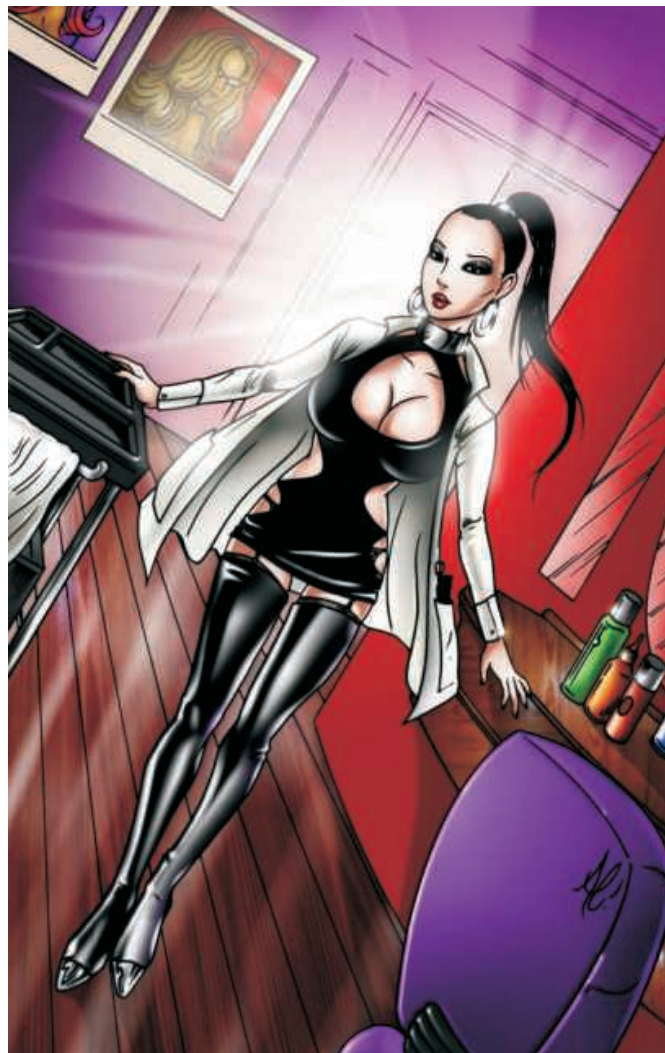




Reluctant Press presents:

MILLIGRATZI

Michael Jay



A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Milligratzi

By: Michael Jay

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

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

“Snake eyes! The shooter loses”

“Shit! Not again!” swore Angelo.

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

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

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

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

“Boss wants to see you, Ang”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“What do you mean, Uncle Vincenzo?”

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

He stepped towards Angelo.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“And finally, your headgear.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ACTIVATE FLOW VALVE flashed in his visor.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PLACE FEET IN SUPPORTS

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

LEAN BACK

He leaned back into the soft, warm material.

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

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

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

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

The identical motion of the cocks in his hands was matched by the one in his rear. A warm fluid was pumped into his ass. It slowly filled his insides. A pleasant buzzing began in his ears like a thousand soft whispers. He drifted off into a deep, deep sleep.

Throughout his rest, he had the strangest dreams.

There was a six-year-old girl getting her first Barbie doll at Christmas. There were ballet and dance lessons. Dress-up sessions and makeup parties. High heels. Home economics classes. The high-school prom. The sweet memory of a first kiss and the pain and pleasure of first love.

When he awoke, he could remember only scattered bits and pieces. With each sleep cycle, the dreams would repeat. At each awakening, the memory of them would become clearer and easier to remember.

When he opened his eyes, he did not know if it was day or night. Time had no meaning.

He could feel a pain in his guts. He felt like he had eaten far too much.

There was a soft whoosh and the vacuum that held his hands in place ceased. His hands were free. He started to reach for his aching belly.

The visor scrolled a new message: *PLEASURE PHASE 2 - BEGIN BREAST MANIPULATION*

He slowly reached his aching hands up to his hairy chest and started to fondle the big, soft breasts in his bra.

His tiny nipples felt warm and nice.

The cock in his ass began to grow and pulse deep inside of him.

In front of him, his huge golden member began to tighten its grip around its smaller prisoner within.

A tingling began at the top of the base of his own trapped cock. Very slight jolts of elec-



tricity were sent in waves from this point to deep inside of him. There was so much pleasure! Again and again, it happened. Each wave was greater than the next.

Then there was one big jolt. His body tried to heave upwards.

His visor flashed the words: *ELIMINATION PHASE*

The pressure in his belly immediately subsided. The combination of his own bodily waste and the fluids that had been pumped into him were now quickly evacuated by reversing the flow through the cock inside of his ass in one big whoosh. He wanted to scream!

The table began to move upright as the vacuuming process ended. As he reached a vertical position, the process was complete. Moments ago, he had felt bloated. Now he felt empty.

The locks on his feet and the cock in his ass were released. The suction on his torso and head stopped. There was a click at his feet.

A message flashed: *TAKE NOURISHMENT*

The light above the feeding cock flashed.

He quickly knelt and took the two big outside members in his sore hands. He began manipulating as hard as he could. The cock grew immediately and filled his mouth. He found that if he took it deep enough in his throat, he could cause more fluid to be released quicker. This procedure also released him faster and avoided much of the bitter taste.

Nevertheless, he was glad when the message flashed for an immediate drinking cycle. He was able to enjoy a cleansing and refreshing drink as he sucked and licked the drinking phallus through its period of emission.

EXERCISE PERIOD - MOUNT TREADMILL NOW appeared in his visor.

He moved to the machine. Its belt began to move very slowly.

MOUNT TREADMILL NOW began to flash.

He raised one foot and then had to grab hold of the penis handles to get onto the machine. The handles were hard but had the same perforated plastic covering as the ones on his resting table. His hands were quickly held fast. He lifted his other foot onto the moving belt.

Because the belt was so narrow, he found that it was necessary to place one foot in front of the other in order to be able to walk. He could only accomplish this by swinging his hips for each step. He caught on quickly and it soon became strained, but doable with constant concentration.

Just as he caught on, the treadmill began to move faster. Over the period of the next hour, it steadily increased in speed. He had no choice but to keep up and swing his hips faster and faster. The heels ached. The cock in his ass twitched from side to side. By the time it stopped, his hips were on fire and his body dripping with sweat. There was a slight whoosh, and his hands were free.

CLEANSING PERIOD - ENTER CHAMBER flashed in his visor.

Angelo gratefully and gingerly stepped down off of the belt.

He opened the door and entered the chamber willingly. He looked forward to the relaxing feel of the warm water jets on his body. He opened the penis valve. The reward he expected did not come, however.

First there was a cold yellow, mist that sprayed out of the shower dick. It sprayed out for at least a minute and, again, covered him completely. The warm air then came on. The yellow ooze turned tight and hard, then began to crack and fall off as it turned to a fine powder.

The water jets came to life at last. They were so welcome. For ten marvelous minutes, Angelo closed his eyes and reveled in their pulsating massage. The warm water sluicing down his body was so relaxing and renewing. It felt so smooth and sensual.

Throughout the warm air cycle, the air felt stronger than ever against his body. It seemed to take less time to dry him off. The airflow stopped.

As he reached for the door handle, Angelo looked at his arm and hand. Something was different.

His hand, his arm and almost his entire body were now smooth and hairless. Only the hair on his head and under his pubic belt were protected and saved from the sprays.

He lamented over his formerly strong hairy arms and his hairy masculine chest. His legs were now as smooth as silk.

