

THE S.I.M.E.O.N. INSTITUTE

Part One



Simon
Grail

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(A sequel to: The S.I.M.E.O.N. Compulsion)

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Chapter One

Faye Jeffries and Nicole Wheeler, both totally naked under their brief, tightly-bucked straight-jackets, stood rigidly upright against the inside walls of the private ambulance, facing each other across the interior and shielded from outside view by its dark tinted windows. Both appeared outwardly to be perfectly healthy and attractive young women and yet they knew they were sick and that they had to be restrained like this for their own good. As they stood there they were wracked with shame and yet also an insidious dark sense of excitement which revelled in their own total helplessness and exposure, amplified by the special design of the jackets they wore.

Pairs of circular cut-outs in the chests of the jackets allowed their bare breasts to protrude through them and hang free, so that the air could cool their hot globes. The jackets were also quite short, finishing at hip level, and the straps about their lower edges were buckled between their legs, framing their exposed vulvas, which were visibly engorged and also in need of ventilation. Strapped across their faces were wire muzzles which had integral rubber bits within them that were jammed between their teeth, effectively gagging them.

They stood on the platforms of two modified blue-painted sack trucks of the type normally used for delivering goods to shops, held in place by heavy straps from ankles to collars. Straps across their foreheads bound their heads firmly against padded rests extending from the tops of the sack trucks above their handles. They were further immobilised by shafts of greased rubber which angled up from the rear frames of trucks and plugged their rectums. Even though they were aware of the indignity of such penetration, they clenched onto these with relief, as if they were children's comforters.

The truck frames were in turn secured to the van side walls by heavy spring hooks so they would not shift about with the motion of the vehicle. Totally immobilised, Faye and Nicole could only stare at each other mutely, trying to reassure each other that all would be well and glad that at least they were not alone.

Faye was twenty-two and had shoulder-length brunette hair, brown eyes, straight bold brows and a firm nose. Her face, when not gagged and muzzled, was pleasantly open with an upturned top lip which showed off her white incisors in an appealing way. Pale full breasts with brown nipples were squeezed through the holes in her straightjacket. Her waist was tight with a good swell of hip merging with her slender legs and smooth buttocks. At the junction of her thighs was a thick, natural dark fluffy pubic bush. Aware of the dangers of too much sedentary work she had exercised regularly so that her figure was trim, which only made her breasts seem fuller by comparison.

Nicole Wheeler was twenty-one and of a slightly leaner build. She had a bright heart-shaped face, pale arched brows and blue eyes. Her lips were very red and she had a slightly up-tilted nose. Her hair was a shaggy blond shoulder-length mane which complimented her pale gold lightly tanned skin. High, nicely rounded breasts protruded through the straightjacket cut-outs capped by pale pierced nipples. Her buttocks were firm, well-rounded and smooth, covered with enough flesh to pleasantly soften their contours. At the junction of her thighs was a neatly trimmed golden delta of pubic hair.

Their bodies were not quite as pristine as they had been a few months ago, before they had separately come to Avingdon. They now bore numerous minor bruises and welts all over as if from repeated beatings. Their pretty breasts which poked through the cut-outs in their straitjackets showed the marks where many small metal spikes had recently stabbing into them, and, even though the blood had been cleaned off, the numerous scratches and pinpricks were still visible.

However, apart from these small details both seemed to be in perfect health. Physically this was true, but as the doctors at the specialist and very discreet clinic in Avingdon had explained, mentally they were both afflicted by something called Spontaneous Involuntary Masochistic Extreme Obeisant Nymphomania: otherwise known as SIMEON.

SIMEON was not caused by a physical bacterium, virus or biochemical imbalance that anybody had yet been able to identify. It seemed to be purely a psychological condition which was somehow spreading across the country exclusively affecting women and mainly those between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. It had not yet been officially acknowledged or

publicised, not only because it was acutely embarrassing for the sufferers but because it made women particularly vulnerable to sexual predators. Sufferers felt an intense sexual desire they could not satisfy through normal masturbation or auto-erotic practices. They craved sexual encounters involving sadistic sex, domination and mastery in their quest for the ultimate mega-orgasm, which was the only thing that could temporarily satisfy them.

This was why Faye and Nicole were so heavily restrained. Straps, chains and a sense of containment comforted them because bonds reduced their fear of losing control, even if they struggled against them. Restraints also represented the authority to which they increasingly felt they should submit. They were deeply ashamed of their condition and, despite the advice of their doctors, they had tried to manage it and satisfy their desires secretly. But that had only brought them into terrible danger during a foolish encounter with total strangers. They had endured a night of torture and sexual mistreatment at their hands before being freed in the morning, knowing it could have been far worse...

It was after this last crisis that they had agreed with their doctors at the Avingdon SIMEON clinic to have themselves committed to the only research Institute in the country working on SIMEON to see if they could help them. There was no guarantee that the Institute could cure them, but at least they would be safe there looked after by people who understood their problem and they could help with research by playing the part of human guinea pigs. It was a desperate measure but there had been choice. They knew that if they could not control their desires in public, they could never lead normal lives again...

* * *

After an hour's travelling both Faye and Nicole were beginning to squirm. Straps and straitjackets may have been reassuring but to SIMEON sufferers they were also extremely arousing. It focused their minds on the exposed parts of their bodies. Their nipples were standing up hard and the flushed lips of their clefts were growing wetter and hotter as slippery juices began to flow from within them. They demanded stimulation.

They had both been subjected to a series of calculated

sadomasochistic sexual encounters at the clinic until they had succumbed to meg-orgasms which should have drained them. However that had been three or four hours ago now and their bodies were already recovering. They looked into each other's eyes and saw the need growing within them as they twisted and strained against their straps and the heavy fabric of their straitjackets. Nicole was bisexual and Faye straight but necessity had brought together for mutual comfort as they had attempted to satisfy each other's passions. It had not been wholly successful as they could only play the parts of truly dominating masters, but it had helped, despite warnings from the doctors at their clinic that such intimacy might bring on an attack. Now they could smell each other's growing arousal until it filled the close air of the ambulance interior. If they could rub their hot bodies together then at least they could have a lesser orgasm which would take the edge off their increasingly painful need. But they could not even touch themselves to bring any kind of relief.

Faye began to wonder in alarm how much further they had to go? They had no idea where the SIMEON Institute was situated. It could be at the other end of the country! They had not thought to ask the doctors at the clinic when they had agreed to their committal and now with their mouths gagged they could not even ask the ambulance crew.

They had been taken from the Avingdon clinic already strapped to their sack trucks in a plain van driven by two of the clinic's male nurses. But after an hour they were informed that a rendezvous had been arranged between it and an Institute ambulance which happened to be in the area and, temporarily covered by blankets, Faye and Nicole had been transferred to it. It was a more spacious vehicle but it meant that the new crew were not aware of how little they knew about where they were going or how long the trip would last.

But the ambulance men had already noticed their growing distress. The co-driver was peering back through the narrow doorway which gave access to the cab. Then he clambered back through and inspected Faye and Nicole. He was a big man with close cropped bristling blonde hair, dressed in a green paramedic uniform. He had a nametag stitched the breast pocket of his uniform which read: COLIN. He frowned as he tweaked and flicked their

hard nipples and then ran a finger through their sticky wet clefts. Faye and Nicole moaned and rolled up their eyes at his touch, straining their hips against the straps that bound them to the sack truck frames, trying to push themselves against him. Of course in ordinary circumstances it would be quite wrong for him to be handling them like this. But he was not an ordinary ambulance man and these were not normal circumstances and they were not typical patients, as he clearly knew. How many SIMEON infected women had he transported in the back of his ambulance before them, Faye wondered?

Colin said: 'I'm going to take your gags out and ask you a question and you're going to answer it respectfully and not lose your self-control and start begging or crying, do understand?'

They tried to nod. He unstrapped the muzzles and gags bits from their faces and pulled them free.

'Do you feel a compulsion attack coming on?' he asked.

This was when women in their condition so desperately craved for hard sexual stimulation they would risk anything to satisfy themselves.

'Yes Sir,' they said.

'I thought the people at the clinic had taken care of you just before you set off. They never say you with this far gone. You're in the secondary stage now, aren't you?'

'We are, Sir.'

'You should have been sent to the Institute sooner. Trying to fight it together, were you?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'That was stupid. You can't satisfy each other as well as somebody else can because being submissive you can't be hard enough with each other. It just drags it all out and in the end it only adds your frustration. Anyway,

SIMEON women respond better if men are handling them. Can you last another couple of hours?’

‘No, I don’t think I can, Sir,’ Faye admitted.

‘I certainly can’t last that long, Sir,’ Nicole said.

‘Do you need emesis?’

Emesis was the calculated draining of their need through violent sex.

‘Yes Sir, please...’ Faye begged.

‘Please fuck us, Sir,’ Nicole added crudely and yet plaintively.

‘Then we’ll have to see what we can do. Can you keep quiet for five minutes?’

‘Yes Sir,’ they promised fervently.

