

nursery crime

jack and jill never came down again
but, the nurse will see you now.



Irene C

adult female
domination fiction.

Nursery Crime

An adult female domination tale

by

Irene C

Synopsis:

John and Gill, a couple whose sex life is drifting downward until Gill decides that the only chance to rescue their marriage is to undergo therapy. Gill discovers that the therapist is decidedly 'on her side' in a way that seems almost unprofessional when she offers a place at a clinic that can correct John's behaviour and recreate him in the image that Gill decides.

It becomes apparent that the idea is that John will find himself committed under legal restraint with the formidable Maxine Stansford and in a position where he cannot resist the program of reorientation that will cost Gill a ferocious sum.

Meanwhile, one of the board of psychologists that assesses the patients of the clinic begins to understand that the Clinic on the West Coast has undercurrents of coercive care that she has to expose.

This is a cruel tale of trickery, terror and greed. Patients become nothing more than toys for their wicked oppressors or else disappear to become slaves for men and women who relish their servitude. Money is squeezed from victims with blackmail and force, those that oppose Maxine and her sadistic cohorts discover that the clinic is a prison and all hope is lost. A nightmare of padded cells, abuse and malevolent pleasures. Scarcely a tale for the squeamish!

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For author information contact:

Website: www.MissIreneClearmont.com

Email: Irene@MissIreneClearmont.Com

Nursery Crime

*There was a little nurse who had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead;
When she was good, she was so very, very good,
And when she was bad she was horrid.*

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Nursery Crime

Part I.

Beyond the Pail.

John looked at the therapist and wondered how it was that he thought that she was more attractive than Gill, his wife. There she was, all prim and proper, a long but tight skirt and kitten heels, white blouse tied with a silk scarf. 'The whole idea is to renew your interest in each other,' she was saying to Gill. 'A year of celibacy is just *too* long and creates a pause that threatens to become permanent.'

Gill nodded in agreement and looked to see the reaction of her husband. John was just sitting with a slight smile and following the conversation without taking part. *Bloody typical!* thought Gill as she felt a surge of emotion fill her with something like anger. *He just is not interested; in fact he looks more fascinated in the therapist than he should be...*

The therapist smiled and crossed her legs before continuing. 'What I suggest is that you both think about this session and come back next week, each with five positive ideas for moving forward.'

'Personally,' said Gill, 'I could suggest five things right now, I don't need a week to think about it!'

The therapist nodded and looked at John as she spoke: 'How do you feel about that, John? The fact that your wife is the one who wants to pick up the pieces and bump start your sex life. Does it embarrass you?'

'Frankly I'm bored with her incessant demands,' said John with something like a sigh. 'Gill is a nymphomaniac, but I am quite happy with things as they are!'

'There is no way to move forward if you do not make some effort,' said the therapist as she stood to signal that the session was at an end. 'I suggest that I see you both separately next time and then I will bring the two of you together as we try to find the middle ground.'

A look of annoyance crossed Gill's features as she stood. 'John is such a blockhead. How many husbands would wish for a woman who wants to play wildly in the bedroom? How many men dream of an insatiable whore in their bed? But all John wants, is to be left alone!'

'Gill, you have to accept that John needs some space and a little less pressure from you,' said the therapist. 'There are more women out there than you can imagine who find that their partners cannot keep up with their demands. I am a specialist in this kind of dysfunction and you can rest assured that you will be satisfied when this series of discussions has run its course. Fully satisfied.'

She shook hands with her two patients and watched how they left the office. John opened the door for his wife and then followed her through the reception and down the stairs. Not a word passed between them, just those unconscious signals that indicated that John was suffering from a reversal of their relationship.

The door closed to leave the therapist to make some notes about the session on her dictation machine.

'John and Gill. First session on the third August,' she started. 'John is the subordinate partner and has been since he lost his job and realised that his qualifications were too low to find anything but dreary manual work. On the other hand, Gill wants to assert her dominance as she climbs the heights of her professional career. She wants her professional and social standing to be reflected in an understanding on her husband's part that she is the senior partner in their physical relationship. Since John paid for Gill's education and night school he feels as though she is trying to take over the marriage. Gill wants him to understand that she is superior to him in all respects and needs him to acknowledge this fact.'

She walked to the window with the small recorder in her hand. For a moment she reflected on Gill's problem with her insignificant husband. At last she felt that she had found the words to express her opinion of the two of them and clicked the button on the recorder. 'John is using the withdrawal of sex as a means of asserting some sort of ascendancy since Gill is normally so sexually active. Gill is using her demands for sexual activity as a means of making him feel less like the 'male' partner in the relationship. She wants him to be ashamed that she demands more than him in bed.'

She put down the recorder on the desk after retrieving the memory chip and placed another in it to keep her personal comments quite separate. When the green light on the recorder came on she continued:

'His sexual reaction to me was all positive and shows that he has not lost his sexual urges; he has just repressed them in order to blackmail Gill. Possibly he is having an affair and thus his childish sexual strike is no strain for him at all! I shall work with Gill to overcome this resistance to her dominance and show her how to move John to the place that *she* wants him to be. In fact he is a perfect inmate for Ocean Cove; a little time with Maureen should solve his resistance. I just have to tip the balance and help Gill to move forward.'

She paused for a few seconds and leaned over to the intercom on her desk. 'You can show Mr and Mrs Werner in now,' she said to the waiting secretary as she kicked off her low shoes and slipped behind her desk. Her feet found the stilettos with the studs in the heels and slipped into them as the door opened and her next session began.

'Hello Jemimah and Brandon, please take a seat while I show you what I have prepared for this, your last session. Today we will explore Jem's needs and

how Brandon can move towards satisfying them totally.' She stood and walked to the door and turned the key to lock the door.

'Today you are going to learn about how a woman's needs are so much more critical than a man's inflexible ideas about sex. I want to show you that total male obedience leads to such fulfilment that Brandon will just love to submit.'

The Fall.

Gill sat in the plush leather chair and stretched out her legs comfortably. The small bronze sign on the desk, 'Ms Maxine Stansforde Psy.D' was a reassurance. Qualifications were always a comfort, it was how she saw the world, her own qualifications made her the superior woman that she longed to be! The lack of clutter and the pre-Raphaelite pictures on the walls gave clues about the character of the therapist who she was paying to solve her problems with John.

Maxine had a presence that was difficult to quantify. Attractive and yet distant, she wore a business suit that signalled professionalism as well as a striking attraction that Gill could not quite put her finger on.

'I thought that we would start with a couple of sessions in which you and John could talk to me without a feeling that they were being overheard by the other partner,' said Maxine. 'It is important that you are frank with me in every respect and that we can discuss your problems in an atmosphere of privacy and confidentiality that allows you to tell me what it is that you want.'

'John is such a chauvinist when it comes to sex,' said Gill.

'What do you mean by that?'

'He is so stubborn and closed minded.'

'So do you mean that your problems stem from John not being willing to participate in the things that you want to do, or do you mean that he has a very masculine way of looking at the world.' Gill relaxed. She had been sure that Maxine would take no part in the discussion and simply try to extract her thoughts in a cold manner. Instead she had the strange feeling that Maxine was on *her* side, if she could just respond in the right way. 'Both,' replied Gill with a smile, 'he thinks that he should be my guardian and protector as well as the fact that he should be steering out sex life and determining what we do...'

'That's a common problem, I'm afraid,' replied Maxine leaning forward and clasping her hands. 'What we need to do is to show John that your sexual and other needs are paramount in the relationship. In order to do this we need to explore your requirements and then move to planning a therapeutic route to bringing them to fruition. By any means possible!'

Maxine leaned back in her chair and rested her chin on her thumb in a clear signal that she expected Gill to enlarge on the subject. 'It's sort of difficult to explain what it is that I want from my marriage,' said Gill, 'when I am not so sure what I want in the first place. I just know that I am dissatisfied with the stasis that we have reached and that John is no nearer to realising my fantasies than he was when we stood at the altar.'

'In that case we shall have to delve a little into your fantasy life,' said Maxine with a smile. 'Tell me what you dream of...'

'When we got married I just wanted John and I to be equals, but he now imagines that I owe him some sort of debt that I have to repay for the rest of my life.'

'You mean the fact that he paid for your University degree and studies?'

'That's right!' said Gill with some passion. 'Now I am starting to get the feeling that he is just a millstone around my neck. When I go to functions and social gatherings he becomes such a boor, such an oaf who shows me up with his ignorance! When I try to tell him not to be so opinionated and such an inverted snob he just throws a tantrum. I can't take him to official events anymore and he throws tantrums about that as well. He talks about wanting children, but I know that this is just to destroy my career and bring me down to his level. Now it's come to this, the lack of sex and I am not sure if I love him anymore... In fact now that I think about it I realise we are not equals at all, he is the inferior, he is the one who has to bend his knee to me.'

Maxine sighed in sympathy and then replied : ' OK, you've told me what upsets you, let's move on a little and get down to what it is that you want! I mean, imagine a clean slate and that John did not exist. Imagine that you could construct your own new partner from the building blocks of your fantasies, how would he be now? What would you want from him and what would he be doing for you?'

This is more like it, thought Gill to herself. *This woman is really on my side, she is worth every red cent that I am paying for this last chance to save my marriage before I get rid of John. Shed him from my life...* Gill relaxed visibly and smiled. Her dream man was something that she kept securely in her head and allowed no one to see. Here was a chance to see if she could shock her therapist!

'Leaving out the physical side of things?'

'If you like, they are not relevant at the moment anyway...'

'He is quiet, he speaks only when he is spoken to. He is always ready to help in everything that I do, unless of course I need some space of my own. My dream man initiates sex and enjoys serving, but only when I want him to! Otherwise he is both continent and obedient. He has no limits and is one hundred percent committed to my pleasure as well as providing a perfect companion when I need it. He allows me to do what I like...'

'Is this a way for euphemistically saying that you mean that your ideal husband would allow you to have affairs?'

'Absolutely!'

'Do you think that your perfect partner might be female?' There was a look of shock on Gill's face at this question. It turned her assumptions on their head and sent her thoughts in another direction.

'Perhaps, if she was as attractive as you!'

'So you really want freedom to be single while your partner does as you decide?'

'That would be a crude way of putting it,' answered Gill. There was a pause and Gill looked for signs that she had shocked her therapist. After all, what she wanted in her dreams was a man who was nothing less than a cipher for her gratification. But, there was no sign of Maxine being shocked, just a smile that broadened and a slight twitch at the corners of her mouth that signalled... who knew what? Amusement, agreement or perhaps just irony?

'The list that you have just read out for me is really just what most women want. They just dare not express it in such clear terms. It is also what most men want in *their* wives. After all, all those trophy wives and blondes on the arm are nothing less than that which you want from your partner. In fact I would go so far as to say that what you need is a trophy husband!'

Gill smiled and made a gesture that suggested agreement. 'I must admit that I have been so tempted to divorce John, but as a lawyer I know that I stand to lose so much just at the point when I think that I might be moving towards a junior partnership in a big firm. The trouble is that I am in danger of becoming a laughing stock every time that he opens his mouth. Worst of all, this ridiculous sexual strike that he is insisting on, makes me more and more inclined to find another man for my life!'

Maxine stood up and went to a small wood cabinet behind her desk. She opened it to reveal a selection of drinks and cut crystal glasses and a small freezer with ice. 'I think that a drink will help us relax,' said the therapist, 'as we discuss the various options that are open to you. What do you want?'

Her hand indicated the bottles. 'Eagle Bourbon, if you've got some,' said Gill.

'Sorry, no can do! I've got a bottle of 1792 as a stand-in if you fancy?'

'Sounds good!' Maxine poured the whiskey and tumbled three cubes of ice into each glass with her bare hand. She passed the glass to Gill and moved back to perch on the edge of the desk facing her client.

'First of all you have come to the right therapist. I specialise in problems that wives have when men think to assert themselves and get their own way. In fact I have a very steady success rate at placing wives on top and making their husbands see that they must be obedient. Your case has some interesting special areas that come out of the fact that it is the husband who is denying sex to the wife. Often, in my experience, the wife can successfully use this type of sexual blackmail to get her way. This time it is reversed!'

Fascinating... You will let me handle all of the details. Do not discuss this with anyone else, especially John, because I will start by making this look like normal therapy and then move to stronger solutions when I have decided the methodology to use on your errant husband. So, I think that I should meet up with John and see what he has to say and make an assessment of his malleability. After all there is not much good in trying to fix a personality without understanding what the problems are.'

There was a pause while Maxine seemed to be pondering if she could tell the whole story. 'If the therapy does not work, if malleability is not apparent, if you decide that you wish to make the break a permanent one then that will be handled too. No divorce, no legal pain and a final solution to your marital problems can be had at a *relatively* light cost...' said Maxine

Gill wondered where this was leading. It seemed to her that this therapist was something else than she had imagined. 'Malleability' suggested that Maxine was a therapist who was overstepping the bounds of professional code of conduct. Neutrality did not seem to be her byword at any stretch of the imagination and the suggestion that Gill could dispose of her husband was almost unreal. This did not sound legal.

'I thought that you were supposed, as a therapist, to be a neutral party in a case like this?' said Gill carefully as she raised her glass.'

'I have my satisfied customers and patients,' said Maxine. 'Most couples who enter my programs find that they are fulfilled when they leave. I pick and choose my patients with great care after the first session and then work to improve and reposition the woman in the marriage, with an eye of course for putting the reins of the relationship in her hands. A few decide to split from their partner and then take advantage of the full 'behind the scenes' service that we offer.'

'That is very gratifying, of course,' said Gill. 'But it is rather unconventional!'

'Unconventional, progressive, feminist, alternative or activist; call it what you like! I aim to give the patient who is paying for the treatment the benefit of my assistance and I only take couples where the female is writing the cheque. I shall be quite frank; *you* as the female in this omelette that you call a marriage, have *real* needs that *have* to be satisfied. I will try my best to find the solution to your problem and give you the man that you deserve and want. All you have to do is to consent to my methods and sign here...'

Maxine twisted and picked up a small file and opened it to reveal some legal papers. 'This is the contract which you have to sign. You will immediately notice that I make no promises of results. I only promise to try all the means at my command to create John in the image of the man that you want. The considerable means at my command, actually.'

Maxine passed the papers to Gill and waited patiently while Gill skimmed through them with a practised legal eye. 'This makes me a party to everything that you happen to define as treatment...'

'Of course! I have here a form that you have to fill in to guide my treatment decisions; basically you can regard it as a consent form.'

Gill took the proffered form and flicked through it. 'What is this going to cost?' she asked.

'It depends on how much attention I have to give John. Normally a full treatment costs between fifty and a hundred thousand.'

Gill gasped. 'I know that it seems a lot, but just think; when it is finished you will have the man that you defined here and if you decide to part ways from him during therapy the cost is reduced to a monthly charge to cover the costs of institutionalising him.'

Maxine's red nail tapped the second form that she had given Gill and a smile crossed her face. 'If you ticked everything without restriction I can say that a hundred and twenty thousand will see the work done and three months will see you get the husband that you have selected. Of course if you want him to undergo other therapy, perhaps of a more physical nature then the cost will be even more.'

