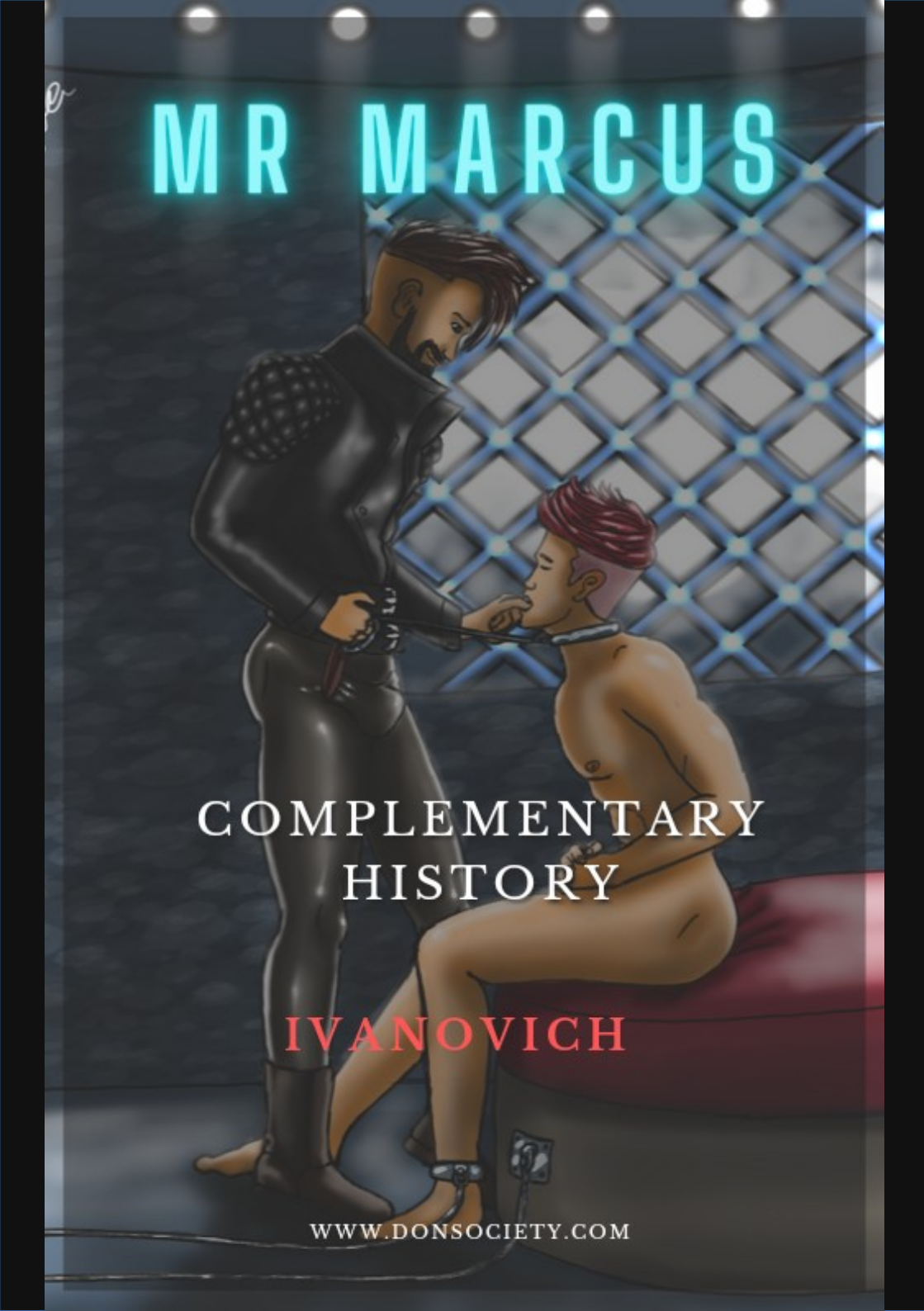


# MR MARCUS



COMPLEMENTARY  
HISTORY

IVANOVICH

[WWW.DONSOCIETY.COM](http://WWW.DONSOCIETY.COM)

# 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.

## Complementary Stories - Mr Marcus Cap 2



Soon the A burly dark man appears.

