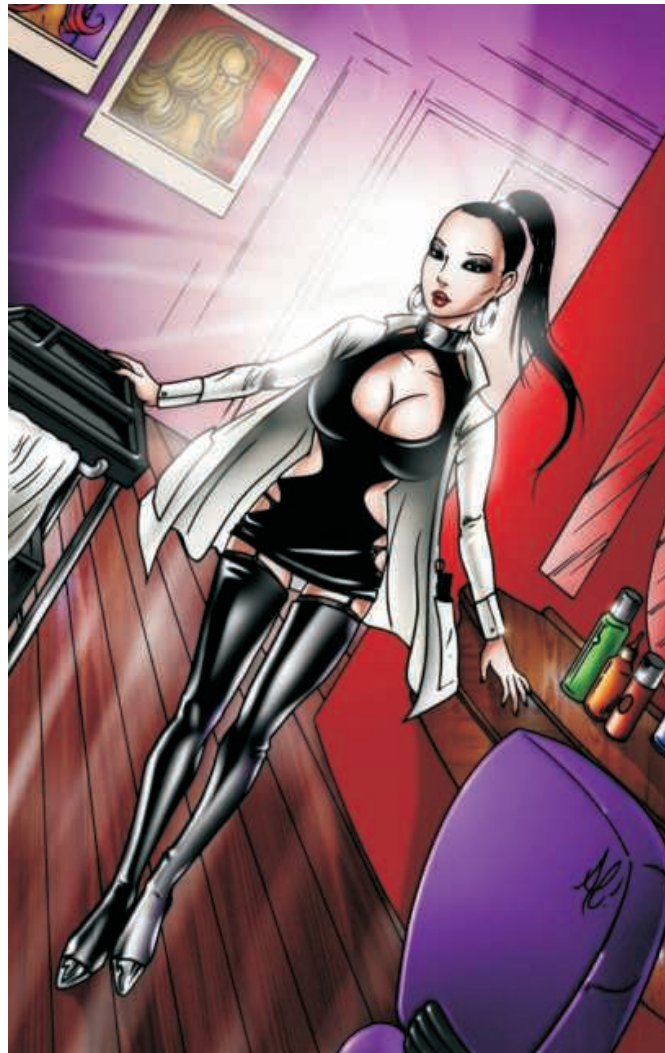




*Reluctant Press* presents:

# MILLIGRATZI

Michael Jay



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A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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# Milligratzi

**By: Michael Jay**

The buxom brunette giggled as the dice were rubbed against her ample breasts, giving her goose bumps.

He whispered in her ear; she blushed as he tossed the cubes.

“Snake eyes! The shooter loses”

“Shit! Not again!” swore Angelo.

She kissed him gently on the cheek and whispered back to him, “So long, honey. It’s been fun but your streak is over and I’m outta here.”

Angelo Tiatziano looked at the croupier as he grabbed up the dice from the green felt, “Joey, pass me a stack of thousands. Put them on my tab like usual. I’ve gotta make up for this and get out of the hole.”

Just then, a large hand reached in and slid the pile of chips back to the dealer.

The man that placed himself between Angelo and the table seemed to be a solid hunk of muscle, as wide as he was tall.

“Boss wants to see you, Ang”

“OK, OK. Tell Uncle Vincenzo that I’ll be up in a little while”

In a soft, low, monotone the hulk responded, “He said NOW, Ang.”

“Blow me, Guido. Give me a few minutes here”

The man maintained his position. Angelo knew that there was no use arguing.

He tossed the dice from his hand as he turned to walk away.

“Seven!!!” said the dealer as Angelo walked away from the table without placing a bet.

“Too bad, looks like your luck is about to change, Ang.”

The elevator light went out as it reached P. Guido removed his pass card from the elevator control panel and the doors opened into a private office on the penthouse floor.

An Italian beauty with long black hair and big breasts was seated at a large mahogany desk. She raised a finger to the bridge of her nose and slid her glasses up. She looked from her computer to Angelo and Guido as they approached.

She reached under the desk and pressed a button. There was a click at the door. Guido opened it for Angelo. Without saying a word, she returned her attention to her computer.

