Listen, Watch, Learn

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Listen, Watch, Learn

by Nanners (nanjcsy)
Black Box With Holes

Billy's parents, his siblings, teachers and friends told him he didn't know how to listen. He never paid attention, he just flew through life not giving a care at all. Then.

Now the world is still, there is no more flying. It is all dark and cramped and don't think of it, just breathe, just breathe. Better. Well, he has proven them wrong. He learned to listen, to listen carefully and to watch, to study, to learn and do it as fucking fast as possible. Too bad there is no one left to crow over it to.

Dead. dead. dead. They are all dead, he knows it, parents and his friends, he saw, he saw and just breathe. Billy took some time to count forwards and backwards while breathing deeply. He survived, that is what he can focus on, that was a positive, right? He was always taught to look at the positive things by his grandparents.

How quickly life changes, one minute he was in his home celebrating his graduation night now here he was cramped into a little box. His best friend tripped a wire and suddenly he didn't have a head. Billy saw a man in black leather and as soon as it registered that danger was here, he ran along with his mother and cousin. The man killed his mother when she ran into a spike going too fast around the corner. She choked and gurgled and Billy ran while the man seemed to play with the dying woman.

They tried to hide, but he found them. His cousin Patty was dragged away from him, even as he tried to keep a grip on her ankle. The man took her away, allowing Billy to stay where he was. This shook Billy to his core. This terrifying man who is ripping his world apart isn't even worried if Billy tried to run or attack him. He is confident in catching his prey tonight. Sobbing, Billy ran from the room and he cringed, hearing his cousin scream.

"Fuck, oh please, fuck." Billy couldn't run because of the fucking traps, he could only slowly search his way to dead ends.

Windows were boarded or nailed shut. Too many traps were set near the doors to even think of attempting it. Billy whined as everything was going quieter. Less screaming now and the few that were also alive begging were silenced now. Oh fuck, he was going to be back soon, the fucking boogey man is coming and Billy didn't know what to do. So he when he heard the footsteps he did the only thing he could think of. The thing he always does that drives everyone crazy.

He did the opposite of what everyone else here did.

When the leather clad man appeared in the kitchen, the boy wasn't brandishing a weapon or attempting to open the door. Billy sat calmly on the floor, legs crossed and palms resting on his knees. Pale, tears streaming and shaking from sheer fucking terror, he asked in a husky voice, "If I surrender, do I still have to die? Can it at least be a very quick death?"

Billy looked up into the man's eyes but they scared him in their intensity. He looked at the boots and watched them come closer. A small whimper came out of his throat as one gloved hand came down. It squeezed his throat then pulled him to his feet. The hand forced his head upwards until he looked at the monster eyes. "Please..." Billy whined involuntarily.

"Hush."

Panting, Billy forced himself to silence and to stillness. He thought of animals, predators that will chase and rend you if you run. I'm prey and if I struggle, if I panic, he'll kill me. Playing dead wasn't
an option but playing submissive prey was. Billy let the man-monster spin him into a wall face first. He didn't do more than yelp in pain when he felt wire wrapping around his wrists. He did not kick or buck away when the man lifted him over his shoulder. Billy was dropped and roughly arranged in a box too small, so small.

At first it was too much, Billy passed out then woke to his body wrenched in pain from such an uncomfortable position for so long. He started to scream in agony but then he heard something. "No...no...stop yelling! Stop right now or he'll come hurt you. You don't want to anger him, trust me. Shh...good that's better. I know you must hurt and I know you are scared out of your mind but you need to stay as calm as possible."

Billy sobbed quietly then and put his mouth to one of the many holes in the box. "Please, help me! Why is he doing this? Where am I?"

He heard a shifting then the calm voice sounded a little closer and it was softer. Billy had to stop sobbing and panting to hear him better.

"I am helping you. Start with not panicking, okay? Have you noticed it's not the same box you were thrown in? Look, you can move a little more, right? You can turn over, you can shift around. There are plenty of holes, to see and listen from. That is most important. If you want to survive here, you need to pay attention. You have to always listen and see, you have to now how to act at all times. One slip up on a bad day and you are dead or worse than that. Trust me, so much worse can happen then dying. Look and move around for a minute. Then you can look at me through one of the holes. Don't ask for me to let you out, I can't do that."

Billy wanted to ask why the man couldn't help him but this once, he decided to listen. He looked around and saw the holes were everywhere, it let some light in and air. Taking assessment, Billy could stretch out each limb one by one in this new box. Only one limb at a time could be straightened but at least it helped with the cramping issue a bit. "I know you hurt, I can teach you a trick to help with the cramping."

Billy listened and the man had him breathe deeply in and out. Then he took him slowly through the process of envisioning and softening each muscle. Once Billy was able to curl back up to a hole without agony, the boy saw the man. A few feet away, he was thin and wiry looking. Shoulder length shaggy hair but strangely clean shaven. A thick leather collar was wrapped around his neck and a heavy chain was attached to that. It was bolted to the other end of the room, the man could go where he wished in the room but he couldn't leave.

The man sat upon a rubber mat, his body covered in scars and a few fresher wounds. The only clothing he had was a ripped and bloodstained pair of boxers. Billy noticed with horror that the man was missing...pieces. No earlobes. Only two toes on one foot, three upon the other. His right hand looked misshapen and the left had only a thumb and three fingers. His limbs all seemed to rest awkwardly, there were many areas that looked broken and reshaped. Billy had a feeling if this man were allowed to run free, he wouldn't get very far on the shattered and twisted limbs.

"Hey, I'm Arkin. You can see why letting you out of that box would be bad for us both, right? I can help you a little bit, I can talk to you. You are just lucky I was here today. HE switches us around, the ones he keeps. We go into different rooms on a schedule that only he knows but we wouldn't dare ever break. Sometimes we even get to see each other, not often I think. Time is hard to tell in here. But it is always nice to be allowed to talk to another person. The better you behave for him the more chance you stand."

"I'm Billy. Where the fuck are we? Who is he?" Billy was hearing something else, pained moaning from another area in the room.
"We are in his lair. He is the Collector. A fucking lunatic according to the police and media. To anyone who is captured by him, he is God or the Devil maybe." Arkin gave a small laugh that was unnerving and Billy looked away. He looked out a hole on the other side of the box to locate the moaning person. His eyes locked onto the gruesome sight and he started to hyperventilate. "Oh no, no, no! I'm gonna die, oh no, I don't want to die, please, let me out!"
"No...no...calm down. Cover your mouth or look away, pray, anything but be loud like that. You are so lucky he is downstairs with the dogs." Arkin looked grimly down then at the bulging eye that has returned to his side.

"That man...he has been here two weeks and he broke. Couldn't stop swearing and trying to run, to fight. He won't live long with his organs hanging out like that. That shit pisses our Master right off. Get used to the sight, smell and sound of it, you'll be seeing it more. Pay attention less to what is happening to them but WHY is it happening."

Arkin gave a rusty chuckle as he leaned back against the wall, letting his legs splay before him awkwardly.

"See me? Would you believe I was once considered handsome and quite the in shape fucker? I was a professional thief and damned good at it. No lock I couldn't open, nowhere I couldn't escape from...until now. Or rather then. There is no real time in here, it was so long ago now, I think. I was smart enough to learn the rules and dumb enough to push them just enough to be quite sure of the boundaries."

Arkin gestured to his missing pieces.

"The earlobes he chewed off out of anger with me. Fingers and toes were his main punishments for breaking rules that I knew well. He flayed each of them to the bone and waited days cutting them off. One by one I lost pieces and I learned the hard way, but I learned fast enough to survive. Most don't listen, they freak and learn the hard way or not at all. If you don't learn at all, you either become one of his cannibal freak dogs in the basement or you end up like that poor fucker hanging off the wall. So you need to watch listen and learn to survive here. We few left survive because there just might be that one day...that one moment."

The man shrugged and looked away, moving his limbs restlessly.

"He will hurt you, torture you...scare the fuck out of you...that is what he does. I can't change that for you, but at least you should know what's coming. You need to never fight, never try to run. Try to not get loud, if you have to babble or scream you can as long as he doesn't hush you. Don't make him hush you more than once, he'll fucking sew your lips shut with wire and leave you dehydrated like that for days. I know that feeling, it's not pleasant. Or if he's feeling angry enough, he'll take out a few of your teeth in the worst way he can think of."

Billy started to sob quietly.

"I'm fucking scared, man."

"Yeah, I know...and I wish...I could do more for you. I have tried, you know. I tried to help others and only with limited results. What he does to us...death might seem like a better choice when it gets really bad..when he is on a fucking creative streak...but trust me, it's never worth trying to die. He has cameras everywhere, he has secret passages only he can use...there is no sneaking. This entire place is rigged like a maze...you'll never find your way out. Trust me...I tried to find a way out for...sometime before I accepted it." Arkin picked at an itchy healing scab on his elbow.

"Accept what?" Billy's voice cracked a little.

"Accept that this is our new life, our new world, run by a strange, mostly silent god...listen, learn and
obey so you end up like one of us. We are the smallest collection of all. A group of human worshipers. Just one of the collections, but the only collection you'll want to be part of here. The alternatives are pretty fucking grim."

Arkin shifted then suddenly his head lifted and he seemed like a wild animal sensing another predator coming.

"He is on his way. Master is here. Stay quiet no matter what, okay? Really try to remember no matter what...listen, learn and obey." Arkin's voice has gone to a husky whisper as he went to all fours.

Forehead pressed to the floor, palms flat on the floor, Arkin began to tremble, whether from fear or exertion, Billy couldn't tell. Trying to remain calm, Billy huddled further into himself and kept his eyes peeking out the of the holes.

For no reason at all the hair upon Billy's body from his balls to his head, all stood upon their roots.

Then Billy saw the horrific force that was slowly killing him by sheer panic alone.

Huge black boots were before Arkin's head. Arkin timidly leaned forward and seemed to almost begrudgingly kiss his Master's shoe. The man seemed to accept this, then he slowly leaned to rub the dirty, snarled locks of hair with calm favor.

The Collector unlocked the chain so he could lead the man away.

Billy watched sadly as Arkin silently obeyed and gracefully.
Billy tried to sit very still at his desk, but it was hard.

Every now and then a terrible cramp would hit. Trying to ignore it was almost impossible, so he would gently try to ease the muscles. The classroom was even bleaker than ever. It was gray with mold and other stains that Billy refused to think about.

There were other students besides him but there was no chatter, no one giggling, no one joking, gossiping, chatting about anything. No cell phones being used, no fidgeting at all. These students were quiet, they were waiting, the same as Billy.

Waiting for the teacher.

Then just as Billy eased another terrible cramp in his leg there was noise coming from the door. A series of clicking and clacking as if someone were picking the lock on the door. This assessment proved correct when a man entered carrying lock picking tools in one hand.

Billy saw that the teacher was Arkin and he was dressed like a high school teacher. He slammed the door shut behind him and nodded at the students.

"Good morning, students. Let's do our attendance, shall we?" Arkin smiled and the spaces between the teeth he had left didn't detract from his charm. He sat on the desk and loosened his tie before picking up the clipboard.

"Mute Molly?"

Billy watched as the pretty blonde with messy bloody pigtails in a stained cheap Halloween cheerleader costume raised a small sign that announced, ALIVE.

"Excellent!"

Arkin beamed at her and called the next student.

"Holy Hank?"

The man that whispered prayers when the Collector left him in the same room as Billy, looked up. Billy saw that the man's arm had seeping wounds that looked infected. It would be rude to say something and hurt his feelings, so Billy simply looked away.

"Alive."

"Excellent!"

"Billy?"

He looked at Arkin and called out,

"Alive."

"Excellent!"

Arkin leaped off the desk and began to check windows and walls for a way out while speaking.
"Do we all remember our rules? Time for a pop quiz!"

Arkin peered up at a broken camera and double checked it.

"How do we all stay alive?"

Molly raised her hand which had several broken fingers on it.

When Arkin nodded at her she held up a small sign that Billy noted was written in blood.

"Obey. Never run, fight or be noisy."

Arkin smiled and nodded but his face looked terrified.

"That is right! Obey and you get to live. We become the Collection and we suffer and we wait for the day we can do more than just survive!"

A sound, like boots coming and to his horror, Billy felt hot urine squirt down his leg in terror.

Mute Molly started to moan and Holy Hank was praying again.

Arkin grabbed his hair and started to look around wildly then he pointed at Billy.

"Test day, Billy. He's coming for you this time. Not just to give you a needle, not just to hydrate you. He is coming and taking you out of the box. Test time and listen to your teacher."

Suddenly Arkin was in Billy's face, screaming. "Wake up, Billy boy! This is the big test day, dammit! Obey and live! WAKE UP! TEST DAY!"

Billy woke to pain, to electric current running through his body, contorting, limbs slamming into a box.

The pain faded with only occasional twitches and Billy peeked up to see the leather clad man staring down at him.

Whimpering, Billy didn't dare to move or speak.

As the dark eyes watched and assessed Billy, the long cattle prod began to touch Billy. If he flinched away from the metal touch, he was zapped.

Soon as Billy lay passive under the terrifying touch of the cattle prod, the Collector simply ran it across the boy's skin. Billy got the point and remained limp, silent.

A leather gloved hand patted his head and Billy whimpered softly.

He stayed still while the man lifted him from the box and Billy wished he was back in his dream.
Drowned And Desperate

Billy was nearly eighteen, well, more like six months until his birthday but still a young man.

Except he never felt as small or weak since he was a small child. At his age he would be embarrassed that he has piss and shit on himself but it wasn't like he could have helped it.

The man has left Billy in this box for at least a few days. As Arkin said, time moves funny in here. In Billy's mind he has not left the box in a century or more.

The man began to carry Billy as one would a slippery puppy.

Not that Billy would have dared to move an inch but suddenly his nerves and muscles went on a excruciating riot throughout his body. He had no control over his jerking, freezing, cramping body and the pain of it made him throw back his head and scream.

"Don't fucking scream, you idiot! What did I tell you?" Billy could hear Arkin's voice in his head and see poor Molly in his mind's eye.

He saw her brought in on a chain once or twice from his box.

Always silent, mouth shut, eyes down, wearing the cheap cheerleader costume that was bloody and stained with even worse things. Make up all smeared wrong on her face, ragged pigtails, with knee pads and padded gloves so to make it less painful to crawl and kneel.

Something that Arkin didn't seem to have, proving this girl was certainly a long standing member of the collection.

Billy had asked Arkin about her the next time he saw him left chained in the room. Arkin told him that her nickname was Mute Molly. She was the oldest member of the survivor collection. Silent, loyal as a beaten hound and Collector's favorite fuck toy. Arkin had given a bitter chuckle.

Molly never fought or tried to run away but she couldn't control her mouth when she panicked. There were too many panic attacks and the day she screamed NO into the Collector's face, he ripped out her tongue.

That took care of her panicked babbling and verbal defiance, though it didn't do much for the anxiety attacks.

Not long after Arkin became part of the collection that Molly had lost her tongue and then her spirit. Losing her ability to speak, taste, it was devastating. She rarely interacts with others except her Master, but the slowly growing insanity taking her over still allows some reality to still leak in.

"He enjoys using her most times, but not exclusively. No, our Master likes to make sure his pets know who owns them in every way he can. And we are grateful for every humiliating, painful sick moment of it. Because we have seen Collector fuck holes he has created in some of his catches. We have seen him kill a person by carving out the eyes then fucking the poor man through his eye sockets."

Billy had shuddered at the hideousness of it as Arkin's face told him how terrible seeing such things must have been.

Billy tried hard to stifle his screams but the pain was just awful.
He was carried somewhere, it didn't matter. Only his rebelling pain racked body mattered. It was a shock when he was dropped upon cold concrete.

Sobbing, whining and howling into his own jerking, seizing hands in an pitiful effort to keep the man from ripping his teeth, tongue or jaw out.

Almost impatiently, the man crouched down next to Billy.

He began to shove his fingers hard into the frozen knots of unused muscles and didn't seem to mind when Billy screeched into the cold floor. In each area that the man forcibly thrust his fingers into, Billy would feel brilliant, flaring pain then it would dull, then slowly it would relax, the knot would grudgingly release.

Once Billy's entire body was limp and he was down to quiet sobbing, the man stood back up.

Billy didn't understand why the man would bother. Then he remembered Arkin telling him that the Collector hates it if his victims are suffering from a cause not made by him personally.

The man lifted Billy's limp body and carried him to a large steel tub. He put Billy inside of it, taking care to lay the boy out and walked away. Billy curled himself back into a fetal position, his gooseflesh trying to crawl away from the cold rusty metal.

The metal tub was a strange square one with a large rusted drain at the bottom of it.

Only a foot away was a hose, coiled up like a thick snake. Billy watched as the man unfurled the hose and came back to the tub with it.

With a slight growl, the man sprayed the hose directly into Billy's face making him cough and try to turn his head. The man then grabbed a fistful of Billy's hair and forced the hose in his face until Billy was drowning.

He couldn't breathe, he couldn't swallow enough, then just as he was near to passing out or perhaps actually drowning, the man stopped.

Billy choked and vomited water.

The man made a point of grabbing the boy and jerking each of the limbs into the exact position he had put the boy in when he put him in the tub. Billy understood.

He got the point and whimpered very softly, "I...I'm sorry. I won't move again. Please forgive me."

The man stood there and stared down at Billy with an intense searching stare that he didn't understand but terrified him.

Why did he speak? Dammit, even softly, why did he speak?

The man is going to rip his teeth out, break and remove his jaw or cut out his tongue. Or if he is very lucky maybe the Collector will only sew his mouth shut.

Billy trembled and unwilling tears streamed as he lowered his eyes, whimpering, trying not to. A creak of leather but Billy didn't dare to look up and see what method of torture was coming for speaking.

To his shock, a large hand gave a soft pat to his head, then the man turned away to pick the hose back up.
This time the spray went over Billy's body. It was cold and the spray was harder than Billy was used to, but the man was cleaning Billy's body now. Moving the boy like a rag doll and Billy finally registered it.

The pat was both approving and forgiving.

Billy began to sob and was relieved that he could see the dried filth upon his body go down the drain.
A Fast Learner

The kind petting, it made Billy forget what Arkin warned.

He forgot that even good behavior doesn't cause a lack of pain, just the lack of the worst kinds of pain. As soon as the man deemed Billy clean enough he lifted the boy and dropped him onto the floor.

Shivering and shocked, Billy lay still watching with terror as the cattle prod came back into view.

Slowly, the cattle prodded pointed forward and Billy began to timidly crawl that way. Without any thought, Billy started to crawl over the threshold that divided the bathroom from the other rooms.

Pain exploded and Billy writhed on the floor, half in the room, half out.

Judging by the growl, he had messed up. His head was grabbed and the man held his face against the door jamb then electrocuted him again. Billy found himself dragged by his head while his body still twitched.

Billy screamed as one shoulder dislocated as the man forced his left arm up too high in a room down a dark hall. The man pulled Billy's palm open and drove a sharp hook attached to a chain through it.

Howling, gibbering, Billy was helpless as the same happened to his right palm.

A sharp slap to Billy's face stopped the howling as the boy started to worry more about not losing his balance and ripping his hands apart.

The collector walked away and rummaged among shelves while Billy whimpered and tried to keep his toes from giving out. Seeing the man return with a large jar of roaches and a flame thrower didn't help his panic any.

He opened his mouth to plead, to beg, to scream no, but the gleam in the man's eye, it warned him.

Arkin's deranged advice was recalled.

"There will come a point when you have to beg, have to scream until you just can't anymore and he knows exactly when those points are. If you waste his ears on pleading and screeching before he wants to hear it, you'll regret it."

With a whine of misery, Billy shut his mouth again and shivered, sobbing.

The eyes grew more interested but the deadly flat things seemed to offer a slight approval. Billy shut his eyes and the next forever of his life was in only shattered impressions.

A rustling, a dreadful clicking, rustling then chewing, rending pain and the hiss of the flamethrower.

Until the jar was blistering hot, until his chest, oh god, his CHEST, THE ROACHES WERE EATING HIM!

Billy was shrieking, pleading and twisting, he couldn't take it, words tore from him along with the screams.

"PLEASE! PLEASE, DON'T HURT ME ANYMORE, PLEASE, I'LL BE GOOD, I'LL BE GOOD PLEASE! MASTER, PLEASE!"
The jar went away but Billy was still screaming, then greying out.

He had a last impression of the man lifting his head to stare into his eyes as if trying to understand something. Billy's eyes rolled up and he prayed that fainting wasn't another thing that irritated the man.

He fainted while trying to remember if Arkin said anything about fainting.

When Billy came back to himself he was laying on a gurney with his wrists and ankles cuffed. His chest and palms hurt so badly and he sobbed.

"Hush."

Billy bit his lip to keep quiet as he saw the man rolling a small lab tray over with so many surgical tools on it. In spite of the gory room, the tools on the tray were shining, no rust, of hint of dirt on them.

He watched as the man reached for a bottle of disinfectant.

Nervously, Billy squirmed as the man hovered the bottle over his chest. With a smirk, the collector tilted the bottle and watched as Billy screamed in agony. He let the boy recover to small whimpers before he did the same to each of the boys' ripped palms.

The man then filled a syringe and showed the empty little bottle to Billy. It was Novocaine and Billy looked from it to the man's eyes. He had almost begged for it but remembered Arkin's words and simply used his eyes to show submissive pleading.

With a grunt the man swiftly gave the swift terrible pinches to Billy's chest. He let the numbness work before stitching it up. The hands were stitched without any medication but they took less time. Billy cried and yelped a few times but a quick "Hush" and he forced himself to silence.

After the man thickly bandaged Billy's chest and hands he undid he cuffs.

Billy lay still as the man lifted then put him on the floor. The cattle prod came back out and Billy scrambled to his hands and knees, hoping it was correct. A heavy hand petting his head made him sob with relief.

The cattle prod pointed forward and Billy crawled, slowly, staying at the man's side this time. As they reached the threshold of the room, Billy whined and went flat and still, trembling.

"Hush."

The leather hand pet his head slightly longer this time. Then after the Collector stepped out of the door, he used the cattle prod to wave the boy towards him. Billy noticed nothing except the man's boots and cattle prod until he suddenly was in front of a box.

It was a new one, a larger one with a plastic mat inside and barred entrance. He gratefully curled inside of it and didn't burst into loud sobs until the man had long left the room.
Billy lay curled up and he imagined hunger, thirst and pain all fighting for dominance of his tormented body. It could have been hours or days, he had no idea. The door was opened and the footsteps, oh just the sound and Billy curled tight and silent in the back of his cage.

Just the sight of the large black boot in front of the cage gate made Billy whimper. He suddenly had to shove his hands between his legs to keep from pissing himself with fear. Oh god, he can't take anymore, not yet, please, I am so hurt, so hungry and thirsty.

Billy kept his mouth shut and only his tiny hyena sobs of fear were heard. After a moment the man unlocked and opened the cage door. He left it open but didn't reach in or threaten with a cattle prod. This time after he opened the barred little door, the collector walked away.

No, no, oh no, I won't fall for that trick, no sir! Billy has watched from the box holes just as Arkin said to and he learned.

He curled up as far from the door as he could be. Memories of captives trying to burst out of the box and being beaten without mercy, bones broken and sometimes worse.

Others timidly trying to creep out of the box as soon as they think the man is gone or just because they assume the open door was an invite. Every time the collector appears to attack them and violently correct them.

It didn't matter that Billy couldn't see or hear the man, he knew a test when he saw one.

After a few minutes or decades, the boots appeared before the door again. Whimpering, Billy pressed hard into the box. A gloved hand appeared and made a 'come here' gesture. Swallowing a dry throat, Billy began to go forward to the front of the cage.

He was careful to stay low enough that his belly touched the mat of the cage. Inch by inch and when he reached the threshold of the cage, Billy stopped. Recalling the other day, Billy stayed still right in front of the boot blocking his exit. He timidly lowered his head and waited.

A heavy pat to his head and Billy was ashamed at the way he sobbed in relief that the man was pleased with him.

The hand suddenly grabbed his hair and pushed his face down. Suddenly he was being pressed hard against the man's boot and Billy struggled to understand and accept.

The man lifted Billy's head again then slammed Billy down so his lips pressed onto the dirty leather. In a flash, Billy understood and began to kiss the man's boot as he had seen Arkin do it.

Except where Arkin gives one very quick peck out of begrudging respect and forced submission, Billy was acting fucking pathetic.

Billy kissed the boots as if they were his favorite grandmother. After a minute of this the man petted the boy's head and rubbed the sore spot created by the hair pulling.

The man stopped petting him and moved back a bit. He crouched down and beckoned for Billy to come out of the cage. Heaving with the fear of fucking up, Billy continued to inch forward on his stomach, constantly peeking up to see if it was another test.
The collector watched with patience and dark interest that made Billy whine and tremble. Just before Billy reached the man, a gloved hand made an abrupt stop gesture. Instantly, terrified he made a mistake, Billy froze and cowered.

He watched the leather boots walk away towards a shelf. Billy was too scared too look up.

This room had two other victims. One was moaning in a full body cage so small that the heavyset person had huge pockets of fatty skin forcing its way out of the bars. Blood flowed sluggishly as the bars cut, sinking into the skin like butter.

The lady was a security guard at the local middle school in a very rough area of her city. Her name was Sally. Billy spoke in hushed tones with her earlier. It was almost better not to talk, they beg and ask questions that Billy can't always answer.

Sally won't live long, she keeps mouthing off to the Master. Billy isn't even aware that he thinks of the collector as Master, or that he called the man that to Sally. She doesn't call the man Master, no she calls him many other names though.

Even after he pulled her teeth out she slurred swear words at him.

Billy had been sobbing, curled in his box as Sally screamed in agony as the man pulled every single tooth then forced her body into the tiny standing cage. The bars had thin razor wire wrapped around them. The woman was going to be sliced half to death by the bars alone.

Now she was making sounds of low agony and Billy didn't want to see it. So he kept his eyes only on his Master's boots. Besides, he reasoned, it was best to only pay attention to Master if he is in the room.

Best to keep Master thinking on his good behavior so he doesn't put Billy in a cage too.

The boots began to take measured steps back towards Billy. In anxiety and terror of what the man might be carrying, he started to hyperventilate and whine. His whole body shook but he didn't move as ordered.

Boots stopped just a foot or so away. There was a clinking sound as a thin chain with a loop at the end of it was allowed to swing down from the gloved hand. The loop at the end of the chain was large enough for a head to fit through.

With a gesture from his free hand, the man called Billy forward. He pointed to Billy, then to the chain, then he curled his finger to encourage the boy to crawl to him.

Billy shivered as he began to slink forward. He gritted his teeth and whined as he stared at the makeshift choke collar. A dog park was near his house and Billy sees folks with these types of dog collars on their dogs.

If the dog lunged, or if the owner pulls up hard and fast upon the leash, the collar momentarily chokes the dog. Billy can't imagine what that will feel like on his bare neck.

Billy found himself with his face in front of the silver loop. A gloved hand petted Billy's hair then the hand grabbed the back of his neck hard. He found his head slowly being pushed into the loop.

It was more degrading that way to have to feel like he is putting his own neck into the choke collar. Once Billy's head was through the loop, the man let go of his neck.

The leash tightened and for a second, Billy was in panic. Cold metal pinched into his skin, he
couldn't breathe! Then the loop relaxed and Billy found a gloved hand petting his head again.

This time Billy sobbed and found himself leaning into the gentle touch. He was so scared, so alone, he felt so small and he needed something, anything to hold onto in this hellhole. Any kindness will do.

A small comforting and approving sound from his Master had Billy leaning even further into the glove. The man stood up and Billy's head felt cold in spite of all his hair. A quick tug on the chain had Billy following the man like an eager but timid puppy.
Feeding Time

The man did not take Billy out of the room but rather led him to a large black mat that was against the crumbling wall.

Billy stayed on his hands and knees, grateful for the cushioning on his knees. He watched silently as his strange Master attached the end of his chain to a steel loop cemented into the floor.

The chain allowed enough room for Billy to sit, kneel or lay down. He watched confused as the man left the room. Was this some sort of test or was the man going to come back with something terrible? Billy started to pant and whine then he forced himself calm.

Whatever was happening, he had to accept it. Billy decided to try sitting against the wall with his legs splayed out. Just the human act helped him feel a bit better in the head. Stretching himself out helped his body and he groaned with the minor pleasures of it.

The hairs on his neck went up and Billy knew his Master was returning.

Quickly, Billy got back and his hands and knees with his head down.

He timidly glanced over and saw Arkin crawling next to those boots. His collar was thick leather with a lock that looks as if the metal was melted so to never be removable. A chain like Billy's was attached to the leash and the collector was leading Arkin to get on the mat next to Billy.

Arkin stayed perfectly still while the master attached his chain to another metal loop in the floor on the other side of the mat from Billy. Then the collector stood up and left the room again. As soon as the man left the room Arkin sat up and Billy tentatively did so to.

"You look good, kid. I'm impressed, you must have impressed him twice as much. Look at you, only your chest bandaged and your hand? Damn, did you suck him or something?"

Billy blushed and shook his head.

"No..I just tried to remember and obey. If things started to get too much I'm beg and scream..I called him Master."

A small rusty laugh came out of the older man. He ran his hands over his scruffy chin.

"He didn't ask you to call him that? You just did it on your own? There you go, that is what did it. Me, Molly and Hank, we had to be told to call him that."

Hugging his knees to his chest for a moment before releasing them, Billy reminded himself a chance to stretch out mustn't be wasted.

"Oh..wait, he spoke? Like more than the word hush to you? I only ever hear hush."

"It'll happen. He doesn't say much. It was as simple as one time I asked him a question. Suddenly I was hoisted onto a chain and he whipped me. He would lash me a few times then whisper "Master" into my ear. I caught on and started yelling Master as he whipped me. I never forgot to address him that way again."

Arkin's eyes danced around the room as he spoke to Billy.

He seemed to find every window, door, crack in the wall. His eyes slid over the victims he cannot
help and his eyes scanned the walls for a weakness. A single mistake, a single trap unseen so far.

Billy was just grateful to not only sit up, stretch out, but have the company of Arkin.

The hairs on his head rose and must have on Arkin too because they both went to their hands and knees at the same times. Billy smelled food and he started to drool, unable to help it. A terrible whine tore from his chest unbidden.

A leather hand landed heavily on his head and gave a small tousle. The man brought a chair over to the mat and then he sat down upon it. Billy followed Arkin over to kiss the man's boots. Then they huddled before him, both desperate for the plate of food the man held in his lap.

The man moved his hand out and put it under Arkin's chin slowly pulling him to knees. Billy instantly went to his own knees and hoped that was correct. It seemed to be as the man did not strike out at him.

A gloved hand appeared just in front of his face and it took a second for Billy to focus on what he held out. Billy whined at the sight of the meat chunk. It smelled amazing, was that steak? Billy moved forward then stopped to timidly look up at his Master. He didn't want to do anything wrong.

With an approving nod, the man moved his hand a bit closer and Billy carefully took the piece of meat. He chewed in bliss and sobbed as the juice flooded his mouth. The grease from the meat ran down his chin and he didn't care.

When he swallowed it, the man took a small damp rag and wiped Billy's face. Arkin was offered a piece and he gave a look for permission before taking the morsel. When he finished the man washed his face as well.

They were fed this way for a few minutes. When each had about five pieces of meat the man put down the plate and offered a water bowl. Billy cried, he was still so hungry but his stomach felt stretched.

Arkin went to the water bowl and lapped. Billy sat back and waited for his turn.

He never even saw the blow coming. Billy was lying on the mat, squirming for a moment in pain. When he could focus again, his Master was tapping the cane on the ground.

The man pointed the cane at Billy then at the water that Arkin was still lapping at. Nodding, Billy got the point. Scared of being hit again, Billy crawled low and timid to the water dish.

His head rubbed against Arkin's as they lapped the water.

That is when all hell broke loose.
Sounds of metal popping, giving way and then the heavyset man burst from his human size cage. Billy watched as the man started to stagger out of the room, screaming. The man stood and growled then lunged after him.

The second the man got free and the master growled, Arkin did something strange. He threw himself flat on the mat, legs straight out, face against the rubber material and his arms above his head resting on the mat. Billy only hesitated for a second before mimicking Arkin.

They heard the man screaming down a hall then his screams intensified, letting them know that the collector caught him. Whispering, close to Arkin's head, Billy asked why they were laying like this. They weren't trying to run, hell, they are chained to the floor.

" Doesn't matter. Whenever he is that angry, when someone tries to run or fight loudly like that, it enrages him. He will see rebellion in the eyes of every victim. I have seen him murder new victims he hasn't even tested for the collection yet out of anger like this. So if we lay flat, we are showing ultimate submission, fear and obedience. He will calm down faster and we won't have to bear the worst of his upset. If we are lucky."

Arkin gave a small laugh which sounded wrong with the terrible sounds of wrath wringing in their ears.

"Just think like in prison. In prison if there is an alarm, all prisoners must lay flat. I wish I were back in prison, compared to this...though I have to say the food is better here. Too bad we don't see much of it."

Billy was surprised to find a small grin growing across his face. Oh, god, how fucked up is it to be amused at a time like this?

The Master came back in and they both went silent, laying flat, not even daring to twitch. They watched in numb horror as the man held a spinal cord and a head in his gloved hands. The head went onto a shelf for later treating and the spinal cord was thrown into a bucket for disposal.

Seeing the gristly remains in the collector's hands was the last snap for the poor high school teacher's head and she started to scream. Billy shoved his face into the mat so he wouldn't plead with her to be quiet and still. He couldn't help but hear her shrieks go very high then cut off to an agonized moan as she was dragged away.

"He is taking her to the dog room. I think they are going to eat better than us tonight..or at least more food. Don't cry, it's too late, they are both dead now. Worry about staying alive yourself, yeah? Hey, take slow breaths. You can't panic when he comes back in. Silent, submissive and no trying to evade or struggle. He's coming back."

Heavy steps came forth and they could hear the man breathing in an alarming way. He sounded like a bull and there was a deep low growl to his exhale. Every movement was menace, a barely held savagery and as the Collector loomed over the two flat laying males, his body tensed further.

Billy shook and tried to keep his sobs of terror so quiet but he knew the man could hear it, could see him shaking. Boots covered in gore appeared before them. Arkin inched forward slowly on his stomach, still flat to kiss the boot then laid flat again. Billy followed his mentor's example then he waited to see what horrors would happen next.
The man grabbed Arkin’s hair and yanked his head upward so harshly it made Arkin grunt in pain. He seemed to scan the man's face for something before dropping him back to the mat. Billy's hair was pulled and he kept his eyes low until a gloved hands slapped his face sharply. His eyes timidly rolled upwards and he made a soft whine as he looked into those black eyes.

Billy was dropped back to the mat as well, but he barely felt the thud. He was too amazed to have heard the man whisper something to him that wasn't a hush.

"Good boy"

The man lowered himself to the mat and sat against the wall. Billy and Arkin didn't move until he made a patting motion on his leather clad thigh. Arkin immediately slithered forth till his head bumped the man's leg gently. A hand moved over Arkin’s hair then pushed his head onto the leg to rest there.

Even sitting down the man was a clear danger and Billy cried and shivered as he crept closer to follow Arkin’s lead. The man grabbed the chain to drag Billy faster. Suddenly Billy found himself being lifted into the man's lap.

He whimpered but forced himself to not struggle when he felt his back being pressed against wet messy leather. Worse, there was something hard nudging against his buttocks.

Billy forced himself to stay very still and try to keep his whimpering soft. Arkin shifted his head as if to rub affectionately and his eyes found Billy's. He stared and Billy tried, he did try to make himself follow the lead but it was so much to ask of him. Staring back, trying to draw strength from his mentor, Billy forced his body to relax into the man's lap.

The man was pleased, he ran his gloved hand through Billy's hair while his other went to give Arkin a soothing pat along his spine. Billy saw that something smeared in a line across Arkin's back. Whatever was on the gloves was now also on Arkin which meant it was in Billy's hair. He tried not to shudder and failed. When that same glove came down to caress Billy's face, a hyena sob burst out of him.

"Hush"

Oh god, the gore was on his face, not just his back and hair but his FACE!

Arkin tried to catch his eye and Billy shut his own as tears tracked through the slime upon his cheeks. Taking slow breaths, Billy allowed his head to fall back against the monster's shoulder. The glove gave a long caress down his neck as if to comfort him before circling around his throat. Billy lost his calm center again and made another soft whining sound.

"Sssshhh. Good boy."

Billy was both soothed and scared shitless by the man speaking again. The words sounded reassuring but there was an undercurrent of warning. He gave a small nod and forced his body back to relaxing against the man. With an eerie patience, the collector waited until Billy was limp against him before moving his hand from the firm but not squeezing grip.

Up and down along his face and neck the glove trailed. This time Billy kept his breathing level, kept himself in control. When the hand circled his throat for the second time, Billy remained silent and submissive under the oppressive touch. The man gave a squeeze, very slowly until he cut off Billy's breath.

"Hush. Good boy. My boy."
Billy tried to remain still even as he starved for air. If I'm his boy why is he strangling me? The air came back and he sucked it in to cough it out. Arms went around him as if to support Billy as he tried to feed his air starved lungs. Finally, he hung nearly limp over the arms, tears and sweat adding to the disgusting mix on the leather.

He was pulled back and Billy's head lay against the man, lolling.

The gloved hands traveled his chest and stomach now. Billy whined when the man pinched and played with his nipples, but he remained still. He grew nervous as the hand traveled lower, his breathing was growing erratic in panic.

Closing his eyes, Billy was trying to calm himself but when the gloved hand slid between his legs, a sound of hysteria burst out.

Quickly, Billy bit it off and then the panic hit hard.

"Please, sorry, please sorry."

It was whispered, it was fast and every word was a humble plea. Still, it was speaking, it was an outburst and Billy flooded with a sort of black almost gleeful horror. His eyes rolled upward and his body shuddered hard in pure fright.

And he just couldn't stop, as his dead relatives could have attested to. Billy always had to open his mouth, take one more step off the ledge as always.

"Oh god, I'm sorry. No talking, I broke the rule. Master, please, I'm sorry. I'll shut up right now. Please."

Arkin looked ready to throw up with anxiety and that made Billy's panic hit twice as hard. He had spoken again, oh god, is he fucking crazy? The man will torture him then kill him.

Rip his cock off and feed it to the dogs, maybe feed all of him to the dogs if he was lucky. Billy cringed into himself and in horror, pure utter sheer fucking giddy tilting terror, he lost control of his bladder.

It was only a small amount, not much more than a dribble, a small growing splotch of wetness on his crotch. But the Master and Arkin both saw it, smelled it. Billy couldn't imagine anything worse short of shitting upon the man.
A wild sob was smothered against leather as a large hand covered Billy's mouth. The other hand seemed to press the wet spot further into his skin. The hand left Billy's crotch and made a gesture towards Arkin.

Meekly, with an apologetic look at Billy, Arkin peeled the soiled shorts off him. As the air chilled the wetness, Billy sobbed deeply under the hand on his mouth.

"Hush...shhh."

Billy tried very hard to stay still and quiet even as his last bit of shielding was taken away. Arkin used his teeth to remove the shorts then the collector grabbed a fistful of Arkin's hair.

Yanking the head back up into Billy's lap, the growl told Arkin he wasn't finished yet. With a glance up at his Master to make sure he was correct, Arkin gave a lick at the wetness.

The fist in his hair became a gentle grasp instead and Arkin grimaced, licking all the urine away. Billy made a squealing sound and tried to keep himself from trying to buck Arkin's head away. A tightening on his face reminded Billy to stay quiet and compliant.

When all the urine was gone, Arkin looked up at his Master again, questioningly.

A low growl and a tightening of the fist, this time directing Arkin's head so his lips brushed against Billy's shrinking flesh.

Arkin took Billy's soft cock into his mouth and Billy wailed under the glove in shock.

He has never had that done to him before. And it was a man, not a girl his own age! Billy has had sex once on prom night and it was messy, drunk sex. There was nothing more than clumsy fondling and then awkward missionary sex.

"Hush...shhh"

Billy's chest heaved and his legs trembled but he tried to remain calm under the glove, under his mentor's hot mouth. Arkin used his tongue, his lips and sucked the way the collector has taught him.

Man or not, he knew what he was doing and soon Billy was fighting not to pump into the delicious feeling.

Whimpering in shame and need mixed with terror, Billy was hard as a rock and Arkin only paused to let the collector see it. The Master gave a sound of approval and motioned for Arkin to move away. The hand left Billy's mouth and he found himself lifted to his knees, facing Arkin.

One hand snaked around his waist.

How can the man's hand be so big as to nearly span his waist? Or how thin has Billy become? Has he somehow been made tinier by the boxes and cages?

The other glove now encircled his whole throat and Billy understood to stay very still. The collector has motioned to Arkin again and the man comes slinking forward reluctantly.

Arkin resumes his torturous hot wet sucking that is making Billy moan like a whore and turn so red with humiliation. Billy felt the hardness of the collector pressing, rubbing against his ass. The more
of a reaction Arkin got from Billy, the more excited the man seemed to get.

Soon Billy was making little high pitched "uh, uh" sounds.

The hand around his throat got slowly tighter as Billy started to get closer to an orgasm.

"Good boy. My boy."

He faltered a bit hearing the whisper against his ear but deep down in a sickening place it made it easier for Billy.

In that moment, Billy truly surrendered.

