

Bondage Story Double Post #1: Of Humane Bondage

Day 25/365... Wait, he is doing two posts? What the fuck is he going to write about in June? Idiot!

My Fellow Inmates,

Now that I am doing the U-vote Bondage Stories I guess Its Best for me to get the potential stories out there. So Today I will be adding two stories to the mix as I continue to work on "Carpe Noctem 4"

This one I shall chalk up to some parts of being quite young and quite naive, as I wrote it when I was about 20. then it was attempted to be rewritten a few years ago giving it a new opening, but somehow a novice can shove in a catheter, plug and suit up in less than 10 minutes...

One must love suspension of disbelief...

But since I was asked if these two stories could be added to the voting mix.... here they are.

Lets Start with "Of Humane Bondage"

Chapter 1 - "A Novice Idea..."

The internet can be a dangerous place; a double edged sword of epic proportions to those that seek captivity.

I seek out the cybers. Those who others ignore; Those who have immersed themselves in the fantasy yet never tasted the reality; Those that are too scared, yet would give just about anything in hopes of making their dreams come true.

They are easy to find, and message me all the time. After reading my stories they blur the edges of safe and sane in order to get what their Dick craves. I am always happy to offer them a safe pathway into my inner sanctum.

Ahead lays the story of one of these boys. His restraints tethered to the table on either side of the keyboard. He has been given a set timeframe in order to write 3 chapters; the clock ticking away next to him. Failure is not an option, but an open door to a personal training session with me...

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I have been instructed to write, yet I don't even know where to begin. This is the third time I have been given the opportunity to tell my story. The past two attempts were my failures, as Sir advised me. This infernal clocks ticks way next to me now and I shall not fail him again.

I answer to boy 23. Once long ago I was known as mikey, and although it has been over two years since I have been called so, I am not sure I would ask anyone for salvation from my torment.

We are never asked nor encouraged to hand over our identities. We make that choice on our own volition when we are ready; at the point that we wish to be his, forever. The day I handed Sir my name is the first time I can remember him truly pleased in me.

His Pleasure is akin to glory; his wrath is that of the beast.

Twice I have been given the opportunity to write this, and twice I have failed. I cannot remember much of those trips down to the room with the black metal door, but each time I come back with a new tick branded on my shoulder-blade. We are only allowed ten ticks against us, I have seven. Not much is known of those who have failed Sir's expectations enough to reach ten.

The thought of this brings my mind back to the infernal clock ticking away off my right side; I must continue, I must not fail.

The last thing I remember of my beforelife I was 18. I have a good job, a great place to live, and a cat that thought the sun rose and set on my lap. I definitely could say that I had things going for me, especially at my young age.

Although I always knew that something was missing, ever since I was thirteen I had had these interests. The feel of rubber, the smell of leather, the feeling of semi-confinement when I tether myself to the bed. But who could I tell? How could you relate something like that that is such a piece of you, and hope that someone else can understand the sheer intensity that these feelings bring out in you?

I knew there were bars out there, and I had made attempts to reach out to them only to find the type of leather daddies with the harness covering a beer gut, that made me chuckle rather than quake. I was looking for more than just a ball waxing... Much more.

So I decided that the internet was the way to go, I could cruise out there anonymously, and if things got to scary, I'd just stop typing as I had done on so many other occasions. It was on that one night, in June I think, as I was sorting through the mess of twinks, tweakers, jokers, and otherwise other general wastes of a good hard on when I met Him.

He was logged into one of those old IRC chatrooms, "#Gayrubber". Heh, even with the long since death of the IRC chat scene I still remember that. In fact every detail of what I am about to relay shall be burned into my memory forever, for it was the beginning of my descent into the depths of my desires.

He was logged in under the nick of "Dr. Laytex". I thought it was a stupid name at the time and ignored his general posts until a private window opened from him. Since I was in a feisty mood I decided to play along.

"You like rubber bondage boy?" The mysterious message said.

