

-THE- SLAVE NURSE

Simon
Grail



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Chapter One

Katy Belington gave a yelp of surprise and anger as the sting embedded itself in the softly rounded swell of her left buttock cheek, which was largely exposed by the slender thong of her white bikini bottom.

She had been resting on her elbows on a lounge mat with a cushion under her chest, sunbathing on the lawn while she also worked on the layout sketches for her next book. She was a freelance artist and she had just been given a commission to illustrate reprints of a series of classic 19th-century works of literature. Before getting immersed in researching details of costumes and furnishings for period, Katy wanted to rough out the layouts first and the sunny day had seemed a perfect opportunity to both work and pamper herself.

Katy had a slender, well-toned body, which she liked to keep in shape, not risking the potential detrimental consequences of her otherwise sedentary occupation on her figure. Regular outdoor exercise had left her skin lightly bronzed. This complimented her cascade of brunette hair with a full fluffy fringe. Her clear eyes were dark brown with heavy veiling upper lids that gave them a look of slight mischievousness. This impression was further reinforced by an impudent flair to her nostrils. Her breasts were neat and apple-round with prominent nipples that showed through the cups of her bikini top. Her waist was trim and her recently assaulted buttocks were firm and well rounded.

Katy twisted round to examine her rear. Protruding from her bottom was the remains of the sting, although of the insect that had delivered it, a large bee she presumed, there was no sign. But there were a few buzzing amongst the flower beds laid out around the walled back garden of the detached Wimbledon house, which she shared with her close boyfriend of the last eighteen months, Adam Hyde.

Adam was blonde, square featured and keen-eyed, with the lean physique of a regular squash player. This sport he approached in the same highly competitive manner as he did everything else. In many ways he was

the opposite of Katy in temperament, but he seemed to find her artistic interests amusing and certainly did not doubt her commercial success, although what she earned was a relative pittance compared to his income. They were certainly highly compatible in bed, which for the moment seemed to both of them a good enough reason for staying together.

With a grimace, Katy pulled the sting from her flesh and massaged the spot, which was already feeling sore and turning red. The sting was a good couple of centimetres long. That must have been a big bee, she thought. Or had it been a Hornet? They were meant to be worse, weren't they? Oww... it really was beginning to burn now. She better put something on it...

She got up, still rubbing her bottom, and made her way up onto the small patio and in through the lounge doors of the house. Adam was home but at the moment he was in his study. Even though this was supposed to be a free weekend, he found it hard to tear himself away from the online world that linked him with the stocks, bonds and shares that he juggled through the week in the city. Katy had hoped this weekend they'd spend more time together, but that was never easy to guarantee with somebody as driven to succeed as Adam. On the other hand she had to admit she had been working as well. Yes, but at least she had been out in the garden enjoying the sun and fresh air while at the same time.

Of course he probably hadn't just been stung as a consequence...

The bathroom medicine cabinet provided some anaesthetic cream that she massaged into the sting, which took the edge off the pain. However, she was alarmed to see it was still swelling up while the angry red ring around it was also spreading, as was a deeper burning sensation. It must have been a hornet, she thought, although she hadn't heard any buzzing close to her before it happened. Was it an allergic reaction to its venom? But she'd never responded like that to stings before. Was there something special you put on them... acid or alkali? Perhaps she should check online...

It was as she went back downstairs to her laptop, which was on the writing desk in the lounge, that she realized how sick and lightheaded she was becoming. Her legs were starting to feel like lead. What the hell had been stuck into her? Had the sting been infected? She had better tell Adam...

She pushed open the door of his study intending to say: 'Some bloody insect has just stung me and I'm really not feeling very well...'

But she had hardly got beyond the first half of the sentence before her legs gave way and she collapsed into his arms...

She was lying naked face down on a bed. Her arms and legs were stretched out wide. There were cuffs about her wrists and ankles. A man's naked body was on top of her, thrusting his cock into her rectum. She was being sodomised and it hurt like hell. Katy tried to scream but her mouth was stuffed with a rubber ball...

There was a naked woman standing in front of her. She was bound up in a harness of chains and fine supple red leather straps that were buckled across her chest and hips, leaving her bare breasts and pubes exposed. Her ankles were hobbled and she had what looked like a leather bridle over her head with straps dividing about her nose and passing under her chin, linked by cheek rings that held a broader strap across her mouth.

Then Katy realized it was herself reflected in a full-length mirror.

Adam was standing beside her smiling, his arms about her. 'Do you like your new harness?' he asked.

She tried to speak but the plug on the inside of the mouth strap would not let her...

The curtains in the sitting room were drawn so it must be night time. There were a dozen people in the room. Some Katy recognised, some were strangers. Was it a party?

Some of them seemed to have brought pets with them, except that the animals crouched at their feet on the ends of leashes were not dogs but naked

women...

What was wrong with her?

She was holding a tray of savouries. She must have been passing them round. Automatically she held it out and the chains on her wrist cuffs jingled. She looked down at herself. She was naked except for a web of slave chains. Silver bells hung from her nipples.

Somebody said: 'What a pretty pet Katy is, Adam...'

Katy was lying on her bed. Two men dressed in paramedic green were leaning over her. Adam loomed behind them. 'Hallo Katy,' the one with ginger hair said, 'I'm Phil and this is Dave. Can you hear me?'

She could hear but she could not reply. She could hardly move a muscle, except for some feeble twitching. Lethargy and weakness seemed to have taken over her whole body. God, had she been unconscious? What were those sick dreams about?

She heard Adam saying: 'She was behaving oddly... quite crazy...'

Phil and Dave examined her, taking her temperature and blood pressure and turning her over so they could probe her inflamed rump.

'It could be an unusual allergic reaction...' Phil told Adam as he fitted an oxygen mask over Katy's face. 'We'll need to take her in for tests and further treatment...'

They brought in an adjustable trolley stretcher and carefully slid Katy across onto it. They covered her up in an orange blanket, carried her downstairs and then rolled her out of the front door to their ambulance, which stood in the driveway.

She thought she heard Adam saying: 'I'll follow on...'

Then they closed the back doors. The engine started up and the

vehicle pulled out of the drive into the Avenue. And then it seemed to Katy that she slipped into another nightmare...

Phil pulled off her oxygen mask and fitted another mask over her face. It was a clear plastic mask moulded to fit over her nose and mouth and it had a surprising number of clear plastic straps. They went up the bridge of her nose and over the crown of the head, over her cheeks above and below her ears and under her chin, thereby securing the mask very firmly in place. Also unlike the oxygen mask it had a protruding soft plastic plug on the inside that he pushed between her slack jaws so that filled her mouth, forcing her to breathe through her nose. And on the mask just below the slot for her nostrils were clips in which was mounted a red lozenge-shaped capsule which Phil squeezed until something broke within it. Immediately Katy could smell a clinging chemical scent that flowed up through her nostrils. It dulled her senses and clouded her mind. Once more her body seemed to go limp.

Was this some kind of treatment for her sting? What were they doing to her?

Through slightly unfocussed eyes, she thought she saw the two paramedics looking down at her not with professional concern but with broad grins on their faces.

‘We’ve seen her rump, now let’s have a proper look at the rest of her,’ Phil said.

‘Yeah, let’s,’ Dave agreed.

They pulled the blanket off her.

Then Katy realized she was not wearing any clothes. Where had her bikini gone? She was stark naked. No, there was still something round her neck, something softly coated but stiff and hard underneath. What was it?

They gazed down at her body. Her neatly rounded breasts stood up proudly, capped with prominent crinkled light brown nipples. Between her legs the plump mound of her sex was crowned by a closely trimmed “V” of dark curls which forked about the cleft of her labia, between which the

crinkled tongue of her inner lips peeped mischievously.

‘A good pair of tits as well,’ Dave observed. ‘Not big but really well shaped. And some nice nips on them.’

They bent over her and experimentally squeezed her breasts, pinching and stretching her nipples. Then they slid their hands between her thighs to test the pliancy of her pubic lips. Their stiff fingers slid up into the cleft of her vulva and the moist slippery mouth of vagina, twisting them about and stirring up her confused senses even further.

‘See that?’ Phil said, holding up his glistening fingers. ‘She’s already getting hot and wet. I think this one’s a natural slut...’

Katy could feel everything they were doing to her and hear their terrible insulting comments, but she was utterly unable to resist. How could this be happening to her? Her eyes widened slightly in horror and she forced out a feeble, throaty moan of protest about the plug in her mouth, which they totally ignored.

‘Nice stuff,’ Dave, agreed. ‘Shall we have some fun with her?’

‘That’s what she’s for,’ Ginger said casually. He smiled down at her. ‘I bet you’d enjoy a good screwing, wouldn’t you?’

Katy tried to shake her head but could only roll her eyes about helplessly.

‘Shall we have her as a sandwich filling?’ Dave wondered.

‘Yeah, why not, we’ve got plenty of time,’ Phil said. ‘Which hole do you want?’

‘I reckon I like to have this one up her bum...’

‘Let’s get her flushed out then. Where’s the cuffs...’

They were going to sodomise her, Katy thought, struggling to free herself from her paralysis. But that was insane. Ambulance men did not do

things like this to their patients. It must be a nightmare. Something brought on by her insect sting or the medication they had given her. But if it was a nightmare then it was one she could not wake up from...

Handling Katy like a sack of potatoes between them, they folded her arms together in front of her and bound her crossed wrists together with a pair of broad padded rubber cuffs linked by a single large ring. Then they hauled her onto her feet and pulled her arms up above her head so they could hang her bound wrists over one of a row of large hook bolted to the ceiling of the ambulance. She hung there with her legs slightly bent and almost completely useless, flopping from side to side with the slight sway of the vehicle, supported almost entirely by her arms. Her head sagged down between her arms until her chin rested drunkenly on her chest. The tension lifted her neat proud breasts even higher up her rib cage.

From another hook beside her they hung up a water bottle with a soft plastic hose attached, the end of which they fed up into her rectum. Phil pushed her legs wide and held a bedpan underneath her bottom while Dave squeezed on the bag until the flow washed her insides out, her wastes spilling into the pan. When she was flushed out they put the pan aside, wiped her groin clean and then applied some petroleum jelly to her anus.

Katy wanted to scream but she couldn't. All that came out of her plugged lips was a feeble moan...

'Hello, she's getting a bit lively,' Phil remarked.

'Well this should give her something to get lively about,' Dave said.

The ambulance men peeled open the flaps of their uniforms exposing their swelling penises, which looked huge and menacing. Then they moved in close about, Dave behind her and Phil in front. Please let this be a dream, please let this be a dream, she thought desperately.

They took hold of more of the hooks on the ambulance roof in front and behind her, bracing themselves against them as they pushed their cock heads up into her pussy and the cleft of her buttocks. For a moment they rubbed them playfully up and down those sensitive furrows, their shafts

growing even stiffer with the stimulation. And then they positioned themselves, lining up with the pit of her greased anus and the slippery mouth of her vagina and plunged into her simultaneously.

Katy snivelled feebly as she was doubly penetrated, her limp body being lifted up by the dual thrust from the two men until her dangling toes left the floor. She was impaled and uplifted by their cocks filling her insides, occupying those two passageways that were so close together within her.

She did not like anal sex much. Adam had talked her into trying it a few times but it is not turned on. Now it seemed she had no choice.

Then Phil thrust harder and Dave pulled his hips back, taking Katy with him. Then he thrust forward and Phil pulled back. Her breasts scraped across the fabric of his uniform top as dizzily she was batted back and forth. There were working her between them, grinding away at her body as they churned her mind. She was the sandwich in the filling between their green clad forms: a tit-bit impaled on two cocktail sticks: a piece of cunt and arse on a stick. Why were they doing this to her? They were treating it all as something perfectly normal and every day, which was madness.

And adding to that madness was the fact that, in her confused state, her body was automatically responding to its double penetration. The part of her that was disgusted with what was happening was struggling to assert itself over her instinctive responses. If it was all a dream then what did matter how she reacted? She did not like anal sex but could not deny the frightening and exciting feel of a large hard cock plugging her rectum. If it was all unreal then she could ignore her misgivings. Her vagina and anal sphincter began to clench by reflex about the thrusting cocks that were filling her. There was a brutal, primitive satisfaction in being pressed between a pair of hard male bodies and totally filled with their penis meat. In her helpless, confused state it made her feel wanted and cared for.

But of course at the same time she knew this was all terribly wrong. But was it real? Was this all a crazy hallucination like the others? It must be... it must be!

With fierce grants of satisfaction the men came inside Katy, spurting

their hot seed up into her entrails and the upper reaches of her vagina passage. For several seconds they just hung against her, savouring their delight in the warmth of her helpless naked body sandwiched between them and the wet clinging haven of her passageways. Then slowly, reluctantly, they pulled their satiated cock shafts out of her. Their spent sperm, mingling with her juices began to ooze from her freshly violated orifices.

Phil and Dave used wipes to clean off their cocks and then tucked them away. Then they sat down on the benches on either side of Katy's still suspended body and grinned at in satisfaction.

'That is a really nice juicy piece of art,' Phil said.

'Yeah, and she is a fantastic hot tight bum!' Dave agreed.

With her head still feeling as if it was packed with warm pink cotton wool, Katy felt cheated of her own pleasure. Her pussy and bum hole were empty and abandoned. Why had they not gone on a little longer? She wanted to come as well. This was her dream wasn't it? Feebly she shook her head, trying to clear the confusion from it. Oh God, what was she thinking?

She felt the ambulance slowing and then pull off the road and come to a halt. Dave peered out through the tinted and frosted windows of the vehicle. 'We're not there yet are we?'

'No, it's just Sid wanting to have his turn with her,' Phil said. 'I reckon I'm done with her for now. I'll drive...'

The back doors opened to reveal a glimpse of an empty stretch of leafy country lane as the driver of the ambulance clambered on board. He was large, balding and pink-skinned. He looked Katy over appreciatively, noting the fluids dribbling from her gaping pussy mouth.

'Been having some fun with her?'

'Yep and she's quality stuff,' Phil said. 'You can have your turn now. Be my guest. I'll drive...' He went out the back and closed the doors. A moment later the ambulance started off again.

‘You might have cleaned her up,’ Sid protested mildly, running a finger through the hot gash of Katy’s soiled sex lips.

Dave handed him a pack of wipes and then hung up a fresh douche bottle and hose. Sid wiped Katy’s pussy and bottom clean and then flushed her vagina and rectum out into the pan held by Dave. Katy moaned feebly as the remains of Phil’s and Dave’s sperm was washed out of her. When she was fresh and clean, Sid considered Katy thoughtfully as she dangled from her arms in front of him, taking hold of a fistful of her hair and tilting her limp head back so that he could examine her face. He pinched her nipples and fingered her clitoris, grinned at her expression of shame and confused arousal.

‘Don’t worry girl, I’ll give you a good seeing to. Got to keep that pussy exercised, right? But I think you can be hung better...’

From one of the storage compartments he took out a couple of lengths of long rubber strapping with hooks on their ends. With Dave’s help, he lifted Katy’s feet off the ground, bending her legs at the hips and then turning them outwards, and then he slid the straps under her knees. The strap ends he hung over more of the roof hooks on either side of her cuffed wrists, so that she now hung with her thighs splayed wide and knees bent, supported by the straps. She swayed with the motion of the ambulance.

‘I want her a bit firmer so I’ve got something to push against,’ Sid said.

From the storage compartment he took out a telescopic rod with a black rubber dildo on one end with a crosspiece at its base. Sid pushed the rubber dildo up into Katy’s rectum until the cross piece was jammed into the cleft of her buttocks. Then he located the lower end of the rod into a slot in the floor a little behind her, so that it rose up at an angle. Now she was braced against the swaying of the vehicle. She could feel the dildo filling her rear, taking the place of Dave’s cock. It was both an outrageous violation and strange comfort. She clenched her anus about it as it twisted within her.

‘That’s better,’ Sid said, undoing his flies. ‘Now I can give you a proper screwing...’

He held onto the roof hooks as he rammed his shaft into her. Katy moaned and snivelled as her masked face bumped against his chest and shoulders. Every thrust pushed her back against the dildo plugging her rear. The telescopic rod on which she was mounted was sprung so there was some give to absorb his thrusts. But at maximum compression it pressed her harder back against Sid, ensuring he filled her to the hilt.

Perhaps because he was having her alone there was no sense of a race as there had been between Phil and Dave. Sid took his time with her, grinding her body against his and impaling her again and again on the dildo up her rear. And to her mingled disgust and delight Katy felt herself responding to him. There was no shred of affection in her reaction, just a desire for animal fulfilment. Out of this whole mad nightmare it was the only thing that seemed to make sense. Her pussy was being used and it had to express itself. All this might be obscene and utterly wrong but sex was nice. It was something she could enjoy just for what it was.

She was getting hotter and slipperier and wetter. Her juices were dripping down from her cleft crotch onto the ambulance floor and even trickling around her groin and down the dildo shaft. Her nipples were standing up like thimbles of hard flesh, grinding into the chest of Sid's uniform top. They always had been supersensitive in this state and now they were adding to her mounting passion. In her daze and confusion it was one thing she could be sure of. If she came she would enjoy it and for moment all that joy would be hers alone! She was riding his cock, trying to suck all the pleasure out of it she could. She would not miss out this time! She would do it! She would...

And with that she sprayed her juices all over Sid thrusting cock and the front of his uniform trousers. A starburst of conscience-free joy exploded within her. And then blackness enveloped her...

Katy was woken by sharp pricks of pain in her breasts and groin and buttocks. These were only slightly mitigated by the lingering warm glow what had been a monstrous orgasm, the tingle of which still remained in her aching pussy.

For a terrible moment she could not work out where she was. She was swaying gently and seemed to be hanging in mid-air. Then she forced her gummy eyes open and saw the interior of the ambulance and details of her nightmare flooded back with a vengeance.

No! Why was she still here? Surely if it had been a dream then she would wake up now? Hadn't her orgasm kicked her out of it? Then it must be...real.

She no longer had the dildo rod up her backside, but the men had found a new game to play with her. The sharp pricks of pain came from the needle heads of small syringes that were sticking out of her body, clustered about her breasts and gaping pussy mouth and the taut globes of her buttocks. Cotton wool tails had been pushed into the syringe heads to form flights. Sid and Phil were seated on either end of the ambulance couches taking turns to throw these improvised darts at her. Phil was here with Sid, but there was no sign of Dave. With a huge effort of reason, fighting the mush that filled her brain, she deduced that Dave must be driving now.

As a happy glow of her orgasm faded the pain of the needle points stuck in her became more acute. There were little red blobs and trickles around some of them where they had pierced her skin deeply. As she swayed with the motion of the ambulance they jiggled and bobbed as they were embedded in her pliant flesh. Her eyes filled with hot tears and she began to snivel and twitch as she bit on her mask gag plug, whimpering miserably. Burning indignation briefly flared within her, fighting against her delirium. They were using her like a living dartboard! They were taking advantage of her helpless state to abuse her in every way possible. They had each had their fill of her sexually and now they were treating her naked body like a plaything! How could they do such a thing to her? They were evil, evil! When Adam found out about this he would see they were totally destroyed!

But for now she was completely helpless in their power.

'Looks like she's woken up at last,' Phil said. 'She must have come big-time to put herself out like that.'

'She did,' Sid confirm. 'Nearly strangled my cock in the process. I

think we've got a really hot specimen here.'

'I wonder how she takes straight pain?' Phil said. 'The Docs aren't the only people who can do a little experimentation...'

He got up and came over to stand in front of Katy. She tried to plead with her eyes for him to free her, but he took no notice. He fingered her nipples which were shamefully hard and erect and flicked the syringe heads which were jutting out all around them. Katy whimpered and bit on her gag plug as they twisted in her flesh.

'I think you get a real kick out of being treated rough like this, don't you?' he said with a grin. 'You're a natural born pain slut...'

No, no, she tried to say. Not even in this nightmare...

'Well let's see how you like it if you got a needle in the bulls-eye down here...'

While still looking her in the face he lowered his hand in which he held one of the darts to the mouth of her pussy and pressed the needle into the swollen nub of her clitoris!

Katy's eyes bulged and she screamed around her gag.

Phil smiled and continued to press the tip of the needle into her most sensitive pleasure organ.

It was the worst pain she had even known! It was as intense as... as intense as coming but the exact reverse of it! Her bladder loosened and she peed on the floor. Phil stepped aside from the stream but he continued to hold the needle against her clit. The pain went on and on... and some point it got mixed up with pleasure. They were both intense stimulation but in her desperate and confused state she could not tell which was which, only in that it was incredible!

And so once again she came again and then fainted.

When Katy recovered for the second time the ambulance had stopped. She had been taken down from suspension and had been laid out on the stretcher once more, this time with her arms and legs spread and heavy straps binding them to its frame. The syringe darts had been removed from her body and the minor wounds they had inflicted had been wiped over with disinfectant. Her pussy mound and thighs also been cleaned of spilt urine and sperm. However the mask with its stupefying red capsule was still clamped over her face. Her pussy ached and her clitoris still throbbed and stung, feeling almost as if it had burst when she had climaxed. And yet deep within her the glow of that monstrous and inexplicable orgasm still lingered.

What had they done to her? Or was she doing it to herself?

Sid and Phil put a blanket over her and then rolled her out of the back of the ambulance. Dave was standing by the doors and gave her a cheery wave. They had parked underneath a cantilevered awning which sheltered large double doors of frosted glass, which opened as they approached. As she was wheeled through them she saw through bleary eyes a sign over the doorway. It read: *Rectification Hospital*.

Chapter Two

Vaguely, in as much as she anticipated anything at all by now, Katy had expected to be taken directly into an A&E department of some kind. Instead, Sid and Phil were wheeling her into what seemed to be a general reception area. There were men in white coats and nurses in white... she blinked, thinking she was hallucinating again. There were nurses in white caps, aprons and boots... and hardly anything else!

They wore pert white caps bearing the logo: *RH*. They had what looked like broad white close fitting collars about their necks with large rings hanging down their fronts. Over their shoulders were slung the straps of bib-fronted aprons, which seemed to be made out of clinging white latex and barely concealed their breasts, which pushed through their plaint fabric showing the indentations in their nipples. The aprons were pinched in and tied about their waists, and then flared out to form tiny fanlike aprons which just concealed their pubic areas and hardly hung halfway down their thighs. They wore white rubber knee-length boots, with high heels, and white latex gloves. And that was all. Underneath they were totally naked! Their exposure was even more blatant from the rear. A nurse walking away from her was totally bare above the tops of her white boots except for the waist strap of her apron and the back of her collar.

