

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

## Part Three

Simon  
Grail



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### **Simon Grail**

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# Chapter Eight

Faye stirred and then jerked awake, feeling confused and lost for a moment and strained in panic against her straps and chains until she recognised her surroundings. Then she forced herself to relax, trying not to let claustrophobia overwhelm her once again.

She was lying naked on a rubber matt that lined the floor of a shallow rectangular, tile-lined and grave-like pit. A heavy metal barred grille, just a few centimetres above her nose, sealed the recess like a trapdoor. Over that was a solid riveted metal hatch with a sliding inspection panel above her head which shut out all sight and most sound of the room above. Air came in indirectly through small vents in the sides of the pit.

The grill and hatch alone would have been enough to contain her within the pit, but in addition her arms were bound against the small of her back by a leather sleeve that encased them from elbows to fingertips, pressing her forearms together. Her legs were twisted outwards at the hips, exposing her groin, and the outsides of her thighs were pressed against the mat. Her knees were bent so that her ankles crossed and their cuffs were clipped together by snaphooks linked to a single large ring. A short chain then linked them to a ring set in the foot of the pit.

Her teeth were clenched about a black rubber rod and ball gag that incorporated a rubber coated spring clamp that was pinched about her tongue, making speech impossible. Dribble ran out of the corners of her mouth and down her cheeks. Dribble of a different kind also seeped from the hot engorged mouth of her pussy cleft as it gaped between her splayed thighs. She ached from her ordeal of the previous day but even so the flow of her juices seemed virtually inexhaustible. Her clit was standing up and she would have loved to rub it against something, but her enforced posture deliberately prevented that. Had she in some way managed to achieve an orgasm no doubt it would have been recorded and monitored by the sensor electrodes taped her temples, the wires of which snaked away through an aperture in the side of her pit.

It had been five days since the perverted orgasmic quodandem ride in the Institute grounds which had ended so dramatically when Rebecca had made her shocking accusation. Since then Faye had not seen her, Nicole or any other woman.

Rebecca had only been silenced when Professor Wheatstone had rammed her gag back into her mouth. When she still struggled and moaned he had jabbed her with his cattle prod again and again, making her scream and sob until she was shocked into semi-consciousness. Then he had taken out a phone and had spoken into it urgently. Barely three minutes later half a dozen orderlies, led by Doctor Griswold, had appeared at a run.

They had taken Rebecca away in one direction and Faye and the other girls in another. Faye had been hooded and brought down here. She assumed the rest had been brought with her. Perhaps even now Nicole was lying in a pit like hers just a few feet away, but she had no way of knowing for sure.

If this uncertainty, the darkness and the enclosure were not bad enough, once again her mind filled with the same frightening thought: could what Rebecca had said be true?

If it was a lie why had there been such a panic by senior staff? Why not simply dismiss it as the malicious by-product of Rebecca's frustration and annoyance at being made to keep to her rough sex quota? Why then incarcerate them in these pits, if that was indeed what had been done to Nicole and Subjects 18 and 47. Were the Doctors frightened of Rebecca's outburst spreading discontent and mistrust if it was repeated? That was possible considering the nature of SIMEON which made them susceptible to paranoid thoughts. But if what Rebecca had said was true, how could such an incredible thing have come about? Had they and the rest of the women here been lied to not just for months but for years? Yet Faye knew from bitter experience that when she and Nicole had SIMEON attacks what they felt was very real. But could those symptoms somehow have been induced in them? Where had SIMEON come from? The doctors had all said they did not know. Was that the truth...?

Her thoughts were interrupted by the muffled distant sound of a heavy door being unbolted and then she was aware of movement above her.

It must be morning. Despite being drained overnight her pussy tingled in anticipation. It knew what was coming...

There was a faint rattle of wheels and shuffle of feet as the service trolley entered the room with its two attendants. She could not see them or it from the shuttered depths of her pit but she could hear them moving about. There was a squeak of hinges and a clang of metal as another pit hatch was opened. Who was in it? Nicole?

After a few minutes the sliding panel opened in her pit hatch and she squinted into the light as a face peered down at her. Then the hatch was unbolted and opened up, revealing two blue clad orderlies named Ryan and Elroy. Once they had checked she was awake and secure they opened the grille. They unclipped her ankle chain, removed her temple electrodes, reached down and lifted her out of the pit.

She was in a large windowless room, perhaps a converted cellar, with a heavy dark oak beam ceiling lit by fluorescent tubes. A dozen other closed metal pit hatches formed a regular grid across the floor. Were Nicole, Rebecca or subjects 18 and 47 under them or had they already been taken away for the day? Were these the Institute version of solitary confinement cells? They almost felt like fixtures in some medieval dungeon...

Standing beside her pit was the trolley: a kind of mobile servicing centre for test subjects. It had a low commode seat at the front and behind it hoses, a pump, washing materials and dispensers of pulp food. Ryan and Elroy sat Faye on the commode with her ankles still linked by their hobble ring and her arms still strapped in their sleeve behind her.

Without being told and now with only a passing pang of shame, Faye opened her bowels.

While she voided her wastes, Ryan and Elroy wiped her over with damp cloths and then pulled her rod and ball gag out. Her tongue tingling as its clamp was removed and before she could use it to speak they pushed a penis-tipped feeding tube into her mouth. Hastily she gulped her pulped breakfast down, her clip-numbed tongue moving clumsily. When the dispenser was empty they brushed her teeth clean and then pushed the gag

back into her mouth, clipping it about her tongue once more. They washed her groin off with a small pressure hose connected to tank on the trolley, using an enema attachment to flush out her rectum, and then they greased her anus. Finally they hooded her and clipped a leash to her collar.

Between them they walked Faye shuffling awkwardly on her closely hobbled feet out of the pit room and along a stone flagged corridor.

After a minute they turned in through another doorway and she felt smooth rubber floor tiles under her feet.

‘Subject 35, Doctor,’ Ryan said.

Her hood was pulled off. She was in a small windowless room with white painted brick walls and a lower plain ceiling than the pit room. It had a rack of punishment implements and sex toys on one wall and in the middle a device that made her shiver in fear and perverse anticipation.

Standing before her was a white-coated Institute doctor she had not seen before. How many did they have in all? He was balding with only a fringe of grey hair about his ears and he wore steel rimmed glasses. His name badge read Dr Gillespie.

‘I’ll take charge of her from here, thank you, gentlemen...’ he told Ryan and Elroy.

They went out, closing the heavy door behind them. Faye shivered, looking at the device in the middle of the room which was new to her.

It comprised of a pair of heavy black square wooden posts rising from floor to ceiling, both fitted with rings, chains and electric cables. Halfway up the outside of the left-hand post was fixed a small control panel. Resting between and just in front of the posts on a low adjustable wheeled stand which contained an electric motor was what resembled a wedge-shaped black rubber pony saddle with slots in its apex and electrical studs on its sloping sides. Under its overhanging lower pitches were short lengths of black plastic guttering and down pipes.

Gillespie walked round Faye as she stood swaying slightly before him, running his smooth hands over her body.

If Rebecca was to be believed then he was a fake. But he had an air of authority about him and a knowing light in his eyes. He certainly knew how to handle a SIMEON sufferer. What did that tell her?

Gillespie pulled the tongue clip gag out of her mouth and substituted it for a heavy rubber bit that left her tongue free and permitted slurred speech. She clamped her teeth down onto it firmly. She had a feeling that she would need its reassurance very soon. Then he asked her: 'What are you here for, subject 35?'

'To be cured of SIMEON, Doctor,' Faye said awkwardly about her gag.

'And what are you prepared to do to be cured?'

'Whatever's necessary, Doctor.'

'Even if it causes you pain and suffering and embarrassment?'

'Yes... any of that... if it helps me get better, Doctor.'

'But your condition means you enjoy sexual mistreatment and embarrassment. We have established that the orgasms you experience are very intense and satisfying in their way. Why do you want to be cured of it?'

'Because... because I know it's unnatural, Doctor. And SIMEON stops me leading a normal life. I can't live properly if I'm chasing after a mega orgasm every few days no matter what the cost.'

'But the cure may cause you suffering as well. We are still exploring the depths of your addiction. You know what that means...'

'I'm ready to pay that price,' Doctor. I'll know the cure's working when I stop liking it...'

'You know we can't promise to cure you but we will do our best for

you. Do you trust us to do whatever is necessary, even if it doesn't seem so at the time?'

Faye hesitated for a moment. Did he know about the doubts Rebecca's outburst had insinuated into her mind? Was this a test of her belief or her susceptibility to paranoia? Taking a deep breath she said: 'Yes Doctor.' In the circumstances what else could she say?

'Then let's get on with it,' Gillespie said.

