

As Asami held his victim's hands tightly behind him, he struggled in his grasp and squealed in pain, "P—please let me go, Asami," he begged him.

Asami gave him a gentle smile and pulled him back closer towards himself and sniffed deeply at his thick, dense, hair. "You've no idea how long I've waited for this, Feilong." Asami said finally as he turned his victim's face toward himself and looked him in the eye.

Feilong could feel his throat slowly dry down, he swallowed the little saliva that remained and gasped, "please let me go," and he made a weak attempt at struggling.

Asami adjusted his hold on Feilong's waist and continued, "you see, the first day I met you I came to know that you would die in my hands. I only had to figure out how that would happen, and I've had enough time in all these years to figure that out too," he paused and stroked the stunned prisoner's hair. Feilong was stone-cold, he felt a single sweat break out on his temple and his lips softly begin to tremble.

"You can shout all you want, you know," Asami said softly as he continued to stroke his hair and play with his raven locks.

"P—please, please, Asami, I'll give you all you want," Feilong offered in a desperate measure, "I will give all my money, my kingdom, for now—" he stopped mid-sentence and looked desperately around himself and resumed timidly, "for now I have nothing on me but my clothes. If you want unclothe me completely and take all my accessories, if you want cut me open and take out my kidneys—but after that, please let me go." He added the last bit as a famished beggar asks for a piece of bread.

Asami listened patiently to him and afterwards touched his face gently.

"Calm down, Feilong," he smiled at him, "I'm not as bad as you think," he let go of his hand and handed over a glass to him and said, "here, hold this."

Feilong quietly took the glass and looked into its contents. It looked brown and thin and had a very peculiar smell.

He didn't drink it. "Give it a try," Asami said gently as he lifted Feilong's hand to his lips. Feilong turned away his face.

“it’s not poisoned,” Asami assured with a smirk, “here, taste some.”

Feilong looked into Asami’s eyes and stared into them. There was no hatred, no vengeance, no fire, no violence. Just the kind of look that scared Feilong the most. He couldn’t look into his calm, serene face for long. He felt the urgent need to turn away every time. For it was with that same straight face that he could’ve loved or committed felony or cold-blooded rape or murder and not a hair width of change in his expression could not be captured.

Asami took the glass from Feilong’s hand and lifted it to his own lips and gulped down a sip, then handed it back, “there,” he said as he smiled, “satisfied?”

Feilong quietly put the glass to his lips and drank down its contents.

What difference does it make... he thought.

After he was done drinking Asami took the glass from his hands and poured it out again. He handed it back to him. “Here, have one more.”

Clearly he hasn’t drunk before, how does such purity still exist in him, Asami thought to himself and couldn’t resist a soft smile.

Feilong silently obeyed.

At the fourth glass his head began to whirl and he had to lay down to keep balance. Asami covered him with thick blankets and turned down the lights inside the room. Feilong didn’t know when he plunged into a deep slumber.

Asami made a silent phone call, to which he received a one-worded reply before the connection went numb, “dispatched.”

Asami sat on the couch next to the bed and read the newspaper he had half-read in the morning. Within half an hour he received a knock at the door. Asami opened it and received two pieces of paper and a single Royal Entere fountain pen along with it.

He shut the door behind him. He went next to Feilong asleep on the bed, and stroked his hair gently.

Feilong sat upright and rubbed his eyes.

Asami sat next to him and handed him over the paper and pen and brightened the light around the room,

“Sorry to have to awaken you,” he said, “but this is important. You must sign here now, it is urgent.”

“Wh—what is it?” Feilong asked while rubbing his eyes, his head felt eerie and strange.

“My father is willing to transfer certain estates in your name and it is not possible till you give him a signed agreement. He is in urgency.”

Feilong tried to read the letters in the paper but they all appeared hazy and misplaced. All he could make out were some words like Ryousoke and estate grant, permit, Feilong Liu and some other indistinct phrases.

He slurred his signature on the paper and handed back the pen to Asami before falling down to sleep once more. Asami smiled and kissed him on his forehead, “Good boy.”

