

Eight days, Alexi thought to himself as he sat on the padded floor and found his mind drifting aimlessly. He tried to refocus his mind to drown out the constant bombardment from the media playing on the surrounding walls, but found himself failing yet again. It'd been easy for the first few days to fight off the repeating programming dancing on the in-wall displays, but over time he found his eyes and minds starting to focus on the images and words intruding on his cell. The physical effects of the drugs given him had mostly worn off, leaving him with a body that was a bit softer than it had been but still distinguishable as his own. His eyes fell on the screen across from him; various young women in various degrading sexual acts flashed rapidly, interspersed with text. Words and phrases like 'you want it', 'you need it', and 'give in' flashed over the images, just opaque enough to notice but not enough to obstruct the images under them.

The young hero twitched as he tried to push out the invasive stimulus, but found the inexplicable needs that had assaulted him in the doctor's office creeping back into his head. The periods of lucidity between cravings seemed to be getting shorter, and the cravings seem to be more powerful. Shaking his head and closing his eyes to break the images' hold, Alexi's ears focused painfully on the whispers in the cell. The words flashing on the screen were echoed by the whispers over the speakers in the walls. His mind's eye flashed back to the night of his capture, the way the drug made him feel, how the... actions made him feel. His memory served him perfect recreations of that night, the smells, sensations, the tastes. He opened his green eyes tiredly and sighed; it'd been getting worse, every day. He ran his fingers through his closely cropped red hair, the lack of the long curls hurt him for some reason. He felt incomplete... imperfect.

The screens and the speakers fell silent, which meant that it was time for his lunch feeding. The door slid open silently before two armed guards entered, followed by one of the anonymous orderlies pushed in the usual food cart. Alexi had tried escaping twice, once when he was being escorted to the bathroom, the other when during the delivery of his dinner meal. Both times being met with tranquilizing darts. He'd wondered what they would do if he'd attempted suicide, but those thoughts were rather quickly subdued by the constant conditioning videos he was bombarded with. The orderly set the usual black cardboard box on the floor, before turning with the cart and exiting, then followed by the guards as the door slid shut. Alexi crawled

across the small, cube of a cell, it was only three meters from one wall to the other, and sat in front of the familiar black box.

The redhead opened the box; inside was the usual bland meal of an apple, oatmeal and a half-liter bottle of water. On top of the bowl's lid was the same little lavender capsule. Alexi stared at it, the voice in his head screaming to place the capsule in his mouth, the craving burning in his stomach. Reaching down, he took the lavender capsule in his shaking hand, and lifted it to his lips. He needed to do this, it would make all of this go away. He placed the small capsule on his tongue, before grabbing the water and washing the pill down his throat. With a long exhale, he slowly ate his lunch, the bland oatmeal and water only broken up by the occasional sweetness of the apple.

As he ate, Alexi felt his body slowly changing. Small tremors here and there, slight cramps in his muscles as they shifted and changed size, his scalp tingling as he felt his cropped hair began to grow and tickle his ears and neck. He sat quietly with the plastic spoon in his hand as he watched it shrink noticeably, the scars on his knuckles fading into nothingness. He licked his lips subconsciously as he watched the ill-fitting green scrubs he wore become baggier and baggier. Placing his spoon back in the box with the empty bottle and bowl, he crawled slowly back to the opposite wall as his head swam slightly.

The door opened only a moment later; he knew they watched him all the time, never leaving his empty food box for longer than a couple minutes. This time, after retrieving the black, food box, the orderly pulled a flat, red box from the lower shelf of the cart he had. Placing the red box on the floor, he turned and opened a panel outside the door, near the door frame, and inserted a small data stick. Suddenly the displays in the walls sprang back to life but this time instead of the conditioning videos, the screens showed a young blonde woman. Alexi stared at her uncertainly for a few moments before realizing what he was seeing: a makeup tutorial. His eyes shifted to the orderly standing in the doorway; like all the other guards and orderlies, he wore black riot gear and gas mask with reflective lenses, offering complete anonymity. This time the orderly didn't leave.

Slowly, Alexi leaned across the cell, sliding close enough to open the

box without taking his eyes off the orderly. The armored man never moved as the box opened, the young hero stealing a quick glance at the box's contents. In it, contrasting the black velvet interior of the much more highly crafted box was a mass of red glossy fabric with a white star, similar to his Guardian costume. Glancing back to the orderly, the young man heard the first words spoken directly to him in more than a week. "Put it on. Doctor's orders."