They were all also, Katy realized, young and shapely. Yet this hardly excused or explained their near nudity.

And yet nobody appeared to notice this show of barely concealed flesh. The bare-assed nurses moved about carrying clipboards, consulting computer terminals at the reception desk and carrying trays of medications or specimens to and fro perfectly calmly, as though it was the most normal thing in the world to work with their bottoms exposed and their breasts outlined in white latex.

This was all madness! They were crazy! Or was it her...

Phil checked in at the reception desk: 'Katy, age 23, property of

Adam Hyde. Possible allergic reaction to an insect sting...’

What had he just called her?

The nurse checked her screen. ‘Yes, take her to Doctor Finlay in the examination room five, Sir...’

Katy was wheeled along one of the corridors that radiated from reception area to room five. The door was opened by another of the latex-clad nurses and the trolley was wheeled inside.

Within was the usual array of cupboards and cabinets around the walls, a sink unit, a desk and computer screen and an examination couch fitted with gynaecological stirrups and hung about with clear plastic straps and cuffs. The room’s single window was also frosted.

Seated at the desk was an imposing greying haired man in his late fifties wearing a white coat of ordinary cut and fabric. He indicated the couch. ‘Put her on there, please. Secure her, Nurse Miriam...’

‘Yes Doctor,’ the nurse said meekly.

Phil and Sid unstrapped Katy from the stretcher and lifted her limp body onto the couch. Its head end was raised so that her head and shoulders were lifted a little from the horizontal. Then they collapsed the stretcher trolley down and wheeled it out of the room.

Nurse Miriam went round the couch positioning Katy and strapping her down. She pulled both her arms up above her head, crossed her wrists and wrapped clear broad plastic cuffs about them. She pulled long straps across Katy’s body above and below her breasts and over her waist. She spread Katy’s thighs wide and lifted her feet into the supporting stirrups, strapping them in place with more of the clear plastic straps over her ankles, knees and inner thighs. This posture exposed the slit mound of her sex and the cleft of her buttocks beneath it as they rested on the padded edge of the couch. As she worked about her Katy could only gaze uncomprehendingly into her pretty but professional looking face that showed no trace of surprise or shame at what she had been ordered to do.

When Nurse Miriam was finished she stepped back, folding her hands meekly across her tiny rubber apron, lowered her eyes and said: ‘She’s ready for you, Doctor.’

Doctor Finlay came over to the couch and peered at Katy through half-moon spectacles. Then he removed the red capsule from its clips on her facemask and pulled the plastic plug out of its locating socket so that her mouth was freed for the first time in what seemed like hours.

Immediately Katy felt she could breathe more freely, and gulped in fresh air. As the effects of the capsule were purged from her system she was able to think clearly once again, and as she did so her sense of anger and outrage grew. Clarity only made what they had done to her feel even more insane and monstrous! She had been triply violated, for God’s sakes! She had to get out of here and away from this obscene pantomime and call the police and... and... Feeling sickened and soiled, she strained against her straps and glared up at the Doctor.

‘You let me go right now!’ she demanded.

Finlay looked mildly annoyed. ‘I know you’re not feeling well, Katy, but that is no excuse for you not using the proper form of address. You will call me “Doctor” or “Sir” and you will do so respectfully, is that clear?’

‘If you’re part of this I’ll call you anything I want you bastard!’ Katy half screamed at him. ‘Now let me go!’

‘Bring me my prod,’ Finlay snapped at Miriam. She scurried to obey, bringing from his desk what looked like an electric cattle prod. Katy’s eyes widened in horror. No, no, he couldn’t possibly use that on her...

Finlay turned the prod on and jammed it into the undersides of her breasts. Brilliant white sparks crackled and flashed across her skin. He stabbed it hard into her left mammary and then her right one, deeply indenting their pliant flesh and making them bulge upwards. As though being charged up, her nipples throbbed so hard with pain and excitement she thought they were going to burst. Then he dropped the tip of the prod down to her open vulva and jammed it out into the wet mouth of her sex, twisting it

around vigorously several times.

Without a plug in her mouth Katy's screams of pain echoed about the room as she arched her body against the straps, jerking about wildly and totally uncontrollably, making the frame of the couch creak with her struggles as shock after-shock coursed through her. It was almost as bad as the needle Phil had jammed into her clitoris... and it went on far longer.

When Finlay finally withdrew the prod tip from Katy's burning pussy mouth she was weak and trembling and shivering with residual aftershocks that rippled through her system. Her breasts smarted and seemed to tingle and ache deep within them. Her eyes were wet with tears and she realized spittle had dribbled from her mouth under her mask and down onto her chest.

'This will happen to you every time you speak to me disrespectfully, do you understand?' Finlay said sternly.

'Y... yes, Doctor,' Katy replied with pitiful servility.

She was temporarily too shocked and cowed to resist any further. What had happened to her in the ambulance had been clouded by the effects of the red capsule but this time she had been all too horribly wide-awake, which had only made the pain she had suffered even more acute. Right now she was in no position to defy this man, however crazy he was.

'That's better,' Finlay said, putting the prod down on her stomach with its sinister forked tip resting between her breasts, where it would be a constant reminder to her and convenient for him to pick up should he need it to again.

She must simply wait until Adam got here and sorted things out Katy told herself. He could not have imagined the kind of insane place the ambulance men would take her to. But then they had acted so normally while they had been in the house. Oh God! Had they even take her where he thought they were going to? She had never heard of any Rectification Hospital. Was he even now hunting for her?

Finlay returned to his desk and appeared to consult some notes on his

screen. 'Now according to this you received an insect sting which caused a severe reaction, including periods of unconsciousness, temporarily confusion and partial paralysis, is that correct?'

'Yes, Doctor,' Katy said stiffly.

'Are you still paralysed?'

'No doctor,'

'And are you still confused?'

That was an incredible question to ask. Was this real or a dream. She did not know which would be worse. Cautiously she said: 'I think I may be, Doctor.'

'I see. Well in the ambulance you became disturbed and violent so the crew had to administer a soporific to calm you down. Do you remember that?'

'I remember the red capsule thing, Doctor. But I didn't become violent. They... they screwed me! All three of them! They hung me from the ceiling and took me from in front and behind. They fucked and sodomised me! They stuck a dildo up my backside! And then they used me as a dartboard! Who would you say was acting disturbed?'

She realized her cheeks were burning and she was sweating with fear and anger at the thought of the appalling treatment she had endured.

And yet incredibly Finlay looked quite unmoved. 'Yes, but apart from that do still feel confused?'

'Did you hear what I said, Doctor? It was criminal assault! It was wrong!'

Finlay cleared his throat impatiently. 'Evidently you are still confused. What do you remember about how you got here today? Do you remember why your master sent you here for treatment?'

‘My “master”? What you talking about, Doctor?’

Finlay consulted his notes. ‘An Adam Hyde of 29 Mortlake Avenue, Wimbledon, is registered as your master. Is that correct?’

‘That’s crazy. He’s my boyfriend that’s all.’

‘Yes, of course, for the purposes of the deception used to maintain outward appearances to the uninitiated and non slave-owning classes. But he bought you eighteen months ago according to the records. Don’t you remember?’

This was getting more incredible by the moment. ‘Bought me! What are you saying? That’s when we met that’s all!’

Finlay stepped forward and reached for the cattle prod.

‘*Doctor!*’ Katy added hastily. ‘That’s when we met, Doctor. I’m no slave. That... that’s a disgusting thing to say.’

Flashes of her dreams came back to her but she quashed them.

Finlay looked grave. ‘Apparently you have suffered loss of memory and are suffering delusions brought on by shock after an extreme reaction to an insect sting. We’re lucky it was not more severe. The fact is that you are a voluntary sex slave.’

‘You’re saying I *volunteered* to be a sex slave!’

‘Yes. At aged eighteen, according to your records. It suited your nature and so you were given training and introduced to various masters. Don’t you recall anything about your training or previous owners?’

Katy struggled to make herself clear. ‘Doctor, I’m a freelance artist and illustrator, not a slave, voluntary or not!’

‘Perhaps your current master allows you to do a few doodles for show, but you are a registered sex slave. You are an orphan, is that correct?’

‘Yes, Doctor I’m an orphan... what of it?’

‘Well female orphans with suitable natures are often made into sex slaves. No close families to pry too deeply into their lives, you see. And why do you think you were brought here to the region’s specialist slave hospital, or why our ambulance crew treated you in that way you seem to find so shocking? In such circumstances naturally full usage rights are temporarily assigned to us as your de facto keepers. They were merely exercising their normal and natural desires with you as free men would with any slave in their power. In fact such treatment would have been advisable to keep you stimulated and alert to combat the effects of the allergic reaction. You were stimulated weren’t you?’

By now Katy’s mind was reeling once again. Had she been stimulated? You could call it that! ‘Yes, Doctor,’ she said feebly.

‘And did you orgasm?’

‘Yes, Doctor,’ she admitted shamefully.

‘More than once?’

‘Yes...’

‘That’s good. Orgasms are a healthy response for pleasure slaves. It doesn’t do to bottle in such feelings for your kind. Perhaps you’ve been not been getting your proper quota recently. Has your master been too busy with work? Perhaps you’re feeling neglected? Maybe that added your mental instability. Then your acute reaction to the sting brought about this breakdown and curious denial of your former life.’

There was a thread of truth in that otherwise mad suggestion. She had felt Adam had been neglecting her of late... as a boyfriend not a slave master. But it was the phrase *mental instability* and *breakdown* that were even more frightening. Did they apply to her? Had she had some kind of breakdown? How else could she be so out of step with everything and everyone else around her?

No, that was ridiculous! She knew what was real and what was not. Those dreams had just been dreams. This was all some absurd charade.

‘Doctor, listen to me: Adam was coming here after me. He’ll tell you.’

‘Why should he? He’s left you in our care. You’re to stay here until you’re cured.’

If he had been following the ambulance then why had she not seen him when they had stopped to swap drivers? Desperately she struggled to hold her faith. ‘He said he was following...’

‘You mean you thought you heard him say that,’ Finlay suggested. ‘Because it’s the sort of thing a partner of a free woman might say. It fitted in with your delusion.’ He picked up the desk phone. ‘But if you wish I can call him and you can talk to him. See what he says...’

He dialled their house landline number and he put the phone on speaker. Adam answered.

‘Adam... Adam it’s me!’ Katy called out desperately. ‘Please come and take me home! They’re doing terrible things to me!’

But instead of sympathy he said: ‘You’re being very familiar, Katy. You know I don’t let you use my name except on special occasions.’

‘What?’

‘You normally call me Master, remember? I should have known. You’ve been behaving oddly for the last few days. You must be really sick.’

‘Oh God...’ Katy whimpered.

‘Just be a good girl and do what they tell you, Katy. I’ll see you again when you’re better.’

‘But... I want to come home!’

‘You know that’s not safe. You might have another breakdown in public and give everything away. We must keep the secret, remember?’

‘What secret?’

‘That you’re my lovely obedient sex slave of course, what other secret is there?’ Now just do what you’re told and try to get well again.’ And he rang off.

Katy hung her head feeling utterly lost and sick. How could this be true? She knew it wasn’t true! But then why had Adam said what he had? Was she really mad?

Finlay has been studying her face intently. ‘Is there anything else you find strange about your surroundings, Katy?’

In her sick despair her eyes strayed to Nurse Miriam, still standing meekly to one side.

‘I... I’ve never seen a nurse dressed like her, Doctor,’ she admitted.

‘That’s a standard slave nurse uniform. I’m surprise you don’t remember seeing it on the slave TV channel. They’re always showing medical romances on there.’

‘What slave channel, Doctor?’ she asked feebly.

Finlay shook his head sadly. ‘Katy, I’m afraid you really have had a serious mental breakdown. For some reason you believe the pretence you and your master live under for the sake of outward appearances to be the real thing. It’s important that you remind yourself of things from the slave world as soon as possible. Look at Miriam, for instance. She’s not a domestic slave pet like yourself but a working slave like thousands of others. Don’t you remember meeting women like her before?’

Nurse Miriam was certainly easy to look at. She was perhaps a few years older than Katy, with a fresh face, warm pink skin and blond hair which was tied up and confined by her cap. Her bright eyes were dark and sharp

under straight brows. Her nose was firm and straight and she had thin pursed red lips. She had a compact fleshy build and broad shoulders but with a slender back and chest that made her seem even more heavily breasted than she was. The indentations of her nipples showed clearly on the bulging mounds of her white latex covered breasts. Thanks to her outrageous costume her shapely sturdy legs and bare softly rounded buttocks were displayed for all to see. Katy also noticed that hooked to the side bands of her apron was what looked like a spanking paddle and a coiled dog leash.

Hesitantly Katy asked: 'And she... really is a slave?'

'Of course she is. Tell her Miriam...'

'I'm a slave nurse, Katy. It is my duty to serve in the hospital and obey the Doctor's commands.'

'Like this,' Finlay said. 'Lift to your apron and show Katy your pretty pussy mouth...'

Immediately Miriam lifted the front of her apron to expose the plump deep cleft of a smooth shaven vulva. Katy gulped the sight of it.

'Now kiss Katy on the lips...' Finlay commanded.

Miriam stepped forward, bent over Katy, pulled her mask aside and kissed her full on the lips.

'Now kiss her nipples...'

Miriam moved down to kiss Katy's nipples, which throbbed hotly at the touch of strange female lips.

'And now her vulva...use your tongue...'

Miriam moved round to squat between Katy's splayed legs and kissed the hot wet cleft of her pussy mouth passionately. Her mobile tongue slipped between her labia and tickled the mouth of her vagina and her clitoris. Katy's eye widened at her touch and she strained to pull her legs together. No woman had ever done to her before.

‘Does that feel strange to you?’ Finlay enquired.

‘Yes... I don’t like it... Please tell to stop, Doctor!’

‘But as a trained sex slave you must have had many lesbian encounters for the amusement of your master if nothing else. Don’t you remember any of them?’

‘No, nothing...’ Obeying her orders Miriam was still tongue her sex. It was frightening and deeply disturbing. ‘Please tell her to stop!’

‘That’s enough, Miriam,’ Finlay commanded.

Miriam stood and moved to one side, licking her lips with apparent relish as she did so.

‘You see she is here to serve us in the same way you were serving your master,’ Findlay continued.

Feebly Katy shook her head. Her whole life could not be an illusion... a dream... could it? ‘Wait... if I’m a slave then why aren’t I wearing a collar like her?’

‘But you are wearing a collar,’ Finlay said gently. ‘Show her, Miriam...’

Miriam took a large hand mirror from a cabinet and held it up in front of Katy so she could see her head and shoulders. She looked ghastly. Her eyes were red and hollow and her cheeks were streaked with dried tears. But far worse was the shiny metal slave collar with a soft black rubber lining that hung about her neck. There were words stamped into the collar band. She spelled out the reversed mirror letters...

KATY PROPERTY OF ADAM...

‘No... it can’t be true... it can’t be...’ Katy sobbed.

‘But it is,’ Finlay said. ‘Your master has told you it is and we are

telling you it is. You're only harming yourself by denying it. But don't worry, Katy, Rectification Hospital is the best place to find a cure. We're used to treating with all kinds of slavish mental and emotional problems. We deal with girls who have lapses in confidence and have problems dealing with their double lives every day. Your case is just a little more extreme than usual, that's all. I'll work out a course of treatment that will bring you back to normal. But first I must check the rest of your responses. I hope the damage is not too deep...'

As Katy lay wrapped up in her private turmoil of fear and confusion, Finlay took some devices from the cabinets and attached them to fittings on the couch. A double-shafted vibrator on an adjustable stand was plugged into the front of the couch so that it was angled towards her gaping sex mouth. A pair of metal rings joined by a flexible shaft was laid across her breasts so the rings encircled her areolas. The rings bristled with coils and contact studs and were held in place by screw clamps mounted above them that fastened to the protuberant crowns of her nipples. A control and power cable ran from the ring bar down to some socket under the couch. Another control cable was connected to the vibrator device, which Finlay now pushed into her crotch so that the double shafts penetrated her. The larger one went into her vagina and the similar one into her rectum until their bases pressed into the swell of her vulva. The bases were studded with electric contacts that dug into her soft flesh.

Finlay took up a hand control unit. 'I'm just going to assess your normal sexual response times,' he told Katy, and before she could protest he pressed a button.

The rings about her nipples began to tingle and buzz, stimulating them with tiny tickling electric shocks. At the same time the vibrators in her vagina started pumping backward and forward, making her lower stomach and bottom bulge, while also oscillating and humming. Every few seconds they also delivered tingling electric shocks to the mouth of her vulva. Katy's eyes grew wide and she gulped at this sudden onslaught of sensation. None of it was exactly painful, nothing like what she had suffered in the ambulance, but it made her feel frighteningly aware that the most sensitive parts of her body were being stimulated in ways totally beyond her control.

‘No... Please don’t do this to me... I don’t want to be tested...’

Finlay nodded to Miriam who stepped forward, took up the mouth plug of Katy’s gag and pushed it firmly back between her lips again, muffling any further protests.

‘I’m sorry Katy but we must do this for your own good. Whatever life you imagine you’ve been living for the past few months, this is perfectly normal treatment for a sex slave and you must learn to accept it.’

Desperately Katy shook her head and gurgled moans of protest. But of course it was no use. Finlay could do anything he wanted to her. She was strapped down naked and helpless, forcing her to concentrate on what the stimulators were doing to her breasts and pussy and so intensifying their effects. Those parts of her were ideally presented for such treatment. They could be pricked and teased and shocked and penetrated at will. But not her will... That knowledge was terrifying and so darkly exciting.

The trouble was she was naturally passionate and she did like sex. Not like this... but that desire was there, ready to be distorted and perverted. She could feel herself helplessly responding to the stimulation. Liquid lust was filling her loins while her breasts throbbed and pulsed and swelled with hot blood. Her juices were flowing freely, coating the plunging vibrator head as it plugged her vagina, oiling the pumping anal vibrator beneath it and then dripping onto the floor of examination room. How could she react like this after having been forcibly made to cum twice today already? It wasn’t natural... but then was what was natural or normal anymore?

She was caught on the cusp between two wildly different views of reality and did not know which was true. But the buzzing, tingling, pumping things that were relentlessly attacking her breasts and groin promised a tempting simple kind of pleasure that she could briefly escape into. The joy of sex and orgasms was common to both worlds and she was surrendering to its allure. Just for a few seconds she could forget everything else and live for pleasure alone...

She bit on her gag plug and strained against her straps, bucking her hips and clenching about the pumping vibrator heads, spraying her juices

over them, feeling her loins exploding in a wave of pleasure that rushed up through her and burst in her brain. And for a little while she knew perfect peace...

When Katy returned to full consciousness again the devices had been removed from her body. Nurse Miriam was tending her, gently wiping her over with a cool wet cloth. It was perhaps the kindest thing anybody had done to her all day...

When he was sure she was receptive, Doctor Finlay said: 'You are down a little on your mean response times when they were last recorded, no doubt being inhibited by your current state of confusion, but I'm sure we can restore them to what they were. Your natural levels of sexual responsiveness were of course augmented by your slave training. Now you'll need re-education and corrective response indoctrination to get back to normal. During this process your proper memories will return and you'll see this false delusion you have for what it really is... '

He said it all so matter-of-factly that it disguised the true awfulness of what he meant. They were going to train her to be a highly sexed slave who came to order! Or were they retraining her to be one again?

'Nurse Miriam will prepare you for your stay. While you're being treated you will of course have to be protected from yourself in case you have another violent episode...'

Miriam was holding a pair of clear pliant plastic thumbless mittens which she put on Katy's hands and a similar pair of ankle socks for her feet. They fastened with popper tabs that without the use of her fingers or teeth Katy could not possibly undo. They also had metal rings set into their thickened wrist and ankle cuffs. Katy began to panic and struggle once again. They were turning her into a helpless animal!

'Calm her down...' Finlay told Miriam.

Miriam took out a fresh red capsule from a small pouch clipped to the

back of her apron belt, broke it and pushed it into the clips on Katy's facemask. Once again the heavy chemical scent filled her nostrils and dulled her senses. Her struggles became feebler as she felt the fight and panic draining out of her. In a minute she was lying limply on the couch. She knew what they had done to her but it was so hard to work up the strength to fight back.

'Until further orders you will medicate her as necessary to keep her obedient and under control,' Finlay told Miriam.

'Yes, Doctor,' Miriam replied.

'Take her to the Correction Ward...'

Miriam unhooked the leash from her belt and clipped it to Katy's collar ring. Then she undid the straps that bound her to the couch, pulled her legs out of the stirrups and closed them together in front of her and then lifted her up so that she sat with sagging shoulders on the end of the couch. Katy felt weak and dizzy and unable to stand. Miriam helped her off the couch and down onto her hands and knees. She was still unsteady but at least she did not feel as though she's going to fall over like that.

Miriam tugged on her leash and led Katy like a dog shuffling along on all fours out of the examination room and along the corridor.

Katy burned with confused and helpless shame as she shuffled along after Miriam. This was so completely degrading. How could any hospital treat people like this? A hospital that specialised in treating slaves, came the unbidden reply. For them it might seem normal...

And sure enough, she passed another nurse leading a naked woman on all fours like herself. Her face was also covered behind a transparent mask and her feet and hands were wrapped in plastic mittens. But unlike Katy she seemed to have a rubber dog tail bobbing above her buttocks, into the cleft of which its base was impaled.

Oh Good God, Katy thought. What kind of treatment required them to shove a rubber tail up the girl's arsehole!

Correction Ward was a large airy white room lit by many large windows of frosted glass, containing twenty beds in curtained bays. At first glance the beds appeared normal hospital bed with metal frames and adjustable backrests and side rails. But from her low angle of view Katy noticed that beneath their middles were some odd fixtures she could not quite make out. A few white coated doctors and skimpily rubber clad nurses were moving between the beds, about a third of which were currently occupied with naked gag-masked women lying on them totally uncovered with their arms and legs spread out and their wrists and ankles clipped to the raised bed side rails. Of course, slaves could not expect any provision for their modesty or freedom...

Miriam led Katy to an unoccupied bed half way along the ward and helped her up into it. Katy wanted to resist but she was really was too weak and dazed to fight. If she could not go on her hands and knees then her only choice seemed to be lying on her back.