Head flung back against sweaty leather, pumping like a pup discovering sexual instinct for the first time, he cried out in a dark bliss. The man anchored him as Billy shook and spilled into Arkin's mouth. The man waited until Arkin swallowed the last of Billy's seed.

Then he moved the arm off of Billy's waist, allowing the kneeling boy to sag against him, only a hand on his throat to anchor him. Billy shut his eyes and sobbed. He had a terrible feeling what the man was doing and he had seen the flash of sympathy in Arkin's eyes.

The hand returned to signal to Arkin. A snap and a point.

Arkin's chain was not very long but it was enough that he could crawl to the small table next to the mat. Kneeling up, Arkin got the item that the man wanted. Putting it in his mouth to hold, Arkin crawled back and lowered himself before his Master.

Billy watched in a sort of numb horror as the man took the bottle of lube from his dog's mouth.

Billy burst forth a terrible whine when he first felt a gloved finger, slick and cold move against his entrance. The hand around his throat tightened again.

"Hush...shhh"
Billy was open mouthed, full out sobbing and trembling so hard he looked like he was having a seizure. The thick gloved finger was pushing into him, forcing into his private, never ever before touched area. It was all too much and he was unraveling at a fast pace.

Arkin stayed very low but inched about until he was able to be face to face with Billy.

He kept casting nervous glances at his Master but the collector seemed to feel this was a good idea. Billy was getting louder and the shaking was now chattering his teeth.

This seemed to terrify Arkin and he spoke fast and quietly but the alarm in his tone was clear.

"Billy, hey kiddo, listen to me. You have to try and calm down a little. Remember, I told you about panicking, it makes you do something stupid or bad. You are doing so well, our Master is so pleased with you. Just breathe and let it happen, alright? You are going to be fine, you are going to get through it, you can take it. You just need to take a deep breath. Please, Billy, you have to calm yourself."

Nodding jerkily, Billy sucked in air to try and take a deep breath. Instead the breath was used to wail out words.

"Please, it hurts and I'm so scared! I've never, not ever and I'm too scared!"

Arkin's face drained of all color at Billy's loud wailing words but the Master didn't rip out his tongue or even hit him. The words came out in such a desolate high way, it sounded like an abused puppy calling for it's mother.

In another it might have inspired pity, in fact in Arkin, it did. Once he got over the terror of the collector possibly mutilating the boy over it. However, it inspired a different type of emotion from their cruel deity.

Breathing heavily, the Master gently pushed the poor shaking boy down until his head was nearly in the kneeling Arkin's lap. One hand quickly released his raging hard on while the other shoved another finger into the boy.

This time the fingers thrust and twisted, producing more of these lost high pitched wails from the boy. Arkin was trying to soothe the boy to some semblance of calm by petting Billy's sweaty hair. He pushed Billy's head so it rested on his legs while the collector was forcing Billy's ass high into the air.

As Billy felt the huge rigid flesh push against his open hole that the fingers have just left, Arkin whispered to him.

"It's okay, it's alright. It's going to hurt and be scary, I know. Just keep it to begging in that lost puppy way and if he wants you quiet, I'll put my hand over your mouth."

The flesh stabbed into him as if it were a blade seeking his innards. Billy's jaw creaked as his mouth opened so wide and the scream tore out of him. Arkin gasped and readied to muffle Billy's mouth when the Master stopped. He stayed deep inside the boy but he gave a moment for him to recover.
Billy sobbed but when the man started to thrust again he didn't scream. He did however continue to wail and sob, pleading softly.

"Please, oh god, it's too big, Master! It will rip me up, please, I'll be a good boy, your boy, just please, please, it hurts!"

This excited the collector and he began to growl and pump harder until the sound of his balls slapping against the boy was as loud as a spanking. Arkin tried to soothe the boy by rubbing his hair but he felt himself growing hard and was just too far gone for shame anymore.

He and the other two have learned to take any pleasure they can recieve as the mercy it always was. On rare occasion when their Master takes one of them in front of each other, they are allowed to orgasm. Usually orally or with a hand.

Hank and Arkin might both be heterosexual in the real world, but in here it's pointless to think of sex that way. It was only another thing their Master can be pleased by and that alone is enough incentive.

The pleasure is just a merciful gift from their Master even if it is Hank and Arkin buried in each others pubic hair. Molly might not be appealing to either of the men. Yet watching their Master fuck her savagely makes both of them drool and go hard as rocks.

Both think nothing of the fact that Molly cries while she jerks Arkin or Hank off as their Master rapes her. Anymore than she does when she nearly smothers them when she is allowed to sit on their faces and orgasm as the collector rapes one of them while they cry.

Once after Arkin had proven himself to his Master by not running away when he got loose from his box at a club, his Master rewarded him by letting him sodomize Molly. Later that day the collector sodomized Arkin while having Hank give him a blow job.

Then he watched while Molly got Hank off with her impressive hand skills. When it made him hard again, his Master had Arkin rape Hank while the collector used Molly's mouth. He loved to choke her and rub his hard length across her tongue stump.

So Arkin had no shame but did feel a little bad when Billy registered the hardness and looked up so wounded by it, betrayed almost. The Master has also noticed now and pauses in his thrusting. Chuckling softly, a gloved hand released the thin hip of the boy and reached into Arkin's lap.

With a moan, Arkin thrust himself into his Master's hand as expected to do and to be honest, he wanted to. He was conditioned and soon the boy will be too. Best Billy get used to it now, Arkin tried to reason in his head.

The man lifted Billy's head gently then angled him so he was face to face with Arkin's cock.

"Be good. Good puppy."

Billy cried out at the whispered words and at the cock in front of his face. Arkin didn't dare allow Billy a chance to make a mistake by saying no. He forced himself into Billy's mouth and began to slowly move back and forth.

The collector grabbed the boy's slight hips again and resumed his pumping, leaning down to bite into the boy's shoulder hard.

This forced Billy to scream out which allowed Arkin a chance to really muffle him by slamming deep into his throat. He leaned over him, hands curling into Billy's tangled hair as an anchor. The whisper was kind sounding but the relentless thrusting into the boy's mouth told a different truth.
"Just be calm and let it all happen. It's what the Master wants and nothing else matters. We do as we are told and live, okay? You are going to be fine, you feel so good...oh god."

With another growl, the Master leaned over his small boy and fucked him till the boy howled and choked on Arkin's cock. Grabbing Arkin's chin with one hand tightly, the collector watched his pet's face.

Arkin stared up at his Master, full of submission, fear, lust and an unholy worship, losing himself in the moment. He matched his Master's brutal thrusts, understanding every silent demand.

Billy was stuffed, he felt as the two of them would fuck so deeply they would touch cocks inside of his hollowed out body when they came. It would fill and drown him. A final few thrusts from his Master's cock that he knew ripped something and he screamed as loudly as he did at the very first thrust.

With a grunt and another deep bite into the back of Billy's neck, the man tensed against the boy, filling him. Arkin was panting, thrusting hard until his Master started to orgasm. Then Arkin stayed as still and tense but didn't dare allow himself to release without permission.

He waited on the cusp trembling as his Master recovered a little. As soon as the man looked up, Arkin meekly and softly began to beg.

"Please Master? Please?"

Staying deep in his new puppy still, as if trying to knot him, the collector nodded and watched as Arkin gave three hard fast thrusts. Head thrown back, Arkin made a little howling sound that he knows pleases his Master as he finally spilled his seed down Billy's throat.

Billy lay limp, held up by the cocks in his body and the cruel gloved hands around his too thin and feeble waist. He wept and wondered if it was worth it to be part of the collection after all.

Chapter End Notes

And look, no cliff hanger to this chapter! Don't get too used to it...LOL!
Puppy

Chapter Notes

Sorry for a short chapter. However here is where the story starts to make a change.....
The next chapter is from Arkin's POV. I plan on writing it during the week and have it up by the weekend the very latest!

Billy made it to the collection.

Hank had been chained in the room for a small time and he whispered of it to Billy. He leaned close to the cage and his voice remained in the same pattern as praying. Just in case the Master was listening.

"You are being kept as part of the living collection. Arkin is sure of it. Listen, you are HIS favorite, you are new and exciting. Just keep doing well, okay? You calling HIM Master on your own, your begging, whatever your doing, keep doing it. Just keep HIM distracted and we are working on something, a plan is forming. Alright? Your part is to keep HIM happy and stay alive. Can you do that, Billy?"

Without looking up, Billy nodded. He was curled in his cage, eyes closed, he slept any chance he got these days. He had no concept of time or schedule, just the constant weighted will of the Master. Billy didn't care, all he wanted was Hank to shut up and go away.

Since that time that Billy was used by Arkin and the Master, he has changed.

The world has shrunk so very small and Billy tries to shrink it further by no longer speaking. At least to the others. He does still sometimes use his voice to beg or apologize to the Master. Billy loves his cage and his ripped and bloodstained dog bed that his Master has given him.

Whenever Billy is in the cage or chained in the dog bed it means he can sleep. There is nothing safer and easier than sleeping.

All other spaces belong solely to his Master and Billy must pay strict attention. He is wide awake at the very thought of his Master wanting his attention.

Sometimes Master chains him up, runs a razor lightly over his skin, Billy never knows when the slice will come and it always surprised him. He gives little gasps that turn to screams when salt is added.

He lays limp as his Master bathes him and cradles him in his lap to fondle the sore and shrinking flesh. His Master will harden to Billy's sobbing and then impale his weak puppy on his cock.

Another time his Master hung him from the ceiling then alternated between licking and biting his way down Billy.

For at least twenty minutes the man pretended to bite Billy's cock off to watch the boy go hysterical. Billy was shaking and found himself hugging and thanking his tormentor for not biting his penis off for an hour after the Master finally relented.

Billy chased balls across a room. The Master pierced his nipples and the head of his cock with metal
rings. Sometimes he would attach a thin chain that looped through all the rings. Then the chain was attached to his Master's boot and the man would do his chores that way.

Billy would sob and struggle to never lose pace. Twice so far his Master has had to stitch up a nipple.

He learned to crawl at his Master's side without causing the chain to pull no matter what room they entered or what startled him. His meals came more often, sometimes he was hand fed, other times it was in a dog dish. Regardless, Billy was always grateful and ate just like the puppy his Master wanted.

Truthfully, Billy was starting to feel like the dog that his Master wished for. He found himself thinking in very simple terms. Sleep, eat, obey, serve, be grateful. It was easier and he was starting to notice how really kind his Master was.

The other members of this twisted survival club are way more damaged. They are clearly fed less and not as cared for, not as spoiled. Billy was grateful for this even as he felt bad for the others.

After all, they all tell him, even Molly has scrawled in blood and grime to indicate he was the favored one. They said the Master rarely used words at all. Billy hears whispers of good puppy and good boy all the time!

They never received so much kind attention, like a dog bed. Sometimes the Master has him lay in the bed and chew on toys while he works. Billy likes to chew on the toys, he prefers the soft plush ones to the rubber. When he shakes or worries them while growling softly or whimpering while slowly chewing, it seems to please the Master.

Sometimes, Master will stop making his traps or sterilizing his tools to watch Billy at his antics. Other times he will be intense on a victim, but he knows if Billy stops chewing. The puppy never wants to hear he is bad and will appease immediately.

Billy only really remembers his name when one of the collection uses it. He mainly thinks of himself as Master's puppy. When he thinks at all. Easier not to, easier to sleep, obey and glow in the fact that he is favored.
Arkin feels bad about the boy.

No, he must acknowledge the truth.

Arkin wishes he could feel bad about the boy. That alone terrifies him more than anything else, including the Master. So much misery, death and torture, on himself, on others. It wears on his soul, it is all etched into his skin and scorched into his brain matter.

Arkin has lost empathy except on the most base of levels. Knowing Molly and Hank have also is no comfort. Knowing that it won't be very long before Billy loses that too.

The boy weighs heavy on their minds. He was young, younger than any survivor so far and he has already sunk so fast inside himself while he rises in Master's favor.

The boy has learned from the start not to fight, not to make any mistakes. Arkin and the others have taken great care to make sure of this. As much as the collector has trained the boy, so have they.

With deliberate intent of creating a perfect toy for their Master, they coached the boy as much as they could. Using every bit of their own experiences they taught Billy how to act.

It was paying off wonderfully and was all going according to plan. But Arkin still wished they didn't have to use Billy as their bait.

The boy was so broken already but Arkin needed the Master's attention diverted. There was really no other way, the three had decided.

They had to be ruthless, they had to let the boy keep their Master entertained and busy.

Arkin has been in this hellhole for an eternity.

He has only vague memories of his wife and daughter, of himself in the before. There was never a before or after here...only now.

Only their Master keeps time, only what he wishes matters. The first time Arkin became aware that others were kept besides himself, it made him sob with true relief. When he first met Molly, she still had a tongue and her voice was a blessing to him.

Arkin lied to Billy about a few small things. He told Billy that they were all kept separate but that was a lie. The truth was the collection of living stayed in the same area. The Master has decided to keep the boy in a separate room rather than follow his own protocol.

Once Arkin was trained, he was put in his section near Molly. When Hank was caught, tested and trained, he was also put on the other side of Molly. It was a large cold room with green peeling paint and a grey tile floor. The three of them were in a half circle around the room in cages.

Not dog cages like Billy was still kept in, not after they were trained. They were in cages tall enough to stand in, to walk in. Each had a padded mat and blanket to sleep on, water in a dog bowl and a flushing toilet.

Each could fully see the other and speak or signal if they so chose. All are fully aware that they are
being recorded. They are careful to only speak or signal things that the Master wouldn't be suspicious over. Then they discovered that the camera to the room they live in has no sound to it. It is broken.

This was discovered by Hank, confirmed by Molly and then tested by Arkin. Once that was discovered, communication became more interesting. They used small sections of their cages that couldn't be seen by the camera to speak with vocals and hand signals. They used a form of Morse code played on their water bowls.

Simply moving their blankets in a certain position can create an entire dialogue. It was what kept the smallest bit of their gray matter sane. It was the only reminder that they were still human beings. That there could still be any hope left at all.

At first they just encouraged and consoled each other. Then they would share with each other what they saw when allowed out of the room. They shared if the Master was preparing for a hunt, returning from one, angry or happy as if they gave weather reports on his moods.

Creating humor, making secrets, it kept that going, kept them from that final crack. And then it was seen. A way out. A dangerous, crazy and nearly impossible idea. But with the Master keeping his eyes mainly on Billy, this is the chance, that slim chance is looming bigger.

Arkin wants to feel bad for Billy but this might be the biggest con he will ever pull. This might be their one chance at escaping this madman before they are truly lost. If it fails...that doesn't even bear thinking. If it works...Arkin will do everything he can to fix the boy, to help him.

It's one shot, the last chance Arkin will ever have to play the longest con of his life.
The time the Master has spent with Billy these past few weeks, light years, seconds, centuries, they do not feel time anymore. What they did know was it gave them time to plan out a real possible escape. Step by step they continued to go over it until it was perfect as they could manage. Of course it wasn't like they could really rehearse.

It had started when the Master still only had Molly, Hank and Arkin. Hank had just gotten his cage in fact, Arkin remembers a bloody sobbing man praying frantically to himself. It was a sight he and Molly grew quite used to. The Master seemed to enjoy the man's unshaken faith and in spite of his rule against unneeded noise, he allowed Hank's whispered prayers.

On occasion the Master would nail his holy victim to a mock cross and sew the praying lips up. As soon as the game was over and the Master would remove the wire from the tortured lips and offer water, Hank would thank him, then pray. This always drew a chuckle from the collector. The Master liked to whip Hank while forcing him to read out loud from a Bible.

Once they discovered the Master could not hear them, Arkin asked Hank a question.

"How are you strong enough to still have faith in any God besides our own personal fucking devil?"

Molly leaned into her bars, listening intently, often wondering the same thing.

Hank smirked and gave a small bitter laugh.

"I am more atheist than any out in the world right now. But it seems to be the thing that keeps me alive, that he likes about me. So I pretend. I was a fallen priest, just a year in and already on my way out. I was dragged to the club by a girlfriend I wasn't allowed to have. We had been seeing each other for three months in secret. She was a nun, I was a priest and it was like a bad catholic romance novel really. I got her pregnant, I paid for an abortion, we got found out. Excommunicated and defrocked. That was what they would have said but we just put on our uniforms, headed for the meeting, then just...ran away. Spent the day getting high off this reckless freedom. That night we had our first ever alcoholic drinks. Next thing I know...so the praying was real at first. Not for long though. Now I only know one God and he is neither good nor loving but gives a whole new meaning to God-fearing."

But now the young fallen priest feels a flare of hope again and has rediscovered his prayers in earnest. It was actually Molly who saw it, the smallest thing that could turn into something huge. The collector liked to do more than just rape and torture his pets. Sometimes he would bring one of them with him on his work throughout their hellish home.

Wearing a leash and cringing low in a crawl there was never any chance to run. Their Master did not allow such privileges until he is sure they are broken to it. The collector just may wish for the company of a pet or it could be that he relishes the renewed fear and revulsion on their faces at new victims. Or perhaps it is a warning of just how impossible escape would ever be. Of how bad their last days could be with him if they dared to fight or run.

Arkin watched with sharp concentration as his Master constructed and tried out new traps. He would kneel obediently observing the man rig his own hallways with traps for new victims that he will allow to run for a little fun. He would accompany his Master to a torture room and kneel silently. Wincing at the screams of some poor captive that isn't making the collection, Arkin would study the room instead of the slaughter.
Sometimes he would kneel and gag while his Master fed the dogs. Not the real ones, those he kept in another section. Arkin has heard them but never seen them inside this hell house. But no matter what horrors were happening around him Arkin kept a close eye on both his Master and the room. His eyes missed this one crucial detail but Molly's had caught it.

There was a metal ladder attached on the inner door where the human dogs are held. The chute the Master uses to toss offal down to them has a ladder inside of it. It was painted to match the exact dimming grayish black of the chute but this one time, it was noticed. While the collector was tossing limbs and intestines down to the snarling cannibals, a piece of intestine caught upon the ladder.

And just above the ladder was a small door. It was a small chance but it was a chance and they would take it. Molly had made sure that the Master wasn't aware she was looking at anything but him. Even then, Molly never dared to look at his eyes unless he made her, she was the most timid of the three of them.

Of course, Billy now held that role of most timid submissive.

Even in his most distracted state the collector wasn't dropping his usual nature. Any time he takes Arkin out of his cage he is careful to frisk every part of him, even his ass and mouth before putting him back in. The collector makes sure that none of the pets know exactly where the different traps are. He also never takes them all out at the same time.

It became up to Hank and Molly to bring back anything to Arkin that he could use on their travels through the house. Hank still hasn't forgiven Arkin for making him bring him back a long slender pin up his ass. Molly smuggled a pen and paper to create a map and neither dared ask her how she hid it. Each of them would go out and get a different perspective. Each saw different traps, different rooms and they compared all that they saw.

More importantly they began to time the Master's absences. For Arkin did manage to swipe one thing himself and get away with it. When Billy first showed the Master had tossed his belongings aside. That night that the Master forced Billy into his perverse sexual needs, he was so sated after he didn't notice Arkin swipe the cheap plastic watch. Now they had a way to time things, to find out how long they would have if they ran.

Arkin used the pin Hank had smuggled back to open the back of all their cages. They were flush to the wall so there was no need for the camera to be pointed that way. Taking a shaky breath, Arkin looked at Hank and Molly who looked back with wide eyed fear.

"Okay, we need to find Billy and do this. All the signs say the bastard is going to hunt. Last hunt that we timed was three hours before his return. As soon as he looks at his cameras and sees the empty cages, he will fly back. But first he'll have to clean up his mess. That has to give us enough time."

They had to hope so...because this was the last hope they had left.
Hungry black reflective eyes ate the sight of all those sheep panicking, bleeding for him. His tongue moistened his lips and he stretched inside his black leather clothing. He crouched on the iron bridge above the screaming, dying crowd for the best view.

He wondered which ones would escape the death traps. Which might be a viable specimen?

This brought to mind his very own personal collection of pets. Without expecting to see anything but his pets all laying about their cages, he pulled his cell out. It took him four tries to understand what he was looking at.

Three empty cages, the blankets were piled to seem as if they were sleeping. He knew better and anger flooded him. There was no way out for them and they knew it. How dare they act out this way?

Perhaps....could it be that his three pets were actually jealous? Jealous over the time that their Master was spending with Billy, the new pup? It warmed and dulled the anger slightly.

To have his pets not only worship him, but to care for him on a level where they actually feel jealousy? This was an interesting thought. It certainly will be explored once the pets are properly punished for this rebellion.

A sudden concerning thought struck him and the man looked at the camera in Billy's room. His boy was still curled in his cage like a good puppy should be. Arkin and the others wouldn't hurt the boy, they wouldn't hurt an innocent puppy.

But they would attempt to release him to escape. The poor thing would get caught in a trap, if Arkin didn't guide his every step. And there are traps even Arkin doesn't know of.

With a snarl, the collector abandoned his work and simply let his bomb obliterate all his mess and any potential new subjects. Oh, he will take this out of his bad clever doggies.

Arkin will get the worst of it because there is no way that Molly or Hank are brave enough to do this on their own. No, Arkin has always been his cleverest pet and now he has talked the other pets into his schemes.

Well, if the pets are jealous then their Master will be sure to show them more personal attention. Oh yes, Arkin will recieve so much time with his Master....

The man flung his empty box back into his van and stepped on the gas. He prays they don't release Billy from his cage. He hopes that none of them fall into one of his deadlier traps. He hopes that Arkin watches Billy carefully if he does let him out.

Most of all the man tries to convince himself that Arkin couldn't have found a way out of the hotel. His pet hasn't tried an escape attempt in such a long time. For him to suddenly do it now and take the others with him? Did he see something, find a way he thinks will free them?

If they have Billy with them when he corners them in the house, he will be forced to punish the little puppy. Even though it isn't his fault, the simple minded thing has to learn not to ever leave. To only obey his Master.

That angers the collector and he grimly knows if that happens, the other three will certainly suffer for
the setback with Billy.

Most of all, Arkin.

He drove faster.
Billy hear the metallic click of his cage door being released no matter how deep his sleep is.

He scrambled onto his hands and knees with his head down, as he always does. He knows his rules, oh yes. But this was wrong, as Billy came forward to the edge of the cage to kiss his Master's boots, he saw feet. Bloody feet missing toes. They were messed up but strong looking ones and not Billy's Master.

He whimpered in confusion as he looked up at Arkin. The man reached down and pulled him out, ignoring the thrashing and squealing.

"NO! NO! I..I don't have permission to come out! Arkin, please! Put me down!"

In his panic, Billy managed to squirm out of Arkin's sweaty desperate grip and fall to the ground. He began to crawl back towards his cage in terror. It must be a test of some sort and Billy must PASS ALL TESTS!

Billy looked up when Arkin grabbed his ankle, stopping his squirm towards the cage. He saw not just Arkin, but Hank was there and he could see Molly in the doorway. They looked both terrified and determined about something.

Arkin was crouched down now and trying for a calm easy teacher voice. The only he always used to calm Billy with, but it was strained.

"Billy, listen to me, hear me! Do you remember I said a plan was in place? Can you remember I said that to you awhile ago? This is that plan. We are leaving, buddy. We found a way but he won't be gone very long. We need to move right now. You need to stay calm, be fast and listen to everything I tell you to get past the traps, okay?"

Head spinning, Billy started to shake all over as if he would break. Just the thought of it, what if Master had heard Arkin say such a thing? No, this wasn't right, he knew it wasn't. Master didn't give permission for this, all of them in the same room at once? Was it a trick or was it real? He wasn't sure which scared him worse.

Arkin tried to help the boy stand up but the kid went wild and attacked. Hank yanked them apart and Billy threw himself back to the ground. He went flat. He looked up and his eyes were deliriously happy in a manic way.

"No. I understand now. Master sent you to try and trick me. This must be the big test. Thank you, Arkin for being such a good teacher. I know to stay flat and never dare to leave where my Master has left me. I..I'm a good puppy, I know my rules, I'm loyal and obedient. Please tell Master I said that, please? Do I pass? Do you know yet?"

Arkin started to plead and he didn't even know tears were coming out of his eyes. Tears were reserved for the Master, after all. Hank shook Arkin's slight shoulders. Knowing he helped do this to the boy was killing him. They taught him too well, it seems.

"We can't take him like this. We have to go, we are running out of time. I'm sorry, Arkin but we have to go. We can send the police for him but only if we get the fuck out of here to do so!"

Growling, Arkin shook Hank off and headed towards Billy again.
"I'll carry him. Get some rope so we can tie him up."

Hank gave a desperate laugh and grabbed Arkin again.

"Are you going to carry his squirming body up ladders and somehow through all the traps? You won't fit in any caves or tunnels with him tied to your back and he won't crawl on his own for you. Think, Arkin! I am so sorry, you have no fucking idea how sorry I am. But we have to leave him and go right now or it will be too late!"

Arkin gave a swear and knelt fast holding a hand out to the boy.

"Please, Billy. Come with us, huh? We can leave...we can try really hard and maybe leave this hell. Please, listen to me and get up."

Billy gave a shake of his head and lay his cheek upon the ground.

Hank stepped forward then and spoke kindly but firmly to Billy.

"Listen to me instead. If you won't come with us then stay right where you are until he returns for you. If you go back into the cage, he will think you were trying to hide that you had come out in the first place. Remember the cameras, he is seeing all of this or will when he checks the cameras. So stay here like his good puppy and don't move. He likes your little scared voice sometimes and this is a time to use it a little. When he shows, beg his forgiveness. Explain that you were tricked by us. He will forgive you. He won't hurt you, you were loyal and good by not running away. He will probably reward it."

Billy looked up gratefully.

"I'll have passed the big test then?"

Arkin stood up and heavily said,

"Yeah, buddy. You have passed his big test if you do that. His biggest test of all."

He allowed Hank and Molly to drag him out of the room as Billy lay flat upon the cement. Billy lay there listening to the sounds of the three fading away.

Dozing after some time, Billy slept there until he heard his Master's heavy boot steps. His Master sounded out of breath and very frustrated. Did they actually get away? There was a small section of his brain screaming. Then his Master's boots were in front of his face.
Run.

Stop.

Tip toe.

Crawl.

Slide against dirty walls as spikes pits or small bombs silently wait to be triggered.

Climb up ladders and chains that are slick with fear sweat from their desperate grasp. It mixes uneasily with the unspeakable fluids already buried into the rusting metal.

It was all a blur, the fear gnawed, the adrenaline roared and the three moved with that damned watch ticking away to capture.

Ignore screaming and begging victims. Some nailed to walls, some hung in cages to starve or be used for an experiment.

Watch for corpses that seem to block certain areas. They might be a trap.

Molly made the first explosive sound in a long time as she pointed and there it was.

They carefully inched towards the chute that the Collector fed his human dogs from. All three made it onto the ladder. It was slow, so slow to climb. The Master was a tricky bastard and he had greased up this little ladder just in case.

They slid down into each other and at one point, almost lost Molly to the human dogs. As soon as anyone came near the chute the ferals come snarling, drooling, crazed and starved. Arkin managed to pull Molly up and they finally all clambered one by one into the little door.

The needle that Arkin had Hank carry for him easily unlocked the little black door.

So dark and rats, roaches all scuttled about them. Molly screamed and Hank kicked her with an admonishment to hush. Arkin stopped and kicked back at Hank.

"Don't ever use that fucking word again, hear me?"

They continued to squirm their way forward, hoping against all hope.

"He is back by now, I know it. Due to the cameras, it won't take the Collector long to know where we are going. He could head us off and what if we get out just to run into him?"

Arkin kicked at Hank again.

"Stop it and pull yourself together, man. It doesn't matter anymore. We made a choice, we stick with it. It's not like you can change your mind, go back to your cage and tell that cunt you are sorry. Just a little mistake. What do you think he'd do to you for this? Huh? We go forward."

They crawled, Molly sobbed, Hank shook and Arkin hoped for a miracle.

There was light and Arkin started to wrench at the grate in front of him with all his strength.
Ten minutes later three bodies crashed into an open dumpster. Two maggot ridden trash bags burst open and they gagged. Molly vomited but scrabbled to get out of the dumpster. Her leg was broken in two places in the fall but she didn't care.

Hank yanked Molly over his shoulders and they all ran, hobbled, wept as they left the alley.

A car, a white car was coming and Arkin heard Hank shriek.

"Oh god! It's HIM! He'll see us."

Arkin shook his head even as the fear of it took hold of him.

"No..the fucker drives a white van not a car. And we have no other choice, we have to try this!"

He leaped into the road and waved him arms wildly, hoping this one won't hit him. The car shrieked to a halt and an elderly couple stared at the three bloody weeping victims.

As the concerned scared couple allowed them to pile into the back and pulled away to screech towards the police station, Arkin looked back at the warehouse and whispered,

"I'm so sorry, Billy. Sorry, buddy."
They were assured it was all safe.

Instead of the police, it was the FBI guarding them. Plain clothed and uniformed.

They have emptied an entire hospital wing for the three victims.

Only specific medical staff would be allowed on the floor and at all times two agents remained with each victim.

At no point where the victims left alone, they were surrounded.

They were assured.

Not one of them felt safe.

The FBI suppressed the media as much as possible but they had to give some information.

Two huge explosions, so many corpses found within the rubble. A young wholesome eighteen year old stolen on his birthday after his family was slaughtered, still missing. Three victims found wounded but still alive. It was a media glory hole and they meant to plunder it deep.

Billy would cower so low as when the man would turn on the news. It would make him so angry and sometimes he would beckon to Billy. With a whine, the boy would slink forward. He knew the bad dogs are making Master mad again and Billy had to hurt for it to go away.

He hated change, it always brought new rules and hurting to learn. That day when the bad dogs ran away, changes started right away. Those boots in his vision, Billy had started to softly babble. He was so scared, it wasn't a test, he knew that. They ran away and they must have gotten away.

Billy knew because after he felt a glove caress his hair he was lifted and thrown into a box. Not the cage or a black box with holes, this was the same box he traveled here in. He almost screamed in panic but then a whisper. The most the Master has ever said all at once, in fact.

"Hush. Good puppy. Loyal and good. Puppy is going home with Master. Stay and hush."

So he nodded and curled tight, shutting his eyes. It was dark but he could breathe. He swayed and bounced as his Master walked. A thud and the sound of van doors slamming. Billy fell asleep, jolting awake when he heard thuds around him. Whimpering, Billy shook until he heard a small pat on his box.

Billy heard his Master get into the van and start the engine. The box swayed as the van moved then he heard a terrible boom that made him cry out. He covered his mouth but his Master did not stop driving nor say anything.

Gratefully, Billy curled tighter and dozed until the van came to a stop and the engine stopped. He felt the Master lift his box and take him inside somewhere.

When Billy was pulled out of the box, he clung to his Master, blinded by the sudden light. He was
making the tiniest of distressed sounds and the Master seemed amused by it.

"Hush. Good puppy."

He was in the basement of his Master's home. That was the first thing Billy figured out and it made him feel even more grateful to his Master. At first Billy had to live in the basement. While his Master made his house safer for his pet, while his Master made sure his pet knew how to act down here.

It was a special thing to be allowed to live in such a nice place. But there were very strict rules to learn. Master no longer used leashes as much, though he had them. Billy was fitted with a shock collar instead.

The Collector allowed Billy free reign to his basement. He sat at a small desk he had set up in his basement and put the remote next to his laptop. Billy inched toward the man and was waved away. Confused, Billy decided to just stay where he was. He was terrified. The Master had opened the box, pulled him out, shushed him then put this collar on him, dumping him on the floor.

With a sigh, the man stopped what he was doing and looked over at his silly puppy.

The whisper was slightly louder than usual.

"Look at your new home. Puppies are curious, go be a good puppy."

There was an underlying menace in the invitation that made Billy cringe, whimpering. Be a good puppy and Billy obeyed as if he would ever do anything else. He sniffed back tears as he timidly crawled about, every few seconds looking back at his Master.

The man was intent on something on the laptop, some news lady discussing explosions. Billy didn't care, it didn't matter to him. He had to be a curious puppy and so he was.

A large dog bed that sat upon even larger mats seemed to be his new sleeping place. Nearby was a smaller plastic mat that had a water dish and a food dish. Both said PUPPY and were electric blue, made with thick plastic.

There was a small box that had painted words. Plastic box with rounded corners as to not hurt children or pets of course. The purple box had green words on it. PUPPY'S TOY BOX. Billy knelt before it and used trembling fingers to grasp the strange rubber handle to open it.

The shock from the collar knocked Billy to the floor and he groaned, wept. He looked over at his Master who was fiddling with the dial on the remote. Billy hoped he was turning it down and not up.

After a moment, his Master made a gesture to Billy. Try again. Sobbing, Billy went to his hands and knees, belly on the ground and studied the toy box. He leaned forward and bit the handle, freezing in case of a shock.

No shock came and Billy raised the lid with his teeth. In the box were new toys, soft rubber and plush ones. Four soft balls for catching as well. A soft thick blanket was also in there. Next to the toy box was a dog cage, just like his old one but a litter bigger.

With constant looks over at his Master, accompanied with mild whining, Billy finally received his Master's attention. Billy lifted the blanket in his mouth, looking from the Master to his dog bed with pleading eyes.

The Master nodded and seemed quite amused and interested to watch Billy try and set up his little
nest. As long as Billy used his teeth and crawled, he was allowed to move things about.

Billy set his blanket and the two toys he found most soothing at his dog bed before investigating further. He crawled past the area that he would sleep in, eat and play in. There was a doorway and Billy cowered, backing away. No doors. No windows.

Moving fast, Billy got away from anywhere that didn't seem for him. With a whimper, Billy inched over towards his Master again. This time he crept under the desk and curled next to his Master's feet. A chuckle let him know it was safe to stay there.

But more changes kept coming.

The first change was good, Billy was shown that the doorway led to a bathroom. There was no door, it was removed.

The Master showed him that when the bathroom light was left on, Billy may use the bathroom. If the light was not on, Billy must never go near the room. He also has learned never to go near the stairs, even if he hears Master coming down.

It took many shocks to learn that as Billy gets so nervous on his own. He learned that if the overhead lights flicker twice it means to run to his cage, stay very silent.

He could hear Master upstairs after the lights flicker, after the bathroom light is off, his real voice murmuring and other voices too. That meant be very quiet and he always was. Billy tried very hard to be a good puppy.

It took a little time before his Master allowed him to go upstairs in the actual house. At first Billy slept on his dog bed, played with his toys, ate and drank whenever his Master filled his bowls. He hid in the cage quietly when he saw lights flicker or the bathroom light off.

Master would come down and play with his boy. Train him, hurt him, make his boy howl with pain or pleasure as he chose. The boy never backed away from either feeling anymore. That is when Billy was allowed upstairs.
Hiding In A New Pack

Arkin pressed up against the wall hard, stifling his breathing. His fingers were still splinted and surgeries have confined him to a fucking walker. So when he heard the crash, he slithered out of his bed, stifling a cry of pain then rolled under his bed.

Listening intently for any more noise, Arkin dug his fingers into a hole in the under mattress to retrieve his gun.

Another quiet sound and Arkin knew, knew it was the Collector. The man has tired of the stalking and taunting, tired of just leaving roses and placards.

Witness Protection thought they could hide Arkin anywhere and that would be that. They would hold him until the man was caught then Arkin would testify as would the others, also hidden away. The man would be convicted and put away until they give him a lethal injection.

Except it wasn't that nice and neat, because it was HIM. The FBI think they have handle on the Collector and they simply don't. Nothing the three of the victims said wasn't recorded. However, the idea of how powerful, how crafty the man has grown doesn't sink in.

The reporters eyes glisten with shark like hunger. The detectives have Christmas morning eyes at closing this long fucking case and at the possible promotions involved. The district attorney is nearly dancing in anticipation of standing before this anonymous monster before her superiors.

And none of them truly hear Arkin or Hank. Molly of course cannot speak but she does sign quite well. The problem was the woman has such severe Post Traumatic Stress that she is hospitalized. Hank and Arkin suffer both physical and mental issues but were able to be relocated then given intense therapy.

Arkin has no idea where Hank or Molly are or anything further about them.

All he knows is where he is and who is supposed to pretend to be. A boring man with a boring apartment that is having surgery after surgery. They give him disability under the name of Sam and some medical aide to assist him while he recovers.

Nice and neat the way the FBI wants it to be. But it is never that simple and Arkin knows HE will come for his pets.

And now, months later, almost a year and here it was. Arkin awkwardly grasped the gun in his hands and then slid out from under the bed. He stood up and went flat against the wall. The silence was chilling and thick, it was the sound of the predator readying for it's kill. The sound of a sociopath about to come for it's prey. A Master taking back his property.

I will die first, I won't let him, I'll kill him. Arkin was unable to breathe and had to remember how his therapist taught him to come down from a panic attack. If it doesn't die down within fifteen minutes then he has medication to help. Not that it matters now, HE is here and there is no time for medication or meditation.

It was harder than Arkin thought it would be to turn the corner in offense rather than wait for the man
to come to him. But if Arkin waited, it would be worse. Letting the man get closer than five feet to him seemed like a very dangerous idea.

So Arkin counted to ten then he whipped around the corner, aiming to kill his worst nightmare.

As he pointed the gun at nothing, a menacing horror grew behind him and Arkin heard the whisper.
"Hush."

Arkin woke with a scream that he quickly bit off as he looked about the room, panting. He was drenched in sweat and tears flowed down his cheeks. Fuck, another nightmare. Putting his hands to his face, he felt the wet slick upon his face soak into the splints on his fingers.

Taking a deep shaky breath, Arkin flipped on the light switch. He stared at the wall, trying to picture his wife and daughter's face the last time he saw them.

The FBI allowed them to visit with him until his new identity was chosen and he was recovered enough to move. It was too dangerous for his wife and daughter to stay with him. Arkin was firm about it and he cried as he hugged them for the last time.

He had managed to convince the FBI to relocate his family far away from him. Arkin was damned if he would allow the Collector to use his family to torment him or lure him.

A sound of heavy breathing did come but this sound didn't alarm Arkin. It was accompanied by the padding of many feet. Arkin felt better watching his three dogs coming to check on their owner. The nightmares and insomnia were normal events for the dogs.

One of them was a therapy dog, a sturdy Husky. The other two were protection dogs donated to Arkin by a dog trainer who personally trained police dogs and was married to one of the Collector's victims. One was a Doberman and the other was a Rottweiler.

The dog trainer's wife's picture was one of thousands thrown at Arkin and the others to try and identify other victims of the Collector. Arkin moaned at her smiling face because he remembers it being ripped off.

The collector was in a playful mood that day and stapled the gruesome skin mask onto Molly's face. He left it on her there until he finished flaying every inch of the woman. Arkin hoped that the FBI agents toned down her death for her husband.

He never met the poor husband but the dogs were handed to Arkin with a heartfelt letter of gratitude for giving the man closure. One trained for therapy, two trained to kill the man who caused the need for therapy.

A harassed agent had to go through channels to finally deliver the dogs safely to Arkin. They are so sure that they are fooling the Collector. Arkin commanded the dogs onto the bed and he laid back down, switching off the light.

HE was not coming tonight, perhaps. But HE will come and Arkin knew one thing he was never going back. Arkin fell into an uneasy sleep dreaming of Billy begging him not to leave him.
Billy had never once urinated on the floor.

Even if the light was off and he really had to go, Billy would find a bottle. No matter what Master has done to him he has never peed over it. Not since they came to the nice place, the basement, the safe basement.

Even when Billy screamed, even when Master spent two hours stitching him up without Novocaine. Because this was a much safer nice place in comparison. So much better than...before.

No boxes, no bodies, no smells but his own, no screams and whimpers but his own. And he had so much space, he was never left thirsty or hungry. Master never...takes pieces or..or...worse.

Somehow this made everything easier to bear. To think how much better this is was Billy was feeling so badly sometimes. And it was really better to just obey and be grateful.

So no matter the torture or the length of time spent alone in the dark basement, it was better. So why would Billy pee on the floor when he knew nothing bad could happen. Not truly. Because this was a safe place and Billy knows his rules. He is a good boy. He is a loyal obedient puppy.

Until right now, this very second he is being a bad, terrible puppy. He heard the pattering of his urine as he started to skitter backwards, staring up in horror. Billy hasn't spoken very much and when he does it is always so soft and submissive. He no longer has the true connection of true sentences now that he needs them.

"Uh...uh...Master...sorry...please...why...mercy? Please? Please, do it fast, please not like...not like...I was bad? Why? Please?"

Billy was convinced that his Master was about to murder him.

He had to bite his lip from laughing his ass off at his piss soaked, terrified boy. The man knew it was time to stop having to go between upstairs and downstairs. It was silly to have to put on his costume to play with his pet. Why bother having this boy just downstairs when he is capable of more than a dog?

The Collector knew the pet was broken enough to show himself and his house. He has already resigned from the University and is finally putting his inheritance to good use. Once the boy is properly acclimated to a bit of human acting and he can bring into public, they will leave.

In the meantime, he must get the poor thing used to yet another change. If seeing him take off the mask produces such mindless terror, how will the puppy react when he sees the trailer in a few months?

That made him smirk and he crouched down to beckon towards the shaken puppy that was in a shaking ball against the furthest wall.

"Hush. Good puppy. A reward. To see your owner, to see my home."

The boy dragged his stomach and his nose nearly touched the ground as he inched toward his Master.
Lust started to take over but he forced it down. There was forever for that, this was important, this had to be done right.

