

Contortionist vs Jacket
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Part 1



Two figures moved down a lit white corridor. The first leading the way was dark-haired, tall. Good-looking, and dressed in a nurse's uniform. Beside her walking about as if she owned the place was a slim skinny red head with freckles and an arrogant look plastered over her face.



They were walking down the corridor to their destination. It was part of a high security psychiatric hospital and neither one of them looked particularly worried. The red head had an enthusiastic spring in her step, the nurse was more measured. She looked over to her charge,

“Now, you’re sure you understand exactly what you signed yourself up for”? She had some degree of concern in her voice. A bit of what appeared to be genuine empathy for the idiot next to her. Even if the magician was wearing it away very fast. The skinny escapologist rolled her eyes,

“Of course, I do, your boss is allowing me to humiliate this institution, are you stupid or something”. She was brash and rude arrogant even, without having much thought for her companion. She was dismissive of what appeared to be a warning, giving the nurse a contemptuous look as they passed through a security door.



The nurse was trying to keep her language diplomatic,

“I wouldn't put it quite like that, you put yourself forward as a challenge to test the best restraint system we have. You know that you have technically signed up as a voluntary committal, with the unusual clause that your duration of stay is only dependent on one important physical condition”. The nurse tried to spell out exactly what awaited her companion, as they walked through the blank white walls of the institution. There was the flicker of lights and the aroma of bleach. The red head shrugged her shoulders,

“Go on remind me what is that condition?” She had an edge to her voice, speaking to her fellow traveller as if she was an idiot.

The medical professional couldn't believe that she had been assigned to this little publicity stunt,

“You know it, but to reiterate once again you are discharged on the condition that you can fully escape the restraints that you are put into”. The nurse indicated that would be quite a challenge. The skinny volunteer not so much. The haughtiness in her voice was not muted by the slam of a heavy security door behind them.

“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 was very arrogant, she looked at the nurse like you might look at chewing gum on the bottom of your heel. She checked her access pass and moved them forwards.

“Are you really quite so sure about this? If you can't get out of this straight jacket after I put you in it, then you are stuck in this institution until my boss has had enough fun at your expense. Which given her temperament could be six months”? The nurse wanted the arrogant girl to understand what was truly on the line. She lent in closer,

“Look, I studied magic for 5 years, I have studied escapology for three years. I have been practising contortion for nearly 8 years and I have been performing on the amateur circuit for at least 11 months as an escape artist”. She sounded as if she was at a job interview reading her CV to an agent, her patronizing tone of voice didn't seem to rattle the nurse.



The Nurse was trying to work out if it was bluster, or if she was actual qualified to make a grand exit.

“That all sounds quite impressive. But if your escaping against purpose built magical props they are designed to look sensational. But ultimately they are designed to be escaped from, the systems we use are designed to remain in place”. The nurse tried to bring the arrogant girl back down to reality. The zealous performer was having none of it.

“I have escaped on stage against a purpose built mark 3 Doc-Eng TM straight jacket in the correct size. That sucker was tight. I had to wiggle for ten minutes to get out, but I got out”. The little red head was undaunted by the prospect of having to wiggle free. In fact, she seemed to relish the challenge. She had a big smirk on her face, the healthcare professional paused to consider her position.

“Ok I won't lie, that's a little impressive. The mark 3 jackets are what we use hear for most of the patients. They have a few flaws in them, but normally nothing that a patient can exploit”. The nurse

had to concede 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.

“I know you have mark 3 Doc-Eng TM jackets checking your companies available paperwork. I practised 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, there is no way you could possibly keep me in it”. The challenger knew what she was talking about, but she was still far too impetuous as far as the medical professional was concerned.

The guide around the institution stopped at a supply cabinet her hand hovered over one set marked up as Mark3 but instead she moved over and pulled out a different box.

“Yes, I see where your line of thinking comes from. With the mark 3 jackets you reckon you can get out of, so why do this”? She wanted to see what gears were ticking inside her charges noggin, to see what was going on. The skinny little performer was happy to fill in the gaps.

“Publicity, 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 your institution look silly, you’re going to be a laughing stock they might even fire you”. There it was the nurse could see the little egotist's arrogance to progress her career and get attention. She was going to push a little deeper see how much she actually knew,

“You are aware that the mark 3 Doc-Eng TM jackets have two configurations. Regular the arms in front for regular patients and secure. The arms behind the back for more disruptive patients?”

The nurse mealy hinted at what she would do to her new patient. It didn't have the intended effect,

“Funny you should say that, I am aware of that design. In fact, I have practised escaping from the secure configuration so much. I have probably spent more time in that version of the restraint than the regular. 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 ... of course on your wages you can’t, ignore what I was saying”. She was really silly and arrogant saying that. The nurse's face twitched, now she had absolutely no trouble giving her the full works.

The nurse had a little bit of theatrics in her for the occasion, proclaiming and pointing.

