

"You just got to see this," said Max enthusiastically to Ron over the phone.

"See what man? I'm beat," said Ron wearily. This was more or less true for it was the first day of the college vacation and Ron had spent the entire day partying and was worn out by the time he got back to his room.

He and Max were lovers, both of them were in the same college, whereas Max stayed in his own apartment off campus (his parents could afford it), Ron preferred to stay in the college hostels because it was cheaper and because there were more guys to look at. Both of them were interested in intense rubber and bondage and Ron had enjoyed many a pleasant weekends thrust up in tight bondage involving rubber and sometimes breath control.

"It's my new invention, you'll be most interested in it, I'm sure," said Max.

Ron paused. Max was an inventor of sorts. He discovered he had a flair for making things with his hands. The largest room in his apartment was outfitted as a workshop, much to his parent's disapproval but since they were filthy rich and very busy business people, they didn't seem to care what their son did so as long as he stayed out of trouble with the law. Ron and Max never bought any bondage equipment or rubber gear as Max made what they used. Ron felt that it was much cheaper and frankly thought that some of the stuff that Max made was much better than what would be purchased outside, usually for an extremely high price.

"Right now, I'm too tired to be interested in anything," said Ron.

"Oh yeah, then you have no idea what you're missing out dude," said Max. "It's something you'll like a lot. I call it the Mummy Maker."

Ron paused again and he had to admit that he was interested. He had always wanted to be mummified, like the way the ancient Egyptians mummified the remains of their pharaohs. He had seen pictures of how it could be done on the Net. The feeling of total helplessness and immobility when mummified always gave Ron a hard on when he thought about it. Unfortunately, this was an area where Max's inventiveness failed him, he could never get the bindings tight enough to restrain totally without taking away Ron's ability to breath easily. He had vowed, a month back, that he would find a satisfactory solution and Ron wondered if Max had finally found one.

"It's not another one of your improvised ideas from past experiments, is it?" Ron asked cautiously. An unsuccessful attempt to mummify him in sheets of homemade rubber had failed miserably.

"No, it'll be much more interesting than anything we've done so far," said Max, as enthusiastic as before. "Think of it Ron, breath control, mummification, controlled stimulation, everything that you've always wanted and dream off!"

Ron was interested by now, despite his fatigue.

"Okay, I'll be over, but it'll be just for a quick look see," said Ron. "And then I'll head back home to sleep." While he had stayed over in Max's apartment before, it was almost always in a rubber bondage sleep sack but today, he wasn't in the mood for it.

"You won't regret this," said Max. "I'll be waiting!"

Ron decided to take a shower before he left his hostel. It was late at night and there was hardly anybody around. Soft noises of television sets, computers and radios turned down low sifted through the closed doors along the dimly lit corridors could be heard as he made his way down to the bathroom. He stripped and then enjoyed a hot shower which relieved much of his fatigue. He admired his own form as he toweled off. His body was smooth and devoid of fat. He formerly had some pubic hair but after meeting Max who convinced him that he looked a whole lot better smooth, he had agreed to let Max spread some hair removing cream all over him and from that day on, he had not a single strand of hair on below his neck and he never regretted it. Hairless, his skin seemed smoother and shinier, especially if he was sweat coated or applied oil on himself.

After getting dressed, he made his way to Max's apartment. Max lived really nearby, within walking distance and Ron always wondered why Max didn't want to stay in a hostel but the answer was apparent, he enjoyed tinkering and experimenting and building things too much. Max's interest with bondage and rubber were hard to hide as well. While Ron's room contained nothing more than a pair of latex briefs and a hot collection of pictures to give away his interest, Max's owned a rubber sleep sack, a whole cupboard full of rubber clothing, among other homemade bondage equipment. The walk was a peaceful one, it was very quiet and the entire town seemed to be asleep. No car passed Ron as he strolled along the quiet road. He arrived at the block and took the lift to Max's apartment.

Max answered the door at once when he rang the doorbell. He must have been waiting by the door or something, Ron thought.

"Hi Ron, I'm so glad you came," said Max giving Ron a peck on the cheek.

"So what's this you have to show me?" said Ron.

"Come over here and I'll show you," said Max.

Here, Ron found, meant Max's workshop. It looked a little different from when he last saw it, and Ron realized why. In one corner of the room was a large, man sized... well, thing. It was roughly man shaped and had lots of wires trailing out from the bottom and connected to a small hand held computer on the floor. There were two holes in the thing, at least, holes that Ron could see, one large one on the top and one smaller one in the center. A large tube was affixed to the top of the thing. The other end of the tube was connected to several tanks.

"What's that?" said Ron at last.

"My new invention, I call it the Mummy Maker," said Max proudly. "Want to have a go in it?"

"Not until I find out what it does," said Ron. His interest had waned somewhat when he saw the object.

"It's really interesting," said Max which Ron felt was very easy for him to say since he wasn't the one going to be inside. He pushed at part of the casing and it opened up, hinged on one side, rather like a real mummy case.

Inside the case as were wires connected to what looked like circular pads on the floor and a dildo.

"What happens is you just stand inside here, I'll connect the pads to your body and then close the casing," Max explained. "The tanks over there contain a special liquid rubber which I will pump inside. The rubber will seep into your every orifice and then harden, encasing you inside a solid block of rubber. It's even better than mummification," said Max. "You'll be totally entrapped in the rubber without being able to move."

"Or breath either," Ron remarked sarcastically. It was really a pretense. His cock had started growing hard when Max had finished his first sentence and now, it was rock hard and straining against his tight fitting cotton briefs. "I suppose you didn't think about that, did you?"

"Of course I did," said Max indignantly. He closed the casing and pointed to the larger hole on the top. "See, that's for your face to come through, so that you can still breath."

"And what's the other hole for?" Ron asked.

"Your cock," said Max. "So, do you want to have a go in it? I've spent the last month working on this thing. Its suitable for long term bondage, and I mean really long term."

"How long?" said Ron.

Max shrugged.

"A week, a month, maybe even a year?" said Max.

"You're crazy," said Ron. "I mean, okay, so I will be able to breath, but how will I piss and shit and all the rest of that? And if I don't move for so long, my muscles will atrophy and when let me out at the

end of the year, I will just be a quivering blob of flesh!"

"No you won't," said Max. "See those pads, I'll affix them all over your body to provide your muscles stimulus so that they will still be exercised even if you aren't moving and you'll come out in the same shape, if not better, than when you went in. I'll connect tubes to your body that will deliver a nutrient solution, it will contain everything that your body needs, so you don't have to release solid waste. As for liquid waste, a special container will collect all of it and then I can empty it when its full. Simple."

Ron was tempted. The idea of being encased in a block of rubber sounded very appealing and he trusted Max.

"So do you want to have a go in it?" said Max.

"Okay..." said Ron slowly. "But I'm not staying in there for a week! A day at most," he said.

"Sure! No problem," said Max. "Come to the bathroom, I'll get you cleaned out."

"I just showered before I came," said Ron.

"That's not what I meant," said Max. "Strip and bend over."

"What are you going to do?" Ron asked, doing as he was told. He felt something slid into his rectum and he gasped.

"Relax Ron, just giving you an enema to clean out your bowels," said Max as Ron felt himself fill up.