'Can I change my mind as we go along?'

'Of course, but you cannot subtract, only add to the list. I cannot possibly undo what has already been done!'

'Can I take this form home and think about it?'

'I'm sorry, no way! Nothing leaves my office and therapy centre here. However, since you will have to return here often, you will be able to reconsider your options on a weekly basis.' Gill held out her hand towards Maxine and took the pen that was being offered.

'I'll return tomorrow after I've thought about it. I think that you will understand that I need to consider if my fantasy and my reality can indeed be matched.' Maxine took the signed contract and the questionnaire and placed both in the folder.

'Actually you are wrong to wonder if what you want can be created! I *can* match your fantasy, there are very few women whose wants are beyond my reach, so just decide from this list and then I shall do the rest and present you with the bill. Nothing happens until you have returned and filled in the forms and then we will have a short discussion that will allow me to judge best as to how to proceed. Until you have paid fifty per cent of the fee, then nothing will move forward anyway! The main problem for the wife to understand is that

anything is possible, if you have the imagination and are prepared to pay for it.'

Gill looked Maxine up and down and decided that this was one woman who was offering a service that was at best dubiously legal. That was without considering the morals and codes of conduct that she was rolling over with a careless lack of concern. Striking, but by no means beautiful. Attractive, but not someone that Gill would have considered 'model' material. Dressed expensively, but with taste that would have fulfilled every man's fantasy of a secretary for his outer office. All nylons and stilettos with a calming cover of tweed that was cut to show her narrow waist and long legs to advantage. She oozed confidence from every pore.

'Now, before you sign it just remains to warn you that we shall have to find a place for John in the Clinic in order to make sure that he is under our control. It will be necessary for us to do a small amount of 'play acting' to get him there willingly, then the therapy will begin and we shall see what we can make of him.'

Gill sighed and looked into Maxine's eyes. What she saw there was cool greed. She knew it when she saw it, but she also saw something else. This was a woman who was interested in the money but not only the money. She would fulfil any bargain as long as it paid enough. It was a mental attitude that, as a lawyer, she had seen so often and it always belonged to those who delivered if they were not cheated. Then the revenge would be terrible!

'OK then, I'll sign,' she said as she flicked the pen across the bottom of both forms. We'll discuss the rest. I think that you are right, I want rid of him, I just never dared admit it!

Gill admired Maxine for her strength, but at the same time she felt a slight twinge of either apprehension or jealousy. One or the other, she could not quite be sure. 'I'll call tomorrow and we'll set something up,' said Gill.

John paused for a moment before entering the room. The secretary had waved him through but there was a brief moment of indecision before he turned the handle and entered the office of Ms Maxine Stansforde Psy.D. Maxine sat behind her desk and smiled at him as he entered. She waved a hand towards the couch by the window and then turned her attention to the file that she had open on her desk.

'John,' she said, 'so glad that you could make it. I have already talked to your wife, but every story of relationships has two sides to tell. I am eager to hear yours and then I can put together a strategy for bringing the two sides together for a productive series of therapy sessions and treatment. Everything that you say here is strictly private between you and I, so do not feel that in some way what you reveal will be whispered in your wife's ear.'

John took a sitting position on the couch and looked at the woman who was talking to him in those silken tones. The black lipstick and the savagely high heels, the tight black skirt and red manicure. Hair pulled into a bun and a tight blouse that was almost transparent. He could feel a surge of interest in this paragon of therapy rising in his breast. 'Obviously, anything that you tell me in this session and any of the following ones remains absolutely private! So let's begin with your feelings about the problems in your marriage that have led to you making the beneficial decision to try therapy.'

As Maxine spoke she crossed her legs and John caught a brief flash of her stocking tops and the bright red soles of her shoes. He felt a twinge of excitement when she stood and came to sit at the head of the couch. He saw her hands smooth over her skirt with those long nailed hands. 'Where is the right place to start?' he asked.

'It's your session, John,' she replied. 'Start where you like, with your frustrations or perhaps some of the more positive aspects of your marriage.'

John began to talk about the fact that he always felt as though Gill was manipulating him. That he had worked so hard to get her through her exams and now she acted as though she was embarrassed by his very presence. He told her that he wanted children and that Gill would be a much better person as a mother than a lawyer. He told Maxine about the loss of his sex drive, the fact that Gill became ever more demanding and placed less and less importance on *his* likes and dislikes. Finally, he had slipped to impotence; he had lost that excitement, that eager enthusiasm that had made sex with Gill such a high point. Not general, just specifically with her.

'Are you saying that you've had an affair in the last months?'

'Only with my right hand and one other woman!' he said sheepishly as if such peccadillos could be forgiven by his wife and that she was so unfair if she would not see it that way.

Maxine listened. Every now and again she made notes on the small pad that perched on her nylon clad knee. John looked up at her sitting over him; he could just peek through the buttons on her blouse to see that she was braless under the smooth cotton. He caught tempting glimpses of those smooth breasts, the curve, the white flesh and the rosy nipple that showed through the silky cloth like a shadow. Her lips were pursed and she occasionally made the odd single word comment to entice him to open the floodgates and spill all his thoughts.

In the end the forty minutes was over and the ten minute summing up began. 'I can see that we have a great deal of negativity to overcome, John. Then there is the physical side that also has to be dealt with. In summing up I would like to reassure you that you are not alone in this. I am here to help in any way that I can...'

John looked at her foot. Her toes allowed the stiletto to dangle for a moment, swinging to and fro before it fell to the soft carpet. The light nylon stockings did not hide the fact that her purple painted toenails were long and manicured in long tight curves like her fingernails. They did not hide the small tattoo of a circle divided by three wavy lines that was surrounded by a delicate wreath of roses that decorated the ankle. *Like a dangerous cat with its claws out*, he thought as he watched her flex her foot.

For a moment he imagined that foot slipping into his waistband, the sharp claws touching his erection and threatening it with their razor nails. John looked up at her and could see that she had been following his eyes and perhaps guessing his thoughts. No, she would never imagine that he was attracted to her...

'Sex therapy is one route that we can try,' she said, 'but it requires that Gill be involved, at least later, and consenting *and* she might need to follow the same road. Could you manage that, John. Because under my supervision the treatment might well be more effective than you can imagine!'

'I had never given it any thought, but I suppose that...'

'It is one of the things that I think that we may well discuss next time. In the meantime I want you to think about Gill's point of view. I want you to think of five ways in which you could please her in things that she seems to want. As always in these cases; you and Gill will both have to move from your opinions and closely held beliefs if we are going to move forward, so it is good to think of all the small things that do not cost too much stress that you could offer her in return for similar concessions. Whatever happens next in this process I can only recommend that a short stay in the Serena Clinic would be of great benefit to you.'

For a moment John felt her hand on his shoulder in a moment of contact that thrilled him. Her foot stretched and dipped into that shoe, the nails disappeared and Maxine stood by the couch. 'I have made an appointment for you in three days. Actually for the both of you!'

John stood and realised that Maxine was taller than him by more inches than the height of her heels, tall as they were. She guided him to the door and he left in a daze that was filled by the scent of her floral perfume and the remainder of those wicked thoughts as he had watched her shoe fall to the carpet. 'One of the things that I am going to suggest is perhaps a little retreat, some physical therapy, just the two of you alone! Do not forget the list.'

John nodded and said: 'Three days?'

'Three days!'

Gill Goes Up The Hill.

'First of all you have to check in,' said the rather formal receptionist. 'Have you got your papers with you?'

John pulled an envelope from his inside pocket and passed it over to the woman's proffered hand. 'This is the admission form that I got from Doctor Stansforde,' he added.

The receptionist unfolded the letter and read it while John waited.

'Were you accompanied here?' asked the receptionist.

'I am alone.'

The receptionist nodded and looked at the suitcase that John had with him. 'This is not a hotel,' she muttered.

Just two weeks before he and Gill had attended the fourth session with Maxine. Their first since Maxine had suggested that sexual therapy might be a way forward. That fourth session had not gone as well as expected. The arguments started almost at once and Maxine seemed to become a referee rather than a mediator between husband and wife.

In the end the 'five little points' was an area that was not touched upon. What was established was that the problem was a sexual one. Gill wanted John to satisfy her and John wanted Gill to 'acknowledge' his right to sex whenever he felt like it. His objection to her wanting to experiment was dismissed by John as 'kinky' and 'abnormal'. Her use of the words 'boring' and 'uninspiring' set them arguing again and Maxine had to calm them down.

'I think that some sort of separate therapy is called for,' she said as soon as they had calmed enough to listen to her. 'I was going to suggest sessions together, but now I can see that we should perhaps take another route and bring you back together after treatment has commenced.' Gill brooded and John suddenly felt that he could score some points by assenting to Dr Maxine's suggestions.

'Of course,' he said, 'How does it work?'

Maxine smiled approvingly at him. 'I think that we can book you into the clinic for a week's stay and then work from there.'

'It's easy for that layabout there,' said Gill. 'He is not working and can take time at any moment. I have clients to look after and court appearances to make. Guess who's going to be paying for it all?'

'That's not fair, Gill,' said Maxine in a stern tone. 'He is willing and you will have to make the effort as well.'

'OK then,' said Gill with a theatrical sigh. 'I can take a week off after John has done his week. I'll arrange it. I'm sure that I can manage a gap to be made.'

'Great, you see. We can move along now,' said Maxine. 'I just need you both to sign these papers and then I can book you both in to the Serena Clinic. I have already explained what will happen there and why, but do you have any other questions?'

'Why do I have to sign these papers?' asked John. 'I mean that this is not a medical procedure...'

'John, you have to realise that the law requires that you provide a waiver for any treatment and that is *all* the form does.'

Maxine passed the form to John and flicked to the last page. It was covered with fine print at the top and then a long blank with the signature line at the bottom. John skimmed what was written and then signed the form and Maxine countersigned as a witness and dated the form. 'In a week John will return for another session and you will sign for your treatment,' said Maxine to Gill.

Maxine led the couple to her reception. 'I shall see John in a week and then we will be able to move forward, I am sure.'

John and Gill took the lift to the street in silence. The silence of animosity and antipathy. 'I have to get home,' said John.

Gill pulled a face and reached for his hand. 'John,' she asked, 'how did it get so far?'

He shook his hand free and grimaced. 'You only have yourself to blame,' he spat. 'I shall give it a go, but if it does not bring us together then you can expect the papers for the divorce!'

Gill stood in the street and watched her husband's back retreat and then he was swallowed by the crowd on the sidewalk. Her heart hardened and she went back into the building. The lift swept her up to the fourth floor and when she stepped out from the small cubicle Maxine was waiting for her.

'I thought that you'd be back,' said Maxine. 'John needs what is coming to him!' Maxine extended a hand and led Gill back into the office and closed the door.

The primly dressed woman took John down several corridors and then opened a door into a small room that was like a simple hotel room. Pictures

on the walls of meadows and hills. A double bed and some plain modern furniture that left a neutral feel to the room.

'This will be your room for the next week Mr Horner,' said the nurse. 'Please wait a few minutes and Dr Henson will be along for the induction.'

'Thanks,' said John as he put his suitcase on the bed and the receptionist left the room.

Suddenly it was all reality! Maxine had signed him up for the 'sexual healing' course and Gill had actually consented to it and all the other women that it entailed. He sighed and reflected on how bitter he felt towards Gill. How she had become a superior bitch who constantly told him how to behave and what to say to her friends and colleagues. The bitch that had become so patronising to his needs.

There was no way that he was ever going to go back to her! He would show willingness in therapy, show that he was 'trying' to rebuild the relationship and then he would take her for every red cent that she had. Lawyer or not, she would have to pay up, and big time. He had paid for her education, he had paid for her professional accreditations; she owed him everything. He would take it all... she would pay for life!

The sound of a key in the door and the door opened to reveal a large woman that he took to be a nurse. Standing behind her was a slim woman in a white coat who had to be the Dr. Henson that was coming to chat to him.

'My name is Dr. Henson,' said the younger woman with a smile as she entered the room with her companion. 'I have your committal papers here and would like to discuss the rules and regulations of this clinic before your stay here.' John stood up and juggled his thoughts. She was the doctor, then who was her companion?

'Committal?' he said.

'Of course, Mr Horner. I have the forms for the committal and psychiatric assessment under WIC 5150-5157 of the California legal code. You have signed to undergo the seventy two hour assessment of your mental health and I am responsible for that assessment and I have to warn you that if you show signs of the violent behaviour that has seen you forced to undergo this process you can expect a negative appraisal from my pen!'

'What were all those numbers again?'

'WIC 5150-5157?' she asked. 'That is the legal permission that you signed when Form MH 302, Application for 72 Hour Detention for Evaluation and Treatment was presented to you by my colleague.'

'What is this place?'

'The Serena Clinic for the rehabilitation of the criminally and emotionally insane,' she said with a smile. 'But, you already know that, don't you, because you signed the forms?'

'Show me,' said John in a querulous tone as he pointed at the form that was held in her hand. She passed the form to him and he flicked to the last page of the document. The page was filled with small text that filled the gap above his signature that *had* been blank. Under his casual scrawl was Gill's prim and rounded signature as well as three others that belonged to people that he had never heard of.

His hands made as if to rip up the terrible contract and Dr Henson spoke: 'That is just a photocopy and is for your information only. If you rip it up, two things will follow as sure as day follows the night. The first is that I will note that you showed a violent reaction to me and second you will be deprived of the chance to read what you signed.'

John looked at the form in his hand and could not stop himself. He tore the paper in half in a dramatic way and then tossed the fluttering pieces onto the bed. 'This form has been altered since I signed it,' he said trying to keep the quiver out of his voice. 'I want you to call the police and a lawyer...'

'Mr Horner, I warned you of the consequences of your actions, but you persisted in your violent reaction. This is a bad sign!'

Her slim finger pointed at John and the woman in the corridor entered the room. 'Please strip off all your clothes and we can begin the induction.' John retreated to the window. For a moment he considered picking up one of the small bedside cabinets and tossing it through the window so that he could escape into the gardens beyond.

The large nurse shadowed him but did not reach out; she just panned John into a corner. 'I asked you to strip, Mr Horner. This is not a voluntary committal, even though you signed form MH 302 with your own free will. You *will* obey or you will be sedated and placed in a holding cell for examination. Be reasonable and do not force me to tell Maureen to undress you!'

John felt a feeling of despair as he saw that Maureen was licking her lips and her hand moved to her crotch to gently squeeze herself in a sexual motion that carried overtones of threat and eroticism. A smile came onto Maureen's face as she lightly bunched a fist to show just her middle finger standing proud.

John started to undress and a look of disappointment crossed Nurse Maureen's face as if she had hoped that John would make a fight of it. Dr. Henson smiled and said: 'Your wife wishes you to remain here while she sorts her life out as she wishes. She has paid well for the care that you receive here in the Serena Clinic so make sure that she has not wasted all that money! I suggest that you do as you are told and you may come out of here a better

man, if it is decided that you may leave. Better for yourself and better by far for your wife!