He moved her across to the device and unhooked her ankle cuffs so she could spread her legs. He stretched feet out wide and hooked her cuffs to rings on the inside base of the two posts. Then he freed her arms from their containing sheath and while they were still stiff he twisted and pulled them round and outwards until he could clip her wrist cuffs to rings at the top of the posts. Next he rolled the saddle platform back a couple of feet until it stood exactly between the posts so Faye was spread out straddling its apex which stood at mid-thigh level.

Gillespie bent down and operated some controls beneath the saddle. A pair of large multi-pronged dildos emerged from its upper slots. Then he pumped a foot pedal which raised the saddle so that it pressed its studded sides up against the insides of her thighs, lifting her up onto her tiptoes as the dildos slid into her greased anus and vagina. Faye shuddered as her sheath and sphincter clenched about these fresh intruders into her body, squeezing on them in helpless desire. She knew they were going to cause her pain and pleasure and she hated and loved them for it. Already a film of her juices was flowing out from her swollen pussy under her thighs, making the saddle slippery.

There was a kind of pommel on the front of the saddle from which Gillespie extended a sprung electric crocodile clip which he clamped to her already inflamed and pulsating clitoris, stretching it out of the wet cleft of her sex mouth and making her gasp and shudder. The clip had a small LED light on its base.

Gillespie pulled across a pair of electric cables from the posts, also tensioned by springs, and closed their crocodile clip jaws about Faye's hard



nipples. They were also fitted with LEDs. She whimpered once more as her nipples were stretched unnaturally up and outwards from her chest. Of course this wouldn't be complete without her nipples suffering as well. That was what they were there for...

Finally he pulled across a pair of non-tensioned lighter cables and taped sensor electrodes to her temples. Then Gillespie moved to the control panel on the outside of the left-hand post. 'Do you accept I'm doing this for your own good, subject 35?' he asked solemnly.

They were testing her belief and confidence in them. They knew what Rebecca had said was worrying her. But had that doubt deliberately been kindled within her? Was it all part of the treatment?

'Yes, Doctor...'

'Then beg me to hurt and humiliate you.'

'I beg you to hurt and humiliate me, Doctor... ahhh!'

He had pressed a button and the contacts on the sides of the saddle which were pressed firmly into her soft inner thighs delivered a stinging shock. It made her muscles contract involuntarily, clamping them even tighter about the saddle. At the same time the twin dildos began to vibrate and then pump up and down in relentless alternating strokes, forcing their way up into her rectum and vagina, and then sucking back out of them again. The light on the clip clamped to her clitoris suddenly flashed as it delivered a sharp jolt to her throbbing pleasure organ, making her flinch. Then the clips clamped to her nipples flashed and she yelped as she felt the current passed between their jaws right through her teats.

Her eyes welled up with tears which began to run down her cheeks even as her pussy became hotter and sicker.

Then the dildos began to pump harder and faster and deeper while the electric shocks stepped up their intensity.

Faye writhed and jerked and twisted between her outstretched limbs,

straining at her cuffs and setting the chains rattling. But she could not lift herself off the terrible saddle, and every attempt to escape it only ground her body against it even more intimately as if she was riding its twin horns of pain and humiliation.

Crack! The saddle studs shocked her thighs. Flash, crack; the crocodile clips shot current through her nipples. Flash, zap; the clitoral clip seemed to hit her pussy with an electric hammer.

With a sob Faye lost control of her bladder and hot urine flowed out across the saddle under her thighs and dripped down the sides into the guttering where it trickled away through the pipes to some reservoir in the base of the device. But the mechanism did not slow down for one instant out of respect for her shame, or reduce the intensity of the shocks it was pouring into her. She was its helpless captive and it was doing it pre-programmed duty.

Faye had her first mega-orgasm barely five minutes after the terrible saddle of pain and pleasure had begun its work on her. Her loins seemed to explode and fireworks burst in her brain and she surrendered to the wonderful perverted thrill of it which was her only reward. Freed from all worry and care her mind drifted in a blissful haze...

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When Faye returned to full awareness she saw through blurred and crusted eyes that her nipples were still clipped and stretched up in front of her but the power was off. Her clitoris had been unclipped and the electric saddle had been lowered, pulling the dildos out of her vagina and rectum, and rolled forward out of the way. Gillespie was standing behind her in its place with his arms wrapped about her sweaty body and his hands squeezing her bare breasts while his hard cock was in the act of forcing her anus wide and sliding up into her hot, greased and freshly distended rectum.

In a daze Faye swayed between the posts with his thrusts, letting him plunder her insides while her aching and swollen pussy dripped onto the ground. A small part of her thought how unfair it was that the doctors could take advantage of them like this while another part welcomed the feel of a

nice hard living cock up inside her which was so much more fun than impersonal cold rubber. But either way he could do what he wanted to her and she let him. Why fight the inevitable...

‘Oww...’ she gurgled suddenly about her bit.

Gillespie had squeezed the clip about her right nipple while he slid his left hand down to her sodden pussy and pinched her throbbing clitoris.

‘Get those hips moving!’ he commanded. ‘Push against me, 35! I don’t want to screw piece of dead meat...’

With a groan Faye pushed her hips back into his cock, riding his thrusts and squeezing hard on his pumping shaft. Why did she have to work at her own sodomy? Couldn’t he simply bugger her at his own speed and come when he wanted? Would a normal woman do such a thing? Perhaps that was the point. All she had to do was say no, like a normal woman would... Instead she squeezed her sphincter tight about the shaft of his penis as it slid up with painful force inside her and delighted at her own degradation. SIMEON still held her in its perverted grip.

Gillespie came up her backside, squirting his hot seed out into her entrails and grunting in satisfaction. He remained clinging onto her for a couple of minutes, enjoying his total mastery of her most intimate passageway. Then he pulled out of her rear and buttoned his white coat across his soiled cock.

He rolled the saddle platform back between her legs and elevated it until its dildos were plugged back up inside her, sealing his spent sperm in the depths of her rectum while its electrodes once more dug into the sides of her sweaty, urine stained thighs. He re-fastened her clitoris to its cruel electric clip. Then he switched it on again and she began to groan and writhe in dark despair once more.

Through her tear-blurred eyes Faye was dimly aware of Gillespie nodding in satisfaction and then exiting the room, leaving its door open so that anybody who passed by could observe her suffering or take advantage of her as they wished.

Was she still being tested or was this part of her treatment? Or was it all part of a distracting damage limitation exercise to cover up a terrible deception? Did her suffering, necessary or not, matter in exchange for those few precious moments of perfect delight? Her numbed, dizzy and disorientated mind could not find any answers...

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Nicole was a prisoner in another small white room.

She was lying on her back contained within a frame of what appeared to be black

painted scaffolding poles, connectors and ground plates, sheathed in places by black rubber sleeves which had been put together to form a groin-high horizontal frame in the shape of a cross large enough supporter her spread-eagled body on short cross bars clamped a little below the tops of its clusters of vertical posts. She was held in place by more cross pieces which were connected to the uprights above the first layer and then pressed down against her naked body, sandwiching it between rigid tubes of rubber padded metal.

She was in effect clamped from above and below at her ankles and knees, her upper thighs and across her stomach, across her chest on either side of her breasts, squeezing them between them so that they bulged upwards like pink grapefruits, about her neck, across her mouth stretching her jaws wide so that she bit down on its rubber sleeve, and then across her elbows and wrists. Even if her ankle and wrist cuffs had not also been chained and clipped to the framework, she would have been totally immobilised.

Beside the frame was an insulated bucket of ice cubes while on the wall close by was a rack of pain and pleasure devices. The sight of both made her feel sick and at the same time desperately aroused.

Nicole had been placed in the restraining frame by Doctor Jones, a small plum pink-faced man, who had questioned her closely about her feelings concerning her treatment as he had secured her. She knew he was obliquely probing her feelings concerning Rebecca's revelation. Perhaps they

thought after her night of virtual sensory and sexual deprivation in her pit, her tongue would be loosened. But this was something she wanted to think over further and discuss with Faye. What Rebecca had said was either just a meaningless random distraction, or else it turned everything that had happened to them in recent months on its head, or it was just another test... But she did not want to make a fool of herself jumping to conclusions or saying something which was either wrong or would be denied. So as he did not mention it directly she did not refer to it. And that also could be another test...

‘How do you feel about being helpless?’ Jones asked as he walked around her wide splayed body.

‘It... it excites me, Doctor,’ she admitted indistinctly, speaking about the rubber covered pole clamped between her teeth.

He reached down and ran his fingers through the wet pouting gash of her sex mouth, flicking her hard clitoris and making her squirm in her clamp frame.

‘Even though it makes you a potential victim?’

‘I know that, Doctor!’ Nicole choked. ‘But I can’t help it. That’s what you’re meant to be doing... Trying to find a cure for this condition...’

‘Perhaps there is no cure,’ Jones suggested. ‘Or maybe it’s just an excuse sluts like you use so you can get a bit of rough treatment with a clear conscience...’

