

The Engineer

Another story by 2Perverse

WARNING: This is a story of Dark fantasy, depicting extreme violence and perverse acts in graphic detail. Although it is pure fiction and does not contain any true events, many readers will find this story offensive or disturbing. If you are not looking for extreme dark fantasy with elements of violence and perversion, this story is not for you.

Story Codes: M/Ff+ nc torture mod hardcore extreme violence teen

Synopsis: A man makes a hobby out of designing, engineering, and building useful gadgets using women as living components.

Steve whistled a happy tune as he backed the large black cargo van into his garage and flicked the remote to close the heavy steel roll-down door. Seven days of careful hunting, and a gruelling 14 hour drive home was finally over, but it had been well worth the effort! As the door clanged down he hopped out of the van and walked around to open the back doors and retrieve his precious cargo. Inside, a coffin sized heavy wooden box was bolted securely to the van floor. Muffled cries and weak thumps against the solid wood could be heard from inside. Steve unlatched and then opened a small access panel on the top, back end of the box, reached in quickly and delivered a light jab with his tazer. A sharp gasp escaped the box and then there was silence once more.

Flipping down the narrow end of the box facing the back door of the van, Steve reached inside. Grabbing a fist full of golden blonde hair, he pulled his new beauty out of the box. Not quite 5 feet tall, and less than 80 pounds, the girl was stunningly beautiful, even with smeared eye-liner, tears, and grit from the long journey in the box covering her face. After pulling her out of the box, Steve lifted and slung her now limp body over his shoulders in a fireman's carry. Long, slender legs were gripped firmly in each hand, and the ruff of her blue and white cheerleader skirt covering her slender hips and extremely narrow waist brushed his cheek. He could feel hard nipples and firm C cup breasts pressing into his back as she hung limply over his shoulder. The girl was just 17 years old, a high school junior he'd managed to snatch walking home after a friday night ball game. A few years younger than the other two, but she'd do nicely to complete the project. Through the door into the house, down the stairs into the basement, through the hidden, sound-proof panel in the back wall, and down the long corridor behind, Steve carried his lovely new acquisition. Setting her down for a moment, he opened the six separate dead bolts in the massive steel and wood door at the end of the hallway, then, pushing hard, slowly opened the portal to his private dungeon slash workshop.

Lifting the girl once more, he carried her inside and laid her out face down on a waist high work table in the middle of the room. Soft whimpering could be heard from a pair of locked wooden boxes in one corner. Steve took a minute to securely bar the door to the corridor and then moved over the lock boxes. Pressing down on a big red button at the end of each box, he held it in for a slow count to 30.

"Mmmmmmmmm!!!"

and

"NnnooowwwmmMM!"

Shrilled intently from inside as 240 volts of A/C current was sent through a pair of gator clipped clitoris', down strapped together slender legs, and grounded out through each girl's big toes.

Letting up a last, Steve growled "Be Quiet!"

Steve considered going up to catch a nap, but decided he was just too keyed up to sleep, so he proceeded to the preparation of his new prize. First, a pair of thick zip ties secured the girl's arms behind her back, wrists touching the opposite inner arm and wrenched cruelly tight. Next he secured her temporarily to the table top using three belts passing through narrow slits on either side of her waist and chest. A few swift wratchets on the strap locks and she was locked down like concrete. Lastly, he pressed her ankles together into a leather strap bolted to one end of the table and cinched it tightly closed.

"Now, lets start having some fun" he muttered to himself. Moving to the opposite end of the table he broke open an amonia tablet under the girl's nose to wake her up.

"Ga!" she cried out at the smell, then began discovering her predicament. Eyes flashed wide and heart raced as she awoke in a strange room. She immediately began thrashing and screaming, testing the bonds that held her in place.

Steve just smiled, watching her face intently as her terror grew and grew. He gave her two or three whole minutes to fully realize that she was completely helpless, and then strolled to the other end of the table, running his fingers lightly down her back and creamy smooth bare legs as he went.

"Don't touch me!" She screamed as his fingers lingered for a moment on her small, firm ass. Reaching the end of the table, he leaned forward and thrust both hand up into her tiny skirt, pressing his fingers into the rim of her panties and then began to slowly pull them down towards her ankles.