Miriam stretched her arms and legs out to the side rails which had snaphooks fitted to them which connected to the rings set in her mittens and booties.

‘If you promise not to make a fuss I’ll take the quelling capsule away,’ she said to Katy.

Katy nodded feebly. Miriam pulled the red capsule of her mask and set it on the small bedside cabinet. Katy’s head began to clear again.

‘Do you want to empty your bowels?’ Miriam asked.

Katy nodded again.

Miriam operated a control pad hung on the head of the bed. To her surprise Katy felt the bedding under her bottom suddenly sinking. A separate round plug of sheet and mattress wider than her hips had dropped out of the middle of the bed and she was sinking into the hole it had left. The plug was pulled backwards out from under her and she looked down to see her haunches were now suspended over a deep transparent bowl underneath the bed illuminated by a ring of LED lights. It was half filled with water. Then

she realized it was a toilet bowl plumbed with flexible pipes and tubes that ran back into the wall behind her. One hung underneath every bed. And illuminated as it was everybody could see her bottom hanging inside it. They would be able to see every detail as she relieved herself.

Miriam unhooked her spanking paddle and laid it in a warning gesture across Katy's bare breasts. 'I know you must be feeling very confused now but you must relearn as quickly as possible to do whatever you're told. Forget about privacy because you haven't got any. We are slaves and we must follow orders. If you don't behave then I'll be punished. So do as I tell you or else I'll have to beat your tits until you do...'

Katy did not want to get another slave into trouble on her account. So she screwed up her eyes and tried to blot out her surroundings in her mind. After an agonising minute of being locked up by nerves and shame she managed to relieve herself. When she was done Miriam operated another control and rings of water jets around the bowl washed Katy's pussy and bottom hole clean. Then blasts of warm air dried her skin. The toilet bowl flushed and then the plug of bedding slid back over it and moved upwards once again, filling the hole in the mattress and lifting Katy's haunches back onto the top of the bed again.

'Would you like a drink?' Miriam asked.

Again Katy nodded. Miriam took from the bedside table what Katy had thought was a small bottle full of orange juice. Then she realized it was a flexible pouch with a nozzle shaped like the head of an erect penis.

'I know what it looks like but you'll have to get used to it,' Miriam said, pulling the plug out of Katy's gag mask and putting the bulbous penis head in its place. 'Just drink it down. It'll make you feel better. You'll have to suck a bit though. But then you know what that should remind you of...'

Miserably Katy sucked hard to draw the juice out of the narrow aperture in the tip of its phallic nozzle. It was humiliating but the fresh tang of the juice did revive her.

When she was done Miriam wiped her lips with a cloth and went to

replace her gag plug.

‘Thank you...’ Katy managed to say before she was gagged once again.

Miriam smiled at her. ‘Anytime,’ she said gently. ‘I’m just doing my duty...’

Then she brought out from her belt pouch a blue capsule. Katy’s eyes widened in dismay at the sight of it and she began to shake her head. No, they could not keep doing this to her...

‘Now don’t fight this,’ Miriam advised Katy. ‘I promise that it’ll just help you to sleep. It’s getting late and you’ll need to be properly rested before your treatment starts tomorrow. It’s nothing more powerful than ordinary sleeping pills, just delivered in a different way. Do you understand?’

Katy bit on her gag and then nodded. If she had to begin trusting somebody then it might as well be a fellow slave.

‘I’ll stay with you until you fall asleep,’ Miriam promised.

Katy nodded and tried to smile bravely.

Miriam broke the capsule then clipped it to Katy’s mask. Then she stroked Katy’s forehead gently. ‘Just let it do its job...’ she said quietly.

Katy had been trying to hold her breath but of course she had to give in. The capsule had a different smell to the red one. Not as harsh. More flowerlike and gentle... quite restful in fact...

And so, chained naked to her bed in the Correction Ward of a slave hospital, Katy drifted off to sleep.

Chapter Three

Katy was woken by Nurse Miriam the next morning. At least she assumed it was the next morning because she could not see any details through the frosted windows of the ward but the light in them seemed low and fresh. The ward was already busy with bare nurse's bottoms bent over the beds. There seem to be one nurse per patient. Whatever its other faults, the staffing levels here were incredible, Katy thought sleepily.

Miriam had removed the blue capsule from her mask and pulled out its gag plug, so she was able to breathe freely to shake off its effects. Katy felt rested but hardly at ease. Her sleep had not been a natural one. She imagined she must have dreamed but she didn't remember any details. Now she had to face her first full day in this insane, and yet undeniably all too real, place.

She could not deny the Rectification Hospital was real in the physical sense without also admitting that her life over the past few years could have been an illusion, which meant she might be a slave with temporary amnesia. For the moment she must accept it at face value. But she did not have to like it or approve of what they did here. She must keep her wits about her and see if anything happened to make better sense of things.

Miriam had a plastic penis bottle with her filled with what looked like a kind stew.

'You must eat this,' she told Katy. 'It won't taste very special but it's the usual slave feed containing all the necessary sustenance to keep you fit and healthy. But then of course you'd know all that if you hadn't... forgotten.'

'I really don't remember anything about it,' Katy said.

'Then I'll have to keep explaining,' Miriam said with a wan smile.

'Why put it in bottles shaped like that?' Katy asked.

‘They’re standard slave bottles.’ Miriam said. ‘They’re meant to remind us every time we eat or drink who are masters are.’

‘Men!’

‘Of course men... and some women. But it’s harder to make a bottle spout shaped like a pussy. A penis is, well, more masterful... Now please eat this or I’ll get into trouble...’

And so Katy sucked and gulped the mixture out of the bottle while Miriam held it for her. It didn’t actually taste too bad and it was hot. But thought of was it symbolised made her feel sick.

When she had eaten she had to go through the humiliating process of using the bed’s inbuilt toilet again. After she was done Miriam pulled out a hose that was stored above the bowl’s rim and used it to give Katy an enema. ‘You must always be clean and fresh up there,’ she explained. ‘You never know when somebody will want to have you up your back passage. I’ll put a little lubricating jelly on it as well. That helps, believe me...’

‘I know,’ Katy said miserably, thinking of ambulance man Dave.

After she was done Miriam gave her a wash over with warm flannels.

‘Haven’t you got any showers? I could have a shower couldn’t I?’

‘Not until you’ve shown you know how to behave properly,’ Miriam told her.

She finished by cleaning Katy’s teeth for her. Then she pushed Katy’s gag plug back into place.

‘The doctors will be doing the ward round soon,’ she explained. ‘They’ll all want have a look at you. And then I’ll take you to your first session of the day. I’ll just leave you ready to be examined...’

She operated the controls at the head of the bed. The side rails began to fold up around Katy, hinging about their centre sections and raising their ends upward. As she was cuffed to the ends of the rails by her wrists and

ankles, her arms and legs were pulled upwards with them. As the ends of the rails came together her wrists and ankles almost touched and her body was folded up like a jack-knife with her legs drawn into a taut “V” shape, leaving her peering out from between her parted shins while below her pussy cleft pouted from between her stretched thighs.

Katy began to squirm about, instinctively fighting this new humiliation.

Regretfully Miriam said: ‘I’m sorry but I’ll have to quieten you down...’ She took out a red quelling capsule and fitted it to Katy’s mask. The soporific vapour had its effect and Katy felt her resentment and anger being dulled and diluted until she hung from her frame subdued and helpless.

‘Now I’ll give you your spanking quota for the day,’ Miriam said.

She unhooked her paddle and, standing by side of the bed, delivered a brisk dozen strokes across Katy’s taut buttocks and the pouting mouth of the sex, making her whimper and jerk in her bonds. It wasn’t a hard beating but it was sharp enough to make hot tears prick at the back of her eyes. When she was done, Miriam felt the hot blushing flesh of Katy’s bottom and sex mouth with satisfaction.

Then she leaned forward confidentially. ‘If you want any more just let me know and I can give you another half dozen when nobody’s around.’ And then more loudly she said, ‘I’ll be back after they’ve seen you...’

Katy watched her plump rounded buttocks twinkling away down the ward in amazement. She had a quota of spanks to be delivered each day like medicine! Well perhaps to hard-core slave girls it was. And Miriam actually imagined that she might want more and had offered, no doubt out of kindness, to give her an illicit bonus! This was total madness... or was she the one that was mad?

The brief stimulation of her spanking faded away and her medicated thoughts began to drift once more. At least she had the activity in the ward to watch and help pass the time.

Other slaves were being washed and cleaned and made to use their bed toilet pans. She felt vague shame at watching them enduring such an intimate process but could not drag her eyes away. If they really were sex slaves of course then they must be used to this. None had any privacy and expected to be looked at. It made a kind of sense that even when they were unwell in some way they should still be made to display their bodies for the enjoyment of others. Or was this the life they expected all the time? Would they feel deprived if they were not treated this way? That was a frightening idea.

As for herself she did not feel any familiarity with any of this. She could not believe that she had forgotten living like this, whatever trauma she had suffered. But then why yesterday had Adam said what he had and confirmed everything that Doctor Finlay had told her? Could she possibly be a sex slave? No, a *voluntary* sex slave. Did that make it better or worse?

She saw some of the other women being taken out of their beds and led out of the ward on their hands and knees by nurses holding their leashes. A couple of others were left in their beds but the nurses were fitting frames to them and attaching wires and clips to their bodies. What were they doing to them?

Katy's speculations were cut short by the appearance of a gaggle of half a dozen white coated doctors, with Finlay amongst them. They moved along the occupied beds, examining each patient in turn and consulting amongst themselves. When they reached Katy, Finlay explained her background.

'Interesting case, this. A voluntary slave for over five years, but after the trauma of an extreme reaction to an insect sting, she appears to have forgotten all about her slave life and believes in the fictitious public persona of a free woman her master created for her. Look her over and tell me what you think...'

The other doctors gathered round Katy pinching and prodding her as she hung from her bed frame. She squirmed feebly, snuffling and whimpering as they pinched and stretched her nipples, slapped her bottom and probed the hanging mouth of her sex.

‘She certainly seems to have the responses of the uninitiated doesn’t she?’ one of them said. ‘She acts as though she really is resentful at being handled.’

‘We’ll have to see what we can do to cure that,’ another opined. He patted Katy on her pussy mouth in what he probably thought was a reassuring way. ‘Don’t you worry, girl, we’ll put you right...’

Then they moved on to the next patient.

How could she explain that she didn’t want to be put right? That she wanted things to go back to the way they were, even if that was illusion!

The doctors finally completed their round and left the ward. Miriam reappeared. She worked the bed controls, lowering the bed rest until it was almost flat. Then she let Katy down until her bottom, back and head rested on the bed while her arms and legs were still stretched out and spread apart and raised at about thirty degrees. Then she locked the controls off again.

‘Doctor Finlay has given me some new instructions concerning your treatment,’ she said as she took the red capsule from Katy’s mask. ‘I’m to give you regular therapy in addition to the specialist sessions you’ll be receiving...’

As Katy felt her mind clearing again Miriam pulled the bedside curtains round. Like many things in hospital they were in fact transparent plastic and only very slightly misted. They didn’t create much sense of privacy, merely indicating the fact that the occupant of the bed was not to be disturbed.

‘I know in your state this might not seem like a nice thing to do, but I’m sure it will help you remember. You must have done it lots of times before. Masters enjoy seeing their girls screwing each other...’

As she spoke she was stripping off her clinging white latex uniform. In moments she was naked between her boot tops and collar. The figure that Katy had so far seen outlined in rubber was now revealed in unadorned flesh. Her breasts were as full and plump as they had seemed to be, capped by large

pale brown nipples. Their full cleavage seemed to mirror the deep cleft of her pouting sex lips.

Miriam grinned and posed for a moment, allowing Katy to look her over.

Katy gulped. It was impossible to deny that Miriam was very attractive and exuded sexual readiness.

Miriam then took something from the bedside cabinet. It was a jelly pink double-ended dildo. One end had a long realistically shaped penis shaft while the other branched into two vertical prongs, the first in the form of a tapering pear-shaped plug, fat end upwards, and the second on the tail of the shaft resembling a ball-capped mushroom.

As Katy looked at it in horror, Miriam got up onto the bed and knelt between Katy's spread legs. She spread her own legs, sat back on her heels and fitted the dildo, plugging the mushroom head into her anus and the pear shaped plug into her vagina. It took some effort to push them inside her and she had to stretch her anal sphincter and vaginal mouth to accept them, but once they had popped up into her their taper held them firmly in place. This left the big pink shaft bobbing grotesquely from between her thighs.

Miriam gave it a playful slap. 'You'll enjoy having this inside you, I promise. Think of it as just a bit of naughty fun.'

Katy was shaking her head desperately. As far as she could remember, she had never had sex with any woman and did want to start now, even with one as pretty as Miriam who was doing it because she genuinely seemed to think it would help her get her mind straight.

Miriam stroked Katy's pussy mound sympathetically, as though this was a natural way to comfort her. Perhaps it was among slave girls. 'I know you must be confused but I have to do this to you. If not me then it'll be somebody else. I'll try to make it as pleasurable as I can. Look, if you promise not to make a noise I'll take your mask off so we can kiss properly. Would you like that?'

Katy's mind spun. Would that make it any better or worse? Would it be easier just do this thing coldly or would passion help? Did she in fact have any passion or desire inside her right this moment? To her surprise, she realized there was a tingle in her stomach and a certain slickness in her sex lips, perhaps helped by Miriam's intimate stroking which she was still continuing. Oh God. Was she responding instinctively to the exposed bodies both of patients and staff all around her, not least the naked body of her very own nurse? Was there a scent of sex hanging in the air? There was certainly an expectation of sex. In a place like this it must be inevitable.

Miriam could screw her right now whether she gave her consent or not. At least she was doing her best to make it pleasurable, and unlike sex with a man no part of her would be inside her, only a dildo which she might even have used on herself.

She nodded. Miriam pulled her gag plug out and then removed her mask.

'Please do it quickly,' Katy begged.

Miriam said, 'The more you let yourself go and try to enjoy it, the faster you'll cum. That's what I've got to show Doctor Finlay: your juices all over this dildo.'

Katy gulped. 'I'll try...'

Miriam leaned forward, kneeling across Katy's splayed body. She lined up the big bobbing head of the dildo with Katy's vagina mouth and fed its fat tip into her. Then she lowered herself onto Katy's body. Her big breasts were swinging free. Katy could feel the heat of her as she pressed down. Her warm soft scented flesh met Miriam's trembling body and seemed to merge with it. Miriam's heavy globes flattened across the sharper cones of Katy's breast and their sex mouths kissed. She shuddered as she felt their nipples sliding across each other. Her pretty, smiling, encouraging face was above hers...

And then Miriam thrust forward, sliding the full length of the slippery dildo into Katy. At the same moment she kissed her passionately full on the

lips, sliding her tongue deep inside her and filling her with her scent, stifling her moan of despair and surprise at the feel of a woman making love to her. She began to rock herself forward and back across Katy's spread-eagled body, grinding their flesh together and driving the dildo up into the furthest recesses of Katy's vagina.

Miriam rode Katy with steady thrusts, not wildly but relentlessly, stoking the hot passion within her by increments. The hot globes of their breasts rolled and tumbled back and forth across each other, gradually getting slipperier and stickier as a film of sweat built up between them. Katy felt her nipple crowns throbbing hard as India rubber as they poked into Miriam's heavy breasts. The plunging shaft of the dildo was moving more easily within her as her own lubrication began to flow copiously, spilling out about it, smearing Miriam's soft sex mouth and dribbling onto the blankets under her bottom.

She could not help herself. This was strange and desperately exciting, somehow intensified by her bondage in a way that was quite different from what happened to her in the ambulance. What did that say about her? Did she like having sex tied down or with women? Was she reviving memories she had denied? What she really a sex slave or was it all down to Miriam's passionate and forceful presence? Maybe she was a little bisexual, but might this have been something she could have discovered for herself at some point without being admitted to Rectification Hospital?

All she knew was she was desperately aroused and excited and that any moment now she was going to...

She came with Miriam's lips crushed against hers and her tongue buried deep in her mouth.

'That wasn't so bad, was it?' Miriam gasped, still riding her.

And then she moaned and rolled her eyes as she came as well.

Miriam left Katy strapped down and laid out on the bed, with her

sweaty pussy mouth gaping wide and dripping with her juices, while she put her apron back on and calmly took the by now heavily soiled dildo to Doctor Finlay's office for examination and approval.

As Katy lay there and she thought dizzily that everybody in the hospital would see that pink rubber cock been carried about dripping with her cum juices. This place was insane! Before the dark horror of her situation claimed once again, she distracted herself with the thought: I've just had sex with another woman. And actually it was quite nice...

Miriam returned smiling broadly. 'The Doctor is very happy with your progress so far,' she reported. 'Slave girls are meant to have big orgasms and judging from the amount of juice you put out you're quite healthy.' She added a private grin: 'As I could have told him. Now, I've got to get you ready for your first therapy session...'

She lowered Katy's bottom into the bed toilet bowl and flushed her out thoroughly. Then she dried her off and refitted her gag mask. Then she took out a fresh quelling capsule.

'Sorry but I've got to medicate you again. Until you've been certified cured you have to be controlled when you're out of bed, do you understand?'

Resignedly Katy nodded.

A minute later, feeling detached and dopey once again, Katy allowed herself to be freed from the bed and set down all fours. Miriam clipped her leash to her collar and she led her out of the ward like a dog and along a corridor to the Psychiatric Evaluation Room.

Chapter Four

The Evaluation Room was one big white padded cell, of the kind you usually saw in films where they put people in straitjackets. The walls and floor and even Doctor Watson's desk in one corner was padded across its front. There were also padded cabinets set in the walls. But most ominously were the fittings that hung from the (un)padded ceiling. There were chains, wire ropes, straps and powered winch fittings, all of which dangled an array of hooks, cuffs and rods.

Watson was a slight younger man than Finlay with sandy hair, but he had the same air of professional gravitas. He peered at Katy through large horn rim glasses as she knelt on all fours on the floor before him. Miriam was once again standing to one side with her eyes lowered respectfully and hands folded across her apron front. How different she seemed from the sexually confident woman who had screwed her so spectacularly only half an hour earlier. But Katy supposed it made sense that in the presence of doctors the slave nurses acted with proper subservience. Was it for the benefit of patients or did the doctors like to be flattered? Perhaps both. Or possibly the nurses really were dedicated slaves, if such a thing existed, and naturally behaved in such a manner.

The question was now if she was also one of their kind...

'I've studied in your case notes my colleague has provided me, Katy,' Watson said. 'Now I want to find out what you do and don't remember about your recent life. For a start, do you remember when you first chose to become a slave?'

When she had come in, Watson had ordered Miriam to remove Katy's medication capsule and gag plug so she could think clearly and give coherent answers to his questions, at least to the best of her ability, although she felt her mind was so screwed up by now she was not sure it would make any difference. But even though she still felt frightened by her situation and sickened by being exposed before this stranger in such a shameful fashion, she wanted to cooperate. If he could possibly explain what had happened to

her then she had to know the truth.

‘No Doctor,’ Katy said respectfully. ‘Like I told Doctor Finlay, I don’t remember anything about any of that. Well...’

‘Yes, tell me everything. We can’t make any progress unless you are totally honest.’ He held up a cattle prod of the same model Finlay had used upon her. ‘If you need encouragement I can always use this on you...’

Katy shuddered and said hastily, ‘Well... after I had the insect sting, which was why I was sent here, I did have some odd dreams... at least that’s what I thought they were. About being dressed like a slave, being naked and in chains, being screwed... that kind of thing.’

‘But they could of course also have been flashbacks from your earlier life that for some reason you have been suppressing?’ Watson suggested.

‘I suppose so, Doctor,’ Katy admitted grudgingly. ‘I really don’t know. I’ve never been a situation like this before. As far as I know I’ve lived a perfectly ordinary life the past few years. I’ve never been treated like a slave or wanted to be one. In fact Adam, my boyfriend, wanted me to play a few bondage games when we first met but I didn’t want to. That kind of thing has never appealed to me...’

‘That’s very significant,’ Watson said, making a note on a jotter pad in front of him. ‘You now think that in the past you rejected one of the most elementary aspects of a slave’s life, namely the restriction of her movements and confinement. And yet the records clearly show that you have been living such a life for some years in apparent contentment. Clearly some aspect of the trauma linked with this “insect sting” has caused you to invert your natural feelings and desires so that you have rejected your fundamental nature. I wonder, do recall ever having suffered a serious sting when you were younger, perhaps in unusual or traumatic circumstances?’

Katy wracked her brains. She was not sure what memories she trusted anymore. Eventually she said, ‘No, Doctor I can’t think of anything like that. I’ve been stung a few times in the past by bees and wasps, who hasn’t? But I don’t remember any particularly bad ones.’

‘Of course it may have occurred at a very young age before you were able to form lasting or detailed memories,’ Watson speculated. ‘If it was linked by some association with your current life, perhaps through a name or a location or even the colour of clothes somebody close to you was wearing at the time, it might have this effect. You are unconsciously associating your life as a slave with something terrible and frightening from your past and during the time you were suffering from the reaction to the venom, which I see lasted for a few days, you had this mental relapse.’

‘A few days?’ Katy exclaimed. ‘But I thought Adam sent for the ambulance right after I been stung?’

‘No,’ Watson said as he consulted his laptop screen, ‘the report from our ambulance crew quite clearly says that you were badly stung three days ago but then appeared to recover from it within an hour or so. However over the next few days you began to exhibit periods of erratic behaviour including brief blackouts. Your master wanted you to seek medical help but you pleaded not to be taken from him saying you would get over it. Even after you went out in public with him in normal non-slave dress and then seriously embarrassed him, coming near to compromising the slave owning community’s existence.’

‘A *community*? Are there really many people who keep slaves, Doctor?’ Katy asked. She still could not get her mind around that fact, although her present surroundings were shrieking the truth of that in her face.

‘Of course there are,’ Watson said lightly. ‘Keeping slaves is an ancient tradition. Naturally we’ve had to moderate our activities over recent centuries when it fell out of fashion, but it still continues privately, underground, as you might say. But of course we have our rules and regulations. We don’t take unwilling slaves, only subjects who are natural born submissives and volunteers. As you were yourself... at least until recent days...’ He referred to his screen again. ‘Matters came to a head when you had your final irrational episode which left you unconscious for some time. That was when your master called for us.’

