

Chapter 1



MR MARCUS
5

The Machine

IVANOVICH

MR MARCUS 5

<< Chapter 1 >>

The Oportunity

- Take care with our prototype.

Caputo said as he guided his guards as they untied Sandro from the vertical base, totally unconscious.

Looking like a rag doll, the rubbery guards put him on a stretcher and began to remove his straitjacket, with difficulty.

Caputo left the room and with him followed another one of his guards, also rubbery, holding a clipboard.

- How is the stage of the machine? asked Caputo.

- Everything is alright. Boss.

- Excellent. So be quick, because the effect of the sleeping pill applied to the mist he inhaled is short-lived, and as he is under the effect of the reversal cocktail, you cannot use the stun dart weapons.

explained Caputo.

- Because it can kill you! He ended up emphasizing.

- We know that boss.

Caputo walked quickly to one of his monitoring rooms. By now the guards were done with the job of removing the poor boy's straitjacket.

Then the other guard gave instructions not to take off the chastity device at that moment.

So your assistant did.

Sandro was dressed only in his chastity device and the polished steel collar that encircled his neck.

The guards took him lying on the stretcher out of the room, and followed the corridor already close to the laboratory of the machines and left Sandro alone for a few minutes while they prepared materials to put him in the machine.

But in that half minute, Sandro's eyes opened.

He quickly looked around and recognized those rooms.

He aimed toward a hallway that crossed to the other side of a wing.

Without thinking, he jumped off the gurney and ran down the hall to another hallway.

He entered a materials room that came across a series of shelves.

His eyes were alert to every escape opportunity existing in that place.

Incredibly there was no one there at the time.

Looking around once more, he realized it was a stockroom with several useful items.

Soon he saw a tool rack.

He immediately thought of his collar.

He looked at the saw bow, pliers and other artifacts.

All useless to take the stiff collar off his neck.

Damn it!

Sandro started to shiver and get nervous.

Damn it! They're going to get me...-he said to himself. - ... if that happens... shit! I don't even want to think. - He thought. -

What matters is that I can move and walk freely.

Now what we have here that is useful. We will! We will!

Then her green eyes beheld rolls of laminated paper. And the most incredible. A lead-containing silver laminated paper.

It was probably used to compose X-ray examination materials made in the clinic.

He took pieces of foil and covered his collar.

- That could create interference in the fucking signal. -he said.

- At least I'll have time to think about a possibility.

The escape instinct learned from years of theft made Sandro think of quick solutions and soon he turned to the ceiling and there it was.

A ventilation inlet.

Climbing up the shelves was easy to get there.

He checked the positions of the cameras.

He saw two.

Soon he tried to change their positions with the help of a broomstick.

He simulated his exit through the living room door, to disguise it; to then begin its climb through the shelves to the ventilation inlet.

He hoped there was no fixing screw.

To your relief. The grid was free.

He moved and entered the pipe and closed the entrance.

Sandro began his escape.

Continues...

