Come with me, and I'll be, in a world of pure incarceration

by Lady_Nathair (orphan_account)

Summary

WARNING: This story contains explicit sexual content involving a miner and a man that is most diffidently not one. If this bothers you please move along. After all, there are so little other fics to read and so much time to read them in. Wait. Scratch that. Reverse it.

Notes

Hey just so you guys know I do not condone this act, but my twisted mind made up this story and I figured I may as well share it. Hope you enjoy it if not, well, that happens.

See the end of the work for more notes
Chapter 1

Charlie and Mr. Wonka were in the inventing room working on a new candy that would make the consumer turn temporarily invisible, but they were having a problem figuring out the right combination of ingredients to make the oompa loompas that were testing it, turn completely invisible. They all sort of ended up sort of opaque or if they did turn invisible it would not reach their hair.

Charlie was having a hard time concentrating, however. He had been more distracted lately and he had struggled with the reason behind this lack of concentration when it first discovered it. Mr. Wonka was indeed a very distracting man. When Charlie first came to the factory, his chest would flutter every time the man looked at him or gave him praise. And at first, Charlie just attributed it to being star struck, but over the last three years as Charlie got older, he noticed that that fluttering sensation only intensified and had migrated to his pants. He would get a dizzying sense of elation and arousal every time the boy managed to impress his mentor. And it was even stronger whenever they were in close proximity which was fairly often especially when working on inventions where they both needed to be able to work together on an equation for finding the correct ratio. Despite this, Mr. Wonka was still not quite comfortable with touching others but he had warmed up a bit. They had shared a handful of embraces over the years, usually after a particularly hard task was completed when Mr. Wonka was too excited to care about his usual discomfort.

Charlie found himself staring at the chocolatier who was a slight distance away, bent over his work, pouring one colorful liquid into another and taking note of the reaction. He couldn’t help but appreciate his mentor’s figure. He was dressed as well as ever, wearing a deep purple velvet jacket and white shirt underneath with black trousers that perfectly accentuated his legs and backside. The man was slim and tall with face as white and smooth as porcelain, jutting cheek bones and lips a beautiful shade of red, no doubt permanently stained that way from excessive amounts of lollipops. Charlie often imagined what it would feel like to kiss those lips of have them wrapped around his…”No.” Charlie thought to himself ’I can’t be thinking about that right now.’ His pants were already slightly uncomfortable from how close the confectioner was to him. Charlie took a deep breath to try and calm himself but it only served to make it worse. He inhaled the sweet aroma of melted chocolate and cinnamon that was his mentor and Charlie had to repress a shudder as his pants became tighter.

When Mr. Wonka got up to try yet another one of the orange colored chews on a slightly nervous looking oompa loompa, Charlie turned his attention away from his thoughts to watch. The oompa loompa took the candy and chewed it gingerly. His hands and feet started to disappear completely followed closely by the rest of his body. The oompa loompa was completely invisible! Mr. Wonka let out a shout of joy and Charlie jumped up from his seat with a wide smile.

“Ha-ha! It worked!” Wonka exclaimed skipping over to Charlie with a large grin on his face and he pulled Charlie into a tight celebratory embrace. Charlie returned the hug with great pleasure but his mentor suddenly when stiff and pulled back rather quickly. The smile had gone from his face and the chocolatier’s expression was blank, unreadable. Charlie was confused for a moment before he realized what had happened. Charlie’s thoughts from earlier were still causing him quite a bit of tightness in his pants and he had just pressed the culprit of said tightness into the thigh of his benefactor.

Mr. Wonka was now a few steps away with a light pink blush on his cheeks. “O-okay then!..” the
chocolatier stammered in a falsely cheery voice “I-I’ll just...uh..” then he turned and walked quickly out of the inventing room.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Another short little chapter as another piece of the story.

Willy Wonka walked as fast as he could towards the glass elevator and once inside, jabbed the button to his personal quarters with his cane multiple times. Once safely in his room, he sat down on his bed and let himself process what just happened. ‘Had he felt what he thought he felt?’ He thinks ‘Yes. Most definitely’ He decides after remembering the look of intense guilt that shadowed the boy’s face after Willy had pulled away. ‘Maybe he had been a little over dramatic’ the man thought suddenly feeling more than a little guilty. His heir probably feels horrible thinking he had made the chocolatier uncomfortable, which, to be honest, was slightly true, but not the sort of uncomfortable that Charlie was most likely imagining.

Willy would be lying if he said he felt nothing for his heir. He had grown to love him a great deal in the last three years and he was perfectly willing to admit that. It was just the other feelings he had towards the child that disturbed him deeply. As the boy got older, Wonka had noticed himself looking at and thinking of Charlie in a way no one his age should be thinking about or looking at a 14 year old.

