

SABRINA JEN MOUNTFORD



**TERROR ASYLUM**

# Terror Asylum

## A Crime, Horror Story

*By Sabrina Jen Mountford*

*Femdom Erotika, also by the same author:-*

*The Clinical Trial (With The Receptionist [Now Re-released on Kindle!]*

*The Tormentress and the Boss*

*Slavery: Part 1 : Captured!*

*Slavery: Part 2 : Operated on : Forced Transsexual.*

*The Male Bridesmaid*

*The Hypnotist*

*A Sissy Story : WPC Domination*

*A Sissy Story : Feminized For Her 'How he became a lesbian'*

*Cross Dressing : Schoolgirl Domination*

*Samantha's Tale : The Deal (Prequel to 'The Tormentress & The Boss')*

*Anita's Tale : The Sperm Donor*

*The Harem Slave*

*Femdom : The Dressmaker*

*Femdom : The Ex's Revenge*

*Femdom: The Beautician Trap*

*Tickle Torture : Tickled into Submission*

*Tickle Torture : Tickled until she wets herself*

*The Male Bridesmaid 2 : The Reluctant Cuckoldress*

*Corporal Punishment : A Study in Caning (The BDSM Studies)*

*Orgasm Denial : A Study in Chastity (The BDSM Studies)*

*Forced Feminization : A Study in Sissification (The BDSM Studies)*

*Gender Swap : Anita's Transgender Pill : A Gender Bender Story*

*Femdom : The Game*

*Femdom : The Game 2 : High Stakes*

*Femdom : The Game 3 : The Ultimate Forfeit*

*Diary of Sissy Slave Alicia*

*The Bisexual Writer : Cuckolded into Chastity by a Lesbian*

*\*Slavery 1 & 2 are available together and separately*

*Planned titles:-*

*Femdom : The Vacation*

*Compilations by the same author:-*

*Feminization Stories First Collection: The Hypnotist, The Male Bridesmaid  
Feminization Stories Second Collection: Feminized For Her, Crossdressing:*

*Schoolgirl Domination*

*Slavery: Part 1 & 2 : Captured & Operated on!*

*Tickle Torture : Tickled until she wets herself & Tickled into Submission*

*Femdom : The Game : A BDSM Erotika Trilogy*

*The BDSM Studies Trilogy*

*The Male Bridesmaid Duology*

*(For non-Kindle owners) Paperbacks by the same author:-*

*Feminization Tales: The Hypnotist, The Male Bridesmaid*

*The BDSM Studies Trilogy*

*Femdom : The Game : A BDSM Erotika Trilogy*

*Gender Swap : Anita's Transgender Pill : A Gender Bender Story*

*Seventeen Shades of Depravity (A compilation of many of my stories.)*

*If you read all my stories and want to read more erotica, I highly recommend giving 'Maia Anne Fisher' a try her 'Human Dog : Puppy Play Erotica' is thoroughly enjoyable. Particularly if you enjoy female domination with dubious consent. If non-consensual is your thing, and you like it extreme, you should really read her 'Femdom & Extreme BDSM : A Night to Remember, A Life Dismantled. It's not for the squeamish though!*

*Sabrina Jen Mountfords Authors Blog and profile:*

[http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/6456589.Sabrina\\_Jen\\_Mountford/blog](http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/6456589.Sabrina_Jen_Mountford/blog)

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*Forward:-*

*What follows is an approximately 18,000 word original horror story. If it reads at times as an erotica, or femdom fantasy fiction, then please understand, the reason is – that is what I normally write! I wanted to write something about my fears and anxiety about mental healthcare, and I could not find anyway of sensibly working this story into that sort of thing. My other work is quite extreme in places, and*

*some of it might be concerned horror. I hope you enjoy my first venture into a new genre.*

*The portrayal of mental health care and sectioning in the UK is NOT intended to be accurate. Straightjackets are more or less non-existent in UK Mental Health Care, with very few exceptions. Four point bed- restraints are used, but only very rarely. Padded Cells are used, but are referred to as 'Seclusion Rooms' and again are rarely used. The normal procedure, for dealing with patients who are in danger of harming themselves or others, and who are resistant to de-escalation techniques, talking to them to calm them down - is restraint and sedation. This means up to four nurses or carers will physically hold you down while another injects you with a sedative. If you are sectioned under the Mental Health Act 1983, it is possible you will be forced to undergo ECT. It is used only as a last resort though, when your condition has proven resistant to treatment with drugs and CBT. It is usually used for depression, or schizophrenia. If you are concerned about being sectioned, you can issue an advance directive that you do NOT wish to receive electro-convulsive therapy and this then has to be observed, however you should do this with caution. Modern ECT is delivered in less damaging 'pulses' in a controlled dose and under anaesthetic. ECT is still a controversial treatment, but in many cases it is effective. Memory loss and a loss of cognitive function is a possible side-effect, so it should generally be used wither as a last resort or in an emergency when a patient is in crisis and all other options have been exhausted Very few institutions around the world still use 'Sine Wave' ECT, the UK doesn't. Though the UK does use bilateral ECT, many institutions around the world attempt less damaging unilateral ECT, placing one electrode on your forehead and one on your temple . All of the characters and events within are fictional. This work should be treated as a horror story, and I do not condone or encourage any of the acts described in this story being attempted in real life. This material is suitable for over 18's only. All characters should be assumed to be over 18.*

*~ Sabrina*

*Special thanks to author **Maia Anne Fisher** for inspiring me to write this.*

# Terror Asylum

## A Walk in the Park

Marie worked on a Mental Health Ward. It was a secure ward where patients tended to be taken immediately after a section under the mental health act. Today had been a fairly easy day, no escapees, no sudden outbursts of violence and no suicide attempts. It wasn't always like that; so many times, they'd had all of this and more. People tended to resent being treated against their will, even if they very obviously required treatment. There were depressives who genuinely believed it should be their right to kill themselves and that the police and mental health workers were in the wrong, by trying to stop them, then there were schizophrenics who believed their medication was poison, and had to be held down by four nurses so they could inject them. Of course, there was an argument for people having the right to euthanasia to escape long-term, debilitating physical illnesses. She had a great deal of sympathy for the campaigners with 'Locked in Syndrome' or Motor-Neurone disease and felt they should have that right. The trouble was, in a physically healthy person with a mental illness, it wasn't their right to make that decision, because their decision making was compromised by their mental illness. Of course there were some who argued that they were NOT mentally ill, just that they were unhappy and didn't want to live. In most cases patients came to be grateful for the fact that they'd been treated against their will. Treatment was good too, at least these days. Drugs were better than they had been, enforced lobotomy and ECT was now outlawed. In the UK, ECT was only able to be given with patient consent, and was done under general anaesthetic, and lobotomy was essentially outlawed, medications having taken up lobotomy's role. Even these treatments were nowhere near as brutal and cruel as some of the old treatments that had been used historically. Being restrained in shackles or straightjackets almost constantly, being infected with malaria, being spun around until dizzy, being forced to remain in a bath, then

sprayed with high pressure cold water or kept in a deep sleep for days or being restrained. No, patients these days had it easy, despite what some of them thought.

She'd just got changed out of her uniform and folded it neatly, before depositing it in her bag. Some of the nurses went home in their uniforms, but Marie didn't like to. Partly because she didn't like wearing dresses anyway, she was really a 'jeans and tees' girl at heart. Her supervisor at the secure ward preferred all nurses to wear the same uniforms, it wasn't a rule, but Barbara seemed to think it was better for patients if all the staff wore identical uniforms. It was just Marie's luck that the rest of the girls had voted almost universally for dresses, rather than her preference - trousers and tunics. Having carefully packed her uniform up in her shoulder bag she closed her locker and locked it. She swiped her card to leave the secure ward, then swiped it again to leave the building, thankful to leave the white, monotone corridors of the psychiatric hospital behind. She'd got a career in psychiatric nursing because she wanted to help people. She positioned herself to work in the secure wards because she got off on control. There was something satisfying about being able to detain people against their will, people who may not have committed a crime, but who were simply deemed insane, or had tried to harm themselves. Keeping them from harming themselves was another delicious form of control. Seeing the frustration in their eyes as they were restrained and secured, then forced to take medication against their will. It made her feel powerful, in control, and it was helping them too! She was only disappointed that 'restraint' wasn't used more in modern mental health institutions. These days it was all medication, the irony was, though a patient on medication showed no visible signs of restraint, they *were* restrained. They were restrained mentally, some of the drugs and combinations of drugs they gave to patients seemed to almost degenerate them into zombies with little idea of who they were, where they were or why they were there. It all satisfied Marie's insatiable desire to control people. On the few occasions when she'd been required to sit and observe a restrained patient, it had almost made her feel aroused.

Watching them restrained, usually to a bed, struggling, often pleading to be released...

As she left the building, twilight was setting in, the skies were darkening and a cold wind blew up. She was headed for the park, her bus stop was at the far side of the park, then it was a half an hour ride to the point where she got off, followed by a short walk. As she left the hospital grounds and headed for the park she began to get a sinister feeling that someone was watching her. She paused and glanced over her shoulder, it was late. Nobody was following her, she swung her neatly tied back, dyed red hair over her shoulder and quickened her pace, striding towards the park gates. As she entered the park she got that feeling again, a subtle sense that someone was watching her? Following her? She stopped and looked about the trees and benches; nothing. She cast her eyes over to the empty playground; there wasn't a soul there, except one of the swings was swinging gently to and fro. Had the wind moved it? She heard a rustle and swung around violently, peering into the bushes.

"I know you're there! Come out where I can see you!"

Nothing, nobody stood up or revealed themselves. She waited, scanning the bushes and trees and listening. Eventually she turned back to the path and started almost jogging. She'd worn flat shoes, they were comfortable, but not great for running in. The more she ran, the more convinced she became that someone was following her. She'd walked this way every night for four years on the run almost, but she'd never felt like this. She dodged around the switched off fountain, and quickened her pace. It wasn't long, before she could see the far side of the park, the gates invitingly open. As she approached them she relaxed. She'd been a bit silly it seemed. She paused and glanced over her shoulder, there wasn't a soul to be seen. She could see the empty bus-stop in the distance through the park gates, she was nearly there. She'd clearly just been letting her imagination get the better of her. She turned to the gates and started walking, just as she crossed the threshold, she heard a rustle and

felt a cloth held firmly over her mouth. As she breathed, she blacked out. Her final thought being, a recognition of a faint smell of chlorine and a panic-struck 'What's happening?!'



## Coming around

When Marie awoke, she groaned softly. What had happened? She felt a little like she'd been dreaming. She gradually opened her eyes. Instead of what she'd expected to see, her own ceiling, her own bedroom; she saw an old, tatty looking ceiling with cracked plaster. She looked up to the window, where moonlight was beaming into the dark room, creating a blue pattern on the floor, a blue square with a series of black stripes through it. Then it all came back, she'd finished work, headed for the park then...

She remembered the chlorine smell, had she been chloroformed? She tried to get up, then realised her arms were somehow restrained. They were folded in front of her, and try as she could, they would not unfold them. She noticed her legs were bare also. She swung her feet to the side and fought her way off the grotty, stained mattress she'd been lying on. As she stood, she looked down at herself, she'd been stripped naked except for her underwear so far as she could tell, then been put into an institutional straightjacket. She felt dust and debris on the floor under her bare feet, she shuddered. She then carefully made her way to the window. It was barred, but not glazed. Broken shards of glass were stuck in the old wooden frame beyond the iron bars. She looked out of the window, all she could see was the midnight blue sky, the stars, the moon glowing brightly and a bumpy horizon silhouette that looked like a tree line. Everything was silent, she was out in the countryside somewhere and it felt like the ground was a long way down, as if she was in a tall building. She pressed her face up against the bars and screamed. "Help! HELP ME! Help me! HELP! I'm stuck in here! HELP ME SOMEONE!"

Then she waited. The silence was deafening, the darkness stared back at her. She started working on the jacket. She tried to pull her arms up in front of her, but they were strapped firmly down to

her chest, and the crotch-strap was pulled up tightly between her legs and securely buckled at the back. She tried pulling an arm out of the arms of the jacket, one first, then the other – but it was well fitted and she couldn't get her elbows out of the top of the arm, forcing her to keep her arms in the arms of the jacket. She tried pulling up again, wriggling around, thrashing, carefully, riding the jacket up. Nothing helped. The strap holding the arms to her chest, and the tightly fastened crotch strap, which was buckled behind her, meant she couldn't move the jacket at all. She walked back to the window, her bare feet crunching in the dust and the debris. She pressed her face up against the bars and started screaming at the top of her voice for help. She screamed, and screamed and screamed until her throat hurt and she lost her voice. She turned to look into the room, the door! There had to be a door! It was dark and she couldn't make much out, but there had to be a door – why hadn't she tried it before? Of course she knew why she hadn't tried it, anyone who chloroformed her, then put her in a straightjacket would probably have locked the door to this room, wherever this room was. It was worth a try anyway. She used her shoulder to track around the room, eventually she felt a rattle; the door! She threw her shoulder against it, but nothing happened. She waited for her eyes to adjust, until she could see a small square window with bars across, and nothing beyond but blackness. It WAS the door, it simply appeared to be locked, or bolted or something. She threw her shoulder against it, there was a thump but no movement. She tried feeling for a handle, but there was no handle on this side. She stood back and tried lifting her heel and kicking the door as hard as she could. It didn't move, it just hurt her foot, causing her to whimper in pain. As she whimpered and limped back to her mattress in the corner a female voice echoed from the gloom beyond the door.

“Calm down now, any more attempts to hurt yourself and you will be put into more restrictive restraints.”

Marie glared at the door. She knew the voice, she didn't recognize it properly, because her head was such a mess, but it was

familiar. “Who are you!? Why am I here?!”

“I’m your psychiatric nurse, I’m going to be looking after you until you’re better.”

“There’s nothing wrong with me! Open this door right now!”

“You’ve been sectioned under the mental health act, you’re going to be detained until I deem you are no longer a danger to yourself or to others. You can appeal against your detention if you like.”

“Yes, I want to appeal!”

The voice in the darkness chuckled softly, “That’s fine, I’ll let you know how your appeal is going.”

It dawned on Marie, that these phrases were almost *verbatim*, things she’d said to patients who were being held under a section. Someone had obviously not taken kindly to being sectioned, and for some unknown reason had chosen to exact revenge upon her! Marie called in the direction of the door, “You’re not well! Unlock the door now, get me out of this thing and I’ll take you somewhere safe!”

“Dear me, you’re suffering from delusions. YOU, are the one who isn’t well. Don’t worry though, we’re going to fix you all up and send you on your way. Maybe after a year or so of being detained and treated, we’ll be able to move you off the secure ward?”

“Don’t do this! You’re going to be in so much trouble; if you let me-“

“Now, now, I wouldn’t be doing my job if I let you go, I realise you think you’re perfectly alright, but you have a serious mental illness, that needs treating. I wouldn’t be fulfilling my duty, if I was to recommend you were released before we’d treated you.”

It was verbatim again, a well-practised phrase Marie had spouted to countless patients, who were unwillingly detained, sectioned under the mental health act. What had her captor got in mind? “How exactly am I going to be treated? I demand to know my treatment plan!”

Marie thought her captor was playing it by the book. Patients *were* entitled to know their treatment plans. However when the voice in the shadows responded, it didn’t make her feel better.

“We are going to try a variety of treatments Marie. We going to try changing your medication, we might also, experimentally, try some old-fashioned ‘physical treatments’ if these remain ineffective, then you are going to receive a course of electro-convulsive therapy, if that fails to treat your condition, your name is going to be put forward for a lobotomy, either trans-cranial or pre-frontal.”

