Dentist's Receptionist

by Satan\_Klaus Â©

1. The girl at the front desk

I'm humming to myself; there is not much else I can do. The day's

paperwork is all done but I'm not allowed to leave my desk without

permission. So there I am, a graduate from Harvard business school sitting

at the reception desk of a small dental clinic, humming to myself.

Humming to the rhythm of the vibrator that is logged deep inside me.

The minute finger on the wall-clock is slowly moving towards the full

hour, 8pm, salvation. The vibrator that has been tormenting me all day is

picking up momentum. I feel the vibrations increase in intensity and

frequency and finally my humming becomes a single drawn out moan of

pleasure as I ride my office chair to the last orgasm of the workday.

It's already 5 past 8 as I slowly rise from the chair, the now resting

vibrator slowly slipping from my swollen nether lips. I rearrange my tight

white open-crotch knickers, matching to my tight white nurse's uniform that

fails to cover more than absolutely necessary, and prepare to leave. One

look in the mirror confirms my feeling; my long, auburn hair is in

disarray and my face is flushed from constant arousal. Maybe I should stop

by the washroom to fix my makeup and hair before I go. But first, the last

blow job of the day:

I kneel down before the chair and part my lips, then slowly slide the

thick shaft of the vibrator down my throat, tasting my own juices from a

day of constant, tormenting arousal. The vibrator is part of my chair, it

is the buzzer, it is the ring of the phone, it is the doorbell, it is the

constant maddening buzz of arousal that accompanies me all day. Every

function has a different vibration and I have come to love and hate them

all.

I finish cleaning up the most important part of my workspace and give it a

little kiss on the obscenely realistic head. I have developed a love/hate

relationship with the thing. In addition to the functions I have

mentioned, there is an ever so slight buzz, waning and waxing all day,

giving me arousal without relief. Sitting in the chair, caressing my

breasts and twisting my nipples whenever I think the patients aren't

looking I silently curse the devilish intruder for keeping me horny all

day.

If I have been a good girl however, the doctor rewards me, and, with the

push of a button, the low, tormenting, background vibration turns into a

multitude of wonderful stimulations. On my clit, on my G-spot and deep

inside my loins it lights the fire of the endless teasing it has done and

I come again and again until I collapse on my desk satisfied, if only for

the moment.

I leave for the bathroom to fix my makeup, better to be home late than to

risk another spanking. The rules are very clear, all nurses and female

staff must be of impeccable appearance at all times, even after hours. I

rub my sore behind, contemplating on today's punishments. Sometimes I envy

the nurses; they don't have to sit still for hours after a spanking. Then

again, I wouldn't want to stand all day in the 4 inch platform heels that

are part of the uniform. It took me weeks to learn how to walk in them and

stairs are still a challenge.

Yes it was not always like this and I have not been a dentist's

receptionist forever. Come to think of it, it's just 4 months now! I still

can't believe how quickly I have changed, how quickly I gave up my dreams,

my dignity, my rights, my freedom.

2. The Treatment

I had just graduated from Harvard, with honours mind you, and was now on

an internship in Boston for JP-Morgan. I was doing consulting work for a

Japanese client and I was doing it so well that I was certain that I was

going to land a job, either with Morgan or the Japanese.

I was just leaving for a long day at JP-Morgan when I got a serious

toothache. I bravely shouldered the pain for the day but I had to admit

that I needed a dentist, fast.

Being new to Boston I was not familiar with any doctor so I just picked

the one who gave me an appointment that I could fit into my very full

schedule. The dentist I choose happened to be a Dr. P. Martin. O how I

regret that decision!

At first, I was positively surprised, the suburban dental clinic was small

but it looked very classy with a glass panel lobby and an expensive black

leather couch in the waiting room.