Alexi slid back to his original position, dragging the box across the off-white padded floor with him. Sweeping his long, red ringlets back out of his face as he scavenged what was inside the box. Reaching in, his fingers slid over the supple red material, it was almost like a slick red skin. Lifting the garment from the box, he immediately noticed the briefness of the garment. It was a small dress, similar to what he'd seen on ice skaters at the Olympics. The whole thing seemed meant to mimic his old Guardian costume: the sleeves were white and ended in gloves, and it appeared to have a hole cut in the center of the chest above the white star. Glancing back at the orderly thanking in the doorway, the young redhead looked back in the box and saw more red latex. Pulling the matched stockings from the box, he noticed a pair of white, patent leather knee high boots, and a small black lacquer box.

Pulling out the boots and setting them aside with the rest of the outfit, Alexi removed the black lacquer box, closed the larger box, and placed the smaller one atop it. The black box was about twenty five by twenty centimeters and about twenty centimeters tall. Upon opening it, he noticed his reflection in the mirror on the inside of the lid and gasped softly. He studied his new face for a few moments; he could recognize himself, but he was definitely different, younger, softer and feminine looking. A nervous glance at the orderly before he looked back to his reflection, his face was coated with a veil of orange-brown freckles, his green eyes seemed a little bigger and stood out against his pale skin. Turning his attention to the contents of the box, he saw neatly organized and expensive looking makeup, brushes and other makeup tools.

Alexi focused on the display in front of him, watching the looping instructional video as the blonde on it deliberately applying the makeup with a practiced hand. The young hero began to copy what he saw, taking time

to stare intently at the screen, to scrutinize, but for some reason that need that he'd felt ebb ever since eating was beginning to flow back into his head. With a small whine, he looked at his reflection again, his green eyes ringed in a dark maroon shadow, and his eyelashes coated in ebony mascara, he'd applied the glossy, deep red lipstick to his lips, before tracing his tongue over them.

After closing the makeup box, he gathered up the stockings and gasped softly as something small and white slipped out onto the floor. Picking it up, it only took a moment to realize what it was: a small, white latex thong. Looking up at the orderly, he couldn't help but flush red as the stoic man didn't respond in any way. Blushing furiously as the butterflies went crazy inside his stomach, he realized he wouldn't be given the privacy to dress. For some reason that just added to the feeling of need brewing inside him; in the back of his mind, he wanted this. Standing shakily, he slid his top off over his head, before turning his back to the orderly and with trembling fingers, he untied the string of his pants. Taking a deep breath, he let the pants fall to the floor and stepped out of them.

Trembling, the young redhead stood for a moment, finding that the situation aroused him far more than he'd ever imagined. The eyes of a stranger on his nude form made Alexi's head swim as he flushed all over. After a long moment, he knelt down and scooped the thong up off the floor and clumsily stepped into it, pulling the slick material over his pale skin, biting his lip to stifle as moan as the thong settled between his round cheeks. He fumbled with himself slight as he adjusted the front of the underwear, he wanted to just stroke himself off so bad but he fought it back. He bent at the waist to fetch a stocking, doing his best to show off his ample bottom. Holding his pose, he rolled the stocking to its tip and slipped his foot into it. Slowly, he rolled the red latex over his leg, glancing back over his shoulder for any reaction. The lack of a response cause him to pout slightly, before swooping down and repeating the process with the other stocking.

Turning to face his audience, he bent forward, hoping his small breasts would garner some kind of attention. He stepped into each boot before pulling the zippers up the back, sealing his legs in. Glancing up through his dark eyelashes, he fumed as the blank gas mask was the only thing looking

back at him. With a grumpy look plastered over his face, he unzipped the back of the minidress and stepped into it. The red latex slid over his form, before he pushed each hand through the sleeves and into the gloves of the garment. Standing up, Alexi grinned before striding, towards the orderly, before using the ballet skills in his muscle memory to spin effortlessly on a toe, presenting his back to the man. "Zip me, please."

A soft moan escaped his lips as he felt the tight material embrace his core. Alexi looked down at his petite body wrapped in the glossy, red dress, the fluttered hem covered very little of his round, pale bottom and just barely covering the thong containing his small, growing erection. He slid his white latex clad palms over his tummy, then cupping his small breasts. He squeaked as he felt a body press up behind him, large strong hands gripping his hips and pulling him back into a very hard and hot bulge. His eyes slid shut as the hands on his hips guiding him back and grinding against the tented fabric between his cheeks. A hot breath on his neck made him shudder with anticipation. "That looks fantastic on you, baby girl."

