

Glass Harvest

t'Sade

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Curious Cabbit Press

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All characters engaged in, witnessing, considering, or thinking about sexual acts are eighteen (18) years or older.

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Version 1.0.0

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Klaier panted heavily as he raced along the edge of the woods, not daring to enter the heavy underbrush or to veer away into the wide-open expanses of the plain to his left. His right arm hung uselessly at his side, flapping painfully with every fear-driven pump of his legs. In his left hand, he still held the bloody remains of a sword, shattered on a suit of banded armor. The armor of the man who had just tried to rape him.

“Damn it!”

A creek slithered along the plains, a deep a deep gouge cut into the earth by the water’s relentless force. Slipping to a halt, and wincing as his broken arm twisted painfully, he glanced back over his shoulder.

Dawn was nearly upon him, the first spears of pink light spreading out from the horizon with deadly speed. Two thick pillars of smoke rose up from behind the trees. An occasional flare of light, a storehouse exploding or flames finally reaching high into the air, rose above the smoky green of the trees.

“Jerran...”

Pain of loosing his lover, a wonderful man with bright blue eyes, cut into him for a moment and he let the tears drip down his face. A scream cut into the silence, and was just as quickly cut off with the raiders’ brutal efficiency. Klaier shook his head, forcing the tears to stop.

“Bastards!”

Spitting out the invective, he padded over to the edge of the creek and peered down. It was almost two meters to the bottom, with the water burbling cheerfully over the smoothed, rounded

rocks at the base. Long shadows hid most of the creek from sight, the dawn had speared through all the shadows of night, but had not yet dried the dampness of the night's dew that covered every leaf.

He glanced at the trees, for one short moment contemplating entering the heavy growth. He turned away from it in the end because the trees were between him and Ulin, a retreat for men who prefer their own gender instead of females. It was also the first place the raiders would check for stragglers. Growing desperate, he peered across the plains while seeking out a hide spot. Finding none, he groaned in frustration.

"No... not in there. No hiding spaces."

His decision was made for him, when the sound of someone crashing through the trees reached him. The swish of a sword and the noises of a blade cutting through branches informed him exactly who was moving toward him. Without a second thought, he struggled to the edge of the creek. Using his good hand, he lowered himself and prepared to jump down.

Klaier's hand slipped on the damp rock and he saw the bottom of the creek rushing up to him before the sickening crack of his head hitting the stones threw him into the darkness where all pain and thought had fled.

—

To his surprise, Klaier did wake up. It was a struggle, trying to find the energy to open his eyes. The pain in his arm had gone down to a dull throbbing, but it refused to move. His attempt to make it move, the masochistic need to feel it hurt again, just to make sure it was still there failed. Instead, something was bound around it , preventing any movement at all. His first attempts to open his eyes having failed, he focused on his other senses first, trying to identify where he was.

He was naked, that far he could tell. His rather considerable length was semi-erect, pressing up against a soft sheet. Another sheet covered the nice bed he was lying on, a little harder than he was used to, but welcome nonetheless. However, there was a strange scent to the area, as if he was in a hospital. At the same time, there was a thin hint of sweat and fear, which worried him even as his mind slowly grew more aware.

Finally, he found the energy to open one eye, then the other. The room swam for a moment, then slowly came into focus. It was a pale green in color, with a picture of the ocean hanging on one wall. A heavy steel door dominated the second wall while the third and fourth were covered in windows.

Windows with steel bars in them.

The prick of fear grew inside him and he looked down at his arm. It was bound in leather, splinted professionally and no doubt on the way to healing. He caught sight of a few deep lines, but the healed scars had been there for many years. Klaier looked away from his arm and glanced around, trying to find his clothes. Where he expected a dresser or desk was nothing but a chair. His looked the chair over, noticing the legs, each one being bolted to the ground tightly. Growing more frantic, he leaned over the edge of the bed and looked down, to find bolted down legs and nothing else.

Just as he was reaching the point of panic, trying to figure out if the sheets would make good clothes, the door lock rattled. Inching backwards, he crawled under some of the blankets and stared at the door in growing terror.