He came out of the bathroom in a towel.

Damn it!

I howled in disgust through the gag.

But the brunette smiled and looked at me, I saw his cock erect by the towel.

O. he was ready to eat me.

Dropping it he pointed his big mast towards me

- You're the youngest pissed off. rent you for two days to inaugurate you. I'll get that gourd out of yours. I'm going to eat that delicious ass of yours that's looking at me for a start and then I'm going to prick your mouth.

He came towards me, grabbed me by the feet and pulled me along.

And I thrashed like mad with panting breaths.

I was nervous

With two fingers he stuck it up my ass, and started to massage.

I tried to close my ass but his fingers were inside

And I contract my ass trying to expel the strange finger inside me.

The bastard was looking at me and I couldn't look at him.

- Shiiii... relax kid! just relax!

he said with an obscene expression.

I felt something strange in my ass.



There seemed to be something that made his finger slip inside me at the same time accompanied by a good feeling that felt like a kind of gentle, stimulating electrical pulse; it gave the impression that there was something stuck to my ass.

The brunette stayed there massaging for minutes until he got a lube and continued.

Soon I felt an explosive impulse that made me moan through the gag  
Curse.

What am I doing?

- Is ready!

The brunette turned me around abruptly putting my face and part of my chest lying on the bed making my hips and ass stick up due to the way I was tied.

My hands were useless I couldn't react because they were so tightly tied

Then I felt your hot hard penis invading me

Even though he was resisting there was something strange about me. That felt like his penis sliding up my ass.

The wicked brunette howled and moaned.

- Delight! bitch. let's relax!

Then he started to increase the pace to the point where I started to moan.

Damn it!

The pressure was replaced by a nice feeling of pleasure

I was embarrassed that I was moaning like a bitch through the gag.

But soon the brunette took the ball out of my mouth and the air accumulated in his lungs came out in the form of a sigh.

- That! my bitch. moans to me.

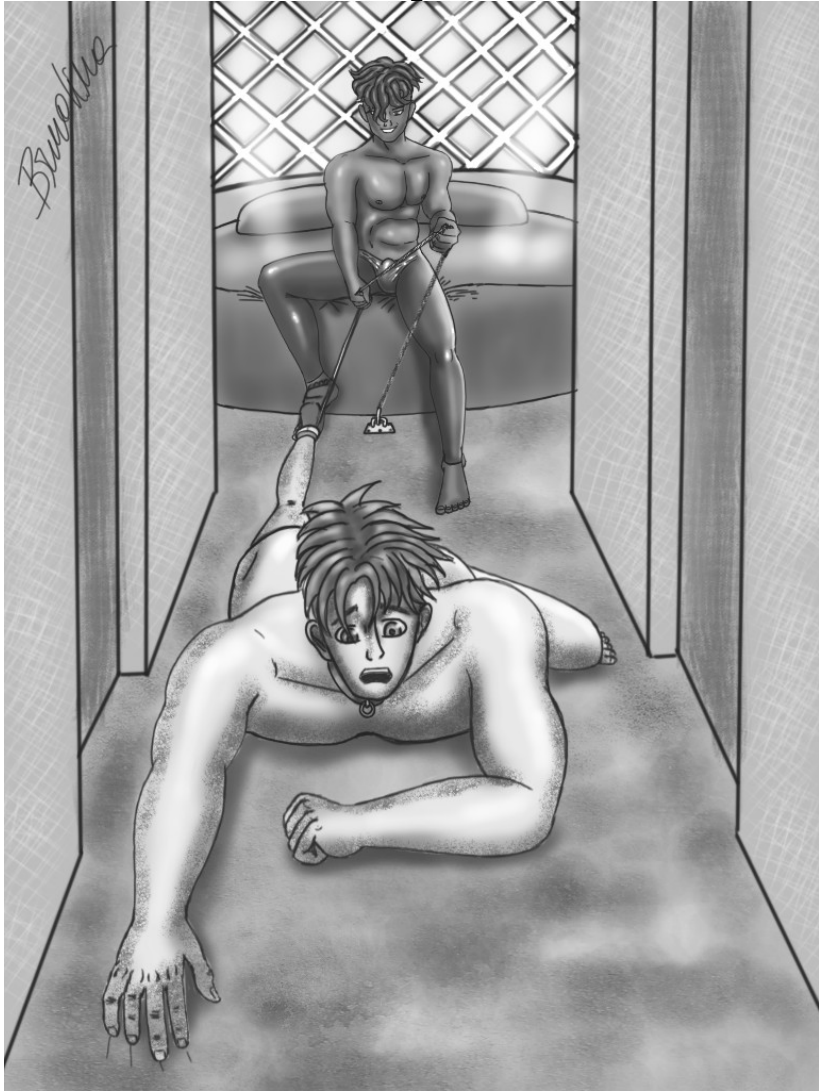
Said the brunette giving deeper penetrations until I felt his contraction and jumps inside me

