

The Clinic

The Clinic (can't help but think I've seen this some place before...)

Part 1

Amy sat silently in the waiting room of the clinic. To say that Amy was frightened would be the understatement of the century. She was terrified. The waiting room looked much like any waiting room in a doctors office, but the behavior of the "patients" showed more clearly than anything possibly could that this was no ordinary doctors office. A rack of straps, paddles, canes and other implements on the wall resolved any doubt that would have remained.

There were men and women milling about the waiting room as she entered. Several of the woman were standing with raised skirts, on display as it were, with all their sexy underthings on view. The fear in their faces was palpable. Amy took a seat and her husband, Jim, took a seat beside her. The room was silent, no one spoke. One or two of the men, showing more forwardness than the others, were standing, going over to the women on display, examining them with their eyes (as the others were doing, but at closer range). A female receptionist sat behind a counter filing out charts.

Amy and Jim had engaged in erotic spanking frequently over the 5 years of their marriage, and Jim had occasionally spanked for punishment. But this time things were very different. Jim had caught Amy in a sexual liaison with her lover. He didn't know if there had been others, didn't want to know. He had wanted to leave her on the spot, but Amy didn't want their marriage to end, and had agreed to submit to any punishment he chose. And that is how Amy had come to be at the PAIN CLINIC, although all concerned were informed that it should never be referred to as such. So everyone just called it "The Clinic".

After a few minutes of waiting a door opened, and a cart was wheeled out with a woman tightly bound to it. The cart was of unusual design, sort of like a tricycle, with one wheel in the front and two in the rear. The front of the cart was at a level just above the floor, and the rear was much higher. At the rear of the cart was a bicycle seat on a post, pushing up on the woman's crotch. The cart was wheeled into the center of the waiting room. The women standing exposed stood even more erect, and raised their skirts even higher as the cart was wheeled into the room. There it stood, for all to see.

After a few minutes a female nurse came out of the office and went to the head of the cart, kneeled down so her face was close to poor miscreant bound to the cart. "I'm ready to administer your medicine, Janice. Are you ready to receive it?" "Yes, ma'am", Janice replied. The nurse went to the rear of the cart, and began to turn a wheel on the right side. As the wheel turned, the post holding the bicycle seat began to rise, pushing on Janice's crotch, raising her ass, pulling her legs taugt in their bonds as the slim bicycle seat pressed against cunt-flesh, jack-knifing Janice ever upward. Janice protested softly (very softly). A few "OH's" and "Oh my's". When the seat was pushed

hard enough into her cunt to satisfy the nurse, she reached for a leather strap that had been hanging on the wall.

"Don't forget to cooperate" the nurse said, and then began to strap the bound woman. At each lick a scream tore from Janice, a fiery band of red with welts at the border appeared, and Janice yelled "ONE! AIYEE!! ONE, MA'AM, THANK YOU MA'AM, CAN I PLEASE HAVE ANOTHER. ARRGH! TWO MA'AM, THANK YOU MA'AM, CAN I PLEASE HAVE ANOTHER". A few counts were missed, but by and large Janice counted each and every stroke, with PLEASE and THANK YOU's after each one. This was no ordinary punishment strapping. Janice screamed from the first to the last stroke, but hardly missed a count. The strapping ceased when the count reached one hundred. It had taken 15 minutes, but seemed like hours.

Amy sat, dry mouthed, and frozen in fear. The nurse, who had just finished administering the severest strapping Amy had ever witnessed, now returned to the front of the cart. Janice lay, crying and heaving hysterically. The nurse looked deeply into the eyes of the whipped girl. "You did very well, Janice. You only missed three. You've earned 15 strokes to each inner thigh, and lucky you are to have to receive so few. I'm sure you'll do even better next time." At this callously delivered declaration, Janice broke into even more hysterical sobs. But there were no pleas. Janice was resigned to her pain. "I'll let you rest here, Janice, until you have composed yourself. Medicine is wasted if not administered in the proper doses at the proper interval. I'll be back in 30 minutes". With that, the nurse turned and left the room. Janice lay stretched on the punishment cart, her legs stretched taut, her cunt hurting from the unrelenting pressure of the bicycle seat raising her ass high, her ass a hue of red and purple, her face red from crying. Janice moaned pitifully. Some of the men moved in for a closer look.

The door to the office opened. A voice called out "Mr. & Mrs. Wells". Amy's treatment was about to begin.