Colin clambered back into the passenger seat of the ambulance and said something to the driver. Shortly afterwards the ambulance turned off the main road onto some less busy side road. The shadowy masses of trees were just visible through the tinted windows. After a few minutes the ambulance came to a halt.

Both men clambered back into the rear compartment and looked at Faye and Nicole. The driver was as big as Colin but had darker hair. His nametag read: KENNY.

By then both Faye and Nicole were dribbling freely from their pussies and their juices were making damp streaks on their naked inner thighs. Kenny ran his fingers through the discharge, smelt it and nodded.

‘Yep, these to need seeing to right away,’ he agreed.

Colin said: ‘This isn’t part of your proper treatment, you understand, but we don’t want you moaning and dribbling your pussies all over our van for the next couple of hours. So we’re going to give you a quick emesis

session to take the edge off, OK?’

‘Thank you, Sir,’ they said.

Kenny said: ‘We’re going to give you a screw and a beating and a dose of humiliation, does that sound good?’

‘Yes, Sir,’ they said together.

Even as she spoke Faye hated herself for agreeing that such a suggestion was good in any sense, but at the same time she knew it was the terrible truth. Simeon had turned her into a helpless sexual masochist. At least these men understood that...

‘But you’re under the Institute care now and that means we can’t let you loose in public,’ Kenny said. ‘So we’ll have to keep you strapped up all while we’re doing it, do you understand?’

In their increasingly fevered state, the last thing they wanted was to be free. Where would they go to anyway? They were helpless captives of their own condition. They belonged on straps...

‘That’s all right Sir,’ Nicole assured him.

‘Keep us strapped up as tight as you want, Sir,’ Faye agreed.

Faye could see the anticipatory bulges growing in the fronts of the men’s uniforms as they looked their naked bodies up and down, assessing the pleasure they would get from them. In that state they were hard to resist, but at least they had a choice. She and Nicole had no choice.

‘And we won’t be easy on you because we can’t spare the time,’ Kenny said. ‘But you don’t want us to be gentle with you, do you?’

Feeling her heart thudding in anticipation, Faye said: ‘No Sir, don’t be gentle with us, Sir...’

‘No, you SIMEON women like being treated rough, don’t you?’

‘Yes, please be rough as you want with us, Sir,’ Nicole said, her eyes hollow with desperation while her nipples stood out like thimbles on her trembling breasts.

‘Yes, I want you to be rough with me as well,’ Faye begged.

‘Any way we want?’ Kenny asked. He and Colin were toying with them now. It was all part of the torment they had to go through: the SIMEON equivalent of foreplay...

‘Yes, any way you want... just do it now, please!’ Faye sobbed.

The men pushed the muzzles and gag plugs back over their faces, forcing their jaws wide, and strapped them into place again, stifling any further words.

‘That’s all we needed to know,’ Colin said. ‘And we don’t want anybody driving by to hear you screaming, do we?’

‘And we’ll give you plenty to scream about all right,’ Kenny promised. ‘We’ve got some extra kit with us that we use for this kind of thing...’

Faye and Nicole bit down on the rubber bars plugging their mouths and squeezed their anal sheathes about the rubber plugs in their backsides. Beads of sweat glistened on their brows and under the canvas of their straitjackets as hot flushes of masochistic anticipation coursed through them. Now all they could do was suffer. The only freedom left to them was to scream into their gags. They could do that as hard as they wanted...

Colin and Kenny pulled some items out from one of the equipment lockers and then set to work.

They freed Faye and Nicole’s legs from the truck frames and spread their ankles and fastened metal rods to them with broad cuffs clipped to the ends. The rods had rings in their middles to which were fastened to heavy snap-locking hooks. Then they unfastened the rest of their bodies from the truck frames and pulled them off their impaling rubber dildos, which sucked

as they came free of their shamelessly clinging rectums.

They laid the girls down on their backs and dragged them into the middle of the ambulance floor. Then, taking hold of their leg-spreader rods they lifted them up into the air and hung the rod hooks into sturdy rings set in the junctions of bracing ribs in the ceiling. Faye and Nicole were still facing each other but now they were hanging upside-down with their heads a little above the floor and their legs spread wide. They were just as helpless as they had been a minute before, with their upper bodies still bound tightly within their straitjackets. Their bare, pricked and scratched breasts now bobbed inverted, flowing towards their shoulders.

With short sprung hooks the men linked the reinforced eyelets set in the back collars of their straitjackets to rings recessed in the floor of the compartment. Now they were strung out between ceiling and floor. They could twist and squirm about a little but that was all.

This posture totally exposed their groins and they could each see the glistening lips of their sexes gaping wide as they pointed up to the ceiling. As the blood began to pound in their ears the wet fluid filling their pussy clefts began to overflow and run back down over their bellies and into their bottom cleavages. This exposed their anuses which were still gaping from the stretching the dildo plugs had given them. Now their juices flowed around and into them, as if oiling them with their lust.

Colin and Kenny stretched elastic cords between Faye and Nicole's bodies, securing them to their engorged nipples and swollen labia with crocodile clips jaws, while Faye and Nicole whimpered and moaned in pain as metal teeth bit into their tender flesh. The last cords of all were clipped between their straining clitorises.

Linked by a web of rubber cords, now as they struggled and swayed they tugged on each other's bodies, jerking on nipples and labia and clitorises, adding to their torment and terrible desire. Tears of pain filled their eyes and ran up into their brows while they could feel their loins filling with hot masochistic lust. How could they be so desperate again after being thoroughly drained at the clinic only hours earlier? But however it had come about this was what they needed. It was not in their hearts what they *wanted*,

but right now it was what they had to have or else they would go insane with frustration.

Kenny and Colin undid their flies and freed their straining erections. Faye and Nicole's eyes locked on to them in desperate hunger. They were the cocks of total strangers but they had to have them inside them right now!

But what they wanted counted for nothing at the moment. First the two ambulance men satisfied their curiosity by poking their big index fingers into their rectums which their new inverted postures presented to their gaze at about waist height. Automatically the girls' sphincters clenched tight about them. At least they were being penetrated by something living again...

'I think we'll have them up their bums,' Kenny said.

'Yep, they're nice and tight hot and ready greased,' Colin agreed.

'And it'll be more humiliating for them...'

'Which is what they want, isn't it sluts?' he said, giving Fay's bottom a slap. The two women nodded their heads desperately.

'But we'll give them a beating first, so they're really ready for it,' Colin said.

'Well that goes without saying...'

The men pulled their fingers out of Faye and Nicole's bottom holes and picked up a spanking paddle each. These were black rubber blades with short handles so they could be swung within the confines of the ambulance.

They took up position behind each of the women so they could look at each other through the V's of their taut spread legs.

They swiped the paddles mercilessly down on Faye and Nicole's smooth bare backsides. The crisp cracks of rubber on soft female flesh echoed about the interior of the ambulance. The girls shrieked and bucked and twisted from their ceiling hooks, jerking on each other's nipples and labia and clitorises, stretching their pliant flesh out into tormented tongues. As

their bottoms burned and went from pink to scarlet their pussies seemed to bubble from within, pouring out her lustful juices, which trickled down over their palpitating bellies and into the waist hem of their straitjackets.

Through her streaming tears Faye looked into Nicole's red face closed off behind the wire mesh of her muzzle like an animal. Spittle was dribbling about corners of her mouth and running up over her burning cheeks as she sobbed and shook her head and shrieked into her rubber bit. Her eyes were wild, filled with pain and desperation, lust and self loathing. That was the look of a woman trapped by the SIMEON compulsion. And Faye knew she must seem just the same.

The flow of juices from their stretched and tormented pussies was soaking into their straitjackets both in front and behind. Their cord-linked nipples were throbbing fit to burst as they were tugged back and forth between them.

By now she and Nicole were sobbing and blubbing about their gags, trying to force the words out past them: please fuck us now!

The men dropped the paddles, took hold of the women's hips and rammed their stiff cocks up into their slippery rectums.

Faye sobbed as she was filled, feeling the strange sensation of a cock going into her from this unnatural angle. Its head stretched her rectum up against her vaginal sheath from the inside, making her pussy cleft bulge outwards before it turned the corner and plunged down deep into her body.

And now the girls did not need to squirm to add to their torment, the men were doing it for them. As they pumped into them they set their bodies swaying and bouncing, the sprung hooks attached to their collars jerking their heads back as their hips were thrust forward by the pressure of the cocks forcing their way deep into their bodies. As their backs were bowed and flexed the elastic cords joining their labia and clitoris tensed and slackened almost as if they had been set twanging. The men were ramming into their rectums with bruising force, not caring what damage they did to them, using their passageways solely for their own carnal pleasure. The women could hear them grunting as they built up the lust within them, filling their ball

sacks with seed ready to spurt deep into the helpless clinging orifices into which they were plugged.

It was hideously uncomfortable, grossly humiliating and cruel: which was exactly what Faye and Nicole craved.

