

The Tripods  
Slash Fanfiction One-Shot  
Fritz/Will, Master/Will & Tripod/Will  
Warning: Male/Male Relation, Tentacle Rape!  
I apologise for poor English

One-Shot 1  
Lesson 1: The kissing

Fritz came to the room of Will after he had let him in.  
"How are you?" Will asked in greeting.  
"Pretty good, I mean it's OK."  
Will nodded; he knew exactly what he meant.  
"We should talk again."  
"Good. It is good that you could come", Will said.

The scenery in the window changed. Fritz and Will broke off the conversation they had just begun, as the view of the city disappeared and was replaced with Will's Master.  
"Master", Will said quietly and respectfully, and he lowered his head slightly. First shocked, Fritz stared at the window. He had almost forgotten that the Master could see inside that room at any time, but then he also lowered his eyes.  
"Ah, the friend of Will. Fritz, I suppose. Glad to meet you boy", the master said.  
Fritz raised his eyes again and answered politely:  
"My pleasure, Master of Will."  
"You can call me West 468"  
Fritz nodded.  
"What brings you here, Fritz?"  
"Will and I, we... just, we have... "  
"Well, I have a little understanding in what a friendship means. Will and I are also friends."  
Fritz looked at Will in amazement, then back to the master, who than said:  
"If you humans have a special bond with another human, your friendship, then you very often do something called kissing. It is apparently something very important in your relations?"  
Will was a little confused about how his master was coming up with that at this moment, but answered without question:  
"That's right, Master."  
"It is something very popular among you, I've read. I am very interested in how this kissing is done precisely. What makes it so special? Show me."  
"What?", it instantly broke out of Fritz, but he changed his mind immediately after returning to his obedient role he had to pretend for survival, and despite of it all he had to show gratefulness or even happiness.  
"Very willingly", he corrected himself.

Was it something bad to kiss Will, Fritz was thinking? Will was a boy, just as him, albeit a rather astonishing.  
Both boys were aware about that the Master spoke of kissing on the mouth and that they should do everything to his satisfaction, to not offend him and make him suspicious.  
A little shy, Fritz looked at Will. Will's head was bowed and his cheeks flushed.  
"We need to do that", Fritz whispered to him softly.  
Will not raised his head and nodded slightly.

After Fritz had a deep inhalation, he with some hesitation raised his hand to Will's left cheek, but Will kept his head down and so Fritz had to bow down to him. Carefully he approached Will's lips.

The Master grunted in satisfaction.

Fritz closed his eyes.

He gently touched Will's lips to dwell on them a moment. Will even came to meet him a little at this moment.

No, it was not as bad as Fritz had first assumed, it actually was quite pleasant.

Will's cheeks were more flushed than before, but now he could look in Fritz' eyes again.

After the kiss Fritz looked at the Master a little anxious, who had watched them through the window the whole time.

"That was ... Well, I would describe it as adorable. In some things you humans are truly remarkable. Did you enjoy yourselves? Did it fill you with bliss? I suppose so, because it is described like that."

"Very much", Will replied gratefully.

"Well, I'm glad. Then I will watch you for a while. Go ahead."

"Thank you, Master", Will said with flushed cheeks and bowed, "but... "

"Will, don't", Fritz admonished him quietly.

"But we are... ", Will wanted to speak further.

"Will!"

It was pointless; the Master might notice every word. They both decided to discuss it not further. Will was sure he may be able to persuade the Master, but Fritz did not allow it.

The eyes of the blond boy stared confused at Will and seeking help. This was a very embarrassing situation for both, especially since someone was watching them.

But the thoughts of the Master were free of prejudice, because they were two boys, and in this regard completely innocent.

Will was just helpless in this situation and so Fritz had to do the start again.

"Do it just as always. That's not your first time, is it? " Fritz whispered, when he was already quite close to Will's lips.

"No."

Will closed his eyes and opened his mouth slightly, to once more feel the lips of Fritz on his. He wondered how long they would have to do that, but it was probably better not to think about it.

Fritz however, already lost himself a bit in his role, and some intense kissing. His fingers touched Will's ears as he gently placed his hands on his cheeks. They wandered down to Will's neck, and back up to his ears and cheeks.

Will tremble at these contacts, and a heat flowed through his body. He could almost forget who kissed and fondled him. Fritz really did his best and made it as pleasant as possible for him.

