

Teen Therapy

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GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING (All characters are over 18 years old in this story)

Raven slowly opens her eyes. The tranquilizer's effects are still strong, keeping her dizzy and weak. She is strapped down on a metal wheelchair, wearing only a, paper thin, white hospital gown. Beige leather restraints hold her secure, on her ankles and above the knees, spreading her legs and offering little to no cover for her naked privates. Same treatment on her wrists and above her elbows, which are held tightly by straps on each armrest. More straps run around her waist, chest and neck. Whatever this place is, they don't let their residents much freedom.

The wheelchair is being pushed by a blonde nurse, her sexy form visible over her white outfit. Raven struggles lightly against her bonds, then tries to protest, yet again, but something is blocking her mouth. It's a black, panel gag, neatly strapped over her face and buckled snugly behind her head. Only suppressed moans leave her mouth.

"Sssshhh, only a few corridors left", the nurse responded to the girl's pleads.

Raven knew the Titans' biggest enemy, the Brain, had to be behind this. The question was how was he able to disable all of her powers? She had woken up like any other day this morning. But, when she went outside, no one knew who she was. Everyone looked weirdly, at her purple cape and tight black bodysuit. "What's with the looks?" she wondered. She tried explaining to people her identity, all about her super-powers and her demon-bloodline, but all she got was more shocked faces. Sure, a small demonstration is in store, she thought.

"Hehe, don't believe me? Then, check THIS out!" She put her hands up in the air to cast a simple, dazzling spell, but nothing came out of them. She tried again, but nothing changed! People were starting to feel scared. "What in the world is happening?" Raven was more than worried now. Before she could do much, a white van pulled over next to her. Three paramedics rushed out and jumped the young woman. She tried to fight them off, but she was no match for them. "WAIT, I CAN EXPLAIN, MY NAME IS RAVEN, I'M A MEMBER OF THE TEENoooooh..." before she could finish her sentence, a needle went into her butt-cheek and she fell limp on their hands.

The purple-haired demon-girl was finally led into a small room, no larger than 2x3 meters. White walls, white ceiling, white floor, everywhere around her. A small hole in the corner, for the prisoner's bodily excretions, was the only discernible thing in the room, along with a small light at the ceiling, always on. All surfaces were padded with soft materials, presumably to prevent the prisoners from harming themselves. Raven couldn't fathom why they were going to such lengths for her. She had done nothing wrong!

Two other female nurses were already waiting for her. They were holding a grey straitjacket, which looked pretty old and overused, but rigid and inescapable nonetheless.

The young girl started breathing heavily through her nostrils, panic rising at the implications of her surroundings. The nurses worked silently but swiftly, first undoing the chair's straps, then, stripping the girl off her gown, which left the once-known heroine, completely naked. With Raven now screaming for help, (even though no-one in this facility seemed to be on her side), the asylum's staff, each holding a sleeve of the straitjacket, forced each hand into the confining cloth, pulling them across, under her cute, perky breasts and behind her back extra tightly, before buckling it in place and locking it with double padlocks.

As the young demon-girl thrashed in her new bonds, she was easily flipped on her stomach, where another thoroughly worn out strap was passed between her legs and through her ass-crack. The nurses made sure to pull and ratchet the violating strap, until it dug deep into the poor girl's crotch without any slack, eliciting more than a few painful moans. Then, it was buckled and locked behind her waist and out of reach.

"Thank you ladies, leave the rest to me", said the blondie that seemed to be in charge of the two "dressers". They closed the door behind them, leaving the blondie there, alone with the restrained girl, who had tired herself out on the floor, fighting her imprisonment.

"Well, well, here we are..." Raven looked up at the nurse that moved closer, her tone was different. "Some titan you are now, right?" she said. She laughed at the girl's shocked expression. Raven saw the nurse transform before her very eyes, seconds later it was Madam Rouge that stood in front of her!

Raven's shock turned into anger, but the obscenities she hurled towards her now dark-haired captor sounded like any other muffled gibberish during the last hour. The unlucky woman, whose place Madam Rouge had taken, was probably laying bound and gagged somewhere, if not worse. Raven watched with dismay as the villainess explained how she had been transported into a dimension where no superpowers or superheroes existed. And that, disguised as a member of the staff, she would make sure Raven would never be allowed to leave this institution. She said those last words, whilst removing the girl's panel gag. "You won't get away with this, the other titans will find me!" she let a defiant statement.

"Good luck finding the one of thousands of such similar dimensions!" chuckled Rouge. "As you'll see soon, this asylum is very traditional with its treatment techniques. This is a large establishment, with hundreds of patients, most that come here are classified as severely mentally ill, so i hope at least you'll make so new friends while you're here", she laughed again. "Now, excuse me, but i have to fill out the paperwork for your enclosure in this asylum. You'll stay here until everything is taken care of, or maybe a little more", she winked devilishly at the bound girl.

"Now, to complete your look", Rouge said, and produced a menacing leather hood, pitch black in color, holding it with one finger from a metal ring on its top. It was designed to cover the whole face, and it had a belt-collar around the neck to properly encase the subject. On mouth level was a strap, with a rubber, phallic protrusion attached to it. The strap could be buckled on the back of the head with a smaller belt.

Lastly, two eye blinders, located above the eye holes, could be easily flipped over shut or open at will. Only empty space was the two air-holes for the nostrils. "Usually, it is reserved for troublesome patients, who need a little quiet time to reflect on their behavior, but i don't think anyone will mind really. Besides, there are so many patients here, it's hard to keep up sometimes!"

"You sick...monster...i will get you for this!", Raven spewed threats as the imposing woman brought the hood closer and closer to her face, with an restless grin stuck on her face. She unzipped the back of the hood, in order to place it over Raven's head. With padding at the sides of the hood, Raven would be unable to hear most sounds with this thing on. With an evil smile, the woman zipped it down to the back of her neck, were a strap-collar locked it snugly in place. Raven's cool nature had quickly left her. "HELP, I'M NOT CRAZY, I'M BEING SET UP", Raven screamed full of desperation, fighting to avoid the sinister item. At that moment, the fact that this particular phrase had probably been heard hundreds of times before in this place, had been lost on her.

