

"No, I'm *not* going in there again!" Dora protested, refusing to unbuckle her seatbelt or get out of the car.

"Dora, you're making a fuss, and this is *exactly* why you're here," her mother said from outside the door, her hands on her hips and her expression cross.

"Do you need some assistance, Ma'am?" a voice asked.

The bull looked over her mother's shoulder to see an orderly, a muscular rhino, standing there.

Her mother sighed. "Yes, please. I can't get Dora to get out of the car."

She moved aside, and the orderly looked inside.

"Hey, Dora," he said in a sing-song voice, "Why don't you want to get out of the car?"

"Because *you* people are gonna shove stuff up my ass and rape me!" Dora spat.

"Our methods may seem unusual to you, but I assure you that everything we do is to help you grow into the young lady you were meant to be," the rhino replied with a dismissive shrug. "Now, let's get you out of there."

"No!" Dora screamed, elbowing the rhino in the face.

The rhino took a step back, wiped the blood off his nose, and glared at her.

"Now, young lady, that's *no* way to behave," he growled, producing a syringe from his pocket. "If you won't do this the easy way..."

"No! No, don't!" Dora cried, flailing her hands in an attempt to keep the rhino away, but with lightning speed, he slipped past her hands, plunged the syringe into her thigh through her jeans, and was back out.

"Ha! You missed!" Dora exulted. "*That* drug has to go into my arm!"

"Who told you that?" the rhino asked, smirking.

"The...the orderly...last time..." Dora said as she passed out.

The orderly unfastened her seatbelt and got her strapped into a wheelchair, her arms, legs, and waist all restrained to prevent her from moving.

"Does the doctor know you're coming?" the orderly asked Dora's mother.

Dora's mother nodded. "He said he could get her in before college classes started." She sighed. "I don't know what to do! We tried giving her a few privileges—we even let her have a girlfriend—and then we caught her having sex with her! We didn't raise her that way!"

The orderly shook his head. "I dunno what to say; that's more the doctor's area of expertise, but I promise you, we'll get her taken care of."

"Thank you, er—?" Dora's mother trailed off.

"James," the orderly said.

"Thank you, James," Dora's mother said, and James nodded and turned to wheel Dora in. "Oh, um, James?" she asked.

James turned back to look.

"Please take these, too. Dora's father and I picked these out for her for...you know, after she's well again."

James nodded, took the clothes from Dora's mother, and wheeled her inside. Dora's mother drove off as Dora began to come to.

"Dora's here," the orderly said to the receptionist, "and her mother wants her to wear these when we return her."

He handed the receptionist the clothes, and the receptionist checked Dora and her clothes into the system.

"Room 5A," the receptionist said.

James nodded and began pushing Dora down the hall. Identical doors passed by her as she slowly regained consciousness. She knew these doors all too well; she had been back to the clinic multiple times since the traumatic experience of giving birth to eggs implanted in her a couple of years ago in an effort to curb her desire to be a "big girl." But unlike then, when she was still naïve to the clinic and its doctrines, she knew now that it was all bullshit, that they were just trying to force her to be something she wasn't. She didn't need diapers then, she didn't need them now, and if she wanted to have sex with her girlfriend, that was *her* business! She was about to go off to college, and she didn't need all of these people constantly telling her that she had to be a little girl afraid of her penis and erections!

They rolled up to room 5A, and James opened the door.

"Great," Dora sighed. "The oversized nursery again."

"Ah, you're awake," James said. "Good; you're just in time."

He wheeled her up to a gurney and unstrapped her. She tried to move, but the medication had only worn enough for her to be conscious and communicative; her larger muscle groups were still paralyzed. She was powerless to resist as he raised her hands over her head and took her shirt off, exposing her hormonally-developed breasts in her bra.

James chuckled. "You *are* getting full of yourself, aren't you?" he asked. "Children don't need bras!"

"I'm old enough to drive," Dora spat back. "Children don't drive."

"Do *you*?" James challenged as he pulled her bra off and discarded it with her shirt.

Dora fell silent and glared at him; he'd caught the fact that she said she was *old enough* to drive but hadn't actually said she *did*.

"Hey, Jeff," James called, sticking his head out of the door, "Will you give me a hand?"

A muscular horse stepped inside.

"Whoo, she's a big girl, isn't she?" Jeff asked as he stood next to her.

"Yup," James replied. "Okay, one, two, three!"

The two lifted the 18-year-old bull out of the wheelchair and laid her on the gurney, quickly strapping her wrists in and pulling her shorts off.

James frowned. "Where's your diaper?" he asked.

Dora gave him a smug look. "My parents said I didn't have to wear one," she said.

"Well, that's about to change," James said. "Thanks, Jeff."

The horse left, and James pulled down Dora's training pants and discarded them, then quickly strapped her ankles to the gurney.

"All right," he said, wheeling the gurney over to a large sink that projected out from one of the walls, "Let's get you cleaned out."

"No..." Dora whimpered.

"Let's see," James said, ignoring her as he looked over an assortment of butt plugs. "Ah, yes, I think this should work."

He donned some gloves, picked up the plug, and squeezed some lube from a dispenser on the wall onto it to get it good and slippery. Then he turned, smiled at Dora, and advanced on her.

The feeling was beginning to come back into Dora's legs, and she began to struggle against her restraints.

"Please," she pleaded, "Please don't."

"Sorry, Dora, but it's standard clinic protocol," James said kindly. "Just bear down on it, or it's really going to hurt," he said as he pressed the plug against her ass.

Dora knew from years of coming here to just do as he told her. No matter how much she begged or cried, the plug *would* go into her ass, and James was right: if she didn't bear down, it would hurt a lot worse. Squeezing her eyes closed, she strained to push against the invading plug. Just the tip of the plug was over an inch in diameter, and she could feel her anus stretching uncomfortably to let it in. She let out a whimper as the plug pushed deeper into her, getting wider and wider as its diameter approached three inches. Then the plug went past the halfway mark, and her ass sucked it in, making her grunt in discomfort. She relaxed and then immediately began trying to push it back out.

"Uh, uh, Dora," James warned, pressing his finger against the plug to keep it in place. "Nice try."

He began rhythmically squeezing an inflation bulb, and Dora could feel the plug expanding inside of her. She grimaced and winced as the plug quickly got too big to come back out of her.

"There," James said, taking a step back to grab a hose from the faucet and connect it to the plug. "We'll start it out slow and gentle," he said, turning the faucet on at a slow trickle.

"Ungh, just get it over with!" Dora protested, writhing against her restraints.

James shook his head. "No, Dora. We need to go nice and slow so that it can completely fill you up. If we go too fast, your body will start fighting it."

Dora grumbled and sighed as she felt the warm water slowly flowing into her. It was frustrating feeling it entering her against her will, and it was *more* frustrating that it did so at such a leisurely pace, as if it was out to make her endure its violation of her body just as much as her captors.

But her grumbling suddenly stopped as she looked at James. The rhino had his head cocked and was looking at her penis. She'd been on hormone therapy as long as she could remember, and those same hormones that had enlarged her breasts had also kept her cock undersized, little more than a couple of inches long. That James was looking at it made her tense up.

"So," James said casually, "I hear you have a girlfriend. How is that working out?"

"Fine," Dora said, scowling.

"Oh?" James asked, reaching forward.

Dora winced and squeezed her eyes closed, but nothing happened. Not until she dared to open her eyes again did James run his fingers over the tip of her little prick, making it twitch. Dora suddenly remembered the feeling the last time someone here had made her cock twitch. As she was giving birth to 7"-diameter eggs, that awful doctor, Dr. Hendrickson, had stroked her and in so doing made her ass clamp down on the egg and force it back inside of her against the strong contractions she was having to try to force it out.

"Touching yourself doesn't take long, but look how much pain you have to go through for just that little touch. Is it worth it?" he had asked, and she had violently responded that it wasn't. Though it had happened two years ago, she remembered it like it was yesterday.

"N-no, please," she whimpered, squeezing her eyes closed again. "I'll be a good girl. Please don't touch me there."

James smiled and nodded in satisfaction as he withdrew his hand. "Then tell me about your girlfriend," he said. "What's she like? Do you like her?"

Dora gulped and looked nervously at him. "Y-yes, she's nice," she said. "She's a cow, like me, and we really like being together."

James nodded. "Does she know that you wear training pants?" he asked. "Does she know you have an itty-bitty peepee?"

Dora's face burned with humiliation as she nodded. "We—we were going to have sex," she confessed. "We were grinding our privates together. The training pants don't crinkle nearly as much as the diaper does, so she didn't know. But then she suggested that we take our clothes off. I was embarrassed, but

when she took off her clothes and I saw her udders and her vulva, I—I really wanted to be naked with her.”

“Go on,” James said, brushing her thigh and making her shiver nervously.

“Well, I—I took off my shirt, but I was nervous about letting her see my training pants. She teased me a bit and unbuttoned my jeans. I couldn’t do it; I *couldn’t* let her see! But then she said we didn’t have to. She looked hurt, like I was rejecting her. I didn’t want to do that, so I took a deep breath and pulled my pants down.”

“And then what happened?” James asked, lightly pinching her nipple.

“She didn’t know what they were at first. She said my underwear looked weird,” Dora said, shivering at his touch.

“And did you tell her the truth, Dora?”

“Uh, huh...I told her I wasn’t allowed to wear regular underwear because my parents thought I was still a baby.”

James raised his eyebrows. “I see...And what did she say to that?”

Dora reddened again. “She said I didn’t look like a baby. She said I looked like a big, strong bull, but that I’d have to prove it to her.”

“What did she mean, Dora?”

“She meant that I had to take off my training pants and show her my penis!” Dora said.

As she said it, her little cock pricked up and stood at attention. James took note of this and smirked.

“Did you show her? What did she think of that?” he asked.

Now Dora turned bright red. “She said it was okay, that not all bulls had big penises,” she said. “I was pretty embarrassed, but she kissed me and said she still wanted to do it.”