With eyes still closed Will broke off the kiss and lowered his head on Fritz' shoulder. His lips touched the bare skin between clothing and neck. It was soft and it was pleasant to touch it.

Fritz was also now feeling the heat in his body. His fingers stroked trough Will's dark hair and touched the false cap.

"Very interesting. This is even more than I was hoping for. You are a very good example of the human social behaviour", interrupted the Master.

Both boys paused, but not yet separated from each other.

"But don't let you detain by me."

He paused briefly.

"Take off your top, Will. I think the socket is only an obstacle for you."

Will did as his Master wished. Fritz even helped him so he didn't had to stand around idly.

It was probably the sense of justice, which caused him to unbutton the top and the belt of Fritz.

One could get used to it, Fritz thought. Some physical affection was even a very pleasant change after a long period of harassment, humiliation and effort. He just hoped that the Master of Will not demanded more of them. He hoped that he had not been reading too many details about the physical affection of the humans.

"As I said, do not let you detain by me ", the Master asked again.

This time, Will began to satisfy his Master. He put a hand on Fritz' neck and kissed his mouth.

The hands of the blond boy grasped a little hesitant at the bare waist of the brunettes.

Will had a nice waist and it was quite pleasant to touch it. He fondled it gently, without lifting his hands.

Will sighed and his head sank down on Fritz' shoulder, which he kissed a little more intense than before. He was now much more at ease than they were a few minutes before.

Somehow, nothing seemed to be uncomfortable now. Nobody laughed at him or despised his behaviour. Not even Fritz, who now in fact could let himself go.

Will moved his lips down the chest of his counterpart and further down, to the navel to directly below it, where he again stopped and kissed further lovingly. He sat down with one knee on the ground.

Fritz leaned his head back. His hands were in Will's hair. He felt that he had started to tremble slightly, only because Will's touching and kissing felt so nice. He first looked to the master, then down to Will. He winced and squinted his eyes and clutched firmly in Will's hair.

When he opened his eyes again, he realised that one could already see a small bulge of his trousers. Fritz immediately looked back to the Master. He feared that at any moment he might now wanted to talk about his body reactions.

The Master seemed to nod, but somehow he seemed nervous.

Will putted his cheek against Fritz' belly a little short of breath, then he lowered his head, when his nose lightly touched the little bulge. Fritz once again squinted his eyes and almost automatically he shook Will's head a little harder against it. Will did not seemed to notice it or it did not bother him.

"I think I now have learned enough. Get ready to come to me, Will. I need your service", the Master interrupted suddenly.

Both boys broke away from each other, while they got dressed again and threw shy glances to each other. Their cheeks were glowing and that was clearly visible.

Again the city was seen in the window.

"See you later", Will broke the silence, which had begun.

Fritz nodded in agreement.

Fritz almost regretted that the master had left off, but he said nothing about it to Will and left the room without another word.

Out of breath Will trotted to the sink and stuck his head under the running cold water to cool his internal heat.

## One-Shot 2

### Lesson 2: The desire

Will sat on the bench in the glass house and waited for Fritz. Exactly on this bench, they had already sat together once before.

Fritz since he had written a rough time to take should this occur at any moment. Fritz came soon too and sat down beside him. He looked relaxed, certainly more relaxed than usual.

Because one never knows how limited their time could be, Fritz immediately began to tell what he had wanted to report a few hours ago, when the master had interrupted.

Will listened attentively, and also told him a few things. It was certainly nothing of great importance. Nevertheless, every detail might be important.

For a while they thought about what had happened and what they had just told each other.

"It's crazy... ", Will finally started and was making a funny face, "what my master just asked of us."

Fritz smiled weakly.

"That really was crazy", he answered still smiling.

They were silent again.

Will watched Fritz for a while, who was now lost in thought and staring at the floor.

Fritz had placed his palms together and slid them between his thighs.

He wondered what Fritz thought so tense.

Fritz was still staring at the floor and after long deliberation, he asked almost inaudibly:

"Why did it aroused me?"

Again, long silence.

"I also was aroused."

Will took a deep breath. He sat there a bit cramped.

Fritz got round to go, but hesitated to march away.

At that moment Will wished nothing more than to be touched. He still could feel the touch of Fritz significantly, which hooked him.