"This is so the inmate doesn't bite his tongue off. There are a lot of suicidal cases here and we wouldn't want that now, would we? Oh, almost forgot, my welcoming gift!" said Rouge and reached under her skirt, pulling down a pair of (visibly moist) panties, same color as her red lips and outfit. She wrapped it around the rubber phallus that was dangling next to Raven's mouth, and before the young heroine could protest again, shoved it in. She gagged at the oral invasion, tasting the woman's wet pussy against her will, and could only breathe through the holes over her nostrils now.

Madam didn't mind the girl's frantic swifts inside her straitjacket, and buckled the strap tightly before turning to see those purple tear-filled eyes one last time. "Settle in to your new home, Ray-Ray, hope you like the lollipop i left you with", she chuckled again and flipped the blinders over the defeated demon-girl's eyes, plunging her into darkness. She heard one last muffled scream as she closed the heavy security door behind her.

Patients were very rarely committed voluntarily into the "Awakening Clinic". They were usually submitted into the asylum by a family member or loved one, who signed them in. This person was also responsible for signing them out, in the rare occasion that the hospital had deemed them healthy. The shady nature of this clinic meant that the staff and doctors worked on a virtual "no-dismissal" policy. The more patients the clinic kept in, the more money it made. So, hardly anyone left. In Raven's case, she was signed in "voluntarily", thanks to a bit of forging by "Nurse Tally", head of the nursing department. No one would ever come to bail her out.

Raven had stayed in her new room for 9 hours before someone came to release her. She had lost track of time inside that room, bound, mute, deaf and blind. Her privates were sore from the sadistic crotch strap, amplified by her reoccurring pulls and swifts of her escape attempts. On top of that, she had also pissed herself, unable to keep hold of her bladder after that much time, making her privates sting even more. The leather of the hood kept all the moisture of her face inside, making it a claustrophobic nightmare. She could smell the old leather surrounding her, a scent that wouldn't acclimate itself on her nostrils even after the 20th time she'd wear it.

In addition, the lacy cotton inside her mouth had been soaking with the mix of her own saliva and her horny captor's sex fluids for some time, time she had spent mostly wrestling her straitjacket and occasionally bouncing around the soft walls of her prison, when she managed to stand up without the use of her hands.

The hood prevented her from hearing her tiny room's door finally being unlocked. She felt two pairs of hands pick her up, possessing no strength to fight at this stage. "Oooh, she wet herself, third one today!" one of the nurses cursed her luck. Raven felt a rag swiftly and thoughtlessly scrub the insides of her piss-wet thighs. Then - what a relief! she felt the back strap of her hood being undone. She was a sweaty mess from every hair to her neck, inhaling properly after hours.

Finally, Raven's straitjacket was removed. The nurses handed her the only set of clothes she'd be allowed, a pair of white pants and a white shirt. A pair of handcuffs was locked on her wrists (in front of her), with a chain leading down to another set of cuffs around her ankles, restricting her movements. She was then led to the dining hall.

A mass of white clothed patients was in front of her. Some of them were shackled as she was, others were free, but not exhibiting much energy. Even with so many people there, the majority of the "Awakening" clinic's patients were restrained and locked in tiny rooms just like Raven's. The girl saw a large line of people. The line ended on a booth, where a guy - presumably the cook? - handed each person a small tray of questionable quality food. It looked like a mash of some sort. Then near the "cook", a female nurse handed each patient their prescribed medication, watching them take the pills in front of her, before letting them move on. All around were numerous nurse-guards, supervising the process and looking out for any peace-breakers.

The purple haired demon-girl walks forward, looking at her surroundings. This place was not going to be easy to escape, not without her powers. She was given the same yucky meal, then her medication, an anti-psychotic drug, along with a sedative. Most patients were under some form of sedative, to keep the asylum's mind off any possible violence breaking out, especially in an overcrowded institute such as this. After a stern look from the nursing staff, Raven had no choice but to swallow the pills.

Any whispering attempts at communicating with a fellow inmate proved ineffective. The first, an old man that seemed catatonic at best, didn't respond to her at all, while the second try, a young wild-haired girl, replied to Raven with her visions of impending doom and something about lizards. Other more lucid patients didn't want much to do with her. Raven was not going to gain any accomplices from inside the facility.

The young woman spent the next two weeks trying to convince ANY of the staff about her innocence and sanity, about her superhuman origin, about nurse Tally being abducted and replaced by an imposter. The more she said it each time, the more ridiculous it rang in her captors' ears. Their dismissals infuriated her, usually resulting in name-calling and raised voices, something that was in no way proper patient behavior. The therapy for that was always a "time out" in her padded prison, bound and hooded for hours on end.

It is one of those times. She complained that her meds made her dizzy and had asked not to take them. Even if she apologized immediately after, the guards didn't waste time locking her up. She has become kind of their favorite, with her defiant nature and her cute bursts of justice. Sure, they never objected to handling her slim body, too.

So, there she is, under a light she has no use for, her sight, hearing and touch heavily impaired. She has worm-shuffled in a corner of the room; she likes the slight sense of coziness and orientation the two walls provide. Not an hour has passed since her latest apprehension.

The door opens, she doesn't hear it, but she can feel a difference in the room's aura. Stiletto heels walk towards her, a white nurse outfit, which, as the shadow moves closer to Raven, changes color, then texture, too. Raven curls up in defense, in fear. She feels a hand stroke her where her grey cheek would be if the leather didn't cover it, then another on her much more exposed thigh, traveling up to meet her cute buttocks. She flinches, afraid at the implications. "Sssh, little one, we're just gonna play, you and me".

The incapacitated girl knows something is very wrong. She struggles to move away from the violating hands, but she can't do much in her bondage. Nevertheless, Madam Rouge doesn't care for disobedience and strongly pinches the girl's nipples over her straitjacket. The girl cries out but keeps fighting. "Fff, you are a real brat aren't you?", the woman takes more strict measures and starts wailing vicious slaps on the girl's nude ass. She doesn't stop until way after Raven has had enough.

"Are you gonna be a good girl, now?" she sticks her lips next to Raven's ears so she can hear. Raven stands still for a couple of seconds, then nods reluctantly. "Good, now don't make me angry again or you'll never leave this room." She props the girl on her back, and kicks her legs apart to get a good view of her crotch. Raven doesn't dare close them, even though she desperately wants to. She's left there, an almost worst torment, waiting for what's next. Seconds seemed to last so long now. She feels a pointy object right over her pussy, where her clit is. It hurts, but she doesn't move away. Then, the woman retrieves her heel and pressed the front part of her shoe onto the same spot. This feels much better. Madam Rouge moves her heels up and down the thin strap that covers Raven's privates. She likes to watch the girl's reactions. Raven tries to stay inexpressive, to not satisfy the woman. But soon enough she can't, slowly squirming in her bonds, slight moans of pleasure mixed with protest escaping her filled lips.

