Behind Closed Doors.

by Anonymous

Summary

Carlton Keyes, good guy, friendly neighbour, perfect gentleman - protecting the local community from six dangerous criminals, only thing is... no one’s ever seen them.

What happen's where the neighbours can't see? What happens when the warden locks his office door? Why are the prisoners never seen?

AN: Major trigger warning, if this shit bothers you, don't read.
Chapter 1

The cell was cold and dark, a simple 3 by 3 concrete box below the ground. His skin was bare as he placed a shaking hand on the thick glass door, the hallway was as dark as his cell and he could just make out the slumbering shape of 79782 – Scott – there were four others down here, each of them locked away only to be used and put away. He rested his head against his arm, he should be sleeping, their master wouldn’t allow them to once the sun rose, but he couldn’t bring himself to return to his bed, the mattress was hard enough that the stone floor beneath his feet seemed like a pillow. He saw the hallway light up and prayed that it wasn’t his turn. He leaned back and saw the large bulk of their jailer, the light emphasizing the grey that interrupted the blackness of his hair. He closed his eyes as the door to his cell opened, not daring to look the man in the eye as the master ran firm hands over his bare flesh. A hand grabbed his arm as another fisted in his hair.

“Your turn 75675.” Lance didn’t resist as his almost-naked body was dragged from the room and up the metal stairs. The master halted at the top and Lance knew that they were facing the door that would lead to his freedom, he also knew that Carlton Keyes was faster than all of them, resigned to his fate, Lance allowed himself to be dragged through the smaller door to their right. He winced as the harshness of the daylight struck his eyes. Keyes opened another door and handcuffed Lance to the office chair while he locked the door they came from, the one disguised to resemble a book case.

“Please.” He rasped out, despite knowing how useless his pleading would be. Carlton prowled towards him and backhanded his cheek sending Lance and the chair to the floor. The slave’s vision swam as the master hauled him up by his throat.

“No.” He hissed out, feeling his captor drag him onwards. Wood panels becoming carpet, carpet becoming stairs until they reached the top floor. Keyes shoved him against the large floor-to-ceiling window and Lance watched as the other five headed to the showers, unable to see him through the one-way glass. Carlton pressed his large form against the prisoner’s back and Lance whimpered as he felt the man’s hardened length against his boxers.

“I could take you down there.” The hair on the back of his neck stood on end as his master’s voice rumbled in his ear. He felt a large hand wrap around his throat, another around his waist.

“You’d like that, wouldn’t you? Being ravaged in front of the others while you beg like the slut you are.” He felt the hand dip into his boxers, felt the material slip down his legs while the master rubbed his dick. He felt the man heave him up and carry him to his bedroom, felt himself being thrown onto the mattress as the master locked the door, no escape now. He watched as Keyes shed his jacket, his shirt, jeans, boots, even the dogtag that hangs around his neck. The man was covered with large rippling muscles, the full-sleeve tattoos did nothing to hide that, Lance and the others were quite lean, a result of their low food intake and vigorous training programme. Carlton wouldn’t bed them if they were out of shape, he wouldn’t let them out of shape. Large hands once again lifted him up and carried him to the shower in the en-suite.

“Stay.” Carlton growled as he returned to his room, only to return with a few items in his hand. Lance subconsciously moved back only to have a punch land square on his stomach; he doubled over, both arms locked around his waist as his master’s hand once again fisted in his hair.

“I said, stay.” He watched helplessly as Keyes removed his own boxers, allowing his hardened dick to hang free. Lance knew that resisting now would be useless. He felt a hand lift him up and force him into the shower; he knew he wouldn’t enjoy this next bit. Carlton’s form pressed against his back and he heard the shower door slide shut, the cubicle was only just big enough for someone of
Carlton’s build, there was no room for Lance to move and he closed his eyes in defeat just as he felt the custom shower head being forced into his mouth.

“You like that, don’t you?” The master asked before turning the water on, Lance forced himself to breathe through his nose while warm water streamed steadily down his throat, some dribbling from the corners of his mouth. He felt something hard press against his backside and choked as Carlton’s forced his full length into the smaller man’s hole. He shuddered as the master groaned in pleasure and cried as he felt the man’s climax come to an end. The shower head was pulled from his mouth and Lance found himself slumping tiredly against his master’s chest, muscular arms wrapping round him and hauling him to the master’s bedroom. Tears slid silently down his face as his arms were bound tightly to his sides and his legs tied to each other, he felt himself being placed on a soft mattress as his master lay beside him, lazily running a hand over his exposed flesh.

“You were such a good boy weren’t you?” Lance could only whimper as a hand stroked through his red strands. He could still feel Carlton’s dick against his thigh, still slightly hard.

“Does daddy’s little slut want some more? All you had to do was ask.” The large man straddled Lance’s chest, the slave’s tears came quicker at his inability to move. He felt a hand lift his head as the large member was forced down his throat.

