

Total Rebuild - 2 - Gruff's Brothers in Bondage

By RotherhamMan

Email: rthrhmmn@gmail.com

Twitter: @RotherhamMan

So there was another recruit to Master's harem. More paperwork for Gruff. He snorted; paperwork was a joy compared to some of the other things he had to do for Master but bitching about small fry was relaxing. It allowed him to relax, infinitesimally, from the reality that he was a slave.

Outside his office the newbie Hal was beginning his workout. He had already had the shake that would soften up his mind a bit and now the subliminals through the headphones, a special broadcast for newbies, would be doing their work on reprogramming him. By the end of the day he would be primed and ready with the basics: obey Master, work out, return to the gym daily. Over time the instructions would become complex and layered, Hal would be learning things without realising and in a few months he would be completely under Master's control.

Gruff felt for the kid; he may be a jerk and a bully and he definitely needed taking down a peg but there were far worse things to be in life and more appropriate punishments. He should know, he'd been through most of them. Every time he thought the Master couldn't humiliate him any more he was proven wrong. Just last week he had accompanied Master on a business trip to check up on some foreign clients and, in the middle of a casual meeting at their luxury house, had called Gruff from the corner where he stood vigilant and used him as a urinal in front of them all rather than go to the bathroom. It had been a show of strength, of how powerful his conditioning was, and after Gruff had been ordered to describe how it felt and what he was feeling to the amusement of all there. But Master gave with one hand when he took with the other as far as he was concerned; no one else pissed in his mouth during the trip but he was used like that again several more times.

He got on with the paperwork, something he could do without any influence but even then he couldn't get away from the knowledge that he was enslaved. As he had 'examined' Hal he had felt himself get aroused at the muscle under his grip—small by comparison to his own but admirable for the kid's age—but could not get hard for the metal cage his cock was trapped in. Even now it pulsed against its confines but Gruff was ignoring it. He hadn't gotten off for over a week now but was not even trying to do anything about it. However badly he wanted it he could never cum without Master's permission. The true irony was there was an emergency key to the cage around his neck but he couldn't even touch it without feeling like he was being kicked in the balls every second he took hold of it.

The paperwork, think of the paperwork, don't think about what you cant have!

He would be measuring Hal's muscle growth and weight carefully over the next few weeks and adding it to his profile for the customers along with his background information. Some of the customers would already know of his arrival; the whole gym was rigged with webcams in every corner and broadcast live around the clock to a secure site only a select few

could view. Hal had already made his debut appearance and shown off nearly everything he had to offer. Gruff would have to edit the video for a special release to highlight the new recruit and then organise his schedule with clients. The kid was straight, it would be a rough time for him.

Fuck, I'm not supposed to be thinking about that stuff!

The cage was getting tight now. Looking out onto the floor Hal was absorbed in his workout along with the other members present. They knew what was in store for him but could never warn him, they could barely talk to each other about it and during a workout they were practically zombies. They were sex toys and sometimes, however much he regarded them as his brothers in bondage, he wished he could fuck them to vent his frustrations and feel like a Man again!

“Fuck!” he spat out. It was no good, he would need some relief. He pulled open the bottom draw of his desk and pulled out a dildo that was a perfect recreation of Master’s cock. He pulled down his shorts, wearing only a jock beneath, and lined it up with his constantly lubed hole. Master could drop round at any time and he had to be ready for him—or else! He eased himself down onto it to the base where the fake balls rested beneath his, and sat back down at the desk with a sigh of relief. It would never do it for him completely but it would take the edge off for a while. He did his best not to ride it like some common whore, having it there should be enough for him.

Back when he had been free the mere suggestion of taking something, so much as a finger for a prostate exam, would have had him threatening physical violence. He had been confident in his heterosexuality back then, before he had been shown what the male body was capable of. Even now he wasn’t sure what he was; he had no biological reaction to women any more, merely an apathy to them, but muscled men would arouse him without fail. Part of Master’s conditioning was to remove all attraction to the opposite sex whatever the subject’s sexuality. These days a cock stretching his hole and brushing his prostate was a please and a need rather than a want. One of the few mercies he was afforded was that only Master could fuck him and he was at liberty to do what he wanted with it. No one else could touch Gruff and for that he was grateful. Grateful to the little cunt who had ruined his life (at least he was free to think that).

