

# NurseTrap – The Photo-Shoot

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## Part 1

Priscilla platinum was a 23 years old glamour and fetish model. Though the primary fetish and main source of income that she was involved in was the bondage scene. Not that she had originally planned for her life to go down this particular provocative path. She had started out in innocently enough at a middle of the road art school a young student with a rough career shape. Wanting to be a graphical designer of all things, she had vague notions of advertising campaigns and signage, she also didn't think about the amount of entrenched competition that she would have to fight against to get the smallest piece of work.

To make ends meet as a penniless humble student she was working part time hiring herself out as an artist's model. Soon she had a viable career and had dropped out of art school after just a few months, she didn't look back unless it was one of those poses. At that time, she had worked under her real and much less exciting name Priscilla Potter. She was from then on engaged in a more commercial role. Usually found with fewer artistic projects performing cheese cake photo sessions instead. Of course she would be in her underwear or costumes that were very close to just underwear, for a good amount of cash. She was only in it for the money, not for any lifestyle choice or particular proclivity. She was simply playing dress-up because it consistently made bank.

In her various performances she mostly kept her clothes on. There were the occasional rare exceptions. But in the end, there were almost no nudes in her portfolio. Some wealthy individuals with more private projects might have a few more salacious images housed in personal collections. However, if it was done artistically and she was offered a lot of money, well she would show a little more flesh. She had a few tattoos to enhance her body, A platinum coloured serpentine eastern style dragon on her right arm, wrapped around the arm from elbow to wrist. It was very detailed it almost seemed to coil like a spring around her arm, claws and scales rippling almost as if it was alive. There was a silver eagle with its wings spread on her back, its talons wide. She had a grey prancing unicorn on her right thigh half way down its length. The pose of the pretty pony was taken from a particularly fine picture of an Olympic dressage winner. It was almost like the horse and rider were dancing as one. Priscilla could rather sympathise with the poor horse as she had replicated some of that as a pony girl herself on one particular nearly nine hour photo session.

Her bondage photo-shots started through one contact on chance encounter when she was still pretty new. A session, where she had looked as if she was bound with her hands tightly clasped behind her back for the entire shoot. That had led to a bit more fetish work, which had led to her generating a small repertoire of work as a more exotic alluring actress. She appeared in some streaming videos with a giggle a wink and a wiggle. She was typically not getting involved in anything that involved actually physical discomfort, no real whipping or spanking, just props and theatrics. There were certainly no acts of sexual congress of any sort, she was strictly soft core.

She was mostly just playing the struggling damsel for the camera, it was one of her hard rules that she didn't cross. They could wrap her body in a restrictive layer, but her body was her body and no one touched it unless she wanted them to! She was working on a strictly look don't touch basis, and she usually brought along protection to enforce that condition. That protection came in the form of Cammy Chappel an ex bouncer and amateur wrestler who was also involved in weight lifting at six foot three to begin with that gave her a rather imposing physique that encouraged people to keep things professional.

Priscilla had a very stunning body, though she was of a fairly average height at five foot seven. She had other far more distinctive alluring feminine features. A head of luxurious silvery blond hair that seemed to gently float with a flick of her head, even if the colour came out of a bottle. She had worn it that way so long it was part of her identity. On Priscilla with her pail white complexion it was

erotically stunning almost otherworldly. Her hair framed her lovely high cheekbones and flowed down to her waist. Her face was more than just pretty, she had a small petite pixie nose that had received just the faintest adjustment in the past to smooth it out and create a flawless sculpture. She had big sumptuous pouting lips that looked completely natural, her beautiful blue eyes were all her own. Her teeth were white and strait and practically shone, a set of diamonds might have cost less than the dentist fees for making them appear exactly that way.

She had a tiny sculpted waist with a flat toned tummy her abdominal muscles were quite well defined. The result of a lot of exercise at home and at the local gym. She possessed long toned legs, shapely calf's and a nice very round bountiful bottom, a solid mixture of hard work and natural beauty. She possessed a truly voluptuous figure that was eye-catching to say the least, showing her naughty side she went with a prominent pair of bar stud nipple piercings. They could be clearly seen through most light clothing. Priscilla was the complete package, an astounding figure topped off with long graceful limbs, perfect manicured red nails, capacious feet and dainty pedicured toes. There was barely an ounce of fat on her, but then she did spend a lot of time on the treadmill and exercise bike even at home to keep her figure lean in the right places.

In her work as a bondage model she had built up quite a reputation for being able to endure very strict seemingly impossible arm bondage and taking very large choking gags. Both impediments together for very long times without it phasing her in the slightest. It was the result of a lot of stretching aerobics and gymnastics, and a big fat mouth. Those were two of the main reasons that she had gotten her current job, the one she was heading to across town rather late at night. The nearest parking lot was extortionate. Far more than the cost of a taxi both ways, so she left her car at home. The new photo session that she had agreed to participate in was ... for want of a better word a bit off. It was a bit odd eerie and eccentric lots, of spooky adjectives fluttered around in her head to make her rethink her choice. But it also promised to pay very well. At least according to the offer, she had been sent and in all the subsequent details. The exact figure would sit very comfortably in her bank account, which wasn't exactly lacking funds at the moment. She had a check deposited a day ago which had been the last argument to persuaded her to go for this, err ... unique gig.

She should have known better, usually she brought her friend Cammy with her for protection someone who could handle themselves and people who violated her look don't touch policy. Her guardian had perhaps embellished her status as a martial artist but no one challenged her. Usually she told someone else the details of a remote photo shoot. Especially when she was dealing with someone for the first time. It had seemed a good idea when she had been offered a substantial bonus above her regular fee, to change that arrangement. She was going to star in and to perform for a video and photo shoot inside the Perry White Asylum. According to the email and several exchanges she figured that a couple of the staff members had thought this up between them, as a way to use the old buildings hidden resources to produce a singular performance.

She thought about it who was in on it, there was an orderly Kristy Okland who had communicated with her for most of the correspondence, setting this whole thing up. She had a hobby as a photographer and videographer and there was a nurse Jenny Salter, someone who fancied herself as an actress. They had contacted her to make a bit of money on the side, with this irregular performance. They were not just borrowing items from the asylum to use in a photo shoot, they were not taking anything from the grounds, they were bringing something into the institution. The catch was it was in a real asylum, that still had patients on the upper floors. They would all be in trouble if they got caught they might even end up in a police cell together as an outside possibility. So it was kept very hush hush, she didn't tell anyone about it. And she definitely didn't bring a particular mouthy friend Cammy who could get them all in trouble by posting about it online.

It had really seemed like a good idea at the time, to keep this as a cloak and dagger affair. Priscilla

had felt a little naughty, her heart beat a bit faster a shot of adrenalin through her system. As she took the taxi to the main reception and the visors area, she could feel doubt play on her nerves. Her conspirators inside the institution had sent her a visitor's pass in the mail, it was under her real name. As well as the pass there had been a script for the photo shoot and a few other details about the endeavour. The glamour model wore a long brown trench coat and carried the visitors pass clipped to its lapel clearly displayed. She didn't want to think what would happen if she lost her visitors pass in her. She could end up being lost in the system for a month, she shivered involuntarily, you heard stories even if they seemed absurd her manicured fingers rested on the pass again.

She wore the old jacket over a tight cheap little black satin dress that was rather short barely constituting a dress at all, it managed to look cheap on two accounts something from the bottom of the draw in the wardrobe department. Her hair was in a tight single 4 in one braid to keep it out of the way for the photo-shoot. She didn't want her hair wrapped around in a straight-jackets straps as she started off her shoot. She knew from experience that could really ruin the flow and energy if you had to stop to untangle the actress. She was being as professional as she could. Earlier experiences with straps and lose long hair had taught her the painful lesson once and that was enough pulling your hair out of a buckle could hurt a lot more than the actual intended bondage. She hoped that she was not dealing with complete amateurs but that was yet to be seen.

The hospital looked fairly modern on the outside at least the entrance did. She had to hand her phone in at the reception desk, it was locked in a cabinet and then she was subjected to a brief scan with some sort of electronic wand passed over her bag and clothes. All that before they let her into the building proper. Soon after that she met her contact, the nurse Jenny was bustling about in the visitor's area looking busy but just killing time. For a second, the model thought that she had done something wrong. Or there was someone really famous standing behind her, just based on the nurse's reaction.

She looked like she was about to say something or scream excitedly, Jenny pulled her face back into character trying for a well-worn professional mask. She tried to assert the impression that for the moment there was nothing to see hear nothing suspicious was going on. The nurse gushed over her a little, she was really looking forwards to working with the platinum model. In fact, she was a little too enthusiastic to meet her and she was unable to rain it all the way in. Her excitement was spilling over as she almost ran forwards. Priscilla realised that she had a fan girl. It made her a little more nervous to be working with her, but fans they could give you an awful lot of money if you were nice to them ... obviously up to a certain professional point.

They introduced themselves to each other as if they were passing acquaintances, not that the couple of other people about even acknowledged their meeting. "Priscilla" ... "Jenny, nice to meet you". Then she was ushered off into a staff area, when no one was looking. Though there wasn't exactly a massive crowd at this time of night. The other side of the door the blushing nurse grinned and held up a leather-bound book and a brown Manila envelope, she looked expectantly almost hungrily longingly at the platinum starlet. There was a pause ... "You would make me the happiest nurse in the world if you could you sign my autograph book, and err sigh these". She held up a number of glossy photographs which could best be described as a collection of Priscilla platinum's most thorough over the top escape proof bondage photo-shoots and suffocating gags. Each one looked excruciatingly tight like it would be really painful to endure, and some of them had truly been intense.

Priscilla considered the amount of money that they were paying her for a fraction of a second and started signing the glossy photos with her usual flair. A fine tipped black permanent marker, a long flowing script with a heart around the outside. The nurse held up her rather thick autograph book

with a nice wide blank page. Priscilla went to sign the page with her permanent marker but the nurse firmly stopped her. She handed Priscilla a ball point pen, "Please push hard the paper looks nice but it needs a bit of force for the signature to properly show, and could you use your real name?". She shrugged and started to oblige pressing as hard as she could. The nurse looked really excited, the nurse looked bashful and almost blushing, "could you ... err also put, committed to you Jenny, under your signature"?

Priscilla considered the request for a moment "... sure ok" then pressed down extra hard and left the note that Jenny wanted with a heart and a couple of kisses. The items were packed away into a satchel and their journey continued onwards. Priscilla was taken down a back staircase and along a maintenance corridor where the cleaners moved the laundry and other mundane items about. Jenny gave her a couple of creepy looks as they went to the photo-shoot. Glances that Priscilla caught out of the corner of her eye. That should have been a warning as to what would eventually follow.

Jenny had a slightly sing song quality to her voice, "I can't believe I am going to star in a video with my favourite bondage actress. You remember the shoot maids and mistress where you wore that Venus corset over your arms, or that grungy rock themed bondage show where you wore all that leather and the chain arm-binder in the strappado position, I loved you in that. Or as the prancing pony girl did it really take eight hours in costume to get the shoot"? "err ... it was nine hours in that get up". Priscilla was a little uncomfortable but kept moving on, she would have rather been talking about the weather. The creepy nurse was unsettling but it was her money so Priscilla smiled and kept walking.