M. Rouge had enough of the spectacle, and with a pair of scissors cuts two small round holes right where the girl's nipples are. "I got you another present, Ray-Ray", she smiles and Raven just feels the cold metal snap onto first one nipple, then the other. She is holding back tears from the pain, the clamps bite so angrily, connected together with a chain. "Oh, did i hurt you little girl? I'm sorry, hopefully this will make you feel better..." the woman teases her toy, not caring whether it can hear her or not.

Raven feels the villain's hands grab her. She is manipulated onto her knees, then her back pushed down, her ass raised up. She is stuck now in this position, feeling her captor's hands caress her ass-cheeks, tenderly, almost lovingly. The woman pulls the crotch strap out of the way (with some notable effort), and slowly starts pushing a thick, 7.5-inch rubber strap on dildo, inside the girl's tight slit. Raven tries to avoid the intruder, but it's much too late in her predicament, Madam Rouge is holding on to her by the upper part of the crotch strap, essentially maneuvering her rubber cock inside the girl.

It takes a few seconds, but finally all of the phallus has disappeared inside Raven's cunt, the crotch strap still tucked next to it. Rouge start rhythmically moving her hips, pounding the dick in and out of her toy. Raven moans, it is so intense, it's stretching her from the inside, she feels SOOO FULL! The combined pain of her crashed nipples, the large dildo fucking her, and the occasional (but hard) slaps on her asscheeks, has Raven unable to fight back, only suffer through all of it, hoping it would end shortly.

Madam Rouge took her time, though, she enjoyed it so much. Fucking the little brat was something she fantasized from the minute she brought her into this place. As she approaches climax, the femme fatale bends over her bound fuck-toy, grabs the ring on the top of her hood, and lifts her up, forcing Raven to lift her whole torso with it, until it's parallel to the floor, being anchored only by the ring on Madam's hand, and the rubber dick in her pussy. With an increasing pounding, the woman has an earth-shattering orgasm. She lifts the girl's hood even higher, the dildo still plunged inside Raven's pussy, and wraps her arms around the girl's belly, her face side by side with the demon-girl's.

"For your sake, i hope you enjoyed that, cause i'm gonna love breaking you in, piece by piece", she whispers in the traumatized girl's ear.

It's been 17 days since Raven was institutionalized without her consent. The trap the evil Madam Rouge had set for her had worked wonders. On top of that, the sadistic villainess, disguised as one of the hospital's chief nurses, was visiting the -former?- superhero during her time-outs, bound, gagged and hooded inside her tiny cell, or rather, what the nursing staff called the patients' rooms.

No one stood between her and the bound demon and she took great pleasure humiliating and abusing her, either by fucking her with her favorite big strap-on, or removing the Teen Titan's gag and force the girl to pleasure her with her tongue. She took her time, often propping her helpless plaything down on the padded floor and sitting on her face, making sure to smother Raven with her swollen and dripping cunt. The young girl had learned to move her tongue all around and into the woman's pussy, as rapidly as she could, in order for her tormentor to grant her some air.

Whatever she was subjecting the poor girl to, she never missed a chance to hurt her, too, striking her exposed nipples (Raven's straitjacket had two "accidental tears" on each breast) or spanking her bare asscheeks till they were red and pulsating from the assault.

The powerless super-girl would always make a fuss over her rape-sessions (Nurse Tally preferred calling them "play-dates"), refusing to "service" the woman, until quite a few pussy slaps and nipple pinches later, she would eventually obey, defeated. That only excited her tormentor more. "After all these days, the bitch has still some life in her", she'd always think. And just when she thought she had tamed her for good, she would rebel all over again. Nothing was more humiliating for Raven than submitting to her nemesis like that.

Sadly for Raven, she spent a lot of time in that "room". The last thing the asylum's personnel wanted was being disturbed by an annoying patient, even if it was for a genuine problem. So, they often used their privileged power to lock up any bothersome "loony", for as long a time as they could justify. Raven's prescribed anti-psychotics had the reverse result on a healthy brain such as hers. They actually triggered psychotic outbursts and generally unstable behavior in the young woman, something that made her case for sanity even more difficult.

She would often lose track of where she was, her motor skills were very junky and impaired, focusing on any task was difficult. Her mind was as light as a feather, easily blown away by the slightest breeze. She hated what the damn drugs had done to her.

A large number of patients and some bureaucracy, meant that a patient would stay for some time in the clinic before an actual evaluation of their mental health was made. For Raven, her psychiatric evaluation was made three weeks after her involuntary arrival. "Good, maybe with the help of a doctor they will realize i'm sane and release me, and then i can find a way to get my powers back", she hoped, while she was led to the doctor's office, shackled in the usual manner, by two male nurses. She was

placed in the chair facing an empty desk, and left her there. Raven eyes wondered in the small office. It certainly didn't look like one of the clinic's priorities. Half-pilled wallpapers and a dusty sofa next to the office where very characteristic qualities. This office had certainly seen better days. After a few minutes, the door behind Raven opened and an old man, with few hairs left on the sides of his face and a pair of small glasses, entered. He looked like an extension of his office.

Glancing at her once, he started reading from a written document in his hands. "Sooo... Missss Raven, i see you're here for some hallucinations that resulted in a psychotic incident". He didn't seemed thrilled or even willing to be there, for him she was just another crazy person in his office. "I'M NOT PSYCHOTIC AND I DIDN'T HALLUCINATE! I'm being held here against my will and i have been treated worse than a maggot throughout this time. "Nurse Tally is not who she claims to be! She is an imposter disguised as a head-nurse to keep me here, not to mention, she constantly abuses me and rapes me and no-one is doing a thing!"

The doctor kept his eyes down, scribbling notes on his pad, vaguely listening. "So you ARE indeed a superhero?" he asked, knowing the answer he would receive.