PART 2

Amy and Jim Wells were ushered into Dr. Dore's office. "What brings you here", Dr. Dore began. Jim explained how he had found Amy having sex with another man, and how she had agreed to submit to anything rather than have him divorce her on grounds of infidelity. "This is VERY serious, young lady. Is this true?" Amy admitted that it was.

Dr. Dore then asked a series of probing and humiliating questions. How many men had she committed adultery with? Just the one she had been caught with. (This was true, so whether or not she would have admitted otherwise had it not been true is a matter of conjecture.) How many times had she been with him? Four. (Untrue) Had he penetrated her? Yes, vaginally and orally. Where had he touched her? In her vagina? Her face?

Her thighs? Her ass? Her shoulder? Her stomach? Her hands? Feet? Armpits? Lips? "Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes." Yes to everything, yes to everywhere" Had she enjoyed it? Did she orgasm? Yes. How many times? What brought her to orgasm? Oral, digital and penile vaginal stimulation. Rough nipple manipulation and sucking. What excited her but didn't bring her to orgasm? Performing fellatio. On and on it went, each answer provoking more questions, probing into her actions, thoughts and feelings.

Although the probing questions were very detailed, the answers were short. Yes's and No's. Numbers, times, dates, places. Names of body parts. The entire interview lasted about 25 minutes. Dr. Dore, who had been taking notes furiously, stopped writing and placed his pen and notebook on the desk. "Mr. Wells, before I can prescribe the proper treatment, I must give Amy a thorough examination. Her behavior was extremely serious, and I am inclined to proscribe a severe treatment regimen. In order to know what would be appropriate, I need to access Amy's physical health."

"I understand that one of our other patients, Janice I believe, is due to receive an application of pain to her thighs. Since the examination will take a while, you should return to the waiting room to witness the procedure. You will find it quite instructive. We'll call you when the examination is completed." A nurse's aide appeared at that moment and escorted Jim Wells out of Dr. Dore's office, down a hall of offices to the door at the end of hall which exited to the waiting room.

Janice was standing, having been removed from the tricycle-cart in which she had been restrained for her strapping. She was fully clothed, in a sexy black dress which ended just above her knees, and a silky white blouse which you could almost, but not quite see through. She wore black hose, and black high-heel shoes. Her face had peculiar hue, somewhat reddened from crying, yet somehow pale, and drained of color. Her expression was similarly ambiguous. It had a look of fear, suppressed by a resignation that nothing could stop was about to happen. A small stool stood before her, perhaps 2 feet high. Nurse Nightingale, the nurse who had administered the 100 stroke strapping approached Janice.

"You know the procedure. I've a number of patients on my schedule and I don't want this to take more than 15 minutes. If it does, There'll be 10 extra on each thigh. If there are extra's for any other reason, you'd better finish them up fast, or you'll go over the 15 minutes. After 15 minutes I'll stop so none of the other patients are inconvenienced. You'll have to wait until I'm done with them to finish your treatment. You'll wait on one of uncomfortable punishment stools, of course, and I'll be at least an hour. DO YOU UNDERSTAND!" Yes ma'am. "OK. The first 4 on each thigh will be inflicted with the razor strop. The next 7 will be with the thigh strap, and the last 4 with the cane. Let's get on with it."

Janice stood before the stool. Nurse Nightingale reached for the razor Strop hanging in the open implement cabinet. "Left thigh", she said. Janice placed her left foot on the stool, and reached for the hem of her skirts. She raised her dress and slip together, the

while nylon slip clinging to the full dress. She raised it high, exposing her garterless thigh-high nylons, and white nylon tap panties. Janice placed the hem of her skirt under her chin and bore down on it. Holding dress and slip up with her chin in order to maintain her exposure, Janice quickly reached down to her stocking and rolled it down to just above her knee. She withdrew her hands and reached for her skirts, holding them in two hands, a wide black circle covered by a circular nylon slip. Her thighs were widely spread, and a hint of cunt-hair appeared at the fold of her panties crotch. Her left thigh was parallel to the ground, slightly below Nurse Nightingale's arm level. This whole procedure was performed in a series of fluid maneuvers, and took only 2-3 seconds. Nurse Nightingale didn't pause. The strop was brought overhead in a full roundhouse move, streaked over the top of Janice's thigh, curved over and around. A piercing "AHIEEEEE!" exploded from Janice's core, but she did not hesitate. Immediately, she placed her skirts under her chin, grasped with chin, reached with hands, rolled up her stocking. Removed her left leg from the stool, (all the while holding up her skirts) then dropped her skirts, smoothed them out, put her right foot on the stool, raised her skirts, held them under her chin, and rolled down her nylon on the newly exposed thigh, and reached once again to hold her skirts in her hands. Nurse Nightingale had simultaneously move to Janice's other side, so she could strike the right thigh from the over the top to the inside of her thigh. CRACK! "AHIEEEEE!" Chin hold. Stocking rolled. Foot lowered. Skirt lowered, smoothed. Left foot. Raise skirt. Chin hold. Stocking rolled. CRACK! "AHIEEEEE!". Up, down, leg, skirt, CRACK!, scream, on and on it went. Jim could not comprehend how Janice endured it.