“Don’t stop until I tell you to.” Resigned to his fate, Lance sucked him off until the man dismounted him; he felt his body being pulled flush against a toned chest as the quilt was pulled over them. As the master slept, Lance allowed himself to heave broken sobs, only hearing himself in the cramped room.
Taylor heard the master come for Lance and prayed that his fellow slave would black out before Keyes could hurt him too much. He sat with his bare back pressed against the stone wall; he’d learned to find comfort in the cold, cold meant he was safe for a moment, cold meant Carlton was nowhere near him. He wished he could prevent the others from being hurt but he knew he would be powerless against the master, even if he did manage to escape, no one would help him – Keyes had the whole neighbourhood fooled – they believed him and the others to be dangerous. A barely audible click was heard as the locking mechanism in the doors released. Slowly, he got to his feet, wincing as his joints cracked from lack of use. He stepped out, leading the others to the showers, none of them spoke, there was nothing they could say that would ease each other’s suffering. The sunlight hurt their eyes; they spent days at a time underground, only able to venture beyond their cells when the master came for one of them. He stood, a zombie-like sentry, as he allowed the others to enter the tiled room, sparing a momentary glance at the windows on the top floor, wondering whether Lance would see him.

“Come on Taylor.” He heard one of them speak; it was hard to figure out who, their voices cracked too much to notice any difference. He leaned against the white tiles, the coolness grounding him, listening to the water streaming from the showers, pretending not to notice the broken sobs that were only released when no-one could hear. The doors opened at the same time, none of them wanted to be the only one to leave.

“I’ll stand outside.” Tristan told him, it wouldn’t change anything if Carlton came for him, but it was nice to know that he wouldn’t leave the room alone. He stepped into the two by two room, ignoring the small bloodstains that riddled the floor, they weren’t the first people Carlton had used and they definitely wouldn’t be the last. He showered quickly, and changed into the orange hoodie and grey jeans that were tucked away behind the toilet. He hurried out, Tristan at his back.

“Alright everyone, form up.” He blanched at the sound of Carlton’s voice, hurrying over to the patch of grass directly below the viewing platform. He saw Lance’s bound form sat on the podium, head bowed, avoiding their eyes.

“I need someone to clean this up.” He stated as he ran a hand through Lance’s hair, Taylor gulped and stepped forward, despite knowing what was about to happen. Carlton lowered the slave gently, allowing Taylor to get a good enough grip before letting go. Taylor trudged back to the showers, sitting Lance carefully against the cubicle wall; he turned the water on trying to take as little time as possible. Carlton walked in just as he’d finished. Taylor watched as the man cut Lances bindings.

“Dress him.” Taylor did as instructed and waited for his friend to flee before facing Keyes. The man’s gaze was lustful but Taylor knew he wouldn’t be getting that treatment yet.

“Follow me.” Carlton left the room and Taylor hurried after him, knowing that it would be far worse if he disobeyed. Keyes halted next to the punching bag and quickly bound Taylor’s form to it. The slave watched as the master put on the gloves, gloves that he knew contained knuckle dusters.

“If you make a sound, one of the others will take your place.” Carlton allows him to compose himself before throwing a never ending round of punches that left Taylor with dark patches in his vision.

“He is to remain there until daybreak.” Carlton barks and Taylor watches through half-lidded eyes as the man storms back to his office, flicking blood angrily from his jacket sleeves.
Chapter 3

Tristan knew that they weren’t being treated like people, it was just, none of them knew what it was like anymore. He rubbed the part of his sleeve that hid his brand 63806 he was just a number now. He could hear the broken sobs that were ripped from the others’ throats, he knew he wasn’t any different; Carlton was skilled at breaking people. The master had done something different to him, he still received the same amount of abuse that the others did, the only difference, Carlton had run twisted experiments on him. Well, maybe not Carlton himself, but the outcome was the same. Tristan could have children; it was the main reason why he was more afraid than the others. He’d seen how brutally Taylor had been beaten, he would’ve gotten him back to his cell if not for Carlton’s orders, they all knew what would happen if they disobeyed.

“We’re never getting out of here.” Lance rasped in his ear, Taylor merely shook his head, even if they did get beyond the walls the neighbours wouldn’t hesitate to return them. The sun began to set and Tristan had to avoid looking at Taylor as he followed the others to the cells.

“63806!” Tristan froze, watching helplessly as the others continued their drone march, stiffening when he felt Carlton’s breath on the back of his neck.

“I require your services tonight.” Tristan gulped and followed the larger man to the hidden door to his office. He stepped inside and stared at the clothes on top of the computer desk.

