

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

Part Two

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Simon
Grail

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Chapter Four

The morning after their session with the consultants, Faye and Nicole were subjected to the same routine of being shunted round the floor rails with the other naked girls in their frames, being drained of their wastes, greased, washed and feed through tubes with penis spouts. Once again, seeing their red badges, the orderlies were extra strict with them, adding slaps and pinches to the rough insertion of tubes and nozzles and the scrubbing of soapy mops over tender flesh.

The only difference this time was that after their teeth were cleaned they had thick rubber bits hooked to their collar side rings. The bits plugged their mouths and made them clench their teeth about them but did not make speech impossible. Faye wondered if this was significant and hoped she would have a change to talk to Nicole. It was frustrating to be so close to her and so intimate and yet not be able to share their feelings.

Nurse Rebecca was waiting for them as they rolled off the end of the miniature rail track. She hooded them and then wheeled them away along another long corridor.

Why were they hooded when they were being transported, Faye wondered as their frames rattled along? Were there things they were not meant to see in the corridors? Maybe visiting specialists like Davies and Johnson were more embarrassed about seeing them in such a state than vice versa. The Institute must come as a shock to those not familiar with the effects of their condition. Or were the hoods simply meant to keep them calm and docile and make them easier to handle? There must be a good reason...

When Rebecca pulled their hoods off again, they found they were in an unfurnished room with French windows looking out over the rear of the Institute across spacious gardens. A dozen empty restraint frames like theirs were lined up along one wall.

Faye and Nicole blinked at their surroundings and then looked at each

other for reassurance. Even though they had been so intimate and had slept in adjacent cubicles, they had not been able to speak to each other for over two days. Despite all the other intense sensations she had experienced in that time, Faye missed that simple pleasure.

Since Rebecca had spoken to them before so sympathetically and there were no doctors present, Faye asked Nicole indistinctly around her bit: 'Are you all right?'

'I'm okay... what about you?' Nicole replied.

But Rebecca did not give Faye a chance to reply. Totally unexpectedly she slapped her hard on the cheek and then did the same to Nicole. As the pair of them flinched and jerked back in their frames with their ears ringing, Rebecca slapped the sides of their breasts equally hard, making them bounce and shiver as the imprint of her hand appeared as a blush on their smooth pale flesh. Then she took hold of one of their nipples in each hand, dug her thumbnails into their sides and yanked and twisted them hard until they sobbed in pain. Before they could recover from that shock, Rebecca jabbed stiff forefingers into their pussies and squeezed her thumbs down hard against their clitorises, grinding them deep into their slots until they shrieked and bit down on their rubber bits. Trying to escape the tearing pain they went up on their toes and pulled their hips back as far as their bonds allowed. Rebecca held them transfixed like this for perhaps ten seconds, pinching and twisting her fingers cruelly in their clefts, before pulling her hands out of them again.

Shocked and shivering, Faye blinked away her tears. Why was Rebecca suddenly being so cruel to them?

Rebecca stepped back from the frames for a moment to survey their tear-streaked faces. There was now a deep blush on her own pale cheeks almost matching the blaze of her red hair and her pupils were dilated as if by intense excitement or fascination. Faye could see her nipples showing through the thin fabric of her uniform top. 'Sorry... I have to... this is a rest day for you... but I really need to... ohh... you'll understand soon enough,' she said brokenly.

Briskly Rebecca clipped leashes to their collars and strung hobble chains between their ankles. She freed their arms only to twist and pull them round into the small of their backs where she clipped their wrist cuffs together.

She freed them from their frames and led them by their leashes, with their hobble chains jingling between their ankles, out through the French windows onto a paved terrace that ran along the rear of the house. The sun was shining brightly and the air was mild. Despite her sore cheeks, breasts and pussy, Faye felt a fresh thrill of exposure and as dash of shame as she was led naked out into the open air. But there was nobody else in sight. They ornamental gardens stretched away to distant stands of trees that sheltered the Institute grounds from the outside world.

Rachel led them along a path down from the terrace and across a strip of lawn and through an arch set in a tall box hedge. Beyond was a maze of narrow paths covered by bark chippings which ran between old high brick walls and more hedges. They passed several solid wooden gates from beyond which they could hear the sounds of girls moaning and sobbing interspersed by the crack of lashes, snatches of men's voices giving commands or threatening pain and the jingle of chains. Faye and Nicole flinched as they heard these alarming sounds. Even out here in these lovely grounds it seemed there was no end to the suffering of women like themselves. Then Faye heard a shrill cry of orgiastic delight as a woman achieved a mega climax. Or was it suffering?

Finally they reached a green arched wooden gate set in a high wall covered with moss and ivy. From the other side Faye could hear what seemed like the shuffling of feet, the clink of chains and a slight regular squeaking as if some bearing was being turned.

Rebecca took a deep breath, straightened her uniform and then opened the gate and led them inside.

Within was a small square closed garden with clumps of bushes and flowerbeds arrayed about the insides of its walls, together with a few wooden benches. In the middle of the garden, in the very centre of the square of lawn, a tall wooden post was set firmly on the ground, ringed by a well trampled

circle of bark chips perhaps four metres across. Walking along this closed path at a steady shuffling pace were five naked women: cuffed, collared, gagged and numbered as they were. They were hobbled like Faye and Nicole but their hands were raised and cuffed to the ends of thick lengths of timber that lay across their shoulders like yokes. The ends of these yokes were secured via hinged metal rods to a ring of metal channelling, a little like an oversized section of curtain railing that encircled the heavy wooden post at shoulder height. The rod runners slotted into the greased channel rattled and clattered as the women plodded around it.

Plugged into their backsides and trailing behind them like bizarre tails, were light telescopic rods that connected to the shafts of rubber-rimmed distance measuring wheels of the kind surveyors used. Each had a little counter mounted on its axle. As the girls circled the central post these wheels rolled after them, presumably keeping track of how far they had travelled. As they plodded round sweat glistened on their naked bodies and their shoulders were bowed under the weight of their yokes.

To one side of this bizarre exercise device was a garden chair positioned under a sunshade. Beside the chair were a small crate, a plastic bucket and an array of plastic mineral water bottles. Sitting in the chair reading a paper was a man in blue scrubs with a light jacket thrown over the top. His name badge read: "Evan". Like all the Institute orderlies a short electric cattle prod hung from his belt. He hardly glanced up as they entered.

'Subjects 27 and 35 presented for their exercise day, Sir,' Rebecca announced.

Oh, thought Faye, so that was what this device was for. She supposed it made sense for women suffering from SIMEON: fresh air and rigorous exercise with a dash of humiliation thrown in.

'Okay, nurse I'll take them from here...' Evan replied in a bored tone, putting down his paper. Then he saw Faye and Nicole's tear streaked faces and blushing breasts. 'Why aren't they hooded?'

'Oh... I forgot, Sir,' Rebecca said.

Frowning he got up and came over to them and examined their injuries more closely. Then he glared at Rebecca. 'Have you been interfering with them?'

Rebecca hung her head meekly. 'Yes, Sir.'

'That was very naughty of you, Nurse,' Evan said as cruel grin spread across his face. 'You know you're not meant to have any contact at all with the patients unless by specific order. Were you ordered to do this?'

Rebecca twisted her hands behind her back and squeezed her thighs together and stared at the ground like an embarrassed schoolgirl. 'No, Sir...' she admitted in a tiny voice.

'I see. And I suppose you expect to be punished for this?'

'Yes Sir. I deserve to be, Sir...'

Oh, now I understand, Faye thought. God, she must be desperate.

'Well you won't be,' Evan said. 'I know what your monthly quota is. But I will report you to Doc Griswold. He'll probably put you in depravation for a day. Now get back to work!'

Rebecca left the garden with her shoulders slumped and her head hung low, simmering with frustration.

Evan took charge of Faye and Nicole and let them over to the circling girls. 'Halt!' he commanded and they all came to a stop. Propped up against the base of the post were four unused yokes, their connecting rods not slotted into the channel ring with the others, together with four spare distance wheels.

Evan made a gap between two of the yoked women and positioned Faye and Nicole in it facing in the same direction, with Nicole standing in front of Faye. Lifting two of the spare wooden yokes he laid them across their shoulders. They had scallops cut into them which curved about the backs of their collars to which they were clipped so that most of their weight rested on

top of their shoulders, cushioned by pads of thick black sponge rubber. Even so Faye felt her knees buckle slightly under them. Evan unclipped their wrists from behind their backs and raised their arms to re-cuff them to heavy rings bolted to the ends of the yokes. Evan lifted the other ends of the hinged rods connected to the yokes up to the channel set in the post and fitted their runners into it so they were free to slide along it but could not be pulled out.

Evan took up a couple of the distance wheels. The ends of their handles were capped by mushroom-shaped rubber plugs with transverse vertical rubber crossbars at their bases. These he plugged into Faye and Nicole's greased rectums so the tension of their anal sphincters held the plugs in place while the crossbars nestled in the tight humid valleys of their buttocks, holding the wheels that trailed behind them upright.

