

Fucking table – The missing manual – A painful mistake

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Inspired by Nathan's series – Fucking tables

A young man tests a device that will give him the best and worst day of his life.

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This story comes in two versions. This version has a very strong castration theme. The other one focuses exclusively on erotica and has no ball busting component. Whilst they are ostensibly the same story, this one is punctuated with castration themed elements. Please read the other version if castration is not of interest to you.

Oliver looked at the fucking table for the eighth time. It was eight feet long and six feet wide. The lower half was curved upwards along its longitudinal axis. The curve formed a quarter circle, and flattened out into a padded surface for the upper half. Half way along the table just below the intersection of the curved lower part there was a hole, six inches across that passed through the surface. The hole was modelled on a Fleshlight and lined with soft latex. Oliver had already put his dick into it several times, fucking it until he deposited his seed on the floor beneath. The hole was self-lubricating, warm, and soft like a pussy. He'd enjoyed fucking it very much, but the table was capable of so much more and tonight he was going to test it out.

Oliver thought about his employer, a family friend who worked for the government. He thought how embarrassing it would be to get caught using the table. Embarrassing for him at least. Oliver assumed that John was used to looking at people's dicks, after all he designed milking devices that the government used to harvest semen from prisoners, both willing and unwilling, for bio-research.

Oliver was only too happy when John had offered him a summer job working security at his research facility – it would enable him to build up his cash reserves for his final year of college. The facility was not all that large; a few offices, and two development labs, but it still required a security presence at night to safeguard the valuable equipment. It wasn't a difficult job, Oliver turned up at 8pm and went home at 8am, and in between he spent his time on site watching TV, playing games on his laptop, and occasionally masturbating. Once an hour he was required to walk around the building inside and out. It was easy money and his first real job. His greatest problem was boredom. That was how he first started to take a greater interest in the equipment in the labs.

In laboratory number 1 there was a stand-up milking machine and a variety of electro ejaculators. The other was dominated by the Fucking table. He read the manuals for the stand-up milker and the electro ejaculators. Although he was curious about the sensation of being electro-milked, Oliver didn't like the idea of sticking anything into his butt so the ejaculators were out, but after a cautious

test with his finger and a deodorant bottle, Oliver tried out the stand-up milker. It pumped up and down his condom sheathed erection, and in less than two minutes he came hard inside it. He continued using it for the next two weeks before curiosity drove him to try out the Fucking table in lab number 2.

There was no instruction manual, just a remote and a sheet of paper with the words "Fucking table" written on it. Oliver examined the table in detail. The function of the hole was obvious, the rest was not. He activated the remote. It was six inches by four with a small touch screen. It had a large numeric readout, over which the word "Number of Orgasms" was written. Next to that was a green button labelled "Begin cycle." Oliver quickly discovered that he could increase the orgasms readout by swiping his finger across the numbers. He pressed the "Begin Cycle" button. A female voice came from a speaker in the ceiling. "Subject not installed." Oliver looked above the table and there was a mass of equipment hanging four feet above it. It reminded him of a medical scanner, but there were arms and probes. He scrutinised it closely but could not clarify its function. He dropped to his knees, and he saw yet more equipment whose purpose was equally inscrutable to him: some kind of arm with a plastic head, and various rubber tipped nodes.

Oliver studied the table and the equipment for over a week, searching the lab for a more complete set of instructions. He was unwilling to turn on any of the computers to search for more details about its operation in case doing so would leave evidence of his visit.

For nine more days, Oliver continued to use the stand-up milker each night – several times on most nights – he was an incredibly horny guy at the best of times, but surrounded by this milking equipment his libido rose even higher. Eventually, after 9 days of procrastination he decided to give the fucking table a tentative try. He clambered up and tried to put his dick into the hole. Unlike the stand-up milker, which he could use whilst still wearing the jeans he sagged low on his hips, he had to strip them off completely to get comfortable on the table. The curved lower half was hard to balance on properly and he wondered why the table had been designed with the strange downwards curved edges. He wriggled around awkwardly until he realised that the table was not designed for him to lay in missionary position with his legs together, but rather with his knees spread apart, facing outwards. As soon as Oliver adopted that position, it became much more comfortable, opening his thighs, and giving his nuts freedom to move.

The first time he used the fucking table Oliver was hard before he put his dick into the hole and its soft latex surface was stimulating on his penis as he slipped it inside, but he was disappointed to discover that three inches of his cock protruded through the other side; the important part.

With the stand-up milker, the latex liner was in constant contact with his glans so as it pumped in and out, he felt continuous stimulation. With the fucking table, he had to literally hump it, holding his hips off the table by several inches if he wanted the head of his dick to get rubbed. He used it on and off for a week, but it was hard work and he just couldn't avoid the feeling that he was missing something major.

He tried activating the table using the remote whilst he placed a deodorant aerosol can through the hole. It was much bigger than his own penis but Oliver hoped that the table would be fooled into revealing its secrets. It wasn't, and it repeated the same message. "Subject not installed."

