

Contortionist Vs. Jacket
© 2023 by Bob2300 ([deviantart.com/bob23000](https://www.deviantart.com/bob23000))
Illustrations by NoobNoob ([deviantart.com/noobnoob](https://www.deviantart.com/noobnoob))
Edited by Dannysuling ([deviantart.com/dannysuling](https://www.deviantart.com/dannysuling))

Part One



Two figures moved down a starkly illuminated white corridor. The first, leading the way, was dark-haired, tall, good-looking shapely, and dressed in a tight nurse's uniform. Beside her, walking along as if she owned the place, was a slim, skinny sinewy redhead with freckles, an arrogant look plastered over her face.



The two women walked down the corridor toward their destination. The hallway was part of a high-security psychiatric hospital, yet neither one of them looked particularly worried about their surroundings. The redhead had an enthusiastic spring in her step, while the nurse's gait was more measured. She looked over at her companion.

"Now," the nurse spoke up, "you're sure you understand exactly what you signed yourself up for?" There was some degree of concern in her voice, perhaps a bit of genuine empathy for the idiot woman next to her, even if the redhead's attitude was eroding the good will that she held very quickly.

The skinny escapist rolled her eyes. "Of course I do. Your boss is allowing me to humiliate this institution! Are you stupid or something?" Her brashness and arrogance settled swiftly into rudeness, without having much

thought for her companion. She was dismissive of what appeared to be a legitimate and solicitous warning, instead giving the nurse a contemptuous look as they passed through a security door.



The nurse, for her part, tried to keep her language diplomatic. “I wouldn’t put it quite like that. You put yourself forward as a challenger to test the best restraint system we have. You understand that technically and legally you have signed up as a voluntary committal for an indeterminate evaluation period, with the unusual clause that your duration of stay is dependent only on one important physical condition.”

As they walked, the nurse tried to spell out exactly what awaited her companion, their path bordered by seemingly endless white walls and sterile lighting. There was the flicker of fluorescent lights and the aroma of disinfectant, with the subtle undertone of something else more questionable permeating the walls. The redhead shrugged her shoulders,

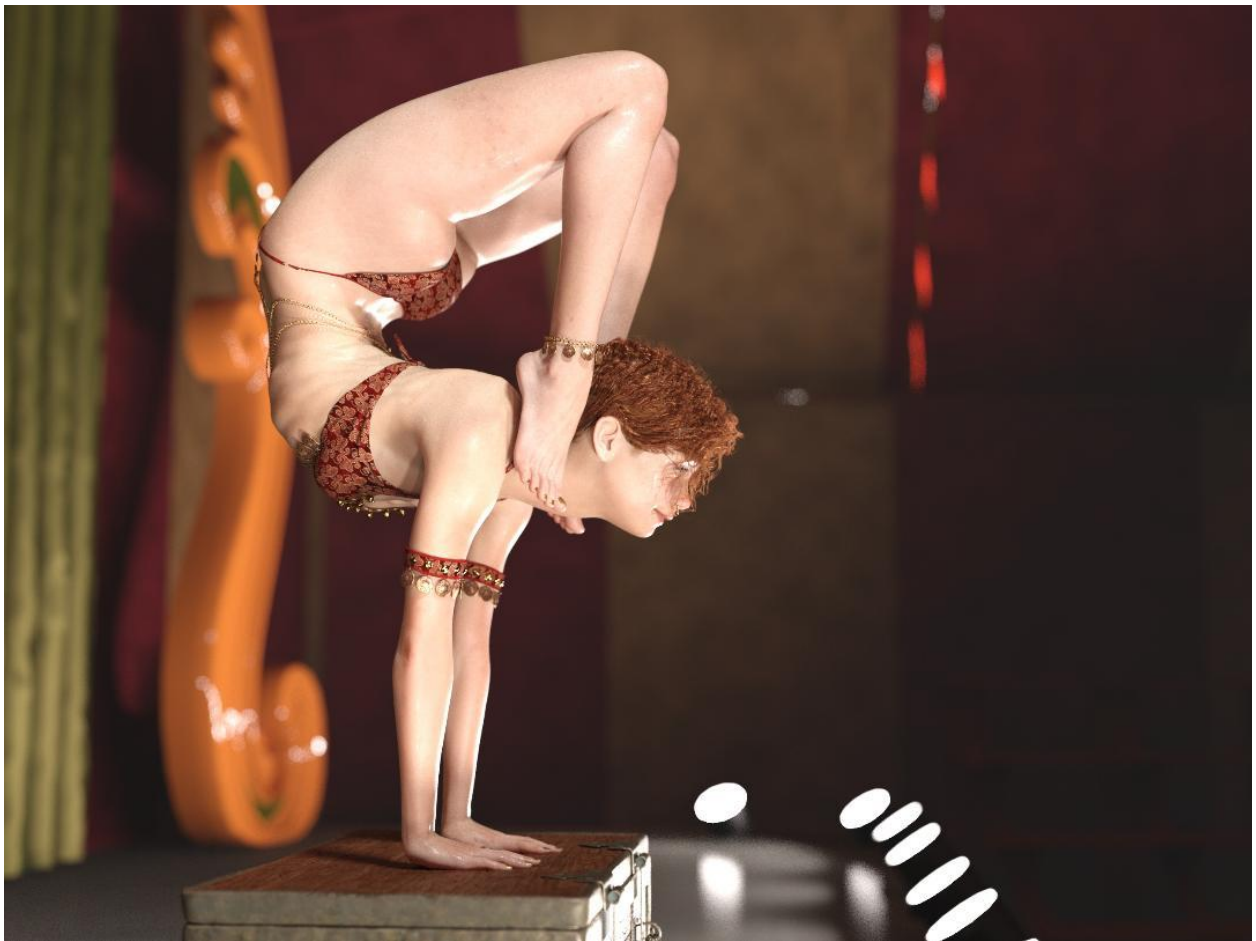
“Go on, remind me,” she demanded. “What is that condition?” She had an edge to her voice, speaking to her fellow traveler as if she were a child instead of a seasoned professional. The nurse, every bit of her an experienced and highly trained medical professional, couldn’t believe that she had been assigned to this little publicity stunt. Despite her growing annoyance, she replied to the redhead.

“You know the terms, but I’ll repeat them. You will be discharged on the condition that you can fully escape the restraints that you are put into.” The nurse spoke as if she knew the deed would be quite a challenge. The skinny volunteer apparently did not think so. The haughtiness in her voice was not muted by the slam of a heavy security door behind them as it locked into place.