Guido looked him in the eye as he entered. “You shouldn’t ought to talk to me like that, Ang. Some day I’ll see you be sorry for telling me to blow you in front of all those people. I’m only doing my job, Ang.”

“Yeah right! Blow me Guido”, said Angelo as he walked contemptuously past him into the large glassed-in room that afforded a magnificent view of the city below.

Guido stepped in behind him and stood in front of the closed door.

The man behind the desk was in his early sixties but was still tall and fit. His gray hair was combed back. He looked up at Angelo over his half-glasses before removing them. He closed the file he had been reading.

“Hi, Uncle Vincenzo. Guido said you wanted to see me?” said Angelo sheepishly.

“You got quite an attitude, my boy. You’re barely five foot-six but you act like you’re seven feet tall. Unfortunately I promised your father to look after you and see that no harm came to you. You know, if you weren’t the son of my dead brother, I would have pulled in the reins on you a long time ago. I think that I have been too lenient and have allowed things to go too far. Its time that we did something now.”

“What do you mean, Uncle Vincenzo?”

Rising from his chair and moving out from behind the desk, Vincenzo’s face grew stern.

He stepped towards Angelo.

“You know damn-fucking well what I mean!” he shouted. “ You have run up a debt to the tune of over a quarter of a million dollars! That’s MY money, Angelo. Just what do you plan to do about it? How long do you think I should let this go on? Until you reach two million?”

Angelo looked down at the floor, then around the room. He saw the faint smile on Guido’s face before looking at his uncle again.

“I was planning on paying it back. And besides, it’s not like its real money. I, I, I mean it’s only chips in a casino, right? And the girls are all on the company payroll anyways. Right?”

Vincenzo took a step towards him and grabbed him forcefully by the front of his shirt.

“WRONG! It’s real money. It’s MY money. It’s as real as you are you lying, fat little shit! You take the place of real customers with new money and at the same time you spend

what we take in. We are losing two ways because of you. Your addiction to gambling and women ends right now. ”

“Sure, Uncle Vincenzo. I promise I won’t do it any more. Anything you say, Uncle Vincenzo.”

Vincenzo sat behind his desk again and put his glasses back on so that they were low on his nose. He looked up at Angelo again.

“You know, you really make me sick. You have made these promises before and each time it only gets worse. I trusted you to run the import business for a while and for two years you lost money and nearly ruined it. I can’t trust you to do anything right. I can’t even trust your word.”

He pressed a button on the intercom on his desk. “Tell Julia to come in now and pick up her package, please.”

As he released the button, he simultaneously motioned to Guido.

Angelo trembled as he watched his uncle ignore him and turn to looking through some papers on his desk. While Angelo stood there and sweated, he did not notice Guido step up behind him and lock him in a sleeper hold.

A tall redhead entered the room just as things began to grow fuzzy. With her shoulder length tresses, a low cut white dress, a matching jacket and four-inch heels, she presented quite an attractive picture. She was a mature woman, probably in her early forties. She was classy and business-like, yet very feminine and sexy.

Uncle Vincenzo spoke to the woman, “I want him to spend at least thirty days in ROOM C at your spa. I want his attitude changed. He’s not much of a man anyways. He deserves to get his come-uppings and start earning some money for the company.”

Julia raised an eyebrow. “Thirty days! Nobody has spent thirty days in there , especially a man. Do you know what that will do to him?”

“You heard what I said, didn’t you? This selfish little bastard needs to have a different view of things and I need to put a stop to his fucking with me and my business. Now it’s my turn. I’m going to fuck him good and make sure that he pays back every penny many times over. Do you have a problem with that, Julia?”

As the blackness took over, the last words Angelo heard were Julia’s. “No, certainly not, Boss. It will be done as you wish. I will return him to you upon completion of the treatment when he will be...”

Angelo slipped into unconsciousness and was carried from the room like a baby in the arms of a smiling Guido who followed behind Julia. They carried him to the elevator waiting to take them to the basement parking garage.

Angelo opened his eyes slowly. There was a bright light shining on him but the rest of the room seemed dark. The first thing he saw was Julia’s pretty face looking at him as if she was studying him. The spotlight shining down made it seem as if there was an aura or a halo around her head.