“Do what?” James asked.

“You know...” Dora said, averting her eyes. “Have sex,” she whispered.

“Tell me what happened next, Dora,” James said.

“She...got on my lap, facing me,” Dora said, her little prick beginning to leak precum, “And she began rubbing herself on me. It was really *warm*...”

Her cock now throbbed and drooled precum, and at just that moment, James reached out, wrapped his hand around it, and squeezed hard.

Dora gasped and then winced. The water had been flowing into her so slowly that she’d barely registered that she was starting to get full. The sudden grasp around her cock made her tighten her ass around the plug, greatly increasing the pressure of the water inside of her. She immediately felt simultaneously nauseous and exhausted.

“And *that* is how you should have felt when she started doing that,” James said sternly. “That urge to throw up? That feeling like you’re going to poop yourself but can’t? *That* is the only response you should ever feel when a girl starts grinding on you. Do you understand?”

Dora whimpered and nodded, tears streaming down her face as she realized that it was all an intricate trap.

“You’ve been a very bad girl, Dora,” James said, letting go of her cock. “Your parents gave you a little freedom, allowed you to have a girlfriend, and you took that as an opportunity to break all of their rules. Now look at you! They can’t trust you anymore, Dora. They might *never* let you have a girlfriend again. They might not even let you see *this* girlfriend again! Was it really worth it to let her grind on your lap?”

Dora burst into tears, overcome by remorse and also the steadily increasing pressure in her bowels. “No,” she cried. “No, I’ll be a good girl! Please make the water stop!”

James looked at his watch and nodded. "I guess it *is* about that time," he said, reaching over to turn off the water before disconnecting the hose.

But to Dora's dismay, the water remained inside of her. She wasn't filling anymore, but she still felt impossibly full and achingly bloated.

"We're gonna give you a couple of minutes to let everything loosen up in there," James said, walking towards the door. "I'll be back in a minute."

"No..." Dora whimpered after him as the door closed.

She was stuck, completely unable to move, her stomach distending from so much water being pumped into her bowels, and feeling utterly miserable. She moaned aloud in discomfort and frustration. She could feel her ass stretching, desperately trying to let the plug out as her body tried hard to force all that water out of her. The stretch on her ass felt so bad that she gritted her teeth and tightened her ass muscles up, pulling the plug back into her and alleviating the stretch at the expense of increasing the pressure inside of her and making her anus tired.

Seconds passed, then minutes. Where did James go? Wasn't he going to come let her go? She felt her ass quiver as her muscles threatened to give out. She knew it was going to hurt really badly if she let go, but she could only hold tight for so long. She began to squirm against her restraints, trying to squeeze her legs together to help hold the plug in place and give her ass a chance to rest, but her legs were restrained far too far apart to let her do that. She whimpered and fussed, sweat breaking out on her forehead as she struggled to hold the plug back.

Her ass twitched, and she felt the plug shove forward. She gritted her teeth, squeezed her eyes closed, and squeezed her ass closed for all she was worth.

"Ah, yes, sorry for the delay," James said casually as he walked in and closed the door.

His step was slow and deliberate. There were only 10 feet between the door and Dora, but James somehow managed to stretch his trip to her out forever.

"M-Mr. James, please! I can't hold on much longer!" Dora cried.

"Hold on?" James asked. "What's there to hold on to? The butt plug will keep you full. Just relax."

Dora shook her head. "N-no, *please*, Mr. James! It hurts when it pushes against me!"

"Oh, I see," James said kindly.

Yet his pace didn't quicken. Dora begged him with her mind to hurry up, but then she felt it: her ass twitched again, and the plug shoved itself hard against her anus. She whimpered and grimaced as she felt a trickle of the soiled water escape around the plug. She looked James in the eye, gave a last desperate plea, and then squeezed her eyes closed.

Her ass relaxed, unable to hold back anymore, and the plug shot out of it into the sink, the feeling both painful and relieving as Dora finally emptied herself.

"There we go," James said, "That will give you a nice head-start on tomorrow."

"What happens tomorrow?" Dora asked, feeling groggy.

"Your therapy," James replied. "Now, be a good girl and don't try to hit me again," he said as he released one of her legs.

Dora immediately tried to kick him, but he easily dodged.

"See? Now that's going to be a problem," James said. "I've treated you respectfully, and I expect the same. If you won't play by the rules, we might have to give you some more unpleasant therapy."

He moved towards her, and again, she tried to kick him.

James shook his head and sighed.

"All right," he said, "I didn't want to do this, but you leave me no choice."

He approached her from the side, a needle in his hand, and jabbed it into her arm. She suddenly felt very sleepy.

"Hey, Dr. Hendrickson? It's James," he said into the receiver in the room, his voice sounding far away. "I've got Dora here, and she's trying to kick me. I've sedated her, but what do you suggest we do? I was afraid of that. All right, if it's got to be done... Thank you, Doctor."

He sighed again and called into the hall for Jeff to help him out. After wiping off her backside, he wheeled her into another room, where he and Jeff hoisted her onto a table. James thanked Jeff and quickly strapped Dora in place just as Dr. Hendrickson walked in. In her twilight state, Dora didn't quite realize who it was. Though she could hear them talking, what they said didn't make too much sense.

"Ah, so she *is* back," Dr. Hendrickson said, shaking his head. "She's quite the little stinker."

"You're telling me!" James replied.

"Has she said anything at all?" the doctor inquired.

James nodded. "She told me how she and her girlfriend started to have sex. It sounds like her girlfriend mostly egged her on."

"Well, not to worry," Dr. Hendrickson replied, checking his watch. "Here in a few minutes, she won't remember her girlfriend, and she ought to be a lot easier for you to handle."

Dora began to fade back in, as if she'd been half-asleep. She opened her eyes and looked around fearfully, gasping when she saw Dr. Hendrickson.

"Welcome back, Dora," he said, stepping up to her head but still within her field of view. "Do you know where you are?"

Dora's lip quivered. She knew *exactly* where she was.

"There, there," the doctor said, "This will only take a moment."

He stepped out of her field of view. Dora's heart began to pound, and her breathing quickened sharply as her eyes darted from left to right. She felt the electrodes pressed against her temples and closed her eyes, whimpering.

Sudden, blinding pain filled her head, accompanied by the brightest light she had ever seen, though her eyes were still closed. Her head suddenly ached, and she felt dizzy and disoriented. Her head pounded so hard that she was certain it would explode right there in the room...the...

Wait...

Where was she?

The pain stopped, and the bright light was gone. She heard voices echoing far away, felt herself lifted up and put into a sitting position, felt herself rolling down a hallway. Doors...so many doors. One of them opened, and she was pushed inside.

Padded floor, a teddy bear as big as she was, colored wooden blocks four inches tall with letters and numbers on them, a changing table.

She felt herself lifted onto the changing table and her legs spread. She was too out of it to resist as her bottom and little peepee were dusted with baby powder and wrapped up tightly in a diaper. Cloth booties were locked in place on her hands and feet. Then she was put back on the ground and left to curl up on her side to sleep.

She awakened with a gasp. It was dark in her room, but not too dark to see. Everything that had happened to her came rushing back. They'd given her shock therapy again. She didn't know why she could remember everything so clearly this time, but she knew she desperately didn't want to go back again! Maybe if she could convince them that the therapy had been effective, maybe if she just faked being a good girl, they wouldn't know that it had failed, wouldn't make her do it again! Thus resolved, she went back to sleep.

But she wasn't asleep long. The light clicked on, and the door opened. Dora blinked sleepily and turned to look. Her eyes constricted when she saw who it was.

Scott.

"Well hey there, kiddo," Scott said, waving his fingers at the bull. "I almost didn't recognize you without your pacifier."

He held it in his hand and offered it to her. She shook her head and squeezed her lips closed.

"No?" Scott asked, shrugging. "Oh, well. Your loss. You might have wanted it for what's coming next. I just about came my pants when I found out you were coming back. We've had some good times, haven't we?"

Forgetting her earlier resolution, Dora spat back, "It's not exactly a good time to be raped, Scott. You were supposed to take care of me, to make me feel safe!"

"And I did," Scott replied, "When that was my job. But then they handed you off to other orderlies, and it wasn't my job to be kind to you anymore. By your charts, it's James's job to be kind to you now."

"Then go away; I'm supposed to be sleeping," Dora said, curling up defensively into a ball.

Damn, how she wanted her pacifier now!

The door opened, and James walked in. Dora gasped hopefully.

"Scott? What are you doing here?" he asked, perplexed. "I'm Dora's caregiver, not you...did you get the wrong room?"

"Hey, James," Scott replied smoothly. "No, I was just here to see my favorite patient."

"You two know each other?" James asked, frowning.

"He's the one who always rapes me," Dora spat.

"Is that so?" James said, his face inscrutable.

For a moment, Dora's heart leapt into her throat. Was it possible that James would actually be nice to her, orders from the doctor notwithstanding? Would he actually stop Scott from constantly humiliating and raping her while she was here?

"How is it?" James asked suddenly, interrupting Dora's train of thought.

"How is what?" Scott asked guardedly.

"How's it feel to have sex with her?" James asked intently, looking straight at her.

Dora's eyes widened, and her heart sank.

"Real good," Scott replied. "*Real* good. She's been in and out so many times that her ass has been well-trained."

James pursed his lips. "I've never been with a patient before," he said. "Will we get in trouble?"

Scott shook his head. "Trouble? Nah, it's just additional therapy."

James hesitated, and Dora gave him a pleading look, begging him with her eyes to leave her alone.

"You want to pop your cherry with her?" Scott asked, cocking his head. "There's nobody better to start with, and I guarantee she can take you. Hell, she can probably take *both* of us."

"That..." James said thoughtfully, "I would like to see."

Scott smiled, and Dora's eyes went wide.

"Watch her hooves; she's been trying to kick me all day," James warned as they both grabbed her, James grabbing her arms and Scott grabbing her legs.

"No! Dora tried to kick you?" Scott asked, shocked. "Dora, what's gotten into you?"