Asami walked up to the door and unlocked it and handed the paper to an unnamed hand. And closed the door shut. He then shut off the lights, unclothed and slipped quietly next to Feilong in bed. He didn’t go near him, he didn’t want to rouse him. He looked into his cute sleeping face and wondered how he managed the humungous Liu dynasty all on his own. *Poor baby, now’s the end of all your pain*, he smirked as he softly stroked the sleeping Feilong’s face. Feilong shifted softly in his sleep and murmured indistinctly.

Feilong woke up early by the sound of his phone’s ringtone. He sat upright and rubbed his eyes. They hurt relentlessly. He reached out for his phone but by the time it had disconnected. He saw a missed call from an unknown number and an MMS attached message with his name on it. He got out of bed and opened the attachment without thinking.

A single file was attached with the title “Property.txt”. He opened it and it read

*From August 23rd, 2015, evening 08.30 till the end of 100 years/or the death of Feilong Liu, whichever is sooner, Feilong Liu is the **property** of Asami Ryuichi, as stated in the terms of this agreement contract.*

Clause #1: Feilong may retain his rights on the Liu kingdom as he does now.

Clause #2: Feilong Liu loses all his rights to his own human rights and with it the right to lodge complaints for the breach of the same in the hands of Asami Ryuichi.

Clause #3: Starting today, 23rd of August, 2015, Feilong can be treated as a non-living entity, such as a piece of furniture, by his owner Asami Ryuichi, and he will not be liable to incrimination for any way he decides to treat the former.

Clause #4: Feilong Liu was given adequate time to read through the above mentioned clauses and has decided therewith.

Singed, Asami Ryuichi [Owner]

Signed, Feilong Liu [Property]

Feilong read it for the tenth time. And he went back to read it an eleventh time. His eyes remained stuck on the same line *Feilong Liu is the **property** of Asami Ryuichi* -- The phone fell mid-sentence from his numb hands as they began to shake violently. He felt the world whirl around him and he felt everything around him closing in fast on him and wanting to devour him.

He had been lying on the bed when he heard a light click as the door opened. He sprang up on the bed. Asami came in and greeted him with a gentle smile, “Good evening, how’re you doing tonight?”

Feilong looked blankly at him. The very thought that he could at any moment of his will disseminate his bones and sell his remains and still be perfectly at ease, sent a chill down Feilong’s spine that he couldn’t hide. Asami came near to him and sat beside him on the bed.

“Everything okay?” he asked gently as he stroked Feilong’s beautiful dark strands.

Feilong turned his face away.

-“You— received the document?”

-“How— how could you—?”

Asami smiled at Feilong’s obvious confusion,

-“Not how, why,” he corrected.

Feilong looked up at him with apprehension.

Asami gently held Feilong by his shoulders and pushed him down onto his bed.

“Don’t be afraid,” he assured, and he pulled off the blankets from over Feilong’s body. He next undid one of his shirt buttons and untied his belt.

“Wh—what are—“ Feilong tried to protest,

But he only received a smile and a finger on his lips,

“Shhhh,” Asami whispered as he neared his lips to his ear.

“Be quiet, don’t make much movement.”

And left to make a phone call.

Feilong felt for one moment his heart had stopped beating, his blood had clotted in its path in his veins and refused to flow. In the next he felt his heart pound so hard it would break in half.

He heard indistinct words from Asami's call, "Yes, he's ready, dispatch in under one hour," Feilong's guts turned in his stomach and he felt sick. But he dared not move.

When he was done he neared the bed again and pulled a chair beside it and planted it near Feilong. He touched his shoulder softly,

"You're cold as ice, calm down," he said with a gentle smile.

"What—what will you do with me?" as Feilong asked his voice quivered. Before he could respond Asami received a call. He softly stroked Feilong's head and pulled a thick blanket over his body and whispered, "I'll be right back," and left. The moments felt like hours as he waited for the call to come to an end. He felt quiet sure it was death that he was headed for, yet he was apprehensive of how it would occur. The fact that Asami was somehow involved was bad enough, but in this case he had taken the additional trouble to file an affidavit and convert Feilong to his *property*. This certainly didn't add any benefit to his situation.