The pair of them went through a substantial steel security door covered in faded warning signs on the nurse's pass. Then shortly after that they got into a dingy lift that looked like it belonged in a museum. You still needed an override key to operate the lift and one key twist later the lift made a clicking noise then shuddered into life. The doors slammed shut like the lid of a coffin and down they went. Suddenly Priscilla felt a little claustrophobic the lift car seemed to be shrinking as she was stuck in the elevator together as it slowly moved. Priscilla had to listen to a lecture on what gags worked in real life and what ones looked good in photo-shoots but were ultimately impractical in stopping a real patients desperate screams. She was in a lift with a psychiatric nurse who admitted experimenting with BDSM restraints on involuntary patients. Just to see how they would cope with them. There should have been an alarm button in the lift.

The ancient lift completed its decent, it arrived with a judder in the deep sub-basement at the very bottom floor of the building. The doors clicked there was a noise as a spring coiled tightly and the doors sprang open, Priscilla practically hopped out of the lift car, she took a deep breath and looked around. The flooring was dirty the lights were flickering and the paint looked cracked and pealed. No one had spent the barest amount on decoration in thirty or forty years, it felt abandoned. Priscilla pulled her coat around her more tightly she was starting to get anxious. She let out a little startled cry as they moved, through a big rusty security door covered in more bright red warning signs, "maximum security, do not talk to patients, do not remove restraints without authorization etc.". they were just over the floor strip then the door slammed and locked behind them. The model was clutching her bag nervously, as she was led into a rather remote isolated wing of the institution, the walls adorned with faded warning signs about patient security.

She was questioning herself, wondering exactly if this was her best idea and if this plan might not be rather foolish. If in the future some exploring maintenance engineer might find all three of them trapped in the lift, or stuck behind a security door long after it was too late. The two of them walked along a bleak corridor through two sets of security doors bearing the sign "Extreme Warning Isolation Suite Deep Max Containment". The nurse tapped the frame, "These two doors are sound proofed, insulation between the metal, no one would be able to hear a platinum goddess screaming

for mercy from the other-side, no matter what I did to her” the nurse casually told her.

It was almost like an airlock and Priscilla almost bolted there and then a rising unease in her stomach. Part of her really didn't want to go through with the photo shoot, she was not usually claustrophobic but this place was doing something to her. Or maybe it was the company, the nurse's joke was in very bad taste, at least she hoped it was a joke. They stepped into a side corridor that was coved floor and ceiling in a grey white paint. The model looked about, there were three doors one straight ahead and two to the left, they were big grey slabs of steel. The ones on the side remained shut, she was led forward towards a door brimming with impossibly solid looking locks.

The nurse grabbed the rusty handle on the door and pulled, it opened effortlessly. It was surprisingly perfectly balanced on its hinges and oiled so that it didn't make a squeak. “Step this way my dear, Kristy has set everything up or should just about be there. Ready to go for your star performance”. Priscilla noted that the door was covered with very thick padding on the inside. Priscilla had a bag with her she was clutching it tightly. It contained a bit of make up a change of underwear and some toiletries, nothing that could really help her if things took a turn for the worst. On the other hand, the setting was marvellously atmospheric. She now felt it was a bit too authentic for her tastes but the camera and the usual audience, well they would love it.

It was a relief for Priscilla to see that the photographer waiting for them. She was the one who normally worked as an orderly in the asylum. It took a moment for Priscilla to remember her name, Kristy had already been there for some time setting up. She radiated a sense of normality, she wore white shoes shirt and overalls with a few scuffs and stains. She had set up a couple of cameras on tripods in the corners of the padded cell with a few lights on stands and had a large lens camera ready for a number of close ups. The nurse was not stopping to chat any-more. Perhaps she had a rather tight schedule, or she was focusing on getting into character.

She was busy taking off her regular work clothes to reveal her costume underneath it. A tight rubber nurses' outfit. She had been wearing rubber under her more mundane clothes, very kinky and completely inappropriate for a practising nurse! There were rubber stockings a rubber skirt and blouse as well as long rubber gloves. She was practically hopping as she put on some white four-inch wedge heeled shoes. The rest of her costume was pulled out of a bag. It was designed so that she would be wearing a white mask that almost looked like a gas mask and dark goggles so she couldn't be identified in the pictures and video that was about to be taken. She had a number of wrinkles to get out of her costume to smooth away and then she was ready to proceed.



As per there script Priscilla Platinum stood on a little tapped x on the floor and waited for the cue to start. The nurse strutted up to her, sounding like a cross between a mid-range bond villain and a dominatrix pouring it on a bit thick. There was a click from the camera and it began, “Naughty girl, ... what are you doing in hear?” Priscilla put on her best dumb blond voice, looking as if her IQ had just dropped 50 points. “Err ... hi nurse ... I have a v ... visitors pass ...and I got lost ... can you ... err ... help me?”. The nurse pulled the pass off her jacket ripping the jacket bending the pass and almost sending Priscilla tumbling of balance to the floor, she threw the bent pass into a corner of the cell. “That pass doesn't allow you to go walking about in the high security wing”.

Priscilla let the nurse roughly push her up against the wall. She acted out the scene as the nurse proceeded to check her bag and toss it to the side out of the camera shot. The actress was now subjected to an aggressive and assertive strip search, for the purpose of art! That and a large pay check, they were paying good money to get her into this position. It was more realistic than usual, but then this was a nurse used to dealing with uncooperative mental patients on a regular basis, and harshly subjugating them in crushing layers of real psychiatric restrains.

The bondage model watched her hat fly across the room spinning like a discus. Her jacket was discarded in the same corner, it hit the wall and landed in a crumpled pile on the floor. Then her little black dress her bra and finally her silky thong joined the rest of her possessions in a heap. The porn actress was down to her garter belt her slick sexy silky stockings and her six-inch strappy high heels. She had chosen cheap items that she was not particularly attached to, in case something happened to them. There had been a warning in the script about the nurse being a little rough, and it was right on the money.

In removing her access pass, the nurse could have ripped her jacket severely, the hat dress bra and panties could have been torn by her rather coarse handing, the nurse was certainly getting in the mood. If she was like this removing her clothes Priscilla could well imagine what she would be like when applying the restrains. The heels that Priscilla wore were a little bit chunky, but you try

balancing on a padded floor in six-inch stilettos. In this position Priscilla needed all the help she could get, and despite the chunkiness they still made her legs look really stunning. She towered over the nurse by a good 3 inches in the heels.

She had read what to expect in the script, her voice was small and scared and she didn't exactly have to work hard to make it sound realistic, "p ... please ... mercy let me go!" Her small speaking role was effectively over. The nurse had a new accessory for her to hasten the dialogues inevitable end. There was the rather intimidating 4 inch incredibly soft silicone ball gag, that the nurse provided to silence any of Priscilla's begging. It was pressed against her lips. The victim couldn't see it clearly but she could feel it was immense and easily the largest gag Priscilla had ever faced the dubious pleasure of wrapping her gob around. Still she was being paid a lot to be hear so she endured and opened her mouth as far as it would go, however that didn't seem to be quite far enough for the nurse.

The nurse moved behind her and the camera got a good reaction of her face as the gag was pulled deep into her jaw. The nurse pulled on both sides of the strap and the ball warped under the pressing force and sank deeper. She pulled harder and Priscilla tried to open her jaw further, the nurse kept pulling the gag from side to side and it popped into place between her teeth. It felt like a giant softball was wedged in there. Her eyes were incredibly wide as she felt her jaw muscles strain to cope.





The poor model felt her jaw stretched so far, she could almost feel it unhinging. The diabolical gag was an intense oppressive secure harness ball gag. The strap was not on the middle of the ball. Instead it was installed towards the front of the assembly, forcing the ball far deeper into her mouth than would have otherwise been possible on a more conventional design, ones that had the strap dead centre. There were triangular leather pieces in the corners of her mouth leading from them a thick strap went under her chin forcing her to clamp her jaw down on the ball. Two straps were fastened behind her neck and one over her nose which went on to connect to a strap that went around the crown of her head making the entire gag very effective and its imposing possessive presence impossible to ignore.

However, there were still five notches left on the straps at the back of her head. At its maximum it could be tightened up forcing the huge ball to go in even deeper, until it would practically be rubbing up against her tonsils. The nurse really seemed to be enthusiastic forcing Priscilla to endure three takes of the violent gagging sequence before she was happy that it was in place as tightly as possible, each time the gag seemed to be somehow even larger as it was forced even deeper on each take.

Priscilla tried to make a lot of noise and found it next to impossible! She was meant to hysterically scream her head off in the script so she tired, the gag was soft but massive and stifling. The nurse

had really enjoyed applying it and Priscilla had not enjoyed receiving it, to say the least. It was definitely harsher than the largest pump gag she had endured before. Her jaw was quickly going numb and she could feel a few droplets of drool escaping down the side of her mouth along the strap to her chin. That was embarrassing that loss of control over her body, but that was the point, she was surrendering control to the restraints. The tight leather straps really cut into the sides of her lips and her cheeks were stretched to comical levels. It was unpleasant and she couldn't currently voice any objection to it. Again, she was feeling rather nervous her eyes looking up at the caged light and padded ceiling above her, still the camera woman was professional and that was reassuring, there was one world presented in front of the camera and one behind it.

The nurse produced a pair of thick white rubber shorts with one unexpected accessory. A large black rubber plug ending in a bulbous bronze coloured metal tip that screwed into a catch at the bottom of the thick garment. She had a box with a set of nine such plugs that ranged in size from a one-inch diameter all the way up to a truly uncomfortable three- and three-quarter inch wide monster. She was happily showing them to Priscilla, as if they were some sort of trophy or a set of medals. The Model looked at the orderly and at the nurse, this was not in the script and definitely not part of their deal.

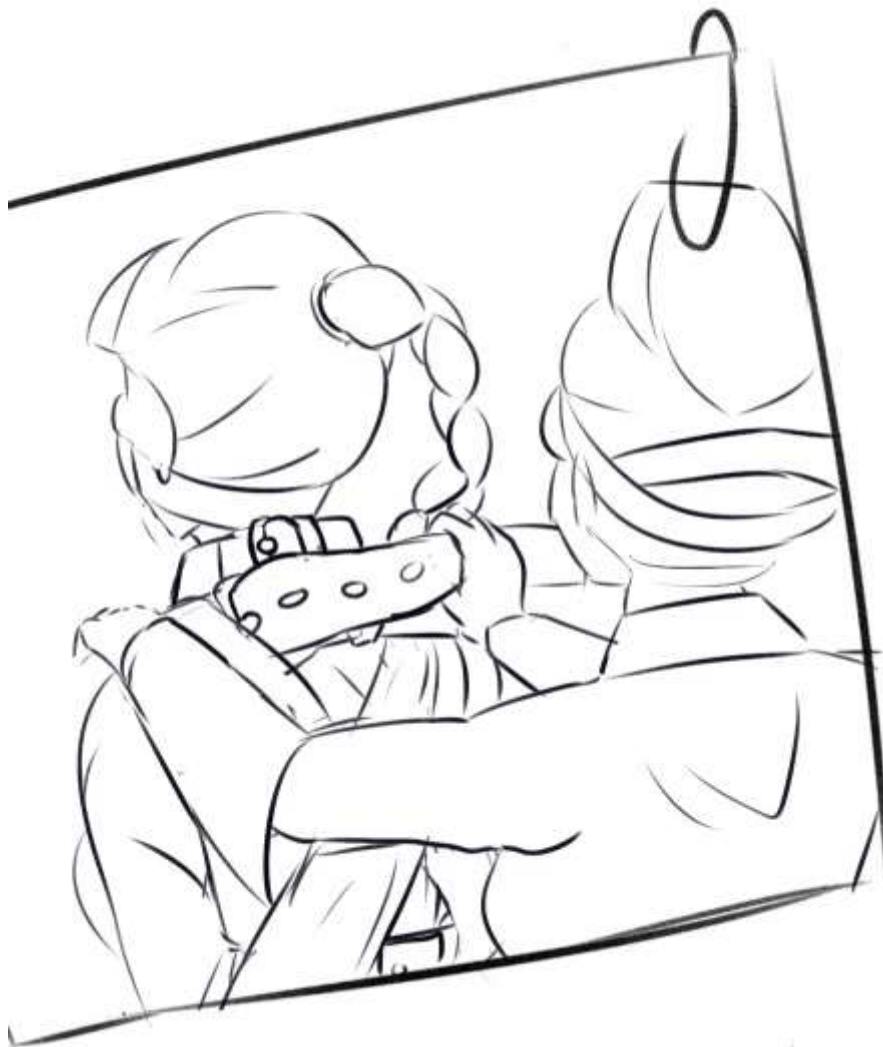
She shook her head threw up her hands and took a step back. The filming abruptly stopped for a second, then the offer of a little extra recompense was presented, smoothing things over quickly with an injection of cash. Priscilla didn't normally play with toys; however, the offered money was very good and she had already gone so far. Her objection eroded with a suitable level of remuneration, she was sure that she could endure it if just for a little while. The camera got a good view of her face, her very real panicked confused expression and her big round startled eyes as the lubricated cold plug slid home. Her eyes became extra wide and she was wiggling in discomfort, it was damn cold. She made a lot of noise that the gag muffled. Initially she now wore the 1-inch diameter plug and that was quite enough as far as she was concerned, despite the nurse trying to tempt her to try something much larger. She flat out refused and the production rolled on with her luscious ass covered in tight white rubber clinging to her round buttocks. She hoped that the shoot or at least that portion would be over soon.