With a final sob and muffled scream of delight they came, spraying their juices out from their gaping sexes across the space between them to mist over each other's bodies. Then a wave of raw delight tore through them, burning its way from their loins to their minds where it seemed to explode like a starburst as what they knew as a mega-orgasm overwhelmed them. Dimly Faye was aware of Kenny and Colin expelling their hot seed down into their rectums with grunts and gasps of satisfaction, but by then she was lost in a world of her own pleasure.

* * *

Ten minutes later the ambulance resumed its journey to the Simeon Institute.

Faye and Nicole were once more upright and bound to their sack trucks and hooked to the ambulance walls. Exhausted by their exertions they hung limp and aching in their straps, smiling foolishly about their gag-stretched lips while the men's sperm seeped out of their ravaged bottom holes and trickled down their thighs. New soreness and bruising afflicted their pussies and nipples while their freshly tanned buttocks burned, but this was what they had come to accept as a normal collateral consequence of their condition, all adding to its intensity. Another side effect was that they were aware of each other and their surroundings in sharp focus, feeling intensely alive after their fix of rough sex, as if seeing the world anew. Briefly Faye felt wonderful.

It was such a pity it could not last.

Gradually Faye came back to earth and had to face the fact that she was being taken to an institution where she would be treated like a human guinea pig as they probed the depths of her strange and shameful affliction. And then she felt overwhelmed by a sudden terrible rush of guilt at what she had just suffered with such perverted delight. She was sick, so very sick.

Could she and Nicole ever be cured?

Chapter Two

Faye and Nicole still did not know where the Simeon Institute was situated when they finally arrived. They could be a 150 miles from Avingdon by now. Perhaps it did not matter as long as they could help them...

Through the dark tinted ambulance windows they got an impression of a high walled gate at which they had to stop and be checked through and then a winding drive. Finally the vehicle pulled up in front of some large building.

Kenny and Colin opened up the back doors and extended a ramp, down which they wheeled Faye and Nicole. Unlike the transfer from the clinic van the men made no attempt to cover them up. They were totally exposed: naked and strapped to their wheeled frames. But evidently here it was not such a strange or shocking sight. In any case there was no one close by to see them.

They glimpsed a tall, imposing mansion-like building set in comfortable rolling grounds dotted with many stands of trees with a few distant figures walking amongst them, but they could not make them out in any detail. Then they were wheeled in through large double doors.

Within was a reception desk set in what might once have been a large private hallway which had been converted to institutional use. There were men in white coats and green hospital scrubs and women in white nurses' uniforms bustling about.

But it was something else that drew Faye and Nicole's horrified gaze.

Positioned against one wall, where another institution might have some decorative indoor palm in a pot, was a naked woman kneeling with her back to a square metal post which stood a little over waist high. It had a small control box mounted on its apex with a couple of large buttons set in it.

The woman's ankles were chained to the sides of the post and her arms were drawn back and her wrists were cuffed behind it. A short heavy coil spring linked to a ring the top of the post to a ring at the back of the broad metal and rubber collar she wore. From the front of her collar hung a metal disk like a large dog tag with a bold red "X" embossed upon it. Even more disturbingly she had the large black number "32" stamped on her forehead, the outsides of both shoulders and her stomach beneath her navel.

She knelt on a rubber mat with her knees spread wide revealing the pivoting impaling dildo set in the base of the post which was angled up into her rectum. From the base of this rod a curved metal arm extended forward and curled up between her legs. On its end was a ribbed rubber sheath which pressed up into the gaping wet gash of her engorged sex. The rubber matting beneath her groin was stained with many dark drips.

The pressure of her broad collar held her head up so her pretty face was raised. Her mouth was held wide open by a rubber ring gag but this did not prevent her speaking in the muffled way. As each man passed by she said: 'Please let me suck you Sir...'

Faye recognized the look of desperation in her eyes. She realized that her chin and the upper slopes of her breasts were stained with drying sperm. But nobody seemed to pay her that much attention. Was she there to be punished or tested in some way? Whatever the reason apparently this was quite normal here...

While they had been gaping at the kneeling woman, Colin and Kenny had been checking them in with the receptionist behind the desk. She consulted a screen and announced: 'Yes, Doctor Griswold is expecting them for their initial assessment. Room five...'

Kenny and Colin wheeled Faye and Nicole off again.

By now a man in green scrubs had stopped in front of the kneeling woman and she was begging him pitifully to let her suck him off: 'Please Sir... cum down my throat... you'll enjoy it and I'll swallow it all like a good girl, Sir... I just want to taste your spunk please Sir...'

He pressed one of the buttons on the control panel on top of the post to which was chained. The woman gave a muffled shriek of pain and convulsed violently, jangling her chains against the post and making her bare breasts leap and jiggle while the ribbed curving rod sawed back and forth through her pussy cleft. Faye realized an electric current had been passed up through the dildo on which was impaled and clenched her own sphincter tight about the dildo on which she was riding in sympathy.

But in a moment the kneeling woman recovered and continued pleading. 'Please fuck my mouth, Sir... please...'

He pulled out his stiff cock, took hold of her hair and rammed his penis into her gag stretched mouth...

Then Faye and Nicole turned down the corridor and she was lost from sight.

They were admitted to Room Five by an attentive white-uniformed nurse who presented them to Doctor Griswold, who was a distinguished looking grey-haired man wearing gold rimmed spectacles. He sat behind a desk consulting from a computer screen and looked up with mild professional interest as Faye and Nicole were wheeled and stood up on their sack trucks in front of him.

For a moment Faye was amazed by his muted response to their appearance, then she reminded herself that it must be normal here having half naked straitjacketed women, even those with sperm still seeping out of their recently screwed bottom holes, strapped to sets of wheels and rolled into your office. That seemed both terrible and reassuring. At least here they could expect sympathy and understanding, although judging by the woman out to the entrance hall, their methods would not be gentle.

'Here they are, Doc,' Kenny said cheerily. 'They got a bit frisky in the van and we had to stop to give them some relief.'

'So I see,' Griswold said. 'Thank you, we'll take charge of them now.'

The ambulance men left the room.

‘Remove their muzzles and free their heads,’ Griswold told the nurse. ‘If they’ve been drained recently they shouldn’t give any trouble. Then give them a drink. I imagine they’re thirsty after their journey...’

The nurse obeyed, undoing the strap across their foreheads and freeing Faye and Nicole’s mouths. She was a pretty redhead, perhaps thirty, with a nice figure well displayed by her tailored uniform and with a white cap perched on the head. A name badge pinned the lapel of her uniform read: REBECCA. She gave each of them quick reassuring professional smiles as she removed their muzzles. Then she took up a plastic squeeze bottle with a curved straw plugged into spout and fed them water, which the women gulped down gratefully. When she was done the nurse returned to her position standing next to Doctor Steven’s desk with her hands folded in front of her, looking alert and attentive.

Griswold looked his screen again and then for the first time looked deep into Faye and Nicole’s eyes.

‘I see from the report from your clinic in Avingdon that you’re both in SIMEON stage two. And, because you acknowledge that you have become a danger to yourselves, you have voluntarily committed yourself to our care for a period of the three months, is that correct?’

‘Yes Sir,’ Faye and Cole said.

Griswold steepled his fingers and looked thoughtfully. ‘You understand that we are not offering you a cure, because so far there is none, apart from heavy doses of sedatives and libido suppressants, which would be a last resort and most unpleasant. At your clinic they could only treat your symptoms and note your symptoms, but here we also carry out active research. We hope to learn more by studying women with SIMEON in controlled circumstances and perhaps at least find better ways of managing your condition. We hope to learn how compulsion attacks are triggered and perhaps how they may be detected earlier. We want to know why you have become addicted to sadistic sex and what the underlying factors that influence your desire are. Are there some common factors involve? Is it

social or environmental? We also want to determine the limits of your submissive tendencies and desires.'

'We know we're here to be guinea pigs, Sir,' Nicole said. 'We understand what you want to do.'

'If there's any chance of finding a cure we're ready to cooperate, Sir,' Faye confirmed.

'Are you really? To do this we will have to run many tests on you which will be of an intimate and often painful nature. Because of your condition it will not be possible to treat you gently. In addition no explanations will be given as to why anything is being done to you so you do not know what responses are expected afterwards. We know in your condition as SIMEON addicts that your word can no longer be trusted and you may be telling us what you think we want to hear in order to prolong an experiment that you enjoy. We also know that you will concoct your own explanations concerning your treatment due to the paranoia your condition induces....'

Faye and Nicole had already experienced sensations of doubt and mistrust concerning the doctors at their clinic. It was one of the most troubling side effects of their condition and only added to their fears.

'You will be known to our staff by numbers and not your names, which will be held securely in our records,' Griswold continued. 'In short you will be treated like anonymous experimental animals. Do you consent to all that?'

Faye shuddered at the thought of being treated like an animal, even as she felt a fresh surge of slickness in her pussy as the dark SIMEON side of her anticipated what it would feel like.

Nicole summed up their feelings neatly. 'Do what you want with us, Sir. You know we'll hate and love it at the same time.'

'I think we can put up with anything if there's a possibility we might be cured and get our old lives back, Sir,' Faye said. 'It is there a chance...?'