"I wish we could keep going."

Fritz stood with his back to him. That's what he had wanted too, but he could not say it. His eyes searched the ground for words.

"Will, I'm not good in such talks."

"Yes, that's just like you. I find it difficult too." He sighed and added, tormented:

"This pressure is killing me... "

Fritz now turned back toward Will, who looked at him excitedly. He sat down again beside him. He knew exactly what he mend.

"Start", he said almost hoarsely, "we don't talk about it anymore."

Will let his gaze wander through the garden. Not a soul could be seen or heard. That was actually normal for this time, he already knew.

He took off his top, putted it beside him on the bench and opened the wrapping of his shorts a little.

Fritz did nothing but to look around critically, till Will stretched out a hand to loosen his belt.

A bit uncertain Fritz started to undress his belt and the jacket.

It was total madness, what they were able to do now. Particularly here.

"But this is just between you and me", Will warned.

"Of course."

"OK."

Will's cheeks flushed again. He closed his eyes.

They both began to kiss almost at the same time. Will moved closer to Fritz and wrapped his arms around him.

Their kiss was much more intense than the kisses they had exchanged in the presence of the master.

Fritz had his finger on Will's body sliding down and let them finally slip into his shorts. Will instantly interrupted the feverish kiss, and clenched his lips and squinted his eyes.

This overwhelming feeling almost brought tears to his eyes. Never before had someone touched him so intimate. Fritz actually had understood what he wanted.

"Fritz!" He admitted pitifully.

"What? But that is what you wanted."

Will nodded quickly, his face still distorted.

"Go on."

Fritz putted his free hand on Will's glowing cheek, and began kissing him again.

This facial expression he found incredibly sweet. He could almost fall in love with him. Maybe he was already, but he was not sure.

Will's hands blindly searched their way to satisfy Fritz. They quickly found what they sought.

Fritz could hardly say anything, but his breathing became faster, just like Will's.

Both had to pause their kissing repeatedly to catch breath.

Fritz' fingers played with Will's ear, but he suddenly paused, and was stiff. Will looked puzzled behind.

A boy, a slave was strolling across the narrow stone path, exactly in their direction. Will took a few deep breaths and then held his breath.

Each one still had a hand in the trousers of the other, but they were numb with shock and did not carry on.

The boy came by, looked at them briefly, quickly turned his head away and walked a little faster, until he was lost somewhere.

Will looked back at Fritz again, grinned and both giggled somehow relieved.

"That was intense. Maybe we should go elsewhere", Fritz said.

"No, let's not stop now, please. I'm completely certain nobody will come by anymore", Will protested. He kissed Fritz.

"Please", he pleaded again, "go on."

They again fell into a kiss.

Fritz stopped briefly and asked, somewhat confused about his own behaviour:

"Why do we kiss while this?"

"Don't know, I like it."

"Yeah, me too."

"Then, well... "

For a long time they said nothing anymore. They focused only on their feelings.

Fritz squeezed Will tighter. He put his face, cheek to cheek with him, panting and moaning softly into Will's ear.

Will enjoyed Fritz' pleasure, at least as much as his own.

"Damn it, Will!"

Fritz jumped and his fingers dug almost painfully into Will's skin to survive this intense squall of pleasure.

"Fritz", Will said lovingly.

"Damn... !

After another moment Fritz' grip relaxed again, and Will finally embraced him with both arms. He would have been happy to come together with Fritz, but he

could not. Nevertheless, he enjoyed it very much to witness Fritz' climax, and to be very close to him in this moment.

Fritz finally freed himself from Will's embrace, but he was not going to leave him unsatisfied. He folded his shorts down further, to fully expose Will's incredible erection.

One could see that Will was quite embarrassed to be seen like this by Fritz.

He sighed as Fritz was going to bow down to him and take him into his mouth.

A faint chirping sounded. Will opened his mouth. He could hardly believe what was about to happen. He already felt Fritz' hot breath, but suddenly he noticed that his bracelet flashed and rang softly. His master called for him and he was not really close to him.

Startled he immediately jumped up, pulled up his shorts and almost the same time he tried to put back shorts and shirt into order.

"Sorry Fritz, I have to hurry!"

He ran as quickly he could as soon as he had his shorts on again.