"You have," Dora shot back.

James laughed. "That was clever," he said.

"Hmm," Scott replied. "No, but I'm about to."

They got her up on the changing table, and Scott said to her, "Now, you be a good girl, Dora, or I'll tell Dr. Hendrickson that you mouthed off, and you'll get another shock. Is that what you want?"

Dora gasped and trembled, wetting her diaper at the prospect. She shook her head violently.

"That's what I thought," Scott said. "You're gonna be a good girl, right? Say it."

Dora gulped and looked from one orderly to the other, tears welling in her eyes. She began to cry.

"Say it, Dora," Scott warned. "Say you'll be a good girl."

"I'll be a good girl," Dora sobbed.

"Do you want this?" Scott asked, holding up her pacifier.

Dora sniffled and nodded, and Scott popped it into her mouth. She lay back and closed her eyes, dreading what was coming next.

"You *do* need to be gentle with her," Scott said, his tone softening as he opened up her diaper and folded it down. "She's probably out of practice."

He dropped his pants and let his two-foot-long, s-shaped cock flop out.

"Geez!" James gasped. "That thing's enormous!"

"Elephant," Scott chuckled as he stepped up behind Dora. "Mmm," he said, feeling the heat of her ass on him as he pressed the tip of his dick to her. "She's just as hot as always. Ready, Dora?" he asked. "Just like I taught you: relax and let me in."

He let out an immense blob of precum that smeared all over her buttocks and the tip of his shaft. She whimpered and willed herself to relax as he pressed firmly against her. Still exhausted from trying to hold back the butt plug from earlier, her anus gave way. She grimaced and squeezed her eyes shut as Scott popped inside.

"Ooh," he shuddered, looking over his shoulder to grin at James, "Man, she feels great. You want in on this?"

James nodded and stepped up beside him. He avoided eye contact with anybody as he dropped his pants.

"Hey, we've got a sleeper here," Scott chuckled. "You're holding out on us, man!"

James blushed and grinned as his 1-1/2-foot long cock flopped out. It was mostly straight, but with a sharp, almost 90-degree downward bend about four inches from the end of it.

"Yikes! Did that hurt?" Scott asked.

James shook his head. "Nah, I'm a rhino; that's how I was born," he said. He pursed his lips and looked from Scott to Dora. "Um, how do I—?"

"Oh!" Scott laughed. "Sorry. Here. Spread your legs, Dora."

Dora whimpered and did as told, spreading her legs wider as Scott moved off to one side.

"Need some lube?" he asked, and James nodded.

Scott pulled out and let out another huge blob. James grimaced but rubbed it on his shaft nevertheless. Scott shoved back in, his eyes half-closing in pleasure as Dora's tight ass squeezed him.

"Now, just pretend it's like those eggs, Dora," Scott said. "*Really* relax, and James here will slide right in."

Dora shook her head. "He...he won't fit!" she whimpered.



"Nonsense! I've seen you pass a seven-inch egg, Dora. Two dicks ought to fit just fine!"

"Wow, seven inches?" James gasped, pausing to look at Scott in disbelief.

"Yeah, don't let her fool you," Scott said. "Go ahead, just slide right in next to me."

James pressed his crooked cock against Dora's hole right up against Scott's member and thrust forward. Dora whimpered in pain, but her ass gave at just the last second, and James's cock pushed inside, unfolding itself and swelling inside of her.

"Oh, wow," Scott gasped. "That feels *really* good!"

"Yeah," James panted.

The two of them looked at each other and then began thrusting into and out of Dora as if on cue, Scott pulling backwards and James pushing forwards. Their cocks rubbed against each other and stretched Dora open wide as they took turns battering her prostate. Dora moaned as pain turned to pleasure, her pecker standing at attention and throbbing with each stroke from the orderlies.

But it was over all too soon. James gasped first, and Dora felt hot cum spurt into her. His throbbing cock rubbing against Scott's sent the elephant over the edge, and his cum quickly joined James's. Both of them shoved hard into her, stretching her wider than before and pressing hard against her prostate. Just the faintest breeze would have sent her over the edge, but the two orderlies didn't even grant her that.

"Ooh," Scott panted as he pulled up his pants, "It's been too long! You good to get her wrapped back up?"

James nodded. "Yeah," he said.

"What'd I tell you? Pretty great, huh?"

James's eyes rolled back in his head. "Yeah, best I've ever had by far!"

"Thanks for being a sport, Dora," Scott said, ruffling the hair between her horns as he left.

James smiled faintly as he folded her wet diaper back up and taped it onto her.

"Wait, you're not even gonna change me?" Dora protested.

"Nah, that cum's all gonna come out over the next few hours. I'll change you after that," James replied, picking her up and putting her down on the floor. "Sweet dreams," he said, closing the door behind him and turning the lights out from outside.

Dora was left in darkness, wet, gaping, and feeling so very, very violated as James's prediction began to come true. Her ass itched as mixed rhinoceros and elephant cum began to leak out of her, but with her hands bundled up in booties and her bottom well-padded, there was little she could do other than drag her butt on the floor.

It took a long time for her to drift off to sleep.

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Morning came all too early. James swept in as if nothing had happened and scooped her up. She didn't even bother trying to kick him. After last night, she didn't have the heart. She lay back obediently as he put her on the changing table and undid her diaper. He never had come back to change her the night before, and she had wet herself again in addition to letting all of the cum leak out of her. He wiped her off, but to her surprise, he didn't put a new diaper on her.

"Come on," he said, putting her down and taking her hand. "Time to get cleaned out and ready for your therapy."

Dora's eyes widened, and she balked, but James was ready for her. He whirled around and got right in her face.

"You get on that gurney *this minute*, or I will make sure Dr. Hendrickson knows *just* how bad a girl you've been!"

Beaten, Dora's lip quivered as she walked on wobbly legs over to the gurney. James helped her up onto it, and she lay very still as he strapped her in and tilted the gurney to point her butt downwards. In went the plug, and on went the water. While she lay there, James dangled a baby bottle over her head.

"Are you hungry?" he asked.

Dora started to shake her head, but a grumble from her stomach belied her.

"Let's get you fed. Be a good girl, now," James said, bringing the nipple to her lips.

Dora blushed. At least before, she'd always been allowed to hold her own bottle, but James didn't seem nearly as interested in letting her be independent. She sighed. It was probably because she'd been so naughty: elbowing him, kicking at him...no wonder he didn't trust her.

She reached up and took the nipple in her mouth. The formula tasted terrible, and she grimaced as she swallowed it, but it was better than nothing. She realized she hadn't eaten since breakfast the day before, and she quickly downed the bottle.

James held up the empty bottle and raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"Huh, hungry, huh?" he asked, his expression softening.

He stepped out as Dora continued filling and grabbed another bottle.

"How about some more?" he asked.

Dora again seized the nipple between her lips and sucked on it fervently.

"Hey, that's enough," James said, popping it out of her mouth when half of it was gone. "Don't want to get sick."

Dora sighed and then suddenly winced. She could feel the liquid inside of her making her feel bloated, and she fussed and grimaced in discomfort.

"There we go," James said, turning the water off. "Just hold onto that for a few minutes."

Dora closed her eyes and sighed, but this time, James didn't leave.

"We *could* get along," he said, "If you'd just behave. Scott told me you used to be *very* well-behaved when you came here. What changed?"

Dora sulked, wishing she had her pacifier, but when she stole a glance at James, she saw that he was looking at her expectantly, waiting for an answer. She quickly averted her eyes, and James sighed.

"They spoiled you, didn't they?" he murmured. "Your parents."

Dora gasped and looked up at him.

"We're very strict here," he said, "And I saw the security tapes of what all has happened to you. I didn't believe you'd passed a *seven-inch* egg, but sure enough, you did. That would have to be enough to keep *me* in line for the rest of my life." He shook his head. "But they spoil you, let you wear training pants, let you have a girlfriend, and let you get an attitude. You used to be such a sweet girl who just needed a little help keeping her hands to herself. Now you're downright rebellious and insubordinate." He sighed. "The next couple of days are gonna be rough, Dora, and I can be either as nice or as mean as you want me to be. If you keep kicking at me, I'll invite Scott in here to fuck you all night long and then shoot you full of adrenaline during your therapy so there's no chance of you sleeping through it. But if you behave yourself, I'll do what I can to make your stay here a little less miserable."

He held up her pacifier. "What do you say?"

Dora thought about it, sighed, and nodded. James popped the pacifier into her mouth, and she sucked on it as her body began trying to expel the water inside of her. James deflated the plug this time and let it pass easily out of her, and the water flooded into the sink. James nodded in satisfaction.

"Looks good," he said. "Let's get you into the therapy room."

Dora's eyes widened, and she spat the pacifier out. "N-no, Mr. James! You said if I was a good girl—"

"I can't stop your therapy, Dora," James said, shushing her. "You *are* here to learn a lesson, after all. You were a very bad girl, or you wouldn't be here now. It's time to pay the price for being bad. Just remember: if you're a bad girl *during* your therapy, you'll only earn more punishment. Now go get up on the changing table."

He released her arms first and then her legs. The second she was free, she ran to the door and tried to open it, but her bundled-up hands couldn't work the knob.

James sighed and rolled his eyes in exasperation.

"Come on, Dora," he said, grabbing her and putting her on the table as she screamed in frustration. "What did I *just* say about earning more punishment? You may be two years older than you were before, but nothing else has changed; we're still plenty equipped to deal with your misbehavior. No matter what you do, you lose. Thank you for not kicking me."

He held her legs up and powdered her bottom, then spread them and powdered her penis and undersized testicles before pulling a diaper up between her legs and fastening it tightly. Then he popped her pacifier into her mouth, put her into the wheelchair, and strapped her in.

He deftly opened the door and rolled her down the hall. Dora's stomach turned with nerves. She didn't know what today's therapy was going to be, but she was certain it was going to be awful.