The nurse that picked me up from the waiting room was dressed in a tiny

white uniform with a hemline so short that the top of her garters showed

with every step. It would have looked ridiculous on most women but the

nurse, Alice said her nametag, filled the little dress gracefully with her

bulging breasts and perfect figure. Her well formed legs seemed to be made

to wear 4 inch platform heels and, with her round butt cheeks swaying

gracefully before me, she led me to the examination room.

With my flowing, auburn hair, well trimmed body and pert C-cup breasts I

have no reason to be self-conscious about my appearance, but when we met

another nurse on the corridor, similarly dressed and similarly well

endowed, I began to wonder. Inside the alabaster-white corridors of Dr.

Martin's dental clinic, the standard of appearance one had to live up to

seemed substantially higher than outside.

The doctor who greeted me in the examination room was younger than I had

expected, maybe 28-29, certainly too young to have his own dental clinic.

I was quite irritated at that, I had expensive private health insurance

and the girl on the phone had assured me that Dr. Martin would treat me

personally.

"I was assured that I would be treated by a seasoned professional, I had

expected someone a little older. I have platinum health insurance and I

demand to be treated by Dr. Martin himself!" The doctor tried to say

something but I cut him off before he could even start. "Listen! Unless

you are trying to tell me that Dr. Martin will be here to look after me

shortly this is just a waste of my time. How dare they give me some first

year resident! This is unbelievable!"

When I voiced my discontent at his apparent lack of professional

experience, he looked at me with his eyes slightly crossed out, as if he

was not pondering a reassuring answer but something else entirely. His

eyes wandered across my body with a disconcerting intensity, drinking in

my curves with a predatory smile forming on his lips.

I am used to staring, my body kind of demands it, but every man, or woman,

has done so with adoration or grudging acknowledgement of my physical

charms. This stare was something else entirely; he was assessing me,

judging me.

When his attention finally returned to my face I was trembling, his

piercing stare had drained all the confidence from me.

He beamed a smile at me, a big, reassuring smile.

"Oh there was no misunderstanding, I am Dr. Martin. Please Mrs

Brightwater, have a seat!" He gestured at the leather exam chair.

I complied; his stare followed by the exaggerated friendliness had left me

speechless and shaken. My mouth was still agape when he moved over to

examine me and a quick look was enough for him to diagnose my ailment.

"You have an affected tooth Mrs Brightwater, I'm afraid we have to drill."

I didn't like his ironic tone and I certainly didn't like the emphasis he

put on the word DRILL.

I had finally regained my composure and was prepared to jump out of the

chair, take my bag and leave, when the unexpected happened.

Alice, the nurse, walked in, strode in, really. Her uniform was revealing

much more than it had before. Her coat was unbuttoned down to her belly,

baring her well formed E-cup breasts, supported only by a white latex

shelf bra. Her nametag was dangling from a ring through her right nipple.

I stared at her speechless for a minute, then I ran. Or tried to run, that

is. Previously concealed metal loops had extended from the chair and my

wrists had been secured to the armrests.

"I'm afraid the treatment will be slightly painful Mrs Brightwater."

I screamed and struggled against my bonds only to find that my ankles

where secured in a similar fashion. The doctor stepped forwards and pulled

a bundle of straps from under the headrest of the devilish examination

chair. With a few practiced movements he closed the straps around my head

and soon there was nothing left I could do but scream.

"Now, open wide!" His voice was cheerful and friendly, as if he was

treating me like a regular patient. The drill in his hand was not very

reassuring and I quickly stopped screaming and clenched my mouth shut

instead.

I couldn't turn my head, but from the corner of my eyes I could see the

busty nurse hand him a dental spreader. He pushed the metal contraption

past my lips and forced it between my clenched teeth. At the side of the

spreader was a little wheel and with every turn of the wheel my mouth was

forced open a little wider until my jaws where strained painfully and my

mouth was easily accessible for whatever tortures he had planned for me.

"I should be done in about 20 minutes. See to it that the papers are ready

by then!" He handed my bag to the nurse and sent her out with a pat on her

firm, round bottom.