John looked down and noticed that Dr Henson had the same strange tattoo as Maxine on her ankle. A circle divided by three with wavy lines and a crown of roses and thorns that framed it... 'If you have to be sedated it will so disappoint Maureen here. She likes it when there is the occasional physical skirmish. Also you should bear it in mind that Maureen gets to care for the cases that require a personal touch and we do not have a policy of overseeing our patients at night when she is on duty.'

John stood naked. Vulnerable and exposed to the gaze of both Maureen and the doctor. A slight trembling shook his frame, not cold, but dread. The next words of Dr Henson did not help him to overcome that fear.

'There will be a hearing in the next seventy two hours as you will come up before a board of three doctors. Myself, Dr Stansforde and one other who just happens to be a close associate of ours. If the majority decision is to commit you then you will be moved to a much more secure unit where further evaluation will be carried out, by sedation or force if necessary.'

The young doctor turned to Maureen and pointed at the open suitcase on the bed. 'Take all his clothes and that shit,' she said with an almost-laugh, 'and dispose of it in the furnace. *He* won't be needing it.'

Maureen slung all the clothes from the floor into the suitcase and picked it up without bothering to close it properly. For a moment the naked John thought that he might be able to run for the exit. Maureen had her hands full and just a sliver of a girl stood between him and the way out of this den of horrors. As he stood, indecisive, she smiled and turned her hand to reveal that she had a small black object in her palm. Two wicked metal studs told John that the object was some sort of stun-gun; the sly smile that played on her lips told him that she would enjoy using it.

The young doctor watched Maureen leave the room with the half closed suitcase that trailed clothes.

'When the seventy two hour examination of your mental fitness has been completed you will be assigned a lawyer. Of course, being unfit to conduct your own defence it will be necessary for your wife to assign you legal counsel, or perhaps, if you are lucky she will deign to handle your case herself. In the last analysis you had better make sure that you obey her advice, after all you will be depending on her totally. There is no one else here that is interested in getting you out of here. Dr Stansforde and I both need you here because you generate a great deal in fees and you provide excellent opportunities to experiment. Maureen would like you to stay so that she can show you her own unique treatment method for sexual dysfunction and she is by no means the only one here with their own ideas of the regimen of treatment that will be possible if you fail to cooperate. As for the state, it follows the

dictates of law, precedent and of course, the easiest road. There's no help there.'

The doctor started to giggle and swept out of the room, following Maureen, and slammed the door closed with a last guffaw. John heard the lock click with a finality that made him jump. He looked out of the broad window onto the gardens that stretched away from him. He inspected the windows and realised that they had no opening mechanism, in fact a tap with his knuckle on the glass revealed that they were like a jeweller's windows, giving just a solid sound to his knock.

He pondered the furniture and wondered if he could break the glass with one of the bedside cabinets. He went to lift a cabinet and realised that it was fixed to the floor, as was the bed and the wardrobe. John searched the room for tools that could help him to escape this prison. All he found in the wardrobe was a single piece jumpsuit in pink and a pair of soft shoes.

With a resigned sigh he pulled it on and realised that the cloth was almost paper thin and the buttons were so flimsy that they looked as though they would fall off as he did them up. Everything in the room was screwed to its place, the door was metal and the pictures on the walls did not hang on hooks but were almost a part of the walls.

This was far less a clinic than a prison.

The Well of All Fears.

'It all depends on you,' said Maxine to Gill. 'The examination board is always three people. The doctor in charge of the case, that's Doctor Valerie Henson. Myself as the doctor that signed the initial order and another doctor who makes the final decision about the person being examined.'

'So who is the other person?' asked Gill.

'Well, normally it's Doctor D'Everard, but he is not available at the moment. He is quite flexible generally because he gets paid for every case and he tends to make decisions that follow the advice of the resident Doctor. He's quite easily led, actually because he has the hots for Doctor Henson!'

Maxine pulled a face that showed some small uncertainty and then continued to explain the process. 'I have just found out that the third panellist will be Doctor Mary Paige Psy.D and we have never worked with her before so there could be a bit of a problem as she is an unknown quantity.'

'What happens after the assessment then? I mean assuming that John is committed.'

'We usually have them transferred to a private secure unit in Ocean Cove up the coast where we have a free hand to do whatever we like to them. The trouble is that Doctor Paige may well insist on a further week of examination in the Serena Clinic.'

'So what are you going to do?'

Maxine laughed and said: 'Don't look so worried, everything is under control, we will take the examination as it comes and then decide what the best route is. In any case we want you to visit John as his wife and make him anxious, because it will make the examination far more favourable if he is foolish enough to lose his temper.'

'Since you have decided to dispose of him, the course of events will be much simpler,' said Maxine with a grin. 'Just go with the flow and watch us handle him...'

The door opened and Gill was led into the small room that was John's cell by Maureen. John sat on the edge of the bed looking dejected and only raised his head when Maureen stood within a foot of him.

He looked pitiful in the thin pink jumpsuit that had already lost some buttons and opened to reveal the skin of his torso. 'Stand up, John,' said Maureen in a sharp voice. 'Your wife is here and you *will* show her some respect.'

A sly smile crossed Maureen's features as he watched John's reaction to his wife. She had seen this so many times and it had always heralded a conflict that he, Maureen, could slide into and use to his own amusement. John stood and watched Gill walk into the room.

She was dressed in a long tight skirt and a silk blouse that was cut to show where her breasts met in a deep décolletage. She wore more makeup than John had ever seen her wear and together with the heels and nylons it made her look like a secretary who was looking to have an affair with her boss. All that was missing were the glasses and the hair pulled up into a bun... but, that had been Maxine.

John could sense a change in her, a difference of stance and a transformation of the way that she looked at him. This was not the Gill that he had known over the last few years. This was not the Gill that he had married. Something had broken between them, the bridge that connected them was teetering and falling into a chasm that was turning into some new emotion. 'Sit,' she ordered. 'We need to discuss your future.'

John decided to conciliate and sat as she had ordered. 'Do we have to have her here?' asked John as he pointed at Maureen. 'I mean, I am scarcely going to attack you or else run away!'

For a moment Gill looked at Maureen and her smug grin. She was on the point of dismissing her when Maureen spoke: 'Mrs Horner, you know that I cannot leave you here alone with this disturbed man.' A cross look came over John's features as he saw Gill nod in agreement with her guardian.

'In just a day you have a hearing to decide your fitness for release, John,' she said as if she were declaring a courtroom summary. 'Do not try to tell me how I should deal with your mental problems! You are here because you are having challenges that only therapy can resolve...'

John looked up at the nurse that was standing behind his wife. Her hands were on her large breasts and clearly sought the nipples that showed through the stiff cotton. Fingers and thumbs found their targets and rolled the flesh gently through the cloth of her medical coat. 'That's just not true,' said John in a heated voice. 'I am here because you tricked me! I am locked in this *institution*,' he spat the word, 'because I want to divorce you and you are afraid that I will destroy your reputation and your fancy lifestyle. I'll bet that you found about the slut that I have been fucking while you are at your high class job! I'd rather fuck a whore than you!'

Maureen took a step and placed herself between the couple. She folded her arms and looked down at the red faced husband who was now close to shouting at his wife.

'This is wrongful imprisonment; it would be laughable if it was not so fucking annoying. Let me out of this fleapit now, you know that you cannot have me kept here forever and when I get out...'

'I can keep you here as long as I like, in fact the more I watch you shout and swear the more I realise that only Maxine can help your mental distress. When you attend the hearing tomorrow remember that I have complete control over you, try to understand that it is only concern for your wellbeing that makes me take this action.'

A sound like a frustrated roar came from John's lips as he stood and bunched his fists. 'Maxine, that fucking bitch friend of yours tricked me into this prison...'

'Mr Horner, please sit down,' said Maureen as she reached a hand towards John.

There was a brief moment as the scene was static and John soundlessly moved his lips. He swung at Maureen who blocked the blow with just a small movement of her arms. 'Mr Horner,' she said, 'sit down or I shall have to have you sedated.'

A fist swung, Maureen blocked the blow and pushed John to sprawl onto the bed. At that moment Dr Henson entered the room. In her hand was a syringe ready with the gleaming point pointing upwards. It was as though she had been waiting for the signal, the sound of a fight, before she entered.

In an efficient move Maureen kneeled over John and pinned him while the slim doctor emptied the contents of the syringe into his upper arm. For a moment there was a struggle. A twenty seconds of frantic move and countermove before John was at last still.

A glassy look filled his eyes, a relaxation took his body as the drug took effect and at last Maureen was able to climb off Gill's husband and leave him to lie on the bed in a tangle of limbs. 'That was one hundred ml's of ten per-cent Pentobarbital,' said Dr Henson to Maureen. 'It should be enough for now, he should still be conscious for the next hour or two.'

'He said that he was going to divorce me,' said Gill, still in shock from the events of the last minutes. 'The fucking prick said that he was going to divorce me... and he said that he has been fucking prostitutes. Street whores, the little fucker...'

'Don't worry, Mrs Horner, we will ensure that he stays in confinement as long as you wish. I would like you to come with me and you can sign the forms that we need to ensure that the treatment continues. You do want us to look after him, don't you?' 'I want John to stay here; I want the cunt to suffer... forever.'

'Don't worry Mrs Horner, that's something that we specialise in!'

Gill cast a last look over her shoulder at her husband. He lay splayed on the bed, his pink jumpsuit torn to his crotch. Even though he was sedated, there

was a wild look in his eyes that betrayed the fact that he hated Gill. If looks could have killed, Gill would have been splattered over the floor and the walls.

The door closed and Dr Henson put an arm around Gill.

'I know that this isn't easy for you,' she said, 'but once the hearing is over and done with and we have him in our private clinic, you and I will be the ones to decide on his on-going treatment. We can have him grovelling like a little puppy for you in weeks. There are so many delicious alternatives. For now I have some forms for you to sign and then you can discuss the details with Dr Stansforde in my office.'

Maureen stood over the prone John. Her hand reached down and stroked John's torso with the tips of his fingers in a delicate sinister move that was like affection, but twisted affection. 'John,' he said. 'Now we can enjoy a little quality time all to ourselves. Now you are in my care for the next day or two I will try to help you.'

John groaned and tried to roll over, but Maureen simply tore the jumpsuit from his body with a casual pull and slapped him lightly on the cheek. He looked up at her starched white coat, the strong hands and the tight lipped smile and felt a wave of despair envelop him in its arms.

As Maureen spoke, her hand grasped his flaccid cock and pushed to make the tip extend from the circle of thumb and forefinger. John moaned and tried to move, but his limbs felt like lead and the strong grip that the nurse had, pinned him to the bed.

'Look, you are getting *all* interested,' said Maureen as his erection started to grow and push from her hand. 'Would you like a nice little hand job?' John groaned and a trickle of saliva dribbled from his lips.

Maureen started to work on his prick. Short firm strokes that built up his erection while the other hand closed around his throat. Soon John's cock was standing firm and her hand was slipping up and down the shaft with sure strokes.

John groaned as her hand gripped his throat and choked him while the other brought his erection to full size with brutal efficiency. This was like a dream, a nightmare that had become true. His body felt as if tonnes of lead were holding him prone for the attention of this outsized nurse. His weight was more than he could lift, his body was not his own.

Her hand left his throat and moved to her own. John could only stare as she started to unbutton the long white coat to reveal that the evil nurse was naked under that crisp cotton. Naked but dressed! Her breasts were perched slackly on the cups of a stiff corset that flared over her hips to become a girdle that passed her crotch and held up her white stockings with a multitude of straps.

The coat flapped open and Maureen stood for a moment to regard her victim. Then she climbed onto the bed next to him and resumed her assault on his prick. Her lips formed a small 'O' as she worked to bring John close to climax before she kneeled over him. Her breasts came out of the cups like a tidal wave and hung before his face as she moved to make sure that those swollen dusky nipples hung just short of his lips.

'Do you want them?' asked Maureen as her nipples brushed his face. 'Do they excite, are they big enough?' She draped her breasts on his face cutting his breathing as the hard final wank began. John could feel the claws of her nails biting into him as she violently pushed him over the limit and forced him to orgasm. His face was smothered by the soft yielding flesh of those breasts. The hand on his prick blurred and then tightened its grip to force him to come.

His thighs trembled with the fear and pain as Maureen watched John spurt all he had. She could feel the heat of his breath on the skin of her breasts and felt a rising sense of pleasure, a sort of emotional ecstasy that left her short of breath. 'I would love to snip off those little balls, my dear,' she whispered in his ear. 'It would put an end to all that mess and all those mixed up thoughts!'

Just a short introduction for John of what he had to look forward to. A prologue to allow him to taste fear before the examination the next day. At last she allowed him from the shadow of her hanging breasts and her hand retreated from his sore prick. The scores and scratches from her fingernails had drawn red lines the length of that prick.

Maureen smiled down at John and reached a hand almost affectionately to his face. A single drop of semen dripped from her nail and she fastidiously allowed it to drop on to his open lips. 'You will learn a great deal from me, there are so many surprises for us to share as we commence your therapy,' she said. 'Just let me say one thing. You are here for a rehabilitation which will have no end; you are here because your wife wants it. Right now you are just a rag doll in a bed. If you make me angry you will suffer a reality that will make your worst nightmares look like a trip to the nursery.'

She looked down at his face and then pushed the drop of his own come into his mouth with her fingernail. 'Do you understand that you are here to be used by me?' A tear welled from John's eye and slid down his cheek, but he could not move...

Maureen looked at him for a moment and then slapped him sharply across the face. 'Do you understand that you are here to be used by me?' she shouted as she slapped him again.

With a massive effort he managed to nod. The small movement made the teardrop slip to the bedcovers. 'That's good! There are treatments in Ocean Cove that will make you beg to be a captive back here in my bed. Remember that when the good doctors play with you!'

She delivered another ringing slap on his face and got up from the bed. Her large hands eased her breasts gently back into the cups of her corset and buttoned up her coat.

'In just a few hours you will be up before the examining panel. Then the therapy can begin, a healing process that has no end!'

Top Of The Hill.

The glass wall deceived the eye of those who looked into the interview room. From their point of view it was a window that allowed light and sound to enter their little auditorium and monitor the interview in progress. From the other side it was a blank glossy wall that allowed those in the interview room no peep at their watchers.

The table set the scene. Blank and plain it was screwed to the floor and had seats for just four people. The fifth, Maureen, stood by the door as if she were a guardsman. On one of the chairs sat John Horner. A white papery jumpsuit fluttered about his frame as he spoke in an animated voice. The other three around the table were Maxine, Dr Valerie Henson and Doctor Mary Paige, a mature woman who sat back on her chair and observed John with a detached eye that seemed sympathetic. 'Mr Horner,' said Dr. Paige, 'Explain how it is that you signed the self-committal form if you did not wish to go through therapy willingly?'

'What I signed was mostly blank,' he said in a high, agitated voice, 'the rest was printed onto the form after I signed it!'

'Mr Horner, I am sure that you realise that this sounds more like paranoia than anything else,' she replied with a small smile. 'If you had said that you did not understand the form, or perhaps signed it when you were not in a fit state to understand it then perhaps I could believe that. But, what you are doing is; you are accusing Dr Stansforde of forgery, and that I cannot wish to believe.'