They stopped at a door, James opened it, and they rolled inside. As soon as Dora saw where she was, she began struggling, spat her pacifier out, and began screaming. To her dismay, James, Scott, and Jeff all grabbed her and pinned her down to the table while Dr. Hendrickson strapped her in.

"Scott tells me you've been kicking at James, Dora," Dr. Hendrickson said. "That just won't do."

"She didn't kick at me today," James interjected.

"But she didn't get onto the changing table like you told her, either," Dr. Hendrickson retorted, pointing to a monitor. "I saw it with my own eyes."

"That's true," James conceded.

"We'll give her a double-dose, wait for her to recover, and then we'll begin her therapy," Dr. Hendrickson said, charging the electroshock device.

"No! No, please!" Dora was screaming. The orderlies stood on each side of her and at her feet, and Dr. Hendrickson stood above her head.

There was a hum of electricity, and Dora stopped screaming, lying there with her eyes open and tears forming at the corners of her eyes.

Dr. Hendrickson charged the machine again, increased the voltage, and brought the electrodes to her temples once more. Electricity hummed, and she blacked out.

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"All set?"

Dora came to, feeling woozy and completely unsure of where she was. She was strapped down on her back, her legs up in the air in stirrups and spread wide. She tried to cover herself, but her legs were restrained to the stirrups, her arms were bound to her sides, and even her tail was immobilized. She felt very vulnerable, and there were so many adult men standing around her. She recognized Dr. Hendrickson and shuddered. There was also an orderly, an elephant. She felt like she knew him, and she was pretty sure he was to be avoided, too. But there was another orderly there, too, one she didn't recognize. He was a rhinoceros, and he seemed nice. Still, something in the back of her mind was afraid of him, and she'd learned to trust those deep, hidden fears.

Especially when she was naked and restrained and they were all free to move about her.

"We'll start with a medium and let it progress from there," Dr. Hendrickson was saying as the elephant pushed some buttons on a console. "We'll start as soon as she wakes up."

"Looks like that's about now," the rhino said.

Dr. Hendrickson looked over at her and nodded.

"Proceed when ready," he said to the elephant.

"Uh, what's the max size?" the elephant asked.

Dr. Hendrickson shook his head. "No maximum. We'll let them stretch her out; this is supposed to hurt, after all."

Dora didn't know what was going on, but that last line made her stomach knot up. The elephant pushed a button, and there was a clunk as a mechanical arm descended from the ceiling and a joint at the bottom of it swiveled down and stuck itself onto a tiny dildo—one of many dildos on a rack beside her. The dildo glided through the air, stopped above her and did a slow turn, letting her see all sides of it. Dora cocked her head, not quite understanding what was happening, but then the dildo floated down her body, lined up with her ass, and moved forward. Dora gasped as the realization suddenly hit her. The dildo pressed against her ass, and she felt sudden moisture as the dildo self-lubricated and pushed itself inside. She cringed and squeezed her eyes closed as the invader wiggled back and forth inside of her. Then it abruptly pulled itself out and returned to the rack.

Dora breathed a sigh of relief. *That wasn't so bad!*

But then the arm disengaged from the tiny dildo and moved to a much larger one, shaped like a horse's penis, with a flared tip and a little ring around the middle of its shaft. The tip was two inches in diameter, and the dildo was twelve inches long. Dora's eyes widened as the dildo slowly showed itself off to her. She began to struggle as the dildo zipped down her body much faster than the last one had. She braced herself for impact.

But nothing happened. She gasped and peeked her eyes open. The dildo was lined up with her ass but was moving extremely—almost imperceptibly—slowly. She did a double-take. Was it even moving?

Suddenly, it lurched forward and shoved itself into her. Her eyes bulged as the horse-cock drove itself mercilessly through her anus and began full-stroke fucking her extremely fast. She began to hyperventilate as she tried to match her breathing to it, but it was going too fast, and she finally screamed in agony as it rapidly overstimulated her. That didn't stop it, though. It continued fucking her relentlessly until she saw stars and nearly blacked out. And then it stopped, slowly pulled itself out of her, and returned to its rack.

The next one was a cylinder with a tapered end, like a very long bullet, but along its surface were many little rubbery spines. The dildo presented itself to Dora, and she was just about to look away when it suddenly began inflating. She let out a whimper as its middle expanded, growing roughly spherical and easily four inches in diameter. She shook her head furiously and fought hard against her restraints, begging for someone to stop it. It flew back to her ass, but unlike the last one, it immediately lurched forward and pressed itself against her. Dora's hooves curled in anticipation, but the wicked dildo stopped right there, pressing firmly but gently against her ass.

There was a hiss, and suddenly the dildo began spinning, the little bumps tickling her anus mercilessly. She writhed and squirmed, desperate to get the dildo to either get off of her or at least to go inside her and quit teasing her. But she was completely immobilized, and the dildo did no such thing. It continued tormenting her anus until it quivered uncontrollably. Only then did the dildo abruptly stop turning and shove itself inside, the little spines tugging at her anus as they entered her. She groaned and whimpered as the dildo moved inside her slowly, dragging out the process of the little spines poking and prodding her for what seemed like ages.

Then the dildo stopped advancing and began to turn slowly. There was a hiss, and Dora could feel the spines pressing harder and harder against her. The dildo was inflating! She clamped down on it, hoping to make it hold still, but all that did was drive the spines against her prostate. She howled as they pushed her past the point of pleasure and quickly made her cock, ass, and balls ache. And still the dildo kept on growing. Dora's head collapsed against the table in exhaustion as the spiny cylinder spread her ass the full four inches wide. The dildo suddenly began to thrust into and out of her, the little spines spiraling all over her ass and prostate as her anus ached from being stretched and violated so badly. And then the

dildo abruptly stopped spinning, there was a hiss, and the dildo shrank as it was yanked out of Dora, leaving her gaping and feeling sorrowfully empty.

The next dildo was incredibly long and consisted of what looked like a series of spherical beads all butted up against each other. It must have been two feet long, and each sphere was three inches in diameter, save for the first two, which tapered up from an inch to two inches to match the ones behind them. This one wasted no time; as soon as it had shown itself off, it proceeded immediately to ram itself into her, her ass fluttering as the spheres quickly forced themselves through her anus one after the other. Dora instantly felt like she would pass out. An anus was not *meant* to experience sensations like that!

Yet just as she felt the darkness take her, the rhinoceros appeared beside her. She looked up at him in a quizzical haze and then piteously as the dildo drove itself into her once more. The rhino held a syringe in his hand and quickly stabbed it into her arm. Her eyes shot open wide. The bastard had pumped her full of adrenaline! She was now hyper-aware of everything that was happening to her, and the feelings in her ass made her scream and cry. The rhinoceros appeared again, shoved her pacifier into her mouth, and strapped it behind her head so that she couldn't spit it out. Then he disappeared.

The next dildo was by far the cruelest yet: it was shaped like a cone with smooth ridges spiraling around it like the flutes of a drill. Its tip was no more than a half-inch in diameter, but its back was almost six, and the vile thing was only four inches long. Dora shook her head, tears streaming from her eyes as she pleaded through her pacifier that there was *no* way this thing could go into her. But the dildo moved back with the same ruthless, cold precision of the others and aligned itself to her ass. She heard a hiss and gasped as she realized the horrible thing was *spinning*. Lube flew onto her, making a circle as it flung itself off the dildo, its radius shrinking as the dildo got closer and closer.

Dora could feel the air move between the dildo and her ass as it neared. She whimpered and cried as it slowed to an excruciating crawl, taking three minutes to make it the remaining quarter-inch as her ass puckered and quivered in terrified anticipation.

The second it touched her ass, it gripped and began trying to pull her ass out to it. She gasped, and her eyes flew open as the flutes caught the tender ring of her anus and began tugging. As the dildo-drill moved closer, it got a better grip on her ass and began trying to suck it up around the quickly widening base. She thrashed against her restraints, but the dildo kept on drilling and slowly pulling itself up into her and her onto it. Her entire body was covered in sweat, and she desperately wanted to pass out, but the adrenaline still coursed through her veins, ensuring that was not possible. Her voice was hoarse from crying and screaming, yet with each heave of her chest, new anguished cries poured out around her pacifier.

And then the dildo stopped all movement. It had made it all the way into her. Her ass now gaped, stretched and aching around the immense dildo as it held her open. Yet because of its shape, she never once felt the satisfying fullness of being stuffed; no, the dildo was crafted to spread and gape her without giving her the slightest satisfaction. Dora sobbed nevertheless when it pulled out and went to rest on its rack.

She lay there, her face matted with sweaty hair, her chest heaving, her throat aching, and her ass and prostate beaten into anguished submission, and her traitorous cock oozing so much precum that it trailed down both her sides and pooled under her. She closed her eyes and waited for the machine to grab the next dildo, but it didn't. She dared not look. She knew that as soon as she did, the vile thing would start back up as if punishing her for doing so.

But then she heard a voice.

"About half-done, you say? Boy, that's brutal!" the rhinoceros laughed.

"Yeah, Doc says it's time to give her a bit of a break. From the dildos, at least," the elephant said with a smirk. Both of them came to stand over her.

"Hey, Dora," the elephant said, "You ready for a little break, hmm? You gonna be a good girl?"

Dora looked hazily at him and let her head loll to the other side to look at the rhino.

"Hey, I've got an idea," the rhino said.

"Uh, oh, this oughtta be good!" the elephant replied.

Dora peered up at their nametags. The elephant's name was Scott, and the rhino's name was James. Why did she know those names?

"...elbowed me in the nose when I went to get her out of the car," the rhino was saying, "So it's time for a little payback." He tapped his horn.

"This I gotta see," the elephant said. They both got up between Dora's legs, the rhino in front and the elephant watching over his shoulder.

"Okay, here goes!" the rhino said.