Fritz shook his head.

"I'm sorry too", he said to himself, as he watched Will running off.

### One-Shot 3

#### Lesson 3: The Agony

As fast as he could, Will pulled his helmet with the hose and filter off the shelf, putted on everything and hurried through the airlock.

His master stood expectantly in his quarters.

Will politely apologised for being late and bowed.

West 468 said nothing about the apology. For him it didn't seem to be long waiting, though he noticed that Will panted.

He did not want Will's service, he just wanted to tell him something and ask him some questions.

It had something to do with salt water. Will hardly listened. He still had an erection and it was becoming painful for him. He wished he could masturbate right away, here and now, but of course it was not possible.

He placed his hands gently over the spot where his shorts were bulging.

He thought of Fritz and reminded himself comfortably of his wonderful touching.

"Do you listen at all, boy?"

"What?" Will replied confused.

His master came up a step, eyeing him and then when his question was not answered he asked:

"What's wrong with you? You look worried."

"Nothing... everything's... okay", Will muttered.

"But something is wrong with you. What are you hiding? "

With one of his tentacle-like arms, the Master pushed Will's arms aside to consider what he was hiding.

Will rolled his eyes, as the alien being could see his problem.

"What does that mean?" The Master wanted to know and touched the delicate spot.

Will closed his eyes and mouth, he could hardly bear his agony. The crude touches by the tentacle were painful and irritating at the same time, but mainly embarrassing.

"That seems familiar ... Interesting ... You are astonishing me again and again."

The Master left Will and went to his control core, where he was seeking out some

fonts and images that were displayed as holograms in the middle of the room. He made some satisfied, confirmed sounds, while he read through the texts. Will was on the wall of the room and watched the scene with horror. He was unable to move. He knew that soon his master would know everything about it.

After a short time, the being turned back to Will, and came up to him.

He left the green hologram documents on.

Will's horror grew with every yard he got closer.

"No!"

The Master stood before him and stretched a tentacle out to him, saying:

"Boy, do not worry. We quickly bring that to an end, so you'll be attentive again."

"No, please!" Will whined.

Exactly that what he feared now was about to happen.

He would have preferred to run, but somehow he already was trapped, from where he saw no escape.

The tentacle-arm pressed him against the wall and down, while the second took off his shorts. He could do nothing more than to let it happen.

He slid to the floor, his helmet steamy, his legs spread and his shorts hung only on one foot.

Will whimpered, gulped and whimpered more. He was trembling violently. He somehow had to try to see the whole situation positive. This creature was not human. It had no idea of what makes man embarrassed. The creature thought to do him a favour, just as it was done with the kisses.

The hard skin of the tentacle fingers touched him. It was uncomfortable, and somehow not. He could feel every little bump of the knobbed fingers.

Will turned his head to one side and took a deep breath. He tried to relax.

"Is it nice this way, boy?" His master finally asked calm.

With closed eyes Will nodded hastily.

The arm, which had transported him to the floor, now rested on the ground again.

Will panted. He was calmer now. From panic he easily could have just got unconscious, but now he had his fear under control.

That also was good because as a supposedly capped it would have been fatal for him to be able to have panic in front of a master.

Again he looked before him, saw the tentacle that stroked him and the big three-lid eye that watched him.

Will gulped and struggled to a pitiful: "Thank you, Master."

The tentacle stroked the sensitive skin, pressed a little and stroked it again. The feeling was extremely intense.

With both arms Will grabbed behind himself to clutch on to anything, and found hold to a grid in the wall. The intensity was almost unbearable!

Minutes passed, but the strange being tirelessly carried on with a tender loving care.

Will closed his eyes and imagined what it would have been like, if Fritz had actually satisfied him with his mouth, and he remembered the hot breath, so close to...

He twitched and his body thrust upwards when he was suddenly seized with an overwhelming sensation of relief. He sighed loudly, letting go of the grid and his fingers slid down along the wall in a wide arc.

All the torment finally had an end.

Out of breath and yet relieved Will lay motionless, until his master gave him his

shorts and helped him up.

West 468 promptly went on with his conversation, after re-dressed Will stood before him.

At the conclusion of the conversation, Will still had to take care of the water of the Masters and was then dismissed for now.

Totally exhausted, he fell on his bed and fell asleep quickly.