That was cruel. He couldn’t mean it. He must be testing her... ‘That’s not true!’ Nicole insisted. ‘I was never like this until a few months ago. It’s a real illness and I want it to stop!’

Jones wiped his stick fingers on her hair and then dipped his hand into the bucket of ice and came out with a few rounded knobs. He rubbed them over her hard nipples, making her shudder, and then he began pushing them up her vagina. She sobbed as the icy lumps slid up into her dripping love tunnel, contrasting shockingly with its lustful heat. Soon her pussy mound

and lower stomach began to bulge. Her cheeks burned in shame as it seemed an iceberg was forming between her thighs. A shockingly cold dribble of melt water was running out of her pussy cleft down through the cleavage of her buttocks, over her rectum and dripping out onto the floor.

‘Tell me to stop doing this to you, then,’ he challenged her.

Nicole groaned. ‘Please... don’t do that...’ she sobbed.

‘Say it like you mean it,’ he told her, ramming another cube into her pussy.

‘I... I can’t,’ Nicole wailed.

‘You like being treated like this don’t you?’ Jones said.

‘Yes... yes I’d do... Please stop me feeling like this!’

‘We’ll do our best,’ he promised. ‘But meanwhile you’re just going to have to suffer a bit more so that when the time comes you’re really want to get better...’

He was standing between her splayed legs. He undid his coat exposing his erect penis. ‘Now beg me to take the ice out of your birth canal and put my cock up you instead!’

‘P... please take the fucking ice out of me and screw me, Doctor!’ Nicole begged.

Jones squeezed pressed and squeezed on her stomach and squirted the ice cubes out of her pussy. Then he replaced them with his hard penis which he rammed into her with apparent brutal delight which both sickened and satisfied Nicole, so that she clamped her chilly sheath about it with desperate gratitude. His cock was so hot and warm and wonderful, hard but soft. And big like all those of the Institute doctors had been. Well, they must get plenty of exercise...

Because of the chilling effect of the ice on her loins Jones came before she had a chance to achieve a proper orgasm. He was pulling his cock

out of her pussy while she was still clenching desperately onto him, trying to squeeze the last bits of hot sperm milk out of him and push her over the edge.

He looked down at her contorted fearful face with evident contempt. 'Even after I've treat you like dirt, after I've pushed ice cubes up your cunt, you still want more, don't you?'

'Yes, Doctor,' Nicole admitted wretchedly.

'You want what you call a mega-orgasm, don't you? That's the only thing that really satisfies SIMEON women, isn't it? '

'Yes, Doctor.'

'Well I'm not going to give it to you. It looks like you'll have to lie there like that for the rest of the day. I'll just close the door so nobody can hear you moaning and crying...'

'No!' Nicole cried.

'Then are you going to beg me to leave the door open so you can call out to anybody who passes that you want to be screwed?'

'Yes... yes please,' Nicole sobbed, now desperate beyond shame.

'As you wish,' he said. And he left leaving the door wide.

Nicole gathered herself for a moment, and then she called out as loudly as she could: 'Please... anybody... there is a hot cunt in here that needs filling...'

And in due course, in response to her pitiful cries, orderlies and doctors came into her little chamber of torment and they used the canes and whips and ice on her helpless body. And finally after she had cried and begged while shivering with the cold seeping up from her ice-stuffed loins, they filled her pussy with their hard hot cock shafts. And eventually, with the third or fourth man's penis pumping within her pussy, Nicole found her escape in the throws of a massive mega-orgasm and for a brief time she no longer cared if this was al a lie or the truth, or if she was a slut or simply and

innocent victim of uncaring fate.

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Faye spent another night in her pit shut away from all external stimulation, followed by another day of doubt, sex and suffering in a windowless white room. Once again Doctor Gillespie presided over her carefully calculated torment, but the means he used to achieve that end was different.

She was suspended almost in a reclining posture from a pair of black metal poles which were strapped to outsides of her ankles and knees. They extend backwards over her shoulders to cross behind her neck. Her collar ring was chained to them at this crossing point. Her arms were twisted painfully round at her shoulders so they extended out behind her and were stretched along the now spreading ends of the poles and strapped to them at her elbows and wrists. Spring clips were clamped to her nipples and they stretched them up to the polls in front of her. The sharp teeth biting into them had drawn blood and little trickles were running down the shivering sides of her distorted breasts. This cross of polls was suspended from rings in their ends from a ceiling mount so that it hung level and she dangled beneath it with her knees bent and her bottom and groin hanging low and perfectly exposed for sex or beating.

Gillespie walked round her using a lash from every angle to swipe it up into her buttock cleft and the helpless pout of her sex mouth. The reflex flinches she made set the polls swinging and her stretched breasts trembling, compounding her agony. As she stared down at her suffering breasts through misty eyes she was torn between sickness and the thought that it was only proper she should bleed a little. Oh God, she was so messed up!

As her posterior turned from pink to scarlet she yelped and sobbed, biting on her rubber gag-bit in between answering Gillespie's endless probing questions.

‘Why are you so aroused by pain, sex and humiliation?’ he demanded.

‘I don’t know, Doctor!’ Faye wailed. ‘That’s all part of the illness, isn’t it?’



‘But it doesn’t make any sense, does it? Why should an illness make you so eager to engage in such potentially self-destructive activities? I think it must actually have released your inhibitions. It’s just reflecting what was always inside you. Admit it: you were always a bit of a slut, weren’t you?’

‘No, Doctor no... I wasn’t... I hate being like this!’

He stood between her splayed legs and thrust stiff fingers up into the sopping wet mouth of her pussy and twisted them round; making squelching sounds in the flood of juices that filled it.

‘Is this a show of hate then? It seems to me you rather enjoying being treated like this.’

‘That’s what I can’t help... that’s what you’re meant to cure...’

‘If we couldn’t cure you, do you think you can live with SIMEON?’

‘I don’t know... honestly, Doctor... I don’t know...’

He was standing right up between her legs now. His coat was parted and she felt his hard cock sliding up her greased rectum and gave a shudder of relief. Yes please screw me. It’s all I’m good for...

‘Could you live here for the rest of your life?’ Gillespie said as he thrust into her, making her bottom bulge.

She could never live in an institution. That will be too shameful. Especially one she was not sure she trusted. After all, it hadn’t helped Rebecca much...

‘No... no, Doctor, not here...’

‘Where then? Would your family understand if you told them about SIMEON? Would they treat you like this if you begged them?’

The idea was so revolting Faye thought she was going to be sick. They must never know about this. ‘No, Doctor!’

‘Where would you go then? Where would you be safe? Tell me...’

She couldn’t lie with his cock up her arse. They were too intimately coupled for any deception. But there was no answer she could give him because she had no idea...

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It was another day for Nicole with Doctor Jones in another white torture room.

She was pressed against a big black wooden post by a set of wraparound scaffold bars like the ones that had been used to construct the strange bed she had laid on the other day. These also encased her from neck to ankles, compressed against her by heavy springs and large screw bolts behind the post. Her arms were pulled down and back and her cuffs were clipped to rings on the side posts, allowing the bars crossing her body to press deep into her flesh. The padded rubber bars dug into her ankles, knees and upper thighs and across her navel and then above and below her breasts, also squeezing them together so they bulged outwards as he had the other day, except the effect was accentuated now she was upright. Her posture allowed clips to be hung from her nipples with lead weights on their ends, dragging them downwards. To add to her pain and discomfort and also her arousal, a large rubber dildo angled upwards out of the post between her bottom cheeks and totally plugged her rectum. Her sphincter clenched hungrily about it while her pussy bulged from within and dribbled shamelessly down between her tightly squeezed thighs. She chewed on the rubber bit in her mouth, blushing as she realized the shameless spectacle she made. But of course by now Jones could hardly have expected anything less from her...

Jones was making his selection from the array of pain and pleasure devices on offer and now he showed her the results. There was a cruel braided whip and a box of multicoloured map pins. Nicole gulped as she felt cold fear within her at the same time as a twinge of excitement. What would that feel like? She had to know...

‘I’m going to whip your breasts until they feel if they’re on fire,’ Jones told her matter-of-factly. ‘Then I’m going to stick these pins in them so

they bleed. Then I'll do the same with your pussy lips. What you think of that?'

'You... you can do what you want to me, Doctor,' Nicole said faintly.

'I know that because you're physically helpless, but what I want to know is do you *want* me to do it?'

Nicole hesitated. 'I know it will hurt and I don't really want that, but I know that after that if it's done for long enough then I'll come big time. And I love doing that.'

'That sounds like an addict talking...'

'Maybe that's what I am now Doctor.'

'What if we can't cure you of your addiction? What would you do then?'

'I don't know... go somewhere where people understand my problem I suppose...'

'But we can't keep you here for ever. Where is that going to be?'