He turned his head downward, and Dora gasped as she saw his horn moving towards her ass. She shook her head and sucked her pacifier frantically. His hard, sharp horn pressed against her ass and shoved itself in. Unlike the smooth silicone of the dildos, his horn was rough and coarse, like a piece of tree bark that scratched, grabbed, and pinched her as it drove itself in mercilessly. She cried into her pacifier as he continued shoving forward, three inches, four inches, five inches, until he hilted her at six inches.

"Well, whaddya think?" he asked, laughing.

But Scott wasn't impressed. "Hmm, not bad," he said, "But I think I can do better." He tapped James's shoulder. "Come on, pull out and let me try."

James pulled out roughly, his horn stinging as it pulled out of Dora's gaping anus.

"So, what did you have in mind?" he asked.

"You'll see," Scott replied, grinning as he slipped a shoulder-length glove onto his trunk.

"No... You're not—" James breathed, his eyes lighting up.

"Yup," Scott replied. "She's not scheduled for a colonoscopy, but let's not let that stop us!"

He lowered his head down to Dora's ass. Dora's eyes widened and darted from elephant to rhino in fear. She struggled and tried unsuccessfully to protest.

"Damn, you really loosened her up!" he said. "I don't think she'll be able to even feel me!"

James shook his head. "Nah, she was like that before; I'm pretty sure that last dildo was nasty!"

"Heh, no kidding," Scott replied. "Here goes."

He pressed his trunk against Dora's entrance, and her eyes rolled back in her head as he pressed up inside.

"Ooh, found her inner sphincter," Scott said, his voice sounding a bit nasal.

He grimaced a few times, each time bumping the tip of his trunk against her inner sphincter until it finally let him in.

"Access granted!" he grinned, the pitch of his voice rising a little higher.

He wiggled and flexed his trunk and slithered it deeper and deeper into her. Closing one eye and concentrating really hard, he moved his trunk to make the bend into her descending colon. Dora groaned almost continuously, vocalizing on inhale as well as exhale as she felt herself probed deeper and deeper by the elephant's trunk.

"Almost all the way in," Scott said, his voice now sounding like he'd sucked helium. "There!"

He bottomed out with his trunk about to make the bend to go across her. Dora felt filthy, violated, and completely revolted. She couldn't even move for fear of throwing up the second she did.

"So, whaddya think?" Scott asked.

James shook his head and grinned. "You definitely beat me there!" he said. "I can't compete with that! Ooh!"

He bent down and whispered something into Scott's ear.

"Aww! Dude!" Scott laughed. "Okay, but just a little; I don't wanna pop the glove."

"Heh, yeah, that wouldn't be very good," James chuckled.

"Okay, here goes," Scott said.

He took a deep breath, and Dora's eyes rolled back in her head again as he trumpeted into her. She could feel all of her internal organs vibrate and the glove on his nose inflate inside of her. The feeling was so foreign that she lost control of her bladder and began pissing on herself.

"Aww, dude, you made her pee herself!" James laughed. "Awesome!"

"I have got to remember that for next time," Scott laughed, releasing the air inside of Dora and making her intestines shrink down abruptly. "Okay, time to pull out. I still wanna fuck her before we have to get her back on her treatment plan."

He wrapped his hand around the end of the glove on his nose and pulled his head back, slurping his trunk out of Dora like an enormous spaghetti noodle. She gasped as his trunk fell out, leaving her gaping and feeling horribly empty.

She didn't have much time to think about it, though. Scott pulled the glove off his nose and threw it in the trash as he walked up to her head.

"Her ass is down here," James said quizzically.

"Yeah, but her mouth's just as good as her ass," Scott replied, grinning and unfastening her pacifier.

He reached to pull it out, but Dora bit down hard on it.

"Turn loose," he warned, "Or this will only end up worse for you."

But Dora held on for dear life. With the pacifier in her mouth, the mean elephant couldn't put anything else in there.

"I said, 'turn loose!'" Scott bellowed, squeezing inward on her cheeks, driving them painfully against her teeth.

Dora tried to resist, but she eventually succumbed to the ever-increasing pain and opened her mouth. In a flash, Scott had replaced her pacifier with some kind of metal device.

"Did you see what I did there?" he asked James. "This will let us pry her mouth open, but make sure you strap it around her head so she can't get it out. Then we just squeeze right here, and that pries her mouth open," he said.

He squeezed a few times on two metal handles coming out of Dora's mouth, and to her dismay, it pried her mouth open despite how hard she bit down on it. She tried to dislodge the vile contraption, but it remained infuriatingly in place. Meanwhile, her mouth was spreading wider and wider, so wide that she thought her jaw would break.

"That ought to be big enough," he said at last, dropping trou.

Man, now I'm jealous!" James said.

"Use her ass; it's still plenty hot—and less risky," Scott replied.

Dora looked up in fear as Scott's enormous penis floated over her head.

"Oh, hold on," he said abruptly, taking a step back.

Dora sighed in relief, but too soon. She suddenly felt the headrest under her neck give way, and her head fell down backwards, carrying her head with it as it locked into place. Her eyes bulged as she looked straight at Scott's large, hairy balls.

"Ah, much better angle," he said, stepping up to her and guiding his thick elephant-cock into her mouth.

She almost gagged the second his pungent tip touched her tongue.

“Ooh, yeah, I’ve been really pent-up,” he said. “I bet that’s got all kinds of musk on it!”

It didn’t slow him down any, though. With an effortless rock of his hips, he shoved a good six inches down her throat. Her eyes bulged as she tried to breathe, but his cock was far too big. Meanwhile, James had stepped up behind her and put the tip of his bent cock against her ass.

“Ooh, she *is* hot,” he said appreciatively.

He thrust in, and his cock unfolded itself inside her as he began to stroke in and out. Surrounded by all the lube from the dildos and the heat of Dora’s ass, he felt himself getting close. With a few hard thrusts that shoved Dora forward and impaled her further onto Scott’s dick, he grunted and spurted hot seed into her.

Scott, meanwhile, was having a more disappointing time.

“Man, her throat won’t loosen up,” he complained. “She used to take my cock like a champ, but I think she’s out of practice.”

He pulled out and went to the console, pressed some buttons, and then took James’s place at Dora’s ass.

“We’ll let the machine get her back in practice,” he said as he thrust in.

Dora’s eyes teared up again as she felt herself invaded once more, but she didn’t have much time to think about it. A whirring noise near her head startled her, and she looked in horror at a dildo that was quickly driving itself towards her face. She struggled, trying to free her head to get away, but the infernal restraints on her forehead held her tightly. The dildo brushed her lips and pressed in further. She took a breath, praying it wouldn’t go any further, but her prayers went unanswered. The dildo shoved up against the back of her throat, making her retch, but it didn’t give her time to throw up. It quickly stuttered forward and backward, got enough of an angle, and then shoved itself down her throat before pulling itself completely out of her mouth. Dora drooled and tried to get the nausea to go away, but the dildo quickly charged her again, smacked the back of her throat, and shoved its way down. This time, though, it stayed there, blocking her windpipe and rubbing forward and backward, shoving itself deeper and deeper with each stroke until six inches of it were completely down her throat. Then it yanked back again, pulled itself out, and started anew.

Scott watched with amusement as Dora’s body writhed against the cruel machine. He timed his strokes to match those of the dildo fucking her face, and just as she convulsed again, he hilted himself inside of her, felt her squeeze around his cock, and came, mixing his elephant jizz with James’s. Then he pulled out roughly and turned to leave.

“Should we turn that one off?” James asked, pointing to the fucking machine at her head.

“Nah,” Scott replied. “It’ll be good practice for tomorrow.”

“Boy, you are brutal!” James said, shaking his head. “I thought you said the doctor said to give her a break?”

“Oh, did I say, ‘give her a break’?” the elephant asked. “I meant, ‘break her,’” and he and the rhinoceros laughed as they walked out.

Dora sobbed as the machine fucked her mouth. She was wrong; how could she have ever thought the rhinoceros was nice?

The dildo machine for her ass started to move again.

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Dora couldn’t move. She wasn’t restrained, but she couldn’t move anyway. Her body ached; her stomach, intestines, and ass felt like they’d been stretched by a taffy puller, her throat was raw, her tear ducts were dry, and her lungs burned with exhaustion. She lay sprawled on her side on the floor—the only semi-comfortable position she could get into—and desperately tried to sleep off the agony she felt. Another shot of adrenaline had ensured that she endured the remaining four hours of anal and oral torture consciously, and it still hadn’t worn off. She was too tired to sob, though that was all she wanted to do if she stayed awake. Scott and James had left her to get fucked in both ends for four solid hours. She had



panicked so many times that she was going to throw up or suffocate, and the things that had gone into her ass had been so big that they turned *her* in her restraints when they spun.

The final dildo was a cylinder with no taper, just a blunt edge with corners just rounded enough to avoid ripping her open. It was eight inches in diameter, and additional arms had come down from the ceiling to help guide it in, spreading her ass open like a speculum as the cylinder pressed against her, seeking entry. The speculum-arms had stretched her wider and wider, and then the cylinder just slid inside. It didn't do anything once it was in; it just sat there, keeping her full and unable to move, unable to breathe as it pressed against her diaphragm, and all the while, the wretched machine in her mouth kept fucking her face with bigger and bigger dildos. That stupid cylinder must have stayed inside her for an hour or more.

But now it was out, and her diaper was back on her. She didn't know why: she'd peed herself so many times during the ordeal that she didn't have anything left to piss now, and there *certainly* wasn't anything but cum and lube in her ass, though the way it constantly leaked out of her—she was too stretched to hold anything back—she suspected *that* might be what the diaper was for.

She lay there, numb, exhausted, and aching, until sleep finally, *finally* granted her respite.

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"All right, up you go," James said, breezing in.

Everything hurt. Her ass, her throat, every muscle in her body... She could barely move to look up.

"Come on, Dora. Today's your big day!" James prodded with *far* too much enthusiasm.

Dora groaned and achingly got to her feet as James helped her up and led her over to the gurney. For once, she was actually glad to be strapped in; it meant she didn't have to stay up using her own muscles.