‘I can promise nothing, but there is always hope,’ Griswold said. ‘We do know in some circumstances that your condition can be stabilised and sufferers can live relatively normal and productive lives, for instance...’ He snapped his fingers at Rebecca. ‘Show them...’

Rebecca hitched up front of her skirt, baring her body to her waist. Her white stockings were self-supporting and she was wearing no underwear. The smooth plump lips of her pouting shaven sex mouth were pierced by three pairs of gold rings running from top to bottom which were large enough to overlap across her cleft. Threaded through them was a slender curving golden T-bar with a ring on its bottom end through which a small golden padlock was secured, which hung between her thighs. The padlock was large enough to make it impossible to pull the bar up and out through the overlapped rings and so open her cleft for penetration or urination.

‘Rebecca has been a SIMEON sufferer for some years, but as you can see as long as she has certain restraints fitted to her and she is permitted a daily ration of measured sexual usage, she can function very well as a nurse here. It is not a cure but it is one type of long term treatment for less severe cases. In fact all of our female staff members are recovering sufferers. We find they make the most sympathetic assistants. Normal nurses might not understand why at times we have to treat you with such apparent cruelty. And we will have to be very cruel at times...’

Faye goggled that this elaborate piercing, wondering how much it hurt and what it would feel like to have such an intimate orifice so completely sealed and controlled. Would she ever find out for herself? She turned her head sideways to look at Nicole’s pierced nipples and then at her friend’s face. She was licking her lips almost unconsciously as she stared at Rebecca’s ringed pubes. Was this the best they had to hope for?

‘Thank you, Rebecca,’ Griswold said and Rebecca lowered her skirt and smoothed it down again, once more appearing to be the perfect nurse. ‘Now, do you understand what you face?’ he asked Faye and Nicole. ‘Rebecca has been stabilised but not cured. There is a danger in testing you as we must that at the same time we stimulate and deepen your masochistic feelings. This means we cannot afford to be kind to you while we conduct our researches. That would make it too easy for you to accept your situation, and

all the dangerous consequences that go with it, as normal. As far as every test shows its cause is psychological and not physiological. The cure may lie in your own minds. You must fight it and us, do you understand?’

‘Yes, Sir,’ Faye said. ‘Do what you have to do with us...’

‘Do whatever you need to,’ Nicole agreed.

Even as they spoke Faye felt a thrill as she realized there were committing themselves to the mercies of virtual strangers who they knew were going to subject them to pain, sexual torment and humiliation. But what other choice did they have?

‘Very well,’ Griswold said. From a drawer in his desk he took two plastic packs, each containing two pairs of metal banded rubber lined cuffs and a matching collar. He opened them up and showed them to them. All came in hinged halves with recessed internal catches and had heavy folding D-rings attached to their outer faces: two on each cuff and four on the collar. ‘These are Institute approved cuffs and collars. You will wear them at all times in addition to whatever other restraints we use on you.’ They were like the one the woman in the hall been wearing. The collars also had riveted to them strips of metal with bold numbers stamped on them.

Rebecca took the restraints from him and fitted them to Nicole and Faye, ensuring no time they were free, working her way up their bodies starting with their ankles; un-strapping them from the sack trucks and snapping their new cuffs in place and then refastening them to the frames with spring hooks which until now had been dangling unused from the truck frames beside the strap mounts. With their necks and ankles still secured she undid their straitjackets from behind and peeled them off, their breasts slipping back through the holes in the fabric.

Almost before they could straighten their stiff arms or flex their fingers Rebecca had snapped the cuffs about their wrists and clipped them down to the sides of the frame. They had exchanged one means of restraint for another, but at least they were free of the sweaty, coarse straitjackets; although at the expense of now being totally naked. When it came to their collars Faye gulped as she felt the weight and pressure of hers closing about

her neck with a solid click. More spring hooks fastened its side rings to the head rest of the frame. Its internal rubber padding meant it was not painful, cushioning its rim against her flesh, but it carried with it a frightening sense of unyielding enclosure... and yet also a perverse suggestion of comfort and reassurance. It meant somebody cared about her enough to keep her in her place and under control.

While they were being collared and cuffed, Griswold had taken out a box from a drawer which contained a rubber stamp machine, an ink pad and a pack of wet wipes. When Rebecca was finished he came round to the front of the desk. He wiped patches of flesh clean on the girls' foreheads, shoulders, lower bellies just above their pubic mounds, and the upper slopes of their rumps. Then he used the stamp machine on them, pressing pairs of numerals into their flesh, changing the settings on the machine when he moved from Nicole to Faye. When he was done they were both stamped with large black sets of numbers which matched those on their collars, like the woman in the entrance hall. It was almost as if they had been branded like animals...

'This is indelible link,' he told them. 'They will be refreshed every few weeks while you remain with us. From now on these numbers will be your only identification. You will respond to them like your own names.' He looked at Nicole: 'You are now Subject 27. What are you?'

'I'm Subject 27, Sir,' Nicole replied.

'You are Subject 35,' he told Faye. 'What are you?'

'Subject 35, Sir,' Faye replied.

Griswold returned to his desk and made a few more notes on his laptop and then said: 'Now I'm going to give both of you an examination to calibrate the level of your sadosexual responses. This will give us a baseline from which to judge the effectiveness of future treatment. And that is the last explanation you will receive justifying or explaining anything else we do to you from now on.' He glanced at Rebecca. 'Nurse, help me take these test subjects through to the examination room....'

He and Rebecca wheeled them through a side door into an adjoining

examination room with glass and metal cabinets on its walls. In one corner stood a pair of upright shoulder high rectangular metal frames mounted on low trolley-wheel bases. But it was what occupied the centre of the room that riveted Faye's attention.

It was a big black padded vinyl chair set on a pillar mount, rather like a traditional barber's chair except that its frame was divided into more sections. Its seat was just a padded ring with a hollow beneath it and leg and foot rest section was divided down the middle. The chair also had many sinister hooks, straps and electric cables attached to it which were connected to a control panel mounted on a pillar beside the chair.

Standing Nicole in a corner next to the wheel frames so she could watch, Griswold unclipped Faye from her sack truck and with Rebecca's help lifted her onto the chair. After hours of rigid confinement Faye was so stiff her knees would hardly bend as they sat her down, positioning her limbs onto the chair rests and clipping her neck, wrists and ankles in place with her new cuffs. Broad straps were then pulled across her chest, waist and thighs just above her knees. A hinged hoop was folded down over her head and pulled backwards; driving its rubber padded middle section between her jaws so she had to clamp her teeth about it. She was gagged once again. But with her weight evenly spread across the padding of the chair and after so long standing upright it was still quite comfortable, except that her bottom hung over nothing and felt disturbingly exposed.

Griswold began drawing out the electric cables from the sides of the chair and fastening them to her. He stuck sensor electrode disks to her temples and then used crocodile clips to fasten heavier cables to her ear lobes, nipples, inner and outer labia and clitoris. Faye winced as the teeth bit into her labia and nipples still tender from the rubber cord clips Colin and Kenny had used on her in the ambulance. But Griswold took no notice of her whimpers of pain, which was of course as it should be. She was only a numbered test animal now, she told herself, there to be experimented on...

Faye moaned again, but this time as she felt a thrilling warm sticky surge of excitement flowing through her pussy while her clamped nipples throbbed with blood. Meanwhile her stomach was tying itself up in knots of fear at the thought of what he was going to do to her. He had said she should

fight her condition and what they were doing to her as any normal woman would. She knew she should not find any pleasure in this, but her body was torn between intellectual revulsion and instinctive unnatural delight.

Griswold pulled out the devices which had been nestling in a hollow seat of the chair. They were a pair of dildo shaped clear plastic probes trailing cables and filled with circuitry attached to rings of metal studs around their sides. He pushed these probes up into her vagina and rectum. The anal probe had a swelling and then a tapered neck in its base which nestled inside the tight ring of her sphincter, while the vaginal probe had spring clips on its base which he secured to her inner labia. Immediately her sex began to lather the vaginal probe in its juices as it luxuriated in the sensation of being plugged tightly once again. Not to be outdone her anus squeezed about her neck of the probe inside it, holding it tightly in place.

Once he was satisfied she was securely wired, Griswold moved to the control panel and pressed a button. The chair tilted further backwards and the leg sections swung apart, dividing her own legs and stretching her groin wide so he could look into her plugged vulva and rectum, which were bulging from the pressure of the probes inside them, and also the wires trailing from the clips biting into her labia and clitoris.

Faye felt her heart thudding and her fear growing. She was shockingly reminded of how totally exposed she was. Griswold could look right up into her clamped and plugged sex mouth. How shameful was that! How could she agree to anything like this? How had she let SIMEON take over her life and reduce her to the status of a pathetic sexual guinea pig? Had she no will power? She saw Nicole staring at her in dismay. She was no better. She had let this thing take over her life as well. Faye snarled and strained against the straps and cuffs and hooks that bound her to the chair, making them rattle as she tried to tear herself free of them. But they were too strong for her.