Behind the black wall of glass sat just Gill Horner. In one hand she held the key to the small room that she was in whilst the other slipped between her thighs and stroked her pussy through the thick smooth denim of her jeans. Her legs parted slightly to allow better access and her lips formed an 'o' that spoke reams of the change that she was undergoing as her husband spiralled deeper into a nightmare that she was starting to see as viewing entertainment.

As John sat silent, as he realised that it did not seem as if Dr Paige was an ally he looked up at Maureen and saw her lick her lips with a lascivious motion that spoke of all the assaults that had been carried out by that evil nurse.

'Mr Horner! You are here because you signed the self-certification, but now you deny that you did so. I have the form before my eyes and I can only say that you are clearly showing some signs of disturbance that may best be served by remaining here under observation,' said Dr Paige. 'I shall have to review all the case notes again and speak to your attendant doctors before reaching a final decision, but rest assured that in the next week I will make a decision that is based on all the testimony of doctors, family and the medical evidence.'

Gill Horner sighed as her hand strummed over her jeans with ever more pressure. The look on her husband's face was one of fear. He seemed to

shrink in his chair and bowed his head in resignation as nurse Maureen led him from the room. Gill came with a small cry as she watched the three members of the medical tribunal exchange a few comments and then leave the room after shaking hands.

This was so exquisite she thought as she left the small room and met the three doctors in the corridor. 'Your husband signed the release form in your presence?' asked Dr Paige of Gill.

'Yes he did,' she replied with a sigh. 'I tried to dissuade him, because it all seemed such a drastic solution to his problems, but he insisted to Dr Maxine Stansforde and said that it would be for the best.'

'I am so sorry that your husband needs this type of treatment,' said Dr Paige, laying a hand on her shoulder in consolation, 'but as you say, it is for the best and I can think of no better experts than Dr Maxine Stansforde and Dr Valerie Henson to effect a rapid recovery.'

'It is such a relief to hear that, doctor,' said Gill. 'I just hope that he can stay a while here or in the Ocean Cove clinic to recover and then I can take up the burden of his treatment and bring him back to be the man that I want.'

'The next, and final hearing is in a week's time. I will have reviewed all of the evidence and make my decision.'

'Thank you doctor.'

Nurse Maureen looked at the man that she had just enjoyed. He lay, exhausted at her ministrations, spread eagled on the bed with his hand and ankles held wide by wide leather straps. His face was wet with her juices and his torso bore the scratches of her nails.

It had been so delicious, that little taking of her patient, one of the little pleasures that made the job so worthwhile. She slapped his face and bent over him as she spoke: 'A week of this, a week of the drugs and maybe a little shock therapy and you will be ready for the next hearing. Tonight there will be something special for you, something that almost makes me climax just when I think about it. Tonight is the start of something special!'

Part II

It Grows.

John awoke in a daze of dizzy emotion. He felt like crying and laughing, he could not focus on the face that was looking down on him. Tears filled his eyes and the light swam in ripples of liquid motion that made him blink. 'He's ready for you,' said a voice that seemed distorted by some strange hum.

He opened his eyes again and saw Nurse Maureen standing over him. Her face was filled by a smile that was not of good humour. Rather it was triumphal or wicked. For a moment the image swam and he felt a hand on the flesh of his belly. It felt like a spider, a monstrous insect that crawled on spikes towards his sex with hungry intent.

John tried to move his head and look at that hand but he was fixed to the bed by a collar and all he could see were his naked toes on the edge of his vision. The whole picture swung in his head as the spider approached his cock. He wailed in a thin voice and heard the distorted sound of laughter invading his head. The light in the room seemed to pulse with a steady rhythm and then that face was looking down on him.

The lips moved, sounds tumbled out and bounced to his ears. What was it that she was saying? What did that rattle of sound mean? He looked her in the eye and tried to forget about the spider that was now slowly crawling over his groin. He looked into the nurse's heavy features and tried to divine the meaning of those vibrations that fell from her lips.

It had to be important! Then came a jab. A peck at the soft flesh of his buttock. He felt something slide into his flesh and push ever further into him. It did not hurt, it frightened and disorientated as it finally came to rest. He tried to cry out, but all that came was a thin sound like a door creaking as the fluid was injected into him with a ruthless efficiency.

Finally withdrawal. The needle was pulled slowly from him leaving an empty feeling and a relief that filled him with gladness. He was almost weeping in happiness that the needle was gone even though he still felt the knot of liquid solidity that had been pumped into his body.

The spider stopped moving...

The face lowered and kissed him on the lips. A juicy kiss, a lascivious pressure of soft lips that opened his mouth and then invaded him with a tongue. Feeling was coming back to him. Resolution and awareness were returning as the kiss sucked all will from his body. It was so wrong, that contact, so sexual and deep. It took his mouth, but he responded.

Now he could feel every part of the constriction that held him to the bed.

The straps on his wrists and the collar that held his head. He could feel the straps at the bend of his knee and those on his ankles that fixed them to the high stirrups. He tried to move, but it was as if he was sucked onto the examination chair by an irresistible gravity well. It held him tight and exposed as the kiss ended and a hand closed on his rising prick.

Once again he tried to look down but nurse Maureen's face blocked his line of sight. 'Do you love me?' she asked in a sweet voice that sounded as if it was spoken in a bare room of tiles and glass. 'Do you want me?'

John tried to answer. His lips moved, but no sound came from them. The shadow of the nurse moved from him. He looked down to see that Maureen was standing between his thighs. Her white coat dazzled him, her smile did not reassure him, her hands went to the top button and slowly flipped it free with a small movement of the fingertips.

Now he could see the bare skin of her neck and chest as the fingers moved down to open the next button. It was a hypnotic moment of silence as she opened herself to his gaze. Her breasts hung deep, the downward pointing nipples swelled at her light touch. He saw the minutiae of the veins under the alabaster skin and the self-satisfied lust in her expression as she enjoyed his helplessness.

A swelling engulfed his prick. Despite his fear he could feel arousal as the injection took hold and made him stand proud. Maureen's fingertips played with herself in full view. Casual and lascivious they cupped those hanging breasts while the nails scratched lightly at the skin making the dark aureoles crease and stiffen.

Her hands vanished from sight, they headed down as she leaned forward slightly and blew a small kiss to her victim. He felt them flutter over his straining prick. From root to peeled tip they played with him as though estimating his size. Familiarising themselves with their new toy. Finally they settled and pulled him down.

John gurgled a small noise as he felt his thighs involuntarily bunch to thrust, but they pushed against the leather straps that held them in position. The hands massaged him, extorting a moan from his lips as they worked. 'There's a good boy,' she muttered, 'you like that don't you?' He could not answer, it was like a dream in which the inevitable happens while the victim suffers as a detached onlooker to his own horror.

As she slowly transported him to an exhilaration that he tried so hard to resist he felt something cool touch his ass. A finger, cool and slippery, pushed between his cheeks, spreading liquid slipperiness as it went. Finally it touched the entrance to his sweating body and pushed just a little into him. For the first time something was entering from outside. A probing finger that worked in time to the rhythm of the hand that had his cock under its control.

A preparatory violation... The face of Dr Valerie Henson filled his vision. The red lips moved to cover his with a light touch and then retreated with a sly smile. 'I think that he is a virgin,' she said. 'Don't be gentle with him, Maureen. I think that he likes a bit of rough sex!'

Dr Henson moved from his view and he heard a door open and close. Now he was alone with the woman who was preparing to make him climax as she defiled him. Now there was a new pressure on his rear. A pressing quite unlike the wriggling finger that had explored earlier. This was a blunt pressure that pressed with a steady coercion that mounted the force on a sphincter that resisted with all of his will.

He could see her, a giantess between his thighs who was gradually leaning towards him to push the rubber prick into his body. All the while she stroked his prick in a mocking contrast of lovemaking.

He gave. He could not resist. His will was sapped by confusion as he felt himself mount towards climax. The sight of her breasts, her sneering smile and the physical impossibility to hold her out of his ass. He cried out as she took his innocence. It was not pain, it was penetration, she smoothly slid inside him and quickened her hands to bring him to the point of climax before subsiding and easing back.

Almost she left him. Almost.

And then she leaned inwards to bow over him as the invader pushed deep, deep inside. Maureen's breasts hung free. Two huge soft pillows that swayed in front of his gaze. 'Come on darling,' whispered the nurse as her white coat hung to each side of the lovers.

Her face closed to hover over his as though she wanted to observe every flicker of emotion that passed his features.

'Come on, you know that you love it,' she whispered, 'Lover, come on!'

He felt a rising tide of physical reaction. Her hips eased back and forth as her breasts swung in the light filled tent of the starched cotton coat. The breasts swayed, the nipples brushed his chest, the hands massaged his Viagra induced erection, her insistent voice like a lover who is gently teaching a neophyte the first pleasure of sex.

Something touched him inside. The motion rubbed against some nubbin of sensitivity and he climaxed with a rush like a dam bursting. 'That's so good my little boy, you see you love it really.'

He breathed out as he felt the release. Her hips withdrew, pulling the invader from him with a slow motion so that finally he closed and she had pulled free. Her hand still massaged him, but now it was in consolation, a slow retreat from the heights that she had taken him to.

He closed his eyes as she smiled down on him benevolently like a proud mother or loving partner. John could not bear the distorted tenderness, the twisted love that lit her eyes. 'Please save me!' he mumbled.

'I am not here to save you. I am here to break you, I am here to castrate you, I am here to make you suffer but most of all I am here to savour your anguish.' He was filled with confusion, he could still feel the cold wetness of his own climax on his skin, the strongest that he had physically ever experienced. He could still feel the penetration that had been inflicted on him. The memory of the violation lingered in nerve and muscle.

Her hands slowly buttoned up her coat and detached the rubber prick from her groin. 'You cannot be saved, little boy; you are now in the hands of those who have been appointed by your wife to terminate your independence. When you truly surrender you will be mine to destroy!'

He heard the click of her heels and then the sudden pain of a slap to his face that made him open his eyes with a start. 'Open your eyes, you cannot hide inside your head here. There is no escape from me.' He sobbed and her finger dipped into the tears, as if to see if they were real.

It is going to be such a pleasure to break you down so slowly. He saw a syringe in her hand and cried out, twitching on the table as if he could evade her hand.

It slid into his arm and he faded to black. His last sight being the smile that, like the Cheshire Cat, faded until just those white teeth remained and his conscious thoughts were suspended.

In a maze of dreams.
Nightmares.
Reality.

Contrary Mary.

'Can you explain why this patient has been brought here in a state of sub-anaesthesia? This is contrary to all procedural rules as well as making it very much more difficult for me to judge the case on the merits of the patient's own testimony.'

Maxine leaned forward and turned slightly to answer the direct criticism. 'Doctor, this patient was visited by his wife just three hours ago. After a few moments of calm he attacked her. He showed such signs of agitation and mental dislocation that the protective nurse present was forced to administer Thiopental, two hundred milligrams, to calm him. That was just two hours ago and he is only just coming round again. If you wish to delay this hearing then that is not a problem, we can delay until tomorrow and make sure that the patient is clear of all medication.'

'Doctor Stansforde, what were the circumstances of his wife's visit?'

'His wife is acting as his legal guardian as well as his attorney at the present. One moment...'

Maxine flicked through the papers in the folder before her and pulled a typewritten page to pass to Doctor Paige.

'This is the transcript of the conversation before the patient became disturbed. We always record outside interviews and Mrs Henson has cleared attorney client privilege to allow us to do so in this case.'

Doctor Mary Paige flicked through the paper and read the transcript of the conversation that had never occurred. She pursed her lips and looked up at John Horner before reading the rest.

'I would like to question the patient thoroughly, but under these conditions it is scarcely possible. Unfortunately I have to attend a conference tomorrow on the west coast and so I will not be able to do so until three weeks' time.'

Doctor Valerie Henson, the other member of the tribunal, who had remained silent until this moment, sighed. 'We have to decide today, or decide to hold him another week for observation,' said Valerie. 'We cannot hold him longer, apart from the legal aspect and the fact that his wife will seek to have him released, there is the fact that the insurance will not pay for a week at a time. They will certainly want a resolution of the case as soon as possible.'

'We must not allow ourselves to be swayed by procedural problems, nor by the witterings of the insurance companies. What is at stake today is the wellbeing of a man who may well be sick, but may also be entitled to be released,' said Doctor Paige.

'That's so true,' said Maxine with a smile, 'in that case why do you have to fly to the west coast and put your personal arrangements ahead of either the law or good medical practice?'

'Are you implying..? What are you trying to say?' stuttered Doctor Paige.

'That you wish us to bear the work and cost of your delay. The cost being a risk of finding ourselves in conflict with the medical authorities of California as well as the law itself!!' said Doctor Henson.

'That is outrageous! An absolutely outrageous accusation. I have never worked, *but* for the benefit of all of my patients,' cried Doctor Mary Paige.

'Then help us rule on Mr Horner,' said Maxine. 'There are, according to my understanding of the case, three possibilities. Either we let him return to society. A *difficult* choice after his attack on his wife this afternoon.'

Maxine emphasised 'difficult' as if to show that a mistake in this direction could lead to professional or legal repercussions. 'The next possibility is that we indeed allow him to wait here another few weeks, which may cause some problems with ensuring that the cost of his care is taken up by the insurer. The third is that we move him to the Ocean Cove sanatorium where you can review his case in a month's time in a convenient manner and the insurers have already agreed to the costs.'

'What does his wife say?'

'She prefers the last option because she feels that a month may see him in better condition to be released,' said Doctor Henson.

Doctor Mary Paige pretended to flick through the papers in front of her and then reread the transcript. 'In the circumstances of this case I find that I am forced to agree with you. I, however, feel most aggrieved that both of my fellow members of this tribunal feel that I may in fact be putting my personal appointments ahead of my doctor patient obligations. I shall sign that Mr Horner is to be *not* to be moved to Ocean Cove sanatorium, he will undergo therapy and then be reassessed in four weeks' time.'

'We were not trying to impute...' started Maxine.

'You were, and I find it most disturbing and in fact unprofessional! I shall be forwarding a report of this meeting and the circumstances to the higher board. I find it a professional conduct most unbecoming of a highly rated member of the appeals boards to suggest, in fact to use your word impute, that I am in some way negligent in my duties!'

Doctor Mary Paige signed the form with a small flourish and left the room without another word, leaving Maxine and Valerie to contemplate the disaster that had been avoided by a narrow margin, but also the disaster that was to come should Doctor Paige place a complaint.

It could lead to an investigation! To the uncovering of the activities that were making Maxine and Valerie rich at the expense of the men and women who found themselves confined to places where they were then declared clinically insane.

Some simply at the mercy of a regime of drugs and therapy, while sane, others who headed for the sanatorium at Ocean Cove at the mercy of sadistic partners and jealous lovers. Children who simply could not wait for the money from their obstinate parents, trophy wives who had found lovers, husbands who simply wanted revenge or to torment a formerly loved partner. All who could pay found a solution for their problems, whatever they were. All who paid more gained the satisfaction of steering their victim personally to the fate that was most satisfying.