Although the pace slowed down, the brunette continued to pick up one more pace in a row looking to come more often.

There I was being eaten.

# Complementary Stories - Mr Marcus

## Cap 3



I woke up suddenly.

Damn it!

It's still in the fucking bed.

But totally untied. Free from the ropes.

And lying with a guy.

Curse!

It was still that burly brunette who slept like a stone completely naked.

I was still confused.

Had he fainted?

Good.

I looked at the door and slowly I got out of bed slowly

I noticed that the door was half open as part of the outside light passed through the cracks.

So I was positioning myself until both my feet were on the ground.

Standing without taking my eyes off the brunette, I walked slowly.

I was nervous and decided to get out of this hell.

As soon as I arrived in the hallway, go for a short run. With three long strides I felt a violent force pulling me back by my right foot that made me fall sharply to the ground.

When I looked my right heel was attached to a metal loop connected to a steel cable attached to the back of the bed.

The brunette soon woke up with a wide smile on his face

He positioned himself on the bed and took the steel cable attached to my heel and showed what it was for with a malicious gesture.

Soon he pulled me violently towards him.

the madman was very strong

I tried to resist but before I thought he had immobilized my arms and on my foot said:

- Where do you think you're going? I'm paying dearly to take your virginity.

I continued to struggle until I realized my hands were cuffed behind my back and he forced me to my knees.

He went back to sit on the bed and his penis was pointed at my face.

I still turned my face to the side but he forced myself to look into his eyes.

He put from my mouth which I started sucking instinctively.

With the other hand he stuck his finger in my ass which in seconds made me relax

I don't understand what was happening to me.

Without me noticing I was already sucking his cock and I couldn't stop doing it.

Damn it!

Then she caught me and threw herself on the bed with incredible force.

I couldn't react because my hands were handcuffed behind my back.

He grabbed my hips and pulled so hard that I immediately felt his cock enter me and soon start the in and out movement.

In seconds he was moaning uncontrollably

Being sadistic he put his fingers in my mouth serving as a gag

I tried to bite but remembered that I couldn't because of the silicone coating that covered my teeth, which in the end ended up giving soft bites and her fingers.

And I kept moaning like a bitch

My asshole was very sensitive giving an explosive feeling of pleasure.

What they did to me I don't know. But the special treatment they gave me was addictive.

So addictive that my legs shook, my ass relaxed, I rolled my eyes, moaned like a bitch and didn't want it to stop anymore.

The perverted brunette penetrated me more and more with rhythm until he came.

At this point my breathing was so labored that my vision darkened and then I passed out

# Complementary Stories - Mr Marcus

## Cap 4



A good fuck

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 youngest 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 legging 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.