“Then I am going to be out of here in five-to-ten minutes, at the most! Certainly with you tightening up the jacket.” The skinny girl’s arrogance was dripping, and she looked at the nurse as one might regard chewing gum on the bottom of one’s heel. She checked her access pass and moved them forward without waiting for the nurse to lead the way.

“Are you really quite so sure about this?” the nurse asked her again. “If you can’t get out of this straitjacket after I lock you into it, then you will be stuck in this institution until my boss has had enough fun at your expense. Given her temperament, as I have experienced it, that could be six months...or maybe more....” The nurse desperately wanted the arrogant girl to understand what was truly on the line.

The redhead leaned in closer. “Look, I studied magic for five years, and escapology for three years after that. I have been practicing contortion for nearly eight years, and I have been performing on the amateur circuit for at least eleven months as an escape artist.” She sounded as if she were at a job interview reading her CV to a talent agent.



Her patronizing tone of voice didn't seem to rattle the nurse, who was trying to work out if it was bluster, or if this skinny young woman was actually qualified to succeed and make a grand exit.

"That all sounds quite impressive. But if you're escaping against purpose-built magical props that look sensational, the fact is ultimately they are designed to be escaped from. But the systems we use are designed to remain in place for a very long period of time."

The nurse tried to bring the arrogant girl back down to reality. The zealous performer, on the other hand, was having none of it.

"I have escaped on stage against a purpose-built Mark 3 Doc-Eng TM straitjacket in the correct size. That sucker was tight, and I had to wiggle for ten minutes to get out—but I got out!" The little redhead was undaunted by the prospect of having to wiggle free from a straitjacket. In fact, she seemed to relish the challenge. She had a big supercilious smirk on her face.

The healthcare professional paused to consider her position. She had to admit that her companion might actually be up for the challenge. If she had a good knowledge of the jackets they used, the escapologist should have perhaps kept that fact to herself. "Okay, I won't lie," the nurse conceded, "that's a little impressive. The Mark 3 jackets are what we use here for most of the patients. They have a few flaws in them, but normally nothing that a patient can ever exploit."

"I know you have Mark 3 Doc-Eng TM jackets, from checking your company's available paperwork. I practiced on that model for ages. I know how they are put together and how to dislodge the buckles. If you move a certain way it's hard but not impossible. Frankly, there is no way you could possibly keep me in it."

The challenger had done her homework, and knew what she was talking about, thought the medical professional, but she was still far too impetuous. She halted her guided tour of the institution at a supply cabinet, and her hand hovered over one box labeled "Mark 3," but instead she quickly moved over and pulled out a different box.

"Yes, I see where your line of thinking comes from," she replied to her companion. "Since you reckon you can get out of any Mark 3 jacket, why take on a challenge you know you can beat?" The nurse wanted to see what gears were ticking inside her charge's noggin, to explore her motivations, her psychology.

The skinny little performer was happy to fill in the gaps. "Publicity!" she exclaimed. "An escapologist who commits herself to a maximum security hospital just so she can escape from it! That is going to be gold for the press. It's going to get me from the back of the billing to the front of the billing. It's going to make me famous and make your institution look silly. You're going to be a laughing stock...they might even fire you!"

There it was! The nurse understood the little egotist's arrogance as a means of furthering her career and attracting public relations advantages. She decided to push a little deeper, to see how much the escape artist actually knew,

"You are aware that the Mark 3 Doc-Eng TM jackets have two configurations. There's the 'Regular,' where the arms are made secure in front, used for typical patients. But there's another version, used with more disruptive patients, where the arms are secured behind the back."

The nurse intended merely to hint at what she would do to her new patient. But this didn't have the intended effect. "Funny you should mention that," replied the redhead with a scholarly knowing grin on her face. "I am aware of that design. In fact, I have repeatedly practiced escaping from that more secure configuration. I have probably spent more time in that version of the restraint than the regular one. That was how it was set up on stage in my act. So, I think you could do your worst, tighten it up as much as you like, and I will still get out. Would you care to bet I can get out?" She paused, then upped her snark and continued, "Of course on your wages, you can't afford to, so ignore what I was saying."

The escape artist was really silly and arrogant for saying that, the nurse thought. Her face twitched. Now she had absolutely no trouble giving this person the full works. Employing a bit of theatrics of her own, she pointed

toward a door and declaimed more loudly, “Okay, then, behind this security door is your cell for the duration of your stay...your committal...your escape attempt...whatever you want to call this.” The nurse sounded more like a real-estate agent showing off the latest accommodation.

The magician didn’t seem to like being upstaged, not even a little. “Show me to my room, you silly bint!” She acted like a bratty prima donna being shown to her dressing room. The nurse rapped her knuckles on the door and opened it with her ID card.

“If you insist,” she said, “let’s give you the special guided tour. First, this is a two-inch-thick, reinforced steel door with an actuation gear. It’s so heavy it needs an hydraulic piston arm to move it. Second, as you can see, the room is padded exactly as are all our high-security cells—even the floor, ceiling, and the back of the door. Next, there are ports high on the ceiling for accommodating line hook-ups for water and waste. Fourth, to the left of the door is one change we’ve made to the regular layout, especially for this challenge: a finger print reader! So, please place your hand here...thank you! It’s logged you onto the system, now. If you are able to get out of your jacket, simply reach up and touch the fingerprint reader. You will automatically discharge yourself as per the agreements you signed. However—and I want to be quite clear here—you’re only being released when you touch this reader. No matter how much you verbally beg or whatever else you do, the only way out is to escape the jacket and touch this fingerprint reader.”

The nurse was deadly serious as she explained the design and function of the room. Yet the escape artist was still acting as if it were a rehearsal. The new patient peered inside as if inspecting her hotel room for the first time.

“Of course I understand,” said the redhead. “It’s taken me more time to go through all the legal disclaimers and commitment papers than it will take for me to escape. I don’t think you even need to lock the door, since I am going to be gone in a few minutes anyway. I will be out of here before you finish your shift, you silly little thing.” She continued to flaunt her arrogant attitude, which was now grating on the nurse’s nerves and seemed to be causing a little twitch in the corner of her eye as she tried to restrain her own impulses, for now.

“Well, if you say so,” the woman replied, avoiding conflict. “If you want to get on with the challenge, you may see the box. It contains the jacket, the leg restraints, the force-feeding gag, and a few other accessories. Now, to begin, I want you to strip all your clothes off and put them in the box.” The nurse began to display what was in store. Still, the girl didn’t quite realize what was happening to her, that if she tried to back out now, the nurse would force her into those bonds.