This was the first time he has kept a piece of his Collection in his home. But this didn't feel so much like a collection piece. This boy has become a true pet more than a collection. He wasn't an experiment, he was a slave. He was a puppy, a companion of sorts.

He was going to treat this one differently. When he fled with his boy, he watched the clips on his phone of how they tried to get Billy to leave. The camera showed how his special little guy just refused to leave his Master. How could he not keep the boy after that? And the puppy has been so grateful even for the pain he receives.

But it's not the same, the Collector needs to work again. It is haunting him and it does put Billy in some danger. So he has been doing as much hunting both online and on foot that he can. Any day, the right lead will come to him and when it does, he wants to be able to grab his costume and go. With his faithful and unquestioning puppy right next to him.

Leaning down over the quivering boy, Dennis whispered,

"Hello Puppy. My name is Dennis Jones. You wouldn't call me that unless we were in front of someone else. And you would never tell anyone what my name was, would you? Not my good, loyal puppy."

Billy stared into those blank, black eyes and the face around them blurred. He saw nothing remarkable in the face, it was not handsome, it was not ugly. The eyes mattered and the lips when they moved or spoke. It seemed less threatening to just concentrate on those two features.


He gave up the struggle and allowed the small chuckle as he released the narrow chin. One hand without a glove caressed the side of Billy's face. The boy managed to somehow cringe away from the foreign sensation as much as he tried to lean into it for comfort. The collector smirked and shook his head.

"Do you remember what your name is, little pet?"

The question was whispered as he stood up then pulled the boy up into his arms. Like a terrified child, Billy curled into his chest. After a second Billy carefully responded.

"Master, I...I am scared...to remember is bad. Not that boy...I am your puppy. A good boy. Please?"

"Hush...good boy. Master's puppy is who you are. That is your name, isn't it? Puppy. Say it."

"Puppy, Master. Master's puppy."

Billy was visibly shaking as he saw the upstairs house from the safety and danger of his Master's arms. It was neat and orderly but comfortable and modest. There were stacks of boxes both full and empty against the hallway walls.

The Master took great pains to point out the impressive collections of insects he hasn't removed from his walls yet.

Puppy had new rules, a new sleeping place, a new home. The upstairs was much bigger than the
basement. It was scarier because it offered more mistakes just waiting. So many windows and doors that he always cringes when he passes them.

He has never gone to look out of the windows. He knew his rules.

He was learning as fast as he could. He adapted, he was a good boy. A good Puppy.

The plastic dog dishes were on a plastic mat near the table where his Master eats. He eats when his Master does and receives mostly the same food. Chores were created and that was hard but he did recall how to do chores.

Standing in Master's presence terrifies him. It took a few beatings and whippings at first. He sobbed when he would stand to do the dishes and the first time his hands trembled so badly he broke a dish. Teaching him to scrub the floors was easy, it was done on hands and knees.

But Puppy utterly dissolved into panic over standing to vacuum the living room rug. His Master was both patient and ruthless while the boy struggled between recalling his humanity while staying the safe, good puppy.

The balance was crushing him one way then the other. He shoved it down and followed his rules and did his chores. A good boy. Yes.

He had a dog bed that was even bigger with a thicker blanket. It lay directly next to his Master's bed. Puppy spent time in the bed with Master and twice got to sleep curled against his Master's feet.

Master taught him the rules and chores. As soon as Puppy was beginning to wane off on mistakes, as he grew comfortable in his safe routine, it changed again.

"Puppy, Master found them. Time to hunt down our bad doggies."
Arkin watched the agents walk up his driveway in casual clothes as if they might be his friends.

Except anyone who notices anyone else in this place was a rare thing. And the few who might notice Arkin's movements within their own sphere, they already know that Arkin has no friends. He keeps all at a football fields length at all times.

He allowed the agents to enter and they watched as he spent five minutes locking and booby trapping the door.

"Still paranoid, huh? Well, sit down Arkin. It looks like you might get a little vindication for once in your miserable life."

Arkin despised the new agents that did his check ins but he still preferred them than the first ones. The first ones were so smug in their assurance that he was safe. They were also sunny, polite and far too helpful.

These two were cold, hard, insulting and had no interest in doing more than the bare minimum for him. Arkin loved them for that. It made him feel human again somehow. It was how he would have been treated before The Collector ever shattered his world.

Seven surgeries since he has managed to escape that sadistic killer. Countless doctors, psychiatrists, physical and mental therapy of nearly every form. He has researched online survivor groups but found little relief, just more smoldering anger.

Then Arkin began to research on predators like The Collector. Arkin began to tentatively start discussions with a few vigilante groups but the fucking feds came and shut him down on that one fast.

He lost the use of the internet for months and when it was returned, Arkin had immense restrictions on its use. His agents were suspended and transferred. So now he has Agents Crude and Cruder that leave Arkin the hell alone.

So why are they here now, on an unscheduled visitation? Did the agent just say something about vindication? Arkin walked slowly over to his couch and sat down. Even though he has been able to walk and have basic mobility in his total body, it still ached under the continual mental strain its under.

Medication and exercise helps but many of the injuries caused permanent damage. Parts of him throb or are weakened permanently and swallowing pills has become a detested everyday need.

Anti depressants are blue, anti anxiety pills are pink, the little white ones are for constant pain and the yellow ones are for the nerves that burn.

They are not as bad as the cane. At least the pills are at home, in private.

On bad days, Arkin cannot get to the store without using his cane. It always makes him think others will see him as vulnerable. He hired a man recommended by his personal trainer to teach him how to fight with a cane. How to fight despite his disabilities.

"Arkin, I need you to watch this little tape. All questions wait until the end."
The plump pink man shoved his phone into Arkin's face.

The two agents watched Arkin's face and became visibly excited at the man's response. They watched how Arkin's face just drained of color and his eye began to twitch. He grabbed the phone then watched the clip twice more, his breathing turning into ragged panting.

"That's him. That's him. That's him. The Collector. I can tell by...it's his movements...I know them, it's him. Even with a baseball cap and glasses, it's him. That's him and that...that's Billy. Oh god, that's Billy. Where are they? How much time do I have before he gets here? I need you to go, I need to get ready for them. I have traps to set...oh, I have fucking plans for that cocksucker. And I will save Billy this time, gonna do right by him. Okay, so leave."

"Oh, you stupid sad sack of shit. You aren't going to challenge a serial killer. You won't get lucky twice, idiot. Nope, you are going to pack up whatever you can't live without and fast. Uncle Sam has decided to send you on a little vacation. You'll like your new home, more stuff for you to do...keep you the fuck out of trouble. A double will stay here in your place, don't worry. We will catch the cocksucker and save the boy for you."

They had to call for backup.

It took four agents to "help" Arkin pack his most needed items and leave. Arkin smoldered the entire flight into the desert.

He leaned against the dirty window of the car watching the bright lights of casinos go by him. The young man beside Arkin in the car glanced over at the man.

"Do you gamble?"

Arkin gave a humorless grin.

"Not anymore. My best and last game was with the man currently hunting me down. His game is the only one I can focus on. Can I watch the clip again, or can you at least answer some questions on it? I mean...come on. You aren't an asshole like those others. Please, listen to me. This man spent three years tormenting me, raping me, forcing me into a depraved fucking creature. The medical damage he did to me alone...and he is coming for me. If he catches me, he might not be merciful enough to just kill me over a period of time. He might make me live and I can't even begin to explain to you how much worse that is."

Arkin normally said very little to the agents but he was desperate to get anyone to help him. This was a very young, probably shiny new agent and the older ones were up front, chatting. He looked over at the clean cut young man and implored the best he could.

"That boy, Billy? He had just turned eighteen and his birthday gift was The Collector. I helped that boy become the Monster's little pet. Do you have any idea...I turned him into bait, into distraction, into that hollow body that the Master could beat, rape and mentally destroy instead of me. So I could...so we could get away. It was my fault that he didn't come with us...I did such a great job turning the boy into Master's obedient puppy, Billy couldn't..."

Arkin swallowed hard and blinked away bitter, stinging tears.

"Just let me see the clip again? Huh? And just let me ask...please?"

With a sigh, the man squirmed with discomfort then handed his phone to Arkin after pulling up the clip.
"Fine. Here, but I can't promise to answer the questions, but I'll try."

"Okay, great, thanks. Really, thank you."

"Here is what we have so far. At four yesterday afternoon, a homeless junkie overdosed and died at this truck stop. However, when the services were summoned, this couple of men just lit out. Left their meals half eaten and got up, went to the trailer and swept out. Not that unusual but for the boy. Something about him, maybe he looked familiar from the media coverage when Billy was first taken or from when you were found. Or could be his movements. Whatever it was, it caught the eye of the officers and they watched the surveillance tape and passed it on to us. We suspected but since Billy has no relatives living left, we needed you to identify him. As the last person to see him alive."

Arkin shook his head briefly.

"I am not the last one to see Billy alive. Not the only one. Hank and Molly knew him too, did they see this? Did they also point out The Collector?"

His heart sunk as the agent tried to make his face neutral.

"I'm sorry, Arkin. Molly passed away half a year ago. The girl had gone almost completely catatonic so she was moved to a less restrictive until. Molly managed to commit suicide with straps she cut off from the nursing staff pocket books and hung herself."

Arkin put his hot face into his hands and counted. Practiced his breathing then looked up at the lights, they are getting dimmer as they reached the end of the strip.

They headed towards signs that had missing letters and worn down motels full of worn out gamblers, blackjack dealers, actors and novelists that are worn out waitstaff until that break comes.

"What about Hank?"

He was almost afraid to ask but he had to know. Arkin tried hard to find out about his former pack mates but the agents were ironclad on their blackout rules. He was scared to know but he took some relief that the agent didn't look as upset to discuss Hank.

"He has seen this clip. He also identified The Collector and Billy. And he was also relocated the second the identities were confirmed. Hank is safe, in a location far away from yours. I cannot tell you much more except that you are correct, the man is hunting for his former victims. Judging by his direction, the man had learned at least Hank's location and was about four hours from him when we saw this. Hank was moved out and a decoy brought in."

"And? By now the Collector would have struck. What happened to the decoy?"

Arkin watched the agent sweat a little and he gave a rusty chuckle as the car stopped in front of a small apartment building, just past the sagging motels.

"He killed the decoy, didn't he? And he must have left Hank a message. Or a message to the FBI. I know him, it might seem simple, but he would have left you something. A gift or note?"

Agent Lee fiddled for a moment with the door handle as if considering how much to say.

"A rose. A single red rose in the carnage that was a buddy of mine. A really good guy and a very tough one. He was just so much meat. On the wall in the blood was a message. It was scrawled and it didn't seem to match what we know of The Collector. We think he had the boy write it."
The Agent showed Arkin another quick picture on his phone. Arkin ignored the destroyed thing that had been a human, he was paying attention to the wall. It was not written by the man, no, it was a teenager's scrawl but the words were The Collector's.

Sorry I missed you, Hank. I'll try again later.

The agent hid his phone fast as the other agents got out of the car and ushered Arkin into his new apartment.

"For your safety, I am going to stay in the apartment across from yours. The other two agents will be staying at the motel next door. You are not being used as bait, neither is Hank. But both of you are being fully watched just in case the man does head your way."

This didn't give Arkin any relief but he did enjoy the company and the loose lipped mouth of his newest agent buddy. He convinced the agent to bring liquor to his new apartment. Arkin took his meds, drank too much and watched as the agent bemoaned his lost friend into a cheap whiskey bottle.

"So let's get justice for him. For Molly. And for everyone that fucker has hurt. For all of us. For all those that he will hurt and kill next. Even if he catches each of us, it won't end there. He will find a new location that works for him. The missing posters will start to go up and you may never be lucky enough to get anymore survivors."

Two drunken men stumbled about, putting away Arkin's meager boxes. They spoke in slurred tones of heartbreak and injustice. In the morning Arkin and Agent Lee were aching. But they continued to speak, soberly, calmly and away from the other two agents.

Arkin took a walk to the local magic store. He went to the library and registered along with Agent Lee.

They both had new identification. Arkin was Kevin Janice and Agent Lee became Douglas Moors. Both took great care to learn their neighborhood, even getting blueprints of the city on the side.

Arkin refused to be a cringing victim waiting for the monster to come eat him alive. He was going to fight with all he had. And one thing he had right now was a very angry and hurting FBI agent willing to help kill or catch the beast.

**The clip was brief.**

A tall man built with muscle but without the beauty to go with it. Plain features, nothing to remember him by. The eyes might catch briefly upon the red baseball cap or the shiny aviator glasses but that was all. Nothing written on the cap, the glasses were not a designer brand. What can be seen of hair is clean cut and dark brown.

His brown leather bomber was popular in the area. So were the jeans and laced up work boots with steel toes. The eyes grow bored and wander away.

The boy draws the eye. He is not trying to, it is clear that the boy is trying to be invisible.

His eyes stay on the ground, they flicker to the man and nervously shy away from others. The man walks with a lazy confidence while the boy seems to almost awkwardly tip toe next to him, nearly touching him.
When an officer came close to them, the man put a hand around the slender, jittery shoulder.

Long tangled blonde hair whipped about briefly as the thin boy jumped then seemed to almost melt into the man's embrace. The boy was as thin as Arkin and Hank remembered.

Billy wore a black thick sweatshirt and a pair of jeans and dirty sneakers. Pale, narrow face that sported a patchy blonde beard but nothing hid those large rolling eyes. They were captured forever, staring up with a horrific loving awe at the cruel deity.

Hank threw up for three hours after watching the clip and he cried for another two. Then he wiped his eyes and stood up. The crackling of the fire did nothing for his inner chills. This wasn't a cold feeling from the mountain air.

"He's coming for us all. One by one. He's on his way and it doesn't matter where they take me too."

Hank stared into the fire after the murmuring agents finally left him alone in his new cabin. For the next few weeks, at least four agents will be staying within the area to protect him.

All of them hoping to be the one to catch the Collector if the man managed to figure out where Hank was. They were idiots and if the Collector was coming, they were all dead.

Why bother talking to dead people?

So Hank chopped wood, he stared into his fire and waited.
Billy hated pretending to be a person.

A dog was easier, Master's good puppy that crawled and was a good boy that knew his rules. Puppy was his name, his title that his Master bestowed upon him. That was all known, it was easy, it was what he was deep down inside and Master was kind enough to see it and bring it forth within him.

To pretend to be a person means Billy has to speak and answer to his old name. It means he might be where others see and look at him. Human contact hurt in a way he couldn't describe. The air feels fresh and wonderful, to finally be with his Master anywhere he goes, that is good, yes, but to be act as a person?

It hurts worse than the brand, the whip or maybe even flaying. Yes, that was it, it was as if the eyes and words and faces were flaying away his mind. But Billy is a good boy and tries very hard to be everything his Master wants him to be. His Master trained him very carefully with small walks around the block.

The RV went places that Billy has never been. He sometimes sits up front with his Master while he drives to a rest stop. Billy is allowed to go into the store and buy things. Billy got to eat inside burger joints and truck stop cafe's on occasion with his Master. He hates it but would never tell his Master so.

Besides, he knows his Master knows Billy better than he knows himself. A puppy can only know so much and must rely on his owner to know what is best for it. He knows this, Master has whispered it to him so many times. Anything that his Master said is true and Billy treats every word as treasures so he remembers them.

Another new type of training happened, that he liked even less. All the horrible instruments that Billy remembers from that OTHER place his Master had him live were dropped before him in a bucket one day. Billy cowered and whined at his Master's feet, trembling at the mere sight, the clink of metal against metal.

His Master chuckled and soothed his silly, scared puppy.

Then the Collector taught Billy how to sterilize and care for the instruments. They stayed blocks away from the last place that his Master heard Molly was in. The Master came and went for two nights while Billy rested in his dog bed, dozing. Then there was a commotion as his Master came in with a guest.

Billy startled and crawled under the small table they had while his Master carried their bound and gagged guest into the back of the RV. His Master had covered it with plastic from ceiling to floor when they hit the state line. Billy had refused to think of why or about the instruments he has cleaned.

His Master had a special chair all set up in the plastic tiny room and set the girl upon the metal spiked atrocity.

He had Billy bring his tools forward. The Master was in his costume and it terrified Billy to see it again. He whimpered and cringed but his Master was intent upon the girl. Grabbing his puppy's head, he pulled an ear close to the leather slit and his teeth.

"Good boy. Ask this girl where Molly is. She worked the night shifts for four years on the floor
Molly was on. Where is my naughty little girl? Find out for me, Puppy.

He was forced to stand up and pretend to be a person. It was awful, the poor girl screamed and begged Billy to help her. He just kept asking in a thin voice, unused to the human contact of some strange girl.

"M...My Master wants...Molly. Where is Molly? You treated her at night. Where is my Master's girl? It will be better if you tell him the truth. Please? Where is Molly?"

The girl began to sob and nod her head frantically, trying hard to not sink down onto the spikes on the chair seat. Her elbows, chest, thighs and forehead were restrained. It didn't stop the girl from trying to find a way to release herself or at least feel relief from the contraption.

"Okay, yeah, I remember her. Okay, if I tell him, can I go? I will never tell anybody! I can tell you anything I know but please just let me go home to my baby girl!"

Billy had no good reply for that and just tried to coax her into the right words before his Master decided his pet wasn't doing what he was told to.

"I understand. Listen, you just need to tell my Master in a clear voice where his girl is, where Molly is. That is all we want."

The girl heaved and panted, tears and snot running but she nodded again.

"Molly sunk into catatonic behavior before she was sent to our facility. She was put into a room with little supervision because we thought she was unable to move on her own. She..she got up one night and used her teeth to chew the straps off purses. She..she stole my pocket book and a few others so she had enough to create a rope. Molly hung herself awhile ago and was pronounced dead three minutes after we found her. I'm sorry! Her grave is at the adjoining cemetery to the home. Can, can I please go home now? My baby needs me, please, she is only six months old."

Billy was already in tears. His Master was thrumming with rage over the loss of a catch. Molly managed to escape her Master permanently and it wasn't to be borne. Billy cried for the baby that would never know its mother.

For hours Billy handed his Master his metal devices and he sobbed silently for the screaming, tortured woman. His Master was so enraged and he focused it all on this woman.

Billy said nothing when the woman was in pieces, steaming pink meat upon the floor that spilled from her open belly. He cleaned and sterilized the tools while his Master took the sheets and the gore that was a human and made it go away.

Later they stood in front of Molly's unmarked grave. Billy said nothing as his Master pulled out his cock and urinated all over the ground and grave. A rose placed upon the wet stone and they were back in the RV.

Billy was thrilled to be a puppy and chew on a toy while his Master plotted their next course on a map. A big thick marker that weaved a line into the mountains somehow made his Master grin in a way that made Puppy whimper.
Puppy watched the scenery go by as he lazily curled on the bench, a privilege to be sure.

After leaving where Molly died, it was two days of tense driving before his Master exploded. Not as badly as with the night nurse of course, but it scared the pet into begging and trembling that lasted long after the pain stopped.

His Master had fucked him unrelentingly, it hurt but could be endured. The eyes were terrifying, making the puppy offer fearful submissive urination. It always excites his Master when he does that and it did this time too. But his Master was already trying to burn off rage and it fueled it instead.

His Master got a thin metal tipped dildo that had a long wire that was encased in it, leading out to a remote box. Puppy cried and groveled more but his pleas only made it happen faster and harder.

The cold hard length that was big enough to tear him a little wasn't the worst part, no, he knew what was coming. It was something his Master only used when he felt extra possessive or angry at his treatment from his enemy which Puppy thinks is society as a whole.

Just as Puppy finally slumped down, his muscles unable to remain tense any longer, the button was hit. It was lightening INSIDE of him and he howled, gibbered and drooled. His eyes rolled back and his body seized. The Master pulled the toy out and frantically began to fuck his toy while the spasms continued around his cock.

When his Master shuddered to a halt, Puppy was mostly unconscious. Strong arms lifted him into a warm lap and cooing sounds came as a warm soft cloth cleaned his urine, his bloody, semen streaked thighs, his sweat stained body. After giving gentle kisses that were eventually returned in tiny eager bursts, the Master squeezed the boy tighter.

The trembling creature was too enchanting and despite the puppy's little begging yips, the Master picked up the metal dildo with a taser within it. This time the boy couldn't relax his muscles and the Master knew that. He was merciful, he decided not to make the boy go through the wait and just gave a few good thrusts with it before hitting the remote.

This time he had the boy on his lap straddling him, trembling, facing his Master so not a reaction would be missed. He gave two quick presses in a row on the button sending his pet into incredible agony.

With a growl, the Master ripped the dildo out and thrust himself inside his seizing pet in one quick practiced movement. He had one hand firmly in the boy's hair to anchor his head and see the tormented face. The bulging eyes, mouth flung open in a scream that was paralyzed. Neck was sharply defined as air tried to dislodge itself.

His other arm went around the tiny puppy's waist and he pumped up hard into the flailing, contracting pet. Slamming hard, feeling muscles move in a way that sometimes was painful and made him cry out, the Master rode the bucking boy hard. Like the best fucking rodeo he has ever had.

Afterwards, it was the warm cloth and more soothing sounds. He let the puppy cry and suckle on his new ball gag. It sometimes calms his puppy when he gets overwhelmed.

After some time, the urge struck again and he allowed the puppy to lay flat on the soft bed for it. He also let the boy keep the ball gag in so he could chew it for some comfort. The Collector knew how
grateful his boy would be for it.

That time when it was over the Master had some trouble rousing the puppy from it and the bed was stained with vomit, piss and blood.

He treated his boy then put him curled up on the bench where the two big windows are. The guard tape on the window allowed his puppy to see out but no one to see in. He gave Puppy some water and three pills.

Now the boy felt hazy and the pain was on the other side of the plastic mattress not with him, as he leaned against the soft cheap plastic and watched the trees in the blue sky. He was vaguely aware of his Master cleaning the bed sheets, he heard the spray of cleaner against the plastic lining that protected the mattress from the bed play it endures.

The RV began to move and Puppy watched with fascination as the trees flew by. At some point, he fell asleep.

When he woke up there were still trees but they looked a little different. Moving carefully as the pain was becoming his again, the puppy pressed his nose against the window to see looming mountains. He also noticed they were heading up into them at a somewhat alarming angle and pace.

After sometime, it turned dark and Billy started to get very hungry. He didn't dare ask about supper and he also didn't dare to move off the bench without permission to do so. Finally the RV stopped and his Master came back to stroke his boy's trembling back.

"Good puppy hungry?"

At the timid nod, his Master smiled and quickly began to make cheese and cold cut sandwiches. A cold dinner meant his Master would be outside tonight.

Puppy didn't want to think of where or why so he didn't. He thanked his Master and in a moment of generosity, his owner hand fed him two full sandwiches while cuddling him.

Later on, his Master stopped driving again but this time he gestured to his boy. Billy ignored the pain and flung himself off the bench to crawl before the boots he knows the taste, texture and feel of like he knows his own name.

His Master stripped his boy and dressed him in a black sweatsuit. Then he brought out a special gift for his special boy.

Losing his breath and whimpering, Puppy didn't move or dare to show disgust as his Master fixed his new mask on his own face. It was a carefully peeled face from that nurse.

Still mushy, exposed nerves tickling against his face, the smell was atrocious and Billy gagged. The Master shook his head at the gagging and the pup forced it down like a good boy to his owner's satisfaction.

Strong, swift fingers tightened the leather straps that held the face over his boy's fine features to disguise him while hunting. Tying small tight knots, the Master smiled and twirled the little pet to look in the floor length thin mirror that hung on the tiny bathroom wall.

Puppy screamed for a moment, terrified of the gruesome visage in the mirror.
A stretched woman's face with a sickening smile that allowed his lips to show. Her eye sockets were just big enough to see the poor bulging eyes that stung with tears and dried flecks of blood. He managed to calm himself and received a firm pat of approval for it.

He waited frozen while his Master donned his costume and then they went out.

Billy waited patiently while his owner loaded a bunch of detour stuff left by some highway workers into their own utility truck. He hot wired it and his boy sat down next to him in the truck silently. The boy was so concentrated on the revolting mask he barely caught on to when his Master stopped the truck again, leaving it.

Peering through the mask and greasy glass of the passenger window, Billy watched the man set up a fake detour at the base of a slim road that wound upwards into a solace of trees. The Master finished and came back to the truck and made sure that everything he wanted was in his backpack.

He also made sure that the red trunk he brought was handling the back of the truck since it was a rough ride up the side of the mountain.

The box made Billy shiver and he wondered which naughty dog his Master has found. He also wished mightily to remove this gruesome mask but he put his hands in his lap.

Up, up and Billy started to whine in anxiety until his Master hushed him and petted his small legs. The truck mercifully stopped and they got out again.

This time his Master took his rifle, his crossbow and his Bowie knife with him. He made Billy carry the trunk which made the boy so terrified to a level that seemed almost euphoric. Master gestured to a small ravine and had Billy curl up next to the crimson nightmare trunk there.

"Puppy, good boy. Stay. Hush. Master will return for you."

Billy shivered, moaned into his hands so softly and hid behind the black box. Waiting. He curled up tight like an abandoned puppy.
When God Calls You Home

Billy heard two shots in the distance but he never moved. Screams came, of course, he remembers how it used to be, always surrounded by screams. He didn't move, he waited for a very long time.

Leaves crunched and heavy footsteps approached.

Cowering lower, he squirmed on his belly to kiss the mud, blood and gore covered boots of his Master.

With fond impatience, the man nudged the pet away then leaned down to adjust the boy's mask. A pat to the head with a gory glove and then a finger pointed to the box and then pointed up the hill.

Sobbing softly, Billy lifted the box and followed his Master up the slippery terrain.

He saw an upside down headless body swaying gently from a tree. Another body was so full of arrows it bristled like a porcupine and was stuck deep into the garage door. Normally his Master would never leave bodies outdoors like this, would never leave such a mess publicly laying around.

Billy understood why this was different. It wasn't killing for the Collection, this was revenge and a message. For the running dogs, for those who dared to harbor and hide the dogs.

Passing by two corpses slowly burning, Billy followed his Master into the breached cabin.

Hank had been so fucking cold. The fire was burning, the heat was hot upon his skin but he was freezing. It wasn't a cold that any man made heat could reach. He tried to warn the agents but they thought his instinct was just nerves.

How could he explain that any of the Collector's prized victims always had a deep connection with their owner? It was a masked man that rarely spoke a single word. They had no choice but to develop extra sensory focus when it came to the Collector.

He loaded his gun and drank, but it didn't warm him or make him feel safer. The agents roaming his cabin couldn't reach the ones outside and Hank laughed wildly for a moment.

Cursing at Hank, the agents began to lock down the cabin's security system but of course the power cut off. Hank went into the little bedroom and fed more logs into the fire. He had made sure there was a fire in every room for the heat and the glow, ignoring the running, terrified agents.

All his movements became careful, he knew the Collector must already be inside now. The place could have been booby trapped as Hank slept the night before. He had full confidence in his angry Master, more than in the agents.

Watching for traps, Hank made sure the fires were going then knelt before his bedroom fire and prayed to a deity he didn't believe in. As the words of prayer offered cold comfort, Hank heard the agents cry out. He flinched at the gunshots, afraid to dare hope the agents have shot his tormentor.

Screams of anguish that came moments later let Hank know his prayers would not be answered. Hank stopped praying and stood up. He stared into the fire and took the safety off of his gun. Putting it into his mouth, Hank tried to bring himself to pull the trigger.
The same exact part of him that allowed him to survive a serial killer, the same part that gave him the courage to escape was also preventing him from killing himself. Hank pulled the gun from his mouth and let it dangle at his side.

He heard silence now and then a knock at his locked bedroom door.

A sobbing laugh and he slowly walked over to the door. In a shaking hand, Hank held out the gun even though he knew he would never dare try to shoot his Master.

Grasping the locks, he fumbled it open then took a deep breath before inching the door open. Better this way, maybe if he just gave in, his Master will give him a fast merciful death. With that lie firmly in place in his head, Hank peeked out the door.

"Ah..god...please have mercy. Please..."

He couldn't stop the moaned plea from bursting from his throat as he looked down upon the trunk.

Hank held tightly to the gun, holding it as if it were a teddy bear instead of a weapon.

He shook and his head whipped back and forth but he knew that it was worse not to play the sick games.

It was always worse to fight what the Master wanted. Hank hated how easily his mindset sunk back and it nearly killed him not to just crawl like a dog. It hurt deep in his head and soul.

Taking a shaky breath, Hank reached out and opened the trunk. Jumping back as the lid fell over, Hank sobbed as all the agents heads tumbled out. He gagged and whined deep in his throat, he tried again to drag his heavy arms to bring the gun up to his own head.

To crash a bullet through his brain matter. He felt a flash of pure bright hatred and jealousy for Molly who had managed a final escape. Then he heard movement and he saw a slight figure.

It had longer hair, it was thinner and the mask of human flesh was gruesome, but Hank knew it was Billy.

"Please Hank. Master is giving you this one merciful chance. He says sometimes it is in a dogs nature to run off but if it is truly loyal and good, it will know when it's time to go home. Show him you are still a good dog deep down inside. Get into the trunk and we can go home. Master will correct you and then it will all be okay again. Please, Hank, don't make Master have to bring you by force."

The fragile boy was simply the voice for his Master's words. But the pleading and dread in Billy's voice let Hank know it would be very dangerous to deny the dubious mercy. Hank nodded miserably and carefully, slowly sunk to his knees.

He used the gun to move the heads away from the terrible black cramped space. Then Hank sobbed and put the gun aside. Inchng, howling in frustrated fear, Hank forced himself to curl up into the trunk.

Closing his eyes tight, Hank didn't try to catch a glimpse of his captor as the lid slammed shut and locked. He prayed that his need to survive against all odds would see him through.

His power, his confidence flow through him. The Collector has not felt this good, this almost whole
since his naughty dogs ran off. Molly might have eternally escaped, Arkin might still be in hiding but having Hank back was a good consolation prize. Very good indeed.

He could admit silently to himself now that he had been a bit worried at Hank's cabin. When Hank put that gun inside his own mouth, the Collector had felt a wild sense of fear. What if Hank did it?

There was no way that he could stop the man in time so he had shoved Billy forward, whispering in his ear. But Hank didn't kill himself, he didn't cheat his Master the way that cunt, whore, bitch, slut Molly did.

Then there was a mild bit of worry that Hank wouldn't just give in to defeat. That he wouldn't bring himself to surrender of his own will. But no, Hank remembered that he was just a naughty but loyal pup after all.

Once they returned to the trailer, he had to leave the bad dog in the trunk while they drove as far away as they could. So Hank was left to his sobbing and praying in the cramped box for some hours.

When the man finally felt they were in a safe and desolate enough location, he parked the trailer for the night. Billy was ordered to cook dinner so he could spend some time alone with his bad pet.

The Collector kept his word to show mercy to his bad little doggie. He did not kill or maim Hank. The punishment was long and hard however. He thrilled to Hank's screams, to the babbled apologies, the frantic groveling and begging shrieks of how he will never dare to be so bad again.

Taking a break to eat supper with Billy, the Collector left Hank nailed to the large cross he had made for him. Hank's naked form was squirming against the wood in torn bleeding stripes from a whip with small barbed hooks.

His hands were nailed to either side of the cross and his head was tied back against the wood by barbed wire circling his forehead, tethering it to the wood. Hank's left foot had been placed under his right foot with a large spike driven through both feet into the wood.

After they ate, the Collector returned to his bad dog, leaving the puppy to clean up from their meal. He didn't offer any dinner to the bad boy, he would just throw it up during his continuing punishment.
Begging For Absolution

Hank woke to an avalanche of pain and what felt like spiders crawling on his face. He moaned as he found he couldn't move his face away from the tickling terrible feeling. It went away on it's own and was replaced by a thin, fearful voice.

"Shh...I am going to take care of you. I can take you down and give you water, some food too. But if you get loud and Master gets angry at you, his mercy will go away."

"B...Billy?"

Hank blinked a few times before he made out the thin face with bulging eyes. The boy seemed to wince at his own name but nodded quickly. The boy started to use wire cutters to cut the barbed wire.

"While you were asleep, Master took out the nails on your hands and feet. You are only attached by the metal, when it all lets loose, you'll fall. I'm not supposed to stop your fall, I'm sorry. There is a thick rug and plastic sheeting to land on."

Hank didn't care, he just wanted to get off this thing and he relaxed into the fall when it happened. He lay there and didn't dare to move, even though it was only the frail boy.

If there is one thing Hank remembers well, it's to never assume that the Master doesn't always have a way of knowing, watching. Hank knows after the unforgivable act of running away that any remote misbehavior will be landed upon harshly. Laying curled up, Hank doesn't dare to move or speak.

The relief and thanks upon Billy's face told Hank this was the right reaction to have. Billy gave Hank sips from a water bottle then fed him small bites of vanilla pudding. Hank thanked him softly and obediently sipped and swallowed.

Afterwards, Billy cleaned and wrapped Hank's bloody hands. Then Billy cleaned the feet but did not bandage them. He gave no explanation but a look of sympathy and concern that gave the man chills.

"Billy...is there...more before the Master forgives me?"

Hank was afraid to ask but more afraid not to know and at least mentally prepare himself.

That was always the worst thing with the Collector. Never quite knowing if things were over, if something was about to get worse. The constant fear of getting the Master's most sadistic side due to misunderstanding what he wanted.

Billy was the Master's creature through and through but at least he speaks. There was some relief in that if nothing else.

"I'm sorry, Hank. You and Arkin were so naughty...Master has been very angry. I think his next visit to you will be the worst and then he can forgive you."

Sobbing in terror, Hank looked around at the sheets of plastic hanging and shuddered, hugging himself into a tight ball. The narrow sliding door opened and he saw shiny black boots crunching upon the plastic towards him.

Billy went low before his Master and Hank cowered, drooling in terror. The boy squirmed forward and kissed the boots with fearful but loving eagerness. Hank was too scared, too hurt to even dare
move, he simply panted and shook, his teeth chattering uncontrollably.

Hank watched a gloved hand caress Billy's greasy long hair then it was gone. Billy seemed to respond to a silent signal and he knelt up to watch his Master's movements attentively. The boy was all wiry muscle and bird like bones, covered in nothing but his sagging bloodstained shorts, bruises and scars.

Now the boots came closer and Hank whined in mindless terror as his eyes squeezed shut, anticipating more agony. A slap to the face that stung let Hank know this displeased his Master. His eyes popped open and he began to tearfully plead.

"Sorry, please, Master, I'm so sorry. Forgive me, please, Master. I'll be good, I swear it. I will never disobey on purpose ever again, please, I promise! I will never run away ever again! Please forgive me, Master?"

"Hush."

Hank shut his mouth instantly, trying to not whimper but unable to help it anymore than the extreme shaking. A heavy caress upon his cheek that made him cringe but he didn't dare to move. Then a punishing grip upon his jaw and he was forced to look past the mask into those flat shark eyes.

It was so hard to stare into those inky black depths, the intensity made him squirm and whimper as he forced himself not to look down or away. He knew this one too, how to show all his emotions, to try and convey the submission, the terror and the plea for mercy while not shrinking from that inhuman gaze.

After a moment, the man let go of Hank's chin and moved back. Hank cringed low and watched as the Collector began to carefully set down items in front of his bad dog. A moan tore of out the dog's throat when he saw a hammer and hedge clippers laid nearly before his eyes. Hank sobbed and pulled his limbs in tighter.

Billy kept quiet but he did wince as his Master used the hedge-clippers to remove all of Hank's toes. With the mercy that Billy knew would come if Hank just behaved, Master allowed Hank a small break. He even held the crying man himself as he had Billy give him some water. Hank curled up against his Master, too weak and hurt to move on his own.

Hank was whispering, his voice as it always was before when he prayed but the words weren't the same anymore. It didn't sound like a prayer to any known God. He was begging for forgiveness, he was begging for a chance to prove he will be a good boy, pleading for the mercy to be a good dog again. It made the Collector smile and he caressed the mindlessly chanting man while Billy gave him water.

A small moment then the Master pushed his quivering, newly re-broken pet onto the plastic again. Hank cried out but he didn't dare do more than lay passively, waiting. The bruised legs were straightened and the man picked up the hammer making sure that his victim saw it coming. Hank screamed when the hammer smashed his feet into whole new shapes.

The pain steamrolled over Hank and sent him pressing down into black tar. Then sweet merciful nothingness.
He woke later to find himself bathed, nude and bandaged. When he saw his Master, he groveled and licked his boots, sobbing with gratitude that his punishment was over. Billy used his small voice and the Master used his hands to let Hank know that he was finally forgiven, at least enough for the mercy of probation.

Wailing of the pain in his destroyed feet, both encased in packs of ice then wrapped in thick bandages, Hank surrendered to his Master's whims. Bloody bites, deep ones that made Hank jerk and scream, black leather sticking against the sweat and blood of ripped flesh. Hank crashed into brief madness when he felt that familiar helpless pain of the Collector's thick cock forcing it's way into him.

Pawing uselessly at the plastic floor, Hank shrieked into it. A puff of hot air against his ear, the feel of teeth grazing, the threat of his ear being ripped away.

"Hush. Good dog or Bad dog?"

The words gave Hank both a sickening elation that his Master forgave him enough to speak and terror at the implicit warning.

"A good dog. Please, a good dog, Master, sorry."

He forced his body to go limp, to submit to the pain of invasion and was rewarded by a hand slamming his face hard into the plastic. The rape was merciless, it was reestablishing the pack order and the Master made sure Hank was clear of his place in it. After the Collector released his seed deep within the wrecked mess of Hank, he ordered Billy over.

Grabbing a handful of Hank's hair, the man dragged his dog over to his very best little puppy. Directing Hank's head towards the kneeling puppy's groin, the intent of his order was clear. Billy gasped and Hank sobbed but used his teeth to pull down the boy's shorts. He got the soft flesh into his mouth and used every trick he remembers his Master teaching him to do.

Soon the boy started to throw his head back and breathe more jagged as he grew hard under the practiced captive mouth. The Master positioned himself behind his forgiven dog and fucked him again. He used his thrusts to control Hank's work upon his Puppy. When he bottomed out in Hank, the man was deep throating Billy and a scream ripped through him.

It contracted his throat and Billy cried out in pure shameful pleasure at it and his eyes begged his Master to do it again. The Collector looked both proud and more violently lustful than ever before in his Puppy. He gave a tiny nod to his beloved squirming needy boy then proceeded to make Hank scream until Billy was mindlessly begging to orgasm.

But the Master shook his head and instead he pulled out of Hank and grabbed the thin Puppy. He threw Hank down on his back, legs up high in the air, held firmly by one gloved hand. The Collector pulled Billy before him and thrust hard into his Puppy's ass thrilling to the gasp of pain and pleasure as his little Puppy sweetly submitted. He grabbed the leaking hard smaller cock and directed it with a firm hand into Hank's bleeding but tight warmth.

Billy uttered a guttural sound of surrender, of descent and pleasure. His Master controlled the pace, with every rough sweetly stabbing push, he sent Billy deeper into Hank's slicked heat. The Collector grabbed his Puppy's narrow face and directed those eyes upon Hank's face. Hank watched the boy's face go into a near skeletal state as he drowned in shame, lust, pain and incredible pleasure.

Above that was the mask and merciless eyes of a demon, a nightmare, a monster, Hank's Master. When the Collector whispered to his trembling, frantic Puppy to orgasm, he chuckled at the reaction.
His poor fragile little creature was nearly mindless in his torment, he began to pump with true harsh need over the crying broken bad boy.

Billy screamed out as he filled Hank, bucking hard into the helpless flesh, staring into his rape victim’s face. Yet he screamed out words that were for the man behind him.

"Ah...Master, I love you! Please, I love you! Thank you for letting me...Ahh! Master, please!"

The leather encased man held his frail, lovely sweet thing as it finished shuddering into Hank. A hand stroked the fine, straining swan like neck and he cooed soothing sounds. Still buried deep in his boy but enjoying the feeling of the Puppy contracting upon him as he raped the naughty mongrel. As soon as Puppy went limp the Collector’s patience ended.

Hank lay there and watched dazed as the Master started to lift Billy and use him as if the thin boy were just a sex toy. Punishing thrusts, Billy crying out every time his Master bottomed out. And yet, even as tears fell, even as Hank could see that Billy was suffering, his small cock began to fill with blood and grow bigger. An evil chuckle as the Master began to fondle the hardening flesh while using his pet with worsening ruthless need.

Billy moaned and fell back into his Master’s arms, he moved like a ragged doll pumping furiously.

"Uh...uh...please...harder? Please? Good Puppy? Please? Master’s whore, Master’s good fuck toy? Please?"

Hank knew the words were put in Billy's head and mouth by the Collector but the terrible need in the voice was earnest. With a deep growl, the Master lifted the boy almost completely off his cock before dropping the boy hard back on. Billy screamed and the Master slammed the boy hard up against himself. He rode him hard and bloody before he and the mindlessly begging Puppy arched together in orgasm.

The Collector allowed Billy to rest in his lap afterwards but he did beckon towards Hank. He dragged himself forward on his stomach to timidly lick at his Master's gloved hands. A gesture and Hank didn't hesitate even as he shuddered, using his tongue to clean his Master's cock and balls, then Billy's. Hank silently assured his Master he was grateful for another chance and he tried to hide his desolate tears.