"Of course I do," I replied snidely "Why else would I be in this room?"

"What are your limits boy?" The message came back completely ignoring the bate I had just

lain before him.

"None," I replied "I like to be taken where ever the rollercoaster is headed" I typed back, not willing to tell this guy that that I had never done much more than jerked off all over a pair of rubber boots I had purchased at Goodwill for \$2.99.

"I like your attitude boy."

"Thank you."

"I think I could have some fun with you. Why don't you meet me after work tonight, I get off at 10pm. I work at Clark Street Hospital, do you know where that is boy?"

I hesitated a bit.... Clark Street Hospital was only 3 blocks away. Was this guy serious? I had been looking for some real rubber play for a bit, but this was way too close to home to be comfortable. "Um, I am not sure I can make it... My car is in the shop right now."

"Yes, they usually are. I am offering you rubber bondage, I believe that's what your profile says you are looking for, or am I wrong?"

"No, no your not wrong" I typed back not sure what to say.

"I am offering an experience for you that will exceed your expectations. I work as a Doctor at the hospital, if you need any references..."

"No," I replied back intrigued. "No, I believe you."

"Good, you will show up at 10pm. Head to the south end of the Hospital. Once there, you will notice a high wall completely covered in Ivy. If you are to look closely through the Ivy, you will find a gate. I shall leave the key in the third flowerpot from the end of the wall. Once through the gate, take the door immediately to your left, you will find further instructions there. Don't bring any gear, we have more than enough."

"But how will I recognize you?" I waited, there was no response. I was unsure of what to do; I was not familiar with any used area on the south end of that hospital, only the run down portion of the old wing that was closed down years ago because it was deemed unsafe. Many questions were going through my mind.....Why did he wish to meet there? Could I trust him?

...And what did he mean by WE?

Chapter 2 - "Fear of Commitment..."

9:00pm , I was wrong, the old wing lies to the east, and apart from its dilapidated appearance, there were no signs of life. Well at least that made me feel a little better, I was wondering what sort of guy would want to meet in a run down building when there are a lot warmer, and more interesting places to play. So I guess the search goes on....

It was 9:45pm by the time I was standing outside the Iron Gate with the key in my hand. I

knew I was early, I had found the gate Fifteen minutes ago and the key not long after that. My curiosity of the unknown, and unexplored outweighed the fear that kept nagging me to run back home where it was safe. I looked at my watch again...9:50, I'll wait. I didn't wish to show that I couldn't follow a few simple instructions.

Such a strange place to meet, heavy foliage attempted to block my every footstep deeper into this inner sanctum of greenery, I mean If it wasn't pointed out to you, you wouldn't even know that there was anything back here. This gate is located behind the hospital, so you can't see it from the North, and to the south lies miles and miles of cornfields

"Kansas we're not in Toto anymore" I nervously chucked to myself. Well 9:55, I guess there won't be any harm in going in five minutes early. The key scraped in the hole, and the rusty lock fought with all its might to keep its hold. But at last the gate swung open revealing a large courtyard that can be best described as an equipment graveyard. Multiple skeletons of rusted out bed frames, and other unidentified items were scattered about a long forgotten majestic grove of broken fountains, one legged benches, and headless cherubs. While soaking in the mysterious atmosphere of this concrete garden, I noticed on my left hand side, the door that I was supposed to take.

That snapped me back to the situation at hand. "who cares what this area was long ago, You have other things to attend to" I reminded myself, as I reached for the handle on the door.....

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My senses were assaulted by the fumes of mildew and dust, and it took my eyes a while to adjust to the low level of light that a single candle in the center of the room was putting off. Examining my surroundings, the room appeared to be some sort of lobby, with a desk against the far corner, and multiple doors leading off to destinations unknown. Upon this desk sat the candle in an old style candlestick, next to this was a box, and on top of the box was a note with "boy" written on top of it.