'I'll set your counters to sound a buzzer when you reach 5000 metres,' he told them, bending over the wheels. 'If you stop before then you get a thrashing...'

When they were set Evan took up a water bottle from the supply by his chair and went round the ring of girls giving each a drink. Then he went round with the plastic bucket, holding it between their thighs which they spread as far as their hobbles allowed and peed into it.

Once they were all refreshed and drained he said: 'Start walking!'

The ring of girls, now including Faye and Nicole, shuffled on along the circular chipping path again, with a rattle of runners and a clink of hobble chains. Satisfied they had found their pace, Evan returned to his chair.

Faye fixed her eyes on Nicole's bare glossy buttocks before her. There were worse things to look at, she supposed. Faye had not thought much about feminine beauty until she been stricken by SIMEON and had got to know Nicole's body so intimately. Now, surrounded by naked flesh as she was, she was finding it evermore arousing. And it seemed she would be in that situation for the next couple of hours at least.

Still, it was just walking round in a circle, she told herself. Even with the yoke across her shoulders she thought she could manage that. And they

were outside in the fresh air. It was just like the hard walks she had forced herself to take through the park back in Avingdon when she had tried to distract herself from the sexual urges she had felt when her condition had first began to manifest itself. Yes, it was simply good hard exercise. Naked yoked and chained exercise...

No, don't think about that! She had to remember there were more things in life than perverted sex! If she was ever to get back to normality she had to learn how to enjoy the sun and the fresh air once more...

It was then that she became aware of a scent in the air that had nothing to do with the blossoms in the garden about them. It was the scent of sexual frustration generated by women about her. It was wafting from their sweaty pussies and running down the insides of their thighs and dripping onto the wood bark track under their bare feet. They were naked, yoked and exposed with rubber plugs up their backsides. The bumping of the wheels over the bark chip path caused the plugs to vibrate within them. It was gently but inescapably arousing. She felt her nipples standing up and her pussy growing slick.

Oh no, Faye thought in despair, this was not going to be quite as wholesome and healthy as she had hoped...

During the next hour buzzers on the distance wheels sounded from time to time as girls reached their allotted distance. Evan checked them over, watered and drained them, and then reset their counters again. Then they all resumed their seemingly endless march. But by now all of them were beginning to get seriously distressed, and not from simple physical exertion...

Apart from the plugs in the rears they were not being overtly sexually stimulated, but they were still getting aroused. It was a combination of the naked female flesh all around them, the weight of their yokes, their total exposure and their utter helplessness. Faye found her eyes drifting across the circle to the women opposite her, watching their sweaty breasts jiggling as they plodded along. Their nipples were painfully hard, as were her own she noticed. There was also a suspicious shiny glisten about their pussy slots and

a sticky sheen on their inner thighs. To SIMEON sufferers just being confined like this was stimulating. The trouble was they had nothing to take their minds off their own naked bodies. There were no distractions in the garden. The weight of her yoke, which by now seemed glued to her shoulders by a film of sticky sweat which had seeped into its foam rubber padding, was making Faye feel more and more like a true slave. Combined with her nakedness her mind could not help but imagine the inevitable consequences after she had been worked into a state of exhaustion. Why wouldn't any man want to take advantage of her, of any of them, for that matter? They were there to be used and screwed. There was nothing they could do about it. It was only natural...

Faye bit down hard on her gag bar, trying to drive such thoughts out of her mind but it was no use. She wanted sex so badly! Even worse she could not touch herself to try to alleviate her symptoms. As she stumbled long she was squirming and trying to clench her thighs together, trying to rub her hot throbbing wet pussy lips into orgasmic relief. She saw the other girls were doing it as well. Just a little one... Please!

‘None of that, sluts,’ Evan said suddenly. ‘You’re here to get exercise, not to cum.’

He got up and took from the box beside the chair a slender telescope of steel tubes with a flap of rubber attached to one end. He pulled it open, expanding its sections to form a long handle with a spanking paddle on its end. Then he came over to the ring of sweaty, naked, distressed women.

‘You keep walking, do you understand? This is an exercise day, not a screwing day. The doctors want you to be fresh for more experiments tomorrow. You’ve got to be good and tired so you’ll get a proper night’s sleep... ‘

To emphasise his words as each girl came level with him he swung the paddle across her breasts and then her buttocks, making wet smacking sounds. The girls flinched and yelped about their gags.

‘Lift those knees up!’ he commanded. ‘I want to see you marching properly...’

Whimpering they strove to obey, trying to lift their shoulders against the weight of their yokes and pick up their knees like prancing ponies. Their sore breasts leaped and jiggled before them. The smacks were sharp and crisp, stinging but not doing more than bring a blush to their flesh. Nevertheless by instinct they strove to evade them, even as the hot quick surges of pain they generated accentuated their state of arousal.

But as Faye and Nicole came past Evan he seemed to strike them much more fiercely than the rest, driving their hard nipples into their breasts and sending ripples through their bottom flesh and making them shriek and dribble about their bits. Desperately they tried to obey his command, dragging their anal-plugged distance wheels behind them so quickly they began to bounce and sway about, which only caused their plugs to twist in their fleshy bottom sockets even harder and so add to their excitement. His only response to their efforts was further swipes of his paddle across their straining buttocks, until they were practically galloping round and round the post.

When Faye and Nicole passed him for the third time, their chests heaving for breath, he brought the whole caravan of sweating, sobbing naked women to a halt.

Taking hold of Faye and Nicole he flicked their throbbing hard nipples and then thrust his hand between their hot thighs and probed their sweaty, slippery pubic clefts, bringing his fingers away shiny with their juices.

‘Look at you two and your dripping cunts!’ he said with distaste. ‘You’re both gagging for a good screwing, aren’t you?’

Whatever pride and self-respect they had hoarded was draining out of them to be replaced by the familiar shameless need. What did it matter, Faye thought? They’d had their exercise. Hadn’t they earned a little pleasure?

They nodded their heads and choked out about their gags: ‘Yes, Sir. Please screw us, Sir...’

He grinned. ‘You really want a screwing?’

‘We do, Sir!’

He fingered the red badges hanging from their collars. ‘You’re filthy sluts, you know that?’

The crude harsh words only inflamed them further. ‘Yes, Sir, we know, Sir...’

Evan pulled the distance wheel plug fittings out of their rectums, which clung shamefully to them for a few moments. He removed their ankle hobble chains and then unclipped their yokes from the hinged rods that connected them to the post rail ring. He led them away from the circle and pointed to a patch of grass beside his chair: ‘Side by side, heads down, knees wide, bums up and don’t move!’

Faye and Nicole obeyed, going down on their knees and then bending forward. Their faces and breasts were ground into the grass as their shoulders were carried down by their weight of their yokes, which pressed against the backs of their necks. Unbalanced as they were they could hardly have lifted their heads again even if they wanted to. Desperate to ease the pressure they spread their knees wide, dipped their backs, curled their hips and thrust their bottoms up high, painfully aware of their sodden crotches being exposed to the air as they presented their stretched anal rings and swollen clefts for inspection and any other purpose Evan cared to put them to.

Leaving them on shameful display, Evan returned to the post and removed their now dangling connecting rods from the ring channel. He took the water bottle and bucket around the circle of reaming girls once again, pushing its spout past rubber bits and pressing the bucket up between sweaty thighs to catch their pee, then he said to them: ‘You’ve had a rest, now I want see all of you do another thousand metres...’

Wearily they plodded on again, a few casting envious glances at Faye and Nicole.

Evan returned to them, walking round their prone bodies as if admiring them from every angle. Then he parted the flaps of his loose trousers and freed a swelling cock which he stroked into full erection as he circled

them. He ran the edge of the spanking paddle blade up through their simmering clefts, making them shudder in shameful delight. Then he flicked its wet flat side across their reddened buttocks, making them jerk and wiggle their hips. He unhitched his cattle prod and began to alternate it with swipes of the paddle, jabbing its electrodes deep into the sodden, streaming hot fleshy clefts that dripped so shamefully between their thighs and setting it cracking and flashing with electric fire. In response they shrieked and sobbed and wailed and cried into the grass as their hips jerked and swayed and bobbed in a frenzy of pain and need.

‘Tell me how much you want me to fuck you!’ Evan demanded as he tormented them.

Between their yelps and tears they choked out their pitiful responses:

‘I want your cock right up hard inside me, Sir!’ Nicole gasped.

‘Have me up my bum or up my cunt... whatever you want, Sir,’ Faye shrieked.

The paddle blade smacked up hard onto their engorged love lips in a cruel kiss, flattening their swollen labia. Prod prongs dug deep into the tight hot depths of their anal passageways, filling them with stabbing, searing jolts of pain which made their poor sphincters clench helplessly tight about the instruments of their torment.

‘You can do better than that!’ he taunted them.

‘Please shove your cock inside me right now, Sir! I beg you...’

‘Bruise me, Sir, the harder the better... make me cry...’