She actually looked inside the box for the first time. “Wait!” she protested. “I didn’t agree to that gag. It’s twice the size of the regular model. It’s not part of the deal. Are you fucking mad or just taking the piss?” The arrogant girl got the first hint of what really awaited her, and things began to sink in.

The nurse put her hand on her shoulder and squeezed none to gently. “You agreed in writing to accept whatever accessories we choose that come from the same line of restraints. The force-feeding gag, size XXL, is part of the new Doc-Eng TM Mark 4 restraint line.” The nurse blocked the door preventing her turning around and leaving, it was too late.

“The Mark 4 restraint line...err...wait....” Genuine surprise entered her voice, contrasting with the tone of overwhelming confidence in the nurse’s voice.

“Oh, that’s right. Well, I won’t spoil the surprise completely. But I think that you’re in for a rude awakening.”

The nurse could see a twitch in the performer’s face, as she stared at the unknown device and wasn’t sure what to make of it.

The diminutive magician was almost up on her toes to look bigger, as she squared off against her would be captor. “No way am I backing out, bitch. The Mark 4 can’t be that much better than the Mark 3.” Her arrogance resurfaced as her pride took over.

The nurse had one final change of heart. “Look,” she said, trying to be kind, this is your last chance to back out. You can just turn around and we can rip up your committal papers. If you go through with this you’re in for the long haul, and I get to play with you.” The nurse was absolutely sure, even with the other threats, that ‘Skinny’ would not back out.

The young woman kicked the box of restraints with her toe. “I am not going to be beaten by you, bitch.” True to form, she didn’t back down.

The nurse held open a bag. “Okay, then. Off they come!” Apart from the restraints, it was quite clear the challenge would be in the nude. The escape-artist began to undress. “Okay,” the nurse announced, “Checking jacket, jeans, one t-shirt, one purse, one pair of trainers, socks, one pair of white panties and bra.” The performer stripped quickly, probably a result of training as a quick-change artist. The girl wiggled out of her clothes in a few seconds. Standing there naked, she struck a pose like there was a photographer taking pictures. The nurse had to admit that her body was in a very good condition, as skinny as she was her body was lithe with well defined muscles and a taunt little six pack.

“Okay, so are you going to pat me down to see if I have any tools hidden on me. Or are you too dumb to do that?” Her arrogance was astounding, but the nurse had a smug grin in response.

“Sure, let me get the gloves,” the woman replied. She departed with the bag containing the girl’s clothes, returning a moment later with a new box of additional accessories, then began to pull on elbow-length rubber gloves.

The arrogant little contortionist took a step back in alarm. “Okay...um...maybe I was rather hasty.... You don’t need to.” The girl looked shocked and continued to back up.

“You brought this on yourself with your arrogance,” the nurse replied matter-of-factly. “Now, bend over and touch your toes like a good little girl.” The performer looked at the nurse, then sighed and bent over. The nurse applied lube to her gloves and dove in. The magician was quite abruptly vocal in her protest but remained in position being a good sport.

“Ouch! I am not hiding anything there, you fucking bitch”! The performers eyes went wide and she reconsidered her position.

“Grip your ankles tightly. You’re probably right, but I am going to make sure.” The girl gritted her teeth and did as instructed. The great future magician was starting to feel as if this entire adventure was not the best idea in the world.

The nurse took her sweet time, her exploration slow and intrusively thorough, and it started to get to her new patient. “Okay, okay...enough...okay...too deep!... Too deep! Please stop—fucking stop you bitch!”

The nurse merely concluded that the young woman was beginning to learn—too late—what her arrogance had earned her. She sanitized her gloves. “Now open your mouth and say ‘ahhh’.”

The escape artist looked despondent as the nurse moved forwards. “Oh sh—agghh!...” She was suddenly choking as the nurse searched about in her throat. Finally, with a satisfied smile on her face, the older woman stepped back and pulled the gloves off.

“There you go. You can relax now. No contraband.”

The magician-in-training looked relieved. She twisted her body backwards. “Let me do a limber-up.” The nurse helpfully held out a hand and watched for five minutes as the skinny girl stretched and contorted her limber body in preparation for the upcoming challenge. Then, as the contortionist was finishing up her routine, she reached into her box.

“Okay, time for the jacket,” she announced. “Now, hold up your arms, please.” She held up the heavy garment, ready for its victim.

The girl took a step forwards and extended her arms ready. “Sure...give me your best, you old cow.” But despite the insult, she looked nervous, now that it actually come down to it. The nurse pulled the tight-fitting jacket up her arms to her shoulders, then stepped behind her, placing a hand on her back as if expecting her to try something.

“Can you feel the difference?” she asked, knowing the tightness of the garment held it in place without any straps being buckled.

The girl thought about it for a few seconds, as she tried to move her hands, “I think so...the material feels thicker on this thing. There is a lining that tickles my skin a little, and it feels like its been tailored much tighter over the waist....” Her voice trailed off for a moment. “Look”, she resumed, “maybe I let my mouth run a bit.”

The nurse grabbed the jacket’s edges and began to link them together with straps. “Oh, that’s the lining for long-term wear, and this jacket is a dedicated ‘woman’s extra extra small’ size. Now, the Mark 3 had a zipper panel over the straps, so that it was harder for a patient to get to them. But the Mark 4 has a separate adhesive band that goes over the top of the straps. It’s far more secure.” For the first time, the nurse let a little sinister intent drip into her speech. In response, her charge tried to step away, only to be easily pulled back.

“Okay,” the girl admitted, “maybe this is going to take a bit of time.... Sorry I...err...called you a....”

The nurse smiled to herself. “Let’s get all those straps snug,” she instructed in reply. She began pulling all the straps tighter and tighter, one by one.