He had a feeling he would never walk again. However, that wasn't what scared him the most of all.

What truly was stripping Hank of any further thoughts of rebellion, what made him know that squirming on his belly would be his only walking for a long time, was a different kind of training. He was terrified of his Master breaking him into whatever Billy has become.

The next day the Collector was in a very good mood as he began to drive towards the sun, sand and a certain very bad little bitch. He was very pleased with Hank's progress so far and there was no doubt he will catch Arkin. However, he is positive that his naughty boy is going to be sly and clever, that this will be a challenge. A smile grew upon the unmasked face as he began to drive down a long highway.

He turned on the radio and heard the report of the massacre at the cabin. The missing former survivor of the Collector had possibly been retaken by the killer. He wonders how Arkin will react upon hearing this? Will he run or hunker down to fight it out?

That is fine. Let Arkin be aware his Master is coming to get him. Let him run and fight and hide all he wishes. The Collector feels ready for a bit of fun and challenge. He spent most of the long drive
daydreaming of having Arkin cornered and seeing the look on the brat's face when he sees he is caught. The thoughts of what would come next made him drive faster.
The highway stretched and stretched.

Sometimes, he sang along with the music, tapping the steering wheel as he drove. He watched the weather change with a widening smile. Every mile brought him closer, every hour brought Arkin within his reach. Every day, Billy becomes more devoted. And Hank, his cringing mongrel is already forgetting what being a man felt like.

When they reached the desert casino lights, he allowed Billy and Hank to both come up to witness the lights. Hank curled tight as was his habit, his naked limbs shaking as if he were freezing. Billy knelt against his Master's hip, looking up to the signs and amazing lights flash past the driver's window.

They left the lights behind for a much more natural but lovely sight of a desert sunset. The Collector drove past a series of magic shops, warehouses and tired looking motels. One of these held his naughty little puppy, his ultimate bad doggie. Arkin was hiding here, he could feel it. With a smile that made Billy whimper, pressing closer while Hank started to cry again.

Not yet, no let the man sweat it out, he knows that his Master is coming yet he didn't take off again. Arkin wants to make a stand and by all means, he is ready for this. For the past few nights he has been rougher on both the dogs out of sheer excitement. He would start to think of what he will do to Arkin and he would get too hard to even drive.

Pulling over, he would either grab Billy or storm out back and drag Hank out of his dog cage. The more Arkin fights, the more slippery and creative he gets the worse he will pay later on. Oh the bloody, terrible screams he will drag out of his bad, traitorous, sneaky bitch! He steeled himself and focused.

Not now, he drove past the motels and kept going. He needed the right place to camp, to hide out until he was ready. The motels were gone and they passed only a gas station for the last thirty minutes.

With a small gasp of satisfaction and pleasure, the collector pulled his trailer next to an abandoned teen fun center. It was perfect, it would be perfect and he knew it. He hurried to put Hank back into his cage and gave Billy instructions to stay low until his return. He toured the old building. It had an old arcade, a laser tag two level area and monster themed golf course.

It still had a generator and most of the structures were still in place, it was perfect.

Hank had not reacted well the first time the Master let him see his face. He screamed and shut his eyes, groveling.

"Please don't kill me! Master, I am sorry, I didn't look at your face! I swear it, please!"

The man chuckled as amused as he was when Billy first saw his face. They always thought it meant their death, not a privilege. He had crouched down over Hank, who drooled and pissed himself in sheer panic. His reclaimed dog has become much more timid and fragile than before. Hank shook under his Master's hand but refused to open his eyes.

Billy's voice came along with the amused petting of his Master's hand.
"No, Hank, it is a privilege. Master is allowing you to see his other disguise. Because you are loyal and good now, because you will never leave again. So it's okay to look now. Be very grateful, but open your eyes. Master says it's safe for you too look at him as long as you are a very good dog."

So he forced his eyes open and looked upon an ordinary man with terrible eyes that were pits of death. But this could have been one of his college professors. This could have been a man that sat in his very church. He wasn't scarred, ugly nor was he devilishly handsome. He just was...a man. Sandy hair. Unremarkable in every way but the eyes.

"Th..thank you for the privilege, Master. I'm a good dog, please, I'm your very good grateful dog."

And in that moment with a certain kind of painful thud, Hank knew it was truly the way it would be. There was no chance of ever leaving, ever escaping or being rescued ever again. He will die at the hands of his Master or of old age as a torture toy for this madman. Soon Hank won't remember what it was like for it to ever have been different.

He was allowed to follow his Master and Billy out of the little rooms and into the cab area for he first time then. He had watched the lights and knew where they were. This must be where they hid Arkin and oh god, the Collector found Arkin! Hank cried for the man as well as himself and Molly. He did not cry for Billy, the boy was lost to his Master. He was above Hank and he was the voice of the Master.

Since those first few days of punishment and then recovery, Hank has mainly seen Billy. He lived in a dog cage in the room that had all the plastic taken down. The room contained the cage and a water dish that Billy always kept full. Billy brought Hank on a leash to the bathroom five times within the day. He brings Hank three meals and makes sure that Hank has time out of the cage to keep his sanity and muscles going.

Seeing the Master usually meant rape, torture or a combination of both. Hank felt himself breaking, changing. He crawled, mainly he would slink, too scared to move much. Anxiety was a constant companion, he waited for his Master to hurt him, he waited for Billy to feed him, care for him. Now Hank waited for his Master to shatter Arkin. The last survivor and escapee.

Master was gone at the new location every night and day, working. Sometimes he brought Billy but Hank stayed in the trailer. If Billy was home, Hank was allowed to have free reign of the trailer as long as his ankle chains were securely attached to the steel table leg. If both left, Hank was kept in the cage, in a locked room until they returned.

One day Hank finally got courageous and started to ask Billy about the Collector's plans. Billy had just come in and allowed Hank to have his ankle chains. The wiry, nervous boy started to cook their dinner. Hank inched closer then curled up under the table where he could see and hear Billy.

"B..b..Billy? Is..this building, is it going to be a new...collection house? Or just a game..a g..g..game for..A..Arkin?"

Giving a little twitch of his slight shoulders, Billy kept cooking and didn't turn around but he replied.

"Yes. It's a new place for Master, I think. But I...I hope he doesn't make me live in there. I want to stay with him...the old place...where we all were? It was terrible and scary...this place will be like that and I don't want to live in it. Not again..."

Hank shuddered and repressed his sobs. He is already sure that the Master intends for Hank to live there and Arkin if he survives the catching.
"Is...Arkin near? Does he h...h...have him yet? Already in th..the..there?"

"No. But Arkin is really close by, Master can sense it and I think he might know just exactly where he is. But Master is...letting Arkin have the challenge. He wants to let him fight and try to escape. It will be very bad...Arkin was the leader...he talked you and Molly into it. He tricked me and the Master. He is already in so much trouble..."

"Arkin w..w..won't surrender...n...not like...I did. He...will f..fight..or r..run if he has to."

Billy nodded and stirred something in a skillet with jerky movements.

"Master is making you your own special room, by the way. Remember when you see it that he made it special all by himself for you. Be grateful, Hank. You really have to. Master might be...difficult, but he really was merciful to you, he really was happy to have you come back. He was so proud of you for surrendering. For being ready to be punished and forgiven, to beg for the comfort of your Master again. I know you are so scared all the time, I know it's worse for you this time. But it's good to be this scared, to be this timid of him. I think you always should be so he feels that you know your place. It would be very, very bad if Master ever again thought you were going to be rebellious or bad. If he thinks you don't fear him properly, you might dare such a thing like trying to escape or be sneaky, rebellious. I don't think Master would ever forgive you a second time, I don't think there would be any mercy."

Hank sobbed and went flat on the floor under the table, peering up at Billy. Was it a threat? The Master will listen to Billy if he says that Hank has been bad or not scared enough. Oh god, he doesn't just have to worry about pleasing the Collector, he also has to appease the boy as well. He and the others really didn't know what they had truly done to Billy. They didn't just turn him into a human puppy...they turned him into a monster in training.

"P..p..please, Billy! T..tell Master I am a g..g...good boy...sc...scared boy. I n..n..never...I will n..n..never b..b..be so bad! P..pl..please, Billy! G..g..good dog..please?"

Billy turned and gave Hank a small reassuring smile that made Hank shiver in misery and relief all at once.

"Good boy, Hank. You are really trying so hard and I make sure Master knows that. I'm so glad that I have you for company now. I get lonely when Master is busy. It's nice to be able to have someone to speak to, to be with, who understands our Master. Our life."

Billy gave another stir and turned the heat to simmering then he sat on the floor next to the table. He looked over at Hank who crept backwards, whining.

"I won't hurt you. I just want to pet you. Nothing else, I swear it. Master wouldn't like me doing more than that without permission. Crawl over here, doggie. It's okay...scared and timid thing...I know just what that is like, Hank. I really do. You and Arkin taught me all about it so it would be easier for me, remember? Well, now it's my turn to help you, Hank. Come on...I just want to pet you, over here, boy."

With a terrible moan, Hank saw the glitter in Billy's eyes and he began to inch forward on his stomach. The boy was patting his legs and cooing as if to an abused dog. Hank supposed he was that now and he stopped moving when he was within the boy's reach.

"Good boy. That was hard, I know. I'm here, you are safe with me, Hank."

The light hands played in Hank's hair and touched nearly every part of him but did not hurt him nor
molest him. Billy seemed to truly just draw comfort from the petting and cuddling, as if Hank were truly a dog. He went limp and remembered to be grateful to receive any gentle touch that he can get. Hank used a dry tongue that had no prayers left to lick meekly at Billy's slender fingers.

"Good boy, Hank. I always wanted a dog of my own, but..my parents..they never let me. Master is going to let me share you if I do well helping to get Arkin home. Always wanted a dog of my own, course, I was asking for a real dog. Master's real dogs aren't for petting though, but you are. You'll let me pet you, won't you, Hank?"

With a terrible whine, Hank shook and nodded quickly while trying to stay so very passive under the touch of the near feral looking boy.

"Y..y..yes, Billy. I'll be a g..g..good boy. Please don't hurt me, B...b..Billy. Please don't m..make M..M..Master mad at me...I'll d...do anyth..th..thing that you want me too. P...p...please?"

With a dreamy smile, Billy hauled the shrinking, sobbing pitiful beast into his slender lap and began to rock the poor thing.

"Hush now. I know how hard you try, Hank. You just keep being a very loyal, very good doggie and Master will be so happy with you. Soon he will be happy with both of us. It will be Arkin screaming, not us. Among the others. Master has a new home and he needs to add to his Collection, not just grab Arkin. Master will be in such a happy busy mood and we will benefit from that, doggie! You'll see. Poor, sad scared little Hank. At least you know it won't be nearly as bad as what that naughty bad boy will get! You might think Master was strict to take away your toes and foot shape. You might not even really appreciate your new room at first. But compared to what I am seeing Master setting up for Arkin, you will feel so lucky...you might even begin to feel blessed, Hank."

There was a forewarning in those words that Hank did not understand but shivered against anyway. He forced himself to press against Billy and relax himself.

"Y...yes Billy. I am so g..gr..grateful for Master's mercy. A..and I am grateful to you for..l..let..letting me back into the p..p..pack. Thank you for t..t..telling Master that I am a good boy now. I am loyal to you, loyal to M..M..Master. Arkin sh...sh...should just give up and beg m..mercy. W..will Master o..off..offerve the m..mercy? L..like with me?"

Billy grimly nodded and chewed on his lips as his fingers ran all over Hank like spiders.

"Yes. Master always wants to be fair, of course. I am going to deliver the message myself actually. But we both know Billy won't submit to Master so easily. I think if he did, Master would be disappointed after going through so much trouble over this challenge to his authority. But if Arkin did surrender his punishment will still be even harsher than yours. Because of Arkin, Molly died, you got away and Arkin himself has continued to elude his Master. It was his idea, all of it and Master won't forget that. That Arkin made such a long term plan, all that time right under his Master's nose.

"I don't even want to look at Arkin. I hope I don't see him at all. I don't w..w..want Master to see me even..ack...acknowledge A..Ark..Arkin. I just want to please the Master...to please you, Billy."

"Well, you might run into Arkin once he stumbles into Master's new home. It's kind of hard not to notice your new room, Hank. Arkin might try to convince you to help him or leave with him. It might happen, Hank."

Billy's voice was somewhat playful but vindictive at the same time. Hank sweated and thought to himself, the Master might have forgiven me, but I am not sure that Billy has forgiven him. Or is Hank paying for the anger that Billy might feel towards Arkin?
He dared to roll his eyes up to stare submissively at Billy's narrow face and glittering eyes.

"If he does...I...will scream for you! And for M., Master! I won't go! I won't listen! I will be good...I want to be good! Please forgive me, Billy! I was...so wr..wrong...wh..what I did...pl..please for..give me? I...I will do a.a..any..anything, B..Billy. P..p..please?"

This time sharp teeth glinted within Billy's little smile which had a hint of victory to it that made Hank cringe. He started to whimper unable to help it, tears flowing again and he didn't dare to look up at Billy anymore.

"I'm going to forgive you, Hank. I want you to be my affectionate, groveling scared timid doggie. Master has his own ideas for you and I am sure you will obey him just as you'll obey me. Right?"

Hank nodded frantically and whispered the word yes over and over. Billy had one hand running over Hank's heaving chest and the other was in his thick hair winding it around his fingers. Billy yanked Hank's head back and forced eye contact as his other hand ran over the strained throat.

"In a way, doggie, what comes next is your biggest test of all maybe. First you have to accept your new life with with us in your new home, your new room with your new rules. Plus you have to have to please me as my good doggie too. That is an awful lot, Hank. And then Arkin will come and upset everything all over again for us. If there is any weak leaks or mistakes in Master's new home or games then Arkin will certainly find them. He might really have a way out, he might really be able to offer you a real chance, Hank. After all, he was able to do it once, right? Now Arkin has had all this time to ready himself, you might get lucky by siding with him."

"No, no, never, I sw..swear it! I am n..not..not allowed to even move with..without per..permission. I'm a good boy. A good loyal doggie now. Please...Billy, please?"

Billy seems to finally be seeing whatever he was looking for within Hank's face. He smiled gently and traded his iron grip to a soothing caress on Hank's messy, greasy knotted hair.

"Okay, Hank. I'll stop teasing you, silly boy. It is too easy to scare you now, Hank. You smell bad...let's get you all cleaned up before Master comes home for dinner. We have ten minutes while that simmers to scrub you down fast."

Hank shut his eyes in sweet relief and he nodded, slinking after the rushing boy.

"Yes..th..thank you...B..B..Billy. You always t..take..su..such good care of me..."

When the Collector came into the trailer, dinner was ready and Billy was ladling goulash onto the red plastic plates. Hank was underneath the table, naked with wet clean hair, all freshly scrubbed down. He whimpered and curled into the deepest darkest corner under the table. He didn't move or barely breathe until the Master put a plate down next to his own boot.

A single snap of the fingers and a point towards the dish and Hank lunged forward with jerky timid movements. He dragged his stomach and chest until he reached the plate. After rolling his eyes up as far as he dared, Hank waited until he saw the small nod that meant he could eat. Billy was sitting on the bench next to his Master being hand fed mostly.

But Hank was a good, silent and loyal doggie that ate properly then inched his way back to his corner. After dinner the Master scared Hank worse than ever. He dropped clothing down in front of Hank and began to tap his foot. Flinching, Hank grabbed the clothing but then thought it might be a test. He tossed them away again, cringing low, not knowing what his Master wanted, panicking.

The boots came hard and fast, kicking until Hank curled into a ball sobbing for mercy. This time the
clothing was dropped on top of his bruised body. Nodding, Hank pulled the pants and shirt on while remaining upon the floor. Billy gave a nod of approval and smiled at the poor stupid doggie. Silly thing was so afraid nowadays it had trouble focusing on orders. He has explained this to his Master who understands completely how to help their poor dumb creature.

Hank cringed with shame under Billy's sweet but insulting assistance but he only whined when a leash was attached to his thick collar. With a quick impatient jerk, the Master walked out of the trailer with Hank on the leash. Half dragged and half crawling, Hank squinted in the sun and shrieked at the hot cloying sand sucking at him. This wasn't right, it wasn't normal oh god, he was going to die after all.

"Oh god, please! M..M..Master, p..pl..please! Anything! I'll do anything...please! Don't kill me, Master! I can t..t.t...try harder! Mercy!"

Suddenly, the boots stopped moving and the Collector leaned over his panting, terrified creature. His whisper pierced through Hank's anxiety, shredding everything that wasn't the Master in that moment.

"Hush, doggie. No barking or I will sew a muzzle onto your lips. Show me you are obedient. Behave. Crawl like a good dog."

Hank wept and nodded, whispering his apologies as he tried to calm himself and crawl as fast as he is able to. As Billy predicted, when Hank saw his new room, he sobbed and screamed a bit. But when his Master took off the leash and commanded it, Hank crawled into his new living hell and thanked his boogeyman for it.
Arkin stared for a very long time at the rose and the note. He walked into his apartment, his one room shit hole at the motel to find the card and rose sitting upon his freshly made bed. It didn't matter how diligent he has been, the fucker was *HERE* and just slipped in and out of Arkin's booby-trapped, locked room with ease.

His hands shook as he reached for the note and he sat down before opening it.

**Dearest Arkin,**

*We are long overdue for a reunion, are we not? However, this has been quite the fun challenge and I am willing to be sporting. Be at the Magic Rabbit at noon. It is a public location, the meeting shall be on the steps of the store. I will make you an offer before you choose to attack.*

**Yours,**

The Collector

He found himself making a small whimpering sound and he smacked himself in the jaw to stop it. *Fuck no,* Arkin thought angrily. *I have worked too hard to let this asshole scare me with fucking words!* It was harder to stop the shaking of his hands. That took two pills, a glass of whiskey and an hour of prepping with Agent Lee.

"This is fucking crazy, Arkin. It's a clear set up. Let me at least do surveillance."

But Arkin shook his head and rubbed his cold hands to together. They sounded raspy and Arkin felt as if his skin was sandpaper.

"No. The man never lies. That isn't his style, he has no need for lying. This is not a man of many words, Lee, trust me. He is going to gloat that he found me, threaten me and then give me an option of surrender. He knows I won't surrender, he knows I refuse to give in to his threats. But the man is obsessed and he wants to see me. He needs to be assured that I am really here, not a decoy. He wants to view his property before destroying or retaking it. I want to go because I need to see his face when I tell him to fuck off. When I tell him that he has a fight on his hands this time. We will both leave and then he'll start to come after me. That's what I'll need you for."

Arkin was armed to the teeth but he was alone. He had an ankle holster, a back holster, one knife in a sheath under each jacket sleeve. He climbed the steps and surveyed the few folks walking about. There was a young mother walking with a stroller, a mailman and two teens playing hooky from school.

The few trees nearby were thin and long. One of them seemed to break away from the others and with a thud of his heart, Arkin saw it was Billy. Wearing brown corduroys and a brown t shirt, he had blended in somehow into his landscape. The long wild blonde hair was recently washed and brushed, falling about neatly at his shoulders.
Billy smiled at Arkin as he slowly climbed the stairs. He stopped a few feet from Arkin and leaned against the railing.

"Hi, Arkin! It's really good to see you again! I'm glad you look so good! Listen, you have to keep your distance, okay? Master is nearby watching and if you come near me or try to hurt me, he will retaliate. I'm not going to do anything but talk, okay? Kind of like Master's voice is coming out of me for you?"

Arkin saw the insanity dancing in those buggy, fearful but now greedy eyes. The Collector has managed to do more than train Billy as his puppy. The maniac made a fucking apprentice out of the boy! Guilt and shame crashed down upon Arkin but his frown just deepened and he nodded.

"Alright. What does the Collector wish to say to me, Billy?"

"He is giving you a one time offer of merciful surrender, Arkin. It is the same option he gave Hank and would have given Molly if she wasn't dead. Master was very upset over that, Arkin. Really, really upset. Who do you think had to pay for that, Arkin? Not you, or Hank and certainly not Molly."

Billy's eyes flashed with anger and a sly shifting look seemed to keep flitting across that thin face. Every now and then the boy twitched but his eyes were glazed with the glory of his own Master.

"Hank was smart, you know. He ran off, yes, but when Master caught him up in the mountains, Hank didn't fight or run anymore. He surrendered and crawled into the trunk. Hank begged for mercy and forgiveness. He was punished soundly first of course and he is adjusting to some new changes, but he is alive and grateful for it. Hank eats out of my hand if I want him to, Arkin. A good loyal boy now and Master is pleased with him. I helped retrain Hank myself. I would hope that Master would allow the same with you, but I doubt it. I think Master wants you all to himself, Arkin."

The boy already knew Arkin wasn't going to surrender and was clearly just enjoying himself at this point. Arkin put on his sunglasses and shook his head slowly. His voice was a bored drawl that seemed to disconcert and infuriate the boy.

"No thank you, Billy. I don't care where you've left the trunk for me, I'm not climbing into it. Tell your Master I said to go fuck himself. Oh, you probably can't deliver that message though, can you? I mean, he might be your new serial killer obsession but he is your Master, right? You just form the word fuck out of context and he would rip out your teeth, wouldn't he? So let's rephrase it. How about he can shove his trunk right up his own ass? No? Still too harsh of a message? Too scared to dare curse in front of your beloved fucking Lord Boogeyman, right? Are you proud of yourself, of hurting Hank? Anyway, let's see...how about this one! Tell the Collector that I will never be his victim again. Tell him that I am going to kill him if he tries to come for me. Tell him I said I would rather die in a war against him then ever allow him control over me again. Tell him that, okay, Billy?"

The boy was trembling with both terror and indignation for his Master over Arkin's rude and unforgivable words. He seethed as Arkin began to walk away and he hissed after him.

"You will regret this moment for so long. When Master catches you and you spend every second in a living hell, you'll wish you could come back to this moment. You'll wish you begged my forgiveness, the Master's forgiveness. You'll wish you had crawled into the trunk and begged for mercy."

"Fuck you too, Billy. But tell Hank I am sorry he got caught, sorry as hell."
Arkin managed to walk away as if he wasn't shaken too his core.

Billy managed the two block walk to where the Master was parked without sobbing or doing anything to draw attention to himself.

Arkin stood in Agent Lee's apartment shaking like a leaf and nearly in tears but his back was fucking straight dammit.

Billy swung into the passenger seat and looked up timidly with great reverence and fear at his Master.

"I was right, bastard used fucking Billy as his messenger boy. That boy is...he's gone...he's like a fucking mini version of the monster himself now. They offered surrender and I declined it. War is on, buddy. I have to kill that fucker or die trying."

"I'm very sorry, Master. I said everything you wished but Arkin was...very rude and descriptive in his refusal. He asked me to tell you...he will never be a victim again. He will not surrender and he threatened to kill you if you tried to take him back. He...He said he would rather die in a war against you then give you control of him ever again. I..I am very sorry, Master."
The Collector wondered if Arkin found it as amusing he himself did that they are destroying the entire tiny populace in their silent war. He is sure that Arkin didn't anticipate the fall out, he never does. Arkin only regrets such things too late to fix them and the Collector is glad to see that something is still the same.

So far Arkin has caused the death of at least ten people and five more have gone missing. That was after all the agents disappeared without a single trace. The only agent that the Collector does not have yet is the young, eager one chasing after Arkin the way Billy chases after him. Rage filled the Collector every time he thinks of the audacity of Arkin.

The stupid naughty bitch might not understand what he has done but the Collector knows and its all that matters. Arkin dared to take on his own pet after running off from his own Master. The Collector smiles as he thinks of how to fix that situation as soon as he lays hands on Arkin. He finished his daily check of Arkin's actions and headed for home.

All was quiet and dark at the newly acquired project home not even a single sob from Hank. He wondered idly if Billy muzzled him or if Hank just fell asleep again. Here was Billy, kneeling at the sight of his Master, head down and silent. That was quite usual as was the trembling but the tremor just underneath it, a current of dark joy was new.

It amused the man as much as pleased him. Slowly he has been allowing Billy to help more and more with the assault. At first he just had Billy lure the victims, leave notes or pictures for Arkin. At the new home Billy feeds and cares for any that the Collector keeps alive. He assists in the torture and death of those his Master's wants his help in killing.

Then Arkin let Billy help him storm the tiny police station and commandeer it. A police chief and four brave officers were tortured and murdered slowly in front of a now stunned and depleted force by the Collector. He then allowed Billy to rape and blind their favorite female officer before forcing her into the red trunk. He made sure that he showed the tearful audience her address from her license. Whispering to Billy, he let them know that he will murder her small family before dawn. The girl herself he will take back to his lair. If they behave here at the police station, she will not be killed. The Collector appointed the most scared man as the new police chief. He carefully had Billy explain to the man and his few officers left how they would all behave to not recieve another visit.

The Collector was assured that those men will damn near kill themselves to cover any and all issues rather than wake to find their families slaughtered and a red trunk waiting for them. Tonight the Collector is going on another run and is taking his boy with him. His boy is going to do some real wet work tonight and he can't wait to see him in action.

He gave his pet a little caress on his small head then moved on. Billy must finish all his chores if he hopes to be able to accompany his Master out tonight. With a quick few movement, the Collector moved past a few new sections still being worked upon. He frowned at a trap that wasn't fastened properly and began to fix it.

Grinning slightly to himself, the man listened as he heard Billy's voice, impatient and overly excited. A quick clapping sound as if to catch someone's attention while Billy was sing song nagging.

"Hank! Hanky, baby, wake up! I need your sweet stupid doggie head to WAKE UP! Right now, boy! Up! Wake up!"
"Uh! S..S..sorry, B..Billy, please. I didn't mean to..."

"Oh shut up, we don't have the time for your groveling right now! I need you to slink out here and help me. Let's go...you can go faster than that, I know you can, Hank!"

When he fixed the paneling issue, the man decided to give a quick check over all his traps, just in case. Might as well make sure the existing ones are working well before adding any more. Twice he went past his pets while checking on his work.

The first time he saw Hank scrubbing the dissection area. When he saw his Master, Hank went flat in the mess of blood and bleach, face to the floor as if in grand worship. He stayed this way until his Master was out of sight again.

Billy was using a feeding tube that is forced up the nostril to feed three still living creatures. They are not Collection material but will probably become his new cannibal dogs or just playthings until they permanently break. Mainly they are all test subjects for Billy to work on or show restraint with as his Master sees fit.

As the Collector gave one last final check and came around, Hank was in the middle of a quandary. Regardless of his own troubles, he went flat the second his Master appeared. This time he was laying just before something carelessly lying upon the newly shining floors. The Collector leaned over and tapped at the bloodstained razor.

With a pathetic whimper, Hank began to shakily try and explain while not daring to look higher than his Master's boot.

"I...I...didn't...never...t..t..touched it, Master! Please! G..g...good boy, good..l..l..loyal dog! I didn't, I w..w..wouldn't! Please? I..saw it...was..gonna tell Billy...but saw...you and...Master, please. I...I would never..."

He picked up the blade and tapped it against Hank's lips which instantly shut and were silent. Then the Collector glided the blade across those plump lips then dipped between them. Hank whined but opened his mouth as tears streamed, as his whole body shook.

Running the blade over that dry tongue, he notes that the dog needs more hydration. A wrinkle of annoyance at Billy makes him nick Hank's tongue but the man drools blood rather than dare to swallow without permission. He flipped the knife over and gently used his glove to make Hank bite down onto the handle of the knife.

With a hand in Hank's collar, he drags the dog until he faces the direction Billy is in. A hard swat on the ass and a pointed finger tell Hank to scurry fast towards Billy. He understands what to do if he finds another weapon again. Hank needs to be able to be trusted to move about his new home, able to be trusted to be around things that could be used against the Collector.

But Billy has to learn to be less careless about leaving weaponry about. If he isn't paying attention, Billy could do worse than just leave a key or weapon out for a loose victim, he could accidentally blow himself up! He could trigger off a bullet to his own brain if he isn't paying attention. Or lose a victim or be killed by a desperate survivor.

Which is why seconds after Billy took the knife out of Hank's bloody mouth, the Master descended upon him. Hank flew for his own hell and sanctuary, desperate to resist sharing the discipline. Even though the Master was only armed with a whip, even a cotton ball is a terrible threat in his creative hands.
Billy cried and screamed for forgiveness and took his punishment like a good puppy should. Hank never looked up at Billy once afterwards, even when Billy glared at him, practically daring him to look at him. The Collector made Billy finish his work all by himself while he finished getting ready for their evening.

"Oh no! Hank, I just thought of something! We are going out tonight, Master and me to play! You'll be all alone for hours and hours! Will you sleep or try and talk to the others? Or will you get some actual work done to please our Master with? Something awe inspiring or creative at least? Are you crying again? Already? Nothing has even happened yet and you are already sobbing like a baby. Don't worry, Master won't expect anything from you yet. But he will later tonight or tomorrow...will you have something to show him? I hope so, Hank. I really do, doggie."

The Collector rolled his eyes as he dried off from the shower as he listened to Billy tease and Hank cry. He installed a regular little apartment area within the trapped slaughterhouse in case of times when he cannot stop back to the trailer. Also, the Collector knows how terrifying the thought is to Billy of being apart from his Master at bedtime. So they have a small bedroom in case and the Puppy enjoys sleeping curled up on his Master's feet.

As the man began to don his leather outfit, he also set out his boy's little outfit, including his treated skin mask. Billy has become used to the mask and no longer fears it. Instead, he seems to gain power and sadism from it. Straightening and tightening his mask, the Collector left the small apartment. He went towards Hank's room and there was Billy, leaning inwards with a bright mischief about him. Like a little boy teasing a doggie with a sock.

He snapped his fingers and Billy dropped down as if Hank never existed. The Collector watched as his slender boy crawled to him and began to rub his cheeks across his Master's boots, then the leather clad legs. Growling, the man yanked his boy's head back and stared him down.

"Get. Dressed. No more teasing."

Billy begged meekly to be forgiven and the man gave a quick tug to the hair. His boy fell silent and his Master sent him to put on his outfit. Hank was again flat upon his thick crimson rug in his room upon sight of the Master.

After Billy went to change, he stepped a foot into Hank's room. The trembling, shambling thing that used to be a man squirmed over to kiss the boot with fast dry kisses.

Frowning, the man stepped over Hank's cringing form and looked into the empty dog dish. Not an drop of water for the dog at all? Billy knew better than that.

Hank mistook the annoyance for personal reasons and began to panic.

"I...am sorry. My fault, please! M...my...fault! B...b...Billy told me to get w...water...I...busy...I forgot...Pl...please forgive me?"

The Collector wondered if he perhaps has given his Billy boy too much to do or too much power? He will prepare for both problems tonight and whichever lesson will be needed, will be given. Hank lay there shaking and weeping while the Master filled the water dish and directed Hank to drink at least half of it.

That night they broke into a lovely family home.

Arkin loved that cheap little magic store so much that the Collector took interest. He took interest in
everything Arkin liked. Tonight the man that runs the magic store will wake up to his own personal nightmare. His wife and children will be tortured and killed before him. The Collector is fairly sure it will be owner himself that lands in his trunk.

Things went fine at first, Billy was obedient and focused. It was a large family and made it that much more fun. The man noticed even his puppy was giggling and grinning at the frantic victims. They kept trying to escape and fight, getting caught or killed in traps. The wife was taken quickly and tied naked into a bathtub.

Billy left a few crucially deep cuts on the woman so she would bleed out very slowly. He fucked her once while she moaned and tried to thrash, sending blood spraying everywhere. The Collector lost the shop keep to a booby trap, the moron and he did have quite a fun time two teenagers.

Then as Billy came back out of the bathroom, out of the corner of his eye he saw a small bit of movement. It was a young child and Billy froze for a moment. The Collector looked at where the girl had run off to then back at Billy. With a painful swallow, Billy gave chase.

He turned back to the acne pitted boy in front of him pinned to his own wall and smiled. Very gently and carefully, the Collector moved in close then disemboweled the boy while his twin sister screamed. Her screaming was so loud that he had to stop work on the boy to shut up the girl first. She found it harder to scream with a broken jaw and lips that were stitched together with razor wire.

Billy would never wish to admit it, but he allowed the boy to continually get away from him. He thought he was ready, his Master believes he is ready, but maybe he isn't. Because killing some kid that could barely be eight years old is just...he can't. To murder a little boy? To torture or do anything Master does to this innocent kid? Can't they just let this little one go? It's not like he can say much...the police will cover up anything Master does. So cannot they show a little mercy just to a small child?

Finally Billy really had very little choice but to catch the kid. He mainly just kept trying to steer the kid during the one exit he might actual get out of...but the kid panicked and went the wrong way. He dove and caught the boy just as he almost decapitated himself in a trap.

"Stupid brat! Dummy, wrong way. The other way..go run hurry fast! If he catches you, I can't help you, do you hear me? So run, crawl, just get the fuck out of here while you still can. Go! Hurry!"

Billy spun the boy around and flung him towards the right direction. The light kid landed hard but skidded on the newly polished floors that his mother keeps so clean. His body skidded straight against the leather boots of the Collector. The man glared at his now flinching and red puppy. With a growl of anger, he grabbed the child by a handful of hair and dragged him into the trunk as Billy followed, weeping.

The Collector made a grand show of lifting the child slowly then dropping him harshly into the trunk while staring at his bad doggie. Billy helped his Master finish off their victims and set the house on fire. His demeanor has changed and Billy's proverbial tail was between his legs. He shook hard and worked harder in order to stave off the anger and disappointment.

That night, all night, Billy wailed and begged in the slaughter home. His Master made him dismember the child slowly, keeping him alive as long as possible. Then the Master forced Billy to make a soup and casserole out of the some of the boy. The meals will be shared by all of course. Every time Billy cooked or ate human meat he sobbed, so did Hank.

But the destruction and consummation of the boy was only part of the lesson that Billy had to learn.
"I can't fucking believe you people! You aren't even going to have the decency to HIDE it!"

Papers exploded as Arkin kicked over a large full waste can. He was furious, covered in soot like everyone else in the crappy desert town trying to put out the fires of the Magic Rabbit and the adjacent home.

Arkin knew this was another of the many little gifts his Master keeps leaving him. *Give in or I'll take out everyone around you first.*

Arkin was shocked to see the small boy was the one taken.

In his time with the Collector, he never once saw a child taken. He always assumed his Master quickly murdered them or perhaps left them alone. He had always preferred to imagine that the Collector left the children alone.

Either he has really struck a nerve in the serial killer or he has begun to up his game. *Or maybe it was Billy, think of that?*

The new sheriff grabbed Arkin by his neck before Lee could stop him. Two officers had their guns out and trained on the agent. He raised his empty open hands slowly. The sheriff was bright red with rage and self loathing. He screamed into Arkin's face spraying spittle.

"Listen, you fucking pompous little prick! YOU BROUGHT HIM HERE! Why the living FUCK should anyone still alive here help you? Doesn't help the dead now, does it? Not really. This was a nice quiet town, yeah its a rundown shithole, but it was our safe rundown shithole. Then you show up with your fancy useless agents. AND YOU BROUGHT HIM DOWN UPON US! THIS ISN'T OUR FUCK UP IT IS YOURS AND YOU'D BETTER FUCKING FIX IT! NOT A FUCKING PERSON IN THIS TOWN WILL HELP YOU, ARKIN! YOU ARE LIKE POISON! HEAR ME, BOY? NOT A FUCKING ONE IS GOING TO RISK THAT MAN'S WRATH FOR YOU! IF HE ORDERED YOU BROUGHT TO HIM, WE'D ALL TEAR YOU APART TO BRING HIM A PIECE! GET THE FUCK OUT OR I SWEAR TO GOD I'LL JUST TIE YOU TO A TREE AND LEAVE YOU THERE FOR HIM!"

The Collector spent many hours just watching Arkin and Lee. He had cameras everywhere and not a soul would dare protest them. Arkin can try to take sanctuary in this town..but the Collector owns the town. It was a small tired area, just a few run down motels, stores and apartments.

Through the sheriff, his men and Billy he became the voice of the town as well. Through his own brutal actions the town understood that the Collector will slaughter anyone that dares give assistance to Arkin or Lee.

The town understood that he wants Arkin, that he is the target. If they wish to be rid of the boogeyman, they needed to be rid of Arkin.

Unseen roadblocks kept in residents who might try to leave. However, most had nowhere to go, if they did they wouldn't have come this far into dead lands just to go back anyway.

The Collector wasn't nervous that any residents would leave, he was more concerned with Lee or Arkin trying. So far they haven't but Lee was looking more desperate by the day.
The treatment the men received at the police station was almost nicer than most others were about it. An old decrepit man at the motel the two were currently stashed away in started to yell at them. Soon as they walked up the driveway, the old man was waving his cane with mild threat and yelling.

"Look what you have done! That was a nice family! They were good kind people! They didn't deserve this! And Tom..he was a drunk sure...but he deserved better! So many others here too! Are you going to let him kill all of us? Get out! Get out of here! Get your shit and leave! You are evicted and banned from my motel!"

The Collector had watched in spiteful glee as Arkin and Lee were turned away everywhere. Nowhere to live, no store or restaurant wanted them inside. It was fun to watch them first try to bully then cajole and finally get turned away.

They started to steal what they needed to survive and switch to squatting in different locations every night.

Billy would watch his Master stare intently at the prey and he seethed. He wished that he dared to wrest his Master's attention from that mongrel and his pup.

Instead he would go to Hank and sometimes he would play with him. Other times he would complain about Arkin. Billy's voice has become higher and more peevish.

Hank waited for the day that Billy bitched too much too loudly and the Master removes the Puppy's tongue. Billy danced into Hank's space, not caring about stepping on Hank's hard work.

"Hard at work, are you? Finally got your inspiration back, did you? That's good. It will save you pain for sure. I want to see what you've got done. I hope Master will like it for your sake. I mean, I like it. It's really, really good. Maybe when Master's done staring at that useless fucking traitor he will come see it for himself. I bet he will like it. At least I do. Whoever knew you were so talented? You really wasted your time learning to be a priest, didn't you? Just think what could be now if you had made different choices?"

"I..I can't imagine anyth...thing else bu..but...this. Th..thank you for l..liking my work, B...Billy. I...I am trying to p...p...please you and Master."

After a bit Billy got bored with Hank and wandered to visit the blind officer. Hank winced as she screeched from her enclosure. Billy has taken an interest in her and visited her often. Better her than me. Sickened by his own thoughts, Hank concentrated on his work for his Master.
**Falling Angels, Wings To Ashes**

Hank was dozing when he jerked awake to a high pitched cry of joy.

"Oh! It came, it's here! Oh, Master! Please, let me see! Please? Master, can I see? Please? It's here, it came, oh please, can I?"

Blinking rapidly, Hank looked from under his curtain of greasy hair to see Billy jumping up and down, his face full of anxious need and flushed with overexcited babbling. The Master was holding a box right over the boy, just out of reach, a small smirk on his face, eyes sharp like a shark upon his puppy.

This went on until Billy was sobbing and on his knees, clinging to his Master's leg, begging in jagged breaths. Finally, the Master relented and handed the sad desperate Puppy his gift. Hank knew it was Billy's "Town" outfit.

The Master had allowed Billy to help pick out his outside clothing while being his Master's voice. They had hunched over the laptop for hours to order it, giving Hank blessed time to just doze.

Hank watched as Billy shredded the box to reach the contents. His tears dried as he squealed in delight, lifting out his new clean clothes. They were impressive. The Puppy even got a hairbrush and steel toe boots. And a weapon to carry and use as needed. Only if needed was stressed again and again.

When Billy ran to change into his new clothing and Hank saw that his Master's boots were coming towards him. With a gasp of fear, Hank plastered himself to the thick rug and shook. He trembled and dug his fingers hard into the threads of the rug as the boots stopped before him. A thud and Hank jumped in terror then froze, eyes shut.

A snap of fingers and Hank timidly peeked up to see a box in front of him. He dared to peek up as high as his Master's lips and saw the same smirk he gave Billy earlier. Whining, sensing a trick coming, a game to fail, Hank shook, not sure what to do.

He was never told of a present for him, there was no discussions heard of a box for Hank. And there is at no point anything that Hank doesn't see or know unless he is asleep of course.

Maybe while he was dozing? No, he always wakes if he hears his name, always. This is a box with something painful. Or not his at all.

With a small chuckle, the Master gave a tiny nudge to the box with his boot and then nodded at Hank. No words to guide him, so Hank knows to be cautious. Master's favorite traps are the silent ones.

Trial and error is the name of that game and all who live in this hell fear this game. Even Billy who is more monster than victim rarely gets out of this game uninjured.

Hank started to slink forward, his knees, belly and elbows scraping more rug rash upon sore red skin. He got closer to the box then started to reach a hand out timidly. A quick growl and Hank pulled his hand back as if it were on fire with an apologetic whimper.

Going flat again, Hank waited to see if punishment would follow. A boot nudged him then tapped lightly at the box. Try again and so Hank did. This time he used his body only to get closer, then he used his teeth to take the tape off the box.
He kept stopping to flinch and look up at his Master's mouth, just in case he was making anymore mistakes. The lips were formed into cruel amusement, but there was another small curve to it. Hank tried to read those lips the same way a desperate archeologist tries to read hieroglyphics.

The Master waited until Hank managed to open the box then he nodded again. This time he clearly pointed at the box then at Hank. Inching his head into the box as if waiting for a terrible rabid beast to bite him, Hank discovered his gifts. Using his teeth to gently pull out each item, Hank was staining them with tears as he saw what they were.