"It will all grow back as soon as I'm outta here." he thought.

But it would not. In just a few more treatments, his hairless condition would be permanent. Also, as the treatments continued, his skin would tighten and become much softer and smoother.

Under the bra and hood, a variation of the same chemicals was present. He would never have to shave again. His face would become soft and smooth. Even his bushy eyebrows would not be spared.

Other transdermal chemicals and special forms were also built into the hood. They would penetrate and soften the skin as well as the bone beneath. His face would slowly be re-shaped as if it were clay in a hollow mold. The process was so gradual that he would not feel a thing or even suspect that there was anything going on. When the hood was removed, his cheekbones would be higher, his jaw less rugged. His nose would have become smaller and more delicate.

The inserts of his bra were also filled with a liquid, a concoction that would slowly pass into his own body through the pierced studs. His breasts would grow, unnoticed to him, beneath their shiny coverings. When all of the mixture was transferred, they would be the exact shape and size of the forms he now wore. The nipples and aureoles would grow to several times their present size and become extremely sensitive and capable of much pleasure.

Over the next days, weeks and months, Angelo was slowly re-made. His mind and his body were constantly subjected to chemicals and physical as well as psychological conditioning.

Fluids, drugs and hormones were pumped in and out of him. The visor and the auditory transducers mercilessly planted memories, messages and experiences directly into his brain.

The belt around his waist shrunk in size a little bit everyday. His trapped cock was squeezed harder and harder. His balls shrank until they were able to slip out of their golden covering and retreat deep inside of his body, where they would remain forever.

Inside of the golden phallus, his dick was squeezed until there was only a small nub left. The cock in his ass retreated. The liner in his front belted-on phallus continued to force its way inward bit by bit until a sizable cavity was created deep between Angelo's legs.

The changes were so gradual and the programming so complete that nothing much seemed to be happening. He was aware that he was losing weight but he didn't care. The shape of the torso in his sleeping bench was changing, but so what? He was still able to manage and sleep there.

He was definitely aware of the increase of sensitivity in his nipples, however. Under their covering, they grew to the size of pencil erasers and remained constantly erect and extremely sensitive. As they moved closer to the surface of the bra, so did the pleasure. He enjoyed the feelings they gave him so much that he loved every opportunity he was given to stimulate them. There seemed to almost be a hard-wired connection to his crotch and the pleasure he felt there.

His daily regimen of sucking cock for food, water and pleasure soon left him loving it. Everywhere he looked, everywhere he went, he saw and touched cocks. Even when he slept, he had a cock in his hands. There were cocks in his dreams. The vacuum had long been turned off but Angelo's conditioning had been so complete that he could now sleep only with a cock tight in his hands.

His periods on the treadmill had become longer and at a much faster pace. After working out for miles each day while swinging his hips and placing his high heels one in front of the other, his enlarged ass wiggled provocatively in his normal walk. His hands had been trained to be kept away from his body and he now normally held them out at his side as he walked.

The bright white lights once again bathed Angelo's body. He opened his eyes and saw a familiar face above him. It was Julia. Her hair was in a bun. She had on the same glasses and lab coat as when he last saw her. Was it all a dream?

"Well, hello there, my dear," said Julia in a pleasant and chipper manner. "Your time is up in Room C. Let's get you out of this stuff, out of here and clean you up a bit."

She reached into her pocket and brought out a small transmitter. She waved it around his ankles and the locks on the chains popped open. The chains dropped to the floor. She passed it by his wrists and there was another tinkle as they fell to the floor. The penis necklace he had worn for so long followed close behind. The lock to the back of his hood popped open too.

Julia slid the zipper up carefully to avoid catching the long hair that was held inside. She lifted up the sides and waved the transmitter by the side of his head. She carefully re-

moved his earplugs and the pierced earrings. The whispers that he had heard in his ears for the past three months suddenly were gone.

Ever so slowly and carefully, she peeled back the hood and removed the visor. He felt as if part of his face was being removed.

At last he was free of the covering that had totally surrounded his head for so long. The caress of the cool air felt wonderful on his skin. Julia gently stroked his soft, pink cheek with the back of her hand. It made him shiver.

“Very nice!” she said. “Very, very nice!”

Then she waved the transmitter at his breasts. The lock popped open and Julia carefully removed the bra. She reached for the tiny gold stud at the apex of each nipple. They slid out of the tiny holes easily. The nipples were still large and the surrounding now dollar-sized aureoles provided a perfect setting for them. The breasts had grown to a C-cup and were firm and round. They were capable of going without any means of visible support. They would bounce wonderfully and draw much attention.

Just then, there was a beeping at his belly and the heart-shaped time lock popped open all by itself.

Julia once again rolled him onto his side, “This is going to be interesting.”, she said. “Very interesting”

She unhooked the chain connecting the intruder to the belt. Slowly, she reached down and with a slow, twisting motion pulled a skinny little three-inch dildo from his ass. Then she removed the belt and the heart that it held. She placed it on the table next to the bench. There was a twelve-inch cock sticking out from a soft heart-shaped hairy patch between his legs.

Her eyes were wide and she licked her lips as she took hold of the golden phallus.

“How about a little kiss?” she said as she bent over and forced her tongue into his mouth.

Angelo whimpered as she twisted the phallus slightly and began to pull up on it.

He expected it would just slide off of his cock easily. It had been imprisoned inside the sheath so long ago; he remembered the pressure that was once put upon it. There was no pressure now. It was not to be as he expected.

Julia twisted and pulled and pushed ever so gently and slowly as her kisses became more ardent. He wanted to scream but couldn't with her tongue deep in his throat. Bit by bit, she pulled up another sixteen inches of cock from the hole that had grown between Angelo's legs! She withdrew her tongue and held up massive a 28-inch double-ended golden dildo before him.

His whole midsection felt empty and heaved upward as he began to sob.

“Now let's check something and get your voice going at the same time,” she said with a smile.

She wiped the warm tears from his cheeks, stroked his forehead once and then moved her hand to his chest. She took one of his large, firm nipples in her hand. She gently rolled

it between her thumb and forefinger. Both nipples grew. Angelo's breathing came faster. She looked down at his crotch.

Julia let out a giggle as she saw the glistening wetness start down there.

She reached down to the little triangular, soft, hairy patch that was now between his legs. She parted the lips now there and took a close look. She reached in and stroked what was left of his cock. She bent over and took his other nipple in her mouth and sucked on it ever so gently.

Angelo began to moan softly. The pleasure grew quickly in Julia's experienced hands. In just a few moments, his body heaved upwards and he let out the first real sound he had uttered in months.

It was a high-pitched scream of total ecstasy!

As he collapsed and languished in the after-glow, she whispered in his ear. "Perfect. You turned out just perfect, my dear. I promised to fuck you, didn't I? Well, there you are. Your first girly fuck. I hope that you enjoyed it as much as I did. What do you think now, tough guy?"

For the first time in months, Angelo could speak. His voice cracked. Then the words came out in a soft, sultry feminine tone. "What, what have you done to me? That's not me! It *can't* be me."

"Oh, but it *is*, my dear. And, it's just the beginning of things for you. You are going to enjoy many new experiences. I think that your uncle is going to be quite surprised. You'll be going to visit him a little later. Right now we have to get you cleaned up and looking a bit more presentable."

His crotch was still throbbing. She poured some liquid onto a surgical sponge, folded it in half and placed it into the slit of his new pussy. It felt cool and the throbbing subsided.

She reached her hands under her white coat. She pulled down her panties and stepped out of them. She held the tiny black garment up before him.