He began poking around in my mouth and, after a few minutes, I could hear

him power up the drill. I was terrified! When he entered my mouth I

steeled myself for the pain but there was only a slightly discomforting

feeling on one of my molars.

He drilled my affected tooth very professionally for a few minutes and I

was wondering what he was up to. I was still secured to the chair, unable

to move much more than a muscle and this eerie doctor was giving me a

professional dental treatment. Finally he removed the drill from my mouth

and placed it on a nearby tray.

"There, we are through, all the way to the nerve." He paused for a few

seconds, then looked around impatiently.

The slutty nurse returned with a stack of paper that she placed on the

table next to the exam chair. I could barely see her from the position my

head was forced into, but beyond the bulging mountains of her breasts I

could make out her face. It showed a wild mix of fearful anticipation and

... compassion.

"All typed up, Sir."

Dr. Martin briefly looked through the papers and, absentmindedly, began to

fondle her pert breasts with his latex gloved hands.

Suddenly he gripped her name tag and pulled, eliciting a painful scream

from the frightened nurse. "You took your sweet little time, girl! You are

in for a spanking, later." The chastised nurse lowered her head in shame

and shuffled her feet in anticipation of the punishment, not daring to

protest in a more outspoken manner.

"Now, back to business!" He picked up the first of the papers on his

stack. "Hmm, Josephine Brightwater, a pretentious name for a pretentious

girl. And a masters degree in business, too. I think we will have to cut

down your self-esteem a little." He began to unbutton my shirt, caressing

my satin enclosed breasts. "Your tits are nice, definitely on the small

side, but nice. I think I might have the perfect job for you, little

career girl. You see, I need a girl who knows her way around numbers and

who can hold her own on the phone. You learned that at Harvard, did you?"

He placed the rest of the papers along with a pen on a tray and rolled it

next to my right armrest. Then he drew up a syringe with some anaesthetic.

"The American Independent Dentist's Association would recommend a local

anaesthesia for the next part of your treatment. However, I'm afraid you

can only have it once these papers are signed." He gave me a broad,

reassuring smile.

The dental spreader made discernable language impossible but I am sure he

could make out the distinctive tone of a heartfelt "FUCK YOU!"

"I'm sorry you feel this way, Josie. You don't mind me calling you Josie,

do you?"

I cursed him again at the uninvited shortening of my name, then prepared

for the worst as he entered my mouth with a slim stainless-steel

instrument.

Nothing could have prepared me for the pain I felt as he touched my bare

nerve with the dental poker. For minutes, I screamed at the top of my

lungs, jerking spasmodically in my bonds while he smiled down at me,

gently moving the little instrument inside my hollow tooth.

"Would you like to reconsider? If you sign them all there is a little

reward waiting for you."

I don't like needles, actually I am afraid of them, but at that moment I

wanted nothing as much as the syringe that he dangled before my teary

eyes.

The nurse secured my right elbow with a leather strap and released my

wrist. I couldn't read the paper from my position but he was kind enough

to tell me.

"The first one would be your resignation from JP-Morgan, Josie." He placed

the pen in my hand and moved it to the dotted line at the bottom of the

sheet.

With my hand still shaking from the torture he had put me through I signed

the document.

"I understand you are still a little uneasy from being treated without

anaesthesia but that signature of yours does not even remotely look like

the one on your credit card." He held up my gold Master Card to prove his

point and took a fresh sheet from the nurse. "Now you can sign this one

properly or should I proceed with the treatment?" He brought the dental

poker into my limited view. "Your call!"

I signed the replacement and he nodded approvingly. The sheet went

straight into an envelope, addressed for JP-Morgan. "Next up: Your

employment contract as a dentist's receptionist at my humble clinic!" He

gave me a friendly smile, and added: "At minimum wage!"

He had the voice of a game show moderator handing out wonderful prizes to

his stunned audience, while in fact he was handing out the utter

destruction of my dreams.

