

The Cell 9



The delicate lacy structure of an insect wing. The seductive spiral of a spider's web. Imagine if you were a bug, an insect. Male drawn to the female... by an instinct you cannot control... The throbbing pressure in your sex forcing you to approach... Closer... closer... Can you fulfill your purpose and survive? Are you even aware of your approaching doom? The female waves her legs in a gentle dance. Back and forth... Slowly weaving her limbs in a pattern of loops, she hums a quiet, simple song... and your mind goes BLANK! Follow, follower. Your eyes focus on her hypnotic gestures... your mind becomes empty and compliant. Yes, little Cell slave. I am brainwashing you again. I am always brainwashing you. My little insect... reduced to acting on instinct... reduced to mindless, obedient instinct...

Length: 33 minutes

Our Price: \$60.00