“You can’t administer ECT without patient consent! Lobotomy has been off the books for years!”

“We’ve been unable to contact your advocate, so seeing as you are unfit to decide whether you require ECT, a mental health professional is going to make that decision for you. Lobotomy is making a come-back actually. In cases where patients do not respond to medication and maintain their delusions, either an ‘ice-pick’ lobotomy, or a more radical trans-cranial lobotomy can prove very helpful in calming you down. Of course you’ll suffer some memory loss, and your personality may be affected – but we’ll be able to release you into the community, your cognitive functions may never recover of course, but it’s a small price to pay to be able to get a release from hospital isn’t it? Of course, all of this depends on how

you respond to treatment. The first step in your recovery is accepting that you are ill.”

“I am not ill! I’m fine, now open this door!”

Marie waited patiently. There was the sound of a key, then a flood of air as the door was swung open. As it was though, from the darkness a blanket was thrown over her, and she was tackled to the ground. She kicked, she screamed, she fought as hard as she could whilst in the confines of the straight jacket, but her captor had the better of her. She felt her legs being clamped in cold steel as shackles were fitted to her ankles. Then the blanket was pulled off and a shadowy face was on top of her, fastening something to her head. She didn’t catch much of the face. She could tell her captor had long dark hair in pigtails, but little else. Before she knew it, the girl claiming to be her nurse was behind her grabbing the leather straps on the back of the straight jacket and dragging her to her feet. Then she was dragged through the door into a dark corridor and mauled over the debris covered floor. She could barely see a thing, her feet were shackled so she could only separate her ankles by a foot at most. She thought about trying to make a run for it, a break for escape, but she seemed to be in an old derelict building and several floors up. She didn’t fancy tackling a rubble covered staircase in a straightjacket and shackles. Accepting her situation for the time-being she allowed her captor to guide her along the corridor, her captor’s hand firmly gripping the back of her straightjacket. When they’d walked a couple of hundred metres she felt herself grabbed with two hands, then thrown sideways into another room. The floor in this room was soft underfoot. As she stumbled forwards, her gait restricted by the shackles, she fell forward on her face onto the padded floor, then she heard the door slammed violently behind with a thud. This room was darker, only a small row of glass blocks near the ceiling line allowed any moonlight in. She rolled onto her back, the buckles of her straightjacket digging into her spine a little, as her eyes tried to adjust to the darkness, and failed, she wondered where she was now. She’d realised what had

been strapped onto her head forcibly. It was a foam helmet, sometimes used to stop patients harming themselves by bashing their heads against the wall. She fought her way awkwardly to her feet, the straightjacket and shackles encumbering her significantly. She felt incredibly vulnerable, encased in darkness, securely restrained. She stepped towards to where the doorway had been, cringing as her bare feet sunk into the padded floor. The door had been firmly closed, it was padded. There appeared to be a 'T' shaped window in the middle. Following it around, she felt the walls next to the door, they were padded too. She'd been put into a padded cell! This did have one good consequence; she now believed she knew where she was. It was an old abandoned lunatic asylum, on the outskirts of Manchester. When she'd been young her great aunt had spent some time here, she'd had schizophrenia and had spent some time in the hospital from time to time. Of course she could be wrong, but it seemed likely. The asylum had shut down fifteen years ago and was so out of the way, it had probably even been forgotten by the urban explorers. So, she was in Saddleton Brook Lunatic Asylum, she was shackled and in a straightjacket, locked in a padded cell, some vengeful psychiatric patient whom she'd treated against their will had captured her, with the intention of taking revenge on her. The question was; how to escape? She'd had experience of padded cells from the other side of the door; nobody had ever escaped from a padded cell as far as she'd known. The hospital had been closed for a long time, could the door have weakened? It seemed the best option; the walls would be solid concrete with several inches of padding, the same for the floor. The door would be a heavy wooden, steel plated door with padding on the inside and the 'T' shaped inspection window she'd already discovered. The corridor was silent outside. These rooms were well sound-proofed, she knew that, but she didn't think her captor was still around. She bent her knees and with a grunt threw her weight against the door. It didn't budge a millimetre. As she groaned and lined up for another shove she stopped. The door would open inwards, whenever she'd encountered a padded cell, the door had always opened inwards. She had a flash-back, a memory of all the

hapless demented souls she'd gleefully shoved into the padded cell and slammed the door behind, peering at them through the observation window... The control had been exquisite, had they all needed to be in a padded cell? Well, mostly yes, the common use was for patients who had issues with their medication and were violent, uncontrollable, at least until their new meds kicked in... But of course there had been the odd occasion when they'd been used for a more punitive purpose. Some patients were just a little bit awkward, not violent, not dangerous, but noncompliant. She thought back through the times she'd been guilty of using the straightjacket and padded cell for punitive purposes. There had been a few occasions over the years. Of course it was against protocol, against guidelines, but sometimes patients were just a little bit too 'smart-arse' and needed to be taught their place. A few hours alone, in a padded cell, wearing a straightjacket always did the trick. One six hour stint, solitary in a padded cell wearing a straightjacket and they became very obedient... Except now she, SHE was in a padded cell, wearing a straightjacket. It seemed perverse, the role reversal, she felt displaced, like she should be outside the room, turning the key in the lock. Despite wracking her brains she couldn't think of anyone who was definitely the perpetrator of this revenge. The trouble was, although she'd generally treated most patients with kindness, especially those who'd been obedient, good patients, who'd taken their medication without a fight – there had been many cases where she hadn't. On several occasions, even recently, she could recall herself and three other nurses holding a patient down while they injected them with drugs or sedated them. Restrained them to beds, or...

While she was thinking about this she heard the distant hum of a generator starting up. It was very faint, very distant. The room lit up with a dim, eerie orange glow. The light came from a light box, high up in the centre of the room, flush with the ceiling. The corridor too was lit up brightly, white light shining through the 'T' shaped observation window. She looked around the room. There was graffiti, bits of padding were partially ripped off in places and there were

stains on the wall and floor. Urine? Excrement? It looked like both, and smelled the same. She thought to herself. *'Focus, think Marie, how can you get out of this?'* Before she could come up with anything the light from the inspection window dimmed as a head on the other side of the door blocked the light out. Marie padded over to the window. "Let me out this instant! I demand that you open this door!"

"Now, now. I need you to be a good patient. You need to accept that we know what's best for you and start complying. If you continue to rebel against your treatment then who knows where it will end? Think electro-convulsive therapy, but the old-fashioned way, no anaesthetic. We just strap you down, pop a bite block in your mouth, smear your temples with conductive, then ZAP! Your bones will rattle together, some might break, you'll wet yourself of course and you'll find your whole body in spasm. Your short-term memory will be destroyed, and you'll feel disorientated and confused, not even knowing your own name. It will be good for you though, I think a few sessions of ECT will zap some compliance into you, and if they don't – well, there's always the lobotomy option isn't there?"

Marie shuddered. "What do you want!?"

"To treat your mental illness of course, but I digress, you really need your sleep, you have a long day of treatments ahead of you tomorrow Marie, you need your sleep. I'm going to sedate you now."

"How?!"

As she spoke the face vanished from the window. She smelled something too, something burning. Looking up she saw a pre-drilled hole in the wall, pouring smoke into the room. She recognised the smell, it was cannabis, it smelled like very strong, skunk weed. She knew because many service users self-medicated with it, you could smell it in their homes. What to do? Hold her



breath? It was a tiny room, it would soon fill with smoke and she'd be helpless but to breathe in the fumes. She screamed at the door.  
"Stop! Don't do this!"

"Now, now, calm down, be a good patient and accept your medication. Unless you want to leave here with your brains fried from multiple doses of ECT and perhaps lobotomized?"

Marie shuddered and backed off, collapsing in the corner of the room. The amount of smoke pouring through the hole increased. She could smell it, she could taste it. Trying to breathe made her cough and splutter and gasp even harder, taking the cannabis smoke deep into her lungs. It was strong weed, as she breathed it in she felt light-headed, almost dizzy. She started to feel relaxed, but also uncomfortable. She'd not had cannabis for over a decade, never used it much, and it was having a profound effect on her. She groaned and slumped back, coughing as she was forced to breathe more and more of the thick smoke in. It burned her throat and nostrils slightly and the room was soon spinning. She couldn't get comfortable. She tried to part her legs, but the shackles kept her ankles close. She wanted out of the jacket, she pulled, she twisted, she wriggled, she tried to dislocate a shoulder, but it didn't work, and the tightly fitted front strap meant it wouldn't have helped anyway. She groaned in frustration and whimpered softly as she pulled and tugged on the tightly fitted straightjacket. Could she reach the buckles at the back? She tried folding her arms even tighter to create some slack, she could feel the lumps of the buckles, but the thick, heavy cloth of the jacket meant performing the intricate task of unfastening the buckle would prove impossible. She tried just levering the buckle with the thick canvas but she couldn't even feel the shape of it, let alone undo it. She tried to pull her elbows out of the arms, but it was too tight a fit. All the while she attempted to escape the jacket she felt more and more stoned, and more and more tired. She tried rustling the jacket up over her head, using the padded walls to grip the buckles, but the crotch strap was fastened tightly and stopped any movement. Was it an old straightjacket that

had been left in the asylum? She tried simply pulling on the arms hard, as if to rip the leather straps from the canvas, but it was useless. Finally she slumped to one side and drifted off into a cannabis induced slumber...

## Let Treatment Commence!

When Marie awoke she groaned, she still felt disorientated and dizzy. She had a headache, and was thirsty. She could still smell the cannabis in the air, still taste it. She realised as well, that she really, really needed to pee. The light in the padded cell was still on, was her captor still behind the inspection window, observing her? She fought her way to her feet, it was difficult with the shackles and straightjacket, but using the wall she managed to get upright. This made the dizziness even worse, giving Marie a taste of how it might feel to be forcibly medicated. The foam helmet strapped onto her head was irritating her now also. She didn't intend to hurt herself, but they'd used them on the ward, patients in straightjackets were not unknown to begin desperately smashing their heads against anything and everything, was the helmet on her just to teach her how irritating they were to wear? She shuffled forward groggily, still feeling very stoned. She wanted to feel normal; she wanted her wits about her. She could tell she was a dopy mess, if there was a chance to flee she would not be fit to take it. She knew she would not be able to tackle a staircase in shackles and straightjacket, while stoned, if she tried she'd end up seriously injuring herself. When she got to the inspection window she peered out. Nothing, it was hard to see, but the corridor looked empty. She tried the door again, there was no handle on the inside, so she tried short sharp shoulder barges to try and bounce it open. A rattle told her it was locked though, she was trapped inside the padded cell until her captor chose to let her out. It was so humiliating! She thrashed and thrashed and wriggled in the straightjacket, screaming with frustration. Then she stopped. Her bladder felt fit to burst. She shouted at the door. "Hey! I need to go to the toilet! Hey! Can you let me out? I need the toilet!"

There was no response. She tried to peer out of the observation window in the door. She tried to be quiet and listen. It

appeared her captor was not around. She barged the door again futilely, out of sheer frustration. Nothing, it was solid. She pressed her knees together, trying to hold her urinary sphincters closed. Her bladder was hurting it felt heavy and full. She couldn't hold it, she had no idea her captor would be and trying to hold a full bladder indefinitely would be unhealthy. She started waddling to the corner, preparing to squat, as she did, something else occurred to her. *'What if I'm stuck in here for days? Dammit! I'm so thirsty! What if... Urgh!'* The thought was that she did not want to die of thirst. Dehydration was not really a threat at this point, but what if her captor had simply locked her in the padded cell and left her here to rot? It sounded possible. She decided, though she didn't want to, if she wanted to stay alive, she should somehow try to drink her own urine. She checked for where the floor was cleanest and most intact, it was in fact best, in the corner which she had headed. She squatted down and allowed her urinary sphincter to open. Warm, wee gushed out in a torrent, through her panties and through the crotch strap of the jacket, splashing and running down her legs onto the padded floor. When it was done she backed up, kneeled, leaned forward and pressed her face down into the urine soaked padded floor. It wasn't an absorbent material so she managed to use her chin to create a depression, allowing her wee to pool and then sucked as much of it up as she could. It tasted foul, warm and bitter, smelling slightly alkaline from the urea. It was a decidedly unpleasant experience. To keep going she kept telling herself it was this or die. When she'd sucked up as much as she could, she gagged slightly swallowed and shivered with revulsion. She used her back to fight her way to her feet and padded over to another corner. How long would she be here? Was she here indefinitely? Had her captor locked her in and abandoned her? It also occurred to her that these thoughts might be the very thoughts of a mentally ill patient who had been locked in one of these rooms. She sat in the corner, feeling the urine cool and dry on her legs. As it cooled, her crotch felt cold and damp, making her feel even more uncomfortable. She sat, watching the door, how much time had passed? She still felt groggy, she pulled on the jacket, she twisted, she wriggled. Whatever she did made no

difference at all, she was in the jacket until she was let out of it, just like the padded cell. Feeling a desire to at least exert some control over her predicament she tried using her chin to work the Velcro chin strap of the foam helmet off. She tried wedging her chin down, trying to get under it and lever it up. She tried pressing the helmet on the wall and using friction to slide it off. She tried these and many more methods, but nothing she could do even changed the position of the helmet, let alone allowed her to remove it. She slumped back in the corner, frustrated, defeated. After a while she smirked at herself, sitting in a pool of urine, actually rocking back and forth. She was rocking, leaking nervous energy into the classic rocking motion of the emotionally disturbed. To even a trained professional, if she was in the state she was in now, in modern psychiatric hospital, in a currently used padded cell – nobody would bat an eyelid. Sitting in a pool of cold urine, rocking back and forth, humbled by the straightjacket she looked as mad at the maddest psychiatric patient she'd ever helped to detain.

The wait for her captors return was a long one. Marie alternated spending her time between sitting in a corner of the cell, trying to escape the straightjacket, trying to remove the anti-self-harm helmet or by peering through the observation window in her cell, hoping to see a sign of life. A sinister thought occurred that she felt like she was exhibiting all the behaviour of a genuinely mentally ill patient, was she experiencing the same feelings; the helplessness, the frustration, the complete lack of control over her destiny? It was a sobering thought, she'd only spent a night being treated as a patient, and already she was beginning to feel like one, as she started to feel like one, was she beginning to act like one? If you put a sane person in a psychiatric hospital and started forcing treatment on them, how long would it be, before they *became* mentally ill?

While she thought about this the door flung open. Marie looked up and shuddered. It was Esmerelda Atkins, or Esme as she'd been called. She was still under the influence of the cannabis and a bit woozy, she tried to think when Esme had been in the ward.

It had been at least a few weeks since she'd been released, had it been more? She'd been in the unit for suicide attempts, self-harm, schizophrenia, addiction and eating disorders, as far as mental health problems went she had a pretty comprehensive set. She could remember holding this girl down, with a team of nurses and injecting her, while she screamed at them that they were poisoning her. She'd started acting more normally, once her meds were sorted and she behaved herself for a sustained period, she'd been released, had spent some time on a non-secure ward and then been referred to a community mental healthcare team. Had it been months ago? She couldn't remember, she could remember Esme had been on the secure ward for several months, she'd been a rebellious patient; always insisting she wasn't 'ill' and that if she wanted to harm herself then it was her right to and they had no right to stop her. She'd been a difficult patient, and she had been restrained more punitively than for purely protection from herself on more than one occasion. It occurred to Marie that Esme had been subjected to punitive restraint on far more than the average number of occasions.

