

Chapter 9

MR MARCUS 5

The Machine

IVANOVICH

Bruno

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<<Chapter 9>>

It's Not A Dream

Several images and blurs come to mind, while sensations of pleasure took over the whole body plunging into an infinite intoxication. Sometimes I didn't know if I was awake or dreaming, but the films that came on the big screen were real, with clear images, where the people who appeared there were so real that it was possible to feel the heat and their touch.

It was, in fact, a trip to a parallel world, where provocative sensual people came and then left, awakening a whirlwind of desires.

Then a familiar voice appeared in the background repeating several phrases in the mind.

It was not possible to see where that voice came from, but it was familiar, it was Master Caputo's.

Soon came an intense desire to use the tongue and start sucking something, wanted to be fucked by a hard member of a male.

By some male.

Suddenly Caputo's voice began to speak whispering, softly and repeating the phrase.

- Wake up darling, You are free, You are free. It's free.

Then his eyes opened.

Sandro had woken up.

The sparkling green eyes opened without understanding what had happened.

Sandro realized that he was lying on a comfortable bed, but at the same time he felt a pressure all over his body as if something was stuck to his skin.

Lying on his stomach, he just saw his arm right in front of him, close to his face, and soon noticed a long sleeve covering his entire arm.

A glossy black stretch fabric.

Upon seeing him, he soon remembered everything and immediately turned around, and saw himself in full.

Sandro sighed in astonishment to see himself dressed like that.

He was dressed in a shiny black latex jumpsuit that covered his entire body.

The glow was intense and shimmer, which reflected the natural light that entered through the window.

It was day. Or rather, the beginning of a morning.

But wait.

Sandro noted that he was free.

Free from the straitjacket, prisons, handcuffs and leather straps.

His breathing was labored as if he was still scared.

Soon he tried to sit a little better in bed.

Unlike the captivity that was found a few weeks ago with the body bandaged by strips of duct tape, the place was a house and a room that by the way was very beautiful, where the white color predominated combined with furniture in neutral colors of light tones, giving contrast to your shiny black second skin.

Sandro looked at himself again, and began to search his own body compacted by the black latex fabric and realized that in addition to being very tight on the body, it was sealed.

He began to stretch the shiny fabric over the skin and then let go to echo the characteristic sound of rubber.

It didn't have a zipper, at least where he could tell.

Sandro remained there quietly, admiring the black fabric, trying to understand what happened and how it ended up there.

- Where am I? - he thought.

As he regained consciousness and his pupils adjusted to the light, he sensed someone approaching.

Serenely Marcus emerged dressed in a bathrobe.

He looked at Sandro and smiled broadly.

- Welcome, Sandro.

******* YOU ARE LIKE ME *******

Sandro was astonished for a few moments. His mind was still processing events, and his reactions were timid.

- Where am I? - managed to ask.

- Well... this is my house. This My room and where you are is my bed.

Answered Marcus walking towards the boy.

- Quite different from the captivity shed where we met for the first time. - he kept talking.

- You look beautiful, all tight like that. - commented Marcus as he sat down on the edge of the bed.

- Your catsuit seems to be made of latex but it is a technological fabric that, although it looks like latex, is made of latex leather resined with organic silicone nano technology. That is, it is a fabric that does not tear, warms against the cold, cools against the heat, eliminates body odors and secretions and can be used for long periods of hours. It will be the only things you will wear from now on. I will arrange the exchange every three days. It's a nice slave uniform. he explained.

- What did they do to me? - tried to speak Sandro.

- Shiii... - Marcus said in a caring way, placing his index finger on Sandro's lips, asking him to remain silent.

- Let's plan something. Marcus said. - First, what I wanted to do with you I already did.

Marcus began to smile spontaneously as he ran his hand over Sandro's rubbery body, squeezing his legs compacted by the black fabric and went to the front bulge where he kept his shrunken penis and when pulling the fabric he revealed it naked, but highlighting the metal ring on around the penis and scrotum.

The ring was attached, which by the way was beautiful and had stones around it and inscriptions.

A beautiful penile ardonus.

- Beautiful, isn't it. This is my lady's gift to you. Marcus smiled.

Sandro looked puzzled without understanding.

- You're like me, from now on. - continued Marcus trying to explain about the object stuck in Sandro's penis. - That's your reward for not being just anyone. So you won't be just any slave.

- What are you talking about? - finally asked Sandro.

- I heard about the mess you caused at Mr Caputo's clinic. A captured slave causing such destruction in an attempt to escape is unheard of for our community of Dominators. As soon as I found out, ma'am, so did other masteres and dommes.

Your story is reverberating within our divisions Sandro, for some, you are synonymous with admiration, which is my case, and for others, hate.

That way my mistress decided to give you the privilege of you as a slave being able to have your penis free on the condition that you are wearing Apollo's ring for the rest of your life.

Apollo's ring is what we call the beautiful penile ardonus you are wearing.