'I don't know... eeeek!'

The braided whip had cracked across her bulging breasts making them tremble like rubber and their weighted tips bob and jump wildly. As he lashed them from every angle, making the lead weights swing as he painted searing crimson stripes across her flesh globes, he continued to question her.

'If there was some way you and your friends could live with your condition together, would you go there?'

Nicole shrieked as the whip lashed across her breasts again, setting them on fire as Jones had promised.

'Yes... oh God....yes!' she sobbed.

He shifted position and swung the whip up between her thighs into the bulging cleft of her vulva, delivering three quick cutting slashes that made her sex mouth shiver and throb with pain. Nicole shrieked again, dribbling about her rubber bit onto the upper slopes of her simmering breasts as a stream of hot pee spurted from her tortured cleft across the floor.

And then the mega orgasm overcame her and she floated free of her inflexible bonds in another world of joy.

While she sagged half insensible, Jones considered her sweating, soiled, trembling body for a moment. Then he put down the whip and took up the box of pins. Taking hold of her bulging, burning, cruelly abused mammaries he began to decorate them with arcs of coloured pin heads.

Their sensuous sting brought Nicole part the way back to reality, but one still skewed by her condition. She could always see things more clearly after a mega-cum.

As Jones meticulously turned her breasts and pussy lips into the soft, scarlet fleshy pincushions with flower patterns of pins, so that little trickles of blood ran down the undersides of her breasts over her stomach and Nicole whimpered and drooled and moaned in sweet suffering, that strangely clear part of her mind wondered if all this individual attention was a planned part of her ongoing tests and treatment or a deliberate distraction and comfort? Was she being exhausted and drained like this to show the doctors' power or compassion? Were they making a point by treating her exactly the opposite way to poor sex starved Rebecca?

Jones finished with her breasts and started on the pouting lips of her pussy, slowly pushing the pins into her soft labia. As fresh blood flowed Nicole rolled her eyes up in masochistic delight and shuddered against her clamps. But the pain also spurred her sharpened mind.

What had Rebecca said about televisions and SIMEON? Could it somehow be a huge scam? Or was it all a test of their mental state to determine truth from fiction? The pair of men who had them the first day, Davies and Johnson, had seemed unsure of themselves and had needed prompting by Doctor Rumford, while others like Wheatstone might simply

have played their parts better. But then even genuine doctors might be thrown confronting SIMEON for the first time. They were all in a weird situation and they were hardly regular patients who would respond to normal standards of treatment. But the women knew their feelings are real. That could not be faked. But were they also getting paranoid? Had Rebecca simply said what she did to cause trouble because of her frustration or was she deluded?

Where was Rebecca now? And where was Faye? She'd so dearly like to see her and talk all this over with her and try to make sense of it all...

And then Jones pushed a pin into the hood of her clit and with a scream Nicole came again in his face.

# Chapter Nine

The next day, as Ryan and Elroy hauled her out of her pit and Faye blinked in the harsh light, she saw Nicole kneeling gagged and chained by one wall, with her arms sleeve-bound behind her like Faye's. Faye felt a surge of love and happiness as they both beamed at each other in delight about their gags. It was such a relief to know for certain that she was near her again. Nicole had a few fresh whip marks on her breasts and pussy but otherwise she seemed to be fit and well. As long as she was with her then she would get through this somehow, Faye thought. Kneeling beside her were Subjects 18 and 47, but there was no sign of Rebecca.

Faye was allowed to relieve herself in the trolley toilet and then she was cleaned, fed and greased. As she was tended to she took in girls 18 and 47 properly for the first time. Presumably they had been kept down here in the pit room with them for the past few days simply because they had also witnessed Rebecca's outburst. Rebecca had said they were also new girls so this sudden incarceration must have come as an unpleasant change of routine when they were still coming to terms with Institute life.

Subject 18 was a slim, brown-eyed, elfin-faced girl with a mane of frizzy light brown hair tied back in a puffy ponytail. She had what looked like a nice wide smile, currently distorted by her gag, and a slightly tip-tilted nose. She had neat high breasts with brown nipples, a slender waist, a closely trimmed triangle of pubic hair, strong thighs and smooth rounded buttocks.

Subject 47 was of a slightly heavier build. She had shoulder length blonde straight hair, an open intelligent face and what were normally probably bright blue eyes, although at the moment they looked tearful and frightened. Her skin was creamy pale and her breasts were soft and full, with pale brown nipples that seemed to be already semi-swollen in arousal. Sparse fluffy pubic curls exposed a pouting pussy cleft.

Their pretty bodies bore distinct marks of recent hard usage about their breasts and thighs. Neither of them appeared to be more than eighteen or

nineteen years old and they returned Faye's gaze with looks of anxious anticipation. It made her feel as if she should try to reassure them in some way, although how she had no idea. Had they been put through the same kind of ordeals as she, and presumably Nicole, had endured? Had they all been shuffled around the white walled rooms over the last few days, each taking turns on their terrible devices?

When Faye was ready the four of them were put into a coffle and hooded and then led shuffling on their tightly hobbled feet out of the pit room and along the stone flagged corridor.

When their hoods were removed a few minutes later, they found they were in another white walled room. This time the man in the white coat possessed a familiar face. It was Doctor Rumford who had supervised Faye and Nicole's first joint examination at the Institute. He even had the same palm pad in his hand.

'Thank you,' he said to Ryan and Elroy. 'I'll take charge of them now...'

Rumford walked around the trembling coffle of girls, looking them up and down intently. He tweaked their nipples and pinched their bottoms and slid a stiff finger up into the wet clefts of their pussies, which they all endured stoically while he made notes on his pad. Then he said: 'In a moment I'm going to take your gags out because for what comes next you will need the full use of your mouths. You will not speak unless given permission, do you understand?'

They all nodded.

He took their gags out and they licked their lips and stretched their tongues.

Then he separated number 18 from the coffle and took her over to the device in the room. It did not seem quite as sinister as the ones Faye had suffered on over the last few days, but no doubt it could be put to some perverted purpose.

It was a sturdy round black painted table covered with rubber padding and it had a stout pole rising from its centre, a little like the sunshade pole of a garden table but stouter. The pole and the rim of the table were fitted with many eyebolts from which hung chains and straps.

Rumford freed 18's hobble ring from her ankles and made her clamber up onto the table and lie down on her left side facing inwards with her back following the curve of the table and her buttocks just over hanging its rim. He clipped one of the chains hanging from the rim of the table top to the back of her collar. Then he doubled her left leg up tight so that her heel pressed into her buttock and bound a strap around it from shin to thigh to hold it bent. Another table edge chain was clipped to her ankle cuff to stop her pulling her leg inward too far. Then he lifted up her right leg, extending it straight and pulling it inwards until he could clip her ankle cuff to one of the dangling chains hanging from the top of the central post.

Now she was secured lying on her side facing the centre of the table with her groin exposed between her doubled-up left leg and her sharply extended right one.

Rumford repeated the process with number 47, securing her on the table opposite number 18 so that the two girls faced each other but with their heads both pointing in a clockwise direction. Then he positioned Nicole between the pair of them with her head facing in the same direction as theirs but with her lying on her right side looking outwards. She lay with her back and neck arched so that her smooth belly followed the outer curve of the table while her head was cushioned on number 47's doubled-up left leg and her face was looking into her groin which was turned in towards her, while number 18 rested her head on Nicole's strapped up right leg with her nose almost brushing her outward facing pussy lips. Finally Rumford secured Faye to the table, filling the gap between number 47 and number 18 so that she was opposite Nicole and bound in the same way with her back arched and facing outwards. Her head rested 18's soft thigh while 47's face nuzzled into her groin. Her left leg was dragged up to the central post, stretching her groin tendons as her hip was twisted backwards, to join the other three.

Now their bodies formed a ring of naked flesh around the table, facing alternately inward and outward, displaying a pair of breasts and then



buttocks, with the junctions between them where their faces met the groin of the girl in front which was held gaping wide by the tension of her raised leg. Faye gulped as she stared into number 18's pussy cleft and anal pucker, all freshly cleaned and greased like her own. She could smell the womanly scent of her and see the excitement building up on her pubic lips which were filling out and swelling in helpless excitement before her eyes. She had never been this close to another woman's pussy before except Nicole's. She felt her nipples swelling and throbbing while her own pussy released a flow of hot wet excitement into number 47's face.

Rumford went round the table, threading chains through their collars on the inside of the circle of their bodies so that they ran from the back of Faye's collar along number 18's front and between her breasts to the front ring of her collar, then from that through Nicole's buttock cleft to connect to the back of her collar, then from that across number 47's belly and between her breasts to her front collar ring, and finally from through Faye's buttock cleft to join with the back of her collar once more. Then he tightened this ring of chain so they were all pulled in closer together. Faye's face was now mashed even more firmly into number 18's pussy cleft while number 47's nose dug deeper into her sex mouth.