"Oh man, you could have warned me about that first," said Ron as the liquid entered his sensitive bowels. Max liked to administer enemas, he was a total control freak in a certain ways and one way he exerted his control over Ron was to give him an enema without telling him first, usually when he was in tight bondage.

"It's more fun this way," said Max. Ron couldn't see his face but was sure that he was grinning.

"I'm full Max," said Ron as the discomfort within him grew. "Can't you stop this?"

"You can take more of this Ron," said Max. "You've taken much more before."

"That was because I didn't have much of a choice," pointed out Ron as he stirred uncomfortably.

"Don't be a big baby, you're almost done," said Max.

Almost didn't come soon enough for Ron and when Max said he was done, Ron felt as if he was absolutely ready to burst with the pressure of the warm liquid inside him. He was sure he had never taken so much up his ass before. Max helped him over to the toilet bowl and then removed the enema tube. A rush of foul smelling fluid filled the toilet bowl.

"Now take a shower," said Max.

"I already showered once before I came," said Ron.

"Take another one, and use the special soap I prepared," said Max. "It'll make sure the rubber clings to you better. Join me in my workshop when I get things set up for you."

Grumbling a little to himself, Ron did as he was told and had another shower. He used the bar of soap Max laid out for him. It smelt a little strange and he felt sure his skin tingled a little when he used it and he wondered what it was made off. When he emerged and dried himself, his skin seemed a whole lot smoother when it was dry. He ran his hand over his newly dried skin and felt an erotic pleasure he had not felt before. He then joined Max in his workshop without wearing any clothes. Max was standing beside the large machine connected to the casing via a tube. It was humming faintly now. He turned when Ron entered.

"Ready to become a mummy Ron?" Max asked with a grin giving Ron an affectionate slap on Ron's back. Ron felt the erotic thrill run through him again. His cock was getting hard now, even though he hadn't even touched it.

"Yup," said Ron.

"Excited?" Max asked teasingly.

"A little," said Ron though he needn't have asked, actually, Ron's cock was hard and erect by now showing how excited he was. "What do I need to do?" he asked, looking at the interior of the casing. Max had cleared away all the wires so they were lying outside the casing.

"Nothing, for now, just stand still while I stick the pads on you," said Max. He proceeded to stick place the circular pads onto Ron's well built body. The pads had some kind of adhesive stuck on them for they stuck when Max pressed them gently on Ron's body. Max worked from bottom up and Ron realized that there were a lot of wires and pads. They went everywhere, on his calves, thighs, there was even a special cock ring that went around his cock trailing wires and two pads stuck onto his low hanging balls.

"What are those for?" said Ron when the ring and pads were placed on his genitals.

"To stimulate your cock and balls of course," said Max.

"Can't we just skip this since I'm going to be there for only one night?" said Ron.

"Nope, I want you to know how it really feels like so that you'll be convinced that you'll want to be in there for longer periods next time," said Max. "I'll be done soon," he said as he attached more pads to Ron's washboard abs and muscular back. "Just bear with it for a while longer."

When Max was done, Ron had pads all over his body, including his arms, even on the back of his neck and throat. The only two parts of him without wires were his face and his cock. Max also inserted two tubes into his flesh which delivered a nutrient solution. It stung a little when Max did it but it was pretty fast with it and there wasn't much pain. Ear plugs were placed in his ears as well.

"Their to prevent the liquid rubber from flowing in," said Max when Ron asked what they were for.

"They're also microphones, so that I can speak to you when your ears are covered in rubber."

"Anything else you haven't stuck on me yet?" Ron asked a little sarcastically. He began to feel rather stupid, being almost covered entirely with wires.

"Just one more thing," said Max.

"What?" said Ron. He decided that he didn't want to move if possible, lest the wires tangled and the pads fell off and Max would start all over again.

"This," said Max from behind him.

"What...Ooohh!" His question turned into a moan as Ron felt something thick, long and lubricated slide into his ass. "What...what's that?"

"The dildo," said Max. "I'm done now, just stand inside the casing."

"What do you need to stick that thing up my ass?" Ron asked.

"You'll see later," said Max. "Just stand inside the Mummy Maker and leave the rest to me."

"Famous last words," said Ron as he moved slowly and awkwardly towards the casing. He wasn't very far away but the wires made movement awkward.

When he stood inside the back half of the casing. Max took a piece of string and tied a loose loop around the base of Ron's cockhead.

"What's that for?" said Ron.

"You'll see," said Max as he threaded the remaining thread through the hole in the casing mean for Ron's cock. "Just stand in whatever position you feel comfortable. You're going to be standing in that position for a while."

"A night isn't a long time," said Ron as Max closed the lid with one hand, he couldn't see what Max was doing with his other hand though. He decided to stand with his arms by his side. He had thought of standing with his arms crossed over his chest like a real mummy but since it was going to be for a short time, he didn't want to start adjusting himself with all the pads and wires in the way. He felt

something tugging at his cock. "Hey?" he said as the lid slammed shut and his cock was drawn through the hole and the tension eased.

"Is everything all right in there?" said Max anxiously.

"Sure, everything's fine," said Ron. The edges of the hole had some sort of sealant applied on it and he could feel it molding and conforming to his face, or where his face touched the edges of the hole.

"I just felt something pulling hard at my cock.."

"That was me," said Max. Ron felt the loop being removed from his cock. "It was the only way I could guide your cock through the small hole without using my hands. Just relax Ron, I'm going to pump in the rubber now. Just tell me when you're ready."

"I'm ready," said Ron, eager to get this over with. His cock was so hard and he was somehow very excited about this.

"Okay, just lie back and enjoy the experience," said Max as he pressed a button.

He felt something warm and viscous touch his head and slowly drip and flow over his body, coating his body. Despite the viscosity of the liquid, it flowed over his body rapidly, though it was a little uneven. Ron felt it pool at his feet and it began to build up from there. It did so rapidly until every part of him was in contact with the warm, viscous liquid. It felt really good, Ron thought, rather like being in a warm bath. He could feel the liquid somehow flowing around, between his skin and the Mummy Maker. The liquid rubber wormed its way into every crevice of his body, caressing and massaging his body as the pressure gradually increased. It was quite enjoyable at first but then it gradually became uncomfortable.

"Hey Max," Ron called out. He couldn't see Max anywhere around.

"Yeah?" said Max from beside Ron. "I'm monitoring the rubber flow. What's wrong?"

"I think you've pumped enough rubber in already," said Ron.

"Just a minute more Ron, I want to make sure they're no air bubbles trapped inside or anything," said Max.

Ron could feel the pressure increasing.

"Uhh Max?" said Ron.

"Okay, I've turned it off," said Max. Ron didn't feel the pressure ease but it didn't increase either.

"Now we just need to wait for it to dry."

"How long's that going to take?" Ron asked.

"About half an hour," said Max. "It's my own special mix. It'll dry fast and become quite stiff and hard after drying but it won't be uncomfortable for you. Try not to move while you're inside there, not that you've got much room to, anyway."

"Sure," said Ron as he relaxed. The rubber cooled rapidly and soon, it no longer felt warm.

"Okay, it should be about dry now," said Max. He opened the casing slowly, Ron moaned a little as his hard erect cock had to pass through the small opening. Max smiled when he saw what lay inside.