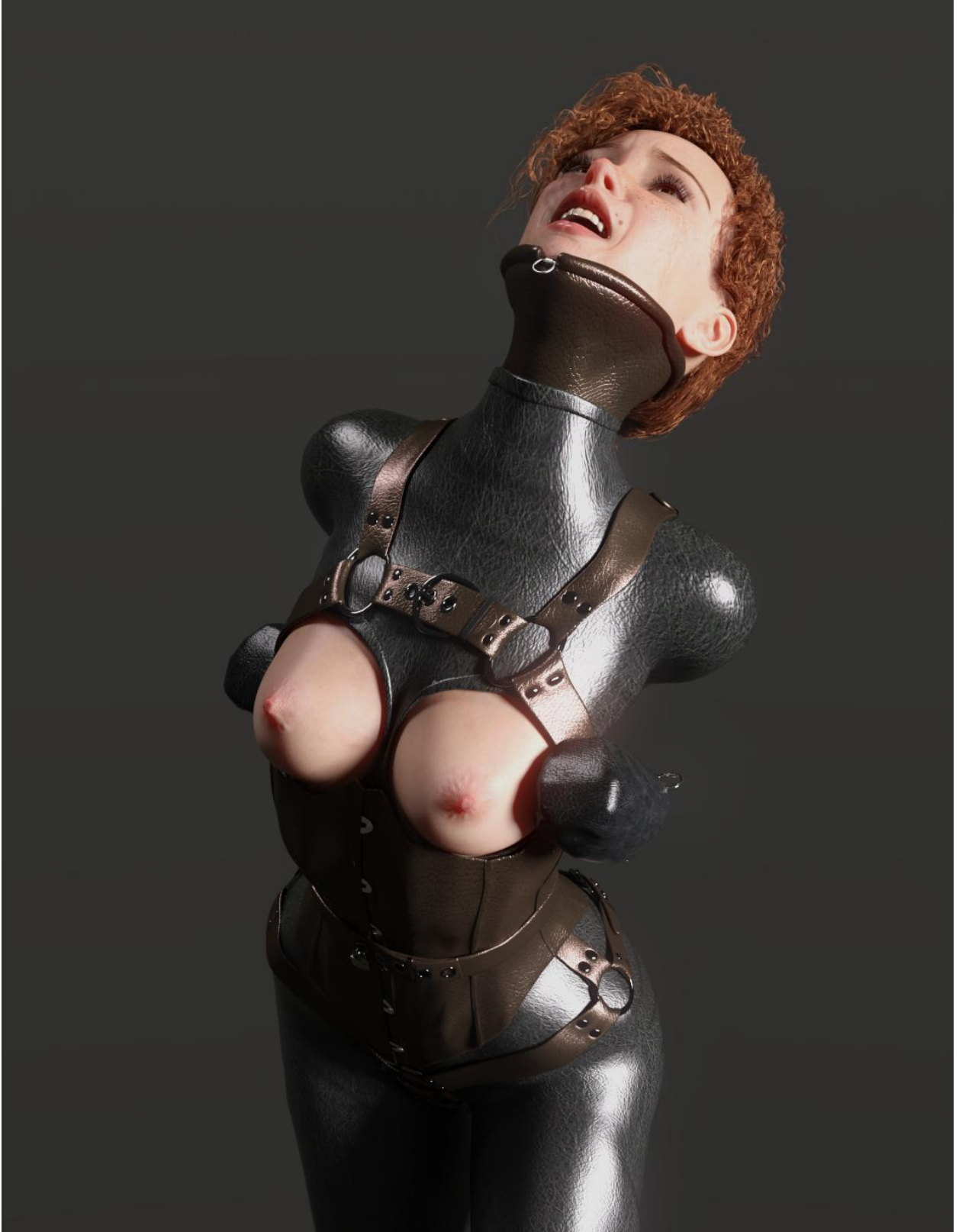
It was most certainly ‘crunch time’, now, and the performer’s insecurities began to become more pressing. “Wow! That feels a lot tighter than a Mark 4.... No hard feelings, nurse?” There was a lot of apprehension in her voice.

The nurse yanked one of the straps with far more force than necessary in response. “That waist belt needs to be tightened,” she remarked. The young escapist gasped in response.

“That hurts! It’s cutting into my skin...uhh!” She watched as her waist was pulled in, the garment pushing on her diaphragm and ribs, exerting a disquieting amount of force. Suddenly she was seized round her neck none to gently, causing her to gasp in surprise.

“Now, let’s get the strap at the top tighter,” said the nurse,” as she harshly pulled back her patient’s head.

“You’re strangling me!” The escape artist tried to wriggle out of the nurse’s grip.



The medical professional easily pushed her straitjacketed prey against the padded wall. “Now,” she instructed, let’s get the rest of these straps nice and snug.”

The new patient was trying to pull away as the nurse further tightened the straps. She tried to move a little. “I can’t breathe...you’re crushing my ribs!... It fucking hurts!” The would-be escape artist was beginning to panic at this point.

The nurse, all business now, pulled the next item out of the box in preparation. “Nonsense!” she said. You’re wearing the Mark 4, remember? Now the zip, and for this security feature there is a little surprise. As you can see, the top of the zip breaks off when I pull it up.” The nurse was absolutely sure the new intake had no counter to that feature.

Sure enough, the escape artist stared at it, confusion on her face. “How the hell am I meant to...oh shit!” She truly did look dumbfounded, not even able to finish her sentence.

The nurse, confident in her knowledge, skill, and experience, discarded the zip and pulled the activator strip away on the next component of the jacket. “You’re not meant to, my dear. That’s the point. Now, this tape panel sticks over the zip—three...two...one...and now it’s fused.” The nurse pushed the performer up against the padded wall once again, face first, and pressed a wide strip over the back of the jacket. The escapologist could feel a heat almost like a hot water bottle being run down her back, and her nostrils flared.

“What’s that smell? What the fuck are you doing to me?” Sniffing strongly, she looked quite alarmed by the pungent aroma of setting adhesive.

The nurse ran a hand down the back of the garment. “That’s the tape fusing with the back of the jacket, melting it together.” The nurse drew really close, an exceedingly evil grin on her face. Her patient...her victim...looked very scared, but surprisingly (and to the nurse, deliciously) still defiant.