"YES! My powers have been neutralized, but i am a member of the Teen Titans for years. You have to believe me. The longer you keep me here, more and more people are in danger." He kept writing on his notepad, visibly dismissing her rants as crazy talk and filling the girl with rage. At the end, he waived her off, doubling her medication dosage. Raven's rage took over her. With one, sudden jump she found herself with her hands around the shocked man's neck. "YOU BASTARD! I NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE!" She repeatedly shouted at him, until she felt two pairs of strong arms pull her off him. Her psychological evaluation was a complete failure. She would spend the next 24 hours hooded and straitjacketed in her room, without any food or water break, in addition to the cruel beating she got from the guards, which went on way passed her apprehension.

It was settled. The purple haired demon-girl was to spend some more time in the Awakening Clinic's quarters. Her therapeutic sessions had just been scheduled.

Her diagnosis read clearly: "PATIENT CODE 253252. Patient suffers from PARANOID PERSONALITY DISORDER, on account of claiming to have an imaginary 'superhero' identity. Her paranoia is evident in other aspects as well, such as the belief that the hospital staff is sexually assaulting her. In addition, her added intense outburst during the session showed clear signs of HYSTERIA".

So, the day after her 24-hour punishment, Raven was escorted to a ward of the clinic she had not visited before. As she was lead through a narrow corridor, all kinds of desperate sounds echoed from

behind the closed doors on either side of her, from painful moans to incoherent screams, yelps and to Raven's confusion, even laughter. She wasn't feeling good about her situation one bit.

They finally stopped in front of an old double-door, the rusty sound that it made as it opened, a reminder of the deprived state of this place. Inside waited Nurse Tally with a big smile, along with the two nurses from the first day. Between them was a piece of furniture Raven had never seen before in her life. On one side it looked like a doctor's bed, with some menacing light-brown, leather straps on the corners and next to the built-in headrest. For some reason, on each side of the headrest was a small slit-like hole. But the apparatus ended at the middle of a normal sized hospital bed, where two leg-holders, similar to those on a gynecologist chair, had been attached. The same leather straps were dangling below them.

The room had a computer and some other machines Raven didn't make sense of. It was small, and was connected via a large Plexiglas window to an identical room with the same strange equipment. No one was there at the time.

"Good morning Patient 253252", nurse Tally was holding Raven's chart in front of her. "Today we begin your therapy. It will start at 8 o'clock every morning from now on, and end at 12 at night, with a three hour break in the middle for feeding and natural needs".

Raven's response was less than appropriate. "Go to hell, you filthy witch", she said under her breath, but loud enough to earn a loud smack across her face by the head-nurse. "Good thing you won't be able to curse at me after we begin, but it's healthy that you got it out of your system will you can", she replied. She ordered the two nurses to "prepare" the patient for her therapy session to begin. They got to removing all of the (already few) young woman's clothes. Raven would have happily punched each of the two petite ladies in the jaw, if only the two buff guards weren't eye-balling her throughout this. They weren't taking any chances after the last incident.

In seconds, Raven found herself strapped to that bed/chair, her wrists strapped and locked on each side of her head, which was also rendered still from a strap around her neck, and a smaller one over her forehead. She couldn't budge an inch. Her legs were also strapped tightly at her calves, and the neck holders were in turn screwed fixed in as wide a position as they went, to prevent the woman from closing her legs.

The two nurses now were wheeling a rectangle piece of electronic machine, surely something of the past century, next to the restrained patient. It had a lot of nobs and a lot more wires coming from it, with some extensions made out of copper. Those were electrodes, capable of electric shocks, ranging from a small tingle to a proper frying. "What are you going to do to me AAammmmmggh!" was all Raven got to ask, before a blue, large, sponge-like, cylindrical gag was shoved between her lips, its straps were passed through the slits of the bed and were buckled under the bed. It wasn't as rigid as

rubber, but the scratches from old bite marks on it, were telling of its utility. It also stretched her jaws wide enough to be uncomfortable.

Raven did not like what she saw next. Nurse Tally approached the restrained woman, holding a long syringe-needle in one hand and a bottle with a strange liquid on the other. She pushed the needle through the bottle's cap, then pulled the ingredients inside the syringe. "Come on, now, don't tell me you're afraid of a little prick!", the overpowering nurse teased the struggling girl, her straps rendering her efforts futile. Without a further warning, the needle was stuck in the protesting woman's neck, eliciting a painful yelp, and Madam Rouge pressed the plunger until it stopped.

With the girl softly uttering worrying moans, and her nose-flaring betraying her rising anxiety, the nurses continued their work. They carefully attached two cotton pads, well soaked in alcohol, to the girl's temples, before affixing the electrodes on them, with some medical tape. Then, they methodically did the same to the girl's nipples, making sure to twist and pinch the girl's nipples, in order to perk them up, before attaching another pair of electrodes.

While the two women were doing that, Nurse Tally-Madam Rouge was standing right above Raven's head, casually stroking, caressing the sides of the girl's hair, her cheeks, and her neck. Was she meaning to comfort her? On the contrary, she reveled in the girl's misery. The nurses lastly attached an electrode over the girl's chest, one that was linked to a heart monitor, visible on the computer's screen.

But the setup wasn't over. With another point from the head-nurse (who continued fidgeting with the bound woman), the two nurses produced another machine, its purpose much more obvious this time. It was a motor, with a bronze dildo attached on it. The wire coming from the back of the dildo, meant it, too, was able to transport current. The clinic had embraced a lot of anachronistic therapy methods. Electric shock therapy was one, largely used for curing schizophrenia and other personality disorders. "Erotic Stimulation therapy", as it was formally called, used to cure diagnosis of "hysteria" in a many women. In modern medical terms, most of these women just had some stress or anxiety disorders, but the books on this asylum were rarely updated. These tactics, came from century old use of vibrators and electricity, being put into treating what society then deemed "mentally unstable".

Raven pulled at the straps on her wrist and calves, her moans intensifying, and her nasal breathing more rapid than ever. "Sssshh, hush now little one, this is for your own good", spoke the head-nurse softly. After rubbing the girl's tender parts and the machine's phallus with some lube, the two assistants positioned the aggressive-looking thing all the way inside the girl's vagina, feeling her up to her cervix. "Try to focus on the good parts, like the hard, around the clock fucking you're gonna get", said Rouge, and nodded to her assistants to turn on both machines.

At once, the small lambs of the current generator lit up and the metallic dildo sprang to life, thrusting in and out between the girl's spread out thighs. Its speed had been set to 120 BPM, with programmed instructions to increase and decrease periodically. Raven felt so violated, the bronze penis filled her full. It was thick and long, and kept pumping away without a hint of romance or care for her.