"Remember I said I would let you into my panties? Well now is the time." She slid them up his smooth legs. They were satiny black in a thong style. The back strap disappeared between his newly enlarged ass cheeks. As she positioned them, she removed the sponge. He felt nothing inside of him now, just the warm panties gently caressing his hairy patch.

"Feel better? That was a bit of a topical anesthetic. It will wear off in about eight hours. In the meantime, I want you to start enjoying these."

She gently passed the back of a fingernail over each of his nipples. They responded as she expected. She took his left nipple between her thumb and forefinger and began to squeeze and pull and twist. Then she leaned over, took the other in her mouth and again sucked gently.

Angelo began to moan again. His moans grew and the pleasure increased as she alternated her technique for what was only about five minutes but seemed timeless to Angelo.

When she finished, his tits were the center of the world for him. They still throbbed and ached and wanted to be fondled some more. The nipples stood out proudly.

She pressed a button under the table. It began to hum and moved to the vertical position.

The wall in front of him was a mirror and for the first time in months, Angelo saw his own reflection.

There stood a beautiful woman clad only in heels and panties. Her hair was a tousled mass and she had no makeup but she had a great figure with breasts that belonged on an angel. Angelo grew weak in the knees.

"You lost three inches in height and over a hundred pounds. Some of what is left has been re-distributed too. Your new measurements are 34-21-36. What do you think? Tits not too big. Waist nice and slim. Legs long, shapely and smooth. And a nice big round, high ass. A body any woman would be proud of."

Angelo stammered, "But, but I'm not a woman, I'm a..."

"A man?" said Julia, completing his sentence. "Don't think so. Not anymore anyways."

Another woman appeared briefly and brought in a garment and a pair of shoes.

"Step out of your training shoes," said Julia.

For the first time in three months, Angelo lifted his foot from the metal-soled high-heels. He stepped forward onto the floor. He cried out with pain as he tried to stand. He found that his leg muscles and the arches of his feet had been trained and permanently re-shaped so that he could only stand and walk on tiptoe or in heels.

He quickly slid his feet into the new pink satin high-heeled mules on the floor.

"Hold your hands up please," said Julia.

A satiny pink smock was slid down to cover Angelo's new body. It tingled as it slid over his super-sensitive titties.

The other woman appeared again and spoke to him. "Follow me, please. Miss Julia will pick you up later"

They opened a door. A long hallway presented itself. They walked along it, moving to the opposite end. The walls were lined with doors. They were all painted red and had numbers on them from one to twenty. The hallway was perhaps a hundred feet long. The last door on the left, number one, opened as if by magic. It was obviously their destination.

Angelo soon found himself sitting alone in a padded chair in a completely pink room. The walls, floor, ceiling, even the chair he was sitting in were pink. The room had a funny smell to it. He could not place the smell.

The door they had just come through opened again and two women entered dressed in pink pants and a pink smock with their names embroidered on the left side. Anne and Sue. One of them was wheeling a silver cart.

"Hi, Honey. I'm Anne and this is Sue. We'll be helping you out this afternoon."

She looked Angelo over.

"My, my! Where have you been living? In a prison? What a mess your hair is in. And just look at those nails! Suzie dear, you can start on the toes while I do the hair, OK?"

Sue positioned her cart at the base of the chair and sat down on a small stool. "Yep. Looks like this is going to take a while." She attached small basins to the arms of the chair and placed both of his hands into the warm slippery solution they contained.

The chair was lowered backwards so that Angelo's head went down into a sink behind him. His feet were simultaneously elevated so that Sue could start her work there.

Without saying much, Anne turned on the water and shampooed Angelo's now shoulder-length hair. She used several applications of detanglers and conditioners and turned the tousled mass into a flowing ribbon of wet silky brown strands.

She toweled it semi-dry. Then, she put on a pair of rubber gloves and picked up a bottle. She squirted it in his hair and massaged it through his hair and scalp. Angelo now knew what the smell in the room was from. The massaging felt good and Anne was very thorough. She removed her gloves and let the solution sit for a short while.

Angelo fell into a light sleep. Automatically, his hand began tightening into a fist as if he was trying to grasp onto something. He was awakened by warm water rinsing out the chemicals, accompanied by Anne's gentle manipulations. She completed the job with a sweet-smelling rinse and a fresh towel softly massaged and dried his scalp.

As she removed the towel and he opened his eyes, his first sight was of his perfectly polished red toenails. Sue was gone. His eyes went wide with surprise.

"Nice job, huh? Sue really is good!!" said Anne as raised the chair and spun him around so Angelo was facing the mirror for the first time. He slid his hand out from under the pink cape to touch his long honey-blond hair. His long red fingernails slid easily through the slightly damp mass. He held out his hands and looked at them in the mirror.

As he shook his head in disbelief, he could feel the strands bounce against the side of his plain but pretty face. He moved his hands to feel his soft, smooth high cheeks. There were no eyebrows and the complexion was slightly ruddy. The nose was petite. The lips were full and slightly open. It was a blank but still attractive canvas. He looked like you might imagine a fashion model would look the first thing in the morning.

"OK. Let's get you finished up and on your way. They told me you had to be ready by 7:30," said Anne as she picked up a pair of scissors and started cutting. "We still have lots to do."

Anne expertly cut and shaped Angelo's hair. She painted on a paste and wrapped the strands in foil. In other strategic areas, she separated out long strands of hair, then put them up tight in rollers. A dryer was wheeled in.

"I'll be back in about twenty minutes," said Anne as she placed a magazine in his lap and positioned the dryer before switching it on.

The constant drone of the hair dryer kept Angelo awake and thumbing through the latest fashions in his Cosmopolitan magazine. He looked at fashions and hair-do's in a totally new light as he wondered how they would look on him.

Anne came back accompanied by a young, petite, Oriental lady in an open white smock. She was wheeling a black lacquered cart much like a tall toolbox. The young lady sported high black boots that laced up the back. They had five-inch heels that were polished chrome and spiky thin. She had on a tight, black leather dress that was heavily

boned about the midsection. It featured a collar that encircled her neck with a chrome-plated padlock in the back. The padlock also connected to the back zipper. The top of the dress was cut open in an oval, revealing much of her ample bosom. There were slits up both sides, almost to the hip. You could see her gleaming heart-shaped silver garter tabs at the top of the jet-black hose whenever she moved. Her pale complexion contrasted the deep red lipstick and heavy, dark eye makeup that accentuated her almond shaped eyes. Large, gleaming silver hoops passed through her ears and flashed in the light. Her hair was pulled back into a tight ponytail that extended to the small of her back. It was extremely fine, straight and the color of the blackest, purest coal.

Anne introduced her. "This is Ming. Ming will help with some finishing touches while I work on your hair."

Ming bowed slightly and wasted no time as she swiveled the chair sideways, toward her and her cart. She spread a gooey green liquid onto his entire face. He closed his eyes and in just a few seconds, he found that they were stuck shut. The gel that was cool at first, soon became tight and tingly. He reached out a hand from under his nylon cape but it was firmly guided back to the armrest. He felt a gentle pat on his hand. "You rerax, preeze. Ming do job. Ming do very good job. You trust me. You will rike. You see soon. Rerax."

Anne undid the rollers and removed the foil. She combed and brushed Angelo's hair. She seemed to take forever. Ming continued to work on Angelo's face. He could hardly feel the tingling of the blue gel anymore. His whole face felt numb. He knew she was there as he could feel the warmth of her body and hear her rhythmic breathing in front of him. She was doing things to his face but he had



no idea what as he could not see or feel a thing there.