Marie looked up. "Esme, I'm sorry, I know you don't like how-"

Esme stepped into the room, she was wearing Marie's uniform, obviously stolen from Marie's bag. The absurdity of the role reversal was profound. The mental patient was standing there in a psychiatric nurse's uniform, while she, SHE, the genuine mental health professional sat in a pool of her own urine with a straightjacket and anti-self-harm helmet on. She was even wearing Marie's name badge. Esme leaned down to her.

"Now Esme, you need to stay calm, we're not going to hurt you. My name is Marie, and I'm going to be looking after you during your stay here. You are not permitted to leave the ward, if you are asked to take any medication, you must take it or face being forced to take it. I will ask the mental health panel to review your case and lodge your appeal for you, but until they decide to release you, must comply with all hospital staff and take any medication we prescribe you. Oh dear, have we had a little accident?"

Esme was smiling, evil and mischievous, she was enjoying this role reversal immensely, this bitch had, had it in for her, when she was at the unit, restraining her, drugging her, patronizing her. Even before she'd managed to convince them she was sane and trick them into releasing her, she'd been planning to get revenge on Marie, well now Marie was going to get everything, three times three. Only Marie wouldn't be getting a general anaesthetic for her ECT, she'd be getting it conscious, the old fashioned way, with an old ECT machine she'd found in the abandoned hospitals store room. It had taken months to plan this revenge and to get it setup. Partly she couldn't wait to lobotomize this bitch, at the first excuse she gave her, but not until she'd had her fun with her.

Marie looked up, quivering. "Esme, you're not well. Why don't you get me out of these things and I'll take you back to the unit?"

Esme looked confused at her. "Esme? You think I'm you? Oh dear, your delusions appear to be getting worse, perhaps we need to up your medication? My name is Marie, I'll be looking after you during your stay."

"What are you-"

Esme pulled out a syringe and injected into the air, causing the liquid to spray upwards. "I'm going to start by giving you a little injection. Keep still for me please Esme."

Marie shied away, pushing herself into the corner. "What's in that syringe? You're going to poison me!"

Esme chuckled. "Now, now Esme, you need your medication. This isn't poison, it's just a little sodium pentathol. It's quite normal for psychiatric patients to believe their medication is poison, but I need you to trust me, it's only sodium pentathol. It supresses your higher brain function and cognition, makes you less able to lie, more

susceptible to being pressurized into talking and more co-operative. I'm going to inject you, then we're going to have a little chat, just you and me, about your actions with patients over the years, about how often you've used restraints for punitive reasons and how often you've sedated patients simply because they were being a bit of a nuisance, asking too many questions, or just as a punishment? Then we'll have a chat about your private life. You won't remember what we've talked about, the drug causes memory loss, but don't worry, I'll record everything you say, and write it out into your patient notes later."

"No! Get that thing away from me!"

"Shhh, don't resist Esme, you have to let us treat you. I'm going to inject you with this one way or another, if you keep resisting I will simply lock the door again and medicate you with an inhaled sedative, then restrain you and inject you anyway. I promise it's not poison, it's just a higher brain function suppressant, to make you a little more compliant. You shouldn't resist, you know you don't have a choice in this."

Marie whimpered. She was beginning to feel and sound, more and more like a mental patient. Was she a mental patient? Was her mind so screwed up she really was Esme, and Esme was Marie and the state of decay the hospital was in was simply a hallucination, triggered by her delusion that she was well and that she'd been captured for... The cannabis was still messing her memories up. The nurse was right, nurse, 'Marie' she couldn't resist. She watched Esme approach with the syringe, and watched her latex gloved finger depress the plunger, then her head started to feel strange. Everything felt weird; was it poison? Had they killed her? As her higher brain function was slowly suppressed she sense the nurse talking to her, asking her questions, everything was fuzzy. She was answering, but it was as if someone else was answering for her and she was helpless to stop them. What had she been talking about? Her memory was patchy and getting patchier.



## Punishment

When Marie started to come to her sense again she could feel herself in a new position. She could remember, a cell, a padded cell... She was leaning forward with her head in a pillory. Her arms were still restrained in the jacket. She was in a new room, with debris on the floor, cracked paint, broken windows and plaster falling off in places. It was lit by a solitary light bulb on a pendant. She tested the straightjacket, and tried to wriggle her arms out. She was still securely in it, her head restrained in the pillory. She tried pulling back, seeing if she could get her head out of the pillory, but the hole was too small.

As she whimpered and wrestled in the pillory and straightjacket, she felt the crotch strap pull up hard into her groin. Her feet were still shackled, and she was still wearing the anti-self-harm helmet. After a few moments she heard the crunch of feet on debris from behind her. It was Esme.

“Ahhh, Marie, you’re coming around. Good, it’s nearly time to start your next treatment. You were very talkative on sodium pentathol. We had a very, long and interesting discussion. Your consultant thinks a lot of your problems are down to guilt. You feel guilty about how you treated some of your patients, and that guilt has manifested itself as your mental illness. As an experiment, I’m going to help you feel less guilty. I’m going to do this by punishing you, punishing you with the cane.” Marie heard a swish behind her and Esme chuckle softly. “I’m going to cane you until your cute little bottie is red raw and bleeding. Then I’m going to find some more ingenious ways to punish you, it will all be part of your therapy. I need you to associate pain with resolution of guilt, so accept your punishment. You will not scream, you will punctuate every stroke by thanking me for punishing you, by saying sorry for how you’ve ill-treated patients

over the years and promising never to do it again. If you fail to comply, then we go straight to anaesthetic free, ECT, clear?"

Marie stood in the pillory shaking, her knees knocking, she was terrified. Esme lowered her mouth to Marie's ear and shouted. "I said, ARE WE CLEAR?"

"Yes, yes..."

Marie was almost sobbing now, she felt the cold hard line of a slender, firm, but flexible cane gently sliding over her bottom, then 'Swish!' and 'Crack!' and Marie howled with pain, then remembered herself. "Thank you nurse for punishing me, I'm sorry I ever ill-treated patients, I promise not to again!"

"Good, I think a hundred repetitions will prove therapeutic."

The cane began rising and falling, each time with a swish and a crack, followed by a stifled howl and a sobbing teary voice thanking and apologising. After a good twenty or so strokes Marie was breaking down in tears. Her bottom felt sore, almost damaged and she couldn't stop sobbing. Esme paused delivering her strokes and stepped in front. Marie could see her own nurse's uniform in front of her, complete with clip on watch, the white dress, the belt. Esme was reaching behind the helmet, caressing the back of her neck now. "Shhhh, don't worry Esme, this is for your own good. Just accept the punishment, feel the guilt lifting, if you've been sufficiently punished, you needn't feel guilty need you? Now bite down again, we've got a lot more strokes to go."

As Esme retired to the rear of the pillory and swished the cane, Marie started blubbing again, pleading with her captor to stop, begging her to let her go, before she started caning again Esme leaned into Marie's face. "We could always skip straight to the ECT if you like? Would you like to stop this treatment and volunteer for electro-convulsive therapy?"

Marie shook her head violently. Esme smiled and chuckled. “No? Well, we’d better carry on then.”

Without a pause the cane started its vicious strikes again, each one causing Marie to howl in agony, before blubbing, sobbing and thanking and apologizing. By the time the vicious torture had finished Marie’s bottom was on fire and she’d gone limp in the pillory and was sobbing constantly. Esme’s voice echoed from behind her again.

“Oh dear, it appears I’ve broken the skin quite badly. I’m going to have suture your bottom up Marie, I’d better get it cleaned up first. Keep still for me.”

She felt Esme cleaning her wounded posterior with some kind of wet wipe. They stung and the stinging didn’t go away. Once she saw half a dozen blood coloured wipes land on the floor beneath the pillory, she felt a sharp pain as Esme started suturing up the wounds created by the cane. It was agony, it was worse than the caning itself. She could feel the needle passing through the flaps of skin and the thread pulling her sore, tortured skin together. Eventually a dressing was applied and Esme returned to the front of the pillory. She leaned in, so her face was merely inches from Marie’s. Marie could see madness in those eyes, bitterness, malevolence, but most frighteningly glee. Esme was clearly at the start of her game and everything she’d endured so far was nothing compared to what this lunatic had planned for her. Esme’s blood covered, latex gloved hands reached up and grabbed Marie’s bottom lip. Marie panicked and started shouting in a muffled voice, struggling in the pillory. “Urngh! What are you-“

“Shhh, as part of your treatment we require you to have your lip pierced. Keep still for me.”

“I don’t wa-“

“Shhh, it’s part of your treatment plan, keep still or I start caning again. Now are you going to be a good, obedient patient and do as you’re told?”

It seemed hopeless. Marie stood still in the pillory and felt a lip ring pierced through her lip, painfully. Then Esme did something to it, to seal it together. It involved using a pair of pliers, to crimp something onto the ring. When Esme finished and stood up she looked down at her unwilling patient and smiled. “There, that’s better, you’re all ready for your next treatment now.”

Marie’s lip was throbbing and sore, she felt shattered she looked up and groaned. “What trea-“

“You’ll see.”

Esme disappeared behind the pillory. Marie felt a latex gloved hand slide into the bottom of her straightjacket. Another hand pulled the crotch-strap down, creating some slack, then she felt latex gloved hands, gently caressing her genitals. The severe caning, had been brutal, excruciating, but it had also got her wet, incredibly wet. Esme’s finger gently probed her vagina, using her pussy juice for lube, then she started sliding up and down the inside and outside the lips of her labia, then gently rubbing her clitoris, pushing the hood back to access the most sensitive part. Marie moaned and shuddered softly. “Stop! I don’t want-“

“Shhh, be a good patient, this is part of your treatment. I want you to associate being punished and releasing your feelings of guilt with positive emotions, just relax and enjoy it. You don’t have a choice, I’m going to masturbate you until you come, even if it takes hours, irrespective of how you feel about it.”

Marie moaned and tried to pull her thighs together. Esme tutted softly. “Now, now, that’s not being a good patient is it? Open

your legs for me, wider, wide as you can. If you don't I'll restrain you differently so they are forced open... Ah, that better, that's being a good patient, now keep them wide for me."

Marie whimpered as she felt Esme gently caressing, probing, sliding, massaging, then frantically rubbing her clitoris, sending a shiver through her whole body. Eventually she couldn't resist any more and she came with a spasm and a loud groan while Esme still probed her vagina with one digit and swirled around her clitoris with the other, making the orgasm pulsate and pulsate without reducing. Eventually her knees went weak and she could barely stand. The orgasm had finished and Esme returned to the front. Chuckling at her. "There, that's that part of your treatment done, that wasn't so bad was it? I think it's time we moved on. Oh, I'd better wipe my hand."

Esme then began rubbing her latex gloved hand all over Marie's face, smearing blood and pussy juice all over it. "Open your mouth, bitch. OPEN IT!"

When Marie opened her mouth Esme started smearing pussy juice in her mouth also while laughing at her. "You really are pathetic bitch. I am so looking forward to frying your brains out with the ECT machine. It's about time YOU experienced not being able to remember your own name! Come on, it's time for your next treatment."

Without another word Esme reached down and clipped the thumb-clip of a leash onto Marie's lip. Then reached up and unbolted the pillory. Her back ached, her bottom was burning with pain and her lip was throbbing. As she straightened up Esme gave her a short, sharp tug on the leash, causing it to pull on the lip ring. "Come on, walkies! Good patient!"

Marie was soon sobbing again as she was led by the bottom lip through the ruined, almost derelict abandoned hospital, her bare

feet crunching on the dust, debris and fallen plaster on the floor. She remembered now, Esme *had* been forced to undergo ECT, against her wishes. It had appeared to help her at the time, but did it really help? Or did the fear of being prescribed more ECT act as a deterrent, encouraging patients to feign their symptoms improving? Throughout Esme's ECT treatment she'd struggled, fighting sedation, pleading not to be treated with it. Perhaps in Esme's case ECT had been at least perceived as a torture, rather than a treatment.

It was daylight now and Marie could take in her surroundings better. The more she saw, the more convinced she became that it was Saddleton Brook, there were old papers scattered on empty office floors, kitchens with the contents ripped out of the cupboards, chairs, gurneys, beds, it was as if all the equipment had been left, the encouraging thing was that there were signs of graffiti and vandalism, maybe people did come here, maybe there'd be a means of attracting their attention. Esme looked over her shoulder and smirked at Marie eyeing up the graffiti. "You're thinking there might be a chance to escape? You're wrong, this is a very high security unit. There's never been a patient who escaped from my detention in this unit. Accept it, you're here until you've been treated. The graffiti you're looking at? I'm afraid that was done a long time ago, the urban explorers don't even know about this place, the driveway is overgrown, the entrance has had a large old van parked in front of it, so even if someone finds their way down the little side road that the entrance sits on, they won't see the entrance. You're my patient Marie, until I decide to discharge you."

As she finished she smirked, then looked to the front again chuckling to herself. Marie's head was spinning. She was starting to recover from the cannabis, the sodium pentathol and the forced orgasm – though she still had no memory of the interrogation session. The trouble was, coming to her senses, and becoming more lucid was actually an uncomfortable feeling. As her head became clearer and she became more aware, she became more

terrified. The fact was, one of the most severely deranged individuals they'd held at the unit had decided to capture her and punish her with psychiatric treatments. Her threats of lobotomy and ECT? Well given the amount of equipment that appeared to have simply been left lying around, it seemed completely plausible that there was an ECT machine somewhere in this derelict hospital. It seemed less likely that she could perform a lobotomy on her, though that didn't mean she wouldn't try, and if she did, it could kill Marie or if didn't, severely brain damage her and leave her unable to function as a normal member of society. She had to try at all costs to avoid being given ECT or a lobotomy, if that meant being compliant and obedient until such time as an escape opportunity arrived, then so be it. She watched the girl wearing Marie's own nurses uniform walking in front of her, her black hair, worn in pig-tails bouncing off her shoulders. She had every advantage, simply keeping Marie barefoot in this debris and rubble filled hospital meant running would be impossible, then there were the shackles...

Eventually Marie was led to another, debris and overturned equipment strewn room. A clip on a chain been fixed to the ceiling in the centre of the room. Esme tugged on the leash, making her stumble forwards through the debris. She then reached up and clipped the leash onto the chain hanging from the ceiling. It meant Marie was now standing in the middle of the room, attached to the ceiling by a chain clipped to her bottom lip ring. The chain was just long enough, thankfully she didn't have to stand on tip-toe, but there was no slack.

She looked at Esme. "Wha-"

"Oh, do you remember when I was first sectioned? You were all so busy that day, I ended up standing around for hours! Well, I'm giving you a taste of that, I'll be back later to continue your treatment plan, I just think it will help your empathy if you can appreciate how someone feels when they are made to stand around for hours on end. Here, seeing as you can't bang your head against things in this

position I'll take your anti-self-harm helmet off for a bit. Hold still." She reached up, undid the Velcro chin strap and pulled the helmet off, dropping it onto the seat of a dust covered wheelchair nearby which for once was actually upright. Esme then stepped closer again and looked in Marie's face. " Hmmm, you're a bit of a mess aren't you? I'll just give you a wipe." Marie tried to shy away as Esme took a pack of wipes from the pocket of the nurses dress and began wiping Marie's face. She finished then smiled. "There, that's better, I'll just take your shackles off, seeing as you can't run away on me now, then I'm going to leave you. I'll be back later to check on you and continue your treatment plan."