"What's so funny?" said Ron.

"Tell you later," said Max. He patted Ron's cock affectionately and Ron groaned. "But first, let me get you out of the casing."

Ron heard a soft click and felt himself being pushed outwards from the back, like a piece of toast popping out from a toaster. He was about to fall over but Max caught him and right him.

"Hey, what are you doing?" Ron asked.

"Don't worry," said Max.

Ron saw the surroundings move and gathered that he was moving. Max was taking him somewhere, probably by dragging him. He remained very stiff and immobile yet had no problems breathing whatsoever. He tried moving inside his rubbery and form fitting prison but was utterly unable to do

so.

Ron realized that he had stopped moving and Max was leaning him against something, probably a wall. Ron recognized this place to be Max's living room.

"So how does it feel Ron? Does it fulfill your expectation of being mummified?" said Max.

"Yeah," said Ron, enjoying the total immobility of the rubber encasement.

"Can you move?" Max asked Ron.

"No," said Ron, trying to move but he couldn't even move a single finger. The rubber helped him in place perfectly, if he relaxed, he felt as if he was supported by nothing at all but if he moved, the rubber around reacted him and tried to prevent him from moving.

"Any difficulties breathing?" Max asked.

"No, everything's fine," said Ron. "This feels so good," he said, trying to struggle again and failing to move utterly and he felt his cock twitch. He couldn't see his cock from this vantage, of course, since he face forward, but he could feel.

"Would you like to see yourself now?" said Max.

"Sure," said Ron.

"Just hang on a second, don't run away now," said Max.

He walked away but came back very soon wheeling a large mirror. Ron recognized it to be the one from his bedroom. Like himself, Max enjoyed admiring his own body. Max pushed it till it was right in front of Ron. Heart pounding, Ron looked at his himself and gasped.

He saw a large, black, shiny mass of rubber, molded into the exact shape of a man just larger than himself. His face was where the rubber man's face was and his cock was where the rubber man's genitals would be. Every muscle was captured, every vein and sinew was reflected clearly in the mould. The molding wasn't perfect though, the 'man' stood with its arms by its side and legs slightly apart, rubber joined the arms to the torso and the legs together, destroying part of the realism.

"I wanted to make it look like a real mummy case but I thought since the person who's going to be in it looks so hot, his mummified form should look equally hot, don't you think so?" said Max.

"I...I can't believe this," said Ron. He was so aroused and turned on, looking at himself. His cock twitched again and he moaned a little, trying to struggle again, enjoying his tight bondage and confinement.

"You like this?" Max asked.

"Oh yeah...oh yeah I do," said Ron. "I like this a lot!"

"Good, because you're going to be in there for a while," said Max.

"What...?" said Ron. "What do you mean by that?" he demanded. "I thought I said a night."

"I suppose I should tell you the entire story now," said Max. "I've wanted you to be mine for a long time Ron, I've always liked you and I want you to be totally mine and now, you are. You can't escape Ron, you'll be mine forever, mine to keep and admire."

"You...you can't be serious?" said Ron horrified. He continued to struggle. To his dismay, the confinement continued to arouse him, despite the fact that it might be permanent.

"Of course I am," said Max. He started stroking Ron's erect cock and Ron groaned. "You've always liked bondage Ron, total and complete bondage, you've always liked someone to be in control of you and now, you have what you want, someone to control you totally, and I have what I want, you."

"No please...don't do this to me," Ron begged. "You can't keep me like this..." He moaned again as his cock was fondled gently by Max.

"Of course I can," said Max tenderly, stroking Ron's face. Ron tried to twist his head away but he couldn't, he couldn't move any part of his body. Ron moaned in pleasure as Max caressed his face.

"Feels good, doesn't it?"

"Uhh..."was all Ron could say when Max caressed his cock and his face at the same time. It did feel good, despite what Max had told Ron, Ron was enjoying the pleasure.

"It's the soap I made for you just now," said Max. "Its saturated with a pheromone that makes you feel hot and aroused and its absorbed into your blood stream and it will stay there and you will be horny for quite a while Ron and you'll think of nothing but cumming until it is discharged from your blood stream. You feel so very hot and horny now, don't you my new found mummy?"

"Yyyeeesssss..."Ron could only manage to gasp. His mind was filled with hot, erotic pleasure, and he felt aroused, so very, very aroused. "Feel so horrrrrnnnyyyy....!"

"There's more to that Ron, the soap has also altered your skin and allows the rubber to bond permanently, there's no way you're going to come off even if I wanted it to, but I don't think you're care about that now, do you?"said Max to Ron. "You can only think of the need to cum... isn't that right Ron, you need to cum so bad?"

"Yes..."Ron moaned. "Need...need to cum... must cum..."

"Glad to hear it Ron, I've built some perks into your new home and I am sure you will enjoy it. Let me show you."

Ron felt a powerful tingling at his balls and he moaned even louder. The pleasure and erotic sensation within him increased. The same sensation spread all over his genitals and he felt his cock become harder and stiffer than ever, as if that was possible. The tingling sensation spread all over his body and finally, into his anus. The dildo buried there began massaging him and he moaned loudly, he had never felt intense pleasure. He could feel the precum dripping down his hard, erect cock. He needed to cum so badly but he couldn't. The pleasure just kept increasing, growing more and more intense and he heard himself groaning louder and louder and louder.

Max stood beside the machine and smiled as Ron got more and more aroused but still could not cum.

"Do you want to cum now Ron? I can keep this up indefinitely Ron, my devices can keep you on the brink of orgasm and not let you cum for days, or even weeks, if you can hold out that long, do you want that Ron?"

"Nooo..."moaned Ron. "Pleasssee...."

"All right then, I'll let you cum," said Max.

Abruptly, Ron felt something in him give way and he orgasmed. He screamed as he experienced intense pleasure, pleasure so strong that it was painful, pleasure that he had never felt before. His body spasmed faultily in the grip of the form fitting rubber prison and he felt what seemed like endless streams of cum flow out from his cock.

Finally, it was over and he lay limp and would have fallen over were it not for the rubber holding him up.

"Really Ron, you really know how to make a mess," said Max who was already wiping up thick white goo which came from Ron's cock from the floor but he did not seem cross.

"Uhh..."moaned Ron softly. He gave a louder moan when Max wiped his cock with a damp cloth.

"This is an antidote of sorts to the soap," said Max as he cleaned Ron's cock. "It will prevent your cock from bonding with rubber. I plan to keep your cock inside a removable form fitting rubber sheath and I don't want your cock bonded to it, I plan to take your cock out from time to time and play with it. Would you like that?"

Ron could only moan in reply. He was starting to feel horny again and he thought he felt his cock getting hard.

"Uh uh. I think you've had enough hard on for a day," said Max. Ron felt a tingle of electrical current through his cock and despite his state of arousal, his cock began flaccid again.

Through the haze of pleasure, Ron realized with mild horror that the devices Max attached all over him did more than just preserve his muscles, if that was their function at all.

Ron felt and saw Max grab his cock, gently tease the piss slit open and then inserted a tube of some kind that dangled just out just a little way below his cock. It was a long tube but it was lubricated. Nonetheless, Ron moaned in pain as it made its way up Ron's cock.