It opened slowly and a smiling male face peeked in.

“Ah, I thought I heard you moving.”

Klaier cringed, “Where am I?”

“A processing plant. We found you in the creek a few days back.”

“Where are my clothes?”

The man stepped inside. He was broad, rippling with muscles and very broad shoulders. Klaier could sense his strength as he closed the door with one large hand and stepped over to the bolted-down chair. Sitting down, he favored Klaier with another smile, this one almost bittersweet.

“We’ll get to that. I have to bring up something else.”

Eyes narrowing, Klaier studied him as the man struggled with the words. His eyes scanned down, at the powerful muscles and felt his own cock beginning to twitch as he caught sight of a bulge pressing thickly from the man’s pants. With a little twist, he pulled his gaze up into the probing brown eyes that stared back.

“This is a processing plant that specializes in a very specific type of collection. You happen to be... in the scope of that collection and my superiors want to add you to the processing.”

In response, Klaier shook his head, "No! What? No... no." He struggled with his own words for a bit as he tried to understand. The newcomer watched him, eyes almost boring into his thoughts as he tightened the sheet over him.

"Why me?"

A faint shrug. "Two reasons. You were injured and we were collecting fresh meat, as it were. The second was that I noticed you had those scars."

Klaier blushed as he lifted his unbound arm, to stare at the lines of scars that ran along the entire length. Each one had healed over months, even years, but they left him feeling cold as he stared at them.

"T-These?"

"Yes. They are marks of self-inflicted wounds. You did those."

Shock and surprise speared through Klaier. His head snapped up as his jaw dropped.

"How could you tell?"

The man smiled and lifted his own hands, where a similar set of healing scars covered almost half his arm.

"I've been there."

He shook his head, denying it, but the probing eyes slowed his movement. Finally, Klaier sighed and nodded once. The coldness spread across him, delivering delicious memories of pleasure and pain. His length, almost the twice the length of his hand, began to grow underneath the sheet, tenting it out slightly. His blush grew deeper as he placed the one hand across it, feeling the aching hardness. It grew even deeper as he glanced up to the man in the chair and saw him smiling warmly.

Klaier couldn't speak as he felt vulnerable in the gaze. The stranger cleared his throat before speaking.

"I guess that. I would like you to join the processing, as an active participant. We have some of the raiders that invaded your town, but they will be joining us under less... favorable circumstances."

The man's words caught his attention and Klaier stood up in a sudden surge of anger and hatred.

"You have some of them!? You have the bastards that killed my Jerran!?"

The man cocked his head slightly, a quizzical look on his face. It faded after a moment, to be replaced by a sadness that broke even Klaier's rage.

"You can't touch them now."

"Why not!?"

"Because they are to be processed."

The sheet puddled at his feet, baring his naked body to the man who made no indication of being startled. Even when he stepped forward, towering over him, hands clutched in tight balls, the man didn't even blink.

"I want to kill them! With my bare hands."

The man shook his head and looked up, the sadness still in his eyes, "No, you don't. And trust me. What we have in mind is far worse than anything you can do."

Klaier stopped and blinked, his hands still in tight fists. "Huh?"

"Our processing. I said, there are different conditions. In this case, they are getting the long and brutal version of the collection."

"What... what are you collecting?"

The man smiled slightly and reached out to caress Klaier's cock. It stirred slightly under the touch as he stroked it down to the head, then traced an idle trail up to the two large balls that hung underneath. Klaier gasped with the bold sensations but couldn't force his legs to step back. When the man spoke, it was almost wistful and he continued to stroke the slowly growing cock.

"We collect the parts of men. Their virility, their strength. Our process gathers up those essential elements."

"Why?"

"For the rich, of course. We reduce them into a pill form and send it back to the rich, old, and limp. They take a few and enjoy a night of being young and hard again."