There were foot plates at the bottom corners of the table and depressions at the top corners. Hand holes Oliver correctly surmised. They didn't appear to move but maybe he had to put his hands and feet onto them to work. There were thick cables laying on the table near corner. Restraints maybe? It would make sense. Perhaps not all the prisoners enjoyed giving daily sperm donations, although for the life of him, Oliver could not figure out why not. If he'd stopped to consider why the lab had developed this far more complicated collection device rather than simply using the simpler and cheaper stand-up milker, he would have saved himself a lot of discomfort.

Instead, he agonised all week over whether to risk using a device whose precise function and operation he did not understand. But with each passing day, in spite of the fact that he blew his load two or three times daily, his horniness grew and the table's unknowns only served to increase his excitement.

And now he stood in front of it about to take the plunge. It was the perfect time. He was about to work a weekend shift. 72 hours straight, Friday to Monday. This was special. He had ensured that all doors into the building were locked then he locked the lab door as well, and pushed a cupboard across to ensure that nobody could unlock it and walk in unannounced. It was a little past midnight on Friday but he didn't want to take any chances of an unwanted interruption. He was excited; horny almost to the point of breathlessness. He looked at the wad of disposable paper towels that he had brought along for the clean-up. Four sheets, more than enough to clean up a small mug of coffee. He was taking no chances!

He took off all his clothes from head to toe. This was not going to be a quick jerk and spurt; it was going to be what his best friend called a "luxury wank"; unhurried, enjoying the sensation. He decided that he was going to try for three orgasms. He'd cum twice in a single session before, but he'd never done three. It would be an exciting progression and he was determined to rise to the challenge. He could always stop the machine or pull his dick out if the sensation turned out to be too intense.

Holding the remote, Oliver climbed naked onto the table placed his feet on the foot plates, then he carefully pushed his hard dick through the penis hole. Finally, he reached up and placed his hands in the depressions in the upper corners. He was laying on his face spread-eagled in a star. He had already slid the readout up to 03. He wondered why it could possibly need two digits. He surmised that it must be like a car that can only do 120 with a speedo that goes to 200.

Oliver took a deep breath and pressed the start button. The voice emerged from the speaker.

"Securing subject."

Thick rubber cords emerged from holes the sides of the depression, looped around his wrist and ankles, then pulled tight with such speed that Oliver dropped the remote in surprise. He looked up towards his left hand. The remote lay on the padded table an inch from his fingers. He picked it up relieved that it was still in reach. It was his only means of cancelling the table's operation. But with his wrists tightly restrained, it was hard for him to see the screen.

The overhead assembly lowered. He heard it descending and turned straining to see it as it moved into position above his pelvis. He felt it touch him, wrapping around his waist like a giant hand, pressing his pelvis against the table. He squirmed, feeling confined but to his concern his pelvis was securely held against the table. He couldn't lift and withdraw his cock from the hole even if he wanted to. He was feeling trapped now. He angled the remote towards him. The green start button was lit. At least he could press it again to stop at any time he reasoned.

Two padded and curved retractors emerged from the table between his knees and parted, moving upwards towards the middle edge of the table. They pulled Oliver's knees apart. The foot rests slid upwards smoothly as the boy's knees were pulled apart. When they came to a halt, Oliver's knees were parallel with his hips, legs spread wide, making him look like a swimming frog preparing to kick its legs out.

Oliver had completely lost his erection, his arousal giving way to penis shrinking trepidation. It dangled through the hole, just an inch visible below.

"Securing testicles."

Oliver's eyes widened in concerned. Testicles? The other machine didn't touch his balls. He looked up at the remote screen awkwardly held in his left hand.

He felt two three fingered rubber claws gently probing his loose scrotum, then each took a grip of a testicle and gently pulled them downwards away from his body.

Oliver's index finger hovered over the green button ready to stop the machine if things took a turn for the worse.

Two hook-like curved retainers, each with a diameter about the size of a coffee mug base emerged from the table, the plane of the hook was parallel to the table. They descended on the neck of Oliver's scrotum, trapping his testicles away from his body, and pressing the soft skin lightly against the table. The claws released the boy's testicles, which were now trapped away from his body by the retainers. The retainers moved lower, spreading apart as they went. Oliver could feel his balls being pulled slowly downwards around the curved table surface, although he couldn't lift his hips to see what was actually happening. He was ready to press the stop button the millisecond things became uncomfortable, but as his testicles near the limits of how far they could be stretched, the retainers stopped pulling them.

It was strange feeling, legs splayed, dick dangling and his balls stretched apart, but the weirdness was part of the reason that Oliver was willing to risk the machine without knowing precisely how it worked. He rested his head on the table, his neck tired from craning round in a futile effort to see what was happening to him.

“Inserting stimulator.”

Inserting? Where inserting? Oliver asked, speaking to no-one.

He didn't have to wait long to find out. Two rubber “hands” emerged from the overhead device and parted his butt cheeks. He could feel cool air on his hole and correctly surmised that he was about to be anally violated. This wasn't what he wanted! A slender probe passed between his hairless ass cheeks, and the tip pressed against his pale starfish. He was on the verge of cancelling. He didn't want anything going into his asshole; that's why hadn't tried out the other ejaculators in spite of his deep curiosity. But on the other hand, he was here to try new things, he reasoned, maybe he could...