Evan bent over them and grasped them by their hair. He twisted their heads round onto their sides so they were looked into each other’s faces. Then he thrust the entire head of the cattle prod up into Faye’s vagina and the blade of the spanking paddle into Nicole’s. They shrieked into each other’s faces as the unnaturally shaped objects distended their slippery passageways. The handles of the devices he braced on the grass between their knees so they

pushed their hips even higher up into the air.

He scooped up palmfuls of their streaming juices and worked the slippery exudation hard up into the tight puckers of their rectums, greasing them with their own juices. Then he knelt between their spread thighs, took hold of their hips and drove his hard cock first into Faye's backside and then into Nicole's, sparing them half a dozen thrusts each, sodomising them with brutal force, driving their shoulders against the heavy balks of their yokes.

And as he alternated between their hot, tight, grasping rear passageways he grunted in delight: 'I'm going to screw your bum holes until you cry... and I've come up inside each of you... then I'm going wash you out... then I'm going to tell the Docs that all these spank marks and bum bruises were Rebecca's work when she screwed you with a dildo... and neither of you are going to tell anybody different, you understand?' Leaning over their sweaty backs he grabbed each of them by their hair once more and pulled their necks back painfully. 'Do you understand?

'Yes, Sir...' they choked out miserably.

And then out of the depths of their shame and revulsion mega-orgasms swelled up out of their loins and engulfed them in mind-shattering delight and for a timeless interval nothing else mattered in the whole world.

That night, back in her metal pigeon-hole cell with her small personal TV murmuring and flickering over her head, her mind still sharp and tingling from her orgasm and her pussy and rectum aching, Faye wondered how much of what she had seen and experienced in the garden had been planned or approved and how much illicit and unofficial? Evan had seemed to break the rules so blatantly she wondered if it had been in fact a test of their responses. Had Evan, and Rebecca perhaps, simply been part of an elaborate experiment? That she and Nicole had been singled out by him was not surprising as their red badges invited stricter treatment, nor was it strange that they had then failed to resist such an opportunity for sex after the stimulation they had endured. But had that been the purpose all along: to see how quickly they succumbed in the face of stimulation and temptation?

It was hard to tell what was true anymore, but Faye was beginning to suspect that she and Nicole would have responded the same way even if they had known it was a setup.

But if it was genuine and spontaneous as it seemed superficially there were deeper implications. For a start it didn't say much for the levels of support-staff discipline in the Institute. And why had Rebecca had to resort to such extremes in her futile attempt to get her fix of pain shame and suffering? Was the treatment regime she was on not working for her? And why had Evan refused to satisfy her pitiful needs but later made use of Nicole and Faye? Had he realized immediately that by turning Rebecca down he'd gain the use of two fresh bodies while being able to blame any further injuries they suffered on her, or had that occurred to him later? In either case it was mean and not very professional, and besides if the doctors did not know the truth about such incidents when planning their tests and treatments, then how accurate or effective could they be?

Faye decided that despite Evan's threat Doctor Griswold, or at least some member of the senior staff, should know what had happened in the garden. Besides it might be an even more subtle test of her honesty and proof of her desire to be cured. And if what they had endured had been unofficial and unsanctioned then it was even more important that they should know about it. Yes, either way it was the right thing to do.

There was just one problem.

Being gagged almost continuously, even when being examined and tested, and spending the rest of the time under the control of orderlies and nurses who they now knew broke the rules themselves when it suited them, how could she or Nicole tell anybody anything? And would they be believed even if they found a way? They all knew SIMEON altered their perceptions of reality. The truth was that they were totally helpless lab rats at the mercy of their handlers.

Chapter Five

The next morning Nurse Rebecca was not waiting for them at the end of the restraint frame tracks after they had been washed and fed. In her place were two male orderlies. Without a word of explanation they hooded Faye and Nicole and then wheeled them off in different directions.

As she was wheeled blindly along a corridor Nicole wondered what had happened to Rebecca. Was she been punished for her behaviour of the previous day? Perhaps her therapy was being re-assessed, or maybe she was being disciplined for her unsanctioned abuse of them. Even a nurse in an institute whose patients were submissive masochists should follow the rules. Of course Evan had only made it worse for her by passing off the additional usage he had inflicted on them as her doing. That had been cruel and unfair, although Rebecca had partly brought it on herself.

Personally she was ready to be forgiving towards Rebecca because she knew how powerful the SIMEON urges could get. But she hoped she'd never get to the stage where she would hurt innocent people to get her fix. Although she supposed that strictly speaking being fellow sufferers she and Faye were not "innocent" in the normal sense of the word. The brief pain Rebecca had inflicted on them had been mild compared to what they had already suffered (and had indeed done to each other in the past) and after she had got over her surprise Nicole had felt herself responding to it. They really were such sluts! Could they ever be cured?

That made her wonder how you disciplined somebody suffering from SIMEON? Hadn't Evan mentioned "deprivation"? Was Rebecca banned from any contact with the patients and isolated from all sexual stimulation? From her own personal experience that would only drive Rebecca to try to pleasure herself by increasingly desperate means, which in the long run only exacerbated her condition. Would they lock her up or use a straitjacket to restrain her as they had with them? That really would be cruel. But then the

normal rules hardly applied here.

Whatever they did, Nicole hoped as soon as she was straightened out that they would see Rebecca again soon. At least earlier she had tried to reassure them... before surrendering to her unnatural sexual needs.

A white coated man named Doctor Frobisher was waiting for Nicole in a white tiled room fitted with devices that thrilled and terrified her with equal measure as soon as her hood was pulled off. There were freestanding mechanisms of steel tubes, black painted wood, plastic and rubber and things fastened to the walls with brackets and chains. It resembled a larger version of the treatment rooms back at the clinic in Avingdon where she had first learned that pain and sex combined was the only relief from SIMEON.

As Nicole took the fittings in her nipples stood up and her pussy began to grow slippery. She could not help associating a place like this with intense dark pleasure and relief from need...

After the orderly departed, Frobisher looked her over. He was a plump middle aged man with large horn rim glasses, receding hair and a heavy moustache. He ran his smooth well manicured hands over her body, pinching and probing and squeezing.

As Nicole shivered and rolled up her eyes at his intimate touch, he murmured sagely to himself: 'Ahh... yes a classic case... a strong response to basic stimuli... quite far gone I see... I think I'd better try you out on a class "C" device to begin with...'

He pulled one of the freestanding devices out into the centre of the room beside her frame.

Bolted to a low castor-wheeled base was something resembling a small solid square black table with a vertical panel rising from the lip of one side. This panel was slotted into channels cut in the insides of a pair of square posts which were also securely bolted to the base and the table legs. The panel was spit horizontally across the middle where a large dinner-plate sized

hole had been cut out of its centre and lined with foam rubber padding. Chains and clips had been screwed to the top and bottom of the posts and the short beam that linked their top ends. Before it equipment had been set out on the table top comprising a lot of wiring, plastic tubing, an electric pump and control pad and, on an adjustable stand, a pair of large plastic beakers.

As Nicole stared at the strange device she felt the familiar knot growing in her stomach which combined fear and shame and desperate anticipation. What was that thing going to do to her? No doubt she would soon find out...

Frobisher raised the top half of the vertical board in its slots, opening up the hole cut in its middle. Then he took Nicole off her frame and led her over to the device. He bent her forward and pushed her head and shoulders through the space between the board halves until her middle rested on the lower scallop and her upper body overhung the table top. Then he dropped the upper board down and locked it in place, trapping her upper body on one side and her hips and legs on the other. It worked a little like an old-fashioned pillory except it was one large enough to take a whole body.

Then he pulled her arms up behind her, twisting them round and back at her shoulders, stretching them upwards and clipping her wrist cuffs to the upper corners of the post frame. Next he spread her feet and used more spring hooks to fasten her ankle cuffs to the lower ends of the posts. A little above these hooks broad rubber straps with Velcro closures were bolted to the posts, which he wrapped about her knees, holding them tight to the post sides. There was a sprung chain dangling from the crossbeam of the frame which he extended down to the back of her collar and clipped it to its rear ring so that it lifted head up. The tension on her arms and the bracing of the panel closed about her middle combined to hold her rigid above the table so that her breasts dangled over the pair of beakers.

Nicole now saw that the beakers were bolted to their stand and had plastic tubing plugged into their lower sides which connected to the electric pump. They also had electrodes taped to their rims and more silvery stud contacts protruding from beneath them up into their flat bases.

There was a tub of petroleum jelly on the table and from it Frobisher

scooped up goblets which he spread evenly around her hot dangling breasts, smiling to himself he did so. 'We must have a good air seal, mustn't we?' he said conversationally as he smeared her pliant flesh with lubrication.

When he was done, Frobisher raised the stand supporting the beakers so that her breasts slid a little way into their flared mouths before bulging up about them. Then he pressed the switch on the control panel. A display screen lit up and the pump motor hummed into life. Nicole felt a tingle on her nipples as the air was sucked out of the beakers, drawing her greased breasts down into them in its place. She shivered and moaned as she felt them being sucked down and moulding themselves to the contours of the interior of the beakers as if they were filling them with pink jelly until her small nipple rings clinked against its base. She could feel the little stud contacts that lined the beakers pressing up into her nipples and surrounding flesh, while the ring of contact points on the rims of the beakers dug into the roots of her breasts. It was as though her breasts had been imprisoned in glass jars like preserved fruit.