Inwardly he smiled. This is what he wanted Amy to receive. For her infidelity. For cheating HIM! Cheating him out was rightfully his to have exclusively. He would make her pay like she had never paid before.

As Janice underwent her punishing 'treatment', Amy was enduring her 'examination'. It had begun simply enough as any physical would. Blood pressure check. Urine specimen taken. Blood drawn (in the usual way). Her temperature had been taken rectally, but this hadn't surprised Amy in the least. Then she was told to prepare for a rectal and vaginal exam. The previous tests had been performed by a young, red haired nurse named Caitlin, who seemed no more than 18. It was she had who had poked the old fashioned bulb-type rectal thermometer into Amy, and held it there for three minutes. Surely this young nurse was not going to perform the rectal and vaginal exam. Well she was not to do so, but she would remain in the room for the duration in order to observe the procedure so she would be able to perform it in future.

A slightly older nurse, about 25, entered the room after Amy had stripped from the waist down. Amy was told to lie face down over the examining table with her legs hanging down over the end. Nurse Amanda put a rubber glove on and lubricated it with KY. She inserted her finger into Amy's anus, lubricating it thoroughly. Opening a cabinet attached to the examining table, she removed the business end of a sigmoidoscope, and proceeded to administer this uncomfortable proctological exam. Amy felt her anal sphincter stretch. It continued to stretch, and whatever it was that was stretch her seemed to be pushing inexorably inward. It hurt in a horrifying way.

It was not exactly a pain, not like a blow, or a pinch, but was unbelievably uncomfortable, went on continuously, and was extremely humiliating. She was being opened from her rectum. While it was a normal (so to speak) proctological procedure, it lasted longer than usual, perhaps ten minutes. Amy panted continuously, and gave forth many "AAAAH's". When the rectal was finished, Nurse Amanda instructed Nurse Caitlin to prepare an enema. When Caitlin left, Nurse Amanda instructed Amy to turn over on her back, and place her feet in the stirrups. Amy did as instructed, hoping to make this ordeal move along more quickly and smoothly.

Amanda removed a large, old-fashioned speculum from a cabinet, and inserted the cold stainless steel into Amy's vagina, causing Amy to gasp from the sudden cold inserted into her body. Amanda expanded the speculum. Again, a low-throated "AAAAAAH" came out of Amy. It was the rectal exam all over, only this time in her vagina. When her vaginal lips were spread widely apart, not as wide as they could go, but much wider than they had ever been while undergoing a gynecological exam, Nurse Amanda reached inside. Her fingers probed the walls of her vaginal canal, pushed upward toward her diaphragm. Like the rectal exam it was uncomfortable, and Amy was very humiliated to have this younger woman intruding into her body through her intimate orifice. Was it her most intimate orifice, or her second most intimate orifice? It didn't matter. It was the orifice through which her body was being invaded NOW. And Nurse Caitlin was coming into the office, watching. She came over and put her head down where Amy could not see it, but she was obviously looking directly at her spread cunt, with Nurse Amanda's arm inserted halfway to the elbow, and looking at very close range.

As this outrage was sinking in, Amy suddenly spied the enema bag in Caitlin's hand. It was huge. At least three quarts, and soapsuds overflowed the top, and thick steam floated out of the enema bag. For a moment it was as if the humiliating vaginal exam was not happening, as Amy's mind moved from now to next. Next, she thought. The enema comes next. But this was just the beginning. There would always be a next. How did she let herself get into this. With that, the arm was withdrawn from her vagina, the speculum quickly removed from cunt, and Nurse Amanda to kneel up for her enema.