"Let's get that diaper off you," James said as he deftly undid the tapes. "Huh, mostly clean. Just a bit of cum and lube," he remarked, throwing the diaper away. "Good. I still have to clean you out, though."

Dora grimaced, closed her eyes, and exhaled sharply as he reached up with his fingers and probed inside of her ass to see how loose she was.

"Hmm," he said, frowning, "You've tightened up quite a bit. I bet Dr. Hendrickson will want to do something about that before administering your preventative treatment."

Dora blinked. "Preventative treatment?" she asked.

James nodded but offered no further explanation. He lubed up a slightly larger butt plug than he had used before and pushed it in fairly easily. Dora hardly whimpered as it went in. Then he inflated it and started the water.

"So how are you feeling now?" he asked.

Dora looked at him with a sense of detached incredulity. He was talking to her as if he hadn't done anything wrong! She started to open her mouth, but her mind instantly flooded with thoughts of the previous day: that *awful* shock she received, being strapped down and fucked for hours, the rhino and elephant violating her with their noses and then fucking her mouth and ass at the same time, being fucked for *more* hours by those awful machines... She closed her mouth. She didn't want to have to endure any of that again, and she hoped desperately that if she was a good girl, she wouldn't have to.

"Much quieter today, huh?" James asked, cocking his head. "A lot less feisty than you've been the last few days. I'd say we're finally making progress!"

He reached over and popped her pacifier into her mouth. She gasped. Her pacifier! No wonder she couldn't sleep the night before! Now that she had it, things suddenly felt all right. Even as the water filled her up and pressed uncomfortably inside of her, she managed to relax, suck on her pacifier, and ride it out without a fuss. And when James turned the water off and left her to sit with the water inside of her, she let herself relax, and the plug came right out, followed by a stream of water that left her feeling so very relieved.

James came back, saw that she'd let the plug out on her own, and nodded in satisfaction. Then he cleaned her up, got her diaper on, and got her ready for her therapy, including putting her into the shirt she'd worn when she came in—her favorite shirt. As he strapped her into the wheelchair, she suddenly gasped, her eyes widening in fear as she whimpered.

"Why, Dora, what's the matter?" James asked, pausing as he started to wheel her out.

"M-Mr. James, *please* don't take me to get shocked again," Dora pleaded around her pacifier. "I've been a good girl, right? Mr. James?"

James smiled faintly. "Don't worry, Dora. You've been a very good girl, and Dr. Hendrickson just wants to give you your preventive therapy. No more shocking, as long as you keep behaving like a good girl. All right?"

Dora sniffled and nodded.

"That's a girl," James said as he pushed her down the hall.

They stopped at a door, and James opened it. Dora gasped. The room inside was *far* bigger than any room she could remember being in. It was dark, except for a raised table in the middle, which was painfully bright. James wheeled her over to it.

"Now remember, you're going to be a good girl, right?" James asked, his hand on the strap that held her wrist in place.

Dora whimpered and sucked on her pacifier anxiously, but then she reluctantly nodded.

"Good girl. Come on, up on the table," James said, freeing her limbs.

Dora stood unsteadily; she was still sore from the day before, and she didn't like the look of this place at all. Just before she stepped into the blinding, circular light that surrounded the table, she looked up to see many windows angled over her. Her stomach sank as she realized she was in an operating room theater, and she began to panic.

But James was quick to get her pressed up against the table.

"It's all right, Dora," he said. "Be a good girl, now."

Her heart pounding in her chest, Dora was terrified of what was going to happen. What kind of "preventative therapy" did that awful wolf Dr. Hendrickson have planned for her? Was he going to cut off her penis? Was he going to take away her testicles? She struggled against James, but he already had the upper hand and quickly had her positioned on her stomach with the padded table under her and her legs hanging off either side.

A thought clicked into her head just as James clicked the latch on the strap that pinned her thigh to the side of the table: if she was on her stomach, they *couldn't* be about to cut off her genitals...could they? Distracted by the question, she didn't even notice as James pulled her heel up, fastened her ankle further back on the side of the table with her knee bent, and strapped her bicep and wrist to the side with her elbow bent 90 degrees. It wasn't until he snapped her other thigh in place that she suddenly realized what was going on.

"Mmm!" she cried through her pacifier.

"What was that?" James asked, pulling her pacifier out.

"What are you gonna do to me?" Dora cried. She struggled, but now she was completely strapped in; she couldn't move anything more than an inch or two.

"Just making sure you don't act out again is all," James said.

He looked up behind Dora and started to move out of view.

"Please...can I at least have my pacifier back?" Dora whimpered.

James looked down at the pacifier, then back behind Dora, and shook his head. "Sorry, doctor's orders."

He walked away, ignoring Dora's wailing, leaving her there alone in the blinding light. The door closed with a heavy slam, and Dora gasped, her wailing coming to an abrupt halt. She tried to look out past the light, but it was so terribly bright that she couldn't see past the edge of the circle. Her arms and legs were completely immobilized; she could only move her wrists forward and backward and wiggle her fingers and toes. She was still dressed in her shirt and diaper. That perplexed her a bit. What therapy could they possibly do to her with her dressed?

She stayed there for a very long time. Unable to move her body and unable to see anything beyond the periphery of the light, her mind began to wander, thinking up one horrible thing that could happen after another. She began to hyperventilate, terrified that they were going to do something truly awful. What if they made her a *real* girl? What if she had been so bad that they cut her horns off? What if they somehow made her unable to control herself and make her *have* to wear diapers for the rest of her life? The thought itself scared her so much that she wet her diaper right there on the table. The more she thought about it, the more terrified she became.

The door suddenly opened somewhere behind her, and she yelped in terror. She heard footsteps behind her and tried to turn her head to look, but she realized that even her neck had been restrained to the table. She waited breathlessly, wetting herself again as the footsteps came closer.

"The patient is still clothed," Dr. Hendrickson's voice said.

"Yes, Doctor, per your instructions," a female voice Dora didn't recognize replied.

"Very good. Cut her shirt off."

*Cut my*— Dora gasped.

"No! Not *this* shirt!" she protested. "It's my favorite shirt! Please!"

She felt someone lift the back of her shirt, and as she struggled in vain, she heard the sound of scissors cutting into her shirt. And the scissors didn't make one easy cut like someone in an ER would do; no, she saw out of the corner of her eye as the scissors shredded her shirt and let the little pieces fall to the floor one-by-one. The cold air of the operating room blew across her back, and she was certain her shirt was no more. Yet the scissors continued to cut, sliding along her biceps to shred the sleeves, and sliding along the cuff that held her neck in place to bifurcate her neckband. With a final tug, somebody pulled the rest of her shirt out from under her. Tears streamed down Dora's face; it was just a shirt, she knew, but it was *her* shirt, the only thing she had in this horrible place.

"Prep the patient for surgery," Dr. Hendrickson said, his voice completely devoid of any concern for Dora's plight.

*Surgery?!* Dora's heart began to race as she felt something placed on her finger and someone reached between her and the table to stick some leads on her. She suddenly *heard* her heart rate increase as the EKG came online. A cuff went around her arm between her elbow and the strap that confined her to the table.

"Vitals?"

"Pulse, 140. Blood pressure, 130 over 80."

"She's a little nervous, isn't she?" James's voice asked.

"Do not refer to the patient as 'he' or 'she,'" Dr. Hendrickson's voice replied curtly. "It is just 'the patient.'"

"Yes, Doctor," James said.

"IV?"

"Yes, Doctor," the nurse replied.

Dora felt a sudden sting in her wrist, but her hand was on the side of the table where she couldn't see it. She knew, though, that the IV was started.

"Please expose the patient's genitalia,"

Dora's eyes went wide. "No!" she shrieked, "No! Don't cut off my peepee!"

"Nurse, please prepare the patient for oral treatment," the doctor said, annoyance in his voice.

Dora gasped as someone in scrubs walked past her. The nurse looked like some kind of medically dressed boogeyman in her scrubs, gloves, mask, goggles, and surgical cap. There was no skin showing, and Dora tried to shrink back from her, but in vain. The nurse wheeled over a device and set it up in front of Dora's face. Dora whimpered when she saw what it was and immediately closed her mouth tightly.

Rough, gloved hands suddenly appeared out of nowhere and began squeezing her cheeks against her teeth.

*No...not again...* Dora closed her eyes as her ability to withstand the pain in her cheeks vanished, and she opened her mouth. Something metal was instantly fitted into her mouth and strapped tightly against the back of her head. She tried to squirm, but to her horror, she realized that she could no longer turn her head at all. She was stuck with her mouth pointed forward, right at the terrible machine that had fucked her face for so long yesterday.

"Shall I commence, Doctor?" the nurse asked.

Dora whimpered as a dildo two inches in diameter was placed onto the fucking machine and pointed right at her.

"Yes," Dr. Hendrickson's voice replied.

The nurse flicked a switch on the machine, and the dildo lunged towards her face. She gasped in a breath at just the last second before the dildo shoved itself down her throat.

"That's enough," the doctor said. "Leave it there."

The machine turned off. The dildo was still in Dora's mouth, but at least she could breathe.

"Now, please expose the patient's genitalia. I should not have to ask twice."

"Right away, Doctor."

The heart rate monitor beeped faster and faster as Dora felt her diaper removed, felt the draft of cold air against her ass, felt her penis dragged towards her butt as the diaper was pulled out from under her. The table under it was warm from her body heat and felt like vinyl.

And then there suddenly wasn't anything between her peepee and the floor. Dora gasped as a hand reached up to grab her little prick. She writhed against her restraints, desperately screaming around the dildo in her mouth, pleading for them to leave her alone.

"Let's get a camera on that," the doctor said. "Put it up on the monitor over here."

Dora couldn't see what was going on, but there was far too much going on around her crotch. She was so scared that she lost control once again.

"She's wetting," the doctor said.

"Yes, Doctor," James replied hurriedly.

There was more bustling behind her, but Dora couldn't tell if anything had changed.

"All right, let's get started," Dr. Henderson said. "Speculum?"