For the next scene the nurse held up the heavy jacket that was to be the primary focus of the entire shoot. The camera got a good long shot of it, as the nurse showed it around as if she was on a shopping channel trying to sell it to someone on the other end of the camera. Priscilla idly wondered if they had created their own range of fetish gear for such a purpose, was this a sales video too? She looked intently at the garment, it was made from a thick white canvas but it had been heavily modified. The panel that would go over the platinum beauty's breasts was made of a far thinner stretchy fabric that barely seemed translucent. Allowing her best assets to stand out prominently as well as the bar stud piercings on show. The sides of the jacket had been cut down significantly, so that it was tailored to cling to a woman with substantial curves, just like hers as if it has been clamped in place.

Priscilla wondered, had they actually had this jacket purpose made just for her? She contemplated the possibility the ramifications and implications. The lengths that they were going to, it was a bit eerie and unsettling. However what was she going to do about it ... gagged naked and locked in a cell she felt a shiver in her belly. She looked at the number of straps on the back of the jacket. She had a passing familiarity with the regular pattern, they had been doubled. With the arms and shoulders of the therapeutic garment also having been heavily modified for something a bit more punitive than the usual self-hug. It would probably be just as punishing and over the top as the 4-inch gag that was already locked in her jaw.

The nurse was shaking with excitement, she savoured the experience of 'forcing' Priscilla into the

Jacket, pulling it tightly about her 'patients' naked body encasing her victim in the punitively tight canvas. The garment was quickly strapped up the back with an effect like a tight corset. The model found that there was a particularity heavy reinforcement around the waist of the jacket. It felt like there was some sort of very thick elastic stitched in between the canvas, or several thinner layers combined together to the same effect. It made the jacket extra tight around her waist squeezing her. It was a little thick with the second section stitched in place, it pulled uncomfortably into her body. She could feel it moulding her figure like a waist clincher, pressing down on her diaphragm she was well past the point of no return, she could never get out of this garment by herself! Her hands were firmly trapped in the ends of the sleeves. There was extra padding to make it more comfortable but also to limit the use of her hands in any way with the tightness of the sleeves they were almost rigid, when the ends of the sleeves were finally strapped in place it would be far worse.



The nurse slowly and deliberately made sure that all the straps at the back were closed very tightly with only 2 -3 notches left undone. The straps couldn't yet be convinced to close that last gap, Priscilla's body was not quite pliant enough. The nurse had still managed to make it incredibly uncomfortably tight. Priscilla noted that the straps at the bottom half of the jacket were thicker and stouter. Fixed on mountings that were moved further round the jacket almost round to the sides, helping to reinforce it and to help it act like a corset, giving her lower back some support. She could tell the quality of its construction. All the seams were triple stitched the edges reinforced with thinner chrome tan white leather. The straps were both riveted and stitched with three rivets and two lines of stitching, anchoring each bit of oiled strap leather to the fabric of the jacket as if they were one material.

Priscilla could feel the worry in the pit of her stomach growing as she looked at the sleeves covering her arms feeling the snug pressure from the garment. They were very tight and they had so many loops over them, she wondered what the hell the purpose of all the loops was? She was alone with two unfamiliar people gagged and plugged soon to be very tightly bound, there was no going back now. No option to back out, her heart was beating that bit faster. The camera focussed in and the nurse worked on her arms. They were pulled up behind her back by the nurse in a theatrical forceful but still brutally painful manner. The model found her right arm stretching to her left shoulder her arm tightly bent into a V shape behind her back. The end of the sleeve was strapped in place with 4 notches left on the strap holding it taut, it could still be stretched further. She gave it an experimental tug and to confirm her arm was tightly trapped. In short order her other arm was in a similar position with her left arm folded strapped to her right shoulder, it was well past the point of no return. In this position her forearms were crossing to form an X shape just below her shoulder blades, forcing her chest to thrust out pulling her arms and shoulders back.

There was still some slight slack in the garment, it could be made a bit more severe. If the nurse put in the extra effort. Priscilla dearly hoped that she would not. The ends of the jacket's elbows were linked together with a taut strap to make them just that bit more secure, the nurse tugged on it a few times to make sure that it was snug. Though on reflection there was not that much chance of her prisoner being able to do much with her elbows anyway, now she had far less room to waggle and wiggle her folded limbs, her laughably small range of movement completely vanished with one extra strap.

Thinking it's over she almost decided to use her safety signal, which had previously been agreed as stamping her foot on the padding four times, she did wonder if they would actually stop. The nurse showed her, two thick reinforcement straps. The first one was fed through a loop above her breasts it travelled through two loops on her shoulders. The lower strap would follow with a loop on the side of the jacket at shoulder level. Depending on the position of the upper or lower strap they went through a loop on the forearms for the upper strap, for the lower strap it passed through the loops on the sleeves next to her elbows, her folded limbs were criss crossed with more straps clamping them firmly down.

So, after all that her arms were very tightly held in place and her assets were very well presented like two pieces of bulging ripe fruit wrapped in a transparent layer. She was utterly helpless and she knew that there was yet more bondage to follow. Her breasts were bulging out, the fabric outlining them stretched thin, they were squeezed caught between the two straps encircling her torso. Still though they were tight there were still 4 notches left of the straps to really make them really punishingly tight on her body. The model tugged, her arms were really tightly held to her back as if glued in place. At this point all the loops on the sleeves now made some sort of sense and the straps passed through every one of them reducing her arm movement to practically zero, the tips of her breasts rubbed against the thin fabric with every breath she took, it was like her nipples were trying to bore through.

It got a lot worse very quickly, Priscilla was on the verge, the very knife edge of using her safe signal as the next feature of the jacket was demonstrated to her. The crotch strap was quite long, it looked like some sort of error in the jacket's construction. At first it was a bit of a mystery. When it was threaded in place the deliberate design was made clear. First it pressed on the base of the butt plug making it far harder to ignore, it seemed a size or two larger. Then the strap was passed through two rear vertical loops on the spine of the jacket, then on to its final destination connected to a catch on the bottom of the elbow strap. When properly tightened it pulled Priscilla's arms down and her shoulders back in quite an alarmingly effective way that made her very nervous, it also cupped the rubber covering her labia in a not entirely unpleasant way.

As well as that after it was firmly strapped in place any movement on her behalf caused it to rub up against her rubber covered pussy in a most distracting way. It nestled between her legs sinking in deep and decided to stay there. As well as pushing the intrusive plug deep into her bottom whenever she shifted. Though the nurse had made it really tight she told her patient, “don't worry I still have 6 notches left on the strap, plenty of room to work with”. The nurse pulled on the strap forcing it to dig even more deeply between her patients' pussy lips, she groaned into the formidable gag. The bitch could make it really tight if she wanted to. Priscilla was having quite a bit of trouble now keeping her footing with the distraction from the jacket. For some reason her legs were now quite wobbly as the strap sank deeper between her legs, it felt as if she was riding on the edge of a board, teetering ready to fall off at any moment.

The nurse started to add the last few finishing touches, which consisted of cosy white leather thickly padded ankle and thigh cuffs. Designed for long term wear, they would be very hard to undo with the reinforcing rivets. After that she pushed Priscilla to her knees so she didn't have to keep balancing, it was almost a relief when her shaking knees hit the padding. The strap unfortunately cut even deeper between her legs in this position. A couple more straps were engaged and the nurse had her firmly tied down forced into a kneeling position, her ankles strapped to her thighs. In a pose where she couldn't even use her safety signal. The model gulped remembering the last few accessories she braced herself.

There was sudden darkness as the nurse added a very tight white rubber hood that looked like it had been made several sizes too small. It stretched and clung to every feature of Priscilla's face outlining the gag and harness. The hood had a couple of long stiff rubber tubes that disappeared up her patients nose. Not only were they cutting off her sense of smell but they had valves in them that limited how much air she could inhale, making them quite punitive if the nurse decided to adjust them, which she did. On top of that was a white leather posture collar that was wrapped around her prisoners' neck. Tightly holding her head in place and making the bottom of the hood inaccessible, all this preparation was caught in the camera presenting a very neatly packaged prisoner.



Priscilla had to kneel there and endure it all, she could hear the flash as pictures were taken from every conceivable angle. She was getting really uncomfortable as the nurse was getting very close to being unprofessional and inappropriate, even for a bondage photo shoot! The pictures went on and on with the nurse wrapped around her bound body, each snap of the shutter and the two of them seemed to be pressed even more tightly together. Priscilla was not a lesbian but she could tolerate so much for a photo shoot. She could endure a certain amount for a healthy pay-check. If it was for a little while, there was a line that was being crossed. It was not her personal taste, but it was clearly the nurse's preference as she was wrapped around Priscilla from behind in something approximating a wrestling move that the model had no hope of escaping from.

The photographer shouted "ok cut" and Priscilla heard the click of something probably the camera's lens finally being turned off, or the lights. The nurse let her go, she shifted her body round to present the straps to the nurse so she could get the hell out of this jacket. There was a giggle from the nurse, "I am sorry to say this but we don't have the money to pay you for your excellent performance. The check that we did send to you will be bouncing in your bank account just about now". Priscilla let a frustrated screech into the mouth packing gag, that was not funny! The nurse moved up behind her pressing her rubber coated breasts into the platinum prisoners back and reaching round to twist and aggressively fondle Priscilla's rather expansive bust. She tried to struggle away but ironically, she was next to helpless in the very tight very special jacket she had let the perverted nurse wrap her up in. The nurse's legs wrapped around hers and forced them wide

The nurse kissed her on the leather collar over her neck, "So to make things simple we are going to just commit you to the asylum. It's far easier to have a platinum patient Priscilla instead of paying her. That was your last performance for the foreseeable future and it was excellent. We can fake

your patient record, your transfer papers, we have your signature from my autograph book. The page underneath the one you signed, well it was the last page of a set of voluntary committal papers. With you in this little padded cell, you won't be able to get back at us for breaking a contract or misrepresentation or anything like that. And as a delightful bonus I can play with you as much as I like". The platinum blond struggled desperately with every fibre of her being, straining her legs and arms. However, the restraints and the nurse easily held her in place as a pathetically helpless bundle. The nurse continued to fondle her bouncing breasts and between her legs toying with the tight strap while the orderly packed up everything including the patient's old clothes and made ready to leave.