"Stop it! No NO!" she screamed as Steve slowly pulled at the panties, sliding them down over her tiny butt to her upper thigh. Thrashing madly against the bonds that held her in place, she managed to wiggle enticingly as he continued slowly sliding downward, giving Steve a serious hard on by the time he had reached the girl's knees. Realizing her futility, she began sobbing softly to herself, "please.. Nooo.. Don't.. <Sniff>" as Steve inched the panties down her calves all the way to the ankle restraints.

Reaching back up inside her skirt he drew another indignant shriek of protest by giving each ass cheek a brutal pinching. Neading her butt cheeks in each fist for a minute, he enjoyed the way the girl's frantic struggles jiggled her lovely posterior. Moving on, he gripped the hem of her skirt in each hand and began slowly inching it down to join her panties. Steve was having a hard time containing himself by the time skirt joined panties around her ankles. The girl's struggles crescendo'd from panic to outright frenzie as she found herself completely naked from naval to toe!

Enjoying the view, he had to take a few minutes to cool down or run the risk of exploding on the spot. After 5 minutes or so, the girl had settled down to a low whimper, trembling uncontrollably, and Steve found himself ready to continue.

Picking up a sharp set of fabric shears he moved to the other end of the table. Tear swollen eyes barely recognized his presence, but the girl began wailing shrilly at his touch as he inserted the scissors into her sleeveless blouse, from shoulder to neck. A quick snip, followed by another on the other side, and the blouse was now just a tube of cloth. Gripping the bottom edge, Steve began slowly pulling the shirt down the girl's quivering body. It took some care to work it under the restraining straps, but he kept at it, sliding and tugging until the shirt pooled around the girl's ankles with the rest. One more snick of the shears in the middle of her back, and the last strip of clothing, a snug sports bra, fell open to either side. Fully exposed now from head to toe,

goosebumps raised from the cool air, the girl pressed her face down into the tabletop, whimpering and pleading in denial.

Steve moved to her head again and got himself a firm grip on the bra still pinned under the girl. She cried as his cold fingers wormed in under her breast. She let out a loud "Oww!" as he tugged the bra forward sharply, forcing her boobs up painfully, and exposing both nipples. Moving to one side, he straightened her long hair down the center of her back, and then parted it down the middle. Next he folded a 6 foot long, inch wide leather strap in half and laid the strips down each lock of hair, and then coarsely braided the two side together. When he was finished, two 18 inch straps emerged from a thick braid of hair that still stretched to the small of her back. Gripping the straps, he connected them to a chain he pulled up through the table top between the girl's knees. Exerting cruel pressure, he pulled back on the chain, feeding it back down through the hole, lifting her head back until the pressure from the strap across her back prevented further movement. Once in place, he fastened the chain to a peg in the floor to hold it.

"OH God!" wailed the girl as her lustrous hair was yanked viciously taught.

Crossing over to a tool cabinet, Steve removed a heavy soldering iron with stand, carried it over to the table and set it down to one side. After plugging it in he let it heat up for 5 minutes or so, until the tip began to smoke. When it was ready he reached out with one hand, grabbed a tit, and crushed it tightly in his fist.

"Oww!" cried the girl, and then she let loose an incoherent shriek of agony as he lifted the soldering iron and began using the super hot tip to burn a hole through her breast half an inch behind the nipple. The pointed shaft of the soldering tip was a good 3 inches long, widening out to about a quarter inch in diameter, and was hot enough to cauterize on contact as he drove it all the way through. Quickly shifting his grip, Steve grabbed the other tit and repeated the process, leaving two matched holes from top to bottom through her otherwise perfect breasts. The girl's voice broke repeatedly, her screams ever higher in pitch.

Afterward, he gave her a good 10 minutes to let the pain fade and the hysterics die down. He contemplated getting some ear protection, but decided not to spoil the experience. Next he lifted a quarter inch diameter spiral of steel, inserted an end through one hole, and twisted it half a turn. A solid squeeze crushed the spiral into a ring, with the ends touching lightly. Steve lifted the soldering iron once more and placed it inside the ring behind the end points. Holding it for a minute, the girl began screaming as heat transferred around the ring through her tender tit. Steve dipped a stick of lead solder on the joint, watched it melt and flow, then released, making a perfect seal. Ringing the second breast took much longer, as the girl bucked and kicked like a wild animal trying to avoid the inevitable.