But, no shocks were present, yet. As she was unable to turn her head, she saw with the corner of her eye the monitor screen, with her pulse, slowly beeping faster and faster from the sexual gratification. "The shockers only go off if you exceed 150 BPMs on your heart monitor. It's the ballpark estimate in which orgasm occurs, and we don't want that to happen" Rouge informed the demon-girl. "Oh, also, that serum you were injected with, contains a strong aphrodisiac, just in case you feel that the... love-sparks are missing, hehe! See you in 6 hours!" said the blonde nurse, and left the room, still giggling with joy.

zap

zap

zap

The first phase of her therapy was designed to keep her in a never-ending cycle of arousal to the brink of orgasm, which in turn would be denied by the powerful electric shocks. The cycle would then repeat again and again and again.

Raven dreaded every moment her unwanted arousal was pushing her towards those evil shocks, they were so powerful Raven felt she was being fried alive each time the heart monitor reached 150 BPMs of speed. The electricity was coursing through her body, via the electrodes on her temples, nipples and the metallic dick that would zap Raven's aching pussy dry, only to moisten again with its everlasting pumping, and with the great help of the powerful, lust-inducing drugs.

Raven thought she really had lost her mind. The shocks, the pain, the sexual edging, everything was all mashed in her brain into a fever dream. She wasn't even aware of the two expressionless nurses that supervised the procedure, sometimes she'd see them in her very limited field of view pass by her, or lean over her to check if the electric zaps had caused any broken eye vessels or excess foaming of the mouth, usual symptoms of the shock therapy.

When she was released many hours later, she was barely able to stand up. She could not imagine such torture. Her afternoon session was equally agonizing. By the time she was led to her cell, her genitals were on fire, and the shocks had rendered her dazed and exhausted.

Raven hated her therapy sessions. They quickly become the biggest part of her life in this horrific institution. The constant electric shocks left her in a semi-vegetated state, while the relentless forced sex, left her craving a release. As a result, she had grown equally restless as well as unfocused. Touching one's self was strictly not allowed, and the only other times she was by herself, would be in her room, straitjacketed, thus unable to use her hands, and resort in shuffling back and forth, to get some kind of friction on her poor nether regions.

Madam Rouge was well aware of that fact, and never failed to mention it during their "play-time", and was careful to never stroke or fuck the girl's pussy, which was already seconds away from climaxing, only stomping it with her boots and slapping it with her hands. Her strap on found a new home in the girl's virgin asshole, a turn of events that Raven was not thrilled with. But, all that sex only tormented her need for an orgasm more. Alas, the Teen Titan remained strong, as much as wanted to, she never begged for an orgasm, something that her abuser could easily give her. She didn't want to sink that low, to give her that satisfaction.

The few hours she had outside of her sessions, she had managed to make a friend, a young woman named Nikka, who suffered from schizophrenia. The thin, petite girl, was actually nice to her, probably the only person inside that place that cared for her. She was a 22 year old redhead, with a kind smile, hiding her troubled mental health. Her company offered a small getaway from the nightmare Raven was trapped in. They even rarely shared a room together, as Nikka was also prescribed the electric shock therapy, without the sexual stimulation that Raven received on top of that. It was weirdly comforting to know her friend suffered next to her, through the glass wall. Both girls wanted to turn and look at each other, to show that they were there for each other, but the tight head-straps forbid them to do so.

The anti-psychotics that she was forced to pop every day had the actual opposite effect on her healthy mind-set, making her hallucinate and incapable of clear thinking. If any random observer was asked, he could not differentiate Raven from all the actual nut-jobs and loonies of the facility. She could be seen staring at blank space for minutes on end, or failing to observe even the simplest of orders from the asylum workers. But the yearning in her pussy was ever-present.

It's night time. She doesn't know it, the cell light remains on 24 hours a day. Madam Rouge opens the cell door with a rusty, creaking sound. The usual look of repulsion and hatred she was used to, has been replaced by one of resignation. "Not hooded tonight, huh? Someone had been a good little teen today...", the woman teases. "Maybe the asylum should finally reward your progress, you've endured so many sessions since last month." She is holding a long cane in her hands, an accessory she has become quite fond of recently, to the dislike of Raven's sore buttocks.

With a sharp strike on the inside of each thigh, Raven has spread her legs open, the strap tightly wedged between them keeping her occupied and reminding her of the itch she can't scratch. "I'm feeling a bit generous tonight", commented Rouge and placed her palm on the filthy crotch strap, on the spot where the girl's clit was trapped under. An involuntary moan escaped the intoxicated woman's lips, along with a faint "nooo...". But her captor kept rubbing the spot, moving her point and middle finger up and down the dirty strap. Raven bit her lips, tears started forming in her eyes. The girl could not hold her pride any longer. "let me cum..." she said, so quietly that only she could hear... "What was that?" Nurse Rouge asked, as she kept stimulating her. "please....let me cum...", the girl uttered, defeated.

"Are you serious? You want me to make you cum? But i thought you hated our little play-dates, Rouge turned the knife. "yeeeeees, please, i need it!", the girl pleaded louder. "Ts, ts, ts...what kind of superhero are you anyway? Begging like this..." Raven had broken down completely in front of her enemy. "PLEASEEE, I'M LOSING IT...JUST GIVE ME ONE!" She spoke like a wild animal, deprived of a basic good.

The woman smiled satisfied. She had finally drove Raven to submit to her. She knew what she wanted to do. Undoing the painful crotch strap of Raven's straitjacket, she then made the bound woman sit on the balls of her feet, with her legs still spread. She continued by grabbing the defenseless girl by her neck, pinning her against the soft walls of her prison.

"Does this me you've become my Teen Slut?", she said as she shoved her middle and ring finger inside the girl's drooling pussy. They slid in and out, and in and out, effortlessly. The girl remained still, trying to breathe through the choking grip of the woman around her air-pipes. "ARE YOU...MY LITTLE...TEEN...SLUT?", she repeated more menacingly, and tightened the hand-vice, blocking almost all air from Raven.

The girl could not utter any words, her tongue sticking out from the pressure on her larynx, her face red from the asphyxiating grip, but she nodded her head, as far as Rouge's grip allowed her. "Good", Madam nodded, intensifying her rubbing the insides of the girl's g-spot.