I picked up the note and unfolded it, it read: 'Since you are reading this, It seems that you have more promise than I thought, we didn't think you were going to show up. But this is good; we have a lot of plans for you. So read this well, and understand it before you begin following out the instructions. Any non-compliance will be punished, any instruction not followed through in a timely manner will be punished, any objection will be punished, and just in case you decide that you have gotten yourself in over your head, and wish to leave, think again. The door automatically latched behind you, and there are no manual controls to open that door from this side. The door is also constructed of 2 inches of steel, you will find everything well constructed in here, so compliance is your only option. On the next sheet, you will find your list of instructions, you will have 1 minute to acquaint yourself with them, and 5 minutes to follow them out. Earlier today you told me you were looking for excitement, well baby you just stepped knee deep in it.....Welcome to my world.'

Oh my god, what had I gotten myself into, I ran to the door, it was just a solid sheet of metal, no way out there. I ran to the other two doors in the room, they too were inaccessible. Just 3 solid doors in a windowless room the only access. There was nothing to do, but play along for now, and hope an opportunity presents itself. I looked at the second sheet with the instructions on it, it said: 'Now that you have probably verified what the letter said, I am glad you are back with us. Now here is what you are to do, on the table you will see a box. Inside this box there are multiple Items that you will be putting to use in the next 10 minutes (failure to comply with time frame will result in punishment). First you are to strip completely, you will find a

trash bag in the box to put your clothes in, tie the bag in a knot and leave it on the floor. Next you will find shaving cream and a safety razor (don't want you to get any escape Ideas, now do we), you are to shave EVERY hair off your body. The Enema Kit and Catheter are to be used next, if you are not familiar with how to insert a catheter, I will be MORE than happy to assist. Finally, you will find a special suit in the bottom of the box; I think you will like this one, as I remember how much you told me you liked rubber. You will not be able to do up the zipper, so when you have finished pulling it on, you are to be down on your knees with your hands on your ass, and your head on the floor. You will remain this way until you are collected. Your Ten minutes starts when you set this sheet down.'

Resigned to my temporary fate, I started to follow out the orders, not really being interested in finding out what "Punishment" was; I completed most of the tasks with lightning proficiency. The problem arose when I came to the rubber suit,

Somehow, he new what size I should wear, and he decided to give me the next size smaller. The suit itself was thick black rubber, extending from the top of the head to the tips of the toes. An attached hood had an inflatable gag built in, with a tube running down the center of it, and the eyes were covered by some sort of smoked plastic. The hands ended in Mitts with attached rings, this is where I got in trouble.

The suit slipped up my legs and torso very easily, as it was lightly coated in some sort of lubricant, but when I attempted to push my arms down into the padded mitts, I found out that the latex in this portion was as dry as a bone. I could only get about half way down when my arms would stick and I would go no further, This was not helped by the fact that in the tubular latex of the arms of the suit my hands were useless, and I could not even get the leverage to help myself along. Aware that my time was quickly running thin, I pulled my arms back out and attempted to smear them in the lubricant of the rest of the suit. But it was used so sparingly in the initial application that I could not wipe off enough to help my struggles any. So there I was, Inch by inch tugging at the latex with my teeth, slowly descending down into the depths of the arms. After what seemed like an eternity my hands finally hit home, and my fingers slid neatly into their own padded sheaths in the Mitts.

Quickly I dove to the floor, and assumed the position that was demanded of me. I don't know how long they left me there, as I lost track of time, and this once interesting suit was ceasing to be quickly, as the heat and sweat were quickly building up, and I was still laying there with the zip all the way down. My legs had long since gone numb from lying on the concrete but I couldn't move. Every minute that I had been laying here was another minute that I was able to think about my situation, and fear had long set in.

Through my hood I could hear a distant squeaking sound slowly becoming louder. Something was approaching, but due to the thickness of the hood and the fogged lenses, I could not tell how far or from what direction it was coming. Suddenly a much louder noise sounded from the right side of the room, which I assumed was one of the doors opening, but I kept my head glued to the floor as a slight tremble set in. This only made the slow squeaking sound louder, the best I could equate the sound to was a grocery cart with a bad wheel.....yes that was it, something on casters was being rolled in this direction. Unfortunately that realization only served to turn the tremble into a shake. What is going to happen to me? Who knows I'm here? Oh, my god, who else even knows this place exists?