- I can't see anything good about it. You called me a slave many times. That guy over there (referring to Caputo) told me the same thing. I don't understand. - replied Sandro with a flushed face.

Marcus just restrained himself from smiling and with a gesture he began to caress the boy's face and put his finger on his lips.

Instinctively Sandro started to suck Marcus' finger and when he realized he stopped himself.

Marcus widened his smile.

- And you still have doubts, my beautiful. - said Marcus, looking closely at his boy's every move - And secondly, understand that you are now going to love your pervert life. Just trust me.

Sandro started to get excited, and there was no hiding it as his cock gained an instant erection.

Marcus held Sandro's penis firmly and continued explaining.

- For those of you who don't know. Most slaves in our community wear the chastity device permanently, as they are not worthy of having pleasure with their original genitals. But you, Sandro, have the privilege of having your dick free.

Sandro started to moan.

- But the beautiful ring that is stuck in you, has magical powers. It was consecrated by the mystical powers of my Lady Helena. In summary, while you have this ring, you will only have pleasure if you have sex with other guys. Every man you touch, every man you fuck will be your slave and turn into perverted gay sex slaves.

Sandro was scared to hear that.

- I know it sounds crazy, but this mystical power is unbreakable. - he finished explaining.

- I don't believe in these superstitions. Sandro replied.

- I didn't believe it either, Darling. Until I felt the incredible power of the ring working through my body.

The mystical power of the ring will give you incredible abilities.

This is Mrs Helena's blessing.

Marcus said without letting go of Sandro's penis that moaned.

- I recruit sex slaves for the Order of Mrs Helena but I also recruit for my harem and community of fetish prostitutes.

And when Helena saw your talent in trying to escape from Caputo's clinic, dodging the armed guards, she proposed putting you in the same servitude regime as well.

Sandro continued to moan while Marcus abolished his penis:

- Yeah... but what does this ring do then. - he said breathlessly. - If I eat a guy's ass, he'll become my slave.

- Yes.

Sandro started to laugh clumsily.

- Doesn't look bad to me. Even more so if you don't want to fuck a guy. Even before I fell into his trap while trying to steal his car, I was dating a girl.

Marcus started to laugh.

- Hmm... so you have a girlfriend. She must be looking for you on the missing list right now.

- I think so... - said Sandro.

Marcus continued holding Sandro's penis but with less pressure that allowed him to breathe a little, but then he put his fingers in Sandro's mouth and he began to suck.

- Damn it! Not again... - sighed Sandro.

- Again yes. Again always. Marcus said. - Suck you perverted faggot.

Placing his thumb in Sandro's mouth, he began to suck.

- Mr Caputo has excellent slave making machines. But I...

Marcus got up and untied his robe and let it fall completely naked.

His dick was erect and hard and around the base next to the scrotum was the beautiful metal ring with jewels around it; the Ring of Apollo.

And he continued to speak.

- But I... I have the mystical blessing of Mrs. Helena. A power that is unbreakable.

Marcus looked into Sandro's eyes, who in turn was aware of the erect penis pointed at his face.

Sandro's mouth was watering and he wanted to grab that member.

- Did you see. Now we are equal. But you will eat the other slaves but I, as your Master, will always eat you. Marcus said.

- Suck me baby. - ordered.

Sandro went into a trance and instantly grabbed Marcus's penis with intensity.

Soon an electric energy took over Sandro and he couldn't get Marcus's penis out of his mouth, and a mysterious power made him want more and more.

- This this.

At that moment all mental resistance that Sandro had had disappeared forever.

He was dominated by another personality type.

The personality of a perverted rubber slave.

Sandro continued sucking his master until he ran out of breath.

Marcus took his cock out of his slave's mouth.

- Very beautiful. I left my dick very clean for you to suck as you wish. I'll always leave it clean to suck whenever I want.

Sandro smiles.

- Now, my beautiful grace, turn around. I want to eat your ass.

Sandro obeyed and turned around on all fours.

Marcus directed his hand to a zipper he had between the boy's buttocks.

With a special key he unlocked the zipper and then opened it.

With his fingers Marcus touched Sandro's ass which was coated with a special layer for permanent use made of organic silicone that in addition to protecting the anus also stimulates the nerve endings in the region and helps to lubricate.

A simple touch Sandro melted.

Slowly Marcus was sticking his cock in Sandro's ass who started moaning intensely.

So Marcus starts to eat Sandro in a smooth and unhurried way.

Sandro was delivered.

Marcus started to hold the boy's hip tight and thrust deeper and faster but he still didn't come, he held it for longer.

Sandro began to feel his energy drain strangely but he was enjoying it.

Marcus lifted Sandro's torso until he felt his chest on his back and put his mouth on the feet of his ears and said:

- You don't want anything else in your life besides my dick, boy.

- Yes Master. Sandro replied.

Finally Marcus pushed him against the bed and began to penetrate with will and strength, Sandro moaned like a whore and Marcus roared like a wolf until he came.

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