Maxine and Valerie looked at each other as the door slammed and so Dr Paige left the room with a final statement of anger at having been insulted. 'That would be so very inconvenient,' said Maxine in a major understatement. 'That bitch could cause no end of trouble and the worst will be that once an investigation has been done, no matter how trivial, no matter what the outcome, we will be under a magnifying glass that will never withdraw.'

Valerie merely nodded at her friend in agreement. It was Maxine who ran the show; she was the one who found the clients with 'special' needs, she was the one that started each process. Valerie simply used her power on the review board and ran the admissions and evaluations policy at the clinic. Her dear friend and lover, the senior nurse, made sure that the patients admitted were reduced to shuddering wrecks in preparation for Ocean Cove.

'So, what the fuck are we going to do about Miss Doctor Mary Paige? The woman who returns in a few weeks and may, by then, have initiated some sort of investigation, or at least a report?'

'Convenient if she became one of the inmates here!' laughed Valerie.

'I so agree, darling, but that would be just reaching a little *too* high. I shall speak to a friend in New York and see what advice she has to give. She owes me a favour anyway and she may well be able to stop Miss Prissy Pants in her tracks.'

'So we wait three weeks?'

'In any case! By then we may well have resolved the problem and Kay D'Everard will be back to supply the third voice for the assessment. In that case we will probably not even go through the motions of holding the meeting, we will just pack him off to Ocean Cove and the matter is closed.'

'I so enjoy the assessments when we send them on...' said Valerie with a smile. 'It's the bit where they beg and we make them grovel that I love. I love the tears in their eyes, I love that moment when the one who has decided to dispose of them enters the room to sign the documents and all hope is finally lost. It's such a fucking turn on that I am melting just from thinking of it...!'

'OK, Val, have it your way. If you love it so much John Horner will perform for you and then Maureen can show her talents for making a man cry like a small child.'

Valerie's breath quickened and she blew a kiss at Maxine. 'Thanks, I won't forget it, Maxine. Even though you can be such a hard bitch, I love you through and through.'

'You'll owe me a favour...'

'That's the Maxine that I know and love. The double entry accountant's book of favours. Gladly!'

'Then that's that,' said Maxine. 'I have a call to make!'

Little Silver Bells.

John awoke to darkness! Not the friendly near darkness of a bedroom, nor the filled darkness that darkens a cinema as the film begins. Those are blacks that still have texture. A feeling of home or perhaps the social gathering in expectant anticipation.

This was the close darkness of fear. The cloying feeling of a mask. The utter black of phobia. The black of despair. He could hear his breath. Just. It whispered past his skin and his eyelashes. It hissed in his ears, it cooled the sweat that gathered on his brow. It was syrupy with moisture as it tried to escape the mask that had been pulled over his face. He tried to move but found that he was constricted as if lying with spread legs, face up on some sort of hard surface.

He moved his head from side to side and became aware that the mask covered his whole head. A tight collar sealed his neck; it held the thick rubber of the mask in place. He knew that he was in the hands of people who had been put up to this by Gill, his wife. Or was Gill being moulded by them? Perhaps she was also the victim?

He felt tears well in his eyes as the wetness spread under the tight mask. Was Gill the sufferer and not him and she did not even know it? The movement of his thoughts almost made him sick. Physically ready to vomit. The fearful thought came to him. What if he did, indeed, throw up inside this mask?

Would he choke to death? Was there someone watching him, making sure that even though they had evil intentions, he did not die? If that was the case they knew that he was awake now. There was no outside reaction and John managed to hold his dizzy spell under control. His thought wandered to that nurse who had fucked him.

Fucked and wanked him... For a few moments he experienced the beginnings of an erection, but he suppressed it with the thoughts of the way that he had been violated. An injection of Viagra followed by a merciless hand job that forced him to come as his ass was plundered by a dildo.

He came into a cold sweat. If they had done all of that to him then they had no fear of him ever telling the tale. All of them, Gill included, must feel safe that he could not escape. Yet, somehow, from what he remembered of the interview panel that he had completed, there had been a tension between the three women. Some sort of disagreement that split them. He could not remember the words, just the sentiment, the compassion, the ambience.

He tried to breathe deeply, to savour air that did not have his sweat and tears as a component and he waited, because he had no choice. Patience was forced from him as fear tried to slide with the darkness, into his brain and overwhelm him with hopelessness.

Time passed. Who knew how long? But it passed without his consent. It dripped by, like the drops of sweat that were forced by capillary action between the tight rubber and his skin.

There it was. A clicking sound, like footsteps or the nailing of a tack into stone. Metal on stone, a slight skittering to the hypersensitive victim. The noise paused and the door opened. A click and the sigh of the hinges and the base of the door dragging on the hard floor.

Then came that clicking. This time from inside the room. It circled him as heels contacted tiles with a small explosion of contact at each step. He wanted to speak. John wanted to say something that would trigger a human response. He needed to, but dared not. Another pair of heels could be heard in the distance. John counted those steps and then held his breath as they entered the room.

Nurse Maureen spoke to the other woman. 'He is ready and awake.'

'Mmm,' said the other woman's voice noncommittally.

'Would you like to join what happens next? Are you sure that you are already prepared for this?'

'I am fascinated to learn and I really want to enjoy every cent that I spend,' said the voice of the other woman.

John gasped in surprise, because that voice was Gill's. His wife was in the room. His wife and that wicked nurse were about to do something to him! He almost choked in fear as Nurse Maureen spoke again. 'John is now going to undergo a little therapy; lessons have to be learned, no matter how painful they will be. It is for his own good!'

He felt a hand brush the naked flesh of his torso. It drifted from chest to belly and then brushed his cock with a casual touch before running the length of his thighs. He felt the fingertips touch and press against his skin and finally retreat.

'Shall we begin, John? Are you ready to learn why you are here?'

John felt a thought enter his head. Perhaps if he begged they would let him go? Perhaps he could appeal to Gill to stop this nightmare and release him from the nurse who had raped him?

'Please,' he mumbled. 'Please, I promise...'

'What do you promise?' asked the nurse.

'I promise...' Words failed him. John just did not know what it was that they wanted from him. Obedience? Subservience? Compliance?

With what?

'Do you promise to serve?'

'I promise!'

There was a slight laugh that came from deep in the throat of his tormentress. A dismissive chuckle as she administered the first shock. A slight jolt of electricity that made his muscles clench and his breath push from his lungs as his body involuntarily tightened in the bonds that held him restrained. He cried out. It was more the sudden shock than pain, the realisation that he was truly helpless in the grip of a woman who was only amused by his predicament. 'John, it is really not good enough to promise what you do not want to give freely,' said Maureen. 'You have to *want* to serve...'

'I do,' he said. 'I want to.' The next shock was a stronger jolt that seized him and made him cry out with discomfort. In the absolute black of his enclosed world he could hear his laboured breath, a rasping sound that filled his ears.

'I want to see that you are excited and in anticipation of obliging your lovely wife. I want some sign, some indication that you long to serve and love her,' said the nurse as she turned up the dial of the small box that sat on a table by the side of the patient. 'Words are never enough.'

John begged for compassion, but there was none. There was a slight click that preceded the next shock. It was a signal for the patient that the shockwave was about to arrive. The fateful signal that the nurse in charge of his body was still dissatisfied with his responses. This time the shock was far worse. Like being flailed with a whip inside his skin. His muscles clenched and he cried out. He did not know what nurse Maureen wanted. He could not understand the sense of her orders. What could he do but cry out and beg and plead?

'He will have to learn his responses for himself. It is no good being explicit about what he has to do to please his owners. He has to find out by trial and error, the patient has to develop his own escape from the treatment or it is all wasted. He has to willingly move in the direction that the therapy pushes him.'

Nurse Maureen's words filled John's ears but they made no impact. His focus was on fear and anticipation as he tried to figure out what the woman with all this power over him wanted. To escape it, all he had to do was something that she wanted him to do.

'Please, nurse,' he cried, 'please fuck me!'

'Did you?' said the voice of his wife.

'Just once, he will come to long for it!' said Maureen.

'Do you want him to...?' Nurse Maureen laughed and clicked the button in her hand to make the man pinned like a butterfly on the hard steel surface twitch and cry out.

'Not a word, Mrs Henson, he has to find his own way through the maze of the conditioning.'

She bent over him and whispered in his ear. 'First you will figure what I want, then you will do it. Finally I will allow you to serve as you have begged. Every session of treatment will be harder and harder until you please me and bring yourself into the place where you should be. The only way forward is for you to learn the response that I want.' Maureen's hand caressed the smooth mask for a moment, it was almost a signal of affection. Almost.

John heard the small tinkle of a silver bell. A slight sweet sound that contrasted with the terrible situation that he found himself in.

'That sound is the signal that a session is complete,' said the nurse. 'We will leave you to reflect on what you have learned. It is more important than you imagine.'

He heard the click of the heels on the tiles again as he was left in the darkness, alone with only his anxiety for company.

Mary, Mary.

Mary Paige, Doctor Mary Paige Psy.D was due to give her speech at the American Society for the Promotion of Mental Health at three O'clock in the afternoon. When she failed to turn up for the pre-seminar buffet there were some eyebrows raised. When she failed to take the podium to give her talk on the determination of consensual acquiescence to mental health therapy, there was concern.

It was soon determined that she had in fact left the hotel over an hour before the seminar was due to begin. She had stepped into the limousine that the Society had sent and then disappeared. When Dr Giles Van Smythe told the police that the American Society for the Promotion of Mental Health never sent limousines to pick up their speakers, that it was just too expensive, a full police search was initiated.

A full police search, all-points bulletin that covered the city of New York as well as the State and the FBI offices, a hunt that brought no trace of the doctor. She had simply stepped from the sidewalk of a New York street into the darkness of a limo and then disappeared from the world of normal society.

Maxine Stansforde Psy.D, Dr Valerie Henson and Doctor Garry D'Everard sat in Dr Henson's office and sipped champagne. A few hors d'oeuvres were all that remained of a selection of snacks that had accompanied the chilled wine. 'So, what exactly do you intend with Mr Horner? Ocean Cove?' said Garry D'Everard. 'When is the hearing exactly?'

'The end of next week,' replied Valerie as she sipped the champagne. 'We will be meeting with the patient and assessing the evidence of his mental state. Then he will be sent to Ocean Cove for conditioning and preparation.'

'Are you sure that Mary Paige will be unable to attend the hearing?' said Garry with a slight tremor in his voice. 'She is sure to create trouble when she realises that she has been passed over.'

'Haven't you heard the news?' asked Maxine with a smile.

'What news?'

'Apparently she has disappeared in New York, just before she was about to speak to the American Society for the Promotion of Mental Health about proposing changes to the methods of ascertaining consent and consent before patients are treated.'

'When was this?' asked Garry.

'Two days ago. Apparently she stepped out of her hotel and disappeared.' Garry looked at the two women who sat sipping their dry Champagne and a

small chill ran down his back. Had they something to do with all of this? They certainly looked like the two cats that had got the cream.

Better not to ask... 'Can we be sure that Dr Paige will not come back?' he asked.

'Oh,' said Maxine, 'she may well come back.'

'Here?'

'No! I was thinking that she may well find an opening in Ocean Cove. On the other hand there are other institutions available!'

'She would never consent to working there and that would multiply all of the problems,' replied Garry.

'Not as a doctor, silly. As a patient!' Garry looked at them and shuddered. *Better just to accept the cash and do as I am told, he thought. Better the easy way of obedience, after all, all I have to do is sign and then spend the money.*

Part III

Snips And Snails.

'That's better,' said Nurse Maureen in a warm tone. Her hand stroked his erection making it jerk with her touch and the congratulations that she lavished on him. Punishment and praise, shock and reward had obtained the reaction that she wanted after just a few sessions of conditioning. 'I think that a small reward is in order.'

Her hand stroked him until his thighs strained and trembled at her touch.

'Please...!' As she massaged him to full size with one hand, the other held the control that was the gateway to his mind. For a few minutes her fingers fluttered over the tip of his cock and then gripped him with a firm grasp. 'Please, nurse.'

She pressed her hand into his groin, pulling his cock to rear over his stomach, making him groan with ecstasy. Gill sat quietly and watched her husband become putty in the skilled hands of his female trainer. Every day hours of shocks and touch had produced the reaction that she was now enjoying as a spectator.

Nurse Maureen never gave orders; she never told her hooded victim what he was expected to do. She just hinted with a touch here and there, all the while bending his mind along the path that she had chosen. It was like watching a horse being broken to the bit and crop. His pleas were ignored, his offers of surrender were left hanging as the treatment progressed and at last John had grown stiff with the pain. 'Please what?' she asked as his whole body shuddered with the grasp that encircled his rearing prick. 'What is your reward going to be?'

'Please fuck me!' he gasped.

'Perhaps I might allow you to fuck me!' she answered with a wink at Gill. 'Would you like to enter me? Would you like to push into my cunt and make me climax with your little prick?'

'Can I?'

'We shall see!' Her hand stroked him slowly and then she administered the shock. He lurched and strained against the straps that held him fixed. John groaned with the jolt and then tried to thrust into her hand.

Now she rolled the hooded mask over his face. A thick coating that took his individuality and made him nothing more than a victim who had only himself to blame for his situation. It covered his lips and eyes, it took his sight and hearing and it took away John and left a marionette that deserved no sympathy.

Maureen signalled to Gill and John heard the footsteps on the tiles. He heard the scrape of those heels on the tiles and then on the hard cold metal of his bed. He heard the click of heels as Gill squatted over him and allowed Maureen to direct the tip of his prick at her sex. He heard the slight moan as Gill slid her knickers to one side and touched her damp slit with her fingertips as she did so. A prick poised before the cunt of his wife, the thighs relaxed a little and a firm hand directed the tip of his prick to slide into his wife's flesh as she dropped slowly to swallow him into her.

'Slowly,' directed Maureen as she watched the stiff rod of his cock disappear into that wet hole. As Gill gasped with the gratification and pleasure of John's prick Maureen smiled and showed her the small remote control in her hand. Gill's heart missed a beat as she realised that the nurse intended to administer punishment to John that would be transmitted to her by the internal electrode of his prick.

'No,' she said, 'don't!'

But, Maureen just smiled and pressed the small red button and held it down for a moment. The shock zipped through husband and wife. It made him jerk and try to push hard into her. To Gill it was a tickle, a small frisson of electricity that made her shudder and almost lose her balance. She was on the edge of the jolt, the periphery of the shockwave and experienced just a small touch of its pain. 'Oh!' shouted Gill as she sat full on the prick with all of her weight.

'Come on now, Gill,' laughed Maureen. 'Fuck him properly!'

The hand slid from the base of his prick as Gill lifted to pull herself up the pole. It lingered and stroked his chest and then slapped the masked face of John with a thunderclap of flesh on latex. Gill gasped and closed her eyes. This was the best that she had ever experienced! Mandated sex! Nurse Maureen had her as much in her grasp as she had John. She was the director of a stage play that she was writing as the performers acted it out. She slapped him again and then pressed the button as her hand came to rest on Gill's thigh.

Now she was pushing down. A light pressure that was like an order to perform. Gill was lost in a maze of random thoughts and pleasures as she once again slipped onto that cock that had intruded into her cunt. She opened her eyes just in time to see the thumb that held the remote press again.