She glimpsed Griswold smiling at her futile efforts as he divided his attention between her and the display in front of him which was showing little jagged lines of readouts, presumably tracking her mental activity as monitored by the electrodes taped to her temples and her degree of sexual arousal measured by the probes up her vagina and rectum. Was he mocking her or congratulating her on her show of resistance? And then he pressed

another button on the control panel.

Hot electric needles stabbed into Faye's nipples and she bit on the rubber bar in her mouth as she screamed in pain, drool dribbling down her cheeks. The electric jolts felt tangible and she was terrified her throbbing blood-filled nipples would burst.

Stab, stab, stab! They pulsed as they tore into her breasts. She clenched about the probe in her vagina for all the comfort it could give her as tears overflowed her eyes, ran down her cheeks past her stretched lips and bared teeth and dripped onto her tormented breasts.

Then the terrible electric needles vanished as suddenly as they had appeared, leaving her trembling in her cuffs and straps, feeling sticky sweat between her naked flesh and the vinyl of the chair.

Then the needles were back, but this time stabbing through her earlobes generating such exquisite pain she thought she would faint even as her brain seemed to be rattled within her skull and her jaws went into a spasm of clamping frantically and helplessly down on the rubber bit in her mouth. She bit so hard she would have broken teeth had the gag bar not been so well padded.

Then the electric needles began stab through her labia. She thought her pussy had caught on fire and she imagined she could smell her own pubic hair singeing. By reflex her rectum clenched tight about the probe up her rear as if trying to squeeze to death.

Then they cut out, leaving her in dreadful anticipation of the last inevitable target.

Crackle, stab! The clip clamped about her clitoris went live, stabbing its electric needles between its jaws, driving them again and again through the tender, helpless throbbing nub of flesh pinched between them. Faye shrieked about her gag, blinded by her own tears.

Then that cut out, leaving her gasping and dizzy, her tormented body tingling as she floundered on a tiny transient island of painless existence,

which felt so dead and dull by comparison to the terrible stimulation she had just experienced that she did not know what to do with it.

Then the cycle began again except that it was faster this time, driving even louder shrieks and sobs from her lips as she bit down on her gag bar.

And then for a third time they tore through her faster still, pumping pain into her body; filling her breasts and nipples and pussy with electric lust.

There was only so much she could take. Her bladder cut loose and she spurted hot steaming pee over the probe plugged within her and across the examination room floor. And as she shamed herself a mega-orgasm swept her up in its grasp and for a moment Faye seemed to become a being composed entirely of erogenous zones, of hot sweaty breasts and straining, burning nipples and grasping dripping labia and two deep yawning pits within her that had to be filled at all costs. And then her mind seemed to burst and then she knew no more.

* * *

When Faye recovered again it was to the accompaniment of Nichole's sobs and shrieks.

Nicole was now confined in the terrible chair as Faye had been and now it was the turn of her lovely body to suffer the same electric torment. For several confused moments Faye could only stare through misty, crusted eyes at Nicole jerking, straining and sweating with juices dribbling out of her probe-plugged pussy as her clamped nipples stood up in what seemed a futile show of defiance, before she took in her own new situation.

Faye was standing within one of the pair of rectangular tubular metal frames she had seen in a corner of the room, with her feet resting on the rubber padded top of its low sturdy trolley wheel base. An expanding rod plugged into a socket in the middle of the base panel rose up between her legs and penetrated her rectum. A ball gag with its cords hooked to her collar rings was plugged in her mouth. She ached and throbbed all over and if it was not for the support of the frame she doubted she could stand. Her wrists and ankle cuffs had been hooked to its inner corners by sprung snap hooks while

spring hooks from its crossbar were fastened to the rings on the sides of her collar, the back of which rested against the bar. She now saw the frame had telescopic sections and hinged joints so it could be adjusted to fit. Dizzily she thought how very simple and quick it now was to restrain her in what was no doubt an Institute approved manner.

Yet she also cherished her restraints. They were stronger than she was. But then she recalled with a shudder how defiant she had briefly felt before the electric needles had punctured her pride. That had been what freedom had been like when she could still think for herself and not have her every thought coloured by her condition. How long had it been since she had felt like that? But it had not lasted in the face of stabbing hot/cold electric reality. By default her body sought perverted pleasure even in the midst of pain. Now she was tired and beaten and drained. Yes, her mega-orgasm had left her clear headed, but she was too exhausted to make anything of it.

With a final scream Nicole spurted pee across the floor which was swiftly joined by a mist of orgasmic juices squeezed out past the probe within her belly as she surrendered to her own mega-orgasm. Then she sagged back limp and insensible.

She looked so tragic and yet beautiful, Faye thought dizzily. And then for a brief moment she saw Griswold smiling down at Nicole's twitching, semi-conscious, soiled body, not in clinical fascination or sympathy but almost it seemed in gloating triumph. And then his face became stern and rigid once more and Faye thought she must have imagined it.

With Rebecca's help Griswold transferred Nicole's limp body to the second wheeled frame and fastened her within it in the same way that Faye was secured. While Griswold went back through to his office Rebecca fed them water again and they revived a little. Then she clipped a hook set in the side of the base of Nicole's frame through a matching ring set in the base of Faye's frame. Taking hold of the upright of Faye's frame she then pulled both frames like a little train back out through the door into the office and positioned them in front of Griswold's desk once more. How easily they could be moved about like this while remaining perfectly secure, Faye thought. They might not know a moment's freedom all the time they were here. That was a terrifying and yet comforting thought...

‘The results of your tests confirm you are both well into SIMEON stage two,’ Griswold told them. ‘Even extreme pain only increases your levels of sexual arousal and responsiveness while your ability to resist these tendencies has significantly reduced since your first clinic tests. The intensity and duration of your orgasms was also greater than any measured before. If we are to reverse or even stabilise this process you will both require extensive therapy. You’re treatment will begin tomorrow. Take them away, nurse...’

But although he had clearly finished with them, Faye and Nicole were not done yet.

There was no pretence that things were normal anymore and after what they had just endured they wanted a certain kind of comforting which they had not yet received. Colin and Kenny had used their bottoms but they had not had real flesh and blood cocks up inside their vaginas for what seemed like an age. The chair probes had been no substitute. What they had endured so far had been so cold and mechanical. The clinic had given them certain instinctive expectations of men in white coats. They knew what doctors were for. They took away pain and need. Personally...

They began to squirm and jerk their hips forward against the pressure of the rectal plugs holding them braced, offering their aching, and slippery sore-lipped pussies to Griswold. They forced slurred words out about their ball gag plugged mouths: ‘Please screw us, Sir...’

It was a pitiful and desperate display but they did not care.

Griswold considered them thoughtfully for a moment. ‘It seems your capacity is greater than I had imagined. I suppose, as it’s your first day, you are entitled to a little latitude. But you know there will be a price for this,’ he warned them.

They nodded frantically.

He shrugged and made another note on his computer. Then from a drawer in his desk he took out a leather lash. He took off his white coat and rolled up the shirtsleeves. Then he undid his flies and exposed his cock which was swelling into erection. Yes, that was also as it should be, Faye thought.

What was the point of their suffering if somebody did not enjoy it?

Even as she and Nicole stared at him Faye noticed Rebecca's eyes also widened as they locked onto Griswold's cock and she licked her lips hungrily.

Griswold snapped his fingers at her and pointed. 'Give them oral stimulation while I attend to their rears,' he commanded. 'If they're going to sleep tonight they must be totally drained...'

Eagerly Rebecca got down on her knees in front of Nicole and began to lap at her sodden pussy lips. After a few moments she shuffled sideways and performed the same service for Faye.

As she did so Griswold beat their bottoms and breasts thoroughly. Spread out within their frames and exposed front and rear they made perfect targets. The lash thongs were soft enough not to cut their skin, but they delivered suitable hot searing pain that burned shockingly into them while it turned their flesh from pink to crimson. And so they moaned and sobbed and slobbered about their gags even as they luxuriated in their suffering. Their pussy juices flowed freely over Rebecca's face as she lapped and sucked at them with passion and precision. How many times had she done this before?

And then Griswold strode round in front of them. His face was screwed up with desire and his stiff cock was bobbing and straining before him. He pulled Rebecca away by her hair from nuzzling at Faye's crotch and rammed his shaft up it in place of her tongue.

Faye shuddered in delight as his lust-contorted features bobbed in front her eyes and she clenched her sheath about his penis. Yes... this was what she needed: a proper man screwing her with passion.

He came inside her after only half a dozen thrusts and she thrilled at the feel of his hot sperm spurting into her depths. Again an orgasm coursed through her: not a mega-orgasm but something subtly different and more satisfying.

But Faye did not have long to savour the feel of a hard male member

within her. Hardly pausing to catch his breath, Griswold whipped his cock out of Faye and shifted sideways and rammed it still hard and wet and slippery up into the Nicole's gaping and eager pussy, while Rebecca once again pressed to face up into Faye's sodden vulva, now lapping up a cocktail of her juices and the doctor's sperm.

