Smitten

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by DrunkardOnJunkyard

Summary

In the alternate universe, running parallel with our universe, Michael is a notorious serial killer who disguised as a music teacher. He believes that he is immune to love, though some of his victim did catch his fancy. When he comes across the angelic James, his heart is enraptured. He must have the boy at all cost. But when he steals the virginal beauty, something inside change.
Chapter 1

Disclaimer:

No one should attempt any act depicted in this work of fiction without prior consultation with certified health professionals.

Prologue

Michael puts the body in a canvas sack. He tests the weigh, puts more stones inside. His boat is rocking lightly. The night bleak without any star and moon but it will be dawn in a couple hours. Michael drives his boat deeper into the forest, the river is murky from yesterday’s rain.

“Perfect timing.” He says to himself.

Finally, he finds the perfect spot, well hidden by the trees and far away from hiker’s trails. He checks that the sack is tightly sealed then lifts it and dumps it into the river. There is a feeling of relief as the sack sinking into the depth. From now on, Nature will take care the rest. The body will quietly rot under the water. Nobody will ever find out.

He rests himself on the deck, his cigarette flickers against the darkness. There is tingling sensation lingering all over his body, he does not want it to disappear yet. The last victim was a delight, an enthralling conquest. He was a boy in his prime, barely 13, who put a good fight since he was taken. Containing him was a feat, he always searched for an escape, even attacked Michael for a few times.

Michael inhales deeply. He is still craving. He wishes he could have kept the boy a little longer but the Police was closing in. It was too dangerous to keep him. Michael did not have any other choice.

Michael leads two lives. In the public eyes, he is a devoted music teacher, a loving husband, and great father. His colleagues respect him, his neighbour likes him, his family adores him. Parents trust him with their children. He refused a promotion once, telling the Principal that his passion is to guide the youth through music, not working in the management. This action has elevated his reputation.

But no one know what happens behind the closed door, even his family are left ignorant. Michael is a notorious serial killer. He kidnaps boys, kept them for his pleasure, and when the time comes, kills them to cover up his crime. He tricks the parents to believing that their children ran away and still living a delinquent lives. Because of his popularity, no one suspect anything.

After his last victim, he does not scout for another for some time. He is somehow fond of the last boy. Michael leads a life of an ordinary school teacher and a family man for almost a year. The Authorities hit a dead end. The have exhausted their resources but no lead comes up. Michael does not feel any urge until a new family moves into the neighbourhood.

The new family has a son who attended a private school but needs a singing teacher twice a week. The neighbours recommended Michael to the parents. When they meet him, they love him. They decide that Michael gives their son, James, a singing lesson beginning immediately.

In the beginning, he was only interest with the extra cash comes from giving singing lesson. He is not looking for another victim and the James is too old for his taste. His oldest victim was fourteen
and this boy is fifteen. Experience teaches Michael, that the older the boy is, the more difficult to handle and riskier to be found out. So, he dismisses him right away.

But James is a beautiful boy. He has a pair of big blue eyes that melt every heart. His face is pleasant, his skin is porcelain perfect and his body is small and delicate. His voice is angelic. He is fifteen but looks barely thirteen.

After almost a year giving a lesson, Michael feels divided. It is against his code of conduct to take a victim older than fourteen, but the risk-loving part of his heart wants James. His student appears more and more ravishing in his eyes. Michael knows that there is no love involves. This is just another quest. He needs to be smarter if he wants this victim.

The truck is bouncing as it enters the forest. Michael is happy that he decided to put James on the passenger seat next to him rather than tied at the back. He cringes at the thought of the effect from the bumpy ride to the smooth skin.

The road has ended but the truck is driving on into the depth of the forest. Michael grips the steering wheel, he is doing his best to control the vehicle. Despite the challenging terrain, Michael seems to be quite familiar with the conditions. After half an hour, the truck stops in front of a lakeside log cabin.

Michael turns his head toward James, sleeping deeply with the help of cocktail drug. The drug is a potent one. It will put James into a deep undisturbed slumber for ten hours. During that time, he cannot awaken even by cold water or pangs of pain.

“You’re a such beauty.” He whispers. His fingers, lingering away from the wheel, praying on the cheek and lip. He presses his fingers on plump lips.

“Pity. I’d need to cover your face for a while,” he sighs, “Can’t take any risk.”

Michael carries him into the cabin. He inhales the scent from the hair. His urge kicks but he knows better than to rush in.

Michael has prepared a room, a special kind of room. James is his most beautiful victim and he deserves better. He puts the boy on the couch while he prepares a warm scented bath. He removes the clothes, piling them with the rest of James’s belonging-ready for the incinerator. Start from today, James will not be needing any piece of clothing. His nose picks up the familiar scent, freshly crushed lavender with a hint of boyish musk.

“You’ve taken shower before you left the Club.”

He carries James into the bathroom. With a such precision, he empties the boy’s bladder and bowel. Then, he lowers James into the bathtub. His hands works scrubbing the body and the hair while his eyes checks for any kind of injury and finds none. When he finishes, he leaves James in the room while he is taking shower.

Michael rehearsing what he supposed to do as he is dressing up. He glances at the monitor and sees James still fast asleep. He keeps rehearsing until he feels ready to see his victim in the other room.

Yet, he gasps at the sight in front of him when he is in the room. For a second, he thought an angel is falling asleep on the bed.

“Pity that I cannot see your face and hear your voice for awhile.” Michael regrets.
His hands trembles as he is putting the softest gag on the boy’s mouth and groans as he sees those lips parts. The blindfold comes next tightly secured around the head. Michael inhales in relief after he puts and secure the hood over the head. Once the face is covered, the victim ceased to be a person and become a thing. A thing does not distract Michael. He proceed with clinical calm as he put the catheter and ties James to the bed. He turns on the player. It plays porn until Michael turns it off. He walks out the cabin with a murderer coldness and detachment.

Michael had the worst sleep. He wakes up feeling groggy. At the school, he cannot concentrate. The Principal lets him to leave early for health reason. Once excused, he changes his car for the truck and hits the road to the forest.

But the long drive diminishes his urge. When he sets foot on the front door of the cabin, his calm demeanour rules his heart and mind. He enters his room with the usual calculated coldness. Once inside, he watches the monitor. The sounds from the player is blasting so loud that it drown any other sound but he can see James fighting his bondage. Michael licks his lips.

The alarm on Michael’s phone alerts him. He needs to get some groceries for his family. Being forgetful rises suspicions, he cannot afford that. He needs to be quick.

Michael takes a bottle of water and enters the room where James is kept. He checks the temperature, catheter bag, and turns the player off. He hears James muffled cries but it does not move him. He removes the hood and pats those lips with wet cloth. He continues until James stops struggling and begins sucking the water from the cloth. Only then, Michael inserts a long tube connected to the water bottle through a friction of the gag. He watches James drinking the water without saying a word or touching him. When James finishes, Michael puts the hood back and leaves the room.

From 5-8 pm is the time for Michael to be the prefect husband and father. During those time, he helps his wife with chores, helps his son with homework, and eats his dinner. Everything is necessary to mask his other life.

His other life begins after 8 pm. He tells his family that he needs to jog around the block. While the truth is that he runs a few block away to where his truck is parked.

This time is very special. He is very excited. Tonight is the night when he will start. The scenario is running in his head. Everything is in great detail and he rehearsed it internally.

By the time he enters the cabin, he is calm and in control. He begins with cleaning himself, removing all traces that might lead back to himself. He enjoy watching James through the monitor as he is dressing up. The long latex gloves snaps at his hand, removing the possibility of his body hair falls on his victim’s body. His mouth and nose are covered to prevent his victim recognising his breath. When everything is ready, he enters the room.

James is laying on the bed on his back with his arms and legs parted. When Michael touches him, he starts fighting but Michael is quick. He binds each wrist to each ankle so he can carry James to the bathroom.

Despite being bound, James keeps struggling. He cannot see but he can feel that he is being fixed in all fours. His heart is racing, breathing is getting harder through the hood. Hands are everywhere on his body and now rest on his bottoms, parting them, putting a kind of cool substance on his hole. Then he feels something hard pushed through his hole followed by a stream of warm liquid rushing into his bowel. He screams but only a yelp comes out through the hood. He sobs quietly through the gag.
Michael sits on the floor. James’ struggles has almost exhausted him. It was one of the best struggle Michael had won and it excites him. He watches the boy surrendered to the ministration and hears the silenced sobs. When the first bottle is finished, Michael is ready with a new bottle.

When the second bottle is emptied, he removes the tube but leaves the plug inside and watches the boy writhing. Beads of sweat covers the body and his muffled screams grow more desperate. His experience teaches him how long a boy can hold on.

At that time, he will manoeuvre the young body to squat on a special latrine and removes the plug. At this time, he does not need any restraint, the need for relief itself is the most effective restraint.

When James is finished, Michael will repeat the process until everything comes out as clear as the solution in the bottles. Only then, he starts bathing the youth. During the process, he only removes the hood and leaves the blindfold and the gag.

James is too exhausted when Michael carries him back to the room. He does not move much when Michael leaves him on the bed to change. The players is still blaring the sound of ecstasy.

When Michael is back to the room, James is still laying on the bed. He binds the legs together and turns James over so he is laying on his chest and puts a pillow on his hip for support. The buttocks are protruded and slightly parted. The hole shyly peeks out, like a budding flower, ready to bloom.

Michael pours a generous amount of cool gel on the buttocks. He can feel the body shivering, he wants to coo the boy but stops himself before making any sounds. He proceeds with cold and sterile calmness. His gloved hands massage the bottom in circular motion, gently but firm. He avoid the hole for a while and continues to the upper inner thighs.

James wriggles his body but his struggles are for nothing. Michael hands are everywhere and he cannot move his body much. His screams are silenced, turned into soft muffled, and drown by the sound from the players. He feels more gel touches his buttocks. It slithers toward his opening.

Michael is patient. He wants to build tension. When he is done with the buttocks, he pours more gel. The glob drops on the crack of the buttocks. Like a small tentacle, it caresses its way toward the hole. Michael catches it before it drops to the bed.

Using his index finger, he returns the glob to the tight opening. His fingers lingers there, testing. The hole shut tightly, even the finger tip cannot breach. He massaged the opening. But when the it remains stubborn, Michael loses his patience. He pulls the buttocks apart, opening the hole by force. He feels James body tightens as his index fingers breaches. It is hot and virginal tight. Michael is gleeful. He is James’ first.

He cannot enter further. But instead of pulling out, he rests his finger inside and allows the body to adjust himself. Through the latex glove, Michael can feel the spot, as big as a walnut, with soft ridges. He hooks his finger and begins caressing the spot.

James is fighting his caress and his muffled cries grows more desperate. Michael smirks. He continues on. Under his ministration, the spot is growing. The cries turns into whimpering. Michael can feel the ridges hardens and the spot swells.

He sneaks his other hand and squeezes the boyish penis. The shaft has hardened and sweaty wet. But there is no pre-cums on the tip, where the catheter is secured and only can be removed by him. Michael continues on until his alarm reminds him that it is his time to go home.

He withdraws his finger and removes the first layer of his gloves. He turns James’ body around so he
is laying on his back. Although the head if fully covered with the hood, the sight mesmerised him. There lays in front his eyes, the boy of his affection, his victim, his prey, whose body is coated with perspiration. The balls are taunt and the penis is, with the catheter intact, erect and wet.

Michael wishes to continue but time is running out time. He lifts the hood and squirts some water through the gag. After that, he prepares himself to leave the cabin, back to his home.

End of Chapter 1
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Michael finds out the hole has clammed shut again, despite his previous attempt to dilate it the day before. He decides to use a metal egg. His purpose is not only to dilate the hole but also to introduce James into the world of pleasure.

It is before dawn. The night chills cling in the air. Michael is walking toward his parked truck. He told his wife that he was going to the fish market. Easy lies. Their neighbor is going to have a potluck dinner. Everybody loves his seafood pot. They ask him to bring some to the party. Michael saw this as an opportunity to sneak out to the cabin.

He feels a surge of anticipation which he quickly dismisses. Yesterday, he left James in the brink of ecstasy without giving the boy his release. He is tied on the bed means he will not be able to help himself. Michael licks his lips.

He comes across the term “retrograde ejaculation” when he studied nursing. It is a condition when the semen enters the bladder because the urethra is being blocked by catheter. Inside the bladder, the semen will be passed as urine. But the semen is not always flows to the bladder. Sometimes it lingers on until it is absorbed back by the body. The process can take several hours. Although, it does not pose any health issue, it can be painful.

He always puts his prey on retrograde ejaculation because he dislikes the mess they left and removing and re-attaching catheters for condoms can be bothersome, especially when they are feisty and rebellious. He only needs to leave them bound with their catheters on and lets their body deal with it.

The pain breaks them faster.

The door silently opens. The room has minimal light but he can turn it on into brighter light. Michael is standing beside the bed, feasting the sight in front of him. James is asleep deeply despite the restraint. His skin still emits the glow of the aftermath. He is laying on his back, his hands are chained to the bed. His legs are spread and chained to the other side of the bed. His boyish penis lies sleeping like a child on his daddy’s lap.

Michael examines the penis and the sack. The catheter is attached at the urethra. It does not need readjustment. He replaces the plastic bag with the new one. Michael’s eyes shine brightly as he sees the lingering milky liquid in the bag. It seems retrograde ejaculation works very well. Of course, he considers it a leisure if he can watch the boy writhing in pain as his semen flows into his bladder and finally passed through his urine. He just cannot afford it. It is too risky.

He sits on the bed, facing James spread legs. Then, he takes James’ penis, holding and feeling the softness. Michael marvels at the proportion. It is a perfect symmetry and the globes are the exact weight and size, they are like twins. Michael falls in love with the perfection. He pulls the globes upward, exposing the pathways toward the hole. It soft and smooth, devoid from any hair. Michael wishes to pierce that part and give it a gold ring, a sign of ownership. He would love to pierce the tip of the penis and attaches another gold ring with a ball, giving him control over ejaculation. He
wishes to have James forever.

Michael is about to detach the ankle chain from the bed when James wakes up. He begins trashing in his restraint.

Michael fights him, not with force but with playfulness. He likes it when his victims are fighting him. It excites him. He loves breaking the strongest boy into submission. His experience teaches him that even the most feisty one will surrender. Each struggle breeds the sweet delight of surrender.

Although James cannot see, he is fighting the restraint but he is getting weaker. It has been at least two days without having anything but water. It is getting difficult to breath with gag on his mouth and hood over his head. Soon, he is out of breath.

Michael watches the struggles turns into muffled sobs. He removes the hood and observes. If James continues to have difficulty breathing, he will need to put breathing apparatus. But, after a few minutes, he knows he does not need it.

When he is sure that James has stopped struggling, he begins spraying water to those raspy lips. After he is sure of James’ compliance, Michael inserts the tube between the gag to water him. He takes note that James takes two bottles and calculating the best time for his next visit. Michael knows he has to feed James next time.

He puts down the empty bottles on the floor. He puts a small metallic box next to James. Inside the box is a metallic egg, he had been sterilising for a night. He looks at the egg. Usually, he uses a medium sized egg to his victims but this time he uses the smallest he could find. James is virginal tight. He is never be penetrated before. Michael afraid of tearing the boy apart before the time comes. The egg only means to dilate his opening, preparing him for the real thing.

Carefully, he attaches the eggs to a set of wires. The wires are attached to a small control device. He tapes the device on James left thigh. Heathers a generous about of lube on the egg, his fingers, James’ anus. The boy renewed his struggle but this time Michael is not up for the game. He parts the cheeks as wide as possible and inserts his finger. James arches his back when Michael pushes his finger deeper, pulls out, and inserts more fingers inside. Michael smirks at the silenced screams. He wishes he has more time to play. James is surely the most interesting prey.

Michael inserts two fingers and scissors the hole, opening it wide enough for him to insert the egg. James’ screams through the gag as he feels the cold metallic object being inserted. Michael pushes until the egg reaches the G-spot and rests it there. James is still fighting in his restraint. His muscles tries to expel the object out but Michael is ready. After he lets the egg settle, he covers the anus with the softest silicon butt plug. It is not a big plug only a small one to prevent the egg from slipping out. Then, he turns the device on and presses “low”.

James feels the surge of electric current. His body jolts and twists at the sensation unfamiliar to him. He cannot stop the sensation and it is too much for him. But the sensation stirs something deep inside him.

Michael watching the boy writhing in bed with satisfaction. He puts new porn for James to listen and dims the light as he walks out of the room.

The party is splendid. Michael’s seafood pots are the biggest success. Everybody praises him and his culinary achievement. Although Michael looks radiant, deep inside he itches to visit James. He feels he has left the boy far too long. Not only because Michael is curious on how the egg will affect him but also eager to watch the pale boyish body writhing in pain and pleasure under restraint. And, he
needs to feed the boy. He has been thinking of ways of feedings. Putting the boy on IV is the cleanest and easiest way. It is clean and neat as the nutrients streaming through the body. But, there are other methods. Michael has been contemplating about each option before he settles that he will use the other methods while using IV during the daytime.