“Bang!”

There was a noise like a hammer hitting a piece of metal, and the probe fired an inch into his hole, faster than he could react. Oliver gasped at the violence and suddenness of the intrusion. He dropped the remote in shock for the second time.

“Bang!”

Another thud, and the probe penetrated him another inch, getting wider along its length.

This was not the gentle pressure of a teenaged lover carefully taking a cherry hole. This was the explosive violation of a hole that might want to resist but was being denied any opportunity to do so.

Four more bangs followed at irregular intervals designed to make them hard for the prisoner to anticipate and tense against, and then Oliver had six inches of finger-thin plastic inside him. He scrabbled for the remote, trying to regain his composure.

He could not move his hips, and he could not twist or arch away from the probe that had invaded his hole.

Oliver reached for the green button again, at the limits of his courage. Adventurousness was one thing, but he was afraid that he was going to get hurt.

“Inducing erection.”

Oliver felt a tingling in his hole. It was incredible. His body discovered a new sensation in a place that he had never contemplated exploring before now. He let out a small sigh of pleasure and moved his hovering finger from the remote. His penis was hard in five seconds and rock solid in ten. It very rarely got this hard. He could feel his glans swelling, shiny hard. Normally he had to tense the muscles at the base of his cock to make it swell like that, and even then he could only maintain it for five or ten seconds. But now it was bloated, blood-filled to its maximum extent and he wasn't even trying.

“Flaring corona.”

Oliver didn't even have the slightest idea what that might mean.

A small arm lifted perpendicular to the straining rod that was sticking out beneath the table. It held a loop of vinyl cord, gripped on four sides. The loop passed around the head of Oliver's penis then closed just behind the glans. He felt it tighten, bewildered by the purpose. The loop was dragged slowly downwards, hooking behind the edge of Oliver's glans, pulling the corona gently but firmly away from glans. The skin there was incredibly sensitive and Oliver writhed as the machine flared his corona outwards until it looked more like a mushroom than a sleek fucking tool. Eight pairs of latex rods, each just half an inch long and half the width of a pencil surrounded the corona and gripped its flared edge like tiny lobster claws. Eight more single rods rose on a narrow arm beneath Oliver's glans, the soft, slippery tips pressing against it in a small circle.

Even without any movement, the slow methodical preparation was driving Oliver crazy. He'd never been edged, but this delicate touching in his most sensitive place was doing the perfect job. A clear bead of pre-cum appeared at the eye of his cock and rapidly lengthened, drooling towards the floor.

Oliver decided to give the machine just a *little* longer before stopping it...

"Inserting sound."

Another term Oliver was unfamiliar with, but as his hole was already filled, he guessed correctly that it involved something going into his piss hole. This was a day filled with unique sensations, and he felt another as a slender steel sound was slipped five inches into his urethra. He was ambivalent to the experience and it was one that he found hard to pin down. On one hand, it felt uncomfortable, almost burning, but on the other, that sharpness had an overwhelming sense of arousal as well, sending intense waves of pleasure to the root of his cock as the lightly undulating surface of the hollow metal cylinder passed into his penis.

And throughout it all, that sense of complete immobility; his total inability to avoid what was being done to him. He glanced again at the remote, it was his safety line if things got out of hand. He smiled, certain now that it would not be needed. This was going to be his greatest triumph. How could masturbation or even a blowjob compare to this? His pre-cum continued to drool slowly, passing through the hollow sound.

"Positioning testicular stimulators."

More? Surely there were no more ways that his body could be aroused? And testicle stimulators? Oliver had never even considered touching his balls for sexual pleasure. Sure, he and his friends had sack tapped each other, and each of them had at one time or another gotten an awkward and involuntary boner both from delivering a tap to the nuts or from receiving one, but never consciously or deliberately.

Two egg shaped massagers on articulated heads lowered on top of Oliver's testicles. They pressed firmly against his balls, but stopped before they could cause discomfort.

"Please confirm number of orgasms."

Oliver frowned. He'd already dialled in the number. He turned the remote towards his face. He could barely see the surface. He was holding it with between his last two fingers and his index. He could

see that the screen read 03. He reached with his thumb to press the start button again, assuming that it would confirm his selection. As his thumb passed the numbers it brushed against the units dial.

“Five orgasms,” the female voice confirmed.

“No, no, not five,” Oliver said, irritated.

He'd never be able to manage that many. The thought of his balls being drained that many times made him wince but it also made him smile. The thought of being forced, like a dairy cow, to just keep on producing cum time after time was kind of funny, in a crazy sort of way. He reached for the units dial again.

“Fifty five orgasms,” the voice confirmed as Oliver's finger brushed the awkwardly held screen yet again.

“No, no, no!”

Oliver was panicking now, he reached for the tens column but dropped the remote. It fell face down just out of his reach. He strained for it, but with his pelvis pressed into the table, his cock head wired in, and his arms already pulled tight above his head, he had virtually no movement. He only prayed that the system would not automatically start without user input.