After half a minute of frantic pounding into Nicole, Griswold grunted and spouted the rest of his seed up inside her.

For a minute all four of them were almost motionless, frozen in their depraved tableau. Then Griswold pulled out of Nicole. Immediately Rebecca, still on her knees, left Faye and shuffled over to him and dutifully licked his de-tumescent cock clean.

As Faye looked at the ecstatic expression on Rebecca's face, she thought: she's meant to be stabilised? She'd take our place in a moment...

When Rebecca was done and as Griswold wiped his shaft dry on her hair, he said: 'I think you are further into SIMEON Stage Two than I first thought. I will have to reclassify you...'

He returned to his desk, made another entry in his computer file, and then took out a pair of metal discs each with a large red "X" embossed upon it, such as they'd seen hanging on the collar of the woman in the Entrance Hall. He clipped them to the front rings of their own collars.

'These mark you as subjects requiring more than normal strictness in handling and severity in your treatment if it is to have any effect on you,' he explained. 'Every test or procedure you undergo from now on will be adjusted accordingly. Now take them away...'

Rebecca took a pair of black fabric hoods from her pocket and pulled them down over Faye and Nicole's heads, making them that little bit more helpless. Then Faye felt her wheel them out of the room.

Their lives as Institute guinea pigs had begun.

Chapter Three

The next morning Faye awoke not knowing where she was for a moment, her eyes still bleary and out of focus. She couldn't move! Something was holding her down! There was some kind of soft rubber plug in her mouth that she bit upon... Then she remembered and relaxed. All this was for her own good...

She was lying on her back naked within a stainless steel metal box not much bigger than a coffin with a perforated plastic door at its foot. Anybody could look in through the plastic door between her spread legs and up into her pussy. Otherwise it was featureless except for a small flat screen television fitted to its ceiling right above her eyes.

Lifting her head as far as her collar permitted, Faye peered down the length of her naked body and through the clear partition at her feet across the room to another bank of transparent plastic cell doors. There were dozens of similar cramped cells arranged about a room that resembled uncomfortably the storage unit of a morgue. Nicole had been put in the next one to her right. She wished they had been allowed to sleep together but at least she knew she was close by and was as secure and comfortable as she was; which was not saying much.

Faye was lying on a padded vinyl covered mattress which had a rectangular slot in it that matched the proportions of her restraining frame, which had been taken off its wheeled base, tilted horizontally and laid flush with the top of the mattress. Her arms had been clipped to the sides of the frame for sleeping purposes but otherwise she had been transferred to her little cell without having to be taken out of the frame. The soft plug had been fitted to her mouth to serve both as a gag and comforter, just as if she had been a child.

As she stirred the television hung over her head came on, displaying a morning breakfast news programme with the sound set on low. She supposed it was there for the purposes of entertainment and distraction and to keep them connected with the real world even while they were shut away in the

Institute.

Lying there staring up at the screen Faye realize how her body ached from the cruel usage it be subjected to the previous day, both by the ambulance men and Doctor Griswold. She was sore where she had been beaten and her rectum and vagina ached. And yet even as she became aware of her condition, she felt the familiar feelings of sexual arousal were stirring within her once more. Her pussy was beginning to feel hot and slick and her nipples were standing up. If she could have touched herself she would have done so, but her restraints made that impossible. Now she was totally reliant on other people to satisfy her unnatural desires at their discretion. She hoped they would not leave it too long, or else this could become a living nightmare...

She heard stirrings from the cells about her. Then she saw clothed figures moving about in the room beyond her cell door.

‘Time to get you ready for another other day’s fun and games, sluts,’ a mocking male voice announced.

The insulting words recalled Griswold’s warning about how they would be treated. They were going to be cruel to be kind, she must not forget that.

There were rattles of machinery and bangs and clatters as doors were opened and captive girls were taken from the cells. Faye felt a knot of anticipation begin to tie itself in her stomach. She feared and yet hungered for what was to come. She also desperately wanted to see Nicole again for the reassurance that would give her.

Then it was her turn.

The cage door was pulled open and hands grasped the handles at the base of the metal tray that supported her mattress, which was mounted on sliding runners. She was pulled feet first out of her cell so that she blinked up into the faces of two large orderlies wearing blue scrubs with cattle prods hung from their belts.

Her mattress slid along channels set in the sides of an adjustable trolley which had been butted up against her cell until was clear. Then the men flipped her head up and feet down about a central pivoting joint mounted on the trolley. The bottom ends of her restraint frame slotted into a wheeled base unit which had been positioned on the floor beneath her. Then the mattress was pulled away from her back, leaving her standing upright and exposed within her restraint frame. The men handling her unclipped her wrists from the midsections of the frame and dragged them up to its upper corners again so she resumed her starfish posture.

One of them fingered her red X collar tag for a moment, grinned and then slapped her bottom hard so that the crack echoing about the room. Meanwhile his companion pinched and twisted her nipples until she yelped. 'Don't worry, new girl, we'll make sure you don't have it easy,' he promised.

Faye whimpered in fear and shame and yet at the same moment felt that dark thrill at being intimately handled so cruelly and casually. They knew exactly what was expected of them.

As the men stepped away from her Faye twisted her head about and saw to her relief that Nicole was standing in her frame next her. They smiled foolishly at each other about their mouth plugs.

Another orderly took hold of both of their frames, twisting them round on their swivelling trolley wheels and pushing them together face-to-face with the ease of long experience so that for a moment their nipples brushed together and they could look searchingly into each other's faces. Then he wheeled them through a door at the end of the room into a combined washing and feeding chamber, where a dozen girls who had been brought through ahead of them were already being attended to.

A pair of narrow twin rails like those of an oversized train set ran around three sides of the room. The orderly slid the wheels of their frame bases onto them, so they were positioned sideways facing into the room. Along these rails young naked plug-gagged women of all hues were being pushed from section to section, imprisoned within identical frames, with men in blue scrubs and rubber aprons taking care of one of their needs at each stage, as if they were on an assembly line. With their subject identification

numbers stamped all over their bodies they were almost as anonymous and depersonalised as components of some organic machine being cleaned and prepared for use.

Faye hoped she would have a chance to speak to the other women at some time. But at the moment speech was denied to them all, perhaps with good reason. She recalled the doctors at the clinic had dissuaded SIMEON patients from fraternizing, fearing they might only stimulate their condition by focusing upon it unnecessarily. After what had happened to her and Nicole maybe they had been right. Her nipples pricked up. Not that she begrudged a moment she had spent with her...

At the first stage of the process the telescopic sections of their restraint frames were collapsed downwards so that they could bend their bodies and thrust their bottoms out backwards over the bowls of a pair of transparent plastic toilets set out side-by-side. The man positioning them then jabbed his cattle prod into their breasts, making them squeal and bite on their mouths plugs.

‘Do your business and hurry up about it...’ he warned them.

There was a computer touch screen mounted on the wall by the toilets. As each girl voided her bladder and emptied her bowels the man noted what came out of her and tapped some boxes on the screen. When it came to Faye’s turn she screwed up her eyes and squealed as he stabbed the prod into her breasts, holding it there longer than he had with the other women who had gone before her. She used the pain to over come her natural inhibitions (such as remained by now) forcing herself to evacuate her wastes in front of him, feeling the shame of it all and the thrill it gave her.

When she and Nicole had emptied themselves, the man pushed them along another few feet so their projecting buttocks overhung a metal trough. Here he used a hose to flush their bottoms clean and then a kind of grease gun to lubricate their rectums. Their eyes bulged as they felt the nozzle sliding up inside them and pumping gobbets of slippery jelly deep into their hot rear passageways.

‘I’m sure those tight little holes are going to get plenty of use today,’

he told them with a malicious grin, his eye on their red collar tags as he gave each of them an extra painful jerk of the nozzle and squirt of lubrication.

Faye felt her stomach knot further as she heard him talking so casually about them being sodomised. Then came the thrill when she realized he was most probably right. But then it was only what she deserved...

He pulled their frames up to their full height again, straightening their bodies out, and then pushed them along the track to the next stage, where two men in red rubber aprons took charge of them, one on the outside of the track and one on the inner. They positioned their frames over gratings set in the floor and then used hose mops more appropriate to cleaning cars to give them a quick soap and wash over front and back. As the mops were jabbed up between their legs and ground over their breasts they splattered and whimpered in dismay, even as they felt their bodies warming to this rough treatment.

The man standing behind them pushed his mop through their legs and brought its shaft up hard into their clefts. Then he pulled back, jamming its head into their vulvas and twisting it about briskly so that its wet tassels whipped and ground through their clefts and pubic curls, painful and arousing at the same time.

‘Dirty cunts like yours need plenty of cleaning,’ the man in front of them said as he jabbed his mop hard into their breasts, squashing and distorting them even as their nipples stood up hard. Then he rubbed the mop quickly over their faces, making them splutter.

Rough towels were used to dry them off and then they were moved on again, turning a corner in the rails.