He squirmed on the dildo and got back to work. He could get a bigger one but this was Master’s size and shape and it was the minimum to hit the spot. For a while he was able to get on with his work and put the rest of the world aside until he had done all he could do for today and stood up, keeping the dildo in by muscle reflex. Hiking up his shorts and ignoring the obvious bulge at the back from the dildo’s base he went to the door to the office and oversaw the gym. Hal was on the rowing machine, oblivious to the rest of the world and his impending fate.

Gruff believed he did deserve to be punished. He had done some horrible things to Master when they were at school together and was forced to remember them in glaring detail. He had forced his head down the toilet and flushed until he almost drowned. Stolen his clothes after gym class and made sure he had nothing to go home in. one time he had even pantsed him in the middle of the lunch hall and spanked the fag kid in front of the whole school until he was bawling like a baby. Yes, Gruff deserved his punishment; he did not—would not—be

conditioned to believe that. Master knew it too, he could not lie to him and had confessed his guilt and sorrow early on but had also accepted his fate until Master deemed him done, not that he believed he would ever be let go. But his honesty had won sympathy from the Master and his servitude had come with stability and success. He ran the gym and was used only by the Master who he lived with as a servant when he wasn't at the gym.

He supposed he should be grateful for the purpose in life he had been given and maybe he would be when he could make peace with the fact he was as good as luring guys to the gym to be trapped in their own bodies. One time a guy had come in asking for directions and the resulting response from views of the gym had been so fast and strong they had inducted him on the same day—the guy would not be persuaded to join, insisting he had a date that night, but the offers were so high they had dragged him into one of the private rooms for some heavy conditioning. That was how men were regarded in the gym; as livestock. Gruff felt responsible for each man under his roof and, whether it was programming or not he couldn't tell, he got attached to them like brothers. It killed him whenever one had a bad client or worse, was bought permanently. He remembered them all but could do little to honour them.

As he stood watching one of the men finished his workout and came to his senses with a shake of the head. Barry was a long term member and had been there for a little over two years. He was a striking brunette with a buzzcut and beard which looked great with cum all over it—or so Gruff had been told. His pecs were so big they could be fucked like tits and that Gruff did know and like. He adjusted his stance so his back was resting on the doorframe along with his plug for added pressure. He didn't care who saw, they had all seen and had worse done to them—sometimes in front of each other.

“That fresh meat?” asked Barry, obviously checking out Hal.

“Yeah,” said Gruff. “In his first session.”

“He looks like he doesn't need this place.”

“Kid's greedy, wants to be the biggest.”

Barry chuckled and flexed his impressive bicep. “Not while we're here he won't be.” While he was posing he got out his phone and started taking selfies of himself as he posed and flexed. The clients got hard for it on Instagram along with a million other people around the world. “Anyone called dibs yet?” he asked as he passed the phone to Gruff to take some more while he did a full body pose to show off both arms.

“Yeah, the guy who put him in touch with us, his school coach.” It was a betrayal of trust and friendship and would be the ultimate insult to injury when he found out.

“That's gonna be rough on him,” said Barry sadly. He forced a dumb smile and pulled up his vest to show his perfectly toned abs and tattooed navel.

“Yeah, but what you gonna do?” They both knew the answer: nothing.

Taking his phone back Barry hung his head and went for the shower.

Gruff continued to watch his boys, occasionally rubbing back on the frame to juggle the dildo and feeling the precum leak from the cage and soaking his jockstrap. He stayed until Hal

had finished his first session. The kid came back to himself with a momentarily confused look but quickly smiled at how good he felt for working out. Gruff smiled sadly at him while he wasn't looking. The kid was going to be a natural at packing on the muscle and would be easy to programme. He could be the new bestseller. He congratulated him on his workout as he headed for the shower and Hal puffed up in pride at the comment.

Gruff retreated into his office. He hated this part, the false sense of happiness Total Rebuild brought for the first few months. Knowing what would happen was a torture in itself. Checking the computer he saw there was already strong interest in Hal and clients were placing orders and requests. The kid was a looker and drawing all sorts of wrong attention.

As he was almost finished sorting through the posts his door burst open and Dave came in looking stressed. Gruff immediately went into action mode, no need for programming: one of his men was distressed and it was his responsibility to take care of them, for his own sake and Masters.