Suddenly the sound Stopped. The dead silence was harder to take than the instant sound. I could barely see, I couldn't hear. I could be surrounded by people and I wouldn't have known it. At that moment time was irrelevant, fear and exhaustion took over and I prayed for

something to happen just to break the cold stillness that had seeped into my bones.

All of a sudden, a gloved hand caressed my hooded head, and calmly shushed me until the trembling receded. There was something about that voice, something I couldn't fight; I just drifted off into it. I didn't even struggle when the zip was done up on the suit and locked into place.

"Look at me boy" that voice commanded

I slowly lifted my head up this black robed figure. Like looking through a haze, the lenses of the hood accompanied by the flickering candle light made this mysterious stranger a pale white blur from neck up, I noticed something in his hands, but I could not make it out. Once again he spoke "My Name is Dr. Fetter, but you may call me Sir. You took longer than the allotted ten minuets to follow out the instructions boy, so now I am going to have to punish you." With that he strapped a gasmask to my head, and slowly screwed on a filter. The air through the mask smelled funny yet strangely familiar. My world started swimming, and the last thing I can remember before I passed out, is the sound of my own voice saying "Thank you Sir"

Chapter 3 - "The Latex Maiden...Rubber the right way"

-My god, I am meeting you tonight, in 3 hours my dreams will come true, or I will be horribly disappointed. Perhaps I acted before thinking, I mean what really did I know about you? Although I cannot back out now, if I do I will never be able to show my face on IRC again. As you are an Op, and that probably means you know everyone else in that room....my reputation will be finished-

-This gate looks like it hasn't been accessed in years, and what is with that courtyard, looks like Terra after the war. Perhaps if I see some Latex curtains, I'll make a new outfit, "As god is my witness, I'll never go unrubbered again!" hehe.....shit, no time to joke now, might as well go in-

-Ten minutes for all of this? This list of instructions is designed to make me fail-

-There, thank God I keep myself smooth, so the only thing I had to rid myself of was the eyebrows, and the head stubble. You are not going to win just yet, that leaves me about 4 minutes to put on that suit...ha, plenty of time-

-What?!? There is no lube in these sleeves, and I cannot wipe any off the other parts of the suit. Very clever, I have underestimated you-

-I know I am in deep....perhaps too deep, but even though I cannot see your darkened figure before me, I want to give myself to you, It is not my choice anymore. Whatever you are feeding to me through this mask is my pathway to complete submission, slowly stripping away my doubts and fears....."Thank You Sir"-

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Slowly, I became aware of my own breathing echoing through my head. Every rubber tainted

breath shooting holes in the belief that this was all a dream. Once again the slow squeak of the casters invades my senses, this time echoing all around, and underneath me. The shock brings me back to reality, I am on the move. I force myself to open my eyes, clearing out the remaining haze that took me over for who knows how long.

I am lying on my back, watching the ceiling of a concrete tunnel slowly roll by; bare light bulbs that are heavily browned with age make reflections off the tale signs of water dripping down the walls. I attempt to lift my head to fully realize the predicament that I have gotten myself into, just to find myself stopped by some sort of stiff object that has been placed around my neck. This causes me to examine my immediate surroundings, No longer am I in that suit with the Smokey lenses, what has been stretched over my head is some sort of gas mask held tight by a rubber hood. The lenses are of decent size, but still they block out anything but a peripheral view. I could not see the lower portion of my face through the nose cup, but I could feel the tubes that had been slid up my nostrils, and some sort of form fitting object, that molded itself around my teeth, was jammed in my mouth.

