

Chapter 2

Bluu



MR MARCUS 5

The Machine

IVANOVICH

MR MARCUS 5

<< Chapter 2 >>

The Escape Begins

“Caputo's assistants use the abbreviation codename Mr (master) plus one letter of the alphabet to maintain secrecy from prisoners.

GasMasks are an elite that provide service to capture fugitive slaves or random targets indicated by dominators. To carry out captures, they use gas equipment, electronic traps and extreme containment.

Because they wear gas masks comes their name Gas Mask in English”

- How did this happen? - Caputo asked the two assistants, coming across the stretcher where Sandro was lying empty.

Both were silent, not knowing what to say.

- We will! Move! He's still here. He has no way to escape. - Said Caputo. - I want that kid inside the machine in thirty minutes

- Yea. Sir! - they replied.

Both before leaving still heard from Caputo.

- Mr K and Mr L. - he called them - This slave is under your responsibility. This has never happened before, but if he manages to leave the clinic, both of you will be sentenced by me.

Both assistants, big men in rubber suits, were intimidated by their boss's words and left without saying anything.

- Where is he? - Caputo asked another assistant who was holding a tracker.

- Is weird. The signal amplitude is within a radius of 100 meters

- Let me see this. - Caputo replied when he saw the device and then concluded.

- The motherfucker did something to interfere with the leash signal.

Minutes later Caputo gave orders for no one to enter or leave the clinic.

All prisoners were put back to their prison cubicle and went to the monitoring room to draw more conclusions.

In sequence Mr K and Mr L came to Caputo to inform.

- He entered the storeroom. He moved the cameras and there was no way out of there except through the hallway door.

- He didn't go back down the hall..

- Said Caputo.

- So.... He's in the ventilation duct.

Was the one in the storeroom loose? asked Caputo

- No sir. Yesterday was the maintenance of the sector's air system. We recommend not fixing the grid.

- Trigger the drone gimps outside. Show me the entire ventilation circuit in the building.

Mr K. take the mini surveillance robot and release it in the role-play.

- Yes sir.

Caputo crossed his arms looking at the monitors along with three assistants to see where Sandro could have been hiding.

- How far does the ventilation system go? - He asked.

- Covers the entire building. boss. but the outside area is under surveillance, the prison areas he will avoid appearing. It is very likely that he will go to the terrace.

- Hmm.... Activate the Gas Mask.

- Yes sir.

- In trouble Mr Caputo. - echoed a stern voice in the monitoring room.

Caputo turned and faced a familiar figure.

One customer only. And not friend.

. Compared to Caputo, he came up to his shoulder height.

He was bald, perfect for his sharp face, well defined by the prominent goatee, white skin, closed green eyes, his appearance was severe with a content of dislike. His posture perfectly matched the alignment of his suit and skinny dress pants ending with his polished shoes.

Behind the guy came two more young men with him.

Both wearing super-tight wine-toned latex jumpsuits, glued to the body, whose polished texture shimmered in the light, highlighting every curve and huge volume between the legs.

Wearing high-top leather boots, a belt that held the crotch and held leather bags attached to the thighs.

A harness encircled his breastplate and his polished hoop collars encircled his neck.

Gloves and bracelets completed the accessory accessories of their costumes.

Unlike their master, the boys expressed sympathy.

It was evident that they were the slaves of the newcomer.

Caputo soon tried to greet him.

- Mr Gregory.

- Mr Caputo. Sorry for intruding with my boys. But I received instructions not to leave the building and not be able to take my slaves who finished their treatment.

I understand you're in trouble. I'm also a master, I have a submissive harem and club in London, and I know how awful it is when rebellious slaves cause trouble.

Caputo narrowed his eyes suspiciously.

In a way that irritated him.

- Well... Gregory. I had to thank you for your show of solidarity and understanding, but I don't. Your boys will soon be released, once this misfortune is resolved.

Gregory looked through the monitors and saw security running from place to place in the hallways.

“I always imagined your prison wings to be escape proof.
commented Gregory.

Caputo twitched in rage and glared at him.

- Gregory. They are as safe as my methods. You know it.

Gregory soon tried to answer:

- The question is not that Mr Caputo. What slave who agrees to sign SDOM contracts with his full conscience and consent would fight his way out of prison? I might even regret it but I wouldn't cause this whole mess.