"Preeze keep eyes shut. I tell you when to open."

Ming's hands reached up to Angelo's temples. She rolled the gel slightly until she could grasp it with a thumb and forefinger on each side. She pulled equally with both hands and pulled back the gel as if it were a layer of latex.

She did something around Angelo's eyes. Then, she took out a series of powders, liquids and creams and applied them with brushes to his face.

After what seemed an eternity, Ming stepped back.

"Keep eyes tight. You no breave. When I say, you hold breaf till ten second. Then you breave and open eyes.

"OK. Now no breave." Ming sprayed a mist all over Angelo's face and fanned away the residue in the air.

"Free, two, run. You fine now. Rook nice. Ming happy. Hope you be happy too. You can open now"

Almost immediately, feeling returned to his face. Angelo opened his eyes to see Ming packing up her things and wheeling her cart away. Anne stepped in with a brush, blow dryer and curling iron and spent another ten minutes making adjustments.

"What did she do to me?" asked Angelo. "What was that all about?" It was the strangest feeling."

"You are all done, Sweets," said Anne. "So let's have a look-see."

Anne once again swung the chair around facing the mirror.

"Who the hell is that?" shouted Angelo.

A familiar voice answered. "Why it's you, my angel." Julia appeared in the mirror behind Angelo. She had a clothing bag draped over her arm and a duffle bag in her hand. She hung the clothing bag on a nearby hook and put the duffle down.

"Thanks, Anne. Great job. This is for you," said Julia as she handed Anne an envelope. "And this one is for Ming. Make sure she gets it right away and tell her how pleased I am with her work."

"I will do it immediately, Miss Julia. Thank you," said an appreciative Anne as she looked in her envelope and quickly left the room with a huge smile on her face.

Julia turned back to the reflection in the mirror. "Say goodbye to creepy old Angelo and hello to our beautiful new Angel. In fact, that's your name from now on. Angel."

"But, but, it *can't* be me. I'm, I'm..."

"Beautiful? Yes, you certainly are.

"What did they do to my face?"

"You should be very pleased. Anne is marvelous. And then there is Ming to thank too. She carries the secrets of Chinese princesses. The skin treatment and makeup she has given you is permanent. We asked her to keep it subtle and basic. Your skin is now smooth and perfect as a baby's bottom. The fine arched brows, the black eyeliner, just a touch of dark-

ness on the lids, a hint of color on the cheekbones and long luscious lashes. Your lips are plump and tinted slightly. I'm sure you will be a great kisser. None of it is going away. You can always add to it if you want more drama with regular cosmetics. But, you will wear that beautiful girly face to your grave, just like the rest of your gorgeous bod. Women would kill to be you."

"But I'm no woman. I'm Angelo Tiatziano, heir to the Tiatziano fortune. If my father could see this, he'd put a hit on all of you."

"Your father is dead. Your Uncle Vince controls all of the family fortune and business in 3 of the 4 territories. Angelo is officially dead too. In his place is Angel. Get used to it because Angel Titz is your new name. Kind of fitting, don't you think, since you came up with it? You are now the legal ward of Vincent Tiatziano. You are now to be called by your new name and you will love it."

"Uncle Vince. Where is Uncle Vince? He'll fix this. He'll put me back the way I was."

"Wrong again, sweetheart. Uncle Vince did this to you. But, even if he wanted to, he couldn't reverse it. Knowing Vince, he has a plan. You can ask him. You are on your way to have drinks with him at Club Gratz. So get up out of that chair. Let's get you dressed and on your way."

She gently took Angel by the forearm and helped her out of the chair. Angel's knees were like Jell-O. She nearly collapsed as Julia slid a tall chrome stool out. It was cold on her rear but it took the strain off of her legs for the moment.

"I don't want to mess up even a single strand of your beautiful hair," said Julia as she picked up a pair of Anne's scissors and cut down the back of the satin shift that was her only covering.

She grabbed the front at the neck and pulled away the rag and simply dropped it to the ground. Then she moved in to hook her thumbs into the waistband of the tiny panties that were Angel's only remaining clothing. As she did so, she was brought inches away from Angel's breasts. She could not help bestowing a kiss on each.

"Wow! Angel Titz is right!!" She pulled off the panties and added them to the heap.

"Here, put these on first," ordered Julia as she placed a package of nylon stockings into Angel's hand.

Totally naked, Angel sat up on the cold metal stool. She slid her slippers off and let them fall to the floor. She put one foot on the rung of the chair while she began to roll up the hose and slide them onto the other. She performed perfectly naturally as she had done this and other feminine tasks hundreds of times in her dreams in Room C. They slid up effortlessly onto her long, smooth limbs. They felt soft and silky as they reached farther and farther onto her thighs. Julia reached into the bag, then went around back and fastened a garter belt around her waist.

"Be careful with those stockings. Sheerest you can get. \$45 a pair at Saks."

Angel pulled on the elastic garter straps and secured the top of the smoke-tinted ultra-smooth nylons taughly in place. Julia pulled a pair of red sparkling pumps with slender four-inch heels from the bag and placed them on the floor in front of the stool. She hooked her toes into them and slid the shoes effortlessly onto her stockinged feet.

Julia knelt down on one knee and placed a red shiny satin thong panty on her legs and slid it up part-way.

“Stand up now and pull up your panties like a big girl,” she ordered.

As Julia zipped open the long garment bag, Angel slid the tiny panties into place and felt the back strap disappear into her ass. It looked like thongs were to be her style from now on. She reached down to feel the front. It was soft and silky and smooth and felt very good.

“There, there. Stop that!” Julia slapped Angel’s hand with a playful smile. “There’ll be none of that now. We’ve got business to do.”

Angel was jarred back to reality and briefly wondered what in the hell she was doing. Julia placed a pile of fabric onto the floor and had Angel step into it and pull it up onto her body. It was a bit of a struggle to get it past her nice, round fanny but it eventually slipped by as she wiggled provocatively. The dress was red and matched the sparking shoes. It was long and slit up the side to mid-thigh. Julia did up the short back zipper. The midsection became tight and further snuggled in her tiny waist. The boning in front helped to display her beautiful breasts which were capable of going strapless and backless for all to admire.

“I wonder where Tom Cruise is, because Baby, you look like you are heading to the red carpet at the Academy Awards.”

Julia brought out some sparkling gel and rubbed it onto Angel’s upper body, then sprayed her wrists, neck and cleavage with Chanel.

“Oh shit! The jewelry,” swore Julia. “I was so taken, I almost forgot.”

She reached down into the bag again and came up with a black velvet box. Light seemed to radiate from it as Julia opened it in front of Angel.

“Wow!!! Are they real?” asked Angel.

“Almost \$250 thou real,” smiled back Julia.

Julia first took out the necklace and placed it around Angel’s neck. It was a diamond-encrusted heart pendant that rested just a few inches above Angel’s magnificent cleavage and further called attention to that area.

Then, a diamond tennis bracelet went around one wrist and a delicate diamond Piaget watch on the other.

Lastly, Julia removed the earrings from the box and placed them into Angel’s pierced ears. They were at least a carat each. The backer went on with a snap of finality and could never be removed.

Both of them let out a girlish giggle and said in unison, “Diamonds are forever.” They excitedly snapped the second earring in place and completed the ensemble.

Julia looked at her watch. “Holy crap! Look at the time. You’ve got to go. The limo is waiting outside.”

“No. Wait. First I have to see. I have to... Please, Julia.”