Hank had an inside costume, of course because, why would he ever leave? It was perfect too, it was so perfect to the room, for who and what he was. It was mercy, it was exact, it was everything he ever will be or have.

The funny thing was, Hank always thought that when he finally went insane, he would hear an audible snap.

But it wasn't a snap at all, it was everything that Hank had expected the calling of God would be but never was. Except instead of bright light and sweet prophetic insight, it was terrible, it was beautiful in it's simplicity, in the warmth of His mercy. Who ever thought his sanity would shatter over knee and elbow pads?

And that was why he was laughing while he wailed and sobbed. Eyes leaking tears as they stared wide eyed at the pads to protect his sore skin. As he stared at his new lovely collar. It was high necked, it had a black latex circle with a bright crimson square similar to a priests collar.

Hank didn't even know his was pulling on his hair again as he looked at the black smock that was similar to what alter boys wore. It would be the length of the small shorts he wore now. He screamed once, his tendons stretching and even as he did it, Hank thought his Master would be so mad at him for it.

Yet, the boots moved only slightly as his Master suddenly came into view. The Master stared hard into Hank's wild eyes and the scream died down slowly like a siren shutting down.

"Hush. Good boy. Good Hank. Mine. Forever. You see it now, that is a very good boy."

Hands, not gloves cupping his face and it felt hot, like lava and it burned through Hank's flesh, bone and burrowed into the soft matter. The intense eyes, cutting like blades through Hank's soul, cutting away anything that wasn't HIM.

"Thank you, Master. Grateful, so grateful, thank you. Merciful, I am so sorry for ever not believing...oh please, I am so sorry! Please, let me worship you! I am so grateful, I swear I am your priest, your storyteller, please, Master, I worship you, I do, I swear it! You are my fearful, most powerful, most merciful and brutal God. I will spend my life in repentance to you, I am nothing but please...please, let me worship you, you are all I have, Master. You are my world, my everything."

The Master's eyes were pleased, the mouth was relaxed and triumphant. A voice that was soft as silk but with a snake filled with venom sliding through it, a question.

"What if Arkin comes? He will see you and want to rescue you. You have no chains, no restraints, you know how to leave if you chose to, Hank. What about temptations like that, my little priest?"

Without hesitation, without a single twitch, staring, drowning in his deity's eyes, Hank responded. His voice was raw but it was honest and it was full of respect and awe as one would have when being allowed to speak with a god.
"I will never leave my Master. I would never betray or run from my Lord. This is my place, under your merciful boots. I would beg Arkin to surrender to you. I would do my duty as your priest, I would try and counsel Arkin to reason. If he tried to force me to leave, I would scream for you or Billy. I would run and hide, I would defend myself and...bite him. He is a traitor, a bad dog and I know to only trust in my Lord and Master."

It was the right answer and Hank was filled with dark, shattering light and a swell of obsessive twisted love as his Master gently caressed his face. Then amazing, wonderful, amazing thing of all, something that has never happened before. Those lips that Hank sees in his sleep came down upon his own. His lips were not bitten nor shredded, a tongue was not plunged into his mouth to feel the sore holes where a few teeth used to be. It was a gentle kiss, a touch of lips and Hank felt blessed as if he were baptized.

Hank sobbed and clung to his Master as much as he was allowed to as the deity helped him with his new outfit. The Collector felt so kind towards his recreated pet that he held him on his lap afterwards. The broken priest pressed into his Savior and shivered in the shadow of a demon.

Later on, when Billy took his outfit outside, Master was kind enough to allow Hank to kneel beside him and watch the monitors as Billy performed.

Billy walked down the main street of town as if he owned it and in a way, he did.

Clean long blonde hair spread around him like a cape, it rested upon the sharp black leather duster that fluttered behind him. He wore a v necked crimson tight shirt and a pair of black leather pants with black boots that had shining steel tips and sharp spurs.

The few townsfolk on the street not only hurried to get out of his way, but they cringed and avoided the icy crazed gaze of the young man. This made Billy smirk and walk taller, more deliberate in his movements.

He walked into the local store and walked straight to the customer service counter. The girl standing there was visibly shaking. Everyone knew who Billy was, who he represented. Billy smiled with shark teeth and the girl nearly fainted, stuttering, tears beginning to track through her thick foundation.

"Hush, girl. I won't hurt you. Look, I have a list for you. I need you to fill this list for me and have it delivered to the address at the bottom. Look at me, pretty thing. There, better. What is your name?"

"M..M..Maureen."

He liked her voice, how scared and soft it was, he liked her soft tiny frame, almost swallowed by a green linen smock.

"How old are you?"

It was irrelevant to his orders and Billy knew that, but he was fascinated by this terrified pixie.

"S..sixteen..Sir. I..I can fill this list for you right away."

She was breathless and pale in her fear and she was much prettier than the eyeless officer. He wanted her for his own and it ached, raged deep within him. Billy was a predator and this girl was easy, ready prey. But he had work to do first, but maybe later....perhaps if his Master was pleased enough
with him...

"Thank you, Maureen. For now on, when I come to this store, I expect to speak and deal with only you. I want you to get your manager so he understands that you are in charge of all our orders. Good girl."

A blush stained the pale face under the make up and Billy added quickly,

"Maureen? Do not wear so much make up anymore. You are a very pretty girl and don't need so much paint on your face."

Nodding fast, the girl came out of the swinging side door to get her manager and found Billy in the way. In order to pass him, she would have to brush against him.

"Go on, get your manager, my Maureen. Then wash your face before you take care of my order. Do you understand what I am asking you to do? If so, I want you to say yes, sweet girl. Let me know you understand me. Do you, Maureen? Hmmm?"

With a small whine of terror, the girl looked up at the blue brilliant eyes then whispered,

"Yes, Sir. Get my manager, wash my face and fill your order. I..I'm sorry."

Billy gave her a benevolent smile and he ran one finger down her cheek while she froze like a deer in headlights.

"Good girl. You may go."

He watched as the girl fled and then waited to speak with the shaken manager that assured Billy his wishes and the Collectors wishes are paramount to them.

"Excellent. I want it understood...well, my boss wants it understood that anyone that is providing for him in any capacity is under his protection. That means all your employees are to be untouched. It means your families are to be kept safe from any...violence. In fact, my boss would like you to be aware that since the town is under his constant eye, you will recieve protection in every way. If there is ever a robbery, a fire, then you may be assured that we shall not allow your store or your employees to go un-avenged. If anyone ever dares to touch something that my boss finds valuable...Lord help them."

The girl came back a few moments later with a clean fresh face and her pixie haircut with that elfin face made Billy smile brilliantly.

"Much better, Maureen. Thank you for washing your face for me. Keep your face like that, it is so pretty. I expect my list filled and delivered by tomorrow, please. And you may bring however many stock boys you feel you need to carry the food. I don't want you all tired and sweaty from lifting boxes."

Billy left the grocery store and headed for the real estate agent's building over the local bank. When he entered the office the badly dressed tired looking man nearly expired in fear.

"Oh god...please, I swear I have not seen Arkin or his friend! I would never harbor them or do anything to cross HIM...please...my family needs me!"

Swinging his new bat around lazily, Billy grinned at the greying man that was on his knees now, his hands clasped as if in prayer. It reminded Billy of Hank and his voice became hectoring.
"Silly man. My boss knows you have not done anything wrong. But he would like you to do something. Would you mind doing some business with me? Maybe get off the floor and sit at your desk instead? Why don't you get out that little bottle of bourbon in your desk and take a swig? I can wait while you get settled."

The man climbed to his desk and heavily sat in his chair while a shaking hand reached for his drawer. His shoulders were slumped and his eyes told Billy the man was theirs.

"Good man. Now listen carefully, please. My boss has decided to stay here. This town needs him and he needs the town. It shall be under his protection rather than under his brutal rule. All that is needed is some paperwork and some mild bookkeeping on your part. We want to buy some real estate."

Arkin started to laugh at the absurdity of Lee. The confused and almost hurt hangdog look on the young agents face made the laughter worse.

"What? What's so fucking funny about the appalling dinner we are about to have?"

"It's appalling, yeah. But watching you try to turn cat food sandwiches into something fancy is hysterical. It's freaking cute."

Lee stiffened then relaxed his shoulders and gave a rueful grin.

"Hey, I had to go through a lot to get those tomatoes. So shut up and enjoy every bite."

"Yeah, you had to worry about that asshole farmer's shotgun but I had to steal all this lovely canned cat food plus I got us this bottle of very cheap gin. Besides, it's perfect really. A celebration of sorts. Because this is it, Lee. We are living in alleyways, on roofs and now we have camped in the back of the morgue. We are eating cat food on stale bread with stolen tomatoes. We shit outside like animals, we are at rock bottom. He wants us to go to him. He wants me to either challenge him or surrender. Somehow, he has the whole fucking town squeezing us out but not to let us leave. We have to go to his ground and fight him there. I really hoped he would come out to us, I thought I could wait him out, but no, he is going to have it his fucking way. So fine, we go to him and kill him in his own little fucked up collectors museum."

"We don't even know where the fuck he is! How do we challenge someone we can't see? I mean, you told me all about his traps, I get how he works, I have practiced with you all I can. I'm ready for it if you are but hell, do we shout out to the air? Leave a note at a store where the owner doesn't threaten us with a gun to leave?"

Arkin chugged some of the terrible liquor, winced and handed it to Lee.

"Drink plenty and fast. This is our last night here, our last night of relative peace and safety. I'll show you exactly how we can get a message across to the Collector."

The man chugged some of the drink then coughed while Arkin had a bit more. Then he had Lee finish off the bottle. With a smirk, Arkin leaned back against the cement wall.

He pulled the drunk younger man up into his arms then began to reach one hand down Lee's body. Moaning, Lee arched into it then seemed to recall himself.

"No...wait! What are you doing? Arkin, we shouldn't...we haven't talked about this stuff."

Arkin made sure his eyes stayed pinned on the small camera that he knew the Collector watched him through. They were everywhere and Arkin knew exactly what they looked like. He made his voice just loud enough for any audio to pick it up.
"It's okay, Lee. I can feel that you want this and so do I. It's our last night maybe, let's enjoy it. I want to make you feel good. I promise you, the Collector is clever enough to understand that I am ready to come kill him. He knows that I am ready to enter his home and destroy it, to destroy him once and for all."

Arkin used his hands and mouth to make Lee squirm and moan. When the young man spurted his seed into Arkin's mouth, he swallowed it. Lee curled up against Arkin and used his own hands and mouth to please him.

Arkin never once lost eye contact with the camera. When his orgasm hit, Arkin cried out but his face thinned with pleasure never missed the camera.

Hank was almost complete with his latest inspiration, his next gift to his Master. Earlier Master had actually wandered into Hank's area to admire the work. Hank had received a pat on the head and a small cookie. He ate the cookie as if it were communion wafer and felt blessed.

Taking a small break to rest his aching and swollen fingers, Hank lapped at his water bowl then as was his habit looked up at the screen. His eyes saw Billy restlessly wandering towards his apartment that he shared with the Collector. It was the only section of this place Hank has no sight to.

He saw the Collector watching the screens in the monitor room, watching the town, really just watching Arkin though. Hank's sharp eyes scanned, seeing and not seeing the tormented victims within other areas. His eyes caught upon one particular victim though. The female officer, she was out of her cage and on the move.

The poor thing was inching on her hands and knees, eyelids stitched shut over empty sockets. She was in rough shape, burns, a nipple missing, a few toes and fingers gone, a few looking chewed off. It had taken the officer some time to learn not to fight back. By then Billy had been allowed to play with her too.

He wasn't allowed to take pieces or do anything extreme without his Master's permission. But Billy found plenty of other ways to hurt and terrify the woman. When Billy got peevish and Hank was boring to tease, he always went after the officer.

Now that Billy has been sniffing around this girl at the store, he hasn't bothered the officer quite as much. Instead Billy has gone between trying to cling to his Master and begging to be allowed out more.

Hank wondered if Billy was truly stupid enough to think his Master didn't see everything. He had been with his Master when they watched Billy flirt with the girl. Did Billy really think that each time since then that he has gone out, Master wasn't watching to see how long he spent making the little girl tremble and cry for him?

Billy had no idea the hell that might rain upon him any moment and Hank couldn't help but be thrilled for it. The perfect puppy for the Collector was a self entitled bully for Hank. Billy was also the lesser monster that injured those that the Master has left in his care.

He feeds through a nose or stomach tube, even though many were still capable of eating with their mouths. Just to hurt them. Also, he uses real food, a real dinner without a tube for rewards. Most are willing to do nearly anything for that mercy. Billy takes full advantage of this daily.

He will wander into any poor victim's area and beat, whip or burn them for no reason at all but the
sheer fun of it.

Only once since Hank has received his new outfit did Billy take his bullying of him to a physical level. Hank had been very hard at work on a new project for his Master when Billy was bored. When the teasing and taunting didn't get Hank's full attention, Billy exploded. He destroyed Hank's work then started to kick and punch him.

Hank had curled up tightly against the assault, begging Billy to stop, apologizing for upsetting him. Suddenly, Billy wasn't hurting Hank anymore. The hissing high pitched voice of Billy's changed into a surprised squawk. Peeking up slightly, Hank saw the Collector's boots and Billy's feet dangling.

Regardless of deep bruising aches, Hank unfurled himself and lay prostate before his God. The Master dragged Billy by his neck over to the ruined work. He pointed at it then at Hank then he yanked Billy's pants down and threw him onto his knees, face buried in the rug. Hank winced when his Master held a cane in his hand.

Hank only dared to peek up at Billy a few times. The Master delivered a brutal beating, Billy screamed and begged forgiveness until he could barely produce sounds. His buttocks and thighs paid an extreme price for his bullying. They were purple, black and weeping blood before the Collector stopped.

Billy got the point and never dared to hurt Hank or destroy his work again. However, being the only other person each could speak to, they were drawn together by sheer necessity. Billy continued to harass and taunt Hank, he also used him for comfort when he was sad about their Master's obsession with Arkin.

And he talked about wanting to beg the Master to keep or at least use this market girl at least once. Hank always counseled patience about Arkin. Once Master has the man, it will be easier, then his attention will return to Billy. He also would caution Billy about the girl, that the cameras saw everything.

Billy of course took that the wrong way. He decided if the Master has already seen him with the girl and said nothing, then it must be alright to at least keep doing what he was doing. Touching the girl, making her nervous, scared and Billy longed to rape her, hurt her. Make her go to her knees and beg him.

Hank tried to talk Billy out of it but just got derision back. He reminded Billy how Master always offers the chance for error along with a chance for reward.

"Remember how he trains us to leave a cage or a doorway? He let's the person decide if they should run for it, come out slowly or wait. Master leaves chances for mistakes for all of us so we can learn from them. You don't know if Master approves just by his silence. That might not be consent, it might be Master offering you more rope to hang yourself with. Or him waiting to see if you recognize your own error and correct it."

Billy ignored the counsel, he scorned Hank's warnings. Now he is pouting in the apartment and here comes the blind officer crawling around some dangerous traps. Was her cage deliberately left unlocked as a test or did Billy forget to lock it after he fed her earlier?

The past few days, the officer was allowed real food. She has started instantly give Billy her mouth for pleasure the second he announces he is there with a tube or food, which would she like?

Dragging herself slowly, staying against the wall, using her hands to sweep for safety, the woman has almost made her way to Hank's area. Swinging his legs over the side of his enclosure closest to
where the girl was coming from, he spoke softly.

"Officer? Don't panic, I won't hurt you. I am not like Billy. My name is Hank, I am just one of the Collection like you might be. Listen to me, you aren't safe crawling around without someone. You can't see what might be about to trigger a trap. Even if you could see, Master is clever with his tricks. And there are cameras everywhere. You are very lucky that Billy isn't around and that Master is busy. But either of them can show up at any moment."

With a small sob, the woman extended her hand slightly.

"Can you help me? Do..do you see a way out or a way to reach anyone? Please..I'm injured. Are you hurt or chained?"

"No, I can move around almost as much as Billy can. I can help you but I can't reach anyone or show you a way out. We aren't allowed to leave. We aren't allowed to have communication out of here. But I can either help you go back to your cage or I can let you stay with me in my area. It's best if you go back to your own cage, that way Master will forgive you quickly. He will see that you saw your mistake and show mercy. I can't say that Billy will do the same."

"No..I can't...I can't go back into that cage...please, why won't you help me? If you are really a victim, then we need to run, we can help each other."

Hank smiled sadly and gently crawled to the girl and took her trembling hand.

"Look, if you can't go back yet, you can come into my area. We can talk and I can give you some water. I will bring you back when you are ready. But you can't just keep crawling blind on your own. If you do, you'll either get caught in a trap or caught by Billy or Master. I know the strong instinct to try and escape but it won't happen here. Or ever for you. The more you think that way, the worse it will get for you. Trust me on that. I told you my name is Hank. Well, officer, do you recall a story about a survivor named Hank who was retaken by the Collector? That is me."

Before the woman could say anything else, before Hank could get her to the safety of her cage or his enclosure the worst things happened. Billy's voice split through Hank's calm, warm tone, spiteful and dangerous.

"Oh, officer! Did you decide to talk a little stroll? Are you trying to persuade our good doggie Hank to let you get some fresh air?"

Hank goes prostate before his beloved and fearsome deity, but for Billy, he simply kneels and puts his head down to show submission of a lower pack member. He humbled himself but tried to keep a hold of the woman's hand in case she bolted in panic.

"She was ready to go back to her cage, Billy. She just made a mistake. I was going to help her get back."

The woman began to sob helplessly as Billy grinned sadistically.

"Oh, don't worry Hank. I can help our wandering girl back to her place and make sure that she understands how to be a good girl."

Hank knew to tread carefully but he wanted to help this poor officer as much as he could. On the other hand, he knows that to challenge Billy even the slightest in front of another would be dangerous. Billy can find ways to hurt Hank that the Master can't prevent and Hank knows it.

Or Billy in spite could lie to the Master. Twice he has deliberately destroyed Hank's chore work and
got him beaten by the Master over it when Hank annoyed him. Hank knows he has some privilege and safety, but Billy still has more power.

And Billy had a warning look in his eye. So the broken dog lowered himself further to all fours and kissed Billy's shoe.

"Yes, Billy. Is there anything you wish for me to do before I go back to my project?"

Billy smiled in satisfaction to see Hank back down even though it was obvious that he wanted to intervene.

"Go wash the floors in the holding areas. Some of the agents had some trouble with their behavior today. There is blood, piss and shit all ready for your talented hands to clean. I'll bring our little blind girl back to cage after she and I talk about what happens to runaways here."

Hank nodded in defeat but he barely made it back into his enclosure to get a drink of water first, when his eyes froze to a screen.

"Billy! Billy, come here right now! Billy! Hurry!"

Dragging the blind sobbing woman with him, Billy leaned into Hank's enclosure. He never heard such urgency and panic in Hank's voice before. The shout was more of a loud whisper of course, no one would dare scream in here. Not without the Master or Billy making it happen.

Hank pointed to the screen and Billy looked, his jaw dropping. They watched as the Collector stared intently at the screen, his fists shaking in rage. On the monitor in front of their Master they could see Arkin giving the agent pleasure while staring directly into the camera.

Billy's voice was shrill in it's vindication.

"See? I knew that Arkin would be a bad dog to the end! I knew he would betray our Master in every way he could! And here I am the most faithful loving puppy and you the most devoted priest-dog. Yet he ignores us to watch Arkin try to continue to flaunt his freedom, his terrible unfaithful actions. This is it, there is no way Master won't kill him now!"

But when the Collector watched Arkin orgasm then gave a roar of rage, the spite was wiped off Billy's face. The Master began to roar, tearing through the rooms, needing to release his demented rage. When the officer heard the screams of rage, she panicked. She tried to stand and run. This made her fall right out of the enclosure but the Master was coming.

Hank and Billy were too terrified of their Master's anger to dare try and help the girl again. Regardless of their differences, their Master's rage caused them to both hide together in Hank's enclosure. They hugged each other, fear stripping Billy down to a mere puppy and Hank to a whipped dog.

Sadly for one victim attached to a wall and the poor officer, the Collector released some of his jealous rage over Arkin upon those he saw first. Only after both were dead, so much torn meat across the floors, did the Master calm down a little.

Billy and Hank both went prostate when their blood covered Master snapped for them.

"Hank, clean this mess up. Billy, you will send a message for the bad dog and his whore. There will be much work today for all of us. It's time for Arkin to see his new home. I want to make sure we have everything set up just right."
Both his faithful, scared pets kissed his boots, ready to serve.
Welcome Home

Arkin and Lee woke very early in spite of aching heads, sticky sore bodies and the taste of rancid liquor on their dry, fuzzy tongues. They had to leave before the first shift came in.

So at four in the morning they gathered all their weaponry and quietly went to leave the building by the back door. They spoke in whispers as Arkin carefully navigated the alarm system to leave.

"How soon do you think the Collector will tell us how to find him? I wonder how he'll do it? Maybe send that skinny little Mr. Stockholm Syndrome of the year?"

Smiling at the joke bitterly, Arkin got the door open and as the two of them froze, he answered in a very soft serious tone.

"I think we will know pretty quickly. And nope, I don't think Billy is the messenger this time around."

Lee could barely breathe and Arkin forced himself to look calm and dangerous even though he was ready to puke with nerves. Whatever he had expected the Collector to do, this wasn't it.

This wasn't just reacting to the challenge, this was the madman giving the largest example of his power and strength.

"Don't worry, Lee. This is just the Collector's way of dick waving."

Right outside the morgue backdoor was a pathway leading as far as Arkin could see.

The narrow path was created by the townsfolk, perfect rows to fence Arkin and Lee in. It was truly every single resident of the town, from the drunk who couldn't stop masturbating in public, to the sheriff.

Not a single person had a weapon but they were shoulder to shoulder and though every eye was hostile, none moved to touch them. No one spoke to them. Arkin couldn't help himself, he looked at all the faces as he went by.

A young tired stripper nursing her baby, the bagger at the grocery store, the lawyers, the small town doctor ad dentist, the assistant, all in their work clothes.

Parents with their children, teens standing in small hostile positions. A rich elderly woman was touching shoulders with the town's busiest prostitute bonded in their hatred of these two men. Toddlers watched with solemn eyes as the bad men went past.

The pathway of silent angry people gave a slight turn and no longer looked endless. In fact, it suddenly there was a small dip and it was over just ahead. A small boy looked up at Arkin and then pointed straight ahead towards what seemed to be a sandy area, a building in the distance.

"He wants you to keep walking. You will know where he is waiting for you when you see it. There will be no tricks or traps until you enter, he said."

Arkin thanked the boy but the small face snarled in defiant fear of these two bad men who brought the monster. He spit on Arkin but his mother did nothing but stare stonily at the men.

Lee shoved gently at Arkin and they walked away from the perfectly still line towards the sandy
parking lot. Arkin peeked back and saw that the townsfolk haven't move. He is pretty sure they won't go home until they see them go into the Collector's lair.

They walked and Arkin swore as he saw the trailer. Somehow it almost screamed to Arkin of some sort of physic bond, he felt the Collector all over that hunk of metal. It was just a trailer but it was somehow looming, as if it were a weapon.

With a voice trying to not tremble, Lee asked if that was where they should go, Arkin shook his head. His eyes narrowed and in the early morning light he saw the abandoned teen center. Together they began to walk cautiously towards it and Arkin spoke.

"Make sure to keep a bullet saved, make sure to keep a blade on you in easy but hidden reach at all times. If there is a chance you are caught then you must kill yourself. Trust me, you never want to be taken alive by this monster. Remember what I told you about his style of traps, how to avoid and see them."

"Are we sure this is it?"

Arkin was finally close enough to see that the double metal doors were painted the same color as his room at the Collector's former lair. One door was slightly ajar and there was a red rose taped to it.

"Yeah, I am sure this is it. Are you ready to go in? Remember, the biggest thing to remember, Lee. Do. Not. Get. Taken. Alive."

Lee pushed back a quick sob and pulled himself straighter, resolute and courageous in his ignorant youth. Arkin with grim determination opened the door and stepped inside. In his head, there was screaming, every thread of his soul wanting to leave.

Instead he went further into the dark silence ad Lee came at his heels.

The door slammed shut.
Sniffing, Curious Hounds

It was a whole new nightmare, different from the last hellhole that the Collector had. Yet Arkin still felt hot and cold, his nostrils flared at the familiar scents of blood, death, fluids. His eyes adjusted to the dim quickly and he crouched low, motioning for Lee to do the same.

They crawled slowly as Arkin tried to understand the lay of this new lair. It seemed to follow the original idea of the golf course. A large circle that draws the person ever closer to a center area.

Sunken random dim lights here and there make the place just light enough to cause a false sense of confidence.

The middle area that was just out of sight and reach was glowing a blood red. Arkin knew that whatever was there, the Collector meant for him to see it. He was fairly certain that any traps up until that point would be small ones, the man wants to play before the kill.

However, the Collector probably didn’t care if Lee made it that far. So Arkin took great care with taking the lead and triggering off any traps ahead of him. Two different shotguns to blow Lee's head off were passed by, a few razor sharp wires to decapitate a person, two bear traps.

All easy and that worried Arkin. These were all too obvious. He moved forward with caution and he slid a hand over the next metal floor panel. Lee grabbed him just as the panel dropped on hinges away.

Underneath came a restless howling and a terrible stench of unwashed bodies and human waste.

"Fuck...it's where he's putting his new feral dogs. He mutilate and drugs them, feeds them only humans. They'd rip you apart and eat you."

Shuddering, Lee stared down and in a small voice full of horror that was choking in his throat,

"Those...those are agents. Look..I know her..and him. Oh god, she has children at home, he has a new wife."

Arkin delivered a quick hard slap to Lee's face as he started to hyperventilate.

"No. Keep it the fuck together. It's too late to panic now, we are here, we are doing this. We can't leave, we can't sit here and cry over anyone. We have to move forward. Remember why we are here, remember what we came to do. Are you with me? Huh? Lee?"

Lee nodded and forced himself to take some calm breaths. Arkin rubbed his back then looked to see how to get past the feral agents, wondering if the panels ahead are trick ones as well. He turned on his penlight and detected several panels ahead that might have hinges.

Clearly, it was too risky to continue that path. He could just backtrack then go around the circle in the opposite direction. Or he can force his way straight towards the red glow.

Peeking over, he saw another serpentine track but instead of another waist high wall, it looked like fake painted jagged rocks. Just tall enough to obscure the source of the red light. Arkin could see that there were several paths leading through the rocks into the red light.
Gesturing to Lee, Arkin carefully checked around before climbing to sit on the wall. He allowed his right foot to hit against the panel on the inside track. It remained sturdy, so he went over the wall and Lee followed. Carefully, Arkin started to inch his way over towards the fake spiky rocks.

Every step was tested and yet still Lee kept getting injured on small stupid things. Glass twinkled sharp among the fake foam rocks as well as small razors. Lee kept slicing himself until Arkin made him hold onto his waist.

"You are panicking. You are forgetting your training, dammit! Hell, you should know how to get through this better than me! Take a deep breath, I need you with me. I can lead you but I need you to calm down. We have a plan, we can do this."

Something deep inside of Lee came up dark and sweetly bitter.

"I bet that is the same voice you used to get Billy to be good for the Collector. You mimicked the voice when you were drunk and confessing your guilty feelings. It sounded just like that voice. Oh god, I've been fucking played. You didn't care if I got justice for my friend, you just needed bait. You didn't...we didn't...for any reason but to tell your fucking Master that you were ready to fight. I am bait, I am a fucking MESSAGE and I am a fucking idiot. I forgot you were a con man, a criminal...oh god, I've just killed myself. I'm going to die here because of you!"

"You don't have to die. I can offer you guidance."

When the voice came from the red glow they both cried out and ducked down. Arkin had his gun pointed at every shadow and Lee huddled behind him, his gun shaking in his hands. The voice repeated itself and Lee looked confused. It didn't sound like the Collector should in his mind.

Arkin whispered to Lee.

"That is Hank. The one I called Holy Hank, he was recaptured before the Collector decided to come for me."

Arkin raised his head and yelled back.

"Hank? Is that you, buddy?"

"Yes, Arkin. Welcome home. I can help you both, but I am going to need you to come to me. In the red lit area. I know you are thinking this is a trap, that our Master is using me as bait. The Master himself has given me the privilege of delivering his merciful words to you. So when you hear me speak, please know it is HIS voice, HIS will and HIS stern mercy. You will encounter no further deadly traps until after my sanctuary. Master wants you to see me, hear me, you cannot do that if you are mauled or dead. There is a safe path ahead to me. I will talk to you more when you have reached the sanctuary."

Arkin didn't see any real choice but to play on the Collector's terms while he was being generous. He wants to scare a little first, it was already succeeding with Lee. Taking a deep breath, he went on the path that he had not seen somehow before. Fuck.

Lee held tightly to his waist with one hand, the other had his gun at the ready. But Arkin could feel how badly Lee was shaking. Hank did not lie, there was nothing on the path to hurt them. However, the path was narrowing, filled with macabre artwork that made Arkin moan and Lee throw up twice.

Body parts resewn together to create insect-like creatures. Jars in pyramids full of different color eyes, a human shape and size statue made entirely of teeth. Curtains of finger bones that clicked with a gruesome, impatient sound. They had to sweep through them.
Lee shrieked when he caught in several wreaths of dried intestines. Hanging heads created a hideous chandelier that brushed the neck stumps against their own heads as they ducked under it.

Lee was nearly losing his mind, whimpering. Arkin kept whispering for him to be strong and Lee would tell him to fuck off. The glow was closer, the red was now spilling into the pathway.

Several body skins hung in their way. Each had words written upon them, in blood, in shit, in ink or just carved onto the bloodless flesh itself. Arkin recognized Hank's handwriting and his heart sunk. Oh god, what has that cocksucker made Hank do? What has he done to the poor fallen priest?

As they walked through the skins, Arkin read every one of them as did Lee. The words were not reassuring in the least.

THE COLLECTOR IS GOD HERE. HIS STERN MERCY IS THE ONLY MERCY. SUFFER AND SURVIVE. HE IS SALVATION. NEVER FIGHT. NEVER RUN. OBEY. KNEEL BEFORE HIM. BEG FOR SALVATION. BEG TO SURRENDER. HUSH.

The last one made Arkin shudder and blink tears out of his own eyes. That fucking word, he cannot stand to hear it or see it. He ripped the skin down and stomped on it, spit upon it. Lee yanked at him.

"Stop it! Arkin! Look, we are here! We just have to go up that little incline and we are there."

Breathing heavily, Arkin looked up and saw the glow was bright now. The fake spiked black rocks were still obscuring the source of the light but in between the large spikes were small inclining paths leading up to the room.

"Okay. Okay, I'm better. Sorry. Okay. I'm ready for this, let's go finish this bullshit."

Arkin wished he felt as confident as his voice sounded but Lee looked seconds from bolting. Nothing would get Lee killed faster than running off in a panic. Lee didn't hold onto Arkin, he walked beside him as they walked to the closest inclined path.

As they went up they saw the first bit of the room and that alone sent Lee into whimpering and Arkin swallowed a painful knot in his throat. It was fucking terrifying and Arkin was amazed he didn't scream.

It must have been a monster or demon before during the days when the golf course was still open. A horrific demon that had an even more horrific makeover. An eighteen foot statue loomed over it's red domain, painted black latex, electric flashing red eyes that seem to follow whomever looks at them.

Creeping, inching now, keeping an eye on the huge atrocity that watched them, the two continued up the incline. More came into view and it only got worse. This wasn't a sanctuary at all. It was a pit of hell.
For a moment Arkin forgot about Lee completely. He was numb, he was sick, he was horrified and in
that second, suicidal and homicidal. For one brief second he saw himself take out his gun and
shoot Lee, Hank then himself. The room was a nightmare and it's keeper was no less ghoulisch.

Just below the towering Collector was a blood stained large crucifix without a victim upon it.
However the fingers and toes rotting nailed into it and the wire thorn crown still affixed in place had
rotting flesh upon it.

Arkin remembered that was the Collector's favorite torture for Hank.

Below that was a dog bed and blanket stained by so much blood it was rust colored. Arkin
shuddered to think that Hank had to sleep under the abomination plus the torture device his Master
most favors for him.

There were several oversized monitors all around the room to draw the eye. Each of them featured a
different area, a different victim, some that were already dead. Along with a never ending stream of
human torment and death, were speakers so Hank wouldn't miss a single cry or last rattling breath.

Scattered around the scarlet room, Arkin saw dead limbs, small piles of bones here and there. Tools,
twine and flayed sheets of skin, quills and a bucket of blood.

Crawling slightly closer before getting onto it's knees was the fallen priest. Formerly known to Arkin
as Holy Hank and it brought tears to his eyes. Lee whimpered and started to shake his head and grin
a little.

"Uh uh. No...this shit is getting too much, Arkin."

Arkin laughed at Lee's voice, as if this were a prank of his devise, but sobered at Lee's panicked
eyes. He pulled Lee closer and whispered harshly.

"It's Hank. Holy Hank and this is the price of getting caught alive. So shut the fuck up and let me
talk to him. I need you to stay calm, Lee. I don't intend for the Collector to catch us. We are going to
kill that fucker or die trying. Now shut up and breathe."

Lee nodded and followed Arkin as he slowly moved closer.

"Hey there, Hank. I'm so fucking sorry that he got you. I'm going to see if I can fix this, alright? Do
you have any chains you want me to break for you?"

Hank laughed and shook his head. He smiled at them kindly and made sure that they could see he
was unarmed but also unchained.

Shifting, Hank allowed them to see his spindly legs and the lumps of flesh that no longer resembled
feet. His arms were heavily muscled and he looks well fed if nothing else.

His hair has become a greasy, knotted mess hanging well beyond his shoulders. A beard full of
clumps of rotted food and blood hung listlessly. Arkin noted his look was quite the wandering
prophet look, except for the strange outfit.

A tight priest collar painted red and black with a short, cheap mockery of the religious robe. Hank's
eyes were burnt holes and his smile looked more like a frozen scream. Arkin saw it was too late to
save Hank too.

He has now lost all three of his original pack. Molly at least went on her own terms. He was starting to see the sense in it as he saw the madness dancing in Hank's eyes.

_No, don't let yourself get freaked, that is what the Collector wants. He put Hank here for me to see, to understand what he can do. Hank's punishment is all for my benefit, so is Billy's transformation to killer. That is how badly he wants to get me, that is how shaken he is by me. And there has to be a mistake in all that, so much obsession, there will be one little mistake. I will find it or create it._

Hank sat himself down comfortably near them but not close enough to reach. His bulging eyes scanned Arkin then Lee before he spoke.

"The Master has no need for restraints with me, Arkin. I crawl and I would never dare to leave my Master or my home again. I know this place as well as Billy does. As well as the Master wishes for me to know of it. I am permitted to leave this special room of mine, I do most days. I help keep things clean and orderly. Recently, I have even been allowed to begin tending to the others here as well. I counsel them, so that they might make it to the Collection."

"Hank..."

"Arkin, did you see my work? All my tributes to our Master? Did you see the rules we should live by? Have you seen his power, I know what the town is like. Have you seen how he owns it now? Legally, he truly owns it. He is still your Master, Arkin and he still loves you. He wants you to come home to be with us. Don't make him kill you or make him have to nearly destroy you before you surrender. Arkin, he gave me a chance for mercy and I was just smart enough to take it. He will offer the same to you. Yes, the punishment will be bad, it was for me too. But after it is over, Master will forgive you. And you are special to him, you know that. He will give you a special place here, like me or like Billy."

From a bit of a distance came a very angry high pitched growl. Hank cowered a bit but his face had a small satisfied smirk.

"I will pay for that jab later. Billy didn't like my joke one bit. But we are Master's loyal pack, Arkin and you can be part of that again. Please, all you have to do is put down your weapons. You don't even have to climb into a trunk like I did, you can just go to the floor and wait for him."

"No thanks, Hank. I'm sorry that he did this to you but I am not going to join the Collection again. And he isn't my Master anymore. Just another fucking lunatic serial killer. Since you can move freely and see everything from your screens, can you tell me where he is? I'd really like to speak with him up close."

With a look of twisted sympathy, Hank shook his head and frowned.

"Oh Arkin, you shouldn't speak that way. He sees you, he hears you, he saw everything in town and it didn't make him happy. Now you are being so unrepentant, don't you know what Gods can do? No matter how you may deny it, he has become our God. You dream of him, you are unable to shake him because he is your personal religion now. You can't change that. Please, before it's too late for mercy, just surrender."

"Just like your monster above you, he is a fucking demon if he's any kind of thing at all. But he is really just a fucked up human being, Hank. He is very mortal and I'm going to prove that with or without your help. I'm not going to surrender, Hank. Either the Collector will die or I will, I won't get taken."
Hank gave him a pitying shrug.

"Then if I cannot convince you, you might as well move on. It only gets harder from here, Arkin. No more little pranks or shows for you after you leave me. Billy is there and he will not show you the friendship or advice I have offered. Nor any suggestions of mercy. And of course, our Master is there. You will indeed see him face to face, up close and personal."

Hank pointed towards the darkness beyond his red lit pit. There were several paths in between the fake rocks.

"Go on and walk through my room, Arkin. Past it you'll find victims, Billy and our Master."

Then his eyes landed upon Lee who was clearly losing nerve. Arkin started to pull Lee into the room but Lee was shaking his head a bit. He didn't seem able to walk past Hank or the statue.

Hank gave Lee a kindly, creepily understanding smile and spoke in a very soothing voice.

"You don't have to join Arkin in his fate, you know. Master understands that Arkin seduced you to get what he wanted. He knows Arkin is a con man, that he charms others into his bidding. Mercy will be given to you if you surrender. In fact, more mercy will be shown to you, than Arkin will get. More than was given to me. You aren't a bad dog that ran away. You are just a misled young man. It is forgivable. Please, you are beyond terrified. You've already lost your nerve and you know it. You had no idea what you entered into. Trust me, the safest thing you can do for yourself is to just put your weapons down and stay in here with me. Nothing will happen to you in here. Just stay here and let Arkin go to his own destruction. Master will allow you to wait here. He will be merciful, I promise you."

Arkin grabbed Lee by the chin and stared into his eyes. His voice was loud and hard, hoping to reach the petrified agent.

"You cannot listen to Hank or believe him. He is insane, he is broken and will say and do anything to make the Collector not torture him."

Lee whined and tried to pull away. A high pitched giggle echoed and Hank began to lower himself slightly down as if to show deference.

"Billy is very impatient to play with you, Arkin. But he is delighted about Lee joining you. If Lee follows you, Billy will pay special attention to him and if Master is angered enough...he might let Billy have him as revenge against you, Arkin. Is that what you wanted for Lee? Or is he bait to keep Billy busy so you can reach the Master? Is that what you were hoping for? I bet it is. If Lee stays here, the Master won't give him to Billy. But that isn't what you want, you need him to keep Billy distracted, isn't it? See Lee, see how he plans to use you? He knows what we'll happen to you but what does he care? Because Arkin has only one goal, to kill his Master. And whether it is to escape or get revenge, Arkin doesn't care who he uses."

Arkin groaned as he saw Hank's twisted logic take meaning in Lee's near hysterical mind. Lee began to fight free from Arkin's grasp in earnest. After a minute, Arkin let Lee go with a curse for him and Hank.

"Lee, I have to keep moving, I have to kill him. You are playing right into his hands, dammit. Please, just come with me. If you stay here, you are caught and if you don't make it to the Collection, you'll be Hank's next fucking art project maybe! Is that what you want?"

"Am I bait for Billy? Is Hank right? Tell me! Am I bait so you can reach the Collector?"
"If I manage to kill the fuckers it won't matter!"

Arkin didn't mean to scream that but he had to move on, he had to get the hell away from Hank and this fucking room. He needed to go before he lost his nerve too. Lee staggered back a few steps then started to sob and laugh at the same time.

"Oh god, you've killed me. You've fucked me over. I'm dead..."

Hank moved a bit closer to Lee but not much, not wanting to panic the man into bolting.

"No, you aren't dead. You don't have to die, Lee. You just have to surrender. Or follow Arkin into the darkness, then you will be praying for death. Stay with me and you won't die."

Arkin started to walk across the room, hoping Lee would follow. He turned to see Lee standing there, hugging himself.

"It's okay, Lee. I understand. Stay here and I hope to kill Billy and the Collector long before they can offer you their mercy."

With that, Arkin picked one of the pathways and climbed towards the darkness.
Billy was having trouble staying quiet, he just wasn't like his Master that way. He likes to be vocal, he likes his victims to be vocal as well. Of course, not that Arkin would ever really be Billy's victim. No, that was only for the Collector to really capture and possibly slay Arkin.

However, Master is kind enough to let Billy have a chance. A chance to wound and possibly catch Arkin. But he knew to be careful not to kill or truly damage Arkin. It only heightens Billy's jealousy, his need to gain approval by bringing down the bad bitch.

His need to hurt Arkin, to cause him pain. Billy hoped that his Master will allow him to watch Arkin's destruction, but at least he had this.

Once Hank dared to ask Billy why he hated Arkin so much. Didn't Billy understand that Arkin truly meant to save him too? That he never expected the results that happened?

Billy knew better than to hurt Hank directly by then but it didn't matter. It would have been worth whatever punishment the Master gave had he been caught.