“Put those on and meet me in the next room.” Carlton strolled over to the lone door at the back of the room. Theoretically Tristan could make a break for it, but by the time he would’ve unlocked the door, Carlton would be back in here. He removed his clothing and pulled on the black skin-tight suit, making sure the tie was done neatly, the suit didn’t come with a blazer or shoes, leaving him in his white sneakers.

“Come in.” Carlton hollered, Tristan hurried over, knowing that Carlton wouldn’t appreciate him taking too long. He closed the door behind him and crammed himself tightly into the corner. The room was tiny, the kitchen and living room merged together with the dining table pushed slightly under the stairs. Tristan would’ve considered the place cosy if not for the role he was forced into.

“Come here.” Tristan approached the master and knelt next to the couch, forcing back a flinch when large hands started to roam his face; he heard a click and cried out as the electricity patches in the suit shocked him. He didn’t notice that Carlton had grabbed his tie until he felt the master’s lips against his own. Eventually the man pulled away and began to lazily scan his face.

“You’re a good boy, aren’t you?” A hand began carding through his hair as Carlton considered what to do with him. An arm wrapped around his shoulders as Carlton lifted him onto his lap, the other hand stroking every inch of his body, Tristan was glad he was wearing the shock suit.

“We never did test your modifications, did we?” Tristan stiffened; he’d hoped Carlton had forgotten about that, clearly not. The man stood up, keeping the slave cradled close to his chest as he ventured to the slave quarters.

“Let’s get you out of those clothes.” He felt each piece of fabric fall from his frame as the cold seeped into his skin, he saw the hungry gaze Carlton sent him. He felt something slip around his neck, tightening until he could barely breathe; the master sat him down as he strapped the harness to his body.

“Let’s get you back to your cell.” No! Tristan writhed as the mountainous man went to lift him up,
crying out as he was flipped over and a large hand slapped his naked rear.

“Behave.” He was lifted up and watched as the ceiling changed to sky before going back to ceiling, the coldness of the slaves’ quarters wracked his frame. The master paid no attention to his suffering as he placed him against the bed, latching chains to his harness and limbs.

“Let’s not let the others know of this, they might get jealous.” He felt his jaw being forced open as a gag was placed in his mouth; he begged, with his eyes, to be released as Carlton made a note on a clipboard above the bed.

“You look so beautiful like this.” The master praised as he lifted a few more items up, tears seeped out of Tristan’s eyes as a piece of hard plastic was forced into his rear before another harness was attached to his frame, forcing it further into him.

“We wouldn’t want this to come loose would we?” Carlton smiled before planting a kiss against his forehead.

“For this procedure, I’ve been advised to keep you in a clam environment.” Tristan felt dread sink in as a blindfold was wrapped around his head.

“I’ll leave you to your rest.” He heard the cell door open as a liquid began to enter him, he felt as though his insides were burning. The sound of the door locking was drowned out by his muffled scream.
Scott shuddered as he listened to the pain filled cries, he didn’t want to know what had been done to Tristan, he stood up and pressed a palm against the cell door. He watched Lance’s form tremble in the opposite cell, sleeping on the floor wasn’t doing the man any favours; Scott sighed and watched as his breath steamed up the glass. He watched as a shadow moved in the hallway and closed his eyes, it was too late to pretend to sleep, the master would reach his cell before he could lie down. The hallway light was blocked by a figure, Scott didn’t need to look to know who it was, the cell door opened and a firm hand grabbed his arm.

“You should be asleep.” He kept his eyes closed as he was backed against a wall, wincing as the cold stone met his exposed flesh.

“shh, let me take care of you.” A muscled chest pressed against his front, pushing him further against the wall, shivers wracked his frame as a firm hand fisted in his hair. He felt Carlton’s tongue being forced into his mouth as the larger man’s length hardened against his boxers. He tried to move away only for the master’s fist to tighten against his head.

“Stay still.” He felt the master’s lips crash against his as another hand trailed down his side before slipping into his boxers; he felt his legs shudder as the hand clamped on his dick. He felt the fabric slide down his legs and gasped at the sudden temperature drop, taking this as encouragement, Carlton grinded their hips together as he tightened his hold. Scott cried out as the master trapped his lower lip between his teeth, the taste of blood seeping down the slave’s throat. Carlton pulled away briefly and wiped a drop of blood from Scott’s lip.

“You’re a bit vocal today.” The master released his head and pulled a small rod from his pocket, he rubbed lazy circles on the slave’s dick while his other hand snaked around him.

“Let’s see how long you can stay quiet.” Scott was only granted one second before a hand squeezed his dick and another forced the rod into his rear. A slight shock ran up his spine causing his legs to give out, the master hefted him up and carried him over to the bed.

“What did you do to me?” Scott whimpered, tears leaking from his eyes. The master pressed a hand against his mouth as he removed the rod.

“You won’t be needing your legs for a while.” The master observed his face; the soft smile would look charming if it were anyone else.