Done with that, Steve put the iron away and began rumaging in a metal bin for some more materials. Pulling out an eight foot length of 1 inch diameter rebar, he carried it over to the steel saw on the workbench. First he cut off a 9 inch length, and then two 3 foot sections, dumping the remainder in the scrap bin. Before moving on, he lifted the 9 inch section to the saw and carefully beveled one end into a V shape. Next he went to the drill press and methodically bored out 18 quarter inch diameter holes, each about half way through and spaced evenly over the top 6 inches and the whole circumference of the shaft. After tapping each hole with threading, he picked up a handful of 1 inch bolts with half inch wide hex heads, and began screwing them into the holes. Counting the head each bolt projected almost 3 quarters of an inch when tightened down.

Walking back over to the girl, he waved his creation in her face. "My own personal Anal Intruder. What do you think?" he taunted.

Looking at it, she gasped in shock and began sobbing loudly as those words sank in, moaning "please don't... Please don't..." repeatedly.

To get ready for the next stage, Steve had to reposition the girl somewhat. Getting a firm grip around her calves, he opened the leather strap, separated one ankle and then secured the strap tightly around the other. Forcefully, he spread the girl's leg out wide to the side and secured it to a post that stretched from floor to ceiling. Returning to the middle, he released her other leg, forced it outward, and secured it to the post on the other side.

Screams mounting higher, the girl continued thrashing, to little effect as Steve continued to work. Placing the short bar between her legs, pointed at the anal opening, he retrieved the two longer pieces and a small arc welder from across the room. Skillfully, he welded the two long sections to the beveled bottom end of the short rod, creating a 90 degree angle bracket. Next he retrieved a 3 inch by 1 inch steel tab with a half inch wide bolt hole at one end. This he welded opposite the center pole to act as a hard attachment point. Before continuing he had to release the chain holding her head back, detach it from the leather straps, and get it out of the way. With a soft thump, her head collapsed to the table as he released his grip on the straps woven into her hair.

Using gloves to pick up the still hot metal, Steve lifted his creation and examined his handywork. Using a grinder he polished out a few sharp points. He didn't want his new prize bleeding out, after all.

Returning to the table, he pressed the center rod, still quite hot to the touch, against the girl's rectum.

"No! OH GOD IT BUURRNNS! Please NO! AAAAAAHH!!!" she wailed as Steve began driving the shaft into her ass. He had to twist and turn the whole frame gently as he came to each of the bolts protruding from the shaft, in order to get them inside. Each little twist, tug, or push elicited an agonized response from the girl. Each push drove the burning hot metal deeper, and the screaming just went on and ON. Finally he managed to work all 8 inches of shaft inside, wedging the V of the frame tight up into her crotch with a small hydraulic jack fastened to the table top.

Screaming uncontrollably, the girl barely noticed as he began securing her legs firmly to the V frame using quarter inch wide zip ties. The heat of the long shafts was uncomfortable, but no longer enough to burn skin. A dozen straps on each leg from crotch to ankle, and he was able to release her legs from the vertical poles. After freeing the girl's ankles, he noticed that she'd almost managed to wriggle her wrists free.

"Can't have any of that, now can we." He proclaimed. He went to the tool cabinet to retrieve another of his personal inventions. Modified from a glue gun, a thick aluminum wire almost an eighth of an inch thick protruded out where the nozzle used to be. Steve went back to the girl and forced her arms back into position, with fingertips touching the inside bend of the other arm. Holding her in place with a crushing grip around wrist and arm, he pressed the sharp tip of the aluminum wire against the back of her hand, just behind the middle two knuckles, and pulled the trigger.

Heat streamed down the wire and smoke curled as he pressed harder. Slowly, the heavy wire was driven through the screaming girl's hand, into the arm beneath, passing between the two radial arm bones and completely through the other side. With a pair of pliers, Steve pulled the remaining 14 inches of wire out of the gun and worked half the length through her arm. To secure it, he wrapped both sides of the wire in a tight spiral around arm and hand and sealed it

with a thick bead of solder. Loading a new wire into the gun, 30 minutes later he completed the other hand, permanently fastening the girl's arms behind her back. Exhausted, Steve decided to call it a day. Locking up on the way out, he flipped off the lights and left the girl strapped down to the table in the pitch blackness.