He strained upwards, desperately trying to elongate his spine. He twisted, nearly dislocating his right shoulder in order to give him the extra three inches he needed to reach the remote. He stretched as though his life depended upon it. Three inches... Two inches... One... Annd... He just managed to hook it with a finger nail. He dragged it towards himself in tiny, careful increments, then slipped his fingers beneath it to lift and turn the screen towards himself.

“Selection confirmed,” the female voice stated dispassionately.

“What?! No! I didn't confirm you stupid computer!” Oliver screamed at the voice.

He turned the screen towards his face as the fucking table kicked into life.

“Orgasm and gelding program commencing.”

Gelding? What the fuck did that mean? Wait, wasn't gelding like castration? Another name for it or something?

The probe in his hole increased the intensity of its A/C electric current to his prostate, and the two eggs on top of his testicles started vibrating. The feeling hit Oliver like a tsunami of ecstasy. He would never have believed that his body could feel so good. He dropped the remote yet again, but this time he did not immediately reach for it. He shut his eyes, grimacing at the intensity of the pleasure he was feeling in his balls and hole, instinctively bowing his chin towards his chest, his neck muscles cording as he strained to control his body.

Within seconds he was squirting a thick wad onto the floor. He'd never cum so quickly or so forcefully before. He literally heard it hit the floor with a sticky splat. He groaned as the cum left his body in five immense spurts launched at rocket speed.

The voice said "Orgasm number... One."

As his first orgasm came to an end, the first thought that came to his mind was "Gelding". Was the table going to castrate him? He HAD to stop it, at all costs.

Then his attention was drawn elsewhere. Oliver realised that the anal probe was literally fucking his asshole. It was not something he had ever expected to experience in his lifetime, but now it was happening, his body was responding to it like a desert responds to rainfall. His tight virgin hole puckered and suckled at the ribbed probe, urging it to stimulate his sphincter more, unconsciously yearning for it to fuck him like a sailor fucks a Philippine whore, harder, faster, and more brutal. The too slender probed teased, barely stretching him, the ripples on its sides lightly brushing his pink boy hole as they slipped in and out.

And all the while, the deep vibrating in his balls was driving him crazy, sending him wild. He twisted and squirmed; a slow motion, sinuous dance of joy that he had no control over.

"You're going to lose your balls for fuck's sake. Stop squirming you goddamn idiot, and do something about it!"

He became aware now of the tiny pincer rods that surrounded his glans. Rather than pinching him, they slid side to side, each working in opposition to its partner. Oliver understood that his helmet was the part of his dick that responded the best to being stimulated, either with a hand or the warm folds of girl's pussy, but he had never dreamed how much more sensitive the corona at the back was. It was unbearably arousing and he would have done almost anything to pull his cock out of their grip. It was too much, like a blow job dialled up from 10 to 100. But he couldn't withdraw his dick. It just stuck out there beneath the table, utterly immobile, not under his control as the table stimulated it. It might as well have not been a part of him for all the control he had, but the bolts of pleasure that shot out from the head were pushing him to the very edge of his endurance.

Oliver came again, just as hard as the first time, letting out a growl as his body was forced to give up its precious spunk. It was both arousing and frustrating not to be able to thrust or withdraw his pelvis as he came. Normally if he was fucking a girl, he'd be driving into her hard at this stage. His friend Louie described it as doing a kidney punch with his dick. Oliver was not quite so macho, and he didn't have Louie's thick nine-inch dick. It always struck him as funny that Louie had the name of an effete French emperor, but he was hung like a horse, and fucked like a docker!

Although Oliver had a thick six and a half inches, he never thought of sex quite like that. At 20, he was too young to have much sexual finesse, and his partners were too young to know what they wanted, let alone to ask for it. So, when he came, he usually pounded hard and fast as though he was nailing them to the floor, the sound of his slapping balls beating out a metronome rhythm on their ass.

And now those same balls were sending him insane, radiating out waves of pleasure that washed away his ability to think rationally.

Although Oliver didn't register it, the voice said, "Orgasm number... two."

On the backside of his second orgasm, he briefly had time to think as the euphoric tsunami briefly receded. He could feel his dick still brutally hard, locked in place, and the shocking points of electric pleasure that zapped from the eight places around the corona where he was being rubbed. But now he realised there was another feeling there in the most sensitive part of his cock. The cord that was wrapped around his penis just behind his glans, and which he thought was purely to hold his dick head in place and flare his corona was sliding back and forwards in long strokes. To make matters worse, or better depending upon how you looked at it, the cord was not smooth as it had first seemed: it changed in diameter every half inch along its length, and as it slipped slowly back and forth, the gentle ripples brushed the corpse-white delicate skin there and added to the erotic assault that was being delivered to Oliver's cock. In his mind, he pictured cheese wire being used to garrotte a throat, but the cord was not trying to separate the head from his dick, it was touching him in a place that he had never considered before now, and like the corona of his glans, the pale skin was unbelievably sensitive. The second that Oliver became aware that the cord was sliding behind his cock, he couldn't ignore that awareness. It was another point of his body that was being played with virtuoso excellence by the table.

"You're going to lose your balls. CONCENTRATE!" Oliver's mind screamed.

