Sweet Heat

by Hemelbloom

Summary

“Sold to buyer 276-DS” The screen light up and Bro cheered to himself. On the screen showed a brilliant human, red eyes and pale skin shown in his full glory of some certain explicit shots. This “pet” was now his, soon to arrive at his door for his own pleasure. Time to clean up his act.

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A totally sane author writes about some fucked up things for their nsfw account. Leave it to me to enjoy these ideas.

Everyone called him “Diablo” for his red eyes looked like he was possessed by Satan himself. He was recently bought by a user that called himself “Bro” and it was interesting on how his owner treated him now. It was like he hadn’t been whipped in the past into submission, like he was an actual person. Or rather, what a sex slave things a normal person is. He was starting to be called “pet”, “good boy”, and even “pumpkin” a few times instead of Diablo. He figured they were starting to get him used to the names that the man would use. Eventually, he started responding to them and some of the dirtier names the man liked.

He lived with all these people since he was 14, it was weird to suddenly know that he would be
leaving them in a few weeks. He was mostly afraid of never seeing Roxy again, a mother who had
been there for 15 years, she was 30 now and already had a little one that was taken away from her.
Dave heard she was his age at this point, with a man who called himself Jake. He was rumored to be
a past sex slave who was set free and was trying to set some of them on the way back to a normal
life. No one ever told Ringleader, he would’ve thrown Jake back into the system and we wouldn’t
have someone getting us out of here.

Anyways, Roxy was currently holding him and rocking the boy. He was trying to keep from
sobbing in front of all the cameras watching them after his recent branding. His back was covered in
red from the hot iron that was on it just half an hour ago. It burned and he could feel his muscles
twitching in recoil while silent tears met the older woman’s shirt. “R-Roxy.” His words were soft
compared to the pain he felt. She only cooed, trying to get him to sleep to avoid the pain.

Dave awoke when he heard the cries of Roxy, begging for them to leaving him a day longer. He was
in a crate that held blankets and some a water dish. He yelled out for his mom, but was too late when
they had left the room. A blanket was draped over his crate and he could hear the busy streets outside
a minute later. It was..fascinating. He only heard quiet whispers from this returnees. He couldn’t
remember the streets, it had been so long ago since he had been outside. Dave’s head set itself to the
side of the crate and that is where he found himself drifting off into a dream.

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