When her slippery breasts were completely encased in the beakers Frobisher turned off the pump. Then he uncoiled a pair of wires and taped sensor contacts to her temples. 'They'll monitor your brainwave activity,' he told her. 'The more you are stimulated the more they'll create a positive feedback through the control system...'

He didn't explain any further, leaving Nicole trembling in nervous anticipation, unsure what all that meant. Was this a test of her responses or an experiment to see if they could be controlled and manipulated? She would probably never know. She was just a guinea pig...

Frobisher took out her ball gag and replaced it with a thinner rubber bar bit. 'You will speak only when I ask you for information concerning your feelings and responses. When you do so you will call me "Doctor", do you understand?'

'Yes, Doctor.'

Frobisher stood back and walked round her restrained body so he could examine her from all angles to check she was secure. From the front

she appeared frozen in the act of performing a swan dive, with her arms pulled back and up behind her and her chest thrust out with her dangling breasts bizarrely enclosed in the wired up beakers. From behind her hips and buttocks protruded through the pillory board in a disembodied fashion and then her legs splayed stiffly outwards to where they were cuffed and strapped to the side posts. Frobisher slapped her bare buttocks appreciatively and slid a finger through her exposed slot, making her shiver. Then he returned to stand over the equipment table and raised her chin so he could look into her eyes.

‘I shall be stimulating you in various ways from behind the board and you will respond as comes naturally,’ he told her. ‘Do you understand?’

Nicole shivered. ‘Yes, Doctor.’

He pressed another button on the control panel and then he moved round the board out of her line of sight, although the top of the pillory frame was low enough so he could look over it at her upper body.

For a moment nothing happened, except that her heart thudded in anticipation. And then she felt him begin to squeeze and pinch her bottom, cupping and kneading its fleshy pliant double hemispheres. Although she did not feel the slightest physical attraction to Frobisher as a man, his intimate disembodied touch combined with her helpless exposure and restraint sent a thrill of arousal and anticipation coursing through her body. With her confined like this he could do anything he wanted to her. At that thought her pussy pulsed as it filled with liquid warmth, while confined within their prison beakers she felt her breasts growing hotter and heavier, squeezing against their sides as blood flowed into them.

Then she felt a fresh sharp tingle flowing into them. The electrodes pressing into their tips and about their bases were delivering tickling, feather-light shocks. Was that what positive feedback meant?

And then Frobisher delivered a hard slap on her buttocks that made her flesh ripple. She jerked and yelped, feeling a thrill of perverse delight and was rewarded by a stronger tingle in her beaker-trapped breasts. Apparently the more excited she got the more her jelly moulded breasts were shocked.

Frobisher's hands were all over her backside and sliding between her legs now. His fingers were probing the wet lips of her sex mouth and rubbing along her pussy slot, teasing her already hard and throbbing clitoris and exploring the mouth of her vagina. He was spreading her lubrication over her bottom and into the deep depths of her buttock cleft. How it was streaming out of her! God she felt like such a shameless slut!

Another electric tingle jabbed into her breasts, this time noticeably stronger than before. She was going to be punished by her own perverted pleasure. Except that it also was a pleasure which would then add to her suffering and delight.

Positive masochistic erotic feedback! Where would it end?

And then she felt Frobisher's fingers prying her buttocks apart and the silky head of his naked cock rubbed through her slippery bottom valley. Up and down it went, savouring her intimate fleshy vale. Then its head found the mouth of her vagina which was gaping shamelessly by now and with a grunt he rammed it deep up into her with an audible squelch, driving her hips against the padded rim of the pillory board.

Half a dozen thrusts opened her passage up to him completely, and with each plunge into her interior her breasts received a fiercer stab of electricity. The pillory board absorbed most of the force of his thrusts so that her breasts remained trapped in their electric beaker prisons, with tiny sparks flashing about them. Her world had shrunk to the imprisoning board and her jar-encased breasts and Frobisher's cock pumping into her vagina. It was so cruel and inhumane it was amazing! Nothing else mattered. She began to sob and drool about her gag bit while her eyes watered in pain and delight.

'Tell me what you're feeling!' Frobisher grunted.

'I... I feel like a hot slut, Doctor...' Nicole gasped out past her gag bit.

'Do you like your tits being contained and zapped?'

'Yes Doctor... I ... I like that a lot!'

‘Even though they’re getting hurt?’

‘It’s... it’s not like ordinary pain, Doctor.’

‘And what about having a stranger’s cock up inside you?’

‘Yes! Yes... Doctor, I love it!’

‘Even though you know it’s wrong... that I’m taking advantage of you like this only because of your condition?’

‘I don’t care... not now... not when I’m chained up like this...’

‘Do you like being tied up?’

‘Yes... yes!’

‘Do you want me to keep screwing you?’

‘Yes please, Doctor... don’t stop!’

He gave her a particularly hard thrust that made her gasp. ‘Am I hurting you?’

‘Y... Yes... do it again... please!’

By now the shocks were stabbing relentlessly into her trapped breasts and there was no escaping them. They seemed to fill the beakers like tiny lightning bolts, cracking and sparkling as they tormented her distorted breast tissues. At the same time her sex mouth was sucking on Frobisher’s shaft with shameless abandon. Her juices were lathering her thighs and dripping onto the base of the device while her head spun with wave after wave of raw lust, filling her to bursting point...

A mega-orgasm coursed through Nicole and exploded in her brain. Her loins convulsed, spraying her juices over Frobisher’s pumping cock, and then darkness enveloped her.

When she recovered her senses again, an indeterminate time later, Nicole found she was no longer fastened to the pillory table. Her numbed and tingling breasts had been removed from their electric beakers and were pricking with returning circulation while her head was still filled with fuzzy delight from her shattering orgasm.

She realized that Frobisher was half carrying her limp body over his shoulder. His white coat was parted and his semi-hard cock, still shiny with her juices and his semen, dangled from his open flies. He dragged her over to a section of wall padded with black rubber matting through which protruded many steel rings and dangling chains and straps. Beside this section of wall she now saw were hung several dildos, lashes and paddles of different sizes all with unusually chunky handles. There were also an array of smaller shiny metal clips and clamps. The sight of them gave her a sick thrill of anticipation. Her examination was not over yet...

Frobisher pressed her back to the padded wall and pulled her arms up over her head and bound her elbows and wrists tight together with straps. Then he ran a chain between her elbows and under the straps and hooked it to a large ring on the wall above her. Her head was now framed between her tight pressed upper arms and her raised shoulders. It was not comfortable but at least it helped to hold her upright, which was useful as her legs still seemed to be made out of rubber.

Observing a little awareness returning to her face Frobisher flicked her nipple rings. 'I see you like being intimate with metal. It may have a bearing on your condition. I want to test how exactly much by subjecting you to a different form of physical restraint and stimulation...'

He made a loop out of a length of chain and then twisted its middle to form a figure of eight. This he forced over her slippery and still slightly purple tinged breasts and then drew it out sideways across her chest, twisting the ends of the loop further until it pinched into the upper and lower swells of her breasts, trapping them between it and cruelly digging the links into her skin, compressing the roots of her mounds until they bulged unnaturally outwards. The outer ends of the loop he then hooked onto more wall rings.

Nicole whimpered as her breasts were pinched painfully between the

chains, her teeth showing white as she clenched them against her gag bit.

Frobisher lifted her legs and bent them up and outwards at the hips and knees and then forced them flat against the wall. He used more straps and chains to bind her ankles and knees to the wall rings. Now Nicole hung with her legs splayed and crooked obscenely wide, the tension of the chains twisting her thighs and lifting her groin upwards as if in offering, exposing the sticky cleft of her sex, the fleshy swells of her buttocks and between them the dark pucker of her greased anus.

From above her head Frobisher pulled down a pair of finer chains across the outsides of her taut shoulders and clipped them to her nipple rings. When he let go of them she discovered the chains were sprung and they dragged her nipples painfully upward, lifting her breasts to expose their soft paler undersides.

Frobisher took spring clamps very like bulldog clips from the selection by the padded wall and pinched them onto Nicole's outer labia, making her wince and bite her bit as their metal jaws bit deep into her tender flesh. He clipped a pair to each smooth plump lip, forming two vertical rows with their ring handles pointing forward.

Frobisher selected two short lengths of finer chain that hung from rings beside and above Nicole's hips and threaded them down through the handles of the clamps closed about her sex lips. He pulled the lower ends of each chain downward and then outward below her splayed thighs and hooked them to more rings on the wall. Nicole whimpered as the cruel tension of the chains on her clamps stretched her outer pussy mouth painfully wide, exposing the delicate pink ridge of her inner labia. He repeated the process with her inner labia, clipping a single clamp to them in their middle so that they lay between the pairs of outer labia clamps. Another pair of fine chains drawn outwards and hooked to the rings which were holding her outer labia spread her lesser lips painfully open as well, exposing the dark wet pink valley of her sex, the straining nub of her clitoris and gaping dark well of her vagina, still sleeping her juices and Frobisher's sperm.