Rumford stood back to admire results of his handiwork, circling the table to check they were all secured. Then he said: 'Now you will begin licking each other's pussies and you will not stop until you have all achieved an orgasm. If you need encouragement or inducement to try your hardest, then I will provide it...'

Faye, twisting her head and squinting past number 18's pussy, saw him open his coat wide to expose a stiff penis while he unhooked an electric cattle prod from his belt. He went quickly round the table, jabbing the prod into Faye's breasts then 14's bottom and then Nicole's breasts and finally 47's bottom. But by then they were all desperately licking and sucking at each other's soft, wet, aromatic pussies.

It was only the second pussy Faye had ever tongued. Subject 18 tasted intensely female but subtly different to Nicole. Faye felt a moment's sick dizziness. She was giving this young woman cunnilingus and she didn't even know her name, anymore than Subject 47, whose tongue was even now

sliding up inside her vagina with desperate eagerness, knew hers. The Institute had turned them all into anonymous numbered naked sex machines. But anonymity was good, wasn't it? They did not want anybody to know who they really were, doctor's included. Or did numbers stamped on their bodies make it easier for the staff to make them do such things to each other as if they really were nothing more than nameless, voiceless, experimental subjects: human female guinea pigs.

But there was no other way and it was all for their own ultimate good. Unless Rebecca had been telling the truth...

Faye shrieked as Rumford jabbed his cattle prod into her breasts again and redoubled efforts. He worked his way around the ring of conjoined female flesh, delivering more intimate shocks. They yelped into each other's pussies as their strapped down bodies convulsed in pain and forced their tongues deeper, nibbling at straining clitorises and lathering their faces with the juices of mutual helpless female arousal. But they were all SIMEON women and any slight sense of shame or pride they had to begin with had melted away rapidly as their unnatural lust for sex and suffering took over. It didn't matter if it was pussies or cocks they were pleasuring, they were bound and helpless and being made to perform at point of a cattle prod. That was good enough.

And then Rumford added a new degree of humiliation. Faye saw his stiff penis slide forward before her eyes between number 18's soft buttocks and into her greased anus. She saw her tight sphincter swelling and stretching and being forced wide as his shaft slid up into her. And as he did so, with his left arm wrapped about number 18's raised right leg to brace itself, he used his right which held his cattle prod to ram its prongs deep into Faye's breasts, sending shock after shock through her so that she screamed into number 18's pussy.

'This stops only when you've all cum,' he told them

He gave number 18 half a dozen hard thrusts which made her shudder and whimper, and then he pulled his cock out of her and moved round the table to thrust it into the backside of number 47. At the same time he jabbed his prod into Nicole's hot heavy breasts. Faye heard her scream and seemed

to feel the results as she plunged her face more deeply into number 47 and she in turn redoubled her efforts in Faye engorged vulva.

And so round and round the ripples of pain and pleasure went, coursing through their increasingly sweaty hot flesh. The whole table reeked with their pussy juices which flowed out over their bound thighs and across the faces of the girl lapping at each cunt in front of her.

And then Rumford began pulling at the back hair of 18 and 47 to drag their faces away from Faye and Nicole's slobbering pussies so that he could ram his cock up into them in place of their tongues, entering them side on as he had the other women's rectums. And as he did that he jabbed his cattle prod into 18 and 47's sweaty backsides. Now it was their turn to shriek and work even harder at pleasuring the pussies before them in the ring of flesh.

Finally the liquid lust filling their loins reached bursting point and the orgasms began. First it was Nicole and then Faye, sobbing as they sprayed their juices over the faces of 18 and 47, who still fearful of the cattle prod kept licking and lapping them even as they were being drenched by their sweet discharge. Blissful release beckoned but Rumford did not let them slip away, using his prod to shock them back to painful awareness.

'Keep licking!' he commanded.

As their outpourings subsided Rumford once more focused his efforts on sodomising the backsides of 18 and 47, plunging his cock past Faye and Nicole's flushed faces in turn, jabbing their breasts so they continued pleasuring the other pair of girls.

First number 47 came and then last of all number 18, to Faye's relief as by now her tongue and jaw ached from effort. Rumford pounded away inside 18's rectum and she shrieked and convulsed in wild delight he spurted his seed up inside her in triumph.

And then came one final humiliation. Rumford pulled his soiled cock out of Subject 18's clenching bottom hole and then forced it up into Faye's mouth and she nearly choked as she had to suck and lick it clean, tasting the juices of every girl on the table including her own upon it.

As she performed this intimate service, Rumford looked over the sweaty, exhausted heap of them with their tumescent nipples and slobbering pussies and then declared: 'I think you're all ready for another meeting with Doctor Griswold.'

# Chapter Ten

When their hoods were removed once more the four of them found they were standing in Griswold's office in a line in front of his desk. As on the first day he was seated imposingly behind it while an attractive nurse in a tight white uniform stood meekly beside him. But this time it was not Rebecca but a dark haired woman whose name badge read: *Jocelyn*.

Griswold looked up from his computer and considered them thoughtfully, assessing the state of their breasts, buttocks and pussies and the flush on their cheeks from their recent exertions on the flesh ring table. The four of them bit down anxiously on the bits that were once more plugging their mouths as they wondered what this fresh appraisal was for, while under his practiced eye their nipples rose into expectant hardness. Faye clenched her fists where they emerged from the ends of her arm-binder and reminded her self once again of her total helplessness.

'You must be wondering why your assessment and treatment schedule was altered during the last few days,' Griswold said. 'You must also suspect it was something to do with Nurse Rebecca's unfortunate breakdown and the accusations she made in your presence.'

At last somebody was talking about that incident, Faye thought with relief. Perhaps they would get some answers now.

'In the circumstances it was necessary that you be isolated from other subjects and your emotions and attitudes to the Institute and your condition were tested,' Griswold continued. 'Dramatic and sensational accusations like that, however wild and untrue, might have had a detrimental affect on you, which of course we had to determine that so we could provide corrective therapy if necessary. I'm glad to say that we have not found you have been significantly damaged by this experience and your attitude towards your treatment remains positive.'

That sounded very reassuring, Faye thought, but it didn't really tell

them much. She made throaty pleading noises behind her gag, indicating she wanted to say something. Griswold nodded to Rumford and he removed her gag.

‘Please, Doctor, what about Rebecca?’ she asked meekly. ‘How is she? And why did she say the things she did?’

She was aware of Nicole nodding in agreement beside her while 18 and 47 looked a little alarmed at her direct questioning of an authority figure.

Griswold looked regretful. ‘I’m afraid Rebecca has been relieved of her nursing responsibilities and has been reduced to the status of a numbered Institute subject once again. Unfortunately our attempts at keeping her to a strict maximum quota of sexual stimulation proved to be a failure. Under the stress of her frustration and her anger at us for denying her what she wanted, I’m afraid she made these unfortunate remarks. Possibly she was hoping they would cause us to punish her and so she would get what she wanted. It’s a sad example of how little we still understand about the SIMEON condition. But I assure you we have not given up on research and you mustn’t imagine this single setback had any bearing on your own prospects. We still learn something even when a course of treatment fails.’

‘But how is Rebecca now?’ Faye asked. ‘Can we see her?’

Griswold smiled. ‘Oh yes you can see her. In fact that’s one reason why you’re all here. It’s necessary that she confronts all of you as a first step on her rehabilitation process. Bring them through...’

He got up and led the way through to the adjoining treatment room while Rumford led the cove of girls after him with nurse Jocelyn silently bring up the rear. And there before them was Rebecca.

She no longer wore her nurse’s uniform. She was as naked as they were and now had the number 13 stencilled on her forehead, lower stomach, shoulders and just above the cleft of her buttocks as they did.

She was positioned over the base of the floor mount which the last time Faye and Nicole had been in this room had supported a large adjustable

examination chair. Now it was the platform for a different device. It was a short heavy square black wooden post capped by a padded vinyl board. Mounted just below the post top, so that the padded board sat within it, was a large tubular chromed metal ring over half a metre across, which rose vertically above the post. Halfway down the post it was pierced through by a matching chrome bar which extended out on either side of it as wide as the ring above and in line with it. Extending forward from under the padded board and at right angles to the ring was another chrome bar with a hook on its end.

Rebecca was lying face down with her stomach on the padded cushion so that she was in effect threaded through the ring, with her upper body overhanging the other side. Her chest rested on the forward facing chrome bar which passed between her breasts and the throat ring of her collar was hooked to its end. Her legs were bent forward and her knees were hooked over the lower chrome bar and her thighs and ankles were firmly strapped to the sides of the post. This had the effect of thrusting her pale fleshy buttocks, crisscrossed with recent whip marks, outwards on that side of the ring. The parting of her thighs about the heavy post opened up her groin so that her naked ringed pussy pouted out from beneath her buttock cleft. Fastened to the post below her groin was a plastic funnel connected to a tube that ran down to a container on the floor.