He licks his lips in satisfaction as he is looking at his plastic cup. He sees James’ parent with their younger daughter. He talks to them, asking them whether they hear any news about their son and offering his help. They tell him that their son texted them yesterday, saying that he arrived at the city and looking for job and a place to stay. He also told them leave him be in return he will keep contact with them. Michael listens to James parents with the attitude of a compassionate friend.

James is drifting waking up and sleep, between dreams and reality, between pleasure and pain. The hormone is high on him, making him feeling feverish. His mind is muddled. He does not know how long he has been kept. He feels hungry and whoever has been keeping him does not provide food for him, only some water.

The kidnapper put unusual sounds, like a music player. James remembers that his parents used to watch films with similar sounds, only this one has only males voice. He has been listening, out of curiosity and beside there is no other sound. The voices make him feeling funny.

He remembers he used to sneak at late at night when his parents were watching their movies. He had been secretly watched it. Watching the movies gave him tingling all over his body, especially his groin and it feels really good when he touched it.

The kidnapper also has put something cold inside him. It is buzzing and sending shocks directly to his groin and all over his body. He feels his penis changes, like swelling and it is very painful. He moves as much as the restraint allows him but it does not help much. After sometime, his anus and buttocks feel numb. He is feeling somewhat similar, but he cannot relief himself. Whenever he is feeling really close, he feels sharp pain on his pelvis. The pain lasts for sometime until it disappears.

Another wave of shocks pierce his groin from the inside. They work their magic to his body. With a feeling of trepidation, James is feeling that his groin is swelling again. He yelps at the discomfort. Then, he feels the sharp pang at his pelvis. At the same the player plays the sound of a boy in pain. James is jealous at that boy. He could scream his pain out while James’ is muffled. He cries to the gag nonetheless. The thing inside him starts changing it current. It is sharper and more directed to his groin. He screams against the gag as they pierce him from the inside. Just when he feels he cannot take it anymore, suddenly he remembers Mr. Fassbender, his music teacher. The image evokes warm memory. James succumbs to the memory as his consciousness slips away.

Michael arrives at the cabin. He looks at the monitor and sees that James laying on his back without moving. He takes his time with the preparations. When he is ready, he enters the room.

He turns on the light and walks toward the bed. The sheet is soiled with perspiration. He need to change it. He check the urine bag and his heart leaps with joy. Beside the yellowish clear urine, it also contains milky white liquid, swirling in the bag.

“IT must be a cum feast here,” Michael grins, “Too bad I missed this party.”

He changes the bag with the new one. Then, his attention moves toward the laying figure in the bed. His eyes are fixed on the anus where the butt plug is secured and long black wires emerges from the body. James hardly make any move. At first he thought James is sleeping but it is impossible with the egg inside him. When Michael realized that James is laying unconscious, he panics. He quickly
removes the plug and the eggs. Then, he removes the hood and the gag. He also releases the hands and cradles James in his arms. He uses smelling salt. When James sneezes, he puts oxygen mask on his nose and mouth. He is so relief that the boy is gaining his consciousness back.

James is on all four on a metallic table. His hands and feet are chained to the table. A plug is inserted to his hole. The plug is connected by a tube to a bottle of nutrient solution hanging beside the table. It is feeding time. When Michael opens the tap, the liquid is running from the bottle into his body. James squirms. Michael stands unmoved. There is delight in those steel colored eyes.

He licks his lips and says, “From now on, you’ll be fed through your anus only, though you can drink water.”

James cries out hits his gag. He feels pain on his stretched abdomen but Michael spares no mercy. A large amount of liquid is rushing into his body. His abdomen begins to swell. He makes futile attempts escape. The chain is made of steel, cold and unfeeling. The only way to stop it is when the bottle is empty.

Only then, Michael sealed the plug and removes the tube. To secure the plug from moving, he puts James on a specialized tight rubber pants. He adjusts the restraint so James can lay on the table. He glances at his shivering prey. Michael can only imagine the boy’s expression beneath the hood. His stomach bulge, like a pregnant girl. He begins questioning himself whether he has a kink seeing his boy getting pregnant. He is shivering at the thought.

“Let’s wait until your body takes that liquid in.” He pats the swollen stomach.

The boy begins thrashing on the table. His despaired and muffled screams sounds like a music to Michael ear. He tries to tear the binding without success. He keeps thrashing until his energy is spent.

End of Chapter 2
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

To Michael, James has both the most delicate and stubborn body. His body is stubborn to any anal training. No matter what he does, the hole always shut tightly on the next day. But James' body is very delicate. He will pass out if Michael overdo his training. He needs to stay with with his captive in case James' health issue arises. It is hopeless for Michael but he does not want to dispose James.

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Michael is watching James surrenders himself to his bodily function. It is the most human thing, Michael only exploits and manipulates it. He is watching the chest and the swollen stomach heaving. Saliva is dripping to the table yet James continues screaming through his gag. He is writhing in pain, the body is not accostumed to revese feeding. It is absorbing at the same time releasing the solution.

James is laying helpless on the metal table, waiting for his body to absorb the solution. Michael knows that most of the nutrient will be expelled out. He has a choice whether to redo the feeding or to try something else.

He is weighing the consequences as he is watching the young body expels some of the nutrients. Michael cleans James meticulously, he even brushes James’ teeth and changes his gag. James is most compliant. He is too exhausted to fight. He even lets Michael to carry him to the bedroom.

Michael puts him on the bed. Seeing James’ exhaustion and lack of struggle, he does not immedietly chains the boy as usual. He lets James to move a bit on the bed. The sheet, the duvet, and mattress protector are fresh. Michael changed when James was writhing on the table with swollen stomach.

He would love to watch James unchained for time to time. But he needs to get some change and he cannot risk James escaping. So, he takes James wrists and fixes it on each ankle and chained the left ankle to the bed. When, he finishes, he is ready to get some change.

Michael biggest fear is leaving any trail that will lead back to him. That is the main reason why he is meticulous about hygiene and other things. One, he makes body contact with his victims, he wears a full-body polyurethane suit. He does not want his victims, in case they escape could recognise him. Two, he never penetrates his victim without a condom on and always clean them with enemas. To himself, he cleans with a hygiene standard of a surgeon.

Ideally he wants to train James using another metal egg but he does not want to risk James passing out once more. So, this time he needs to resort to another method. The method that requires him to put his full-body suit and mask on.

The suit is black and tight. It is polyurethane instead of latex because the material gives out body
warmth. It allows him the flexibility he needs. There is a zipper on his crotch area but he does not want to use it today. The mask he is wearing is a full head mask made out the same material. It covers his mouth and nose. It has a film over his eye area.

When he enters the room, James is laying on his side with his back facing Michael. He startles when Michael sits on the bed but does not turn his back. He clenches his fist and tries to pull himself free without success.

Michael puts a medium sized rectangular metal case on the night stand. He opens the lid and prepares his equipments. He also prepares some breathing aid in case James needs it. He pulls the boy to sits on his laps and removes the hood.

The boy is beautiful. His body is smooth and supple. He is toned from doing gymnastic and swimming. His nipples are pale pink and small, too small for anything but licking. If Michael wants to piece them, he will need to enlarge them a bit. For now, they are not suitable for biting or piercing. The red lips sets contrast to the pale skin. Michael misses seeing James’ eyes. He brushes strands of hair from the face. The hair is soft and it is getting longer.

James is shivering in his arms. Michael pulls him closer and cradles him. He lets James rests his head on his shoulder. Michael starts with giving the boy a massage. He is trying to relieve the tension on the upper body before moving downward to the lower body.

When his fingers pries on the crotch, James begins to fight. Michael has to use his right arm’s strong grip to secure the boy. His fingers are gripping the boy’s neck, ready to strangle him unless he stops struggling. With his other arm, Michael continues massaging James crotch. He is generous with lubes. He loves the size, the smooth and soft texture. He presses, pulls, squeezes, and tests it. The struggle turns into whimpering and writhing and the penis starts to swell. It is a shy and boyish erection. Michael cups the twin globles and remembers that he needs to give some injections to the scrotums.

He checks the hole. It is only make a slight gap from the feeding. He adds more lubes and making circular motions on the hole. Yet, James screams hits the gag even before Michael’s finger slides inside.

The porn is still blaring at the background. Michael learns to control himself but it is not the same case with James.

Michael pulls out and inserts two fingers, probing for the spot. But he does not want to massage the spot today. He has another plan. From the metal case, the produces a long black silicon probe, only as big as his finger but longer. He presses the hole with his index finger and slides the probe inside. He adjust the position a bit. James jolts at the object inserted into his body. He is trying to expel it out but Michael is holding the other end of the probe, he begins to move.

He pumps and twists the probe, ignoring the silenced screams. When the probes starts sliding easily, Michael knows that James is ready for the bigger probe. This one is a two inches in diameter. It is still the smallest he ever uses to his victims. He normally uses the big one and he hardly care whether their bodies could take it or not.

The two inches is not easy to begin with but after several thrusts, it slides in and out easily. Michael removes it. James is sweating in his arms. He likes the boy’s natural odor, sweet and musky. He takes the anal bead string. It is medium sized but the hole rejects it. He put more lubes. His fingers pries the whole open and pushes the metal bead inside.

James lets out the loudest scream he could manage against the gag. His body trembles as sweat
breaks into his forehead. He can feels more balls being inserted into his body. He wriggles his muscles, trying to remove them. But his captor continues pushing them inside. He is struggling though Michael’s grip is strong on his throat. He is gasping for air. It is difficult to breath. He feels dizzy and begins to dream. In his dream is about Mr. Fassbender again.

Michael notices that James is having a hallucination from the asphyxiation when he sees the cock starts pulsating. He release his grip and removes the gag. The beads are all inside but the handle. Michael reaches for the gas mask. He ties it around the boy’s head. When the tap is turned on, he watches the young too busy catching his breath that he forgets to scream. Michael smirks and thinks whether he need to do breathing remodelling to the boy.

Michael allows James to enjoy. When he feels the youth muscles relaxing, break time is over. He is slowly turning the oxygen tap off. James begins gasping and his body is struggling under Michael’s grip. He cries something inaudible. Michael begins to painfully pull out the beads. When the boy’s struggles weakens, he will turn the tap on and lets air flow. He enjoys the boys painful-pleasure expression and the small hips’ violent thrusts, the promise of erotic delights.

James is completely spent when he pops out the last metal bead. His lips are free from the gag but he hardly can make any sounds, only panting and puffing. His penis is burning in pain and his body is too weak to sit on his own. He is supported by his captor. He feels the grip loosened and his body slides to the bed. His captor releases his wrist from his ankle. He could have run but he has no more energy.

He knows his captor is carrying him to the bathroom for cleaning then back to the room for water. It is the same routine he begins to catch. James feels thirsty.

“Water..please..” James whispers. He is not sure whether the captor hears it.

He feels his body being seated with a belt around his chest, waist, and thigh. The blindfold hardly removed, he cannot see what his captor is doing to him.

“I need you to take a deep breath and relax.” he hears the captor speaks to him as he feels a tube being pushed through his mouth down to his throat.

James nearly chokes himself. He coughs a few time. It is so painful that he begins to cry. His captor waits then pushes the tube deeper until James cannot feel it. The tube is taped on his mouth.

Michael does not like oral feeding. It creates so many complications. Some of his victims died from choking and some struggles so much that the food enters the lungs. But, the boy was begging for water and most of his food has gone to the latrine. He is too weak and shows signs of dehydration. Michael decides to use clear solution. He is relief knowing that is pliant until the bottle is empty.

After feeding, he cleans and carries his boy to the bedroom. He stays a little longer, watching any sign if the young body rejects the solution. After almost an hour, he finds nothing. He chains James to the bed and ready to leave. Michael knows that he is late. He better has very good excuses unless he wants his wife to be suspicious.

Michael wife is unhappy that her husband coming home late. But seeing fatique in her husband eyes, she does not fuss. Her husband has gentle temparetament and hardly getting angry but there are times when he looks as life life has been sucked out from him. Sadly, he never tells her what is bothering him. All he said that he feels tired. He will rest in his studyroom and asks not to be bothered. But, even in his lowest mood, Michael is always be caring and gentle to his feamily.
But this time, he looks really awful. When, his condition does not improve after three days, she suggests that he takes a couple days off, going camping or fishing. Listening to his wife, Michael nods along and tells her that he will ask the Principal for a few days off.

Deep inside, he is celebrating. Unlike him, his wife and son are very much city persons who dislike being in a nature for more than a day. They get uncomfortable sleeping in tent or under the star and the nocturnal animals scared them. So, usually Michael will go enjoying nature alone.

End of Chapter 3
Chapter 4

There are several things that excite Michael today. First, he is going to ask for a five days holiday. He knows the School will not reject his request. They just need some time to find a replacement teacher and deals with other administrative issues. He is looking forward for the holiday. This is his time alone, his wife already stated that. He tells her that he is going fishing, of course he will not tell her the details.

Second, he just received new supplies. As he opens the box, he feels like Christmas. Inside, there are several items: a polyurethane hood with detachable cock gag and long tube, some inflatables, an anal hook, lots of lubes, and sleeves.

The device he most looking forward is the inflatables. One of them is the smallest, about less than an inch in diameter but it can be inflated up to four inches. Up until now, Michael cannot use anything beyond a two inch insert able. It will not enter.

Michael looks at the sleeves. There two kinds of sleeves: the soft clingy egg that can expands and the hollow sleeve. He is much more interested with the hollow sleeve. It has a shape of a dildo with hollow in the middle. It is about 4 inches in diameter and almost 9 inches long. He is excited but not quite sure how he is going to use it.

Next item he is eager to try is the anal hook. It is a metal bar which curves, similar to a fishing hook, apart from on its tip is a smooth sphere for comfortable anal insertion. The hook has with a looped end, which allows a rope to be tied around it, It is more than just any ordinary insert able but also a device of restraint.

Speaking about restraint, Michael wants to try the humbler on James. He wants to see James in all fours, with his hole stuffed with the metallic smooth dildo, his balls are clipped and restrained, and his penis is forcefully extended and fixed.

When Michael visits the cabin this morning, James is still sleeping. After squirting some water through the tube, Michael turns the boyish body around so he is laying on his chest. The firm buttocks are slightly protruded, offering the hole, like a bud-clasped tightly in its virginity cast. Michael rubs it with his gloved fingers. He is going to use the suction next time.

As he had predicted, the School lets him to have his holiday. Everything is clear when the Agency told them that they have a replacement teacher available on short notice. Michael cannot believe his luck.

The preparation does not take long. He lets his family drops him off at the bus station. He pretends to take a bus to the camping ground. Before the bus enter the freeway, he gets off and hitchhikes back. Then, he takes his truck and drives to the forest.

Once he is with James, he becomes more patient and calm. He takes James to the feeding room and puts a metallic collar on the boy’s neck. It thrills him to see his victim in a collar. It makes him feels as if he owns the boy.

James is placed on the restraint board on all four. The ankle and head were fixed by wooden shackles, followed by the wrist restrained behind the back. His buttocks are raised high. Michael
changes the gag into a cock gag with hollow in the middle for a detachable tube. Today, he is setting James for a double feeding.

Carefully, he inserts the tube through the cock gag, down to the boy’s throat and fixes it on the gag. Then, he moves at James’ rear and applies a generous amount of lube. The boy needs it because the feeding plug is rather big and long. He lets out a long moan as Michael inserts the plug through the orifice. When plug cannot go any further, Michael seals it. He turns on the feeding tab and watches James shifting uncomfortably as liquid rushes into his body. The tube to the orifice is for liquid food while nutrient solution is passed through his mouth.

James is in pain. His inner organs are raging with liquid rushing in both direction. It settles in his stomach, fighting for space in his small body. He feels his stomach expanding. Somewhere along the way, it stops to be painful. He begins to feel the pleasure, the rushing liquid, the feeling of being full, and the movement of the liquid inside his body. James still whimpers, but not for pain only.

After the bottles are empty, Michael does not remove the feeding tubes immediately. Instead, he waits for the body to absorbs the liquid. The boy is still making small moves and whimpers.

Michael removes the cock gag and the feeding tube. He releases James from the shackles and place the boy on the metallic table. He lets the boy curls on the table without putting restraint placed on him. James coughs a couple of time but the food stays inside. The absorption seems to be faster this time. Michael only uses two bottles. He does not want his victim to put on weight. He wants to keep the boy lean.

After he is done with cleaning the boy, Michael carries him to another room. This room is empty. A few stainless steel loops hangs from the ceiling.

Michael is watching James hanging in the middle of the room. His head is fully covered with mask. His breathing tube is connected to the oxygen tank. His hands are tied behind his back, his catheter tube is strapped around his waist. The anal hook is loosely inserted to his hole. He is balancing his body on his toes. If he lowers his body down, the hook will dig deep inside his hole, impaling him.

Michael is watching the boy with lust in his eyes. Deep inside, he marvels the boy’s endurance. It makes the wait worth more.