"Please", Amy said, "do you have to give me so much?" "Dr. Dore will be informed about this lack of cooperation, and you can be sure that appropriate corrective measures will be taken. You're not here to ask questions, or make statements. When told to do something, JUST DO IT! And NO TALKING unless spoken to. Then you will answer the question directly and politely. Don't forget to say 'Sir' or 'Ma'am'. Do you understand?" "Y' y' Yes Ma'am."

"For speaking out of turn I'd ordinarily add one quart to your enema, but I'm afraid it's already maxed out. Three quarts of hot, soapy water, with a half pint of castor oil added for a special treat is all you could stand, I'm afraid. Too bad. Perhaps I will be able to give you extra special attention another day." And with that Nurse Amanda inserted the enema nozzle into Amy's rectum, using the lubrication left from her recent rectal exam. The nozzle was opened, and the hot, soapy liquid flowed rapidly into Amy's bowels,

heating her insides. Soon she began to sweat from the heat. She would have sweat in any event, because the volume of water was expanding her, pressuring her body from the inside. After two quarts Amy felt like she would explode, and still the onslaught continued. Amy didn't want to plead. There was apparently a consequence to saying 'Please stop'.

But Amy couldn't help herself. "Please, please, please. Oh God, God. I'll die. It's too much". And indeed, it was too much.

Here was Amanda's opportunity to administer something special, so she stopped the flow. "I do think you need a rest. Your stomach and bowel has to expand somewhat for you to the remainder of your medicine. You shall have it all, and we will help you. Nurse Caitlin, please help me relax Mrs. Well's abdominal muscles." Nurse Amanda then moved to Amy's left, and Nurse Caitlin moved to her right. They reached under her torso, and began to massage her stomach. Then, as Nurse Caitlin continued to massage her stomach, Nurse Amanda's hand moved downward, and began to massage Amy's cunt. "There, there", she cooed, "Relax and let it come into you. Was this cunt one of the naughty parts? I'm sure we correct that. Yes, your cunt has been very naughty, but we can make it pure again. The Clinic knows how to purge naughtiness. When our patients leave here, their naughtiness is COMPLETELY cured."

Amy was becoming aroused, and her stomach WAS relaxing. She could undoubtedly take the last 2 pints of her 3+ quart enema. Suddenly the castor oil kicked in. Amy's bowel spasmed. It spasmed and spasmed, and spasmed. Amy knew she couldn't take much more and began begging for it to be over. "Oh, please. Please give the rest of my enema now. Please. I'll be a good girl and take all of it, but please finish my enema. PLEEEASE!"

"Oh, but don't you want to hear our methods for correcting miscreants with naughty cunts? Surely you have so many questions you want answered." "No, no. I have no questions. I'll find out. Please give me my enema. Please give me my enema." "So you shall. So you shall find out. Quite correct, and why spoil the surprise. Nurse Caitlin, please release the enema clamp." Caitlin moved to Amy's rear. Amanda continued to stroke Amy's cunt, and whispered, "See. Not all the treatment your cunt will receive here will be arduous. If you take it in the spirit it's given, your treatment will not be all that bad." The enema resumed its journey into Amy's bowels as Amanda continued to speak softly. "But no matter how bad it is, it can always be worse. So remember to follow all instructions fully and quickly. We don't take 'I can't' for an answer around here." Soon the enema bag was empty. Amy's bowel had spasmed continuously and increasingly from the instant she'd noticed it. Amanda's word had been absorbed in a hypnotic blur of pain in a secret, interior place. Amy remained silent. Anything she said would be held against her.

Amanda brought a large steel bedpan, and placed it on the floor. The enema nozzle was removed, and as it would be impossible for Amy to retain her water with her bowel spasming from the castor oil, Nurse Amanda placed a sterile pad over her anus, and

quickly brought her to the bedpan. Amy squatted over the bedpan and quickly vacated her enema. She stayed there for five more minutes, oblivious to her position in the sight of these two young nurses. She strained to expel more, but there was no more to expel. Still the castor oil said 'expel, expel'. After 5 minutes Amy arose, weak and pale. Everything she had inside had been drained out of her.