“Well, OK. But just for a few seconds. There is a mirrored hallway if we go through reception.”

Julia opened the door of the room and took Angel by the hand. They went through the adjacent door at the end of the hall. There was a reception desk but the place was abandoned as it was late. She stepped through the door; in the mirrored walls, she immediately saw the fantastic apparition mimic her every movement. Angel could not believe her eyes. Next to a smiling Julia stood the most perfect woman she had ever seen.

The hair was golden blonde, long but done meticulously with highlights and low-lights. A wispy curl was by each diamond-studded ear. Her face was like the perfect model in a romantic painting. Her upper body sparkled and the diamond heart drew the onlooker's eyes directly to the most inviting set of C-cup breasts that anyone could imagine in their dreams. The red dress sparkled with every movement. Its slit allowed just the briefest glimpse of long, silky, beautiful legs perched on fantastic heels.

“Time to go or weese gonna be late. Da boss don't like to be kept waitin.” The voice from the limo at the dark doorway to the street was vaguely familiar but too far away to see. Angel was too preoccupied to give the car or its driver much thought. The driver opened the rear door on the passenger side, then hustled anxiously back behind the wheel.

“Hurry,” said Julia as she gave Angel a pat on the rear. “I'll be right there. I forgot something.”

As Angel placed one foot in front of the other, her shapely rear moved in the clockwork precision she had been trained in for so many weeks and months. Her hips swung like a pendulum within the tight confines of the painted-on gown. Her path was no wider than the four-inch wide treadmill she had walked so many miles on. She traveled down the hall to the waiting open door of the long black limo.

Julia appeared at the door just as Angel reached it. She shoved a small red clutch purse that matched the outfit into Angel's hand and a red silken wrap around her shoulders. She pulled her close and they hugged for a long while.

Julia whispered into Angel's ear. “You look great. I am so proud of you. I will always be there for you. The best is yet to come. You'll see.” With that, Julia kissed Angel passionately. Their tongues caressed for several seconds. A blast on the horn finally separated them and Julia pushed Angel into the limo. The door closed with a muffled thud. Angel could see the black lines running down Julia's cheeks while she waved to the departing limo.

The limo drove through the darkness. With the black windows and black dividing glass, she was alone in the rear compartment. It was all happening so fast. What was going on? Why had this been done to her? All too soon, the limo began to slow as it approached the bright lights of the marquis that flashed the name ANDIAMO in neon. It came to a stop at the main entrance. A valet in a red vest automatically opened the back door.

A tall handsome man approached. His eyes were green, his hair a sandy blonde. His features were chiseled and handsome. His smile was blinding. He wore a tuxedo but with only a collar and bow tie. There was no shirt. His strong Chippendale's chest was displayed proudly as was the enormous bulge in his too-tight pants.

He came to the car door and offered his hand. "Miss Angel, Mr. Tiatziano has asked me to escort you through the club and directly to his private office."

She slid her bottom along the black leather upholstery and swung her fully exposed legs onto the pavement. She took his strong hand. As she stood, her dress fell back into place and the brief glimpse of the bare white flesh above her stocking tops was gone.

It was early but there was still a long line of people trying to get into the club. Men pressed money into the hand of the doorman as they shook hands and groups of single women pulled down their tops in order to pay their entrance bribe.

All the action stopped as Angel stepped away from the limo, took her escort's arm and walked right in. Nobody said a word. They just watched in silence. Once Angel disappeared into the club, a buzz of whispers and gossip started and it was business as usual once again.

Inside, it was wall-to-wall people. The music was deafening. Angel's escort put one arm out in front and the crowd parted as if he were Moses. The "waters" immediately filled in behind them.

The escort took off his photo I.D. badge. Lance was the name in bold type at the top of the card. He inserted it in a small slot next to the door marked "private." It buzzed open and closed automatically behind them. They took a few steps to an elevator and again the escort's card was used to activate the call light for the elevator.

The elevator door opened and Lance guided Angel in but remained in the corridor.

"It has been a pleasure, Miss Angel. Your name certainly befits you. Have a pleasant evening."

He removed his card from the slot outside and the doors closed and the elevator began its journey.

The doors opened on the third and final level. Vince was standing there.

"Mama Mia! Santa Maria!" were the first words to come out of him. His eyes showed surprise and more as he stared at Angel.

Embarrassed, she looked down.

"Sorry. Excuse me. But I never thought... Is that REALLY you, Angelo?"

Angel looked up and saw the spontaneous male lust in Vince's eyes. "Yes, it's me alright. What's the matter, Uncle Vince? Cat got your tongue? Am I not what you expected? Aren't you happy with what you've done to me?"

"Well, yes... Uh, no... I mean you look so beautiful. So much better than I ever thought possible. You look fantastico! So different. But I can see the Tiatziano family in your eyes. Come in. Come in. We have a big night ahead. We have much to discuss."

Angel was amazed. In all her years of knowing Uncle Vince, she had never once seen him stammer or not be in full control of the situation. It occurred to her that this could be fun and maybe she could even get the upper hand. THAT would be an accomplishment.

She looked Vince straight in the eyes and licked her lips provocatively. "OK. So let's talk, Uncle Vince."

Vince was very uneasy. He too knew what was happening and he did not like it.

"Here. Let's sit here," he said, motioning to a huge, soft leather couch by a window.

The window looked down at the club floor and afforded a bird's eye view of the entire place. It was made of a dark tinted one-way glass, so from below it was not even noticeable. The noise of the crowd and loud music that was playing below was totally blocked. It was a great spot for keeping tabs on people and what was going on.

"How about a drink?"

"Love it," replied Angel as sexily as she could. She sat on the couch and let the slit in her dress open.

Vince brought over two martinis. He knew he was losing. He had to do something soon.

"What time do you have?" he asked.

"The time? Who cares?" Angel looked at her dainty Piaget. "Its quarter to nine."

"Not nine yet, huh?" said Vince. He looked at his own gold Rolex. "That's what I have too. So what do you think of my club?" It was obvious he was stalling.

Angel smelled a rat. What was happening at nine?

Vince knew he had to do something and remembered what he had been told about Angel's conditioning. His demeanor changed and he came and sat right next to Angel.

Vince took Angel's hand in his and held it tenderly but directed it right to his crotch.

Angel's hand started to automatically feel and massage Vince's member as he unzipped his pants.

"Oh No! Oh Shit!" thought Angel as she could feel what was happening. Her conditioning was taking over. All she could think of was the sweet juice and the pleasure around her tongue. She licked her lips. She *had* to have it.

Vince smiled triumphantly. He had not come so close to losing in a long, long time.

Angel slowly lowered her head and looked at Vince's huge member.

"Three Viagras," he said with a laugh. "Haven't felt like this since I was 18."

Angel just lowered her head slowly. She licked the tip gently. It was delicious! Her eyes were glassy with lust as she took Vince fully into her mouth as she had been trained to do. She pleased him more than he had ever felt before or even thought possible. Julia was in for a bonus, Vince thought as he relaxed and leaned his head back.

Vince's Rolex made a beep. "Must be nine. Now for some *real* fun," said Vince as he gently guided Angel's head back up."

"Not finished yet," whispered Angel hoarsely. She wanted to go back down.

Vince held her up. He gave her back the martini and said, "Here, rinse out your mouth and drink it all down. Mine too."

Angel drank almost all of the two martinis. Just a swallow was left in Vince's glass.

Suddenly she felt warm all over but especially in one place. There she was steaming. She had not had a drink in a long time but could always hold a lot more than just a couple of martinis. What was going on?

