so horny!

F-fangs? But... oh.. oh fuck I'm so hard... I can barely think...

One woman drew her claw down his face, brining the blood. The other dropped, her cool wet mouth caressing his thick erect cock... until he felt her fangs stroke over his pulsing glans.





Ballistic trembled as one woman cut off his breathing, while the other stroked his thick length. His lungs burned, but he could not resist her, could not even turn his head. He closed his eyes and whimpered into her hand, feeling the other woman's claws caress his chest.



Such a beautiful boy. You want to stay with us, don't you? Just say the word, Ballistic, and it can be done. Quick. Painless.

They draped the unresisting young hero over his super-cycle, and each bent to caress and kiss a part of him, cool tongues and lips kissing and lapping on his fevered, sweat-sheened skin.



His cock is so magnificent. Warm, thick, and veined with pulsing life... I must taste him!

Ballistic trembled in pain and desire as he felt the slender fangs slide into the hot crown of his cock, and into the thick pulsing shaft; their venom spread through his system almost instantly, paralyzing him further. The young hero flexed his cock as he felt their lips stroke over it. then begin to suckle on the wounds they had made.





My sister will
drink deep from you,
hero. As will I!

If you are lucky,
we will keep you like
this, always on the edge
of death Helpless and
weak, unable to resist
our kiss!

Ballistic screamed as
he felt the next
penetration, fangs
sliding deep into the
shaft of his erect cock.
Cool ivory needles
that this time
plunged deep into the
throbbing veins of his
masculinity!







Come here! Kiss me.
Let my sister carry your
burden!

Put him down

Suddenly a figure
pulled Ballistic off
his cycle and away
from the women.
They followed,
unconcerned,
licking their lips.
New prey was new
prey, after all....

Boss wants to see you! Come
with us!

Uuugghhh....

Ballistic is taken off
to an uncertain fate
but it certainly
could not be worse
than the doom that
awaited him in the
alley!

END



This is what I hate about
Wake Point. All the damn
vampires. Git back! Git!