"Dr. Kalt, our Dental Hygienist, is ready to give you your oral exam" Amy wondered what a dental exam had to do with her physical fitness for punishment, but asked no questions. She was learning. Soon she was ushered into the dental examination room. Dr. Kalt, a man about thirty (Amy was twenty-nine) stood next to a dental chair. "Good afternoon, Mrs. Wells. Please be seated. I'm the oral hygienist. I will be examining your teeth, tongue, and oral cavity for obvious signs of disease, I'm not a dentist, so I'm really not qualified to give a dental diagnosis, but I can discover any glaring problems. I'm sure we won't find any, I seldom do." Amy felt slightly reassured. Perhaps this examination would be like the early tests, and be quite ordinary. Amy sat in the chair, and opened her mouth wide. Dr. Kalt looked inside. He probed the surface of her teeth, and in between the teeth. He touched her inner cheek of her mouth, and over and under tongue. He didn't hurt her.

"Everything seems normal. I'm going to give you an oral cleansing. Here, put this into your mouth and keep it there." So saying he handed Amy a bar of soap. It looked like a bar of Ivory soap, but the size was not one manufactured by Ivory. It was mouth sized. Large enough to fit a mouth copiously, but without distending the mouth and throat too much, and it had been softened by soaking in tepid water. Although Dr. Kalt had said 'put this into your mouth' he placed it in Amy's mouth. "Now close your mouth, and suck on that. I'll be back in a few minutes to finish you up." Amy sucked on the softened soap bar. The unpleasant soapy taste began to permeate her mouth. The soap began to foam slightly, then more than slightly. There was no sink in which to spit. Amy didn't think she was supposed to spit, but no sink meant she couldn't cheat even if she wanted to. Couldn't cheat! If only she couldn't cheat at all, ever. She never would have gotten into this predicament. She had gotten herself into this, and now she would have to endure the torture of the damned. She had willingly (sort of) agreed. She knew Jim still loved her, and wouldn't injure her, but he would hurt her, was going to hurt her, just as she had hurt him.

She sucked her soap bar. Dr. Kalt stuck his head in the office. "Now don't lose any of those suds. Swallow what you can't keep in your mouth, but no dribbling. Amy swallowed. Uhg. Amy waited. Amy sucked. The clock ticked. Five minutes. Ten minutes. This was the mouth soaping to end all mouth soapings. She was eating it. Sucking it like a lollipop. Sucking like the dick she had sucked (not her husband's dick, the dick that got her in trouble. That dick that had seemed so desirable now seemed small and shriveled, so, so .. not worth it. Jim had accomplished that. The other dick wasn't worth it, none of them would be worth it. In time he would accomplish his other goal. She would be sorry. Not sorry like she was now, but REALLY, REALLY SORRY.

When 15 minutes had passed, Dr. Kalt returned. The soap bar had melted to the size of a small candy bar. The rest had disappeared down her throat. None had dribbled out. Amy felt sick to her stomach from the soap, and had a taste in her mouth that she knew would be there when she awoke tomorrow. Dr. Kalt said "You can swallow what's left. We won't be needing that. I have more." Amy swallowed, the disgusting soap taste increased as the bar slid slowly over tongue (it stuck at the rear for a few seconds, nearly making her gag). Dr. Kalt took a fresh bar, and reached for a dental drill, but this one had a cleaning brush on it, not a drill bit. He turned the drill on, and pressed the whirring brush into the softened soap, permeating it with soap. He took a thick solution of liquefied soap, and injected about an ounce into Amy's mouth. Then he began to clean.

The cleaning brush whirred over teeth, between teeth, on cheeks, under the tongue, over the tongue, the back of the tongue. No child having their mouth washed out with soap could ever have been so thoroughly washed. There was not a speck inside her mouth that was not cleansed, the soap driven into each pore. Even the palette and back of her throat were not spared. Amy gripped the arms of the chair as she would if her teeth were being drilled without benefit of Novocain. The continued mouth soaping, and her having to hold her mouth wide open for it were beginning to make her saliva flow slow to a halt. The soap was getting drier, and thicker on her teeth, gums, tongue and throat. After a what seemed like eternity (a cliché that is always applicable to a well administered punishment) Dr. Kalt put the drill/brush away and reached for the air hose. He blew air into Amy's mouth for about a minute. The soap hardened, a thick cake of it coating every surface of her oral cavity. He then brought Amy a metal bowl, and a twelve ounce glass of water. Depositing the bowl on her lap, and the glass in her hand he said "You may rinse" and left the room.