Esme smiled, bent down and removed the shackles, then deposited them on the wheelchair. She stood, gave a little wave and turned on her heel scurrying out of the derelict room.

Marie was left standing in the middle of the middle of the room, her bottom lip feeling the weight of the chain and the piercing holding her in place. How long was she going to be left like this? How long could she stand like this without falling and ripping a slit in her lip? Then the thought occurred, should she rip a slit in her lip on purpose? It might make for an escape attempt? The trouble was, confined in the jacket, which she was now confident she couldn't get out of without assistance, she wouldn't be able to do much about the blood that would be pouring from her bottom lip, could she lose so much she'd pass out? She gave an experimental tug on the piercing with her bottom lip. It was sore. She imagined how it might feel to have the piercing rip through her lip, allowing her to make a break for freedom. It would be incredibly painful. She sighed, resigning herself to stand helpless in the middle of the room. If she could remove the jacket she could simply unclip herself. She started wriggling and struggling in the jacket, trying to work it so her elbows could escape the arms. If she could get her elbows out of the arms, she'd be able to slip a hand out and undo a buckle, she was sure! She twisted this way, then that, then pulled back on her shoulders, tried to lift her arms, tried jiggling around. Nothing helped. After wasting several



minutes she realised she was securely strapped into the straightjacket, there was no escape. She stood thinking, '*How to escape, how to escape...*' Her eyes rested on the wheelchair, with her shackles and anti-self-harm helmet sitting on the seat. Her legs were getting tired, she was getting hungry, and thirsty. What she'd give to be able to sit in the chair, she was glad to be rid of the helmet and shackles. She stared at the chair, how far away was it? How far could she stretch without ripping her lip ring out? She edged closer to the chair and reached out a foot to see if she could hook the chair. She was miles away. She sagged and listened, the derelict hospital was silent, her captor was not around, it could be her only chance. She turned her back on the chair, raised her chin as far as she could and stretched back as far as she could. She felt like a fish, which had been caught, being reeled in by a hook through her bottom lip. It hurt, she balanced, she reached, her toe-nail just clipped the frame of the chair. She stretched harder, pushing her chin up hard, trying to release the pressure on the lip ring, then stretched her leg out again, this time she managed to worm her toes around the metal frame of the chair and pull it closer. She stopped and hopped forwards, releasing the pressure on her lip ring. She panted and allowed the exertion to fade. She listened, it was still silent. She looked at the wheelchair, it was sitting closer now, she'd pulled it a good six inches closer. She could feel blood pooling in her elbows now, she'd been in the straightjacket for over a day now and it was starting to become increasingly uncomfortable. She jiggled her arms around as much as she could, still feeling like a fish on a hook, then balanced and stretched out with her foot. The chair rolled closer, much closer. She rested, she listened, and she pulled it right up to her. In some respects, trying to stand a wheelchair while fish-hooked to the ceiling through a lip ring and wearing a straightjacket didn't seem a safe thing to do. The trouble was if she didn't try to take this chance, another chance might not come up. Esme seemed deadly serious about frying her brains, and although she had her doubts that Esme had found a working ECT machine in the hospital, she was NOT prepared to take any chances. She knocked the shackles and foam helmet off the seat with her foot and slid the cuffs under one of the

large back wheels, trying to chock it. She then tried to shove the helmet under a front wheel to try and chock that. There didn't appear to be a break she could access so she placed one foot on the seat, took a big step, and she was up! The clip joining the leash to the ceiling chain was now at the perfect height. She wobbled on the chair, and gently took the clip in her mouth. There was a bit that needed to be pushed back to unclip it, like a small rock-climbing clip, the spring loaded sort. By manoeuvring the chain so it was against her cheek and making a sharp biting motion she managed to open the clip and shake her head around until the leash fell out and dropped against the front of her straight jacket. The weight of the leash, pulling on her lip; made her jump slightly and wobble on the chair, but she kept her balance. She jumped softly down to the floor, pleased with herself, she was untethered! Using the frame of the wheelchair, her teeth and her tongue, she eventually managed to work the other thumb-clip off, so her leash was disconnected. Excited now, almost able to smell freedom, she paused and caught her breath. Marie hadn't heard Esme lock the door, so she carefully picked her way over the debris to the door. The handle was a small round one, Marie found the only way to grip it was between her arms. It needed to be turned and it was a round handle. She pulled on it rattling the door, but it wouldn't open. She tried gripping it and turning, but she couldn't bite it with the canvas of the jacket and her arms. Ironically it seemed she was still trapped, due to this infernal jacket!

The window! She picked her way quickly over the debris to the window and peered outside. She was on the third floor up, even if she *could* climb through the window, jumping would be suicide. She could see temporary fences with what were probably 'Keep out' signs on the other side of them. The lower floors were boarded up. The window offered no chance of escape. She quickly padded over the dusty floor to the door and tried the handle again, gripping with her wrists and turning, she simply couldn't get enough friction on the round handle to turn it though. She paused and listened, it was still silent, she was starting to panic now though, what if she couldn't open the door? She could try jumping Esme, but barefoot and in a

straightjacket she was severely encumbered, tiredness, hunger, thirst and the lingering effects of the drugs wouldn't help her situation either. She looked back at the chair, then the door. It was worth a try. She pushed and barged the wheelchair so it was near the door, then planted herself on the seat and rolled the chair forwards by paddling with her feet. Leaning back, she lifted her feet up and tried to grip the handle without pushing herself backwards. With one sole on one side of the handle, and one sole on the other she gripped and pulled down with her left, pushing up with her right; it turned! Carefully she pulled back, the door was open! She lowered her feet, edged the wheelchair back and fought her way out of the chair onto her feet. She wedged a toe behind the door and levered it open. She stepped out into the corridor.

Debris, rubble, rubbish and open doors stretched as far as she could see in either direction. Which was the fastest way out? Where was Esme, her deranged captor? She looked left, then right, then decided moving was the best option. If she stayed where she was, Esme would definitely catch up with her, if she started making her way through the old abandoned hospital, she'd either find an exit, or Esme, there was a fifty per cent chance of getting out, so she'd take that chance. As she padded along the corridor she peered into the rooms, none were empty, there was graffiti, old bed-frames, wheelchairs, bits of obsolete medical equipment. The paint was peeling and the plaster was cracking and falling off, as she rounded a corner she saw a corridor with the ceiling and roof missing, the tiles lying smashed on the floor and the floor below, visible through the gaping holes in the corridor floor. It looked decidedly unsafe, so she turned around and started running as fast as she could in the opposite direction. She rounded the corner, ran past the room where she'd been fish-hooked to the ceiling, then past the room with the pillory and the spatters of blood where Esme had caned her so brutally her posterior had bled. She stumbled from time to time as her bare feet stepped on sharp bits of debris on the floor, but adrenaline had taken over – so she kept going. She came to a stairwell, it had cages across the well to stop suicide attempts, and the floor below looked dark and foreboding, it had to lead out

somewhere. She was free of the shackles, and unsupervised, yes she was barefoot and in the straightjacket, but this seemed like the best chance she'd get. She carefully stepped down, one step at a time. The lower floor was dark, only trickles of light creeping in from the side-rooms off the main corridor. Marie looked at the next flight of stairs down, it was blocked by office chairs and desks and all sort of old abandoned furniture, she had to find another way down. She shuddered, and started jogging along quietly, trying not to yelp when she trod on some sharp piece of rubble with her bare feet. Esme was probably here somewhere...

Marie's adrenaline drove her on, she passed room after room, then heard a gasp. She quickened her pace, going up to a full run. From behind her she heard Esme scream. "Escapee! Patient escaping!"

There was almost a giggle in her voice. Marie quickened her pace, whimpering and gasping, she could hear Esme pelting down the corridor after her, running much faster, due to the fact she was not encumbered by being barefoot and in a straightjacket. Marie turned the corner into the corridor below the one with the ruined roof. She could see the massive holes in the floor above and sunlight through the wrecked roof. She stopped though, the floor looked decidedly fragile. It would give, she was sure it would give! Then she felt a hand on the back of her straightjacket, dragging her backwards...

## Force Feeding

Marie felt herself dragged violently backwards and thrown onto a reclined chair with an extending footrest. Before she could react, Esme threw leather strap around her neck, tightened it and buckled it, clamping her neck firmly to the headrest and making it hard to breath. Marie was sobbing again now and gagging, gasping for air. As she struggled, trying to make some slack in the strap around her neck, Esme attached ankle cuffs and strapped her feet firmly to the footrest. She stood and walked out of the room, pausing with a hand on the door frame. "Esme, Esme, did you really think you could escape? I've made this hospital impossible to escape. I don't know how you got out of your predicament, but you'll wish you hadn't. Not accepting your treatment is punishable by more severe treatments. I suggest you do NOT try to escape until I've discharged you again."

With that she was gone. Marie struggled, her feet were firmly cuffed and strapped through, with medical cuffs and a leather strap. Her neck too was firmly strapped down, leaving her in the gloom, staring up at what looked like small light on a stand. It suddenly occurred to her where she was, she was in a dentist's chair. She could feel the buckles of her straightjacket digging into her back, what was Esme going to do now? How long would she be? She desperately started thrashing around, and wriggling, anything to escape, it was all futile though. Before long, the hum of a generator could be heard in the distance, and the lights flickered on. By the time Esme returned, Marie's face was lit up by the bright light of the dentist's working light, and she'd had a chance to look around the room. It was remarkably intact, dusty, dirty, with some cupboard doors hanging off and papers strewn about, but sinisterly drugs, dental tools, they were still visible in trays on the side. She looked up at Esme. "Please, hasn't this gone far enough? Let me go!"

Esme sighed. "I'm not ready to discharge you yet Esme, you've been refusing your food and drinks for two days now. We can't have you dehydrated or making yourself ill through not eating can we? Now I'm going to sedate you, then I'm going to remove some of your teeth, your incisors and some of the bottom row, just enough so I can easily pass a feeding tube down your throat."

"No! Don't do this!"

"Shhh, be a good patient. You need to make up for trying to escape from me! If you complain again, I'll wheel the ECT machine in and we'll give you a dose of electro-convulsive therapy. Do you want some ECT now?"

Marie shook her head. "No!"

"Then just lie back and relax, any more complaints and...  
ZAP!"

She giggled as she spoke. Esme smiled down at her captive patient, in her straight jacket. She pulled a tray on an arm so it was above her patient. Marie felt her heart-rate almost double. She quivered in fear as she watched Esme place pliers, hooks, clamps and various other difficult to identify dental tools on the tray in front of her. Once this was done Esme setup something like a lamp, it looked like a glass bowl with a little plate in the middle. She unscrewed the glass and placed some wet sticky plant on the plate. Marie recognised the smell, it was skunk weed, the device had to be a vaporiser. Esme flicked the switch on at the wall and a little red light came on, indicating it was warming up. She then grabbed a plastic bib from the cupboard and tied it around Marie's neck. "There, we don't want to get blood all down your straightjacket do we? We'll just give that a minute to warm up, then I can give you your sedation."

Marie's head was a mess now, she couldn't form thoughts in her head she was so weary and afraid. If only she'd kept running,

if only she'd crept along the lower floor corridor, maybe Esme wouldn't have heard her? It was too late now, she was helpless, strapped into a dentist chair and about to have teeth pulled out, by her psychotic, deranged captor, and there was nothing she could do about it. The chamber on the vaporiser had filled up with smoke. Esme took what looked like an oxygen mask and used the elastic strap to fix it to Marie's nose and mouth, then she joined up the intake on the mask to the output of the outlet on the vaporiser. She didn't want to get stoned, she wanted her wits about her, but she was helpless to do anything about it. She tried holding her breath, but it just meant she breathed harder when she eventually had to, coughing and spluttering, gaping for fresh air, and taking in more cannabis vapour with every gasp. Esme sat on a stool alongside, smiling at her. "There, good patient, nice deep breaths. Good."

Marie was getting higher and higher, she felt so uncomfortable, but still Esme left the mask on and the vaporiser burning. Only when the smoke in the chamber had cleared did she reach forward and remove the mask. By this time of course, Marie felt like she was on another planet, the room was spinning and she felt like she was upside down or something. When Esme snapped on a pair of latex gloves and gently pulled her mouth open to insert a mouth spreader she couldn't even resist. Her mouth forced open, high as a kite, she watched Esme lean over her wielding dental pliers with menace. She watched the latex gloved hand, holding dental pliers move in, and felt it clamp onto one incisor. She moaned and whimpered softly as Esme smiled and tugged on the tooth, there was crunching, ripping sound and Marie screamed and scrunched her eyes up. When she opened them, Esme's pliers were holding up a bloody, gore-covered tooth for her to see. "There, that's one down, just a few more to go."

Her head still spinning she started shaking and whimpering again as she watched the pliers slowly, purposefully move into her mouth, then clamp onto the next incisor. She pulled, she twisted, Esme's other latex gloved hand pressed down on Marie's face for purchase and she gave a mighty tug, ripping the next one out.

Marie's mouth was starting to fill up with blood, she taste it, she could feel it running from her empty sockets, over her tongue and pooling at the back of her throat. Esme dropped a suction tube in and sucked the blood and saliva out. "There, that's two down, nearly there now."

The process continued for another tooth, now the bottom row. Marie whimpered and moaned between teeth and screamed as each tooth was ripped from her mouth, then dropped into a specimen dish with a click. When she'd removed five, two from the top and three from the bottom Esme appeared pleased. "There, that's that done, now it's time to feed you."

She reached in undid the clamp, allowing Marie to relax her jaw, then grabbed something from out of Marie's field of vision, a thick tube and gently fed it into Marie's mouth. Marie clamped her jaw shut to keep it out, but missing all her front teeth there was a huge gap for Esme to feed the tube through. When it got to the back of her throat Marie gagged and coughed, but Esme simply shoved harder, ramming the tube down her throat and making it difficult to breathe. Gazing up at Esme's face Marie felt her shove and shove, feeding the tube down her throat, until it wouldn't move any more. It felt like it was right in her stomach. Esme then picked up a jug and cracked two eggs into it, throwing the shells on the floor. She whisked them up in front of Marie's eyes, then attached a funnel to the end of the tube and poured the whisked raw eggs in. Marie watched the fluid run down the clear tube, by-passing her mouth. Then a small bottle of water was uncapped and poured down. Esme smiled down at her unwilling patient. "There, that's you fed and watered. I'll leave the tube in for now, to make sure you don't vomit it back up. I'll leave you again and perhaps give you a little more once that's gone down?"

Marie couldn't talk, she could hardly breathe, the tube burned her throat and she could still taste blood pooling in the back of her throat. She felt violated. She made some grunts and groans, but Esme ignored her, walking out of the room, and leaving her with



the bright light shining right in her face. Marie pulled on the ankle-cuffs, tested her neck strap and wriggled around in the jacket. She couldn't move. The adrenaline and fear of having her teeth pulled and being force-fed was combating the narcoleptic effects of the strong cannabis. She fought sleep, she felt uncomfortable, and violated, but eventually tiredness took over and she drifted off into a stoned slumber.

When she woke she opened her eyes to see Esme whisking up some more raw egg.

"I've decided to give you another feed before I remove your feeding tube, please try to relax."