Frobisher admired her exposure for a few moments, his cock hardening noticeably as he did so, and then he smacked his hand hard up

between Nicole's splayed legs into the distended pink wet lips of her sex mouth. Nicole yelped and bit on her gag bar, but her eyes remained fixed upon him.

'You like that don't you, slut?' Frobisher said.

Mutely Nicole nodded.

'Well I can make it even better...'

From the selection of accessories beside the restraining wall he took out a shiny metal hook on the end of a length of heavy elastic cord with on its other end a loop handle threaded through a hollow rubber bar bit. He pulled her gag it out and pushed the handle bar bit between their teeth in its place.

'You will not let go of this whatever happens,' he warned her.

He then stretched the elastic cord down between her up-stretched breasts and across her belly so that he could hook the tip of the metal hook into the mouth of her vagina.

Nicole whimpered as the tension on the hook stretched her vagina into a distended ovoid even as the shaft of hook ground against her hard clitorises. She could feel the air entering her still wet and swollen passageway as it was distorted. Frobisher had now made her a tool in her own intimate exposure.

He took down a paddle from the selection by the padded panel. Now Nicole saw its handle contained a battery pack and a switch control while the blade of the paddle had electric contact studs set in it. It was an electric spanking paddle.

Frobisher switched it on and swished it through the air in front of her. Then he flicked it up into the soft exposed undersides of her stretched breasts. There was a smack, crackle and flash and Nicole shrieked in pain, biting down on the handle bit in her mouth. He smacked each of her breasts in turn half a dozen times, making their soft pliant flesh shiver and tremble. Each blow felt as it was stabbing electric needles up into her mammaries, filling them with hot lust and making them feel as if they were about to burst.

Nicole rolled her eyes up until the whites were showing, shuddering as though in ecstasy.

‘Oh, so you like that do you?’ Frobisher said mockingly.

He rubbed the paddle over her nipples, which were pulsing with blood even while their chained rings were dragging them out into hard raspberry thimbles. The contact studs rasped and ground across them. Then he ran the paddle blade down over her belly and through her gaping, hook-filled and chain spread pussy mouth which was by now dripping with fresh juices. Then he drew his arm back and swiped the paddle hard up into her groin, driving the clamps agonisingly deep into the petals of soft flesh to which they were fastened and the hook tip even deeper into her vagina.

Nicole’s eyes bulged incredulously as a piercing shriek escaped past her handle bit.

Half a dozen times more the blade swished through the air and smacked into her clamped, hooked and stretched pussy mouth, tormenting metal-clamped flesh and turning her exposed labia scarlet and making her think she’d faint from the pain and thrill of it. Then Frobisher lifted the blade up to her eyelevel and showed it to her. It was wet with her juices. ‘Look at you dripping like a tap! You want it so bad, don’t you?’

About her bit Nicole choked out: ‘Yes Sir, right now! Fuck me! Please, Sir, fuck me...’

‘But I’ve had you up that hole already. Can you suggest an alternative?’

‘My bum, Doctor! Have me up my nice hot greased bum hole... Please!’

‘Since you ask so nicely...’

Frobisher stood in front of her and cupped her sore buttocks. He rubbed his hard shaft through the gaping pink valley of her sex and round the shaft of the hook that so cruelly stretched her vagina, gathering fresh juices

on his cock head. Then he rammed his shaft into the tight anal pucker between Nicole's splayed thighs, plunging it into the dark, hot, tight well of her rectum. The force of his thrusts ground her body against the rubber wall and made her chains jingle. As her anal sphincter clamped hard about the root of his shaft her eyes rolled up and she sobbed with relief. Having a man inside her somehow made sense of it all. This was what she was suffering for: so she could give herself to him for his pleasure...

No! That was her SIMEON talking. She must not let it master her. She must remember how to think for herself again. She must...

With a sobbing wail Nicole felt him spurting his hot seed up into her rectum and then her mind exploded as another mega-orgasm engulfed her.

Chapter Six

When Faye's hood was next removed she found herself in a dimly lit room with a one- way glass window set in one wall of the type you saw in police interrogation rooms on television. Next to this window was a door leading into the room visible through the window which was more brightly lit. In it were four small round tables, each covered by a small plastic coated checked tablecloth, arrayed in an arc about a round mat on the floor. At each table sat a man in a dark suit wearing a white full face plastic mask with its lips cut away. On the tables in front of the men were two empty glasses: one wine and one liqueur. On a table on this side of the one-way glass an odd assortment of items were laid out like stage props next to an open laptop.

Standing before Faye, inspecting her naked body with interest, was a plump, genial man in a bow tie and white coat.

'I am Doctor Spratt,' he said. 'Today you have been given to me as a test subject in my research into SIMEON.' He held an institute standard electric girl prod up in front of Faye's eyes. 'I don't need to demonstrate this to ensure your cooperation, do I?'

Faye shook her head.

Spratt grinned. 'But I'm going to any way because nobody else cares if I do or not and I enjoy seeing attractive women suffering,' he said. 'In any other line of research that might be a disadvantage, but here it's simply a perk of the job...'

He jabbed its twin prongs into her pussy slot and pressed the button on the handle. Faye shrieked and rattled her frame, her hips jerking and twisting as electric needles stabbed through her pussy lips, setting them sizzling and her clitoris straining even as her vagina clenched in frantic overstimulation. A fitful spray of lubricating juices, which had already been gathering in anticipation within the folds of her pussy, were forced out from within her by her convulsions and spluttered over the terrible prod handle.

After ten seemingly endless seconds Spratt pulled the prod out of her tormented pussy, leaving Faye shivering and trembling helplessly while her sex mouth simmered and tingled, resentful and shamed and yet hungry for more.

‘Although you hate me for taking advantage of you, secretly you also enjoyed me doing that, didn’t you?’ Spratt asked.

Miserably, Faye snivelled and nodded.

‘Well let’s see if we can do something to understand why you have that desire. Now you will pay attention...’

From the array of items on the table under the one-way mirror Spratt took up a compact plastic box with a couple of wires trailing from it. He clipped the box to the back of her collar and taped the contact wires to her temples.

‘This is a remote brainwave monitor that will transmit readings on your mental activity to my terminal,’ he explained. ‘It will operate automatically throughout the experiment...’

He turned to the table again and picked up a selection of items. ‘This is what you will be wearing for the duration of the experiment. During that time you will obey the commands I give you concerning those men in that room. When you have performed each task satisfactorily, you will return to this room for your next instructions...’

Ten minutes later Fay entered the test room cautiously, not just because she was carrying a tray on which rested a bottle of chilled white wine.

A three link length of chain connected her ankle cuffs together in a hobble. In addition she was wearing high heels on her feet. Black stockings covered her legs up to her gartered mid-thighs. She was bare from there to the top of her hips. Tightly bound about her waist was a narrow, black, lace-edged corset, locked onto her by small padlocks. It had scallops taken out of

its upper rim to accommodate her breasts. Half cups of transparent plastic protruded from these scallops and it was in these that the undersides of her breasts rested: on blatant display and unnaturally outthrust. Studding the insides of these cups were small metal spikes like carpet tacks which jabbed into her pale flesh. Through these perverse bra cups a little blood could already be seen seeping across her flesh under the clear plastic. Fine metal hoops extended from one side of the cup rims to the other over the upper slopes of her breasts, holding them in place impaled on their array of spikes. The only way of minimising the pain was to move slowly and carefully.

Faye's wrist cuffs were secured to rings set in the sides of the waistband of her corset by trailing slave chains, which had just enough slack in them to allow her to hold the silver tray on which the ice cooler containing the wine bottle sat. By contrast, for the first time in days, she was wearing no kind of gag and her mouth was free.

As she entered the room the four masked faces with their dark hollow eyes turned to stare at her. Faye gulped but continued following her instructions. She had no idea of the purpose of this bizarre scenario, presumably intended to subtly probe the recesses of her mind while she was undergoing intense emotions and stimulation, and hoped it made sense to Doctor Spratt. But then it was not her place to wonder, only to obey...

'Can I serve you some wine, gentlemen?' she asked aloud as she had been instructed.

They all nodded.

Faye shuffled over to the first table as fast as her hobbled ankles permitted. The slightest movement of her feet set her breasts shivering slightly in their spiked cups, digging the cruel prongs a little deeper into her flesh and making her clench her teeth against the pain. But she had her instructions and the combination of pain, exposure, fear and obedience was already setting her loins tingling. If she needed any further excuse then she could console herself with the thought that this was all for her own good. Although the undersides of her breasts were bloody her nipples were standing up like thimbles. In a perverse way she was in SIMEON heaven...

She set the tray down on the table, took out the bottle with a clink of her slave chains and then bent over to pour a measure into the wine glass. As she did so she saw that the masked man had his flies open and his cock was jutting up stiffly from his lap, just brushing the back of the tablecloth.