When the entire length was inserted, Ron's cock just touched where the tube emerged from the casing. It was a clever arrangement, the tube, held in place by the block of rubber, was inserted into Ron's cock, and as a result, holding Ron's cock neatly in place, curled downwards a little, not a lot, just enough to ensure Ron's cock was pressed comfortably against a support protruding from above the tube and below his cock.

"Are we comfortable?" Max asked Ron.

Ron felt really horny now, despite his powerful orgasm.

"Now, for your penile shield, and I am very proud of this," said Max, showing Ron what looked like a set of balls and cock molded perfectly from black rubber. "It looks so real, doesn't it?" he asked Ron.

He showed it to Ron, holding it in front of Ron's eyes. "Take a good look at them, to the rest of the world, these are your cock and balls now." He brought it down to Ron's uniquely restrained cock and pressed it against Ron's cock. Ron felt the rubber like substance mould and conform to the shape of his cock like putty. Max withdrew and Ron saw that his rubber prison now had a very realistic set of cock and balls.

Max then wiped his face with a cloth. Through his haze of arousal, Ron realized that his face remained dry despite his intense orgasm. It wasn't even damp from sweat. It must have been due to the soap, Ron guessed.

"There, now, for the finishing touch," said Max.

"What...what are you going to do?" Ron managed to whisper.

"I would have thought you would be too exhausted to talk after that," said Max with a pause.

"Would...would take more than that to wear me out," Ron answered.

"Pity, mummies shouldn't talk you, it would have been easier on you if you hadn't spoken," said Max.

"What do you...?" Ron began but a tingle at his throat interrupted him and he couldn't speak!

Somehow, Max had rendered him mute!

"The pads at your throat are now relaxing your throat muscles and your larynx, you can't make any noise now, and you won't be able to, most of the time, just like a proper mummy," said Max approvingly. "You'll only be able to speak when I allow you to."

Ron looked helplessly at Max. His mouth, as if he lacked muscular control over it, now hung open a little. He couldn't believe Max had done this to him.

Max then brought something large and black over his face and at the same time, something slid into his throat. He then heard a click as something clicked into place. For a moment, he couldn't see a thing and then he could.

"Take a good look at yourself now Ron," said Max.

What Ron saw before him no longer resembled him in anyway, it was a man shaped figure molded from rubber. He realized that the final thing that Max installed on him was a mask of some kind. His prison now had a handsome face to match a muscular body.

"You like your new mummy casing?" Max asked Ron. "I think it quite suits the occupant, don't you? A casing that reflects the appearance of its occupant? The mask has nose holes and a large mouth hole, quite well concealed, of course, but you'll be able to breathe all right. The casing, you'll be interested to know, is entirely self sufficient. Devices embedded in the rubber between your legs can process

your liquid waste into nutrients and then deliver it straight into your blood stream through the tubes in your wrists and hands. I can empty out your piss at any time and feed you new fluid if I like, but just to set your mind at ease. I can leave you like this for days, weeks, and even months and you'll still be alive and well, just a little immobile," he said with a laugh. He patted the head of the casing gently and Ron wasn't entirely surprised that he could feel the pat. "Be good, and sleep tight." He paused for a while and kissed Ron on his mask's lips. "And sweet dreams," he said as the devices in him activated and started stimulating him again. He then left Ron alone.

Ron didn't know how much time passed but the devices on his skin repeated the pattern just now, stimulating him with intense sensations till the pleasure was almost too much to bear and keeping him like that for a long time and then allowed him to cum. Devices on his cock and balls, Ron guessed, kept his dick flaccid despite his intense arousal. His cock remained dry every time he came, the tube deep within him drew the ejaculate away before his cum oozed out of his cock.

The cycle repeated itself over and over again without giving him any respite and all this while, Ron was forced to look at himself, or rather, his form fitting prison. He was now too worn and tired to struggle. He cursed his foolishness and stupidity at being trapped like this but he couldn't deny that it was what he always wanted and slowly, he relaxed and ceased trying to struggle and found that the pleasure was less intense but much more enjoyable than before, as if the machine somehow knew that he was at ease and changed the pleasure he felt to something that he would enjoy more. He still continued to cum but he was enjoying himself now. The rubber felt very good on his body, now that he was relaxed enough to appreciate it. He found himself snuggling down into the warm embrace of the rubber, feeling very good. He sighed silently, not being able to speak due to the devices on his throat

Soon, he fell asleep, the last thing he remembered was an intense and yet most relaxing orgasm... Ron was awakened the next day by another orgasm. He has had a most unforgettable night as he dreamt that he came over and over again while tightly held down by Max. He felt something jerk and rub his cock off in a manner that brought him to an intense powerful orgasm that shook his very being and he woke suddenly.

Momentarily forgetting where he was, Ron tried to turn to get out of bed but he couldn't move! Belatedly, he realized where he was, he was trapped in a mummy casing shaped mass of rubber by Max. The events of the previous day flooded back to him as the tingling in his cock began again. The devices Max attached to him were still stimulating him! Despite his numerous orgasms, his cock didn't feel sore, which didn't surprise him, since the orgasms were electrically induced. It was strange to feel so hot and aroused yet his member remained flaccid within its rubbery confinement.

His eyes now noticed the image that was becoming all too familiar to him now, the appearance of his new 'home'. He felt hotter and more aroused than ever. His new 'face' really was handsome, Ron thought, and if it were a real man with such a face and hot body, Ron would get a hard on at once. He felt his cock stir a little as it tried to get hard but a pleasant tingle around his balls and cock soon had it flaccid again.

The mirror was suddenly moved away and Ron found himself looking at the familiar living room where he and Max had spent a great deal of time together, usually naked, otherwise, he would be in some form of bondage or rubber. It was replaced by Max's face. He must have stood pretty close to the casing for his face filled up Ron's entire vision. He was smiling.

"Well Ron, how are you feeling in there?" said Max.

Ron wondered if he was being cruel, Max knew that he couldn't answer due to the devices attached to his throat.

"That was a rhetorical question actually," said Max. "The pads on your body tell me exactly how you

feel, it seems you're quite excited, aren't you? You must have had an interesting night. Let's see how's your cock." His smile became broader.

Ron felt a vibration at his cock and then he felt the rubber cover removed and his cock was exposed once more. He felt Max's questing hands on his cock and came again. His cock was so sensitive now, deprived of true physical sensation and subjected to intense electrical stimulus instead. Max must have felt him cumming for he laughed.

"Well, I see you're still very excited, aren't you Ron?" said Max. He paused for a while. "You've shot quite a number of loads last night, haven't you? Would you like me to keep pumping you until you're dry?" he asked Ron. "My devices can keep it up indefinitely, how would you like that?"

Ron didn't know what to answer. The orgasms felt good but he didn't want to orgasm on and on and on without rest. Already, he was feeling worn out from the orgasms he had since he was awake.

"I'll think about that for a while," said Max. He stroked Ron's restrained cock again and Ron shuddered within the casing. "You know why I chose this method to restrain your dick Ron? There aren't wires or bars or anything like that getting in my way from playing with your dick," he said, running his fingers up and down Ron's cock. Ron felt incredibly aroused now, and hot. His cock, however, indicated otherwise. "Let me see if another part of my device works," said Max. Ron felt Max pulling something out of his cock, it was the tube he had inserted into his cock. It hurt as it came out but Ron couldn't make a sound. When his cock was out, it remained flaccid due to the pain he had just felt, it overrode any arousal he felt.