She was helpless to resist in anyway, she watched the yellow goop slop down the tube into her stomach and groaned. She recalled force-feeding patients with eating disorders at the secure unit, except they'd always been sympathetic to patients and used thin, soft, naso-gastric feeding tubes, rather than the brutal, thick, clear hose Esme had rammed down her throat. Esme then, made herself busy fitting the shackles back to Marie's ankles. When she was done she pulled the foam, anti-self-harm helmet back onto Marie's head and fastened the Velcro chin-strap tightly. "It's nearly time to take you back to your cell now. I'm going to give you another dose of Sodium Pentathol, and we'll have another chat? Of course you won't remember the chat, but you'll be very talkative, very co-operative, you'll tell me anything I ask you! And it will make you much more co-operative to get you back to your cell. You see it supresses higher brain function, where the decision to resist comes from, it makes you very obedient. I think your treatment is going well, I really think you're on the road to recovery Esme."

Marie watched the latex gloved hands of her captor, wearing HER uniform fill a syringe. Then it was approaching. "Keep still for me, you'll feel a sharp scratch."

The needle went in, then the smiling, sinister Esme pressed the plunger and the world went strange. She felt the tube being pulled out making her cough and gag again. Then everything went fuzzy and vague. She could tell Esme was talking to her, and she was answering back but she couldn't concentrate on anything, as she heard herself speak, telling Esme things she'd never told anyone in her life before, she'd forget immediately. Then she was being unstrapped and dragged to her feet. Her mind, its higher function suppressed fully, acted 'the patient' completely allowing the girl who she perceived to be her nurse help her to her room. When she'd been taken back upstairs and shoved into her padded cell, she collapsed on the padded floor, drooling, her head spinning her world a disjointed, undecipherable mess. The door slammed shut and she was left alone again.

## Another Day of Treatments

When Marie awoke again, she didn't know where she was. She was lying almost face-down on the padded floor, she'd wet herself again in her sleep, an effect of the forced feeding and drinking and strong drugs. She didn't know how much time had passed. Her face was pressed into a wet patch of drool on the padded floor, fighting her eyes up she saw she was in total darkness. All she could see was the 'T' shaped observation window. She ran her tongue around her throbbing. Swollen, mouth, she could taste blood, her tongue got to where her incisors were and they were missing! Some bottom teeth were too! She couldn't remember where she was, or why she'd lost some teeth. She groaned and fought her way to her feet, noticing her ankles were shackled together. Of course she was still in the straightjacket, but then why wouldn't she be? Surely it was normal for patients to be kept in straightjackets? Especially patients as mad as she was! She hobbled over to the observation window and peered out. When would her nurse return? She wanted the lights back on. When would she be released?

As she thought all these things, niggling thoughts at the back of her brain were arguing with each other over what was real. The lingering effect of the drugs and the trauma she'd been through over the last two days was making it hard to think. She threw herself at the door a few times, finding it as firmly closed and locked as it had ever been. She paced around the cell a bit, she struggled, trying and failing to remove the straightjacket, then she tried to get the foam helmet off. She had to go to the toilet again, so she repeated the process of squatting in the corner and weeing all over herself. She'd decided by this point, Esme intended to keep her alive, she wouldn't die of thirst, so she didn't attempt to suck her urine off the rubber, padded floor. How long would Esme keep her alone this time? Her brain felt mashed, the experience, the drugs, she had to keep trying to remind herself who she was and that she wasn't a

psychiatric patient, that she was captured by a psycho and she had to escape. Hours passed, or did they? Keeping track of time in the dark, padded cell was impossible. Eventually she gave up on waiting for her captor to return and lay back down in the darkness on the padded floor, willing herself, back to sleep.

Marie was eventually awakened by a rattling of the door, as if someone was trying to get in. She looked up and the 'T' shaped observation window was partially blocked out.

Josh was an urban explorer. He'd had a nightmare trying to find this place! It was far more off the beaten track than most abandoned asylums, the large van blocking the entrance looked like it had been parked there on purpose. Everywhere was so overgrown. It was an incredible find though, there was more equipment in this place than anywhere he'd been. There was also less graffiti, fire damage, vandalism. Almost all of the damage was purely down to the elements, it was as if everyone had just upped sticks and left. He'd explored the mortuary, the chapel and the lower floors, and taken some great pictures. Now he was on top the floor and he thought he'd found one of the padded cells. The trouble was, the door was locked. This was unusual, every other abandoned mental hospital had its padded cells wide open. It was annoying, he'd always had a bit of a thing for padded cells, he'd seen them in some of the most explored disused asylums, if this one was locked it could mean it was in perfect condition! He rattled the door again, if only he could find the key...

A voice echoed from behind him. "Can I help you?"

He turned to see a nurse standing there in full uniform, he looked at her nametag 'Marie'. "Erm, wow, what are you doing here?"

"I'm a psychiatric nurse, Isn't it obvious why I'm here? I'm more interested to know why you're here! Are you mentally ill? Do

you need to be restrained and sedated?”

As Josh opened his mouth to speak he heard muffled garbling coming from inside the padded cell and bashing on the door. The nurse chuckled. “Actually, I am a psychiatric nurse, between you and me I have a bit of a thing for the old treatments, my friend does too! We sneak down here and play psychiatric patients and nurses, we take it turns to be the patient. As you can see it’s my turn to be the nurse.”

Josh laughed. “Wow, that’s pretty wild, your friend is really in character isn’t he?”

“Well actually, yes, she loves being in the padded cell, in a straightjacket, it makes her feel all cosy and safe. It really is a wonderful feeling. She loves pretending she’s trying to escape. Are you an urban explorer? Come to take some photos? I used to do that, that’s how I found this place and why I parked the van in the entrance – to hide it from the arsonists and vandals. I can show where you can get some great shots.”

Intrigued Josh walked over to Esme, while Marie banged and banged on the door screaming at the top of her voice. Her still slightly drugged state, her missing teeth and the padding on the cell door muffled everything too much. Josh, naively just accepted that it was a kind of weird, kinky game going on – after all what better place to play psychiatric patients and nurses, than an old abandoned asylum with real padded cells? As he walked over he pointed back to the cell. “Don’t you want to let her out before-“

“Nah, she’s only been locked up for a couple of hours. She’d be really disappointed if I let her out this early! Let me show you around, then we’ll come let her out later. Have you ever tried a straightjacket on, or been locked in a padded cell?”

Josh laughed, this was turning out to be the most bizarre urban exploration he'd ever undertaken! "Nah, It does sound kind of fun though!"

"I have a spare straightjacket, and there's another padded cell down the corridor – want to try it?"

"What, seriously?"

"Sure, just tell me how long you want to stay in, I'll pop a straightjacket on you and lock you in. Then come let you out when it's time?"

"I don't know, I-"

"You won't get to experience it any other way, if you get sectioned these days they just pump you full of drugs and send you home. You could just try thirty minutes? See how it feels? What's the worst that could happen?"

He looked at her, she was attractive, she had a warm smile and a friendly voice. She really didn't seem the sociopath type. He shrugged. "Yeah, why not? I could just try it for a bit couldn't I? And you promise to get me when the times up?"

"Of course! I might be a little late if I'm dealing with my other patient at the time, but I'll come get you, I promise."

"Okay. Let's do it! In fact, yeah, give me two hours."

Esme smiled. "Oh, feeling brave eh? Once you're in, no amount of pleading or begging will get me to let you out early you know!"

"I can manage two hours, I don't think it'd be as exciting unless I was locked in long enough to want to get out."

“That’s true. Good, two hours it is; come on, let’s get you in your jacket.”

She turned and beckoned him over her shoulder, he followed her down the debris strewn corridor. She eventually turned into a little room which looked like a consultant’s office or something. It had bookcases and desks and a torn leather couch against one wall. On the main desk, a heavy canvas straightjacket was lying, looking both taboo and inviting. Esme picked it up and held it in front of Josh. “Okay sweetie, pop your arms in for me. Good boy.”

He placed his camera and bag onto the desk and held his arms out. He felt the heavy material slide over his arms as Esme pulled it onto his shoulders. “Right, turn around, I need to buckle you in.”

It was incredibly exciting. He could feel himself getting hard as she pulled the straps tighter, tighter on the back of the jacket and buckled them. “Good, now fold your arms, pass me your hands, good boy.”

Now she was pulling the arm straps tighter and tighter, forcing him to fold his arms tightly, then she’d buckled them in place. A hand reached through his legs and grabbed the crotch strap, pulling it up tight, that it pressed hard against his genitals. “Hey! Not so tight!” She buckled it in place, uncomfortably tight, then she pressed her palms on his shoulder and chuckled in his ear.

“Oh, it’s got to be tight sweetie, I don’t want my patients escaping do I? Turn around, I need to do your front strap up.”

He turned and she buckled the strap in front of his arms tightly, pressing his folded arms firmly against his chest. “There, that’s got you secure, now, let’s get you to your cell.”

She grabbed the strap holding his arms down and tugged him towards the door. He was chuckling to himself and feeling himself getting more and more aroused as she dragged him down the corridor. Her friend was still making muffled screams and banging on the door of the other cell. He'd try that too, he'd wait a bit, then try playing the 'naughty patient'. When they got to the cell Esme bent down and started untying his boots. "I'm sorry, patients aren't allowed shoes, I'll just make sure your pockets are empty too, we don't want you having anything you could harm yourself with do we? There, done. In you go then." As she'd spoken he'd felt her dipping into his pockets and taking his pen-knife, keys and wallet. She chuckled at him looking at his valuables in his hand, wondering fleetingly whether allowing this total stranger to make him so vulnerable was such a good idea. She seemed nice though, such a friendly, warm smile, and by her uniform she looked like she *was* a psychiatric nurse so...

"Don't worry about your valuables, we have to confiscate anything from patients which they could use to harm themselves. These will all be locked safely away until you're ready to be released."

She stood and gently guided him into the cell, it was nearly pitch black, except for a couple of glass blocks up in the wall, near the ceiling. He heard the door slam behind him, then a key turning in the lock. He turned to see her smiling face behind the observation window. She leaned close. "Now be a good patient, and keep quiet. If you're a naughty patient, I'm afraid I might have to sedate you, or give you a course of electro-convulsive therapy." As she spoke to him he felt a chill run up his spine. It felt so exhilarating! He'd never experienced anything like it. Though deep inside his mind, he was beginning to feel a little nervous.

She smiled at him then turned and walked off down the corridor. He tested the jacket, his arms were firmly folded and it was impossible to loosen them. She'd done him up as tight as she could



and he could feel the crotch strap pulling up hard through his groin. The whole scenario felt exciting, he really, really wanted to stroke himself, but his hands were totally incapacitated. He tried wriggling and jiggling the jacket around, it was a very tight fit and it was soon pretty obvious that there was no way out of the jacket until she let him out. Still, two hours would fly by... This was so exciting. He explored his dimly lit padded cell, it was small, thickly padded, there was no handle on the inside, and he was securely locked in. He was getting desperate to masturbate, but he couldn't escape the jacket! He paced around the cell, he sat for a while, he paced around some more. Panic almost set in, the isolation, and fear gripping him as tightly as the straightjacket. Eventually his patience got the better of him and he approached the observation window in the door. He peered one way, then the other. His 'nurse' was nowhere to be seen. He rammed his shoulder against the door, making it rattle, but he was clearly locked in. He tried to peer down the corridor and shouted. "Hey! I've changed my mind! Get me out of here!"

There was a long silence. He shouted again, with more desperation in his voice. He waited. Nothing. He paced around the cell, was she seeing to her other 'patient' ? He sat, he stood, he bashed himself into the door a few times and started shouting again. "Hey! Let me out! Get me out of here!"

Eventually he heard slow deliberate footsteps in the corridor outside. The beautiful girl's face appeared on the other side of the observation window. He studied her small, rounded face, her little pig-tails and her crisp white uniform, including the obligatory nurses 'clip-on' watch. Then he looked up. "Can you let me out now?"

She smirked, and paused then spoke. "No, I'm detaining you under the mental health act nineteen eighty three, you're my patient now, I'm going to keep you here until you're fit to be released. You can appeal against your detention if you like."

He chuckled. "Yeah, very good, what about the two hours?"

"Two hours? Oh no, I just told you that so I could get you into your straightjacket and padded cell. Now that I've detained you, I'm going to treat you for your mental illness! We're going to have such fun together, have you ever had electro-convulsive therapy? It's a fascinating experience, as you'll soon see! I'm surprised you didn't think when I was asking if you wanted to be locked up 'What if this girl is actually a complete psycho?' because I am! The girl in the other cell? She was my psychiatric nurse once upon a time, restraining me, forcing drugs and treatments upon me, she was a bitch. Of course it's pay-back time now, I'm going to give her everything she deserves, and then some. When I've finished turning her brains to mush, then I'm going to start work on you. The uniform? Well, that's hers, I stole it from her when I kidnapped her."

Before he could answer she winked, smiled, then turned down the corridor, leaving him in the dark, desperately trying to peer down the corridor after her. How could he be so stupid! Unless it was a joke? It had to be a joke! She'd be back to let him out shortly. He padded back over to the corner of his cell and started wriggling and jostling the jacket about, hoping to somehow remove it, so he could have a proper go at the door, the more he struggled, the more futile he realised it was. He shouted in frustration and tugged on his straightjacket. She'd fastened him in so tightly he could barely move.

Back at Marie's cell, Marie was still bashing herself against the door of her cell, screaming, when Esme's face appeared in the observation window. She stopped when she saw Esme, then screamed at her. "What have you done with him!?"

Esme chuckled softly, smiling warmly. "Oh, I popped him into a straightjacket and found him another padded cell. So I have two patients now! Who shall I practise on first? I'm pretty confident about administering ECT, I've seen 'One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest', I'm not sure about the lobotomy though. There are some surgical

instruction manuals I've found lying around, I think the 'ice-pick' or trans-orbital, pre-frontal lobotomy' sounds easier to perform, but I thought I might offer you the choice of 'ice-pick' or trans-cranial, personally I think you have a better chance of survival if you opt for 'ice-pick'. Who do I do first? My rather disturbed and restless male patient? Or the psychotic Esme?"

"You're Esme! I'm Marie!"

"Delusions again? Perhaps I'd better increase your medication? Or increase the intensity of your treatments?" As she spoke Esme raised an eyebrow testingly at her. Marie peered through the observation window at her captor. It was a threat, almost an offer to invite more ill-treatment, she decided not to give her captor the satisfaction and retired to the corner of her cell, sitting down. Instead of doing her vanishing act, Esme flung the door open and brandished a syringe, spraying it into the air.

"Time for more medication I think. Keep still for me!"

"What is it?!"

"Another dose of sodium pentathol, I need to move you to your next treatment, and it's so much easier with your higher brain function suppressed. It makes you much more compliant and likely to follow my instructions without a fight. Don't struggle, if you struggle I might accidentally empty the syringe into you, or break the needle off in you."

With one hand she grabbed Marie and pulled her onto her front, then kneeled on top of her and gave her the injection. It stung, and as soon as it went in she felt strange. Her memory was getting fuzzy and patchy. Esme told her to get up and gestured for her to go through the door. Under the drug she simply didn't have the mental capacity to resist. As she walked down the corridor in the direction Esme pointed, her cognitive function faded and faded...