“I suppose you could crawl if you needed to.” Scott’s eyes were so blurred with tears that he didn’t notice the collar in the master’s hand until it was fixed around his throat. He blinked the tears out of his eyes to see Carlton holding up a mirror, Scott glanced at his reflection, humiliation heating his face – the collar was black in color, a simple tag hanging from the front, the word ‘Slut’ engraved in cursive writing.

“You look so beautiful.” The master praised as he picked up some more items. Scott watched as Carlton picked up a bright pink roll of duct tape, the tearing sound grated against his ears, he only had time to suck in a breath before the piece was pressed against his mouth. Tears slid from his eyes as a dog muzzle was strapped over it, the edges digging into his cheeks.

“If only the others could see you right now.” A pair of fake dog ears were attached to his hair, the master’s eyes growing darker as he ran a hungry gaze over his form. A muffled whimper sounded as a cock cage was locked around his member, the master pulled the military dog-tags from around his
neck and slotted the key onto the chain.

“I’ll only be a little longer.” The tone would be reassuring if Scott didn’t know what this man was capable of. A slight jangling was heard as the master lifted up a pair of handcuffs, each of them with a piece of fabric attached, the duct tape was lifted up again as Carlton wrapped both of Scott’s fists before locking the cuffs tightly around his wrists. The slave saw that the black fabric was stitched to resemble paws, with pink pads sewn carefully onto the bottom of each piece. He bowed his head in defeat as a pink skirt was pulled up his legs, followed by black ankle socks that likely had matching pads. He didn’t react when a pair of cuffs were locked tightly against his ankles and a leash was clipped to his collar. Muffled whimpers sounded at the realisation that he’d been turned into the master’s dress up doll, his dog.

“Good boy.” Carlton praised as he ran a hand through greying brown hair. He stayed a while longer before collecting the slave’s boxers and tying the leash to a metal ring in the floor, Scott cried himself to sleep.
Ross was the youngest of the six, theoretically, that would make whatever Carlton did to him more traumatising than the others – but that wasn’t the case. He remembers when he first met Carlton, he was in his teens and the larger man was in his mid-twenties. Ross had been lonely for most of his life before he met Carlton; the man had been so kind, so caring, he’d been furious when he found out Ross had been bullied, the younger man never had trouble from them again. Carlton had been patient with him, he waited until they’d gone on their third date before asking Ross to move in with him, had waited until he was twenty before they had sex, the man had been gentle with him. Eventually Carlton had to move for his new job, Ross went with him, it would have been selfish not to. The people that they lived with had suffered before they came here; it was Carlton’s job to help them, a task that Ross tried to help him with. He didn’t mind that he had to sleep underground instead of in the main house, there wasn’t enough room – Carlton had promised to try and make his room more homely but it would be selfish to ask for money to be spent on him, money that would be better spent on helping the others.

“There’s my handsome boy.” Ross smiled as his boyfriend entered the room, quickly zipping up his orange hoodie, he felt strong arms wrap around him and relaxed against a muscular chest.

“I love you so much.” Carlton breathed against his hair, Ross nuzzled closer, he didn’t get to see the older man as often as he’d like but he knew how important his work was to him.

“I’m sorry you had to see that yesterday.” Ross just smiled reassuringly, he knew Lance and Taylor had been hurt, but he also knew that they could be violent. He’d comforted his boyfriend often enough after he’d had sessions with them.

“I don’t have anything scheduled for today, would you like to do something?” He nodded eagerly, he knew they couldn’t go outside – the people sadly thought he was like the others and Carlton didn’t want to scare them.

“Come on, you can cook me something nice and we’ll relax on the roof.” Ross followed the larger man to the main house, happily accepting his kisses after the door to the main room had been locked. Carlton eased him out of his clothes, Ross was a bit uncomfortable walking around naked but it would be selfish not to after everything Carlton had done for him. He accepted the pink apron that was handed to him – he didn’t mind the color, not after his boyfriend had sheepishly explained it was the only one left in the shop – the text on the front read ‘ravish the cook’ something Carlton had apologised for countless times.

“I can’t wait for the food.” Ross wasn’t a good cook, but Carlton had reassured him that everything he cooked was the greatest thing he ever tasted. He could feel a hungry gaze being directed at his rear, it was unnerving but he wouldn’t dare bring it up. The food was finished after half an hour, Ross plated it up and watched as his boyfriend ate it up, there was only enough for one of them – it would be unfair on the others for him to have some himself.

“That was amazing babe.” Carlton praised before leading him up the stairs, Ross would have liked to put his clothes back on but Carlton rarely had this much free time, his boyfriend lead him to one of the benches and kneeled in front of him.