After more than half an hour, James finally lowers himself. He hears the boy whimpers as he settles on his feet. Michael is watching the hook disappears into the young hole. There is a glint of satisfaction in his eyes but Michael doesn't want to stop there.

He pulls the rope that bind the boy, raising the body a few inches above the floor. Now, the boy is standing on his toes again.

James tries to scream through the mask. He feels the cool metal grazing on his inner wall and his body being pulled upward. Now, he's back to the uncomfortable position.

Michael loves the sight that James is nearly hung by his hole. He licks his lips as he's approaching closer to James to examine the boy closely; the sweaty body, the taunt bottom, & the half erect penis.

Michael wants to do something to that boyish penis. It has a beautiful shape but too small for his taste. He'll need to pump it, same thing with those twin globes. The nipples are smallish, too. It seems he needs to do some remodeling. It will be interesting to watch the boy manages multiple suctions at once. The thought excites him.
For now, he has another plan. In his palm, he holds the metallic bullet with silvery chain attached at its end. It is vibrating on his palm. Using his other hand, he squeezes the taunt bottom. His fingers are prying on the hooked hole. It clamped tightly around the hook but he manages to slip the bullet inside, the chain dangling outside. He smirks when he hears James’ muffled screams.

Putting the hook and the bullet was impossible with his other victims. Despite them being young boys, their holes stretched easily. The bullet hardly stayed put inside them, it always slips away. Until he found this boy, whose hole always clamps tightly.

Michael wants to push the matter further. He wants to see how far James can endure and raise his threshold of pleasure. His hands reaches for the oxygen tap and slowly reducing the air supply. James begins to writhe. He is fighting to breath but his fighting is restricted by the hook. To Michael’s delight, the penis begins to harden and lengthen. He continues to play with the oxygen supply until he sees milky liquid running through the catheter tube. Only then, he turns the tap on and releases James.

At first, he wants to remove the hook and the bullet but he sees more cum running through the tube. So, he changes his mind. He replaces the long rope with shorter red rope, attaches the red rope to the loop at the end of the hook and fixes it on James’ collar. The boy remains hooked to the neck.

Michael only releases him when James stops cumming and the bag is nearly bursting. By that time the boy is thoroughly exhausted to fight as his captor removes his binding, the hook and bullet.

Carefully, he removes the catheter. James lets out a sigh of relief. Michael puts a condom on the boy’s penis. He knows that boys usually cum after asphyxiation. He does not want any splatter in the room. After James is spent, he removes the condom.

James cannot see what happens to himself. His mask is still fixed and he is still breathing from the tube. But he just experienced a thrilling release. The heat that has been pooling on his groin was finally been released. It feels slightly painful but pleasurable, too. After the release, he feels like life has been sucked out from his body. He feels so weak that he cannot struggle when his hands are release from bondage. He is laying where he is as his captor massaging his body. He is still weak when he hears a familiar clicking sounds. His arms and legs have hoisted to separated handlers and his body is lifted. Once again, he is hung suspended in the air with his arms and legs spread apart.

Michael takes three glass cylinders from the container. Two small cylinders are for the nipples. The longest one is for the penis, and the smallest one is for the anus. He pours a lot of lubes on the parts. He attaches each cylinder to a small tube and connects those small tubes to a vacuum pump. The cylinders are warm, it helps the suction. He places each cylinder on each nipple, penis and anus and he pulls the lever. James was crying underneath the mask as his some parts of his body is being pulled and swelled inside the cylinders. Michael pulls more. Then, he waits and watch those body parts blossom in size.

His wait lasts for less than ten minutes before removing the cylinders. He rubs ice cubes on the nipple. They are pinkish and ripe, like wild berries. Michael cannot stop himself from licking them. His lips lightly graze those tiny buds before they clamp on one. But they are still small. He needs to repeat the suction tomorrow. Next, he marvels at the boy’s penis. It is now at the size that suit Michael’s taste. He rubs it, squeezes it, and pulls it. It is more sensitive. He presses his thumb on the tip. James muffled moans are music to his ears. For a split second, he thinks of doing sounding to the boy and seeing how much the urethra can expand. Last is the orifice. It has bloomed like flower, with a tiny gap in the middle. Michael slides his pinky inside. James yelps and the gap closes, squeezing Michael’s finger inside. James yelps again when Michael pulls out his finger.
Michael looks at the clock. It is late. There are so many he has done for today. He does not want to rush everything, his holiday just begins.

He releases James from the restraint and the mask. The boy breathes the air with his nose again. He is exhausted but gulps water when Michael pushes a straw to his mouth. When he finishes, Michael rubs those raspy red lips. He wonders how it feels to have those lips around his penis. He carries the boy to the bedroom.

Michael chains the boy’s wrists and ankles to the bed. He decides to use longer chain to allow some movements. James whines softly when Michael put back the catheter. He can feel the body is shivering. The truth is he wants to sleep next to James, or maybe he can.

Michael takes out the electro egg and pours cool lubes on it. He rubs some lubes on the boy’s swollen hole. James is whimpering in anticipation of what is coming. He moans as the egg slides into his body and rest on his spot. Michael turn it on. He is watching his boy as the current hits the boy by the spot. This time he is staying.

End of Chapter 4
Michael considers himself lucky when he has time to sleep with his victims. With James he feels he has passed the threshold of luck.

Tonight, Michael does not sleep. He is watching James writhing and whimpering next to him while he plays with the control. When he presses “low”, James moans and squirms. When he starts to get used to the sensation, Michael will press “high” and watches the boy jolts and jerk violently in the restraint. When he sees the ball is peeping out, he will push it back inside.

Michael licks his lips. The boy is in constant arousal. He grabs the boyish penis, caresses it, looking for spots for piercings and other modifications. He pulls the foreskin with a such distaste. Although he can perform circumcision, he never has done it before to his victims. He had performed sub incision, an incision from the urethral opening to the base of the shaft, for one of his patient long time ago.

One question remains, how long he wants to keep James before disposing the body into the river. He can make any modification but why such efforts when he will keep the boy less than two weeks.

In the beginning, he plans only to keep James for two weeks, may be three if possible. During that duration, he will train the boy to give him the most satisfaction. He will enlarge the boy’s holes to the point able for extreme penetrations, including fisting. He wants to fill the boy with his own cum and Michael’s cum.

He wanted to train the boy to experience the most extreme taste of pleasure and made him addicted to it. When the time come, Michael will take the boy’s life while he is in the peak of ecstasy.

But now, Michael is unsure what he wants from James. His mind is wondering for the answer until it becomes tired and he falls into a deep slumber.

When he wakes up, it is already morning. The egg is glistening on the bed. He should have put two eggs instead of one.

James is sleeping next to him. His chest rises and falls evenly. Without realizing, Michael’s fingers begin to roam on the young body, feeling the smoothness. The skin is soft from youth and still moist from perspiration. His hands trails from the thigh, the waist, and ends on the neck. The beauty overwhelms him with the urge to see the boy’s face. He takes of the mask and the gag. The beauty enraptured him over and over again. Somehow, it makes him feels sad but relief.

Suddenly James is awakened. He is murmuring and squirming then he begins to fight. He kicks and pulls the restraint. This time, James puts all efforts to fight him. Although his eyes are covered, his arms grapples for Michael, and his feet kicks. He is screaming and shouting. The chain is creaking at his struggles. Despite knowing James' helplessness, Michael fights him. He fights not to subdued the boy but purely for his pleasure of body contact. He wants longer fights. The fight delights him, arouses him. He wants to know how long the boy will last until he surrenders.

When James finally succumbs into the fatigue of futile fight, Michael puts his arms around the boy. He hears James crying in despair as he kisses the brown hair. James continues sobbing during his enema and even after Michael cleans him. Michael thinks it would be safer if he gets anal feeding since he might choke if fed orally. Yet, it will be nothing but liquid nutrition similar to IV. He is very tight, it is difficult to insert the plug. Michael uses a longer, thicker, and more flexible plug. He pushes harder. The boy yelps. Feeding today is very slow.
Once in the bedroom, James’ quite sobbing turns into another feisty fights. It worries Michael because he does not put the boy on restraints. The fight reminds him to his previous victim, who fought him until the last breath. Michael remembers the tube he keeps on the nightstand bottom drawer, a tube of tranquilizer.

He crushes James under his weight. He ties the wrists to the bedpost. When James’ movement is limited, he takes out a small metal box from the drawer beside the bed. Inside the box is syringe but instead of a needle, it has a plug. Michael lifts James’ legs, exposing his anus and injects the content. James fights subdued. He becomes more calm and pliant. His breaths are even and rhythmic, as he falls unconscious. Michael smiles and caresses the boy’s hair.

He left James’ bedroom and when he comes back, he brings a tray of equipment, among various equipment, there are long, transparent, tubes. Michael looks at James. He takes blindfold off and wipes the remaining tears from the face. Michael takes the pillow and arranges the boy’s head position.

Then, he inserts a flexible plastic tube into each nose. He listens to James breathing through a stethoscope to make sure that the tube is in the right place. Only then he puts the full head mask on James and seals the tubes on the nose hole. The mouth hole is remained uncovered. The tube is connected to an oxygen tank.

His attention is to the penis. Among all James’ body parts, the penis and nipples are those that displeases him. He examines the penis, it is still tender from the milking. He wants to remove the foreskin and do frenectomy, giving it a shape of mushroom. Also, he wants to sear the underside from the head to the base, removing the boy’s ability to urinate standing. He needs to think about it later.

Michael is watching his work. His fingers caress the boy’s red plump lips. Today, he wants to train that mouth but he needs to wait until James is conscious. Meanwhile, he has another things to do.

When Michael returns to the bedroom, James starts stirring. His act is quick. He inserts a soft and flexible toy into the mouth and lightly presses the tongue. The toy is small, it is only less than 1 inches in diameter but long. The toy is too small to choke James but it is big enough to gag him. Michael grins at the sound of gagged moans. He is rotating and shifting the toy, making James get used to the object inside him mouth. When he feels that the boy does not resist, he begins to push it deeper. The boy has a virgin’s mouth, it is a slow progression but Michael is patient, very patient. He keeps shifting, rotating, pulling and pushing until a quarter of the length is inside.

Michael checks the boy’s breathing when everything is alright, he breathes in relief. None of his other boys could take that much length inside without fainting or having other complication. His eyes shines in delight when he sees James is half erect. Michael continues playing with the toy, gently pulling and pushing-ravishing the boyish mouth and throat.

Until he begins to be aware of the full erection, the boy is about to come. Then, he puts hard pillows on James’s lower back, raising his bottom to the air, and replaces the suction with a sleeve. The plug has a long tube and plug. The plug goes into the boy’s anus. The sleeve wraps the penis tighter than a condom. The balls are hanging loose.

Michael’s thumbs were caressing the scrotum with his palms flat, and fingers on the lower abs. His fingertips are brushing across the ball sack and slowly moving the nuts around. His other hand wrapped around the hardening cock. The boy jolts and thrust his crotch into the air.

Michael smirks, “This one learns faster than the previous one.”
He continues stroking and playing with the boy’s ball. His grip is tight. The cock is throbbing in his hand. He moves his thumb, teasing that sensitive spot right beneath the head. His other hand was lifting up the balls and rolling them in his palm. His fingertips are pressing at the underside. He watches the boy squirm with pleasure. He watches James thrusting his hips wildly. Michael laughs and tightens his grip, resuming his slow stroking action, but now even slower. He hears James moaned against the toy as his muffled groans become more rhythmic, matching with Michael’s ministration until his body becomes tensed in the tremor of ecstasy.

James body convulsed as milky liquid is rushing through the tube into the anus. Michael smirks as he hears the boy screams through the toy, knowing the heated stream of milk is entering the boy’s body. He can feel the burning sensation and the pleasure being filled with fresh cum but he does not stop. He continues milking. It is hard and fast, although James is already dry and exhausted.

When there is nothing of the boy than a trembling body and limp penis, Michael takes out a syringe from the metal box and injects the scrotum and the neck. He inserts the new electro-eggs and sets it to “medium” while continues squeezing the penis until it comes alive once again.

James is squirming in his restraint. His captor has put the mask on again. He cannot see but he can feel something inside his nose. He was about to cry out when a thing was pushed into his mouth. In the beginning, he gagged but slowly he gets used to it. Suddenly he remembers one of the video his parents had watched. It showed a woman and a man. The man puts his penis into the woman’s mouth. She takes it with delight. James is thinking about Mr. Fassbender. In his mind, he is like that woman while Mr. Fassbinder is the man and he is doing the same thing.

Then, his captor puts something on his penis, something warm and tight and he begins touching. James squirms and moans. The voice coming out of his mouth sounds unnatural. The touch becomes more demanding. James’ muscles starts to contract as he falls into a raging, thrusting orgasm. His body is convulsing in orgasm for 10 seconds before he finally releases.

But, there is something different this time. The hot stream of his release is rushing back into him through his anus. James cries at the sudden heat. He gasps through the toy each time his body contracts, forcing another jet of sperm back into his gut. It is an intense orgasm. James feels he is caught in the wave of pain and pleasure until he is drowned into it. He is awakened only to succumb and drifted into another waves of pleasure.

Michael stops when James passes out. He pumps more oxygen into the boy’s lungs until he regains his consciousness. He removes the toy, the egg and the sleeve. He keeps the tube intact. James is still coming. The drug is too potent for him.

End of Chapter 5
Chapter 6

Michael finished his meal of fish, potatoes, and vegetables. It was a good meal that left him feeling satiated. He is brushing his teeth when he is thinking about sharing a meal with James. The boy must have missed the taste of real food. Since he is being captive, Michael only feed him from the packages, either orally, anally, or both. Michael is wondering if the boy will take real food.

The question remains even after he showered. But it disappears when Michael sees some unused toys in his box. His eyes glistens at the sight of a long inflatable tube and a spreader. He examines the spreader, an oblong metallic object used to expand the orifice. It might be useful since James is too tight and too small, sometimes it scares Michael that he could tear the boy. He takes the box and its content with him.

In the bedroom, James is already awake but he is more quite and pliant today. Michael removes the sleeve. A few drops drips from the boyish shaft. There are some crust forming around the shaft. Next, he removes the tube from the orifice. Thick milky liquid is gushing out as the tube is pulled out. James sighs but makes no more sounds as Michael takes him for cleaning.

This time, Michael is using a different kind of solution for enema. It is stronger, he wants the rectum completely clean from the crust. Drying crust can be painful to pass. He watches James squirming and crying. Michael inserts his finger to check whether there is rectal bleeding. When he is satisfied with the result, he wipes James clean.

Then, puts James into seating position. He fastens the body on the chair, hands tied, and legs spread. He caresses James’ trembling body. The boy seems to be tired from crying, he is whispering something inaudible. Michael is tempted to kiss those trembling lips. But he remembers he has to finish this. Gently, he inserts a long tiny tube into James’ shaft. James is crying in pain and begging him to stop but Michael continues pushing the tube in until it reaches the bladder sac.

“You’ll thank me later.” Michael whispers as he connects the tube to a package of clear liquid and starts the liquid running.

James throws his head back. His face is contorted into a mixture of twisted pleasure. Michael twirls his tongue as he is watching the boy squirming. Penile rehydration can be quite a thing. The sensation of running liquid from the urethra to the bladder is painful and pleasurable. He wants James to savor the moment. Michael leaves to clean the bedroom.

When he finished the chores, the bottle is nearly empty. James’ head is hanging low. His shaft is tensed from delayed bladder. Michael is enjoying the sight. He wants to play with the boy’s orifice while his bladder is full, teasing. But may be not today. He replaces the bottle with urine bag and lets James to relieve himself.

James’ behavior never ceases to cause him wonder. One day, James is feisty and rebellious but sometimes quite and pliant. Like today, James does not fight when Michael pushes the feeding tube through his mouth. Feeding is quick and easy today. Michael wonders whether he is beginning to break the boy. He is afraid knowing the answer.

Michael likes his victims to be feisty and rebellious. He wants them to fight him and think that they may able to escape. He likes wrestling against the young body, feeling their youthful spirit filling the
void in his soul.

Pliant victims hardly interest him. They are nothing but empty sex dolls, soulless and tasteless. That is why he kills them once they are broken and unable to fight back. He expects more from James. He expected that the boy’s spirit will last much longer.

His fear is mounting when he puts James on the bed and connects the nasal tubes into oxygen tank. He breathes through the tube without a fight, even he inserted two eggs and turns them on. James only grips the bed railings and moans.

Fear overcomes Michael. He turns the power to “high” and straddles the boy, expecting the boy to fight him. But James does not even scream. His mouth opens, gasping from the pain of the electro eggs. Michael squeezes those mouth. He wants James to at least scream in anger or for help.

But James only murmurs something. Michael is unsure of what he hears from the boy’s lips but he shifts. He is straddling James but supports his own weight. He unzips the crotch area of his suit. His penis stands erect and proud, pre-cums glistens at the tip like pearls. After he puts the condom on, he brushes his penis on James’ mouth. He does not push in, only the tip on the boy’s lips.