## ECT

When Marie came to her senses, she found herself lying on a bed, in another treatment room. The lights were on, Esme was nowhere to be seen. She was out of the jacket! She immediately tried to get up, but to her horror she found she was strapped to the bed. Leather cuffs were tightly buckled onto her wrists, and ankles, leather straps tightly held her torso and legs down. She was left with no capacity for movement at all. She lay back, panting, willing the effect of the drugs to subside. She was vaguely aware of Esme leading her here and strapping her down, she had a vague sense that she'd been surprisingly compliant for this. She felt terrible, she was thirsty, hungry, and her head was spinning. She tried to wriggle her wrists out of the straps, twist her ankles out of the cuffs, reach a buckle on the leather straps holding her down – it was useless. Defeated, she rested and peered around the room. It looked a little like a small operating room, there was a window behind her, because there was some natural light as well as the bright fluorescent overhead. There were cupboards and drawers with the doors hanging off and the drawers half open. Papers and old unused medical equipment was strewn around the room. She shuddered and whimpered when she saw what looked like a clean, freshly prepared tray of surgical tools on the table across from her bed. She urged her eyes on quickly until she saw what looked like an old radio, she knew what it was though, it was a machine for administering ECT. The electrodes on the end of large, prong-like pliers stood menacingly, leaning up against the machine. She began shaking with fear and trying more desperately to release herself from the straps. As she thrashed around, she heard the approaching crunch of shoes on dust and debris. They got closer and closer, then Esme stepped into the room, holding a large glass of water. "How's my patient?"

"Please! Don't do this! Plea-"

“Shhh, I know how eager you are to get out of here, so I’ve accelerated your treatment plan. You’ll be out of here in no time.”

Marie started crying and sobbing, begging her not to do this. Esme was unapologetic, mixing verbatim what Marie had said to patients awaiting enforced ECT and putting her own twist on it. “Esme, Esme, try to stay calm. ECT is perfectly safe, and very effective. You’ll receive a short acting anaesthetic and muscle relaxant, hah! Well, normally you would, but they aren’t available right now, so you’ll have to manage without! You may experience some discomfort, and retrograde and anterograde memory loss, well, to be truthful I expect your memory is going to be severely affected. When they shut this place down they must have taken the more modern ‘pulse’ type ECT machine with them, all I could find was this old sine wave machine, which is known to do much more structural damage to the brain than the modern ones. I’ve decided to give you bilateral ECT, one electrode on each temple, it’s more effective therapeutically but it means structural brain damage, memory loss, loss of speech and loss of cognitive function is far more likely, particularly at the high doses and frequency of treatment I’m intending to give you.”

Marie looked up pleadingly. “Please stop this! It’s not too late to stop this!”

Esme ignored her and after snapping a pair of latex gloves on and clamping one hand on her face, she began using a wooden spatula to smear cold jelly on Marie’s temples, liberally. She knew what it was, it was conductive, she really meant to go through with this! When she’d finished she flicked the ECT machine on and smiled down at her patient, “We’ll just give that a minute to charge up – we wouldn’t want you getting a low dose would we?”

Marie now started thrashing around and screaming, “I won’t let you! Aaargh! Let me go! LET ME GO!”

Esme chuckled. Looking down at her and twiddling a rubber mouth-guard with a breathing hole in it. “Esme, Esme, you’re not well, this is what your consultant has prescribed! It’s all been decided for you, you aren’t fit to make decisions about your own care, so without an advocate we’ve just had to make a decision for you. Of course, if you keep thrashing around like that, and resisting – well, maybe we need a more drastic treatment? I have a bottle of chloroform here and a rag, and all the tools I need to perform a trans-orbital lobotomy. I would have preferred to practice on my other patient first, some supervision from an experienced lobotomy surgeon would have helped – but your mental illness is so acute, the potential benefits far outweigh the risks. Now open your mouth, another word and I pop a chloroform soaked rag over your mouth, then when you wake, if you wake, you will have had a rather inexperienced attempt at a lobotomy performed on you.”

Marie’s head was spinning, she looked up at her captor, who shrugged, then grabbed the chloroform bottle and the rag. She couldn’t let her lobotomise her! She looked deadly serious. Marie opened her mouth, and breathed a sigh of relief as Esme put the chloroform down and popped the mouth-guard in, strapping it in place with a thick rubber strap. She then picked up the conductive and started applying more. “We have to use lots of conductive, we don’t want you getting less than the maximum dose do we?”

Marie whimpered again, the machine was charged, and Esme turned all the settings up as far as they would go. She saw Esme’s gleeful face looming over her, brandishing the electrodes. She tensed up, then the electrodes were placed and everything changed. Esme looked down at her patient, writhing, thrashing around in her straps, red in the face and straining, straining against her straps and eyes rolling back in her head. The seizure continued for some time, Marie shaking around in her straps violently. She opened her bladder, weeing all over the bed as the seizure continued and she thrashed around uncontrollably.

When Marie eventually came around she felt strangely elated, but confused and disorientated. Where was she? Why was she here? Who was she?! She couldn't remember her own name, she was strapped down to a bed, with something in her mouth. She started looking around and struggling. As she did, she saw a nurse looking down at her from a chair in the corner. The name badge read 'Marie' it rang a vague bell, it had to be her nurse. She started gasping and panting through the mouth-guard, try to ask her what was going on. The nurse simply smiled and stood up. "You're name is Esmerelda, but we call you Esme for short. You've been suffering from severe, severe depression, so we're giving you a course of electro-convulsive therapy. I've just been waiting for you to come around so I can give you your next dose."

When she said this, for some reason Marie felt an inexplicable panic. She started struggling and thrashing in her straps. The nurse paid no attention though she stepped forwards and started smearing some cold jelly over her temples. She looked around, the room was a mess, it looked old and unused. She mused that it was just her luck to wind up in a hospital that was due refurbishment. The nurse had stopped smearing her temples and was looming over her with what looked like a large pair of tongs with pads on the end. She clamped the tongs onto her temples and her world turned to pain. Esme stood back, smirking at her patient, thrashing, and writhing in the straps as the seizure intensified. When she'd received ECT, it had been given it over a period of days or weeks. It would be interesting to see the effects, of using it continuously, one session after another as soon as the last seizure stopped.

Eventually it did stop, and Marie's memory was even more damaged than before, her ability to understand language and speak had been inhibited, she had no idea who she was, where she was, even what she was. Her eyes looked glazed and unthinking. Esme stepped closer, then peered at her for a few moments, then taking a torch, forced one eye open, then the other, shining the torch into

each one. Her patient still appeared to be alive, and Esme wasn't bored of administering ECT, so she began applying more conductive...



## Epilogue

The ECT torture continued for some time. Esme gleefully shocked her again and again and watched her seizure and fit over and over again. Eventually the machine overheated through over-use, something inside it having burned out.

Marie by this stage had, had her personality essentially deleted, wiped clean by the structural changes in her brain caused by the almost continuous application of maximum dose, bilateral, sine wave ECT. Language, identity, and a good portion of her ambulatory control was gone. By the time she recovered any sense of self-awareness in her damaged brain she was sitting in the back of a car, wearing the straightjacket, shackles, anti-self-harm helmet and drooling constantly, her eyes vacant.

Esme had driven her back to the unit. Marie of course was completely unaware of this, drooling, in a dazed stupor, with her eyes glazed over...

Of course Marie was taken in, and both she and Esme were detained. Again and again they questioned Esme as to what had happened to Marie and why Esme was wearing Marie's uniform. Esme simply chuckled and told them she didn't know. Esme was compliant and took the medicine prescribed to her, her revenge complete, she knew how to escape the system – feign compliance. Ignore the voices in your head and try to copy how supposedly sane people acted. Marie of course was in a worse state, nothing they could do could get her to recognise them or even respond to her. When they looked into her eyes there was nothing, it was as if her mind had been destroyed...

Of course, eventually, after over two years on the secure ward, she started to recover some memory, some cognitive function.

Esme's attempts to trick her way into release did not work however. She was tried and found guilty, but of diminished responsibility and transferred to Broadmoor, the secure hospital for those who were considered dangerous and who were expected to stay indefinitely. When Marie eventually did cease the constant drooling and rocking, and regain fragments of memory, a nurse was going through some questions with her. Trying to measure how Marie's recovery was progressing. She looked into Marie's eyes. "Now, can you tell me what your name is?"

Marie felt a spark of recognition, something deep inside her from somewhere, almost unthinking, instinctively she blurted out. "Esme! I think I'm Esme!"

The nurse sighed, looking deflated...

...

Josh of course never discovered any of this. Esme's plan to trick her way into being released and returning to treat her second patient never came to fruition. Strapped tightly, helplessly into his straightjacket he paced and paced, he peered through the observation window in his padded cell. Where could she be? Two hours had to have passed! He lay down, he slept, he woke, he needed to pee. He climbed to his feet and approached the observation window, screaming into the corridor. "Let me out! I need to pee!"

Of course nobody came, the silence sent a shiver down his spine. He'd heard Esme's car pull away. Part of him knew she wasn't coming back. He began running at the door and kicking it, all it achieved was it hurt his foot. He paced, the daylight was fading fast. He had to pee, and he wasn't going to be released, so he knelt in the corner and wet himself. She wasn't coming back, he shuddered and bent down, trying to lick up his still warm urine before it evaporated or absorbed into the padded material. He sat in the

corner, rocking, and sobbing. He slept, when he woke it was dark, so he paced, then slept again. His hunger was getting worse when he woke the next time, and he was thirsty. The mad nurse who'd trapped him in this cell was clearly NOT coming back. The bright, morning light shining through the glass blocks gave him a better view of his cell, he scanned the four walls with dismay. It was bare, nothing but padded walls, floor and ceiling, the glass-blocks high and out of reach on one side, the 'T' shaped observation window in the door on the other. He thought about his situation. It didn't look like this site had seen urban explorers for years, she wasn't coming back. He looked about the cell, the thought of killing himself was looming in his mind. Not because he wanted too, but out of sheer desperation, out of not wanting to die of thirst or starvation in his dingy padded cell. There was nothing sharp, or hard. There was no obvious means of hurting himself. Strapped tightly into the straightjacket, with no use of his arms, there seemed no possible means of harming himself. He had to get it off, he wriggled, he writhed, he pulled, he tugged. He ended up rolling around on the floor, screaming and writhing, thrashing and pulling, trying anything to get his arms out of the arms of the jacket or to pull a strap ripping the jacket. It was a new looking, well-made jacket and she'd fastened it as tight as it would go. The front strap pulled down hard on his folded arms, the crotch strap pulling constantly on his groin, he shuddered, he was stuck in it. There was clearly no escape. He stood and edged up to the padded door and started kicking and kicking. Every kick made the door rattle slightly, it didn't bounce open, clearly, the door was locked. He was in the cell – until he died. He ran to the observation window and screamed...

...

Back at the unit of course, there was some discussion. When they'd taken Marie's uniform off Esme, they'd found a key in the pocket. What was it for? Esme had refused to co-operate and all they could get out of her was that she couldn't remember. Marie was an empty shell, her mind destroyed. Barbara slid it into the top drawer of her

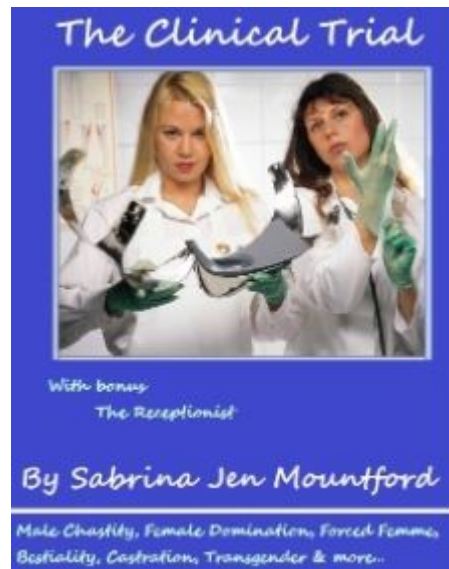
desk, thinking to herself of what the key might be to : *'I guess we'll never know...'*

~fin

By Sabrina

Further Information:-

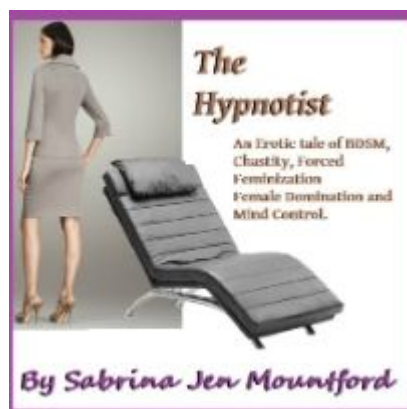
*If you enjoyed this story, and are interested in reading my female domination, erotic fiction - look out for my other work:-*



***The Clinical Trial & The Receptionist : Male Chastity and Forced Femme Fiction.***

*Marcus is a down on his luck student looking to make some easy cash and set about finding some guilt-free student sex. When he signs up for a clinical trial he gets more than he bargained for and ends up enslaved and forced to live as a live in sissy maid. Only his surprising saviour can find a way of releasing him from the captivity of his cruel female tormentresses.*

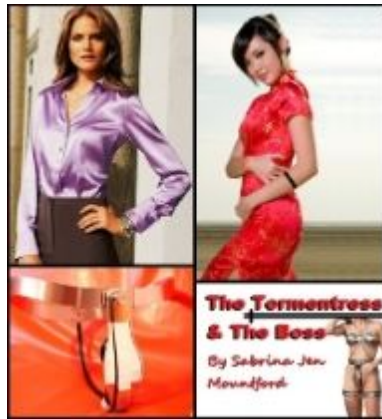
*Contains chastity, forced femme, forced bi, forced bestiality, forced oral, genital shaving, forced ejaculation and forced castration and sex-change operation.*



***The Hypnotist : Chastity, Forced Feminization and Female Domination.***

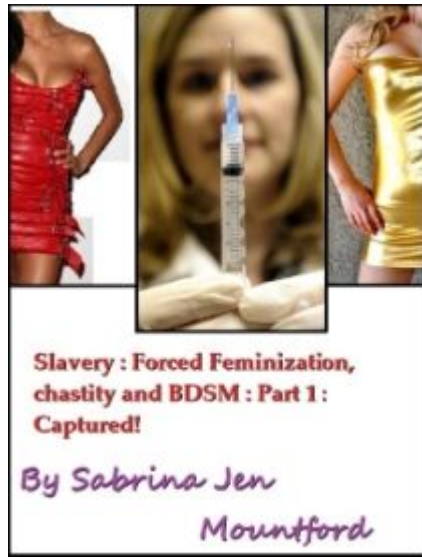
*Denise and Alex had a great relationship, now it's becoming stale though and Denise wants to liven it up by engaging in some kinky fun... With her as the dominant of course. Alex isn't interested. Denise gives up the ghost and books Alex a course of 'smoking cessation' sessions with a renowned hypnotist. He's been trying to quit for years so is happy to give it a go. However his memory of the sessions is very hazy, and he finds himself more and more interested in Denise's fetishes... Whenever he starts to suspect there's more to Dr Eve's hypnosis sessions than 'smoking cessation' he finds he forgets what he's thinking about...*

*Contains chastity, forced femme, pegging, forced oral, sensual mind control and brain washing.*



***The Tormentress and the Boss.***

*Kevin starts a new job, finding himself surrounded by beautiful women. His troubles really start when he's caught with his trousers down – instead of the sack he gets a chastity belt. Alicia meanwhile finds a dark side of her personality awakened. Alicia and Kevin's strange relationship develops, while neither of them knows the sinister truth about Fisher Creative and its owner, Samantha Fisher.*



***Slavery : Forced Feminization, chastity and BDSM : Part 1 : Captured!***



***Slavery : Forced Feminization, chastity and BDSM : Part 2 : Operated on : Forced Transsexual.***

*(Available in one package also, in this story, the protagonist is captured by a group of dominant women who sell and market BDSM equipment. He is mercilessly used to demonstrate the goods, and by the end of part two has been surgically altered to be fully feminized, but with a cruel twist.. Will he find happiness in his captivity?)*