I attempted to reach up to remove the hood, to find out that I could not move. Horrified by this notion, I strained against the rigid object holding my neck. I could not believe what I saw, Light tan leather spider straps crisscrossed my naked body, anchoring me to a gurney at 6 inch intervals from my ankles to my neck. At the neck line they changed direction securing my shoulders down to the mattress. A bit of squirming revealed why I could not even move underneath this contraption. Set on each strap was a cuff, encircling the body part that was underneath it, I was effectively immobilized. My previous thought of waiting for an opportunity to present itself to escape this situation was quickly turning more and more futile. The ceiling of the tunnel started receding upwards; turning into a Gothic dome of impassive arches and stone work. I felt the gurney lurch to a sudden halt, as unseen hands locked down the wheels, and shook it to make sure it wouldn't roll. The sound of receding footsteps let me know that they were sure enough of their bondage that they knew I wasn't going anywhere soon. Resigned to having to wait, I decided to examine my surroundings the best I could.

The water damage in this room must be more severe than in the hallway, as the reflections of the light bouncing off of rippled water danced along the ceiling, mingling with the carvings of children, and nightmarish animals that seemed to dominate the every reaches of the dome. From the apex, multiple chains hung down covered in a green caking of age, and disuse. The fact that I could not do any more than stare at this ceiling made me feel even more frustrated, and helpless. This had the after effect of making me extremely Horny, which was soon revealed by the slow stirring in my crotch. It only took about 15 seconds for me to discover another feature of this leather restraint, as sharp pins slowly pressed into my cock the more it grew. I started squirming, attempting to either halt the ascent of my growing member, or to get it in a better position so it wasn't slowly being impaled. The Mixture of the pain and the futility of the situation only served to help complete my growing hard-on. Slowly my world melted away, becoming centered and dependent on the growing sensation of white heat that dominated my very soul. I concentrated on accepting the pain, and embracing it rather than making it worse by trying to block it out. Just on the edge of Euphoria, I tried pressing my hips against the pins to raise the sensation, but something was wrong. The pins were being removed, and light hands started slowly stroking my hooded head.

"The patient stirs Dr," Said a strangely electric voice to my right, as the hands stopped caressing my head, and started unzipping the hood and removing the neck brace. Once my head was free I noticed I was not alone. At some point during my infatuation with the pain at my crotch, I failed to notice that I was being surrounded. Looking around I counted 5, no 6 rubber men all dressed alike. The outfit was amazing; a skintight black latex catsuit displayed

their well toned bodies. British S6 gasmask hoods were locked on by a collar to their already hooded heads so looking through the lenses on their masks all you could see where the eyes, all other traces of race, or individuality had been removed. Black rubber restraints were locked to their wrists and ankles, and multiple straps covered in D-rings littered the rest of their bodies. Upon closer inspection I noticed that I was wrong, they were not all exactly alike, 5 of them had inflator bulbs coming out of the center of the mouth ring on their hoods. The sixth, which began to speak, did not. "The Patient is prepped and ready Dr."

At that point a figure emerged from behind me, He was dressed like the others, in a tight body hugging suit that displayed his well toned legs, and tight ass, but this is where the similarities stopped. Tightly laced Crotch high boots were partially covered by a latex apron that he slipped over his head, and a leather medical mask was tied around his mouth and nose. He wore a #3 shave on the top, and a #1 shave on the sides, but the thing that drew me in was his deep blue eyes, they pierced through my body examining the wants and needs that I have been unable to relate to anyone. I could not take my eyes off his, they demanded my every attention. I was no longer afraid, as those eyes radiated warmth as much as they demanded submission. He slowly reached down and rested his hands on the edge of the Gurney, and wordlessly signaled to one of the others to have the casters unlocked.