Klaier started to speak, but the man's fingers wrapped around his shaft, teasing it as he moved in slow strokes. Both of their eyes were caught on the member growing from his sex, the aching feelings growing into heated pulse that twitched along the entire length. As they both stared, and one touched, it grew into its full hardness. Reaching two hand spans out from his legs, Klaier's cock was thick and heavy, a powerful member that brought many moans from many men.

“That... is impressive.”

He found the words hard, but they finally slipped out. “Why are you doing this?”

The man looked up, his fingers stroking along his entire length in distracting movements. “Because I want you to accept.”

“Accept? You want to... process my manhood.”

A simple response, “Yes.”

“How can you even ask?”

“My job.”

“But, you’re a man!”

A slow nod, “Yes, and so are you.” To make the point, the almost stranger squeezed tightly, fingers barely wrapping around the base of Klaier’s cock and moved down, to rub the palm against his tip. Already, a smear of precum was forming, lubricating the end. He continued speaking after a few strokes.

“You are also a man who enjoys pain. Enjoys the feeling of torture against your skin. And... I can already tell that you are beginning to warm up to the idea.”

As he spoke, Klaier felt his cock surge with hunger. The thought of losing his manhood, of pain, was just enough to send a flare of incredible pleasure racing through his veins. His balls tightened and he moaned as he felt hard jets of cum shoot out, splattering against the floor and the stranger in front of him.

Klaier’s breath came in a shuddering sigh, a release of pleasure set with the edge of excitement. When he finally opened his eyes again, he realized the white splatters came from his sex.

“Oh! I’m so sorry, I’m-”

The stranger smiled and shook his head, “Don’t worry, I think I got what I needed.”

With a smooth gesture, he motioned to the bed and stood up. “Please, rest and enjoy yourself. I’ll have breakfast brought to you.”

“About the processing...?” He left the question hanging in the air and the man grinned at him.

“Oh, I think you need a few days to think about it, and to heal your arm. Don’t worry, we’ll take care of you before you decide if you want to go through with it.”

“Uh... thanks?”

The large man stopped at the door and favored him with a big smile. Klaier saw a large bulge in his pants, one to rival his own, and blushed softly. The words came drifting back as the door creaked open.

“My pleasure.”

Klaier realized something and cleared his throat, “Uh...?”

“Yes?”

“Can... Can I leave?”

He smiled, “After that, sure. But only into the guest quarters. There are five other rooms, but they are empty. I’ll be sure to visit often.”

“Thank you...”

“Cloan.”

“Thank you, Cloan.”

—

It actually took three weeks for his arm to heal. Every morning, Klaier woke up to conversation with Cloan and a wonderful breakfast. Later, Cloan would leave and he was left to wander the large guest suites of the processing plant. In the second week, Cloan brought him to the outside, to wander along the sweat-soaked aisles of the plant.

When he first saw the collection machine, Klaier was terrified. But, every time, the fear slowly dissolved into a growing lust. It was magnified by Cloan’s description of what would happen if he donated himself. To Klaier’s surprise, he found himself frantically masturbating himself to sleep every night.

—

It was time.

Klaier woke up with a groan and rolled over. His cock, aching and hard, threatened to explode. Thick layers of gauze were wrapped around it to prevent him from touching it, or even feeling his touch. With a desperate hunger, he tried to reach down, but the cloth prevented him from releasing the growing scream for release that he felt from the base of his balls to his very tip. The gauze was damp, soaked from precum from no release in over a week.

“Good morning.”

Moaning Klaier rolled over again, rubbing his swabbed cock underneath him, trying to reach any release. Cloan chuckled from

his chair, a bulge already hard in his pants. Slowly, Klaier opened his eyes, pushing back the lust from his eyes, and smiled.

“Good morning.”

“Do you know what day it is?”

“Today. Processing day.”

Cloan smiled broadly, “Yes. It is. Are you ready?”

An answering surge of lust burned its way up his spine and he felt his cock desperately trying to surge. The gauze and a small ring at his base, prevented it. Instead, he felt it dry fire, spasming with the liquid pleasure that came along. Gasping, he gripped the side of the bed and rode the tiny wave of orgasm.

