

CHAPTER 74

“Your open Vageena is raining!We’ve come to our final and most difficult exercise in your sensory training.....;Brother Joe- for you have greatly exceeded my expectationsYour Fot-Koo-Chi skills are most exponentially gaining.....

(.....)

.....With your skill in this Fot-Koo-Chi art, and the Vageenal spirit within your heart.....;You shall suckle from its mighty juices- once it has been completely spread apart.....

(.....)

.....Upon completion of this test- you will have earned your lizard’s belt”, he said- with a smile that damn near stretched the length of his ears; as White Tony- Guttaman- and Won Ton- stood right there alongside of us, upon one of Long Beach’s many ocean piers

Everything went black, as he blindfolded me- and tied my hands in front of my back; he did not tie them like the pigs either, he left me a comfy amount of slack

“Your task is to use your Vageenal senses- and retrace all steps ‘til you are once again, back to the place you did begin.....; Let the ever present spirit of Chu-Whoo-Ha be your guiding light, from the very first step- to the very blissful fin

(.....)

.....And do not have fear of the unknown, for Shon'tika will never leave you to waif"; and the last I heard before the earplugs, was Guttaman- asking him

"IS THIS SAFE?"

All of the bodily sensation- except for that of kinesthetic touch, in a state of total deprivation; I quickly cleared my mind of all its distracting thoughts, knowing that the exercise would require my full concentration

One good deep breath from my chest, I stepped forward allowing instinct to do the rest; and with my four pals by my side, I felt at total ease with completing the test

It only took a short while walking upon the sand, for me to get my balance and equilibrium back on track- and; each and every time that I fell down within the beach sand terrain, one of my pals was right there to lend me a helping hand

It felt as if I were in a dark silent place, somewhere in between time and space; and I soon had fell into a rhythm, which caused me to slightly pick up the pace

Over a hundred plus steps later, I estimated that I would soon arrive at two pairs of high elevated stairs; that would have alone been very dangerous to climb, but since I had the fellas with me- I did so without any cares

Top of the stairs- It was forty feet plus, to Ocean Boulevard in front of us; where I could smell burning fuel, and feel the vibrations of an idled city bus

Unexpectedly they used their hands to swiftly push me up the steps of the bus, in a manner that was extremely brusque; after which I felt my way into an empty seat, next to a muscular woman- who reeked of knock-off Egyptian musk

I knew that we were on Ocean- at least, and that the bus was traveling south-east; it would be nearly five minutes before I was to make my exit- I had pieced

No more than what could have been a few blocks latter, I uncomfortably began to feel an urgent prostate matter; it was the feeling of two grape Shastas and plenty of fountain water, ready to make my bladder explode and splatter

“Guys- I hate to interrupt the trainingBut- I need ta get off and take a whiz”; I plead out- before someone grabbed me and helped me off the bus to handle my biz

Outside- I could still smell the overpowering odor of cheap Egyptian musk, even though we were now off of the bus; though I reasonably assumed that the foul woman’s stench had saturated our clothes, and had gotten all over us

The guys did not shilly-shally, escorting me into a piss smelling alley; **“I’m gonna need some help guys”**, I said, before one of them walked up close behind me

Following these words- my biker short trunks, got forcefully yanked down around my ankles- and someone grabbed a hold of my junk; and YES- it did make me feel extremely uncomfortable, but I had to go worse than an old inebriated drunk

Once relieved- now even more ruff, my biker shorts got tugged back up over my stuff; I then proceeded to say- **“The beverages- guysI think I’ve had quite enough”**

I did not care to know who had felt comfortable enough to go near my dick; but I had decided that just avoiding the topic- would somehow do the trick

.....I didn’t wish to know who either!

Following a really hard ‘*SLAP*’ on the ass, the chocking odor of cheap perfume began to totally diverge from me; as I just stood there waiting on someone to be my guide, though they weren’t supposed to unless it was a real emergency

“I know that ya’ll ain’t suppose ta cheatBut- I at least need help back out to the street.....”; I plead out- just before Won Ton offer his assistance stopping near to my feet

.....**“Good- boy!”**

It was sometime close to nightfall when I finally felt the strong tugs- of someone quickly removing both of my earplugs; at which point I did hear Guttaman holler out- **“HALLELUJAH!.....”**, as he gave me about six or seven tight smelly hugs

“.....Our merciful father- you dun saved his precious black life this very day!GLOR’RRRAAYYY!”;

“GUTTA- come on now!What’s wrong with you- back the HELL up off of me!”,
I did then say

Once the blindfold had been removed- the first sight that came into view were the odd traces of horror etched upon their faces; It was as if they had locked eyes with Medusa- or aliens from the deepest regions of outter galactic places

Hearing loud twisting metal- I did factor, that we were near to a compactor; sounding as if it were smashing some large vehicle, like an old farming tractor

.....We were in a junkyard!

“WHAT!WHA- WHA- WHAT IN THE HELL JUST HAPPENED!”, I wailed out- as Guttaman fought to untie me with hands shaking like aftershocks; and just as he opened his mouth to say something, both Dungee and White Tony quickly stopped him with slow left-to-right head cocks

Once Guttaman untied my hands, Master Dungee then took a forward stepping route; saying- “..... **CONGRATULATIONS!**”, with a forced smile and a trembling hand sticking out

....Something- just wasn't right!