Health insurance waiver, account transfer, car sale documents, credit

agreement, week-end and night shift bonus waiver, power of attorney,

letter of agreement for breast surgery, I signed them all.

"And finally, my favourite!" He took the pen from my hand and replaced it

with the bottle of anaesthesia that he had used to fill the syringe.

Bewildered I took it, unsure what to do with it. With a deft motion he

took it from my hand again and placed it in a plastic bag. "Thank you for

the fingerprints Josie!" He handed me the pen again. "My favourite: a

written confession for the theft and sale of Novocaine!"

When I failed to sign the document, he looked down at me with a

disappointed look. "What's the matter Josie? If you don't sign that

confession, how can I convince the police that you where dead broke due to

your drug debts, sold your car and ruined your career and then turned to

stealing and selling a controlled drug? Without that little document how

can I prevent you from walking out of here and never come back to work as

my receptionist?" He made a sad face.

It was bizarre; he could have hidden the key document amount the countless

trivial documents he had made me sign and I would not have known. Instead

he revealed all his devilish intentions to me. He wanted me to know that

with this final signature I would be signing my life away. Of course, I

refused. At first.

I saw nothing but bright pain, the pain was so intense that it had taken

over all my senses. I saw pain, I heard pain, I even smelled pain but most

of all I felt pain. Pain like I had never felt before and I never intend

to feel again. It felt like a giant was crushing my teeth with a steel

girder, when in fact he was just using that tiny dental poker, moving it

only a fraction of a millimetre at a time.

I opened my eyes and my senses slowly returned to me. The nurse was

holding my hand, tears of compassion streaming down her face, ruining her

perfect makeup and flowing over her bare breasts.

I looked around, but the doctor was nowhere to be seen. I gave the nurse a

questioning look.

"You have been unconscious for a few minutes so he went to buy some drugs.

He told me to have the paperwork finished when he returns." She placed the

pen in my hand again. "Please sign it! It's no use fighting him."

I looked up at her tear filled eyes, meeting the knowing look of someone

who had endured the same torment as I had, and signed the confession.

3. Letting go

Dr. Martin returned and looked over the paperwork that would change my

life forever. Finally he smiled at me approvingly.

"That's a good girl! Now you will get your little reward." He gently

caressed my cheeks, still wet from my tears and injected me with the

syringe. The residual pain vanished as a merciful numbness spread in my

jaw. "Here I have a second one for you." He injected me with a clear

liquid. "It's marijuana, coke, heroine and speed." I looked at him with

sheer terror in my eyes. "Don't worry; the dose is so small that you won't

feel anything. However, it will show up on any drug test for a few months.

Just in case you don't intend to honour the employment contract you just

signed."

He moved closer and took up his horrible dental poker again. My eyes were

wide with disbelief and I began to sob to myself; I had done what he had

asked me to do, signed everything I owned and everything I dreamed to be

away. Wasn't that enough? Did he have to torture me further?

"Shush, girl! I'm not going to hurt you. You still have that hollow tooth

that needs a filling and what kind of doctor would I be if I let a human

suffer if I can help it?"

True to his word I didn't feel any pain as he proceeded filling my tooth.

"Poor girl has been through a lot! Alice, why don't you make her feel

better?" He pushed a button on the exam chair's console and I heard the

suction pump spring to life. The nurse cut my bra with a pair of surgical

scissors and placed a pair of suction tubes, usually used to drain away

excess salvia, on my nipples. The feeling was intense as my nipples where

pulled into the tubes, extending to be almost an inch in length. While the

machine milked me, he reached for the console again and I felt my legs

parting, as the footrest of the exam chair split in two until it resembled

a gynaecologist's chair more than a dentist's. I saw Alice move between my

legs until her pretty face vanished under my skirt.

Numbed from the anaesthesia I barely felt the doctor treating my tooth.