To his surprise, James opens his mouth and takes him in. Michael moans in delight as his length disappears into the boy’s mouth, the mouth so warm and wet. The mouth is too small and narrow for Michael’s size and length, that is likely to slithers down to the boy’s throat. The tongue is soft, curling gently around his shaft. Those red lips are tightly closing. His is quite impressive in size and length but James takes him without trouble.

Michael grips the railing. The delight is overwhelming him. He cannot remember the last time he feels similar sensation with such intensity. After he regains himself, he starts to pull out. That mouth clamps his shaft and the tongue twirls on the length. Stars explode in Michael’s eyes. He nearly loses his balance. He looks at James. The boy’s mouth encircles the tip of his shaft, sucking it. He makes loud slurping sounds as Michael lower himself to the hilt. Michael knows that his length is blocking the boy’s air passage and without the nasal tubes, James would have been choked. He stays on that position, allowing himself to savor the moment.

Then, he pulls out completely. His wet shaft is hanging a few inches above the boy’s mouth. He is curious on what James will do. In turn, James opens his mouth wide and extends his tongue out, lapping on the air in searching for the source of heat. When he finds it, the tip of his tongue touches the tip of Michael’s penis.

The tongue begins lapping the tip and swirls as far as it can reach. When it cannot go very far, the tongue teases the piss slit, pushing through the condom. Michael gasps for more air. None of his victims ever did that to him. As he lower himself, the tongue swirls, the mouth sucks, and the lips clamps so tight that Michael loses control and rides the boy’s mouth in an ecstasy he never experiences before.

Later that day, Michael checks for James’ mouth and throat. He smiles when he finds no injury. James is breathing normally through the nasal tubes. His fingers caress the boy’s raspy red lips and marvels at wonder those lips have done to him, in unimaginable pleasure.

The pleasure amazes him every time it pops into his head. Each time he remembers, his body repeats the sensation.

Michael pries the mouth opens and inserts his fingers inside, probing. His fingers trickled deep to the tip of the throat before he pulls out. He watches the saliva dripping. But he is not satisfied. He uses
laryngoscope to pry the mouth. Again, he does not get the answer he is searching for. He leaves.

When he enters, he brings a tray of equipment with him. After he secured James’ arms and legs, he inserts a long plastic tube into the mouth. The end of the tube is bigger than long pipe that disappears into the boy’s throat. Michael fixes it on the mouth, making it slightly open, and closes the hollow tube.

His mind is divided between killing James or keeping him alive. If he keeps James alive, he must keep then boy in the log cabin. But, others might find the boy or James might escape and investigation could lead to Michael. His holiday leave is about to end. He must return to his job.

It means, he cannot watch James all the time and the risks are growing. The safest solution is to kill the boy just before he returns to office. In the meantime, he can enjoy the boy.

The choice made him relax. James is his best catch but his time is running out. Michael knows killing the boy will break his heart, he might never recover. His future is bleak without James but life is always been bleak for Michael.

His choice has made him do something that he never does with his other victims, lying naked with James. He removes his mask but keep the full-headed mask on James, sealed with only Michael can remove it. The nasal tubes are still attached to his nostrils and attached to oxygen tank. He replaces James’ restraints with a metallic collar attached to the bed railing. He lets James’ hands and feet free. Those hands are curious. Michael enjoys watching those curious fingers explore his body. Those hands are clinging on Michael as the body is being milked rather too rough.

A thought occurs inside his mind when he unplugs the tube from the boy’s orifice and watches thick milky slithering out on the thigh down to the bed sheet. The hole, slightly gaping from the stretch that the plug gave, emits warmth.

Michael dips his fingers inside. Inside is hot and slippery with more thick liquid remain. He finds the sweet spot is already become more sensitive and enlarged. He hears James moans through his oral tube, his fingers braces the railings. Michael quickly secures the hands on the railing.

There is something he wants to try. He replaces the penile tube with a clean tube, inserted to his bladder sac, and a bottle of solution and sets the current into “high”. Michael wants to fill bladder quick. He ignores James’s cries and struggles. When the bottle is empty he removes the tube and seals the urethra with a stopper, preventing any leak from the penis. By this time, the boy has an overwhelming feeling to urinate but he can let it to happen.

He puts James in all four, his arms stretches to the railings, his head low, but his buttocks raised high. Using a spreader, he opens the orifice wide enough to accommodate his length and size. He lubricates himself and pushes the tip against the gaping ring. When he breaches in, he removes the spreader.

He is pushing slowly and stops when his length is buried to the base. His balls are hanging and pressed against the James’ balls. Inside is a hot and slippery wet. Though James relaxes his muscles, he is still tight. When he pulls out, the muscles contract and squeeze his penis. Michael screams in pain. His vision blacks for a moment or two. When he regains himself, he begins moving.

It is slow movements. When he pushes in, it is all slippery and easy. But when he pulls out, it is hot
and tight. Michael feels that it is him who is being milked. It is tortuously delightful. After a few more deep thrust, James starts picking the rhythm. Both of them are lost in the wave of their carnal pleasure.

Today is his last day. Tomorrow he must returns to his family, his job, and his life. Throughout his time, he has taken James many times and fed the boy his cum. Sometimes, he takes the boy straight after feeding. Michael loves the sight of James squirming with bloated stomach. He kissed him in the mouth once or twice. Sometimes, he wishes that both of them could live another life where they can be together.

Michael shifts slightly. His penis is still deep inside the boy. He did not pull out after they collapsed in exhaustion. He begins moving, taking the boy in his sleep.

A thought is running in his head, “At least he won’t die virgin.”

End of Chapter 6
Michael just finishes feeding. For oral feeding, he usually puts James standing with his arms tied above his head. His body is hanging and his legs are slightly off the floor. Michael has to admit it that he is a bit carried out today. He fed James more than he needed. The boy’s stomach swells. This time, it swells a little too big that the stomach is almost covers the boyish penis, mimicking a pregnancy. Seeing the boy hanging with swollen stomach, something ticks inside him.

He stands behind James and caresses the boy’s buttocks. His fingers, wet and slippery from lubes, touch the base of the butt plug. He twists and pulls it out. The butt plug has made James less tight and easier for penetration. Slowly, he begins stretching the boy, one finger, two fingers, until his four slips inside. He ignores James muffled screams, they are music to his ears.

When his four fingers able to slid in and out easily, he replaces his fingers with his penis It feels very tight. He feels the fullness of the boy's guts from the inside and the hot muscles squeezing his shaft. The boy squirms and moans, as his internal organs fighting for space between the over feeding and Michael’s penis size and length. He jerks a few times, trying to remove the penis off him but Michael cooes him.

Michael caresses the swollen stomach. His fingers pries on the protruded navel. He knows that it gives an unusual sensation directly to the groin when it is teased. He wonders what he should do to tease the navel. His fingers pry downward. Lightly brushes the genital and fixed on the thigh.

He spreads the thigh and lifts James off the ground. Then, he begins moving, rough and deep thrusts. That is how he is taking James this time. James is screaming against the tube and Michael is screaming from the hot searing pain on his penis. It feels like a delightful penis torture for him. He has the stamina to go long and hard before he releases himself. But this time, his stamina prolongs his torture. It takes longer for him to come. When he does, he shoots deep into the boys’ bowel.

Michael collapses on the floor. His body is trembling from the aftermath. But once he opens his eyes and sees James still hanging in pain, he gathers his strengths to stand up and care for the boy.

Michael left the cabin after dark, pretending as if he took the last bus. On his way home, he keeps thinking about James. The boy shows that he also enjoys their intercourse. Their rhytms match. On their last hours, Michael removes the tubes and he listens to the sweet whimpering, cries, and moans. The voice drives him crazy.

He supposed to killed the boy when he was at the peak of ecstasy. But he cannot bring himself to do it when James took him by the mouth. The taste of that sweet and warm mouth is beyond all kind of pleasures he had experienced. Instead of killing him, Michael exploded inside that sweet mouth, James swallowed his load. By then, he was too spent.

After a good rest, Michael removes the remaining tubes and plugs from James. The boy is still deep asleep. Michael is trailing his knife on the boy’s throat down to his chest. He knows how to do that. Just one stab through the young heart.

But, he cannot do it. He has seen his victims’ face twisted in agony with their eyes wide open. He does not want James to have similar expression. He wants James to die in his sleep but he will need a drug to achieve it, and he does not have the drug. So, he lets the boy lives, at least until he has the drug.
When he wakes up, James notices two things. One is the various tubes in his body has been removed. Two, he notices the quietness of the room. There is no sign of his captor, even the player is turned off. He listens again, this time more attentively. His ears picks up nothing but the sound of nature. His fingers begin to pry open his blindfold. For the first time after so many days, James able to see again.

It was difficult for the first few minutes until he grows accustomed with his surroundings. He begins to examine the place where he is kept. It is a room with various cabinets and curious equipment. He is laying naked on a bed with black latex bedding. His legs are free but his wrists are handcuffed to the bed railings. He tries to squeeze his wrist pass the hand cuff. It is painful but after several attempts his hands are free.

As James is rubbing his wrist, he looks around-searching for any piece of clothing he can wear. He wants to search other rooms but they are all locked. All he can find are a pair of bathroom slippers and a small flashlight.

He opens the door and peers into the forest. It must be early midday but the forest is so dense that only a handful of light pierces through. He can walk until he finds the road. If he is lucky, any forest ranger could find him. James steps out of the cabin.

Michael crushed his mobile phone and destroyed the sim card. His lips are pressed tightly, suppressing tears from rolling on his cheeks. His eyes are wondering, searching for help. But his experience says that Help never comes for people like him.

The last conversation, that he managed to destroy, was with his old acquaintance who agreed to give him the drug.

“You’ll have within two days.” the man on the phone said.

The old acquaintance also gave instructions on how to administer the drug and explained how it worked. The drug is, a combination of strong sedative and pain killer, meant to cause peaceful death. It slows heart rate, brainwave, breathing, and other bodily function. James’ life will end with drips of IV drug that puts him into a slumber from which he would never awaken. It will take a few days. Michael wants to be there until the boy’s last breath.

But the thought of losing James breaks his heart, his lips trembles. Tears are rolling from his eyes and blur his vision. He tries to wipe them but he cannot see much. He is living in a hopeless endless sea of darkness. He realized that nothing else matters to him, neither his seemingly perfect life, his family, nor his job. He feels trapped but unable to get out.

His day drags on but he barely notices it. Everything is on automatic, work, lunch with colleagues, house chores, dinner & dishes, and family small talks. They are good distractions from his pain.

He is waiting for the right time to visit James. He leaves early, giving an excuse that he needs to do extra rounds to burn his tummy flab. The truth is he wants the stop by at a factory outlet to buy James some clothes. It is a long detour but he wants James to wear something decent and he needs to soothe his heart.

The factory outlet is located in another county, where nobody recognizes him. He buys a couple sets of clothes and a pair of shoes. He does not know why he remembers James’ size. He just knows it. His heart bleeds as he is watching the store assistant warping the clothes. Once he is in the car, Michael barely able to stops himself. His fingers grip the wheel until his knuckles turns white. He cries until there is no more tears left and the void in his heart gets bigger. Michael wipes his eyes dry
and starts driving.

It is between the end of the highway and entrance to the road leading to the forest, when he sees something unusual. His headlight picks up something moving. It is not bigger than a deer but it moves on its two legs and carries light. His heart skips a beat. Chills grip his spine and spread throughout his body like a vicious virus. Michael swivels his truck, moving to the same direction to the moving object. His heart is racing. Excitement kicks in. He wants to jump out his truck and runs side by side with the moving object.

It is not long until the object realizes there is a truck nearby. He turns his head toward the road, the blue eyes pierce through the darkness of the night. Then, it moves toward the road.

Michael slows his truck down, matching with the movement of the object. He sees it stumbles a couple of times until it finally reaches the road and falls down. He stops the truck and walks toward the object. His expression is a mixture of fear and excitement.

The object is the boy, completely naked but a pair of slippers on his feet. Michael takes of his coat and puts it on the boy’s shoulder. He pulls the trembling body closed to his chest. As he is carrying the boy to the truck, he can feel the hands cling on his body and hears the boy whispers his name.

James is the only victim who has managed to escape this far. He had managed to fool Michael, pretending to be pliant and obedient while he was just waiting for the right moment to slip his wrist from the hand cuff and run away. He ran into the forest naked, armed only by a dash of hope that someone might find him. Well, someone did found him but he was his captor.

Michael marvels at the boy’s cunning, boldness, and strong sense of survival. None of his previous victim could manage this far. That is why he wants to take a special care to clean James this time.

While James is still unconscious from the drug, Michael empties his bladder and bowel. Then, he feeds him with liquid to re-hydrate his body. When the bottle is empty, Michael strips naked and join him in the bath. He holds the boy to keep the head above the water. He puts James’ head on his chest, he caresses the boy’s cheek and kisses the forehead. There is no penetration. He just wants to feel James’ body against his in the water. Michael takes the leisure of imagining that they were lovers, taking bath together. When he is finishes, he dries James and himself. He puts James on the table. His eyes feasts on the sight of the naked body and his fingers caress the boy’s feature.

In the naked eyes, James looks fragile and needs protecting but deep inside, he is fierce and strong. Today’s event has sparked Michael curiosity. He wants to know James threshold for pain and pleasure. To find out he needs to do a test.

Michael opens the bottom drawer in his cabinet and takes out a sealed box. Inside the box is a black full body polyurethane suit. The suit is custom-made, which he ordered out of rare impulsiveness. He thought he would never use it on his victims, none of them are worth it. Yet, he has been keeping it in a good condition, just for a keepsake. But today, he wants to encase James in the suit to find out how far he can be stretched.

Michael puts each of James’ wrist on shackles hanging on the room. Then he pulls the chain connected to the shackles, pulling James body upward and standing on his tip toes. He takes a closer look at the boy, hanging unconscious and helpless. His fingers runs through the naked body, feeling it smoothness. After today, he will not see James nakedness.

When he is satisfied feeling the boy’s skin, he begins encasing James in the suit, starts with the toes, putting each finger in the suit. Then, he pulls the suit upward, encasing each calf and thigh. He stops
when he reaches the genital area. The suit has two separated sacs for the scrotum and penis. He tucks in the balls inside the sac. The penis sac is detachable. Michael removes it. He tucks in the buttocks. There is a zipped hole for anal penetration. Michael proceeds encasing James’ upper body. To encase the hands, Michael releases it one by one. The full head mask is detachable. It has holes for nose and a zipper for mouth hole but no hole for eyes and ears. Michael puts it in on James’ head like the usual full head mask.

With that, he is finished. Michael looks at James fully encased in suit and in hanging by his hands. He caresses the boy’s body. It feels warm and smooth, skin-like texture.

Then, Michael releases him and puts him on the table where he begins intubations. There is a tube for each nose. Michael controls the amount of air the boy breathes. Then, the feeding tube is fixed on the mouth. The tube is different from the one he used before. Though the long tube has the same width, the tube in the mouth is bigger. It hinders the boy from closing his mouth and making his lips slightly open and sealed with the mask.

Michael looks closely to the boy’s penis. There are many things he wants to do to it. But for now, he puts in the catheter and uses sleeve with long hose to encase the penis and the balls. The catheter tube is inserted into the hose. The end of the hose disappears into the boy’s anus and secured with medical tape.

Then, he takes James and puts the boy on a delivery table. Each leg is put on a stir-up, spread wide, and fixed by the ankle, knees, and thighs. Michael straps the boy’s chest and waist. His arms are secured on each side. The oral tube is connected to water bottle hanging nearby and the nasal tubes are connected to the oxygen tank. Michael checks on the oxygen level. When, the settings satisfy him, he leaves to get something from a cabinet in his room.

He returns with a toolbox look-alike on his hands. He placed it on the floor, just beneath James’ spread legs. From the box, he takes out a long prong and attaches a dildo at the end of the prong. He sets the box in line with James, tests it, and adjusts it so the machine can pump the dildo into the boy without disturbing the hose.

Michael tests it for the last time. He presses the button and watches the machine drives the dildo into the boy’s orifice. His eyes glimmer with excitement as the boy takes the 15 inches long toy into his body. It is not the biggest toy he can use but surely it fills the boy up. There is no escape from that enormous length.

After watching the machine does several thrusts, Michael is finally satisfied. He proceeds to leave the cabin, back to his home. He will need to check on James tomorrow morning. Tomorrow evening will be a big day and he must make some preparations. It is decided that he will not need the drug anymore.

End of Chapter 7
James wakes up with dull pains on his groin. His consciousness is returning slowly. He feels his bottom is wet and inflamed. His tongue tastes the cold and tastelessness of a tube that disappears into his throat. When he breathes, he recognizes the familiar feeling on his nose. At this point he realized that he has been held captive again. He struggles and screamed in vain.