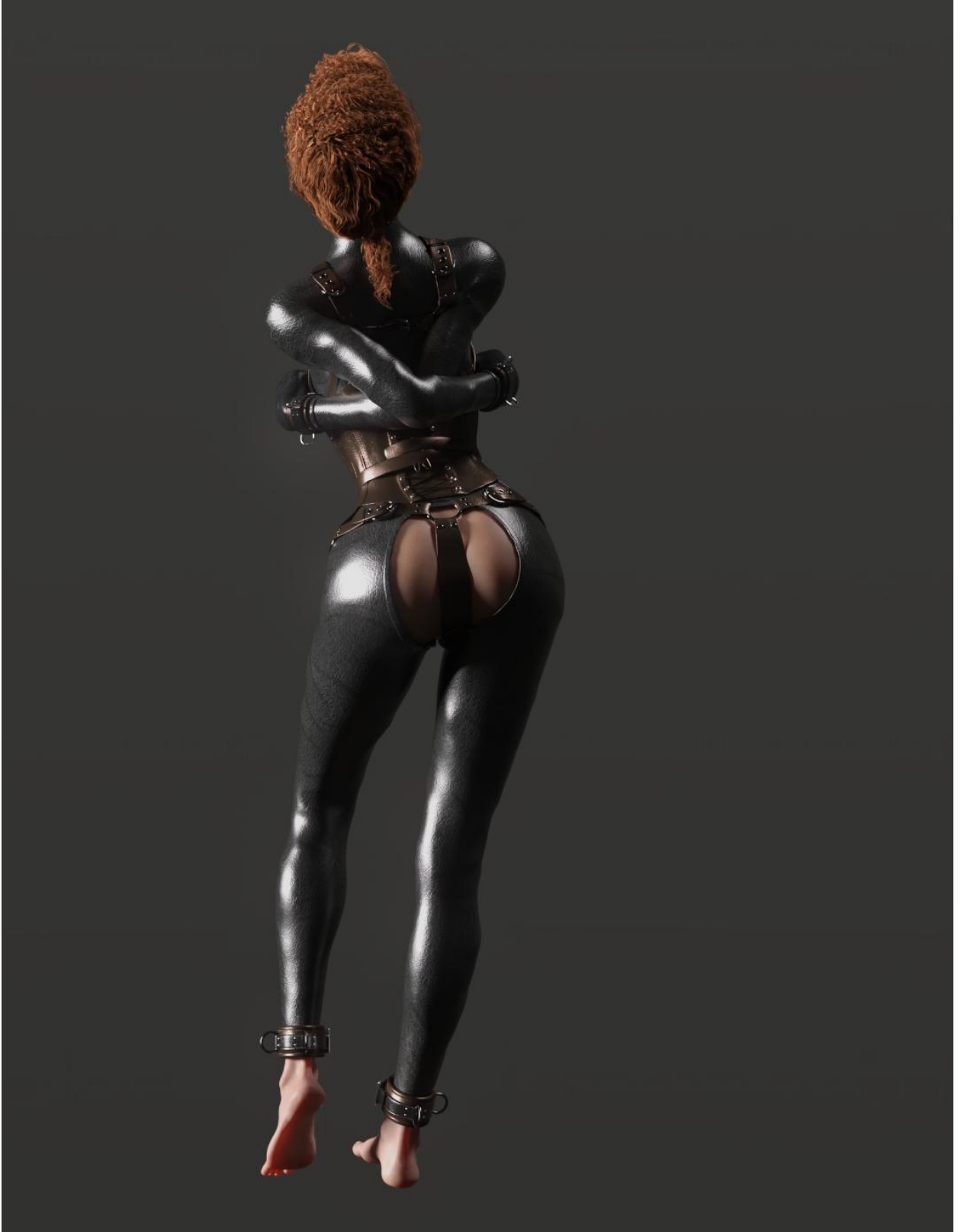
“I can do this! Might take me a bit longer, but I don’t give up! I am a professional. I guess you’re going to go for Configuration 2, right? ‘Extremely secure’?? Maybe I should have been polite...?” She was clearly nervous, yet remained in denial about her chances of freeing herself. And she was still trying to keep her arms out of the nurse’s grip.

Part Two

With a commanding tone in her voice, the nurse reached forwards. “Give me your arms now, and relax,” she commanded. “Actually, for your information there is a third configuration on the new Mark 4 model, which clearly you have not heard about. It’s called ‘Punishment,’ and that, young lady, is what you’re going to get. See, I’ll be bending your right arm back, hook your other arm through the elbow, and then I’ll do up the straps at the front.... Yes, I can see you were not lying about your abilities as a contortionist. That position must be agony for you.”

The nurse seized her arms and wrestled her to the floor. She forcibly bent one of the girl’s arms, then hooked her other arm through it. She then bent that arm so her elbows were looped over each other. She passed the ends of the sleeves through the side loops of the jacket, then pulled the strap tight at the front. With her patient now immobilized, the nurse pinned her to the floor and started to reach round, squeezing the newly vulnerable parts of her young body through the jacket.

“This is...what the hell? My arms!... It’s...how?... What?... What are you doing! Stop squeezing my breasts! You can’t do this to me!... Let me out of this, you fucking hack!” The patient wiggled and struggled, trying to get away, but she couldn’t. I was too late.



The nurse slapped her on the bottom. "I can do what I like, my dear. Now, let's get the strap a little tighter. I'd advise you to stop trying to struggle. It's far too late for any of that now." She pulled the strap tighter, then got a good grip on her patient's butt.

The contortionist wiggled but couldn't get free. "Let go of my ass! Ouch! No! That hurts like hell. You can't do this to me, you cunt!"

The nurse seized her patient's bound arms and put a lot of pressure on them, easily wrenching them further back, controlling her. "Silly girl, this is designed to really make you arch your back. It puts so much pressure on your tendons and ligaments with your arms twisted like that. You can't stop me doing whatever I like with your body." The nurse's fingers began to dance oh so lightly over the patient's fully exposed clitoris.



The magician began suddenly to tear up, frustrated at her inability to do anything to stop her captor. Sob, No! (sob) Don't! No more (sob).... Please stop...I can't feel my arms. And get your fingers out of my pussy, you lez slut!"

The nurse tolerantly held her down and continued to finger her relentlessly, with no regard for her comfort. She reached round, hugging her captive, getting her arms as tight as possible.

"And...so!...one more notch for good luck, and then I'll fill the lock with a super-glue!" She pulled the strap tighter, then injected glue into the locking mechanism on the strap. Immediately, she returned to playing with her prey. The skinny prisoner found the jacket was now even worse, The way her body was crushed eliminated any

stamina needed to resist the nurse's advances for a protracted length of time, as one finger then two then three disappeared inside her slowly moistening pussy lips.

"No! Don't touch me there! Stop! You're (*gasps!*)...oh...don't.... My shoulders hurt! Please let me go, you fucking whore!"

The nurse responded by pulling her new patient to her even more tightly. She held yet another a new accessory. "Now for the reinforcing straps. They will make your elbows sting a bit as they shrink. But they will make your breasts stand out more." She maneuvered a thick, X-shaped strap that wrapped around her patient's knotted arms, then poured the clear contents of a bottle over the strap. There was an acrid chemical stench, and the assembly seems to shrink and fuse.