Katy shook her head wretchedly. She did know not know what was true any more. Surely it had only been an hour or two at most between being

stung and being brought here. Now it seemed there were huge gaps in her memory. What had happened to her?

‘Whatever the exact details of the timing, I now want to establish the depths of your rejection of slavish life,’ Watson continued. ‘Is it purely superficial or have you compromised your responses down to an instinctual level? I hope it’s only superficial otherwise it may be hard to uncover the reasons for this sudden change and reverse them. You do want to be restored to normal, don’t you?’

What was normal, Katy wondered? How could she want return to what he thought of as normal when she could not remember any of it, at least no more than flashes? She still could not believe she could have forgotten something so extraordinary, and she still felt repelled by the thought of living a submissive life, even if it was with Adam. She had always liked the company of men who could give her pleasure, but she had never felt moved to be their sexual doormat. That simply was not her. Tentatively she said, ‘Well, Doctor, I do want to find out what the truth is. Right now, this not knowing is a nightmare...’

‘Of course, you must be feeling terribly confused,’ Watson said sympathetically. ‘But how to unlock what is in your mind,’ he mused, raising his eyes to the ceiling. ‘Shock therapy, of course, but combined with what else? *Inversion*, perhaps, that symbology might be useful here. Turning everything on its head, so to speak. Perhaps you’ll respond to that. It’s certainly worth a try...’

He pulled a remote control unit out of his pocket and pointed it up at the ceiling. There was a hum of an electric motor and a metal rod with cuffs on each end descended on a wire rope from the ceiling. As it did so he gave Miriam her orders. ‘Secure her inverted and cuff her hands behind her back. And lay out a number three cane, a shock rod and a set of nipple weights...’

Katy’s eyes widened in horror. ‘No, please, you don’t have to use these things on me, do you Doctor? There must be some other way...’

‘This is the only way when dealing with slave girls,’ Watson said firmly. ‘This is the kind of treatment your system is adjusted to. If anything

can revive your suppressed memories then this can...’

Of course she had no choice. She was a patient but also a slave and she had to obey orders. She should be grateful that he was being as considerate of her feelings as he was. But in his eyes she was simply a lost slave girl who needed to be shocked back into her normal existence. And if that meant inflicting pain and humiliation on her, then so be it...

Shortly afterwards Katy was wishing she had a red capsule back on her mask again, so she would be spared the full effects of Doctor Watson’s inversion therapy. But he wanted her to face this clear headed...

She hung by her ankles from the spreader bar with her legs wide and her head at groin level and her groin at head level. Clipped to the suspension bar was the end of the vibrator rod. At its lower business end was a battery pack and a rubber dildo studded with silver contacts. This was deeply embedded in her vagina, making her pussy mouth bulge. Spring clips been clamped about her plump nipples and from them hung thin wire rings. Onto these the first sets of lead weights, shaped like teardrops with small hooks on their tapering ends, had been hung. The resembled bunches of fat grey grapes. The tension had already stretched her nipples out into brown cones, dragging the firm mounds of her breasts with them. Looking at them upside down with the blood beginning to pound in her head it seemed as though they were defying gravity.

When she was fully prepared, Miriam stepped back to allow Watson to conduct the sadistic therapy session.

He had the cane in his hand and he walked around Katy’s suspended body thoughtfully, drawing its tip over her flesh and making her flinch. He traced the line of her buttocks and back and ran it across the soft insides of her thighs. He prodded it into the bush of her pubic hair and mound of her sex, which were distended by the dildo head impaled in her vulva. Despite herself the presence of the rod within had triggered her body’s normal responses and a thin trickle of her lubricating juices had already brimmed over the mouth of her sex, run through her pubic curls and was trickling down across her belly. He followed its path with the cane tip, dragged it down over her navel and fluttering stomach to her proud and naturally

tensioned breasts. He tapped their exposed undersides.

Katy whimpered in anticipation.

‘Does any of this recall anything to you?’ he asked her.

‘No... No, Doctor,’ Katy said miserably.

‘Then I’ll have to make it more memorable...’ He pointed the control set at the shock rod impaled in her pussy and pressed a button. The rows of electrode spikes came alive and began to play an electric tattoo within her sheath of her vagina.

Katy screamed so hard that her gaping mouth and cheeks pressed against the enclosing cup of her mask, which limited the extreme distension of her features that her pain warranted. Even though she could scream and speak, it was controlling her. Her range of expression was constrained. She was not free, she was a slave.

But the rest of her body was not so tightly bound. She bucked and twisted in the air, and doubling up like a folding knife, writhing about as the sharp stabs of electric fire jabbed into the tender sheath of her sex, which clenched desperately about the tormenting dildo. A fresh trickle of juices flowed out of her pain-wracked pussy mouth, while her weighted breasts bounced and contracted like fat elastic, their terrible burdens jiggling and swinging, tormenting her nipples as their sharp teeth bit even deeper into them.

The padded walls of the room swallowed up the echoes of her sobs and screams and moans of pain. Was that why they were there, not to protect its subjects from physical harm but to absorb the noise they made while Watson treated them? This place was totally insane! But then perhaps so was she...

The pain cut off as abruptly as it had begun, leaving Katy’s pussy tingling and throbbing while she gasped for breath and swayed from her bound ankles.

‘Does that remind you of anything?’ Watson asked.

‘No... Doctor,’ Katy choked out, blinking away the tears. ‘Just... a lot of pain. No more, please... I’m not a natural slave. I hate this...’

‘But all our records say you are,’ Watson countered. He ran his fingers through the fresh trickle of juices running across her belly. ‘And this proves that you are being aroused.’

‘All right... I can’t deny it makes me get it a little excited, Doctor,’ she said desperately. ‘But that’s not out of choice. That’s... that’s just a reflex.’

‘But which might just be a shadow of something deeply buried. You cannot suppress your normal responses totally. We must try to free them. I’ll just have to make this experience more intense for you...’

‘No... please don’t do that... eek!’

He had restarted the electric dildo, seeming to fill her pussy with electric fire ants once again. Then as she thrashed about he swung his cane into her bucking, twisting and twirling body.

Swish, crack! The springy bamboo beat into her soft skin, setting it rippling. He attacked her stomach, buttocks and thighs, cutting across them with sharp crisp swipes of the cane that left scarlet scores in her flesh. These fresh slashes of pain only made her writhing and bucking more intensely which of course intensified the pain on her clamped nipples. She twisted about in a futile effort to escape, even knowing there was none. But hanging still and enduring this terrible torment in silence and immobility was simply not an option, even though it added to her pain. But she was not thinking rationally at that moment. Every instinct told her to try to break free of this torture.

The electric dildo died and Watson stopped caning her. Katy hung twitching from the after-effects, tears streaming up over her brow and through her hair. As her eyes cleared she saw, upside down, Miriam staring at her with a troubled, sympathetic expression on her face.

‘Does that jog your memory at all?’ Watson demanded.

‘No, Doctor not at all...’

‘Then we need to increase the intensity of the stimulation...’ He hung and other pair of weights onto her nipple rings, making her sob with renewed pain.

‘Please stop I can’t take any more...’

‘Of course you can. You’re a trained slave girl. You have a high tolerance for physical suffering which you translate into masochistic pleasure.’

‘But I’m not... ahhhh!’

The terrible examination had resumed with the dildo stabbing away and her breasts weighted so heavily they were drawn out into total inversion. Watson resumed swinging the cane with additive vigour, lashing it across her body from top to toe, adding its unique old-fashioned smacks and cracks of pain to the subtler twin torments she was already suffering.

She must have been pushed across some invisible boundary because her bladder gave in to overwhelming pain and she wet herself. As she was spinning and bucking at the time the stream of pee jetted out of her distended urethra in an irregular arc in the air like an erratic garden sprinkler, splattering about the rubber floor of the room and across Watson’s white coat. He stepped back laughing and pressed the button to end her suffering once more.

The remains of her involuntary pee fountain fell back across her body, splattering over her belly and breasts and into her hair. Where it ran over her fresh cane cuts it stung and burned. She hung twitching uncontrollably in a state of utter misery.

‘Another significant threshold passed,’ Watson declared. ‘The loss of dignity and self-control. That must have happened to you many times in the past. Do you remember them?’

It took Katy several moments to suppress her wild sobs and snivels enough to speak coherently. 'Only... only in the ambulance that brought me here, Doctor. I don't remember ever being beaten like this before. It's awful... please stop.'

'We can't stop now! Don't you want to know the truth? We must just add more weights to your breasts...'

That was too much to contemplate. Something seemed to snap within her. 'No, no!' Katy shrieked. 'I'll do anything you want, just please don't stretch my tits anymore!'

Even as she spoke she realized how pitiful and craven she sounded. But she really had been pushed beyond the limit. She really would do anything if it meant she was spared from the terrible triple torment.

'Ah, now this might be useful,' Watson said, half to himself. 'We have reached a classic bargaining point in the master/slave relationship when she has been tormented to her limits and offers any other service that her body can provide, which of course secretly she has been wishing for all along. Bartering pleasure for pain. And so a new and more intimate understanding is reached. Is that what you want now?'

Katy did not care what he thought her desperate plea signified. All she wanted was not to be hurt any more. Sex would be the lesser of two evils. It was simply a matter of self-preservation, that was all.

'Yes... yes I am offering you any other pleasure I can. You can screw me anyway you want! My pussy, my bumhole... whatever you like!'

'But do you beg for it? Is it something you want to do because you know secretly that's it's been your desire all along?'

Of course she had not thought that but if it made him feel happier she would say whatever he wanted. 'Yes, yes that's exactly it. That's what I secretly wanted. I have really been turned on and now I need sex. Please screw me, Doctor... please screw me... Master...'

‘Do you remember being in this situation before? Did something like this happen to you recently?’

Of course it didn't, but by now she would say anything. ‘Maybe it did... Maybe I thought it was a dream but it actually happened... I don't know. Perhaps if you have me it'll jog my memory more?’

‘We shall see,’ he said.

She had thought he would take her down from the terrible suspension bar so at least she would be horizontal when he screwed her. But apparently she was exactly in the right place for him. He bent down and pressed his thumbs against the sides of her gag mask. To her surprise parts of its cheek section on either side of the corners of her mouth folded inwards. There had been hinged finger-like rods set into the mask which he now pushed into the sides of her mouth so that they lodged between her teeth, forcing her to keep her lips wide. It seemed the one orifice she had not mentioned was the one he wanted to make use of...

Watson undid the front of his white coat and pulled it wide. Underneath he was wearing a kind of one piece set of underwear which had no crotch, exposing his genitalia. His penis was already swelling into rampant erection, hungry to find a moist welcoming shaft to plunder.

But what shocked Katy more was the shimmering image that seemed to cover his hairy ball sack. It was iridescent and fleeting like the reflection from an insect's wing. It was a misty face made up of simple blocks of light and shadow, orientated the same way hers was. It was Adams face!

Even as she gave a yelp of alarm, Watson took hold of her hips to brace himself, pressed his face to her bulging pussy mouth and rubbed his nose into her wet pussy curls while he rammed his cock up into her throat. His belly ground against her clipped and lead-weighted nipples, adding to their agony. And then she was fully occupied with satisfying its desperate needs and trying not to be choked to she did so. The image of Adam, if that was what it was, was so close to her she could not focus on it properly as it jiggled about as Watson thrust into her, half seen within the shadows of his coat.

It was so utterly bizarre and insane that several times as Watson ravished her gullet Katy lost synchronisation between her breathing and his deep thrusts into her throat and nearly choked. As it was, she got even dizzier and her head felt as though it would burst with throbbing blood as her cheeks burned scarlet. His thrusts were grinding her laden nipple rings into her inverted breasts, filling her eyes with smarting tears and making seeing anything clearly almost impossible. Had she really seen her boyfriend's face in another man's ball sack! That was utterly mad!

Did that mean she was as well?

Then Watson came in her throat and she had to concentrate on swallowing his sperm down to clear her airway. From his hearty groans she assumed he had enjoyed himself. It only made her feel more soiled and used as she struggled not to be sick.

After a moment's rest he pulled out of her mouth, trailing sperm and saliva, and turned to his desk for a wipe to clean his cock up. Katy snivelled and blinked desperately as she gasped for breath, trying to clear her vision. When Watson turned back the front of his coat was still hanging open, making him look like an unusually studious flasher, but there was no longer any ghostly image about his ball sack.

'Well you certainly give oral sex like experienced slave girl,' he observed. 'Did that bring back any memories?'

How could she answer that after what she had seen... or imagined she had seen? Was this her mind playing perverse tricks on her? Was something hidden in her subconscious trying to get out?

'I... I'm not sure, Doctor,' she said in a meek voice. 'May be a little...'

'While that's a start then,' Watson declared with satisfaction. 'But we must do something to curb this attitude in you that makes you struggle and resist authority. You must accept that your helpless state is perfectly natural. I'll make some recommendations for your next session...'

Miriam watched Katy's face closely when they were back on the Correction Ward and she had her chained to her bed once more cleaning her up after her analysis session. Eventually she asked, 'Is there anything the matter?'

Katy gave a hollow, mocking laugh. 'You mean apart from me being in a hospital for slaves being told I've been slave the years but have forgotten about it and having somebody beat the hell out of me and then stick his cock down my throat as a kind of therapy! Apart from that you mean...'

'Yes, apart from that I mean,' Miriam said. 'There was something that happened at the end of your assessment session wasn't there?'

She was not stupid. She had noticed something even if Doctor Watson, still thinking with his cock, had not. And though she was in effect one of her guards, she was also the most sympathetic person she had yet met in the hospital.

'Yes,' Katy admitted, 'but I don't know what it means... Don't ask me to tell you. I'm barely hanging on to my sanity here as it is. Thank you for caring but just leave it be for now, right?'

'I understand,' Miriam said gently. 'This can't be easy for you.'

'That's an understatement,' Katy said bitterly.

It was almost a relief that night, after Miriam had fed her another penis bottle meal, to have her place a fresh blue sleeping capsule in her mask and let sleep claim her.

Chapter Five

The routine the next morning was just the same as the first one. Even though their patients were slave girls chained to their beds, it seemed like an institution of any size had to stick to a routine. At least that was something Katy could rely on it seemed; and of course seeing Miriam's bright and pretty face as she tended to her intimate needs.

While she was being fed, when her mouth was unplugged and she was free to speak, Katy asked Miriam, 'Can I ask how you came to work here? I mean I understand how somebody might take up ordinary nursing but doing it like this... well it seems incredible.'

'Why should it be so incredible?' Miriam countered. 'I trained as a regular nurse and I'm a sexual submissive and masochist with a liking for uniforms. The pay is good here and we get some terrific medical benefits – regular ones, I mean. Why shouldn't I combine the two?'

The answer was so straightforward and matter-of-fact the Katy felt foolish having asked. But curiosity prompted her to go a little further. 'You mean you really enjoy wearing a collar and going around nearly naked and being spanked and things like that?'

'Yes of course I do. I wouldn't be here if I didn't.'

'Can you tell if I do as well?' Katy asked her desperately.

Miriam looked at her intently. Then she shook her head regretfully. 'No, I'm sorry I can't. If I could tell just by looking at you then I'd be one of the doctors. Some people are born with a taste for that life and some people develop it later. It's complicated, you know? And if you've had some kind of breakdown then who knows what you would be like normally. You'll just have to find out the hard way I'm afraid.'

Katy looked at the other girls chained to their beds, being tended by their own nurses. 'What are they all in for? Are they all like me?'

‘Not quite. We don’t do much normal medical work here as you can guess. But slave girls have their own special problems, such as a sudden lack of self-confidence and doubt, or they’ve dropped out of the slaves seem for a while we help getting back into it. And there are also a few novices who have wobbles. We offer refresher and booster sessions and re-training therapies. We also take care of a few minor BDSM injuries that need special tending which would raise eyebrows if they were taken to a regular A&E. The whole slave owning community contributes to our budget. We have quite a few very rich clients you know. Not that you’ll see many of them here, at least not without some sort of disguise. They might get recognised and that wouldn’t do.’

Katy’s heart sank. Was that the reason Adam said he would not visit her? ‘Why?’

‘Because wealthy slave owners are always afraid of being linked to a place like this and found out. It would open them up to blackmail or having their reputations destroyed. It’s a very secretive world which is why the RH is hidden well out of sight and there are no views out of the windows.’

‘Where are we then?’ Katy asked.

Miriam smile. ‘You’ll never know.’ she said simply.

Katy’s next therapy session involved Miriam leading her on a leash along the corridor to the Plaster Room.

‘Now in a regular hospital this place really would be full of plaster bandages,’ Miriam said. ‘It’s where they set and immobilize broken bones and so on. But here we’ve got less messy methods...’

Katy wondered what she was doing here. She hadn’t got any broken bones.

Miriam took her inside. It was a large room with floor-to-ceiling shelves and a couple of adjustable padded tables. The shelves were filled with

a bewildering variety of cartons from which odd and vaguely anatomical shapes protruded. Gleaming metal was mixed with translucent plastic. Some objects were transparent while others were blue, green or pink. Standing in one corner were some weird objects that looked like sections of tubular metal fencing set upright on low bases fitted with large castors.

The department was presided over by a tall skinny man with bright blue eyes and receding hair, who Miriam addressed respectfully as Doctor Doolittle.

It was only then that Katy began to wonder about the names of the doctors she had met so far. It took a moment in her subdued state to make the associations. Of course, how stupid she had been! They wouldn't give their real names, or if they did they'd only be Christian names, like "Miriam". She would probably never know who the people were who had exercised such intimate power over her.

Doolittle rubbed his hands together, looking Katy up and down. 'Yes, I've got the suggestions from old Watson about her therapy. Let's see what we can do with her...'

He had Katy lie down on one of the padded tabletops while he measured her arms and legs, both their length and circumference at particular points, and then her neck and shoulders and waist. Then he looked along the shelves and selected items from certain cartons and laid them out on the table beside Katy.

They looked a little like slightly oversized pieces of dismembered shop window mannequins cast in blue translucent plastic. Most of the pieces were split in halves and were held together by gleaming steel bolts and hinges. There were the shells of realistically contoured legs and arms, a waist section and separate shoulders including the neck reaching from chest to chin. There was also a blue full-face mask with holes for eyes and nostrils.

At the sight of them Katy began to feel fear growing within her, even though the red capsule was still dulling her senses. What was he going to do to her? Why was she being put through this insane process?

Doolittle spread Katy's arms and legs out wide and then began clamping the plastic body shells about her limbs. They were a tight fit once the halves were screwed together and they pressed firmly about her flesh. Most significantly they bridged the joints of her elbows and knees, turning her limbs into stiff inflexible rods, like the limbs of real mannequins.

'Watson thinks you could do with a spell of total immobility,' Doolittle explained as he clamped the shells about her. 'It's going to teach you to accept your condition of servitude and embrace submission in a state of total helplessness...' he gave a little chuckle...'except of course that you won't actually be able to embrace anything like this. However it will give other people the opportunity to embrace you, and you won't be able to struggle or protest in any way. We hope it might trigger some memories in you of being immobilised in the past...'

By now her arms and legs were securely clamped within the shells and were jutting out stiffly, with her plastic-mittened and booted hands and feet protruding from their open ends. The rings on her boots and mittens were enclosed by the plastic shells, but they themselves had integral rings cast into them for securing or tethering. Doolittle fitted the neck and shoulder brace about her, linking the arm pieces already in place. As he screwed it together it pressed tightly over her sternum, down below her collarbones and up to the line of her jaw, so she was unable to twist or bend her neck and her head was locked facing straight ahead of her. That the device was specifically made to immobilise slave girls was evident by the fact that it had an internal recessed band cast around its neck so as to accommodate her collar while clamping tightly about her flesh on either side.

The hourglass waist section like a corset was clamped about her middle, bracing her spine and making it almost impossible for her to bend. Bit by bit her freedom of movement was being taken from her.

Lastly, Doolittle removed her regular nose and mouth mask and fitted the blue full-face mask, pulling it tight with straps that ran around the back of her head, across her crown and under her chin. It pressed tightly against her skin, except for the slots over her eyes and nostrils. It had a moulded impression of lips cast on it which closed over hers, with only a single hole between them just large enough for a drinking straw to pass through. The

undercut of the mask tightly enclosed her chin, so that she could not open her jaws.

As she breathed clear un-medicated air, her senses returned to their normal acuity and she felt an even deeper pang of helpless fear. She was being totally immobilised and yet she was not chained down. She was on display, spread out, exposed. The normal values of the world had been reversed. Those parts of her body which were normally on show had been covered up and immobilised, while those private, vulnerable parts: her breasts and groin and buttocks, were now the only bits of her left uncovered, showing their bare helpless flesh. Anybody could touch them, do they wanted to them and she could not stop them. She could not even express her distress fully. The pressure of the facemask was even more restricting than her normal mask. Her features were completely frozen. She could not frown, cry or smile through it. With her mouth sealed up the minimal freedom it allowed about her eyes was not enough to show her feelings properly.

‘Now you are properly immobilised,’ Doolittle said with satisfaction.

He cupped her exposed breasts and kneaded and pinched them. He ran his hands through her pubic curls and dug his fingers into the mouth of her sex. Katy whimpered through gritted teeth and rolled her eyes wildly but of course could do nothing to stop him. She had thought being chained to her bed was humiliating and confining, but this was captivity on a whole new level. She never imagined such a thing could have happened to her. This was utter helplessness...

‘Now you’ll know what it is to be seen but not heard, which every good slave girl must learn,’ Doolittle said, continuing to stir his fingers in her sex slot. ‘For the rest of the day you’ll be put on display as an ornament; a sex toy, free for anybody to play with as they like. Hopefully it will help revive lost memories from when you were last treated this way.’

He brought his fingers away coated in a film of her lubricating juices and smiled. ‘I’m glad to see that despite your loss of memory you still have the proper slutish responses of a slave girl. Some things are never forgotten, are they? Now, I think as I’ve prepared you so well it’s only reasonable I should be the first to enjoy you...’

While Miriam looked on meekly, Doolittle undid the front of his white coat, exposing the same one piece undergarments with exposed genitals that Watson had been wearing. His penis was already stiffly erect. He clambered onto the table and lay between Katy's stiffly spread thighs.