Will was standing in a forest. The tall deciduous trees rustled in the wind and already lost some of their leaves. The fall was about to come. He saw Fritz roam through the undergrowth and Fritz gave him a seductive glance and smiled. But Fritz disappeared, and it quickly became dark. A loud horn sounded, very near. Will heard the trees crash and the bright and green searchlight of a Tripod broke through the trees.

Will immediately took off running, but not away, but threatening to the machine. He had to find Fritz, because he was just running up to the Tripod. One of the giant feet stomped directly in front of him and it crashed and splintered wood.

Will hit a snag and crossed under the machine. He saw Fritz for a moment in the spotlight, and suddenly Will was hit by hard metal, which threw him violently to the ground and held him there. He fought desperately, but in vain, against the merciless claw, which had him firmly in its grip. There was no escape.

He saw a second claw, which illuminated him with its light and then a third tentacle came down on him, but this one was different, it had no claw at its end, it was more like the arm of an octopus, the end pointed, extremely flexible and made of metal. This filigree tentacle rushed down on him and disappeared behind the claw that held him. Will instantly felt the cold metal of the tentacle tip, as it slipped through his waistband and clasped his penis. Will's body jerked and he cried desperately. The tentacle burst his pants.

Will screamed and sobbed and cried, begging for Fritz, while the cold tentacle tortured his sensitive body part.

He did not understand it. He could not understand why a Tripod was doing something like that to him.

The winding metal was painful, harsh and merciless, and Will could do nothing to defend himself against it. Through his tears, he saw the bright headlight become darker and darker, until there was only darkness.

Will's eyes widened. It was the next day if one could tell by this artificially lit area at all if it was day. It was only a dream. Will shuddered. He was aware of why he had had such a dream.

#### Shot 4

After Will had done some things for his master this morning, he lay on his bed for a while and thought about the violent events of the previous day. He was alone and it was very quiet in the room.

He heard that the elevator was moving, and then that the door opened in his floor.

Will immediately jumped up to see because it surely was Fritz.

The two met in the corridor.

Will hugged him in greeting almost naturally, though they had never done this, and then he ask:

"What is it?"

"Nothing, I only had time. How are you? Have you been here in time yesterday?"

"Mhm."

Will nodded and looked down as if he was afraid, Fritz could read in his eyes,

what had happened to him.

"Is something wrong?"

"No, no, everything was running great ... yesterday", Will replied with a forced smile.

Fritz looked at him worriedly.

Boll's voice cried from the room:

"Will, is that you?"

Will grabbed Fritz' shoulder and pushed him back into the elevator, in which he also got in and then he quickly closed the door by sending the elevator to the top floor.

Though it was nice not to live alone in the room, but Boll was not just an interesting conversation partner. A capped, without an own opinion of cause.

He could really do without his biased comments.

"This little bum sucker", Will whispered.

"He can't help it."

"I know that too. I just can't bear him."

They were silent for a while, as the elevator went all up to the top. Reaching the top, the doors opened, but they didn't get out.

"I'm glad that I don't have to be here all alone. Without you I would go mad", Will finally said.

"No, you would not. Your will is too strong to lose your head that easily."

"Who knows... How do you bear it? After all, you've come this far. I would not have stand it."

"Stop talking like that."

Will left the elevator and went to the window, which showed the city. He leaned his arms on the narrow, metal railing and gazed into the distance. Fritz stood behind him, but he did not look out the window, he only saw Will. He realised that he actually felt more than friendship for him. He wanted to touch his skin, his lips ... He desired him.

He let his eyes wander over Will's neck - fine, like white alabaster, intensified by the dark hair. His gaze slid down to the bare left shoulder and the, in his eyes absolutely adorable armpit area. No matter what would happen, he just had to yield to his desire and risk it. He hesitated, but then raised his hand and touched the spot gently with his fingertips.

Will sighed softly as he touched him, but said nothing, yet he turned around.

Fritz ran his fingers descend to the lacing of the top. Carefully, he opened the tie. The ribbons could be loosen quite easily from the eyes and revealed more bare skin, which he then kissed tenderly.

Will put his head against the glass, and obviously enjoyed the loving touch. Fritz was showering Will's shoulder and the side with light kisses and slid his fingertips along the underside of the arm and ones more made him sigh softly.