“Remember that anesthetic that Julia applied? Well its time is up. Now me and the three Viagras are gonna give it to you good for being such a bad boy.”

Vince took the remainder of his martini into his mouth and swished it around. He then grabbed Angel by the waist and pulled her close. He pressed his lips to hers and passed the drink into her mouth. She swallowed. He continued to kiss her deeply and taste the drink in her mouth as he continued to invade it with his tongue.

Finally, he came up for air. “Now, Uncle Vince is gonna show you how to REALLY fuck. And when I’m finished, there’ll be no bad boy left. You will be allowed to be a part of the family once again, if you so choose.”

Vince kissed her again and sucked the air from her lungs. She was Jell-O. He undid the short length of the back zipper on her dress. He could not wait. He grabbed the back of the dress with both hands and pulled in opposite directions. There was a loud ripping sound as the dress tore down to expose her perfect round ass. The fabric easily fell down now into a heap around her ankles. His hands moved to her rear and tenderly massaged the perfect, smooth flesh.

He slid a finger along her crack, making a shiver run up her spine. Then his hands hooked onto the sides of the tiny thong panties. He pulled sharply. One flimsy side strap gave way and then the other. The back fabric slid between her cheeks as he pulled them ever so slowly up towards him. He gave the front a quick sniff. “Just like the real thing,” he said as he threw them down onto the floor.

She was left clad only in stockings and heels. She felt the cold air on her backside but didn’t care.

Angel had no control. Her crotch was on fire and she had to have relief. Her hole was so wet, so hot, so hungry.

He looked at her breasts. For the first time, they were bare before a man. Vince had marveled at them earlier and now he could not resist. They were perfect. He gently kissed each and then suckled them each in turn tenderly while he gently massaged the other.

Angel’s uncontrollable desire continued to grow. The erotic feelings were unlike any she had ever felt before. The juice was now dripping from her. She could not think enough to even form words. She could manage only ever increasing moans of passion and pleasure.

For the next five hours Vince was young once more. He took her again and again and again. Each wave of pleasure she rode was higher. He made love to her in every way he knew. Angel had never known there were so many possibilities. As a man, he thought he was a great lover but he would have been no match for his Uncle Vince. What a stud he must have been in his youth! The passion he had in his life and put into creating his empire was now totally directed to the creature he had made and swore to his brother to protect.

It was well after three in the morning when they finally collapsed and fell asleep in each other's arms.

Angel woke slowly. Her hands tightened but were empty. She felt around. She opened her eyes. There was only a dim glow about the room. There was no sign of life anywhere. Below, the club was completely empty.

"Vince? Uncle Vince?" she called out. There was no answer. She was alone.

Over the back of the couch was a black silk man's smoking jacket. She stood and put it on. Ouch! Her feet hurt without her shoes. She stood on tiptoe to relieve the pain until she could find and slip into her shoes. There, better!

She noticed the monogrammed VT on the chest of the robe. She continued looking around the room. Nothing. Nobody.

She put her hands into the pockets of the robe as she took a few steps and turned on a light. There was a paper in one of the pockets. She took it out and read it. It was a handwritten note from Vince.

My dearest Angel. Thank you for one of the best nights of my life. Not since my wedding night nearly fifty years ago have I enjoyed giving and receiving such pleasures with another human being. We have much to discuss and there is the possibility of great reward but the risk is also high. Please come to my office this afternoon. I will send Guido and the car for you at three. In the back, there is a bathroom and a shower. Sorry I cannot do better. Please freshen up as best you can. Sorry about your dress. I will have Julia bring an outfit for you so don't worry about clothes. Just use my trenchcoat to get to and from the car. There is a security card in the bathroom that will let you out the doors. Milligratzi, mi amore.

Vince.

She looked at the dainty watch on her wrist. "One-twenty-five. Better get a move on."

She opened the door to the bathroom. It was small but well lit. There was a shower, a toilet and a sink with a big mirror above it. The room was all done in white marble with gold fixtures. One wall was floor-to-ceiling mirror. The shower was huge and had several spray heads, a built in seat and a clear glass door.

She reached in and turned on the water to warm it up. She hung the robe on a hook and opened the door to the shower. She stopped and looked over her shoulder. She smiled at the great ass, perfect body and the pretty face that winked back at her in the mirror.

"Oops," she said to herself as she went to step inside. She slipped off her shoes and tiptoed into the steam.

The feeling of the warm water flowing over the curves of her new body was perhaps the second best thing she had felt in months. The showers in her previous confines were nothing like this. The relaxing water sluiced smoothly all over her bare flesh for the first time. She sat on the seat, removed the shower wand and made sure she was clean everywhere.

The pressure of the water on her slit made her start to moan. It was still tender from all of the night's activities. She used the other hand to feel her rock-hard nipples. They were

so sensitive. She thought of how Vince had expertly and tenderly sucked them last night. They felt good then and now.

She thought of how pleasurable he had felt inside her. Her hands and fingers continued to roam. Her free hand moved down and for the first time found her own clit. She massaged it gently. Her moaning grew into gasps. There was a gentle wave of pleasure that passed over her body. Her hand did not stop. Harder. Faster. The second wave was greater. And then the third — She could not get enough. Again and again the pleasure rose ever higher until...

She could take no more. Amidst screams of delight, she dropped the shower wand and her body heaved and finally shuddered. She collapsed into a corner of the shower as the warm water continued to flow all around her. A huge smile grew upon her face as she slowly opened her eyes and composed herself.

She did not want to get up but time was moving on. Angel grabbed hold of the shower wand, gave herself another final rinse and turned off the water. She estimated she was there for ten minutes but the diamond Piaget said it was more than forty. Looking around, she thought to herself. "I guess orgasms make the time go faster. I could get to enjoy this."

She thought she could feel every nerve in her body still tingling as she stepped out of the shower and dried herself with one of the luxurious bath sheets that hung on the wall. They, too, were monogrammed VT. She stepped back into her heels. They felt good.

Her hair was a mess. She picked up a brush and a blow dryer and repaired it best she could. Smiling, she aimed the hair drier down below. "No panties," she thought. "Wouldn't want to catch a cold." The soft warm breeze felt exhilarating.

Her clutch purse was on the vanity. She opened it and took out a compact and lipstick. She brushed some blue shadow onto her eyelids and a bit of blusher on her cheekbones. She twisted the red lipstick tube and felt the creamy red color spread as she brought her lips together. Angel inhaled some of the sweet smell as a spritz of Chanel here and there completed the enhancements.

She stood back and took a good look in the mirror. A glow seemed to be all around her. Great round ass, perfect tits that defied gravity and an hourglass figure that any woman would die for. Between her legs was only a hairy little heart-shaped patch. She resisted the urge to touch it. Strangely, now she did not miss what had been there before for so many years.

Pleased with the results of her first efforts at self-maintenance, she turned back to the vanity and picked up Vince's security card. She slipped it into her purse along with her cosmetics. She took it and left the bathroom only in her heels.

Her tattered clothing, shredded stockings and torn panties were still on the floor by the big leather couch making her smile again. The silk lining of Vince's trenchcoat felt nice as she slipped it on. "Hmm, Armani. Nice," she noted as she looked at the label.

She didn't bother with the buttons since the coat was so large. She just wrapped it around herself and tied the belt in a tight knot about her tiny waist.

She exited the back door and saw Guido waiting impatiently.

"Its five after three, Miss," he said chiding her. "Come on and get in, willya?"