As she felt his cockhead slide into her helpless pussy mouth she gazed up through the slots in her facemask into his grinning face. Another strange man was screwing her. Must she resign herself to that and accept it as normal? His chest ground over her bare breasts, flattening them as he began to ride her helpless, plastic-encased body, driving feeble grunts from her that were muffled by her face mask. She could not feel him through the shells that were bolted about her abdomen or thighs, only her exposed groin and chest. That seemed to amplify his presence both inside and outside her, focusing and concentrating it in her mind.

Was this all she was now: plastic sex toy? Was this all that actually mattered? Should she learn to love being used like this? Had Adam once used to like this? No! She could not believe she had ever wanted to be treated like this. It was totally degrading and an insult to her as a person. She had been denied her individuality. It was utterly wrong...

So why could she feel hot lustful juices filling her loins? What was wrong with *her*?

Perhaps having plastic-encased girls turned Doolittle on, because he spurted his seed inside her after only a few minutes sliding across the hard blue shell of her body, poking his cock into the soft pink bits between. He was too quick for Katy to get any pleasure from the coupling, however twisted it might be. But he had aroused her. Was that good or bad, she was not sure. Pleasure at least offered temporary escape from the suffering, but trapped inside her body shell she could do nothing to alleviate that teasing need for relief she could now feel.

Doolittle climbed off her and Miriam cleaned her pussy up so she was fresh and ready for further use.

'You're going to be put in a lounge just off the main entrance for any staff member or visitor to enjoy as they please,' Doolittle told Katy. 'This

will teach you that your body does not belong to you. It hasn't for years. That's what you gave up when you volunteered to become a slave. Perhaps a succession of users will help stimulate those memories...'

Even as a cold hand seemed to grip Katy's heart at the prospect, she wondered how they were going to get her there. Trapped inside her plastic body shell she could neither crawl nor walk. She soon found that was where the curious wheeled frames in the corner of the room were employed...

Miriam wheeled one over to the foot of the table. Katy now saw its frame was an assembly of telescopic square-section tubes set on a sturdy forked mount that allowed it to rotate and pivot freely and could be raised or lowered with the help of a hydraulic foot pedal pump. The insides of the frame were hung with many large snaphooks. Miriam rotated it until it was horizontal and then rolled the frame forward so that its base slid under the table and the frame slid over the top. When it completely surrounded Katy, it was lowered to the table top and Miriam and Doolittle attached the various rings set into her plastic outer skin to frame's snaphooks. When she was totally secured the frame was raised a little and then rolled downwards until she was clear of the table. Then Miriam flipped the frame upright and Katy was suspended within it looking like a living picture.

Miriam rolled Katy out of the classroom and down the corridor to the main reception area. Katy felt a fresh shiver of shame and humiliation as she was displayed before so many eyes. And several people did to glance at her as they passed by but none showed any sign of surprise, merely mild interest and appreciation of those parts of Katy that were on display. This must be a common sight here in the same way that wheeling a patient in a bed along a corridor would be a common sight in any ordinary hospital.

Would she ever know anything "ordinarily" ever again?

The lounge off the main reception area was accessed through a pair of frosted glass double doors. Within was a room with a rubber floor, couches along three walls and a sink and basin in one corner. Beside this was a coiled length of three flexible hosepipes of different diameters and colours, all bound together in a single bundle. On the end was a double nozzle with a plastic cup about its base. More alarming was the rack on the wall containing

a selection of canes, lashes, paddles and dildos. Were they all for her?

‘Don’t worry about them,’ Miriam said, seeing Katy’s eyes fixed on the devices. ‘They’re more for show really. The canes are too fat to cut your skin and they’re rubber coated and the lashes and paddles are soft rubber as well. They’re just to let people have a good swing at you. They’ll smart and sting and bit make you cry but they won’t do any real damage.’

Katy supposed that was some small comfort.

Miriam positioned Katy’s frame in the middle of the room, as though she was an interactive piece of modern erotic art on special display in her own individual room. Then she began adjusting the frame. She pulled it out wider, stretching Katy’s rigid arms and legs out until they were spread-eagled. Then she folded back the bottom strut of the frame, opening it up and giving access to Katy’s groin. How much more exposed could she get?

Miriam stood in front of her, looking her up and down critically. Then she moved closer and stroked Katy’s pussy mouth. ‘I’ll stay and clean you up and feed you water when you need it,’ she said. ‘I know this is hard for you but try to be brave...’

Although she could not speak, Katy tried to thank with her eyes. Miriam’s presence was the only comfort she expected for the rest of the day.

‘Now I suppose I better let people know you’re here,’ Miriam said. ‘I’ll put one of these on the front desk and stick the other up by the door.’ She held up a pair of card notices that had been resting face down on the base of the frame. They said: *FREE ACCESS TO THERAPY SLAVE. UNLIMITED USAGE.*

They came, they saw, they used her...

One after another, visitors and staff members took cheerful advantage of Katy’s helpless body and the pleasures she offered. Selecting choice punishment tools from the rack they beat her and screwed her in every orifice

and in every orientation. They spun her around and about and upside down. They are lashed her pussy and caned her bottom and paddled her breasts. Miriam was right in that none of the devices actually cut her skin, but they still hurt and it was the desire behind their use to make her suffer that disturbed Katy even more. How could people take such pleasure in inflicting pain and suffering on a helpless person? The other side of the question was how a person could ever want to be in the position to be punished like this. And then after the beating, presumably intended to subdue her symbolically, came the violation. That was even more degrading although it hurt less. She whimpered and sobbed as cock after cock was rammed into her pussy or rectum. They could do anything they wanted to her and she was totally and utterly helpless to resist them.

Yes, Doolittle had been right there. His body shell was doing its job, hammering home the fact that she could be totally immobilised, forcing her to endure anything a free person cared to do to her without any way of defending herself. It bottled up her struggles and feeble twitches as well as the explosive orgasms that ripped through her.

That was possibly the most shameful part of it all. She kept coming! She knew she should be utterly revolted by what was being done to her; this denial of her as a person, this encasing of her body in tinted plastic so she could not properly be seen; the trapping of her face behind a mask so her users only got a fleeting impression of who she really was. Of course there was a part of her that also welcomed that anonymity. It gave something to hide behind as they screwed her. But on principle she knew it was a denigration of who she really was. She had been turned into a true plaything, inarticulate and almost anonymous. The only bits of her own real flesh and blood body that had been left exposed were those parts that men most desired and wished to control and pinch and paw and penetrate, or slap and smack and cane.

And yet somehow through that hell she could not prevent her body taking perverted pleasure from each cock rammed up inside her cunt or arse and storing it up and concentrating it within her blue-tinted imprisoning shell until it eventually burst out of her in massive eruptions of orgasmic juices that surprised and delighted whatever lucky man had his shaft up her at the

time. Was she actually finding some dark stimulation from that very degradation and humiliation that she felt to substitute for the proper love and joy that intimate sex should be about?

Afterward, when each abuser had left, as she hung in her frame limp exhausted and baffled by her own reactions, Miriam gently tended to her. The three-tubed hose combined an enema with a waste suction pipe and a final spurt of lubricating jelly. Its cool, refreshing slippery presence briefly gave Katy some comfort, easing the soreness in her abuse passageways. And then it was pulled out of her and she was ready for the next man.

After a while, her mind began to wander seriously. None of this recalled anything of a supposed previous life as a slave. It was only a new form of misery and humiliation. But, perhaps as a means of escape, she began to get philosophical about her responses to it.

Were multiple orgasms the only means of self-expression left to her? With her face and mouth sealed, her pussy was in a way the most articulate organ left to her. Was she now forced by default to define herself by her ability to pump out sex juices? Perhaps this was her only way of responding to her many users. It was certainly intimate and personal, almost like having a conversation. And it was two-way as well because it was their way of judging how she responded to them. Of course they would think it was all down to their masterful prowess and her supposed submissive nature. But least it reminded them that she was a living being within this plastic shell. That was something, wasn't it?

Her only gentle interaction with another being was through Miriam's touch as she cleaned out the spent sperm from Katy's passageways after each screwing. Every hour she also fed a plastic straw through the tiny hole in the facemask's moulded lips so Katy could have a drink of water. This she would drain out of her later when she cleaned Katy up again.

'You can pee when I wash you out,' she had told Katy quietly.

It took an effort of will to urinate into the cup around the base of the hose nozzles so it would be sucked away with the spent semen. She was acutely conscious of being on display and there were often people watching

her while Miriam tended her, waiting for their turn with her or else simply looking in at her out of prurient curiosity. This place was even more public and exposed than the ward. Anybody could see her water hissing into the transparent plastic cup before it was sucked away. But Katy decided it was better than being driven to wet herself messily in front of everybody at the height of a beating, although of course her users might have been highly entertained if she had.

And then she supposed Miriam would have to get a mop and bucket and clear it up. Perhaps that was why the floor here was rubberised. Oh God, this was an awful place!

After a while, Katy noticed Miriam positioned herself within her limited field of vision relative to whichever way the frame was spun by her current user, so she could watch over her, going out of her way, it seemed, to make eye contact with her. Of course Miriam also looked at Katy's body but more and more she seemed to focus on her eyes, silently encouraging and supporting her. And Katy tried to look back at her in turn, when her own eyes were not filled with tears, grateful for that sense of personal connection. This was her way of forming a bridge from her body trapped within its plastic shell to another a living person who had so much more freedom than she had, although ironically she was only another collared slave girl.

Then came the point when Katy thought she was beginning to hallucinate. Some of the people who used her seemed to have the ghost of Adam's face on them. It was only an iridescent shadowy impression, like that she had seen so grotesquely on Doctor Watson's ball-sack, but it was him.

First it had had just been on faces of people who had looked in through the doors at her. But then it started appearing on people in the room. Sometimes it was before they used her and sometimes afterwards. As they circled round examining her, deciding which hole they want to screw it came and went: a ghostly impression of Adam's face superimposed over their own.

At first it shocked her and she would have cried out and flinched away if she had physically been able to do so. Then she tried to examine it

rationally, but it was always so fleeting that she could not decide exactly what she was seen. Desperately she hoped that Miriam would see this phenomenon as well. At least it would prove she was not going mad, although if Miriam did see it as well she was not sure what it would mean. But always these brief moments seemed to occur when she was otherwise distracted, tidying the sink or hose or speaking to somebody who was asking about Katy's treatment and if the hospital could supply body shells like that for their own slave.

Eventually Katy began screwing up her eyes when she thought she saw the image appearing. It could only mean that she was projecting Adam's face on almost every man she saw. Was he haunting her subconscious? Was it a warning to her that she had denied being his slave and now she was going to be punished for it? Or was she seeing him now because in the past he had done similar things to her? Had she really been his loving sex-slave?

But even the worst nightmare must come to an end eventually. There came a point when they were no more men who wanted to shove their cocks up Katy's bruised anus or ravaged vagina. She hung in the frame ready for them in her blue body shell prison but nobody else came. She realized the light filtering in through the high frosted windows of the lounge was getting dimmer and yellower. Outside it must be getting dark. The staff had had their fill of her and the number of visitors to the hospital was diminishing. Miriam went out and retrieved the notices advertising her availability.

It was over! A dozen or more men had screwed her over several hours and yet she had survived. A week ago she would have imagined she would be in tatters by now. Was it something to do with her being in a hospital (however strange it was) and it being part of her therapy (however weird that was)? Did that make it acceptable in some way?

Miriam lowered the bottom edge of the frame to the ground and unbolted the body shell, freeing Katy after hours of total imprisonment. As she tried to bend her limbs she moaned in pain and fell into Miriam's strong arms. She could not walk or even crawl. Her limbs had been held stiffly outstretched for too long while her groin had been ravaged by too many

cocks so that even trying to move her legs was near agony.

Miriam had to fetch a wheelchair for her and she wheeled Katy back to the Correction Ward slumped in it with her arms and legs still stretched out stiffly and unnaturally. Even if she had been given total freedom at that point and the doors of the hospital been open for her, she could not have summoned the strength or will to have escaped.

Back in her bed Miriam carefully cleaned her up and applied cream to her bruised orifices and sore breasts and buttocks. Such was the contrast between her total immobility in her body shell and the four simple cuffs that confined her to the bed that Katy almost felt liberated. This was nothing, she now realized. Even her regular control mask was nothing like as constricting and de-humanising as the full-face mask she had worn for eight hours. She should be grateful for small mercies.

It also meant that she had a chance to speak again. As Miriam worked on her she said, 'Thank you for looking after me today... I don't know if I could have got through that without you.'

Miriam smiled. 'I was just doing my job. I could see it wasn't easy for you. Even though you did cum quite a few times...'

Katy's face fell. 'I don't know how I could have done that,' she admitted. 'I was really hating it, honestly. I suppose you'd say that means I really am a masochist who likes being tied up and spanked?'

'It's not as simple as that, although I don't think even the doctors here always realize it,' Miriam confided. 'You have to be a masochist to appreciate the subtle difference. I think anybody with the right mind-set can let themselves get aroused by pain and rough sex even to the point of orgasm without actually liking it or wanting it done to them. That's what makes diagnosing somebody as normal or submissive so complicated. It's a bit like the nature or nurture thing. Some of us are born that way and others can learn to like it. I don't suppose today brought back any useful memories, did it?'

Katy bit her lip wondering what she should say about the images of Adam's face she had imagined she had seen. Did they count as recovered

memories? ‘I’m not sure quite. Did any of those people who had me look... strange to you?’

Miriam looked puzzled. ‘I’m not sure what you mean. They were just regular hospital visitors and members of staff.’

‘But was there anything strange about their faces? Did some of them look a bit odd?’

‘No, not that I remember. Why?’

‘It was just that I... thought I saw my boyfriend there... my master as you call him, Adam Hyde.’

‘What does he does he look like?’

Katy described him in detail. Miriam looked thoughtful and then shook her head. ‘No, I don’t remember seeing anybody like that. If you had seen his face wouldn’t he have spoken to you? I mean if he was ready show its face here there’d been no need not to be up front, would there?’

Katy sagged. No there wouldn’t. None of it made any sense... unless it was happening all in her mind. Perhaps she was rejecting the terrible truth that for the past few years she really had been Adam’s sex slave.

Chapter Six

Katy was still stiff and sore the next morning.

Miriam saw this and was gentle with her as she administered her regular spanking and prescribed dildo screwing. Compared to the previous day that was almost a relief and Katy found to her surprise that she had not exhausted her capacity to orgasm, although the one she felt as Miriam's hot slippery body rubbed across her was mild by comparison. As Miriam lay across her for several minutes afterwards recovering from her own climax, Katy had to face the possibility that she quite liked having girl on girl sex. Or at least, she liked it with Miriam. She really had no other points of comparison. Besides, a patient falling for their nurse, even in a hospital as strange as this one, was hardly uncommon. In this whole place Miriam was most constant factor and the one person who brought her relief rather inflicting pain. Perhaps it was not surprising...

It was at least a more pleasant dilemma to face than those haunting images of Adam's face. As Katy couldn't explain them she tried to put them to the back of her mind and focussed her thoughts on surviving whatever strange treatment was waiting for her today.

Once Katy had been cleaned up and fitted with her quelling capsule, Miriam led her leashed and on her hands and knees out of the ward along the corridor to the Electrotherapy Department...

Doctor Livingstone, who did not look at all like an African explorer, oversaw operations from a console in a glass booth. Katy had imagined, with some trepidation, banks of computers connected to brain scanning devices or electric shock machines. Instead there was what appeared to be the stage set for a domestic drama or comedy. There were three-sided sets of a kitchen, a living room, bedroom and bathroom all on the same level with the control booth in their centre. All the sets were fitted with inconspicuous CCTV cameras which fed images and sound back to the master control console.

Miriam knelt beside Livingstone in the booth watching them with him while he put Katy through her therapy session via speakers built into the set.

Although she was isolated from the Doctor on the set, Katy was fully under Livingstone's control every minute.

The sets had no ceilings only a framework of lightweight lattice beams that supported a metal channel that looped about each of the rooms. Suspended from this channel was a boxlike electric unit from which hung a plastic sheathed wire rope and a multiplex electric cable. The wire rope was hooked to the back of Katy's collar, while the cable, which was taped to it up at this point, dangled a little further and plugged into her rectum. It was held in place by a rubber plug head studded with metal electrodes that had expanded after it had been inserted into her so it could not be expelled. Finer insulated wires taped to her body ran round from the exposed base of the anal plug to her nipples and clitoris, which were encircled by delicate nooses of bare wire.

In addition to these electronic means of control and coercion, Katy had been fitted with a set of slave chains, which Livingstone had assured her were perfectly standard garb for house slaves. A pair of chains hung from her collar ring in slack loops down to her wrist rings, which were also linked together by a chain that ran through a ring in the middle of a clear plastic belt that was buckled about her waist. Her ankles were linked by a loose hobble chain that was tensioned by a sprung chain that ran up to hook onto a ring set in the base of her anal plug. This limited the length of her stride to short neat steps. If she moved too quickly or carelessly, she would get a warming tug on her anal plug, which also triggered a proportionate automatic electric shock.

Her "therapy" was simply to perform a series of domestic tasks precisely and thoroughly to the exacting standards expected of any house slave. If she didn't she was electrically punished, from brief sharp stabs of pain in her nipples, clitoris or plugged behind, to an outright onslaught of an agonising series of jolts that knocked her to the floor and had her rolling about in agony.

Livingston had delivered one of these as she stood in the kitchen set before she began to make sure she understood the full range of punishments

at his disposal. She screamed and convulsed and thrashed about and then wet herself on the kitchen floor.

The power cut, leaving her twitching and trembling and lying in her own mess.

‘Stand-up!’ Livingstone commanded through the speakers.

Like a terrified puppet, Katy scrambled to her feet and stood with her head bowed and arms at her sides awaiting her instructions.

‘Your first task is to clean up the mess you have just made,’ Livingstone said. ‘You’ll find a mop and bucket in the cupboard...’

‘Yes Doctor, at once Doctor,’ Katy said meekly, hating the words even as she spoke them. But she had no choice. She was wired up to his control board and he could do whatever he liked with her to make her obey.

Her slave chains made what should have been tedious but straightforward domestic tasks hard enough, but even worse she had to perform them still wearing her thumbless plastic mittens. It would have been virtually impossible had it not been for the range of brushes, scouring sponges, and hooks in the house set which had elastic loops designed to fit over her constrained hands and give her some additional control over the objects she handled.

The mop handle she used to clean up her own pee was fitted with a pair of loops through which she could slip her plastic clad hands. They looked to be well made and possibly mass-produced. But who made such things, she wondered? Were there specialist suppliers to the slave owning community? It seemed there really was an entire underground world that she had never imagined existed.

Her next task was washing up a pile of dirty cups, plates and cutlery at the kitchen sink. The kitchen set had no dishwasher. But then why would anybody with a house slave need one? She was a living flesh and blood dishwasher and far prettier. The set of scourers and brushes hung on a stand by the sink were fitted with more of the loops and bands for her hands so she

was able to manage the task, albeit slowly and clumsily.

However every fumble with a piece of slippery crockery brought her heart to her mouth and was punished by a jolt from Livingstone.

‘Don’t you remember how to do this properly?’ he said angrily.

‘No, Doctor I really don’t,’ Katy said wretchedly.

‘Well then you’d better learn fast, hadn’t you?’

‘Yes, Doctor, I will,’ Kate promised.

What would happen to her if she actually broke something she dreaded to think.

It didn’t help that the sink was fitted with a pleasure rod, which only added to her distractions.

This was a sprung arm that hinged down from the sink’s cupboard panel as she stood on the mat in front of the sink. It had a curved head of soft bristling rubber prongs set at the right height to press into her crotch.

‘Rub yourself against it as you work,’ Livingstone directed her. ‘You are meant to enjoy housework...’

And so she stood there frigging herself off as she washed and dried the dishes. Was it a weird kindness or another form of indoctrination? Were they literally trying to make her love being chained to the kitchen sink?

It seemed, however, that her pussy had no pride for it soon began to pulse with heat and drip with lubrication. This meant that once she had finished the washing-up she had to get a cloth and mop up the drips she had left on the floor.

When she was finished in the kitchen she was directed through to the lounge. As she did so she pulled the control unit suspended above her along its metal channel after her by the wire rope attached to her collar.

‘You will give the lounge a polish and dusting and then use the vacuum cleaner on the carpet,’ Livingstone told her.

The polishing was relatively straightforward, using an old-fashioned non-pressurised tin of wax polish. She used one cloth strapped to her hand to spread the polish and a buffing cloth on the other to work it in and bring up the shine. The feather duster was fitted with a plug end that she could hold in her teeth, allowing her to reach most of the surface in the room fairly easily, although hardly with any dignity.

It was as she was dusting one of the glass fronted pictures on the wall, one of a series set of bland landscapes that decorated the lounge, that she received a shock. For a moment she thought she saw Adam’s ghostly face appearing on the picture. She started backwards in surprise, dropping the duster. Needles of electric fire stabbed into her nipples.

‘Clumsy girl! Pick it up,’ Livingstone said.

Awkwardly she scrambled on the floor to take hold of the duster again and then resumed her work. But the image of Adam had gone. What she imagining things again? As she worked her way around the room and came to a wall mirror she thought just for moment, that she saw him again in its depths. This time she managed to control her reaction and continued dusting. Inside her however she felt cold sick fear.

The vacuuming was a fresh nightmare but it distracted her from faces on pictures. The canister vacuum cleaner she had to use would not work unless she clamped the hose between her legs and pushed a dildo plug switch set on it deep into her pussy mouth. This seemed to transmit the buzz of the vacuum motor directly to her pussy. The long rigid handle end of the hose was fitted with straps so she could hold it reasonably well, but as she worked at about the floor, it pushed back against the plug inside her. Effectively she was masturbating herself as she hovered, filling her with shame and illicit delight at the same time. She actually had a small orgasm before she finished cleaning the floor.

Next, she was sent to the bathroom to clean the toilet, sink and shower unit. Now having mastered the technique of cleaning without using her

fingers, she managed it fairly well. By then she was behaving almost like a robot, responding to Livingstone's directions as to what to clean next automatically without thinking. As the tiles and chrome work gleamed this actually got her rewarded...

A light, precisely pulsed current flowed through her nipples and clitoris, stimulating and arousing her. As she squirmed and groaned and her nipples swelled, Livingstone said, 'Good girl, well done...'

She felt like a dog being praised for having mastered a new trick. But then that was virtually what she was. Hadn't that person at the party complimented her on being a pretty pet? Oh God, had that been real?