The patient felt a little warmth, but a lot of pressure. She tested out the full extent of the restraint, discovering that her arms might as well have been set in concrete. "My elbows!... No, please.... Let me go!... I've changed my mind!... Please, I've changed my mind. I am not your fucking sex toy!"

The nurse promptly wrestled her to the ground once more and began to squeeze and fondle her far more assertively. "There you go," she taunted. "Nice and tight. You are my little sex toy, exactly. You should consider it motivation to encourage you to escape. Not that you ever will."

The escape artist struggled against the jacket, moaning as the nurse pushed her fingers deeper into the girl's vulnerable areas. Getting four fingers inside her, before pressing her thumb against the girls rear, a hint of what was to come. The woman pulled away for a second, retrieved something from the box of supplies, then flipped the thin patient over.

"What's that?" the patient exclaimed. "I didn't agree to that! You can't do this to me—get away from me, you bitch!"

The nurse held up an enormous enema bulb, its nozzle at the ready. "I'm just going to give you a little enema to clean you out," she announced. She sat on her patient's body to keep her in place as she applied the solution, as the girl tried quite desperately to get away.

"No! This isn't fun," the patient continued to protest. "I didn't agree to this. Let me out! Fuck you!"

The nurse calmly and professionally attached a drain tube and sucked the mess away. Then she refilled the bulb and repeated the process—again and again—until she was satisfied the girl's bowels were clean and empty. "Don't be silly!" she remonstrated. "You agreed to whatever I plan to do to you...that is, until you get out of that jacket. The agreement you signed implies consent to any and all procedures, as long as you remain bound." The nurse delved into her collection of increasingly alarming supplies, with the would-be escapist helpless to prevent her.

The patient looked relieved when she saw her tormentor put away the enema bulb. "This is humiliating," she complained, but at least you've finished—wait! What are you doing now?... What the fuck is that?"

The nurse had begun to retrieve a giant rubber object from the box, and a second later she was holding up for display an intimidating lump of curved rubber. "Such a silly girl! That was just the first thing, to get you ready. You see, as part of your captivity I am going to shove a giant inflatable butt-plug up your ass. But of course at the moment it won't fit in your tight little virgin butt. So, I have to make you more accommodating." She showed her new device to the patient, who was immediately rather alarmed and, still on the floor, backed away into a corner.

"How the hell are you going to do that?" the girl asked. "Wait!... Get away from me! Help! Help!... Help me! This psycho bitch belongs in this jacket, not me!"

The nurse pulled out another large bundle of rubber and straps, licking her lips. She intended to fully enjoy administering this treatment plan, "Believe it or not," she told her patient, "even though it's ten inches long, this is merely the small-size strap-on. I was going to lube it up really good to go easy on you. But you've been a bitch

throughout, so you're getting it nearly dry, instead. Then I am going to stretch your tight little rear for a bit, as part of your therapy."

The nurse hiked up her skirt, then fastened the strap-on device into place. The cell was small, and there was very little the patient could do before she found herself face down and ass up. She was pinned in place, with the nurse's one hand on the back of her neck and the other hand on her secured arms. Her legs were forcibly spread wide by the nurse's legs. The woman's knees pressed against her patient's inner thighs so she couldn't close them. The imposing rubber column suddenly pressed against the tiny entrance to her back passage.



A twist, a thrust, a moan of outrage, and the rubber phallus was embedded in the girl's ass a couple of inches. She tried to struggle, but with the restraints and the nurse's dominant position, her attempts were futile. "No! Let me go—ouch! No! It's too big. Oh god at least use some more goddamn lubricant, you sadistic bitch!"

The nurse pumped forwards, sinking the strap-on home, its full ten inches nestled in their entirety, causing her patient to struggle even harder.



She licked her patient's ear and whispered menacingly, "Bitch, is it? Now, let me be clear. You're *my* bitch, and you will count each stroke with me as I stretch your little body. Or I will just keep going until you do. Ready? One.... No? Not ready?... Let's try it again. One.... Oh dear.... Now I want to hear you scream 'one'. Just say it. 'One'... Almost, my dear. Now louder...almost...'one'.... Still louder...'one'.... Ah! There you go. That wasn't hard.... Now, 'two'...and 'three'...excellent...and 'four'...."



She twisted the patient's arms and pressed her into the padding as she made the girl count along, screaming with every thrust. As her back passage was stretched and ravaged by the merciless pounding from the imposing strap on, the young woman's attitude was slowly adjusted. Indeed, after rather a good while had passed, all the arrogance was gone from the patient's now hoarse voice, and still her anus was penetrated again and again.

"Ouch! Oh god one hundred and eighty-eight.... No more, please—augh!! One hundred and ninety-nine...ugh!... Two hundred...please no more.... Please...yes...I'm your bitch! I am your...your little bitch. My ass...you've ruined it.... I can't take it anymore."

The nurse finally pulled out, arose, and unstrapped the harness. The patient looked exhausted and drained, her anal muscle gaping wide.



The deviant nurse had a big grin plastered over her face. “Oh, my dear girl. You think it’s over.... How cute! But that was just the first stage. Now it’s time for the medium-size strap-on. It’s only eleven inches long, but quite a bit thicker—actually, a lot thicker! And don’t worry about the spikes, they are tiny.... Now, a little lube, and it’s time to count again. ‘One’.... Honey, you have to count with me, remember? ‘One’.... The nurse was finished getting the next stage of the procedure ready, the larger strap-on fastened securely against her crotch.

Skinny looked really worried as she saw the girth of what was coming next. She screamed her protest, but there was no avoiding what was intended to slide into her rectum.



“No! It’s too big! Please, it won’t fit...you can’t! No! Oh god nooooo.... Stop, please!—ow! One... aghh...two!”

Before the thin young woman knew it, she was pinned back in place, her ass pumped with the massive length of rubber, once again unable to resist the assault in any meaningful way. Her escapology skills had failed to live up to the task at hand, against this nurse who clearly was used to wrangling resisting patients on a routine basis.



Sometime later, the nurse finished dispensing the second course of treatment. "One hundred and ninety-nine...and...there! Two hundred! Excellent. And now that you're stretched out nice and accommodating, we'll need to use this to fill your ass so you can't make a mess."



As soon as she pulled the eleven-inch rubber monster all the way out, she began none-too-gently to shove the massive girth of an enormous anal plug home. She did not allow the patient's rectal muscle any time to adapt, nor her abused sphincter a chance to relax, let alone contract. The patient, hysterical now, was pulling at the jacket as the plug sank between her buttocks. "Please! Oh god no...no more.... No! Its not going to fit! No...stop, please...." The patient's body quivered but continued to stretch.