Panic hits his nerve when he realizes that he cannot open his eyes, something is preventing him from seeing. He tries to scream but nothing much comes out from his mouth. He tries to move but finds out that his body is somehow restricted. His body is not only restricted but also fitted into something tight. James rubs his fingers together and feels the unnatural material encasing him. His legs seem to be fixed on something cold and metallic.

James is wondering where he is. Has he returned to his captor’s place? He tries to recall the last things he could remember. He remembers he tried to escape his captor. He was running in the forest with nothing but a pair of slippers and a small torch. Then, he met Mr. Fassbender.

“Was it a dream?” James wonders.

Maybe he never actually left this place. He was just dreaming of escaping and being rescued by Mr. Fassbender. But, was it? He remembers the pair of strong arms carrying him and the broad shoulder that he leaned on. He did see Mr. Fassbender before he feels sleepy and everything turns dark.

“Was he mistaken his captor as Mr. Fassbender?” he thinks.

He yelps as something dull hits a spot deep inside him. It comes from an object being dragged in and out of his body. As the object slithering inside him, he feels hollow but full at the same time. It is painful but it is a different kind of pain. It is a sought after pain. The kind of pain that sparks excitement from deep within him. James becomes unsure if he does not like it. Yet, he lets himself is drowned in the waves of pleasure.

Michael is watching the boy writhing on the table. He is listening to the boy’s muffled moans that escape from those restrained lips. The tightly wrapped penis is making small movements in excitement. He smiles each time he sees milky liquid rushing through the penile hose to the anus. The hole is drenched, liquid spurts out as the machine pumping the toy in and out in a slow and steady rhythm.

It has been at least hours since he is using the machine on James. Michael knows that up to this point, the boy might feel numb, a temporary lost of sensation. Michael does not let the boy to get used to the size of the toy. He increases the size as soon as the toy begins sliding in and out easily. The toy he uses is too big that it creates bulge on the boy’s lower abdomen.

Today is the second day keeping James encased. In the beginning, he wanted to keep James, encased and immobilized, for less than 24 hours. But he had changed his mind.

Scat was not his kink. He treated body waste with an attitude of clinical indifference though he likes watching his victims squirm as they are being filled. Yesterday, after he gave James his enema, he used an anal stretcher to peer into the hole, checking if the boy had any injury. What he saw inside delighted him.

So, he turns the machine off and removes the toy. A glob of liquid drops to the tray. The hole is
gaping in the perfect shape of an “O”, raw and swollen. James shakes his head and mumbles through his oral tube. The breathing indicator shows a sharp hike of oxygen delivered through the tube. His knuckles clenched. Michael puts his palm on the boy’s cheek and kisses the forehead. He caresses the fingers, gently unflinching them. He wonders whether the boy can feel it through the suit. The boy’s fingers grip his fingers. More liquid hits the tray.

Michael does something he does not plan to do. He unzips his pants. His shaft stands erect and dripping. Then, he plunges himself into the hot cavern. It is quick and sharp. James gasps and yelps as the length disappears inside him. He presses his palm on the boy’s lower abdomen, feeling his shaft protruding against the flesh. Michael smirks.

He knows that after several hours of monotone fucking, James’ body gets used to the sensation. It made him feeling numb. But Michael’s shaft is different. It is hot, wet and slick. He stays still, waiting for James to adjust himself. Then, he feels James’ hot sloshing cum on his shaft. Stars explode in his eyes. Michael winces at the pain. His hands grips the oxygen control. If James could see, he would have panicked.

Slowly he turns the control, reducing the air through the tube. The boy starts gasping and struggling for air. He pulls his hands against the restraint, trying to reach his nose in vain. The boyish penis springs alive from asphyxiation. Hot spurt hits Michael’s shaft and nearly causes him to lose his balance. He smiles.

Then, Michael begins to move. Slow deep thrust, making sure he hits the spot. After several thrusts, he turns the control back on. He does not move when the air is flowing through the tubes. He lets the boy to gulps more air and becomes relaxed. The boy’s muscles are squeezing him without mercy. For Michael, this is the delicious pain he has been searching for.

As he is watching James breathing, he imagines impossible scenario of James and him living as lovers. Then, he laughs. It is James who supposed to have hallucination from asphyxiation. Yet, he wonders what James’ hallucinations are. He wonders whether James sees him in his dreams. Michael remembers James mumbled his name when Michael found him in the forest. Whenever he is not gagged, James whispered Michael’s name.

Michael cups the boy’s encased cheeks, his shaft is still buried inside. He looks into the covered eyes, trying to read the boy’s expression. But he gets nothing but animal grunts from the mouth. So, he cuts off the air and begins moving.

James feels the movement stops and the object being pulled out from him. He feels empty as chills rush into his body. There are tingling sensations inside him, at the place where the object had filled him. James feels hollow and he is not quite there, yet. There is a shameful desire creeping inside him: He longs for the feeling of being fulfilled.

Suddenly he feels a hot rod plunging into him. Pain bites him, searing him into two.

Of course, he remembers the rod, the different rod that pierced him the first time. This rod is different from other objects. While other objects are cold, the rod is flaming hot. Other objects, after sometimes, slides in and out easily the way the rod does not. Although the other objects are big, they are lifeless, unlike the rod which can move inside his hole, as if it has a life of its own. It grazes the tiny spot inside him, that he never knew it existed, and makes heat pools painfully on his groin until he can release it.

Then, suddenly he is gasping for air. He starts to panic.
As, he begins feeling lightheaded, his mind brings him back to his parents’ video that he secretly watched with his pants down and his fingers exploring in curiosity. He begins to see Mr. Fassbender exploring his body. He surrenders to the thought. He wishes that his hands are free to hold Mr. Fassbender. He becomes relaxed and his muscles are more welcoming.

Michael is watching James sleeping on the bed. His black body suit blends well with the black latex sheet, as if the boy is one item with the sheet. After their latest intercourse, Michael wants James to fully recover. He has cleaned the boy and tucked his genitals in, locked away from the boyish prying fingers. This time Michael is more careful. He keeps the boy tubed with his neck and wrist chained to the bed.

Michael is preparing to leave the cabin. He is going to meet his acquaintance today. Despite Michael’s refusal, his acquaintance insists that Michael and him must meet. Michael reluctantly agreed. Deep inside, he already made up his mind and no one can change his mind.

The room is bright. The surgical equipment clicks Michael prepares for the surgery. James is lying on the table. The suit is gone. His body is covered with a blanket but exposing only his genital area. The tubes are connected to an oxygen tank nearby. Michael checks the level and pressure. When he is satisfied with the preparation, he caresses James’ hair.

“This won’t be long.” He whispers.

Michael is preparing for the genital modification. He does not only need to shape it to suit his taste but also marking the boy to be his. To achieve these, he wants to do both circumcision and fenulopasty. By then the shaft will have a perfect mushroom shape. But Michael does not want to stop there. He proceeds with searing the underside from the head down to the base. The cut is deep and big enough to open a new passage for penetration.

The wound will need a week or two to heal, no milking during the healing periods. Urinating will be messy so Michael puts him on catheter. Once it heals, either he needs re-training for urinating or to have a catheter in the urethra. In the meantime, Michael can feed the boy with his essence and train the boy’s holes for pleasure. If the boy comes, he must wait until the come is absorbed back by his body. It is a long and painful process. One thing Michael mildly disliked; Once he is healed, because the surgery opens the urethra from the base to the head, any attempt to control liquid evacuation will be difficult. It will drop from the base of his shaft.

Michael dresses James on an over sized t-shirt that hangs slightly above his knees. Underneath that tee, James is bare but the genital bandage. Michael just changed the urine bag and strapped it on the boy’s upper thigh.

So far, there is no complication. The wounds are healing but he still need to be careful. Sex is out of question, even anal penetration. Michael does not want the penis to swell and create complication.

James has been compliant but this time, Michael does not care. He has marked James as his. He wants to mark him further and modified the boy’s body to suit his taste. He wants to pierce the part between the boy’s anus and ball and inserts a golden ring, their union ring. The boy’s nipples need augmentation. Michael likes boyish chest with big nipples.

But for now, he need to be patient. The boy is healing and he needs to observe the boy’s reaction to various treatments.
End of Chapter 8
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry everyone for the very long delay. First, I was stuck until someone gave me good references. But then, I kept revising and changing one scene with another. Anyway, I settle with this one.

For those who are wondering on the tools used in this fics, I already create a twitter account: @drunkardjunkie (http://twitter/drunkardjunkie )
I've uploaded most tools there.

Due to the sensitive content, it's a private account.

If you want to see tools used in this fic, you can send follow request to @drunkardjunkie.

Weeks have passed since the surgery. During those weeks, Michael kept James sensory deprived. He was blindfolded with a headphone, blaring the sound of pleasure to his ears. Michael put James on an oversized hospital gown without pants. He used a bed with hands and ankle straps to bind the boy. He received an oral feeding only. A catheter and an anal tube are used for waste disposal.

Michael came every day to feed cleanses and changes the dressing, but he never touched him sexually. James often whimpered and his length coiling like a snake even on Michael’s slightest touch.

Until the time he knows is the right time to remove the stitches and change the bandage. He straps James, naked, on the delivery table. The boy lays awake without resistance. His legs are spread wide and fixed on each stir up. The hood is covering his head. The breathing tube is connected to a small tank.

He lets out soft moans when Michael pricking of the stitches on the foreskin. To his expectation, the wound heals rapidly without complication. Michael licks his lips at the sight of the shape. Without foreskin and frenulum, the penis keeps the shape even without erection.

He lightly rubs cotton bud on the crown and smiles in excitement when James yelps and jerks his hip. The penis shivers in his palm. He cooed the boy.

“Don’t get too excited, yet," he whispers.

Gently he pulls the boy's penis upward, exposing the underside where he made the cut. The incision slits open the urethra lengthwise, from the urethral opening toward the base. It resembles a hole on the penis underside, big enough for penetration.

Michael dabs the cotton bud on the wound and finds it is already dried. He licks his lips and takes a deep breath. There are so many things he wants to try on the new opening. Michael knows James is ready. He does not need waiting any longer.
After weeks of deprivation, even the slightest touch can make the boy’s cock dances as if it has a life of its own. It is moist. The urethra has been slit open and the pre-cum is dripping from the hole. The scent of the promise of sex and youth’s essence fill the room. Michael wishes he could make James smells his own essence than the poppers.

He is lightly rubbing a buzzing bullet, on the shaft downward toward the balls and the anus. A string of pre-cum is dripping. Beneath the hood, James’ whimpering is pitiful and lewd. His shaft is dancing at the touch. He makes attempts to thrusts his hips forward, but the straps prevent him.

“You like me teasing you.” Michael chuckles.

He presses the vibrating bullet into the new opening. James is squirming, the restraining straps tense at his movements. The boy’s silenced screams awaken his desire. Lust shines in Michael’s eyes. His trousers are getting tighter.

He pulls out the butt plug. The muscle ring contracts then relax. The hole is slightly gaping in the shape of a small “O.” Michael squeezes some lube to his fingers and lightly pressed one finger onto the hole, teasing, before it dives deep into the orifice. One finger is followed with another, until all four are buried deep into the boy’s hole.

Then, he stops and watches James squirming, looking for his own pleasure. He smirks.

“You want me to let you to pleasure yourself.” He whispers, “Not this time.”

He pulls out his four fingers. Whitish liquid sloshes out from the boy’s hole. Beneath the hood, he screams in desperate need. He sees the boy jerks his hips upward and fights his restrained arms and legs. But Michael ignores him.

Today he is preparing James for another surgery, nipple augmentation. It is only a short, small and insignificant surgery. Michael is waiting until James is calm before applying local anaesthesia. He wants James to be awaked but relaxed.

He caresses the hooded head. James is still whimpering. He is making muffled sounds.

“Shhh…After this, you’ll enjoy yourself even more.”

He is drawing circles on each of James nipples. Then, he glances at the clock, counting the minutes. When it is time, he begins making incision. James softly groans. Michael’s eyes diverted toward the boy.

“Is it painful?” He asks, “Bear it just a little longer.”

“You’ll have bigger nipples. They are more sensitive than the ones you have now. You’ll have greater pleasure.”

He hears moans from underneath the hood and sees the boy’s shaft wiggles. There is a pool of milky liquid underneath the boy’s bottom.

“You’re enjoying this don’t you?” Michael grins.

The nipples will recover in after a few days and James will likely recover in 2-4 weeks. After that, Michael plans to put James on a vacuum body encasement and turning him into a gimp.
This surgery will prolong the boy’s sensory deprivation period.

Michael just finished cleaning James. He removed the mask and the tubes for cleaning. James is laying on the bed, meek and pliant. He is shifting his body slightly to ease the tingling feeling lingering on his hole. Heat is rushing throughout his body. His new nipples swells and his penis is coiling impatiently. Soft moans escapes from his lips.

Michael grips his hips, stopping his movements.

“Be a good boy, James. You know I don’t like you pleasuring yourselves. ”

He hears James whines, sees the boy’s rosy cheeks and feels James’ trembling body. The pre-cum leaks from the new hole. The boy is in a desperate need but he needs to learn how to be a good gimp.

James’ eyes are looking through Michael’s mask, trying to unveil his identity. Michael’s attention is already somewhere else. He is busy mixing poppers. When it is ready, he put a mask on James’ face.

“Breath. This will make you feel good. ”

He is watching the boy succumb into the pleasure of the drugs. When he thinks it is enough, he removes the mask. He looks at the boy, swimming in the earthly bliss, and decides it is safe to leave him without tying him up. So, he leaves the room and locks the door.

James groans when he sees his capturer leaving the room. He tries to stop him, but his body feels weak. So, he rests back on the bed. The room is dim. The only light comes from the TV, blaring, showing the training of a rubber boy by two men.

He starts rubbing himself against the sheet. When he realises that his hands and feet are free, he begins to touch himself.

His hands are roaming over his body. He knows his captor has remodelled his body. But there is no mirror in his room for him so see the changes. He depends on the light from the TV and his sense of touch.

He is beginning caressing his face and neck where he can’t find any changes there. His fingers are roaming on his chest. He knows he always has big pecs. Other boys from the Club used to bully him for those pecs that almost looks like a girls breast. He used to hate his pecs until now. He loves their fullness and softness. They give a comforting tingling sensation when touched.

On each of his pecs rest his nipple. He knows his capturer has remodelled them. They are bigger. He can see their size, as big as his a baby’s thumb, always firm, protruding proudly and demanding for attention. He is caressing them, squeezing and pulling them, like his capturer does. He loves his nipples, too. The pleasure shots right to his groin, and multiply there.

One of his hand is starting touching his groin. He squeezes his balls. He doesn’t know exactly what his capturer has done to them. The balls become fuller and rounder, bigger, and more sensitive. They are like two ripe fruits. They are swelling, but he feels no pain.

His penis is next. It used to be encased in a sheath with a catheter plugged in. But not now. Now, it’s
free for him to explore. His attention is on his dilated urethra. The hole is bigger than normal. His capturer has done many things, from using metallic sticks to tiny string beads. The string bead is more painful. That’s why his capturer used it quite often.

James remembers. His capturer used to double feed him with lots of water. One tube feeds directly into his throat while another into his penis. The water will not stop until his stomach swelled. Then, his captor will insert a tiny string bead into his penis. He told James that if he wanted to relieve himself, he must push the bead out. James was writhing in pain and pleasure on the metallic table until the bead dropped into the table. Then, his capturer let him rest until he began the process again using a bigger bead. Then, his captor will use bigger catheter tube, making James to stay stretched until the next time the catheter is removed for cleaning.

He misses the pleasure from pushing a bead out through his urethra since his captor decided to sear his urethra open, creating a new hole for penetration. James lifts his penis upward to see the seared underside. He likes the feeling when he runs his finger on the underside. He is fingering the new hole. He lets out gasping moans of pleasure.

His fingers travels downward toward his hole. The hole is more relaxed and ooze warmth but he feels empty. Usually, he feels full of insertion. It used to be a short stump that only block his anus but each time, his capturer will use bigger and longer object. Last time, his captor had used the longest and biggest object. James was crying even until the object stop moving and his captor sealed it and make him slept on it. In the next morning, he told James to push the object out. He could only push about a half of its length while another half remains inside his body.

He was laying on the table, legs spread so wide that he feels he was about to be torn to two. His body is coated with his own perspiration, exhausted. His balls are taunt, and his penis is hard and leaking on the tube. He heard his capturer spoke to him, “If you can’t finish this, I will.”

He wanted to push, but he has strength is spent. He begins to cry. He heard his captor cooed him with endearments and caressed him until his tense was gone. At that time, his capturer pulled the of his body. James screams and his body shook violently. It was a long process and James lost the distinction between pain and pleasure. When he heard a pop from his hole, he lost his consciousness.

James licked his lips remembering those times.

Being alone in the room has allowed him to explore his new body. He lets his fingers roaming on his opening. He inserts his fingers one by one, trying to reach the pleasure spots. But he can’t get the same sensation like when his capturer gives him.