“Hey, hi there. What happened? Where am I? Am I in heaven? ‘Cause you look like an angel, Babe.”

Julia smiled at him and took a step back. "No, this is definitely *not* Heaven. You will soon see that. And I think that you will quickly begin to think of me as something quite far from an angel. This room is my design. You will have the honor of being the first male to visit it."

She looked different. Her hair was up in tight bun. She wore large heavy-rimmed glasses. She had on a white coat. She was still amazingly attractive. He felt his maleness respond to her natural beauty and a tent started to form under the single white sheet that covered his otherwise naked body. He went to reach for her but found that he was bound by soft leather straps.

"What the?" he said bewildered, starting to panic. "What's going on? Are you going to torture me? Are you going to kill me?"

"No. Nothing like that. It's all about the pleasures that you enjoy. You like sex a lot. You will learn to like it even more. But you stepped across the line with Vince and you are in big trouble with him. He wants some changes made. He says that you could stand to loose a little weight too."

Angelo tugged at his bonds frantically. "OK, OK, I promise to be good. I'll change. I told uncle Vincenzo that. I mean it. I do."

Julia shook her head. "It's too late for that, I'm afraid. But yes, you are right, you will change. A few hours in this room will do that to people. In just a few days, I have worked wonders with some of our ladies. But your uncle wants you here for thirty days and I'm wondering just what that will do to you. We will see what we will see."

"Whatever it is, please don't. I've got some money hidden in an off-shore account. I'll share it with you. Just please let me go."

"So, *that's* what happened to the money that went missing from the import business. You did a good job of stealing from your uncle. I don't think he knows where it went to this day. He thought you were just incompetent. I think that you are just stupid, a fat, ugly stupid little man. But, we're going to change some of that here."

A desperate Angelo pleaded, "It's like two and a half MIL. We can stop in the Caymans and pick it up on our way to South America. Come on – just you and me. No one needs to know. I've been fucking Uncle Vince for years now. Just help me to do it one last time and you and I can have a real long party,"

"Sorry. With that kind of heat, there's no way that I'd consider such a thing. I don't want to live the rest of my life looking over my shoulder. Vince treats me pretty well here and once he finds out about the money, you're REALLY going to be in deep doo-doo,"

"But how will he find out? I've kept it a secret. Nobody knows." Angelo's eyes widened, "YOU wouldn't tell him, would you? "

"Don't have to, sweet cakes." She pointed up to the corner of the room where a small red indicator light was on. "YOU just did. He's watching us on that camera right up there. Care to say 'Just kidding, Uncle Vincenzo' while you're on?"

The lens on the camera zoomed in. At almost the same instant, a cell phone rang.

Julia reached in the pocket of her lab coat, took out the phone and answered it.

“OK. Yes, sir. I’ll put the question to him.”

She put the phone on hold and turned her attention back to Angelo.

“Well, looks like you’ve really done it now. I’ve never heard him so mad. He wants the access code and ID of the offshore bank. Care to cough it up?”

Angelo knew there was no holding back. He quickly gave up the information. “United Bank of Switzerland, Georgetown, Grand Cayman Branch, Account 55576862, the passcode is TITZ. Short for Tiatziano. There, can I go now? Please, I’m sorry, Uncle Vincenzo.”

She turned back to the phone. “Yes, Boss... OK. Yes, sir, I can make sure of it. I guarantee you will be pleased with the result. He will be a changed person who will cause you no more trouble and be a definite asset to the company.”

She closed the phone and slipped it into her pocket. “You should have hesitated at least a little. The boss thinks that you wimped out too easily. He thinks that you’re not much of a man. So, he wants you here for ninety days now. I’m not sure that you wouldn’t be better off if he had Guido cap you with a .22 right now. Your fate is set. But tell you what... When you get out, I promise that I will let you into my panties as a reward and make you feel pleasure like you never thought possible.”

She reached down and grabbed the top of the sheet that covered him and yanked it from his body to fully expose his rotund naked form. She looked at his out-of-shape, overweight, hairy body with total disgust. She turned to pick something up off a nearby table.