She was still feeling horribly confused when she came to the basin and mirror unit. As she wiped it over she thought she saw Adam's face appearing in its depths. She blinked and it was gone.

'Sit on the toilet and pee,' Livingstone suddenly commanded.

So attuned was she by now to obedience to his voice that she did so without thinking. As pee hissed from her she risked a glance up at the mirror once again. And again just for a moment she thought he saw Adams face looking out of it directly at her! He was watching her sitting chained naked on the toilet. It was intimate and terrifying at the same moment. Was it just her imagination or was it a dim memory of him doing so in real life as she had cleaned their bathroom back in Wimbledon clad only in chains?

Finally, Livingstone directed her to the bedroom. This was taken up almost entirely by a large brass framed double bed. Disturbingly it was hung with straps and chains obviously intended to secure a slave girl to it in a variety of positions.

'You will give the master bed frame a proper pussy polishing,' Livingstone commanded her. 'Use the cloth on the side table...'

The cloth was a soft ball of orange fabric attached to a dildo. It was quite obvious how she was intended to use it. She plugged the dildo into her pussy and then straddled the rails of the bed, her hobble chains clinking

against the metalwork, as she dipped her hips and begin to grind her pussy polisher along the brass rails. The horizontal rails were relatively easy to clean but the vertical ones were more difficult and the interior frame segments harder still. The various cuffs straps and chains that hung from the bed frame did not make the job any easier, even as they filled her mind with disturbing thoughts of how they might be used. But Livingstone would not let her get away with doing an inferior job.

As she hugged the frame to her as though she was making love to it, with her thighs splayed and back arched, frantically rubbing her pussy up and down the rails, Livingstone kept saying: 'Harder, girl, harder...'

She was getting painful jolts up her bottom to spur her on, mixed with trickles of pleasure in her nipples and clitoris as she completed another section. She had become a total electronic puppet, being jerked about by her unseen puppet master. She was just a living machine whose only purpose was to give pleasure and service. She hated herself even as she felt her loins filling with perverted delight once again. How could she get high on being used like this? Was she a secret masochist?

For a moment the mirror hung on the wall opposite the bed caught her eye. Yes, there was Adam's face again flickering its depths. It seemed she could not escape him, but was that out of subconscious guilt for denying she had been his slave or fear that he, or any man, would become her master.

A stream of shocks both sharp and soft flowed through her body and with a sob Katy came again and then collapsed over the rail of the master bed.

'Good girl,' Livingstone said. 'You have completed all your tasks for the day...'

None of this had recalled anything concrete of her supposed former slave life.

All she knew for sure was that they were training her to become the perfect domestic slave.

‘I hate housework,’ Katy confided to Miriam that evening as she prepared her for sleep back on the Correction Ward.

‘I don’t like it myself much,’ Miriam admitted. ‘But every slave girl should be able to do it well. It’s something expected of her. Masters often like to watch them slave away around the home.’ Then she added with a smile, ‘Perhaps it depends on who their master, or mistress, is?’

Katy bit her lip and then said, ‘While I was working on that stage set place today, did you notice anything funny about any of the pictures or mirrors on the walls?’

Miriam frowned at her. ‘No, they seemed perfectly normal to me. Why do you ask?’ Her eyes narrowed. ‘Did you think you saw your master again?’

‘May be,’ Katy admitted. ‘But please don’t call him my *master*. He’s just my boyfriend... I think.’

‘Well, like I said I didn’t see anything.’ Then she grinned. ‘Of course I wasn’t very close to them and some of the time Livingstone had me on my knees under the control desk sucking him off, so I didn’t see much of anything then.’

‘Oh...’ Katy hadn’t thought about what Miriam had been doing while she had been slaving away. ‘Was that all right?’

Miriam shrugged. ‘It’s just something you do if you work here dressed like this.’

‘But, do you like Doctor Livingstone at all?’

‘Like doesn’t come into it. I get a kick out of obeying orders and having to serve like that.’

‘So you’ve got no real master?’

‘No.’ She smiled. ‘I suppose you could say I’m my own mistress... in slavish way of course!’

Just before Miriam plugged her sleep capsule in, Katy asked, ‘What have I got lined up for tomorrow?’

‘You’re due to visit the Therapy Pool.’

‘Oh, well, that doesn’t sound so bad. I like swimming.’

Miriam shook her head. ‘I’m afraid there’s more to it than swimming. Doctor Livesey has... strong views on how to treat confused slave girls.’

Chapter Seven

Doctor Livesey who ran therapy pool acted less like a doctor and more like some evangelical preacher, which caused Katy to imagine his room re-labelled as the *Alternative Therapy Pool*. He was large and brawny and had a mane of greying hair tied back in a ponytail. He wore long white bathing trunks for practical reasons but despite this casual attire he brimmed over with an inner fire and certainty of his convictions, just those qualities that Katy knew she woefully lacked at this moment. He awed her even as he terrified her.

‘All slave girls need to be therapeutically cleansed regularly, both inside and out,’ he declared dramatically. ‘If you have been contaminated by misguided feelings of rejection and denial which have caused you to doubt your natural place in life, then they must be purged from you!’

There was no swimming pool as such in the room, but there was a lot of water contained in glass sided tanks of different sizes and ominous purposes. There were also chains and winches in the roof over them might be used to suspend objects above, or in, those tanks as required.

That Livesey was in sole charge of the department and allowed no interference with his methods was made clear as soon as they entered. Miriam was supposed to remain with Katy for the duration of her treatment, as she had on previous days. Livesey had ordered her into a corner, cuffed her wrists to the wall above her head and pushed a ball gag into her mouth. From then on all she could do was watch as Livesey went about “cleansing” Katy of her sins.

He cuffed her arms up high above her head to a ceiling chain so that she was standing on tiptoe over a large floor grating. Her feet were pulled wide and her ankles were cuffed to the outside of the grating. Then he got out a hose brush of the kind used to wash cars down. This he rubbed over her entire body, injecting liquid soap into the stream of water so she was soon covered in foam and bubbles. The brush bristles were harsh and hurt as they jabbed into her nipples and groin and the cleft of her pussy, which Livesey

worked on with unusual vigour.

‘That dirty little slot needs a proper cleaning out,’ he told her as he scrubbed and she whimpered and spluttered. ‘It’s not as outwardly dirty as the hole up your backside but it’s where you let a lot of bad ideas infect you and then you contaminate other people with them. That’s why its use has to be carefully controlled...’

Was he totally mad, she wondered?

Only when she was scrubbed all over her and whole body was raw with bristle scrapes and harsh soap did he rinse her off. As she hung limply from her cuffed hands, shivering and dripping, he brought over some lengths of narrower bore plastic tubing and three transparent plastic buckets. He also had a modified facemask which he strapped over her nose and mouth. This was a transparent half cup with a soft plastic rim that formed a watertight seal as it clamped around her mouth and chin. It had a pair of nozzles in its sides just above mouth level, into which he plugged the ends of small plastic tubes. These he ran down to her breasts and into the pair of buckets that he fastened to her nipples with crocodile clips, making her snivel and yelp as they closed about her teats. The third larger buckets he hung between her legs clamped to her inner and outer labia by a larger pair of clips attached to its handle. The jaws of the clamps pinched together both sets of her lips, causing her pussy mouth to gape and exposing her vaginal passage, urethra and clitoris.

Katy had to bite her lip to stop from sobbing in pain, even as she trembled in fear, already suspecting what he was planning.

Livesey unclipped the main hosepipe from the car brush and hung it from her wrist chain so that its end dangled over her forehead. Then he twisted its nozzle and started it trickling steadily over her face and into the mask cupped about her mouth and chin. She would still be able to breathe as her nose was above the level of its rim, but once the cup filled to the level of its side nozzles it would flow into the tubes leading down to the buckets hung from their nipples.

‘Now you’ve got a choice, girl,’ Livesey told her. ‘If you want you can gulp some water down and save it running into the tit buckets and

stretching them until they feel like snapping. Of course that means it passes through you and comes out the other end as piss. That will go into the bucket hung between your legs and you'll feel like your pussy lips being torn off. But that'll teach you about the cost of keeping yourself purged and pure. Or you could do nothing and feel what happens when you don't keep yourself pure. I won't turn the water off until all three buckets are full. The choice is yours...'

Then he took a few steps away from her and stood with his arms folded, watching what she did next intently.

It was an insane choice for an insane reason and there seemed no escape from suffering whatever she did. As she dithered the level of water in front of her eyes rose and began trickling down the tubes into the buckets clipped to her nipples. Perhaps she should wait to see how much that hurt...

She soon found it did not take much water in a bucket to start stretching her nipples to an agonising degree. Whimpering in pain, she began to gulp some down, lowering the level of water until it stopped flowing into the buckets. But that was only for a few moments as the steady trickle down her face continued. Now of course some of it was also passing through her. As she kept gulping it down she began to feel her stomach getting queasy as her bladder was filling with water. After ten minutes her belly was swelling and she could not hold for any longer.

With a sob Katy peed in the bucket hanging between her legs. As her stream hissed and bubbled into it she felt the bite of the clips about her labia getting heavier as they were stretched downward. Her flow ceased with the bucket about half full and her pussy lips looking like tongues of drawn flesh.

Meanwhile more water was flowing past her mouth and down into her nipple buckets, adding to their torment. The most sensitive parts of her were being stretched relentlessly and she could do nothing to stop it. She could not avoid pain, but could she get it over with more quickly?

She began gulping the water down again, filling her stomach as fast as she could. When she could choke down no more she stopped and let it run into her nipple buckets once again. Her nipples and breasts were being

dragged downwards into alarmingly elongated pink and brown cones, crowned by purple caps where the tips of her nipples were being starved of blood by the pressure of their cruel clamps.

The nipple buckets began to overflow and water trickled down her body. A little bit dripped into the bucket between her legs. Every drop helped and at least her tits and nipples could not suffer any further. Now she had to fill her pee bucket as fast as possible. With her belly bulging she released another stream of pee into it, squeezing down all she could, willing it to fill all the way this time. It grew heavier and heavier and her pussy lips felt as though they were going to be torn out of her. Surely she could feel blood on them as the sharp teeth of the clamps cut deeper and deeper...

The last drops that felt from her pussy reached the bucket brim and she sagged with relief.

Livesey stepped forward again and turned the hose off.

‘What have you learned from this, girl?’ he asked.

Katy was trembling in pain from her over-stretched breasts and pussy mouth. She had not expected she would be asked riddles as well. Her eyes flicked across to Miriam bound helplessly to the wall. But she could not help her now. Desperately she dredged up a possible answer from her confused thoughts.

‘It... it’s taught me that it doesn’t matter what choice’s I make I’m going to suffer anyway... so I might as well accept it.’

For a moment his face was impassive, and then he nodded. ‘That will do,’ he said. ‘Now we shall try something else...’

Katy hung head down from her ankle cuffs over a square section upright tank which was a little taller and broader than she was. There were ice cubes floating on the surface of the water. It was freezing cold! Her arms were cuffed behind her back and she had a mask on with a clip that pinched

her nose shut. Her nipples still throbbed from the bucket clamps. Livesey had hooked lead weights to her collar to ensure that she had plenty of negative buoyancy. She also had a waterproof vibrator stuffed into her vagina held, in place by more clips that bit into her sore labia. Its control cable ran up her legs to the winch line.

‘I’m going to dunk you into this tank until you cum,’ he told her. ‘The vibrator has a sensor in it that will signal when you’ve pumped out enough juices. Of course you’ll have to work hard to do that before they’re washed away...’

Without waiting for her assent or sign of understanding, Livesey pressed the control button on the winch from which she dangled. It ran free and she was plunged into the icy water.

Katy almost opened her mouth and screamed with shock as it closed about her and she plunged to the bottom of the tank. As freezing water filled her ears and bubbled about her she clamped her mouth shut desperately. She felt her nipples seem shrivel up even as the vibrator came on and began to tease her pussy mouth. How could she possibly come like this? After ten seconds she was dragged back up out of the water dripping and spluttering, steam rising from her hot body in the chill air over the tank.

The vibrator was still buzzing within her, pumping trickles of water out of her sheath.

Livesey gave her just a few seconds to sucking in another breath and then she was dunked again.

As she was plunged in out of the tank her wriggles and squirms became more desperate yet also feebler. The life was being sucked out of her by the cold water. Sex was the last thing on our mind. This was hopeless...

Then through her water-blurred vision she thought she saw a face in the side of the tank peering in at her. And it was not Livesey...

No, Adam, don’t haunt me anymore! I’ll be good, she promised.

Then the face was gone.

This was not about sex, this was about coming to please her doctor... her master. The vibrator was still alive in her pussy and that was still warm. She had to concentrate on that and make herself cum. Imagine it was Livesey inside her... or Adam... no, it was the tentacle of some underwater animal that was ravishing her in some sick horror fantasy. The more grotesque and outlandish the better. Livesey was a mad scientist experimenting on her and this was his latest perverse entertainment. Oh God, yes that seemed very believable! And he had dosed her with some medicine that boosted her sexual powers. She could come under any circumstances. She could not help herself. She was only a pain slut and she like nothing better than sucking on anything stuffed up her pussy mouth. She was doing it now. She was going to cum... uuhhhh...

Livesey hauled her out of the tank and she hung there naked and dripping, spluttering for breath and trembling helplessly. She could feel the slick juices trickling out of her pussy down her belly, thinning in the film of chilled water that covered her.

‘So you did it,’ Livesey said. ‘Now what has that taught you?’

Through chattering teeth Katy choked out, ‘I... I must accept humiliation and pain. Serving your pleasure is more important than my comfort... and cuming is more important than breathing...’

‘That’ll do,’ he said.

Bound in loops of heavy chain, Katy was dropped into the big chest deep tank in the corner of the therapy room. The chains carried her to the bottom where she wriggled about helplessly. Unhurriedly, Livesey stepped into the tank after her. The front of his swim trunks were open, exposing his genitals. He grabbed Katy by the hair and pulled her head up until her face broke the surface of the water and she could breathe.

He allowed her a couple of breaths and then he rammed her head

down under again. Her open mouth found his cock and she began to suck on it desperately. She managed to whole minute before she had to let go and he pulled her head up again.

It took her five more such underwater oral interludes before he finally came in her mouth. Even though by then her lungs were bursting took time to swallow it all down.

Livesey pulled her bedraggled form over to the side of the tank and asked, 'What have you learned?'

She gasped out, 'that swallowing your sperm is more important than me breathing, Doctor.'

'When you came in here you were lost. Have you learned your proper place now?'

'At the bottom of the tank, Master...'

'Doctor Livesey is insane, isn't he?' Katy said to Miriam much later, when the chill of the pool room had finally left her.

Miriam smiled wryly. 'He's a bit eccentric, possibly,' she agreed.

'But how can you accept what he does? He left you tied to that wall for hours... '

'Because his has power over me to do that kind of thing and I like that,' Miriam said simply.

'So really you're doing this for you, not for them?'

Miriam smiled. 'And for the chance to meet people like you,' she said, 'I enjoy looking after girls even more helpless than I am. They make such lovely screws... and some of them are quite nice when you get to know them better...'

Katy could only smile helplessly back at her.

Chapter Eight

The Mental Therapy Room was small and dark like a mini theatre with very limited audience seating. A single highly specialized chair faced a low small stage with a large wall screen behind it. It was run by Doctor Johnson, who explained what he was going to do as he secured Katy to the chair. It had a heavy tubular steel frame and was padded with black vinyl. She was sitting stiffly upright against its high back. Her thighs were spread, her calves and ankles were pressed against its front legs and her arms lay on its armrests. Broad hinged metal clamps and bands closed about her ankles, knees, thighs, waist, across her wrists, elbows and neck held her firmly in place. By now such things seemed so normal that if she saw a piece of furniture without them she would think something was missing.

‘You’re going to see a series of images of slave life on the screen and I’m going to measure your responses to them, Katy,’ Johnson said as he taped sensor wires to her temples. ‘It will be quite painless...’

Her nipples were already ringed by sensors which measured their temperature, electrical conductivity and degree of erection. She had a rod up her rectum that measured the tension of her anal sphincter and the temperature and blood flow in her rectal sheath. A larger clear plastic probe shaped like a penis was lodged up her vagina. It was lit up by internal LED lights that illuminated the pink ribbed wall of her sheath. Sensors read its conductivity, blood flow, temperature and degree of lubrication. A spur from the base of the probe connected it to her clitoris and ringed it in even finer wires and sensors.

Johnson continued: ‘But first, to calibrate our equipment and establish a baseline of your responses, you’re going to be stimulated to an orgasm by a standard sequence of electrical pulses applied to your nipples and genitalia and so on, while you watch a sequence of neutral images. While this happens I just want you to respond normally, do you understand?’

Katy could not speak in reply. She had a new mask clamped to her face connected to the chair wiring circuit that included sensors measuring her

respiration rate and for some reason clips pinched about her tongue. She had just enough freedom of movement in her strapped neck to nod. Of course they were going to masturbate her. That was what you did every day in a slave hospital. She was no longer sure if she resented it or not, it was simply what happened. She was their patient and they could do what they wanted with her.

Johnson stepped back out of Katy's line of sight to a control panel in the shadowy back corner of the room where Miriam was also quietly standing. After a minute the lights dimmed further. She realized the soft blue light from her illuminated vaginal probe was spilling out from around its base in a fan across the seat of the chair and insides of her thighs. That was rather weird and kinky. Then the big-screen came to life.

A series of bland images flashed across the screen: countryside scenes, the sky, sea, a shopping centre, traffic on a motorway...

At the same time her nipples and pussy began to tingle as small teasing currents were passed through them, tickling and stimulating her. The vaginal probe also began to vibrate softly and she felt herself responding to it. It was really not hard to let them do their job. She could come like this quite easily, almost happily. She could imagine she was alone in the room and her normal inhibitions had been seriously diminished over the last week... or was it longer? As far as she was concerned rooms like this and men in white coats were just the prelude to some kind of sexual activity. This seemed to one of the nicer variations.

And so her nipples swelled and throbbed and her pussy grow hot and sticky as she watched the images flash in front of her: A crowd of people... a jet aircraft... Adam's face... a sports car...

What was that? Had she just seen Adam's face amongst those slideshow images? It had not been a full-colour image but another ghostly blur on a grey background and it had flicked up so fleetingly she was not sure.

Now she stared at the screen more intensely, desperate to know the truth and yet fearful same time. Trees... cathedral... Adam's face... the

union jack...

It was there! Just for a second in between the other images. It did not quite seem to belong with them. None of the others showed any people up close, just anonymous crowds in the distance. Was it really there or was she imagining it? If only she could speak she could ask Doctor Johnson or Miriam. But first she had to cum...

She was so impatient that she began to pull at her straps, trying to fire herself up with the thrill of being tied down and helpless. This was meant to excite her. She was a helpless slave. People could do when they wanted with her. She had a big illuminated vibrator stuck up her pussy and another rod up her arse. She was doubly penetrated. What more could she want... ahhhh!

She came, clenching hard on the probes inside her and spurting out her juices around them which the LED's illuminated in a misty spray.

Ohhh... that had felt good.

The screen went black and the lights came on again. Doctor Johnson was bending over her chair. The front of his white coat was hanging open showing his semi-hard penis.

‘Are you all right, Katy? You responded rather unusually there...’

She shook her head and made pleading, mewling noises until he unclamped her tongue. ‘Please Doctor, did you show me pictures of my boyfriend... my master... Adam Hyde?’

‘No, just the standard calibration series of images. Why, did you think you saw him?’

What could Katy say? If he said they were not there then they were all in her mind. Would they think she was really going mad? She could ask Miriam later. Yes, that was it. But for now perhaps she should say no more. ‘I... just thought I saw him amongst the other people in the shots, that's all. I wondered it was some kind of test for me.’

‘No, there’s no test of that kind being run. Do you miss him very much?’

‘Well... yes of course I do,’ Katy had to say. She did miss him as part of her old life. But if that had all been an illusion what did she really feel about him?

‘Well it must just have been some chance resemblance you saw...’ Johnson suggested.

‘Yes, Doctor of course that was it... I’m sorry...’

‘Anyway we’ve got our calibration data. Now we’ll see how you respond to images of slave life...’

He clamped her tongue again and returned to the control desk. The lights dimmed and the screen came to life once more, this time with videos that were anything but bland...

A naked black slave girl her hands and knees with a large spiked collar about her neck crawled across a carpet to a man in a purple robe seated in easy chair. The cameras zoomed in on her rolling buttocks and the cleft of her pouting sex, which was clearly visible between her thighs. Also visible on the inward curving slopes of her fleshy buttocks, on one each side, were the letters: H S. She had been branded on either side of her anus! She had a plug in her mouth with a cup-sized horizontal metal ring on its end, which supported a glass of spirits with ice in it. Meekly she presented it to the seated man who took the glass from its holder and patted her head negligently. Then he snapped his fingers pointing down in front of the chair. She shuffled forward in front of him and curled up tightly and he laid his feet across her back, using her as a living footrest. The camera focused on the breast pocket of his robe, which was monogrammed with the initials H S...

The screen dimmed for a moment. Katy felt her pussy growing hot and slick again. Although the message implied by that brief film was horrendous she could not deny it was also deeply arousing. What would it feel like to be treated like that? Indignation and guilt struggled with base instinct within her as a new video began...

It was a grassy meadow. A man was leading a slender naked slave girl after him on a leash like a dog on a walk. She scrambled along on all fours at his side eagerly, looking up at him with a bright hopeful face. She wore a rubber tail which must have been plugged into her rectum and which bobbed between her buttocks. Her hands and feet were enclosed in moulded black rubber gloves and socks that resembled dog's paws. The man had a stick in his hand. He threw it across the meadow and then let his dog girl loose so that she bounded after it, her breasts bouncing and heaving and her rubber tail bobbing frantically as she raced along on all fours. In a moment she came back with it clamped between her jaws and laid it at his feet...

Once again there was a brief blackout. Woman as animal, Katy thought in disgust! Portrayed as man's faithful dumb companion! It was so denigrating and humiliating... and yet she was steadily becoming aroused. Perhaps, as long as that woman really wanted to live like that...