Dave had been there for a year now, the latest recruit aside from Hal. He had been difficult to induct, putting up a fight about every part of the gym's rules. Gruff didn't think he was worth the effort but Master wanted him and so he went the extra mile to make Dave theirs. He was slimmer than the others of the gym with a runner's build rather than a mass of sheer muscle and had little more than stubble on his hair. Before coming to the gym he had called his friends, such as they were, 'dude' and 'bro'. Despite this he had put up a surprising fight against the conditioning but maybe it should have been expected. Dave was a 'scally', disreputable and good-for-nothing other than hanging out on street corners in gangs. There were theories on why he was of such interest to Master ranging from a plan to induct a whole gang and clean up the streets to Dave being a Nazi but nothing was known. He had gone kicking and screaming to his first client, a sound that haunted Gruff's nightmares along with the laughter of the client who was known to be cruel and sadistic. Maybe that was why Dave was such a problem—he was half mad from the Rebuild.

Gruff closed the door and took Dave gently by the shoulders. "What is it?" he asked in his calmest, most reassuring voice.

Dave panted and looked at him wide-eyed. "The new guy, I tried warning him."

Gruff's heart sank. Seeing this on his face Dave dropped to his knees and pulled his shorts down, falling back on some part of his conditioning to try and appease his superior, but Gruff's cock was locked away and Dave tongued and kissed the silver cage to no effect other than to make Gruff's balls all the bluer.

Outside he saw Hal walk by, not noticing the spectacle in the office. The gym was now empty.

"What did you tell him?" asked Gruff, prying him off.

Dave jabbered, "Nothing I just asked if he was sure he wanted this gym."

"You know what this means." Gruff knew Dave did; he had been warned before. Dave just stood with tears running down his face and clutched at his head. He was rejecting the conditioning and that meant he was a problem. There had been signs over Dave's time there

that he hadn't taken to the programming fully but now it was a problem. Master did not tolerate problems. Gruff knew the procedure and that he wouldn't be able to avoid doing what he had to. He took Dave firmly by the arm. He was compliant, too confused to put up a fight and went with Gruff through a door of the gym and into the basement. Here the station for intensive programming and fine-tuning was set up where the subject would not be disturbed.

It was a simple table with heavy leather straps for restraining the subject and headphones that cancelled out all sound with blackout goggles to provide no audio/visual stimulus other than what they were supposed to hear. There was also a ball gag with a hole in it to drip-feed them shake to keep their mind soft. Gruff mixed a shake to kickstart the process and tilted Dave's head back and poured it down his throat. Dave put up no struggle and gulped it down eagerly, relaxing as if hit with a pavlovian response. He then complied with Gruff getting him onto the table and restrained. Master liked the subject naked for this but it was not compulsory and Gruff was able to give his boy some dignity by leaving them on.

Once all the equipment was ready (restraints, gag, blindfold and headphones) Gruff took out his mobile and called his Master.

"What is it, slave?" was the answer.

"Master, Dave's conditioning has shown signs of serious breakdown. He almost warned the new kid, Hal, of what was going on."

"Which Dave?"

Gruff ground his teeth. There were so many slaves Master could barely keep track. He had all the names and facts about them burned into his mind by his own choice. "The one who tried to use his own headphones, Master."

"Is he in the intensive care unit?"

"Yes, Master. I was just wondering what programme to run."

"Dave is a liability and we cannot keep him here any longer. It is time to sell him off. Hit him with the submissive programme and then send out a message of his auction to the clients, we can customise him later."

Gruff had been afraid of this. Dave had to be gotten rid of and Master did not kill his toys, only sold them. Gruff wondered which was better. "Yes, Master. It shall be done."

"How did things go with Hal?"

"Well, Sir. He's a natural, I can tell."

"Excellent. Leave Dave running overnight and come home when the listing is sent out. I have plans for you."

Gruff shuddered. "Yes, Master," he said but the line was already dead and he had no choice but to obey. He set the programme running and watched as Dave squirmed on the table. Before he left he placed a gentle kiss on Dave's forehead, the most intimate act of love between two men he would give voluntarily. "I'm sorry, Brother." And he left his brother to a night of torture.

It wasn't until he got back to his desk and sat down he remembered the dildo in his ass as he sat on it and he felt the jolt in his prostate. Master was fucking him over and he wasn't even there, but this was Total Rebuild—there was no escape. Already he was thinking of Dave's first client who had made him scream so badly and possibly broken his mind and it was with near physical pain that he sent the message of his upcoming auction to all clients. Dave had had it bad at the gym but it was almost certain to get worse for him.