She held up what looked like a simple metal belt about 3 or 4 inches wide. It had a large golden heart with an opening in the center hanging from it in the front. She slipped his maleness through the opening in the heart and slid it down against his groin. She then placed the wide belt around his waist. He shivered at the feel of the cold metal against his body.

“The belt has a tensioner plus a time lock,” she explained. “It will maintain a constant slight pressure around your waist. It’s set for ninety days and can’t be opened or re-set until then. You will be plenty sorry that you shot your mouth off. But now, because of that big mouth of yours, before we close it, there are a few attachments that you will have to endure.”

She reached to the table again and picked up a large, realistic, double-ended dildo. It had a thin chain running through the middle of it about two-thirds of the way down its length. Julia slid a loop on one end of the chain under a flap in the rear of the belt. There was a click as it locked into place. She then grabbed the short end of the shaft and squeezed hard. A gooey liquid came out of the long end and ran down its length.

“OK, take a deep breath ‘cause this is going to be a bit uncomfortable,” she said to him as she rolled him over on his hip.

“No! No! Please! Don’t! Stop!!!” He pleaded and cried like a baby.

Julia spread his fat ass cheeks and brought the tip of the shaft to his anus. She shoved and twisted until a full eight inches was buried deep inside his body. Four inches stuck out like a tail. The chain ran tight from the back of the belt and down along his crack to where it passed through the shaft.

She turned back to the table and picked up another penis replica. This one looked like it was made of gold but was hollow. It was about the same length as the one in his rear – a full twelve inches long! This one, however, had a triangular base; two balls were hanging down. Julia slipped it down over his cock until it met with the V-shaped opening of the big heart. As she slid it down over his shaft, she was careful to place his testicles into the hollowed-out balls of the ersatz shaft. Even though the big false cock seemed empty, it had some padding or some sort of a soft lining inside.

Julia then took the other end of the chain from between his legs and connected it to the base of the shaft. While maintaining a slight upward pressure on the whole thing, she matched the edges of the cock-base to the edges of the heart-shaped front of the belt. She then used her free hand to insert the loose end of the belt into the clasp on the side of the heart. She smiled as she snapped it shut.

Angelo gulped as he heard it lock into place. A tear rolled down his cheek. There was no way out. Below his belly there was a big golden heart. A huge, thick twelve-inch golden cock stood out at a perfect ninety degrees to his body and would remain that way for a long time.

“Just a couple of more touches,” said Julia.

This time she picked up what seemed to be several short, fine chains. She clipped one around each wrist, then a slightly heavier one went around his neck. The one around his neck also sported a dangling three-inch long golden penis pendant.

Another very fine, almost invisible chain was placed around each ankle. These were attached to the back of high-heeled shoes that were placed onto his feet. They made removal of the footgear impossible.

A gun-like device was produced next. There were four successive loud snaps. Angelo’s ears and nipples were pierced quickly. Golden loops with tiny dangling penises were permanently attached to his ears. His nipples now had a tiny gold stud right at the tip.

She then picked up what appeared to be a bra. She placed it on his chest and positioned it carefully over his tiny, aching nipples. There was a gooey substance sliding against his chest. The bra contained breasts. They were not overly large, somewhere between a B and a C cup. On his fat body they hardly stuck out more than his own. The bra was shiny and black. All of the straps fastened in the back with a secure “click.”

“And finally, your headgear.”

Julia brought forth a rubber helmet, fitted with what looked like a rectangular swimming mask to the front. As he tried to protest, he learned of several of its other features.

As the hood was slipped on, a small, soft rubber penis-shaped object was fitted into each ear canal. These would work as earplugs and make him deaf to the world. However, through the tiny vibration transmitters they contained, they could convey sounds and messages directly to the brain via the auditory nerve system.

In each corner of the mouth was a small but powerful rubber-covered spring clip. These clips kept a constant pressure on his teeth and forced his mouth to be constantly slightly open. He could open wider, but could not close his mouth completely.

The helmet was zipped shut and locked onto the back of his penis necklace.



"You are done for now. I hope that you like it. By the way, everything is made of a specially hardened steel alloy. You will only hurt yourself if you try to remove any of the chains. Aside from the time lock, the other catches can only be removed by a special key that emits a unique radio frequency."