He tried to ignore everything that was happening to his body and focus on picking up the remote and ending the program. He lifted his chest from the table in an effort to clarify how far the remote had fallen from his hand. His body was a contradiction. The top half, although secured, was not experiencing anything out of the ordinary. As he looked towards the remote, if an observer had not seen the bottom half of his body, he might have looked like a perfectly normal young man. Perhaps sprawled on the living room floor playing Xbox games. He looked concerned certainly; sweaty, perhaps from a work out. But the bottom half of his body was pinned to the table, his knees pulled up high, his hole drilled repeatedly, his balls massaged and of course, his rigid cock poking through the table being worked over in more than a dozen places.

Oliver summoned all of his reserves to focus on the task at hand, trying desperately to ignore what was happening below his waist. It wasn't easy. He could feel a third orgasm building already. It was less than two minutes since the last one.

His balls felt incredible, but he'd be losing them soon if he didn't figure something out.

He twisted his elbows inwards and lifted his body weight on them, arching his back to see further. When he saw the remote, he groaned audibly. He was not going to retrieve it this time. It was nearly a foot from his left hand, and he'd struggled to reach it when it was three inches away. How was he ever going to make another foot? His only chance would be to twist his wrist in the rubber loop that constrained it, hopefully pushing through and making up the extra distance. He knew that he had almost no chance. Even with no wrist restraints his pelvis was immovably pinned; pressed against the table. He twisted his wrist in the loop. It was sweat drenched and turned easily enough, but the

loop's diameter did not permit him to extend his arm any further. He looked at the remote. It might as well have been on the surface of the sun for all his chances of reaching it.

He rested on his forearms trying to think. Maybe he could phone someone for...

"Of course, not dummy. You don't have your phone and even if you did, how would you dial it?" he thought.

Maybe he could shout for help? Oliver dismissed that idea just as quickly. Not only were the offices in an industrial complex far from stores or houses, but the lab had thick doors and was deep in the heart of the building.

Oliver felt a sudden rush and he came again. That was his third – the most he'd ever managed consecutively. He registered the milestone with the mildest of satisfaction but he felt no emotional desire. The machine forced his body to surrender its seed regardless of whether he wanted it or not. His mind quickly returned to the castration that he was certain would come after he had been milked. He didn't want to squirt 55 times. He was almost certain that he COULDN'T squirt that many times, but after 55 orgasms, whether he squirted or not, he was going to lose his balls.

Oliver wondered how it would happen. Would the table simply chop them off as though he was a farm animal? Maybe they'd be injected with something that would kill them? He'd even heard stories of some German doctor in the second world war sterilising Jews by using radiation. Oliver wondered which would be the most humane, painless way of doing it. He never wanted to find out.

He could feel his stiff cock jutting under the table and the machine continued teasing relentlessly without a pause.

"Orgasm number... three."

Although each orgasm so far had been powerful; mind-blowing, none had been uncomfortable. In fact, Oliver had never felt so horny in his life. He tried to ignore it, and instead he looked around the room, desperate for any possibility of escape but it was hard to ignore the fact that his loins were a raging mass of sexual excitement.

He looked at the work tops and cupboards, and scanned the books on the shelf, desperate for anything that would enable him to interrupt the cycle that he had inadvertently locked himself into. Then he checked himself. What the fuck was he looking for?! Even if he saw something he could never reach it. His knees were lifted like a damned frog, his arms were stretched above his head like he was captain of the cheerleading squad, and his dick was locked in place tighter than his dad's porn stash.

He mentally kicked himself. There was no point looking beyond the table for help. Any solution would have to start right there.

Suddenly without warning he felt himself squirting again. It was three minutes since his previous orgasm.

“Orgasm number... four.”

The computer’s narrator had clearly recorded the words “Orgasm number” separately to the actual numbers, and though it was a human speaking the words, the stilted pause after the word “number” still made it sound mechanical.

Wait, that was it. The computer. It was a long shot but it was all he had.

“Computer?”

The voice said nothing.

“Computer respond.”

That was what they said in Star Trek...

Unfortunately, this wasn’t the Star Trek computer.

“Computer can you hear me?” Oliver asked hopefully.

Nothing.

“Fucking table can you hear me?”

His balls were a little tender after the last orgasm. He didn’t think he could take any more. If they ached now what would they feel like after fifty five orgasms? He guessed it wouldn’t matter if he was going to lose them.

“Computer end program!”

Nothing changed, and for the first time Oliver became aware of the tiny latex rods that were moving in tiny circles on the surface of his glans. They felt like little soft tongues lapping him in minute circles.

His body was relatively relaxed but his penis was incredibly, effortlessly hard. He couldn’t believe that the anal probe could force his dick to become and remain so hard for so long.

“Computer cancel gelding.”

Over the next few minutes, he tried every possible phrase that he thought might coax a response from a voice-controlled computer then his train of thought was interrupted and he lost the ability to think at all for 30 seconds.

“Orgasm number... five.”

It was a strong one. Nearly as powerful as the first, although he only produced a single, modest jet-propelled wad of cum.

Then he felt the probe in his hole change. It seemed to get a tiny bit thicker.