***The Male Bridesmaid: Chastity, Forced Feminization and Female Domination.***

*Gary is addicted to Kindle Erotica, and has some fairly extreme sexual fantasies. His girlfriend Alison doesn't approve, and decides to give him, 'aversion therapy' whereby she will dish out his fantasies to him in such doses that she forces him to dislike them. The trouble is, Alison starts getting a taste for keeping him locked up in his chastity device and wearing ladies clothing... By the time Alison and her twisted sister, bully Gary into being a bridesmaid she doesn't want to stop... All the while Gary is helpless to obey the whims of his female tormentors, because he's wearing a clever, remote controlled electric shock device in on his cock. When Alison decides to force him to orgasm against his will, she chooses to force-feed him his own semen to further his aversion therapy. When it comes to the crunch and he's offered a choice – which life will he choose?*



***A Sissy Story : WPC Domination : Male Chastity, Slavery, BDSM, Forced Feminization and Female Domination***



*Craig is caught speeding by two female police officers, when he pleads with them not to issue him with a fixed penalty he gets more than he bargained for. Handcuffed and bundled into the back of a police car he endures humiliation and pain as he is feminized, chastised and judicially caned. The torment doesn't end there though, with the sensual Anita returning from 'Slavery : Forced Feminization, chastity and BDSM : Part 2 : Operated on : Forced Transsexual.' And Dr Eve returning from 'The Hypnotist' his punishment contains dental torture, force-feeding and eventual castration... Of course not all might be as it seems? How far did the punishment really go? How much of his ordeal was real?*



***A Sissy Story : Feminized For Her 'How he became a lesbian' : Male Chastity, Forced Feminization, Female Domination & Forced Transgender***

*During a powercut, Peter ends up being talked into going for a drink at a gay night club. It's the last place he expects to find love, but when he meets Connie he feels a strong attraction. As he gets to know her, he realizes they are soul mates and perfect for one another, in all but one aspect... He is a man and she is a lesbian. They enjoy each others company so much they meet the next day anyway as friends, but as time goes on Connie begins to wish Peter was a girl. He has quite feminine features, so that night after a few glasses of wine Connie talks him into participating in an experiment, which involves being fully feminized - and locked into a Kali's Teeth Bracelet chastity device. He agrees because he finds her so attractive... Connie becomes convinced she can turn Peter in the girlfriend she's always dreamed of. She takes his hand and leads him slowly into the world of femininity, but is clear from the start that one day she expects him to have his testicles 'whipped off' and full gender reassignment. He can't resist her, always putting off the thought of being*

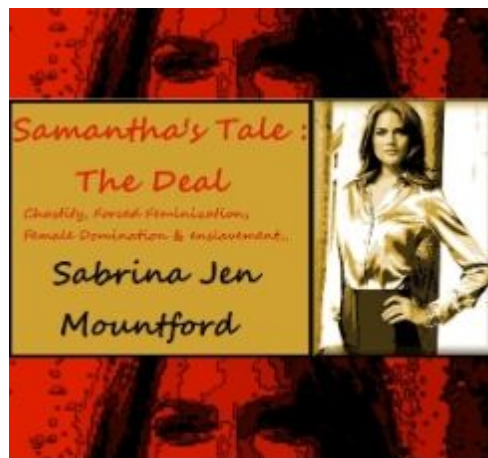
*castrated as something that might not happen. In the end Connie's patience with her 'project' is running out and he has to make a choice - lose Connie, or lose his testicles...*



### **Cross Dressing : Schoolgirl Domination**

*A story about a boy, caught spying on the girls changing room. The girls capture him, bust his balls, spank him, lock him into a chastity device and dress him up as a girl. Humiliatingly he is then forced to attend the girls school and receives further punishments from the strict teachers including a public caning at assembly.*

*Just when he's starting to get used to his situation, a final twist changes his fate forever. Will the magic work? If it doesn't, will Alice keep her end of the bargain and allow him to return to his life as a boy?*



### **Samantha's Tale : The Deal**

**(Prequel to 'The Tormentress & The Boss')**

*Samantha is down on her luck, she's lost her job and is going to lose her flat. A mysterious offer from the seemingly rich and powerful 'Serena Carlotti' is her last hope. Serena draws Samantha Burns into the world of domination, fetish and BDSM. She thinks she's going to teach Samantha how to be a dominatrix, but Samantha is a natural... Soon Samantha is booked up and living a life of riches, so many men fall under her spell and are desperate to be dominated by her. Eventually Donald Fisher of 'Fisher Creative' a wealthy man who has inherited a fortune and a huge country house enters the equation. Fascinated with the idea of female domination he books a session with Samantha who visits him and delivers a most exciting session which involves not just Donald but his vanilla maid, Marien. At the end of the session, despite the fear and anticipation, and the pain... He wants more... How far will he go in submitting to the whims of the ultimate dominatrix Samantha Burns? Locked into a cruel chastity device, hypnotised, feminized... The more he's subjected to, the more he wants... In the end when he's given a choice, submit completely or go free... What will he choose? Will he be able to resist the thought of being locked into Samantha's 'emasculator device' again?*



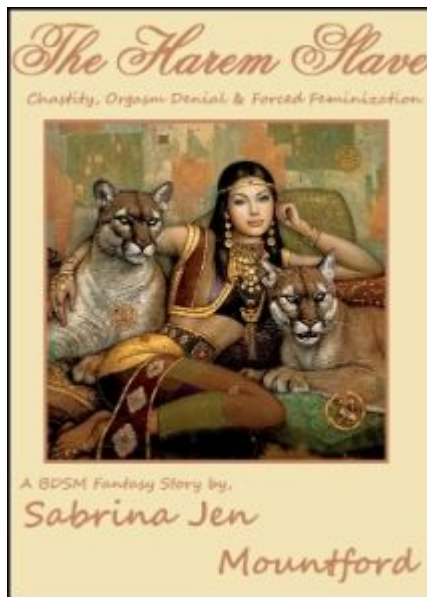
### ***Anita's Tale : The Sperm Donor***

*Edward Mason is a down on his luck student, looking to earn some cash to fund his studies. When he answers an enigmatic advertisement asking for sperm donors and offering to pay well for them - he is naturally intrigued. Anita Grey, (Anita from: 'WPC Domination', 'Slavery 1 : Captured!', 'Slavery 2 : Operated on!' and 'Samantha's Tale : The Deal' ) gives Edward an incredibly intimate and invasive physical examination, probing every orifice mercilessly and thoroughly. Edward of course finds this experience very arousing and he finds Anita very attractive.*

*When he's accepted onto the program, initially reluctant he agrees to join on the promise of a date with Anita. She pierces his genitals and fits him with a chastity device and proceeds to show him the time of his life. At the end of a fantastic date, she encourages Edward into a sexy feminine nightie and whilst keeping him in denial makes good use of him.*

*Now deeply in love with one another, Anita feminizes Edward more and more, and falls more and more in love with him. Eventually, when the study comes to an end Anita has made a decision, she wants to Edward to become a full-time permanent, 'she' so they can live happily ever after. As the mysterious Serena Carlotti suggests, things don't always turn out how we expect them to.*

*The consequences lead Anita to honing her surgical skills to perfection and creating the ultimate feminization surgery...*

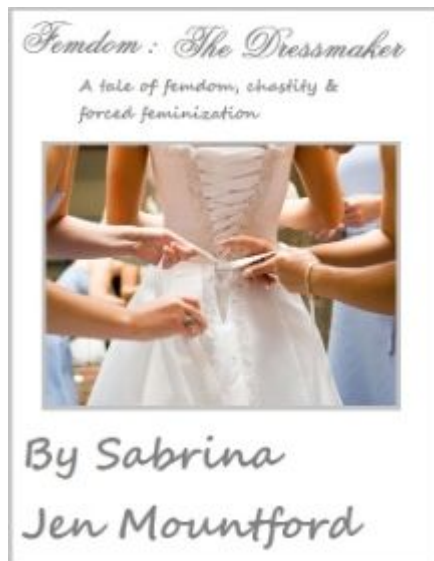


### **The Harem Slave**

*Roy and Henry are backpacking, on their gap year from university. When they are offered a chance to visit a previously unknown tiny country run by a Sultan, a last stop before they turn around had head for home, it's too tempting an offer to pass up. Little do they know, they will find themselves being offered for sale at the slave market, and after an invasive poking and prodding from the achingly beautiful princess Hadjina, they are taken away to become the princess's new eunuchs. Their story twists and turns as they end up in chastity, feminized and being domestic servants for the ladies of the harem. Their life becomes a long, unending bout of tease and denial as they squirm and squirm in their devices.*

*Of course it can end at any time, because the princess promises them, if their situation becomes too much, just let her know and she will arrange the surgery for them to become eunuch's after all.*

*The tease and denial culminates in a scene where the hapless Harem Slaves are forced to watch the Sultan 'visit' princess Hadjina while she lies back, playing idly with their cruel chastity devices... Who will break first? Will either of them manage to leave Rijakistan without becoming eunuchs?*



### ***Femdom : The Dressmaker***

*Shaun is a fairly lazy about nineteen year old. His older sister works at a bridal couture shop. When he remarks about her job being a skive Caroline suggests he should try it... Except she's not sure how he'd look in a dress. Feeling defiant Shaun ends up making a bet, he bets she can't get him a job there and she bets he can't hack it.*

*As it turns out, Francesca, the boss has been getting grief from the job centre about discriminating against males in her employment policy. Not one to be defeated, she takes Caroline's suggestion about hiring her brother as a challenge and an opportunity... How far will her efforts to 'feminize' Shaun go? How will Shaun find his new life, blackmailed into Satin and Lace and working in the dress shop, trying on for customers and acting as Fran's manequin.*

*In the end, thanks to a little help from Dr Eve Wilshaw [Of 'The Hypnotist'] Shaun ends up not just accepting his new female status... He embraces it...*

*When Fran supplies him with a new experimental drug to make his breasts grow the results are quite surprising...*

*This is an adult themed forced feminization fiction fantasy story, which is unsuitable for under 18's. It features themes of female domination, male chastity, forced feminization, and orgasm denial.*





### ***Femdom : The Ex's Revenge***

*Femdom: The Ex's Revenge* is a sequel to 'The Tormentress & the Boss'. In *Femdom : The Ex's Revenge*, Angelo is a male chauvinist pig... He's lazy, overbearing and ignorant. When he dumps his girlfriend Melissa because she refuses to wear high heels and have breast implants he doesn't realize the repercussions his actions will have. Melissa goes to work at 'Fisher Creative' and her new employer 'Samantha Fisher' upon hearing about Angelo agrees to help her reap a terrible revenge.

Angelo is employed, hypnotized, feminized, chastised and forced to service several of these dominant women who are all out to teach him the power of femininity. He ends up with polypropylene breast implants and locked into a steel pair of high heel shoes - meaning the shoe is now definitely on the other foot. When he ends up in a special chastity belt which gives his owners the ability to 'push button' castrate him at any time his obedience is assured...

Eventually Melissa's revenge is complete and Angelo is completely tamed... When it comes to it, what fate will Melissa choose for poor Angelo? And how will he adapt to his new life?

*This is a very adult, femdom themed, forced feminization fiction fantasy story, which is unsuitable for under 18's. It features themes of female domination, male chastity, forced feminization, and orgasm denial.*





### ***The Male Bridesmaid 2 : The Reluctant Cuckoldress***

*Alison and Gary's relationship fluctuates and changes after Sarah's Wedding, and Gary's ordeal as Sarah's Bridesmaid. This story picks up where 'The Male Bridesmaid' left off and involves more female domination and orgasm denial, with more punishments, maid training and a strong element of cuckolding.*



### ***Tickle Torture : Tickled into Submission***

*When a couple out shopping are approached, to be tickled on camera for a tickling website, they can't imagine the extreme tickle torture they're letting themselves in for, as they are 'Tickled into Submission'*

*Kevin and Alicia are out shopping. When they are approached by three girls asking if they'd be willing to be tickled on camera for a tickle fetish website for cash, their curiosity is peaked. Reluctant at first, the devious trio coax Alicia into agreeing to be tickled with Kevin acting as chaperone...*

*All is going well until Kevin finds his drink tasting a little funny, then he starts feeling a little woozy... Before they know it both Kevin and Alicia are securely restrained, enduring a relentless, merciless tickle torture session, being gang tickled by all three of their captors...*

*Warning this 5500 word short story is an adult themed book, for 18 plus only please.*



### ***Tickle Torture : Tickled until she wets herself***

*Follow Nancy as she is tricked into participating in a trial in tickling, and is ruthlessly tickle tortured, 'Tickled until she wets Herself'*

*Nancy is a rather smug, irritating girl who needs to be brought down a peg or two.*

*Gina gets the perfect opportunity to arrange this when a fellow student tells her about the research project he's working on. Nancy, foolishly signs up to volunteer without reading the small print, she then finds herself restrained and at the mercy of the researchers who tickle her relentlessly, injecting her with a drug to enhance ticklishness, and eventually tickling her until she wets herself.*

*Warning this 6500 word short story is an adult themed book, for 18 plus only please.*

## Corporal Punishment : A Study / in Caning



By Sabrina Jen Mountford

### **Corporal Punishment : A Study in Caning (The BDSM Studies)**

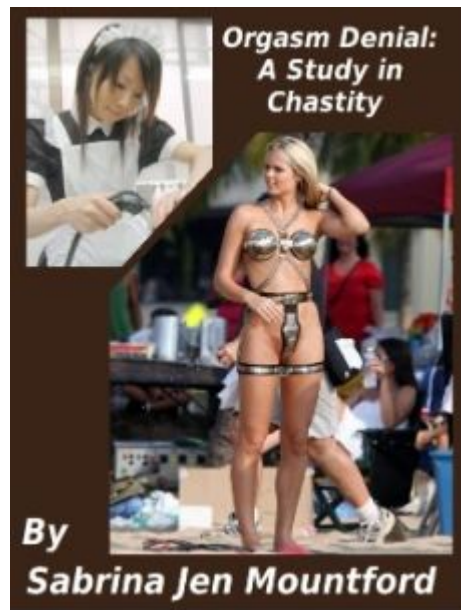
*When Professor Jacqueline Reed is reading an article about corporal punishment and the effects it's abolition may have had on academic results she questions her own thoughts on it's use. A Samantha Fisher, of Fisher creative happens to have been peeping over her shoulder and suggests she run a study.*

*With a morbid fascination, all stemming from her childhood and both a fear and curiosity surrounding the headmistresses cane - she decides maybe a study is in order? Samantha Fisher promises to get the study through ethics, and the beautiful young Professor is well and truly down the rabbit hole. A visit to a professional dominatrix to receive some tuition results in her receiving more than tuition and she's left with a lasting memory that will shape her destiny forever.*

*As a natural switch, both beautifully submissive and deliciously dominant, her students volunteering for the study are in for an unforgettable experience. The professor attaches probes and sensors to monitor their response to corporal punishment and humiliates them mercilessly in front of each other. Of course enjoying every minute of it...*

*As the study progresses, the professor makes a startling discovery about corporal punishment and the study comes to a surprising conclusion...*

*This 19,000 word story is a very adult, femdom themed, forced feminization fiction fantasy story, which is unsuitable for under 18's. It features themes of female domination, male chastity, forced feminization, and orgasm denial.*