Max, however, evidently had other ideas.

Another buzz at his cock and balls and, despite the pain, his cock started to get hard. Ron could actually feel it getting harder and harder, faster than it ever had before.

"Well it worked," said Max with a smile. He stroked the rigid length of Ron's erect cock and Ron shuddered again. "I can make your cock do whatever I like now, I can make it flaccid and soft when you're horny and harder than it's ever been when you're not. But I wouldn't want you to cum too soon, at least not yet, so I'll just desensitize your cock first." Ron felt another tingle at his genitals and when Max next touched them, it felt as if Max was touching Ron through several layers of cloth.

"You're quite tense now Ron, let me get you relaxed, and then we shall talk," he said.

Suddenly, the intense horny sensation left Ron and he felt very calm and relaxed. He still felt horny but not as much as before and he felt very calm and at ease. Something was buzzing gently at the back of his neck. The effect spread everywhere and soon, Ron was completely relaxed, not that he wanted to.

"Now let me remove the mask," said Max as Ron heard two soft clicks. Something slid out of his throat and his face was exposed to the cool air outside. He stroked Ron's face gently. Ron continued to feel very relaxed and gazed helplessly at Max. Slowly, he felt the buzzing at his throat stop but he still didn't dare to speak. "It's okay Ron," said Max, still stroking Ron's face, "you can talk now, but only when I give you permission too. How're you feeling in there?"

"Www...worn out..." said Ron slowly. "Are...are you serious about keeping me in here permanently?"

"Of course I am," said Max and Ron's heart sank but he had known Max was serious, the get up seemed too elaborate for a one time stint and somewhere, deep inside him, he felt very excited. It was a strange mix of emotions that Ron was quite overwhelmed. "You'll be mine forever Ron, I'll keep you as my personal living mummy. You didn't know I had a fantasy about mummies, didn't you? That's why I hit it off you so well Ron, you liked to be mummified while I like to mummify people but the old technique is so troublesome, don't you think? Layers and layers of cloth? We should move with the time and use whatever we have now," he said with a smile. "What do you think of my invention of a rubber mummy casing, albeit, a permanent one, but then again, mummies are usually

permanent, don't you think?"he asked, fondling Ron's desensitized cock a little roughly. Ron moaned for he could still some sensations from his cock.

"But...but you can't do this," said Ron, trying to reason with Max one last time. "I've got a life out there..."

"No Ron, not anymore," said Max shaking his head. "You're mine now, all mine."

"People will come looking..."said Ron.

"But what will they fine?"said Max. "When I return the mask to your face, I will render you mute again, and if people do come here to search, they're going to find nothing more than a rubber statue of a man, they'll never guess that there's something trapped inside and there's no way you will be able to tell them."

Ron felt a chill and knew that Max was right, Max had everything covered.

"Besides," Max continued persuasively, "you can't deny that you don't like this. You've always wanted to be mummified and held in long term, tight but comfortable bondage. Just think of this as an extra long term session. You've always dreamt of something like this, haven't you?"

"Yes..."Ron heard himself whisper and he knew it was true. It was everything that he ever wanted, now that he thought of it. "It is."

"And I've given it to you," said Max equally softly but distinctly. He caressed Ron's face tenderly and lovingly. "Don't worry Ron, I'll take very good care of you. Trust me on this Ron," he said.

"I guess I'll have to," said Ron, "I don't have much of a choice, do I?"

"No," said Max. "You don't." He looked away for a moment. "I think I've spoken to you enough for today. Time for you to return to your mummy form Ron."

"No wait...please...I..."Ron began but his throat tingled and he could speak no more.

"Don't worry Ron," said Max as he replaced the mask. "I'll just let you settle down in there and then I'll talk to you again. But this time, I think, I'll keep your cock erect," he said as he stroked Ron's erect cock again. Ron moaned silently as Max stroked his member in slow, flowing motions. "Enjoy Ron," he said and then he moved away until he was no longer in Ron's line of sight.

Ron continued to feel relaxed, very relaxed, as a matter of fact. He was sure it wasn't natural and that it was artificially induced somehow but like the other sensation, it was very hard to resist and soon, he went along with it and relaxed completely. He felt very safe and comfortable now and soon, his mind was empty of all thoughts save for sensations of pleasure and enjoyment, probably due to the external stimulus and the real pleasure he felt from the confinement.

He didn't know how long he remained like that, and he didn't care either. Nothing mattered now, Ron thought. He felt really good and didn't have a care in the world. His school, his life, his old friends, his parents, his relatives, his future, all seemed to fall away and become unimportant, nothing was as important as this, he thought, being mummified, being able to fulfill his deepest longing and fantasy.

He drifted in and out of consciousness during this period. He saw Max every now and then, in the corner of his eyes, but never approached Ron to talk to him. Ron didn't wonder why, he had stopped wondering about a lot of things and was enjoying his confinement.

It was a while before Max came again, Ron didn't know how long it was since they last spoke, it had felt like hours, yet it also felt like months and days. Which was it? He didn't know and didn't care either.

"Hello Ron," said Max after he removed the mask and then stroked Ron's face gently. "How're you feeling?"

"Good..."said Ron. "Feel really good... very relaxed and calm...."

"Still angry at what I've done to you?"Max asked.

"No," said Ron and it was the truth, Ron realized. He was no longer angry at Max. He had accepted what Max had done to him and was even beginning to enjoy it. The comforts of being trapped like this had impressed themselves on it during the last few days or weeks. He hadn't had to worry about his grades, his work, he didn't have to worry about anything. "In fact, I'm beginning to enjoy it," said Ron.

"That's great Ron, you can't imagine how glad I am to hear that coming from you," said Max.

"You... you did something to me, didn't you?" said Ron.

"Clever boy Ron," said Max and Ron felt Max stroke his hard, erect cock. "The devices can make you feel certain forms of sensation, such as a state of deep relaxation you are feeling now. You like it?"

"Yeah, it feels great," said Ron.

"Very good Ron," said Max. "I can see you've taken to your mummification well. I think this deserves a celebration, don't you think?" he said.

"What...Ooohh..." Ron moaned as he felt a more powerful tingle on his cock and balls and he felt his cock turn flaccid rapidly. Max deftly reinserted the catheter into Ron's cock, confining it and allowing Ron to piss. Ron felt a great relief when his piss flowed out of him, he wondered how long he hadn't been pissing and his bladder must have been really fully.

"Does that feel better Ron?" said Max.

"Yeah..." said Ron as his bladder emptied. "When was the last time I pissed?"

"About two days ago," said Max. "My devices have been keeping you from pissing when your cock isn't connected to the catheter."

"Its feels like a lot longer than two days," said Ron.

"It is," said Max. "When you were unconscious at night, I let you piss so that's why I said two days."

"So how long has it been?" said Ron.

"About two weeks," said Max.

Ron was rather taken aback. While it felt much longer than two days, it certainly didn't seem like two weeks.

"It didn't seem that long," Ron managed to say at last.

