

Complementary Stories – Mr Marcus

Cap 4



The bedroom door opened.

From her came Marcus, bringing with him a woody perfume mixed with the smoke that invaded the environment.

Then he closed the door and locked it.

He lifted his intimidating gaze forward and saw his newest slave sitting on the edge of the round bed.

His business adversary, who to pay for his incompetence, his uncle, the mob boss, conditioned him to sexual servitude for the rest of his life; that he will be in the custody of his nephew, Marcus himself.

Julius was the poor slave sitting on the edge of the bed, completely naked with his hands covering his penis encased in a chastity device.

He had already had sex with another guy hours before Marcus, his master, arrived, but he still wanted more sex.

He wanted to suck a cock and give his asshole.

He realized that an addiction to uncontrollable sex had taken hold in his body.

He was too strong to resist.

His mouth was salivating and his ass itched.

A great excitement came over him as soon as he saw Marcus.

In fact, the bulky member of his latex pants he wore, combined with his leather jacket.

Julius had one of his heels chained to a rigid base on the bed.

He couldn't get out of there.

It was a human product that Marcus sold to other guys and now wants to have the pleasure of tasting his new meat.

But at that point, Julius, even though he was free, didn't want to leave.

he never wanted to go out again

Julius started to salivate and Marcus widened his smile.

This was uncontrollable for Julius and Marcus took the opportunity to put two fingers in the mouth that began to suck.

Marcus tossed his leather jacket aside.

His outfit was a full latex tank top.

That's how Marcus liked to fuck.

Then he pulled his penis out of his pants.

Around his penis and scrotum was a peculiar metal ring.

Julius didn't resist and grabbed the big member of Marcus and stayed there for minutes, sucking his master.

Julius held his encased penis because he felt a lot of pain by the erection contained by the cocoon.

Marcus went deep until he abruptly pulled his cock out of Julius' mouth and came in his face and spread his cum.

After that, Marcus ordered Julius to get on all fours.

He still had the breath to go on.

Marcus penetrated Julius and started with light movements with his hips that gained rhythm like a pervert's dance.

The rhythm heated up and keeping his erection stiffer than a rock, he grabbed Julius' torso and lifted him up to rest against his chest.

Julius was turned into a whore.

Julius rolled his eyes in ecstasy as he felt the pressure of Marcus' cock in his ass.

Sensing this Marcus took advantage of taking a bite of Julius' ear and speaking into his ears.

- Your ass is tastier than many whores I've ever eaten.

- Yes Master. sighed Julius.

And then it continued frantically gaining faster and more intense rhythm until Julius moaned and screamed with pleasure.

Hours later...

Marcus was already satisfied and was getting ready to leave.

Picking up his leather jacket, he saw Julius dressed in a tight red latex leggings he gave her to wear.

Sitting on the bed, he just stared at the boy. His rival being humiliated as a sex slave.

Julius didn't have the courage to say anything, he just kept his head down.

- It's beautiful. Boy. He didn't think he was so fit. And this tight leggings then... you're delicious," he said as he got closer and patted the boy's ass.

- This is my gift to you. I tend to treat my boys well. I like to dress them up.

-he was talking while lighting a cigar.

- Behave and obey the foreman. - Marcus said again. - Later you will be taken to have your hair cut and shaved. So be a good boy. I always want to see you well so that I can serve my client friends well.

He ended up patting the boy's face affectionately and giving him a peck.

Marcus left through the only door in the room and then closed it.

In the hallway he came across a figure of a slave trapped in a fetish dog costume that received a warm attention from Marcus.

Then he faced another slave trapped in a latex vacuum frame that formed an erect human statue and that on the top of the head had light that also served to lighten the whole environment.

Along the corridor there were other statues slaves with lamps on top of their heads in the same situation.

Between his legs stood out his erect penis compacted with latex as well as the rest of his body.

Their faces were cloistered but they could see through the glasses embedded in their masks.

Their looks were ones of desperation and pleasure. They couldn't speak but they could moan and writhe in their bonds.

They were fed and evacuated autonomously through a sophisticated prison system and prisoner health preservation.

Despite apparently being agonizing, such slaves were comfortable in their prison conditions.

Marcus continued walking until he came across other Overlords arriving to fuck the hired slaves confined to their rooms.

Every room had a perverted slave ready and begging for sex.

Walking a few more meters and the human dog accompanying him soon went downstairs, passed the reception of the building and won the streets of the City Fetishistas of the Blue Wolves of Naples.

Before he dismissed the dog to return to the building.

There were several human dogs roaming freely around the small fetish town; as well as other human gimps performing various services to the masters.

Marcus followed the streets and behind him the facade of the building stood out; with large windows equipped as shop windows and with slaves dancing sensually and presenting themselves to the public of rulers who passed through the street below.

Marcus was quietly smoking his cigar along one of the alleys in front of him, passing several rulers and slaves who came and went.

Breathing smoke into the air, the smell of tobacco mingled with others around, as well as the drink and aphrodisiac perfumes of the masters and their boys.

Watching all this Marcus leaned against a bench in a square until being approached by a guy who had not seen there.