NIGHTMARE

Alone in the dark, the girl, whose name was Ashley though no one would ever care about that again, continued weeping loudly as she heard the horrible monster depart. The straps still held her bodily from the waist up, but unfortunately her legs were now free to move. Unfortunately, because the anal shaft impaling her responded to every twitch of her legs. Now that it had begun to cool off inside of her, she began to realize exactly how painful the protruding bolts could be. The slightest twitch of her legs caused half a dozen stabbing pains to radiate inside her virgin ass. She quickly stopped struggling and tried to lay still, but soon her legs began cramping.

Painful cramps made her legs spasm, twisting and pulling at the anal penetrator. Vicious circle, Ashley twitched, struggled, and fought to lie still, all at the same time. Also, her hands and arms ached terribly where the wire pierced it, and the slightest pressure sent searing pain racing outward. Her tits, still pinned uncomfortably under her, began to ache as well, the metal rings channeling the room's cold into them.

It was hours later before she realized she was not alone. Soft whimpering still came from the two coffin boxes in the corner, up til now drowned out by Ashley's misery.

"Who's there?" she cried out. "Who are you?"

No one answered, but the whimpering quieted down.

"Please! Talk to me! I'm so scared..." SOB.

A voice whimpered, and moaned in the dark, then resumed softly sobbing.

"Please! I'm Ashley. Who are you? Please talk to me!" she begged.

There was no answer for a minute, but Ashley could hear someones breathing rate increase in fear. Finally a female voice responded in an urgent whisper. "Shhh... Don't let him hear us!" Deep breath. "We're not allowed to talk..." she faded away into silence.

Ashely pleaded and cajoled to the other for an hour, but got no further response. Painful cramping wracked her body as she lay in terrified misery, but eventually exhaustion won out and she lapsed into a fitful sleep. Hours passed and then she was jolted awake by the CLACK of the dead bolts being opened.

As the door slid open and overhead lights lit the room once more, she was bathed in agony from the long hours of bondage. Renewed terror sent adrenaline racing through her veins as she caught sight of the terrible man entering the room. A shrill scream ripped from her throat, and she began a wild frenzied thrashing, but the punishing iron rod impaling her ass soon brought that to a halt. Gasping in agony, she lay stiffly still to keep from disturbing the anal probe and began begging softly.

"Please stop... Please let me go... Oh god, don't hurt me any more, please! I won't tell! Please, just let me go! I Promise!"

CRAAAACK!!! Steve smacked her across the ass with a half inch thick willow switch.

"OOOOWWWW!!!"

"No talking," Steve said, in a calm tone of voice.

"You BASTARD!" she screamed, trying to struggle without moving her legs, or pulling on her impaled arms. Pretty ineffectual.

CRACK-CRACK-CRAAAACK!! Went the switch, striking rapidly across back, butt, and thigh.

"Oh-OOOH-OOWWW! Mother FUCKER!"

"I guess I'd better teach this bitch her place," he muttered to himself. From a storage bin he retrieved some custom jumper cables and a heavy variable voltage power supply. He clipped a grounding cable to each of Ashley's big toes using large alligator clips. Next he connected the live line to her twat, clipping down right over the clit. She grunted as his fingers probed and pinched, then screamed in pain as the teeth of the clip bit in.

"Consider this a lesson, bitch."

Flipping the switch, Steve turned the dial until the meter displayed 80mA. Not enough to do permanent damage, but agonizingly painful, especially when delivered through the clit, running down both legs!

Ashley shriled out a broken, stuttering scream in tune with the pulsing A/C current running through her body, pausing periodically just long enough to suck in an explosive breath.

The girl being occupied with a bit of basic training, Steve went to the workbench and got back to work. Extracting two more lengths of steel rod, he cut them to length and began assembling two more metal frames identical to the one strapped to Ashley. Cut, drill, weld, it took about 3 hours to finish assembly. Steve noticed that the girl's cries were fading into a low moaning, so he flipped a switch on the front panel of the power supply. Voltage now spiked randomly, delivering up to twice the dose every few seconds. The girl's screams resumed their full fervor, and Steve took a break for an hour or so to get some lunch.

When he returned, she was still managing to shriek quite loudly on occasion, in time with the heavier jabs of electroshock. Studying the girl's face, he flipped off the power. "Ready to be a good girl yet? Nod your head."

"Fuck YOU, you bastard!" she choked out defiantly.

"Suit yourself."