The nurse pushed Priscilla onto her stomach then there was a clip linking her ankle cuffs. Her legs were pulled back until her heels were poking into her buttocks, she was stretched into a pose resting on her stomach her shoulders pulled back off from the matting her knees were also pulled back off the matting. Then her body was locked in a straining arch as her ankles were clipped to her elbows with a short strap. Hopelessly hog-tying poor Priscilla, in a pose like a drawn bow. The nurse rolled her prey onto her back then bent down kissing her on the rubber hood right over the crushingly tight bulge of the ball gag.

She stroked her bottom pressing two fingers on the plug's base "don't worry sweaty I have a special educational program ready just for you, and the two of us can work really hard to get the last few bits of slack out of those gorgeous restraints. So, I can really appreciate your mute squeals, I really have to get that gag in all the way. I can get your jacket as tight as it was designed to be, you will look so sexy packaged up properly, your current state well this is only the beginning". Priscilla was forced to lay there in excruciatingly tight bondage on the padded floor. The nurse Jenny retrieved Priscilla's panties from the bundle of clothing. She gave them a little lick, then sniffed them and sighed deeply, a little trophy for her collection. She walked over and slapped her prisoner on the bottom as a parting gesture. Priscilla heard the door shut, and she was all alone. Her only company her dreadful anticipation of what the mad nurse would do to her helpless bound nubile body in the days and weeks to come.

## Part 2

It was late at night and one stalwart member of the hospital staff at the Perry White Asylum was still diligently working away alone in the lonely all but abandoned staff office. Nurse Jenny was humming a tune to herself as she logged onto the patient database, using credentials that she should definitely not possess with significant administrative privileges. She created a new file for a very special platinum patient. She made sure that particular patient Priscilla Potter would be held in very specific perhaps peculiar conditions. Very incredibly restrictive conditions, as befitted a truly disturbed and dangerously deranged patient. The file plainly said that the mad woman spat and bit and lied to anyone, that she was not to be trusted that she was completely delusional most of the time.

So, it was in the best interests of everyone including the patient and society at large that she remained tightly gagged and bound as she was. That she always had to be kept thoroughly gagged tightly hooded and mercilessly collared. Except when she was being fed or force fed in which case a suitably punitive extra-large ring gag would always be secured in the place of her special extra-large therapeutic gag. The file stated for unspecified therapeutic reasons it had to be as tight as possible at all times, no matter how uncomfortable the patient seemed to be, they had to keep tightening it as far as it would physically go.

According to the file that Jenny was artfully creating her patient was a very violent woman, prone to lashing out in fits of rage, someone who became dangerous without provocation. Someone who had to remain firmly bound in her nice cosy escape proof maximum-security straight jacket for all therapy, for every circumstance in the foreseeable future. Every waking moment would include tight bondage, every moment she was asleep, she would remain in her confining bondage unable to hurt herself. With no excused or exception, even with exercise periods patient force feeding sleeping and any psychiatric examinations. The nurse was truly sadistic in every respect of her patients care, she made it so that according to the file. Due to unspecified issues her packaged patient has to wear her special intrusive underwear at all times, outside of designated therapy sessions where other items would be employed to keep her occupied.

The nurse giggled to herself like a maniac as she reviewed the punitive existence that she had created for her patient. The file now said the prisoner of the padded room also sometimes kicked, and was a competent martial artist and so unless she was on an exercise session she had to have her legs tightly restrained, again of course at all times. There was sanction in the file for the nurse to be able to use a lot of special punitive discipline measures on her patient at her career's discretion, and of course the designated career was Jenny. She even had her patients signature agreeing to all this. In one of her few lucid moments in an instant of clarity. When she came here to commit herself, at least that was what the patient's file said.

Priscilla's world became very small in an instant, her perspective shrinking to an infinitesimal point. When she was dragged over the line not quite kicking and screaming more bound and gagged, from a glamour model to a model patient. The next morning, she found out just how small and narrow her world had truly become. It was explained to her with great enthusiasm by Jenny the rigid boundaries her perception now encompassed. She was being squeezed like a body pillow while the nurse described how she was trapped in a homely little isolated area off the main corridor of a rarely used wing of the hospital.

It was so cosy just for the two of them, the nurse continued to aggressively squeezed and fondled her. The padded cell was behind a double set of sound proof three-inch-thick high security doors. Priscilla was now trapped inside a place that they call the isolation suite number four. The 4<sup>th</sup> of five purpose-built isolation suites. They were a way to segregate the worst prisoners from anything and



anyone else, so that they couldn't be disruptive or dangerous. She was held in a place designed to lose problems in a place to metaphorically lock them up and throw away the key.

Her luxurious apartment now constituted of a large densely padded cell, ten foot by ten foot by ten foot with four-inch-thick neoprene padding on each surface. There was, the short span of corridor outside it about 12 feet long if that. The little drab tiled shower and wash room next to that was ten foot by six foot and lastly the exercise room eight foot by six foot of grey walls. Which was inhabited by a large treadmill and a hanging frame. Priscilla whimpered and cried into her gag as she realised that there was no reason to ever move her out of this little corner of hell. All of her basic needs could be accommodated for in a tiny area that her sadistic captor nurse Jenny completely controlled, she would never see the light of day again, she was never going to be released.

Priscilla Platinum had a new daily routine that her dedicated care giver brutally introduced her too. She soon got used to the simple inescapable inevitable daily program. She would be woken up by being groped and fondled mercilessly, a hand over her nose cutting off her air, one squeezing her pert breasts. Jenny loved to play with her helpless patient's large breasts and prominent pierced nipples through the tight fabric of her jacket. And of course Priscilla was very ineffective in her current state at resisting. Then after the nurse had checked every inch of her body, she would be let out of her spine bending hog tie, to flop uselessly to the floor. Jenny would strap her ankles to her thighs to force her patient into a kneeling position. Then for a very brief time the cloying claustrophobic hood would be removed. Priscilla had barely enough time to blink. She certainly didn't have enough time to work her painful jaw back into a state where she could form a coherent syllable let alone word of protest.

The patient would find that she was quickly exchanging the immense ball gag for a ring gag of a similar jaw breaking mouth distending diameter. The platinum patient would then be forced to eat, something unappetizing, a syringe full of mush, being fed from a pet's bowl was quite common. The patients open mouth could be utilized for Jenny to get a kiss or something far more substantial, the more she tried to resist Jenny's inappropriate affections the more she liked to force her patient to comply. Then the ball gag and hood went back on as tightly as the nurse could make them, the nurse seemed to be particularly turned on by the site of her patient's gagged lips and the tight rubber hood tightly encasing her pretty head. She watched the dismay in her prisoners' eyes as the hood was pulled over them, as the tubes were shoved up her nose limiting her desperate breathing. The struggling to try and get it off all seemed to make the nurse thoroughly excited, as her fingertips traced every line of the gag through the hood, and the prisoner endured a shuddering nightmare that would not end.



Then the platinum patient would be made to stand, on wobbling legs. She would be led into the adjacent tiled room. It was time for her enema, and to flush her out, she absolutely hated that! Being bent over a bar with a rubber tube forced up her ass, futilely trying to find some way out of the expertly applied bondage that held her in that position, presenting herself for the Nurses amusement. The immense churning enema would be left to do its job cleaning her out, draining her will to fight back. After that unavoidable indignity the patient would then get an 'educational' session from the nurse.

Poor Priscilla got a very unpleasant surprise the first time that she was introduced to the tools of her 'education' and was forced to take her first dose of 'medicine' From the very enthusiastic health care professional. All in all the patient really loathed that procedure. Then sticking with their program, after nurse Jenny was finished her enthusiastic application of the treatment the bow-legged punished patient would be taken to the exercise room.

Priscilla was set up for her daily exercise a nice little workout. Standing ready on her six-inch chunky heels, standing on the treadmill track. She was still hobbled with the padded ankle and thigh cuffs linked with short straps. She wanted to kick the shoes off but she was stuck with the tight strappy heels buckled in place. The machinery would be started and she would be left walking and jogging for eight hours almost non-stop, her tendons and ligaments didn't like wearing the high heels for a long period of time, let alone exercising constantly in them. Especially fettered like this with such a short struggling stride, she was practically hopping on her toes to keep up with the rolling track after a short span of time.

From her toes to her thighs she was soon developing burgeoning aches, she couldn't hope to escape them she had to just press on. However she wanted to scream the place down, the well-proportioned gag absorbed all of her complaints at this uncomfortable predicament. The nurse left her to the automated guidance and grind pace of the machine. Her custodian after all had to attend to her other charges and duties in the hospital above. So, it was not like Priscilla had an audience for her exercise. Apart from the camera's watching her from every corner of the room. The process was completely automated once it was set up, not that the nurse would have been any less harsh if she was there in person.

Priscilla did get a small amount of consideration as to how the exercise program ran, some small concessions to human limitations. A warm up at the start a cool down at the end. After all was said and done she did get a five-minute break every half hour as she trundled along. A small reprieve to

hang in the restrains and gasp and try to recover her composure. The first couple of days the nurse had been building her stamina up taking it relatively easy on her, by comparison to what would become her usual demanding routine. On the first day she got a ten-minute break every half hour and no jogging sessions mixed in with the walking on the tread mill. But after a couple of days the nurse soon dialled the exercise program up to a regime that was absolute hell. Her feet locked in the heels her aching patient had to endure the exercise in one step after another. She could almost feel her tendons tightening with each step, she would never be able to wear flats after this!

For her exercise session the former pin-up now a pinned down patient was firmly bound. She was held in place suspended by the shoulders of her jacket and her posture collar, linked to a frame mounted on the ceiling. There were a couple of laser sensors that worked out her position and if she was actually trying to participate in the training regiment. If she didn't follow the treadmill program and rolled back to the other end of the device by not moving at all or just being too slow. Well she found out that the plug in her bottom was linked to some high voltage encouragement with a cable to make sure that she kept up with the program. She had wondered what the point of it was and there was indeed a practical purpose, other than to just humiliate her at Jenny's whim.

At least all that exercise gave the asylum inmate something to do and helped keep her legs toned and improve her cardio. Jogging while gagged and hooded was an unpleasant experience. Unable to breathe properly with the hood limiting her air flow it simulated very intense high altitude training. Unable to see where she was going she had to rely on the straps supporting her for orientation lest she collapse. There was the trundle of the machinery and the click of her heels as her only company hour on hour all day long.

After all that exercise to keep her legs shapely Priscilla was exhausted. By the time the program had run its course the evil nurse Jenny would have finished all her other duties and could devote all her remaining time and attention to her favourite imprisoned patient. Priscilla was half dragged half carried back to her own private cell for another session of feeding in the same manner as the morning session. With a lot of water and other liquids to replace what she had sweated out during her time exercising.

After that she would be subjected to another deep cleansing warm stomach-churning enema to make her squirm and some additional 'educational' instruction from the nurse, wither she wanted it or not, she determinately didn't want it, but didn't get the option to raise any conjecture. Then it was off to bed with her body bent into a nice tight hog-tie to get her 'comfortable' as the nurse put it, ready to sleep on the padded floor exhaustion taking her off to the land of dreams and nightmares. The same horrible routine progressed from one day to the next, never changing in its general outline. But randomly punctuated with intervals of humiliation sadism and domination from her cruel captor.