"Ah... thank you, Doctor." Alexi breathed, as he rolled his hips against his captor.

"Lift your hair out of the way." The Doctor whispered, taking his hands from the young redhead's hips and taking a step back.

Staggering slightly as his support moved away, Alexi took a full minute to process the command. "O... okay."

A hard smack against the bottom of his half-exposed ass check caused the redhead to let out a guttural moan. Before he could turn, he felt a large hand grip the back of his neck, holding him in place. "Respect, do you understand?" The doctor's voice now stern.

"Y-yes, Sir." Alexi stammered, his legs trembled, he was sure if he wasn't being help up, he'd have fallen over by now. Reaching up with shaking hands, he gathered his mane of red curls and lifted them out of the way. He couldn't explain it, but he was so horny, the world was little more than white noise. He felt the doctor's hand release his neck, only to feel it replaced by a thick leather strap. The collar tightened around his neck, to

the point where it fit snugly against his pale skin. Alexi's captor pressed himself back against the small redhead, leaning down he pressed his mouth to the pale, freckled flesh. The doctor tightly wrapped his arms around Alexi, as he began to bite and suck on the tender skin of the young hero's flesh, eliciting a moan.

"You belong to me." The older man said, not as a question but as a statement of absolute fact.

"Y-yesss, Doctor..." Alexi moaned as his whole body felt electrically charged. He licked his lips as he felt that delicious heat pressed between his cheeks, he mewled softly. "Please, Sir... fuck me..."

"No. Not yet, baby girl." Doctor Chelin smiled. The older man stepped away from the quivering young redhead as he watched his captive continue holding his hair up and rolling his hips, as if he were a broken toy. Alexi whined at the answer and the voice behind him; he needed to be filled, he needed it badly. His face contorted to a look of pleading and need as the doctor stepped in front of him, and then the young hero whimpered. The whimper was met with a smirk as Doctor Chelin attached a long black lead to the leash around Alexi's neck. "Put your arms down to your sides." Alexi obeyed without hesitation as he hoped any good behavior would reward him. The taller man reached down and caressed his face, before finding a handful of hair and pulling it. Alexi let out a guttural whine that only caused his captor to smile in a predatory way. "What's your name?"

"D... Do-" The young redhead's question was cut off by a sharp slap to her face.

"Name, stupid. If I have to ask again, you get nothing today." The doctor gently rubbed the redhead's cheek to sooth the sting.

"A-Alexi Shotsakov, Sir." Tears welled up in his eyes, with every passing moment, the only thing Alexi wanted was to serve his captor.

"Good girl. That part of you is gone, though, so that is no longer your name." Doctor Chelin's finger traced over Alexi's red lips. "You are nothing. From now on you will be 'Slut' until you earn your new name. Understand?"

"Y-yes, Doctor. Slut understands." He cooed, his head swimming as he was pushed deeper into desire.

"Good girl." The doctor's grip on the redhead's hair released and he gave an affectionate pet. Then Doctor Chelin took the lead connected to his pet's collar and tugged. "My cock needs to be worshipped, Slut." The young redhead slid to his knees before the doctor, his gloved hands caressing his owner's hard cock through the dark green material of his pants. Fingers slipped under his chin, tilting his face up to look at the doctor, who reached down with his free hand and slipped a small silver earbud into his ear. A look of confusion passed over his face before a quick, sharp pain caused him to wince, and then a soft voice began to repeat in his ear at the edge of his hearing. "You want to serve, you are a slut. You love cock, you live for the taste of cum. You belong to Master."

Slut purred as the familiar message repeated for him; he didn't need the conditioning now, but it made him feel safe. His latex clad fingers undid the button and zipper of the doctor's pants, freeing the man's hard cock. The young hero slowly stroked the hefty shaft, nuzzling it and tracing the large veins with his finger. He dragged his tongue over the hot flesh, cooing softly as he met a bead of precum emerging from the tip.