The nurse braced herself and continued to put pressure on her charge. "Don't be silly! Of course it will fit. I just need to push a little harder and...in it goes!" She shoved harder and harder with both hands pressing on the butt-end of the plug. The patient's muscles twitched involuntarily,

"Noooo!" the girl screamed. "Please! Don't!... It hurts so much!" And as the plug sunk home, the exhausted patient offered up a last tiny whimpering moan of resistance.



Unfortunately for the illusionist, however, the nurse was already reaching for something else. “Now,” the woman said, almost to herself, I just need to inflate it to full size!” She shoved a pump-bulb into a valve on the base of the inserted anal plug and started to pump away.

The patient’s eyes rolled back and she began to pant. “ Ohmigod! Please...no...no...no more...please don’t. I can’t take it! I can’t take it!... Auugghhh!!! Stop! I’m tearing! It won’t fit!”



There was no way that the patient was going to expel this plug on her own. And when she was satisfied with the degree of inflation, the nurse spanked the girl harshly. "But of course it will fit, my dear...yes...there it goes.... I just need to add the crotch strap. You'll like this special one. It's Y-shaped, so your pussy's all exposed and accessible, but the plug is locked in your ass.... There! Perfect! And now I am going to fuck your pussy with this strap-on. I just need to lube it up with something very special." The crotch strap, once in place, transitioned from its double Y-shape at the front to a single strap at the rear. This arrangement lewdly framed the prisoner's plump, fully displayed vagina, and forced the already inflated plug in deeper, locking it into her seriously stretched anus and thoroughly abused rectum, filling her all the way to the entrance to her bowels.

The prisoner's eyes came into sharp focus and a new wave of fear ran through her bound body. There was a moment of panic as the patient saw her next course of treatment. "Wait.... Oh god that's hot sauce, not lube! What the fuck are you doing? Are you fucking mad? No! Get away from me!"



The nurse advanced on her captive as she tried to shrink away into the padded wall. "If you could escape from that jacket I would stop. Admit it, my little bitch girl...you like being treated like this." A few moments later the skinny girl was pinned down with the strap-on now stretching her pussy lips wide, its coated length embedded in her sex. It took only a small amount of wrestling to get the patient fully in hand and in position once again.

"Ouch! Oh my god it burns!... Get it out of me! No oh no it burns so much!"

But the nurse began fucking her patient up against the padding, forcing her ankles up to her shoulders to pin her squirming body in place. She was a little more gentle with her prisoner this time, but only a little.... "You like that?," she taunted. "It's turning you on...I can see you squirming. I am going to force you to orgasm like this."

The patient looked as if she couldn't decide if it was pain or pleasure. After ten minutes of vigorous and unrelenting fucking, her eyes started to roll back in her head. "You ...can't...make...me...." she gasped. "Oh...oh god...oh yes.... Hard...harder...harder! Deeper!... I am your bitch...yes... Oh god fuck me! No mercy...omigod yesssss...!"

The skinny patient climaxed...hard...but the nurse kept on hammering her into the padding with the strap-on until there was no resistance left in the girl's body. "There you go...nice and pacified..." she finally cooed. The patient squirmed once more, gasped, and collapsed, the assault mercifully over. But on her face was a surprising look of arousal by what she had just been put through. "I (*pant*)...can't believe you (*pant*)...made me come like that (*pant*)...four times.... But please it's too tight on me.... Wait...what the hell are those?" The patient slowly regathered her thoughts, slowly reconstructing what had happened to her at the hands of the nurse. She remained confused, however, as she gazed at the next set of extra restraints that the nurse held in her hand.

A moment later, the nurse was once again running a hand over her prisoner's legs. "How are the knee-spreader and ankle cuffs? Don't you agree they suit you?"

The escape-artist now lay fully restrained, face down, her knees spread wide and her ankles locked together. She pulled fretfully at her bonds squirming and begging. "Please, you have to let me go."



The medical professional found this amusing. "Let you go? But my dear we are just starting. My goodness, but you are flexible! Your ankles touch the back of your neck without much trouble. How do you like this position, my little bitch?" The skinny girl was bent so that the back of her feet were touching her head. The nurse promptly locked the bottom of the ankle cuffs to the back of the jacket. Then she held up the next item of restraint in front of the patient's face, causing the girl to renew her begging and squirming in her bonds.

"Please...oh god not a gag!..."



The massive feeding gag was held up to her lips, and the nurse stroked her cheek almost affectionately. “Now open all the way.... Good girl.... Just let the shaft slide down your throat.... There...just a little more to go. You can’t make a sound, now. It’s perfect.”







“But let’s make sure it’s all secure. We’ll just strap your big toes to the back of the harness, nice and tight....” A solid muzzle-harness held the huge gag in place, even capturing the prisoner’s toes with columns of leather.

The pacified bound victim could offer up little comment. “Mmmmpphh!...” came a muffled cry of despair. The position was hellish and she had no way out, given her pinioned, twisted, contorted, and fully stuffed body.



And yet the nurse still seemed to have more plans, as she pressed a nearby control button that lowered a suspension hoist.