The current took her and made her shudder as she felt the edge of the jolt that John was getting. She saw the sly smile, the large breasts in the uniform. The smooth featureless face of her husband, trapped in his mask. She saw the slap delivered to that face by Maureen. She looked down and saw her heels between her wide open thighs. She saw how her muscles clenched with the spasms of climax. She saw the straps that bound him to the bed, this passive fuck-doll-husband of hers and she saw the liquid sheen of her lubrication that glossed his skin. She saw her breasts and her hands braced on her knees.

Another electric tickle from Maureen and she looked into the nurse's eyes. What she saw there excited and frightened her as she realised that the conditioning that was being given to her husband was indeed a two-way street. The more that she came to enjoy and long for his service the more that she, herself, would become addicted to administering the pain.

As if to confirm Gill's inner thoughts, Maureen passed the remote control to the woman who was riding her husband with electric spurs and his cock for a saddle. As she rode that prick to completion she could not resist and she used the remote control that lay in her hand. The jolt made her gasp. Halfway between pain and pleasure it made John gasp and then climax, a spurt deep inside Gill as she too orgasmed with a scream.

Gill lay forward, across the prone form of her husband. Spent and panting she passed her hand over his smoothed face and enjoyed the way that he opened his mouth, but no hole appeared, just a slight dip in the rubber. She tapped that drum with her finger tips and looked at the nurse who was offering a hand to dismount.

'Get off your little fuck machine,' smiled the wicked nurse. 'I have to complete his training for today and you might just be in the wrong place...' Gill passed Maureen the remote control and then slowly slid from the form on the metal table top. Her husband's prick flopped out of her dripping cunt as her trembling thighs straightened and she slipped to her feet.

For a moment she tottered on the high heels that Maureen had told her would be ideal for her. She smoothed down her skirt and pulled her panties to mask her dripping slit. Gill looked at Maureen and watched her preparing a syringe. A light tap on the side of the glass and a small spritz of liquid fountained from the top of the needle.

'What happens next?' asked the wife of the nurse.

'In a few days' time it is the hearing and then he will be transferred. When he is ready you will be able to visit or not as you like. After all, he will be in your charge. Whatever you want really! As for this,' she held up the needle and smiled, 'poor little John will be endlessly conditioned until he finally thinks the way that we want him to think. The aim is to wipe him totally clean. A slate for you to redraw a new husband on. A polished stone waiting to be carved with your name. Or perhaps you will find a new lover and forget about this piece of worthless shit. Either way I will make sure that he slips into obedience and dread.'

Gill felt a welling of pity as she watched Maureen ply the needle with competence and surety. He struggled and cried out, John tried to escape the straps and the needles, but in his world of utter shadow he was at the mercy of forces that he could not control. 'How long will it take?'

'Oh, this final bit of the day is just a short half hour of utter agony,' said Maureen as she waited for the drug to take effect.

'I meant the length of time that it will take to complete the training!'

'Just a few months and then you have to decide what sort of man you want in your life. Faithful husband, slave, slut, pain pet or forgotten victim.'

'And that?'

'Just a while, a few weeks longer!' Maureen passed around the slab that held the inert John. She carefully checked the straps that fixed him to the slab and then the places where the electrodes were fixed to his sweating skin.

She looked at Gill and put a hand on her victim as though to emphasise that he was her property until she was done. A husband passed to the expert for repair. 'Excuse me, I have to work while the drug is effective,' said Maureen as she played with the remote control.

'I'll leave then,' said Gill.

As she closed the door she heard a whimper that forced its way from John's throat. And then a scream.

John sat on the chair and looked at the two women and the greedy man who were there to judge him. The cloud in his mind had receded as he gradually recovered from the morning's therapy. He was naked from the waist down, but for the chain that hung between the two cuffs on his ankles.

From the waist up he was in a tight suit that bound his arms inside the stiff yellowish rubber that had been zipped and tied over him. A collar that started at his chest and soared up to enclose chin and the back of his head like a corset for his neck constrained him to look at the three doctors who relaxed on the chairs placed before him.

Maxine, large breasted and full hipped, was dressed in leather. From the collar that circled her neck to the tube-like skirt that went almost to her ankles and allowed her just tiny steps in her stilettos. Every button, every corset thong and every detail was leather, that thick black rawhide that smoothers the figure in wide panels. Only a touch of gold at her ears and the utter black of her stockings were not leather.

Maxine cast a glance at the man who was awaiting her judgement and smiled. Her lips pursed and blew a small kiss as though she was on his side. She turned back to speak to Garry D'Everard. As she spoke one of her hands came to rest on his knee. 'We have three other cases, besides this one, that we can do the paperwork for today,' she said in a serious voice as she passed some papers to her fellow doctor.

'Three more?' said Garry D'Everard in almost-alarm.

'Yes, and all delicious. There is the disposal of Miss Robyn Gentry for her parents...'

'Her parents?' asked Valerie Henson. Valerie was dressed in a severe business suit. Large glasses and her hair in a bun made her look like a school teacher. Or at least the sexual parody of one, because the skirt did not even cover her bald pussy and the jacket hung loose to allow her breasts to peep out from under the collar and tie that lacked a shirt or blouse. By her side was propped a cane, a wicked bamboo rod embedded with metal spikes and studs.

This was the moment that she cherished. The mockery of an interview that always finished with her climax. 'Yes, her parents,' said Maxine. 'Robyn has been caught in company with a man who her parents had not given her permission to speak to. They have decided that she is going to marry next year and has to be ready for the husband that they have chosen for their daughter. She is being groomed for her husband, a suitable submissive bride for his bed, and one that will not interfere with all the affairs that he has. A perfect wife for an imperfect husband.'

'What else?' asked Garry.

'There are two more men to go with young John here,' answered Maxine. 'One is a simple case of disposal. His brother wants him out of the way when he inherits the family firm. A case of 'mental instability' and then some compromising situations should see him ejected from the board, family life and onto the street. It pays the most but it is the simplest case for us to date. That leads me to the embarrassing lover who has to be cleared out of the way for the husband. This one is really a story of revenge. At least that is apparent when I saw that the form for his admittance specified some surgery that is to say the least... radical.'

Maxine turned to John. Her hand still squeezed Garry's knee as she started to speak. 'John Horner, after long consideration of your case, we have decided with reluctance to hold you under section Section 5150 of the Welfare code of California. You have now the chance to comment and appeal against this decision. What have you to say?'

Valerie allowed her hand to slip between her legs. One finger slipped into that tight crack and began to stroke her clitoris with steady strokes. The other hand gripped the handle of her cane. Her knuckles were white with the tightness of her grip and her breath came in small pants. It was Valerie that had insisted on the hearing because she loved the power, the feeling of authority and most of all she loved to watch their victims realise that everything was just a sham. There was a moment when they saw that they were just in a game in which the rules were just the wishes of the two female psychologists.

John looked Maxine in the eye. His head was a little dizzy from the drug that he had been given when he first awoke that morning, but he was determined to argue his case.

'I object to this hearing because I have no legal representation!'

'That would be a fair comment, but only if it were strictly true,' said Maxine. 'Your wife is here to represent you if you would like to call her to say a few words on your behalf.'

The door opened and Gill walked into the room and took a position behind her husband. The tension, sexual and otherwise, filled the room with an atmosphere that was oppressive to the seated victim. It flowed like strength into her psyche, oiling her thighs and making her glad that she had decided on this course. Somehow she was being drawn in, of her own free will, into a maelstrom of a sexual storm. One that would see her emerge as a woman who had regained full control of her life.

Gill placed a hand on his head and he struggled to look up at her but all he could see with his peripheral vision was the black skirt that she wore and the red stilettos and stockings with their white seam.

Maxine smiled as she heard a groan from Valerie as she enjoyed the helplessness of their victim. 'Would you like to make any representation on behalf of your client?' said Garry to Gill.

'I have consulted with my client thoroughly,' lied Gill with a smile as she threw herself into the game with a small laugh. 'He admits that he would benefit from lengthy treatment and, in my view as wife and legal representation, he would profit from being constrained until that therapy is completed. He is prepared to risk that the treatment may never have an end.'

'No, that's a lie,' spluttered John with a shout. 'This hearing is a farrago and a sham. There is nothing wrong with me other than that I refused to submit to my wife's unreasonable demands. All this has happened because I wanted a divorce from this evil slut that wants to control me!'

'That's rather a harsh view of the situation that inclines me to think that you are crying out for help,' commented Garry with a serious face. 'How this attractive woman's demands for her conjugal rights could be termed as 'unreasonable' I do not know. I am ready to place you in her hands, make her your legal guardian and the arbiter of your treatment.'

John looked down, the only movement of the head that was allowed by the stiff collar. Now it was clear what was happening and he could do nothing to stop the process. 'The decision of this tribunal is that you are likely to harm yourself and pursuant under the statute 5015-5017 of the State of California that you are to be held indefinitely until such time as your wife and the panel of experts gathered here decide that you can be released.'

Valerie climaxed with a small moan and held up her hand, sticky with her perfumed lubrication, as she panted with small gasps. Those fingers touched her lips as if she was savouring her own climax again. 'The forms will be completed later today and the patient will be transferred to Ocean Cove facility immediately. There he will undergo therapy and correction as deemed appropriate and with the agreement of his legal guardian, Mrs Gill Horner.'

John cried out in frustration and rage as Valerie and Maxine stood and shook the hand of Gill. 'I expect the first payment to be completed inside a week, said Maxine to Gill with a smile. Then we can discuss how you wish John to be treated. Personally I suggest that nurse Maureen be seconded to Ocean Cove to complete the first phase and then I might just personally take over the course of the treatment as a test of my own skill at recreating John in the mould that you choose.'

They shook hands in agreement. 'We will discuss the list of modifications then?'

'Of course, darling, you are the one that pays, you decide!'

Sugar And Spice.

The hotel room was as befitted the importance of its inhabitant, a suite that looked down on Central Park. The traffic below muted to a slight hum by the glazing, the room was filled with the light of the midday sun as Doctor Mary Paige made the final adjustments to the speech that she was giving to the American Society for the Promotion of Mental Health.

Finally she was satisfied and she looked over some other documents that needed attending to. First there was the letter that she was preparing for the Californian commission that had the duty of ensuring that Welfare and Institutions Code Sections 5150-5157 were carried out. For the last five months she had been working on the proofs that she needed to show that the Serena Admissions Clinic and Ocean Cove facility were in fact nothing more than a sham for a business that was admitting patients against their will, without legal representation and with the intent to incarcerate them and reprogram them.

Just last week she had seen the two psychologists in charge of the facility try to pass an inmate on to Ocean Cove without him being represented. She had been so annoyed that she had delayed the reassignment of the patient for a week while she completed her private investigation.

Mary stood and walked to the window. *Who knew how many other innocents had been committed because of greedy family and grasping spouses*, she thought to herself as she decided that today was the day that this abuse of the system had to stop once and for all. Those three doctors Maxine Stansforde, Dr Valerie Henson and probably Doctor Garry D'Everard were involved in a scam that had implications for the public trust in the mental care system of California!

After the speech she would speak to a select group of seniors and would expose the whole sordid business. The thought gave her a warm feeling inside; at last she was making a difference and doing what she had always dreamed of doing. Helping the mental health of her patients and changing this corrupt and moribund system for the better.

She sat at the laptop and reviewed all the evidence that she had gathered. Safe and sound on the hard drive and on a private server on the Internet, she would first expose the terrible misuse of the Welfare and Institutions Code of California before blackmailing them with a threat to take her evidence to the media if there was no response!

She closed the lid of the laptop and slipped it into her carry-bag before having her shower and preparing for the speech and the glorious day that was to come. The day when she would upset the applecart and show all those evil maggots to the light of day and the glare of publicity. Mary dressed carefully after her shower.

Aware of the impact that she had to make, aware of the fact that she had to look serious and professional if her speech was to be taken seriously, she put on heels and stockings, a charcoal grey suit with a black blouse. A touch of gold on the ears and neck completed the look that radiated competence.

The telephone buzzed on the small bedside table. 'Hello, Doctor Paige here,' she answered.

'The limousine is here,' replied the receptionist. 'She asks that you come down in five minutes because the traffic is very heavy today and she wants to be sure that she gets you to your meeting by two.'

'A limousine? They sent a car for me?' she asked.

'It's waiting...'

'I'll be right there.'

Laptop, handbag and hotel key in hand, Mary took the lift to the reception where a tall woman in a grey uniform and sunglasses was waiting for her. 'I just have to call someone,' she said as she placed the room key on the front desk and pulled her mobile phone from her handbag.

'You can use the phone in the limo if you wish. It will be much more comfortable for you,' said the driver with a smile as she led the doctor to the long limo that stood in the street by the kerbside.

As she walked in front of Mary, Mary wondered how she could even walk and drive in heels that were well over six inches in length. And that skirt! How tight was that skirt? It showed a complete lack of panties but lines where the stockings ended and the suspenders held them up. The driver opened the door with a flourish and Mary slid into the darkness of the leather interior. The door closed, blacking out the outside world with its tinted glass and Mary found herself with an unexpected companion.

A man dressed in a business suit. He was bald and had an immense presence that seemed to fill the huge compartment in the back of the car as it pulled into the traffic.

'I'm sorry,' said Mary, 'are you for the convention as well?' The man just smiled and reached over. He pulled the two bags from Mary's hands and then casually swiped her face with the back of his hand. It was less a slap than a wrenching clout that was judged at just below the force that would have broken her jaw.

'Shut the fuck up, bitch!' he said in a low voice as one of his hands grasped her jacket and pulled her to him. His hands parted her jacket and then pulled it down with violent strength that ripped the seam on her back and wrenched jacket, blouse and bra from her body with one easy motion.

'Help!' shouted the doctor to the female driver. But with a whirr the window between passengers and driver slid up allowing the attractive female driver to make a single comment as it closed with finality.

'Fuck the slut!'

A 'clunk' in the doors sounded as the driver locked all the doors, turning the car into a prison cell that contained one prisoner and a man who had just been given permission to teach her that she was nothing.

The struggle was short and one sided. The screaming doctor found herself nearly naked, skirt in shreds, panties wrenched from hips within a few seconds as the car glided through the traffic of a busy New York afternoon. The man's hand went to his trousers and unzipped them with a slow movement. Mary frantically tried the doors, the handles and the buttons that gave no response as the man pulled out a huge erection with a grin. For a moment he cradled it and fondled it, pulling the foreskin back to reveal that the tip was as large as a plum and bright purple.

'Open your legs, bitch!' Mary tried to cross her legs, but his strong hands flipped her onto her front to lie with her face pressed against the window. Outside the car passed the busy streets, full of people, all unaware that the smooth limo was the scene of a terrible violation just a few feet from them.

She screamed as he opened her legs and closed in to press the tip of that huge prick against the lips of her pussy. It pushed slowly into her, forcing her open, as he pushed her legs wide. The car stopped at a traffic light and a woman, smart in red and yellow passed the limo and looked into the eyes of the woman who was being fucked just inches from her. The car rolled forward as the man filled her to the brim. Mary gasped in discomfort as he pressed fully into her and then started to pump her with his hips.