It was a true vision of hell for Priscilla locked up in the depths of the hospital. The perfectly packaged prisoner was never out of her heavy unyielding uncompromising restraints. It was a fleeting moment between the exchange of gags, when her lips were not wrapped around something obtrusive. The grasping hood was almost always tightly clinging on to her face as if she was being drowned in rubber. The thick doors were always locked, not that she was able to even tell where the door was against the padding, not that she could get out of her cell if the door was open. She saw no other members of staff other than the evil nurse Jenny in any capacity and she mixed with no other patients. She didn't even hear the passing of a cleaner or maintenance technician, for all she knew someone came past every day.

It was a system designed to isolate the worst of the worst, a label her patient file now bore along with many other warnings and red flashing signals. She had been fitted up in the high security cell suite, tricked into the obvious trap with the lure of cash. There was almost no chance of her ever being freed, as no one would ever question the current arrangement. Jenny didn't need to move her plaything to another part of the hospital for any reason whatsoever. The nurse took great pleasure in describing all this to her captive audience in great detail. While bestowing upon her a very thorough 'educational' session to teach the patient her new place in the world, to teach her how thoroughly and totally screwed she was.

Over the course of the following week with much protracted and diligent effort the obsessive nurse managed to get the gigantic ball gag all the way into Priscilla's mouth. Stretching her beautiful lips to seemingly impossible dimensions. The results were stunning speechless and mutely agonizing. Jenny had slowly tightened up the rest of the straps on the gag harness until Priscilla thought her distended jaw would pop off. Yet the mass of the gag remained stuffed tightly inside her jaw, stifling any pleas for leniency and screeches of pain she could produce in her distressed situation.

The nurse also relished tightening down the back of the jacket, while wrestling her patient into submission on the padded floor. She has a great deal of delight in the proceedings, making her patients arms slowly fuse into one lump of sculpted limbs canvas misery and straps, tucked away where they would never be free. She was elevating the crotch strap to its final punitively tight configuration, wrenching Priscilla's body back and forcing her breasts to thrust out forwards even more prominently thrusting them upwards to the sky, her imprisoned nipples two tantalising offerings. It was as if they were inviting someone to fondle them, offered up with the enforced erotic curve of the prisoner's agonisingly bent spine into a piece of fetish art.

Though she had a lot of objections to this treatment with the choking gag forced to the point where she was trying to swallow it, Priscilla was never able to effectively complain about it. She couldn't resist as bit by bit over the days her shoulders were drawn back tighter and the crotch strap sank deeper into her pinioned punished flesh. The nubile nurse was amused by her violated victims' sensuous struggles and garbled grunts and that just caused her to pull on the secure straps harder. To elicit more piercing peels of angry agony into the gigantic gag, for her seemingly perpetual perverse salaciously sadistic amusement.

Over the course of about a week she trained Priscilla's abused stretched body to accept the largest size of ass plug that was so generously provided to fill her rectum. Though to get it tightly home, the nurse had been very sparing on the use of lubricant. However she was very generous with the application of brute force to bridge the difference in size between the object and the suffering abused orifice. In the end nearly four inches of its intrusive diameter was a constant reminder of her inmates continued humiliation and utter inability to resist. Locked in her patients rear a tight stopper and electrified motivator, to keep her brutally in line and well behaved throughout her exercise and physical therapy sessions.

Also, the evil nurse Jenny was forcing the platinum patient to sexually service her. The randy nurse would enjoy this side benefit when they were alone in the padded cell together. Usually talking incessantly about her favourite photo shoots and videos that Priscilla had starred in. While the patient was forced to lick her to orgasm while her air was rationed. When it was feeding time and the, hood come off and the ring gag went in. She was able to make more noise at least, not that it was very articulate. Priscilla was still quite helpless to resist Jenny's aggressive advances on her bound buxom body. The domineering debauched and licentious lesbian would use her charges braided hair like a leash, forcing her to cooperate with their excessive enforced conjugal relations.

The poor patient had to bury her tongue and lips between her captors' legs. Bring her nurse to at least one screaming orgasm, if she wants to be given anything to eat. The detainee hated having to eat her food thorough the ring gag and bury her head in the nurse's snatch licking away at her labia and clitoris, but she has no other viable option. The nurse was not moved by her pleading eyes or attempts to communicate. The desperation the begging it just made her smile cruelly and squeeze harder. The food was not much more appealing to Priscilla than the first duty, but after a day of running or a night hog-tied she was not too picky. It was mush with lots of fibre food and water, a reasonable amount of it to sustain her. Even if it was presented inside a plastic bowl labelled Fido. She could still eat it despite the embarrassment of a grown woman reduced to this state. It was better than the giant syringe full of mush pushed through the gag.

The patient was humiliated both from entertaining her captor orally and being vigorously 'educated' by her persistent predatory nurse at both ends of the day. The 'education' that the nurse was bestowing on her was aggressive and objectionably rectal in nature. As much as Priscilla hated it The Nurse thorough enjoyed giving her patient the intimate 'educational' instruction. Sadistic Jenny's implement of choice, for that 'education' was an uncomfortably large spiked and aggressively ribbed blue strap on, that had in Priscilla's opinion no business being used where it was inevitably employed much to her regret.

It was something truly diabolical, there were rings of blunt spikes every inch with a few marginally softer rubber ribs between each crown of spikes. It ranged in diameter from one and a half inches at the tip to about two and a three quarter inches at the base, not counting the bristling ribs and blunt prongs. The strap-on went both ways, which of course had a much more pleasant toy on the other end of the equation for the nurses tight horny pussy to enjoy. It was an item that had been very liberally lubricated on Jenny's end and barely given any consideration to the same principle on the

prisoner's end, that made its application pure agony for one of them and pure bliss for the other.

Priscilla of course found herself on the wrong end of the curriculum, that Jenny intended to teach. These 'education' sessions were something that Priscilla absolutely loathed with an unbridled scathing passion. First with the nurse's preparations, she would start by giving her patient a bowel clenching enema, to get her in the right mood as she called it. Then she used the nine-inch-long one and a half inch starting diameter blue rubber surprise. The imposing implement which Jenny had affectionately dubbed "Dr Spiky" was used to educate her patient, or to give her a dose of 'medicine' as she sometimes called it.

The session to give her patient her 'medicine' would last for at least 20 to thirty minutes of brutal deep pounding anal violation. It happened every day, normally twice a day. Sometimes more if the nurse was feeling particularly sadistic and frisky. Jenny loved pulling on her prisoners' hair like it was a leash where it poked out from under the back of the tight unforgiving hood. She loved roughly groping and twisting her preys' huge breasts and taking advantage of her in literally every way imaginable. While her bound patient was left futilely screaming her lungs out into the giant muffling gag. Thrashed uselessly against the tight jacket, in a desperate attempt to escape their intimate time together.

All the while the nurse pounded her relentlessly with the highly textures, brutal strap on. Which was undiluted barely lubricated agony for the one it was being used to vigorously violate. Punishing her patient's poor sphincter as each thrust buried it deep between her pert protesting bouncing buttocks. The nurse stroked her captives hooded head pulling on her hair and purring. "My platinum plaything, we make such a luscious lovely couple don't you think? let's go another round shall we"?

There was a muffled scream of protest and Priscilla tried to shake her head to convey her objections. Jenny giggled, continuing her one-sided conversation, "I don't hear a no ... so, let's have one more go and get 'Dr spiky' all the way home. You need to take your full dose of 'medicine' after all". Priscilla really didn't want her 'medicine'. But before she could crawl away her hooded head was pushed into the padding, presenting her bottom up in the air a weight on her shoulders. She was given her special 'medicine' long and hard while still desperately trying to pull her folded arms free of their tight unforgiving bondage.

Jenny liked to experiment with her patient's posterior, trying many positions on her unwilling romantic partner. The nurse would enjoy taking Priscilla from behind, her body strapped into a kneeling position, it was a good position to grope and fondle and squeeze her giant straining breasts. Jenny would pound her into the padded floor, or have her way with her up against the wall. She would cradle the desperate patient in her lap. With the platinum patient tried to squirm away from the object impaling her body in place. The more Priscilla fought to escape the more the nurse loved it, as she thoroughly dominated her buxom prey and give her a reason to struggle harder in the embrace of her arms.

Sometimes she relished spooning with her pretty prey, pushing her into the wall sandwiching her against the padding. She cupped her struggling lovers rubber covered chin "how do you like this position? When I squirm about 'Dr Spiky' must be twisting about inside you". The answer was a desperate garbled scream of pain and a lot of manic wiggling. She grinned nuzzling her patient "oh you want to get away? It isn't that bad, let me just hug you a bit more tightly, if we keep trying this position I am sure that you will learn to love it". Again, the answer was more wordless agonized screaming into the gag as the strap-on twisted around inside the pinned patient's body sinking all the way to the base of the shaft. There was absolutely no escape as Jenny's legs wrapped around Priscilla's holding her in place. Pushing her into the padding as she slowly languidly thrust her hips round and round backwards and forwards against Priscilla's wriggling jiggling immaculate straining

rump stretching out the encounter longer and longer moving slower shifting the angle then speeding up again making her feel every movement.

The platinum patient felt as if a pile driver was being hammered into her rear, her vocal protests were muffled and her struggling was laughable against the confines of the fully tightened escape proof straight jacket. So, she would have to endure every stroke of the textured monster as it screwed and skewered her backside, while the nurse cradled her body. The poor patients violent struggling was muted and ineffective by the confines of the jacket. Ensuring she was mealy additional entertainment to the nurse and did not represent a credible threat to her in any way, there was not even the slightest chance of escape or reprieve.

Sometimes she would be taken by surprise in the bathroom still bent over from her enema, still held in place folded tightly over the bar. That position allowed the 'education' session to be particularly deep and brutal, using all of the nurse's body weight to thrust down. Once Priscilla had been assaulted while she was still suspended from the exercise harness on the treadmill machine. It was a surprise to suddenly finding that her nurse had come from nowhere to see what her prey could endure suspended like this.

Priscilla wondered if the educational sessions were meant to break her. She lay there desperately panting after a particularly protracted session. The nurse was stroking her hooded head while tightly gripping her hair. She whispered close to Priscilla's ear "If you didn't like it today I will be back to have another go tomorrow dear". She had one hand on her waist the other twisting her pierced nipple through the thin stretchy fabric that made up the front of the jacket. She moved closer "I am enjoying this immensely, if you don't like it just say so and I will stop". The answer was desperate cries into the muffling gag, while the patient was struggling to try and extricate herself from the nurses tightening embrace.

The nurse found it funny, she spoke in mock amusement, "oh what's that? I thought I heard was you want another ten minutes of this little treatment, sure I can oblige you". She thrust her hips forwards burying the strap on all the way back into her poor patients abused anus. "You like our little educational sessions, don't you? You like taking your medicine long and hard, I know I treasure these times between us". The gag was effective only allowing muffled screams and the jacket and cuffs reduced the resistance to more desperate stifled struggling. To try and escape the nurses iron grip was all but in vain. The nurse let her make some progress then pulled her back in close, all the way back onto the agonizing shaft. She was fucked long and hard with the intrusive toy, with the nurse clinging onto her so tightly. She could never slip away as much as Priscilla platinum desperately wanted to, her fate was to be mercilessly drilled into the padding day after day night after night, without a pause.

### Part 3

The next day Priscilla was being marched from her padded cell to the wet room, the nurse dragged her about by the straps on the jacket. The naughty nurse was chatty and controlling revealing in her despotic domination. Her inflated ego bulging blustering with unwanted information enlightening her prisoner further on just how bad her perilous predicament was. “Did you know that your food contains a little cocktail of drugs. It stimulates your libido a little, it’s making you a bit horny. Even now and I know you can feel it”. The inmate paused thinking ... she had to grudgingly agree it was affecting her. After that revelation, well She would have liked to turn her nose up at the drugged food. However, she had little option but to eat the presented mix of narcotics and nutrients.