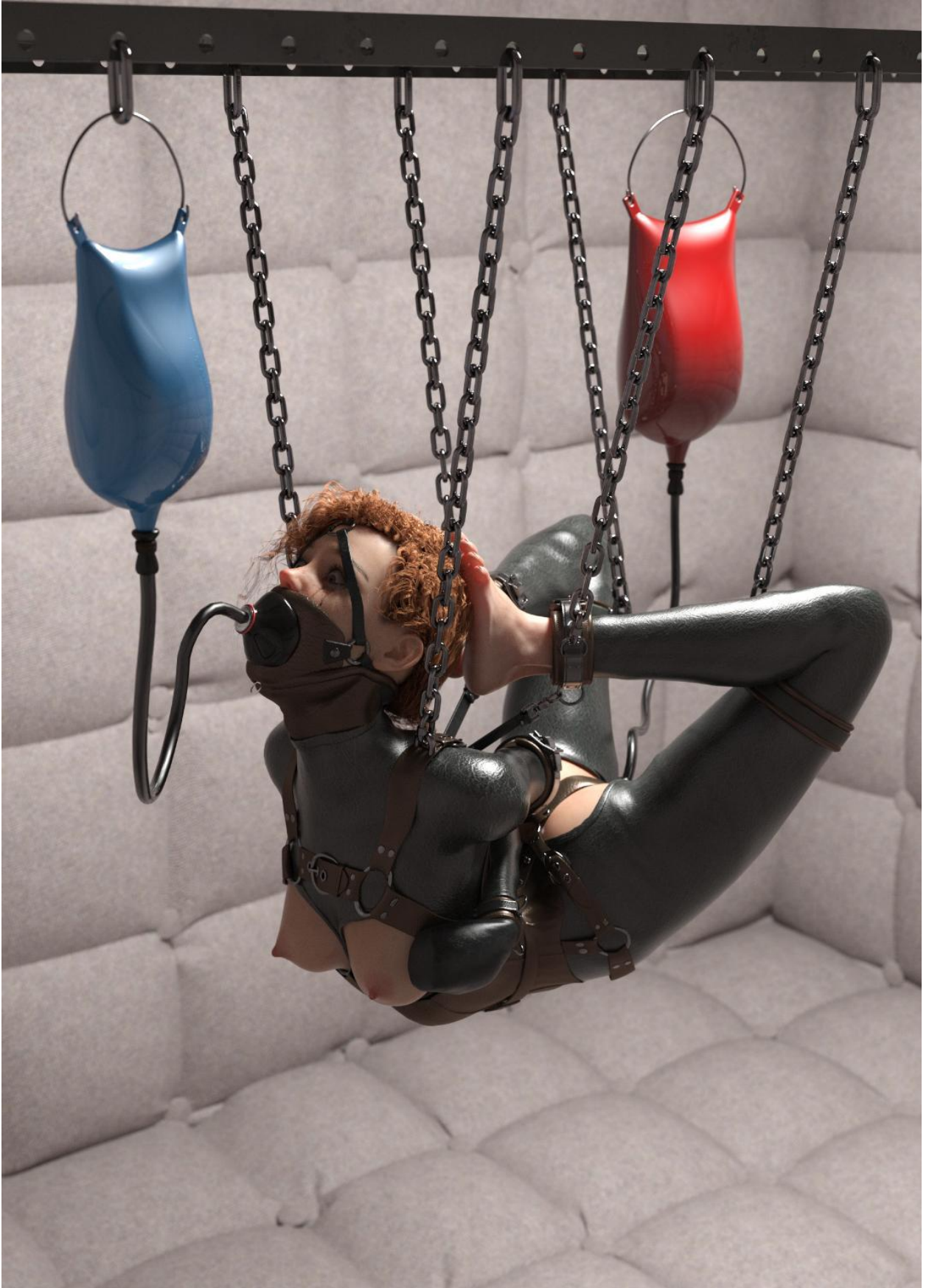
It was a simple matter to plug every connecting tube in and then suspend the patient in the air. “Now,” the nurse instructed her patient, “just to check that the suspension chains are nice and taut. The feeding tube is attached to your

gag and set for every four hours. The catheter tube is connected up to your urethra—your pee-hole, darling—for a once-a-day bladder-flush. Your enema tube is installed in your ass-plug for a vigorous once every two hours deep cleansing flushing. So, you're all good to go. I hope that you enjoy your 'escape attempt'...though I don't think you're getting away. Do you?"

The patient hung there with the tubes attached to her body. The plug in her ass rumbled to life, delivering to her bowels a large flushing that made her guts knot. The nurse watched for a few minutes, then left. The patient was suspended in such a position that she could watch people coming in and going out from the cell. She saw the nurse return a little later to check on her charge and see how she was doing with the challenge.

"Well," the nurse remarked, "it's been half-an-hour. No luck yet? Dear me, that's too bad, I guess this blindfold might help you"? And a second later the skinny escape artist had lost her sight. As an hour passed, the nurse returned at regular intervals to check on her. "Ah! Still here?... It's been an hour now. Still no luck yet? A shame. This clitoris clamp might be a bit of a distraction to take your mind off things, my little bitch!"

Her patient squirmed a little as the clamp was promptly applied. She may have screamed, but the terrifying gag occupying her entire throat made the actual release of any sound entirely impossible.



Eventually, the nurse returned to the cell for her next chore. She pulled away her patient's blindfold, watching as the unfocused eyes adjusted to the light and snapped back. The bound girl clearly saw what she held in her hand, and there was desperate, helpless, useless struggling against the restraints as the woman began to fit the item.

"Well," the nurse commented aloud. "It's been six hours now. No luck yet? Too bad, my dear." It took merely a moment or two, and the nurse then added, "how do you like that discipline hood? It's the extra small model." The device left the patient's head a shiny rubber oval—yet another layer of bondage to punish her with. After a few more careful professional checks, the nurse departed once again. The patient slowly slipped into unconsciousness....



...Only to be harshly awakened by a painful jolt of electricity and a biting sensation at her breasts.

“Well, it’s been twelve hours now, my little prisoner,” the nurse teased her. “No luck yet? Really, too bad. Are you enjoying the nipple electrodes?” The medical caretaker added another little bit of nipple encouragement for her charge to escape—not that it really seemed to be helping at this point....

Sometime later—the patient had long ago lost any track of the passage of time—her body was subjected to yet one more insult added to her already intense bondage. “Well,” she heard the nurse comment, “It’s been a full day at this point. No luck yet? Hmm...imagine that! Too bad. How do you like the edging vibrator I’ve shoved into your pussy? I’ve set it very carefully. It’s going to drive you mad, my little bitch, not ever being able to come.”

The worst part of the edging vibrator’s constant attention was that the skinny escapologist was unable to sleep at all. And none of the other random stimulations helped her get a restful sleep, either....

After what seemed like an age, the nurse returned and lowered her prisoner to the padded floor, preparing to administer some more ‘hands on’ attention. Of course, once she was finished, the patient was lifted up back into her suspended position.



“Two days,” the nurse announced. “Too bad for you my dear. I forgot to ask you how you liked the last session with my largest strap-on? I confess I may have gotten carried away with two hours of relentlessly fucking your sweet ass? And how do you like the electrified butt-plug. It’s a little larger than the first one, I admit. But it’s inside you now, keeping you stretched, keeping that enema inside you. But I haven’t heard any complaints, you know? Of course, not that I think you could get any loud sound past that gag. I suggest you take it as one more motivation...if, in fact, any motivation would be useful at all.”

The escape artist squirmed...just a little bit...in her bound exhaustion, but nothing would help her. The only thing that awaited her, she knew with certainty at this point, was more of the nurse’s sadistic treatments for the next

few months—until the woman's superior finally got bored with her taking up space, and allowed her to be discharged.

...Or unless the nurse made some other sort of long-term arrangement, but she couldn't bear to think about that....