A busty red-haired woman in a collar with bridle straps across her face was lying spread-eagled naked on a large bed with a black iron frame. Her wrists and ankles were cuffed and chained to its four corners. A naked man stood over her. He was rampantly erect and was holding a riding crop, which he was slapping in one palm. The woman looked up at him pleadingly. He raised his arm and brought the crop down on her ample breasts, making them shiver and bounce. She shrieked in pain about the bit in her mouth. He cropped her again and again, working his way down her pale fleshy body until he reached her plump pubic mound, which was clean shaven. He changed the angle of his blows and swung the crop up full into her cleft, making it bulge and spread wide, exposing it shiny pink interior and leaving a stain of juices on the head of the crop. The woman's eyes bulged and filled with tears of pain and yet she still looked up at him pleadingly. Relenting he clambered onto the bed between her widespread legs and rammed his big cock up into her sore eager pussy mouth...

Another fadeout. It was crude and cruel but desperately exciting. Katy did not want to be that woman being beaten like that but after recent days she could imagine what it would feel like. All you had to do was accept it and the dark rewards would be incredible. By now her nipples felt as though they were going to burst and she could feel the pool of her juices gathering in the

cleft of her buttocks under her oozing pussy mouth...

Another video began. There was a naked, blonde busty woman in a darkened room being manhandled by three naked men wearing red demon face masks towards a red painted wooden trestle bathed in a spotlight. They pulled her across it and tied her down with red straps that were bolted to the trestle, buckling them about her wrists and ankles and across small of her back until she was helpless. She screamed and sobbed until one of the men took her by the hair and forced a rubber ring into her mouth, which jammed her jaws wide. Then they began to smack her bottom and heavy dangling breasts, setting them swinging. The camera focused on her pain-filled face...

It was Miriam!

For a moment the shock seemed to kill Katy's mounting ardour dead. She had not recognised her out of her minimal uniform. What was she doing in one of these videos? Were they produced especially for the hospital? Why not in such a mad place? But she was a caring talented nurse. How could she possibly do this? Because she was a slave and liked that kind of thing, she supposed. Katy had to face that truth. If you were a masochistic slave then this was what was going to happen to you.

And then she felt the lustful pressure in her loins return. That could not be denied even as she watched somebody she knew being gang-banged. What had they done to her? Or had she done it to herself years ago...

On the screen the men were violating Miriam, working their way round her as they plunging their cocks into her rectum, vagina and ring-stretched mouth in turn. Her eyes filled with tears and her cheeks were red as she almost choked on the shafts being thrust down her throat that had only seconds earlier been up her pussy or bottom hole.

It was crude and terrible and desperately exciting to watch. Katy wanted it to end for Miriam's sake (even though she knew that was totally irrational since it was a recording) and yet she didn't want it to end before she climaxed. She had to cum and she was going to cum...

And then the chair seemed to turn against her.

Curved plastic tubes sprang out of the side frame of the chair and swung round until they nearly touched her breasts. Cold air blasted from their tips and began to cool her inflamed and swollen nipples down. At the same time a larger nozzle protruded through the padding of the chair seat and began to blast her groin with cold air as well. These unexpected intercessions literally cooled her desire, distracting her single-minded focus and leaving her feeling desperately frustrated.

It was not fair! For once she was not being beaten, coerced or threatened in any way. She just wanted to enjoy the pleasure of a lusty orgasm and it was being denied her! What kind of game to their playing with her? Games whose rules she did not know of course. This was another means of finding out how deep her slavish instincts truly lay.

On-screen Miriam continued to be ravished in sickeningly lurid and inviting detail while Katy felt the chair padding getting colder and colder under her buttocks as though ice water was being pumped through it. She was losing all her orgasmic momentum. Of course she had cum in worse conditions in Doctor Livesey's plunge tank, but then she had a working vibrator stuffed inside to help. The probe inside her now was dead and hard and even though she squeezed on it she could not move it inside her sheath.

The desperate desire to cum remained in her mind but her body was being drained of the ability to bring it about. She gave vent to tongue-clamped indistinct growls of frustration and anger in her throat.

Suddenly Doctor Johnson's voice seemed to be whispering in her ear, 'How much do you want to orgasm, Katy?'

'A *lot!*' she tried to say.

'Well you have two choices. Either you can stay in the chair watching your nurse being gang banged again and again but be too cold to cum, or else you can take her place...'

The recording on the screen froze. Three men appeared from out of her field of vision and stepped up onto the tiny stage. There were three naked red masked men from the video. And with them they carried the same red

trestle Miriam had been bound over. They set it down and then stood there with their arms folded, gazing at Katy expectantly.

The recording resumed but without sound, showing in close up one of their cocks plunging into Miriam's backside and making it bulge.

The metal clamps and bands that been holding Katy to the chair clicked and then sprang open by themselves. She was no longer restrained. If she wanted to get up all she had to do was lift herself off the probes, take off her mask and pull the taped sensors from her temples and nipples. Even with her mittened hands she could manage that...

'If you stay in the chair they won't touch you,' Johnson said. 'But if you get out of it then they'll do to you what they did to Miriam. You have one minute to decide...'

On the corner of the screen a clock face appeared with a single second-hand that began to sweep round it, ticking as it did so. At the same time a digital display began counting down from sixty seconds.

Katy sobbed in frustrated indecision. She wanted to cum but how could she voluntarily subject herself to such treatment? This was a trap but all the choices were hers to make. Just because she had been around so seriously didn't mean she was a prisoner her own desires. She could simply set sit there and let her passion fade away naturally. That was sensible thing to do...

'I should mention,' Johnson's voice said again, 'that if you remain in the chair after sixty seconds you will be re-clamped and the chair will warm again and we will begin showing you our slave girl selection from the start...'

With a sob Katy clumsily ripped the sensors from her temples and nipples, tore off her face mask, heaved herself off the impaling probes, which pulled out of her vagina and rectum was sucking pops, and stumbled forward, shivering. The red masked men grabbed hold of her arms and hauled her onto the stage...

Then the full consequences of what she had just done struck home.

How had she voluntarily submitted herself to a gang bang, however horny she had felt? What had happened to her sense of priorities? She opened her mouth to say that she had made a terrible mistake and one of them rammed the rubber ring between her teeth, jamming her jaws wide. It had rubber T-bars extending out on either side which extended beyond her lips and pressed against the sides of the cheeks, stopping it from twisting about in her mouth. She began to struggle, just as Miriam had done on the screen, but of course they were too strong for her. They dragged over to the trestle and pulled her belly down across it. They buckled the red straps hard about her wrists and ankles, spreading her legs wide. The final strap went over the small of her back, pressing her stomach hard into the padded top of the trestle.

Their strong hands ran over her body, pinching and prodding her. Before her horrified eyes she saw their cocks swelling and stiffening, jerking upwards into full erection. And then they begin to smack her. Full hard slaps on her buttocks that made them shiver and left red imprints of their hands on her flesh. Sharper slaps on her dangling breasts, making them swing like bells. Cupped hand slaps up between her legs to catch the pouch of her sex mouth, flattening its pliant lips. Light crisp slaps to her cheeks as they held her head up by fistfuls of hair, jerking her head from side to side and making her ears ring.

Katy blubbered and sobbed and moaned, her eyes streaming with tears. What had she got herself into? How could she have been so foolish? And then the raw physical need, briefly dulled by the chair, began to grow within her again. She was no longer a voyeur but a participant. She was in Miriam's shoes suffering what Miriam had suffered. And she knew what she wanted as a reward...

The men closed in about her, each selecting his chosen orifice. One took hold of her head and rammed his cock through the rubber ring down her throat. The second straddled her upturned bottom, sitting across the trestle, and rammed his cock up her rectum. The third stood between her splayed legs and took the lower line and penetrated her pussy.

Each gave a dozen hard thrusts into her, making her choke and moan, overwhelmed by their sheer dominating presence within her. And then they pulled out and switched places...

It was far worse than her time in the body shell. Then at least she only had to cope with one man using her at a time. Three of them together were utterly overwhelming and crushing, dominating her with their maleness and endless thrusting penises, reducing her to a helpless scrap of female flesh that they could pummel and penetrate at their will.

Around and around they went, ramming their hard cocks into Katy's pussy, mouth and bottom hole time after time, while on the screen behind her their two-dimensional doubles did the same to Miriam. Both girls were sobbing and moaning and shuddering from their triple ravishment, jerking feebly at the straps that bound them to the trestles as if they wanted to escape, but in their hearts not wanting to be free until they reached the dark pinnacles of delight they so desired

And so perversely, when Katy finally came, drenched within and without by hot spurts of the men's sperm that splattered over her bush and bottom cleft and across her face, she knew total satisfaction for a few perfect seconds. Then her world collapsed and she was wracked by confused sobs of doubt and wretched despair at what she had done.

Much later, back on the Correction Ward once again, while Miriam fed her from a penis bottle, Katy asked between sucks: 'Did you see those flashes of Adam's face on the test images while there were calibrating my reactions? You heard me ask the doctor about them?'

'I heard you ask him but I didn't see anything,' Miriam said. 'At the time I was a bit too busy bent over holding my knees with Johnson's cock up her arse. Maybe they were just chance resemblances like he said.'

Katy knew it was nothing like that. How was it that Miriam never saw any of these things? Or were they all in her mind? She just wished that either Adam would appear indisputably in the flesh or else his face would stop tormenting her.

With an effort she turned her thoughts to something else that had been on her mind.

‘Why did you do it? I mean appear on that video being screwed like that? It was a huge turn on for me as you saw, but it was also in a way very ugly.’

‘Not for its intended audience, perhaps,’ Miriam pointed out. ‘Anyway I did it for the fun of it and because I got paid extra. It was a safe kind of thrill. I wouldn’t risk doing that with people I didn’t know. I’m not crazy, I just like rough sex. I was hoping it would help. Did any of it jog your memory?’

‘No. Sorry.’

‘Why did you try to copy me?’

Why had she done it? ‘I suppose I really wanted to cum so badly that suddenly the price seemed worth the reward.’

‘And then you broke down in tears afterwards.’

‘I’d thought that if you could do it then I could to... but I found having three men screw me at the same time was a bit more overwhelming than I’d imagined.’

Miriam’s face grew serious. ‘Katy, just because I do something that doesn’t mean you can as well. We’re very different people. Remember that...’

Chapter Nine

The next morning, once Katy had been fed, flushed out, washed and lubricated, Miriam led her on her hands and knees down to the end of the corridor and a door marked with disconcerting boldness: *Sex Gym*.

‘Yesterday was promising,’ Miriam confided in Katy. ‘Johnson said he thought you were almost there when you went up on stage to get gang-banged of your own accord. That was the kind of thing a true masochistic slave girl would do. But afterward you broke down again. Obviously you’re not remembering anything about your past slave life, despite all this prompting, so the doctors have decided to give you a different way of proving yourself...’

She bent down and whispered, ‘Perhaps you’ve just got to decide to accept that you’ve been sick and have forgotten living like a slave and you must make yourself believe it. Otherwise I don’t know how long they’ll keep on trying to make you remember. If you really want to get back to you Adam, as a boyfriend or a master, then maybe this is the time to be brave and a little crazy like you were yesterday... but without the tears at the end. Do you understand?’

Katy gulped and took a deep breath and nodded.

Miriam said more loudly, ‘It’s in here...’

She pushed through the doors into a small but very well-equipped gym, filled with running machines, cycles, walkers, rowers and weight frames. At the far end was a second door with a sign over it reading: *Showers and Locker Room*. At first Katy thought she was simply expected to exercise more. Then she took a second look at the equipment on display. There were extra straps, cuffs, extension arms and phallic additions to the equipment. This was not a place for innocent exercise. And indeed it would be anatomically impossible for men to use some of the devices...

Miriam removed Katy’s quelling capsule and then took off her mask

in its entirety. ‘You’re going to be sweating a lot so you won’t want this over your face as well,’ she warned her.

While Katy was breathing in un-medicated air and enjoying the unusual pleasure of being able to open her mouth wide and stretch her lips, Miriam explained: ‘I won’t tell you what’s going to happen next, only as it comes. The first stage is for you to use three of these devices. I’ll fit you into them and then it’s up to you. You don’t get let off them until you’ve come, however much it hurts. So choose your first machine...’

Katy looked around her at the increasingly sinister looking device on offer. This was not going to be any fun at all. But Miriam was right. She could not go on like this. She was getting nowhere with her therapy and the ghostly images of Adam’s face appearing all over the place would soon drive her mad. If she survived this ordeal and was allowed home then she could sort herself out properly. Perhaps for a couple of hours she could convince herself that she was a natural masochistic slave girl... She felt her nipples rising. This was going to hurt... but then pain was good...

‘I’ll start with that treadmill,’ she said.

‘Only a genuine slave girl would take on this kind of challenge,’ Miriam told her. ‘So I want to hear you say aloud: “I am a true slave girl”.’

‘I am a true slave girl,’ Katy said.

Five minutes later she was pounding away on a treadmill from hell.

The tilted rubber powered track under her feet was normal enough, as was the handrail in front of her. Running smoothly was not as easy as it might have been with her arms cuffed behind her back, but she managed even though it exaggerated the roll of her hips and the toss of her breasts. However it was the extra hospital fittings that turned it into a nightmare.

There was a telescopic rod mounted at the bottom end of the track angled upwards at about forty-five degrees. There was a slim rubber dildo

mounted on its end, which was plugged into her rectum. To ensure she did not lose ground and travel back down the track there was also a transverse arm bristling with sharp spikes fitted across the rod just below the base of the dildo and separated from it by a short section of sprung shaft. If she tired and began to travel backwards, the spring compressed and the spikes jabbed into her buttocks.

To further encourage her to stay in position on the centre of the track a pair of chains were fitted to the hand rails and strung across to her nipples where they were held in place with large, heavily toothed spring clips. There was very little slack in them and if she moved off to the side or backwards they would mercilessly stretch her nipples and pull her back in place.

All this was to keep her positioned on the third attachment to the treadmill. This was a sprung arm also extending inwards from the handrail frame but much lower down. It had a vertical wheel on its end the size of a dinner plate which bristling with long rubber prongs about its rim flanked on either side by rows of outward facing shorter metal spikes. The arm of course was positioned to hold this wheel pressed firmly up into her groin.

As she ran, it twisted and turned in her slot, tickling her vaginal mouth and clitoris with its rubber prongs while stabbing the lips of her sex on either side with its metal spikes. The contrasting sensations were almost indescribable. Her pussy was weeping and dripping in moments even as she shivered and moaned in pain.

Miriam stood by the machine, monitoring Katy's progress. She said nothing but Katy knew she was silently willing her on to succeed.

But it was not easy. After five steady minutes of pounding the track, the grinding metal studs had stabbed into Katy's soft lips deeper and deeper until they began to draw blood. It trickled down her thighs or fell between her legs to the track, adding to the dark splashes of sweat that were beginning to fall from her body.

How could she possibly come like this? Yet she had to if she was ever going to leave the Rectification Hospital. She had to embrace the pain and humiliation of the machine and try to turn it into pleasurable stimulation. If

she didn't soon then exhaustion would overtake her and she would not have the strength to reach orgasm.

And so she began to play a mind game with herself using everything she had learned so far. This was another of those experiments they were performing on her. Miriam was the lovely but strict assistant to her mad scientist tormentor. She was trying to drain all the sexual energy out of her but Katy was too strong. She has an endless capacity to keep cuming and cuming, no matter what pain she suffered. She could feel it building up inside her as the torture wheel ground through her pussy cleft, jabbing and teasing her at the same time. Her tormentors didn't realize that she loved pain combined with pleasure. She fed upon it and delighted in it more than anything else. This was not hell to her but heaven. She could feel her clamped nipples throbbing. Even the bloody pricks on her backside only added to her excitement. Now she was dripping over the wheel. Her clitoris was throbbing and her loins were filling... She was going to cum... yes!

Katy almost stumbled as she sprayed her juices over the pussy wheel. Miriam cut the drive power and she staggered to a halt, panting and dripping with sweat.

'That's very good,' Miriam said. 'I can tell doctors you've had your first climax. Now let me hear you say it again: what are you?'

'I am a true slave girl,' Katy gasped.

One down and two to go...

Katy's hands were uncuffed from behind her back so she could use the rowing machine. Of course her cuff rings were then clipped to its handles, which had elastic bands to hold her plastic mitten-covered hands in place.

Another of the unconventional fittings that had been added to the machine was at the front end where a vertical post anchored the ends of a pair of elastic cords that were clipped to her nipples. As she pulled back to make a stroke they grew ever tighter. There was also an anal rod on the rolling seat

which slid up her rectum, holding her firmly in place and ensuring she could not slide off the seat or shift position to avoid the primary indignity that each rowing stroke inflicted upon her.

Mounted between her widespread feet, which were clipped to the footrests against which she pushed, was a spring-mounted dildo with a fearsomely ribbed and studded head. This of course was lodged in the mouth of her vagina. As she pushed out it travelled with her and as she pulled back it was compressed and was forced even further into her front passage. Its studs and ribs ground into her, scraping her sheath and tormenting her clitoris.

Her vulva was already sore from the treadmill wheel. Now she had to contend with this studded monster ramming itself into her every couple of seconds. But again she could not afford to spend too long on the machine trying to recover her sexual desire. Sheer exhaustion would claim her otherwise. Already the sweat was stinging her eyes and trickling down between her poor tormented breasts. Sweat was even running down to her clamped nipples and travelling along the cords that were stretching them almost to their elastic limits. So, grimly and desperately, she rowed as hard as she could, driving the dildo up into her pussy again and again. At least her love mouth was already well lubricated and the plunging rubber phallus made squishing and sucking sounds as it pumped in out of her.

This was just another challenge to see if they could dominate her. But she had the power of a secret submissive inside her and could take whatever humiliation and indignity they heaped upon her. She loved rowing and always did so with a vibrator inside her. This was even better. Such a monster felt incredible as it slurped and sucked at her pussy. She was just getting hotter and wetter as it reamed her out. Evil Miriam was looking on expecting her to give in but she would never do so. She loved combining suffering with sex. It made it feel so much more intense. It was just another form of foreplay. All her lovers had put her through such ordeals just to make her come more intently. She imagined their cocks inside her now, pounding away. Some of them had been even bigger than this rubber monster she was impaling herself on stroke after stroke. It was so wet now it was almost slipping out of her. She had to squeeze her pussy mouth about it and hold it

tight until... uhhhh!

‘What are you?’ Miriam demanded as Katy sagged over the rowing machine’s handles, her juices forming a pool on the seat under her.

‘I am a true slave girl,’ she groaned.

Katy had not imagined that the exercise cycle would be the hardest device of all to cum on. She often cycled for exercise and it had not seemed as though the twin metal rods rising from its saddle would be that hard to accommodate inside her. And the device mounted on the stand behind the saddle of the bike had looked more like a large fan with soft floppy blades to her. There was another smaller one mounted on the handlebars facing inward. It was not until she had made her choice and Miriam was cuffing her wrists the bike handles that she realized their true function. By then it was too late to change her mind of course. I am a true slave girl and I welcome this chance to suffer and zap my pussy at the same time, she told herself.

As she pedalled and the flywheel wheel spun it powered not only a dynamo that sent current through the twin metal probes on which was impaled, but it set the two “fans” spinning. Except of course they were not fans at all but flail wheels.

Miriam adjusted the one behind her so it was tilted at a slight angle and beat its rubber thongs across her naked pumping buttocks where they overhung the rear of the saddle. The one in front of her, which was slightly smaller, was positioned so that it lashed across her breasts, setting them jiggling wildly.

As she pedalled the electric current sparked and crackled between her rectum and vagina, making them clench helplessly about the metal rods, while her bottom and breasts were relentlessly lashed by the spinning thongs. She sobbed and whimpered as the sweat dripping off her face and down her chest and across her back into the cleft of her buttocks, only to be splattered about by the spinning flail wheels.

They were trying to break her again; trying to make deny her heritage. But it would not work. She loved this pain and humiliation. Her pussy and bottom hole were united in pain as they pinched and squeezed and her pussy dripped lubrication onto the slippery saddle between her thighs. She could feel her bottom and breasts simmering and burning as they were lashed from pink to crimson. But her nipples remained defiantly hard, as though offering themselves up for more punishment. She was a pain slut and that could not be denied. She was in her element! This was who she was... uhhh!

As she slumped utterly exhausted over the handlebars of the exercise bike, with her orgasmic discharge dripping off the saddle and down her thighs, Miriam challenged her for the third time.

‘I am a true slave girl,’ Katy choked out triumphantly.

Miriam allowed her a few minutes to recover and then she freed her from the bike and helped her to pull her still tingling pussy and anus off its electric saddle prongs.

‘Would you like to have a shower now,’ Miriam asked.

‘Oh God, yes please...’ Katy said.

Miriam helped across the gym and they went through the doors to the locker and shower room. It was only then that Katy saw it was already occupied.

Standing by the lockers were five large men wearing white latex masks that showed only their eyes, noses and mouths. They were naked except for the towels wrapped about their waists. The slots of the masks over their mouths revealed broad grins of hungry anticipation. Miriam gave Katy a little shove towards them. ‘You let them do whatever they want with you and afterwards I’ll ask you what you are again...’ she said.

And so with Miriam standing to one side watching impassively, Katy endured her second and far worse gang-bang.

The men picked her up and carried her between them, struggling feebly, into the shower room. There was a urinal wall to one side with sets of dangling chains bolted to it. They dragged her over to it and turned her upside down and spread-eagled her against the cold porcelain slabs so that her head hung nearly in the urinal gulley. They pulled her legs wide and hooked the higher set of chains to her ankle cuffs rings. A middle set of chains were wrapped about her waist and pull tight. The bottom set was hooked to the mitten rings on her outstretched arms.

And then they dropped their towels and one by one peed over her.

They aimed for her gaping pussy mouth, having to lift their cocks high and squeeze hard to get their streams of pee bubbling into it. It overflowed her gash and ran down her arse crack and splattered over her sore buttocks and then down her body across the inverted mounds of her raw red breasts and then over her face and into her hair, finally trickling off her into the urinal gulley. As their hot insulting pee flowed over her, Katy sobbed and splattered in utter misery.

Blinking the stinging pee out of her eyes she saw Miriam watching all this with pinched lips. She knew she could not help her but how much she wished she was lying in her ward bed now with Miriam riding her to a happy orgasm...

When finally each of them had emptied his bladder over her, one squatted down and looked into her wet, flushed and miserable face and asked: 'What do you say?'

'Th... thank you for using me as your toilet, sir,' Katy sobbed.