- What are you implying? Gregory.

- I? Anything. It is the facts presented here. Are you treating someone without consent?

- All slaves here have owners.

- The will of the owners is not the will of the submissives without having signed the consent agreement. The Law of Consent exists not to cause problems for the Order.

Caputo soon shuddered with indignation.

Of course Gregory could be a hypocrite, who has already recruited several slaves without his full consent. But here it was a matter of dispute between the masters, favors and politics.

Knowing that a slave tried to escape or in the worst case managed to escape from one of SDOM's safest clinics would be a big problem for the rubber master.

- What's your price Mr Gregory?

Then he faced Caputo.

Gregory just closed his eyes and then replied:

- Then we talk about the negotiations. I think you have too many problems to solve.

- Yea. Have. replied Caputo. - Now you could wait at the reception with your boys.

Mr Gregory raises his eyebrows and shrugs.

And he soon left.

Caputo turns his attention to the monitors and soon has an idea.

Calling one of the helpers comments:

- We don't know where he is. Correct.- Caputo said.

- Yes Master.

- Okay.... it releases an electrical charge in the ventilation ducts. He will scream. Since being naked.

- Good idea master.

The assistant ran to prepare the material in minutes everything is ready to release the electrical discharge.

So they did.

Caputo watched the monitors while his rubberized assistants finished making adjustments.

Caputo gave the signal and they turned on the electrical charge.

Sandro crawled along the ducts looking for an exit until he twitched and thrashed around with a loud noise.

The guards ran following the sound of metal.

Caputo would give the order to discharge the discharge in an alternating way and Sandro struggled with the electric shock until he grumbled.

- Damned.

He saw that the possibility was out of the ducts and found a way out.

It was a room.

He didn't think twice, broke open the hatch and jumped.

The luck that fell on a couch.

It was a waiting room.

He was all dirty from the dust his naked body brought with it.

But the unusual happened.

Sandro came face to face with Mr Gregory and his boys.

Gregory looked at the boy with a wide smile.

- Formidable. -he said.

Sandro was stunned and soon recovered while Mr Gregory's boys prepared an action that was prevented by the master himself.

- We can't interfere. - Gregory said, looking straight into Sandro's green eyes.

As soon as he realized that Gregory and his soldiers weren't going to do anything, he set out to escape.

Gregory just saw Sandro run past him and disappear into the hallways.

Seconds later Gregory began to laugh uncontrollably at the curiosity of his rubber boys who were escorting him.

The guards had already located Sandro.

Hearing footsteps, Sandro left the corridor, taking the opposite path, but before he threw an object that with the noise led the guards to check what it was, giving Sandro time to escape.

He took several corridors and entered several rooms.

And everything was filmed by Caputo's cameras, a fact that intrigued him.

Meanwhile, Sandro entered a room.

It was a laundry.

Then he locked the door with a metal bar that gave him a few minutes to think.

Breathing heavily from adrenaline and nervousness he tried to calm down.

It made him look at himself and noticed that his naked, dusty body was hairless.

He did a full body check and even his ass.

It was perfectly shaved.

- What the fuck! what they did to me. Did they shave me? -he said.

Still with his hand on his ass, he went down even further.

He felt something in his anus. Something stuck.

And with his finger he lightly touched his anus and noticed something curious.

He looked like he had touched something rubbery that wasn't his skin. Something that lined his anus.

Intrigued, he went deeper with his fingers and was suddenly taken by a session of pleasure and relaxation.

It was incredible that touch and for seconds he traveled through the sensations with his eyes rolling and sighing with his mouth.

In the sequence he held film his penis that was locked in chastity,
until he came to his senses, and stopped.

Sandro gritted his teeth in discontent and anguish. An almost
instantaneous shift of emotions that made her dizzy.

- Cum! What did they do to me? - Said.

Already calming down and regaining his panting breath, he turned
his thoughts to the escape.

He noticed that the room had no cameras and that was luck.

He turned around and saw a window.

It had glass and a grate but it was possible to pass through them
without breaking.

Instead there were sheets and clothes.
Scouring further he saw hundreds of prison suits worn on prisoners
and the leotards worn by guards, as well as boots and gas masks.

Sandro saw all that as an opportunity.

The uniforms of the gimp guards were there.

The Continues...