"I guess you are probably wondering where you are..." This was more of a statement than a question, so I didn't answer; I just continued to stare into those eyes. "Sixty years ago, this town held two things: Cornfields, and the complex you are in right now. Now, back then, there wasn't any laws regarding the treatment of Inmates, and if you were deemed insane, then people wanted you committed, with no want or interest in what happened to you after that point. This created a small problem, as once you were deemed crazy, you were labeled for the rest of your life, So It was easier for the state to just keep you locked away than to anger the taxpayers by letting you out. Opportunists started seeing the benefit in this, and were having their enemies committed, it completely took care of the problems, and there was no blood on their hands in the process. The Government started noticing that this becoming more and more prevalent, and so they instilled tougher standards on what crazy was, and they instilled a 72 hour observation period mandatory before incarceration. This was enough to still the flow of false committals, but they still had the problem of all the people wrongly rotting away in the hospitals around the country. Well this is the kind of publicity that the good old US of A has always found easier to sweep under the carpet. So, soon this complex was born. They visited every mental ward in the country interviewing the inmates, weeding out the ones who were perfectly sane, and they had them shipped here. 'Project 6471', an underground maximum strength facility built to keep the people and the secret from ever getting out. A full running hospital was built on top, to cover up all the medical traffic that came and went." "With the cold war, and human experimentation on the rise, the government figured, why buy the cow when they could get involuntary volunteers for free. So soon this place was transformed into a Mecca of contraptions, designed to test the human body to its mental, physical, emotional and sexual limits. It became a vacation spot for Sadistic upper-ups in the government, which is why you will notice the courtyard outside, and all of the stone work inside. They intricately dolled up this place to make is as enjoyable for the politicians who came to watch someone be tortured, or if they wished, be tortured themselves. Well, this place enjoyed a 15 year run, until other officials became aware of its existence, and didn't like what they saw. Very quietly this place was sealed up, and the remaining inmates were re-dispersed into institutions around the country. Due to the fact that this town had bloomed around the hospital, it was left open, and all of the people who knew of its secret were removed. I have spent many years of my life searching for this place, with only rumors to go on. And now, you have the great pleasure of

being one of seven people that know it actually exists. I hope you can grasp the weight of your situation."

And with that, he slowly turned the gurney around and had one of the other rubber men raise the back. The room was nothing like I expected. The water reflections on the ceiling were coming from a tank sitting in the center of the room that was half full of water. I was slowly rolled towards it, and noticed that the interior of the tank was covered in attachment points. I was not sure what these were for, but I knew that I was about to find out soon enough. The gurney was rolled parallel to the tank, and the casters were once again locked.

"This is a little contraption that we have aptly named the 'Latex Maiden', I would explain it to you, but I think it will be better to show you instead." He reached back down under the Gurney and pulled out a few obviously latex Items. "First, since you don't seem to be real talkative anyway, let's replace your hood." Once again the Gasmask hood was placed on my head; I opened my mouth to protest, only to find it once again stuffed with the form fitting gag. "This hood is one of my own designs, it allows you to see everything until I choose otherwise, and it tends to make things more interesting." The tubes were once again pushed up into my nose, and offered the only airway available to me. The other Latex garment was slowly unfolded across my body, It appeared to be one of those Sleepsacks that I had seen on the net quite a few times, but this one was covered all over by D-rings.

He nodded to the other rubbermen, and they slowly began to untie me. A rush of adrenalin raced through my body, this was my chance, and as soon as I was free I was going to make a bolt for it. "I know what you are thinking;" Dr Fetter said, I could see his smile beneath the mask. "But before you make an attempt, I would recommend looking before you leap." I turned my attention to the other rubber guys, and noticed that only 3 of them were untying me, the other 3 stood behind them with cattle prods in their hands. "This place was designed inescapable, so even if you got passed them, you would not get out. The cattle prods save us the time having to come looking for you." Once again my hopes went down in flames, there was nothing to do but go along, but that didn't mean I had to make it easy for them.

Once they had finished untying me, Dr Fetter laved the open end of the bag at my feet. "Crawl in" he demanded. This was where I was going to draw the line, if he wanted me in that bag; he was going to have to stuff me in there himself. Dr Fetter just smiled "Not going to crawl in, hmm? Ok, I see we continue to do this the hard way." One of his hands reached up into my field of vision, it contained a black rubber hose. The Dr took his other hand slowly, for my benefit, and placed it on the open end of the tube. Suddenly I found myself without air, every time I attempted to draw in a breath the mask just sucked harder to my face.