Over the Williamsburg Bridge, the waters of the sound reflected the bright sun as he finished with her cunt. She struggled as she realised that he was going to fuck her ass. She twisted and struggled, she slapped him with her hands, she tried to shriek and scream.

'Scream all you like bitch, I like noisy sluts!' he laughed. His hands gripped the cheeks of her ass and parted them. Even though her legs were closed his thumbs penetrated to the rosebud of her ass and he slid his rigid prick to press against the entrance to her body.

The bridge passed and once again she was violated to the backdrop of the busy streets. The window between driver and passengers slid down and the driver glanced over her shoulder to take in the scene that was being played out on the back seat of the car. For a moment her eyes locked with Mary's and then they passed to see that rigid column of hard flesh that pressed deep into those buttocks.

A small smile twisted the female driver's lips as she listened to the sounds from the back of the limousine and enjoyed their shock and horror with the relish of a connoisseur. The driver turned to face the traffic and guided the car out of New York and towards the final destination, most of the way down Long Island. The place where the doctor would realise that this small introduction was just the start of years of abuse and misuse that would reduce her to a sexual sock puppet at the hands of women who lusted for suffering and relished and craved anguish as well as the riches that it brought.

The man climaxed. A trickle of white sticky fluid ran from Mary's ass. It trickled down to her cunt and lubricated the sore flesh that had been host to a massive prick just minutes earlier. The man grunted and slapped Mary as she tried to jab him with her heels. 'Keep fucking her, don't forget to fuck her unattractive face as well,' came the orders from the driver as the car cruised through the fields. 'You are answerable if she is not ready to talk and tell us a few trivial things that she has been poking her nose into as soon as we get to the Institute!'

The hand gripped her hair and pulled her face to confront the cock that had just reamed her ass and spat its come over her sex. A thumb positioned itself over her eye and Mary knew instinctively that any attempt to bite would result in that thumb gouging her eye from her face in moments.

She opened her mouth and felt him block her breath with one slight push of his hips. It took two hours to drive to their final destination.

Two hours in which Doctor Mary Paige Psy. D learned submission to the inevitable. To surrender to her kidnappers as the countryside rolled past and the elegant driver of the limousine directed the brute of a man who did her bidding.

And all the while the congress of psychologists waited for the guest speaker to arrive and the seniors of Mary's profession wondered what promised revelation she had intended to reveal for them.

So What Are They Really Made Of?

Part 1.

*What are little boys made of?
Snips and snails, and puppy dogs tails
That's what little boys are made of!
What are little girls made of?
'Sugar and spice and all things nice
That's what little girls are made of!'*

The receptionist, Evelyn, at Ocean Cove balanced her feet on the heels of her stilettos as she sat filing her nails behind the desk in the light filled glass reception area. As she worked on those long nails she watched the points of her shoes describe small arcs. Her lips pursed and she blew the dust from her nails with a small breath of air.

Just a year ago she had been working in an optician's showroom. The owner had sacked her for attending to her manicures more than the clients, so she had moved and found a job in a restaurant as a waitress. There she had been finished in only a week when she flirted with the customers in an outrageous fashion and the final straw was the antics in the men's lavatories when the chief waiter caught the chef showing his devotion to her with his tongue. The job before becoming the receptionist in Ocean Cove Therapeutic Centre was as a model for hosiery catalogues. Unfortunately, her past as a porn model caught up with her and the catalogue fired her as *perfect, but with an unfortunate film history for the reputation of our business.*

This job was, on the other hand, perfect! All her boss, Maxine Stansforde seemed to require was a sexy girl at the reception. Every day or two a few people passed the reception and required a key or some information that she could call up on her computer with just a click or two of the mouse. So she sat at the desk and filed her nails, painted her nails, smoothed her stockings, applied her lipstick and generally primed and preened like a film star. Which of course she was already, was not *'She Devils In Spike Heels'* voted the fourth best fetish movie of 2012?

A small sports car drew up outside and Evelyn noticed that it was her boss again, the rather perilous Maxine Stansforde. The car was carelessly parked by the steps and Evelyn sat straight and pulled her feet under her chair. Maxine struck her as a woman who did not put up with bullshit and there was an undercurrent that made Evelyn pay attention to the woman who perhaps owned, or at least was the boss of Ocean Cove.

The doors slid open as Maxine held up her electronic key to the small pad and she entered the reception with a click of heels. Here was a woman who almost competed with Evelyn in the manicure and attention-to-detail stakes. 'Good morning doctor Stansforde,' said Evelyn.

'The reception book, please, Evelyn,' said Maxine as she held out her hand.

Evelyn passed the small leather bound diary to her boss and used the opportunity to look into Maxine's face as she read the entries. 'I see that Mrs Darling and Mrs Whencay have both visited their husband's for the first time in several months,' said Maxine as she flicked through the pages of the book.

'Mrs Darling seemed agitated and told me that she would like to speak to you personally in the next week,' said Evelyn. 'As for Mrs Whencay, she just thanked me on the way out, so I suppose that there is no problem there at least!'

'Evelyn, you have been working here for almost six months,' said Maxine as she handed the book back to the receptionist. 'I think that it is time that we gave you a little more responsibility.'

'Thank you,' said Evelyn, 'but, really I am quite happy just looking after the reception for you!' Maxine started to laugh and tapped the nail of her forefinger on the wood of the desk.

'Evelyn, Evelyn, you really are perfect! The only person who has ever refused a promotion, in fact the first person that has said 'No' to me in recent months! I know all about the affairs that you have been having with the husbands of some of the patients that are incarcerated here, all about them...'

Evelyn smiled and looked up at the woman who was her employer. She knew that Maxine was perceptive, hard and direct, but she also had a cunningly hidden humour, a sly ironic twist of drollness that could be awoken to her advantage.

'I assumed it was why you stuck me behind this desk,' she said. 'I thought that you wanted me to get a little fucking in, to relieve the boredom as it were!'

'OK, OK! How about I show you what is and is not allowed? How about I make your hobbies your job?'

'That sounds more attractive than some promotion from receptionist to filing clerk...'

'I never thought that you would be of much use in the administration of Ocean Cove,' laughed Maxine. 'I think that your talents lie in quite another direction!'

'So what were you thinking?'

'I need a sexy young slut do a little seducing.'

'And I get paid?'

'Of course, but I choose your targets!'

Evelyn stood up and offered her hand to Maxine with a contrite look on her face. 'If I take you up on this then my days as a receptionist are over?'

'Of course, that's a given. I'll give expenses for clothes and make overs, whatever you need. I'll pay a bonus each time that you manage to complete a task as well as a salary that matches your exceptional talents.'

'When do I start?'

'Well, the new receptionist starts tomorrow and I'll be here to speak to you.'

'Have you got a load of rich and unattractive men lined up for me?'

'Have you got a problem with unattractive men?'

'Of course not! I just wondered what the first job was going to be.'

'I suppose that I might as well tell you now. The first little seduction is a lawyer, successful, about thirty years old and single.'

'Sounds perfect!'

'Just wait and see! Then you can tell me what is perfect or not.'

'I'd better see to my nails...'

'Of course, there are backs to be scratched and women to be separated from their husbands.'

Part 2.

The cell was bare and padded. The walls and low ceiling were leather that looked almost like a Chesterfield design with no buttons. The leather could not be damaged by the scratching and attacks of the captive who languished in the darkness. There was not even enough room to stand upright and the soft rubber floor was broken only by a narrow hole in one corner where she was permitted to leave bodily waste.

The prisoner languished naked in the total warm darkness that was filled with the smell of sex, the slightly rank smell of semen, sweat and the perfumed soap of all that female lubrication. The stuffy warmth of the small room was almost pungent, it filled the senses and invaded the consciousness with an insidious flavour.

Darkness was total. Most of the time... Tongue ran over soft gums and around the ring that gagged the mouth open. It explored the smooth flesh that had been reamed of teeth to ensure a smooth sexual experience for those who were allowed to enjoy this human sex-slave. Hands were in mittens that enclosed fingers and allowed no movement. As if to ensure that no use could be made of those hands they had been bound by straps to the collar that encircled the slave's neck.

Bound up at the back! Elbows stuck into the small of the captive's back and the mittens almost touched the collar. Otherwise the slave was naked and fully accessible for the women who filled the prisoner's life.

Treated like an object, used and abused. The women who ruled her life. Though they were the lowest in the mistresses who reigned in this terrible place of abuse, they were almighty goddesses to their slave. They wore all the accoutrements of fetish. Rubber that flowed with just a rustle and susurrantion. Leather corsets and shoes with spikes and spurs. They led their charges on leashes and with whips in their hands. They spoke of things that came from the outside world. The world that had been lost to their victims. They spoke of meals and cinema. Cars and houses, money and luxury. All bought and enjoyed with relish as they extracted every moment of horror and pleasure from their charges. Of the group of three women who ran this establishment of pain and degradation, no clue was given. They lived in the stratosphere, far above all the daily grind of forced sex and torment that made them rich enough to spend their time in games and schemes that brought them delight and gratification.

Doctor Mary Paige was totally lost to the real world. Now she was nothing more than a small giver of service to those who had the fine sensual appreciation of being brought to climax by an older woman. A woman who had been educated with the finest in America. A woman who had gained a first with honours at Cornell in psychology and mental health. A woman who was now kept in a small cell and taken out to be used whenever a guest required an aperitif or to be shown what the Institute could do in the way of submissive sluts. A showpiece crawling at the feet of her betters.

She lay on the floor and remembered the brutal abuses that were followed by a casual disregard for her importance. Soon it was clear that her ego would be reduced to slavery with her body. Here her qualifications meant nothing at all. The only thing that was valued was the depth of her throat, cunt and ass. The size of her breasts and her level of obedience.

The depth of her cunt had been deemed satisfactory. After they had taken her teeth, her throat was considered to be adequate. The surgery that enlarged her breasts and ass finished the list of prerequisites.

They never told her what her offence had been. But, she could guess. She knew! In some way that final seventy two hour interview with John Horner had triggered this terrible fate! Doctor Maxine Stansforde, Doctor Valerie Henson and probably many others were like beetles under a stone that could not bear the light of day. It had been Mary's hand that had threatened to lift that stone and so she had to be stopped.

So here she was! Lying on the soft floor in total darkness.

Perhaps the door would never reopen and she would expire here in the dark? Perhaps she would be allowed to see the sunlight? Perhaps they would find a use for her? Mary's fantasies expanded to flights of fancy, where she joined her tormentors and helped them in ways that only her training as a doctor was sufficient. But, they were all futile dreams in the hopeless dark.

No one of her mistresses even knew her name. To them she was just a number that was called from outside the cell when she was needed. They were not interested in her thoughts, only her total obedience and her use as a punishment tool and an occasional reward for some other inmate that had to learn to fuck ass or perhaps had to understand just how low a disobedient slave could fall.

Fall until she slipped through the gratings of the drains and became just a mound of flesh with no other occupation than as an object lesson.

The door opened and a dim light flooded the cell. Mary blinked, it was too much for her eyes even though it was no more than a candle that shadowed the darkness. She could see a pair of elegant calves and thighs. The spikes of stilettos. Soft nylon or silk stockings and just the hem of a short leather skirt that showed at the top of the low door.

'Out bitch,' came the voice of command. Mary shuffled out into the corridor on her knees and then waited with head bowed. The woman with the legs and a crop in her hand was a woman who was more than ready to use it. Mary knew from experience over the last few months' servitude that she took great pleasure in lashing breasts and thighs if just one noise came from her charges, or one small sign of disobedience.

'Follow me!' Mary had received no order to stand so she shuffled after her mistress as fast as she could on the hard floor of the corridor that led to a long run of steps. The woman looked around and an expression of annoyance crossed her features, that Mary was so slow on hands and knees.

'On your fucking feet now, bitch and follow me!' Mary stood carefully. It would not do to fall down while this bitch-mistress was in charge of her fate. She followed the swaying hips and slim legs up the stairs to the upper cellars where it was brightly lit and metal doors stood in a long row. Each door with its hidden terrible secrets.

The mistress opened a door and Mary found herself in a small cell where the only furniture was a wooden box decorated with inlaid wood and mother of pearl. The mistress opened the box and pointed with her crop into it.

Mary stepped in and was about to kneel when the orders came.

'Not on your knees, cunt. You lie face up!' A cut of the cane on her ass speeded up her movement. More could and would come, better to be quick in obedience and silent in submission. Mary lay in the box on a flat surface of what seemed to be rubber. Her breasts stood over her torso like balloons and her head rested on the base of the box. The woman who was her owner strapped Mary tight into the box and then stood back as if to contemplate her work. 'That looks good,' she muttered as she put a small blindfold tightly over Mary's eyes.

For a moment she adjusted it until she was sure that it was in position. Then she pulled the band tight until it was firmly in place. Then the sound of the lid closing and bolts being shot, locking Mary into the double darkness.

For a minute there was silence and Mary started to feel the strain on her legs as they were folded under her. Then came a hiss of air and pressure under her. Something was expanding to fill all the space under her.

It did so. But, it did not stop there. It pushed and pushed her up in the box. The hissing continued and the airbag under her expanded until at last she was pressed against the locked lid of the box. Breasts, face and hips all pushed strongly up against the wood until the pressure was almost unbearable.

Then it stopped.

There was silence and darkness. The occasional sound of sharp footsteps and voices, women's voices. Then silence once more and Mary despaired almost of being able to breathe as the pressure pushed against her chest. The box moved. Lurched.

The box was slipped onto a trolley and rolled to its destination. Mary sensed a lift, wheels moving on gravel and then the incline of a ramp as she was

transported to her final terminus. A hand rapped on the box and she heard her mistress speak to her: 'Not a fucking sound, bitch!' And then there was silence.

Doctor Mary Paige, the slave in a box, felt discomfort. She felt her knees bent in agony. The pressure on her face and chest made it difficult to breathe. The ring that kept her mouth open made her gums sore and the trickle of spittle from her mouth made her mouth dry. The band that covered her eyes and wrapped tight about her head.

She lay in darkness and silence, occasionally hearing a voice and then footsteps. Finally she heard more voices and the tinkle of cut glass being laid on a dining table. The sound of plates settling on fine teak and the sound of silver cutlery being carefully laid. No words were spoken because the slaves who were decking the table ready for their betters were allowed no spoken word. Some could use no spoken word!

Then there was silence again, broken by the occasional door being opened and the muffled sound of orders being given. Then the sound of casual conversation. Muffled by the box, Mary could just barely catch the odd word or two and the tone of the voices.

Relaxed, satisfied and happy. The occasional laugh and then more conversation. Then there was a small tap on the box and a laugh. With the speakers being so close to her prison she could hear the voices. 'In here is a special surprise.'

There was more laughter when a woman said: 'If it's a present then it should be wrapped.'

'It is wrapped! The box is the wrapper.'

A scratching sound on the wood. 'It won't open.' Mary broke into a sweat because she recognised the voice. It was Maxine, Maxine Stansforde Psy.D, the woman that she had been about to betray as she was kidnapped. She was one of those who were laughing at her prison. The sweat of fear filled Mary's senses. More in her mind than on her skin, she had thought that she was past fear, but now they had reinvented it.