"Here, Doctor."

Dora's eyes bulged as the *colddest* metal she had ever felt pressed itself into her ass. Her body heaved against the chill as she felt herself being slowly spread open wider and wider.

"Ah, yes, I can see it now," Dr. Hendrickson said. "Orderly, take a look at that. That's the patient's prostate. I want you to take this tool and tap it gently when I give the order. Understood?"

"Yes, Doctor," James's voice replied.

There was some shuffling behind her, and then Dora gasped as something cold and metal began tapping inside of her. It was even worse that she had *no* idea it was coming; the speculum held her open so wide that the little invader didn't touch her anywhere but her prostate, giving her no warning of its approach. Yet as humiliated and violated as she felt, her traitorous cock began to harden.

"The patient is responding," Dr. Hendrickson said. "Stop."

Dora's body convulsed, and her eyes bulged as the sharp tapping on her prostate ceased. She broke out in a sweat despite the chill in the room. She quivered and bit down hard on the gag in her mouth. Her body heaved with her heavy breathing. She waited nervously for the awkward intruder to invade again, but it didn't. She breathed a sigh of relief and felt her throbbing cock begin to soften.

She heard something rustle behind her, and then suddenly sucked in a breath around the dildo as the cold, hard metal began tapping her again. Her cock immediately lurched to attention, and she bit down on the gag again. Her penis throbbed harder and harder and drooled precum so fast that she could *feel* it coming out. Her balls contracted, and her face burned with humiliation; she was about to cum, the *most* important thing she was forbidden to do!

"Stop."

Her eyes snapped open as the tapping on her prostate came to an immediate halt. A whimper escaped her lips. If being about to break the most important rule was bad, having resigned herself to do it and then not doing it was worse! She squirmed, desperately trying to rub her cock on *anything*—*one* touch was all it would take—but her cock throbbed and dangled in free space; not even the draft that chilled her ass caressed her aching prick. Her heart pounded once more, and she closed her eyes to try to block out the feelings she was experiencing, her brow furrowing in anguished frustration.

But like the time before, her cock eventually began to relax. Her testes moved back into their normal positions, and she felt the edge of her lust dulled just the slightest bit. Her breathing and heart rate slowly returned to normal, and she sighed in wearied, helpless frustration. Yet she dared not relax completely; her body remained tense and on edge, knowing that as soon as she relaxed, the awful invader would come back to bother her again.

She must have held out for ten minutes—maybe fifteen—before her muscles gave out from sheer exhaustion. Her body trembled, and then she collapsed, going limp in her restraints.

And then the tapping started again.

It was harder this time, and faster, so fast that Dora couldn't even move her body in rhythm to it to try to take off some of the intensity. Her mind clouded over, and too exhausted to resist, she felt herself beginning to float above her body. The brightness around her seemed to shrink, and she saw herself lying there, someone holding onto something that looked like a screwdriver and tapping it with a hammer over and over again, milking her prostate for all it was worth and driving her closer and closer to orgasm.

Someone—a nurse clad head-to-toe—approached her side. Dora gasped as the woman held up a needle and pushed it into the port on her IV.

Dora was instantly back in her body, her body aching as tension and exhaustion fought one another. She couldn't see the nurse anymore, but the adrenaline made sure that she had no more out-of-body experiences! The intensity in her prostate seemed to double or triple. Every blow felt like someone was pounding her with a sledgehammer, and every blow made her gasp and cry out, tears streaming down her face as her cock practically buzzed with arousal. Her testes had long since pulled themselves up inside of her, and she could feel them on the brink of releasing their contents.

"Stop."

Dora screamed in agonized frustration as that *horrible* tapping left her high and dry once again.

"Hmm, this is all very strange," Dr. Hendrickson said. "I had expected that we would have curbed these tendencies better than that. Let's try something else."

In her agony, Dora had bitten down hard on the mouth-spreader yet again. But with the flick of a switch, the dildo began to move into her mouth, threatening to gag her. Despite her panic, she *had* to relax, and

the dildo began to fuck her face mercilessly, gagging and suffocating her and making her drool. Yet she couldn't escape out of her body; she was trapped here with the feeling of being helplessly raped in the mouth. She couldn't even move her head a quarter-inch in any direction. The dildo slid down her throat over and over. Every time it went in, it threatened to make her throw up, but every time it came out, it slid along her tongue and left her feeling oddly aroused. She didn't bother to question it; it was some relief from the awful gagging, and she put everything she had into focusing on that oddly pleasant feeling. Her cock, whose erection had started to subside, began to twitch with excitement once more.

As the dildo continued to mouth-fuck her, she found herself relaxing her throat more and more, her body beginning to respond more systemically: her breathing synchronized to the dildo's thrust, her chest making her restrained body lightly bounce in rhythm. Her eyes closed as she focused on tonguing the dildo. As bad as it had felt before, it now almost seemed alive, like something she wanted to actively pleasure.

And then it abruptly stopped.

Dora blinked her eyes dazedly.

"She's responding to that, too," the doctor said, his voice sounding perturbed and a bit disbelieving.

"What if we—" James's voice began.

"Shh."

There was hushed whispering behind Dora. She strained to hear what was being said, but she couldn't make anything out.

The dildo suddenly hummed to life, pulled out of her mouth, and stopped, interrupting her efforts to hear. Dora gasped as the nurse took the dildo off and then groaned as she replaced it with an even bigger one, both in length and in girth. The nurse flipped the switch, and the dildo shoved its way into her mouth. It was so big that it dragged against the spreader, which the nurse hurriedly ratcheted open a few more notches, making Dora wince as her mouth was spread uncomfortably wide.

She had little time to worry about that, though, as the dildo quickly shoved itself down Dora's throat. Her body shook as it tried to reject the invader but was powerless to do so. Dora felt her throat stretched, as if she was trying to swallow a yam whole, and her eyes watered with discomfort. But the dildo didn't slow down a bit; it slid in and out so fast that it seemed like a bad memory—until it happened again. And again. The feeling of pleasure as the dildo dragged against her tongue was gone; there was nothing but misery now.

As Dora struggled to breathe and keep from throwing up, she suddenly felt a whack on her prostate. She sobbed around the dildo as she faced cruel invaders on both ends. Her cock began to respond as her prostate was once again battered and beaten.

Something clicked in her mind. Perhaps it was the pleasure she felt in her ass intermingling with the misery she felt in her mouth, but the pleasure as the dildo pulled out suddenly returned—faint at first but quickly growing stronger. She willed herself to focus on that pleasure, and her cock took notice, throbbed, and began to drool continuously.

"Stop!" Dr. Hendrickson said, sounding angry.

Everything stopped abruptly, the dildo pulling itself completely out of Dora's mouth. The sensation of emptiness with it gone was almost enough to distract her from the feeling of being left unrelieved yet again.

Almost.

"It's worse than I feared," Dr. Hendrickson said, his tone grave. "We're going to have to take drastic measures. She should not have responded to *any* of that, but especially not with them both happening at once! Her libido is just too high." He sighed. "We're going to have to overload her sex drive."

"Uh, forgive me, Doctor, but what is that?" James's voice asked.

"Watch and see," the doctor replied. "Nurse, bring me the reciprocating tool."

Dora's eyes bulged as she felt the speculum in her ass opened even wider. She swore that someone ought to be able to fit two fists side-by-side through her poor, stretched anus.

But that was just the beginning.

The nurse returned with something, and Dora froze as something huge, metal, and *cold* was pushed roughly into her ass. It was so big that it filled the entire opening the speculum had made. She felt incredibly full, and it was made even worse by the fact that the device had a protruding lump that pressed right against her aching prostate. She felt every movement, no matter how subtle it was, from the doctor moving his hand on it to the tap of something bumping against it, to the click as whatever it was locked in place. Dora felt the device pressing hard against her prostate and the bottom of her anus as a large weight connected to it outside of her was allowed to tug the back downward and the top right into her prostate.

"Start the drip," Dr. Hendrickson said, and the nurse appeared briefly in view as she slid a roller along a clamp that kept a bag of saline from emptying into her IV.

Liquid began to flow into her, and she immediately felt her heart beginning to speed up.

"That's enough right there," the doctor said. "Too much, and she'll go into tachycardia."

The heart monitor beeped faster and faster as Dora began to breathe hard and fast. She was afraid; her body had never felt this strung-out before, and when she realized it was the adrenaline in her drip doing this to her, she began to panic; what were they about to do that they were taking this many measures to prevent her from passing out?!

"Let's do a trial run," Dr. Hendrickson said. "If that goes well, we'll proceed with the therapy."

Dora hovered on the verge of hyperventilating as she waited for whatever horrible torment was about to happen.

She suddenly saw stars as the device in her ass roared to life with a fast series of clanks that sounded like a miniature jackhammer. But instead of driving through concrete, the device in her ass drove that lump straight into her prostate. She lasted only a few seconds before nearly blacking out. The machine stopped, and her eyes jolted open as the nurse increased the flow of adrenaline into her. The heart monitor beeped faster and faster, settling at 160 beats per minute. Sweat poured off of Dora as her body shook.

"All right, let's begin."

The machine turned back on, and the dildo instantly began fucking her face at the same time. With so much overload, Dora couldn't take it all in at once. She wanted desperately to pass out, to escape this hell she was in, but the vile adrenaline drip wouldn't let her. Instead, her body did the only thing it could do: focused on the worst thing at any given time. As the dildo shoved into her, she felt the nausea and suffocation with acute intensity. As the dildo dragged against her tongue, she felt only the sensation of being punched impossibly fast in the prostate over and over again. There was no pleasure. Her balls had pulled deep inside of her, and her cock vibrated, standing harder than it ever had before.

Her balls contracted.