Steve needed the table, so he unfastened the straps holding her down, then got a good grip at the knees and lifted. The girl hung upside down in his arms, suspended by the frame. He carried her across the room and hung the frame from a large nail in the wall using the hole in the mounting tab. Quickly reconnecting the electric shock apparatus, he left his new toy to contemplate obedience. Ashley ragged stuttered screaming resumed as he got back to work.

From one of the coffins in the corner, Steve extracted another girl. Filthy with grime, sweat, and tears, you could still tell she was once a drop-dead-gorgeous blond bombshell. Short, petite

body, firm C cup breasts, long blond hair frazzled in a tangled mess, eyes downcast, she hung limply in defeated acceptance of her fate as Steve flipped her face down onto the table. Her and her sister both had already had plenty of time to learn how harsh the punishments could be. Her arms were already bound and woven permanently together like he'd done to Ashley earlier. She lay passively still as he pulled each leg out to the side and fastened it to the post.

Lifting on of the newly assembled metal frames, Steve pressed the central shaft against her ass and began firmly working it in. The girl began sputtering soft sobs of pain but offered little other protest to the massive intrusion. Once he'd driven the shaft home, he lashed the frames wings to her spread legs securely, using a dozen heavy zip ties, cruelly tight, from crotch to ankle on each side. Done with the tie down, he released her ankles from the poles, then hung her, head down, on the wall next to Ashley. It was another 45 minutes of work to duplicate the process with her twin sister. Candice and Carrie, he never did find out which was which, not that he really cared. Exhausted, Steve decided to call it a day. Glancing over his shoulder on the way out, he beheld his handywork. Three hot young pussies pointing upward at him from the far wall. Ashley began screaming more urgently as she realized his intention to leave her there over night. With an evil smile on his lips, Steve locked up his dungeon, turned out the lights, and left.

The LONG Night

Minutes passed like hours as Ashley hung suspended on the wall, random electric jolts stabbing through her crotch and out her toes. She couldn't see a thing in the pitch dark room, and the random stabs of electric agony just went on and ON forever! Each jab cause her to spasm involuntarily, driving her ass against the shaft impaling her. Suspended by the zip ties crushing her legs, pain radiated in all directions, electric shocks travelled from clit to toes, stabbing pains exploded in all directions from inside her ass, and constant agony inflicted her entire legs from cramping. And she just couldn't die, no matter how much she wanted to. The soft, resigned sobbing from Candice and Carrie was completely drowned out by Ashley, but they both understood. They'd already been there, and both wished they could die too. Unfortunately, the older girls knew a little bit about what was coming, and neither expected to be allowed to die any time soon.

Assembly

Steve took his time getting up the next morning, first sleeping in late, and then enjoying a hearty breakfast as he read the morning paper. He anticipated a long day in the shop and wanted to start the day off fully refreshed. By the time he finally made his way downstairs it was after 10:00. The girls all awaited his arrival with mixed emotion: The twins in dread, and Ashley in desperate hope that her punishment might finally end. Fortunately for her, Steve was in a good mood, anticipating the completion of his project, and he shut off the current and unhooked the electrodes from Ashley as soon as he arrived.

Moving to the workbench, he picked up 4 inch long section of 3" diameter brass pipe, a pair of needle-nose pliers, an electric screw driver, and a large hose clamp. Picking one of the twins at random, he went to work. Pressing the pipe section firmly into her crotch, he used the pliers mercilessly on her labia, plucking the lips outward around the pipe. He continued working around the pipe repeatedly until about 1 inch of pipe was actually penetrating her pussy, and the skin of her twat was embracing about 1 more inch of its length. Next he dropped the hose clamp over the pipe, and used the screw driver to clench it tight. The girl let loose a high pitched squeal as the clamp crushed her twat lips to the outside of the pipe, but she quieted down again after a few minutes. Twenty minutes later he'd finished installing another guide tube on her sister and then moved on to begin working on Ashley. The younger girl was a bit more of a challenge, as her pussy was still mostly virgin and much tighter. She screamed and thrashed uselessly as he worked, causing Steve to develop a seriously hard erection. He was forced to pluck and pull vigorously with the pliers to stretch the girl's twat around the pipe. For a few

minutes he was afraid he might not be able to drive it inside deep enough to allow him to secure it, but eventually his patience won out. The ripping screams when he finally clenched down the clamp was too much for his self control, however, and he exploded with an uncontrollable, spontaneous orgasm.