“Ok, behind this security door is your cell for the duration of your stay. Your committal your escape attempt whatever you what to call this”. The nurse now sounded like a real-estate agent showing off the latest accommodation. The magician didn't seem to like being upstaged,

“Show me to my room, you silly bint” she was behaving 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, let’s give you the guided tour. Now this is a two inch thick reinforced steel door with a actuation gear. It’s so heavy it needs the hydraulic piston arm to move it. Now as you can see the room is padded as per our usual high security cell. Even the floor ceiling and the back of the door. There are ports for feeding water and waste line hook-ups high on the ceiling. To the left of the door is one change to the regular layout. A finger print reader. Place your hand hear, thank you. Its logged you onto the system. If you are able to get out of your jacket reach up and touch the fingerprint reader. You will automatically discharge yourself as per the agreements you signed. However, I state this quite clearly, your only getting out when you touch this reader. No matter how much you verbally beg or whatever else you do, the only way you have out is to escape the jacket and touch this fingerprint reader”. The nurse was deadly serious as she explained it and yet the escape artist was still acting as if it was a rehearsal.

The new patient peered inside as if inspecting her hotel room for the first time.

“Of course, I understand, it’s taken me more time to go through all the legal disclaimers and commitment papers than it will be to escape. I don't think you even need to lock the door, I am going to be gone in a few minutes anyway. I will be out of here before you finish your shift you sill

little thing". Her attitude was very arrogant, grating on the nurses nerves.

"Well if you say so, if you want to get on with the challenge you can see the box. In here is the jacket the leg restraints the force feeding gag, and a few other accessories. Now I want you to strip all your clothes off and put them in the box". She even showed the girl what was in store. Still the girl didn't quite realise what was happening to her. If she tried to back out now the nurse would force her into those bonds.

She actually looked inside the box,

"Wait, I didn't agree to that gag. Its 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 it began to sink in. The nurse put her hand on her shoulder and squeezed none to gently,

"You agreed to whatever accessories from the same line of restraints. The force feeding gag size XXL is part of the 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, there was overwhelming confidence in the nurses voice.

"Oh, that's right, 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 performers face, as she looked at the unknown and wasn't sure what to make of it.

The diminutive magician was almost up on her toes to look bigger, squaring 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 her pride took over. The nurse had one final change of heart,

"Look it's 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 skinny would not back out. She 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, the challenge would be in the nude apart from the restraints.

"Ok check jacket, jeans one t shirt one purse one pair of trainers socks one pair of white panties and bra". She stripped quickly, the new patient probably trained 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,

"Ok 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 returned, the nurse had a smug grin in response.

"Sure, let me get the gloves". The nurse left with her clothes and came back with a new box of additional accessories pulling on elbow length rubber gloves. The arrogant little contortionist took a step back in alarm.

"Ok, maybe I was hasty you don't need to". The girl looked shocked and backed up slightly.

"You brought this on yourself with your arrogance. Bend over and touch your toes like a good little girl". The performer looked at the nurse then bent over. The nurse applied lube to her gloves and dived in. The magician was quite 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.

"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 was not the best idea in the world.

The nurse took her sweet time being really slow, it started to get to her new patient.

“Ok enough ok too deep ... too deep please stop ... fucking stop you bitch”. She was starting to learn to hate what her arrogance got her. The nurse sanitised her gloves.

“Now open your mouth and say ah”. She 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 she stepped back and pulled the gloves off.

“There you go, you can relax no contraband”. The magician in training looked relieved. The challenger twisted her body backwards.

“Let me do a limber up”. The nurse 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. She reached into the box as the contortionist had finished up her warm up,

“Ok time for the jacket, now hold up your arms please”. She held up the heavy garment ready for its victim. She took a step forwards and extended her arms ready.

“Sure ... give me your best you old cow”. She looked nervous now that it actually came to it. The nurse pulled the tight-fitting jacket up her arms to her shoulder then stepped behind her placing a hand on her back.

“Can you feel the difference?” The tightness of the garment held it in place without any buckled straps.

She thought about it for a few seconds trying to move her hands,

“I think I can, the material feels thicker on this thing. There is a lining that tickles my skin a little and it feels like its tailored much tighter over the waist ... look maybe I let my mouth run a bit”. The nurse grabbed the edges and started to link them together with straps.

“That's the lining for long term wear and the dedicated women's 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. This one has a separate adhesive band that goes over the top of the straps, it's far more secure”. She let a little sinister intent drip into her speech. Her charge tried to step away and was pulled back.

“Ok, 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 started to work pulling all the straps tighter and tighter. Now it was crunch time, the performers insecurities started to become more pressing.