The TV is blaring. The boy on the TV is undergoing his anal training. His masters allow him to scream while being drilled. The dimmed TV light allows him to see an assortment of various curious objects on the metal table beside his bed. James is curious.

He takes a bullet from the table. It vibrates when he turns it on. James presses the bullet against his opening. He pushes it inside. It is gliding easily through his dilated piss slit and nests somewhere near his prostate, where his finger can’t reach. He throws his head back and moans in pleasure. But it isn’t enough for him. He inserts a vibrator into his hole, played with it before driving it deep inside him. He twirls it, trying to find the spot. When he found it, stars explode in his eyes and he lets out moans of ecstasy.

Suddenly the door to his room is opened. He senses his captor enters into the room. But he is to drown into the sea of carnal pleasure to care. Even when his capturer begins to shakes his body & he
Michael leaves James locked in his room to make some preparations in the other room. He examines the content of the new arrival box, a new chastity belt, a full body thin polyurethane suit, & a black vacuum bag in humanoid shape.

The chastity belt is a full belt. It encircles the hips. On the front, it contains a hollow steel outer butt plug, an inner silicon butt plug which fits into the steel plug, a penis sheath with silicon tube attached to the urethral tube. The silicon tube is connected to the inner silicon plug.

Beside the ordinary shield on the penis, this chastity belt has a secondary shield on the hole. If it is locked, the boy’s urine and cum goes to his rectum. The only time the secondary shield is opened is when Michael wants cleaning the hole.

Next he examines the suit and the bag. Michael smirks at the thought of James to be tightly mummified in a layer of polyurethane suit and a layer of latex vacuum bag until he could only wiggle as it struggled to move.

The boy will be heavily immobilised, mouth gagged with feeding tube and with earplugs in place, his nose with breathing tubes, and his genital with the chastity belt. Michael has complete control over the boy’s bodily function. The boy would stay mummified until Michael sees fit to release.

He must have been too focused on his work that he hardly hears James’ pleasure moans. When he does, he cannot believe himself. He creeps into the room and listens. Amidst the sound from the tv, it is definitely the boy’s moans. He grips the door handle. His heart is racing and sweat is dripping on his forehead. Michael opens the door, without wearing his mask.
The Broken Rules

The Rule is clear. Once the victim recognizes him, he must be killed. Then, Michael must lay low. He must refrain from his “activities” and put the good husband and father image for as long as it is needed. He knows it. He has done it many times and he never fails, no matter how much he was attached to his victims.

Michael knows the boy will bring the end to him. For years, he has been following the Rules strictly. He never missed or made exception, until James shows up. Michael starts breaking the Rules. He has lost his control over himself. He knows that he must kill James the moment the boy breathes his name. He should have strangled or stabbed the boy to dead. Then, he must progress with cleaning and disposing the body.

Yet, he stood mesmerized at the sight of the boy playing with the toys. He is watching James bouncing his hips as he is riding the vibrator. His fingers were playing with the new nipples. The lube is laying nearby, half empty.

In his eyes, the boy is the most beautiful. His face is flushing, his body glistens, his hair damp, his lustful eyes are half lidded, and his tongue curls in ecstasy. The room is stuffed with the air of carnal pleasure. He stood in front of the door, watching, until James turns his head and realizes his presence.

He hears the boy gasps, “Mr. Fassbender…”

He sees the boy stops and looks at him as he walked toward the bed. He knows he should kill the boy. Instead, he stands beside the bed and lets the boy stroke his body.

“So, it was you,” he gasps, his voice raspy and pregnant with lust. “I always imagine that it is you.”

At this point he is not sure it is him or James who is high on drugs. He is not expecting it when James yanks him forward and drags him into a bruising kiss. The boy’s hands roam and the warm and youthful body is rubbing against over his body.

The kiss, with those soft and plush lips and the heat oozes from the boy, knocks the breath out of him. Michael lost it. He opens his lips and lets the boy ravishes him until both lost their breath. Michael roughly shoves him to lay on his back and parts his legs. He sees the bullet’s string dangling from the tip of the boy’s penis and the end of the toy is sticking out of the rosy hole. He pulls the toy out but leave the bullet where it belongs. The boy is dripping wet from both holes.

He squirts a few drops onto his fingers and slips his hand between the boy’s legs, giving the cock a gentle squeeze, before trailing further, behind his balls, over his perineum, to the source of the heat. The boy moans as the tips of the fingers circle his tender hole. It is tight, hot and slick.

Michael slides his fingers inside and gasps as the muscles tightens around his fingers. He starts with one, quickly works a third finger in alongside the other two. James whines and begins to thrash his body. He is grinding his bottom down onto Michael’s palm.

The sounds that James makes drives him crazy. He wastes no time. He thrusts those fingers in and out of his slippery channel, scissoring them apart. His fingers are spreading James wide and adjusts his angle, so that the tips of his fingers brush over the bundle of nerves inside him with every pass, teasing the boy’s prostate until his moaning turns so pitiful and coming is dripping all over the bed.

Michael knows that he must stop. He must end the boy’s life. But the boy is making the sounds that
awaken his sexual side, the side he never knew it existed. This is different with his other boys, even with his wife. The voice has made his sanity disappears. All he can make sense is the boy whispers, “Please. Please…” Michael cannot remember anyone who begs so beautifully to him.

So, he is pulling his fingers out. The juice and lubes drips from his fingers to the bed. He is pinning James legs behind his head as he thrusts his penis on the boy’s heated hole all at once. He watches the boy’s eyes open wide, the mouth makes the perfect “O”, and his tongue curls. James’ muscles twitch then grip him tight, so tight that the stars pop in Michael’s eyes. He has to take a deep breath and settle himself, the sensation is too much. Then, he is pounding the boy, slow and deep at first then he grows more frantic and urgent. James’ cries drown every last trace of his cautious mind.

They dance in unison in the rhythmic of carnal pleasure. He hears James calling out his name as he spurts his milk, hard and violent. Michael knows this is his last chance. He must stop now. Yet, he keeps ravishing the boy with deep and hard thrusts until the boy loses his consciousness. His body dangling limp, swaying in the violent movements, like a rag doll, as Michael continues a few more thrusts before he too goes over the edge and come inside the body unresistant body.

When Michael gains his consciousness, he realizes how wrong everything was. He has risked his life yet he cannot kill the boy. If anyone finds the boy, it will be a fast track to the electric chair for Michael. His body is aching all over. His mind is screaming but he does not know what to do. This never happens before.

He looks at James, still laying in bed beside him. The boy’s hair is damp. Crusts are forming on his body, sticky from perspiration and other things, and his lips are plump red from all the sucking. He is laying unconscious. He could slit the neck and let the boy bleed to dead instead he is walking out of the room and taking James in his arms.

He puts the boy on the metal table, hands and feet restrained. James is still unconscious. The activities have taken toll to his body. Michael puts the oxygen mask on and turns on the tank. He caresses the boys damp hair, he does not know why.

He begins checking for any bruise or bleeding, and finds none. The boy’s body is sticky sweet from dried sweat and come. He wipes the lips. When he finds more dried come, he cleans the mouth. Micheal’ attention is turned toward the thigh and the hole, nearly blocked by dried come. He lets out a sigh. He cannot remember the last time he has lost control like this.

Micheal puts enema hose on the hole and turns the water running. He needs to clean the boy from inside out. When he is sure that the boy is clean, he begins shaving the boy.

The boy is strapped on the delivery table, legs spread and knees bent. His head is covered with black cloth. He is conscious but unable to move, or maybe he does not want to. Michael has put a few drops of his own cocktail on the mask when he saw James began to stir. He told the boy to keep breathing.

James stirs. His consciousness begins to return. He opens his eyes and sees nothing but darkness. But this time he does not fear the darkness. He knows who is keeping him. He surrenders to his captor’s touch.

Something is slipped over his foot. It feels like smooth slick rubber, encasing his feet all the way up. There is a hole on the suit, his anus, cock and balls are left uncovered. The suit goes on more. His arms are encased and his neck as well. Then, the cloth that covers his face is removed.
James sees blinding lights directed straight at him. He sees outlines of devices, beams, chains, and a sling. The sight is gone when the hood is slipped over his face. There are cut out for nose and mouth tubes. He hears the zipper and the lock.

A small tube is inserted into his mouth, down to his throat. The other end of the tube rests on his tongue and sealed on his mouth. Next, the nose tubes are pushed through his nasal passage and sealed his nose. He gets used to breath through the tubes.

Although his body has been scrubbed clean, the sensation from the previous love making still remain. He still wants some more but he knows Mr. Fassbender does not like him to have a hard on without permission so his cock remains soft and dripping. A piece of cold towel is put over his penis, wiping his drippings.

Then, Mr. Fassbender pushes a cold hollow plug through his orifice. He is ready for a bigger object but this tube is smaller. Once it fitted, he can feel cool air going into his orifice. He is shivering but not for long. Soon, another plug was inserted, stopping cool air from entering his body. The chastity belt is fitted next. It holds the plug in the place.

He lets out a soft whimpering sound when he feels Mr. Fassbender’s hand on his cock. He wants to be stroke hard but his captor is not that generous. His penis is encased in a sheath and the sheath is fixed on the chastity belt. James moans as a catheter is inserted into his urethra. No matter how many time his captor has done sounding on him, his passage stays sensitive. The catheter ends is fixed on his anus. His urine and cum go to his rectum.

Then, he carries his boy, lays him down onto the padded table, and strapped spread eagle. He puts headphones on the boy’s ears and makes sure that the boy cannot hear anything else but the voice from the headphones.

James hears the voice first and it echoes off through his mind. Then, he smells something familiar and something wet is dripped his my mouth down to his throat. It does not take long for the drugs to hit and the liquid relaxes him. The volume is loud. It is Mr. Fassbender’s voice. James is unable to move, drugged, and totally helpless. The plug starts pulsing and vibrating inside him. He whimpers as he is taken deep into trance.

The dream occurs after he had sex with his wife. He sees her curling in his embrace while his mind is roaming to satiate his thirst. As his lips are lulling his wife to sleep, his mind takes him to the cabin. He is crawling on the black latex bed where James is sleeping. He removes the blanket, the boy is sleeping in the full black suit.

He is chained to bed. Various tubes are plugged into his orifices. His nose is blocked, removing his ability to breath naturally. A pair of nasal tube delivers air into his lungs. He breathes any substance that Michael decides, from oxygen to poppers. His mouth is gagged with feeding tube.

Michael uses a forked tube for the boy’s penis. One tube disappears into the boy’s anus while the other is designed solely for penile irrigation. His rear is plugged with a hollow butt plug and a silicone plug with a long tube, connecting his urethra to his anus. His urine and cum will be stored inside his body, waiting for Michael to clean him.

He pulls James’ hips to be higher than his head. Then, he unzips the rear part of the boy’s suit. The butt plug protruded out as soon as Michael releases it from the confining suit. James mumbles incoherently through the hood as Michael removes the plug.

The orifice is wet, slick, and ready. There is a lingering whitish liquid inside, warm and sticky.
“You’re a naughty boy, James.” Michael smirks. “A gimp isn’t supposed to pleasure himself. I should’ve punished you but I’m in a good mood tonight.”

Hunger consumes him as he watches the hole greedily swallows his length to the hilt. Once inside, he braces himself against the heat and the gripping muscles, spreading the sensation throughout his body. Both of them scream, trying to vent the sensation of their colliding bodies.

He thrusts harder and harder, the boy is rocking with him. He wants to fuck James and fills him up until he can taste his own essence on his boy’s mouth. He wants to ravish the boy’s mouth with harsh kisses.

He feels the boy’s penis quivered before it explodes. But he does not care. His hips continue thrusting, even when the boy in a brink of collapsing from exhausted. He wants his climax to fill James’ body, making the boy his both from the outside and the inside.
Michael flips the pancakes and puts them on a big plate. Then, he cracks some eggs, starts making an omelet. He puts some cheese, bought from his wife’s favorite deli. The skillet is sizzling, the aroma fills the kitchen.

His son is talking about his soccer team while is wife makes encouraging comments as much as possible. When their son is busy eating, she turns to him and ask him to join them. He responds with loving forehead kiss and tells her to enjoy the breakfast while he packs their lunches.

Only him knows the truth why he does not sit with him family. To the ignorant eyes, they are the perfect family. Michael is the loving husband and dedicated father. But deep inside, he feels no connection to his family, not even the smallest attachment. He marries his beautiful wife for various reasons other than love. Their son is meant for a decoy because a man walking with his son while carrying a load of groceries hardly raise suspicion.

He is happy with the ignorance of his surrounding. He kisses them good bye. He waives at the moving car when he sees James’ father, walking toward him with eyes beaming in excitement.

He tells Michael about the private investigator that he hired to find his son. After months without any lead, the investigator finally found a location using a phone signal tracking device. James’ mobile gave out signal from a nearby town. When Michael asks when he is going to visit his son, James’ father replies that he does not want to rush things up. He plans to go and see his son in a few days.

Michael is listening. Everything goes on autopilot. He destroyed James’ phone days ago after he sent a message to James’ parents, pretending to be James. He never thought that anyone would be able to track it.

He knows that this time will come sooner or later. He has made preparations. He gets into his house, walking straight to the attic. He takes out a dusty box, filled with mementos from his previous victims. He takes his phone and laptop. Before leaving, he checks for the last time, making sure that he does not leave anything incriminating then he leaves everything behind.

The road is long and almost deserted. Michael is driving, James is sitting on the passenger seat, fully sedated. To avoid suspicion, he has changed James’ outfit to ordinary clothes. Luckily, he meets no one on the road.

Occasionally, Michael steal glance at the boy’s angelic face. He has kept that beautiful face under the hood for so long, he hardly knew how much he missed it. His eyes are trailing down from the youth’s collarbone to his chest and rest on the nipples. He pumped them last night. They are ripe and protruding against the t-shirt.

Suddenly, his phone beeps. There is a message from his acquaintance, telling him the direction where he can hide with his angelic gimp. He can imagine the triumph sneer from that man’s face but he can care less. He just wants to lay low with James.

Michael exhales. He could have killed James and dumped his body. He could have come out clean and continue his live as is. But, that is not what he wants. Not after he marked James as his.

This is very unusual for him.

His previous victims have served him as his gimps. A gimp exists solely for the pleasure of his
master. The master can modify his gimp in any way he sees fit to his desire and fulfillment of the master’s pleasure. A gimp is kept in a way the master like it. He may be chained, locked in a cage, and stored until the master need him. But once, a gimp proven to be burdensome, or the master no longer need him, he can be disposed of.

Michael has followed this rules for years, until today.

The road is divided like the devil's trident. Two are wide and well-paved. The trees grow on neat rows, creating a warm and welcoming air. The other road, called the Devil’s Dip, slopes downward into an unknown steep. The trees grow in expanse, dense and dark. Their entwined branches creates canopy of leaves. The road is badly paved, rocks litters on the road, and overgrown roots invade the badly paved road. From the look of it, hardly anyone travel there. Michael chooses the one that is less traveled.

Despite the bumpy road, he is driving with a sense of certainty. He has been here before, long ago when he was young. Only, at that time, somebody else was driving and he was the one sitting on James’ seat.

He looks at his watch. It's 30 minutes before the boy wakes up. He's on time.

The road ends in front of a mansion. The iron gate creaks as it opens. He drives in and stops just right in front of the entrance.

His acquaintance, Dr. Schmitz, is standing in front of the entrance with all the glory and luxury. His servants and bodyguards stands beside him. From the look of him, Dr. Schmitz looks more like a warlord than a scientist. Michael feels the growing uneasy feelings creeping in the pit of his stomach. He is beginning to fear for the fate of both James and himself. But, he knows that it’s too late now. Quickly, he glances at James. He reaches the boy’s hand & squeezes it.

The servants are approaching the car. Michael hears the door clicked open and sees them dragging James out.

He yells and pushes them away. When they ignore him, he runs toward them and wrests the boy from their grasp. He is cradling James closed to his heart.

Dr. Schmitz is standing in front of him. He puts his hand on Michael’s cheek and beginning to unclasp his grip on the boy.

“No. Don’t take him from me. Please.” he hears himself begging.

His grips tightens. He presses his cheeks against James’ forehead. But despite his efforts, his fingers is beginning to loosen their grip. To his horror, he is watching James’ unconscious body slipping into Dr. Schmitz’s arms.

Dr. Schmitz gasps in amazement.

“This boy is an angel,” he gasps in admiration, “No wonder you’re enchanted.”

Michael screams and fights to take the boy from Dr. Schmitz’s hands but he is restrained by the servants.

“Don’t worry. When I’m finished, I’ll return him to you in the way you like it.”

As he is being dragged into a room, he sees Dr. Schmitz is taking James into private quarter.
Michael is staring at the window. His gaze is empty and lifeless. He has lost count on how long he has been in Mansion. He is not confined in a room and free to do as he please but some parts of the Mansion are off limit for him.

He has not seen his boy since Dr. Schmitz took him. Michael tried searching around the Mansion without success. Dr. Schmitz is nowhere to be found. His assistants told him that Dr. Schmitz has gone for business purposes. When Michael asks about James, he was told that only Dr. Schmitz knows James whereabouts.