Left gasping, Klaier struggled to pour himself out of bed. Cloan helped, holding him with strong hands and guiding him into standing position. Klaier’s cock stood up straight, thick and proud. With a smile, Cloan reached out and held it, sending another moan ripping from the tortured man’s throat.

“Oh... please don’t stop.”

Cloan stroked it once, just to renew the fires, before releasing it. Klaier moaned and followed him as the handler, as he was called, stepped out of the room. The room in the center had seven doors leading out. The path was short, leading through a small garden and then into the processing plant. Morning dew clung to the air, a delicate perfume that set Klaier’s lust on edge. He moaned again as a cool breeze brushed underneath him, teasing his captured balls before slipping away. Cloan smiled warmly, slipping one arm around his waist and pulling him close to his muscular body. This morning, he was wearing a simple shirt that did nothing to hide the powerful lines.

“Soon. Soon...”

Their path drew them along a glass-fronted room, where the collection device crouched. Curved like a tiger, it almost looked like a creature stretching forward, with its tail high in the air. Klaier shuddered again, his cock surged with a tiny orgasm. He clutched at the door frame, trying to catch his breath before stepping inside.

Cloan chuckled and shut the door behind him. Klaier watched as he stepped around to the machine, pushing various levers to their correct position. Slowly, too slowly, he padded back to Klaier. Strong fingers unwrapped the gauze, releasing the aching shaft into

the warm air. Klaier half expected his cock to be black, but it was only purple, an immense shaft that would explode at the slightest touch. At the base, a thick black ring held him tightly, holding his orgasm at bay and denying his aching member any chance of relaxing. Instead, his balls ached with the need to release and he was already looking at the device with intense desire.

With the gauze gone, Klaier was naked. He fought the urge to stroke his cock and instead padded around the machine, to the front. There, where the "tiger" would have its head, was his place. A smooth surface curving up, that a man could press his stomach against and lean forward, was shiny from a recent cleaning. Fingers stroked along it, feeling the padded surface before moving toward a hole near the middle. At the touch of the outer ring, his cock surged again, but the ring prevented his orgasm.

Letting loose with a shuddering gasp, he fingered the hole, slipping into the depths before pulling back. Inside, he could feel the two glass plates, one above and one below, that would take his member away from him. He felt the heat growing inside him and sweat formed along his forehead.

"Second thoughts?" Cloan's voice was curious and almost disappointed. Klaier shook his head, unable to speak, and fingered the hole again. Cloan's feet padded up and he felt the warm body of the handler next to him.

"Need help?"

Still wordless, Klaier nodded. Cloan chuckled and stroked a hand against Klaier's ass. Strong fingers gently explored the cleft of tight buttocks before slipping up. A second hand stroked along his hip, gently pushing the unresisting man in front of the hole. Klaier stared down at his cock, the immense rod, and stepped forward. The hole swallowed it, brushing against the edge of his aching length. He almost came again, but the ring prevented his orgasm.

Cloan's fingers stroked around him, guiding the cock and then resting at the base. Klaier felt the other man's body press against his back, hard bulge against his ass and he felt a different want burning inside him. Moaning, he let the handler guide both testicles into the hole, squeezing them in there until something snapped on the cock ring, holding him in place.

A soft whisper in his ear made him jump, but it was Cloan speaking.

“There you go, nice and safe.”

Strong hands stroked his back, pushing up on the shoulder blades until Klaier slipped forward, pressing his chest against the padded surface. His trapped member almost felt like it was sinking in deeper. Reaching up, he grabbed two hand rails and pressed his face against a larger indentation.

Cloan chuckled and let his fingers drop down to the ass. Klaier felt him touching around it, stroking the edges and teasing down the crack. Klaier moaned softly at the touch, spreading his legs in silent begging.

Making a humming noise, Cloan parted his cheeks, exposing the tiny, wrinkled opening to Klaier's ass.

“Do you want this?”

A finger stroked against the opening, teasing it slowly as the captured man felt it slowly penetrate. Releasing a moan, he spread his legs as far as possible and rocked slightly, his captured cock preventing much of the movements. The finger probed deeper, twisting slightly.