They unchained her and carried her across to the showers where they pressed her up against the tiled wall and rubbed soap over her and sprayed her down, washing away their urine. But her relief was brief. They turned her upside down and pulled her legs wide so the shower jets could flush out her sore pussy mouth and rectum, into which the forced the end of a bar of soap, twisting it about inside her elastic passages and then pulling it out and laughing as her orifices foamed and bubbled.

When she was clean they rubbed her dry roughly with a big towel and then carried back in to the locker room. Silently Miriam followed them. There was a long low bench along the middle of the room and they laid Katy across this on her back. They pulled her arms and legs out and then down, bending them underneath the bench where her cuff rings were clipped to hidden hooks. One of the men pushed a rubber ring and t-bar gag into her mouth, forcing her jaws wide open. She looked up to see dangling from the ceiling above her was an electric wire rope winch with a very large rubber hook on its end. This was lowered over her groin and the hook, which had a bulbous tip, was forced up into her vagina. Then the rope was wound in again.

Sobbing, Katy's hips were lifted upwards by the hook in her pussy, which made her mound bulge, until her body was bowed in her fleshy arch over the bench and her arms and legs were trembling as she tried to brace herself on the floor.

As she twisted her dangling head about wildly she saw Miriam standing to one side holding the end of a triple-tube douche hose, like the one she had used on her in the lobby lounge. She knew she could not spare her what was to come but at least she was there to clean her afterwards...

The men took up positions around Katy. A pair of them straddled the bench in front and behind her while the other three moved to her sides. They held spanking paddles. The men in front and behind her moved forward, ramming their stiff cocks into her anus and ring-gagged mouth. As they began to thrust into her the other men used their paddles. They beat down on her upraised breasts and tautly bowed stomach, they swung up from underneath her into the arch of her back, the outsides of her straining thighs and the trembling hemispheres of her buttocks.

And as Katy whimpered and yelped and sobbed from the avalanche of paddle smacks that were turning her entire body a burning, angry, mottled scarlet, she had to serve the pair of cocks pumping up her rectum and deep into her throat. She almost choked as they plunged into her, squeezing with her anal sphincter and trying to give pleasure with her stretched lips.

The two men had already been stimulated by playing with her earlier

so at least they came quickly. When the first one spouted in her rectum he pulled out of her. Miriam quickly stepped forward, plugged the douche nozzle into Katy's bottom, flushed it clean and lubricated it. The man who had come swapped places one of the paddle wielders, who then straddled the bench and shoved his cock in turn up into Katy's newly greased rectum.

And so one by one they all had her up her bottom and down her throat. And all the time the paddle smacks rained down upon her defenceless body and burning tears filled her eyes. But in the midst of her misery and confusion came one thought: at least none of them had Adam's face. She had not seen it today. Was that because she was no longer denying him? Was she purging her guilt at last like Livesey had said? She must embrace her suffering to the limits...

The terrible hook that held her in her fleshy crab-like posture was both a torment and a cruel stimulant. She clenched her pussy about it tightly even as it stretched her love mouth into unnatural elongation. She could feel her juices flowing about it as instinctively they tried to lubricate the presence of this intruder into her body. They trickled down her cleft and onto the cock of each man who sodomised her. Meanwhile her clitoris was squeezed unmercifully by the pressure of the hook which only made it swell and throb even more intently. It seemed to pulse with every thrust of a cock up her backside. A terrible but familiar pressure was building within her...

And then suddenly her clit and loins seemed to explode and she bucked and writhed and squeezed frantically about the cock within her bottom. Then she seemed to be floating and spinning in space...

She was dimly aware of a man saying in her ear: 'And what do you say?'

And she rasped through her cock-pummelled throat: 'Thank you for fucking me, Sir...'

The next thing Katy knew the men were gone and Miriam was unfastening her from the bench and the terrible pussy hook. Miriam helped

her back to the shower and washed the sweat and spent sperm splashes off her aching body, finishing with a spray of cold water which shocked her back to her senses.

Feebly Katy asked: 'Is it over now?'

'Not quite,' Miriam said. 'Be brave a little longer...'

She led her out of the shower room back into the gym.

All the doctors that had treated her were standing there in a row: Finlay, Watson, Doolittle, Livingston, Johnson and Livesey. All had their white coats parted and their genitals on display with cocks swelling in anticipation.

Miriam gave Katy a little shove towards them. 'You know what you've got to do...'

So Katy went down on her knees in front of each of them in turn and raised her eyes meekly and begged: 'May I suck you off, Doctor?'

And each time, after she had swallowed every last drop of their sperm down, she said: 'Thank you for everything, Doctor. I am a true slave girl now...'

And it was the truth! After all, to have done what she just had what else could she be?

Chapter Ten

The only hard think about leaving Rectification Hospital the next day was saying goodbye to Miriam.

Katy knew that without her support she would not have survived her ordeals and found her true self at last. Just before they came to take her away back to Wimbledon and Adam, she hugged and kissed her. Then she went down on her knees before her and pressed to face into her rubber apron-veiled groin.

‘Thank you for everything,’ she said huskily....

‘Just doing my job,’ Miriam said, but with tears sparkling in her eyes. ‘Now you take good care of yourself. And make sure your master knows how lucky he is to own you...’

Then a hospital driver came into the ward with a wheelchair. Katy was sat on it and strapped down. A gag was pushed into her mouth and a hood was pulled over her head, shutting out the last glimpse she had of Miriam.

Katy did not know what type of vehicle took her back to Wimbledon. She assumed it was not an ambulance. Some small van probably. She sat in her wheelchair in the back dumb and blind and totally unable to tell what route they took on the journey back home. The location of the Rectification Hospital would remain secure.

There was one break in her journey when the van pulled over in some quiet spot and the driver came round to the back and screwed her. With her still hooded and gagged, he pulled her out of the chair, laid her face down on a blanket and then had a quick but hearty poke up her bottom hole, which Miriam had wisely lubricated for her before she had left.

But that was all perfectly normal, Katy now knew. A slave in transit must expect to serve her driver like that. The ambulance men had taught her that on the way to the hospital, which seemed a very long time ago now, but she had been too inhibited to realize it. She tried to squeeze about his pounding shaft as tightly as possible to give him maximum satisfaction. Her body was all she had to offer after all. It was just like giving a tip... The hot spurt of sperm up her back passage signalled that her efforts had been appreciated.

Finally her journey came to an end and she was wheeled out of the van and into some building. She felt a thrill of anticipation. Was she home now? She was un-strapped from the wheelchair, made to stand and guided through a doorway. Then the hood was pulled off her head. She was in their familiar living room and there was Adam standing before her. The real Adam at last, not some ghostly apparition!

He smiled hopefully at her. 'Are you better now, Katy?'

She went down on her knees before him and extended her wrists crossed submissively and said: 'I think I must be your slave girl... Master.'

And he held up the red leather slave harness she remembered from her brief confused flashback. 'Then I'd better get this on you as soon as possible,' he said with a huge grin.

And so from then on Adam treated her like a slave girl. He made no mention of her stay in the Rectification Hospital and so of course she did not speak of it either, when she was not gagged and had the option of speech, although her thoughts did occasionally linger on memories of Miriam with warm affection.

To her surprise and relief she slipped back into her forgotten slave life quite easily. After what she had been through in hospital it hardly seemed strange at all. They had prepared her well.

She found that the house was fitted out with all kinds of extras

appropriate to restraining a slave which she had forgotten about until now. There were the kitchen fittings and with loops for constrained and bound fingers and of course all the fittings on the master bed. It was not the bed she recalled from her delusion but actually looked a lot like the one she had pussy-polished in the Electrotherapy Room. On her very first night back Adam chained her down to it, beat her with a spanking paddle and then screwed until she came hugely.

It was good to be home...

After a few days when she had settled back into the routine of her old life, Adam let her accompanying him out on a trip to a West End theatre.

Outwardly she was respectably dressed, but under her elegant dress she wore a tight mesh chastity belt which contained dildos impaled within her anus and vagina. Adam also carried a small control unit which was linked to her decorative choker, which served when she was outside as a substitute for her regular slave collar. At a press of a button he could give her a warning jolt of electricity to remind her of her proper place. She was a little frightened that she might let him down again, as apparently she had during her breakdown, but everything went perfectly. She was even allowed in public for the sake of appearances to call him by his given name, which now felt like a special thrill.

She loved to be out amongst ordinary people wondering if they could have guessed her secret. In turn she also wondered how many of them might be secret slave owners, or how many well-dressed woman she passed by might be wearing chastity belts and chains under their dresses like her.

But apart from these special occasions she spent most of her time at home, properly collared and chained and totally naked, but then that was her proper place. She spent hours cooking or on hands and knees scrubbing floors and polishing. She wanted everything to be perfect for when Adam came back, when she would welcome him with open legs.

Once she was fully settled in again, Adam gave a party for fellow slave owning friends. Katy was amazed there were so many of them. And of course they brought their own pets with them. It made her feel reassured to be

surrounded by so much collared, chained and naked female flesh once more, recalling her time on the Correction Ward. It felt natural and proper. How had she ever denied this kind of life?

And so, like in that brief flashback, she shuffled around in her slave chains with silver bells on her nipples offering people drinks and treats. And they smile at her and stroked her head and tweaked her nipples and patted her bottom.

‘So sorry to hear you were sick, Katy,’ some of them said. ‘Nice to see you back to normal...’

And she bathed in the glow of satisfaction that came from knowing she had been accepted back into slave life. He had not told any of them of her rejection of him and now they need never know.

As the highlight of the evening she and the other pets were all made to perform together.

A rubber sheet was laid down in the middle of the lounge and they were arranged on it in a circle with their wrists cuffed behind them each kneeling and pressed close to the girl in front and behind, all facing in a clockwise direction. Each of them had half of a double-ended the dildo in their pussies. They shuffled closer, tightening the circle and pushed the dildo heads into the bottom holes of the girl in front of them until they formed a living daisychain. And then Adam set them off by cuffing Katy on the back of her head.

She began by thrusting hard into the bottom of the girl in front of her, the impetus going round the circle in a carnal Mexican wave, until it returned to her own bottom and she thrust again.

Faster and faster the wave travelled around the chain of flesh, the girls panting and gasping with effort as they tried to be the first to cum. The air filled with the scent of their dripping love juices and the shouts of their respective owners as they urged them on to greater efforts.

But Katy was determined not to let Adam down. Recalling everything

she had learned in hospital she exerted herself to the utmost, grinding her hard nipples into the soft back of the girl in front of her, squeezing hard as she thrust into her, trying to make the dildo come alive within her. And amidst the pumping, sweaty circle she was the first to throw back her head and cry out: 'Yes!'

That night Adam showed how proud he was of her in bed by sodomising her thoroughly while she was chained face down with both ends of the double dildo, folded in half, stuffed up her vagina. His cock felt wonderful inside her bottom hole squeezed extra tight by her bursting vagina, and she wondered how she had ever thought anal sex was not fun.

But there was still something missing in her life...

Katy was a natural slave, she was sure of that now. The fact that she could not remember her early years as a slave made no difference to that fact, but still this was not quite right. Was there something here that should not be, or something not here that should?

And then came the Sunday morning when there was an unexpected knock at the door.

Since Katy was in the kitchen shut away from view preparing Sunday lunch chained and naked, Adam went to the door. She heard a distant brief exchange of words and then a soft flat *phut!* There came a cry of surprise from Adam and then a heavy thud.

Alarmed and forgetting caution, Katy ran out into the hall as fast as her hobble chain allowed.

Adam was lying on the floor with his eyes closed not moving. Standing over him was a woman in a belted three quarter length grey raincoat with dark hair and dark glasses. As Katy appeared she raised her hand. She was holding some kind of gun.

Suddenly feeling totally helpless without Adam to tell her what to do

and desperately vulnerable in her bare skin and chains, Katy screamed and turned back to the kitchen door. But her hobble chain tripped her up and she fell to the floor.

There was another *phut* and something stung her bottom. Terrified she twisted round and saw what looked like the head of a sting protruding from her right buttock. As the mystery woman stood over her she felt her head begin to swim and then everything went black...

The first thing Katy saw when she forced her gummy eyes open and managed to focus them was Adam. He was sitting in an upright chair totally naked with his arms twisted around behind it and his legs taped to the front legs of the chair by the strips of silver repair tape. A strip of tape was also bound across his mouth. He was stirring feebly and blinking about in obvious confusion.

He was not dead!

Then Katy realized that she was lying naked on the master bed with her head propped up by pillows and her arms and legs stretched out and cuffed to its corners. A ball gag was plugging her mouth and her bottom felt sore.

Hung over the end of the bed was a grey raincoat, a black wig and a pair of dark glasses. And then a second figure stepped into her line of sight. It was Miriam!

She was almost but not quite naked. She wore knee-length black boots and had a belt slung round her waist supporting a pair of holsters, one holding the gun Katy had seen earlier and the other a hospital issue cattle prod.

Katy's heart gave a leap and she felt her pussy mouth suddenly grow hot and slick with instinctive lust at the sight of her lovely body. But what was Miriam doing here? And what had she done to them?

Miriam smiled down at her and sat on the side of the bed and gently stroked her hair and then patted and stroked her pussy as she used to do in her hospital bed to comfort her.

‘I’m sorry I had to dart you as well, Katy,’ she said, ‘but I couldn’t risk you making a scene or alarming the neighbours. What I’ve got to say is too important. Will you just trust me?’

Numbly Katy nodded, even as her confused mind struggled to make sense of what had happened.

By now Adam was making angry grunting sounds and twisting and tugging at the loops of tape that bound into the chair.

Miriam got up and stood over him. ‘I see you’re awake at last,’ she said coldly. ‘Now we can begin...’

Adam glared up at her angry and defiant, making sounds behind his tape gag sounded like threats and insults. Miriam took out her cattle prod and jabbed it into his groin.

His eyes crossed and his angry growls became a yelp of pain as his knees tried to turn inward as though to hug his shocked penis.

‘That’s just a taste of what you’ll get if you make any more noises like that, unless you want your cock shrivelled up for a month!’ She told him grimly. ‘You’re in no position to threaten me... because I know the truth, you bastard!’

Adam’s show of defiant anger appeared to melt away into fear.

Katy jerked against her chains, making confused pleading sounds about her gag. What was Miriam doing abusing her master like that?

Miriam turned back to her and said: ‘I know this looks bad, Katy, but I can explain. Just hear me out.’

Miriam pinched the bridge of her nose, took a deep breath and said slowly: ‘First I want to apologise to you, Katy. When you came to the

hospital I didn't know what I know now. I really thought you were a voluntary sex slave with amnesia. And I did everything I could to try to make you well again, taking you to those therapies as I'd been told to, because I really thought it was for your own good. I didn't know was all a huge lie!'

Katy looked at her in bemusement. What did she mean?

'I really missed you after you left,' Miriam admitted. 'I wanted to find more about you, at least to be sure you were happy with your master again, which meant I had to find out where you lived and more about your background. But the hospital doesn't encourage staff to get too friendly with patients. However one advantage of being treated like a piece of furniture so much of the time is that the doctors get careless using their computer passwords to open the confidential files when you're still standing next to them or getting ready to suck their cocks. So I looked you up in Finlay's files... I found you had been set up!'

At this Adam groaned audibly.

Miriam continued: 'Yes, it was all a huge deception, Katy, and the doctors were part of it. They used me to help with their dirty work. You were never Adam's sex slave before you came to the hospital. He just made you think you had been one!'

Katy was shaking her head in disbelief.

Miriam pulled out the odd looking gun from its holster. Now Katy could see it was a kind of air pistol powered by gas cartridges.

'Did the dart I fired into your rump seem familiar?' Miriam asked. 'Wasn't it rather like the "sting" you were supposed to have had all those weeks ago that set you off on your "breakdown"? Well it came from a gun like with a dart loaded with a slower knockout potion specially made at the hospital.'

Katy looked at the gun in horror. No, it had been an insect sting! Everybody had said so...

‘Adam shot you with a gun like this and waited until you passed out. You wouldn’t be unconsciously long but in that time he gave you some medication like hospital quelling capsules so you’d come to dozy and susceptible. Then he set up those fake flashback scenes you told me about with the help of some of his slave-owning friends. You didn’t have days of illness and funny turns. Only a couple hours went by before the ambulance came to pick you up.’

‘When you got to the hospital the doctors played their part and convinced you they were trying to help you. Then they used me to do their dirty work. I had to be the sympathetic one, winning your confidence and convincing you we were only doing what we thought was best. You said you kept thinking you saw Adam’s face. Well it was all in the notes. They used very thin clear plastic masks kinetically engraved with his face so you see an image on them only from certain angles. Very easy to put on and off quickly. They made sure you saw them and I didn’t to convince you were getting warnings from your subconscious. Along with the regular drugs we were giving you and the intense sex sessions we were putting you through, it wasn’t hard to make you imagine things.’

Her shoulders slumped. Katy had never seen her look so dispirited.

‘Anyway, that’s about it. I’m sorry I was part of it. I didn’t want you to suffer any more but I decided you had to know how you had been lied to and deceived. And if you still can’t believe it then ask Adam...’ She moved to Adam’s chair and ripped the tape off his mouth. Then she went back to the bed and pulled the ball gag from out of Katy’s.

Katy looked at Adam. ‘Is... is it true, Master?’

‘Shut up! Be quiet and don’t say a word!’ Adam snapped at her. ‘And don’t believe anything this bitch tells you!’

Miriam took out her cattle prod and jabbed him in the crotch again. His howl of pain was deafening.

‘I may be a bitch but don’t you dare talk to Katy like that again,’ she warned him. ‘Now answer her question...’

By now Katy was looking at him in horror. 'Is it true master?'

'Of course it's true!' he snarled.

'But why?'

He looked at her in amazement. 'Why do you think? I mixed with slave owners for years but couldn't find one of my own. Not a natural. Then you came along. You'd got this incredible body made to be a slave but you weren't into that scene. Do you know how frustrating that was? So I thought why not turn you into a slave? Of course you can't do that kind of thing openly because people resist. But the doctors at the hospital said, for a consideration, they could help me convince you that you'd been my slave all along. Apparently they'd done this thing a few times before for special clients and had a method worked out.' He glared at Miriam. 'And it nearly worked.' He looked back at Katy. 'But don't tell me now you haven't been happy these last few weeks. You're a natural slave and you belong to me! You tell me if that's true or not!'

Katy felt dazed and horribly confused. The thought that she had been used and manipulated was sickening. But Adam was right in one thing: however it had come about she was now a true slave. She could not go back to the innocent life she once led. And she had been happy serving him... It had almost been perfect.

Sadly she looked up at Miriam. 'I know he's tricked me, but I didn't think I can be anything else but his slave now. He... and you and the hospital... have made me into this person who likes to be ordered about and needs to serve to feel complete. I get a kick out of that and being kept in chains and all the rest. Well, you know what I mean.'

Miriam nodded sadly.

A triumphant expression began to spread across Adam's face. 'Did you hear that girl? She knows the truth and she still wants to be with me! Now cut me loose...'

Miriam ignored him. She knelt by the bed and took hold of Katy's

chained hand. 'But are you happy with him? I mean totally and completely happy?'

Katy consider for a moment. 'Well, almost happy. I suppose in the back of my mind I knew there was something wrong, but now it's explained.'

'But do you like him! I mean as a *person*, now you know what you do about him and what he did you?

Katy blinked at Adam for a long moment. And then she said: 'No, I don't think I actually *like* him. I loved him once but that version of Adam has gone. But instead he's made me his slave and he's my master.'

Miriam took a deep breath. 'I love you Katy. As a slave and as a person. Does that mean nothing to you?'

Katy smiled, feeling her heart swell inside her even as tears pricked her eyes. 'I hoped you liked me back at the hospital because I fell for you. But I think it's too late now. I don't know how I can get out of this. Adam's got inside my mind. He's pulling all the strings. He... owns me... '

Adam laughed mockingly. 'What are you going to do now? Screw her into loving you and leaving me? Well go ahead! I like watching slave girls fuck each other. But she'll still want me afterwards. You can't sweet talk her into changing her mind. She likes a firm hand and she knows I can give it to her. Being mastered is like a drug, isn't it? And I'm her sole supplier!'

Miriam looked at him and smiled curiously. 'You know what, you pathetic creep, you're absolutely right. I can't sweet talk her into changing her mind just like that. She needs one more therapy session...'

Miriam pulled out her cattle prod and rammed it into Katy's open pussy mouth.

Katy's eyes bulged in surprise and disbelief and then she shrieked in pain. The crackles of the prod head flashed about the wet pink gash of her sex mouth, delivering jolt after jolt of pure agony into her loins. Miriam held it there, twisting it about and digging it deep her vagina, making Katy buck

frantically in the bed, her hips bouncing up and down as her whole body convulsed and jerked against her chains. She lost control of her bladder and she peed helplessly over the bedclothes. But Miriam showed no mercy and kept the prod in contact with her body, sliding it up across her stomach and then jabbing it into her meaty swollen nipples until Katy's shrieks and sobs of pain become totally incoherent and she slumped limply back, half unconscious.

When Katy recovered her senses, only a few seconds later, Miriam had mounted her and was riding her like a filly. Her big breasts were grinding and slithering over hers and her soft naked pussy lips were kissing her own tingling, urine-stained pubes. She could feel Miriam's hard clitoris ploughing through the furrow of her sex and kissing and teasing her own hard nub.

'Yes, you're a slave now!' Miriam grunted, 'but you're meant to be a *woman's* slave! My slave! I'll give you both love and pain, exactly as much as you want, which is more than he can ever do. Now what do you say... or do I need to stick the prod up your pussy again?'

Katy was overwhelmed, shocked and thrilled beyond measure. Now she knew what had been missing. This was what being a slave should feel like. At last she really had come home. She gasped out a single word: 'Yes!'

Miriam kissed her hard. And then she and Miriam came together, spraying their juices into each other's hungry, loving pussy mouths.

As they got dressed and Katy hastily packed a few possessions, Adam cursed and snarled at them, tugging at his tape bonds. 'It'll never work,' he told Katy. 'You'll come back to me, see if you don't...'

Miriam sighed, picked up her dart gun and shot him in the belly. 'Take your medicine and shut up!' she said. He blinked, looked at her in disbelief and then passed out.

Miriam went round behind his chair and cut the tape around his wrists.

‘He can get himself free when he wakes up, but by then we’ll be long gone.’ She grinned at Katy and held out a hand. ‘Now you’re coming with me,’ she said masterfully.

‘Whatever you say, Nurse...’ Katy said happily.

THE END

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