"I'll remove your leather bonds now. They are no longer necessary. Be assured that there's no way out of this room for the next ninety days. You will be free to roam about it as you wish and discover its fascinating uniqueness. You will soon see why it is called ROOM C. What you must do, can do and cannot do, will quickly become apparent. Once I leave, you will have no direct physical contact with anyone until your time is up. So there you are. You can get used to your new home. I'll see you in three months."

The bright lights went out quickly. Angelo could feel the leather straps being removed. He jumped up quickly but was disoriented and off-balance and fell into a heap. There was the thud of a door closing – solidly, securely and with a strange finality.

Within just a few moments, the room became bathed in a dim but even red light. Angelo sat up on the floor. He reached up to massage his tender, just pierced breasts within their covering. There was a soft beeping in his ears. At the bottom right of his visor the words *PLEASURE MODE 3 –ACTIVATED WITHOUT AUTHORIZATION – BEGINNING NOW* appeared in green.

He felt a tightening and pulsing around his captive penis. There was a growing, gentle vibration in his balls. It was an extremely pleasurable sensation that caused him to harden.

He kept fondling his breasts and the tender, small, pierced nipples within. The feelings and intensity increased steadily. As his cock grew inside of its prison, so did the opposing pressure exerted on it by the liner. Soon, there was far too much pressure there. He needed release. He reached down quickly to grab hold of the huge now aching golden-clad cock between his legs.

There was an ear-piercing tone. A violent jolt of electricity shot from his crotch to deep within his ass. He was knocked back onto the floor into a state of semi-consciousness and lay there, breathing hard, with his arms outstretched in the missionary position.

As the effects of the shock subsided he could read the flashing red type in his visor : *TRAINING MODE 1 - CAUTION – KEEP BRACELETS AT LEAST 18 INCHES AWAY.*

Once he had regained some of his composure, he pushed back on the floor with the palms of his hands and raised himself to a seated position. The cock sticking out of his rear made it difficult to find an angle that was bearable. He slowly brought his hands up. He needed to check this out again, but carefully this time.

He looked at his wrists and noted the identical thin chain bracelets. The clasps were about an inch long and each had an inscription. One read *FUCK* while the other read *ME*.

Slowly, he brought his hands up to his breasts. As he got to about eight inches from them, the erotic feelings between his legs started slowly and the message once again appeared in his visor. As he backed off, both faded away. Dare he try his crotch? He had to know.

Ever so slowly, he moved his hands down and inward. Nothing happened until he was about a foot and a half away from the protruding golden shaft. As he inched closer, there

was a tone that began to increase in both pitch and intensity. There was a tingling on his imprisoned cock like ants were crawling on it. The pressure of the liner began to increase. The red message began to appear. Quickly, he drew his hands away and everything faded slowly.

“Whew! So, it can be controlled. There are definite rules,” he thought to himself.

He reached up to touch his face but found that there was nothing to feel. There was no direct contact possible through the hood. The thick rubber hood completely covered his head and there seemed to be no opening other than his mouth. The front part that covered his face was soft and gushy to the touch like there was a layer of liquid in there. His nose was covered and he could breathe only through his mouth. Try as he might, he could not close his mouth. It was held open at least an inch. It could go wider but could not be shut.

He tried to talk but could not create intelligible sounds with his mouth restricted in such a way.

He bent forward and reached out to his feet. The shoes were forcing his feet into high arches. His toes were being crammed into black patent points. Already they hurt like hell. He felt the heels. They had backs on them through which a fine steel chain ran, locking them on his ankles. Underneath, they were solid steel, pencil thin and at least five inches high. There was no midsection to the side of the shoes - just pointy toes and a heel connected by a thin, soft, plastic-covered sole that was shaped out of solid titanium. They looked open and light but were unyielding and unremovable.

Angelo reached up to the bench he had fallen from. He grabbed hold of something solid and pulled himself up. He tottered on his heels and looked down at the bench.

The bench was in the shape of a human torso and was lined with a soft plastic material that had very fine perforations in it. There were rods that stuck out and supported small footrests similar to the stirrups on a doctor’s examining table. However, these were obviously formed to exactly mate with the heel of his shoes and hold them in place. In the middle of the lower part where the torso rested, there was a hole that would receive his tail so that he could lie down comfortably.