Charlie was developing into a very attractive young man. A few years of proper nutrition and adequate warmth had done him well. But Willy knew that these thoughts were wrong and that he could never act on his urges with a clear conscience. Willy rubbed his hands over his face and up through his hair, dislodging his top hat, and sighed. The boy drove him wild and feeling what he did today only intensified his urges. He knew the reason for the child’s reaction was most likely an uncontrollable result of the hormonal changes that his heir was going through at this point in his life and that only made Wonka feel worse about his reaction to the accident.

Mr. Wonka fell back on his bed and turned to his side pulling his knees to his chest. ‘He had had to get out of there’ he reasoned with himself. If he had stayed, there was no telling if he would have been able to stop himself from touching the boy in a most immoral way. ‘You are a repulsive, sick twisted old man! You are a vile human being and deserve nothing but death.’ He screams at himself internally as a tear slips out of his tightly closed eyes. “Maybe I had better stay away from him for a while.” He muttered aloud to himself as if to solidify the action.
Charlie was sitting by the chocolate river, idly shredding some swudge. He couldn’t stop replaying what had happened only an hour ago in the inventing room. He really hooped that he wouldn’t have to talk to the confectioner again today or maybe even for a few days. He was absolutely mortified. But what was worse was that Charlie was now positive that Mr. Wonka didn’t return his feelings. He had held onto a small amount of hope that came from the way he would sometimes catch his mentor staring at him with a strange look in his eye. Almost like hunger, but softer, deeper. He decided sadly that he must have just imagined it as he got up and trudged slowly back to the dilapidated shack that was his family home.

Mr. Wonka didn’t show up for dinner that evening and though his presence was missed, Charlie was grateful he didn’t have to be near him quite so soon. But after about a week of the man’s complete absence from all his usual spots, Charlie began to miss his benefactor. The boy was now, more than willing to endure a bit of awkwardness than to continue spending his days without the beloved chocolatier.

So after breakfast the next morning, Charlie said goodbye to his family and went out in search for Mr. Wonka. He asked an oompa loompa, who was passing by with a rather large basket of freshly picked candy apples, if he knew where Wonka might be. The oompa loompa nodded with a blank expression on his face and Charlie bent down to listen to him. He said that the candyman was in his office. Charlie thanked him and was rewarded with their customary salute that Charlie returned gratefully before heading to the great glass elevator.
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Little bit longer today, sorry about the wait I was very busy with classes (I have a heavy course load this semester thank god its my last one in this program) but now I am on spring break so I will hopfully get a couple chapters up this week. I had a hard time finding where to cut this one off sorry if it seems like a random place, it kinda was. You shouldn't have to wait long for the next chapter though so that should make up for it. Alright enough rambling, enjoy!

Charlie knocked timidly on the large wooden doors that led to Mr. Wonka’s office. A muffled ‘come in’ came from inside and Charlie pushed open the door just enough for him to slip inside.

Mr. Wonka’s office is a large room with mauve colored walls with dark wooden floors and a large oriental rug, but that is where the semi normality of this room stopped. There were huge windows made out of hard colored candy to look like stained glass and half a grandfather clock in the corner. He has two large fluffy chairs that seem to be made of cotton candy in front of a fire place and Mr. Wonka’s great wooden desk was cut in half as well and is somehow balancing on only two legs.

The chocolatier was seated behind his desk scribbling away on a tall stack of paperwork but looked up as Charlie approached him.

“Charlie!” Mr. Wonka greeted joyfully but when Charlie could tell something was off about his mentor. It was like he was scared. Charlie noticed how tired he looked, like he hadn’t been sleeping well. His clothes were less of his usual flamboyance as he was only wearing a paisley button down and black slacks and his top hat was nowhere to be found.

“Hi Mr. Wonka, What are you working on?” Charlie asked leaning over the desk to see.

“Oh just finishing up some record keeping. Boring stuff really.” The confectioner replied sitting back in his chair but pushing the form he was working on closer to Charlie so he could see. “What brings you up here?” The nervous tone in the older man was becoming more obvious.

“I missed you.” Charlie answered honestly, not quite meeting his benefactor’s eyes. “I haven’t seen you in days.”

“Oh Charlie, I am sorry I haven’t been around lately but I have been very…busy.” Wonka replied only partly lying. He had been busy catching up with a lot of paperwork even if he wasn’t required to fill them out personally and the oompa loompas were more than happy to fill them out for him, but paperwork provided a nice excuse for not having to interact with the bucket child.