“I think it’s time to reward the chef.” He carefully removed the apron and Ross shivered as the evening air attacked his exposed skin. He felt Carlton rub his legs, trying to warm him up, his eyes watered at how caring his boyfriend was.
“I’m going to try something new, okay?” Ross hesitantly nodded, he wasn’t comfortable with having sex outside but he was willing to trust his boyfriend.

“Before we begin, I must warn you. Scott has been having some issues lately; he wanted to join us if that’s okay.” Ross didn’t like the sound of someone else having sex with them, but Carlton was supposed to help the others and if this would help Scott then it would be selfish to complain. Carlton handed him a pill, it was smaller than his fingernail and pinkish in color.

“Try to stay quiet dear; we don’t want the neighbourhood to hear us.” Ross nodded and swallowed the pill dry, instantly understanding the warning – he could feel his body becoming hot, and when he looked down he could see his dick hardening. He forced his jaw shut to avoid moaning in discomfort, he watched as Carlton shed his clothes revealing a much larger but equally hard member. They both turned their gazes to a small box in the corner of the roof; Carlton walked over to it and returned with Scott on his hands and knees. Ross could feel his dick throbbing at the state Scott was in, he watched as his boyfriend told Ross the dog to wait.

“Let’s make this more fun.” Ross felt his middle being bound to the back of the bench, and allowed himself to relax as his limbs were cuffed to the arms and legs of the seat. He couldn’t move. Carlton lead the dog over to him and carefully removed its muzzle and the tape around its mouth.

“When I thrust into you I want you to suck him off.” His boyfriend positioned the dog’s mouth around Ross’ dick as he got behind it. He watched his boyfriend thrust into the dog and felt a pleasant sucking against his member while his boyfriend forced his tongue into his mouth, his moans of pleasure easily muffled. He could feel his climax come to an end as his eyes began to droop. The last thing he remembered was his boyfriend cuddling up to him with the dog sprawled across their laps.
Chapter 6

Jamie woke up with a start, hurriedly leaving his cell when he noticed the door was open, he peered through the door leading to the yard. When Carlton didn’t show up after a few minutes had passed he leaned down to the lock of the door that lead to the outside world, he carefully pulled the key he’d found from his pocket and unlocked the door. Glancing behind him one more time, he slipped out, shutting the door quietly behind him. He walked through the narrow walkway; the space was maze-like in design, purposely built to make it harder for them to escape. He reached the end and snuck to the front door of Carlton’s office, the man wasn’t there. Knowing the door was usually unlocked during the day; Jamie crept in and silently slid the box of clothes from under the desk. He changed quickly and fled through the door, he felt something pulse happily in his chest, he was free. He glanced sadly back at the building, it was a shame he’d have to leave the others, none of them deserved what was happening to them. He shook his head, there was nothing he could do, he walked along the pavement, making sure he didn’t look as though he’d just escaped a torture house. He carried on walking until he reached a park where a sudden drowsiness overtook him, not too surprising; he wasn’t used to life beyond the walls yet. He walked over to the nearest bench and lay down, not noticing the figure standing above him. His head pounded as he woke up, he blinked his eyes open and panicked when all he saw was darkness. He realised quickly that he was in some kind of cupboard, he went to open the door in front of him, eyes widening when he realised his arms were pinned down by something. The door in front of him sprung open, he shook in fear when he saw Carlton’s thunderous expression above him.

“Did you really think escaping was that easy?” The mountainous man lifted him up and shoved him into the bathroom. He caught sight of himself in the mirror – wooden boxes kept his arms weighed down by his side and thick boots were strapped to his feet – his skin was bare.

“You do realise I have to punish you now, right?” Carlton unlocked the temporary weights, Jamie wincing as they thudded to the floor. Carlton stuck a needle in his arm, suddenly, Jamie felt his body falling as his limbs became useless – he tried to close his eyes but found his lids wouldn’t obey him.

“You get to watch as I have my way with you.” Jamie watched as a vibrator was forced into his rear, tears leaking from his eyes when Carlton activated it at the highest setting. A bright pink G-string was pulled up his legs, forcing the vibrator further into him. Something else was injected into him and he watched with horror as his breasts swelled, they were noticeably more sensitive when Carlton brushed a hand over them. He watched as a bright pink bra was fitted over them, too tight. Carlton cradled his body close as he pulled him into a latex suit, fitting a pink pair of high-heels over it. Carlton ran another hand over his breast, Jamie hated the sadistic pleasure the man drew from his suffering. The man lifted up a thick collar, tilting Jamie’s head up before attaching it, the slave crying when he realised he couldn’t lower his head.

“If this is all you wanted you only had to ask.” Carlton lifted up a roll of pink duct tape and tightly bound his hands to his sides before moving away. Now in control of his limbs, Jamie wretched on the floor as the master returned with something on wheels – It looked like a larger version of the IV racks in hospitals. He felt his body being lifted up and stared at his reflection as a chain towards the top of the rack was attached to the back of his collar while his ankles were duct-taped to the bottom of the pole. His body was slightly bent allowing him to see directly in front of him, he watched Carlton stand up, a box and plastic pipe – topped with rubber – clutched in his hands. The pack was clipped to the back of the pole, the pipe brought around to his face. Jamie saw now that the rubber was shaped like a dick.