Then his hand slid up between her naked thighs over the top of her stockings and fondled her pussy and bottom hole. Faye shuddered as he handled her but she kept pouring wine... until the moment his fondling became a sharp unexpected pinch. Then she jerked, yelping as her breasts bobbed in their spiked cups and she spilled the wine over the table top.

‘I’m so sorry, Sir!’ she choked out.

‘Lick it up!’ the faceless man commanded.

Awkwardly Faye dipped her back and bent her knees and lowered her head over the small table and lapped at the spilt wine. As she did so her breasts almost spilled out of their cups, only held down by the hoops across them which allowed the pliant tissue to flow under it as they tried to dangle free but not permitting it to escape completely. The blood caught between the underside of her breasts and the inside of the cup began to run towards its rim.

When she had licked the tablecloth dry Nicole replaced the bottle in the cooler and shuffled over to the next table. Once again she saw the man’s cock was visible, exposed and rampant while behind his mask his eyes shone as he contemplated her restrained body and suffering imprisoned breasts. She had made him like that, she thought queasily.

Halfway through pouring his wine he slapped her bare buttock cheeks hard. Faye yelped from the shock of the slap and the stabbing in the undersides of her breasts as they jumped in their cups. Once again the wine went everywhere.

‘I’m so very sorry Sir,’ she gasped.

‘Lick it up, slut,’ he commanded.

As she hunched over and licked it he continued to slide his hand between her thighs, fondling and probing and making her shudder with revulsion and terrible yearning.

The same thing happened, with minor variations, at the other two tables. As she filled their glasses the masked men pinched and slapped her exposed flesh between corset bottom and garter top and she spilled the wine. With relish they then commanded her to lick it up. By the time she was bending over the last table lapping it clean the cheeks of her face were burning, her bottom was bruised from pinches and the blood from her spiked breasts was dripping out of her transparent bra cups onto the floor.

Finally, trembling and tottering unsteadily on her heels, Faye shuffled back through the door to the control room where Spratt was waiting for her smiling broadly.

‘Excellent,’ he said.

He examined her bloody breasts carefully and then slid a graduated plastic rod up into her vagina to test its hot, sticky wetness. ‘Just as I predicted,’ he declared. ‘Intensely aroused...’

Faye could have told him that. The state of her pussy was visible to anybody with half an eye. As it was she said nothing, feeling sick and lightheaded and hating herself and yet also eager for more. She looked down at her simmering, pricking bloody breasts, their pain only intensified by the hot blood filling them generated by her perverse arousal, terrified at the damage she was doing to her tender flesh. And yet at the same time it seemed horribly appropriate that they should suffer so visibly. She was showing her faceless guests how sorry she was her clumsiness. It was her place to suffer...

She shook her head for a moment, trying to clear her thoughts. No, it was not her place to suffer: it was her curse that she thought like that. But that was why she was here, so that people like Spratt and the others could find a cure. This was all necessary... it was a necessary experiment...

‘Now, this is what you will do next...’ Spratt told her.

‘As compensation for my earlier clumsiness, gentlemen, may I suck each of you off?’ Faye begged meekly.

She stood on the round matt before them, trembling in fear in and anticipation. Her nipples were throbbing over her bloody cups and her pussy was weeping down the insides of her thighs.

The first man pushed his small table aside and spread his legs, exposing his hard shaft. ‘You can suck me off, you clumsy slut, but make sure you don’t spill anything else, understand?’

She shuffled forward and went down on her knees in front of him, spreading her knees as far as she could but of necessity keeping her hobbled ankles together, wincing as she bent forward to take his cock in her mouth and her breasts swayed and dragged within their spiked half shells. By now the blood was seeping out from beneath them as well, soaking into the material of her corset.

He took hold of her hair as she dipped her head and set his shaft sliding up into her mouth and then down her gullet. As she bobbed her head to pleasure him, with her lips clamped tight about the base of his shaft, the pink mounds of her breasts jiggled and swayed in sweet agony. Every few seconds she had to pull back to take a breath in around his manhood, but he held his hand down on the back of her neck, forcing her to stay with his cock down her throat a little longer than was comfortable, so that when she did take a breath it was a desperate intake of air.

By the time his hot sperm squirted down her throat she was dizzy from a shortage of oxygen. Dutifully she sucked and lapped his seed up, striving not to spill any. Finally she raised her flushed face in desperate triumph, searching for some sign of appreciation within the depths of his mask. But he gave her none and no time to recover. Instead he gave a slap on the cheek, causing her breasts to jiggle painfully and sending her quickly shuffling sideways on her knees to pleasure the next man.

And so Faye served the pleasure of the second and third masked men,

opening her mouth to their hard shafts and ducking her head so that she impaled her throat upon them.

They were no kinder to her when it came time to breathing. In fact they seemed to delight in holding her down on their shafts until she was getting frantic and struggling to draw breath. And of course her struggles also caused her breasts to jiggle that bit more desperately and painfully. The plastic cups supporting them were now completely filled with blood. Half the front of her corset was now stained dark and the floor was splattered with little drops.

After he had come in her mouth and she had drunk it all down, the third man lifted her head up by her hair and examined her flushed face and her pink eyeballs and stroked the upper slopes of her hot, bloody breasts before laughing aloud. She hated him for that, even as she felt her pussy throb and drip with desperate need. She wanted something up inside her so badly. Their cocks should not have gone down her throat. But that was not up to her. She was there to serve and she had her orders...

By the time Faye pleased the last man her jaws ached, her throat was sore and she was tired and dizzy. It was almost inevitable as he came hot and fierce over her tongue that a little sperm escaped the sides of her mouth and dripped down onto her hot breasts before she could recapture it. She felt the thrill of shame and embarrassment as she raised her fearful eyes to him.

‘Oh... I’m so clumsy, Sir... I’m sorry...’

And already she knew she would be punished for it.

‘I’ve been so bad and clumsy today I must ask each of you to cane me, Gentlemen,’ Faye said meekly.

She held her silver serving tray out in front of her. Across it lay four bamboo canes.

The men each took one and swished them through the air. Then Faye knelt down on the mat and raised her buttocks and pressed her face to the

floor. Her hobbled ankles meant she could not spread her legs so that her thighs were clenched together and her pussy cleft was squeezed out between them. They could see how inflamed it was and recognise the glisten of desperate excitement upon it. She was blatantly advertising her arousal and she could do nothing to stop it!

Would they screw her? She didn't want them to, but she did *need* them to. They had every opportunity...

But instead they chose to cane her. One by one they stood up with their jutting penises swelling once more in response to the pleasurable disposition of a naked female backside in front of them, offering itself up for a caning.

Hiss, swish, crack! The canes cut across her trembling backside.

Faye screamed and yelped and sobbed as they sliced the bamboos across her trembling bottom cheeks, sending ripples through her flesh and of course making her pin-bedded breasts dance and sway like bloody flesh bells. The deeper cuts sliced into the swollen pout of her vulva, adding a new degree of exquisite agony to her suffering. Why couldn't they screw her? Couldn't they see she was dying for it?

But it was only cane strokes that rained down upon her.

At some point, when she had almost blacked out from pain, her self control deserted her and she pissed down her thighs and onto the floor about her knees. The thrill of feeling hot pee passing through her swollen tormented pussy nearly brought her to the point of coming: nearly, but not quite.

'Can I please entertain you gentlemen? To make up for the terrible mess I made. If it would amuse you, for your pleasure and amusement, I would like to stuff my pussy and backside...'

By now Faye was so dizzy with pain and desire she felt almost drunk. Her freshly caned backside burned and throbbed, almost rivalling her breasts

for raw pain. On her tray were a bunch of grapes and a large green banana.

‘Get on with it then,’ one of the masked men told her.

Gingerly she lay down on the mat at the focus of the tables, now cold and wet with her pee, wincing as her sore welted buttocks pressed against it. As she did so the men began rubbing their cocks again.

She opened her legs wide, feeling the cool air caressing her inflamed groin. Spratt had freed her ankles at last. It was almost a relief to part her thighs, achingly aware of the men’s eyes upon her. She heard their crude words of appreciation.

‘Great pussy... nice deep slot... good and plump... fantastic arse...’

It was hateful and also so very true.

Lying on her back, her imprisoned breasts tried to flow down over the metal hoops containing them towards her armpits, exposing their bloody undersides. Hot blood began to trickle over her chest but it eased the stabbing pain of spikes. Behind the mirrored glass Spratt must be watching all of this, noting the readings from her mind. Could he point to a spike on the graph that showed what part of her brain had been twisted by SIMEON so that her pussy grew hot and her nipples stood up hard from her bloody breasts as she did this?

She began stuffing her greased rectum with purple grapes, forcing them deep into her with her fingers, feeling then turning to pulp inside her. Soon half the bunch was gone and she began to feel bloated and their juice was seeping out of her. Then she picked up the banana.