Soon, there was a knock at the door. Asami walked up to the door while still on call and undid the lock. The man bowed to him and entered with a tray. Asami signalled something to the man and the man walked up straight to beside the bed near Feilong and landed the stretcher like tray there. He gave a look of pity-mixed satisfaction at Feilong and turned and left. From the corner of his eye he spied the contents on the tray— a scalpel, some small mallets and a thick knife of some sort. This time he felt really sick. So sick he couldn't lay back. Against his will he had to spring upright on the bed. Seeing the sudden movement Asami quickly got off his call and attended Feilong, he held him by the shoulder and asked, "Are you all right?"

"Ill — I'll be sick—" Feilong said indistinctly. Asami removed the blankets from over him and helped him down the bed. He took him to the washbasin and stroked his back, "I'm here if you need me," and left.

After Feilong was done throwing up his lunch he turned on the faucet to clean it up.

Asami held him and said, "It's okay, leave it."

He signalled the man at the door to do the cleaning up. He bowed and went about it. He brought back Feilong to the bed and made him lay down, "Hey, you need to calm down, what did you have for lunch?" Asami asked with concern on his face.

Feilong looked at him with disgust and hatred, "Why, why are you doing this to me? I'm a human being, for hell's sake, don't treat me like a— "

Asami held down his mouth and pushed him down on the bed, "I told you to keep quiet, didn't I?" his voice was firm but gentle, as always. As he was going to leave to finish his call, Asami felt his wrist being held back.

"P—please don't do this to me," Feilong said with tear-filled eyes, "I'll do anything you ask me to do, but please—"

Asami put his cellphone back inside and sat near Feilong on the bed. "What is it, tell me," he asked.

"What will you do with me?"

"Yes, about that—" Asami stroked his chin and thought for a while before responding, "you see, we've just received the greatest offer in millenniums and we cannot let them down. So we need an extra-large vessel for extra drug carriage, if you know what I mean,"

Feilong felt as if he had been thrown off the highest abyss.

"So, we plan to make one out of—" he stopped and gave a glacier stare into Feilong's soul.

"Asami, you took away my family, my everything from me, I didn't tell you anything. I was a coward, but that's different. You're still not happy?" Feilong couldn't feel his own tear choked voice.

"Here, don't cry," Asami wiped his tears as he said consolingly.

He took a pill from his pocket and took up the glass of water on the drawing table and lifted Feilong gently by his shoulders. He brought the pills closer to his lips. Feilong turned away his face. He held him by his chin and forced the pills into his mouth. He held down his mouth so he wouldn't spit them out.

“Swallow,” Asami said as he handed him the glass of water.

Feilong obeyed. Asami took the glass from his hands and replaced it, before putting him back into bed and covering him up.

“There, good boy,” he said gently.

Feilong awoke to a soft tune and scented candles lit around him. He sat upright on the bed. His hands were not tied. He sat for a while as senses slowly began pouring into his head. He sat dazed for some time till he sensed some movement in the room and he turned to see Asami leave the shower and come out in his towel robe and wet hair.

“Awake already?” he smiled.

Feilong sat and looked at Asami for a long time. This man was on his mind for everyday and every night for more than half his existence. To see him up so close was a blessing, even if it meant that he would die a terrible death in his hands in a few hours time. He nodded in response.

He sat and watched quietly as Asami wore his clothes. He watched as he put on his tie and his belt and perfumes. He watched as he wore his socks and his shoes. As he combed his hair. Then tugged a pen in his elegant pockets. He came closer to the bed and touched his head.

“How’re you feeling?” he asked Feilong.

Feilong felt his face warm and flush up as the familiar smell of Asami’s perfume hit his nostrils and dug up memories from as though aeons ago.

“A— a little better,” he stuttered softly.

“Good,” Asami said and ruffled his hair, “I need to go now, you take care and I’ll lock the door so you can’t leave, but you’ve all you need in here,” he added as he glanced at his watch and rose to leave.

He felt a light tuck at his blazer sleeve as does a father being pulled back by his little toddler.

He turned around to see Feilong looking at him almost in the verge of tears.

“Don’t leave,” he pleaded softly, “please, don’t leave me.”

Asami sat back down beside him. “Tell me.”