“This will give you all of the nutrients you need for a few days.” The pipe was forced into his mouth,
tape fastening it to his cheeks. Tears leaked from his eyes as the master clipped something to the crotch area of the suit after opening the zip, he flushed in embarrassment when he realised what it was for.

“Since giving you freedom of movement prompted you to escape, you won’t be able to move for the rest of your life.” He felt the plastic fit snugly around his dick; the suit was zipped up again, the end of the funnel protruding from the front. He knew there was a similar opening on his rear. The master rolled him out of the room and positioned him next to the one-way glass looking over the yard.

“You can watch them, but you’re only allowed down there when I let you.” He could feel something being clamped around his breasts.

“Well, you can’t disobey my orders anymore, can you?” He felt the vibrator reactivate as well as the device attached to his chest, he cried out around the pipe as the master left him to his suffering.
Chapter 7

Lance shuffled out of his cell, arm clutched around his bruised stomach, a few days later and the bruise had yet to fade. He trudged up the stairs and entered the yard, glancing down sadly when he saw Taylor had yet to be let down, none of them had gone near him fearing Carlton’s wrath.

“You can let him down now.” Lance nodded mutely and caught the keys when the master threw them at him. He unlocked the cuffs and eased Taylor’s form to the ground before handing them over to the master.

“Get him back to his cell; you have a job for the rest of the day.” He kept his expression blank as he dragged Taylor off; he wasn’t strong enough to pick the man up, his fellow slave’s whimpers grated against his ears as he dragged him down the stairs.

“Stop.” A voice rasped out, he watched as Taylor struggled to his feet, holding his arms out in case he fell. He led him back to his cell, Taylor giving him a nod of understanding as he activated the locking mechanism. He made his way back to the yard and watched as Carlton returned, Scott crawling behind him. Carlton handed him the leash.

“My dog requires exercise.” Lance nodded sadly and lead Scott to the treadmill, he felt the leash strain and saw Scott gazing hopefully at him. It broke his heart that he couldn’t help him.

“I’m sorry, I don’t have a choice.” Scott nodded sadly in response; Lance continued walking and watched as Scott climbed – reluctantly – onto the machine. He turned it on and watched as the other man struggled to keep up with the moving belt, there was nothing he could do; Carlton had rigged the workout equipment to be stuck on one setting. Carlton walked over to them after an hour had passed, pressing a pill into Lance’s hand.

“Take him to the toilet.” Lance powered off the treadmill and headed to the grey building next to the slave quarters; he closed the toilet door and read the information on the slip of paper the pill was wrapped in. He carefully removed the muzzle, wincing at the red lines on Scott’s cheek; he carefully peeled off the duct-tape and pushed the pill into his mouth.

“Don’t swallow yet.” He replaced them both and hoisted Scott over the toilet, holding him until the pill had worn off. He turned around to see Carlton leaning in the doorway.

“Go on, the rest of the day’s yours.” Lance left the room, too afraid to glance back.
Taylor was still in his cell, every movement sent a jolt of pain through his body, even breathing was difficult. He didn’t fault Lance for aggravating his abused flesh, none of them were very strong and it was hard to be gentle with Carlton constantly breathing down their necks. Speaking of Carlton, the man entered the room, a cardboard box tucked under his arm.

“Ah, still upset about that?” He forced himself not to glare, glaring would only make whatever was about to happen worse. Carlton sat on the edge of his bed, gently running a hand through his hair.

“I know it may seem unfair, but you needed to be taught a lesson.” He unzipped the slave’s jacket, gently easing it from aching shoulders.

“You were becoming too defiant; I needed to stop that before it influenced the others.” He eased the rest of the slave’s clothing off, smiling apologetically at the heavy bruising, Taylor knew he wasn’t sorry. Carlton ran a hand over his torso, frowning at the crusted blood stuck to his hand.

“It seems I was right to bring this.” Carlton tipped the contents of the box out and kneeled next the bed.

“Let’s get you clean.” Taylor felt himself being lifted off the bed and placed on a rubber sheet. Carlton lifted up one of the two buckets and slowly tipped it over him, Taylor shivered as the freezing water washed the blood from his body, the master allowed him a few seconds to prepare himself before drying him off.

“That looks a bit better. It’ll take some time for you to get better, time that you shouldn’t spend moving.” The slave watched as the larger man lifted up a diaper and slipped it up his legs, Taylor’s face flushed in embarrassment. The master pulled a pair of boxers over it, the slave writhing at how tight they were.