Taking hold of its stalk end she rammed its firm green length up into her aching pussy, using it like a dildo. It made her lower belly bulge as it completed for space within her with her grape-stuffed rectum. The thrusts made her blood-streaked breasts wobble and grape pulp was forced out of her bottom hole. She began to sweat with her exertions, feeling increasingly dizzy even as her loins were filling with lust. The banana was coming out of her dripping with her juices which were running down under her sore bottom.

Her clit was standing up as if in a miniature parody of it.

The men watching her ramming the banana into her vagina were growing ever more excited as they manipulated their cocks. Suddenly they reached for the liqueur glasses and held them in front of their straining, purple-headed shafts.

What were they doing?

Milky sperm jets spurted from their penis tips and were caught in the glasses. When they were all drained they stood up and came over to her and looked down at her sweaty, flushed and desperate face.

‘Now you’re going to drink this down, slut,’ one of them commanded her, offering his glass.

Hot fresh sperm, not from a cockhead rammed down her throat but decanted...

Still ramming the banana into herself with one hand, with the other Faye took the glass and gulped its slimy contents down, trying not to be sick.

And then the next, and the next...

Look what they’d done to her, Faye raged silently! Her breasts were a mess and she was stuffed with fruit and she was drinking their sperm! Humiliation piled upon pain and shame. It was so disgusting it was perfect...

And then the mega-orgasm overwhelmed her.

That evening in the wash and feeding room, Faye saw Nicole again for the first time since breakfast.

As they were pushed along rails in their restraint frames they anxiously searched each other’s bodies for signs of what they had endured that day. Faye noticed the blush on Nicole’s buttocks and pussy and strange row of what looked like bite marks on her labia, while Nicole’s eyes widened

in dismay at the multiple gashes and pricks on the undersides of Faye's breasts and the cane stripes across her buttocks.

But their handlers washed their soiled bodies clean and in their rough way applied some soothing cream and amazingly her injuries did not seem quite so bad afterwards. The blood had made it seem far worse than it was, Faye realized. It would all heal in a few days. How much of her suffering today had been in her mind, she wondered?

But then in a way all this was in their minds. A little twisted connection that had turned them into helpless, subservient, masochistic nymphomaniacs. And nothing she had experienced yet felt anything like a cure...

Chapter Seven

The next morning an anxious and contrite looking nurse Rebecca was waiting for Faye and Nicole as they finished their penis tube pulp breakfast. She put hoods over their heads and rolled them away together along the corridor. When their hoods were removed again they found they were in the garden room, which as before was occupied only by some empty restraint frames.

‘I’m so sorry about what I did to you last time,’ Rebecca said, pulling the gag balls out of their mouths. ‘But I was really desperate. I hadn’t had sex for days...’

Nicole said: ‘We know what it’s like to get desperate... We’re sorry Evan got you blamed for what he did to us afterwards...’

‘I probably deserved it...’ Rebecca said miserably.

Faye asked: ‘How did they punish you?’

Rebecca shuddered. ‘They shut me up in a dark room strapped down so I couldn’t touch myself.’

‘Is that all?’ Faye wondered.

‘It’s the worst thing they can do to people like us,’ Rebecca said with feeling. ‘I was only allowed a screw after I promised I’d behave myself and stick to my quota in future.’

‘You really have a sex quota?’ Faye wondered.

‘Yes. It says just how many spanks and screws I can have every week. It’s a condition of my being a nurse and having privileges.’

‘Do you think you can stick to it now?’ Nicole asked.

Rebecca shrugged in weary resignation. ‘Was does it matter? I know

I'm never going to get well again, and I can live with that, as long as I can stay safe and get enough rough sex. That doesn't mean you should give up,' she added hastily, 'but that's just how I feel. I know SIMEON is like an addiction but I don't look bad on it, do I?' She put her hands on her hips and pushed her chest out, showing off her voluptuous hourglass figure.

'You look... lovely,' Faye said honestly, aware of a disturbing twinge in her loins.

'Yeah, really hot,' Nicole agreed.

Rebecca smiled. 'Thanks. But whatever I do I promise I won't get you mixed up in it again.'

'Well, we won't tell on you,' Faye promised.

A conspiratorially expression came to Rebecca's face. 'Actually I'm hoping I might get lucky later. This is an exercise and assessment day for you. You two and another couple of new girls are due to be seen by a visiting specialist.'

She said "specialist" with a slightly contemptuous tone.

'And you think he might be ready to give you a, um, private assessment?' Nicole wondered.

'Maybe,' Rebecca admitted. 'I've never seen this one before so I don't know what he's like. I'll have to play it by ear. Now I must get you out to meet him,' she said, pushing their gag balls back into place and then pulling their hoods back down over their heads. 'You don't want to be late for your run...'

After five minutes blindly stumbling in Rebecca's footsteps on the ends of their leashes as she led them along the winding garden paths, they came to a halt again.

'Numbers 27 and 35, Sir,' they heard Rebecca announce to somebody

as she pulled their hoods off.

They were in a small clearing in one of the stands of trees that ringed the Institute grounds. Before them was an open-sided structure resembling a car port, under which many curiously shaped wheeled devices were sheltered. There were things that look like wheelchairs with shafts attached, oddly shaped bikes and even some small low pony traps. Strange items of leather and metal harness hung from the shelter's roof beams.

Standing in front of the shelter was a wiry, slightly weather-beaten and hearty looking middle aged man, clearly not a member of staff, dressed in riding boots and hard hat. The only non-traditional item in his garb was a cattle prod of a slightly different design to the Institute standard that hung from his belt. In his hand were the chain leashes belonging to two other naked, gagged and collared women, with the numbers 18 and 47 stamped on their bodies.

The man looked Faye and Nicole over with apparent approval. 'Yes, they look like good strong specimens,' he declared. His eyes met theirs, briefly acknowledging them as individual beings and not simply lab rats. 'I'm Professor Wheatstone, and it's my job to assess your progress and well-being. And I've found over the years that there's nothing like a good hard run to see how fit and healthy young women of your type are keeping...' He broke off to wave a dismissive hand at Rebecca, who was still hovering to one side. 'That will be all Nurse, thank you. I can manage them myself...

'It's all right, Professor, I've got plenty of time,' Rebecca said brightly. 'I can give you a hand if you like...'

Faye and Nicole exchanged quick knowing glances.

Wheatstone raised an eyebrow for a moment and then smiled at her benevolently. 'Well, if you want to help me get them harnessed up...'

'No trouble at all, Professor,' Rebecca said, hurrying into the shelter and coming back with armfuls of leather and metal.

With Rebecca's help, Wheatstone dressed Faye, Nicole and the other

two girls in their harnesses. They had broad belts hung with tethering rings on their hips and to the backs of which their wrist cuffs were clipped. Straps ran up their bodies from their belts and crossed between their breasts and passed over their shoulders. The shoulder straps had metal rings mounted on them. Over their faces went versions of horses' bridles with straps running across the bridge of their noses, under their chins and across the tops of their heads, all meeting at large cheek rings. The bridles also supported rubber bits that went between their teeth and blinkers that reduced the field of their vision. On their feet were buckled sturdy leather sandals with thick cork wedge soles and heavy rubber treads.

Oh God, they were being turned into pony girls, Faye thought in dismay. Were they going to be pulling one of those carts about? And yet even as the idea repulsed her she felt a tingle of excitement in her loins.

However the device to which they were going to be secured was like nothing Faye had ever seen before.

Wheatstone wheeled it out of the back of the shelter. It was essentially a long tubular metal beam supported by four bike wheels at its front and back ends. Spaced equidistantly along its upper side were four clusters of double rubber dildos, each surrounded by four spring hooks, two in front and two behind. Perched over the rear set of wheels was a raised tubular metal seat with a kind of steering tiller mounted in front of it. The seat had fold down parking struts underneath it which Wheatstone extended so that this strange machine stood upright.

The girls were positioned straddling along the length of the beam, Nicole and Rebecca set between the two other girls with Nicole in front of her, and the pairs of dildos were slid up into their vaginas and rectums. As her set penetrated her helplessly eager orifices, Faye noticed they had electric contact studs on their sides which connected to a bundle of insulated wires that ran back down along the underside of the beam. The sets of spring hooks bolted to the beam were then fastened to the side rings of their harness belts, two extending from in front of them spreading in V's to their hips and two from behind, holding them firmly impaled on the dildos with their thighs clamped about the beam.

Wheatstone threaded a set of light, semi-rigid slot-together carbon fibre rods through the shoulder rings of their harnesses, extending them from the steering tiller along the line of girls and linking them altogether. From each set of rods dangled elastic cords with spring clips on their ends that were pinched onto their nipples.

Wheatstone clambered up into the rear seat and experimentally twisted the tiller. The rods transmitted this motion along the line of girls, tugging on their left or right breasts.

‘When I pull on your left titties you go left and when I pull on your right you go right, is that understood?’ he said to them.

Mutely they all nodded their heads.