“I have been to your room before, I know where your razors are, I know where your toilet cleaners are kept, where and how far are the knives from there. I will kill myself if you leave me here alone now. I know you need my body for your purposes. Please, don’t go.”

Asami rubbed his temples. “Tell me, what do you want me to do?”

“Please do whatever you have to do with me, now. I can’t stand it any longer. Please just do it!”

He dug his face in his hands and cried out loud.

Asami watched him. He didn’t ever see him cry that way before. It gave him a strange pleasure that he didn’t want to feel. He had always had a soft spot for Fei. Ever since the day that he saw him 32 years from then. He always wanted him to cry, but in his arms. Nobody else’s. So when his father took him off, he felt something he’d never quite felt in that way before. But he loved Fei. So he had let him go.

Now as he saw him cry in despair like a baby, he kept looking. When he was done crying Asami sighed gently and took a bunch of Feilong’s thick strands in his hand and let it slide. “it’ll take some time, so it can’t be done immediately. I too want to rid you of your pain as soon as I possibly can.”

Feilong looked up from his hands, “Fine. Then I’ll have to do myself the honour.”

Asami rose from his seat on the bed and looked firmly at Feilong for a long time, before He went closer to him and grasped him by his neck and pushed him down into the pillow. Feilong tried to struggle, but he knew it was useless. Asami held his hands up together to the bedstead and brought his mouth close to his ears, “You know, Feilong, you’re really cute.”

He grappled for something inside the drawers next to the bed before he brought something out. He kept Feilong’s hands held up in his right hand as he undid the tape with his left. He then brought the entities together and tied Feilong’s hands firmly over the bedstead. Feilong stopped struggling. He kept looking into Asami’s face like he always had even in his dreams. He

stared as he tied his hands tighter and tighter together till he suddenly felt a pang and gasped loudly, “A—Asami, you're hurting me.”

“Well, consider it punishment for being insolent,” Asami smirked before he loosened his bonds slightly.

After he was done tying him up he touched Feilong's face gently, “Well, then I guess, no razors or knives for you,” he smiled. Feilong tried struggling in his bonds but they held fast.

“They'll come off, eventually,” Feilong gasped as he tugged harder and harder at them.

Asami slowly lit a dunhill and smoked it as he watched Feilong struggle.

He then disappeared into the restroom. He emerged in two minutes and as he did he placed a razor and a cleaner liquid on the drawing table next to the bed.

“When you get off,” he smirked, taking off his cigarette, “they're all yours.”

Asami was about to leave when he suddenly stopped in his track and turned around. He came over to the bed and bent low over Feilong. Feilong felt a sudden heavy throb in his heart and he could have sworn it might have exploded. Asami softly touched his neck and slid his hands lower down into his shirt. He then tore open his shirt in a sharp manoeuvre. Feilong gasped, “Wh—what are—”

Asami didn't stop, he continued working on his already open belt and slid it out too. He undid his pant buttons and zipper, then slid his pants down to his lower waist. Feilong's face was a red disaster. Asami stopped and rose.

“There, the more you struggle, the better a sight I return back home to, cheers,” he smirked and left, locking the door as he did so.

Feilong lay quietly on the bed. He felt as if his wrists would bleed if he wrung them any more.

How stupid, stupid, stupid of me to tell him that! How could I be that stupid!

He kept struggling and straining at his bonds as he felt his pants slide down lower from his waist.

“That bastard!” he screamed in pain, but Asami’s well conditioned room to detain prisoners was sound-insulated, so that no one could hear him on the entire planet except his own ears, or, perhaps, God.

Feilong's screams were muffled with a tight scarf around his face that seemed to cut right through his skin. A single light shone over him brighter than the Sun and threatened to blind him if he looked up for too long.

Asami quietly smoked his Dunhill and watched him struggle to be free. The same neutrality in his eyes when he watches thin air or even the President's assassination, for the matter. When he had satisfied himself with entertaining over watching mutely over him, Asami rose and stroked Feilong's head one last time and whispered something into his ears that Feilong couldn't distinctly make out but could feel it was something about what was about to happen to him and that it wasn't something very pleasant.