When he was able to regain his senses, he gave up on the voice commands when he realised his mistake: they were hardly going to make a voice-controlled machine designed for use on prisoners, and even if they did, it would certainly not respond to commands from ANY random person.

Oliver was surprised that his fifth orgasm was so strong. He'd have expected them to diminish in power but it seemed that there was no rhyme or reason to their intensity. Then he realised that they were getting further apart. He guessed that had been intensely horny for a full five minutes before blowing his stack the last time. He tried to calculate how long it would take to cum 55 times. Allowing for the decreasing frequency, and giving ten minutes between orgasms – $55 \times 10 = 550$ minutes, divided by 60. That was almost ten hours. He was going to be strapped to the table with a boner for almost ten hours! He couldn't stay this horny for that long. The feeling in his balls was already making him lose his mind. If he could just get a few minutes rest between each one, maybe let his boner go down and stop that insanely teasing vibration in his nuts. But it was just wishing. There was no reason to assume that the table was going to change the way that it operated as time went on.

He rested on the inside of his forearms. From the top, he looked like a bored kid at the beach. His lower half told the real story. It was just one naked, raging hormone, forced to stay harder and hornier than any human being could possibly manage by natural means. He was sweating profusely, his hair matted to his head.

Another splat hit the floor, the smallest yet.

“Orgasm number... six.”

He felt it leave him and felt the momentary respite to his incessant horniness that the orgasm provided. But within 30 seconds he was as horny as ever.

“I'm going to lose my motherfucking balls,” Oliver berated himself, “how can I still be this fucking horny?!”

But of course, his libido was not his to control.

He tried to distance himself from what was happening to him. He tried desperately to focus on an escape plan. Maybe he could somehow dislocate a shoulder to get his arm free, and then maybe he could reach under the table and untangle his cock, or reach back and push the unit off his pelvis. With... A... Dislocated shoulder.

“Great idea genius,” he thought.

But if not that, then what then? Maybe he could shake the table, rock it till collapsed. It was risky with his cock sticking out beneath, but it seemed sturdy, and more likely to tip on its side than to collapse.

Oliver pulled against the wrist ties so that any motion would transfer directly to the table, then using all of his muscles, he moved his body violently from side to side.

Which didn't accomplish a goddamned thing. It was remarkable just how little leverage a skinny boy could bring to bear on a 6-foot-wide table when his knees were pulled halfway up to his ears and a six-inch dildo was robbing all of his abdominal strength by repeatedly fucking him.

He tried to formulate other plans, ways to amplify his voice, ways to get the dildo out of his ass, or work a leg free, but every so often, his horniness became so distracting that he could barely think at all, and then he'd ejaculate; sometimes after a steady build up, and sometimes almost out of nowhere.

And after the tenth orgasm, the anal probe grew a little thicker.

Although his body was not experiencing the usual post-orgasmic refractory aching, it was still tiring on his arm muscles to remain in his upper body plank position. After number 14, he finally gave up on coming up with any kind of solution to his situation, at least for the time being, and lowered himself fully onto his chest and stomach, turning his head towards the lab's shelving and cabinets. He lay quietly staring at the clutter and papers that made up the paraphernalia of the lab. His face was a mixture of sadness and resignation, his brow wrinkled into a frown and his dark eyes watery. But his cheeks and forehead were sheathed in sweat and flushed crimson from the sexual excitement that the table was forcing his body to experience.

It was a strange thought that his sex life was going to end here this night. At least it was going to end in spectacular fashion.

His intellect was calm now that he knew that there was no hope of rescue and no chance of escape. No longer was he looking around desperately trying to find non-existent solutions to his situation. He was exhausted, both from struggling and from ejaculating so many times. Whatever lay ahead was utterly, unquestionably unavoidable. So now he lay, like a trembling animal trapped in a fence and waiting to die, or an earthquake victim trapped from the waist down beneath rubble that he would never be able to shift on his own. His fate was in the hands of this device that held him pinned in his clutches.

For the first 18 orgasms, Oliver's focus leapt from one part of his body to another as his numerous erogenous zones competed for attention. But when number 19 approached, something changed. His mind expanded and he entered some kind of zen state where he was aware of them all simultaneously. His consciousness of the room faded, and he floated in a place of neutral greyness. His eyes were still open but he was no longer registering the lab. He was in a place that consisted solely of his genitals; his unendingly, fantastically aroused genitals.

He could feel every minute part of his straining cock; the veins bulging down its savagely rigid shaft, the tender skin behind the corona being teased by the vinyl cord, the flared rim of his glans being

lightly rubbed, the helmet being massaged, the fraenum being softly strummed by one of the latex rods, and the inside of his urethra, being fucked by the slender sound that slowly pumped in and out of it.

In fact, it was the syncopated rhythms playing his body that sent him into the trippy, almost timeless state he was in now. His piss hole was being fucked once every two seconds. His asshole was being deep pounded twice per second, the pincers were teasing his corona three times a second, whilst the massagers described eight, tiny circles each every second. But it was still the vibrating eggs working his balls that were having the greatest effect. Vibrating at 20 cycles a second, but moving a half the thickness of a pencil up and down each time, the eggs produced a deep resonance that suffused every single part of his large nuts, radiating warm waves of pleasure outwards and upwards throughout his groin.