Raven was held still, but her body convulsed and twisted in her straitjacket from the intensity. She would scream so loud from the ecstasy, if her neck wasn't squeezed so tightly. "I'm not letting you

breath until i feel you cum on my fingers", the woman warned her, with her face stuck in front of her plaything, eyes locking. She had a light purple shade now, drool dripping from her pushed out tongue, 45 seconds without air, did not stop Raven from silently squirting all over Rouge's hand, the result of an orgasm she waited weeks for.

After wiping the squirt, she had been soiled with, on the girl's hair, and making Raven clean the rest off with her tongue, the Madam left, closing the big rusty door with a loud bang.

zap

zap

zap

With three months spent between being sexually abused by a zapping machine and submitting to her enemy's sadistic whims, Raven could not feel any more humiliated or degraded. The night she succumbed to her body's weaknesses and begged Madam Rouge for an orgasm was the day her fighting spirit took the biggest hit. Her feisty and bratty nature all but disappeared and whenever "nurse Tally" entered her cell-room, like a devoted servant to a powerful queen, she obeyed and rarely ever caused trouble.

She thought her friends would have come to her rescue by now, but time was not on her side anymore, and the "Awakening Clinic" started to look like her final home. Memories of her past heroisms turned blurry and surreal, and what she had come to know as facts and truth, regarding her questioned identity, her unjust incarceration and her - beyond a shadow of a doubt - inhumane treatment, now seemed plausible, granted, maybe even... normal. Her sanity was at stake.

Her re-evaluation of her mental condition was in order, and Raven had no idea of how she was going to handle it. The same old man she had seen three months ago, was again sitting across her hobble-chained form.

After a minute of scribbling down some notes that seemed like ages to the girl, the doctor turned to her. "So, patient 253252, i see you had some time for the medication you were prescribed, along with the therapy sessions you regularly took part in, to clear some of the clouds in your mind, right?"

Raven stood there, in a loss for words, stuck in time-space. If she admitted to being wrong and hallucinating, she would prove them right all along, and her imprisonment might continue for god knows how long. If she protested her innocence again, though, it could have a worse effect. She nodded, pathetically. "Sooo", the man continued, "did you manage to... recall... your real name?", he asked with a half-smile of fake concern.

"Ehmmmm..." was all that Raven could utter. Her medication throughout her enclosure did not have her wits and sharp thinking as a priority. The two people across her kept waiting for a response as the awkward pause lingered. "I...i think i'm Raven, that's all i know. That has to be me!", the girl was visibly shaking now, tears building in her purple eyes.

"And your...powers, the ones you said have been taken away from you...have they returned?", the woman continued the questions. The powerless demon girl lowered her gaze, angry, at herself, at the people who were putting her through this, most at her own emotions. "No...they haven't", she replied with a lifeless tone.

The rest of the evaluation was not important. Raven had caused herself more harm than good. A new treatment was assigned to her, with immediate day-long duration as the previous one.

Raven waited in the asylum's yard, along with Nikka, waiting for the first day of her new unknown ordeal. "Don't worry, i'm sure it won't be as bad as the first one", the young ginger tried to cheer her up. Her psychologist's appointment had gone about as well as her friend's, her increasing seizures and relapses earning her an increase in dosage and a prolonged stay in the "shock-room", as it was popular amongst inmates.

When the time came, Rave found herself in a different room than the "shock-room", but with the same, dreaded nurses as before. This place looked much older, it belonged on a different century altogether, with stone walls barely any windows.

Raven was ordered to strip and lay on a bed, simpler than the one she had spent all her morning and noon on. Again, disrobed the frightened girl obeyed. On both ends of the bed were wooden stocks, almost antiques, like something out of a castle dungeon. Their relative length to one another could be adjusted, stretching the victim to complete immobility. The girl shaking with fear, passed her ankles and wrists through the stocks, and soon she was as stretched as possible, in the mercy of what the hospital deemed as science, or more accurately, whatever torture the heartless robots they called nurses had in store for her.

What she hadn't seen was the two pairs of strings, attached above each foot-hole. They started from different points, so, as one nurse grabbed Raven's right foot, and tied the two strings tightly around her big toe, the soles of her feet were pulled back. The strings also prevented any side-to-side movement. The nurse did the same treatment to her left foot. She was ready for her tickling therapy to begin! Old pseudo-science encouraged laughter as a cure for a lot of mental disorders, including personality disorders. The other nurse gagged Raven with a spider-gag, then affixed an oxygen mask over Raven's face, not saying a word. "At least Rouge explained what was about to happen to me.", thought Raven annoyed at her moaning questions not receiving an answer.

A tray filled with different types of feathers, brushes, a Wartenberg wheel and other instruments that were definitely very capable of causing giggling sensations, was brought next to the rack-bed. "Pleeh, nooo, mmm erryyy icklihh!" Raven pleaded with her tormentors, hoping her particular sensitivity would make them go easier on her. She was always extremely ticklish, and would jump at the slightest touch, in some parts of her body. That was not a good thing, at this moment.

The nurses tried a variety of instruments and body locations, to find the ones with the maximum amount of sensitivity. They also experimented with different ways of touching and patterns of moving said objects. That process alone took half an hour, and had already caused sweat to drip all over Raven's naked body. It was determined that the soles of her feet, her ribs, and her armpits were the most appropriate for the procedure, and the instruments used would be the light feather, the nurses' bare fingernails, and the Wartenberg wheel, a small, metal spiky wheel, that would be rolled across the subject's skin.

In contrast with the earlier session, tickle therapy was a more delicate process, which required a human's touch and supervision.

The two nurses worked quietly together, making the young girl squirm in her bonds, her drawn out laughter the only sound in the room. She would have certainly run out of air from the fits of laughter, something the demon-girl wished would happen by now, if only for the air-mask pumping oxygen into her lungs, that kept her conscious and awake throughout the whole ordeal.

"AAhAHAHAHAHAH, NOOOOOO!!! PLEEEEEEEEEEEAHE, NO MOOOOOE!", she begged, but the nurses didn't even flinch. Unable to bend her soles away from the mean tools. Her tightly taut frame meant her defenseless ribs and her exposed armpits also continued to be assaulted by the two women, who ,in the meantime, had found JUST THE RIGHT WAY, to stroke the feather across her cute feet, and put just the right kind of pressure on the girl's sides and armpits. Their nails also did the trick pretty well, sometimes digging them deep into her flesh, others lightly grazing the surface, but always eliciting hysterical screams of laughter that had turned into agony long since.

tickle

tickle

tickle

Her latest "therapy" continued with a relentless pace. The physical assault Raven was experiencing inside that room, left her totally jumpy and recluse, afraid of the slightest touch by anyone, constantly on edge, in anticipation of the next wiggling fingers coming to get her.