"Either you crawl into the bag on your own, or you pass out, and I will put you in there, either way I win." he said as he continued his preparations with his hand over the end of the hose.

"Ok, Ok!" I muffled into the gag. He released the end of the hose, and wonderful air poured back into my lungs. Defeated, I grabbed the neck of the sleepsack, and slowly slid myself into it. The Dr. stopped me half-way and slid my arms into sheaths built inside the bag, when my hands got towards the bottom of the sheaths, they popped through rings that were situated at about wrist level. I attempted to yank my arms back out, just to have these rings tighten, and conform themselves to my wrists. He then slid my feet into the boot at the base of the bag, pulled the flaps up over my shoulders, and pulled the heavy zipper up to my neck, making sure to tuck the end of the hood in before doing up the collar. Next he dragged a hose from a compressor over, attached it to the bag, and inflated the bag rock hard around my body. Sometime during the inflation process my cock and balls popped into a cavity that molded to

them firmly, this bit of stimulation made me instantly hard, and a lot more interested in what was about to happen to me.

Suddenly I started to move as the 6 full coverage rubbermen lifted me off of the gurney and down into the tank of water. I was lightly set on the surface of the water where I proceeded to float, as each of the rubbermen climbed back out of the tank, just to return with bundles of nylon rope. They proceeded to attach rope loosely from all of the D-rings on top of the bag and my hood, to all of the attachment points above the water on the sides of the tank. After they were finished with this, one by one they disappeared below the water level, and I could feel myself being yanked down in all directions, causing the previously applied ropes to become taught. Carefully navigating the rope web I was now the center of attention.

Five of the rubbermen climbed out of the tank, and once again disappeared from my line of sight. The Ungaged rubberman remained in the tank with me and was attaching wires into ports all along the bag, once he finished, he too climbed out and disappeared. Dr Fetter appeared at the side of the tank, this time with a microphone in his hand.

He lifted it up to his mouth "Can you hear me my pet?" I did my best grunt of approval that I could manage. "Good, this will be the only form of communication for quite a while. But not to worry, as you can see by the wires we are monitoring your vitals, so you are completely safe." Dr Fetter chuckled; "At least that is what some of the wires are for."

The end of the hose that connected to my mask was then plugged into a port in the side of the tank, and the 6 Rubbermen reappeared carrying the lid for the tank. Once the lid was slid into place, I could see all 7 of them gathered around the tank, watching in anticipation.

"Now," The Dr's voice reappeared in my ear "Even though you are trapped, the truly devious design of this toy, is that the water in it is held at 98.6 exact. You shall see what effect this has in a moment." He then reached over to a panel on the side of the tank and tapped a few buttons. Suddenly the water began to rise; I panicked as it covered my head, until I realized that I could still breathe. All I could do was watch as the water reached the lid and stopped. That's when the strange sensations began, as the Latex ceased to be warm or cold. The concept of the barrier of my skin, since partially blurred by the tight fitting bag, was now completely slipping from my grasp. It was my sight that was still holding me together. "Now boy, do you remember what I told you about that hood? I think you have seen enough."

With that my world started to dim, and then it completely went dark. I fought against the bonds that held me....or did they. All I could feel was a heartbeat....my heartbeat, and my breathing echoing through my head. The hypnotizing beat luring me deeper into my own consciousness. No longer did my body exist; I was just a beat, a breath, and a mind.

A new sensation broke through the Frey, a pulsation at what used to be my crotch, but since my crotch no longer existed, the waves of pleasure swept my whole world. I no longer exist, I am one with pleasure, and I am one with pain. Welcome to Euphoria.

With That, Visiting Time Is Over.

What Ever You Do Don't Scream Too Loud As Others Are Trying To Sleep.

~Rubberasylum