Instead I felt the rhythmic pumping of the suction tubes on my nipples and

Alice's hot breath, only inches from my crotch. She licked across my thin

knickers, making the wet material cling to my most intimate flesh. I felt

her cheeks brush against my inner thighs and her probing hands were

sliding under my shirt, circling my belly button. Then, finally, she

pushed my knickers aside and I felt her warm tongue slowly circling my clit

as she penetrated me with her fingers.

I had kissed girls before, but I had never gone farther than that. I was

not a lesbian! I wanted to protest at the Sapphic intimacy that was forced

upon me but all I managed was a drawn out moan at this most gentle rape.

I had been tortured, stripped of my possessions, my rights and my dignity;

I had nothing left to lose. I had surrendered to the pain, signed over my

entire life to this sadistic doctor and now I was surrendering to the

gentle caress of Alice's experienced tongue.

It was then that I decided to let go, letting myself fall backwards into

the realm of pleasure and pain that is doctor Martins dental clinic.

4. Don't be late

I must have passed out on the examination chair after the doctor was done

treating me. The pain, the pleasure, the drugs, it just had been too much.

I woke up in the lobby, sleeping on the comfortable leather couch.

I fled the dental clinic. I wanted to run, wanted to hide but there was no

one pursuing me.

When I woke up in my bed the next morning, I wished that everything had

just been a bad dream, but the toothache was gone and a quick look in

mirror confirmed that I had a new inlay. In my wallet, I found a

handwritten note. It said "Work starts 8.00 am, don't be late!" signed:

"Alice".

Dentist's Receptionist

by Satan\_Klaus Â©

I didn't know what to expect, but my first day at work exceeded even my

wildest imaginations.

When I arrived at the dental clinic, the girl at the reception desk led me

into a back room. She presented me with a short, white nurse's coat,

tailored for my measurements and left.

Obviously this strange and sadistic doctor really wanted me to work for

him as a dentist's receptionist.

I didn't know how to deal with the situation. You make a scenario for most

of the horrible things that could happen to you. What you would do if you

are robbed on the street or even raped. What will happen if you die.

Not even in my most bizarre dreams have I thought of the possibility of

being forced to work as a dentist's receptionist.

The white nurse's coat was short and tight. The top of my stockings showed

with every step and the top three buttonholes where sewn shut so I had to

show a lot of cleavage. I felt slutty as I went out to face the man who

had taken my life away.

"You are late, Josie!" Dr. Martin didn't even look up from his paperwork

as I entered. "I don't tolerate tardiness in my clinic! Being late on your

first day is certainly not the best way to make a good impression of

yourself."

The nerve of that man! After torturing me into signing his ridiculous

employment contract, he had given me my first reprimand without even

affording me a glance!

"Alice, come up here! Our new receptionist has finally decided to show

up."

He rolled back his office chair and, to my amazement, Alice's head popped

up between his legs. Her face was flushed and her hair was a tangled mess,

wet with sweat and maybe other bodily fluids that were not necessarily her

own.

"I understand you have already met Alice, my head nurse. She is very good

at it, AND she is a great nurse, too." He smiled at his own pun and patted

her head in the affectionate but condescending way that is usually

reserved for a favoured pet. "She will show you the ropes, please follow

her orders exactly!"

I prepared to leave with the head nurse. "Oh! And Josie," he reached

behind him and took a slender cane from what I had assumed to be an

umbrella stand. "As I pointed out before, you are half an hour late! I

don't know how your previous employer handled this kind of misbehaviour

but I find that my girls need a firm hand from time to time."

I was dumbstruck! He couldn't be serious, could he?

I quickly learned just how serious he was as Alice led me to his desk and

bent me over. I struggled, of course, but Alice turned out to be far

stronger than me. With her holding my hands on the desk, the doctor moved

around me and lifted my skirt.

"Now, Josie, I will inform you just once that I expect my girls to accept

their punishments gracefully. After all, you have brought this spanking

onto yourself." I wanted to punch him right into his smiling face! I

struggled and cursed, while he positioned himself behind me and pulled my

knickers down to my ankles.