Jenny rubbed the pert prey between her legs, “but paradoxically it actually prevents you from coming. Isn't that lovely and frustrating, you can get really aroused but can't do anything at all about it. You must have realised that no matter how much stimulation I give you, you never even once come close to coming”. There was a muffled cry of disdain in the bound woman's response, all their 'educational' sessions had brought no erotic response from Priscilla's body and it never would, she hoped that it never would. No matter how much aphrodisiac the mad rabid bitch fed her.

The nurse pulled the crotch strap tightly to demonstrate, “You know we can see you wiggling about, trying to get off on the tight little crotch strap rubbing up against your desperate cunt when you think I am gone. You lie there all hot horny and flustered every night before you doze off, the cameras are always watching you. From every corner of every room, for every minute of every single day”. The nurse rubbed the platinum prisoner between her legs and there were muffled cries of frustration in response into the gigantic gag. Sadistic Jenny proceeded to force her charge down, firmly strap her up, bent over the familiar bar and then started the new highly concentrated enema solution flowing smiling with sadistic malice. The platinum blond was trapped for the moment in the tiled room, dreading what new torment each day would bring upon her, then the current torment grasped her full attention.

There was a spasm of pain as a strong hand pushed harshly on her tummy, “That enema really has you squirming, your poor guts must be all twisted up”, the last dregs were squeezed out of the bag. “Let me plug you up nice and tight so you can't leak. I think I will come back in a little while, after a coffee a nice hot latte. I will leave you to enjoy that little infusion for fifteen, maybe twenty minutes. Then we can have another nice long educational session with 'Dr Spiky’”. There was plaintive moaning into the silicon ball, combined with desperately straining to get free from the bar she was bent over. All of Priscilla's effort barely shifted her body a quarter of an inch as the door slammed shut. She was firmly trapped in the same relentless humiliating routine as the pressure in her guts slowly grew like a boiler reaching temperature coming up to pressure.

That evening Jenny cooed and fussed with her pinned punished prisoner, “you took the entire enema bag the extra-large one. Good little girl, I have so much I want to do to you. Before your legs were gorgeous now they are sculpted like a statue, my darling toy all that relentless exercise pays off. The tight silk stockings really set them off, I am going to really get off on our session tonight. I have a special treat for you”! The plaintive patient was more worried as she listened to her egotistic handler prattle on.

A little later on and they were together again in the padded room. Jenny had delivered her special treat to Priscilla; their legs were tied together in an erotic knot. One that Priscilla was desperately trying to unwind and pull away from. Sadistic Jenny slapped her on the ass, “you were very frisky today really struggled to get away from me, not that you ever could. I like it, maybe next time I'm going to smear a bit more ginger paste to use as a lubricant for 'Dr Spiky'. That little surprise was a special treat for our one-week anniversary, I had to get you something”. There was more desperate



struggling and horrified wailing into the gag. As the improvised lubricating agent burnt relentlessly in her beleaguered backside and was forced deeper into her raw flesh with each hard thrust from the uncaring compassionless horny nurse. Who was quite excited to continue abusing her patient for the third round of the day, meanwhile Priscilla didn't get one ounce of pleasure from the entire affair as her rectum was burning from the incendiary paste.

During their next therapeutic session, the patient was positioned with her left ankle strapped to left thigh. Her right leg was left free but stretched out, the nurse savoured her time as she slowly approached her prisoner from behind, then seizing hold of her ward she started wresting her body round. Pulling Priscilla's right leg up tight against her straitjacketed torso, so her knee was held near her shoulder. In this position Jenny pinned her down on the mat ready to receive what was coming to her. There was barely any lubricant involved as the tip of the strap on pushed up against the victims already sorely punished anal ring. The poor girl tried to clench as tightly as she could, in an attempt to defend herself. "Nmmmmooompphh!" a hard push from Jenny and the tip of the shaft was inside the target. Its numerous ridges tickling Priscilla platinum's sensitive flesh tormenting her, but she knew it was only the beginning of her plight.

The gap between the two beautiful women decreased, as Jenny pulled them tightly together, hugging her patient. Then there was a ring or rubbery spikes lodged inside her victim, causing Priscilla to grunt squeal and thrash against her captor. The nurse moaned in pleasure, then she gave it another push. A few more ridges then another ring of rubbery spikes larger than the first sank in between those gorgeous straining buttocks. The rigid resilient rod slowly disappeared "ammghtmmph mmmpphhh!!!" Causing her platinum prisoner to squeal and struggle some more, as her abused anus hugged the flexible rubber shaft pressed against it, she felt the faintest tingle of arousal in this horrific state and she was appalled at herself and her moistening pussy.

A harsh thrust from Jenny and two more rings of progressively larger rubber spikes pushed against her platinum playthings punished body stretching her posterior. "Mmmmpmmlemme mmmnommoo mph!!!" The effort forcibly entering it even further rubber inching up her rectum. Then another push one more ring of rubber pronged agony invaded her. Then a final hard twist and push and it was up to its base buried in her rear filling her in a most unpleasant way. With that there was the sensation of two more and the two largest rings of rubbery barbs stretching her bowels. She was filled to an incredibly uncomfortable degree, to the point where she felt that she would split open. The Nurse hugged her precious bauble tightly then slowly cruelly thrust the implement buried in her back passage in and out moving at a methodical pace. "Agghhtmmpphh!!!" Continuing her patients agonizing inevitable education. The treatment for her delectable doll. The sound of struggling and screaming was music to Jenny's ears, she was in a state of utter bliss.

Jenny thrust with her entire body weight, inhaling deeply at the same time. "Mmuum ... you smell so good ... all desperate and rubbery, you can scream all you want struggle as hard as you like and you can never get away from your 'medicine'". A pleading cry of desperation and begging for mercy "mmmcpphe plmmpph" was the only reply. Jenny continued securing her grip, "While I educate you, let me tell you a little secret. Some information to ease your mind". The patient tried to bite down on the gag "mmmmpppphhhhmmmmppppggggpphh", she dreaded hearing what it would be. "We are going to take care of all your problems outside this institution. Not that we are ever going to let you leave us, no that is just a silly notion". The nurse wiggled and twisted until just the tip was inside her prisoner. Then she braced her prey and forced the entire length of the barbed rubber rod home with one violent thrust. "MMMMMPPPHHHH!!! ..."

She stroked her prisoners bound' body as she leaned forwards. "there there isn't it wonderfully filling, now you know my friend ... Kristy, the orderly. She has been working really hard for the last couple of days. We found your apartment and got to your computer and all your other

paperwork”. The recipient of this information was none too happy, “mmpph?” muffled screeches of indignation and desperate ineffective struggling were the response, not that she could get out of the position she found herself in. She didn't like the thought of them rummaging around in her personal possessions and private life, she was sure that they could use it to further humiliate and dominate her.

Jenny tightly grasped her patients' leg and used it as a lever she rolled her charge round so that they were even more tightly pressed together. The ductile member pressing against Priscilla insides twisted. Making her squirm even harder against the continuing assault. “We have emptied every account you have of absolutely everything every penny and closed them all down”. They had robbed her blind and the bitch was now bragging about it, if the suffocating rubber had not been covering her face Jenny would have seen her hot salty tears and she would have gloated all the harder. All that escaped the prisoner's lips was a reproachful muffled grunt into the gagging orb and a slight flexing of the tight flawless rubber that encased her scalp as her brows furrowed underneath.

She continued with the same sadistic tone, “Don't worry we have sold off the contents of your apartment. Apart from a few choice mementos for my personal collection. The bits of tat we could get something for are already sold shipped and gone, what some people would pay for your old underwear”. The nurse aggressively started to twist her playthings left nipple, to the point that the patient thought the bar stud might twist off, a bolt of electric pain shot through her breast. She didn't want to believe it was happening, she shrieked and shook her head. Which was reduced to a little wiggle by the tight padded collar clamped around her neck keeping her submissively in its grip.

Jenny sneered, “the rest of your crap has been removed from the apartment, ... as rubbish and dumped in the tip”. Priscilla felt a wave of loss and sadness as a lifetime of mementos were gone in a moment. She had a crooning wailing tone to her gagged cries, “mmmhhpphhaappphhaammppha sob sob sob”. The nurse continued the psychological and physical assault, punctuating her words with thrusts from 'Dr Spiky'. “Notice ... has ... been ... given .... on your ... apartment ... lease”. There was a surge of strength from the patient as she was told that her cherished home was gone. That all her worldly possessions were now lining a rubbish dump. Priscilla managed to shift about a half inch off the floor, straining all her available muscles to their limit against the weight on top of her. Her body was shaking and thrashing against the jacket with a desperate maniac's strength.

The prisoner managed to get about an inch off the padding pushing back against Jenny. Then her captor grinned and pushed her back down, screwing her literally into the padding with a gasp of exertion that knocked the wind out of her prisoner. The anal assault was reaching a fervour pitch, with the sadist twisting the prickly thorny shaft about inside her struggling prey. Causing untold agony, as she easily recovered complete control of the situation flattening all rebellion into the padded floor. “That pile of junk you called a car, well we could only get a little more than scrap value for it. But anyway, it's gone”. “Mmmmmppphhhtymmmpphh”! Mute pitiful outraged but plentiful whining emanated from the captive. She had loved her old car, it was a classic ... not a pile of junk!

The caregiver licked the back of the rubber hood then seized the plaited bundle of hair sticking out the back. She pulled her locks in time with each thrust of her body, her sadistic glee was growing “We deleted everything on line then shut down all your social media accounts. On every platform”. “mmpphhefphepmmph!” agonized whimpers of despair tried to surpass the resistance of the giant ball gag. They were met with the crooning mocking tone from the attendant holding her. “We cancelled your mobile contract, of course we pulled all the information from your phone and laptop then wiped them clean and sold them”. “Mppphpph!!” languid cries of outrage tried to berate her captor and yet simply amused her as the mass of silicone dented the words impact to nothing.

The dungeon keeper pulled back really hard on Priscilla's platinum locks twisting her head further back, still she thrust with the bristly shaft. "You barely exist now. But I want to be certain, a little friend of ours who is a whiz with computers has started to really go deep. Your driver's licence is gone, not just that but any record you ever had one", "mmmwppphhhat!". Priscilla was trying to wiggle away again as she was being dominated. Jenny pumped her hard, agonizingly torturing her already raw back passage. "Your credit history has evaporated, we are even removing your records from the school rolls and the voting register", "mmmwmmhhy!"??

The nurse released her hair but held her fingertips over the hood tightly, over the nasal tubes cutting off her patient's air. While she took her body yet again, as her prisoner was madly struggling desperate without air. "Good bye birth certificate, Soon the only trace that you ever existed will be in this room,". There was a tiny gasp into the gag where normally there would have been a volume of protest. Priscilla didn't like this breath play, she could soon feel her lungs burning and her limbs going limp her resistance all spent. At least if she blacked out she wouldn't feel what was being done to her body!

There was no such luck, seconds from blacking out. Jenny released her fingers and the patient desperately sucked in air. The turnkey stroked along the front of the hood over the gag, "If anyone should find you, don't get your hopes up. We have forged papers of total conservatorship, that will pass any legal test". The platinum plaything didn't fully understand what that was, "mwmhphh?" grunting into the ball-gag in confusion. Her tormentor relished explaining it as she slowly started to thrust against her prey, moving at an incredibly slow pace. "The court documents say that we have the right to do whatever we like to you, for medical treatment reasons of course. The treatment definition is so vague it encompasses pretty much anything, including this". There was a tiny whimper as the meaning was still sinking in, she was screwed from a legal context on top of every other definition.