‘And when you feel this you go faster...’ He twisted one handle on the tiller and the girls yelped as they felt a sharp stabbing tingle in their rectums that made them automatically try to jerk forward to escape it. ‘And when you feel this you slow down...’ he continued, twisting the other handle. The girls yelped again as they felt stabbing pain in their pussies, urging them to pull backwards.

Oh yes, Faye thought, it was all very simple and straightforward. He had turned them into living engines for his perverted girl-powered... *quodandem*. Now she realized that the wedge soles on their sandals would help them propel the bike more efficiently, making them lean forward without bending their ankles too far while also providing maximum traction. She felt her clamped nipples throb in anticipation while hot slick lubrication seeped from her plugged pussy. Still, once again she would be getting some fresh air and exercise and it was a nice day for a run in the gardens...

Rebecca had been watching Wheatstone test the controls of his fleshy vehicle with deep fascination, licking her lips hungrily. Now she said: ‘Excuse me, Professor, but might I have a go on it when you’ve done with them? Or perhaps I could run along behind...’

He frowned at her for a moment and then understanding dawned. ‘Ahh... of course, you’re a SIMEON sufferer as well, aren’t you, Nurse?’

‘Yes, Professor,’ Rebecca admitted, lowering her eyes shamefully.

‘And is your pussy getting wet and are your nipples hard?’

In response Rebecca pulled open the collar of her uniform down to her navel to expose her full heavy pale breasts which were capped with large red nipples which were standing up like thimbles. Then she lifted up her skirt front to reveal her ringed, barred and padlocked pussy slot which was visibly wet.

‘Yes I can see you’re highly aroused,’ Wheatstone agreed. ‘But if you’re under treatment what about your orgasm quota?’

Rebecca smiled appealingly: ‘Well, I thought perhaps it wouldn’t matter just this once, Professor...’

He considered for a moment and then smiled. ‘Well, I might be able to accommodate you, I suppose. But of course you’ll have to be naked, tethered and harnessed. And I’ll need a spare set of cuffs, a gag strap and a spreader bar as well...’

Faye had never seen anybody take their clothes off so quickly. Inside thirty seconds Rebecca was naked and had dashed over to the shelter and had brought back the selection of items he had named.

Wheatstone clambered off the bike and buckled the harness onto Rebecca’s eager trembling body. He used the cuffs to secure her wrists together behind her back and then he pushed the gag into her mouth, forcing her white teeth wide. He looped the tether about her neck and drew tight like a leash. Faye saw the ecstatic expression on Rebecca’s face while her nipples appeared to be standing up like tiny red top hats.

Then Wheatstone led Rebecca over to the shelter and tied her neck tether to one of its beams. He pulled her legs wide and cuffed the ends of the spreader bar to her ankles.

Rebecca’s expression of delight was now changing to one of confusion. Clearly she had imagined he was going to tether her to the back of

the girl bike. Instead without warning Wheatstone slapped her cheeks hard, making her gasp and blink sudden tears away.

‘Doctor Griswold warned me about you earlier, Nurse,’ he told her. ‘He said you had problems with discipline. You asked too many questions and were sometimes soft on the patients. He also said that recently you’d had trouble keeping to your quota and that I was to punish you if you asked for any favours...’

And with that he drew his cattle prod from his belt.

For a moment Rebecca his face lit up in masochistic relief.

Then he jabbed the probe into her soft pale stomach and it flashed and crackled at full power.

Rebecca shrieked about her gag and doubled over the prod, jerking on her neck tether frantically while trying to pull her legs together.

Faye felt the cold hand of pity clutch at the heart. As she knew only too well, a prod stabbed on the breasts, bottom or pussy was painful but it could also be arousing. But jabbed into the stomach without any other erotic zones being stimulated it was just a torment.

Wheatstone held the sparkling flashing probe in place while Rebecca shrieked and thrashed about. A shameful stream of hot pee erupted from her shaven sex slot, messily passing round her vertical pussy ring T-bar and splattered across the grass and her inner thighs. But he ignored it, keeping her in agony. Tears flowed down her cheeks and her lovely breasts bounced and heaved wildly.

Finally he pulled the prod out of her contorted stomach and Rebecca sagged from her tether strap; soiled, trembling and shivering.

‘Now I’m going to take these girls for a ride around the grounds and you can remain here and contemplate what happens when you don’t do what you’re told, Nurse,’ Wheatstone said severely. He mounted the seat of the girl bike and took hold of the tiller. Faye and the others felt a stab of current up

their backsides and immediately obeyed its command, leaning forward and straining their legs to set the strange device into motion.

And so they rolled out of the little clearing along one of the bark chip paths that wound away through the trees, leaving a sobbing Rebecca behind them.

Although her thoughts and sympathy were still focussed on Rebecca's plight, Faye soon found that her body rapidly succumbed to the distractions of the moment.

Providing motive power for the girl quodandem was humiliating and shameful and hard work and soon they were all sweating profusely. But it was also irresistibly and ridiculously arousing!

Every stride worked the dildos inside them, held pressed tight to their sweaty groins by the spring hooks in front and behind them. They were actually hauling the bike along by the dildos impaled in their pussies and rectums! What could be more intimate or degrading than that? It was not possible for SIMEON women to resist such stimulation. As so as they pounded along the winding paths with their blinkers shutting out almost all external distractions and their nipples being tugged left and right and their pussies and rectums alternately being jolted with zaps of power as Wheatstone steered them, their juices flowed freely over the beam and dripped to the ground.

One by one they came as they ran, moaning and stumbling as the shocks of delight coursed through them and then picking up their feet again. They were not mega-orgasms but in the circumstances they were extremely satisfying and promised to be the first in what felt like an infinite series. Faye saw Nicole's lovely strong buttocks clench in front of her as she came and watched the discharge lather her thighs and smelt the distinctive scent of her orgasm as it was carried back into her face. If she had the strength Faye would have happily run like this all day.

But flesh had its limits and after twenty minutes of continuous

running they were all gasping and heaving for breath. Wheatstone steered them into a shaded glade amongst the trees, put down the bracing struts and got down from the control seat. With the bike stabilised they allowed their knees to bend and rested on the main beam, the dildos squelching in their sodden orifices.

‘Well done,’ he said amiably as he worked his way along the line of them, stroking their flushed cheeks. He slid an experienced hand between their sweaty, sticky thighs to check they had all come and then he flicked their clipped nipples to test their hardness. The girl squirmed and moaned in feeble delight as he handled them. ‘Good, that all seems perfectly normal,’ he declared. ‘You are clearly being kept in the best of health...’

In her happy dazed state Faye felt a swell of reassurance at his words. It was so good to know they were being well cared for. That made everything all right, however strange their lives had become. The Institute was where they belonged...

From a bag slung behind the bike seat Wheatstone brought out a plastic bottle and fed them all some much needed water.

Then he unfastened the girl from the front of the bike and bent her down on the cool grass on her face with her legs spread wide. Freeing his straining cock he knelt between her knees and took his pleasure with her in an unhurried fashion.

As she watched him pumping steadily away inside her sweaty pussy hole, Faye chewed on her bridal bit and clenched her thighs about the beam and churned her hips trying for another orgasm and wished it was her Wheatstone was screwing. At this moment she was too happily tired and dizzy from multiple orgasms to worry about the rightness of it. He had run them hard and now he was enjoying one of their select tenderised orifices. What else could be more natural?

When they returned to the equipment shelter Rebecca was still tethered beneath it as Wheatstone had left her. She was trying to clench her thighs

together to work her pussy rings against her clit and give herself some slight sexual relief, but the spreader bar holding her legs wide prevented it. She could not touch herself in any way to relieve her desperate needs. As the quodandem came to halt beside the shelter she looked up at Wheatstone with hollow pleading eyes.

As Faye saw her expression she felt a pang of returning guilt that she had just had such a pleasurable time while Rebecca had suffered.

Wheatstone got down and looked Rebecca over with stern amusement, flicking her straining nipples. She moaned and tried to speak around the tight gag strap that closed to her mouth, pleading with her eyes, jerking her hips forward and offering herself to him. He drew out his cattle prod again and she became still and fearful. He undid her gag strap and freed her mouth.

‘What have you got to say for yourself now, Nurse?’

‘Please, Professor,’ she sobbed, ‘please I beg you... just a little screw please...’

Why didn’t they give her what she wanted, Faye wondered? What does it matter?

‘Not until you learn to accept what you are given for your own good, nothing more and nothing less,’ Wheatstone said sternly. ‘I’m going to tell Doctor Griswold about your behaviour. I’ll recommend that you stay out here all night until you learn your lesson. Maybe that will teach you your proper place...’

And he turned his back on Rebecca and went over to the bike and began unfastening the girls. Faye saw Rebecca’s face crumple in despair and for a moment her head hung low. Then she raised it again and it seemed as though a mask had fallen away.

‘SIMEON is a lie!’ Rebecca shouted. ‘They’ve made you sick... it’s something to do with the screens in your cells! He’s no professor and these aren’t scientists trying to cure you. The white coats and tests are fake! You’re

all being turned into sex slaves... into unpaid whores!'

TO BE CONCLUDED...

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