He dragged Hank behind the large statue and forced his head into a bucket of soapy water leftover from the priest's chores. Billy nearly drowned him, pulled him up for air, then did it again. Hank was limp and vomiting when Billy stopped. Once Hank recovered, Billy stuck his face in his wet, frightened one.

"You would never dare question the Collector. Don't you ever question me again. Unless you think you are equal or above me, Hank? Do you, want to challenge me for my place in the pack?"

His teeth gnashed in Hank's face, nearly biting the man's nose, his usual high pitched growl getting dangerously low. The puppy is growing up and ready for a challenge. But Hank was no challenge really, but Billy was damned if Hank would be allowed to question him.

Mostly because Billy couldn't give the answer. He couldn't bring himself to admit to Hank that he had fallen in some sort of twisted love with his Master. That every time his Master gave his time and attention to Arkin, his former favorite, it ripped Billy's heart in two.

So he scared the living shit out of Hank until the man submissively urinated and begged for forgiveness.

"Please, Billy, I am not challenging you! I would never dare to do that. I know my place, I am only a dog priest, I am below you, always. You will always be Master's favorite and I am never more than a mutt. I'll never question you, I won't forget, I'm very sorry. Please, forgive me, it won't happen again, I swear!"

Now, finally, if Billy's Master finally gets his hands on Arkin, maybe this will end. Chances are good that Arkin will end up dead sooner than later. The man truly meant not to live if he doesn't manage to kill the Collector.

And if the Master does catch the dog, which Billy is sure he will, Arkin won't give in. He will do everything he can to fight, to force the Master to kill him. Eventually he will enrage the Master enough and he will surely die a terrible death.

Then there is no one to take his affection away, Master will see the potential in him more and more. He will see Billy as an equal and allow him to kidnap Maureen for his own. Billy fantasizes these
things constantly.

Even about how his Master might allow him to keep the girl as his own personal pet. Maybe go on his own personal kills.

Billy has his own ideas of how he would like to go about it. Of things he wishes to try. But his Master gets angry at any deviations so far. Maybe having Arkin back would be a good thing, a blessing in a way. Master's mood would sweeten with his revenge and Billy could sneak a little if need be.

He pushes his dreams way back into his head because Arkin has left Hank's lair. It's Billy's turn now since Hank predictably failed. Though Billy is impressed that Hank managed to convince Lee into surrendering. It delighted Billy that his only ally has deserted him.

With a huge smile, Billy silently climbed up onto the hidden tunnel above the winding path Arkin must take. He waited until Arkin began to edge into the darkness. Then he started to taunt him, hoping to distract the man enough to fall into a trap.

"OH! Arkin, Arkin, baby! I am so glad you chose to come here! I was kind of nervous there for a minute. Hank was real convincing to your stupid pet and I was afraid he might hook you in. I would have really hurt him for that. I hate when he forgets his place. Master hates it when any of us forget our place. And as pack members, as part of the collection that has been granted mercy, we must keep each other in place as well. You are way out of fucking place, aren't you, Arkin?"

Arkin walked in a dark tunnel, lit only by his flashlight and the red lights beyond the plastic rocks to Hank's hell. It was a bridge of panels again, with a hanging silver bar as the only hold. The bar was on the side where the rocks were, the other side of panels was dark.

Flashing the light onto the dark side, it revealed corpses and live victims as well. Moans and cries were heard now and Arkin tried to ignore them. He couldn't save them unless he murdered their captor. Carefully, Arkin walked the panels, eyes searching everywhere, inching forward, his automatic rifle at the ready.

"Hey there, Billy. Nah, I feel really bad about Hank. It's a shame you helped make him that way, Billy. What happened to you, buddy? Huh? You wanna blame me for you becoming a little fucking killer? Okay, why don't you come tell me to my face? Because you are a fucking coward, that is why. You are only a killer if your Master is right there to guide you. Otherwise you are just another clever puppy who found a way out of his box."

Billy screeched in rage and suddenly a burst of bullets from Arkin's gun shattered the small shaft that Billy was perching on. He fell onto Arkin, growling and gibbering. All teeth, all nails, all kicking feet, fists and then he remembered his knife.

Arkin slammed a knee hard into Billy's testicles and he cried out. It didn't stop him from stabbing the knife into Arkin's shoulder. It angered him that it seemed to stop in some material and only caused the man to grunt.

Suddenly, Arkin was rolling on top of Billy and slammed his fist into his face. Billy lunged up to bite into Arkin's throat. He only managed a superficial amount of skin before a steam trigger was set by Arkin yanking his head away.

His hair just twanged into the thread and the steam hit them both. Screaming in pain, both rolled away, still locked together.
And triggered a drop panel. Arkin nearly dropped them both into it. At the last second, he managed to stop their motion and they tilted on the edge. Then Billy grabbed another knife he had and slid it into Arkin's thigh.

As Arkin growled and tried to grapple with Billy, the boy shoved both his boot heels hard into Arkin. One into his head and the other hard into his chest.

Arkin felt himself slide down and he was staring upside down at the feral humans waiting to rip him apart. Oh fuck.

Billy was manic with glee as he shoved the man further out.

"I think I might be willing to endure the terrible punishment Master would give me for letting them have you. At least just a little bite, not too much."

Billy giggled and he wrapped his arms around Arkin's legs like a lover.

Arkin saw the creatures crowd over, leaping, snarling, foaming. One woman was shitting down herself as she tried to leap up at him. He knew her or did when she was still an agent. She had no recognition on her face, just pain and hunger.

He swung his arms up to reach into his vest and got his gun. A bullet to her head delivered the mercy she deserved. Arkin shot three more and the others began to slink away. Animal instinct has kicked in and it overrides the hunger.

Swinging the gun upwards, he growled to BIlly who stared sullenly back at him.

"You pull me up right now and fight me like a man or I will shoot you. You might drop me down and I can survive or not, but you will certainly be dead. Your choice, Billy."

"You put down the fucking gun when I pull you up then. I don't have one, it's not fair."

Rolling his eyes at the sullen little boy voice, Arkin snarled back.

"Fine. You pull me up and I will put down the gun."

Billy sighed but he gave a harsh yank until Arkin rolled up onto the steadier panels. Arkin put the gun down and lunged at Billy, who was already holding another dagger.

Above them, unseen was the Collector. He was tense, frozen, his heart pattering hard, blood boiling, rushing busily through him. His jaw clenched and crackled as his teeth ground together in a ghastly song.

It had taken everything for him not to jump in at least three times now. How dare Billy almost mutilate or actually kill Arkin like that? As if he had the right to decide the fate of his Master's property?

He was allowing Billy to continue his fight with Arkin for now. But his eyes watched their every move and he waited for the exact moment to attack.
Sore Losers

Arkin became angry at this stupid boy, this idiot gone mad that has joined the devil in his doings. He no longer was focused upon the Collector, no, Billy was now the target.

A logical cold voice in his head tried to remind Arkin of this but it was a mere mumble under the volcano of lava outrage and hate. For his part, Billy gave even more furious hatred and outrage back and this only justified Arkin's own actions.

The boy was foaming in his crazed need to destroy Arkin and his voice was a high buzzing shriek drilling into Arkin's soft grey matter. It was nearly intolerable and Arkin wanted nothing more than to crush this creature and silence that voice forever.

Billy knew how to torture and kill but he did not know how to actually fight. He dug for Arkin's eyes, he tried to strangle him, to dig into wounds but his kicks and punches were not effective. Arkin was on the boy within a minute and his fists came with a strength born of pure fury.

Even as he spit blood and teeth, Billy continued to hiss his poison at Arkin.

"You fucking traitor! Fucking whore, he will NEVER forgive you! He will NEVER love you like he loves me! You will be so sorry when he catches you! I fucking HATE YOU! I hope he kills you and your fucking pet! I hope he lets ME have your pet!"

A satisfying crunch was under Arkin's next blow and the voice became a choked cry of agony. Arkin hopes that he broke Billy's nose, he hopes that he has crushed it. He reached down and pulled out a small gun he had hidden within his pants.

"I'm going to save you this time, Billy. In the only way you can be, you little fucking monster."

Billy was silent now, his face a bloody pulp with terrified startled eyes staring down the barrel of a gun. Arkin pulled the trigger but there was a terrible pain in his hand and the gun was gone. The shot had gone wild and Arkin stared at the knife in his palm.

The Collector landed a few feet from them without sound from above.

Arkin stood fast and backed away, already searching his pockets for the next weapon. The masked horror stared at Arkin but stopped next to Billy. He briefly looked down at his wounded puppy then pointed firmly towards Hank's sanctuary.

Billy burst into tears and nodded shamefully as he began to slink away on his stomach.

Arkin and the Collector both stayed still, staring after Billy until he painfully pulled himself over the fake rocks into the pit.

Then the two men looked at each other. Arkin receded slowly into the darkness behind him, readying a last gun and two knives. The Collector smiled and with his hands open and empty followed him into the next trap.

Hank had been sitting calmly next to Lee who went between crying fits and hyperventilating when Billy slithered into the room. Lee leaped up at the sight of the bloody man he knew to be the Collector's little deranged killer in training.
Gasping at the amount of wounds, Hank crawled fast to his small basket of emergency first aid items and dragged it back to Billy. The young man was curled up but his eyes were full of shame and spiteful anger looking for a target.

Bowing his head low, Hank spoke as respectfully as he could.

"May I please tend to your wounds, Billy?"

With a curt nod, Billy sat up against the blood stained cross to allow Hank to reach his wounds. He stared with hostility at Lee while Hank tried to gently tend to him. Lee was nervously pacing the pit now, every now and then looking over towards the way he came in.

"Go on. Try to see if you can safely made it back to the door without Arkin to guide you there. Of course, even if you did make it there, do you really think it's unlocked? That you could actually leave? Think about it. You aren't tied up, in chains or stuffed into a box or cage for a reason. This whole place is a cage, you are already caught and kept. Now it's just a matter of whether you get to survive or not."

Billy giggled as Lee yanked at his hair in panic and started to grab at his clothing as if to search for something. A weapon most likely and Hank had a very hard time not intervening. However, Billy has suffered a loss and needed to have a reason to win a new victim.

If Hank interferes then he will be the one Billy will exact revenge upon. So instead Hank shrank back as if to allow Billy to protect him and deal with the panicking agent. The man located his extra gun and was pointing it at Billy, breathing heavily, eyes wild.

"I should just shoot you in the head now. Your Master is busy fighting Arkin and can't save you in time from my bullet. I should do it and then put one through my own head."

Billy grinned easily and nodded.

"You should. And you could. But you won't, you already know you won't. Your hands are shaking and your shot could go wild. What if you kill me but you don't die yourself? Huh? You know that not every suicide by gun goes right. What if you just fuck yourself up but then my Master comes along. And he sees my dead body and there you are, maybe paralyzed? But he will find a way to make sure you suffer for my death. And you are terrified of that, aren't you? Whatever made Arkin choose such a weak, malleable bitch like this to partner with and bring here? Oh wait, I know...he needed good bait. Go on, shoot me or shoot yourself. Or put the fucking gun down before you have to face the Master and explain why you ask for mercy then hold a gun against his favorite."

With a sob, Lee backed away and held the gun but was cradling it rather than pointing it. He resumed his pacing and seemed to mutter to his gun on occasion.

Billy sneered then cried out when Hank reset his nose. He cracked his hand hard against Hank's face in reaction. Hank whimpered and cringed low.

"I'm sorry, Billy. I had to fix your nose, it was crooked. I didn't meant to hurt you."

Growling, Billy kicked Hank away then threw the supplies at him. Hank shrank back and stayed silent, enduring Billy's storm.

"Stupid fucking dog priest! You aren't a damned nurse, are you? No! You could have given me something for the damned pain first! At least a little fucking ice first! Idiot! Ahh!"

Billy's face went white with sharp pain and his breath seemed to cut off momentarily. Hank moved
closer slowly and peered at the bruised ribs. He didn't dare to touch them to find out if they were broken, but Hank grabbed an ace bandage and pleaded softly.

"Billy, your ribs might be fractured or broken. I can wrap them up and it will ease the pain, help you move and breathe better until Master can assist you. I...I am not a nurse but I took first aid courses, lots of them. It was part of my courting at the seminary. Please let me help you, Billy. I...I serve you and our Master. I wish to only serve and help you, please?"

The groveling was soothing enough that Billy gave another jerk of his head. Hank moved as quickly and gently as he could. Billy would hiss in pain and dig his long, sharp nails into Hank when he was a little clumsy. He would mutter a sincere apology and continue.

After he finished wrapping Billy's ribs, the young man grabbed Hank's long locks.

"Where did you stash that stuff I told you to keep safe for me? Is it here in the pit? I hope for your sake that you say yes, Hank."

"Yes, yes, Billy. It is here in the pit, hidden just like you told me to. I never told Master, I swear it, it's still hidden for you."

"Good. Go get it for me. The whole thing. Now. I need something until this bullshit is over. I need something that I hope can carry over until after Master fixes me then...hurry up, Hank!"

Hank scuttled across the room into a fake panel he created for Billy's treasures. It is a small cloth bag full of stolen items that Billy finds useful on very rough days and nights.

An assortment of drugs Billy has stolen from drug dealers around town. A few small bottles of liquor taken from the local stores. Who was going to complain or resist when the Collector's favorite little savage wants to take something?

Billy has forced his secrets upon Hank and forces him in keeping the stash. This way if Billy is found out, Hank can share in the punishment for his sins. Hank has no way out of this, of course. He is to be loyal to his Master above all else, surely. Yes.

However, Billy is not only capable of making Hank's life a worse hell than it is on a daily basis, he is Hank's only companion.

If he doesn't give his loyalty to this speaking companion and turns him away? Hank can live, can survive so far as long as he can speak, can have the human need of some contact fulfilled.

Billy was flesh and blood, he was words and emotions. Sometimes he just would talk and converse as if Hank were human and they could do such things freely. Other times Billy would touch Hank. Not sexually really, it was a boy petting his dog for comfort and if it didn't feel human at least it was comfort.

It was worth the bullying, the occasionally pain and the continual degradation to remain loyal to Billy. So Hank dutifully brought Billy the bag he had kept hidden from their Master. Billy drank one of the bottles and then followed it with two little white pills.

He shoved the bag back at Hank, snapping for him to hide it again. Hank nodded and complied.

Lee was standing near the edge of the pit as if trying to peer into the blackness and see an escape. When a gun went off and glass began to crash, he jumped a mile and nearly shot his own gun.

Billy giggled as he heard Arkin roar in both fear and pain. Then he heard an answering roar of rage,
then Arkin gave a fearful screech that was just as full of fury as the Master's was.

"Here it comes. Arkin's end. I hope, I wish, I pray that Master kills him instead of keeping him. And if he does keep Arkin alive, I really hope he will let me have Lee as a project and Maureen as my first pet."

Hank listened to Billy with no comment but he was worried. He worried that Arkin will indeed be caught and live and he will watch the slow destruction of the man. Hank worried that Lee won't be added to the Collection, the poor thing.

He was afraid that Lee might try to bolt or shoot someone. Hank also worried that Billy didn't understand how angry the Master was at him as well as Arkin. Hank knew better than to dare say any of this to Billy.

"I won't be your pet. Or your project. No. I won't."

Billy smiled at Lee's stammering and carefully he brought himself up, holding onto the cross. Hank shuddered at how easily Billy's fingers caressed the nightmare wood. Lee watched the battered man and backed away slowly, still clutching his gun in trembling hands.

"Look over at the monitors. Do you see all those little cells, those rooms with cages? Where would you like to end up going? So many options here, right? The cages are very safe if you feel vulnerable. You can curl up and shake safely in the bars, only having to come out to serve. I actually found comfort with my cage. Others like those cells with the chains better. You can stand, sit and even lay down if the chains are done right."

The medication and liquor has given Billy a flush to his pale cheeks and a glimmer of playfulness to his eyes. He laughed as Lee took in the monitors. He saw the corpses, the squirming, live victims, the empty rooms that had bloody chains and battered wire cages.

"Tell you what. You be a good little coward and put down your gun for me. And I'll even let you pick where you'll go. Our Master will be busy with Arkin for a long time. He will take his time to catch him and then to make him pay. I will let you decide if you want chains or a cage and you can even pick the location. I will let you walk with me and Hank to the different rooms. Hank will scrub it out nice for you before you have to stay there, I promise."

Lee snarled and told Billy to go fuck himself. Hank gasped and Billy stood straighter.

"Hank, go over to your latest inspiration piece. Bring me the blades you used. Now."

With hesitation, Hank looked at Billy then at Lee before moving.

"Lee, apologize, please! You are panicking and you need to calm down. You don't want to disrespect or anger Billy. Please say you are sorry and put down the gun."

A hard kick made Hank wheeze and curl up, whining. Another to his head and Hank babbled an apology. He began to crawl to the blades and the kicking stopped.

"Don't you ever do that again. When I give you an order, dog, you obey it. Don't you fucking defend him, Lee wants to be a big fucking man, let him. I am going to show him how much of a coward he really is. Now you bring me those blades in your mouth, since you wanted to be a little bitch, Hank."

Head low, Hank hurried to bring the blades in his mouth to Billy. He winced as he cut his lip but Billy took the blades from his mouth before he did anymore damage to himself.
"Now, let's play a game, Lee. How about my blades against your gun? If I win, you are going to put down your gun then all nice and docile come help us pick out your new forever home. If you win, I guess you get to hurt or kill me then wait for the Master to come get you."

Lee didn't seem to like the odds to the game and Hank watched in disbelief as Lee gave Billy the finger then leaped out of the pit. Back into the darkness towards the doors. Hank moaned and shook his head in pity as Billy gave a laugh of delight and chased after him.

Hank crawled to the edge of the pit and sat, dangling his useless feet into the darkness but he did not go any further.

"Lee! Please come back! Before it's too late! Just run back here and kneel down! I'll stay with you the whole time, I promise! Please, don't make it so hard on yourself! This isn't the way to get into the Collection! You must show surrender not fight, Lee!"
Billy giggled, watching the panicked man stumble about. Gun waving, running in bursts then waddling like a duck hoping to avoid traps. A panel dropped in front of the man and he screamed. Billy clapped in delight like a child and leaped upon the chain bridge above Lee to taunt him.

"Where, oh where, do you think you are going to go, Lee? The doors aren’t that way, they are on the other side. You are heading into a circle, which will lead you right back to where you started. If you make it that far. Almost fell right into the hounds. Those bitches will eat you while you scream. I wonder if you will become one of them? Runners do tend to end up there."

Lee yelled at Billy to shut up and he shot up at the voice. His shot went wild in his shaking hand and Lee started to run in a shambling manner. Halting at every panel, looking around or trying to, he was losing the red glow and blackness leaned hungrily towards him.

"You can't shoot for shit when you are scared I guess. Though I do resent you shooting at me, Lee. I'm going to make you pay for that, bitch. Keep going, I can't wait to watch you walk blindly into a trap. Knowing what is ahead of you makes me wonder which one you'll set off. Will you decapitate yourself? Fall into the hounds and get eaten alive? Or will you become stuck in barbed wire, like a bleeding fly waiting for the spider?"

Lee halted at the edge of the pure blackness and screamed in pure frustration. He couldn't bring himself to go into the darkness. He turned and started to walk back the way he came, hoping for another route to appear.

Billy landed in front of him with blades in each hand. Grinning, Billy began to lightly dance around Lee, who crouched low and trained his gun upon the lunatic young man.

"Are you going to kill me, Lee? Go on then, shoot. Hurry up and do it or put the gun down, this little showdown posture of yours is getting tiresome."

Lee did try to shoot Billy but his gun just clicked. All of the extra ammo was with Arkin and Lee dropped the gun with a dry sob. He crouched down again with his fists at the ready.

"Now, I know Hank is our resident seller of the Collection to potentials but here are the two real important things you need to qualify you. How you react to pain and how well you can submit to the fear and pain."

Before Lee could even react, Billy had lunged and sliced four different long shallow cuts along Lee's arms. They didn't hurt at first until the blood started to seep then it stung like fire. Lee gasped but tried to keep his eyes upon Billy, ready to deflect.

He couldn't run away, he might trigger a trap by going too fast. He couldn't go into the blackness for cover since he had no idea what was in there. Probably the exact traps Billy described. Lee began to fight for his life with just his fists.

Arkin moved as fast as he dared, managing to navigate past three deadly traps. He knew the Collector was stalking him, taking his time to watch his fly fall into a trap. Gritting his teeth, Arkin crouched down near a sudden very cold and open feeling section of the gloom.

Then there was the man, right there, the Collector, the nightmare was in front of him. Arkin felt such
terror, such revulsion and such a sense of injustice and rage that he nearly expired upon the spot. Then it all balled up, broiled up and exploded.

Arkin brought his gun up to shoot through that fucking mask, to destroy the bland face behind the horror. But the man kicked out too fast for him. How could Arkin have forgotten something so important as how fast the man could move and the strength he posses?

He went flying into the cold air and landed on polished, overly waxed tiles. Arkin skidded along then smashed into a hard surface. Looking up and around, Arkin groaned.

Of course, this was a former area for teens and children to come and play. To play escape games like golf, laser tag and so it makes sense.

The entire maze area around Arkin was mirrored. Getting to his feet, Arkin watched himself holding his gun at the ready. And it seemed as if he were trying to shoot himself.

Moving slowly, he slid past two mirrors and turned a corner. Biting back a moan, Arkin was now confronted with images of himself and some poor victim of the Collectors.

He watched the desperate woman squirm in agony, her eyes pleading to die. She was entwined and embedded in rusted barbed wire, it dug into her cheeks, mouth and down her entire body to her ankles, keeping her still.

Standing where the Collector must have told her to stay. The poor thing did because she probably hoped compliance would bring a mercy. Arkin knew that she was probably as good as dead but he had no time for pity.

Keeping a careful eye, Arkin tried to find another way through the maze. He found another strange sort of turn and took it. And saw doubles of himself, the girl and the Collector all looking back at him.

He fired at the masked horror and glass shattered. Another Collector appeared and then another. Arkin shot at two of them then slid to another corridor where he was confronted with the flesh barb wired victim.

The woman screamed through her wired lips and sobbed but there was no way Arkin could help her. It gnawed at him to watch another person he couldn't save.

"You just love this, you fucking bastard, don't you? You get your fucking jollies off watching me fail everyone? It must have fucking KILLED you to fail with me, huh? To have permanently failed with MOLLY? How does it feel to fail, asshole? Makes you feel a little less of a god, right?"

There was a growl of anger and the mirrors filled with the Collector as he rushed forward from all angles. Arkin tensed and tried to decide which one to shoot.

Lee got in several good punches but the knives were too fast and starting to cut too deep. He was driven back no matter how many times he tried to pass the thinner man. Billy leaped about like a demented elf and Lee was wearing down physically and mentally.

He didn't want to go into that darkness and blood was everywhere. How badly was he cut, Lee was starting to panic. With a whimper, Lee found himself staggering backwards and he lunged forward one last time.
Billy giggled and the blade flew. Lee cried out as another cut almost took out one of his eyes and the fight was leaking out of him.

"Stop! Stop! Hank! I want to sit with Hank! Stop, I can't, please! I can't, please just stop, let me go back! I'll go back to Hank!"

Wild with victory and power, drunk with the savage joy of a win after such a shameful fall with Arkin, Billy decided to take full advantage of the situation. Shots and glass breaking was heard from somewhere in the inky blackness. Lee shrieked and went to his knees, hugging himself, rocking.

Billy smiled, cocking his head to the side and spoke with a gentle, mocking tone.

"Oh, you poor pretty little foolish prey, its too late for that now. Too late for Hank's patience and mercy. You ran and then you fought me. The two things you were warned not to do. You already broke our two main rules, Lee. I am not as forgiving or as nice as Hank is but I am not as cruel or merciless as our Master. So I am going to give you a very slim one time chance, prey. You surrender to me, I am going to punish you for breaking our rules then I'll bring you back to Hank's pit if you are being a very good boy."

Lee gave a terrible cry as he lowered his head and nodded. Every inch of him screamed to run or fight as Billy loomed over him then closed in.
Arkin shot rapidly and three mirrors shattered. A fourth shattered and the barbed wire woman fell forward, shot dead. He screamed in frustration as his gun clicked empty. Reloading as fast as he can, Arkin looked around wildly.

In spite of what he had seen in the mirror, the madman was not there. Not in any of the reflections, not in front of him. Swinging as fast as Arkin could, he pulled the trigger. Arkin laughed a wild triumphant burst of sound when the Collector fell back at the impact.

To his horror, the masked monster slowly stood back up.

"NO! THAT ISN'T FAIR, THAT ISN'T HOW THIS FUCKING GOES! LAY DOWN AND DIE, YOU FUCKING BOOGEYMAN! DIE! DIE! YOU ARE GOING TO LAY DOWN AND BE DEAD, DO YOU HEAR ME?"

Arkin had completely become unhinged and his voice was hysterical, high pitched and somehow shattered. He raised the gun and kept shooting until there was nothing left. The Collector had gone down, then he rolled away into the blackness while Arkin kept shooting.

The clicking was useless but Arkin kept trying as the Collector escaped or hopefully was going to die in the darkness.

With a ragged breath, Arkin forced himself to try and reload with shaking hands. Rushing out of the darkness as if he were a true demon like the gruesome statue of himself, not looking at all like he was shot so many times, the Collector crashed into Arkin.

They rolled across the floor in a silent, furious struggle that each knew they must not lose at all costs.

Billy slammed Lee's already bruised face down to the steel panels. He used his blade to remove Lee's jeans, reveling in the man's shudders and tears. Admiring the ass in front of him, Billy eagerly pulled down his own pants.

It is harder all the time to stay the sweet submissive puppy for his Master. Billy has discovered a joy in torturing and raping victims of both sex here in the Collector's playhouse. But the victims are already well used by his Master and usually mostly mutilated.

Even though Billy hates receiving advice from Hank, he did heed some of it. He hasn't dared to rape his sweet little Maureen or hurt her in any real way.

This is different though. This is fine, to have an unmarked new victim, while Master is dealing with his most naughty of dogs.

Surely, it would be alright to take this one. He is already the first to mark him, bleed, him. Technically Billy is the one who caught Lee, even if it was him that goaded the man into running and fighting.

Billy felt a sense of righteousness to it and besides this was the man who Arkin liked and fucked.
The Collector probably doesn't care if Lee lives or dies. Maybe he will allow Billy to keep him or use him? And he won't care about this first time.

In fact, this catching of Lee might make up for failing so badly with Arkin. That thought bolstered Billy the most and he grinned, leaning over the cringing man. Thinking of how Billy was the first one to catch and mark this prey made him feel hard as a rock.

Lee began to gag when Billy drooled on his neck before biting it. Billy let his teeth draw blood and he didn't stop until Lee screamed. Giggling, Billy wound his arms around the prey and dug his fingers into a bloody cut.

"Sorry, it's not like I keep lubricant on me. Guess your blood will have to be enough for you."

He thrust his fingers into Lee and the man cried out. Billy moaned at how hot and tight the man was. Withdrawing his fingers, Billy didn't bother with any further prep. Snarling like the predator he was, he was inside Lee in one harsh thrust.

Billy froze, not for the easing of his victim, so he didn't just shoot his load. It was so good, it felt like Lee might have been a virgin after all. The man had screamed and was now begging in the most delightful desperate way.

He licked and bit a path up Lee's shivering, tense back as he started to slowly pump. Lee gave a loud whine and that wasn't quite enough for Billy. Instincts were kicking in and Billy was lost to it.

Grabbing Lee's neck with both hands, Billy tore into Lee and pumped hard, trying to own, fuck, mark, stab, murder from the inside. Squeezing on Lee's slender throat, Billy fucked frantically into the man as he felt him strangle.

Just before Lee started to grey out, Billy loosened his grip. He allowed the man to get some breath, then he began to fuck him hard into the steel floor. Billy choked out Lee two more times before he lost control over his lust and spilled himself into the suffering, weak prey.

Arkin found himself snarling, gibbering with insane rage and fury into a masked face. He used everything he had, fists, nails, boots, his teeth to try and kill this man. Hooting like a lunatic when the Collector grunted when Arkin's fist slammed into his face twice.

Then Arkin received two blows back, hard to the solar plexus and was writhing in agony. As he struggled to breath, the Collector flipped them so he was on top of Arkin now. He growled deeply, his eyes normally so flat, now dark and swirling with emotion.

Arkin had slept staring at these eyes filled with manic rage, jealousy and a look as if he had been deeply betrayed. He spit fully into the leather clad face then screamed at it.

"WHY AREN'T YOU DEAD? I SHOT YOU, I SHOT YOU, LAY DOWN AND DIE, YOU BASTARD!"

Like a crazed man, Arkin lunged upwards, in spite of being pinned down, trying to bite into the nightmarish face. The Collector pulled his face back just in time. Arkin's new teeth snapped just catching onto the leather cloth, leaving a small tear that flesh peeked through.

With a harsh bark of anger, the Collector sent a fist crashing into those teeth. It was great satisfaction to watch two of them fall out, one break in half.
Another fist, this time to Arkin's stomach and then he lost count of how many times he hit the naughty, dirty mouthed, traitorous mongrel. Arkin fought back at first but soon had to resort to simply defending himself from the blows.

A fist caught in his hair and lifted his head to slam it down onto the hard flooring. Arkin tried to not give in to greying out that came after the initial terrible flaring brilliant colored pain. He was boneless and dazed, the scream of horror was no more than a whimper.

All Arkin could do was feel fear that grew larger than the pain his head felt, as his Master lifted him up and carried him into the darkness. He let his head fall down and as he slipped into his own internal dark, Arkin hoped he would die of the head wound.

Hank went between watching his Master and Arkin and Billy with Lee on the monitors. He was too nervous to just sit at the edge of his pit and wait to see if Lee makes it back. He was too tense to try and work on any projects so Hank sat and watched the monitors.

He watched the capture of Arkin with little surprise. Though he did feel a bit bad for Arkin, the way he kept screaming for their Master to die. Poor man didn't understand that of course the Collector wore bullet proof armor under his clothing for this special homecoming.

The monitor showing Billy and Lee gave Hank much more anxiety. Hank felt terrible for Lee. The man was driven to his panicked moves by Billy but Hank won't be able to tell Master that. He can't tell on Billy. Of course not.

But Master will see the wounds on Lee and with Lee's pants shredded and gone, Billy can't hide the rape either. Not with how savagely he took the poor man. Hank saw that his Master was chaining Arkin down onto a metal table in the surgery room and he shuddered.

Then he saw Billy drag Lee by the back of his neck towards the pit. Hank watched poor Lee as he was painfully kicked to his hands and knees. The cuts and blood were everywhere. His thighs were smeared with a mix of blood and semen as was his quite obviously torn ass.

Sinking very low before the proud, savage boy who was strutting like a rooster, Hank spoke.

"Master caught Arkin and brought him to the surgery room. Billy, can I tend Lee's wounds before Master shows up?"

Billy sneered.

"I knew it wouldn't take our Master long to catch him. Too bad Arkin wasn't killed but there is still hope! It is NEVER good to land in the surgery room. Maybe he will autopsy him? Or rip out his tongue and remove his eyes? Or take away Arkin's hands and feet so he can never be a sneaky dog again!"

Lee whined and peeked up at the monitor to see the Collector strapping an unconscious Arkin to a surgery table. This was the first time that the agent has seen the Collector beyond pictures and a cell phone clip.

The man was horrific and Lee started to wish he had saved a bullet for himself.

Chapter End Notes
If you are enjoying this story, you might wish to check out the new story I am beginning.

It deals with Jacob Goodnight from See No Evil.

http://archiveofourown.org/works/9399269/chapters/21278375
Upsetting The Balance Of Things

Chapter Summary

A bit of a longer chapter. Strap on your seat belts, folks. The Collector is really, really angry.

After the Collector chained Arkin's upper arms, his legs and torso to the surgical table, he decided to be cautious just in case. He made sure the attached straps on the table were also added.

Once Arkin's wrists, ankles, waist and forehead were all firmly wrapped and fastened down, he breathed a first sigh of relief.

For a moment he just stared down at Arkin who was still out cold. Only now could he allow himself to enjoy the triumph, to feel the win surge through him. Sitting on a doctor's stool, the Collector stared at his very bad dog and fantasized about how sorry Arkin is going to be.

Even with his victim finally on a cutting table before him, limp and securely strapped down, the Collector couldn't walk away.

The Collector had believed before that he had Arkin secure and under his control and was proven wrong. He had hunted Arkin, never believing how hard it would be to get him back. He had never believed Arkin would dare to challenge his Master, to try and kill him.

To have dared to take another lover and throw it in his face!

That reminded him of Lee and he wondered if the agent had actually survived? If he didn't it wasn't a huge deal but if Lee was still alive, all the better. Using Lee as a form of revenge against Arkin sounded just as delightful as the other surprises the Collector had in store for his badly behaved bitch.

Yes, he recalled hearing Hank sweet talk the agent into surrendering to him. Hank has performed and trained even past the Collector's expectations.

It was disappointing that Billy allowed Arkin to get that close to him, to nearly kill him. He understood that Billy was still too emotional at times and needed further training.

Arkin moaned and tried to stir. The Collector stood up and made sure to stand close enough for Arkin to see him.

He watched those eyes open and blink. He watched the panic fill those eyes and then the lovely orbs landed upon him. The Collector stayed long enough to watch Arkin struggle uselessly and scream in panicked anguish.

Then he gave his bad pet a wolfish grin and slowly left the room, taking care to lock the door behind him. Hearing Arkin continue to scream made the Collector feel warm and more secure than ever.

At Billy's urging, Hank tried to hurry and staunch blood, figure out what parts of Lee needed stitching the most. Billy tried to clean the mess on Lee's injured backside and legs, but just smeared
the mess.

With a snarl, Billy punched Hank's stomach and started to threaten him.

"Make that bleeding in his ass stop! Stitch things or something, I can't clean him while he won't stop bleeding! Fix it, that is why we leave the medical kit here with you, you stupid fucking idiot! Fix it right now!"

Hank cowered but shook his head wildly.

"I...I don't know how to stitch there! I only know the basics, Billy! Master has to fix that kind of injury, not me!"

Lee just ignored them and slowly began to inch away as Billy started to punch Hank and threaten him.

Smothering a whimper of pain, Lee crawled just past them and went to curl up into a ball. He sobbed as he suddenly saw boots in front of his face. A small whine of sheer terror burst unwillingly out of his lips.

Hank went prostrate and Billy knelt low, both suddenly silent and shaking. Their Master began to walk around the new victim, who flinched and curled himself into a tighter ball. The Collector seemed to go still and be studying the handiwork upon Lee.

A snap of his fingers brought both Billy and Hank crawling to his feet. He pointed at Lee's backside and gestured to the deep, messy cuts all over that were clearly made not to take down but for fun. Then those inhuman eyes landed coldly upon Billy who instantly cowered, babbling excuses.

"Sorry, Master, I am sorry. I never meant to hurt him that badly. When Lee tried to run and fight, I just went into instinct mode, I just wanted to take him down. I didn't mean to go that far, please, Master. It was a mistake, a stupid one."

The eyes switched to Hank who turned pale and began to stammer.

"I...I...am sorry I failed, Master. I thought I had calmed Lee down but he panicked and ran, Master. Billy went after him and I stayed right here."

Eyes flicked back to Billy and turned colder than ever. The Collector gave Hank a quick pat on the head while staring Billy down the whole time.

Hank was not only a witness to the rest of that vengeful night, but was made to assist his Master in spreading the misery. He silently assisted his Master in dealing with Lee. It was easy enough, the man was too injured and mentally shaken to dare try anything.

Lee had sobbed when he was lifted by the Master but only curled into himself tighter.

He lay passive on the surgical table where the Collector had put him. Hank petted his sweaty hair and tried to soothe Lee as he tightened the wrist straps. The Master forced Lee's legs into high leather stirrups to reach the torn private area better.

"Shh...Master likes quiet pets. He is being so merciful to you, Lee, don't you see that? He is going to fix up all the damage that Billy did and then you'll get to rest. Just stay quiet until you can't anymore, okay? Show Master that you can be good, show him you want to be part of the Collection."
Lee tried to follow the advice but as the stitching commenced, he couldn't smother all his pain. Hank tried to whisper again to Lee but the Master gestured him away. Obeying instantly, Hank stopped using the table to pull himself up and went to his hands and knees.

From that angle he could see Billy's figure in the distance. Usually it would be Billy assisting the Master like this, while Hank cleaned up the mess. Billy was on his hands and knees scrubbing up all blood from Lee smeared everywhere.

It was clear that Billy was in trouble but neither of them were sure how much trouble yet. Hank pulled his attention back to his Master in case he was needed. The Master was concentrating on two things only at the moment.

He was trying to carefully stitch a delicate area and focusing on Lee's pain the way a surgeon uses music to perform. When the Master was finished stitching all areas of Lee that needed it, he gestured to Hank again.

Hank's stomach sank when the Collector gestured to the mess of healing and then to Billy. Regardless the dread of the task, Hank simply nodded and crawled off to Billy.

"Billy, I am sorry but Master sent me. He...he wants you to clean up the surgery room he treated Lee in when you finish here."

With a snarl of rage, Billy knocked Hank down and gnashed his teeth in his face.

"Are you fucking happy that you took my place, huh? Do you think I won't get it back right after he isn't mad at me anymore? You fucking traitorous cunt! How dare you even pretend you are MY equal! You think this shit detail is what I am worth? Is that it, Hank?"

"Never! Billy, I would never try and take your place! Please, you know I am submissive and loyal to you! Please, you are my only friend, my other alpha! I have never tried to change that and never would! These are Master's commands, not mine! I want to stay in my place below you, Billy! I know my place and I am happy to stay in it! Please, Billy, I would never, ever betray you, you know that, you have to know that!"

Billy did know that but he was terrified and angry. Shoving hard at Hank, he ignored him and went back to scrubbing. Hank bit back a sob and whispered.

"Billy? Billy, I am sorry, please say you forgive me? You know I am loyal, you know I would never try to take your place. Say anything, Billy, please?"

Smirking cruelly, Billy continued his work as if Hank did not exist. He knew the worst punishment he could inflict upon Hank was that of silence. Hank sobbed softly and crawled away after the Master.

The Master has released Lee from the table and had the twitching agent in his grasp. Gloves held tight to Lee's shoulders, the man was naked now and trying to hide himself as if it mattered anymore.

A nudge forward and Lee staggered before the masked man. Hank followed them but the Master stopped Lee at the very next door. The Master unlocked the door and swung it open. Enraged, hoarse and deranged screaming boomed out at them all.

With a deep truly sadistic enjoyment, the Collector chuckled as he yanked Lee closer by his hair so that Arkin could see him. Hank bit back a moan at how devastated Arkin looked. He failed to save himself, the others and now finally, Lee.
Hank had been honest with Billy. He did not like being the assistant to such misery and pain. He would rather clean the mess, observe from a screen and create art on things he forgets aren't art materials.

Easing the suffering of the other victims when he can, that is how Hank tries to redeem himself. It is the only way Hank can help them without getting in trouble. And the only thing worth getting in trouble for is possibly Billy. Hank hopes that Billy will forgive him soon and speak again.

Hank would willingly take any abuse that Billy inflicts rather than the silent treatment. It makes him nervous, it makes him start to forget how to talk at all. Master rarely speaks and rarely wants his pets to speak much.

Arkin started trying to plead.

"Listen...he is innocent in all this, okay? You don't need any revenge on Lee, he didn't do anything to you! Look at him! He's already been hurt and he's already submitted, he isn't fighting you! He isn't anything like me, you don't need to torture him on my behalf."

With a chilling smile, the Collector slid his hand around Lee's throat as if to slowly crush the man's windpipe. This is something both Hank and Arkin have seen the man do before. Hank simply looked away but Arkin couldn't handle these things like he used to.

"Please! Please...M...ah, fuck! Master! Please, don't do it! I'm sorry! I'm sorry, Master!"

To Hank and Arkin's relief this seemed to be enough and Lee drew in a tortured breath as the grip loosened. The glove started to caress the injured throat. Lee sagged against the terrifying man, unable to do much else while trying to regain breath.

With another chuckle, the Collector dragged Lee over to a set of chains in the wall. He shoved the man's back hard into the wall then locked the metal cuffs to Lee's wrists and ankles.

The naked man was spread eagle against the chilly, dirty wall and he didn't even attempt to try his restraints. Grabbing Lee's chin, the Collector forced eye contact. Whimpering, the agent tried to avoid the man's gaze until the killer struck his face twice.

"Sorry, Master, sorry."

Lee parroted what he heard the others say and timidly met the flat surface of the Collector's gaze. It dominated, it tore into him and made tears run down his face.

"Hush."

A glove came to tap approvingly at his swollen cheek and Lee whined. The glove then moved Lee's head so he was staring at Arkin. Lee got the point. Walking away from Lee then, the Collector pointed out the doorway towards Billy.

Hank crawled fast to Billy, sinking very low and kissing the hands covered in blood and soap scum to appease.

"Master wants you to come into Arkin's surgery room, Billy. He wants us all to witness some part of Arkin's punishment."

Billy flew past Hank as if he weren't there and ignored the miserable sob from behind as the dog priest followed. The Collector pointed for Billy to stand up and go against the wall, facing Arkin.
The Collector then startled both Billy and Hank as he lifted his loyal dog priest up, sitting him in a chair like a real person. Hank nearly hyperventilated in terror at the death look from Billy alone.

