

Complementary Stories - Mr Marcus Cap 1



I've always been aware of the risks involved in the mafia game.

For years the death sentence was the rule until some insane people working for Mr Marconi came up with the bizarre idea of the sexual slavery of their opponents and competitors.

I even see a good idea in this as Mr Marconi operates one of the most profitable human trafficking agencies in Europe, however this is good when you are not targeted by this system.

One day I was the target.

Yes, I became the target after losing business to a Russian group giving Mr Marconi millionaire losses.

He was furious with me and before I could flee the country his henchmen captured me and took me to an unknown place.

They immobilized me and put me in a black hood until I felt a needle in my arm and I fell asleep.

When I woke up I was in some kind of hospital room or something, with my body strapped into a stiff latex straitjacket, strapped into a genetics chair whose position was awkward.

Gagged, I could not speak; and my legs lifted to supports that left my anus exposed.

Soon I came across a masked guy, who swore he was a Mexican wrestler's costume, but his body was dressed in a shiny black leotard and all burly approached.

I noticed that he was a perverted and bizarre guy and introduced himself under the name Caputo.

He asked me to relax and watch a short video of my boss.

With a TV in front of me, the image of Mr Marconi appeared.

It was a recorded video where he said many things; that he was disappointed in my betrayal and that I would pay the damages I did the company.

- Betrayal? - I thought. - What betrayal?

And he kept saying that he would be a permanent sex slave to pay that debt and not only that, my girlfriend too.

I was horrified that I heard that.

I struggled on the stretcher like crazy and then Caputo assured me to calm down

damn Marconi

And he continued:

You know I don't accept betrayals, Julius. -He spoke pronouncing my name. - And you will have to pay with your body.

See how generous I am to preserve your life.

Since there is time to abolish the death sentence. So be grateful to me and your new life.

You will be condemned to have sex only with men.

I forbid you to have sex with women. You will be addicted to giving your ass and sucking cock for the rest of your life.

It will be sold in the slave shop of our town Wolf Blue, and there it will be under the tutelage of my nephew Marcus. That stick of his will be useless. Caputo had taken the technical steps.

Don't worry it's an idol.

Then he shows my girlfriend's photo in the video and giving compliments ends:

- I'll make this beauty a luxury nikita. addicted to sex. so maybe she'll help you pay me.

Damn you.

There I screamed with all my strength while being held back by the straitjacket

I shook myself so much that I almost knocked over the chair but the masked guy applied a tranquilizer and everything went out.

I remember that I stayed there in that place, in a kind of clinic for a week and I noticed the terrible differences I felt in my body.

I couldn't imagine what that burly masked guy was up to me.

After that, I remember waking up somewhere else

I felt like I was lying down, but I couldn't move.

My mouth was terribly open.

I noticed that I was naked.

But in a bizarre position.

I looked at myself and despaired.

I was in an awkward chicken position.

My thighs were bent and severely bound, by the heels and thighs along with my wrists on either side.

I saw my cock trapped inside a metal cocoon.

It was the most I could see.

And my ass well exposed and vulnerable in the end.

curse.

I noticed that he was in a small room, with a somewhat rounded shape.

He was lying on a round bed.

High up on the ceiling I see my reflection in a mirror and my despicable condition.

Then I howled through the gag in anger.

Soon I noticed another compartment in the back.

I realized I was not alone.

There was a kind of bathroom and someone was there by the sound of the shower water falling

Also there was a door further back with the lights half off

And fuck.

I realized it was a man who was there...

For he hummed and whistled

And in that position and judging by my situation, I understood everything.

I was in the Blue Wolves Fetish Whore Shop.