Even Nikka had trouble placing her hands over hers, just to try to reassure her that she was there for her. A shoulder nudge on the hallway would cause her to jump like electricity had hit her, something Nikka was experiencing more and more, her condition not showing any signs of progress.

One day, Raven could not find her redhead friend in the asylum's "cafeteria" - as they mockingly called the place where they usually would meet during their spare few hours of freedom. She looked around the yard, she looked at the hallways. Nikka was nowhere to be seen. The purple haired demon-girl presumed her schedule had changed, but next day, Nikka was absent for lunch again. The day after that was no different.

Any inquiries to any patient that might have known Nikka resulted in shaking heads and confused looks. The hospital staff was not helpful either. On the contrary, they acted like they didn't who and what Raven was talking about, like the girl was never part of the hospital to begin with. It was like she had just vanished. She was starting to get angry that she was getting no answers from anyone, she knew that something was being kept secret, or was she imagining that girl right from the start? Was she just a pleasant hallucination to keep her company?... "BUT SHE IS REAL!", the girl shouted, getting increasingly frustrated. Before she could cause too much of a disturbance, she was dressed in her "favorite" leather hood and straitjacket, and was left to spend the free hour she had, before tickling therapy was due to start, bound and hooded on her padded cell.

The tickling torture she would endure daily continued, evolving into this ritualistic form of martyrdom. There was the risk of the nerves becoming acclimated to the constant tickling stimulation, and therefore losing sensitivity. This was countered by the use of a special lotion that would be rubbed without missing a spot, on all of Raven's target-parts, making even the slightest breeze on her skin, feel like a playful caress.

Madam Rouge was present in some of the sessions, making sure to add to Raven's discomfort by whispering dirty talk in her ear, like how she was later going to use that same lotion on her pussy and strap-on fuck her to pieces, or just sit on her face and "tickle her pussy-licking skills out of her". It was rough, being tickled on your ribs without any breath available, all while licking a pussy to climax. She did just that, later that night.

It must have been a year at this point. Although, if you asked Raven she'd say more like a decade. She had lost all her strength, her pride and most importantly, her identity. The institute, the relentless torture, the drugs, the absence of her only friend, Nikka, slowly but surely took their toll on the young Titan.

A new psychological evaluation was in store, and this time, Raven was more troubled and perplexed than ever before. "I...i don't know who i am...i am honestly not sure anymore...", was all she could muster up to say to the old doctor, across her. He nodded with a fake smile, showing the least amount of effort in comforting her, then wrote something on a sheet of paper, Raven hadn't seen the previous times. He checked a little box on the down right side of the document, and escorted the female patient out.

It was time for another tickling session. Usually, small panic attacks occurred when Raven knew that she would soon meet again with those white-wearing-bitches. They never spoke a word to her, all these months. Not a sign of sympathy, or remorse.

But, as she was led towards the - painfully familiar- corridor, the two male nurses continued their way, dragging the lightweight girl past all the doors. "No therapy for you kid, not anymore", one of them answered her confused look. She was of course, grateful to avoid the tormenting tickling she was destined for every day, but missing an "appointment" had never occurred before, she didn't know whether that was good or bad news. They kept walking, until they reached the end, or what Raven thought was the end of the hallway. On the right, some stairs led to complete darkness. With one turning on a flashlight, Raven reluctantly followed the steps down the creepy basement.

They entered a very long and thin room, its end not visible in the weak, LED lighting. Raven could feel an eery chill in the air. Another female nurse was waiting for them, next to a surgical, metal table in the front of the room. The room looked like a combination of a library with a morgue, with countless metal lockers/closets filling the one wall of the stretched room.

The lockers had the traditional 4 slit-holes on them, like a high-school locker, but the lockers themselves were wider. "This feels so creepy", thought Raven. Huge containers full of a strange, white ingredient were stacked on top of the lockers, and were connected to them via a row of tubes going downwards. The two men, quickly undressed her fully. "Is that her, 253252, right?" the woman double checks. With the approval of the two men, she starts emptying a case.

Raven could swear she heard sounds coming from inside the "morgue freezers". As her eyes darted around the metallic-grey lockers, she saw that they each had a tug on the handle. Her eyes fell on the one that read: "238991...that's...that's Nikka's code number!", she realized "Nikka is here! What did you monsters do to hMMMMMMMM!", before Raven can protest any more, the male nurse has placed his hand over her mouth, gagging her. She is so little in front of him, she's practically on the air as he is keeping her from struggling. The two men pin her on the cold table, and the female nurse gets to work.

All the devices Raven sees the woman reveal, add to her increasing worry. A leather blindfold, a leather head harness, with a big, red ball-gag attached, with a hole through its center. On top of the black harness was a small, metal hook. Next to them, two earplugs, attached to what looked like two, plain, steel earrings. A black, rubber straitjacket, but without the torso, only a pair of connected rubber sleeves/sheaths, that ended in thick leather straps, that also had a similarly thick, metal ring attached

on them. Finally, a pretty generous metal butt-plug with a ring-hook, and a catheter, completed the horrific collection.

"PLEEEASE! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! DON'T DO THIS TO ME!", the girl screamed and bucked but she was held pretty securely, and the woman easily slipped the blindfold over her eyes, making sure to shove the earplugs that went along, as deep as they went, inside her ears, then did the same with the head harness, its elaborate straps taut under her chin, across her cheeks, around the back and over her head, two rings on either side of the gag, one just between her blindfolded eyes.

Silenced (for the most part, as her muffled groans continued) the nurse continues by removing the girl's hearing. Before the rendered blind woman realizes, a piercing gun snapped the two metal pieces on her ears. They could barely be cold earrings, but their purpose, was to carry the earplugs, which were then pushed inside, effectively blocking Raven's ear canals.

They then slipped the rubber arm-binders over the unwilling, flailing girl's arms. The crossed her arms under her chest and tightened it hard, making Raven give a very warm hug to herself, and squeezing her titties together. All of Raven's restraints were locked with small padlocks, then their small keyholes were filled with hot metal, to remain sealed.