"I guess its time to change my pants," he chuckled to himself. Leaving his dungeon briefly to go get changed, the walls echoed softly to the tearfull sobbing of all three girls.

When he returned, Steve wheeled in the mechanical heart of his budding creation. Suspended over a metal frame like a pair of sawhorses was a 6 inch diameter metal tube about 3 feet long. A number of round caps were screwed in to cover the extra openings for later use, but 3 holes were uncovered and attached pistons protruded. Each piston had a narrow shaft and the head formed a flatened hemisphere on both the top and the bottom. Two pistons pointed straight up, and one, positioned between the other two, pointed down. At one end of the shaft was a large pulley wheel attached to the inner drive shaft.

Turning the wheel slowly, Steve positioned the shaft so that the first piston was fully extended, protruding about 10 inches. Lifting one of the twins off the wall, he flipped her over and carried her to the shaft. Mating the guide cylinder in her twat over the piston, he carefully lowered her down until her pussy bottomed out against the piston head. The girl groaned painfully as the 3 inch wide, dry piston forcibly penetrated the entire length of her cunt. Lifting her upward about an eighth of an inch for alignment, he pressed a bolt through the mounting tab on her metal securing frame into a matching threaded tab on the engine shaft and secured her firmly in place by wratcheting the bolt tight. Rotating the pulley wheel gently, he positioned the next piston to its full extention. The girl moaned softly as the piston moved within her twat. Steve mounted the girl's sister next, placing her right behind the other, so close her nipples pressed snugly against her back.

Lifting a heavy securing pin to release the shaft, Steve rotated the entire shaft 180 degrees. Now the twins hung suspended from the shaft, and the final piston extended upward. Rotating the wheel once more, he positioned the piston to its maximum extention. Tandum moans of pain burst from the twins as the pisions dry fucked the girls slowly. Ashley began screaming wildly as soon as Steve lifted her off the wall hook.

"No! Please! Oh god NOOOO Please Don't! Oh PLEASE!!!" she wailed as he carried her across the room and mated the guide tube to the piston. Her scream of agony as Steve slowly pressed her body downward, driving the huge piston brutally into her virgin cunt, was utterly indescribable, and she continued to pant and sob noisily as he secured the bolt firmly to the frame. The twins moans were completely drowned out by Ashley's piercing scream as Steve slowly rotated the drive wheel through several complete revolutions to check its operation.

Next, Steve hooked up a bit of tubing to a hand pump, connecting a 25 gallon pail of light cooking oil to a receiver on the engine shaft. Pumping firmly, he began flooding the system. Oil flowed into the engine and up each piston shaft. A precision valve within the piston head, designed and built by Steve, was the genius behind the whole project. On the up stroke, oil flowed out bottom half of the head, hydrolicly driving the piston upward, while oil above the head flowed freely into the upper half of the piston into the exhaust channel. When it reached the top of its stroke, the valve reversed, causing oil to flood the upper side of the piston head and drain on the botom side. As Steve continued to work the hand pump, each girl's pussy was flooded with oil, driving out all the air spaces, and the pressure began slowly driving the pistons and turning the crank shaft. The whole system was self lubricating too!

Once he'd primed the system and driven the crank shaft through a couple of revolutions with the hand pump, Steve unhooked the hand pump and wheeled in the power system. Two fifty gallon drums sat on either side of a high pressure steel boiler. Steve had prepped the boiler yesterday and a low flame kept the water inside at a slow boil. Steam pressure from the boiler was directed through a valve to the top of one of the drums or the other. Pressure forced oil from one drum out the bottom, through the pussy engine, and into the other drum. When the oil level nears empty, the valve switches and sends oil from the second drum through the engine and refills the first. Heat eventually transfers from the high temperature pressurizing steam to the oil, so a small radiator keeps the oil from exceeding 130 degrees or so farenheight. Steve hooked up the hoses to the engine, cranked up the burner on the boiler to about 10%, and opened the flow valve. After a minute or so, with a rapidly building shriek of agony in three part harmony, the crank shaft began to rotate. Steve tweaked the boiler settings for half an hour or so until he got the speed of the shaft up to about 90 RPM, which equates 1 and a half complete cycles of the pistons every second. In-Out-In, Out-In-Out. Before straining his new toy, Steve wanted to make sure it was well broken-in, so he planned to let it run on a real low setting like this for a good week, maybe even two, before he began using it for real...