On the other side of the ring her arms were twisted and pulled back and up behind her and her wrists were cuffed to the upper curve of the ring. A sprung chain from the top of the ring ran down to hook into the back of the heavy institute collar she now wore. Her large pale breasts dangled freely from under her chest on either side of the bracing chrome bar. Lead weights were clipped to her nipples, stretching them out into tortured red flared cones.

As Faye, Nicole and the others came into the room Rebecca twisted her head round to stare at them. Her mouth was tightly plugged with one of the rod and ball gags they had worn in the pit which they knew clamped her tongue firmly so she could not speak. However her eyes widened and she struggled to try to say something.

‘I know Rebecca is very sorry for any distress she has caused you,’ Griswold interpreted, ‘as she will tell you herself in a little while. But first it

is necessary that this affair has a proper closure. Rebecca now needs to be punished by you and you need to assert your status over her as examples of test subjects who have obeyed the Institute rules. This will also aid her rehabilitation. She must learn that following our treatment regimes, however hard they may seem at times, will benefit her in the end. Nurse Jocelyn, will you prepare them please...'

While he'd been speaking Jocelyn had taken some objects out of one of the cabinets mounted on the walls of the room. They were four large double-ended black rubber dildos. Battery packs hung from their bowed midsections like ball sacks, together with rubber plugs on short elastic cords. One half of each dildo was ribbed while the other bristled with rubber prongs and electrode contact studs. There was also a large button-like stud on the very tip of this end of the dildos.

Jocelyn went along the line of girls sliding the ribbed ends of the dildos up inside them so that the more sinister ends protruded from between their thighs, curving up in rampant angles. She pushed the dangling rubber plugs into their rectums, holding the dildos in place.

'The electrodes are triggered when the tip buttons are depressed by total penetration when they will deliver a pulsed sequence of shocks,' Griswold explained. 'You will now each mount Rebecca, either penetrating her vagina or rectum as you please, and you will not pull out of her until she comes.' He pointed to Faye. 'You will go first, Subject 35...'

Faye hesitated, staring at Rebecca's wide pleading eyes. She knew Rebecca would probably enjoy this but also that she herself was not good at inflicting suffering on others. SIMEON turned them into masochists not sadists, as she and Nicole had discovered when they had tried to alleviate their own symptoms. Fortunately the choice was made easier for her. Rumford took out his cattle prod and jabbed it into her buttocks.

'Get a move on, 35, there are others waiting to have their turn...'

'Please... first can I hear Rebecca tell me that she's sorry and that she deserves this?' she begged.



If Rebecca had lied to them and then all this was justified. But if she had been telling the truth that was another matter. Of course she might lie about that now, helpless and surrounded by doctors, but at least Faye wanted to give her a chance to speak for herself.

Griswold looked thoughtful for a moment and then nodded. 'Let her speak...' Nurse Jocelyn pulled the gag from Rebecca's lips and the words tumbled from her mouth.

'I'm so sorry I said those things the other day,' Rebecca sobbed. 'Of course they weren't true. I was getting angry and frustrated and I just wanted to make trouble. Please forgive me. And now you must all screw me. I deserve it... and don't go easy on me!'

'That's enough,' Griswold said, and Jocelyn pushed the gag back into Rebecca's mouth.

Was she admitting her guilt because she'd got what she wanted or because she dare not say anything else, Faye wondered? Or was this another test of their trust? How could she know what was true anymore? But right now she had no choice...

Faye moved over to stand behind Rebecca's outthrust buttocks. Nurse Jocelyn guided the tip of the dildo to Rebecca's juicy and dribbling cleft. Rumford jabbed her bottom again and with a gasp Faye jerked her hips forward and thrust the dildo hard up into Rebecca's vagina. Her soft ringed lips stretched and bulged as the shaft of rubber rasped its way up inside her until its head rammed into the upper end of her sheath, depressing its activating button...

Rebecca screeched about her gag as her whole body convulsed, straining against her straps as the dildo crackled within her sheath. Faye felt a little of this discharge through her belly and thighs pressing against Rebecca's buttocks and it made her flinch and jerk by reflex and so she rammed into them again. The lead weights hanging from Rebecca's breasts began to bob and sway as she was slid forward and back along the polished bracing rod under her chest.

After that it was easier. Faye tried to feed off Rebecca's pain, imagining it was her own. Sex and suffering; that was what SIMEON was all about. Well she was sharing both now. She clenched her own sheath tight about the end of the dildo lodged up inside her and squeezed her sphincter on the rubber plug holding it in place, drawing as much delight from their presence within her as possible. She was being used to hurt another woman and that was degrading and humiliating in its own right, she told herself, and so it was almost as much of a punishment for her.

And then she heard Rebecca give a muffled shriek as her whole body jerked wildly. A spray of juices spurted around the lips of her sex across Faye's thighs. Faye clenched her sheath about her end of the dildo and managed to squeeze out a modest orgasm in sympathy, adding the scent of her juices to the powerful aroma emanating from Rebecca's sodden cleft.

As she sagged panting heavily over Rebecca's body, Rumford took hold of her collar and pulled Faye off her, her dildo coming free of Rebecca's swollen and flushed pussy mouth with difficulty. Giving Rebecca no time to recover, Nicole was pushed forward to take Faye's place.

Rumford pulled Rebecca back to stand with 18 and 47 while Jocelyn guided the tip of Nicole's dildo into Rebecca's greased rectum. With a jab from the cattle prod Nicole began to sodomise Rebecca's pretty backside.

It was as Faye watched with helpless guilty fascination as Rebecca shrieked and sobbed and jerked in her frame as Nicole's pronged rubber shaft was pumped into her, that she heard the telephone ringing in the outer office.

While Nicole continued grinding away at Rebecca's backside, Nurse Jocelyn went to answer it. A moment later she returned frowning and spoke urgently to Griswold who disappeared back through the door. Distantly Faye, who was standing nearest the door, could hear him exchanging sharp words with whoever was on the other end. Then the phone was put down and Griswold came back through to the examination room. His face was grave.

'What's the matter?' Rumford asked.

'That was the Ministry,' Griswold said heavily. 'A full inspection

team is going to be calling on us tomorrow briefed to poke their official noses into everything we're doing. And half of them won't even be doctors, just small-minded penny-pinching civil servants. They want to know exactly how we are dealing with the SIMEON situation and what progress we've made towards a cure. It seems they've lost confidence in us. Unless we can impress them that we're on top of things, then there are going to be severe cuts in our budget...' He looked over the strange tableau Nicole made as she sodomised Rebecca. 'And that will mean some subjects will have to put into community care, whether it's safe for them or not!'

# Chapter Eleven

The Nursery Room was fresh and airy, lit by morning sunlight as it looked out across the back gardens of the Institute. In it were a dozen objects that resembled oversized baby cots except they had sturdy tubular metal frames infilled by panels of clear perforated Perspex which totally enclosed them. Everything was cleaned and polished and a couple of orderlies stood smartly in attendance in fresh scrubs. In the cots lay Faye, Nicole, Rebecca and girls 18 and 47.

Their heavy collars and cuffs had been replaced by ones of soft transparent plastic, which were however still perfectly secure.

They lay on their backs on thin mattresses covered by white latex sheets with their legs spread and their ankle cuffs clipped to rings set in the lower corners of cots. Their arms were confined to their sides by soft clear plastic cuffs bound just above their elbows and clipped to belts strapped around their chests just below their breasts. Their wrist cuffs were hooked to more broad clear plastic garters bound about their upper thighs.

Their hands were confined in thumbless padded clear plastic mittens so they could not touch themselves. Large rubber dummies were plugged into their mouths. The usual temple electrodes ran from their heads back through holes in the rear panels of the cots.

More plastic straps were formed into things that looked very like chastity belts which were buckled about their waists. They held thick blue paper pads pressed against their clefts, which were already stained dark with their juices.

All round the Institute its subjects were being prepared for unwelcome scrutiny, but Faye thought that if anything could convince a party of sceptical government inspectors that SIMEON sufferers were helpless women who accepted and indeed needed the most humiliating sexual treatment to satisfy them, and who would therefore be totally unfit for

repatriation to their communities, then this room must be it.

Of course she did not want to be presented to strangers like this in such a humiliating fashion. In fact the whole idea was making her tremble in shame. And yet afflicted she was the concept was also incredibly arousing, as the state of her nipples and the test pad pressed to her pussy showed.

She twisted her head round to look across at Nicole in the next cot. At least they were together again. Whatever happened she did not want to lose her...

The door opened and Dr Griswold entered, ushering after him a party of two men and one woman, all middle-aged and soberly suited and carrying briefcases and notepads.