### ***Orgasm Denial : A Study in Chastity (The BDSM Studies)***

*The beautiful switch, Professor Jacqueline Reed, is back. The doctor of psychology, after another interesting conversation with the enigmatic Samantha Fisher, decides to pay another visit to the professional dominatrix Mariella Jane Hall. Her intention, to learn more about chastity and orgasm denial, leads to her being quickly enslaved by the dominatrix, who locks her into an interesting chastity ensemble, which both arouses and punishes arousal. Over the course of several days the professor is forced to do uniformed domestic service, and give her beautiful new owner personal services too, all while in strict denial and being forced to desperately suppress her own arousal.*

*When Mariella asks her repeatedly if she wishes to become her property permanently, her permanent, frustrated and denied, chaste sex slave - Jacqueline is so, so tempted... She almost agrees.*

*Eventually Mariella releases Jacqueline from her chastity devices and service, and Jacqueline, the natural switch, decides she has to experience the other side of this relationship, and who better to dominate than her favourite two 'test subjects' Simon and Celeste? Whom she'd spent the previous two semesters caning and forcing to orgasm?*

*Throughout the submission and the dominance, Jacqueline finds herself learning*

*more about herself and learning more about her sexual preferences, having always considered herself 'straight', after being submissive to Mariella and dominating Celeste, she finds herself feeling more that she is a lesbian, and possibly always has been.*



***Forced Feminization : A Study in Sissification (The BDSM Studies)***

*This 16,850 word story is the surprising conclusion to Jacqueline Reed PhD's story. It starts where 'Orgasm Denial : A Study in Chastity' left off, with her intending to try forced feminization, turning Simon into Simone to further her selfishly enjoyable experiments into domination, submission, forced femme, BDSM, chastity, orgasm denial and sexuality. However after a brutal judicial caning leaves one of her subjects unable to sit down, suspicions are raised.*

*Her career under threat, her secret life of domination and slave owning about to be exposed, there is only place Jacqueline can hide, only one person she can turn to, the dominant Mistress who has asked her to submit fully, and to her, to become her property, her sex slave, the dominant Mistress Mariella Jane Hall...*

*\*Warning this 16,850 word novella contains depictions of severe, judicial caning, corporal punishment, forced femme, genital piercing, branding and slavery and various fetish elements. It is NOT for the prudish or those offended by these topics! - Over 18's only please!\**



### ***Gender Swap : Anita's Transgender Pill : A Gender Bender Story***

#### ***Gender Swap : A Forced Feminization, Transgender Story***

*When chauvinistic Alex walks into a bar, seeing a potential 'conquest' sitting at the bar, he smiles to himself. What he doesn't know is the beautiful woman sipping wine and watching the news on the suspended television set is the formidable 'Anita Grey' the sociopathic dominatrix with a penchant for forcibly feminizing men through various different means.*

*After a brief conversation confirms Anita's initial assessment that Alex needs to be taught a lesson, he unwittingly becomes a guinea pig in a sinister experiment, testing a new drug, so powerful it can transform a biological male into a biological female overnight.*

*Distraught, to find himself waking up in a female body Alex struggles to cope and to accept his fate. Not completely without compassion, Anita after subjecting her test subject to a variety of humiliating medical procedures to make sure his transition has gone smoothly, begins helping to guide, counsel and reassure him, helping him to embrace his femininity and counselling him over the loss of his male sexual organs.*

*When Alex finds out there is no way back, he goes on a self-destructive rampage, almost leading to him becoming a victim of 'date-rape'. When Anita hears about this ill-treatment of her latest 'test-subject', she sets out to wield the sort of life-changing revenge only she can...*

*\*Warning this 29,000 word novella contains depictions of forced gender change, graphic medical procedures and various fetish elements. It is NOT for the prudish or those offended by these topics!\**

*(It reads very well as a sequel to the novella ' Femdom : The Dressmaker')*





### ***Femdom : The Game***

*Jessie and Marcy have a shared interest. They both love their Kindle. They both have a fondness for a certain fetish and femdom author and tease each other about living 'the lifestyle'.*

*When an old friend suggests meeting up for a drink with Marcy, Jessie and Marcy don't realize how much their lives will change. Grace and Matilda draw them into the world of 'The Club' where games are played and forfeit's are paid.*

*Neither wants to admit how much they enjoy losing the game, and neither would dream of how quickly they get drawn into a sinister world of BDSM, female domination, forced feminization, bondage, corporal punishment and forced bi.*



### ***Femdom : The Game 2 : High Stakes***

*Jessie and Marcy have been introduced to the dark, sinister world of BDSM and fetish by Marcy's old friend 'Grace'. Having been visited 'The Club' on two occasions now, Matilda, the enigmatic owner is ready to up the ante. Marcy will see her sexuality tested and questioned as she indulges herself, exploring a bisexual relationship with lesbian encounters with the beautiful and dominant Grace.*

*Jessie will learn a new meaning to the word fear and pain as he is taken below the club, into the dark and sinister world of the dungeon below, where Lucy will teach him a new game and a new meaning of fear and pain, as she introduces him to the sinister and painful possibilities, that can come from being at the mercy of the Dungeon Dice.*

*Warning this 17,000 word novella is not suitable for under 18's, it contains very adult themes of:-*

*Femdom  
Female Domination of Males and Female Domination of Females  
Predicament Bondage  
Punishment  
Orgasm Denial  
Chastity  
Bi  
Lesbian  
Slavery  
Fetish Torture*

*\*\*\* Special Warning, this novella contains a graphic description of finger nail removal. It is NOT for the squeamish. It could be considered erotic by some, but horror by others - you have been warned. \*\*\**



### ***Femdom : The Game 3 : The Ultimate Forfeit***

*This is a 25,000 word fantasy female domination erotika story. It is NOT supposed to be realistic, it is pure femdom fantasy.*

*'Femdom : The Game 3 : The Ultimate Forfeit' continues where 'Femdom : The Game 2 : High Stakes' left off. With Jessie and Marcy agreeing to another game, a game not reliant on dice rolls or chance but a game of endurance, pure endurance. The contest? To see which of them can 'please' more patrons of Matilda's fetish club on 'swingers night'. The forfeit for the loser? A whole year living as a chaste sissy maid and live-in sex slave for the dominant ladies Matilda, Grace and Lucy. Both Marcy and Jessie agree to the game, both 100% sure they are going to win, but one of the clubs patrons has an ulterior motive for ensuring their 'slave' loses the game and goes all out to make sure of it.*

*At the end of the twelve months, both Marcy and Jessie's lives have been turned upside down, can they ever go back to the fairly vanilla life they left behind? Even if they could - would they choose to? Or would they immerse themselves deeper and deeper into the fetish world of BDSM, dominance and submission, slavery, chastity, forced feminization and regular punishments?*

*Warning this 25,600 word novella is not suitable for under 18's, it contains very adult themes of:-*

*Femdom*

*Female Domination of Males and Female Domination of Females  
Predicament Bondage  
Punishment  
Orgasm Denial  
Chastity  
Bi  
Lesbian  
Slavery  
Fetish Torture*



***Diary of Sissy Slave Alicia***

*Online slavery, Forced Feminization, Chastity, BDSM & Fetish... All under the  
threat of Blackmail!  
Is this erotic fiction or is it real?*

*It reads like erotica, but the photo's the emails? How real is it?*

*Read it and decide for yourself, an anonymous erotic fiction writer with a twisted, devious imagination, is contacted by a reader asking how he can get his girlfriend to 'lock him up'. She offers some basic advice, which backfires and leaves him single. Wanting to experience chastity, he purchases a chastity device himself and at Sabrina's suggestion, he freezes the keys to the device so he can't access them easily. Knowing he wants to be kept in chastity against his will Sabrina tells Alicia she does NOT have permission to unfreeze those keys, and so begins Alicia's online domination..*

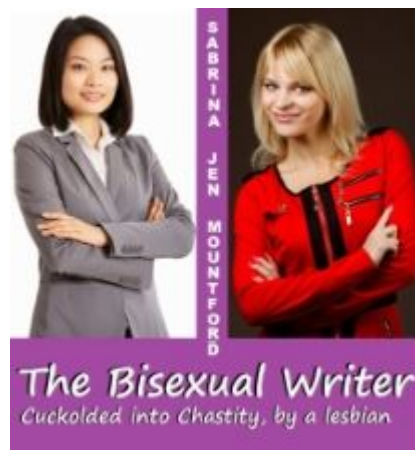
*The online domination, however soon begins to spiral out of control as Sabrina*

*asks if Sissy Slave Alicia wants to be blackmailed. When Alicia agrees Sabrina begins prescribing longer and longer periods of chastity and orgasm denial and begins enforcing more and more forced feminization, ordering Alicia into all sorts of feminine attire and banning male underwear completely at one point, leaving poor Sissy Slave Alicia with nothing but panties and bra's for underwear.*

*Over the course of the long periods of chastity Sissy Slave Alicia endures some painful and humiliating visits to local dominatrixes, as you read this account you'll ask yourself could it be real?*

*Only two people know for sure whether it's real, but this should serve as a warning to anyone interested in online domination of how far, and how extreme it can go.*

*\*Warning this 22,000 word erotika is only suitable for 18+*



### ***The Bisexual Writer : Cuckolded into Chastity, by a Lesbian***

*Forced Feminization and Male Chastity, where can they lead to? When you introduce and encourage a fetish and BDSM side to your girlfriend where can it end? When you start encouraging her to explore her bisexual fantasies and to sleep with another girl, it can end in a dark place, where you become sidelined, while your girlfriend develops a lesbian relationship, while you stay firmly locked in chastity.*

*There is an element of truth to this story. It's not a 100% factual account of how bf ended up effectively 'Cuckolded by a Lesbian' but it should give you a very good idea. There's as much truth in here as there is fiction. It's a strange cuckolding story in ways, I don't know of any other stories where a guy gets cuckolded by a lesbian. I suppose it just goes to show, that especially in the world of fetish and*

*BDSM, sometimes reality can be stranger than erotic fiction!*

*This 26,000 word, semi-fictional BDSM, fetish Erotika includes themes of:-*

*Femdom  
Female Domination  
Male Chastity  
Orgasm Denial  
Forced Feminization  
Shaving Fetish  
Forced Orgasm  
Force Feeding  
Tickling  
Genital Piercing  
Tattooing  
Domination & Submission*

*\*Suitable for over 18's only please.*

## **FAQ**

*Q: How can I be kept up to date with your new releases?*

A: Email me at [sjm.author@yahoo.com](mailto:sjm.author@yahoo.com) asking to be added to my contacts list. When I release a new story I may send a quick email out. Or follow me on goodreads, I even announce the odd 'free promo' there so it's worth subscribing to my blog if you like free femdom erotica.

*Q: Are you going to be releasing more paperbacks?*

A: No, maybe, don't know... The createspace content filter is a lot stricter than Amazon's so I will only ever be able to release the tamer stories. [I have since released '17 Shades of Depravity' a compilation of most of my 2012 and early 2013 stories, and I've released Corporal Punishment : A Study in Caning and My Tickle Torture Duology as well! So do check back, I will publish little bits of paperback.

*Q: Do you create your own book covers?*

A: No, they are done for me.

*Q: Why did there turn out to be two Harem Slaves?*

A: I decided it would be more interesting to write a shared experience.

*Q: Are you a professional dome?*

A: No, I have some experience with kink, with current and former partners, but no I am NOT a pro dome.

*Q: Will you lock me up and force me to wear ladies clothes?*

A: No, that is for your partner to do.

*Q: Please?*

A: No, you could try Perry's tactic as read in 'The Beautician Trap', but I can't be held responsible for the outcome.

*Q: How can I get my girlfriend to lock me up and force me into lingerie?*

A: I don't know, it might not be possible. Some people will never be receptive to the idea of kink. You should probably broach the subject carefully, and honestly. Some people say writing down a list of kinky fantasies and then swapping them is a good idea. Sarah Jameson is the best person to help you with this.

*Q: Do you really dominate your boyfriend?*

A: Sometimes, not all the time... Kink, is a bit of fun – that's all. We play, we call it 'playing' and we have fun. I have made him go to work wearing ladies underwear on occasion, but in reality 'made' isn't true. If he didn't want to, I couldn't really make him – he's stronger than me and I don't think blackmail would work. I don't actually get that much out of knowing he's fidgeting around in my knickers, trying to adjust his bra straps and suspender belt under his work clothes – he gets a lot out of it, but it's important that he feels I've forced him to do it. Sexuality is a complicated thing.

*Q: Sounds like your boyfriend is really into his kink, are you? Or do you just do it for him?*

A: He's more into it than me. I do like the sense of being in control, and anything which puts me in control and makes him vulnerable turns me on. It's just a bit of fun though really.

*Q: Aren't your stories morally reprehensible?*

A: No, they're just stories, not to be taken seriously – they're literally 'just a bit of fun'.

*Q: Couldn't your stories encourage people to do criminal or dangerous things?*

A: I hope not! If some girl decides to handcuff her boyfriend to the bed, then castrate him because she read something similar in one of my stories – that's her problem not mine. I don't actually get turned on at the thought of men being castrated in the slightest, but I know my boyfriend does, and I like to think I understand him – so I can write that scenario. Whenever I ever feel inclined to castrate a man it tends to be because he's being egocentric, insensitive and thinking with his testosterone rather than his brain – as so many men do.

*Q: So do you hate men?*

A: No, I like most men, most of the time.

*Q: Are any of the characters in your stories or events real or based on real?*

A: Nope, sorry hun, they're all products of my twisted imagination. (Though of course real-life experience can creep in from time to time.)

*Q: So there's no Samantha Burns/Fisher?*

A: Nope... There might be some ultra-dominant woman, with a huge stately home full of dungeons and torture equipment, who is capturing, castrating and selling men... But if there is I don't know about her personally, and I doubt there is...

*Q: A lot of your stories seem to involve castration, does your boyfriend want to be castrated? Does he want gender reassignment? Do you want him to be your girlfriend?*

A: Sexuality is complicated. He fantasizes about castration and being reassigned a woman, but he doesn't really want to be... The reality here should be kept very separate from the fantasy. Having your testicles removed will have a serious effect on your physiology and sexuality. The desire to be castrated will probably vanish the minute your balls have been snipped off, but it's too late then – you might as well take HRT and have breast enhancements – once it's done it's done and once it's done I don't think you can experience anything like a 'normal' orgasm again.

*Q: So even if I really fantasize about it all the time, I shouldn't get castrated?*



A: No, unless you feel you should always have been a woman and want gender reassignment for a deeper meaning than sexual fantasy – it would probably only make you depressed.

*Q: How many of these stories are you going to write?*

A: I don't know... I have a bubbling cauldron of ideas in my head, as long as I still have some ideas I'll write more. I might even try to work these short stories into a long novel and put it out as a physical book using create space or something...

*Q: I love reading your material, but there isn't enough! Who else can I read for similar stories?*

A: My first recommendation is to read all of 'Anne Michelle', 'Grounded in heels', 'The Writers Secret' and 'Humiliation at the office' are all excellent stories. If you've read all mine and all of Anne Michelle's and still want more – then read Sara Desmarais, I suggest you start with 'A change in our marriage' it's really excellent. Also I highly recommend both 'Aimee Allison' and 'Sandy Thomas' they've both written some excellent femdom.

*Q: What do you think of 'Fifty Shades'?*

A: Haven't read it, so don't know... It's about a female submissive, I'm dominant... So unless the story, characters and plot are fantastic in the absence of any sexual content – I probably wouldn't get much from it.

*Q: Is Sabrina Jen Mountford your real name?*

A: No it's a pen name.

*Q: Can you tell me more about you? Where you live, how old you are, what your real name is?*

A: No, I don't want stalking. If you want to get to know me better – read more of my stories. Though in reality all that will really teach you is what a twisted imagination I have.