Asami picked the short scalpel from the tray kept on the drawer next to the stretcher on which Feilong was tied down, and got to work. Feilong's eyes filled in tears. Tears he couldn't hold. Tears from ages ago when he loved Asami so much he could have given him his life willingly. But now as Asami with his own hands was hellbent on wringing the heart from his chest and converting his living breathing person into a giant drug vessel, the prospect seemed less realisable, and he couldn't hold back his tears.

He felt a searing pain as the scalpel pierced his heart and he felt his brain stop functioning and body seize to respond for a split second, before the pain hit him and rose from up his toes to the hair on his head. Asami seemed quite completely oblivious to his pain as he continued to draw the scalpel down the tracks of his poor victim's stomach and lower still.

Feilong felt it all as Asami slowly, carefully undid his guts winding and drew it out strand by strand, and lumped it in a giant serpent heap on the floor.

He had by now felt so much pain that he considered it impossible for him to feel more. Until Asami worked his scalpel down to this crotch. And, as though it were for real a piece of wood, he drew it in two, at the testes with the slight help from a mallet. Feilong felt hot blood pour out of his eyes and skin burn in every inch.

Asami was quiet and calm through the operation, as a carpenter is while carving wood, or an artist while carving his favourite figurine, not unlike the first time he looked at Feilong, like the times they supported each other, like perhaps the time he decimated Feilong's family. When he was done pulling out his guts and eviscerating his crotch, he went about his upper abdomen. He tore his chest in two and began nestling his hands in for the lungs.

With the little life left in him, Feilong could no longer cry. He had lost so much blood there wasn't enough liquid in him to make him cry.

He only had enough strength to wish for one last time for him and Asami to be together, like the old times. In the least to ask him if he remembered even a single day about their old lives. If even a single day he thought about Feilong, the way Feilong did every single hour of his existence. To tell him and make him understand how much he meant for him, and how much he had been with him in his heart even when he was nowhere near him. To tell him how much worship he held in his heart for him, to tell him he had spent his entire life like a beggar outside of the temple of his heart, hoping to receive even a drop of sympathy or love, but being deprived yet did not hinder him from going back again and again. Even whores and sluts were given entry perhaps therein, but he never even had a chance.

All the tissues in his body that were yet alive and yet to be butchered cried for one last chance at life with Asami, one last try at settling things that went so very very wrong in the past. He wanted to tell him about his sleepless nights, about his pain, about his love. He wanted to ask him why he had killed his family, he wanted to tell him that all he ever cared for was to have Asami by his side. But in his slowly waning breath he knew that that would no longer be possible.

Asami brought out his lungs, liver and kidneys and placed them softly in a vessel he had procured from culinary shelves. He next went about to his face, wherein he looked with a tinge of pity, and opened the gag, but by then his prey could no longer scream or even utter a single squeal. He quietly smothered in his small intermittent breath. Asami lovingly stroked his hair and placed his scalpel between his temples and a last smile that Feilong would ever see, he slashed his eyes. He then proceeded to dig out his heart. Feilong should have been long dead. But strangely, he could still feel what was going on. He knew when he was completely eviscerated, his interiors washed with preservatives, plastics were placed in him in places where his organs should have been, and loads of powder were poured into his hollow shell of a body.

And finally after all the arrangements, with even his eye sockets stuffed tight with the same powder, he was stuffed and stitched into a package by experts carefully as Asami stood afar and watched quietly and smoked. Later his naked body was dressed and his favourite Montley sunglasses were placed over his lifeless eyes. His brain functioned all the while somewhat strangely though there was not a single nerve ending to it left in his body.

He no longer felt any pain, any craving, nor sorrow, nor despair, nor love. He finally felt he was becoming a congener to Asami, perfectly cold and stable. He was carefully handled and placed on a wheelchair.

“All is ready,” someone said in a strong German accent.

“Good,” Asami said, stamping his cigarette out.

He heard the click of doors open and shut, and then, all fell very silent.

He felt his naked body getting warmer as though it were defrosting. He opened his eyes with a jolt. His hands were still tied, his pants felt like they were drawn lower than they needed to be in order to hide his shame. He automatically felt a soft flush come over his cheeks that spread quickly all over his face, as he saw Asami's quiet figure standing next to him.

Was it all a dream? He wondered.