The next man pulled their soft night gags out and pushed large flexible transparent hoses with soft penis-like heads into their mouths so they could suck on their ends. The hoses were attached to plastic bags of mushy moist food which he hooked onto the top rails of their frames by their heads so they could suck them down quickly.

As Faye and Nicole ate he flicked their hard nipples in amusement,

watching the contortions of pain across their faces even as they sucked hard on the rubber penises between their lips.

‘Suck up every drop, sluts, you need to keep your strength up...’ he warned them.

Then he shunted them along the rail as more girls emerged from the cleaning section. The frames rattled and banged together like trucks in a railway siding as the track headed back towards the doors. They had to gulp their food down before they reached the end of the track when the tubes were pulled out of their mouths. Here their teeth were quickly cleaned at the same time as their hair was roughly brushed and combed. The man attending to their hair from behind reached his brush through between their legs as if to brush their pubic hair and then smacked the bristles hard up into their sex lips, making them flinch. Then hard ball gags were pushed into their minty-fresh mouths and they were rolled off the end of the track.

There were members of staff waiting to collect the girls and take them away to whatever treatment of examination had been decided for them. Faye saw Nurse Rebecca standing there. As they came off the track she took charge of them. She pulled hoods over their heads, connected their frames together and then wheeled them out through a second doorway into a long corridor.

As they rattled along Faye felt a thrill coursing through her at her own exposure. Her rough handling had left her skin tingling and she was acutely aware of her nudity. Anybody could look at her but she could not see them. It was so unfair... which only made it even more arousing. And they had no idea where they were going or what would happen when they got there. Anything might be done to them and they would simply have to accept it. It was terrifying and yet so perversely exciting...

Then Faye flinched in shame, knowing it was not normal to think like that. She desperately hoped something could be done to reset her corrupted instincts and desires, or else it would never be safe for her or Nicole to leave this place again.

And then along a quiet stretch of corridor something unexpected

happened. She heard Rebecca whispering softly to them: ‘Having SIMEON is nothing to be ashamed of, remember that. Just be yourselves. Don’t let it take you over. You can learn to control it if you try hard enough...’

Although she appreciated this show of sympathy and reassurance, Faye thought despairingly that it was a bit late to try to control their conditions themselves. They had done that back in Avingdon and had put themselves in terrible danger. They were not safe in public any more. This was the only place left that offered any hope for them.

Nurse Rebecca guided their frames through a set of doors into some new room and positioned them side by side. ‘Subjects 27 and 35 as you ordered, Sir,’ she announced to some unseen person.

‘Thank you nurse, you can leave them with us now,’ a man’s voice replied.

They heard Rebecca leaving through the doors again. Then somebody pulled her hood off and she blinked in the light.

They were in a white room lit by white fluorescent tubes with a high ceiling and padded walls. Its floor was of white cushioned rubber tiles. Recessed into one wall was a dark one-way glass observation window. Mounted high up in the corners of the room were several monitor cameras. In the middle of the room was a low short padded bench framed at either end by a pair of low tubular metal square arches, hung about with wires, spring hooks and lengths of clear plastic strapping and elastic cord. This assembly was mounted on a low flat wheeled base. From one side of the base frame rose a slender pedestal which supported a small control panel and display screen.

In front of them stood three men in white coats. Two of them had surgical masks tied across their faces while the third was bare faced and consulting his palm pad.

They all had name badges pinned to their coats. The one with the palm pad was Dr Rumford, while the other two were Mr Johnson and Mr Davies. They were both staring at Nicole and herself with wide fascinated

eyes shining over their masks. They did not look quite at ease in their presence as Rumford did.

Perhaps they were new here, Faye thought as she shivered under the intensity of their gaze? Wasn't "Mr" how consultants were always titled? Were these men specialists sent here to examine them? Perhaps there were medical people from all over the country visiting the Institute every day, trying to understand this baffling condition. But why did they need to be masked? SIMEON wasn't a disease you could catch like a cold. Perhaps it was just a standard precaution with outsiders...

'These are two fresh subjects only brought in yesterday, gentlemen,' Rumford told the other two. 'Both are well into stage two. You can begin your tests whenever you're ready...'

The two masked men walked round Faye and Nicole as they stood spread out within their frames. Tentatively at first and then with growing confidence they began to squeeze and probe their bodies, testing their weight of their breasts and pliancy of their buttocks. Nicole and Faye squirmed in helpless delight at their touch.

'As you can see they are extremely responsive to basic stimulation,' Rumford said.

'Yes they are, aren't they,' Johnson agreed.

'We said we'd take vaginal samples first, didn't we?' Davies added.

'That's right,' said Johnson, patting his pockets, 'samples...'

They pulled out swab tubes for their pockets and then bent down in front of Faye and Nicole. They pushed the swabs up into their clefts, rubbing them vigorously up and down their clitorises until they were squirming frantically, soaking the swabs in their juices. When they had enough the men re-sealed the tubes and stood back.

'Can we put them in the examination frame now?' Johnson asked a little impatiently.

‘That’s entirely up to you, gentlemen,’ Rumford said. ‘You have two hours with them to conduct whatever procedures you wish. I know you haven’t had much to do with SIMEON patients before, but I assure you they won’t complain. As you can see the normal standards of patient care and consideration do not apply to them. They actively want to be mistreated, which is why they must be restrained at all times. That’s what makes it such a unique condition and such a challenge to treat...’

‘Of course,’ Davies said, appearing to become a little bolder. ‘Right let’s get them in place...’

Faye and Nicole were freed from their restraint frames one at a time and positioned on the new device.

Nicole was made to kneel underneath one of the low arches of tubular metal and her arms were stretched upwards and her cuffs were clipped to its upper corners, so that she was facing the short low bench. Her legs were spread and her ankles were fastened to the base of the arch posts, leaving her squatting over an expanding rod connected to the gear box of an electric motor bolted to the base of the device. The rod had a large rubber dildo on its end which was slid up into her vagina. Nicole’s head now hung over the end of the low bench. An elastic cord was extended up from under the end of the bench and hooked to the ring in the front of her collar, pulling her head and shoulders down and stretching her arms out and upward behind her, twisting her shoulders back. Rumford pulled her ball gag out, freeing her mouth.

Faye was removed from her frame and made to sit on the low bench facing Nicole. Now she saw there was another electric motor mounted on the base end of the bench connected to another dildo with a shorter expanding shaft than the one Nicole was impaled upon. This was angled upwards through a slot in the bench end so that it pressed against her buttocks.

For a moment Faye and Nicole’s eyes locked, filled with the hope of the intimacy they so enjoyed mingled with the fear of the suffering it would cost them. Faye was then made to lie back on the bench and her arms were pulled down underneath the bench where her wrist cuffs were secured to its supports. A clear plastic strap was bound across her lower belly and another one across her chest just beneath her breasts, holding her torso firmly down

against the padding of the bench. Her legs were then spread, doubled back and pulled up over her head so that her knees were level with her breasts and her ankles were fastened to the upper corners of the metal arch at the head of the bench, matching the one Nicole was confined within at its foot. Spring hooks were attached to her collar rings, holding her head down.

Now Nicole's head hung just above Faye's taut exposed groin, so that she looked down into the wet swollen cleft of her sex mouth and the tight greased pucker of her anus. Meanwhile Faye's head hung over the padded end of the bench. Rumford extended the bench dildo so that it entered Faye's rectum, making her grunt and sigh as it slid inside her. Now they were both impaled on motorised dildos, one up Nicole's vagina and the other up Faye's bottom.

'Their condition brought them together in recent months and while they were trying to satisfy their needs they became lovers,' Rumford explained. 'I'm afraid they experimented unwisely on each other. It may have some effect on their reactions to your test.'

'I'm sure we can take account of any such variables,' Johnson said a little stiffly.

'But we'll make a note of it when we analyse the data,' Davies promised quickly. 'Now what about their ti... their nipples?'

Elastic cords were unhooked from the two arch frames and stretched down to Faye and Nicole's bodies where they were clipped to their nipples. The tension on Faye's nipples lifted her breasts up into fleshy shivering cones while Nicole's cords, which went over her shoulders, doubled her nipples over and stretched them unnaturally upwards. As the men leaned over them to fit the clips to their nipples, squeezing and stretching their breasts in the process, Faye saw the bulges growing in the fronts of their lab coats.

The tension on the cords pulling Nicole's head down into Faye's groin was adjusted so that her face was dragged into the hot wet gaping cleft of her pussy mouth. Faye shuddered as she felt Nicole lovingly kiss her clitoris.

‘I, er... see what you mean about them being lovers,’ Johnson said, his eyes wide as he watched this intimate act.

Nicole snivelled as she realized what she was doing and tried to pull her head away, while Faye blushed as she realized how unconsciously they were exposing not only their bodies but their inner feelings. Had they no shame left anymore?

‘It’ll be interesting to check their results against the ones for single girls or random pairings under the same stimulation,’ Davies said smugly.