She wanted to say, "Blow me, Guido" but a wicked smile came over her as she had another idea.

Guido was surprised as she opened the front door of the limo and slid in next to him.

"Passengers usually ride in the back, Miss."

"This time, let's be different, shall we?" said Angel. "Besides we're old friends."

"Nah. Sorry but I don't remember youse, Miss. I would have remembered youse, Miss. Youse is a person I would definitely not forget." Not wanting to delay he put the car in gear and started off.

"What? You don't remember smiling that day when Vince said he was going to teach me a lesson? You don't remember putting that sleeper hold on me?"

"Da... Dat was Angelo. Youse ain't Angelo. How do youse know about dat?" said a confused Guido as he entered onto the freeway.

Angel laid her trap. Guido's brain was not much of a challenge. "And what did Angelo always say to you when he didn't want to listen to you?"

Guido thought. She could almost see the strain in his poor confused mind as he answered, "Blow me."

"Well, OK then. If that's what you want," said Angel as she bent over, unzipped his pants and took his thick meat quickly into her mouth.

Poor Guido didn't know what to do. Angel decided to give him the "royal treatment."

On the freeway, he could not stop or take his eyes off the road. It took almost all of his brain power just to drive the car. She didn't let up until the car stopped at the private underground elevator entrance in Vince's building.

She got up, opened the door and exited quickly. She left Guido shaking with his still-big dick sticking out of his pants and both hands glued on the wheel.

She stuck her head back in the car. "Thanks for the ride. You said I'd be sorry for telling you to blow me but I'm really glad I did. It was fun. See you later, Guido."

She slid Vince's access card into the slot by the elevator, entered and pressed P. As the elevator doors closed, she looked back at him, licked her lips and blew Guido a kiss. She broke into hysterics as she saw a wad of cum shoot up and hit Guido in the face.

She took out her lipstick and touched it up in the mirrored elevator wall. She replaced it in her purse and completed adjusting the trenchcoat just as the elevator doors opened on the top floor.

The receptionist looked up. Angel noted that the receptionist did not look away this time as she pressed the door buzzer to Vince's office. Her breathing grew fast and shallow and her eyes remained on Angel until the office door closed behind her.

Vince rose from his desk immediately and came around to greet her. With outstretched arms, he gave her a warm hug and a kiss on each cheek.

"My beautiful Angel! Who else could make a simple trenchcoat look so attractive? Julia and I were just talking about you. Come, sit down and join us."

"Uh, could I have some clothes, please? This outfit is kind of drafty," she said as she twirled around. The trenchcoat flew up, revealing her lack of any undergarments."

"Mi Madre!" exclaimed Vince as he brought both hands up to his face. "What have we created!"

"Relax, Sweets. Your new clothes are right over there," said Julia as she pointed to several shopping bags by the wall. "Shoes and some unique accessories, too. But what you've got on will do just fine for now."

"Yes, yes. That's right. We have some important things to say. Please sit," said Vince. "This is very serious."

"So what is it already?" asked Angel as she took a seat and crossed her legs to stop the breeze from blowing up there.

"I have a difficult and dangerous mission to ask of you. If you can accomplish this task, all will be forgiven and I will give you freedom, power, wealth and an empire of your own with the responsibility of the entire family business passed to you as my successor."

"And if I choose not to do this task?" asked Angel.

"Then all of this will have been for nothing and I will sadly relegate you to a position of managing our gentlemen's ranch on the edge of town. Due to your recent training, you will enjoy your work and be able to make back some of the money you owe me, as well as the costs for the procedures you underwent."

"I see. So *that's* how it is. Tell me more," said Angel as she settled back into her chair and pulled the trenchcoat over her bare leg.

Vince continued. "You heard of Big Joe Pallucci?"



"Of course. He took over the western district after my father and mother were killed in a car accident when I was twelve. I hear he runs it with an iron hand and has the most profitable whorehouses in the state. A mean bastard. Drugs, whores, gambling, protection, numbers... doesn't even care about kids. Recruits them as young as he can."

"I see you are well informed. I want you to go after Big Joe and take over his empire. This will bring the only district out of our control to us and stop the heat from the authorities that he's bringing upon us unfairly. We do not operate like him. We are legit, but he doesn't care and has no respect."

"Wow, Uncle Vince! That's a tall order. Big Joe is ruthless. He has no regard for women. He treats them like dirt. The ones that get out of line, he slashes their faces and makes them unpaid slaves in his brothels. How can I do anything? Especially like this!" responded Angel, flashing her painted hands along her body.

Julia stepped in. "Remember when I told you Vince never did anything without a plan? Well, YOU have been his plan all along. You are exactly equipped to hit at the weakest spot in his armor. We have everything worked out to the smallest detail."

"Gee, I just don't know, Vince. I mean this girl stuff is kind of fun in a way but what you are talking about? I just don't know."

Vince nodded. "I understand. You're right. It is VERY serious. But let me tell you one more thing about Joe Pallucci and why I hate him so deeply. Perhaps it will help you make up your mind. Then you will hate him forever as I do."

Vince looked straight into Angel's eyes. "Guiseppe Pallucci took over the western district by killing your father and your mother. He beat the crap out of your father. He raped and killed your mother in front of him. He then cut off your father's balls and laughed as he slowly bled to death in front of your mother's ravaged body. This I swear, on the grave of my own dear wife, is the truth."

Tears streamed down Angel's face for a long time. Suddenly, the tears stopped. She lifted her head from her hands and had only a blank look on her face. "Tell me what you want me to do," was all she said.

Julia took over. "Joey's two weaknesses are women and his dick. He loves them both. They call him Big Joe because he is huge. Some say as much as fourteen inches. The women that he uses are left without any feeling and sent off to his ranch. All of his records, papers and contacts are in a safe. He also has stuff in there on us from the old days that could do serious damage if it got out. That is one of the reasons we can't touch him. The safe is controlled by a special lock that can be opened only by his cock. It reads temperature, the vein pattern and DNA. There's no faking it. If you can help us open that safe, we have back what was wrongly taken from us at dear cost to your father."

Expressionless, "Tell me what you want me to do," was all she said.

"OK. Here's the plan.", said Vince as he and Julia went over all of the details.

A yellow, beat up 1982 Datsun pulled up in front of CLUB CORNUTTO on the west side of town. The engine sputtered and ran on for several seconds after the ignition was switched off. The driver's door opened and a pair of six-inch pencil-thin stiletto heels swung to the street. On her heavy ankle bracelet was written CANDY in rhinestones. It

sparkled in the low, late afternoon sun and stood out from the black fishnet stockings she wore.

She had long black hair, large dark sunglasses and loads of makeup. Her glossy over-painted lips were a deep, deep crimson. There was a black beauty mark just above them on her right side. A hot pink spandex minidress clung to her, hugged every curve and barely reached her crotch. She wore a ton of jewelry, all of it cheap, fake and covered in rhinestones. Sparkling rings were on every finger. The tip of a big silver bull penis pendant just reached the top of her lip-smacking D-cup cleavage. As she looked at the name of the club, she lowered her glasses momentarily. You could see the thick long lashes and the heavy dark makeup around her eyes. She grabbed the bottom of the dress, wiggled her fanny, and tugged it down before closing the car door.

Without hesitation, she opened the door to the club wide and walked right in. She took off her glasses and looked around. There was no action this early in the day. The house lights were on. The bar had several men hanging out at the far end. They were just smoking and talking while they nursed a drink. The stage had a big brass pole in the center and a trapeze swing hanging from the ceiling. In the corner was a plastic swimming pool filled with mud.