"You were out of it most of the time," said Max. "Sometimes, I think you weren't even aware of your surroundings, let alone how much time had passed. Anyway," he said changing the subject, "I'm glad you've taken to your permanent mummification well. I think this calls for a celebration."

"Celebration? What... Ooohh..." Ron moaned as the device in his ass started to stimulate him again, massaging what must have been his prostate gland, it couldn't have been anything else. He felt mild tingles all over his balls which were entombed within the hardened rubber and he felt himself cumming not long after. The devices, though, did not stop their stimulation of his body and continued to milk him and he could feel his cock twitching as he came over and over again.

"That's right Ron," said Max, watching Ron, "groan all you like." He reached forward and started to caress Ron's throbbing member.

"Ohhh..." Ron moaned again as he came once more.

Ron didn't know how long he came over and over again but when Max at last deactivated his devices, he was spent.

"Did you like that Ron?" said Max.

"Oh yes Max, I did," said Ron faintly.

"Now, it's time for you to rest Ron," said Max as Ron felt the tingles all over him again but this time, they made him feel very relaxed. Ron opened his mouth to speak but could no longer do so. Max affixed the mask to his face as well as the cover for his cock. "Have a good rest Ron."

As before, he left Ron for a few days and did not speak to him. Ron didn't mind, the devices attached

to him kept him at ease and comfortable and the sensation of immobile but comfortable bondage was very enjoyable.

"I see you've completely adjusted," said Max to Ron after a few days. "I will see move to the next phase."

"Next phase?" said Ron.

"Of your domination," said Max. "I will be increasing my control over you slowly, taking control of more and more of you."

"But... you've already got me here," said Ron a little frightened.

"Don't worry," said Max.

"But..." Ron began but couldn't speak any more.

"That's the last time you'll be speaking for a long time," said Max stroking Ron's face. Ron was horrified. What did Max mean by that? "You see, mummies don't speak so neither will you, from now on."

Ron looked at Max helplessly.

"I'm sure you don't agree with this though," said Max. "But you will soon, just as you accepted your long term mummification. I'll let you speak from time to time, of course, so that you don't forget how to speak, but it will be rarely. Enjoy Ron," he said as he affixed the mask over Ron's face.

Once again, Ron felt very relaxed and very peaceful. He was still horrified at what Max had done to him but realized that he had no choice or say in the matter at all. And now, Max had deprived him of his ability to speak and communicate. The devices had to be doing something to him again, Ron realized, he felt very good and very at ease despite what Max had done which couldn't be right. Somehow, the pads Max had installed on his body were able to influence how he felt. His feelings could be altered though not eradicated as demonstrated by the fact he was still feeling panicky, but not as much as he expected.

The devices that Max had installed on him were quite amazing, Ron discovered, through minute electrical currents introduced into his skin, they could make him feel, or not feel, whatever Max wanted. Max did a lot with Ron's body but one thing he seemed to like best was to free Ron's cock from its strange bondage and play with it after numbing Ron's cock slightly so that Ron felt his touch as if it was through several layers of cloth and he could play with Ron for what seemed like hours on end without Ron cumming. During this play, Max did not speak a single word to Ron though Ron tried to call out to Max. Ron had never before felt so helpless, now having been rendered mute as well as immobile.

Like before, Ron soon accepted his inability to speak and the fact that Max could bestow it on him only when Max wanted. Max must have noticed this somehow and started speaking to Ron again.

"Well Ron, I'm pleased that you've changed your mind and have accepted your new state," said Max when he removed Ron's mask and touched Ron's face again. "That's good. Soon, you will be nothing but a mummy, a real mummy," he said with emphasis on the word real.

Ron didn't know what Max meant by that but he felt strangely at ease. How much worse would it get, he thought.

"You're getting dusty now," said Max as he drew back and Ron saw him study him from head to toe.

"I think I'll give you a good polishing today." Ron saw Max get a piece of cloth and a canister of liquid and started polishing Ron's casing. Ron discovered that he could, to his immense surprise, feel Max's touch through the casing. He couldn't speak or make a noise to convey his surprise but Max must have known somehow.

"You like this Ron?" said Max as he rubbed something over Ron's casing and Ron wanted to moan, only that he couldn't as the devices implanted on his neck didn't allow him to speak. "This is the final

surprise I have for you, the rubber has permanently bonded with you Ron, there isn't any escape from this casing any more, not even if someone cuts you out of it, you'll be mine to do as I please forever now Ron."

Somehow, the words made Ron feel frightened and aroused at the same time,

"But somehow, I don't think you mind that, do you?"said Max.

Ron couldn't answer but he knew Max was right, he didn't.

Life soon became routine for Ron in his new home. Max would speak to him every day, sometimes once in two days or sometimes more than that. Sometimes, he would allow Ron to speak for a while, usually to ask Ron how he felt but after that, he would render Ron mute again and the times in which Ron was allowed to speak got shorter and shorter.

"Because mummies don't speak," said Max to Ron as he stroked Ron's face. "And you're a mummy and mummies shouldn't speak," he said.

Yes, Ron thought dreamily. He had become very susceptible to suggestions from Max though he didn't know it. I am a mummy now and mummies don't speak. He no longer minded his enforced silence but his friend though now he thought of Max as his Master instead.

One day, his Master took off his mask as usual and Ron looked forward to another session with his Master.

"I have a surprise for you Ron," said Max. He showed Ron a new mask. It looked the same as the old one and Ron couldn't see any difference. "Let me put it on for you." He put the mask over Ron's face and Ron heard it click in place. Once the mask was in place, Ron blinked. He couldn't see a thing. The mask had no eye holes!

"You like this Ron?"said the voice of Max. "I decided that its time I bring you one step closer to mummyhood. You can't see out now, can you? But that shouldn't matter to you because mummies can't see out of their casings anyway."

Ron found himself agreeing with Max as he had done for some time now and accepted the loss of his sight easily.

Now, without his eye sight, Ron track of time completely. Deprived of his most prominent form of sensory input, Ron was forced to turn his senses inwards and appreciate the sensations the devices bestowed on him. The sensations they induced in him were always novel and never the same twice and Ron, more than ever, enjoyed his confinement inside the casing of rubber. The new mask smelt strongly of rubber too and this made Ron hornier than ever and the fact that he could do nothing to relieve his arousal made him even hornier.

His Master continued to play with his cock but not the same as before, now, he seldom, if ever, freed Ron's cock from its the catheter. Rather, he just stroked and fondled Ron's cock in its strange confinement and Ron grew to treasure such caresses, his Master no longer stroke him on his face, only on his cock now, the only part of him that was exposed periodically to the outside world, the rest of him was trapped within the form fitting casing of solid rubber. Sometimes, when his Master stroked his cock, every part of his awareness would be concentrated on his cock, anticipating and waiting for his Master's next caress.

He took his confinement very well, Ron felt, and he became very used to life in the form fitting prison his Master had made and enjoyed himself thoroughly.

"You're taking this far better than I expected you to Ron," Ron heard his Master say one day. "I'm going to initiate the final step soon Ron."

Ron wondered why this 'final step' was but he really didn't care, or worry about it either, since there was no longer anything he could do to affect the outside world. He couldn't even talk now, to communicate with his Master, all he could do was wait for his Master to act.