He looked down at his hand to see that he had pulled himself up by grabbing onto one of the two outstretched armrests. Each ended in a metallic disc. In the middle of each disk stood a thick, six-inch tall penis replica. They were made of the same soft plastic as the bench and also seemed to have many fine perforations all over them.

The room was very sparse. Other than the bench there was a glass-enclosed shower in the corner of the room. There was also a treadmill in the opposite corner. The walls were covered with realistic drawings of penises that seemed to be floating out from the walls. This was accomplished by having his goggles polarized like a pair of glasses for a 3-D movie. Every wall seemed to have cocks sticking out at him; they followed him as he moved about. The ceiling had about fifty cocks at least a foot long hanging down so that about the last inch was within his reach.

Angelo let go of the bench and moved over to the wall that contained these new fixtures.

He wobbled unsteadily across the room. He found that if he kept his arms out to his side, it not only helped keep his balance but kept the bracelets away from his crotch.

The door to the glass shower had a handle that was shaped like a penis. Inside, the single control lever for the water was also a big cock replica. Even the shower head itself was a penis with a large hole in the tip from which the water could spray.

The treadmill was extremely narrow and had – you guessed it – two large penis handles to hang on to. There were no sides or other supports. He hoped that he would not have to get on this contraption but knew that was its only reason for being there.

He turned around and saw that the opposing wall also had some other objects along it at a height of perhaps waist level. Angelo took about twenty small steps to get across the room.

Sticking out from the wall were two large and erect cocks. They were about four feet apart. In between them were another three cocks evenly spaced and just hanging limply, looking strangely out of place.

He took one step closer to the wall and a green light came on above the leftmost limp dick.

In the upper portion of his visor, a message flashed: *FEEDING PERIOD*. Type scrolled across the screen: *One time message to new user — — KNEEL — — TAKE TWO OUTSIDE MEMBERS IN HANDS — — STIMULATE — — TAKE NOURISHMENT FROM INDICATED SOURCE*

Angelo stood there dumbfounded for several seconds. The message in his visor disappeared and the word *NOW* flashed three times. Then a countdown began from nine. The feeling of the ants on his own dick began to grow and he knew what was coming.

He quickly knelt before the wall and stretched out his two hands to grab hold of the outside hard cocks and start jerking on them. The middle cock with the green light above it grew hard and big as he took it in his mouth. The countdown stopped and the tingling subsided. However he was now in another quandary.

The cock he was sucking on was small when he started but had grown large inside of his mouth. Now it was trapped in his mouth by the clips in the corners of the mouth opening of his hood. It was now far too large to come out! He could not breathe through his nose and the cock continued to engorge itself, slowly cutting off his air supply. *FASTER – HARDER – DEEPER* flashed the message in his visor. He worked hard to comply and was rewarded with a long spurt of a bitter-tasting creamy liquid, which he had no choice but to swallow.

As soon as he swallowed, the cock shrank and released him. Gasping for air, his head fell into his own lap and nearly reached his own cock.

“This can’t be happening to me,” he thought. “It’s a dream, a nightmare. There’s no way that I’ll ever do that again”

He was wrong! A message in his visor scrolled: *DAILY NUTRITIONAL CYCLE 1 OF 8 COMPLETE – DRINKING CYCLE 1 OF 12 TO BEGIN IN TWENTY MINUTES — — ORAL PLEASURE CYCLE 1 OF 2 IN 1.5 HOURS.*

Like it or not, Angelo would have to suck cock twenty-two times each day! He would soon come to like it.

He remained kneeling on the floor for several minutes in front of the cocks with his head down, contemplating his future. Anger, fear, regret and tears were all mixed-up in him at once.

He concentrated and tried to be somewhere else. Images of himself as the big man, with a sexy woman on each arm as he played for high stakes in the casino flashed through his mind as he tried to block out reality.