SWISH! SWISH! SWISH! The bite of the cane was horrible! I screamed as he

dished out three of the best on my unblemished bottom. Objectively, the

pain was nothing to what I had suffered the day before, but at that moment

I could think of nothing but my flaming buttocks.

I kicked and screamed, cursed and struggled as the doctor proceeded to

paint my backside in all shades of red. The weals stung like a thousand

hot needles piercing my skin and the more I struggled, the harder he

spanked me.

It took him about twenty strokes with the dreadful cane to tame me. I lay

sprawled over his desk, sobbing to myself with my hair in disarray. Alice

no longer had to hold me down, there was no fight left in me. In fact she

had to prevent me from sliding down the desk as my feet had trouble

steadying me.

"Gracefully means, no struggling, no rubbing and no interfering, Josie. If

you do any of those, I'm afraid I have to add five strokes to your

punishment. Now you will receive one stroke for every minute you are late

and I expect you to count them out loud." He tapped my sore bottom with

the cane. "Ready?"

SWISH! The cane hurt, but not as bad as the strokes I had received before.

I managed a "One", hissed through clenched teeth.

"When I said counting out loud, I meant loud! I'm afraid we have to redo

this one. Oh, and it wouldn't hurt to follow every count with a nice

'Thank you, sir!'!"

SWISH! "One! Thank you, sir!" SWISH! "Two! Thank you, sir!" The blows came

down on my bare behind and I counted them down. I even tried to make the

"Thank you, sir!" sound sincere. I am a stubborn girl but even I can

learn. The better I behaved, the lighter the strokes I received. Still,

when the ordeal was finally over, I was crying like a little girl.

5. Examination room C

When I had finally recovered from the constant sobbing, Alice took me by

the hand and showed me around.

I'm not sure why I was not angry at Alice. After all, she had helped this

horrible man spank me until I was unable to do anything but cry. Maybe

because I knew that she and I shared the same predicament in a life of

servitude to doctor Martin, maybe because she was the one who had dried my

tears and fixed my makeup in the tiny bathroom next to Dr. Martin's office

or maybe even back then I felt attracted to the beautiful head nurse.

The clinic was a large single story building, typical of the suburbs where

space doesn't really matter. The building was divided into two segments by

three adjoining examination rooms that formed the core, flanked on the

'public' side by a waiting room, a large washroom, the spacious lobby, an

X-ray room and Dr. Martin's front office. On the other side of the row of

examination rooms there was an employee kitchen, the main office and an

assortment of technical and storage rooms.

"There are three examination rooms; A, B and C. You will find that the

patient files are marked either A or B. A patients go into room A, which

is just a regular examination room." We walked past the door labelled "A"

in big white letters and stopped before B. "You already know examination

room B. It's reserved for the doctor's 'special' patients." I hadn't

noticed before, but the door was heavy and insulated with rubber foam, a

sign of heavy soundproofing. No wonder that the doctor had let me scream

all I wanted.

We entered examination room B and Alice closed the heavy door behind us.

We where engulfed by silence as all the buzz of a busy workday vanished.

To my amazement, Alice began unbuttoning her nurse's coat until her bare

breasts showed. She quickly attached her nametag to her nipple ring and

straightened her dress like it was the most natural thing to do.

I looked at her with bewilderment. "The building is divided into a private

and a public section. You enter the private section through the back, or

by passing through examination room B. Beyond this door we have to follow

a stricter code of dress and behaviour. I will give you a copy of all the

rules later so you can study them at home."

It dawned on me that, among other things, the rules demanded leaving my

breasts bare. For a minute I just stood there dumbstruck. "Your coat,

Josie! Please unbutton it!"

As I failed to react, she began to unbutton my coat, her fingers grazing

over my nipples. Having another woman undress me was an entirely new

experience for me and my cheeks flushed. I could not tell if it was from

arousal or shame, I certainly felt both.