Seven hours after he had first activated the fucking table, he hit his 30th orgasm. They were now 15 minutes apart, and in spite of the two large coffee mug's worth of cum and pre-cum on the floor, his body was still producing; gloopy white fluid each and every time he had an orgasm.

The machine had sent his body into overdrive and part of the pleasant warmth he felt deep inside came not from the ever-thickening dildo probe that continued working his hole, but from the activity of his own prostate, which, like an engine operating on overdrive, was generating and giving off its own heat.

His glans was bloated, and starting to turn from a blood-filled red to a deeper maroon shade bordering on crimson. Every part of it was alive and tingling with sensory energy.

“Orgasm number... fifty.”

No male had ever experienced 50 consecutive orgasms. Even men with chronic medical conditions, or teenaged boys trying to beat world records never got beyond 15 or 20 before their genitals were too exhausted and sore to go further.

But Oliver was not interested in world records. He was not interested in anything. He experienced his fiftieth orgasm as a brief rise to white of his vision, dappled with stars, during which his heightened awareness of his erogenous zones focussed with laser beam clarity on his balls. For thirty seconds, they clenched and pumped, then his mind returned to its place drifting in the greyness of his trance-like place, seeing, hearing, thinking nothing, aware only of the overwhelming pleasure that consumed his body below the waist.

“Orgasm number... fifty... five.”

Oliver experienced it as he had the 36 before.

“Gelding commencing,” the computer said dispassionately.

The words penetrated the fog of Oliver’s trance-like state.

A massive surge of adrenaline brought him around like a hard slap to the face. Gelding! Already?

“No. Not yet. You can’t. You’ve got to stop!”

Oliver was not aware that he was shouting out loud. But the computer had no ears, and even if it could hear, it would not have stopped. This was the final stage. The punishment reserved for the very worst sex criminals.

The vibrating eggs slowly increased the range of their vibration, turning from gentle massage heads into testicle-mashing jack-hammers. Not all at once. The designers had been tasked with ensuring that the castration was slow as well as painful. By default, they had been programmed to take an hour to travel from whatever height the prisoner’s testicles held them off the table, all the way to the table.

But immediately, the increase in motion started hurting. Oliver’s testicles were incredibly tender from all the orgasms, and the eggs felt like a fist squeezing his balls with vice-like pressure.

Oliver grunted, shocked by the sharpness of the pain, but unlike a sack tap, the edge to it did not diminish; it remained, sending sickly bolts of stabbing pain up into his abdomen on either side of his body.

Oliver beseeched the empty room.

“No, no, stop, this isn’t fair. I haven’t done nothing.”

The machine continued to grind his eggs with its own, simultaneously vibrating them to dissolve their contents while crushing them flat.

Within just five minutes, Oliver was screaming in pain, yet still he was held infuriatingly immobile. With his legs wide apart, he’d never felt so helpless, so vulnerable. Dislocating his own arms seemed like a small price to pay, but he was already too weak after 55 orgasms and with the added pain in his sack.

He gave one immense effort but he was like a fly with its legs and wings stuck to flypaper, and his struggles accomplished nothing whatsoever.

And almost as bad, the table continued to work on the rest of his body. With his balls under assault there was no pleasure any more, but nor could he lose the billy club erection that defiantly protruded beneath the table.

The plastic eggs continued their downwards pressure, and after fifteen minutes Oliver’s testicles were seriously misshapen. The eggs were aligned in the same direction as his nuts, but now the tender balls beneath were starting to bulge around the edges of the plastic ovals, forming tori, like small, tender beanbags for the eggs to rest on.

The pain was intense and Oliver passed in and out of consciousness. The pain would push him into blackness as his brain's pain receptors were overloaded, but then pain would rouse him again a minute or so later.

The vibrating orbs were precisely calibrated, and by 30 minutes Oliver was struggling to breathe let alone to scream. He felt like a lab monkey being dissected whilst still alive, and like a lab monkey strapped to a work bench, there was not a single thing he could do to prevent what was happening to him.

His balls didn't pop as some do when crushed, they simply turned to mush as the plastic eggs vibrated them to pieces, disintegrating them on their way to meet the table. The white fibrous tunica that housed the testicles within his scrotum survived, but the contents were nothing but jellified meat that would be reabsorbed by his body over the next month.

Even with his balls destroyed, the pain did not end. The hyper-stimulated nerve endings continued transmitting to his brain as though his testicles were still being tortured.

Oliver lay, trembling, too agonised to move.

Then the metal sound withdrew from his urethra, the pincers and rods retracted away from his glans and the cable loosened from behind his corona and released it.

The dildo retracted from his anus and at the same time the plastic eggs lifted from his redundant sack, leaving little more than flap of skin containing two empty husks.