“You’ve been avoiding me.” Charlie said sadly and slightly accusing. But before Mr. Wonka could deny anything Charlie went on “I know I made you uncomfortable the other day in the inventing room and-and I’m really sorry! I didn’t mean for you to.. to have to…feel that.” A bright red blush had risen to Charlies usually rather pale cheeks while saying the last bit and he looked down at his shoes to try and hide it.

“My dear boy,” Mr. Wonka said softly, standing and coming around the desk to sit on the other side
of it facing Charlie. Charlie stepped inched forward so he was only about a foot or so away from the chocolatier. Mr. Wonka continued, “Charlie, you didn’t make me uncomfortable.” He looked down at his lap then added quietly “Not negatively at least.”

Charlie was confused “What do you mean Mr. Wonka?” He asked trying to meet his mentor’s eyes.

“I mean,” Wonka replies glancing at Charlie “I liked it.” He mumbled (quite out of character from a man so against the bad habit) “You didn’t make me uncomfortable in the way you are thinking because I liked it. But I know that it’s wrong of me so I had to leave.”

Charlie was stunned. He was completely speechless. Wonka misinterpreted his silence and continued with a voice that came out very fast and high pitched with panic. “I-I-I know that makes me a bad person Charlie. I know I am a sick, disgusting old man for this and- and … if you want to leave…” A tear fell from his eye and his voice cracked “you can.”

Charlie was still silent, processing the information, but as Willy began to get up, Charlie grabbed his arm. “No, stay.” Charlie said, staring intently at his crying mentor.

Mr. Wonka swallowed roughly but stayed seated. Charlie moved closer still to the older man, hand still on his upper arm.

“I would never leave you Mr. Wonka. Ever. I-I love you. I love everything about you and I love this factory. I will never leave. Besides, I-I liked the, uh, hug, too. A lot.” Charlie said softly then cautiously reached up to wipe away a tear from the chocolatier’s face, letting his hand linger and gently cup his cheek.
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

There is a POV change signified by a --- the next chapter will be back in Charlie's POV. I hope to get the next chapter out soon, I think that will be the last one but who knows? I had to rewrite the whole ending. Thank you for your comments it really helps with motivation.

Mr. Wonka stayed still but leaned ever so slightly into his heir’s hand and closed his eyes. Charlie leaned in and tilted his head up and planted a gentle kiss to the man’s lips. The chocolatier jerked at the unexpected touch and stood quickly backing away to sit on the couch, and buried his face in his hands.

Charlie was confused. ‘If Mr. Wonka was attracted to him and he felt the same way, why was Mr. Wonka seemingly so upset by his kiss?’

Charlie walked over and sat next to Mr. Wonka, careful not to touch him but close enough that the slightest twitch would create contact. He was thinking about what to say or whether to say anything at all but was interrupted by a soft hiccupping sob. Mr. Wonka sat upright, uncovering his face. Tears were flowing freely from his eyes.

“Charlie.. we can’t do this, its- its wrong. Illegal even. It can’t happen. I shouldn’t have said anything..” Wonka said voice hoarse with emotion.

Charlie placed his hand on his mentor’s shoulder “But-“

Mr. Wonka looked at his sadly and removed his hand shaking his head. The chocolatier made to leave again but Charlie stopped him more urgently this time, grabbing his hand and upper arm, holding him firmly.

“But, I love you!” Charlie insisted starting to cry himself, “Don’t you love me?”

“Of course I do Charlie but-” the older man started but was interrupted
“Then how is that wrong!” the boy yelled causing the man under his grasp to jump “How is it wrong?” he repeated “I love you and you love me back. We both want this. Besides, no one has to find out if that’s what you are worried about. Just please Mr. Wonka, be with me! I want you. I need you.. please.”

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Mr. Wonka’s face shone a miserable confliction. Of course he loved the boy, how cold he even suggest otherwise? He loved him more than life, nothing came before Charlie, not even chocolate.

“..please.” The boy was begging him, what was he to do? He hated being the reason for his heir’s anguish.

“No one would have to know,” he had said and to that something in the back of his mind lit up with possibility.

‘Maybe it could work. Maybe it would be alright?’ He thought to himself deeply considering just giving in to desire.

‘But what if he decides he no longer wants this and tells his parents? What will happen then? I will be arrested and the factory will be shut down, ruining both our lives.’ He argued with himself.

‘That’s just a risk you will have to take. Besides, where would you be now if you had never taken a risk? Certainly not here in this factory. Take the risk. If it all goes sour you’ll figure something out, you always do.’

Willy inhaled a shaky breath and ran a hand through already slightly frazzled hair. He turned suddenly and cupped the boy’s face in his hands and surged forward, pressing his mouth against his.

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Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!