Amy looked at the glass. She could never rid herself of more than a small fraction of the caked on soap with 12 ounces of water, but she would rid herself of whatever she could. She took a swallow. Amy tried to carefully measure the amount of water. She wanted as much as she could hold with out losing any. She wanted to attain maximum rinse. But something unexpected happened. (Why she didn't expect she didn't know.) The soap began to froth. Pieces of it broke away from teeth and gums. The soap coating her tongue held more tenaciously. The frothing brought renewed suffering. Her mouth was being washed again, only this time she was doing it to herself. Amy spit. The wetted soap obtained new life in her mouth, oozing over the all its surfaces. The soap taste increased, a dull, unpleasantness that would endure for hours. Amy knew this punishment would continue without the need for anyone to administer further. She swallowed another mouthful of water. More rinsing, more frothing, more tasting. When she had finished the 12 ounces of water the soaping was worse than before she had begun to rinse. Dr. Kalt returned. He took the glass, and the pan from Amy, asked her to "Open wide", and squirted about 2 ounces of water into her mouth. "Rinse", he told her. Amy swished the water around her mouth for a few seconds. "Swallow". She swallowed. Sudsy soap, and a small amount of water ran down her throat. The soap taste was everywhere. It tasted differently in different parts of her mouth. She could

taste it in her throat, on her palette, under her tongue, the tip of her tongue, the top of her tongue, all different tastes, and all bad.

"The doctor will see you now."

Amy and Jim sat once again before Dr. Dore. "Did you find Janice's treatment instructive?" Obviously this question was not intended for Amy. She could only imagine what "earned 15 strokes to each inner thigh, and lucky you are to have to receive so few" would be like, but the words alone had been instructive, and she was glad to have been spared a more graphic demonstration. She knew it wouldn't have helped her to know all the gory details. She surmised that her inner thighs would also be 'treated'. Only later would she learn about the dance of legs and skirts, the undressing and dressing of thighs, the self-control required under penalty of additional punishments.

Ah, ignorance is bliss. "Quite instructive. It's exactly what I have in mind for Amy's treatment. I hope you agree, doctor."

"Not exactly. We have patients of all ages, male and female, and they're brought here for different reasons, and require different treatment. We consider it treatment for two basic reasons. Firstly, we think it is corrective. That at least is our theory. Secondly, it is punitive, and that too is a treatment. People are treated by others according to how they treat others. If they treat others badly, if they break the rules, if they misbehave, they get treated punitively. That is a treatment. For ordinary transgressions we use ordinary treatments. Spanking, on various parts of the body, usually the buttocks, but sometimes the hands, or thighs. Usually the part of the body we administer pain to is not related to the transgression, for example, we sometimes punish the soles of the feet, but not because the feet were used in the transgression. Rather it is because the severity of the transgression requires a severe treatment, and whipping the feet is indeed severe. Sometimes we DO punish a part of the body specifically because IT has transgressed.

For example, we may use mouthwashing for using foul language. But in your wife's case, she has transgressed with virtually every part of her body, even some of her inner organs. Her vagina, ass, thighs, rectum were all touched by this man, with her full compliance. Her mouth sucked his penis, and uttered the coarsest of language. I have her word down here (indicating his notes). 'Fuck me' I want to suck your cock'. Not YOUR cock. The cock of another man. In her mouth. In her CUNT. This is the worst transgression a wife can commit upon her husband. We think this merits a treatment more severe than the one Janice is receiving. To be sure, her thighs will be well attended to, but Amy needs something much more thorough. So I have devised a treatment plan, and if it meets with your approval we can begin immediately." "I would like to say at this point that you should refrain from personally punishing Amy, at least for a while. We feel that the victim of the transgression is too personally involved to objectively determine what is appropriate. Not only might they go too far, but because they are often family members they may not go far enough, out of love. Both these extremes are undesirable". "What do you suggest?", asked Jim.

I think Amy should come for treatment 3 times a week, for ten weeks. We can then assess how things should proceed from there. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday would be a good schedule. That would give Amy time to recover, and time to contemplate her next treatment. The treatments will take at least four hours each. There's a lot of territory to cover. She will receive what I will call spankings, but special attention will be given to her vagina and breasts. Since she has humiliated you, she should be humiliated. The treatment Janice received was designed to humiliate, as well as to pain. Patients are humiliated by public punishment in the waiting room. We also use sexual punishments, both private and public to affect humiliation, but we would of course need your permission to administer sexual punishment."

"What do you mean by sexual punishment ?"