And he did.

One day, Ron wasn't even aware of how long it was since his exposure to the machine that turned him into a mummy, he felt movement. The sensation startled him for he hadn't felt it for so long that he nearly forgot how it felt like. Just as he panicked, the dildo in his ass provided a surge of intense pleasure and he orgasmed. He relaxed instantly, the devices had trained him well, causing him to relax by merely inducing an orgasm in him.

He felt an unfamiliar vibration at his face. Could it be? Ron thought. Yes, it was, he thought, his Master was removing the mask on his face! Ron was excited and curious, wondering what his Master was up to.

When the mask was completely removed, he saw his Master's face. Or rather, Max's face. Max hadn't changed much, he looked a little tanner and a little more trimmed, but other than that, he was as handsome as Ron had remembered.

"Hello Ron," said Max, reaching forward and stroking Ron's face and Ron moaned and was surprised that he could. "Yes Ron, you can speak now. How're you feeling my living mummy?" he asked.

"G..g..great..." Ron said with an effort. He hadn't spoken for so long that it was an effort to speak and he had nearly forgotten how to.

"So glad to hear that my living mummy," said Max with a smile. "I take it you're enjoying yourself in there?"

"Yyyyeah..." Ron answered.

"I've made a new home for you and it's time for you to take up residence in it," said Max with a smile.

"H..h..home?" said Ron, uncomprehending.

"Take a look," said Max, stepping aside.

Ron that he was in... in the workshop, he had nearly forgotten the name of the place, it was the place where he was first mummified. In fact, the mummy maker was still in a corner. What drew his eye, however, was something that lay in the centre of the room.

Painted in rich black, gold and other antique shades was an opened mummy casing lying on the floor. The surface was cunningly painted to make it resemble wood but the inside was a reflective black. Ron looked at it and instantly knew what Max meant. He was so excited that he came at once and he groaned, the only sound that he could make easily now.

"You like it Ron?" said Max. "That's going to be your new permanent home Ron, I'm going to mummify you properly Ron, by putting you in that mummy casing I've made. It's made of rubber, reinforced with a steel frame embedded within the rubber. I'm going to put you in there permanently Ron, I'm never going to take you out again, it's going to be your new home for good Ron. How does that sound?"

"S..ssou...sounds...s...sssoo h..hoot..." Ron moaned. He had never felt so aroused before, and so hot, as he considered his permanent imprisonment inside the new casing his Master had made for him.

"Before I put you in there, I'm going to jerk you off like you've never been jerked up before," said Max. "I want you to remember this occasion Ron, the occasion before I put you into the casing forever."

Ron felt the shield over his cock being removed and then his cock was freed from the tube holding it down. He felt a powerful tingle at his cock and balls and his cock stiffened and hardened faster than he had never known it to, and it was so sensitive, Ron realized, so very sensitive. He came the moment Max's warm hands touched his cock, and for the first time in a long time, Ron felt his cum travel the entire length of his cock and erupt in a powerful shower of thick, white liquid.

"You're excited aren't you, my soon to be mummified Ron?" said Max as he started jerking Ron's cock which remained stiff despite his orgasm.

"Ohhh..." Ron moaned in intense pleasure as Max started to jerk him off.

What followed was the most intense jerk of session Ron had ever known. Thanks to the devices, his cock remained hard and erect after his orgasm and was extremely sensitive so it took Max very little rubs to bring Ron to orgasm. The devices ensured that Ron remained hard and he kept coming but after a while, he ran out of ejaculate but that didn't matter, Max continued to keep jerking Ron off. His dick seemed to grow even more sensitive, as if that was possible, and he continued to cum. He was so aroused and so hot that he tried to do something that he hadn't done for a very long time and that was to struggle within his prison. He couldn't move but the action of struggling made him even more aroused than before and he came even harder. He was coming almost continuously now even though his seed was completely drained, Max kept jerking him off and Ron didn't want it to stop. Finally, Max stopped and Ron had been reduced to a moaning mass of exhausted flesh.

"Well Ron, I don't think I need to ask whether you enjoyed that or not," said Max. "Let me get you cleaned up," he said.

Ron was in for another bout of stimulation while Max cleaned the cum of his casing for he could feel Max rubbing him with a piece of cloth but the sensation was not as intense as the stimulation he just experienced so he relaxed instead, enjoying the pleasure of his Master giving him a rub down.

"Here Ron, open your mouth wide," said Max suddenly.

"Ugh..." was the only sound that Ron could make as Max suddenly slipped his fingers inside Ron's mouth which already slightly open as he was panting heavily. A strong taste filled his mouth at once, it was something that Ron hadn't tasted in a while, in a long while, actually, it was the taste of cum, his own cum, as a matter of fact.

"That's right Ron, swallow," said Max as his fingers delivered another globule of Ron's cum into his mouth. "You like that don't you Ron?"

"Mmm..." Ron moaned as he worked his long unused tongue to swallow the cum Max was feeding him. It was hard for he hadn't swallowed anything for a while but he managed it in the end.

"Full?" Max asked Ron.

"Yyess..." Ron answered. He was very full though he hadn't eaten anything for a long while. His stomach wasn't used to digesting food now so even the slightest amount of fluid or solid intake made him feel full.

"Good, time for you to try out your new home Ron," said Max.

Ron felt movement again and saw the room move. Max was obviously dragging him across the room to where the mummy casing lay open. This was followed by a sudden upward movement and then a downward movement all over his body. Ron could feel himself being pushed into somewhere very tight and very snug fitting over his outer form.

"Relax Ron, I'm going to apply a bit of pressure on you so that I know you're completely inside," said Max as he pressed hard on Ron all over and Ron groaned as he felt himself being pushed into the snug fitting casing. The casing hugged him tightly, it was obvious he just fitted inside with absolutely no room to spare.

"Comfortable Ron?" Max asked.

"Yes..." said Ron. He was getting used to speak now.

"Good, then I will proceed," said Max. Ron felt Max take hold of his cock and slipped the tube into his cock again. It went in easily as Ron was used to it by now and also because a layer of cum lubricated the inside of Ron's cock.

"I won't be putting the mask back on you again Ron," said Max, now standing beside Ron, stroking Ron's forehead comfortingly. "The interior of the casing will have a special alcove for your face and your cock. You'll be able to breathe with the lid closed but it's completely sound proof so I won't be able to hear a thing you say so you can groan or moan as loudly as you'll like. I won't be taking your voice away. You might or might not be able to see outside, the special lenses fitted in the casing will become transparent or opaque at my wish. Same with your hearing, I can plunge you into a world of total silence and darkness or allow you to see and hear. The part of the casing covering your cock will have very special stimulators, electrical and physical, I can control whatever I want you to feel. I've upgraded the wire connections on your original casing to wireless ones, the broad casing unit that broad casts signals to the devices in your original casing and the new one are now connected to a special computer which is hooked up to the Net. Now, I can program your casing to make you feel whatever I want wherever I am."

Ron could hardly believe what he was hearing and it made him feel hotter and more aroused than ever.