Oliver's mind was still floating, now in blackness rather than grey. His body registered the horrible sense of emptiness; of stillness where there should be activity. After more than 13 hours of continuous stimulation, punctuated by powerful orgasms, now there was nothing. A blackness where a pulsar star had formerly radiated. His holes felt as though they needed to be filled. His bag no longer held its precious cargo. Its eggs were destroyed, their contents ejected onto the floor along with the evidence of his 55 incredible orgasms.

For a while, Oliver remained in the place that the slow emasculation had transported him. More than transported. He was borderline comatose. But that haven from the pain slowly receded.

After fifteen minutes, Oliver finally began to rouse, a young man coming round from a long dream to the stark, bright reality of a world filled with pain he'd never even imagined. A world in which he was no longer complete. No longer fully male. He blinked slowly, trying to clear the fog from his thoughts. Where was he? What was he doing?

He moved. His arms and legs were free and the overhead unit no longer pinned him. He rolled onto his side and promptly fell off the table, landing on the tiled floor with heavy thud and a splat. He grunted at the thud, but why the splat. He looked to the floor. There was a creamy puddle four feet in diameter. What was...

He suddenly realised. It had come from him. It was his cum. But so much? How was that even possible? And at the centre of the puddle was thicker material, pink and gooey, streaked with blood. His balls.

Almost instantly that concern was vaporised by the pain rising from between his legs.

He looked at his dick. It was a tiny maggot topped by a small deep red mushroom. It was purple in each place that the device had been touching him. Neither the table nor his cock were designed for such extended use. His urethra was wide, like a small dark eye staring away from him. He looked beyond his penis at his balls. His scrotum was deep purple, almost black, but it was not the colour that concerned him, it was the shape. It hung like a deflated balloon, no longer deformed by the weight of his testicles. He tentatively lifted it in his right hand. There was still something within but all structure was gone.

Oliver rose slowly to his feet, using the table to help him up. He felt weak as a newborn foal. His legs were shaky and tottery, barely able to support his weight. His body had burned massive amounts of energy to fuel its prodigious rate of semen production but it was the pain from his destroyed balls that was making his legs flutter and tremble.

He could never tell anyone about this or he'd have to admit how it had happened and that was a shame he could just never live down. "The boy who castrated himself on a fucking table." The label would stay with him forever. He was going to have to endure this pain for as long as it took to end.

He glanced at his watch to see how much time had passed. It was 1.45pm. He did a quick mental calculation. That meant almost fourteen hours had passed. He'd been trapped and milked for fourteen hours!

It wasn't just his piss hole that was unnaturally large. He could feel air inside him. He reached between the cheeks of his bottom. His butt hole was wide open. Wide enough to insert the can of deodorant he had used for testing the fucking table.

He was thirsty too. Desperately thirsty. He quietly pushed the cupboard away from the laboratory door. What was left of his balls screamed at the abdominal strain of doing so. He peeked through the keyhole to ensure that nobody had entered the building, unlocked it before peeking around the door one more time, then he walked nude, trembling with every step to the water cooler. He poured a plastic cup of chilled water then gulped it down in a single swallow. The cold made his head hurt. He poured another and drank that more slowly, then he poured another which he sipped as he walked back to the lab. He walked timidly, knees wide like a saddle-sore cowboy.

Oliver put the water on a worktop and picked up the paper towels. He looked at the vast puddle on the floor. It was going to take more than four sheets to mop that up. A lot more. He mentally kicked himself for not anticipating the fact. The last thing he needed in his condition was extra walking. He waddled painfully, cautiously back out to the kitchen area, every step sending bolts of pain up into his abdomen. He picked up the entire roll of paper towels and returned to the scene of the crime.

For the next five minutes, with knees wide as he knelt, he mopped up the gargantuan puddle that the fucking table had forced him to deliver. It was an almost superhuman feat of courage in the face of such pain. The milky fluid was a reminder of his folly, a huge gamble that he had taken simply to get off. The pink mess at its centre a reminder that it was a gamble that he'd lost.

He was careful to take the soaking towels to the bathroom and flush them down the lavatory. Then he returned with a bucket of water and more towels to clean up further. The last thing he needed was technicians walking around the lab wondering why their feet were sticking like octopus suckers to the floor!

With almost superhuman discipline fuelled by his desperate desire to hide what had happened to him, he went over every inch of the fucking table, cleaning all traces of his encounter with it.

Everything he did, he did in slow motion, struggling not to allow the pain or unconsciousness to overwhelm him.

When he was done, Oliver reluctantly pulled on his briefs. His nuts were gone but his now-blackened scrotum was swollen large as a grapefruit. It took immense effort, but he managed to stuff his bloated sack back inside his jeans. He was just grateful that he had chosen not to wear skinnys to work.

He finished dressing then phoned his boss, telling him that he'd been taken ill and had to go home immediately. He didn't even wait for John to arrive before he left with the greatest secret of his life. Oliver would never be distracted by sex again.

When John arrived at the laboratory, the first thing he did was turn on the computer in his office and replay the footage that had been recorded on the two hidden cameras in laboratory number 2. Like the footage that had been recorded over the past few weeks, it would prove enormously useful in refining and marketing his products.

He picked up the phone and called his VP.

"Steven, we're going to need another night watchman."

"Certainly John, what's that, seven so far this year?"