Rumford smiled as he uncoiled fine wires from the device and stuck sensor electrodes to Faye and Nicole’s temples. ‘I’m sure it will be very revealing,’ he agreed. He then checked the display screen was working and then looked at the consultants. ‘Whenever you’re ready we can begin stimulating them,’

‘Right, get on with it,’ Johnson snapped.

Rumford pressed a button and the dildos came alive within Faye and Nicole. They began to pump and suck at them, the one in Nicole plunging deep into her vagina and making her vulva bulge, while the one inside Faye filled her rectal passage so that her anal ring swelled outwards and her pussy mound seemed to gape and rise even further. The tension on her collar and her growing desire dragged Nicole’s face back against Faye’s pussy and she began to kiss and lap it with growing passion. Faye moaned as she felt the warmth flowing through her out from her loins. Her clipped and stretched nipples tingled and pulsed with blood. She felt her juices rising up and flowing out of her cleft into Nicole’s mouth and over her cheeks and then down her groin to lubricate the pumping dildo that was steadily and relentlessly sodomising her. Yet its effect was rivalled by the deft attentions of Nicole’s tongue. There was nothing like contact with living flesh. She only wished she could return her attentions, but her mouth was still plugged with hard rubber.

She saw the men looking down at them in fascination as they were both relentlessly mechanically riddled by their dildos while Nicole performed cunnilingus on Faye’s pussy. The bulges in front of their white coats were

even more prominent now. Whatever their scientific interest and medical training, they were still men and the sight of her and Nicole's naked bodies being systematically abused was arousing them.

That knowledge both dismayed and excited Faye. That was the curse and the power of SIMEON. Their inhibitions fell away so quickly that they began to revel in the lustful gaze of strangers. There was a terrible sense of excitement in performing so intimately before an audience. It seemed in some twisted and perverted way to validate their suffering. And yet as hot as they got they were still struggling to achieve the mega orgasm that so tantalised them.

'You might find it interesting to allow number 35 to speak,' Rumford prompted. 'Of course her responses are strongly influenced by her condition and present feelings, but it will give you an idea of her state of mind. She'll respond respectfully if you speak firmly to her. Don't try to be kind or understanding; they don't expect that any more... '

Davies cautiously pulled the ball gag out of Faye's mouth. 'Tell me what you're feeling now, girl,' he demanded.

'I... want to come, Sir,' Faye gasped.

'Then what's stopping you?'

'I need something more, Sir... we both need something more!'

'What you mean?'

'Something better than rubber to work on, Sir,' Faye said, hating her own words for their brutal truth. 'We like the feel of cocks up inside us. Please, Sir, will screw us Sir? You'll enjoy it... we really are great screws!'

Nicole forced her shiny-cheeked face up out of Faye's sopping pussy far enough to allow her to choke out: 'Please me as well, Sir... up my bum, Sir... and can you do it hard, Sir...'

'Does she really mean that?' Davies wondered.

‘Ask if she wants to be hurt,’ Rumford prompted again.

‘Do you want us to hurt you?’ Davies asked.

Faye felt all her inhibitions had long since melted away. Surely this was the ultimate humiliation to beg for pain from strangers. How she hated SIMEON! But at least this was a controlled situation, not out on a street at night. ‘Yes... Please Sir; hurt us, Sir that’s what we like, Sir...’

‘How should we hurt you?’ Johnson asked, bending over her and licking his lips eagerly.

The answer to that seemed obvious. ‘Use the nipple cords, Sir... pull them as you screw us, Sir... hard as you like, Sir... make our nipples snap, Sir’

‘You can only truly appreciate the depths of their submission and their attitude to sex and pain if you try them out yourselves, gentlemen,’ Rumford said. ‘I know it’s unorthodox, but then this is a unique condition...’

‘Well... if it’s essential to our research,’ Davies said.

‘As long as they understand it’s not normal ethical practice,’ Johnson said.

‘They don’t care about anything right now except getting screwed,’ Rumford assured them. ‘As to medical ethics, we have had to modify the rules considerably since we opened this Institute or else we simply could not function. Here are some cushions to kneel on. Now get your cocks out gentlemen and put these poor sluts out of their misery. Don’t worry, they’re perfectly clean and their rears have been freshly greased...’

The two men tore at the buttons of their white coats and pulled them wide, and then they opened up their flies and freed good-sized straining erections. Johnson shuffled quickly round and knelt behind Nicole while Davies knelt over Faye’s head. Johnson took hold of Nicole’s hips and rammed his hard cock up her greased backside while Davis grasped Faye’s chin and forced his shaft into her willing mouth, driving it down her gullet

until she nearly choked and her throat bulged against her collar.

She had never particularly desired having a cock rammed down her throat before SIMEON but now it seemed exciting because of its very crudeness and unnatural intimacy. The taste of Davies' cock filled her mouth, all male and masterful.

She heard Nicole grunt and splutter into the tiny rivulet of sticky juices that now overflowed her pussy as Johnson thrust hard up into her. The force drove her hips deeper onto the pumping mechanical dildo filling her vagina and ground her face through Faye's pussy cleft.

And then the men took hold of the elastic cords connecting Faye and Nicole's nipples to the crossbars of the metal frames and began to pull and tug and jerk upon them.

Faye and Nicole screamed together, one into a pussy and the other about a cock as their nipples were stretched like rubber and their breasts were jerked into impossible shivering fleshy cones. Faye could see her own breasts being distended as Davies tugged on the cords and felt a terrible tearing of the fine teeth of the crocodile clips pinched about her nipples. Even as she screamed again she sucked harder on his cock, gulping it down her throat, struggling to breathe around it, feeling dizzy with shame and terrible joy. She could hear Nicole shrieking as Johnson tortured her breasts in the same manner.

It was utterly inhuman and degrading and exactly what they most craved. And it seemed to please the men as well.

She felt Davies spouting down her throat and half choked on his cum as she swallowed it down. As he spouted he gave the elastic cords fastened to her breasts a final twang and that pushed her over the brink.

The mega orgasm boiled up from Faye's loins and exploded out of them, sending a wave of pleasure up her spine to explode in her brain while her pussy burst forth with a convulsive eruption and orgasmic juices sprayed over Nicole's flushed face, soaking her with raw lust. At the same time she felt the stand shake as Nicole jerked wildly, thrusting her hips back onto

Davies' impaling cock as she succumbed to the same primitive all-consuming imperative.

Faye bucked against her straps and Davies pulled out of her mouth still spurting sperm which splashed across her face and hair. And then she fainted clean away.

* * *

The next thing Faye was aware of was Davies still kneeling over her head and using her hair to wipe his cock clean. In her dazed state that seemed perfectly natural. She could taste his sperm in her mouth which he had used for his pleasure. He had lifted her head to do so and through bleary eyes she saw that Johnson was now standing behind Nicole. He had unclipped her collar from the base of the bench so she could straighten up and he was using her hair for the same purpose: cleaning the cock that had only minutes earlier cum up her arse.

Yes, that was exactly how they deserve to be treated.

Faye saw Nicole's red, slack-featured face was shiny with the juices she had sprayed over it, while her eyes were still unfocussed from her own anal orgasm. Had it been worth it? They really had no other choice...

When the men were done using them as living towels, they stepped back and pulled their coats across them once more.

Rumford said: 'I hope that helps you understand them better, gentlemen?'

Davies and Johnson, their brows looking flushed above their masks from their exertions, nodded and mumbled. 'Yes, of course...' and: 'I get it now... quite remarkable...'

'One more thing,' Rumford said. 'At this moment their resistance is at its lowest and their inhibitions are pretty well non-existent, so you can make them do filthy things that show just how slutty they've become. Watch...'

Taking hold of Nicole by her soiled hair he dragged her onto her feet, pulling her off her impaling vaginal dildo. Faye saw Johnson's sperm began drip out of her ravaged bottom hole between her thighs. Rumford pushed her hips forward so that her body bowed over Faye's upturned groin, still restrained by her wrists and ankles. The elastic cords over her shoulders twanged tautly, stretching her breasts to their maximum and making her sob in pain.

Rumford smacked her bottom hard. 'Pee over Subject 35,' he commanded.

And helplessly Nicole did so, sending a hot stream of pee over Faye's pussy and belly and splashing her breasts. Faye shuddered in revulsion and yet also and felt a thrill of terrible delight being soiled by her lover, while Davies and Johnson watched with saucer eyes.

When the last drips had fallen from her pussy, Rumford pushed Nicole back down onto her knees and forced her face into the Faye's sodden pussy. He swiped his free hand across the taut elastic cords connecting Faye's nipples to the frame above ahead, making her squeal afresh

'Now you pee into subject 27's face,' he commanded.

And Faye let her bladder go and sprayed her hot pee into the face of her lover just as she had been told, soaking Nicole's screwed up face and then feeling it trickling back down under her bottom.

She almost thought she heard the consultants sniggering under their masks at her disgrace and for a fleeting moment it was all a filthy delight. But then the distant memory of dignity and pride began to seep back into her and suddenly Faye sobbed in shame at what she was doing. And unless they found some miracle cure, there were three more months of this to endure...

TO BE CONTINUED...

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