- 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.

His faces were cloistered but they could see through the glasses embedded in his 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.

## Complementary Stories - Mr Marcus Cap 5



Meeting with Mr Gregory



- Mr Marcus! called a bald guy dressed in a suit lined with black satin details.

Marcus was intrigued by being called by someone he doesn't know.

No doubt he could only be a dominator.

- Yes it's me. - answered.

The bald man with a polished face and a striking goatee on his face did not hide his perverted look.

- This place is amazing. It's the first time I've been here. He knew.

- By the accent. Must be English. - Marcus pointed out.

- Yes. From the London Eagles Master unit. At your service.

- Nice to meet you... but...

- I'm Gregory.

- Nice to meet Mr Gregory. Do we now know each other from somewhere?

- No, Mr Marcus. But you will like to have met me.

- Could you say what I could help you with? Because I don't remember having an appointment here in the city.

- Well, Mr Marcus. First of all. Your uncle and I met. And I always request services from Mestre Caputo. Just now he delivered me a batch of perfect slaves for my harem in London. And there in the clinic of the master of hypnosis I came across something unusual.

- Which?

- I learned that you have a young man who is under treatment with the master.

Marcus looked up in surprise and then rose to stand right in front of the bald Englishman.

- So... this young man managed to outwit Mestre Caputo's security guards and almost escaped.

Marcus widened his eyes.

- Like this?

- calm. They managed to contain your boy. He is fine.

Marcus shrugs in relief and goes back to gulping down his cigar.

- And that's why I want to make a proposal to you, Mr Marcus.

Marcus just looks sideways at the bald Englishman.

- I offer you 50% above the market value of the slaves for that young man of yours. Sandro. It's his name, isn't it.

Marcus is static for a moment and curious about this proposal.

- He's nothing for real that much. What's this? Mr Gregory.

- I saw how smart he was in his attempt to escape from Mestre Caputo's clinic. It is not common for slaves inside prison cells subject to extreme control to give so much work to guards.

- O. The boy really did it. - said Marcus.

- I don't think you'll want such a rebellious guy in your cohort.

Marcus gave a short laugh.

- Caputo will take care of his rebellion. With the use of a special machine.

Mr Gregory stared at him when he heard this.

- He will be the first guinea pig of the Slave Making Machine.  
Besides, I want to thank you for your proposal, Mr Gregory. Have a good time.

Soon Bald Ingles restrained Marcus by stepping forward.

The Englishman saw Marcus in his latex leggings and his rigid cock dilating beneath the rubber.

- Sorry. Mr Marcus. But I couldn't help but notice that incredible member of yours. Do you mind?

Marcus nodded.

So Mr Gregory held tight to Marcus' rigid member, and was made easy by being taller giving a nice view from above.

- I liked this style of yours here. Do you always walk tight like that? A latex Master is something amazing.

And finally he slapped Marcus on the ass who didn't care.

- For me it would be new to be sucked by an English Master.

- And I a Wolf. Gregory completed.

Finally Mr Gregory takes a card out of his suit and puts it inside the bulge of Marcus' groin, which by the way was erect ..

- You're a beautiful man Mr Marcus. And that hard cock of yours then.

Maybe one day we can have fun. But at first I have an interest in your rebellious boy. This is a Challenge proposal if you know what I mean.

Gregory walks away and lines up his suit and makes it evident in his pants that he's also aroused.

The bald Englishman widens a smile and says goodbye.

- See you later, Mr Marcus. It was a pleasure to meet you.

And then he turned and walked to the entrance to an alley and disappeared where masters and slaves amused themselves.

Marcus takes the Bald Ingles card from its bulge and sees its ID.

He was apprehensive about such a challenge.

- Damn it! -he said.

\*\*\*\*\*



**“Damn Marcus. Damn you. Because you locked  
my cock.”**

**Julius – Slave Boy**