The implications crystallised in Priscilla's beleaguered mind, she lost it again struggling like a maniac to get away. The sentry holding her giggled, she had braced herself already. "That's it come on my little platinum prisoner gyrate for me. I love it when you try to get away, when you scream like that desperate to get away. Even if you did somehow escape every record left that acknowledges your pitiful existence would say that you belong here, to be mine forever in my care. Anyone you told in authority would just return you to us for your own good, double time into my loving arms, and the stern care of 'Dr Spiky'."

The sexy nurse pulled the strap on almost all the way out, then hammed it all the way home in one percussive agonizing thrust. That hammered home to Priscilla just how helpless she really was as she was unable to prevent this abuse continuing. Sadistic Jenny giggled, "ready for your next piece of 'education'". "MMMPPPNOOommpphh!!!!!! ...". This was a nightmare for the patient, that even if she could somehow get away. She would only end up being brought back to the asylum and Jenny's tender mercies with the unrelenting violating education. Priscilla was sure that if given motivation her jailer could still find some way to make life even worse for her bound penetrated pacified patient.

Priscilla had all the time in the world to consider her horrific and enduring predicament. If she had been kidnapped by a man, well then, they would be finished fucking her in two minutes or much less and then roll-over doze off and left her the fuck alone. The dam lesbian bitch on the other hand, she could go on and on all night with 'Dr Spiky' without getting tired. Something that the platinum prisoners burning back passage could adequately attest to. Sadistic Jenny was through meticulous and merciless in her approach. She used her knowledge as a medical professional to ruthless efficiency in effectively controlling and dominating every aspect of her bound charge, for every

single waking moment of the day she was completely subjugated in unfathomably tight bondage.

Priscilla platinum had to curse to herself as she could feel her willpower slowly being ground down by a minuscule amount. With each firm thrust she was closer to being tamed and broken. As the bitch was getting to her day after day of forced exercise, cramping enema's and brutal anal education with 'Dr spiky'. It was getting worse with the aphrodisiacs that she was being fed every meal. She was in some twisted way slowly beginning to get turned on by the rough treatment, much to her soul searing terror and abject horror! The bitch was slowly training her body to like this absurd anal abuse! She was slowly one degree after another being converted into an anal pain slut with a dripping wet pussy. If she didn't find a way out, her mind and body would eventually break. She would be left begging her captor to abuse her like this, desperate to be ridden like this yet completely unable to orgasm.

Later on, the next day the Nurse was busy administering her usual generous helping of enema solution. With her aching prisoner bent tightly over the serving bar, Jenny ran her hand over Priscilla's taunt rear. "I must admit that gorgeous gag that sublime straight jacket. They are not standard issue, they are not even one of the sets designed for the original maximum-security prisoners that this place was built for. No, they are something entirely different, an elevation to the next level of sadism and security. I had them made specially for your shapely curves, aren't I generous"! She ran her hand up and down Priscilla's stocking clad legs as they strained futilely to get away from her touch.

Jenny started to work the little hand pump that speeded up the flow of soapy solution into her prey's gurgling guts. Priscilla could feel the suds sloshing about her insides, it was not a welcome experience in the slightest. The nurse ran her hand up and down her prisoners' thighs, "you see, I have been following your work online for years. The glamour modelling and the bondage modelling. The catalogue of restraints you modelled for, those video shoots you did. You always got me nice and turned on with your gorgeous body all tightly wrapped up. The way you could accommodate any gag into that sexy mouth of yours. The way your lips were stretched and bulged into such a sexy shape. The way that your arms could endure being twisted and crushed and clamped and it didn't faze you at all. It got me so turned on". She ran her hands over Priscilla's folded strapped up arms, neatly tucked away where they couldn't cause any slight hint of trouble.

Jenny slapped her plaything on the ass, a disappointed tone crept into her voice. "But you never ever played a proper scene, it was all just dress up with you. You were such a massive tease, looking so hot like that, but never letting anyone touch you or play with you. I remember that interview on S&M.com, the fact that you were completely strait. Well it compelled me to come up with your 'educational' program as the lesbian icing on the cake. It inspired me to meticulously plan all this, for over a year.

You see a willing lesbian submissive is so boring to me as a play partner. That is compared to a strait little girl who really wants to get away, who truly loathes every moment and doesn't want to play. The more you want to get away from me the more you struggle the more I want to drag you back and hold you closer. My precious platinum patient. Oh, the things I will do to that luscious body of yours". The nurse discarded the empty enema bag and attached another one. There were whimpering sequels into the gag as that new addition was slowly pumped into her desperate victims already straining guts.

She rubbed her hips against Priscilla's bottom and pulled on her plated hair. "Do You like your colossal gag? You should feel special, it took me absolutely ages to find someone to make it. First off, they had to make a special mould to pour the silicon. It's made from a really tough but stretchy high density version of medical-healthcare grade, class VI silicone. Its tested for biocompatibility.

That means it's not going to react negatively with your body. It's similar to the same stuff they make baby bottles and breathing tubes from. Except its excellent at absorbing sound as well so you can't complain my precious. Then I selected the leather, it's a special institutional white oil tan. Each strap is made of three layers, a layer of Kevlar strap as the base, surrounded and sandwiched between a top and bottom layer of pure white calfskin leather glued and stitched together".

She rubbed her fingertips sensually over the hood that encased her patients head, "I thought how do I want to apply this to your lovely face? What would both look right and be so terribly secure. A chin strap to force you to bite down. An over the nose piece linking to a crown round your brows to hold it in place. Or maybe an extra strap at the back to pull it in deep. The answer was of course obvious, all three. I like how they added the triangle in the corners to the two straps that go behind your head. How the strap doesn't go through the centre but the front, forcing it deeper into your mouth, they were truly an artist. Allowing it to be the perfect inescapable ultimately intrusive gag".

Jenny pulled back on the posture collar, Mmpphh!! "see there you have it, you can't object to whatever I do to you". She ran both her hands over her prisoner head. "Your face was made to be gagged and hooded, your jawline stretched and your lips wrapped around a big muffling ball. Your truly beautiful but some women were born to look beautiful like this tightly gagged and you were one of them. That hood is special, it was made twice as thick as a regular one, but three sizes too small to be comfortable. It really highlights every feature of your precious precocious face. Aren't you lucky I got it for you. Those nasal tubes are so long and thick you can't smell anything but rubber and they are so disconcerting, aren't they? Another way to keep you dominated and off balance. And as you know they are adjustable with vales in the end at the moment they are really tightly screwed down, so you only get just a little air so you're not too much trouble". Priscilla was creeped out by just how much of a psycho fangirl her captor was. She truly belonged in a straight-jacket, but to Priscilla's extreme detriment she was the one running the show.

The handler pulled on the straps coming from the back of the jacket, "You wouldn't believe the hurdles I had to go through to get you this lovely jacket. First, we found something in your size, well a bit smaller to be honest. Then I had it off to the tailors, I had the waist cut in very tight. They stitched in the corset band on the inside so that the waist is always extra snug. Then they added the display window for your marvellously buxom assets, it was all triple stitched together. I had it all installed at a very specialised workshop that is very exclusive and very confidential. I had all the straps redone and all the reinforcements both hand riveted with bronze coated engineering rivets and machine stitched with a thread that is so strong you could go fishing with it"!

She ran her hand over the seam of the tight garment, "it's called artificial sinew, it's so much stronger than simple cotton thread. The result is that your perfectly tight little personal prison its completely escape proof. Truly the best part is you just walked into it. Silly little air head, up until the last moment you thought it was a game. Just a photo shoot like any other". The nurse continued to pump the mixture into her squirming prisoners behind. "I must admit your arms your body look so very good like this! All helpless, it makes me really wet, you were meant to be my doll my slave it was destiny. Your silhouette looks so much better without those arms to get in the way. They are where they belong folded up behind you where they can't bother anyone and get in the way of our special games". Mpphh ghmmpphh! There was a reproachful attempt at a vocalisation from Priscilla. She didn't like being called an air head or the rest of the commentary Jenny was spouting in her direction in general, it was disturbing to say the least.

Jenny slowly ran her palm over her patients tight rear, "you have got a perfect ass, so tight and sexy. After I first saw it on that photo shoot with the tiny red thong bikini. I just knew I had to have it and screw you silly!". She rubbed her prisoner between her legs, "I know from that interview you did two years ago that you abjectly hate any form of anal play. So, paradoxically that makes me love it

as much as you so hate it. As you might have worked out by now I am a rather extreme sadomasochist. I enjoy inflicting pain. If you hated something else more, well I would be doing that to you. But you don't so its deep anal play all the way”!

She squeezed the rubber pump, mmmmmppphh then coyly asked, “how do you like your enema”? The answerer was clearly not at all, as she patted her prisoner on the bottom. Rubbing her inflated tummy garnered a response, mmmpphh!?” “If you want more why didn't you say so”. The nurse reached for a smaller bag, to add a little top up to her already twitching painfully bloated patients ballooning burden.

You could only sleep so long during 24 hours, even in the restricted state Priscilla found herself in. She had quickly learned to sleep tightly hog-tied out of practical necessity. But she still had a lot of time to lay there and reflect, as terrible a prospect as that was. To think of the mistakes that had put her in this unfavourable position. She spent a lot of time sobbing into her massive gag and pulled at her folded limbs. But she could barely flinch, the straps holding her hog-tied were so very tight, so expertly applied. She was losing time she wasn't sure how many days and nights had gone by. At best she could estimate that it had been maybe ten or twelve days after her fateful photo-shoot. There was precious little hope that her situation would get any better any time soon and the drugs were making her so horny.

She thought that she heard something, a trick of her own mind. The cell was sound proof after all. But then a second later there was the slight creak the sound of the cell door opening. It was odd ... her warden coming back after Jenny had put her away for the night tightly hog-tied in a corner. It was a moment for her to realise it was not Jenny coming back to give her a goodnight squeeze, perhaps the orderly instead? No, the foot falls on the padding sounded different, there was the swish of some long garment as well.

Instead of Jenny's mocking tones through the hood she heard a click, something was unfolded and then there was the muffled crunch as it was placed down on the padding and settled in. Then a number of slow foot falls as someone walked up behind Priscilla, a toe caught her shoulder, she was rolled around to face the centre of the cell. The rubber hood was rolled up at one edge and slowly pulled off, it stuck to her skin tightly. Reluctant as any of the restraints were to let her go. Jenny would powder the inside every day when she put it back on her prisoner, that only helped a little as it adhered tightly to her skin as she sweated throughout the day against her tight prison.

The patient blinked in the light, she could see a pair of beige trousers. She blinked again her vision blurry, she was still adjusting to the light. Someone moved behind her, they bent down and worked at removing the gag. First unstrapping it then starting to ease it out. Taking a lot of effort to pull it lose. They actually tried to be gentle, so it was definitely not Jenny!

The hog-tied patient had a view of a folding chair resting on the padding. A woman in black glasses and a lab-coat sat down. She looked at her attentively she held a clipboard and a silver pen in her hands. She looked down and gave a half-hearted smile, that at least wasn't filled with cruelty. Her tone was flat and neutral. “I am junior Doctor Molly Hardington, I will be carrying out your first review hear as a patient”. A tiny bit of hope stirred in Priscilla's bosom. She had someone to talk to who might listen to her! She worked her jaw, there was a little pop and she could close it she grasped and slowly closed her jaw. Working her tongue and lips about until the numbness was mostly gone and the ache had subsided. She tried to improve her situation. It had been a long time since she had been allowed to speak. “ ... P ... pl ...please c... cou ... could you ...release me from this ... hog-tie. It's really hard ... to have a conversation from down hear”.