Bend over and helpless as she very much was, Raven felt her sphincter being assaulted by the steel plug. It took plenty of lubricant and effort, but at last it was in there, filling the girl in full. The plug's hook was tied to a cable, which in turn was clipped by a carabiner to the D-ring of a leather collar around Raven's neck. Even if she had the slightest belief that she could someday push this thing out of her, it had now vanished.

Two more black leather straps were fastened on each knee - above and under it. The all had metal eyelets attached on the sides, which came in use when Raven was lifted and carried into one of the empty lockers, she was examining seconds ago. The inside looked comfortable enough, but it was clearly apparent that not all space would be utilized. The hook on the girl's head harness was neatly connected by a cable and carabiner to a hook on the locker's ceiling. The same treatment was waiting her arm-binder's ring that was connected to another roof-hook behind the previous one. Lastly, Raven's knees were spread wide open, and the rings on their straps were linked via cable to two strong metal rings on the locker's sidewalls. The cables were at an angle with the wall, meaning there was enough space between her knees and the walls, so that she could not bang against them, Thus, Raven was totally suspended inside her new, and final home.

All that remained were the preparations of her daily functions. From the ceiling, a tube, like the ones she saw earlier, was screwed on the hole of her ball-gag, already covered in drool. It would provide her with a liquid mix of food and water, necessary to keep her alive. "Provide" was a gentler word for forcefeed. The mixture wasn't tasty in the slightest, but it was all she was going to get. A small

catheter was placed in her urethra, and was led through a small drainage below the girl's suspended body.

Much had transpired for Raven to end up in this closet. As a result of the Awakening clinic's effort to minimize costs, a special ward/room was created, to occupy the "untreatable, irreversible and criminally insane cases". No patient that visited the clinic's basement, ever left it. And now, Raven was the latest addition to a "library" of imprisoned poor souls. Unbeknownst to her, she would spend the rest of her institutionalization, next to her good friend, Nikka, who was already 4 months there, another unfortunate patient turned into a nameless commodity for the corporation, as all the patients there were "visible" in the clinic's papers.

It was all designed for practicality. Bound as she was, the imprisoned girl could only sway gently, unable to pound on her prison's walls, and cause an escape attempt by damaging the thin walls of the locker. Additionally, the minimum to no clothing, such as the torso-less straitjacket, and the absence of a hood, were there to keep the inmates' temperature from rising too much, inside that metal box. Of course, they would be all of sweating, and a lot at that, but it would not cause anything more than intense discomfort. The catheter took care of any excretions, and the plug made sure no bothersome cleaning was necessary. The sensory deprivation only strengthened the occupant's powerlessness, ultimately turning them into feeble, mindless organisms, waiting for nothing and no one.

With the bound girl securely inside the locker, the nurse closed the door, and locked it with a dial lock. Re-opening would need the corresponding 10-number combination, only available on the hospital's most confidential files. Raven had just been sentenced into a lifetime of bondage.

The purple haired woman hears nothing but her own heartbeat. She sees nothing but darkness. She can only feel the leather and rubber on her body. Gravity pulls her downwards, but the cables hold her surprisingly snug, without any give. Her voice is coarse, from the screaming marathon, her gag dealt with during her first hours in her new "home". She already had a first taste of the only type of food she'll have, and even though she detested it, the pressure at which it was forced down her throat didn't give her many options. Some moments later, she felt her bladder empty into the degrading catheter and through the drain.

She is not yet aware that someone is standing outside the locker. She checks the piece of paper, then starts turning the dial on the locking mechanism.

PATIENT 253252: MENTAL STATUS - INCURABLE

HOLDING STATUS - INDEFINITE CONFINEMENT

LOCKER KEY: - 81 - 23 - 11 - 29 - 40 - 24 - 97 - 04 - 83 - 46

When the last number is reached, a loud click signals the door is open. The change in light is small, too small to make a difference through the thick, leather blindfold. The mute woman feels a hand reach to her ear, and remove one of her earplugs.

"Hi there, though i dropped by to say goodbye, since my job here is done" Raven recognizes the voice immediately. It is Madam Rouge! As a random person, she would stand no chance, but as Nurse Tally, she had access to the codes to any locker in the "basement ward". "I thought i'd leave you with some souvenirs, a reminder of the good times, we, well...i, had here with you", the woman says. "I wanted it to be a constant reminder of what i did to you, something that won't help but bring you back to our time, together". She takes of her red, Brazilian-style panties, already wet with her own sex juices, from masturbating earlier to this precise moment.

"Your mouth is already busy, so I'll let you give 'em a good sniff...", she says as she drapes the sex-dripping underwear over the girl's face, making sure the "wettest spot" is right over the girl's nose. The woman then adds more insult to injury by securely tying the underwear's sides off, behind Raven's head. This presses the underwear tighter against the girl's nostrils, forcing her to inhale (with her mouth reasonably blocked), all of the woman's sex fumes. As much as she twists her head right and left, she cannot remove the covering piece of clothing.

"Just one more thing!", says Rouge excited, keeping eyes for any of the staff entering the room, and ruining her farewell. She takes out of her pocket a small Habanero Chilly pepper. It's as spicy as Raven and Rouge's private "escapades". With a beautiful, youthful, grey-toned vagina presented so invitingly in front of her, Rouge eases the pepper inside the defenseless girl's pussy.

The unsuspecting girl's breathing intensifies, worried and unaware of what exactly is being done to her. The blonde nurse then takes of a piece of waterproof, medical tape, and after tearing a piece, pokes a tiny hole through it. She then places the piece of tape over the girl's pussy, sealing the pepper in, with the urethral catheter going through the tape's hole.

Seconds later, Raven is feeling that something is very, very wrong. The heat inside her privates is getting more and more intense, and she soon is wiggling and pushing with her vaginal to expel the damn intruder that's boiling her inside out. It might take weeks before an employee will need to open her closet, mostly to refill her food-container and empty her waste-bag.

"Anyway, I'd love to stay here and chat, but i have to return to my world. Enjoy my presents!" And with these words, Raven heard the locker's door shut with a metal clang in front of her, sealing her in a hell she never deserved.

The hospital staff heard the muffled moans coming from inside, but it wasn't anything new. After all, every prisoner in the "library" complained, it wasn't anything new. And so, Raven was defeated, her identity destroyed, her pride taken away, and with the constant smell of her enemy's cunt and her burning pussy, never failing to remind her of what she had become and would always be from now on.

Madam's little teen slut.