'Of course it will. It just doesn't open in the way that you expect.'

'What's this pedal?'

'When you open the box, then you press the pedal!'

There were more fumbling sounds and then Maxine's voice said : 'Aha!'

A panel opened over Mary's face. It slid open with a slight rasping of wood on wood. She felt the air on her skin. The sudden ability to breathe freely and the pressure on her face was relieved as it pressed into a new position in the oval hole with the wood framing her face around her ears.

'Now I see what this is,' said Maxine with a laugh. 'It's a cunt in a box and I even know the cunt's name.'

'We don't use names here,' said the other woman. 'This piece of shit is number four-thirty-five.'

Maxine started to laugh. Doctor Mary Paige had become nothing but a number. Doctor four-thirty-five in a box!

A finger explored Mary's mouth and ran a manicured nail over the smooth inside that was ready for use. It coursed over her tongue and then explored the bare soft flesh of her gums. 'We got her laptop and cleaned out her online accounts so we know that she was very close to exposing Ocean Cove. I suppose that it was just in time, as it were.'

Four-thirty-five tried to speak but the ring gag and the fingers that were exploring her wide-open mouth made the words become nothing more than a gurgle as the women spoke over her tight prison.

'I like the box, but surely there is more to it than just access to a face?' This was the first time that Mary had heard this voice. The West Coast accent was just audible and the words were spoken in a prim, clipped fashion that suggested almost boredom.

Of course,' said the woman who had told Maxine Four-thirty-five's new name. 'Watch here!'

More panels slid open to reveal breasts and the groin of the unfortunate number four-thirty-five. As the openings were revealed her breasts were pushed through these new openings and she felt the cooler air of the outside brush her belly and sex.

'Stand on the pedal now,' said the voice again.

Four-thirty-five heard that hissing noise below her and she was pushed up hard against the top of the box, presenting her fully for the delectation of the three women who were admiring her. A hand touched Four-thirty-five's breasts. For a moment nails gathered into a pinch of her nipple and then wandered spider like over her taut skin.

'It's almost unreal,' said the West Coast voice as the exploration continued to the opening that presented a smooth slit.

'Evelyn, it's what happens to those who try to betray us!'

'So this is a lesson, then?' said Evelyn with a small chuckle. 'A threat?'

'Of course not, Evelyn,' said Maxine. 'I just wanted you to see what you are involved in when you work for me!'

'I never had a doubt after the moment that you asked me to seduce a woman,' laughed Evelyn. 'In all my innocence I thought that you would have me screwing older, unpleasant men for a living. Men who were due to end up at Ocean Cove. Then what happens? My first 'mission' is Mrs Gill Horner and the world goes all topsy-turvy.'

The three women had forgotten Four-thirty-five and sat down for their meal. The clink of glasses and the clatter of cutlery replaced the conversation as the conversation shifted to the quality of the chef and the wine cellar that had provided the excellent Burgundy.

Finally the table was cleared and the three women once again stood around the box. Face, breasts and pussy were all pushed up, the breasts stood proud and the small mound above the crinkled skin of Four-thirty-five's sex protruded slightly.

'Who was she?' asked Evelyn as she swirled the brandy in her glass. 'Before she was just a number?'

'Oh, no one important, just an old bitch who stepped into the road in front of a truck!' Four-thirty-five felt a finger probe her. It stroked her and then pushed into her as a stinging slap was given to her right breast. The finger began to fuck her in a casual rhythm as the conversation continued.

'What happens to her now?' asked Evelyn.

'She goes back to her cell, in the long run we will sell her, though I don't suppose that she'll fetch very much, she's too old for most tastes.' said the other woman. 'Another year or two in her cell and she will be worth almost nothing! I have some good friends in Japan who often need this sort of thing, so she may end up being sold on over there, or perhaps Korea.'

The finger withdrew and dipped into her open mouth, giving her a small taste of her own cunt. 'I would like a piece of furniture like this,' said Evelyn. 'Just the thing for those spent lovers.'

'A slut is not just for Christmas,' laughed Maxine.

From her darkness Four-thirty-five heard the laughter as the women left the room, leaving her to her sad thoughts in the dark. Somehow she realised that she had missed her chance... All she had to do, a year ago, was to help Maxine and Valerie, all she had to do was to want to make money and gain control of people more than she wanted to follow the law. Just that little decision taken and she would be walking out of the room on prim stilettos.

She would be the one who was laughing with a glass in her hand. A single tear formed and was soaked up by the blindfold as soon as it was formed. Now that it was too late she could see the fulfilment of being the mistress and not the victim.

It was too late.

Part 3.

Nurse Maureen stood back and admired her work. The drug had taken effect and the prick stood like a small lighthouse through the hole in the podium. John Henson was trapped in the nightmare web of Maureen's little games as well as physically trapped under the floor of Maureen's little 'playroom'. Tonight the abuse would be hard and uncompromising, the next day it might be loving and tearful.

He longed for the visits by Gill. She had put him here; she had been the one who had tricked him. Gill had been the woman who had condemned him to become the plaything of Nurse Maureen. Her visits had been a comfort!

She had, at first, sometimes enjoyed him. Fucked him and made him perform for her amusement. But, that had faded and the visits had become a simple check-up on his state. She seemed fascinated with the way that he became ever more desperate. His pleading and appeals for help seemed to fascinate his wife, but her interest in him was waning as she found a new source of amusement.

He only saw Evelyn once. Once was enough for him to know that Gill was forever lost to him... A flurry of heels, short skirt and breasts that were scarcely constrained by her thin dress. A pout and a smile as she looked at her lover's former husband. That was Evelyn. 'Let's get out of here and leave this loser to the care of the nurse,' said Evelyn as she pouted and then kissed Gill on the lips. 'I want to suck and fuck you again and again.'

Gill returned the kiss and responded to the manicured hand that slipped into her jeans from the waistband. 'Yes, let's fuck again.'

Gill's hips wriggled as the hand finally reached her pussy and delicately entered. She moaned and opened her mouth as Evelyn pushed her against a wall and pushed one knee between her thighs. Now John could see that hand move and frig his wife. He sat on the chair, constrained in his fetters and watched Evelyn rob him of the last vestiges of hope.

Evelyn leaned hard against her lover to stop her slipping down the wall as she climaxed. Her tongue pushed deep between Gill's lips whilst her left hand sought Gill's nipples through the cloth of her clothing. She looked over her shoulder at the forlorn husband who had to watch his wife being seduced by another woman. She smiled at him and licked her lips before turning back to the other captive in the room.

In the end it was over. With Evelyn licking the fingers that had fringed her lover... Evelyn led Gill from the room for the last time and Gill never even looked back. Gill was ready to lose a husband in exchange for a porn slut whose hands took her to heaven and whose cunt, smooth and slick, needed her attention.

He looked up and saw through the open window of his small podium-prison that his personal nurse was going to treat him. He heard her steps; he saw movement from his prone position. Then came the contact.

The sole of her shoe touched the flagpole of his prick; the tip of the heel touched the base. He could look up at her and see under her skirt, see that, above the lines that marked the tops of her stockings, Nurse Maureen was naked and plucked clean. He could see that slit that started with the crack of her ass and then swept forward to end in a neat fold on a mound of flesh that was poised under her belly.

He could just make out the slight protrusion of her clitoris as it swelled and peeped free of her enclosing sex. She looked down and smiled. A small kick to the only part of him that was exposed with the tip of her shoe and then he felt her trapping him again. Rubbing him with irresistible force as she gave him an exhibition of her power over him.

As her stilettos danced on his prick. Gaping and oiled with her anticipation; the cunt swayed as Maureen continued to massage his prick brutally with her heels. It was the focus upon which his eyes could not escape. Squashing and twisting until at long last he came with a small grunt.

Not a surge of come, not a gushing release. What she awarded him was a slow trickle that slipped from the head of his cock with no fanfare. It coated the soles of her shoes with slick slime and it ended his pleasure even though he would have the erection for hours to come. 'This is for you,' she said as the sole of her shoe offered itself to his mouth for attention.

He attended. As he licked the shoes clean, Maureen smiled down at him.

'Your lovely wife has decided to make you a ward of the Clinic, so we can spend more time getting better acquainted. I suppose that she has too much to think about now to bother much about her pathetic mad husband, what with her new girlfriend and the fact that she has just taken a junior partnership with a law firm in San Francisco.'

Maureen laughed at the look of fear on John's face as she squatted over his face and presented her hungry cunt to his lips. As his tongue started its work she slid forward and allowed him to attend to her ass first.

Now that his wife had given up on him, Maureen was going to be able to do what she wanted to him, and there were so many possibilities! 'Make sure that I can feel you really trying!' she said as she slapped his cock with her hand. *When I have finished with him he will even make Maxine shudder with apprehension*, thought Maureen as she spread her legs a little more to allow him to push inside her and taste every nuance.

He pushed and it was still not enough! She rested a spiked heel on the base of his prick and he renewed his efforts to please the woman who had boundless needs. It would never be enough!

She was going to take all that he could give and then demand more.

That's What Little Girls Are Made Of!

They lay in bed, exhausted and dreamy after an hour making love. The light streamed into the bedroom with a brightness that threw their naked bodies into sharp relief. Gill looked at Evelyn with a dreamy look, taking in those large breasts, the slim hips and the painted face that was still so perfect even after having been buried in her wet sex just a few minutes before.

It was that time, after dreamy orgasm, when she relaxed into the soft bed and allowed her thoughts to wander to and fro as she contemplated how much pleasure she had been missing in her time with the husband that she had disposed of. Evelyn was so perfect, a lover who seemed to know her every need. A lover who anticipated desire and pushed her to the limits of pleasure with such casual ease.

Now she had everything that she had ever wanted. Love, sex, job and freedom. It was all too perfect. Too much like an unblemished fantasy. Evelyn turned to look at Gill and smiled as she put an arm around Gill.

'I'm so sorry, but I have to finish our little affair, I have to move on...' The words hung in the air, they needed to be answered, but Gill could not find it in herself to answer. Somehow she had known that it would end; the rollercoaster ride with the woman who had healed her of her pity and love for John.

A single tear rolled down her cheek as she looked into those eyes. 'It's not you, it's just that I have to...' Gill sighed and ran her fingertips over those breasts that she loved before she turned away from her lover and wiped the tear with the back of her hand.

'Please, don't tell me the reasons,' said Gill in a broken voice. 'I don't want to know.' For a minute they lay as the sunshine played over their naked skin.

'I have to go,' whispered Evelyn.

'I know.'

Evelyn climbed out of the bed and looked down at the woman that she had seduced at Maxine's orders for a moment before starting to dress. 'Will I see you again?' asked Gill in a forlorn voice.

'Perhaps,' came the reply as Evelyn smoothed her stockings and bent to pull on her heels.

'I love you.'

'I know; that's why I have to leave!'

Gill watched as Evelyn slid her tight skirt over her hips and settled it on her waist before closing the zip and smoothing it with her hands. *What is there to*

say, she thought as Evelyn finished dressing. *How is it that I know that I cannot possibly persuade her to stay?*

The door closed and Gill was alone, bereft on the bed that she had shared with husband and lover. Somehow she felt lighter, free and relieved by the closing of that door. She rolled over into the place that was still warm with Evelyn's body and drifted off to sleep. The office and normal life could wait for her, she was free at last.

'You see, it's all about the money,' said Maxine. 'Gill pays us every month to bury her husband and you move on to fresh fields.'

'Of course, after the visit to New York I understand now what you need me for.'

'Seduction...'

Evelyn raised the glass to her lips and sipped the last of the lees from the elegant cut crystal. 'So?'

'So, I have a small job for you!'

'Small?'

'A senator who needs tempting and a wife who needs to find out about it.'

'Jealousy and revenge?'

'It's the return of the favour that I owe Miss Clearmont for taking care of the small matter of slave Four-thirty-five. Doctor Mary Paige, the bitch in a box.'

'I would like a box like that, a fuck box with a nice helpless piece of flesh for my amusement.'

'Don't move too far too fast,' warned Maxine. 'You'll get what you want in the end; don't *become* the slut-in-a-box!'

'So the senator is going to New York as well?' said Evelyn as she changed subject.

'Of course, a few weeks of scandal, a lost election and a wife who wants a more submissive husband and is willing to pay for that service.'

'Sounds fun!'

'It's business!'

'When do I start?'

'Tonight would be fine.'

'Tonight it is!'

His mind was in turmoil. At least what was left of it as the drugs bathed his thoughts in a fog of confusion.

Nurse Maureen slapped him to awareness and then lowered herself onto his rigid prick with a small sigh of satisfaction. So many patients to serve her, so many men and women who now lived their lives just to satisfy her lust. This pathetic man was just one of her charges, a small project that she relished as a way of testing her idea that waking nightmare and abuse would break him to her will.

Just an empty hulk of flesh for her amusement.

She slid up and down on him and scratched him with her nails as she enjoyed his helplessness. Penetrated from the rear on the huge rubber cock that was fixed to the table he moaned in discomfort and sexual arousal as her hand guided him deep into her cunt.

For a moment her hand lingered where his balls had been, now just a crinkle of soft flesh that she pinched to make him thrust onto the intruder in his ass and then buck back into her.

A surge of emotion overcame her as she slapped him again and again.

Power?

The absolute control over him raised her consciousness to a level that made her dizzy with lust. Her hands pinched her own nipples as she climaxed and then raised herself clear for the final indignity. His cock reared between her thighs, throbbing with a need that could never be fulfilled because he was now nothing more than a tool to fill her and bring her perfect pleasure.

Maureen looked down at him and smiled at the fear that she saw in his eyes.

Her hand guided his prick to her rear entrance. She lowered herself onto him and swallowed him easily. As her ass touched his thighs her hand closed on his face and forced him to watch her turn the small tap on the tube that allowed her to fill him to painful bursting.

Deep inside Maureen's victim, the rubber that was embedded in his bowels began to spurt in parody of a real organ. But, this cock, unlike his, came with a rush, an unending spurt that filled him and took him as the nurse ploughed her sex with her frantic hands.

Sugary cold water, spice and all things nice filled him as she climaxed with a scream of pure unadulterated joy. Finally she was finished, the bag of pink water was emptied deep inside and he groaned with the torment, knowing that after the sex always came the punishment.

Perhaps a caning, perhaps a beating, perhaps just verbal abuse and more drugs. Sometimes fettered to the bed, occasionally strapped to the rings in the wall of his cell. Naked or dressed in stockings and boots. Electrodes or clamps, creams or pincers, the nurse was a bringer of suffering not of relief and healing, she was a nightmare parody of her profession.

She reached down and held up one of the shiny leather boots for him to see. A sly anticipatory smile crossed her face.

'Today is a 'dressing up' day,' she laughed as she showed him the ballet boots that would cramp his feet for the next few days. She dropped the boot on the floor with a flourish and pulled a thin cane from under the bed to show it to him with a couple of hissing strokes through the air.

He struggled to speak, but words failed him in the mist of his fear. Maureen dismounted from her stricken charge and started to release his fetters.

'Today, we will find out what little boys are made of!'

The End