Cupping his tongue, the ginger squeezed down the length of cock in his hand, milking the precum out onto his tongue to savor the taste. He shivered in delight as he caressed the doctor's abdominals as he stroked the dick in his hand. With a moan, he took the head of his owner's cock into his mouth, his tongue caressing the line between foreskin and glans. The taste pushed the redhead on, his mouth working the head with short bobs as he stroked the length. The mantra repeating in his earpiece only fueled the rhythm of his head's bobbing, the taste of cock and pre making his head swim.

A caress of his cheek cause the young cock sucker to look up at his owner, only to find that Doctor Chelin seemed to be talking to someone standing behind the slut working his erection. The words being spoken were lost on him, his mind occupied by the meat pushing in and out of his mouth. A shudder of heat washed through the petite ginger as the thought of performing for an audience only spurred him to take more and more into

his mouth. He wrapped both hands around the base of the doctor's massive shaft as he bobbed hungrily on it, each thrust of his mouth driving the head into the back of his throat. Saliva and precum trickled from the corners of his mouth as he'd occasionally press too hard and gag a little on the cock, only to vaguely hear laughs and derogatory comments.

The redhead whined, wanting more, wanting to be abused as she looked up at the doctor. He squirmed as he felt his own erection rubbing between his latex panties and his pubis. He was hot and needy; he wanted... no... he needed to be used and treated like a sex toy. He felt the cock in his mouth begin to twitch, his mouth began shallowly working the head of the cock as he stroked the fat shaft fast. A buck of the doctor's hips signaled the first wave of semen that flooded his slut's mouth. He moaned loudly as he swallowed the first blast, every part of him needing it as he hungrily welcomed every drop of seed into his mouth. The tiny ginger's left hand slipped from his owner's shaft and snaked under his skirt, freeing his own small erection from his panties.

Without warning, he found himself pulled from his feeding by a fistful of his curls, followed by a rough slap to the face. "Did I say you could play with yourself, you stupid slut?"

"N-No... Master..." The slut croaked. The words bit into him as harshly as the slap, he wanted more. Reaching down, Doctor Chelin grabbed the small redhead's wrists, pinning them together before roughly pulling them over the petite slut's head. With his arms pinned to the wall over his head, the young hero panted and mewled pathetically. He could see the three men in lab coats behind the doctor, one holding a small video camera. He shuddered as the red light on the camera flashed as it recorded his depravity for posterity. "Please... Master... please fuck your slut..."

"No." Doctor Chelin coldly responded. With his free hand, the doctor guided his still hard cock back into his pet's mouth and then grabbed a fistful of hair. "No, I think only your mouth gets used today. I want you pleading for me to fuck your ass."

The doctor then began to brutally thrust his dripping cock into the hero's mouth. Hard, fast thrusts pounded his length into his pet's mouth, using his hand in his hair to pull the ginger's head forward. With a grunt, Doctor



Chelin pushed the head of his powerful dick into the ginger's throat, holding the slut's head in place as he began to squirm. Teas welled in the redhead's eyes as his pale, freckled skin began to take on a purple hue from asphyxiation, his head swimming from the lack of oxygen. The red-haired slut gasped and coughed loudly as his master withdrew from his mouth, before being interrupted by the penetrating shaft again. The doctor pumped long hard thrusts as he facefucked his property, groaning headily as he began to approach climax again.

"Nnnn... Olev, get a closeup." Doctor Chelin grunted as he could feel the knot building in his loins. The redhead's eyes drifted to the young man with the camera as he stepped forward, adjusting focus as he closed in. He could see his reflection slightly in the lens, he didn't know why, but he needed this, it's all he craved. A grunt herald the next round of cum, as the hero tried to swallow it all, gagging and choking as it filled his mouth and throat. Each delicious glob sliding down his throat as he swallowed hungrily.

Pulling his cock from his pet's mouth, the doctor wiped the semen and saliva on the still flushed face, before letting go of the slut's wrists. Collapsing back against the wall like a puppet with cut strings, the redhead mewled pathetically, his makeup smeared and his face glistening with spit and seed. He stared at his own small erection, and fidgeted, needing some kind of release, before trying to lift his gaze to the doctor.

"I think you've learned your lesson for the day." Doctor Chelin said as he put himself back into his pants and nodding to the lab coated young men for them to leave. Stepping over to the orderly's cart and getting a small plastic drinking cup, the doctor sat it between his slut's knees. "Since you did so well, you're allowed to get off. You may do it whenever you want, but two stipulations; your asshole is off limits, and if you cum, it goes in that cup, and you drink every last drop. Understand?"

"Yes... Master..." The mewling slut replied.