“They’re waterproof.” Wait. Why would he need waterproof boxers? He watched as Carlton lifted up a roll of bandages and pulled the other bucket closer. No.

“Stay still.” The master’s tone was enough to scare him into obeying. He watched as the master tightly bound his feet together, helpless as he carefully worked up his legs. He felt the cast harden and watched as the master double-checked his boxers.

“Keep your arms tight against your sides.” He did as he was told and watched as the cast worked up his body until his shoulders were covered, he was truly helpless now. He watched as the master added a few more layers to the cast, Taylor didn’t think that Carlton himself would’ve been able to get out. He felt a pacifier being forced into his mouth as Carlton continued to bind him, not stopping until only his eyes and mouth were exposed. The final piece was placed against his nostrils.

“You’re a good patient.” Carlton stated as he placed him on the bed, removing the pacifier from his mouth. Taylor watched as he lifted up a baby bottle and forced it into his mouth, not removing it until he’d almost blacked out from air loss.

“I’ll leave you to your rest.” He pulled the quilt over Taylor’s prone form, leaving the mummified slave alone in the darkness.
Tristan’s jaw ached, he had no idea how long he’d been kept down here, not when he couldn’t see the comings and goings of the others. He heard the door to his cell open and flinched when he felt a pair of hands smooth along his exposed stomach.

“That’s incredible.” Carlton’s voice sent shivers down his spine, he felt the blindfold being removed and winced at the light, the cells weren’t very bright so he must’ve been here for a long time. He saw Carlton’s expression and immediately eyed the growing bump of his stomach.

“You’re doing so well.” Carlton smoothed a hand through his hair before sticking a needle in his arm.

“I can’t bring you any food until the experiment ends, that should give you everything you need.” Tristan glared at him, no longer caring about whatever Carlton will do to punish him.

“You can glare all you like, but know I’ll soon have something to ensure you behave.” Tristan froze, so that’s what this was, he was breeding a tool to use against him. The thought was sickening, Tristan may not want to give birth to a child, but he certainly didn’t want that child growing up a tool in Carlton’s twisted games.

“I’ll leave you to cool off.” The blindfold was pulled down over his eyes, he didn’t allow the tears to fall until the cell door clicked shut.
Chapter 10

Scott raised his head when the restroom door opened; Carlton walked over and grabbed the leash, leading him down the stairs to the slaves’ quarters. Scott felt humiliation flare up when he saw the dog cage pressed in the corner, a dog bed filling the space, his old bed was nowhere to be seen. Carlton unclipped his leash and ordered him into the cage; Scott climbed in and felt his wrists and ankles being lifted to the top bars, watched as Carlton bound them to the top of the cage with the leash.

“I’ll bring you some food in the morning, but first.” He felt the rod being forced into his rear again, felt the shock in his spine that caused his legs to hang loose as much as the leash allowed. The cage door clicked shut, Scott watched helplessly as the master fastened a padlock to the door.

“I’ll leave you to your rest.” A blanket was draped over the cage, trapping him in darkness.
Ross’ limbs ached from being bound in the same position for so long, he couldn’t complain though. Carlton was a busy man and must’ve been distracted by his work. He heard the gate to the roof open before warm arms wrapped around him.

“Oh God, I can’t believe I left you up here.” Carlton blurted before hastily undoing his binds, Ross felt himself being lifted into his boyfriend’s arms; he snuggled against his chest until he was placed on the couch.

“I’m so sorry.” He was quick to reassure him, the older man couldn’t be faulted for his dedication to his work. He felt Carlton slump against him in relief.

“I still want to make it up to you.” Ross knew Carlton had already done too much for him, but he also knew his boyfriend would do whatever he wanted, regardless of Ross’ opinion.

“How do you feel about being a teddy bear for the day?” He wasn’t too comfortable with the idea, but the shivers still wracking his frame halted any arguments he may have. Carlton smiled, planted a kiss against his forehead and went upstairs, he returned with two boxes.

“Are you ready? I don’t want you to change your mind halfway through the day.” He nodded, he had his doubts but Carlton would never force him to do anything. He watched as the first item was pulled from the box, a diaper, he frowned in confusion.

“If you need the toilet it will be hard to get you out of the suit in time.” That made more sense, he allowed Carlton to put it on him, knowing that the man liked being in control. He felt a bit ridiculous wearing it but reasoned it wouldn’t be forever, he watched as a pair of socks were lifted from the box while a pacifier fell out – finding it funny, Ross lifted it up and placed it in his mouth, the delighted smile on Carlton’s face sent a fuzzy feeling through his chest.

“You look so adorable.” Carlton praised as he slipped the socks onto Ross’ feet. Carlton helped him into the bear suit, pulling it up to his waist before sitting him back down. He watched as two pieces of fabric were pulled over his fists, it was a tight fit but he didn’t complain.