But the Master patted Hank's hair and he didn't dare argue with his deity. Without the prompt the others had to receive, Hank turned to stare at Arkin. The approval shone in the Master's caress of Hank's long tresses.

All stared at Arkin who was staring at the Collector.

Taking his time, fully enjoying the moment, the Collector got a razor and began to remove Arkin's clothing. They all watched him methodically strip Arkin down, watching the man try not to squirm the whole time.

Billy grew a malice filled smile in spite of his own troubles as he watched Arkin grit his teeth as he was naked and splayed out, helpless. He smiled even brighter when his Master got the disinfectant he always uses for surgeries.

Arkin was trying so hard not to panic as the Collector took pains to show him the type of disinfectant. Lee and Hank had looks of silent dismay as they watched Arkin try his best to not give his Master any reaction.

The Master was patient though, he went back to his surgical workstation for a moment. When he turned back he had on latex gloves and tools that glistened dully in the weak lighting. Showing the tools to Arkin was enough to get the man to begin using his vocal chords again.

Everyone in the room but Lee knew what the tools were used for. It wasn't often that Master used them but when he did, all could hear it and would shudder. Hank wrapped his arms around himself tightly and drew his legs up to his chest.

Billy was having trouble staying still in his excitement. And Arkin's panicking was so unlike him that Lee began to panic along with him even though he wasn't sure what the tools even did. But they looked awful and everyone's reaction was awful.

"No, wait...don't do that! Master, please! I won't run again! I won't fight you! You won, you won, I am here, I surrender! Take anything else then! At least take something else! Take a hand or my fucking foot, please! Take anything else! Please, Master, I'm begging you! I'll get down on my hands and knees and beg at your feet! Please! Take my tongue like with Molly, that would be justice! Please, don't it!"

The Collector stared down at Arkin with a tilted head as if considering the other options. Then he walked over to Hank and leaned down near his ear. Instantly, while cringing away from the hideous tools in his Master's hands, he spoke to Arkin.

"Master says this is what happens to dogs that run and bite at their owners."

The next sentence Hank said with great difficulty, his voice strained and cracking.

"Master says bad tempered dogs that roam and fight are tamed by neutering."

Arkin was pleading as the Master prepped him and his tools. He was cursing and threatening by the time Master started to attach the surgical clamps. The caught dog was howling and screaming when the blades began their delicate but grisly work.

Lee vomited down himself and Hank bit his hand to keep from making any sounds. Billy panted and had to force himself not to jerk off to Arkin's mutilation and agony. The Collector looked up from
time to time to make sure all watched. Not one of them dared to look away.

When it was done and Arkin was laying pale and crying like a baby, Billy couldn't help himself.

"Hey, Arkin, cheer up, doggie! At least it was only your balls, Master could have taken your cock too!"

Hank squeaked in surprised fear as the Master exploded. He threw the gory tools with a crash at Billy, who cried out as the metal struck him in several places.

The Collector stormed over and grabbed Billy by his collar. He threw him to the ground then kicked him until the young man writhed on the floor. Gesturing to Hank then pointing to the fallen tools and the bloodstained Arkin, the Collector then dragged Billy out of the room.

Hank knew Billy was in for it now and he could see that even in his horror, Lee seemed happy to see Billy in trouble. Arkin didn't look pleased about it at all. No, he looked like a man that wished he were dead but knew he wouldn't be given the mercy of it.
Like one would do with a misbehaving puppy, the Collector tossed Billy into an old rusted cage, locked it and walked away.

He went back into the surgery room and admired the sights before him. Hank was scurrying about cleaning the room though he went to lay flat upon his Master's entrance. Lee made very desperate high pitched sounds and his eyes grew large and rolled with terror.

Arkin lay splayed, his face was an etched art of porcelain white, every muscle in that face was tight and carved with incredible pain. And his eyes were so full of despair, numb with the amazing loss of his testicles.

The Collector slowly walked the room wanting to embrace every moment of this triumphant scene. All that was missing was his stupid misbehaving puppy, but he will take care of that very soon.

He stopped before Hank who timidly and with great reverence, kissed his boots. The Collector took a second to bend and give Hank a reassuring, fond pet on the head. Hank whimpered gratefully and leaned into the touch as if it were a blessing from a god.

That was the Collector felt like, a god. Hank always made him feel that way, as he was trained to do, but he truly felt that way today. Here was the proof of his might and power. Even Arkin couldn't escape him. An entire town was taken by him and he has regained his old pets along with new ones.

Walking away from Hank, gesturing that the pet may finish his cleaning, the Collector headed over to Lee. The man cringed further back into the wall and put his head as far down as it would go. His body heaved and shook as he panted in pure wild panic.

The Collector stood close enough for his chest to touch Lee's and the man lost control, babbling.

"Please, please, don't do that to me, oh please, don't, I'll learn anything you want, just please don't hurt me like that, please! I can call you Master and learn to obey and clean like Hank does and please, just don't do that, mercy, they said I could have mercy if I surrendered! Please, I did that, I surrender, please!"

Hank tried to give Lee a warning look but the terrorized man could only see the masked monster before him. Most days, this babbling would irritate the Collector and at the least he would sew this man's mouth shut for a day or two.

However, this was the man that Arkin dared to take in bold challenge to his Master. That made the terrified pleading, this vomiting of words sweeter music than usual.

He lay a gloved finger against Lee's lips and the man quieted, shuddering, trying so hard to sink into the wall to get away.

"Hush."

Leaning in, now pressing against the stitches on Lee's chest, making the man whine, the Collector whispered into Lee's ear.

"This is mercy. You live. You aren't maimed or mutilated. Yet."

Lee burst into tears at the warning, at the threat and at the dubious mercy. The Collector backed up a
little and smiled at his new prey. He planned on breaking him in front of Arkin. The man was submissive enough and his mind will easily fall to his Master's will.

There was no doubt that Lee would be part of the Collection, if for nothing more than to torment Arkin. But he wants to let the man sweat it a little longer. He wanted Lee so afraid that he will never dare to misbehave the way Arkin did. That the man is so broken he can't even conceive of becoming a sneaky little brat like Billy either.

Touching the man's body slowly, pressing on wounds and making Lee twitch when he tickled fingers across new stitches. The Collector started to get hard and Lee's struggle to stay still was enticing. But no, the man was already wounded, it wouldn't be half as fun.

He would wait until Lee healed more and concentrate solely on training him. There was another that would be joining Lee as a new pet in the Collection. Might as well train them together that way the Collector can be sure of their loyalty and submission.

Besides the Collector wanted to play with Arkin. He has dreamed of it, this moment and as enticing as this wounded little prey was, another was truly in his mind.

Moving in a measured step so that the Collector can watch Arkin's terror grow, he rubbed his crotch so Arkin would know what was coming.

"You sick fuck, you just fucking castrated me and of course you want to fuck me."

Arkin muttered his words and gave a laugh as bitter as poison but it was evident how hard it was for him not to beg. Hank was keeping his eyes on the instruments and tools he had to clean and sterilize.

Lee watched because he had no other choice, he was afraid if he shut his eyes that the monster would cut off his eyelids. He remembers Arkin telling him of the man doing that to someone who wouldn't keep their eyes open.

Too late, Lee is recalling every horrific thing Arkin saw or heard done.

Looking at Arkin from head to toe with pure satisfaction, the Collector went to inspect his earlier work. He admired the neat stitching and the swelling around it. Leaning over Arkin, his own covered crotch almost touching the painful wounds, the Collector undid the forehead strap.

He undid all the straps except for the wrists and quickly put one hand in warning over the surgical wounds when Arkin tried to move his legs. Arkin froze instantly, panting, whining, drooling in horror at the idea of how much that would hurt.

"Sorry, please, Master. I...I won't move. I will be good, I swear...please."

Arkin seemed startled at the sound of his own voice. It was higher pitched, it was softer and it was a groveling bitch voice. Smirking, the Collector took each of Arkin's legs and put them in the stir ups hanging from the ceiling.

The naughty and very sorry mutt whined and shivered but he didn't dare move. He allowed his Master to move his limbs as he wished. Noticing that Arkin was deliberately not looking at his wounds, the Collector finished putting his legs up.

With an impatient gesture to Hank, the Collector waited and set up the mirror so Arkin can easily see the work done.

Then he stood between Arkin's legs and reached for the man's head. Grabbing the narrow face with
both hands like a vice, he forced Arkin's head forward. Arkin tried to avert his eyes and the Collector
growled with such menace that Lee and Hank whimpered from where they were.

Letting out a defeated cry, Arkin opened his eyes and looked. When his eyes rounded with shock
and disbelief, the Collector felt a surge of lust and a dark happiness. As reality leaked into Arkin's
eyes and he started to scream, the Collector groaned in sadistic need.

Watching Arkin begin to shatter, he hurried to pull his pants down and gestured to Hank. The dog
priest's eyes were averted while he worked but he was always in tune to his Master's movements and
needs.

Without hesitation or sound, Hank used his mouth to wet his Master's hard length. Grabbing Hank's
hair, he moved Hank as he wished. As soon as he was slippery in between Hank's lips from root to
tip, he released him.

The Collector wouldn't give Arkin the consideration of any lubrication. Yet for himself only, he
wished to enter in comfort before making sure he drew blood and gave the need for as many stitches
inside as Lee if not more. His naughty terrible pet deserved it.

Keeping his eyes on Arkin's face, he thrust inside him. Arkin roared in this terrible way, as if he were
actually dying from the defeat of it all. The sound of such loss was enough to make the Collector
pause, shuddering in the surge of pleasure from it.

Tearing his eyes from Arkin's face, he looked down at the scars and swelling. Growing harder at the
mere sight of it, the Collector stripped off a glove to feel the heat from the area. Arkin gave a
wretched moan and the Collector laid his bare hand upon the empty raw space.

Arkin did begin to squirm then from pain and the humiliation of it. Giving a rich evil laugh, the
Collector began to pump into his reclaimed pet. While he thrust into Arkin, the Collector rubbed his
hand upon the stitching and cupped the swollen skin, feeling the hot pulse of tender meat.

The clear distress and struggling of the bad dog only made his Master more excited. Measured
pumping turned into violent thrusting, the Collector growling like a dog himself, his teeth bared at
Arkin.

It was intolerable to Arkin to have his Master fondling the wounds.

"Ah! Stop! I can't! Just kill me! Please, I can't do this! Please, kill me! KILL ME! I CAN'T, STOP
TOUCHING IT, I CAN'T, I CAN'T DO THIS! KILL ME! PLEASE! KILL ME!"

The Collector reveled in it, he became a savage beast then. Clutching, pawing at the wounds, he
leaned over the struggling, screeching man and howled into his face. Then he growled like Arkin did
earlier and darted down to bite him.

He bit into Arkin's neck, his shoulders, his chest and made sure the marks would scar. Licking at
every scar, every mark old and new, the Collector slammed into his pet with violent abandon. It was
sweet bliss to watch Arkin finally unravel.

To be inside, fucking the hell out of him when it happens was everything he wanted. Arkin screamed
and twisted, twitching, shaking while his Master ruthlessly raped him.

Arkin could not escape what was taken from him. He couldn't escape his Master's bare hand fully
enjoying the feeling of his painful, ugly deformity. The Collector felt his own full balls slapping hard
into Arkin, he was thrusting so hard that his testicles will ache for days after.
Keeping his bare hand massaging the swelling in a mockingly tender manner now, the Collector leaned over Arkin to dominate every bit of space he can take. As the hand moved in a gentle way that made Arkin's face fill with revulsion, his Master fucked him harder in contrast.

Arkin felt torn, shredded and violated, in such a shameful, disgusting manner he couldn't tolerate it. Overwhelmed, Arkin began to slam his head hard into the table.

"OH GOD, LET ME DIE, LET ME DIE, KILL ME, I CAN'T, I CAN'T, STOP TOUCHING IT AT LEAST GIVE ME THAT MUCH! I CAN'T, LET ME DIE! I WILL KILL MYSELF IF I HAVE TO, STOP, END IT, END IT!"

Grabbing Arkin's forehead, the Collector forced him down and bottomed out, making his pet scream and sob. Snarling into Arkin's face, his Master spilled himself inside of him, marking him from inside out all over again.

The hand continued to rub on the revolting, sore swollen nubs and Arkin wailed. His Master laughed in his face then mockingly kept whispering for Arkin to hush.

By the time the Collector was inspecting the damage done and was stitching the few tears he did cause, Arkin was no longer struggling or screaming. He was weeping like a child and his chest hitched with every pained breath.

After Arkin was patched up to his Master's satisfaction, his legs were laid back down flat upon the table. His ankles and forehead were strapped tightly, his wrist straps were tightened as well. The bindings across the upper arms, chest and thighs were added as well.

An IV to keep Arkin from dehydration and infection was inserted through his ankle so there was no possible way to remove it. With a smile, the Collector gave a last caress to the surgical wounds which were slathered in ointment but left without any bandages or dressing.

He wanted Arkin to see it, he wanted him to feel the air touching the areas that used to be testicles and now was just useless raw meat. Judging by Arkin's look and hopeless sobbing, the loss was already being deeply felt.

The Collector gave a final triumphant look at his punished dog and a quick glance at his new pup then gestured for Hank to leave the room. He left only the surgical light directly above Arkin's groin on before locking the door and leaving them.

Taking a deep breath and letting the contentment flow through him, the Collector paused. Then he snapped for Hank to follow him. It was time to discipline his other wayward puppy.
Lee could hear wailing from the distance and shivered. This room had no wailing and only sobbing, harsh panting to deal with panic and pain. He kept his eyes shut, not wanting to have his gaze drawn towards the one light in the room.

It was directly over Arkin's surgical wound and that was not going to help him keep his panic down. If the Collector meant it as a warning or a torture doesn't matter, it was effective either way. Arkin started to mumble something over and over after he stopped sobbing.

Then he would giggle insanely and start to sob again. He did this over and over, ignoring any plea from Lee. Over and over until it started to drive Lee a bit crazy. He went from begging Arkin to speak with him to screaming for him to shut the fuck up.

Didn't matter, Arkin kept saying his mantra, giggling, sobbing and repeat.

"It's not a big deal. It's a long fucking con is all. Just a long long fucking con."

Giggle. Sob. Repeat.

The Collector gave Hank instructions then he went to the cage that he had shoved Billy into. His bad puppy was cringing low and sweetly begging but he was immune to it. He is onto the sneaky little bitch and Arkin is not the only dog in danger of slipping their leash.

Growling, he ripped open the cage and dragged Billy by his collar, never letting him catch his feet. Tossing the puppy to the ground before Hank's pit, tossing him before a red trunk. Billy slowly peeked up at it and whined, urine spreading underneath him.

The Collector was amused at Billy's reaction and misunderstanding. Hank simply gave Billy and the box a pitying look at he gathered items to clean the urine stain among other stains when his Master was done.

"Master! Please! Not the box! I am your beloved, loyal puppy, I swear it! Please, Master, I love you! I am sorry, please, don't!"

When Billy tried to kiss his Master's boots, he was rudely and harshly kicked away. As he sobbed in panic and desolation, the Collector opened the lid to the trunk. And lifted out a terrified new victim, dumping her down before Billy.

He cried harder when he watched Maureen shiver in horror at the sight of the Collector, scream at the sight of Hank's room and beg Billy for help that would never come.

Within seconds, Maureen's full attention was on the Collector and Billy was reduced to another victim in her eyes. That hurt most of all to Billy.

"A long con, my ass! You fucking bastard, I'm..I'm GLAD he has you! You never stood a chance and yet you kept telling us all you did, everyone that believes you ends up here or dead! You are a con artist, all right, but not a very good one, I guess! You keep leading folks but only into the worst fucking places! And you sweet talked everyone, cause you just had to be able to be that good of a
con artist to beat even the Collector, right? So you fucking groomed Billy for the Collector, you
talked that pitiful fuck out there and that dead girl into escaping. You lost Billy, yeah, but oh well,
right? But that wasn't enough, you couldn't just go deep underground somewhere, no you had to stay
public just enough for the bastard to hunt you. And then you hear the girl died, that Hank was
recaptured, that so many agents were killed. What do you do, see it as a good sign? You are all ready
for the fucking challenge! Except you needed bait and some company, so here comes the gullible
new agent. Long con? To get an entire town taken over by him? To have us both caught, to have
your fucking nuts cut off? Huh? Is this all part of the long con too? Do you really still think it's all
just one big fucking con to WIN? Are you that fucking crazy? Why are you so obsessed with him?
You say he is obsessed with you? You are both crazy and both of you had to make sure enough
victims piled up before your final showdown, huh? Are we really in a long con still, Arkin? You
fucking nutcase."

Arkin gave a jagged laugh, like a baby hyena being dragged over broken glass.

"Yes, yes, yes! Longest, best fucking con EVER! Long con, baby! I don't give a FUCK if you hate
me, Lee. I can tell you the truth, can't I? Yeah, at this point, I can. I mean, you just watched my
castration and my rape. And you, you had to suffer Billy. I have no idea what that is like but judging
from how you look and how Billy acts...he must have cut, raped and scared the shit out of you. And
soon enough, the Collector will visit you personally. So yeah, okay, I will give you the gift of my
honesty. Might as well at this point. Are you ready?"

Lee growled and yanked at his chains uselessly, Arkin's babbling voice was giving him a headache.
Never mind how must faster his heart kept beating, trying to ignore rising anxiety.

"I would sacrifice anyone and anything to kill or at least stop the Collector. I was willing to sacrifice
any of the other victims the moment I was freed from that fucking trunk. I never stopped looking for
a way out, never stopped trying to keep the others on focus with it. He has killed so many, he cost
me my family the second I discovered his existence. After losing them, nothing lost ever since hurts
quite as much, Lee. Including losing my nuts! I have sacrificed everyone and my own self without a
shred of true remorse! I hate him and he took everything from me! My family, friends, fingers, toes,
teeth, sleep and sanity, now my testicles. He made me grovel and worship him. He tortured me in
every fucking way and I would LIKE some of it and thank him for all of it. You'll see all about that
soon enough. And maybe like me, you'll grow a vengeance deep down inside. Then we can talk
about that long con, Lee."

Another huge gale of laughter and Arkin began to mutter to himself about the long con again.

Lee screamed in frustration but then cried himself into a state of half sleep. He heard Arkin's voice
and the screaming of others but Lee discovered he was too tired to be so scared anymore. His head
fell forward and he dozed.

The Collector made Billy watch as he threw the girl onto her back and rape her. Billy sobbed right
along with her and he had to bite his own hand to keep from pleading. Maureen was too scared to be
defiant, she kept her eyes on the horror in the mask.

She didn't dare to scream after the first punch to the jaw. Her small whimpers, cries and wails drove
Billy insane. Those were to be sounds for him, it was to be him that raped Maureen, not the
Collector!

After he finished, the Collector had a weeping, seething Billy come lick the girl's swollen folds.
Forcing Billy forward with a hand in his hair, keeping a hand on the girl's chest to make sure she
stayed still, the Collector watched carefully.

He made sure Billy licked up every bit of seed and blood that could be reached. When Maureen was clean enough, Billy was shoved aside while the Collector handcuffed the girl's wrists behind her back.

Using his boot, the Collector forced the girl to kneel with her ass up in the air and her head on the ground. Her cheek was pressed against the rug and Maureen was facing Billy. Dropping to his knees behind the pretty, naked prey, the Collector stared directly at Billy as he brutally sodomized her.

Maureen did scream now, unable to help herself. She screamed and begged Billy to save her, to help her. All Billy could do was kneel, shake and sob like the helpless puppy he was.

The Collector did not hush her, he was enjoying watching Billy diminish not only in Maureen's eyes but in Billy's own eyes. He crushed the boy's ego ruthlessly, driving his large cock into the girl, his eyes locked on Billy. Leaning over to cover the girl completely and then he spoke on word.

"MINE."

The harsh whisper shout was growled into Maureen's ear but the Collector's eyes were on Billy. Both took it to heart with a terrible sense of loss.

After the Collector bit hard into the back of the girl's neck, deep enough to cause rivulets of blood to drip down, he shuddered in orgasm. He leaned back to catch his breath and gestured to Billy to come closer.

Soon as his sad puppy was in reach, he grabbed Billy's hair and forced him to look at the damage to Maureen's ass then lick it up. The Master lifted the sobbing girl over his shoulder and snapped for the bad doggie to follow him.

Billy crawled silently after his Master. They passed Hank who was sweeping up the glass from Arkin's shooting and Billy shot him a deadly look. However, Hank was prostrate as soon as he saw the Master, ignoring glass that cut into him when he lay flat in it.

He missed the look and Billy hated his only companion in that moment. It wasn't fair that Hank was now the perfect one, the good dog, it was intolerable that all were punished here but him!

The Master brought Maureen to an unused cell and chained her ankles. She had room to sit, stand or lay down, though it would be uncomfortable with her hands chained behind her back.

Grasping her chin hard in one glove, the Collector forced eye contact with her.

"Hush."

Maureen gave a timid nod and tried to keep her sobs behind compressed lips. Satisfied with her compliance, the Collector walked away, heading towards his apartment. Billy scurried after him, relieved that if he was being allowed into the apartment things weren't that bad yet.

He still had a chance to show his Master how sorry he was, how much he loved him. Except once in the apartment, his Master attacked him. He yanked Billy upright and ripped his clothing off until Billy was naked.

Tossing the clothes onto the floor, the Master kicked Billy's legs out to make him kneel again. The fact that the Master hasn't spoken, nor removed his mask inside the apartment worries Billy greatly.
The Collector silently went through the apartment and added to the growing pile before Billy. Every article of clothing, footwear, the coat, not a thing that was Billy's was missed. His weapons were the last thing thrown onto the pile.

Growling, the Master scooped all of it up and gestured for his cowering sorry mongrel to follow. With horror, Billy watched as everything went into the large incinerator.

"Please! Master, no, please! Mercy! I am sorry, so sorry, I promise I will never be bad like that again! Please don't! Master, I am like you...you made me like the hunt, the pain, the kill...don't take it from me, it's not fair! It's not fair to make me want it and then take it away! Please! Listen please, it...it was Hank! He...he talked to me and probably meant one thing but I misunderstood! I thought it was alright to play with her! I never fucked her, never tried to hunt Maureen! I was going to ASK first, I swear it! And with Lee, I messed up, I admit it and can fix it, please! I...I am jealous of Arkin, I love you so much and you always think of him, not me! So I acted out, I am sorry, please!"

The confession saved Billy from the flaying that his Master was intending, not that the boy knew it. He was too busy screaming in despair as all his clothing was reduced to ash and his weapons rendered unusable. After making Billy look inside to see his destroyed items, the Master took hold of Billy's collar.

Dragging him fast again, as if he was too bad of a dog to be allowed to even crawl on his own, the Collector threw Billy back into a large cage in a cold lonely dark corner far from the cozy apartment.
Hank has his rituals, he has his routines and they are trained, scarred, beaten into him. He never deviates his routines for fear of what the Collector might do to him for it.

Of course, Hank's mind will rearrange that into easier words. Why would he upset his merciful deity by being disrespectful enough to not do things properly?

*See?*

It makes things so much smoother if the world is seen through the Master's mindset, less mistakes made once obedience happens.

*Easy.*

*Except.*

Hank found himself thrown into a hellish mine field of new things. From his Master and most shockingly, from himself!

It was almost enough to make him want to vomit and piss in fear. First, that very night after Master went to his room, so tired. Hank waited, fidgeted, paced and argued with his own jumbled thoughts for a few hours.

Then.

He did it. He broke the rules, shattered them, dropped them down into the starving cannibals. Hank was crying with fear, he shook so hard he could barely crawl. But he managed it. Inching forth, slithering more than crawling until he was near the bathroom door.

Luckily, this is also where Billy's cage was tossed.

Hank was given the privilege of using the men's room that was previously used by the teen mall. There was a handicap toilet that was low enough to pull up on. It was one of the best gifts Hank ever received from the Collector.

One of the projects had escaped it's confines and Hank was the one who caught the screaming victim. What happened to the project was awful but Hank thanked his Master with so much gratitude over his gift of a real bathroom, Billy actual got jealous.

Shaking away memories, Hank crept up to the bars and peered inside.

"Billy? Whisper if you are awake. Billy? Are you alright? I brought you some of your stash to help. Please, Billy? I need you, I am scared without you in your place. I can't do this, I can't do what you do, I want to stay in my place. Talk to me, let me help you so you can get out of the cage soon. Billy?"

He was ready to leave and try again another night when he heard Billy whisper back. The boy was still curled up, facing the wall but he at least was speaking.

"I feel like shit. I hurt, I am nothing now, just another toy in a cage again."

Henry leaned his head on the cage.
"He was hurt. He loves you so much or else it wouldn't have hurt him this much. You know he will forgive you and just make you endure this harsh reminder of who you belong to. Just like you were jealous over Arkin, don't you think he was jealous over Maureen? Remember, I warned you of that, Billy."

Billy rolled over to glare at Hank.

"Don't you take that fucking tone with me, bitch. What are you, my counselor? Don't fucking dog priest counsel me! Now give me what you brought me."

Hank smiled then and Billy growled at him.

"I'm not trying to be disrespectful, Billy. It's a smile of relief. I was afraid that Master might have destroyed your....will. Your strength. You do need to learn to control your impulses. That is me to you as a friend. We are all we have left as talking, thinking human companionship. We have to be friends for our own survival. But I know my place, Billy, I don't want to take yours. I follow where I am led, you know that."

Billy's greedy fingers pulled at the pills that Hank brought. Then he drank thirstily at the water Hank offered, half listening as Hank spoke.

"As long as you always remember that you are my bitch too, Hank."

Then the next morning, it was more change, this time with his Master.

Hank was used to getting his breakfast from Billy. This time he woke up to his Master's boot in front of his face. He was given a plate of eggs and toast that must be what the Master and Billy eat for breakfast. Hank felt guilty eating Billy's food but it was delicious.

Afterwards, the Master left Hank to complete his usual chores but with a warning not to offer any food to Billy, Arkin, Lee or Maureen.

Hank was fed his lunch by his Master, pieces of sandwiches placed in his eager mouth. He knelt up at his Master's knee, the Collector ate one sandwich while feeding his pet the other.

"My devoted loyal pet. My only loyal boy. We need to teach these new two to be very loyal. And we need to teach our naughty boys some very harsh lessons. You will help me, Hank."

"Yes, Master, I want to help you. I will always be loyal, always devoted to you."

Hank leaned into the hand that stroked his hair and bit his lip.

He desperately wanted to assure his Master of how much Billy loves him. To tell his Master how scared and cowed Lee already is, to have pity upon him. He wished he were brave enough to at least speak of how young and submissive the girl seems, that she deserves mercy.

He said none of these things, only took the next piece of sandwich from his Master's fingers.

And things changed again.

Hank was launched into Billy's place as his Master's assistant. He hated it, hated to be a part of the pain, the blood and agony. Hank had no taste for torture, rape or killing. It is his world, yes, he creates from it, watches it, patches those who suffer it and cleans up after it. By no choice of his own,
but he accepts it.

Now to accept this, to be a participant and it is hard for Hank not to beg for mercy. But he doesn't because he couldn't, wouldn't dare. Not a loyal, devoted dog priest who worships his cruel but merciful Master. No, he is good and obedient so Hank helps his Master set up torture for the four pets.

He ignored both Lee and Arkin in their chains as he set up trays with scalpels and antiseptic.

Hank kept his eyes low and his mouth shut when his Master appeared with Maureen. The timid thing had her hands cuffed in front of her and a chain was wrapped around her neck. She crawled as fast as she could to keep up with his faster stride. When they entered the room, the Master lifted her.

He swung her to kneel right next to where Lee was chained. Taking her thick chain, he attached it to a bolt in the floor. Then he unchained Lee and forced him to kneel next to Maureen with a chain around his neck attached to a bolt on the wall. Both huddled together and kept their mouths shut, eyes on the ground.

Hank prayed that the two kept their submissive silence even once the Master scares them. It would be vital to gain his favor and mercy now. It was harder to watch the Master put Lee and Arkin where he wanted them. Because Hank had to help. While his Master tasered Arkin then quickly threw him to the floor, Hank held the nails and hammer.

As soon as Arkin was thrown to the floor, he put one hand flat on the ground to push to his knees. The Collector was suddenly kneeling on Arkin's arm. It was nearly breaking and Arkin screeched.

"Shit, fuck! What did I do? Want my hand to stay flat, fine! I won't move it, I swear, don't break my arm, I will stay still!"

The Collector chuckled and moved off Arkin's arm, almost playfully as if it were all a fun game.

Arkin stayed in the awkward half laying position he had been in and kept his hand flat. His eyes turned wider when he figured out why the Collector wanted him that way. Hank tried to show mercy by hiding the tools until Master needed them.

By the time Arkin thought to protest the nail was being driven into his hand and beyond into the floor. Hank watched as Arkin screamed and kicked his legs in pain for a moment. The Master roughly forced Billy next to Arkin and the Puppy cringed.

"Please, don't! Master, I will kneel and not move no matter what, please! I am obedient! Please don't!"

Instead of soothing the Collector, Billy's pleading seemed to anger him worse. He was brutal and nailed both of Billy's hands to the floor in response. As the two men waired, the Master gestured for Hank to bring forth the meal set aside for Lee and Maureen.

They had not been given any food or water all day, per his Master's orders.

When Hank knelt in front of the two, they cringed and whimpered. Hank thought it funny that they were even afraid of him, a lowly dog priest. He spoke quickly and very softly, just enough sound for the two to hear him.

"I am going to give you both some bread and water now. It is not drugged and it's not a trick, it won't hurt you. But if you refuse it or start trying to speak to me instead of gratefully accepting it, that will upset Master."
Hank hand fed the two and gave them sips of water and both remained quiet and complaint. Probably because the Collector was simply sitting on the counter watching with those eyes that missed nothing.

Arkin and Billy were still moaning in pain but have calmed themselves. The Master was unsettling them too, as well as unsettling Hank.

As soon as there was no more food or water left to offer them, Hank moved away from Lee and Maureen. Then the Master came forward and the two cringed lower, whimpering. He shushed them and gestured to Hank who unwillingly crawled to eagerly obey.

Hank got the tray with the scalpels and brought it over.

The pets did not see this as the Collector was crouching between the two of them, touching their faces. They whined in terror, shrinking from the leather glove. It made the Master chuckle and Hank said a silent prayer for the Master to be amused enough by the new pets for mercy.

A gloved hand wrapped around Lee's ankle and yanked it hard while another glove forced the man to lay on his stomach. His terrified face was now staring straight at Arkin. The glove ran gently along the captured leg, up to the meaty part of Lee's thigh.

Hank rushed forward with the antiseptic and scalpel, taking care not to be in the way. He cowered behind his Master as to make sure all the pets could see what was about to happen. It was so hard to hear poor Lee scream and beg as the Collector carefully took a small slab of flesh.

Holding back from making a sound, forcing himself not to gag when the Master threw the fresh meat upon the tray. Arkin yelled, he went between threats and pleas, unable to move much with his hand nailed to the floor.

Without a pause, the Collector turned and Maureen burst into tears, begging. Hank had taken the used scalpel and given his Master a new shiny one. He did it eagerly, smoothly and with guilt.

"Please, I'll be good, please don't hurt me! Please, I'll do anything you want, please!"

Maureen's voice was soft, she did not dare be loud, but it was high pitched with barely controlled hysteria.

"Hush."

Hank watched as his merciful Master shoved Maureen flat on her back. He leaned over her and showed her the scalpel. It trailed her pretty face and the girl whimpered. Frozen and silent now, the flesh goosebumps as the sharp blade traveled down that fragile neck.

Billy was smarter than Arkin but he was feeling just as helpless and tormented. He whimpered but didn't dare try to beg or make a single word. He also knew not to look away no matter how bad it gets. Even Arkin hadn't dared fuck with that particular rule.

Both of them enjoy having eyelids. And eyes. Either could be removed for that offense if the Collector was in a bad mood. Both of them were pretty sure this was one of the bad moods.

The scalpel kept roving about, keeping the girl still and silent with anticipation and fear of the slice. Hank's eyes were glued to the twinkling steel. His Master's free hand made a gesture to Hank. It was one always made to Billy, not ever, never ever to Hank.

With the tiniest whimper escaping his throat, Hank put down the tray and slithered over. Swallowing
his hatred of the chore, Hank used his powerful arms to pin Maureen's wrists over her head. The one mercy that his Master will allow the girl by using Hank is a few whispered words.

"Shh..try very hard to stay still. Don't scream or beg unless you truly can't help it or he will make it worse as punishment. Try to breathe slowly and stay still no matter what. Trust me, it's best to follow the rules, to please Master. It will hurt less if you obey, I promise."

That was all he got out before his Master gave him a small flick of his head. Hank stopped speaking and kept the girl pinned. The girl had calmed enough for the Collector. Time for pain, not words and Hank hated that he did such a good job. Just like Billy had.

He did not want to be Billy or do his work. Hank was happy with his place, he had accepted it. It wasn't fair to have to learn all over again. What if he messed up? Does he receive Billy's punishments? Screams of anguish broke through the thoughts running like ants through Hank's mind.

Maureen's leg were kicking wildly but the Collector was sitting on her hips, preventing her from too much movement. Hank kept her wrists pinned and one gloved hand pressed down on her chest. As the scalpel cut into her left breast, Maureen screamed and so did Billy.

"Master, mercy, please! Stop, stop please! Master, please, you are ruining her!"

Hank nearly fainted at Billy daring to say such damning things! Was he crazy? Did he want the Master to remove the girl's breast completely?

Luckily, mercifully, the Master didn't take Billy's words out upon Maureen. Instead, he swiftly, much faster than probably originally intended, removed the small chunk of flesh. It landed onto the floor and without looking at Hank, gestured for him to retrieve it.

While Hank whispered to Maureen not to dare move, not if she wants it to be over, he put the flesh on the tray. The Collector had no further interest in the girl or the meat. He was glaring, growling at his insolent Puppy who was finally registering the rage behind the mask.

It was finally cutting through his angst and Billy cowered, babbling apologies, sobbing. Hank had no time for it, he knew what to do next. It was horrible but it was better than what had just happened.

So with an eager dread, Hank crawled out of the room with the meat. He crawled into the little kitchen hidden within the maze. It was formerly a break room but it had been remodeled by Master.

Around the room were hanging straps and chains, some in strands, others in loops. Hank used them to haul himself up and about as he needed to. For the times when Master and Billy are too busy or not around and Hank must do the meal preparations.

Hank did not think about what he was cooking, no, he just did as he was told. Master had told him ahead of time what his parts in all this would be. He concentrated on obedience, after all, think of what he did last night.

What if his Master found out he was visiting Billy in the cage? Giving him painkillers and soothing him? How bad would Master punish him for such a thing? But it was a chance he had to take.

Hank hopes that obedience in all other things would help keep Master from ever being suspicious of him. These are the thoughts that Hank heard in his head while he watched.

While he watched his Master force feed Lee's thigh meat to Arkin. Then watched his Master force feed Maureen's breast meat to Billy. They sobbed and Arkin vomited. Relentless, ruthless, Master made Arkin lick all of it up.
It was easier when it all became just handing items to hand and receive. He can ignore the blood, the screaming and gasps of pain. Hank gave his Master the steel thread to sew Billy's mouth shut. He took back the bloody sewing needle when his Master was done.

He handed his Master the pliers and took the bloody nail and pliers while Arkin screeched then held his bleeding hand. Arkin was too cowed and hurt to dare any defiance yet. He curled up in a protective ball around his wounds.

The Master loomed over his most naughty dog and gave a glare of warning. Arkin gave a fast nod then spoke after receiving a swift kick to his back.

"I won't move, Master. Sorry, Master."

The Collector stood then and walked over retrieve something upon a metal shelf. Arkin whined in horrific anticipation of what device the Master might return with. Hank felt some pity for him and shared the anxiety as their Master slowly walked back to Arkin.

Leaning over the cowered man, the Collector revealed the lightly spiked collar to Arkin. The spikes were on the inside of the thick leather collar. If the collar is not pushed, pulled or stressed in anyway it will simply be irritating.

Arkin shuddered but he was smart enough to know it could be much worse. Hank watched with a bit of relief as Arkin didn't dare to move while the Collector put the collar on his neck. The reward was a heavy pat to the tousled hair.

Arkin cried with such misery that it made his Master chuckle with amusement. A chain attached to the collar and secured to a floor bolt. Hank was relieved when the Master moved onto the new pets. Both did their very best to stay still and quiet as their Master stitched and bandaged their wounds.

Hank was out of tears but full of numb relief when he finally was freed from the room to clean and put away all the tools of this latest session. And if he was hoping that Master didn't feed him supper tonight.

And he was praying that if his Master did feed him supper that Hank wouldn't vomit it up.

Problem was, the only one for Hank to pray to was the very monster that would feed him.
Hank could count how many times he has messed up in his new pack order.

Twice.

The first time was when Master received a supper that was both late and burned. It was only his third day doing all of Billy's chores plus all of his own. Hank couldn't move as fast and even with all flat rolling board his Master allows him to roll about on to go quicker.

Even with the chains and pulleys he gets to use in the kitchen. Hank still was late and burnt his Master's meal. He received a brutal beating with his Master's most painful strap. Hank sobbed and screamed then groveled for forgiveness.

The second time was worse.

Often Hank would speak to the others for their Master, also to get them to stay calm and complaint for their own good. For the Master and that was allowed.

What wasn't allowed was anything that resembled true conversation. And to speak to Arkin unless the Master wishes it is off limits completely.

On countless day Hank was so lonely and overwhelmed, he broke the rule.

He whispered to Lee as he fed him bites of bread and fruit, giving him sips of water.

The Master has decided the only way Maureen and Lee would recieve sustenance was by hand, fed to them by Hank or the Collector himself. He is making them entirely dependent upon Master, similar to how Billy was trained, but with way less mercy or favor.

Arkin and Billy were only fed by the Collector and they saw no mercy or favor at all.

So speaking to Lee while feeding him was fine, it was reasonable. If he had been counseling Lee to be grateful or trying to soothe him from becoming too loud. Lee had a tendency to became mildly defiant to Hank and he had been speaking more to him than the others.

But this one time, Hank was just so lonely and he needed relief of some human contact. He didn't dare sneak to see Billy until late at night and never could stay long. He just didn't dare, it was scaring him enough to be so disobedient.

The pressure of trying to be two pack members of different status was too much. There was no leniency, Hank wouldn't dare ask his Master for any mercy. Not unless he wished to hang upon his crucifix again. Or how about he smashes the hands to match the feet?

So these small defiances were Hank's only release. He had to speak to someone like a fucking person, just for a moment. Here it was, Lee was mouthing off and Hank just couldn't take anymore. He dropped the priest dog persona for one single second that would never be repeated.

"Lee, shut the fuck up, huh? Just knock it off. If you don't eat the bread, I have to put a tube up your nose and you know it. So stop the daily bluff and eat the fucking bread. Eat and we can talk for a moment. You got here much later than I did, tell me shit about before. Tell me what music you listened to, who was your favorite actress, anything at all. Not a trick, I swear it. Yeah?"
For one wonderful moment, they had conversation of a sorts. Hank fed Lee the bits of food and they
spoke of things they would never hear or see again. Then a shadow over them and Hank cowered
and begged forgiveness. Lee had no idea a rule had been broken but he cowered and sobbed.

The Collector made sure that Lee did understand by punishing Hank in front of the new dog.

Lee didn't dare look away or be louder than a whimper as he curled up on his rubber mat, the chains
on his ankles and wrists clinking. His latest reward for behaving for his new Master.

Hank found himself facing Lee as he tried not to scream as the needles pierced through his cheeks.

Thin rivulets of blood tickled his ears and neck. The pain wasn't the real punishment, no, the human
skin muzzle was. Sewn over his swollen and busted lips, over cracked teeth that shredded the insides
of his mouth. It was tight. So tight.

Hank fought not to panic, breathing hard through his nose. How long? What if Master fed him
through a tube every day and never took it off? To never speak again? Or what if he takes out
Hank's tongue next or rips out his vocal chords?

With a fist in his hair, the Collector lifted Hank's face further into the surgical light. It was for Lee's
benefit of course and for one wild second Hank almost laughed out loud. The thought struck him
hard that even as a bad priest dog he is still teaching a lesson for someone.

It worked splendidly of course and Lee gave a fast nod to his new deity and stayed very low. The
Collector reached over and gave a rough pat to Lee's head. Hank slunk after his Master, expecting to
be thrown into a cage or chains like the others.

Instead, the boots turned around and one kicked at Hank. Then his Master leaned down and spoke in
clear but quiet voice. It was displeased, it was merciless but it wasn't the same tone as when he spoke
of the others.

"Since you want to hear words so much, here are some. Get back to your chores and if dinner is
even slightly delayed or off this time, you will be flayed. The two new pets are losing too much
weight. Fix it, add more food and make sure it is three times a day. I cannot play with already broken
toys. Do not break my toys, Hank. Or I am going to break you even further than I have."

Hank nodded, sobbing and the Collector knelt on one knee and stroked the stitches gently. The voice
became so gentle, reasonable and caring that he leaned towards the touch, even as it hurt so badly.