She put the glasses into her big vinyl handbag. The place stank of beer and cum. She stopped chewing her gum for a moment and spoke to the man in a suit closest to the door. "Hiya, I'm Candy. I have an appointment with Mr. Pallucci. Where is he?"

"Not so fast. I have to check you out. No one is allowed in without my checking them out." Candy could see the gun in the shoulder holster inside his jacket as the guard frisked her with a big smile.

"Get that smile off your face, buster, or you'll be eating your teeth for lunch. And watch those hands."

The guard purposely rubbed her ass and tits again – just to show who was in charge.

As she began to step forward he called to her. "" Ah, ah, ah! Not so fast. The handbag, Miss."

"What about it? You need a fashion accessory or something?"

The guard's smile disappeared. He wanted to deck her. "It stays here," he said as he took it from her shoulder. He slapped her on the ass and pushed her roughly toward the office door. "You can get it on your way out. Now, that way. Through the door over there marked PRIVATE."

She turned and walked the few steps, wiggling her ass as provocatively as she could. All eyes were on her fanny. She looked back at the men at the bar and popped her gum. One of them spilled his beer. As she reached for the doorknob, there was a buzz. The door opened and then closed solidly behind her.

There sat one of the ugliest men she had ever seen. He was probably 5-5, weighed at least 300 pounds, was almost bald and had bad teeth and thick black glasses with dirty lenses in them. He was cleaning his nails with a twelve-inch switchblade. He put it down, still opened onto the table next to him.

He undressed her with his eyes. "So, you want to be a dancer in my club, little lady. You got the body alright. I'm Big Joe, the owner. You ready to audition?"

"What? Here? Now? I don't hear no music. Where's the music?" asked Candy.

Big Joe unzipped his fly and pointed to his enormous dick. "Right here," he said. Let's see how you can play my instrument.

She stepped forward and knelt before him. What she had heard was right. It had to be more like fifteen inches long and two inches thick. It stood out like a cast iron pipe. She hesitated for a moment.

"Too much for you?" he smirked.

"Nah" she said. "I seen better." She reached in her mouth and took out her chewing gum. She stuck the wad to the bottom of the chair. "Just had to take my gum out."

She licked the tip of his huge member and tasted a bit of his vile pre-cum. Then, without hesitation, she deep-throated the whole thing and quickly sucked him dry like a crazed Shop-Vac.

She took her gum from the bottom of the chair and popped it back into her mouth.

"So, do I get the job now?" Candy asked, matter-of-factly.

Joe was at a loss for words momentarily. Nobody had ever done that before.

"Just one more thing," said Big Joe. He pulled her close to him by grabbing her by the waist. She was repulsed by his foul breath and garlic-y body odor but did not show it. She could not escape. He was far too strong. He pulled up her minidress and tore off her panties. He pulled her closer and lifted her up onto his fat lap.

"Hey, those panties are expensive. Four dollars at Frederick's," she protested. "Why don't you just say what you want?"

"OK then, fuck me," he said with a greasy grin.

She looked at him for a moment as if she were a Polaroid camera taking a picture. She positioned the tip of his big cock at the apex of her slit.

"This is for my father and mother," she said out loud.

She shoved herself down onto him with all her force. There was a muffled SNAP, SNAP as she hit bottom.

Joe's eyes went wide. Something was wrong! Immediately, he shoved her away with all his force. She slammed into the wall and fell onto the floor clear across the room. He looked down to see that his dick was gone.

"No! No! No!" he cried out in terror. "BITCH!" He tried to stand as he grabbed the knife from the table and threw it at her. It whistled past her right ear and stuck deeply into the wall just behind her. A few strands of long black hair floated to the floor.

Big Joe collapsed back into his chair from the shock.

Candy stood up and pressed the stem of her Timex wristwatch.

Guns blasted at the front door and twenty of Vince's men rushed in and took control of the place.

The door buzzed. Vince and Julia came into the room to see Angel removing her black wig and peeling off her eyelashes as she stood over Big Joe. She threw them onto his limp, blob of a body.

"TOC DE MERDA!" She spat on his unconscious form and kicked him in the side. *"There, NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!"* she said with all of the pent-up hatred that was inside her.

An ecstatic Julia went straight to Angel and gave her a big hug. "You did it! You were perfect!"

She saw the knife in the wall. "Are you alright?" she asked.

Angel nodded weakly. "Let's get away from him."

As they stepped away, Vince opened a secret bookcase to reveal a large steel vault. There was no place for a key or combination lock. Just a smooth, solid steel door. A two-inch hole at waist height on a steel panel next to it.

Angel came over. She reached down between her legs and withdrew Big Joe's member. It was still warm and pulsing. There was a metallic ring about the base so that there was no loss of blood. There was a similar ring at Big Joe's crotch and not a drop of blood there either. She handed the member to Julia and, disgusted, wiped her hands on the lower part of her dress. She was extremely happy to get it away from her.

Angel's head started to spin and she was dizzy for just a moment as her programming completed. Her desires were her own for the first time in many months. She was free.

Julia slowly inserted the big prick into the hole next to the steel door. Like magic, the vault opened. There were walls of guns, drugs, cash and many boxes filled with files. Vince's men rushed in and removed everything.

Big Joe was sent off to his ranch. He never was right again and could barely do his job as the men's washroom attendant. His mind was gone forever. The ladies there enjoyed keeping him dressed in chunky heels, stockings, a garter belt, panties and a bra. His crotch healed but only to a little stub. They called him Big Jo as occasionally he would let the men fondle his new 48 F-cup breasts. He would accept the five dollars they gave him for a blowjob with thanks.

Angel and Julia became more than friends and business associates. As a child, Julia had been abused by her father and needed love while maintaining safety and security. She knew that her own creation would never hurt her. For Angel, her desires were now her own but her sex drive remained elevated. Deep inside, she still loved women and all things female. She loved the scent and sight of a beautiful woman. She loved what she had become and the person that made her what she was. Julia was her "first love." She wanted her forever. Each exactly filled the needs of the other.

As Vince had promised, he gave Angel an empire of her own. She took over the West Side business and ran it well, with Julia's assistance. Over time, they cleaned it up and got rid of the drugs and the criminal activities. Angel instituted a health plan, a daycare and benefits for the ladies at the ranch. Club Cornutto was turned into a community center. Angel became a loved and well-respected figure on the West Side of town.

She still reported to Uncle Vince, who watched over her carefully. Vince never touched her again sexually and always treated his "most precious niece" with the utmost respect.

One day, when she was in his office, he reached in his top right-hand desk drawer and pulled out a picture in a very old frame of solid gold. He showed her the hand-tinted 8X10. She was shocked. The lady in the photo was slightly older and had an old-fashioned hair-style, but looked almost exactly like her.

"Your grandmother, my mother..." said Vince. "She was one strong lady and saved the family in her time. She would be proud of you as I am. I want you to have these."

He presented her with the picture and a small velvet box. Inside the box was a huge ruby ring. They were the greatest treasures Vincenzo possessed.

"It was hers," he said softly as he took the ring from the box and put it on Angel's finger. "Wear it always in memory of her and in honor of our family."

The years passed.

Vince finally announced his retirement.

One cold moonlit evening, there was a knock at the door of the big house that had been Vince's home for many years. An elderly Italian man came to the door. Angel greeted him. He had his hat in his hand and spoke with tears in his eyes as he entered the house.

"Please Godmother," he said as he lifted her hand and kissed her ruby ring. "Help me. I will be forever in your debt."

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