“What was that?” Cloan's voice was playful, teasing. Klaier gasped at the sensations of the tip pushing into the tiny opening and lifted his head.

“Yes! Please.”

More playfulness in his voice, Cloan pushed and pulled, slowly penetrating the clenching opening.

“You know, I could use something much larger, if you wanted.”

Thoughts raged through his head and Klaier moaned again, burying his face into the indentation. His body tightened and squeezed, a dry orgasm echoing in the chamber around his shaft. Cloan moaned himself and the sound of rustling clothing filled the room. Moments later, he felt the hands back against his back, and something else. Cloan's cock, huge from the feeling, pressed against his spine, reaching up the back as the fingers stroked down, to massage and part the ass cheeks. Feeling helpless, Klaier could only moan again and again as he felt the soaked tip press up against his delicate opening, gently building pressure as it began to invade.

It slid in after a few moment. Each thrust followed by a withdrawal, an ebb and flow that quickly stretched him open with the thick girth of another man's shaft. Cloan was gentle but insistent, stuffing the ache in his depths and sending bright flames of heat and lust flaring down his trapped and aching cock.

Gasping from intense dry orgasms, Klaier could only tighten along the collection device as Cloan eased his entire length into the tight, squeezing depths of his ass. Every twitch of the heated shaft fired more star bursts of pleasure down his shaft. Every flare brought a dry orgasm ripping through his body and leaving him sweating and almost begging for more. The ache in his shaft was turning into a burning agony with the need to release.

Cloan finally pushed the last of his own immense cock into Klaier's ass, stuffing him to the gills and pressing balls against balls. Klaier moaned, impaled by the heated shaft and buried deep into the depths of the machine. Cloan, panting, pressed his own sweaty body against Klaier.

"One more thing..."

Panting for a moment, he started to speak words of power, twisting around his thoughts. He felt his body shudder as ice-cold water poured into his veins. Sparks of light formed in his vision, blinding Klaier as he twisted away from the words that echoed in his thoughts. The brightness grew until it was overwhelming, then faded.

Instead of looking at the white indentation of the machine, he realized he was looking at a cock buried between two plates of glass. Even though he was told about it, it took him a few seconds to realize he was looking at his own cock. As an experiment, he twisted it and watched the thick tube of man meat twitch in response. Cloan chuckled and gave him a fast, short stroke. Klaier moaned as the thick member slid into his rectum and his cock swelled with excitement.

After a few minutes of playing, Cloan jammed his shaft back into Klaier and whispered into his ear.

"Are you ready?"

Klaier, fascinated with watching his manhood moving from a different direction stopped and closed his eyes. His cock remained in his vision and he almost came from realizing he could not avoid

to watch the show. His body spasming dryly answered Cloan and he felt the naked handler reaching up, driving the cock deeper into his clenching ass, and pull something.

The entire machine shuddered and a low-pitched whining filled the room. The shuddering turned into a vibration and he saw gears on both sides of his shaft begin to turn slowly. The gears drove pistons and he watched as the plates of glass, both top and bottom, move toward his cock.

The thought of being crushed exploded through him, raging through his veins, and his manhood screamed with the need to release. The ring held him in place, preventing the desperate final crest. He felt another dry orgasm ram into him as Cloan pulled back his shaft, emptying out his rectum before slamming the entire length of his thick, powerful cock into his ass.

The glass plates continued to move closer.

Cloan's body strained against his, holding his hips and shoulders as he plunged his hardness powerfully into Klaier, setting more flares of dry orgasms racing through him. In his magically changed vision, he could see his cock growing purple with an explosion after explosion of pleasure.

Then the plates touched.

It was delicate at first, but the steady movement quickly pushed it against his cock. As he watched it squeeze down, pressing the thickness out, he felt the beginning of a growing pressure around his entire length. His balls, larger than his cock, quickly felt the burn as the plates pressed down even harder.

He watched as the large plums began to deform, jerking constantly from the immense cock burrowing and violating his insides, straightening out his intestines with each of Cloan's grunting thrusts. His own body felt detached, screaming for orgasm and feeling the pressure on his cock and balls.