"Well Amy could be asked to masturbate in the waiting room. She could have objects inserted into her. She could be asked to sexually gratify staff, or the spouses of patients. This may seem like exactly what she did to get here in the first place, but it's not. You would be ordering this. It's not for her benefit. And, of course, feel free to use any patient given this assignment for own sexual release, that is regardless of whether or not you consent to Amy receiving any sexual punishment. This might be helpful to you if you decide to withhold sex from Amy, a perfectly understandable reaction to what she has put you through."

Our treatment plan would be to focus on Amy's vagina on Monday, her breasts on Wednesday, and a liberal dose of humiliation on Friday. Spanking on the buttocks, thighs and calves would be a routine addition. Since this is a Friday we could begin immediately with a small dose of humiliation, and work our way up from there. You can let me know later if you want to consent to sexual punishments. Well, what do you say Mr. Wells?"

Amy had listened in horror to the prescription of The Pain Clinic. She was no longer sure that she wanted to submit. Perhaps a divorce would be better for her than the horrendous punishments awaiting her at this incredible institution of discipline. Jim spoke first. "Alright, Dr. Dore, lets start now".

Dr. Dore began writing rapidly on a prescription pad. He tore the sheet from the pad, and handed it to Amy. "Amy, please give this to the nurse at the front desk. Her name is Nurse Nightingale." Amy looked at the sheet. It's contents were cryptic. It read :

Pt Amy Wells - Friday, 10/13 hs-g200 hs-t60 an-reminder8 n.res, n.ct (init#1)

Amy took the prescription form and, followed by Jim, exited the office and went to the waiting room. There was a receptionist behind the desk, and two nurses, one of them being the nurse who she'd seen administer Janice's strapping. In the middle of the waiting room was a woman, naked from the waist down, and attached to an unusual set of stocks. The upper portion had a board parallel to the floor, with head and hand holes directed up/down. The woman's head was held upright with her neck held in the head

hole, and her hands pinioned at each side of her head, about a foot from her head. Her knees rested on a see-saw like device from which, if she didn't balance herself properly, one knee would go down, and the other go up. Her ankles were similarly bound by a see-saw device at the rear, with the ankles raised a full 18 inches up over the level of her knees. The see-saw at ankles were designed to move as the see-saw at knees moves, so that if a knee went down, the corresponding ankle would down, and the opposite ankle would go up. It had no independent movement, and moved in tandem with the knee see-saw. A stainless steel rod, in the form of a dildo, was fixed on the contraption, and went (seemingly deeply) into the poor girls cunt. With the dildo holding her erect there was little chance of her swaying to one side or another, but the knee and ankle see-saw guaranteed that she could not get a solid "knee hold" to keep the dildo from penetrating to it's maximum (and painful) depth. There were tears streaming down her face. Signs in front, and rear both said "I have a naughty cunt and mouth. Please punish me". A man was standing in front of her, vigorously fucking her face.

Amy approached the desk. "I'm looking for Nurse Nightingale." "That's me", said the nurse who had administered the severe strapping, "How can I help you?" Amy handed here the note from the doctor. Nurse Nightingale looked it over for a minute.

"I see this is your first initiation treatment. You are to receive 200 handspans on your bottom, 60 on your thighs, and to have an anal reminder implanted. This is higher than normal dose for a first initiation, but all in all it's not too bad. Rather light compared to treatments after initiation. OK, I'll be right out to administer the treatment." Nurse Nightingale went to the rear of the nurses station, picked up a straight backed wooden chair, and brought it out into the waiting area. She then returned to the nurses station, rummaged through some drawers, and came back, this time holding a leather harness, and an 8" long wooden dildo about 3/4" in diameter. Nurse Nightingale seated herself on the chair, and placed the harness and dildo on the floor to her left. "Come here Mrs. Wells. Stand on my right."

Amy did as directed. "Now just stand there, Mrs. Wells. I'll do everything. In fact, why don't you put your hands on your head so they won't interfere. We wouldn't want you to earn extra's on your initial treatment, would we?" Amy placed her hands on her head without reply. Nurse Nightingale reached down to the hem of her skirt, and inched it up until it was completely inverted and bunched up just under her breasts. "I see your wearing pantyhose. Very practical, but in the future you are to wear full length hose. And wear a slip. They make raising skirts so much easier. And you are to wear a full-flared dress. These tight skirts take so much longer to raise they throw me off my schedule. And you NEVER want to throw me off my schedule."