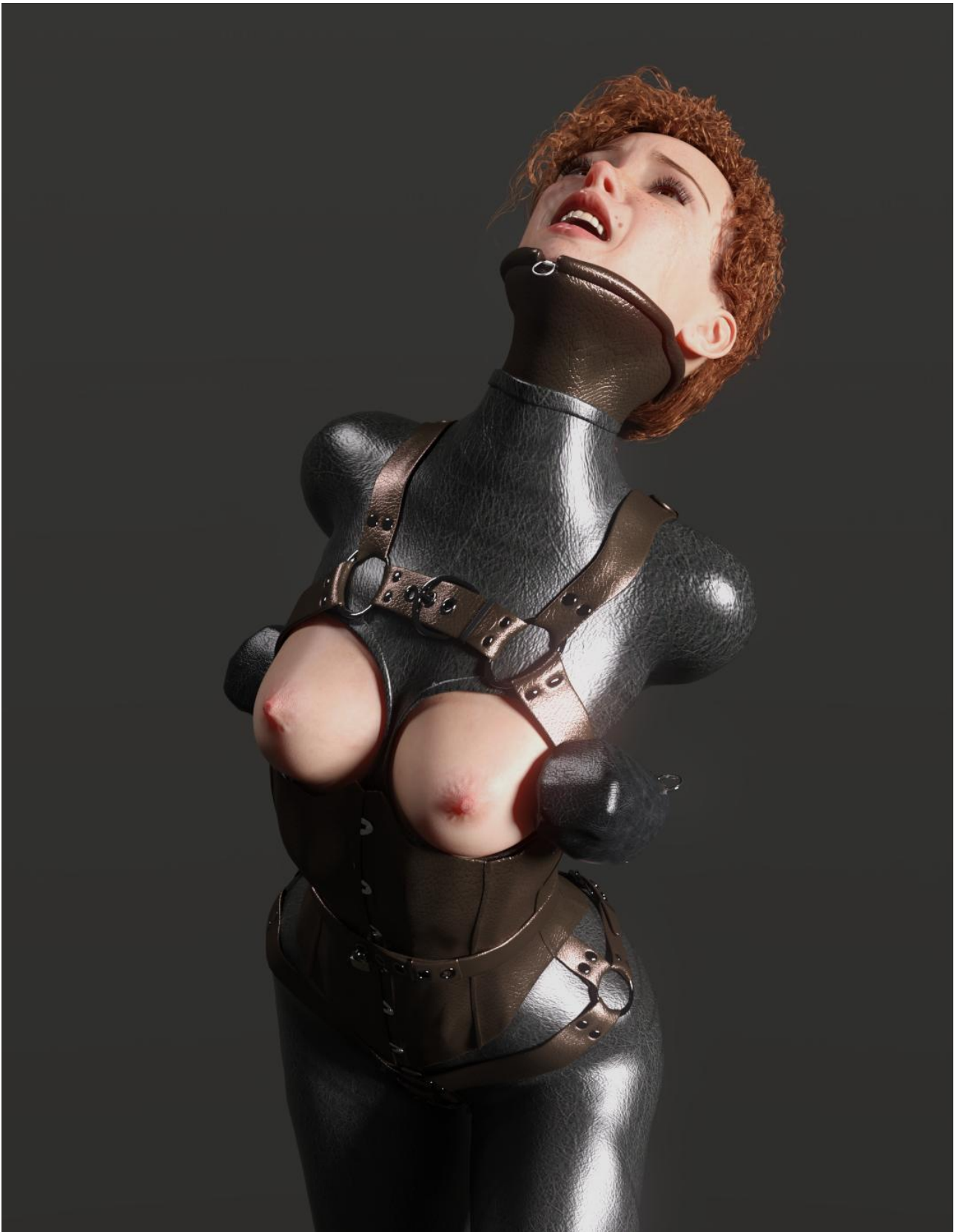
“Wow, That feels a lot tighter than a Mark 3 ... no hard feelings”? There was a lot of apprehension in her voice. The nurse yanked one of the straps with far more force than necessary.

“That waist belt needs to be tightened”. With the force she used the escapologist gasped.

“That hurts, its cutting into my skin ... err”. You could see her waist pulled in as the garment pushed on her diaphragm and ribs, exerting a disquieting amount of force. She seized her round the neck none to gently

“Now let's get the strap at the top tighter”. She pulled her patients head back harshly.

“Your strangling me”! The escape artist tried to wriggle out of the nurses grip.



She pushed her prey against the padded wall,

“Now let’s get the rest of these straps snug”. The new patient was trying to pull away as the nurse got the straps tighter still. She tried to move a little,

“I can’t breathe, ... your crushing my ribs ... It fucking hurts”! The would be escape artist was starting to panic. The nurse pulled the next item out of the box in preparation.

“Nonsense now the zip and for this security feature there is a little surprise. 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. The escape artist looked 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 was really confident as she discarded the zip and pulled the activator strip away on the next component of the jacket,

"You're not, that's the point. Now this tape panel sticks over the zip three two one and it fuses". The nurse pushed her up against the padded wall and pressed a wide strip over the back of the jacket. The escapologist could feel a heat like a hot water bottle was being run down her back, her nostrils flared.

"What's that smell ... what the fuck are you doing to me"? She looked quite alarmed sniffing. 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 got really close and had quite an evil grin on her face. The patient looked scared and 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 secure ... maybe I should have been polite"? She was nervous and she was in denial about her chances of getting out. She was still trying to keep her arms out of the nurses grip.