"Do you want this Ron? Do you want me to mummify you inside this casing forever and ever?" said Max. "Once I close this, there'll be no turning back, the casing can be opened, of course, but I doubt I'd do that, I'd keep you locked up in there forever Ron." He paused again. "Forever," he said softly. "Yes," Ron whispered. There was simply no other answer to this question. "Mummify me now Max." "I knew you'd say that Ron," said Max, giving Ron a kiss on the lips. "Open wide Ron," he said as he withdrew and closed the lid on Ron.

"What...?" Ron began but something slid into his mouth and he couldn't close it, it was held open. He blinked as he got used to the semi darkness within. The eye holes were directly over his eyes so he could see out.

The snug fitting casing was amazing. He could feel it pressing on his body, it was pressing hard enough to make him feel aroused but not hard enough to make him feel uncomfortable or painful.

"Can you hear me in there?" said Max, his face coming into view.

"Yes," Ron answered and realized that he needn't have, Max couldn't hear him anyway.

"Great," said Max. "I can't hear what you're saying of course, but the changes in your brain waves tell me you've registered what I've said. Let me put you in place and we'll have some fun."

Ron didn't know how he did it but he managed to move Ron to his former location in the sitting room and he stood upright as before.

"There, now to test my new devices," said Max with a smile. "Be prepared for the ride of your life Ron."

There was a silence and then Ron felt something stimulating at his cock. It felt like thousands of tiny hairs were tickling his cock and he moaned loudly into the rubber gag in his mouth. He came again despite himself.

"Well it works, doesn't it?" said Max, obviously pleased with himself. "Time for some shut eye Ron, or should say Mummified Ron?" he said with a laugh. "Sleep tight, I know you will!"

When he had finished speaking, Ron was plunged into a world of silence and darkness, hearing only his soft, muffled moans.

All this took place quite some time ago, Ron didn't know how long but Max came to him one day looking excited and elated.

"I've graduated from college Ron," said Max.

What? Ron thought. That meant that he had been mummified for over two years! Had it been that long? He couldn't believe it.

"I'll be moving back home and I'll be taking you with me and storing you in my home for a while, I

don't want anybody opening your casing when I'm there so I'll be sealing you in there with a special adhesive I've come up with. Its permanent, unless I apply a special solvent to remove it but I don't think I would. How does it sound, being sealed into the casing permanently?"

It sounds great, Ron wanted to say but he couldn't, because of the gag in his mouth. Max had only opened the casing once or twice since he had been put inside and he had long grown fully accustomed to the casing and his tight confinement and bondage. He was warm, well fed and enjoyed near unending pleasure and stimulus from the dildo and devices, there was nothing more he could ever wanted.

"I'm applying the adhesive now Ron, in a few minutes, you'll be sealed inside, permanently," said Max and Ron's cock twitched inside the casing when he heard these words. He smelt a strong, chemical smell as Max worked around the casing.

"There, its drying now, it'll be dry by the next day and when that happens, you'll be sealed in there for good!"said Max.

The next day, movers came to pack Ron into a large crate. Max allowed him to see this happen for reasons unknown to him but when he was inside, his sight was removed, leaving him only his hearing. He could hear various sounds, like motors running, loud noises of hard objects knocking against similarly hard objects. He rocked about inside the crate, even though he saw them pack him in some padding. He felt a little sick but every time he did so, the dildo stimulated him and he relaxed again.

After a long time, he heard loud, creaking noises and then rustling sounds. Abruptly, he could see again and somebody was unpacking him.

He was lifted out of the package and then placed upright. Before him stood Max and an older man. Given the resemblance, it was probably Max's father, or other relation.

"What do you think Dad?"said Max.

"Seems like a waste of money son," said the older man.

"It came as a gift Dad," said Max.

"Oh, who from?"said the older man.

"Some guy called Ron," said Max, winking quickly at the face of the casing. Ron saw it but the older man didn't. "Like it Dad?"

"Where are you going to put it son?"said Dad. "It doesn't fit into your room."

"There's plenty of room Dad, I think I'll keep it with me for a while, and then move it to my office, you did say it was large and empty," said Max.

"I didn't say you could fill it with all your junk either," said the older man. "You've already shipped back 2 crates with you."

"This isn't junk Dad, it's a real collector's item," said Max. "It's a one of a kind thing."

You're right there, Ron thought.

The two of them moved away from the casing, leaving Ron alone. During this time, Ron had time to look at his new surroundings. It was not particularly large, at least, not as large as Ron would expect it to be, given the fact that Max was quite well to do. He couldn't really see very much though, the lenses restricted his view somewhat.

Later in the day though, Max came to speak to Ron.

"Well Ron, this is my room, I won't be talking to you for a while, not until I move you to my new office, I'll be working for my dad, you see, and I'll be moving you there once I've settled in," said Max.

A few days later, Ron was moved again, this time, to a large office where he was leaned against a wall to the right of a desk, very near the desk, as a matter of fact.

"You like this place Ron?" said Max once the movers left. "It'll be your new home for a long time to come. I'll be spending a lot more time at the office than I will at home, you see, so I prefer you to be here rather than at home. Don't worry though, you're still sealed in perfectly and nobody's going to know you're in there, not that they can find out, anyway," said Max with a laugh.

Ron listened to all this through a haze of pleasure and arousal as the devices on him were stimulating him gently, keeping him aroused but not allowing him to orgasm.

"Well, I have some business to conduct," said Max. Ron, saw him press a key on his desk top computer and the devices stepped up their stimulation. Ron moaned, as he always did when the devices stimulated him. "Enjoy," said Max to Ron as Ron's hearing and sight were shut off.

Max looked at the Mummy Casing resting in a corner in his office. It seemed like yesterday he had first entombed Ron into a casing of form fitting rubber and then put him inside the mummy casing. He had secretly taken videos of both procedures and always came jerking himself while watching them. He wondered how Ron felt inside the casing, probably very good, he thought with a grin. He checked the computer which monitored Ron's vital signs as well as the pleasure level he was experiencing. Max grinned as he changed the program slightly, causing the level of pleasure Ron experienced to oscillate wildly and randomly between highs and lows. He then left, he hadn't met the staff of the company, or rather, his father's company yet and a manager should always know his staff well, he thought. And who knows, one of them might just be suitable for the Mummy Maker, he thought with a broad smile...

Ron grew used to his new environment quite quickly, mostly because he was quite isolated from it, he could see and hear and nothing else. However, he found himself always observing Max as he typed on his work station. He had gathered, correctly, that the work station controlled the devices in his casing and he would never know when Max would alter the settings on his casing. Sometimes, even when Max was talking on the phone, his fingers would tap the keys idly and Ron would experience new and different forms of stimulation. Or he could be talking to a client in front of him and his fingers would touch a button here and a key there, supposedly to access a file but it was really to alter the functions of the devices inside the casing.

Quite a number of people asked about Ron, or rather, the casing he resided in.

"Oh that?" Max would always say when someone asked. "It's a gift from a friend, a very close buddy of mine, a farewell gift, you could say, he didn't want me to forget him. It's really special, the one its kind, as a matter of fact..."

The End? A little note to the reader cant lye this story is my favorite without a doubt, And would i volunteer as the one to have such a mummification done to them oh yes with an agreed end with a trusting soul i f have any thought about yourself ether being mummy or the one doing mummification or any interesting thought about this story please ether contact me or comment  
Yours Major Major