The plates continued their relentless movement and the pressure turned into burning agony which only fueled his lusts even further. His balls were flattening into two rounded dumplings. The pain spiked and he felt something cracking inside him, a terrible sensation that sent a bolt through his shaft. To his surprise, he dry orgasmed again, his body raging against the cock ring and the incredible fucking he was receiving.

Letting loose with a long moan, Klaier tried to will the plates faster, but they continued their slow, steady, unstoppable movements. The cracking duplicated and he saw his testicles shudder, spreading out suddenly. Then there was a pop that he felt both through the machine and his body. One testicle exploded, crushed into a mass of flesh and blood right before the second followed. White cum, after weeks of release, finally explodes along with the blood, streaking it white. It was almost foam, but he shuddered with a phantom orgasm as his cock continued to squeeze, spreading out underneath the glass. He felt his entire length, huge and purple, being squeezed with burning pressure until it began to tear along the edges.

Purple pressure turned into a shower of red as the plate glass squeezed his cock into a pancake. Klaier tried to orgasm again, his body shuddering but the ache for release never relaxed. He screamed out, in orgasm, as he felt the two plates of glass grind against each other, his entire manhood crushed into a thin pancake.

The scream went on and on, echoing shrilly in the room as Cloan orgasmed inside him, flooding his ass with the hot liquid he needed. It felt almost like his own orgasm and he screamed out again, his entire body growing tense until black, jagged crack formed in his vision. Cloan continued to pump his spurting cock in and out with wet, slurping thrusts, but Klaier could not reach another high. Instead, his body gave out and he felt the darkness sucking him in.

—

It was gone.

His cock, the massive length of man meat. The shaft that his lover used to suck on for hours was gone.

But he was not alone.

Klaier woke up back in his bed, the ache of needing release still there, but not there. One hand dropped down, to the scarred remains of his sex. Pain and strange sensations rippled underneath his fingers as he explored the cauterized patch. With a sigh, he leaned back into bed and pulled his hands away.

Cloan didn't visit the first day. Or the second.

On the third, his handler peeked in the door with a questioning look on his face. Klaier looked up, one hand pressed against the void between his legs and the other wiping the tears from his eyes.

“Are you okay?”

There was real concern in his voice and Klaier found himself smiling, if slightly sadly, to the young man that gave him the most powerful, life-altering orgasm he would ever feel.

“Not now... but maybe later.”

Cloan started to close the door, but hesitated. Klaier watched him as he padded into the room uncertainly and sat down.

“I... wanted to speak to you about that.”

“Hrm?”

“I actually enjoyed that, very much. And I know that you don’t have anywhere else to go.”

A faint idea crossed through Klaier’s mind and he thought about it, trying to realize his opinions on it. Cloan twisted his fingers together before speaking again.

“And I talked to my boss.”

“And...?”

“I... I would like you to stay.”

Klaier frowned, “How? I’m not even a whole man.”

“You enjoyed it, very much. And I would be willing to take care of you. I know what it is like to want the pain, but I won’t do the machine.”

The germ of an idea took root in Klaier’s thoughts.

“Are you saying you want me?”

“No... yes... yes?” Cloan’s expression brought a smile to Klaier’s face. He reached over with a slightly shaking hand and rested it on Cloan’s. His fingers pushed apart the twisting ones and grabbed one.

“For now, let’s try it.”

Cloan’s face brightened and he smiled.

“I’m not asking for marriage or anything, just to stay here.”

“And the sex?”

Grinning, Cloan looked away and blushed. Slowly, his eyes returned back to Klaier’s.

“I wouldn’t mind the sex.”

Klaier chuckled, “Good, I really enjoyed it. And since I’m not... a man, you’ll have to do all the driving. And I expect you to give me a good ride every night. It is the least you can do, after taking my shaft.”

Cloan smiled broadly as tears of joy formed in his eyes.

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at curiouscabbit.com or possibly at your favorite retailer.