At the end, Michael resigns to his fate that he cannot find James unless Schmitz is willing. He tries to resume his routine as much as possible but without his James, his life has turned monotone and sterile. It is the time when Michael starts losing the sense of purpose in his life. Slowly, he descends into despair.

Dr. Schmitz is standing in front of Michael’s room. The door is closed. There are four muscular nurses standing in front of the door.

“He’s erratic and uncontrollable. We have put him into the jacket and strapped him on his bed.”

There is a smirk on Schmitz’s face

“This is very interesting, indeed,” he says.

“How’s he doing?”

“It’s been two days since the last time he eats. We tried to feed him using IV, but he struggles so much that we’re afraid he’ll break the needle.”

“Have you tried other means?”

“We wanted to force-feeding him, but we decided to wait for your decision.”

The smile on Dr. Schmitz grows wider. There is a glint of excitement in his eyes.

“Mind you, Doctor, he has been mildly sedated.”

He looks at the nurse and says, “Open the door.”

The nurse nods and swipes his card. When the door is open, Dr. Schmitz enters the room. He observes Michael with his clinical and pristine look. His gloved hands check Micheal’s pulse and eyes.
“Micheal..Micheal.” he sighs, “I shouldn’t let you go 18 years ago.”
Michael looks at him and says, “What’s good keeping me here?”
“Well, you could’ve joined the others. We’ve made a leap forward. You could’ve been different.”
Michael looks at him, “Where’s the boy?”
Schmitz smirks, “The boy? It’s the only thing inside your head?”
“I want to see the boy!”
Schmitz chuckles heartily.
“First thing first,” he replies, “I need you to get cleaned and fed.”
Michael tried to punch Schmitz but his muscles seem to be asleep.
“I DON’T WANT TO PLAY YOUR KINKY GAMES, AGAIN!!!”
“Feisty,” Schmitz smirks, “Just the way I like you.”
“LET ME GO!!!”
Schmitz grabs Micheal by the neck and pins him on the bed. Michael is struggling. He makes chocked noises.
“I will if only you behave.”
"Do you promise that you’ll be at your best behavior?"
When Michael struggles subside, Schmitz presses a button and the nurses are rushing in. They are standing closed by the bed and ready.
“These nurses are going to get you cleaned and dressed up. I’ll be waiting at the dinner room. Do you understand?”
Michael stops struggling. He resigns his fate and manages a vague nod, Schmitz releases him. He turns to the nurses.
“Clean & dress him. After that, escort him to the dinner room. If he makes troubles, throw him into the tank and report back to me.”
“Yes, Dr. Schmitz.”
As Schmitz is walking out of the room, he hears Micheal’s silenced sobs and the rustling sound of clothes.
He smiles, “This is gonna be interesting.”

Of course Schmitz also cleans and dresses himself in his best outfit. He sits on the head of the table and waits.

Micheal enters the dinner room, escorted by the nurses. He tries to keep his feet steady but fumbles a few times. When he finally seated, his hands are still shaking.
Schmitz interlaces his fingers. His gaze is sharp and predatory.

"How do you like the rings I gave you?"

Michael looks at him, angry from the humiliation.

“YOU’RE SICK!” He slams the table, ready to charge against Schmitz.

But, he stops and falls down. He doubles over, crying in pain. Sheer of electric current shots his genitals and orifice. The pain hits his nerve, but there is something else other than just pain. It is the feeling he used to feel long ago and it is not all painful.

When the attack subsides, he still can feel the aftershocks. His body is trembling as the nurses help him to his seat. Bead of sweats are gliding on his forehead. He sees Schmitz chuckling. He hears the velvety voice, “Shall we try again? More civil this time.”

“How do you like the rings I gave you?”

Michael is heaving, his lips are trembling. He’s struggling to form the words, but he knows more punishments await him if he does not reply soon.

“It..is..very..g..g..generous of..you,” he takes a deep breath and gathers his strength, “I..am..h.uh..humbly..thankful.”

He hears Schmitz laughs and claps his hands. He sees the doctor signals the waiter nearby who quickly disappears. When he appears, he brings a bowl of soup and places it in front of Michael.

“Finish it.” Schmitz orders. “You know, good behavior is always be rewarded.”

It has been days since Michael eats but at this time he has no appetite, but he knows that he better eat whatever put in front of him. So, he takes the spoon and begins eating. He hears soft cutlery clicking from Schmitz’s corner and assumes the doctor is also dining with him. He obediently dines with the Doctor. The food is served in small portion. When they clear the table, he knows that the dinner is over. He has to admit that he feels better, stronger, after the dinner.

When he notices that the waiter pours him some wine, he knows Schmitz is up for a talk. So, he takes his glass and drinks it slowly.

Schmitz gives him a satisfactory smile.

“You feel better, don’t you?”

Micheal remembers the pain before and answers, “Yes. Thank you very much doctor.”

Schmitz is caressing his wine glass, “What’s the name of your boy?”

“James.”

“How old is he?”

“15.”

“Are you sure? He looks younger, like 12.”

“He is 15!”
There is a hint of smile in the corner of Schmitz’s face. Micheal begins to think about the retributions he is going to pay. He watches Schmitz as the doctor sipping his wine calmly.

“How long you’ve kept him before you came here?” Schmitz asks.

Micheal tries to think but his mind feels woolly. He can’t think of anything.

“I don’t know, a couple of months, may be.”

“Michael, the exact number is very important. Try to remember it.”

“I don’t know.” Michael puts his palm to cover his face, “I can’t remember…”

“It seems your head is all woolly,” he tuts, “How long have you stayed here, with me?”

Michael shakes his head, “I don’t know! I’ve lost count.”

“He has stayed here for 6 months, Dr. Schmitz.” one of the nurse answers.

“Six months?” Schmitz pauses, “Six months without release?”

“No, Sir. He was unmanageable and violent.”

“Well, I hate to be a such a rude host, neglecting my guest’s needs.”

Dr. Schmitz looks at the nurses. “Take him to the Hive.” he says with a curve on his smile.

“NO!,” Michael shouts.

“I said I’m not playing your game…” He drops to floor before he finishes his sentence. He is writhing in agony until the Doctor ends his torment. He opens his eyes and sees the Doctor standing next to him.

“Michael. Michael… You seem forget that you are Drone M51,069. Eighteen years ago I gave you your freedom and I can take your freedom back anytime I want. Now, I want you to go to the Hive with me.”

He turns to the nurses, “Take him.”

Micheal is struggling in vain. The nurses are taking him through a long and dark passage with lights attached to the wall. They stop in front of a steel door. It opens as soon as Schmitz swipes his card.

“You will notice the difference. The Hive is a different place from what was once before. We’ve made a lot of progress, a leap forward.”

They are taking him through a series of softly sliding dull steel doors. They emerge in a long, window-lined corridor. Behind the windows, are rows of men. All are young and some are muscular. Some wear full-body latex suits while some are naked, save for the hood. Some boys are sat in chairs while others are strapped on stainless steel tables. Wires, tubes, hoses and cables protruded from their various body parts. The boys are writhing, twitching, and convulsing. Men, in a tight white latex uniform, make careful notes on their clipboards.

Micheal’s gaze is roaming across the room, searching. Then, he glances on the opposite window. He sees rows of encased bodies, each lies on a stainless steel tables. Each is encased in a single vacuum suit from head to toe. Their arms and legs are wrapped tightly with their body. They are writhing, as if to escape from their full-body imprisonment. Similar to the other room, there are men in tight latex
watching each caterpillar and takes notes.

“Fascinating, aren’t they?” Schmitz remarks, “We call them caterpillars which sole purpose is to serve their masters. They can’t cannot move very much and their survival is solely dependent to their master.”

“Where do you keep James?”

Dr. Schmitz smiles calmly. He points at a boy in full-body latex suit. He jerks at the men in uniform as they put him into a latex sack. He continues his struggles as the men vacuum the air out of the sack.

Michael licks his lips. His fingers are caressing the frame of the window, a sight which Dr. Schmitz hardly miss.

“Ah! That one,” says Schmitz, “that boy must cum if he wants to be freed.”

“We record the timing from he is put into the vacuum sack until he cum.”

Michael is still caressing the window frame until Schmitz pats his shoulder and leads him away.

“This way.”

He is leading Michael through a series of corridors, they seemed to carry on forever. Until finally, they reached a single stainless steel door. He swipes his card and the door slides open.

Micheal looks around the room. It is warmer than corridor. Although the light is dim, he can see rows of glass cylinders. Each is about six foot high and filled with pink liquid.

“Go. Take a look.” Schmitz pushes him toward one of the cylinder.

Michael gasps at the moment he realizes that there is a fully hooded man inside the cylinder. He looks around, examining nearby cylinders and finds out that some are occupied. Faint moaning could be heard through the glass. Each inhabitant is floating in the pink liquid with various tubes connecting their face and penis with the cylinder. Each orifice is impaled by a shining hose. When Michael peers through the glass, he sees that the inhabitants are thrusting their hips.

“I’ve told you that we’ve made a leap forward.” Schmitz says.

“This is the Pre-training Unit. They are brought here before their training begin, and held in a state of extreme sexual excitement. Some can be in here for as long as twelve months. Twelve months without sexual climax. By the end of it, they’re gagging for release.”

“Who’re they?” Michael heart races. Is it fear, worry, or excitement. He is not sure.

Dr. Schmitz smiles innocently.

“You know, boys like you.”

“James has been trained!”

“If you still call him by his name, your training is ineffective.” Schmitz gleefully argues. He presses his palm on Michael’s shoulder, gently massaging him.

“Come. We need to get going. You’re as deprive as all of them. And, I shall give you what you want.”
The pressure on his shoulder is gentle but Michael knows he must obey. They proceed to another steel door led them into an elevator, which whisks them up to the next level. They step out of the elevator and walk into a dimly lit tall hallway. The hallway is warm and humid. The scent of sex hit them. This hall is lined with individual chambers, possibly a hundred in total. Each chamber contains a male. Each is fully suited in a black heavy rubber suit. Each of them is sitting in a sort of bucket seat. Wires and tubes enters their bodies in a multitude of places. Their heads are covered with a tight-fitting black steel helmet, embedded S10 gas mask with blacked out lenses totally obscuring the face and head. Their bodies spasm and quiver to an unseen stimulus, except from a gentle pulsing hum, all was silent.

“Do you know what’re they, Drone M51,069?” Michael gasps, “They’re the Rubberdroids. They don’t look human, and they aren’t human, not anymore. They’ve become Rubberbiodroids.” “Very good!” Schmitz claps his hands, “I’ve trained you right.

Michael clears his throat. It is hot and stuffy here. His mind in spinning and muddy. Unconsciously, he removes his suit and unbutton the two-top buttons of his shirt. He is excited. He feels his manhood hardens and his orifice twitches. Dr. Schmitz signals the guards standing nearby. Together with the nurses, they lead Micheal into an empty chamber. They proceed stripping him quickly. Starts from his shirts, and trousers, exposing his briefs and toned legs. Micheal suppressed a yelp as his brief slithers to the floor. He is standing almost naked. The ring digs into the flesh of his genital. His penis is caged and leaking. His bottom parted forcefully and perky from the plug. Tiny wires connect his genital ring to his orifice.

Michael is shivering but not from cold. In front of him is an empty padded chair with straps and a hole in the middle. A shiny shaft emerges from the hole. They take the suit from the top of the chair. It is a strange garment and quite different from what he wore 18 years ago. The new latex garment feels thin and lightweight with attached feet cover, open face hood and fist mitts. It has two holes, the front and back hole. The suit has been lubricated on the inside. The lubricant is clear and makes the suit feel fluid in his hands, however it has a rather strange smell. A smell almost like arousal scent and rubber, the same smell that met them in the windowed room.

They put the suit on Michael, starting with his legs, they slide-in with ease. The suit is a tight fit, highly elastic and lightweight. As they pull the slick suit further up his legs and up onto his thighs, he notices that his member is fighting against the cage. The chemicals in the suits lubricant are taking effect on his body. They pull the rest of the suit up over his hips. One man in white pulls his cock through the front hole so it hangs outside the suit. When he slides his arms into the remainder of the suit, he is starting to feel good. He begins to reminiscent the old feeling he used to experience eighteen years ago. It gives him an eerie sense of bliss.

When the men trap his hands inside the mitts and put the hood over his face, Micheal loses himself. The men slide Micheal’s head into the open face hood and seal the back zipper from the top of his
head finishing at his back.

Micheal is standing fully suited but his face. He now stood totally encased, all but his face covered.

Dr. Schmitz looks at him in awe. Michael remembers the time when Schmitz looked at him the same way. He never knew he misses his past.

“Part your legs and bend forward.” Schmitz orders him.

Michael does as told. He feels Schmitz’s gloved fingers on his orifice. He feels chills on his spine. He yelps as Schmitz pulls out the plug and replaces it with a hollow oblong object. Michael knows what it is. It’s the expander or stretcher meant to ease anal penetration. He used it on James, because the boy’s hole is too small and too tight. When the expander is fixed, Micheal hears Schmitz takes a few steps backward.

The men begin to help him to get into the chair. His body is swaying against the slick inside of the suit and his penis is throbbing against the cage. He positions himself, his hole on the tip of the phallic object on the chair. He looks at Schmitz and found the familiar amused expression.

“One thing he knows about Dr. Schmitz is that he likes testing people by prolonging their torment while he is patiently waiting until the torments turn pain to pleasure.

Michael takes a deep breath and lower his hip, his eyes on Schmitz who is watching the object disappears inch by inch into Micheal’s body until he completely seated on the chair.

Then, the men strapped his arms, torso, hips, thigh, and legs. He is immobile from his neck down.

Then, he sees Dr. Schmitz kneels before him. His fingers caress his inner thigh and groin. Michael closed his eyes, this sensation is too much. Suddenly, he feels a sting on his cheek.

“One open your eyes!” Dr. Schmitz just slapped him.

Michael does and he is told. He sees Schmitz folding his caged penis and ball like eighteen years ago and tears begins streaming from his eyes. Michael continues sobbing as Schmitz removes the cage and the ring. His cock hung free. It begins to gain its normal size. But Schmitz is not finished. He injects various parts of his groin. Though his tear soaked eyes, Michael sees his penis hardening and enlarging. The tip is leaking. Schmitz fixed a pump on Micheal’s penis.

“I promise you release today.” He says as he stands up, “Cover his face.”

One of the man grabs a fitting black latex face plate while the other covers Michael’s nose shut from behind him. Michael opens his mouth wide to breath. The other man immediately pushes a form fitting black rubber mouth guard into Micheal mouth, which covers his teeth and tongue, while the other inserts short tubes into his nostrils, all connected to the clear rubber face plate. Six straps of the face plate are buckled to hidden snaps on hood at the back of Micheal’s head. When a metallic hose ascends from the bottom of the chamber, one man grabs and attaches it on Micheal's hood. At last, he straps Michael head to the chair.

The men step to the side of the chamber as their job is done. One man presses the start button. The metallic hose stars buzzing, the pump and the phallic object begin to work.

“Take note on his first and the interval of his ejaculations.” Schmitz orders.
Michael muffled screams are audible through the face plate as the pump squeezes, sucks, pulls, and pushes.

Dr. Schmitz is watching the scene unfold in front of him, barely conceals his indifference. Michael used to be his source of amusement eighteen years ago, but he does not give Schmitz the kind of amusement he had expected.

When his champagne is finished, he knows it is time to leave. He gives instructions to the men in uniform before he exits the room. This time he is excited.

His heart is racing in anticipation. His pace is quick and even, announcing his presence though out the corridor. He knows where he is going, as he is navigating though various corridors and steel doors. Finally, he stops in front of a steel door marked X 0-100. He presses both of his thumbs and peer through the retina scanner. The door slides open.

Inside is a corridor with closed doors. He walks to room X-69 and enters. Inside is dimly lit. A man is standing in front of an observatory glass room, taking notes on his clipboard. Dr. Schmitz walks toward the glass and stops beside the man.

Inside the glass room, there is a hooded gimp, wearing a full-body suit and suspended in the air through straps. Tubes enter the nose, mouth, orifice, and penis and connected to multitude of devices nearby. The penile tube ends to a bottle, almost full of milky liquid.

"Dr. Mayer, how’s our Object doing?" Schmitz asks the man in white lab coat.

“He’s doing great.”

Dr. Schmitz grins, “Let me see him.”

Dr. Mayer presses a button. Both Schmitz, and he swipes their cards at the same time. When the door open, both men enter. Mayer is standing by the device while Schmitz is walking round the suspended gimp, observing. He notices the gimp’s legs are making small movements as a stream of milky liquid slides in the tube from his penis to the bottle.

“It’s remarkable for a 12 years old boy…”

“He’s 15, Mayer. His name is James.” Schmitz cuts him off with a sly smile, “Did you drug him?”

“No. Nothing but the reprogramming noise on his headphones.”