Dora wailed into the dildo as her cock began to shoot cum all over the floor. But far from the relief she had so desperately sought, this *hurt!* Every blow from the jackhammer in her ass made her cum spurt with a burst of pressure that made her balls ache as if someone were squeezing them. Her cock felt as though it was having a lifetime of erections right all at once, and her mind wanted nothing more than to leap away from it all. All the while, the dildo continued to fuck her face, alternately silencing her and letting her anguished, hoarse cries escape around it. Dora's voice rose in pitch, becoming a shriek of agony just as the doctor turned off the machine and the nurse turned off the dildo.

Dora collapsed, every muscle aching, and her penis limp and exhausted. Her entire groin from the tip of her cock to the top of her ass felt like it had been forced to run a triathlon with no preparatory training. Parts of her ached that she didn't know *could* ache.

"Let's see whether it worked," the doctor said apprehensively.

Dora felt the huge device pulled out of her and felt the cold blast of air from the room as her insides were once again opened for the outside to get in. She was too exhausted to react. But then she felt something gently probing her prostate. She whimpered dully.

To her horror, her cock began to twitch.

"That's *it!*" the doctor snapped. "I don't know *what* has gotten into this patient, but so help me, she *will* be cured of this! Continuous rounds, back-to-back, until she *can't* get hard!"

"N-no," Dora whimpered around her gag. "N-no, p-please!" Her chest heaved, and tears welled up in her eyes. "Please, don't do it again! Please! I can't help it! Don't punish me! It's not my fault! Please—*please*—don't do it!"

"Nurse, increase the adrenaline," the doctor said icily, ignoring Dora's plea. "I want her to feel every bit of this. Orderly, get the dual-dildo hooked up and set the intensity to the maximum."

James gulped. "Won't that be too much for her?" he asked.

"She's left us no choice," the doctor shot back. "Now get to it!"

James dutifully went to the fucking machine, took off the dildo, and put on a two-headed dildo, one with bumpy knobs and the other with long, spaghetti-like tendrils wrapped around a central core.

Dora cried into her dildo, begging James to stop. He actually looked a bit apologetic as he pushed the fucking machine into place, manually extending the dildos forward a bit and positioning them just inside her mouth. Yet as Dora struggled and tried to fight, her damned prick twitched treacherously.

"Let's get started," Dr. Hendrickson said, his voice a bit more composed but still testy.

Dora closed her eyes exhaustedly as the device in her ass roared to life again and James flipped the switch on the one in her mouth. She gasped in terror as the dildos lurched into her mouth and forced their way down her throat. Yet the speed of their fucking—though far faster than she had ever been fucked before—was not the worst part. As they fucked, the two dildos also spun both about their midpoints and around each other, constantly making her throat stretch in different ways. The little knobs scratched the back of her throat, and the tentacles flailed around inside of her, making sure to hit her gag reflex over and over again. She thought she would pass out or throw up, but neither happened. Instead, her whole body tensed against the cruel invaders as tears streamed down her cheeks and she wailed piteously anytime they weren't choking her. Meanwhile, her cock shuddered and jiggled as her prostate was once again beaten mercilessly by the evil instrument in her ass.

Her eyes bulged open; the fucking machine had been penetrating her throat deeper and was pulling out less and less with each thrust, and now, to her horror, she realized that it wasn't pulling out enough for her to breathe! Her lungs gasped desperately around the merciless dildos, but they couldn't get any air. She felt light-headed; she felt her ass pounding, her dick pounding, her lungs burning.

The dildo abruptly yanked itself out almost all the way, leaving just enough inside her mouth to guide itself back in. Dora gasped in a breath as her cock erupted again, firing spurt after spurt of milky-white cum all over the ground below her. She bellowed in desperate agony and collapsed once more.

But the device in her ass didn't stop. She was already sensitive before, but now she was ten times as sensitive, and every blow now felt like getting hit by a baseball bat swung with full force. She let out a final, aching moo before she went completely hoarse and could only exhale loudly in pain as she was forced to empty herself drier than she had ever been in her life. Her cock kept spitting cum in oscillating bursts, some bigger, some smaller, but slowly—agonizingly slowly—tapering off.

Meanwhile, the dildo shoved itself back into her and began fucking her with long, full-length thrusts and spinning even faster. The awful thing seemed to take delight in tripping her gag reflex over and over, until it suddenly shoved itself all the way inside of her and came to a complete stop. As Dora strained for breath, she felt her cock finally stop spurting.

James pulled the dildos out roughly while Dr. Hendrickson watched the monitor and even looked under the table to see if Dora was still cumming.

The device in her ass stopped and was pulled out of her. She waited breathlessly.



Something prodded her bruised prostate. She held her breath and closed her eyes, praying that her cock would *never* respond again.

"Orderly," Dr. Hendrickson said, his voice sounding relieved, "Quit standing where the patient can see you and come palpate this."

"Yes, Doctor," James said hastily.

Dora winced as she felt James's thick, stubby finger press roughly against the aching spot. Still no reaction.

"Nurse, you, too."

Dora felt yet another invader, this one thin and much gentler, but once again, her cock didn't stir at all.

"Good, but let's be sure. Start the oral therapy again."

The nurse hurriedly turned the fucking machine back on. Dora felt it drive into her, but she didn't care; she was too tired to care, and her gag reflex had all but worn out. Still her cock did nothing. She felt still more palpations in her ass and felt someone fondling her sore penis, but it refused to stir. The fucking machine was turned off.

"All right; therapy was a success," Dr. Hendrickson said. "Orderly, get her dressed and out to her mother; she's waiting in the lobby. Nurse, get this place ready for the next patient. We're running very far behind schedule."

Dora felt the IV pulled out of her unceremoniously, the EKG leads taken off, and her restraints all released quickly one-after-another. Then James scooped her up and quickly strapped her into a wheelchair. Not that she could have fought back or tried to escape; her entire body felt like aching Jell-O made of lead. She felt nauseous from the rapid movement of the chair as James hastily took her back to her room. There, he undid her restraints yet again, plucked her from the chair, and put her on the changing table, where he made short work of getting the cum cleaned off her, wiped her still-gaping ass, and then pulled some training pants over her legs and settled them in place.

"I don't think you should be wearing these," he murmured, "But it's what your mom wanted, and we aim to please."

Dora was too exhausted to reply.

James snickered as he held up the hangers with the clothes Dora's mother had picked out: a frilly, pastel pink shirt with the words "Mommy's Princess" written in big, pastel yellow letters across the chest, and matching capris with an elastic waistband and "Princess" written across the buttocks.

Dora didn't care; after all that had happened, frilly, pink clothes were the least of her worries.

James quickly got her socks and shoes on, popped her pacifier in her mouth, and wheeled her out to the lobby.

"Oh! James, is everything all right?" Dora's mom asked. "I've been here for over an hour!"

"Terribly sorry for the delay," James said. "Dora was a bit persistent, and so we had to give her some extra therapy. But Dr. Hendrickson is certain that the therapy worked, so it's good that we took the time to get it done right."

"Oh, well, very good. Yes, that's best."

She turned and went towards the door. James followed her, pushing Dora through it as her mom held it open.

"Just over here," she said, walking towards her SUV.

"Dr. Hendrickson would definitely like to see her again for a refresher over the winter holidays," James said as he followed her.

"We will certainly be here," Dora's mom replied as she opened the rear passenger door.

“Uh, actually, do you have a minute?” James asked. “I want to show you something.”

Dora’s mom frowned. “Of course, James. What is it?”

“Do you have some space in the back?”

Dora’s mom nodded and opened it. James released Dora from her restraints and lifted her up into the back of the SUV, laid her on her back, and pulled her capris and training pants down to her ankles.

“Look how I do this,” he said to Dora’s mom as he inserted a finger into Dora’s ass and found her prostate.

She winced, but her cock remained motionless.

“See how she’s not responding?” James asked. “You can also play with her penis. No matter what you do, it should act just like this: no twitching, no growing. The therapy Dr. Hendrickson gave her should last the next three months or so—long enough to get her to her next visit—but it’s important that you check at least once a week. Go ahead; you try.”

Dora swallowed in embarrassment as her mother pushed her finger up into her.

“Feel the hard lump on the top side?” James asked.

“Why, yes!” Dora’s mom replied.

“Good. Just rub that; press against it, swirl your finger around on it. Dora’s penis shouldn’t respond at all.”

Dora’s mom nodded. “I understand.”

“Now, it might begin to make fluid come out of the tip as you get closer to time for her next visit. If it does, just keep rubbing it until it stops. But if her penis ever twitches or grows, call us and get her in for an emergency appointment, all right?”

“Thank you, James. I certainly will.”

“Great!”

James pulled Dora’s trainers and capris back up and lifted her out of the back, carried her around the side, put her in her seat, and buckled her in while Dora’s mom closed the tailgate and went around to the driver’s side.

“Thank you again, James. We’ll see you next time!” Dora’s mom said as she started the car.

“Already looking forward to it!” James beamed. “Oh, uh...”

“Yes?”

“Well, it’s not really my place to say it,” James said awkwardly, scratching the back of his neck, “but a lot of this might have been avoided if Dora didn’t have quite so many privileges. I’m not meaning to tell you how to raise your little girl, but...” He trailed off, looking at her questioningly.

“It’s okay, James; I’m curious what you have to say.”

“Well, like the training pants; she’s gotten a bit too big for her britches, and keeping her in a strict regimen of diapers might help keep that at bay. And her pacifier; she didn’t come in wearing one, but if she were required to use it all the time—even at school—that might help her remember her place. And as for her girlfriend...well, that kinda takes care of itself if she shows up to school wearing a pacifier; most girls will lose interest very quickly.”

Dora’s mom considered it. “Thank you, James,” she said at last. “I hadn’t considered what all of these freedoms might be doing to my daughter. We will definitely keep her on a tighter leash from now on.”

“Totally up to you; I just wanted to present the information,” James said, smiling.

He stepped back and waved as the SUV backed out of the parking space and drove away. Dora looked back at him over her shoulder. She wanted to hate him, but maybe he was right; maybe being back in real diapers would make her feel better. She gasped as she suddenly felt herself wet her training pants.

“M-mom...?” she said, embarrassed.