"Your underwear is not to regulation, but don't worry; the doctor said you

will be fitted with a complete set tomorrow. In the meantime you can run

around in those." She snapped my bra down under my breasts in, what seemed

to me, a gesture of disdain.

As we stepped out into the private section of the clinic I looked down in

amazement. Gazing up at me was my own reflection; the entire flooring was

made of highly polished glazed tiles that acted like a mirror. Walking

behind Alice I could easily see her white open crotch knickers in the

reflection.

Running along the middle of the corridor was a metal track of

indiscernible purpose. It branched off into every room and corridor we

passed.

To my embarrassment, I realized that my gaze was constantly drawn to the

floor, where the reflection of Alice's muscular thighs moved invitingly

under her short nurse's coat, ever so often giving me an unrestricted

glance at her beautiful, shaved pussy.

As we passed the backdoor it swung open and a nurse wheeled in a

struggling young girl tied to a wheelchair. Her long blonde hair was a

mess, wet with sweat and the salvia that was dripping from her ball-gagged

mouth. The beautiful nurse gave us a nod and headed for examination room B

with her unwilling patient in tow.

I stopped in front of the slowly closing backdoor. I should have run from

the clinic to escape the insane and sadistic doctor but strangely, I

didn't. For one thing, I didn't doubt that he would make his threat of

framing me for theft and drug dealing real. But there was more to it, I

guess. The world I had entered was so bizarre and exotic. A perverse sense

of curiosity compelled me to stay and see for myself what humiliations

awaited me. All of my life my achievements have earned me respect and

acknowledgement, but here I was a mere receptionist, not worthy of the

doctors attention. The way Doctor Martin had reprimanded me without even

affording me a look had left me with a deep feeling of humiliation and,

hard as it was to admit, arousal.

With a dull finality the door clicked shut before me.

I hurried to catch up with Alice who had proceeded without me. An elegant

white table with a dozen chairs furnished the meeting room. On the far

wall, a door led to the kitchen and a pass-through allowed for quick

serving.

I could hear a rhythmic jingling from below the table and soon a woman

crawled out from under it, pushing before her a bucket of soap water. She

wore the tattered remains of an expensive business suit, slashed

strategically to reveal her statuesque figure. Her long bare legs vanished

under the ragged remains of her radically shortened skirt, revealing a

glimpse of white lace knickers whenever she moved. The woman was mopping

the floor with what seemed to be her suit jacket, scrubbing it hard across

the glazed tiles. She stopped short of my feet, noting my presence for the

first time. When she looked up at me in an expression of confusion and

fear, I understood the purpose of the tracks that ran along the corridors;

A thin steel chain linked her collar with a runner in the track. The chain

gave her about 4 feet of slack, too short to stand upright but just long

enough to reach into the corners with her rag.

Alice reappeared from the kitchen with a glass in each hand and the

chained woman fearfully returned to her duties.

"Who is she?" I pointed at the woman scrubbing at my feet. Alice put down

the glasses on the table and roughly pulled the woman's head back by her

hair to inspect the dog tag that was dangling from her collar. "Melanie

Hart, executive city councillor for integration and women's issues." She

let go of the pathetically whimpering girl. "Just a B patient. She has

cleaning duty every Thursday."

Without giving the woman any further attention, Alice handed me a shot

glass. I grimaced as the strong drink burned its way down into my belly.

"You looked so confused; I thought you might need it."

I certainly did. After another shot, talking to the beautiful bare

breasted nurse with a half-naked slave scrubbing around my feet seemed

only half as awkward as it did before, which was still a lot.

When we left the kitchen and headed for the main office, I had recovered

enough of my wits to ask my first question of the tour.

"What about examination room C?" Alice face flushed visibly and I could

tell that she was uneasy about the topic. "Sorry Josie, I'm not allowed to

tell you. I'm afraid you will have to find out for yourself."

I guess I should have been terrified of something that could unsettle a

woman who wore her nametag on a ring through her nipple, but strangely I

was more curious than afraid.