“And, that bottle here?”

“He leaks after a few hours.”

“Did you test it?”

“Protein, enzymes, fructose, zinc, and mucus from bulbourethal glands, and sperm. In short, he is ejaculating.”

“30 hours of sensory deprivation, and he’s still cumming.”

"His mind is making up the lack of external stimuli. Coupled with the noise, he is creating internal stimuli."

“Tell me what the effect of long term are.”
“Hallucination, bizarre thoughts, temporarily senseless, loss of identity, …”

“He’s going to be the perfect droid.”

“Pull him down,” Schmitz orders his colleague, “and train him.”

End of Chapter 12

Chapter End Notes

This chapter is, although mainly about Micheal, is meant to give a glimpse of procedures that James is going to undergo in the hand of Dr. Schmitz. There are, but not limited to, the vacuum encasement, automatic milking, edging cylinder tank, and rubber-drone.
Rubber-Drones Essential

Chapter Summary

When it comes to his rubber-drones, Dr. Schmitz is very particular. He devised drones’ qualities and class codes.

Rubber-Drones Qualities

1. Always encapsulated in full rubber with no skin showing.
2. Always have some breathing apparatus attached. Never breath natually though the nose or mouth.
3. Identified by code number, never by name. Code numbers show the class and purpose of drones as decided by their masters.
4. Not human. Drones exist for the whims and wishes of their masters.
5. Never talk due to permanent apparatus fixed on their mouths and always subservient to their masters.
6. Mindless and without personality.
7. Able to be programmed.
8. Can be programmed to penetrate and milk other drones.
9. Sexual release is in according to their class or masters’ orders. Never ejaculate without permission. After ejaculation, drones is continually stimulated.
10. Mostly restrained.
11. When not used, drones are stored in a manner that ensure they are always be aroused and ready.
12. Drones can be used, stored, rented, or given away.

Rubber-Drones Class Codes

1. L Class Drones also undergone penis augmentation but to lengthen and reduce thickness of their penises. But none of them allowed to ejaculate. Their sexual release is solely from the machine.
2. M Class are milk drones. They are mostly fixed on chairs with their penises pulled underneath their chair and milked using machines. Each is given prosthetic penis, fixed on their permanent rubber suit as a mean for penetration. Their sexual release is solely from the machine. No pleasure from the prosthetic penis.
3. N Class Drones have undergone procedures to increase the thickness and length of their penises, making them the breeders. They are programmed to penetrate other Drones with their penis. But none of them allowed to ejaculate. Their sexual release is solely from the machine.
4. S Class Drones are the submissive and meant solely for penetration by other drone types or as their masters wishes. They are given numbers to show how many ways they can be penetrated. Although they are ordered to ejaculate during penetration, they are not allowed to shoot their cum. Their must cum though a tube fixed on their urethra. The penises of S Class Drones are forbidden to be sexually stimulated, unless for penile-to-penile penetration. Sexual release must come from the stimulation of their orifices.
Six Months Ago

Dr. Schmitz was walking toward his private study room, holding James in his arms. He realised that the boy weighted lighter than other boys.

Once he was inside, his assistance closed the door and Schmitz sat on his favorite chair. His eyes were feasting, his nose picked up the scent of the boy’s sweet innocence. His gloved fingers had been playing James’ clothes before he began stripping the boy naked. He ran his fingers on youth’s body and marvelled the soft skin and the supple body. The tip of his finger touched James’ pierced nipples, they were bigger than what most boys at his age had.

Schmitz’s fingers were trailing downward toward James’s lower body. His penis was limp and soft. Schmitz licked his lips at the sight of the circumcised penis.

“This is a neat job.” He commented on the seared underside.

His finger lightly touched the seared part and saw the penis dances at the touch.

“Michael, you’re a naughty boy!”

The doctor continued his exploration. He enjoyed the suppleness of the bottom. His fingers pried toward the anus. Although the orifice squeezed itself tightly, the heat was oozing out. He lubricated his finger and inserted it into the hole.

As he expected, the hole was difficult to breach and once it was breached, it clamed shut. Inside, was a furnace. As the finger was slithering in heated cavern, the penis quivered.

Dr. Schmitz pulled his finger out. He rang his assistant to call his colleagues for an urgent meeting.

Dr. Schmitz’s colleagues hated last minute meeting. They found it intrusive to their daily routine. When Schmitz called for the last minute meeting, only two showed up. They decided that their appearance expressed how much they dislike this kind of meeting.

The begrudging Dr. Schulz and Dr. Mayer were rushed into Schmitz private study. Each gave Schmitz a cold handshake, but Schmitz was too excited to notice their cold manner. He let them change into lab gear and led them to the examining table in the middle of the room.

James was laying naked, still sedated. His hands and feet were strapped to the table.

Dr. Schmitz looked at his colleagues and says, “Dear colleague, forgive me to call you in such manner but I have a matter needed to be discussed. Here, is a specimen I just acquired and I need your inputs.”

“Can you just wait until tomorrow morning, Schmitz?” Schulz complained.

“No. We must start tomorrow. Come Dr. Schulz, take a look.” Schmitz replied. “Mayer, I know this is your interest. Come a bit closer.”
Mayer’s his eyebrows rose at the sight of the boy. His hungry eyes were well hidden behind his thick spectacles. Seeing Mayer begins examining, Schulz stepped forward and began examining James, too.

“The nipples are enhanced and pierced, allowing them to stay erect permanently without external stimulation.” Schulz said.

At this time James began stirring and slowly opened his eyes. Upon seeing unfamiliar figures, he began struggling. Schmitz quickly put a wet cloth over the boy’s mouth and James’ struggles subsides.

“Please continue.” He encouraged his colleagues.

“His penis is circumcised and it 2 inches long and 4.5 inches when erect.”

“Urinary meatus is 0.5 inch wide and appeared to be dilated.

“There’s no sign of penile piercing.”

“He’s given full subincision, from the bottom head to the base of the penis, creating a hole on the underside. This eliminates Subject’s ability to urinate standing and increases his dependency to his master.”

“Is the hole able to be penetrated?”

“Yes. If the penis is small, about one inch in diameter, the hole can accommodate full penetration.”

“You said his urinary meatus is about .5 inches and appeared to have been dilated?”

“Yes.”

“Is it possible for him to have further dilation?”

“He’s still young so it’s possible,” Dr. Mayer paused, “But, he already received subincision, his only can be dilated up to one more inch, not more!”

“This specimen is brought to you this morning by M51,069, isn’t it?” he continued.

“That’s right. And he seemed quite fond to this boy.” Schmitz answered.

Mayer chuckled, “I won’t be surprised. I’d have done the same if I encountered this boy first.”

The three of them agree James has the potential to be the ideal drone and the culmination of their research achievements. Dr. Schmitz argues that James’ present body is far from perfect. There are many adjustments needed to be done to make him fit with the ideal drone model. And the boy is deemed suitable for their procedures.

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James was confused. Last time he was awake he was still with Michael. Michael is going taking him somewhere else, they were going to run away. He fell asleep in the car but when he woke up, he was in a strange place surrounded by strangers and Micheal was nowhere to be seen. One of them pressed a wet cloth over his mouth when he tried getting up. After that, his body stopped responding
to him. He could hear them but he cannot understand what they are talking about. James mustered his strength to say a word.

“Mr. Fassbender.” he whispered.

James saw one man in white lab coat and surgical mask came toward him and said, “You’ll see Fassbender. He’s here but can’t be with you at the moment.”

James wanted to protest but he felt weak. Two men, in tight white uniform and opaque mask, took him to another room.

James felt weak. Those men carried him like they carried a ragdoll. He tried calling out for Mr. Fassbender, but nobody came.

They were taking him into a through a series of corridors and endless sliding doors until they arrived into a pristine white room about the size of half a tennis court. It was warm, very humid and smelt a bit like a sweaty gym. There were several pods in the room. Each pod was about six foot high, with a curved glass front. A curious pink fluid filled the pods.

They strapped him on a delivery table, not far from an empty pod. One of the guards gently put a tube down into his throat and sealed the end onto his mouth. Two other smaller tubes were pushed into his nose and sealed the ends onto his nose. A guard was holding a mask. The front of the mask contained two small glass eye holes and holes on the mouth and nose parts. Just before the guard slid the mask over, James saw the other injected him with liquid from an IV bottle.

James subdued screams were audible as the liquid entered his blood streams. The web of dark silver strands appeared over his upper body, nipples and crotch. They looked almost like, raised grey veins.

He felt hands on his crotch, not Mr. Fassbender’s hands. Although he could not see it, he was sure of that. That stranger put something on his crotch. He tried screaming to protest. Only muffled grunts escaped his mouth.

Then, he felt they lifted him into a pod and impaled him through his anus. Although his arms and legs were free, he could not move. One guard connected the tubes to hoses and connected them into sockets in the rear of the pod. He smelt something sweet. His head was reeling. He was aware he was naked but everything felt hot and stuffy and his crotch was in flame. The urge to relieve himself was mounting, but the relish he sought after was nothing more than myriad. Through the opaque eye glass, James saw the guards retreating, and the glass around his pod was rising until it was shut above his head. He was trapped inside the pod. But he did not care. Even when water flooded his surrounding drowning him, he was writhing, wriggling, and humping his hips against the glass in desperate need.

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Schmitz was lingering in front of James’ pod. First he was checking the youth’s vital signals then he just stood there for some period of time. He enjoyed watching the boy humping his hips against the glass.

“Not, until 5 months,” he said wickedly.

Five Months Later

Dr. Schmitz pressed a series of code to deactivate the cylinder. Immediately, the boy inside began to
cum violently. His body was trashing in the liquid. His cock tugged at the hose connected to it then, the spasms subdued. The boy stopped trashing. His body was floating without resistance. Dr. Schmitz press the button to drain the liquid from the cylinder. The boy laid on his his, unmoving.

A door opened and the guards entered the cylinder. They released the boy from the restraints of various hoses and tubes. One was carrying him out while the other called the medic. Schmitz left the control room and joined the medic team as they revived the boy. The medic removed the apparatus on James’ crotch but left both intubation in place.

“Everything is under control, Doctor.”

Dr. Schmitz hummed as he checked the boy’s eyes and mouth and listens to his heart beat and pulse.

“Yes. I think he’s ready. Take him to Unit H-100-200. ”

Unit H-100-200 is a research unit. After the Objects have finished the pre-training inside the cylinder, they will be taken to the research unit. The purpose of the Unit H-100-200 is to determine drones’ class.

They put naked James laying on his chest the table. A hollow silicone block is placed underneath his pelvic area, to raise his bottom and slightly parted his cheeks. It was high enough that his penis hung. Once he was cleaned, the guard began connecting his nasal tube into a breathing pack. His skin glistened from the cleaning, his lips were fully and raspy, his eyes were crystal clear though his gaze was bedazzled.

Dr. Schmitz lubricated his fingers before dipping them into the boy’s anus. He smirked when he heard James yelped. One finger twisting inside the boy was quickly replaced by two fingers. Then, Schmitz inserted a thermometer and watch until the number settle. One man in white took down the number and removed it from James’ anus, while the other gave two hollow tube with long cables, one is smaller than the other, to Schmitz.

The man is attaching some wires on James’s head while Schmitz fondles the boy’s penis and encase it inside the tube. He lubricates the smaller tube, parts the cheeks further and inserts the tube into the anus. He heard sound from James’ lips and felt the hole tightened. A brush of heat touched his gloved fingers as he inserted the tube into the boy. Warm, delicious, and forbidden but inviting, Schmitz was caught unaware.

“Brainwave indicates normal activity, Doctor.”

Schmitz nod and pressed a button. Waves of currents are surging into the penis and anus. Those were more pleasurable than painful, that the boy began to rock his hips. He moaned and drooled against the tube.

Dr. Schmitz was mesmerised by the spectacle in front of him. This was better than he had expected.

“Dr. Schmitz, “A man in white reported, “The boy is likely to be an S Class. ”

“Wrap him and put him into sensory deprivation chamber.”

End of chapter 14
Before their permanent encasement, most boys are put in the underground facility. During the nights, they are locked in small and filthy cages. During the days, they are doing hard labor, closely watched by their Keepers. Sometimes, they do thigh, hand, and blow job for a favor from their keepers. Favors can be leniency or extra water. They are all fed from troughs and sucking spigots for water.

All have undergone vocal cords modification. It removes their gag reflex and ability to talk, though they can make meaningless guttural sounds. They are kept hairless and naked. The only thing they can wear is a chastity cage, covering their penis and stuffing the anus. The tool is meant to control them, it sends electric currents they misbehave or making any attempt to escape. The tool is also to train their genitals, like for S class, the tool is meant to shrink the size of the penis, enlarges the balls, and widens the opening.

Once a month, some of the boys are brought to be bred.

They are taken to a couple levels above where they will be thoroughly cleaned, their chastity cage is opened, and they are put into a full head hood with breathing apparatus. Then, each of them is strapped on a table. Their legs are spread wide and strapped above their head. Their holes are oiled so much, that not only it glistened under the light but also the oil is dripping to their buttocks. Then, they are ready to be bred by rows of Keepers, sometimes by selected Nurses from above.

The first chance is given to Nurses. This is the only time they are allowed to satiate their cravings by plunging their gloved manhood into the warm and slippery canals of the boys. They can choose either to take one boy or to taste severals until their time is up.

Then, it is the Keepers turn. They are the only ones who are allowed to take the boys with their naked manhood and shot their cum inside the boys.

The boys continue to serve until the given time is up. Then, the remaining cum will be pushed inside with a butt plug.

But none of these will be James’ fate. Schmitz has decided that James is put into the special treatment.

The nurses take him to another room where he is cleaned, shaved, and dressed. They are washing him like a porcelain doll. They wash his hair, his body, clean his mouth, and empty his bowel.

His mind is still muddled. But the drug is wearing off, he begins to pay attention to his surroundings and begins to think. There are two men, wearing white latex bodysuit, working on him. Each is wearing a full head mask with a hose connecting to a breathing pack on their back.

James asks, "Mr. Fassbender. Where's Mr. Fassbender?"

Nobody answers. They do not seem to have heard him.

"I need to see Mr. Fassbender."

James tries to move his body. He feels weak but his muscles still respond to his brain. So, he tries to
lift his arm. One man pushes it down. He realizes that nothing binds his body.

As the drug has less and less effect on him, his strength and faculty return. He lifts another arm to push the man away, to struggle. He screams, calling for Michael. More men come to subdue him. James does not care how many are trying to subdue him, he just wants to see Michael.

He knows that Michael is around. He remembers that Michael took him on a car. He told James that they need to run away.

But the nurses have had enough. One of them injects him. The drug makes him feel weak, though he still can feel his body. One nurse carries him and put him on a chair while the others strap him tightly. His feet, thighs, waist, torso, chest, arms, wrist, and neck are strapped to the chair. He can hardly move.

A mouth brace is put on him. They begin to put tubes through his nose and mouth. A piece of silicone is put to secure the nasal tube and seals off his nostril completely. James has to breath through the tube. When they remove the brace, James is far too weak to lift his arm. Their attention is now to the boy’s half erect penis. They ignore James muffled protest, as they begin to put a long thin tube through the penis.

One nurse moves a lever on the chair. The chair changes. It parts and lifts James’ legs, opening his groin area. They lubricate his opening. A cool hard object is pushed through into his body. As they seal the object, his erection has begun to form. The milky bubbly liquid is visible running in the penis tube.

James heaves. He can feel that the object is quite big. It stretches him deep and wide and protrudes against his lower belly. He finds out that he can move his hips a little. The object inside shifts a little. James finds it pleasurable.

Around him, the nurses are still busy. They are preparing a white latex sack. It has a humanoid figure, with holes on the nose and mouth part, but without a separate compartment for the hands and feet. Carefully, they place him inside the suit and threat the tubes through the suit. The last thing James sees, before closing his eyes, is the sack enveloping him completely. It is all dark but he can move his hand and feet a little. Suddenly, the air in the suit is sucked out, the suit is becoming tighter. It is so tight that James can only wiggle. He panicked. He struggles is renewed until he smells cool sweet smelling air. It calms him. But not for long.

The object inside him begins to vibrate. Softly at first then it becomes stronger. He is wiggling, as the nurses move him into the storage room.

The nurses pause to catch their breath. This object is definitely a tough one. It is useless trying to break free. The encasement is escape-proof. It covers from head to toe, turning the object into a caterpillar-like creature. They watch it wiggling in its encasement. Silently they enjoy watching it, especially after the vibrator is turned on and the milky liquid running from the encasement.

But, they have other duties. Punishments await for those who miss it. So, they move the object into the storage room.
Chapter End Notes

Thank you, everyone, for the continuous support! I'm sorry for the lack of updates. I was sick for a long time and when I was cured, I had a terrible writing block. All over sudden, I was so conscious with my writing ability aka almost lost all pleasure from writing. But, the Kudos and comments have saved me. They remind me of the reasons why I write in the first place. This chapter is actually one very long chapter but I break it into two chapters.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!