Priscilla looked up at Molly, she has sensible white canvas shoes almost like plimsolls beige

trousers a dull grey blouse and a white lab-coat. She was thin and pale a red head with a flicker of freckles and green eyes. She looked down and adjusted her glasses peered quizzically at the patient, then lifted up a few sheets of paper and tapped something with her finger. Her eyes went wide and she gasped. "No way, my records show that you are a very very dangerous patient. You're going to remain tightly hog-tied for the duration of this interview. Violent patients who have done what you have, well you can stay there bound nice and tight where you can't cause any trouble at all".

The doctor started to scribble down, muttering under her breath. "Internal note, patient tried to trick me into releasing her, maintain maximum restraints at all time. May have to replace hog-tie straps with hog-tie bar". Priscilla wondered what the file said to make the doctor so hesitant to let her out of even the hog-tie, she seemed to be ready to bolt out the door. The patient plaintively pulled on her hog-tie. "no, ok I'm fine like this ... just don't leave me alone down here, ... let's talk".

There was a look of confusion that played over Priscilla's face as she remembered certain things her caregiver had said. She asked the doctor, "Why are you hear? that sadistic bitch Jenny said I wasn't going to see anyone else ever again". She found out the answer in short order, the doctor looked at her as one might a bomb that was going to explode, something that they had been tasked with defusing or at least keeping inert stored away. "Well, we don't leave patients even ones as hopeless delusional and disturbed as you all to their own devices. We schedule a check-up around the middle of every month sometimes the end of the month if things are busy. Your current medical assessment might be more geared towards extreme punitive discipline in the form of a regime of enhanced physical correction. As well as enhanced maximum containment procedures rather than any attempt at considering the possibility of rehabilitation, I am reviewing it, but for the moment I am mostly checking to make sure that you remain locked up properly so you can't hurt yourself".

Priscilla was mortified, "you agree with the torment I am being put through on a daily basis"? Molly double checked her clipboard, rereading the notes, "I am sure it's for your own good, a good patient has to take her medicine, right". Priscilla almost spat the words out "the 'medicine' that Jenny gives me, it can't be helping". The doctor tutted "you're not a medical or healthcare professional. You're not in a position to know what is good for you right now. You must trust us, you must completely submit to whatever treatment is prescribed and administered".

Priscilla gave her a reproachful glance, "why should I trust anyone, when I am hog-tied on the floor of a padded cell being given a double daily dose of what you just called, extreme punitive discipline!". The doctor shrugged "trust me or don't trust me, I am still your doctor regardless. But as I said a qualified psychologist still has to check on even patients of this category at least once a month and this was the scheduled time". She ticked a few boxes on her papers and moved mechanically on to the next section. "Checking on the file, how often do you hear the voices now and are they telling you to kill anyone in particular this time, how are they commanding you to kill them. Have you experienced a decrease or increase in the hallucinations or delusions and have they become more distinct or fainter? Don't worry, you can tell me, I am not hear to punish you but to help you". She peeled the list of symptoms off verbatim waiting for a response.

Priscilla grimaced wondering what truly horrible things that lying nurse had put on her file. Whatever it was the doctor was suspicious of anything and everything that she said. Still she quickly tried to answer the questions tripping over herself, "The voices aren't telling me to harm anyone ... I mean, ... I don't hear voices, I don't see hallucinations and I'm not delusional". The doctor checked a few more boxes not paying close attention, not really listening. Priscilla tried to keep control of her voice, "Look I am not a dangerous inmate. I am a victim, a glamour model who got caught up in a photo shoot and kidnapped. This is all a terrible mistake on the hospitals part. Jenny and some orderly Kristy they falsified all the documents that your using to hold me"! The doctor was clearly not listening nodded and ticked off a few more check boxes.

Priscilla could feel herself getting more desperate and watched as the doctor was starting to zone out from the conversation. “You can’t leave me hear with that evil bitch. She has been tormenting and abusing me every day from beginning to end, please you have to review this ... help me! This straight jacket is not exactly regulation, this patient outfit I am wearing. It looks like something from a porn shoot, the six inch heels the silk stockings this can’t be correct can it?”. The doctor looked thoughtful for a moment, looking Priscilla up and down. She was hesitant. “Well, your file says that you make unfounded accusations against staff members all the time, as to your outfit. It’s a special category for dangerous patients, you’re not going to fool me. I have your signature on file that you submitted yourself to this complete treatment program”.

Priscilla looked up at the ceiling and prayed for deliverance from the fucking moron in front of her, her eyes looked around the room to the discarded restraints next to her head. “Do I look like I volunteered for this? What about the gag and the hood that can’t be right, or the fucking plug shoved up my ass or the back breaking hog-tie”! The doctor had a firm tone to her voice, “I assure you that there are perfectly good therapeutic and security reasons for each of those items”. Priscilla held her eyes defiantly “what are they then”? Molly slowly looked through the sheaf of papers biting her lip, she stared at a note on the last page “its ... classified for confidentiality and for the patient’s own good, according to the file”.

Priscilla tried to convey all the intense abuse and degrading depraved molestation that she had experienced over the course of her time trapped in the padded cell. All the reasons that the real dangerous crazy person was nurse Jenny. She tried to slowly patiently explain all this to the female doctor Molly Hardington. But after another five minutes it was abundantly clear that the doctor had zoned out and the review or interview was down to little more than a check box exercise with her. She went over the file disregarding what the patient was actually trying to communicate to her, “so you said that you willingly committed yourself”?

Alarmed Priscilla tried to correct her, “no, it wasn't willing. I was tricked into coming to this place, I was tricked into signing those papers”. Molly raised an eyebrow “yes aha ... you walked in of your own accord surrendered all your possessions, I have read your committal papers. You acknowledged the danger to society that you represented and allowed yourself to be tightly restrained. At least you made a positive decision to be locked away in hear where you can’t hurt anyone else”. Priscilla sobbed “would you just listen, please actually listen to a word I am saying”. The young doctor tapped her foot irritated “and I am listening to you”. The patient argued back “no you’re not, you’re just pretending to”!

Even though Priscilla Platinum had not been let out of cell with the doctor coming to her with her chair and a clipboard, something else had momentarily been brought into her world. She had a pitifully small amount of hope, that was now firmly extinguished as the doctor put the cap on her pen and put it away in her jacket pocket. Molly folded up her glasses and put them in a little black case that also disappeared into the inner pocket of her white coat. She neatened up the papers and slipped them in a binder, folded up the chair and put it next to the cell door. “I have reviewed your file Priscilla and I completely agree with your initial diagnosis. We will keep you hear with nurse Jenny continuing to directly oversee your treatment as your primary care giver”. Priscilla gasped, she felt like she had taken a metaphorical sledge hammer to the guts, she tugged on the restraints keeping her in her hash bondage.

The doctor walked over to her patient, she cleared her throat, “I ... see no cause to reduce your physical restrictions, considering your case history. They keep you in line quite well. And as for the extreme punitive discipline program. Well I have a few suggestions on how to enhance it for maximum effectiveness, you know you shouldn't talk over people, you rude delusional twit”. Before



the patient could react to that damming assessment Dr Hardington shoved the muffling ball gag back in place and slowly tightened up all the straps pulling the massive silicon sphere back home. She pulled the white rubber hood in place lined up the nasal tubes then poked them in gently, relatively speaking it was gentle compared to the way that the usual caregiver administered the restraints, they were still just as tight in the end. Molly rolled down and tucked the edge of the hood in place. To keep the patient nice and calm she adjusted the breathing valve on the hood to limit her air supply. She ran a hand over the rubber leaving it slightly wrinkled so Priscilla was pretty much back to square one. Hog-tied on the floor of her cell soon to be left alone again.

The junior doctor made ready to leave, "Don't worry, I will review your case in one month's time". Only to be interrupted by the sound of the cell door opening again. The doctor beamed, "Jenny so good to see you. You have been doing an admirable job in keeping this deranged patient firmly in line. But with the uncharitable things she was saying about you, stricter measures may be need". The nurse approved of the compliment practicality beaming. "Thank you very much Dr Hardington, it's nice to see my efforts are appreciated by management". She held the door for the doctor, who paused looking back at the patient.

It was just on the edge of Priscilla's hearing, her doctor spoke nonchalantly to Nurse Jenny "I am going to amend her therapy plan, and put her down for a course of acute prolonged edging treatment. Also, some time in a suspension hog-tie to keep her nice and immobile. That might teach her a lesson and a few manners, she spoke to me like we were equals how dare that little nut. With what's on her file we can't be too careful, she should never be released". Priscilla found herself crying as she could hear Doctor Molly commending the sadistic nurse on taking such good care of her patient. They discussed the needs to increase the volume of the prisoner's enemas. "Perhaps we can carry out a trial run of some enema retention therapies, to add to her enhanced punitive correction program. She was rude and dared to talk back to me"! The nurse smiled, "Ok but you're going to have to sign the requisition for those veterinary equine purging solutions".

The Dr departed leaving them alone, the nurse whispered as she squeezed her gagged patient. "Don't worry tomorrow I am going to be switching to a new eleven-inch-long strap on that's two inches wide at the tip to four and a half inches wide at the base, with all the regular embellishments that I know you have come to expect and detest. If you think that you know pain anguish and dread Priscilla your wrong. My poor platinum plaything you will soon realise that you know nothing. It will soon be time to meet 'Dr Spiky's big brother, the SSG the 'Supreme Surgeon General!'".

New squeals of horror and anguish deriving from that new bit of information were absorbed by the silicone ball. The nurse stroked her rear, "That's it, you won't get away from me. You can scream you can struggle all you like, but your bouncy ass is mine to play with"! She pulled up the hood then kissed her prey on the cheek. Then the hood was pulled more tightly into place and lovingly attended to. Tucked firmly down the side of the posture collar, this time not leaving a single wrinkle behind in its flawless application, the patient was left bound to ponder her horrific future.

Priscilla platinum was still a star of the video screen a luscious sexual beauty. She was still modelling huge jaw breaking gags and tight restraints that all but erased her arms. However, it was now to a much more select audience that viewed her continuing escapades. It was down to one orderly one nurse and one doctor that watched her latest incredibly realistic performances. They frequently engaged in a bit of vigorous and spirited audience participation with the straining starlet.

Nurse Jenny was always busy, at the moment specifically preparing something special for their one-month anniversary. She would love it and Priscilla would probably want to repress it. They had celebrated their two-week anniversary with a scalding hot bowel busting mixture of chillies that had her prisoner struggling impotently against her impossibly tight restraints. That had been a darling to

watch making the sadistic lesbian incredibly wet and aroused at the thought. She slowly started to squeeze her own breasts remembering the night.

Its accompanying treatment with Dr spiky lubricated with a chilli paste had really made Priscilla platinum squirm, like her rear end was literally on fire. Even after that she had plans for their eventual six-month anniversary and in the distant future she envisaged commemorating their one-year anniversary. The two of them of being in a committed relationship as patient and nurse, prisoner and jailer, mistress and she intended by then broken trained willing sex slave. Jenny felt so fuzzy inside and far away Priscilla felt a tingle of dread run up her spine. From some unknown source of clairvoyant precognition, she had some inkling of what her terrible future would hold. Something even more dire, than her current strenuous packaged predicament awaited her.



The end ... for now!