His humongous heart rate slowly calmed down at the thought, until he spied something glistening in Asami's hand. As he brought his hands to the light it indeed seemed something sharp almost akin to a scissor. He came closer to Feilong and softly touched his chest. His hands were colder than ice.

"NO!!!" Feilong screamed as he suddenly remembered his dream, *was it to come true then?*

Asami was taken aback by his violent reaction. He tried to calm him, but Feilong seemed to attack with every bit of life left in him.

"LET ME GO YOU SICK BASTARD! I WON'T LET YOU TREAT ME LIKE YOUR FUCKING DRUG VESSEL AND DO NOTHING ABOUT IT! I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT ITS LIKE TO MESS WITH FEILONG LIU! YOU'LL ROT IN HELL YOU VERMIN ! HOW DARE YOU EVEN THINK OF DOING SUCH A THING, YOU SCUM! AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF GOD? OR DO YOU THINK HE CAN BE BOUGHT WITH YOUR STUPID DOLLARS TOO? TRY AND BUY SATAN WHILE YOU BURN IN HELL YOU STUPID ASS BASTARD!! MAY THE DOGS NIBBLE AT YOUR CROT—"

Asami stepped forward again thinking he had had a bad dream and kept his hand gently on his shoulder, "Its okay, Feilong, calm do—-"

He couldn't complete his words before he felt a strong lash at his nose as Feilong kicked high in the air with his right leg. He was known to be a champion kicker in his younger days, and now he seemed quite in form as the drug influences had begun to wane.

Asami sprang back against the wall from the impact, the piece of steel fell with a clang from his hands.

"Take that, you son of a whore!" Feilong rejoiced.

Asami didn't react. He got off the wall and touched his nose. It was then that Feilong realised what he had done. As Asami drew back his hand there was blood stain on his hand and nose. Then, as if in a rush, a blood stream began to flow from his nose and hit the ground below him.

Feilong's wrath disappeared in a split second. It was replaced with a deep sorrow and pain at what he'd done. The man he worshipped and loved all his life, how could he just—

“A—Asami, I'm really—”

Asami picked the weapon from the ground and advanced once more toward the bed. This time Feilong didn't resist. *I deserve it*, he resolved, and closed his eyes.

Asami came over Feilong and as he did Feilong felt a rush of thick liquid fall on his shirt. He glanced down and saw his shirt was totally red.

He forgot about himself and said concernedly, “I'm very very sorry, Asami, I—I didn't mean to—”

Asami seemed oblivious to both his anger and his apologies and he simply held Feilong's tied hands down and drew the scissors through the tape, letting his hands loose. He then threw the scissor down with a clang and sat down on the chair, nursing his nose.

Feilong's heart melted and flew through his eyes as tears. For the first time he reached out his hands and touched Asami's face and hair. “I'm so so so very sorry,” He said as his relentless tears wet his entire face.

“Its okay,” Asami said at last, I'll take care of it.”

Feilong left the bed and stood up. He tore off his shirt's sleeve wrist and held it below Asami's nose, he softly tilted his head backward and asked him to breathe through his mouth. He then grappled for Asami's phone in his coat and made a call.

“Hey, what are you do—”

“Shhhh,” Feilong stroked Asami's soft black hair, he had almost forgotten what it felt like. Only touching it made so much come into his mind.

“Just keep breathing through your mouth,” he said and held back Asami’s head gently. He made an emergency call that got diverted to his personal desk. “Emergency, in the boss’s room” Feilong simply said.

Within seconds there was a knock at the door. Feilong received it, and said, “Yes, please hurry, he needs immediate attention,” two of Asami’s men stood at the door perplexed and looking wide at each other.

“WILL YOU KEEP STARING LIKE THAT OR MOVE YOUR ASSES QUICK! ASAMI NEEDS YOUR HELP!”

The men startled into action and helped carry Asami out of the room. As they took him, Feilong softly tugged at his coat again. As Asami looked back Feilong hugged his neck and gave his mouth a soft and warm kiss, maybe knowing he would never again get a chance.

“I’ll not go anywhere, Asami, I’ll stay right here, even if my hands aren’t tied or the doors aren’t locked, I’ll stay and wait for you to come back.” He gave him the sweetest smile.