‘... and here is the treatment room we call the nursery, for obvious reasons,’ Griswold was saying.

The little party trooped into the room and looked about them.

‘Oh... yes, I see...’ said one of the men awkwardly.

‘Most... unusual,’ said his companion.

‘What possible reason can you have to treat ordinary innocent women in this degrading fashion?’ the woman in the group, who had greying hair and an intelligent, strong no-nonsense face, demanded sternly.

‘If they were ordinary women then none at all,’ Griswold replied smoothly. ‘However these are not ordinary women. You have been briefed on the effects of SIMEON. They need to be restrained at all times for their own safety. They also exhibit a strong desire to experience situations of a sado-erotic nature. We can only keep them distracted and satisfied by providing as much variation on these themes as possible, as you have seen in some of our other treatment areas. This particular setting, invoking as it does imagery of the nursery, is one of the more calming settings for our more serious cases.’

‘I think it’s disgusting!’ the woman said. ‘It’s like some perverted sex

fantasy.'

'Yes it is,' Griswold agree with her. 'Because in essence these women's lives have become living sex fantasies from which they cannot escape. However as the only alternative is heavy sedation and chemical suppression of libido, this is preferable.'

One of the men was peering at Nicole through the transparent canopy of her cot, noting the marks on her body. 'This girl looks as if she's been whipped,' he exclaimed.

'Probably because she has,' Griswold replied calmly.

'How can you possibly justify such barbaric treatment?'

'Because it's kinder than the alternatives and it helps to keep their condition in check. It's better that it's done under controlled circumstances than she falls under the power of some sadist at large in the community and is turned into his whore.'

'I can't believe that for a moment!' the woman said.

'Then why don't you ask them?' Griswold challenged. 'Their gags can be removed you know. They can speak for themselves...'

They moved over to peer into Faye's cot.

One of the men asked: 'Why she got that pad over her... er, private parts.'

This one was certainly a civil servant and not a doctor, Faye thought, even as her nipples pricked up at the sight of the faces peering down at her naked and helpless body. She had never been so exposed to ordinary people before. This see-through cot was insulting and demeaning and she was getting seriously excited!

'The pads are there to detect the degree of their sexual arousal,' Griswold said. He slid down the side of Faye's cot and reached over and lifted the test pad out of the clips that kept it pressed to her pussy and held it

up for the inspectors. 'As you can see she has soaked it through while simply lying un-stimulated on her back unable to touch herself.'

The woman and one of the men looked at the evidence in disbelieving distaste while the third gaped at Faye's now exposed and very sticky pubic mound.

'Why are they numbered like animals?' the female inspector wondered.

'To ensure total anonymity,' Griswold said. 'Believe me they appreciate that fact and don't resent it at all. In fact I think being numbered like this rather excites them.'

'But it's inhumane...'

'Not for a SIMEON sufferer. But why not ask number 35 what she thinks of that,' Griswold said, reaching down and pulling the dummy out of Faye's mouth.

The woman smiled nervously down at her. 'We're from the government and we're here to make sure you're... er... being treated properly.'

'I know why you're here,' Faye said. She was pulsating with dark delightful inner shame and yet also strangely calm and sure of herself. After everything she had endured, these people could not intimidate her.

'And... are you being treated properly?'

'Well some of us would like more sex and spanking,' Faye said honestly.

The woman looked shocked. One of the men asked: 'Would you like to go home?'

'Of course I want to go home... but not like this. I'm not cured yet. It wouldn't be safe for me.'

‘But there would be community support for you.’

‘Would they come round in the middle of the night and give me a good screw and beating when I have a SIMEON episode?’ she asked bluntly.

‘What? Well... er...’

‘Yes or no! You see you’ve no idea what it’s like having what we’ve got. If I don’t get seen to then I’ll go out on the streets trying to find anybody who’ll give me a dose of rough sex. I know because it happened to me and a friend once. We might have got ourselves killed...’ She paused to gulp, feeling herself sweating. Her pussy was dripping and her nipples felt as though they were going to burst. ‘This is getting me excited. Do you want to try me out and see what it’s like having a nympho-masochist? I’m a great screw and you can be as rough as you want...’ The three inspectors recoiled slightly from her cot. ‘If you don’t want me then have any of my friends here. Tell them, Doctor. We’ll all give you a good time...’ She lifted her hips up in offering. ‘Please...’

‘I think you should,’ Griswold said.

The three inspectors looked at him in horrified disbelief. ‘You cannot possibly be serious!’ ‘That’s absurd!’ the men said. ‘Are you implying that I’m a lesbian with sadistic tastes?’ the woman added angrily.

‘I’m not implying anything, just suggesting that if this was a bakery you might sample its baguettes,’ Griswold said calmly. ‘Here we deal with extreme sexual deviation and submission. You really should get a taste of it for yourselves so you can make more informed decisions. Think of this as doing a thorough job. We have all the facilities downstairs. And of course your anonymity is assured. The women don’t know your names and you don’t know theirs. They have no reason to tell anybody about anything you do to them and they really are very willing to please... ‘

The three inspectors looked at each other expectantly, as if waiting for one of the others to object again. When nobody did they looked uncomfortable but suddenly thoughtful.



‘Please, will just one of you make your mind up and fuck me!’ Faye begged.

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Faye twirled about inside a white painted room, the blood pounding in her head. She was suspended by her ankles from a wire rope ceiling winch. She was bound like a mummy by tight leather straps from ankles to the shoulders. An electric probe had been buried in her anus and its control box, which also worked the ceiling winch, was held by one of the inspectors. In his other hand he held a cattle prod.

He was totally naked with a stiff erection jutting out from under his slight pot belly. Faye’s head hung at just the right height for her mouth, which was stretched wide by a ring gag, to take his shaft up into it and down her throat. He had already come in her mouth once and was working himself up to a second performance.

He spun her round and jabbed the prod into her body with flashes and cracks of power. His face lit up in fascination as she twisted and squirmed and sobbed with pain while clearly also relishing her suffering because of the liquid excitement pouring out of her inverted pussy and running down over her belly to her breasts.

Alternating with the prod he pressed the control button on the anal probe and it filled her rectum with electric pins, making her shriek and thrash about even more desperately. She did not even try to restrain herself in front of this outsider, this stranger. This was one time when it was right not to try to preserve any shred of her dignity. She wanted to be totally humiliated...

‘More... more...’ she gurgled in masochistic delight.

And so he held the button down until she lost control of her bladder. A fountain of pee erupted out of her cleft into the air, over her thighs, down her front and finally splattered onto the rubber floor.

Oh God, that felt so disgusting and filthy... it was wonderful!

The man worked the controls that worked the ceiling winch and he lowered Faye until her head touched the floor. Then he swung her to and fro, dragging her trailing hair back and forth through her own pee. When he had used her as a living mop he stood in front of her and rammed his cock into her wet pussy gash and then down into the hot sticky depths of her vagina.

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Nicole lay on an under-lit glass-topped examination table with her arms stretched out above her. Her spread ankles were secured by chains and heavy rubber-lined cuffs to a sturdy plate at the bottom the table, while chains trailing from her wrist cuffs were wrapped about an electrically driven and remote controlled roller at its head. It was the modern equivalent of a rack.

The female inspector lay naked on top of Nicole's illuminated body grinding her hips into her. She had taken a strap-on dildo from the rack on the wall and was using it vigorously and with every sign of familiarity with such a device. In between thrusts she paused to smother Nicole's gagged mouth and cheeks with passionate kisses and then bite on Nicole's throbbing nipples.

She came before Nicole had a chance and for several minutes lay happily on top of her taut body, using her soft resilient flesh like a mattress. Then she lifted herself off Nicole, pulling the slippery dildo out of her dripping, swollen sex mouth. Standing beside the rack table with the wet prong of rubber still jutting out from between her thighs she ran her hand through Nicole's wet slot. Nicole shuddered and lifted her hips against her fingers.

'Oh, so you what more do you? You really are very sick, aren't you?'

Nicole nodded, her sore nipples straining.

The woman took a spanking paddle from the rack and ran its blade through Nicole's sopping cleft. When it was dripping wet she began to beat her with it, driving her hard nipples down into her soft breasts and watching them spring back up again for more.

‘I wonder what would happen to women like you if you were sent out into the real world again without proper care and support?’ she mused as she beat Nicole. ‘I suppose you’d just have to find somebody who understood that you wanted to be treated like dirt... a master, perhaps... or a mistress...’

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The metal dome frame in the white room was like a smaller version of a playground climbing frame with curved metal ladders passing over it from side to side and crossing at its apex. Rebecca was lying on her back across the frame with her belly at the apex and her arms and legs spread and stretched out along the line of the ladders and strapped firmly to them. With her back arched so acutely, her head hung down on one side and her vulva on the other, and with her hands and feet almost touching the floor, it looked like she was performing a crab in some fitness routine.