"You miss Billy. You miss speaking with him. It is not normal for you to take his place and it is so
much for you. I understand that, doggie. Poor Hank, I understand and if Billy behaves it won't be for
very long. He will gain my mercy eventually. And someday he will walk around here, bitching and
bullying at you all day. But until then you will have to just have to learn quicker and try harder not to
make these little mistakes. I am going to consider that little rebellion a mistake this one time. You
should be very grateful because the next time it is a defiance, I will remove both your legs up to your
knees."

Hank wore the muzzle for three nightmarish days. The only mercy was instead of tubing up his nose,
his Master made a small slit in the muzzle so he could sip at a nutrition drink. When the muzzle was
removed, Hank cried with thanks.

He felt his cheeks ripped and bloody stretch in agony as his Master shoved his cock into Hank's
mouth for a proper show of gratitude. Hank did not speak to the others except as needed ever again.

Luckily, Lee was cowed enough by the lesson to never dare speak to Hank unless he had to. Even if
he was having a moment of defiance, if he spoke to Hank then it was only to swear at him. Maureen already was nearly as mute as Molly had been and only spoke if she had to.

She had been told the story of Mute Molly. The Collector had shown her grisly pictures of Molly and his work upon her. He forced Hank to kneel there and tell her the sad tale of his former fellow victim. Maureen's obsessed with not becoming that girl, to not lose her tongue.

Hank never heard her say more than two words at a time and never louder than a whisper. He is glad for this now.

In silence, Hank went into the small cell that contained Arkin. The man earned himself solitary confinement that might be a forever stay. Arkin's wounds were healing nicely. Newer ones were not infected and that was all Hank had to see.

Shifting, Arkin looked directly at Hank and started his babbling of the long con. Sighing, Hank shook his head and moved away, gathering his items. Usually Hank would either mentally chide Arkin for his delusions or try and soothe him softly if he were getting over excited.

This time Hank just ignored it, not ready to speak for any reason yet. As he started to leave the room, Hank suddenly tilted his head and froze. Then he spun around and stared at Arkin, eyes bulging. He found himself slithering back over with a renewed energy.

His hands were claws as they grabbed at Arkin's chains and yanked him hard. His voice was a hiss, it was small and it was nearly crazed.

"There is no fucking long con. Right, Arkin? Stop this babbling, stop denying the fucking truth, you stupid asshole! You don't get to have a pipe dream while the rest of us suffer!"

"Long con. Not a pipe dream. Gotta have patience, Hank. It will come. Watch, you watch, you'll owe me at least a beer!"

Hank wanted to kill him, to rip out his eyes, those fucking eyes that had something hiding. Something. Hiding. And he knew, he just knew and released Arkin, staggering back. Arkin started to cackle and Hank fled the room, shaking.

Head swirling, Hank continued his chores but he was deep elsewhere in his memories. And he started watching, out of the corner of his eye. He wanted to tell Billy, but he couldn't. It was a slim chance, it was so fucking tiny but it might be a long con, after all.
Drunken Confessions

Hank was alert and obedient every day. He still visited Billy each night but it was very brief. During the meal times for himself, thing have changed. To his complete shock the Master has begun a new thing, one that Hank shouldn't have, too close, too personal, too like Billy!

But Hank was grateful like a good house-trained dog and entered Master's apartment. He was allowed to eat and cook meals for Master until Billy is released back to his duties.

Hank knelt at his Master's side and humbly ate food from his hand. Lapping at a bowl of cereal and milk in between the bits his Master offered.

In the apartment there was no mask, sometimes no costume and that scared Hank nearly to death. He would keep his eyes downward the whole time, shivering. Between meals, between chores, Hank found that his Master was in a similar position.

The Collector was enjoying his revenge but he was also missing a certain kind of companionship.

To Hank's true honest thanks, that position he now must fill had very little to do with sex. If were that, Master had plenty of victims that would be willing or not to chose from. And right now the Collector was having a grand time of fulfilling every sexual perversion he can among his latest four.

It was truly more the companionship of a true pet then anything else. Hank mainly knelt or curled around his Master's feet while the man read, watched television or used his laptop.

Sometimes it was being followed around that the Master wanted, or showing basic groveling affection. Hank did not find it painful or difficult.

He did find it terrifying for two great reasons. Hank swore to Billy he wouldn't rise truly to his level, ever. Would Billy still talk to him, trust him if Master makes him go this far or worse, if it goes further?

Not to mention, Hank needed to be removed in order to be what his Master turned him into.

The dog priest worships from far below, untouched.

Monitors, art of human remains, counseling new victims, cleaning up messes. Ordered around by a babbling, spiteful brat that at least spoke to him like a person. He liked that, it was safe, it took so long to become that, to learn it. This wasn't fair.

Hank did not feel the same or act the same as Billy. This seemed fine with the Master so far but what if he was asked to change that too? Could he or would he fail and find himself in a cage alongside Billy?

Would Billy eventually be released and never trust Hank again? After he nearly killed him in order to feel Hank was back in his place? Hank's mind swirls and battles but he doesn't miss a beat. Everything is going as it should.

And even further in his mind are the true shining reasons for Hank's most recent feelings of heightened fear. No, no, he pushes those memories away, drowns them and murders them. If they ever shone in his eyes....in Arkin's eyes it looks like madness but in Hank's eyes?

But when the dog priest slept uneasily in his blood stained dog bed, the memories came crashing into...
his dreams. The red light cast a shadow of the crucifix upon Hank as he trembled and whined.

"Arkin? Arkin? Holy fuck, Arkin? How did you get my cell number? Feds wouldn't even tell me where the fuck they sent you or Molly! Yeah, I tried to find her myself and you, got caught and lost service for a month. Bastards treat me like a fucking kid! How are you?"

Hank was hiding in his apartment bedroom on the phone like a teenager even though no one was in his apartment. When Arkin said he was hanging out with his dogs and drinking whiskey, Hank decided to get his own bourbon out.

Half a year it had been then after they had escaped. When the feds thought they would be safe and allowed them each a protected new life. Hank had become a gardener. Not a very good one but enough for a modicum of pride and income.

He received assistance of course and was in way too much therapy plus medical damages to hold a real job. At least not yet but Hank was simply thankful that he was able to be free at all. His anxiety, depression and PTSD fueled nightmares and day-mares were getting less each day.

Hank wondered briefly if getting drunk while speaking long distance to another survivor of the Collector would set him back any. He decided he didn't care. They spoke bitterly of the Feds and the detectives that keep thinking they will catch the famous killer.

And then as the liquor loosened their tongues, they spoke of HIM. Of what they went through of how it is affecting them now. Then Arkin asked the most awful question in the whole world of awful questions.

"Hank, you know he is going to hunt us down and catch us, right?"

And with a deadened tongue and a voice of black certainty replied.

"Yes, I know. I feel it and I keep hoping it's just my own anxiety, the PTSD crap, you know."

"They tried saying that with me too. But you do feel it, it isn't just me. He is coming, we always knew when he was heading for us long before he showed up. I am feeling that, Hank. It's driving me fucking crazy to feel that crawling all over my skin, to keep dropping my stomach in surprised terror. No one gets it but you and Molly. No one understands he is coming for us. They say we aren't bait, but we really are whether they like it or not."

"I know he is coming...I hate the feeling too. I am just enjoying what I have but I do know he is coming. I take the pills and do the therapy, let them fix my body and I don't know why. Why heal when I know he is coming? He will kill me or take me back to hurt me worse. I hope he kills me or I have the guts to kill myself in front of him. Wouldn't that be the best fuck you ever?"

Hank drunkenly laughed along with Arkin over that. Then Arkin's voice became somber even though the words slurried a little.

"I got my dogs from a husband who's wife was taken and killed by the Collector. I took them to a veterinarian that was also the nephew of another victim. Got my dogs micro chipped and thought of how some buildings make their employees put a chip in their arm, like a tracker. Got me thinking. Unlike you, Hank, I can't go down without a fight. Either I kill him or he kills me is how I have been thinking. But...even if he kills me or manages to make me his plaything again, I came up with a long term plan. If it works, it is a real fucking long shot. Wanna hear it?"
Hank did and eagerly said so.

"Well the animal doctor had a few friends that were able to help me out. I have a tracker embedded deep in my back, Hank. Hurt like fucking hell to insert it too. But it lets this animal doctor my location at anytime. Once a month whether my location changes or not, I would send him a small coded message to his personal line. If he doesn't get the code he was to give my location to the FBI and police. If they didn't listen then offer the code to the media. It's a long shot, I know and one hell of a long con. At the very least they might just find my body, but chances are I will be near the Collector, dead or alive, that asshole won't let me go. Tell you what though, if it works and catches that bastard, we will celebrate on our release! I bet you one beer it will work!"

Hank watched the same monitors upon the town that his Master did, but they were looking for different things. They listened to the news together with Hank leaning against the Master's leg but heard different things.

The Collector never watched a full news report, he clicked and they listened and he jumped to another place. Hank paid attention to the snippets.

He watched and when it was time, Hank looked up towards his Master and knew the long con was true. Hank knew that sudden silence about the fascinating mystery of where several FBI agents and two known Collector survivors missing was interesting. Sudden silence on all news of it?

Also a few new homeless folks have wandered into town, a few more drunks and prostitutes. Not a huge deal, this happens all the time, why would the Master care? But Hank did because if they were hidden agents a raid might be imminent.

How long has it been? They have no way to tell time here and Hank knows the hours but not the dates. The clocks he rarely does see all tell the time, no dates. It was maddening to wonder, to hope and to hide it.

Timing has suddenly become an obsession of Hank's. When he is not doing chores and Master is occupied, Hank practices a little track run. Hank is waiting right along with Arkin and sees why it drove the man mad. He wonders at the horror of what the raid will uncover when it comes.

All those agents downstairs crazed and cannibalistic. What will happen to them, what will their families think? Arkin will be truly stark raving mad this time and that might not change. And Billy? Oh god, it would be joy to see the Collector brought to a trial but Billy?

Is he a victim or an accomplice or a killer in his own right? How would the world see Billy or Hank for that matter? No, Hank doesn't think the Collector would be taken alive. He might even have a way to make sure that they all die together.

Hank tried to ignore these questions and concentrate on his timing. On hiding his memories and thoughts from his Master. But as much as Hank had his hope and a small sense of self back, he was positive of one thing.

That he and Arkin will never have that beer together.
Skittering Flesh

Hank moved much faster these days. How many days has it been since everything turned upside down? He had no idea nor did it deter him, his goals had no time limit. Hank had very little free time anymore and very little of it private from his Master's all seeing gaze.

But those rare times did occur and when they did he took great advantage of it. The fears of being caught have not lessened but Hank can't let it stop him. Like Arkin, he has fallen victim to useless hope but if he didn't have a focus, Hank feared gibbering insanity.

The Master was creative and even with his main focus on his broken pack, he worked on continually changing and adding to the lair. That way if any of them tried to run, if anyone entered, they couldn't ever learn it enough to be safe.

Exceptions used to be Billy and Hank. Now only Hank sees the new creations and has lessons from his Master on avoiding traps. Hank likes to visit the areas that are hidden from view and camera. He likes to work out on the bars that line some hallways and bridges the Master has crafted recently.

Hank has learned how to do nearly everything a standing person could do. Now he is learning how to gain the upper body strength to make sure he can do EVERYTHING any standing person could do. It is still scary to think of himself as a person again.

Most days Hank forgets he isn't just a dog-priest, a toy, Master's mouthpiece and servant. Then it becomes quiet and dark when Master is asleep and that is when he remembers. He goes to the bars and gain muscle.

(And the visits to Billy but Hank makes sure to never think of those visits so it never worries him.)

Tonight he plans on adding his legs to the exercise.

It was not tonight yet and Hank had a full day of helping his Master, plus his other duties.

Lee and Maureen no longer needed chains to crawl obediently to wherever Master wishes them to go. Unlike Arkin and Billy who seem to almost relish their small defiance, these two have no challenge to them. They are utterly broken to fearful obedience.

Hank merely holds their leashes in his mouth as they crawl along.

Like Hank, they have earned the right not to be naked at all times. Also like Hank, the Master was beginning to carve out their new forced personalities and positions.

They both crawled to either side and slightly behind Hank, no talking, no pulling.

Maureen now wore what was once a brightly colored lemon hued princess dress. It was stained by so many bodily fluids that it's color was nameless now.

The dress was shredded nearly to her thighs so that she could crawl in the atrocity. Ragged tendrils of crinoline stiff with blood and semen would trail behind her and sometimes catch upon something and mercifully snap off the dress.

She was the Collector's delicate little princess, hence she was his little lap dog. Hank took great care
in using verbal counseling while Master used physical actions to make Maureen understand.

A quick learner, the girl learned to be a little toy puppy that never, not FUCKING EVER dared to yap like one. Maureen learned to make every movement as graceful and timidly eager as she could. No matter her injuries, no matter her state of mind.

Maureen had a pretty lavender collar as a reward for making it to the Collection. The rhinestones upon it would sparkle cheerily in the surgery lights. Even the ones that get bloody, they still produce a crimson glow.

Lee also had a new costume and personality that he no longer could have the energy or will to hate. He wore a bright crimson leather collar, matching stained boxers and the worst humiliation of all, the accessories.

His hair was longer now and pulled up into a greasy topknot on his head. It was held by a large floppy velvet bow. Lee's collar also had a pretty velvet bow in the back. The boxers had small printed bows all over it.

He was Master's little gift puppy, given to him by Arkin, of course. Lee was taught to be a humble rescue mutt. Sometimes hesitant or speaking in small panicked bursts, a slow learner but a dedicated one.

That is how Master likes the two to act and Hank made sure they knew it. Because Hank has learned that all fuck ups are now his fault. If the others do not please, it will be Hank that must pay or create the same pleasure Master was seeking.

Hank is still NOTHING like Billy, no. He reassures both pets and himself that he is not. But things have to be done RIGHT and the Master's will came before ANYTHING. He had no choice in his treatment of them, really.

No joy or pleasure came to Hank when he forced a feeding tube up Lee's nose to train him out of spitting food. Billy would have jacked off to Lee's pain and struggles. No, Hank tried to speak softly to his tormented captive and wept in sympathy.

But it did not deter him from doing as he must. They had to learn, they had to be PERFECT so Hank could be PERFECT.

So in spite of Maureen's sobbing and pleading hands fluttering about him, Hank nailed her feet to the floor. She had been moving too slow, caught by the dress one day. It made Master impatient and he beat both her and Hank for it.

What choice did Hank have but to teach her in a drastic way? He did not feel any lust or sadistic happiness in the action. No, in fact he cooed to her the whole time to try and calm her agony. Hank wept along with her and only made her stay that way for one hour.

But the lessons were learned. And now Hank leads the two new well behaved pack members to their Master's latest playroom.

The Collector gave both his fed, washed and dressed little pets a favorable nod and pat upon their heads. They moved instantly to obey the pointed gloved hand. Hank knew both of them would go where they were wanted and stay still for any restraints.

Hank still kept a close and sharp eye upon them as he readied the different things his Master had
shown him after their breakfast that morning. He watched to make sure the pets understood each wordless request and complied without issue, ignoring what the colored jars contained.

Without hesitation or sound both removed their rags and waited on their stomachs for whatever game the Master wishes to play.

Lee allowed himself to be moved like a lifeless doll until the Master was satisfied with his placement. The Collector crooked his finger at the trembling Maureen and waited. The girl gave tiny cute little distress cries under her closed lips as she inched quickly towards her Master.

Amused, he chuckled and lifted the cringing girl who clutched weakly at his chest as if to cling to him for safety. The Master allowed her a moment to press into him.

Hank internally gave a sigh of relief that the suggestion he gave to Maureen worked. The Master was amused by his abused creatures clinging to their very abuser. Lee couldn't do that yet, but Maureen seemed to have embraced it.

Still giving a small laugh, the Collector put the girl into a steel tub, just like the one that Lee was in. Both laid flat at the bottom of the tubs and their arms were stretched over their heads, chained behind them.

Hank crawled over to kneel between the tubs and held out a tray that had three glass jars upon them. Master took the jars and began his work. Maureen managed to not scream or beg at all when her Master began to pour leeches into the tub.

These were homegrown, thick, repulsive things fed upon the continual rotting feast of this place. Some were almost as large as Maureen's hand. It was harder for her when the Master placed some of the leeches upon her flesh.

With great care and attention, the Collector made sure his little leeches fed well. He made sure to attach a fat, bulbous one to each of her nipples. Pushing her thin legs open painfully wide, the girl felt leather fingers pulling on her labia, exposing pink flesh rich with nerves.

Maureen did let out a high pitched wail when her Master coaxed a leech to attach and suck upon her clitoris. The Master chuckled and gave the sweaty hair a smoothing before adding more leeches.

After the Master felt she was sufficiently covered and feeding his beloved tinier pets, he took the other two jars to Lee's tub.

Lee stayed still and silent while his Master poured a jar of honey in thin streams over his victim's body. Whining and sobbing came when Master let the red ants into Lee's tub.

Lee started screaming and begging for mercy only after a few minutes. It was amusing enough that Master not only smoothed Lee's hair but kissed his forehead.

When Maureen was pale and limp, when Lee was covered in red bites and shivering with fever, Master fucked them both. While Hank carefully put the well fed insects away and cleaned the tubs, he could hear the savage grunting of it.

None of it bothered Hank anymore really and he wasn't interested in asking himself if he was like Billy anymore.

Hank had his goals, he had his focus and nothing will stand in his way this time. It was almost night.
surely. When it was dark and quiet, Hank is going to the bars to practice. Then to see Billy.
Nothing Human Left

The Collector never noticed the homeless changing faces. He never saw the town slowly change faces, the cashier at the grocery store, the person that delivered the groceries now that Billy was caged.

A slightly different faced man would bring the groceries to the front of the trailer home then leave. They were paid in a check mailed from the bank. The Collector never noticed when the retired blind man disappeared. Or when the postman changed, when the real estate agent changed.

When half the apartments vacated. The Collector never noticed. He was too busy reveling in his victories, he was all powerful now and must enjoy it fully. He was too busy training his new pets and punishing the old ones.

Hank noticed though. He noticed plenty and said nothing. But he is busy too, probably busier than his Master actually. He was still doing everything from cleaning, cooking, assisting in torture and caring for the collection in general.

That was the excuse he will have if the Collector suddenly notices the changes and asks why Hank didn't see or say something. That is what he will say and Hank prays this never happens. Keep busy, hope Master keeps just as busy and never sees, don't let him see it.

Hank visits Billy when he can and brings gifts every time. He brings water, pills, stolen chocolates, even extra bandages, whatever he can. Billy whines, sobs and complains and Hanks soothes him. He dares not ever open the cage nor leave anything behind that he brought with him.

Both of them are very careful about the visits. The punishment would land on both of them if caught.

"I miss you. Miss the way things were. But Master doesn't seem really mad at you these days. Just be patient, Billy. He is starting to hurt you less and less now. And he doesn't even bother to use the girl for your punishments anymore."

Hank knows he has very little time left and needs to speak to Billy soon. About the real reason he has been visiting and bringing those gifts to him. But it's too hard, too scary. Just like when Arkin pulled that first fucking con and looked how that turned out.

How Billy reacted. How the Collector reacted. And Hank wonders if he dares to speak or trust the long con at all.

Arkin was having some trouble himself. He couldn't help but see Hank's face, the change in him. It was slight, so slight and if the Collector noticed it he must have brushed it off. Perhaps figured it was a reaction due to learning his new chores better.

But he knew Hank, he remembered his face during that first con. He know Hank believes him and now he knows that the long con is truly going to pay off soon. How soon he doesn't know but he has a feeling it is very soon.

He doesn't dare to ask or speak of it in any way to Hank. It was too close now for daring a single fucking thing. If the Collector suddenly notices, he will have time to escape. Might get caught while killing or transporting them all but maybe not.
If the FBI did indeed follow the tracker and are here, getting ready, they will take their time. They will be careful because they cannot afford another chance to miss him. The media and public would eat them alive. This would cost jobs.

But the Collector would easily take their lives and so they must take their time, be careful. Arkin imagines they are evacuating and putting their own in. Slowly and smoothly as to not alarm him. Arkin just knows Hank watches this and must be going insane on the inside.

Arkin wants so badly to gloat. He wants so badly to watch them riddle his Master with bullets. He wants to stand over him and piss on him as he dies. Arkin longs to see his eyes go blank for real.

Chances are he won't see a thing simply because Arkin never leaves this fucking room. He will hear it though and that will be sweet. Because there was no way the Collector would be taken alive. He is damned sure of that. But at least Arkin can hear the motherfucker die!

His Master has not forgiven him yet, not that Arkin gives a fuck. The Collector seems to be warming back up to Billy at little. The arrogant bitch still lived in his cage but only at night now. During the day, the puppy act is back to full restoration. Billy whimpers and crawls nicely on the leash attached to his prong collar.

Billy still endures as much torture and rape as any other but he no longer has extra sessions with Arkin. Now he only hears Billy's screams and pleas from a distance.

The one thing Arkin was truly grateful to his Master for, was having a prison that wasn't soundproof. He needed to at least hear other people out there or Arkin was going to go blindly gibbering nuts.

Time was eternity in this place and every time someone comes in it is exciting and disorienting all at once. For some time now, Arkin's only visitors were the Collector and Hank. He saw Hank for meals, injuries and when the Collector wants assistance.

He and Hank will speak but only of whatever the Master feels they should speak of. And Hank never stayed longer than he had to. The Master never spoke to Arkin anymore except for hushing him. It drove Arkin crazy and he would babble or rage at him just to hear words until the Collector would punish him for it.

At least Arkin has earned himself a small amount of mercies. He might still have outbursts, but Arkin obeys every command and dares not to ever give direct disrespect. This small metal room was maddening with all it's gray paint but at least he isn't strapped down.

His collar is attached to a thick chain bolted into the floor. It allows Arkin to have room to sit, crawl a bit and lay down. There is no way to stand up. Arkin wouldn't have dared to anyway. His Master is very quick to see any misbehavior of his and is brutal in his punishments for even minor things.

Arkin has earned an old rubber mat and a blanket. He receives meals that do not contain human meat, bugs, feces or broken glass anymore. Instead he gets small amounts of fruit and bread. Sometimes gruel. Just enough to keep him weak but able to still move around.

The biggest part of all was his Master stopped taking full pieces of him.

He is on a new thing now and Arkin hates it, hates it! But it doesn't cost him body parts at least.

His Master's new thing was to drag Arkin's legs wide open as they both sat on the floor. The Collector would yank those legs wide and then would pull his pet up onto his lap. Just enough to pull
the bottom of the light captive's ruined crotch up to his mask and red thick tongue.

Arkin would lay there helpless and weak as his Master would chuckle at the squirming and distress. Then his Master would simply throw Arkin's scrawny legs over his own wide shoulders and fully lap hard at the scars.

This made his captive scream, the scars were still so tender and worse was the humiliation, the degradation of it. He knew better than to look anywhere then at his own torment. He would cry as he watched the tongue go between harsh licks and flickering light ones.

Arkin hated to see his Master's eyes look so content, so fucking smug during this! And yet, he was sobbing like a baby, begging his Master for mercy, not daring to do more than squirm in agony.

Fingers would penetrate him then while his Master licked the now swollen and irritated scars. Arkin would resist banging his head into the floor as the Collector slowly forced all five fingers. He keened as the slick gloved fist began to thrust its way inside of him.

As the fist began to pump in and out of him, the tongue wasn't just licking swollen scars but blood as well. Not only from too tender skin licked raw but from the teeth that now couldn't help but to bite upon the worst of thick gnarled scars.

The scars have become more grotesque than they should normally be from such a procedure. However, the stitches were broken over and over, skin chewed, bitten and licked raw so many times. It was such a sensitive and gnarled mess down there that Arkin was the most terrified of any play that involved it.

Therefore it was now the Collector's very favorite place to play his sick games. Breathing heavily, his own hard cock thrusting from the opening in his pants, the Master sucked harshly upon the whole mound as his teeth sunk into sweet bloody meat.

Arkin howled and bucked senselessly, unable to stay still. The Collector responded by pulling his fist out of his pet and shoving the hysterical thing hard onto his cock. He grabbed Arkin's bony hips and slammed the bitch up and down as if he were a sock to fuck into.

With distant disgust, Arkin stared at the bloody lips and teeth that snarled into his face as he bounced in his Master's lap like a doll.

One day this just wasn't enough.

As if he suddenly couldn't stand the sight of his bad doggie any longer, the Collector sent the fist that was up Arkin's ass, into his face.

This knocked Arkin's upper half backwards in an arc and his Master seemed to like it better this way. It was causing a dreadful backache along with the pounding in Arkin's face. A few harsh thrusts seemed to make the man happy then he stopped again. Another blow, this time to Arkin's stomach.

A quick shove and Arkin was laying crumpled on the floor not daring to move. What did he do wrong? He didn't know and lay there, feeling blood trickling from his groin, ass and face.

The Master moved to press buttons on the cell and somewhere Hank reads the text and reacts. Was it more torture instead of rape? Would he lose another piece? Oh god, what if the Collector decides Arkin needs to lose his cock too?
He whimpered and curled up tighter, waiting.

Hank came in but he brought no further devices to his Master's hand. Instead he knelt before his Master as if awaiting instructions. To Arkin's relief, the Collector did not call the dog priest in to help in removing pieces or torture.

Instead, Hank was there for another reason. It wasn't apparent what that was at first when the Master decided to start his whole rape from its original beginning.

Arkin's scars couldn't take anymore licking, the skin shredded open under the thick tongue no matter how gentle it might have swirled. He screamed and begged while Hank cooed at him.

He felt almost relieved when the Collector began to fist him. Of course he was already opened so it wasn't as bad to thrust in. The Master made up for it by biting not just the fleshy, bloody mess but surprise bites upon Arkin's penis.

Nothing hard enough to damage or lose anything. Just black and blue teeth marks for Arkin to stare at and shiver about late at night. The Collector did not spend as much time licking, biting and fist fucking.

This time before he began to pull Arkin in close to impale him, he pulled his fist out and moved Arkin over. The Collector laid flat and made a gesture to Arkin. Whining, Arkin unwillingly climbed over his captor's body and let the man position his gaping bottom over his cock.

Hank came up behind Arkin and wrapped his arms around the skinny waist.

"Ride him hard. Fuck him and bottom out as hard as you can take it. Make it hurt bad enough to scream if you can."

Arkin grimaced at the sound of Hank's whisper but he obeyed, staring down at the cold eyes in that mask. With Hank's strong arms nearly forcing it for him, Arkin rode his Master deeply. He was pulled and pushed between his Master's hands on his hips and Hank's on his chest now.

Forced up to the very tip and then slammed down until Arkin nearly had his Master's balls in him. He was bottomed out and Hank pressed on his shoulders to try and push him down even further.

The Collector laughed when Arkin gave a high pitched scream and could only beg the word please over and over. A quick signal to Hank and the man released Arkin's shoulders. Gloves pulled on Arkin's back and head until the man was pressed against the black prickly cloth of the Collector's shirt.

Arkin took the small break gratefully even if his ass and lower stomach wasn't in cramped and burning torment. Hank's repulsive touch came back, this time on hips that were still arched up, his ass held up by his Master's movements only.

Moaning, Arkin felt his Master grab each of his small buttocks and pull them even further apart. He understood too late why he was laying in such a strange way upon his Master. With his Master already stuffed into his stretched ass, all the way to his balls and he wants Hank to put his cock in too?

Arkin couldn't object, he couldn't escape it, all he could do was sob and beg uselessly. He felt Hank's cock slowly nudge it's way in. His Master grabbed onto Hank's ass and helped thrust him in deeper.

Soon Arkin was nearly delirious in pain and humiliation, only able to produce "uh, uh, pl..pl...plea..uh...uh...UH AHHH! Uh...uh...pl..." sounds.
The Master got Hank in deeper and deeper with a series of quick pumps. Then he pulled Hank over Arkin like a blanket and grabbed the dog-priest's ass hard. He started out thrusting Hank in and out while he stayed perfectly still.

After a few strokes, Hank was groaning in sheer horrified lust and Arkin's conditioned body was already submitting to the new size. The Collector looked up at his little horny but hating it pet and whispered a command.

"Bottom out. Make my little cunt scream."

Hank was ever obedient and to his own disgust, he reveled in mindlessly, savagely sinking himself, battering himself until his balls were caressing his Master's. Arkin was screaming and gibbering into his Master's chest and Hank groaned again.

Gloved hands touched, squeezed at the four testicles all packed together and prodded, felt around the truly stuffed, torn and bleeding opening. This seemed to be all the Collector truly needed. And he grabbed Hank's hips to guide him as they began to fuck Arkin together.

They moved slow and smooth at first. All the way down to the head of their cocks, then as far in as they can plunge. The Collector changed their positions to both him and Hank kneeling facing each other. While they moved positions, Arkin was left to just hang impaled upon their cocks, as if not noticed at all but as a warm hole.

Arkin was smashed up against his Master's chest, his head hanging on the bulky shoulder. He let his body be moved as his Master and Hank wanted it. His arms just dangled as he had nowhere to put them. With Arkin between them, Hank was the one staring up into his Master's face as he fucked into the warm overstuffed hole.

What a terrible thing to do and how deeply they are in him, oh the pain and suffering! But Hank is so fucking hard and his Master rarely shares his toys anymore. In fact, Hank usually prefers not to be raped. But this was him doing the raping on his Master's command.

He would be in trouble for NOT enjoying it. And Arkin's weeping and cries were so sweet and he was slippery now, hot and slick with precum and blood. It was so dirty and something way out of Hank's comfort zone. And his Master whispered such things, Hank was lost to it.

"Fuck this cunt hard."

"Good boy, that is it. Just like Master does."

"Destroy my little cunt like a good boy."

"Hear him scream for you? He is screaming on your cock, suffering for you, sweet doggie" 

Hank was savage, grunting, growling, leaving ropes of drool on Arkin's back and head, his own hips aching from the strength of his thrusts. Then his Master started to lift up Arkin and drop him hard. This made the man's knees make a clonking sound as he came down and as he bottomed hard onto both cocks, his head flew back.

Mouth open, no sound but a tortured caw that caused Arkin's throat to extend like a swan, made Hank softly moan. It was so delicate and lovely even as Arkin's whole body twitched in brilliant pain. The man seemed to struggle for breath and that made him twitch his body harder.

The Master moaned now and surged upwards hard, over and over.
"Ride the twitches, fuck him while he can't breathe."

Hank found his Master was right, that fucking Arkin while he twitched and cawed made it even better. The Collector gave Arkin a small reprieve after he seemed to lose his breath completely. He rubbed Arkin's chest as the limp pet lay his back on Hank's chest.

The two cocks throbbed hard inside him but Arkin was kept still until his breathing leveled out. As soon as Arkin seemed somewhat recovered, the Collector began to slowly have them thrust again. Arkin whimpered but leaned his head on his Master's shoulder passively, praying for it to all end.

It wasn't to be since the two had a moment to calm themselves enough. The Collector dug his fingers into the ruined crotch to make Arkin scream and squirm around on their cocks. Then Arkin felt his Master's taser upon his chest.

He thrashed and yowled as the two men reeled in pleasure, riding out every movement like the wildest ride ever.

"Why don't you be in control of the taser? Make this cunt twitch until we orgasm."

Arkin would barely finish a seizure before he had another. Hank used the taser four times as he and his Master brutally fucked hard up into the thrashing creature. The whole time Hank was making this poor victim flail and twitch, the whole time he tried to fuck Arkin hard enough to make him scream, his Master whispered.

"That's it, good boy. Shock him again. Feel that, how good it feels when this cunt bleeds for you?"

"Fuck him hard, doggie! It is all naughty cunts are good for."

"It's a reward for my very good, loyal boy! A nice cunt to destroy, to rape and wreck."

"Taser him one last time."

"Good boy, yes, scream with how good it is!"

Hank did scream, almost as loudly as Arkin himself. With the Collector's hard, savage push, they again bottomed out into Arkin's body. That is when Hank touched the taser to Arkin for the last time. He was stuffed, impaled and his own twitching and seizing forced himself impossibly deep onto the cocks.

Arkin made cawing sounds and his eyes rolled back into his head.

"Fill my cunt, doggie, until it can't take anymore."

Hank grabbed hard onto Arkin's twerking shoulders and tried to push the man down as he strained upwards as much as he could. Arkin wailed as the dog priest screamed and felt an orgasm rip through him. He could feel his Master's cock throb in anticipation as he began to ebb down.

Arkin's screams only increased as his Master sought his own final pleasures. Keeping Hank firmly anchored wasn't hard to do. So much edging and the tightness of the cunt's inner canals was enough to keep Hank's cock still half erect and in place.

Now Arkin finally heard his Master speaking to him and it was worse than the silent treatment.

"Mine. My stupid bloody fucking cunt. My fucktoy."

His Master gave another savage shove as if his whole body would climb in and then he filled Arkin with his seed.

It took countless stitches afterwards and as Hank was putting away the needles, the Master noticed him twisting. He asked Hank if he needed to urinate and the man nodded.

Smirking, the Master pointed towards the freshly stitched ass hanging open, the legs still in stirrups. Without much choice, Hank put the tip of his cock into the inflamed, swollen hole and released a stream of hot piss.

Arkin cried out in disgust and then in pain when the acidic liquid coated the newly stitched cuts all the way in. When Hank was done and left, the Collector stood there and released his own cock. He put his in a little further and took longer to fill his bad cunt up with burning piss.

To Arkin's total revulsion, the Collector strapped Arkin's ankles to the hanging stirrups and then left him that way. To allow the piss and other things to slosh inside of him, to allow the overflow to slowly drip down the crack of his ass, into his back and onto the floor.

He sobbed for hours that way, muttering softly every now and then about a long con. Four more times his Master came in that day, each time to release another stream of urine into his pet. Yet he did not allow Arkin to be emptied.

Instead he kept pressing his boot lightly on Arkin's swollen stomach and ruined groin, laughing when the pathetic cunt would scream.
As he had prayed and hoped for, Arkin heard it. He heard the explosions, the yelled orders then the gunfire.

"KILL HIM! KILL THE FUCKING MONSTER, KILL HIM! TAKE HIM DOWN! YOU CAN'T TAKE HIM ALIVE, KILL HIM! KILL HIM! FUCKING KILL HIM! LONG CON, MOTHERFUCKER! THEY WILL KILL YOU! I KNEW THEY WOULD SHOW! I KNEW AND I TRACKED AND YOU DIE! YOU DIE! DIE! FUCKING DIE, LONG CON ASSHOLE!"

Arkin screamed until he had no voice left. He heard such commotion from behind his steel door. He was wild, thrashing his chain about as if to break it, trying to lunge for the door. Gnashing teeth, drooling and screeching like a madman.

When the door opened and it was an FBI agent, Arkin lunged forward making hoarse sounds.

"Kill. Him! Kill?"

"Yeah, man, he's dead. Way dead. We pumped him full of bullets. It's okay, he is dead, calm down now and let's get you out of this chain."

But Arkin was too busy cawing in victory, pumping his arms and kicking his legs like a five year old who got a new bike. He was actually bouncing as they tried to unchain him. Even after Arkin was free of the restraint and being put on a stretcher, he was jubilant.

Giggling and laughing, even through the pain of bright sunlight and fresh air. When Arkin's stretcher paused while paramedics spoke, he saw the body bag. Arkin struggled to leave the stretcher, he had to see the man dead.

He had to know it was really really truly over.

A kind agent allowed it and they unzipped it to show the Collector's face. His mask had been removed. The shot into his left eye was what had killed him. However the man would have bled to death in moments anyway from the spray of bullets that had hit him.

Arkin laughed and spit on the man's face. He let them put him back on the stretcher and watched as two more stretchers rolled out.

Maureen and Lee were not laughing. Lee was weeping and Maureen just kept looking around, waiting for the wrath of her Master.

The FBI agent thought it best to allow them to also see the dead body. This caused Maureen to start screaming and swearing, it caused Lee to simply cry harder. Arkin wondered how Billy and Hank will react to the Collector's death.

He asked if he could wait until they were brought out. But the agents informed him that the only others they found alive were the ferals. All of them had to be put down, quickly and humanely.

Arkin knew he had not seen Hank that morning which was unusual..but would his Master have thrown his only two real pets into the feral pit? It didn't make any sense. They told Hank that none of the dead ferals matched the descriptions of Hank or Billy.
"You need to find them. You don't understand how they were trained, what they could do! Billy is the most dangerous, you don't understand how dangerous! You need to find them or you'll have another serial killer on your hands!"

There were no signs of the two fugitives.

The FBI was too busy receiving loving media and government attention for breaking such a large case. So even though it was widely known and reported that Billy and Hank were still out there at large, no one really looked for them.

After all, most figured after all the two had been through the men must have bonded and lived quietly hidden somewhere. They have suffered so much, just leave them be.

Only Arkin worried and waited for the bodies to begin.

And Arkin tried to warn, but no one was listening. The same as before.
The tired young woman leaned against the soda machine and idly asked the cashier,

"Who's the bloke without the feet?"

"Luv, where the fuck you've been? Oh, that's right, went on that bender."

"Brenda, I ain't so tired, don't need the job enough not to kick your ass, if you'd be needing it."

"Where's your sense of humor? Eh, remember the General up the hill in the tall, thin house? His nephew came straight from the military hospital with his partner to see him. Guess he got his feet blown off and those two fingers as well as half an ear. Loved his uncle enough to follow in his footsteps, I guess. But General, he up and died two days later. Poor nephew just crumbled to pieces, least that is what the constable and the reverend said. Lawyer came and told my father at the bank that General had left the house and all his monies, businesses and stocks to his nephew, Hal Parish."

Arching a brow, Brenda lazily watched as the veteran picked his purchases from shelves in his motorized wheelchair. Long brown hair and a thick but neatly manicured beard hid most of his features.

Eyes were intense though and gave Brenda a shiver when he looked her way. She felt measured and weighed somehow. As if she were just livestock and he a customer debating on buying a cow.

Shaking off her own stupidity, Brenda finished her break and went back to stocking shelves. Four aspirin and three secret beers later, Brenda was feeling better. Flirting with the butcher helped bring her mood up as well. With plans made to meet at a local pub after his shift ends, she got ready to leave for the night.

Brenda left after saying a better humored goodbye to the cashier and promised her not to go on another bender. She was halfway to her car when she heard the pitiful moaning. Hurrying around a corner of the store towards the alley, Brenda saw Hal. The same one who came through the store earlier.

He was laying on the pavement, groaning. Holding his arm at an awkward angle that suggested to Brenda he might have dislocated it, Hal's wheelchair half on top of him.

"Oh, thank you! Thank you! Please...I have been calling for so long! Help me please! Just get me into my chair, no! Don't call for services, I like to be on my own. Thank you, just yes, help me into my chair! Please? I have money, I will reward you, please!"

Brenda did not call emergency services. A reward sounded pretty good and if the man wanted to handle his injuries on his own, it wasn't her problem. Eagerly, Brenda started to move the wheelchair off the man.

She never saw the other man sneak up.
Arkin stared at the wall, sitting perfectly still.

He has heard that Maureen has moved back home with her parents. Turns out she had been a runaway that pretended to be older than she really was. The real Maureen was only fifteen and had two very strict parents that wouldn't allow her to date a certain older boy.

They own a farm and Maureen has all the therapy and support she needs. It's been only two years but she is already hoping to finish high school, start college and a career.

As if the Collector never made her into his own freakish creature. As if losing all those parts of her, inside and out have been simply fixed by the doctors.

Arkin is happy for her, but he cannot understand how she can move onward.

Arkin stared at the wall.

Lee had spent most of the first year in the hospitals, being fixed mentally and physically. Once released, Lee fell straight into a year of drugs and drinking. Arkin has heard that Lee checked himself into a rehab and has just made sixty days of sobriety.

Arkin is happy for him, but how long can Lee last before nightmares take him over again?

Maybe both of them will truly be alright. Maybe they can forget, forgive, whatever it is that they can call closure. Maybe they can find love, careers and fulfillment in life still.

Arkin cannot do that. He can't rest.

He had his surgeries, his therapies and acted the way he remembers them liking him to act. Like he was understanding his trauma. Take the medications, cry and speak with their dumb language. Do the therapies, learn how to move about on his own.

His ex wife came to see him with their daughter. Both were older, both had nothing in common with him. He made it easy for them by being cold and standoffish. They left and Arkin moved quickly before they could change their minds and tried to see him again.

Arkin stared at the wall and was so thankful that services had finally let him alone. As of last month he finished the last of all his therapies. Doctors have nothing more to fix on the outside and they cannot see his hidden insides.

Stared at the wall. The only part of the room with light. He stared at the dingy wallpaper of a dingy hotel where he has been staying.

The wall was covered in papers. News clippings of deaths that sounded suspicious to Arkin. Maps, collected data and his own scribbled notes.

He was starting at a very specific set of pictures. He found them online, blew them up and printed them out. Two victims found a month apart. In England of all places. In some small forgotten village was a river that very few visit.

Arkin stared at the female, the dead girl looked so much like Maureen it gave him chills. He looked at the other picture and saw what he would look like as a corpse. If he had anyone to bet, Arkin would bet that somewhere out there, a corpse that looked like Lee was around.

Arkin stared at the wall, behind him his few belongings were already packed. Even his medications, his new passport and all special equipment he would need. Like a folding cane, a gun and a list of
contacts.

He stared at the wall and then spoke so softly as if hushing someone.

"Gotcha."

Chapter End Notes

http://archiveofourown.org/works/12898755/chapters/29467248
This is the sequel to this tale if you wish to find out what happened to the survivors.

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