Even through his closed eyelids, he could see the red light of the message in his visor as it began and brought him back to reality. He opened his eyes and read the message: *DRINKING CYCLE 1 OF TWELVE – PROCEED AS FOR NOURISHMENT - DRINK FROM INDICATED SOURCE.*

A small green light was on above the limp dick that was to the right of center. Angelo rose and took the two big cocks in his hands and moved his parched lips to the waiting phallus. As he sucked, he tasted drops of cool, clear water. They were so good, so refreshing. It was nice to wash the bitter aftertaste of his previous encounter away. This dick did not grow as big as the first and he was able to slide it in and out of his mouth as he greedily sucked the welcome fluid. In fact, he was a little disappointed when it refused to relinquish any more fluid and the visor flashed: *CYCLE COMPLETE – CLEANSING PERIOD NEXT – ENTER CHAMBER NOW - YOU HAVE 60 SECONDS TO COMPLY*

He rose slowly but deliberately. He wanted to refuse but knew the consequences. He pushed down on the penis-handle to open the glass door and pulled it shut by the cock on the other side.

*ACTIVATE FLOW VALVE* flashed in his visor.

Angelo grabbed and rotated the penis-shaped valve handle. Immediately, a spray of warm, wonderful water jetted from the tip of the big cock above him. It was just at the perfect temperature. The pressure was strong but enjoyable.

After about five minutes, however, the water stopped. And then, from the tip of the big dick, a slimy fluid was sprayed out in a fine mist. The spray lasted only about five seconds but it spread out and covered every inch of him from head to toe. Only his head, breasts and crotch were protected from the spray by their coverings.

It felt awful! It was slimy and quickly growing cold. He grabbed hold of the penis door handle but it would not move.

Warm air started to flow up through the grate that formed the floor. The heat and the velocity increased and then stopped. He looked down and the goo was gone. There was a slight, pleasurable tingling all over his body.

The door clicked. He tried the handle and it opened freely.

The message: *PROCEED TO PLEASURE CYCLE USING CENTER MEMBER AS INDICATED* appeared in his visor.

He looked across the room and saw the light above the middle limp dick flash. The cock below it seemed to pulse slightly in unison.

“No! No! I can’t do it!”, he tried to scream. He fell to his knees and began to weep as he felt the electricity start to tingle in his groin. It continued to mount,

Inch by inch, he began to crawl across the room to the flashing light. It seemed like an eternity but it took only a few seconds. As he took the pulsing member into his mouth, it swelled with gratitude. Like in his drinking encounter, it did not grow to an extreme size as his first experience had done. Instead it just oozed out the most wonderful tasting fluid that Angelo had ever experienced.

His head began to swim as his tongue moved all around and he sucked hard on the pleasure stick. It was the sweetest candy he had ever tasted. What he could not know was that the fluid contained a pleasure-giving addictive drug. The drug would be administered in large doses at first to quickly create a need in him. Then, the dosage would be reduced. This would create a craving inside of him that would remain long after the physical addiction was gone.

When it stopped producing, he went on licking it for several minutes until there was no trace of the fluid left.

As he rose with a smile on his face a slight dizziness began.

A message appeared: *PLEASURE CYCLE COMPLETE – COMMENCE REST AND RE-GENERATION PHASE – PROCEED AND STAND ON BLACK LINE AT BASE OF REST TABLE*

He moved to the position requested and the head of the table rose up almost ninety degrees.

*PLACE FEET IN SUPPORTS*

As he placed each of his heels into the stirrups of the bench, he could feel a click as they locked into place.

*LEAN BACK*

He leaned back into the soft, warm material.

His “tail” met the hole in the table and his ass was quickly pulled in. The table began to move to a horizontal position. His entire torso was drawn down into the soft plastic by a vacuum through the tiny perforations in the material. His head was held fast, too. The only things that he could move were his arms and hands.

The warm, fuzzy feeling continued to grow and his mind spun as a kind of euphoria took hold of him from the psychotropic drug that was a part of what he had enjoyed a few moments earlier.

A final message scrolled by while he was still able to read and understand. *YOU MUST MAINTAIN CONTACT WITH BOTH MEMBERS THROUGHOUT THE REST AND RE-GENERATION PERIOD – LOSS OF CONTACT WILL NOT BE ALLOWED*

He reached out to the two disks and took a cock in each hand and held them tight. A vacuum began and his hands were sucked tight onto the two big cocks. They began to move in a slight circular motion and throb at the same time.