The inspector stood naked between her splayed thighs ramming his cock up her greased backside. He was not gentle and seemed intent on splitting her rectum. With his free hand he held onto her full milky breasts as they jiggled and heaved and pointed up at the ceiling, squeezing and tugging onto them to brace himself for the next thrust.

As he did so he grunted: ‘that’s right you filthy slut... you like that don’t you?’ Taking one hand off her breasts for a moment he slapped her cheeks hard. ‘God, what a sex hungry thing you are... it’s not safe to let women like you go free... you should be locked up... and chained and whipped...’

And under the pounding of his cock Rebecca wailed and sobbed and moaned and bit on her gag, while inside she thought: at last she was getting the cruelty she deserved.

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Finally the inspectors left, outwardly perfectly respectable once more.

Then staff appeared and freed the women from their individual torments and began cleaning them up. Griswold came down and thank them

for their efforts. Faye asked through her ring gag: ‘Did we pass, Doctor?’

He said: ‘I’m not sure. They’ll let us know...’

# Chapter Twelve

Faye had never seen all the women in the Institute assembled together at one time before.

Now, a week after the inspection, they were all gathered in a big ground floor room that must once have been the ball room of the grand county house before the Institute had taken it over. There must have been a hundred and fifty of them in total; all arrayed in neat naked ranks in their restraint frames, making a slightly surreal and highly erotic spectacle. She could smell the spicy exciting aroma of their exposed pussies filling the heavy air of the hall.

Griswold and the senior doctors stood on a small stage facing them.

‘I’ve had you all brought here because we have had the inspectors’ preliminary report back,’ told them solemnly.

Faye felt a shiver and glanced around at Nicole and Rebecca, confined in their frames on either side of her, for reassurance. This did not feel like it was going to be good news...

‘I want to say here and now that none of you that they examined did anything wrong,’ Griswold said. ‘The inspectors accept that SIMEON is a real condition and that we are doing everything we can to contain and investigate it with the ultimate goal of finding a cure. But nevertheless budgets are tight this year and cuts must be made. We cannot accept any more referrals from our regional clinics. In fact we cannot support all of you we have here already. As the condition is not life threatening or debilitating in the normal sense, they say that the most stable girls must be returned home to live in the community.’

There was a horrified gag-muffled murmur from the girls. Griswold held up his hands for calm.

‘We know that most of you cannot face going back to normal lives, even with help from your local SIMEON clinics. We’ve been afraid this might happen for some time and so we’ve been exploring certain contingency options. And we have come up with a possible solution. But I warn you that it’s not official and is technically illegal, but it’s the only way left to safeguard you from the risks we know you’ll face trying to live normal lives. Since you can’t be cured as yet we have a scheme which will make use of your affliction to support ongoing research and also support yourselves at the same time, while living in an environment where you won’t be taken advantage of by outsiders...’

While he was speaking the orderlies began moving between the forest of frames, carrying bundles of dildo rods which they were plugging into the slots in their bases and then sliding up into their groins. These models had ribbed rectal plugs and spur-wheel fingers which dug their slots. Faye shuddered as hers was inserted, feeling her pussy responding by coating the wheel with its slick juices while her anal sphincter clenched tight about the plug up her bottom. It always felt so good to have something hard and dangerous pushed up inside her...

‘For those of you who accept this option it means you’ll have to work to earn your keep in a way you probably could not have imagined,’ Griswold continued. ‘In a way we will be exploiting you for your own good, but we don’t see any other solution. You’ll be confined at all times, treated and disciplined strictly and will be required to exhibit yourselves publicly and sexually in humiliating conditions on a regular basis. You’ll be made to perform according to a fixed routine and there will be no backing out what you are committed. And there will be situations, in controlled circumstances, involving sex with strangers. Even for SIMEON sufferers that will be a challenge...’

The orderlies had finished plugging in the rods and were now unreeling power cables from a bank of plugs on one side of the Hall and plugging them into sockets in the frame bases.

What did he mean, Faye wondered? Why didn’t he put a name to this strange new “option”? Was he too ashamed? She twisted her head round to look at Nicole and Rebecca but they seemed equally baffled, although also

excited and eager to hear more, with their nipples standing out swollen and straining. Then Faye realized that hers were in the same state...

Griswold continued: 'Now I know this might sound to some of you rather appealing, especially if you're approaching a high in your cycle, but it's only for those of you with advanced stage two SIMEON or better who can volunteer for this option knowing exactly what you're getting yourselves into and deciding it is right for you. That means we're going to have to drain all of you in one mass emesis session and take only those who are still ready to volunteer when you can think at your best and most clearheaded. And that means after you have had a class one orgasm...'

The orderlies had finished wiring all their frames up and now Griswold moved to one side of the stage where a lectern stood supporting a control panel wired up to the bank of plugs.

'Those of you who both qualify and volunteer will be taken away from here immediately so you can begin their training for their new life. Although you will be far away from the Institute we will continue to do our best to support you and of course keep you up to date with any advances we make towards a cure for SIMEON. But now I'm afraid we have no choice but to use SIMEON for commercial purposes. Nobody is forcing you to take this option, remember. Some of you will remain here and the rest will be sent home to the care of your clinics. But some of you, the strongest and most adventurous ones, will have to go elsewhere. And now we're going to find out who they will be...'

He threw a switch and a hundred and fifty naked women all convulsed and screamed through their gags at once. Their new pussy rods seemed to have come alive inside them, hammering electric spikes into their bottoms and clefts. As they flinched and jerked, bucking wildly within their frames, they impaled their rectums even deeper on the ribbed finger rods while grinding the spur wheels up and down their sizzling clefts. Their bare breasts leaped and bounced in wild abandon as they were convulsed and shot through with bolt after bolt of pain.

And it did not stop.

Girls were shrieking and losing control of their bladders and sending streams of pee across the floor but still it continued. Others were sobbing profusely and shuddering in agony, only wishing the terrible pain would end.

But a few were riding the rods and soaking up the pain. They hated themselves they did it but they knew what it would lead to. Such raw, cruel, sexual and sadistic stimulation promised the ultimate release of a mega-orgasm.

Faye felt her loins coming to the boil in a seething mass of lust. Her clitoris was straining; filled with blood and ready to burst, thrusting itself into the path of the churning spur wheel as her wildly bucking body ground it again and again through her furrow. This was going to be a big one...

Her pussy screwed up tight and then spurted out a cloud of juices. Her bladder cut loose, adding its thrill of liquid expulsion to her orgasmic discharge. And then the world exploded around her and she knew perfect bliss...

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A hard hand was slapping her cheeks, bring Faye back to reality.

The wonderful terrible shock dildo and spur wheel had been pulled out of her dripping, tingling, buzzing anus and pussy and she felt a sense of all knowing flowing through her as the orgasmic haze receded. About her were limp naked women hanging trembling and shivering within their frames, while the air was filled with the smell of cooling urine mingled with the heady aroma of multiple orgasms. How many of them had just come? It must be some kind of record...

‘Number 35, can you hear me?’ an orderly was saying, slapping her again. ‘Do you want to go? Are you volunteering?’

Faye nodded feebly. Yes, she knew she could not stay at the Institute any longer. Whatever strange scheme the doctors had thought up for them it seemed to offer a greater kind of freedom, or at least a twisted kind of adventure fit for her perverse nature.



Through bleary eyes she saw the same question being put to Nicole and Rebecca and she saw them give their assent. From behind her she heard the numbers 18 being 47 mentioned and the girls also assenting. But they seemed so young. Oh God, she hoped they were not following her lead. Well, there was nothing she could do about that now...

The orderlies wheeled their frames carrying their limp soiled bodies through the garden doors and out into the daylight and along a flagged path, their aching pussies dribbling onto the stones beneath them. They rattled around the side of the big house until they came to a sweep of gravel drive on which was parked an unmarked articulated lorry with its rear ramp down.

Faye, Nicole, Rebecca, 18 and 47 were rolled up into its gloomy interior. Faye saw its sides were divided up by many heavy mesh partitions into cubicles with panels extending outwards on runners. One by one they were taken off their frames, which were rolled back out of the lorry, and they were strapped rigidly upright to the panels. There were funnels and pipes between their legs to catch their urine. How long would they be travelling, she wondered? When they were secured they were slid back against the walls like books slotted into shelves. She could see Nicole in front of her and knew Rebecca was secured just behind.

What was this strange new adventure they were embarking upon? Was it so terrible or humiliating that Griswold thought even SIMEON women might refuse it? Still at least she was not going alone.

Then amongst the packing materials, chains and straps hung on the inside of the compartment Faye glimpsed part of a brightly painted sign, only half visible under some sacking. She could only see a few words but those sent a sick thrill through her. They read: "...*ALL GIRL SEX CIRCUS...*"

**THE END**

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