While saying this Nurse Nightingale was rolling down Amy's pantyhose, and panties until they lay in a tangle just below her knees. Then she pulled Amy face down over her lap, head down so she was staring at the dildo and harness Nurse Nightingale had deposited on the floor moments earlier. The placement had not been accidental.

"Mr. Wells, would you mind keeping count? Normally the subject does this herself, but during initiation we try to make it easier on them so they can grow into it." Jim stood facing Nurse Nightingale's left side, where his wife's head was. Amy stared at the dildo. Nurse Nightingale began the spanking of her buttocks, the pace was quick, about 1 a second. She heard her husband toll "One, two, three, four . . . sixteen, seventeen, eighteen" Amy gasped from the first, but exerted every effort not to cry out. But the rapid-fire SMACK, SMACK, SMACK quickly took its toll and Amy began to moan. "AHHH, OHHH, PLEASE, AHHHH" "twenty- nine, thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three, thirty-four" "AAAAAH, OH! OW! with intermitted squeals "EEE, OW, STOP. LET ME REST. PLEASE. PLEASE. NO MORE." SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! "ninety-four, ninety-five, ninety-six". SMACK! "MERCY! NOT SO HARD! AHHHH. GOD, NO." "One hundred sixty-eight, One hundred sixty-nine . . . One hundred eighty-one, One hundred eighty-two.", SMACK! SMACK! until the full count of two hundred had been delivered, and Amy's backside was a blazing shade of red, black, and blue.

Without missing a beat Nurse Nightingale shifted Amy forward more than a foot, until Amy's thighs were over Nurse Nightingale's knees, her buttocks were just past Nurse Nightingale's left thigh, and Amy's nose nearly touched the dildo on the floor, soon to be elsewhere. Nurse Nightingale looked up at Jim Wells, and said simply "Start from one please.", then began to spank thighs. Left thigh, right thigh, left thigh, right thigh. Amy screeched from the beginning. "AHIEEE, NO! NO! NO! ARRRGH, STOP" "Twenty-seven, twenty-eight. . . fifty, fifty-one, fifty-three, fifty-four, fifty-five, fifty-six, fifty-seven, fifty-eight, fifty-nine, sixty"

At the count of sixty Nurse Nightingale threw Amy to the floor and barked "Stand up!" Amy stood immediately and reached back to rub her thighs. "Stop rubbing! Come here", said Nurse Nightingale, reaching down for the harness. She began attaching the harness, which was sort of an elaborate leather Kotex pad, with a cinch around the waist and two more for the upper thighs. The thigh cinches bit tightly into Amy's inflamed thighs at the crease of the buttock, bringing tears to her eyes.

When the harness was attached Nurse Nightingale again drew Amy over her knees. "Spread your legs. Wide! As wide as you can get them. No! Wider! Now keep them there, and keep your toes on the floor, or this will hurt you more than it should. It shouldn't hurt at all. See this", and then put the dildo right before Amy's eyes. It was long. Eight inches, but not very wide around, about the thickness of a large male penis. It was made of wood, and highly varnished. It was slightly curved, and it was going IN HER. "This is not a punitive dildoeing. This dildo is designed just to be felt, and make you aware of your asshole and the hard, unyielding thing inside it. Mr. Wells, owing to the enema your wife has received earlier, she will have no need to move her bowels for about a day, especially if you send her to bed without her supper tonight, and give her a light breakfast tomorrow. You can remove it before bedtime on Sunday so she can go to the bathroom, then reinsert it and put her to bed. We will remove it on Monday. It will not interfere with her urinating." This speech completed, Nurse Nightingale began to insert the unlubricated wooden dildo. "Bear down, Mrs. Wells, like you were making a bowel movement.", and she began to push and twist the dildo. Amy bore down. She grunted.

And grunted. And grunted. Eight inches of grunting, slowly delivered. It took about ten minutes for the dildo to be inserted. Nurse Nightingale stood Amy on her feet, her legs bowed from the dildo. She then completed the harnessing, securing the dildo in place.

"Mr. Wells, it is common for a man watching ministrations such as you've just witnessed to become quite aroused. If you would like, you can relieve yourself with Janet here", indicating the woman in the stocks. Jim Wells positioned himself before the bound girls mouth and began to unzip his fly. Janet smiled at him, but the tears which began anew betrayed her inner turmoil.

Anonymous

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