“I love you, you know that right?” He answered with a smile and watched as a piece of ribbon was pulled from the box before being tied in a bow around his neck. He felt the suit being pulled over his shoulders as a drowsiness began to settle over him, he watched as the pacifier was pulled gently from his mouth.

“Do you trust me?” He nodded again and felt Carlton flip him over before the fabric was pulled tighter around him; he melted into the warmth as the zipper was fastened. Carlton turned him over again, the warmth combined with the weight of the suit did nothing to combat his drowsiness.

“Can you stand up?” Carlton helped him to his feet and guided him back to his room where a metal frame had been set up, a smaller box rested beside it. Carlton leaned him against it as he chained his ankles to it; he kissed him before grabbing his wrists in one hand and chaining them to the hook above his head.

“Open your mouth for me.” Ross did as he was told, mind not quite registering the strangeness of the request. He felt a strap being pulled around the back of his head as something was forced into his mouth – just missing the back of his throat – he heard something clip into place and realised he couldn’t move at all. He writhed as much as he could, only succeeding in tightening the chains.
“Babe, shh, calm down, everything is going to be fine.” He relaxed instantly at Carlton’s voice; his boyfriend wouldn’t do anything to hurt him.

“Are you tired?” He yawned as much as the thing in his mouth would allow him.

“I’ll leave you to rest for a bit then, I promise I’ll get you down from there tomorrow.” He felt a kiss being pressed against his head as the hood was pulled over his head, plunging him into darkness. He felt the hood move as something clicked, he realised the hood had been fastened. Deciding his boyfriend wouldn’t leave him in that state for long, Ross allowed sleep to claim him.
Chapter 12

Jamie shuddered in relief as the vibrations stopped, slumping as much as his current state allowed, he gazed out at the yard longingly – never did he think he would wish for the enclosed space. He heard someone trudge up the stairs, spine stiffening as arms wrapped around him.

“I see you’ve been busy.” He gazed at the puddle beneath him in shame, the master had ruined him, Carlton had won. He felt himself being wheeled backwards, watching as the scenery changed to the master’s bathroom.

“I want to have some fun with you; we don’t want to make a mess, do we?” A bucket was slid in front of him, his cheeks heating up in embarrassment.

“If you behave I’ll let you accompany me all day tomorrow.” He lowered his gaze, unwilling to watch as Carlton had his way with him. The man leaned forward and unhooked the device from his chest, Jamie gasped around the tube. He felt it being eased from his mouth; Carlton wiped something from his mouth, eyes dark.

“I really want to ravage you right now.” The only good part about this situation was that Carlton would have to let him down to do that, instead the man placed his hands against the slave’s breasts, causing another gasp.

“You really are sensitive, aren’t you?” He felt the master’s hands tighten momentarily before releasing him. He felt a zipper at the front of the suit open, felt hands slide across his flesh as the bra was unclipped, gasping in relief.

“You look so beautiful.” He felt the master’s lips against one of his nipples as the other one was pinched, he groaned as the muscular man began sucking. He heard something click and felt the vibrator activating, crying out at the overstimulation. Eventually the master pulled away, clamping his lips over Jamie’s as he refastened him.

“Good boy.” The master praised as he wheeled him back to the windows, Jamie didn’t allow himself to cry until the footsteps faded away.
Chapter 13

Lance walked across the yard, ears straining for the sound of the others; they usually came out together so he didn’t quite know what to do. He heard footsteps approach him, shivering as the form of the master appeared before him.

“Well, look at what we have here, the little slut all alone.” He watched as the master stripped in front of him, leaving only his boxers. The man had truly gone off the deep end.

“Aaw, has the little baby been neglected?” He shuddered as the master slipped his hands beneath his jacket, felt the material fall from his shoulders. A firm hand slid under his shirt and tore the threadbare material from his body. He felt himself being lifted up before he was seated on one of the tables. The master ripped his jeans of, quickly doing the same with his shoes and socks.

“You’ve been a good boy lately.” The master stated as he slipped a pacifier into the slave’s mouth, wrapping a strap around his head before nibbling at his neck. Lance whimpered in displeasure. He felt his boxers being slipped off and watched as Carlton did the same with his, hardened length hanging between his legs as he climbed over Lance’s body.

“I’m going to fuck you until daddy is the only word you remember.” Tears leaked out of his eyes as the master forced his length inside of him, his wrists pinned to the hard plastic beneath him. Eventually the master pulled away, Lance watched in horror as the man swallowed a pill and his length hardened again almost immediately. The next day had already arrived by the time Carlton stopped, eyes half-lidded and skin glistening with sweat.

“You’re so beautiful.” The monster praised as he ran firm hands over Lance’s flesh. Lance went to beg him to stop but something was wrong, he couldn’t speak, he couldn’t remember how to speak.

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