

Haunted Hospital Mishap

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Published on Lush Stories on 14 Nov 2010



An abandoned hospital leads to a supernatural experience. I looked at the broken floor below me, real

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/supernatural/haunted-hospital-mishap.aspx>

I looked at the broken floor below me, realizing that I was an idiot. This wasn't something any sane person would do. In fact, anyone with a measurable amount of common sense wouldn't have come near a place full of rusted metal and broken floors. Looking across the way, the small kitten stared at me, almost as if he were mocking me. "I hate cats," I muttered to myself. And I did. I had never liked them. They were like tiny demons ready to destroy your ankles, your shoes, and anything else that wasn't made of scratch resistant material. But, I told the little boy I'd get his cat. Could I have simply told him no, that I would go and find his mother? Sure. Again, that would have been sensible and sane. And I couldn't have that, now could I? "Here kitty kitty," I called, trying to sound sweet and docile. And... the cat hissed at me. He leapt down, clearing the broken floor boards and making it down another hallway. "Stupid little son of..." I let my profanity trail off before mentally measuring the distance before me. 10 feet. That didn't seem like a huge leap. I was 5'10". My legs weren't exactly short. And I worked out. Some. I had jogged a mile just... Okay, so I didn't work out. But I could definitely make a jump that was only 10 feet. I looked back down. Maybe 12 feet. Nevertheless, I could make it. I knew that I could. Until I jumped. As I fell those 2 stories down to the ground level, I knew, without a doubt, that the cat had done this on purpose, validating my suspicions of their nature. I awoke, the smell of ammonia making me slap at my own face. "There you are, miss," a woman's voice said, smiling down at me as my vision struggled to clear. "You just relax. Try not to move too much." I blinked, seeing her semi large nurse bonnet.. thingie. She looked out of place, like she was wearing a costume instead of a uniform. "What's going on?" I asked, finding my throat scratchy. I felt dehydrated more than anything. In fact, surprisingly, I didn't really hurt at all. I expected at least to be sore. But I wasn't. I tried to sit up and the nurse pushed me back down. "Don't you worry, miss." The nurse smiled at me, taking the time to pat the side of my face. "The doctor will be here soon." Not feeling like arguing, I resigned myself to lying there. I looked around at my surroundings and could feel something not right. I had been to the hospital several times. (No, I'm not that big of a klutz... Okay, fine, I am.) but this didn't look the least bit familiar. The light fixtures, the smells, they were different. I looked around, seeing an empty bed close to my own and staring at the shape and style. It looked like an antique. A new, shiny antique. Looking down at my own body, my gown seemed off and strange. "Nurse, I..." As I opened my mouth to ask a question, a doctor entered the room. He

seemed to be about 40, maybe 45, with just a touch of gray in his hair. But what really struck me was that he wasn't wearing a coat, a set of scrubs. Instead, he was wearing a suit. Not something I was used to in the least. "What do we have here, Joan?" he asked, walking towards the bed. "Female, mid 20s doctor. She.." The doctor cut her off. "Name?" I opened my mouth to respond, finding that I couldn't remember it for a second. "Jessie," I piped up, watching as he looked at me from behind his glasses. "Jessica, sir." "She was found at the patient drop-off. She seems to be out of sorts." "Is that all?" He angled his head, looking at my feet. "Surely there's a reason you summoned me." "Well, Doctor, she doesn't appear to be married." The nurse patted my hand, making me attempt to pick my jaw up off of my chest. Did I just get belittled about being single? Again? My own mother had taken out ads for me in the local newspaper, convinced I would die a spinster. I wanted to open my mouth and spew that I was only 24, that I just didn't have time to go hunting for Mr. Right, but I was too in shock. "I think her problem may be of the feminine nature." "Oh, I see," the doctor said, smiling. "Well, that certainly does explain your recommendation that I oversee the case." He walked to the front of the bed, grabbing my chin and looking into my eyes. "Her pupils seem more dilated than I expected." He grabbed my wrist, checking my pulse. "Accelerated heart rate." He grabbed my chin again, looking me dead in the eye. "I need you to answer me truthfully, do you understand?" His voice was stern and set, bordering on fatherly. "Yes sir," I whispered. "Are you a virgin?" I felt my face turn bloodred a second before I pulled my face away from his grip. "Yes sir." "Very good." He turned, looking at the nurse. "Take her to my procedure room on the the lower level. I need her thoroughly prepared for me." He stepped out of the room, almost in a rush, without looking back at me. "Ma'am, I don't think I understand what exactly is going on." I looked up at the nurse, almost pleadingly. "I just fell. I don't understand why..." "Shhh, don't you worry," she soothed, pulling straps across me. I started to protest, to scream, but I couldn't fathom what was going on. What would I have screamed? And to whom? I felt the leather tighten and she patted my face again. She checked them, making sure my hands were secure. "That's a good girl," she said, still smiling. She pulled a blanket over me, hiding the straps. She pulled a release on the bottom of the stretcher, immediately pushing me through the door and down a hallway. I could see other doctors, other nurses, my head still spinning and trying to focus. Nothing was making sense anymore. It was like being in a dream. One that I could smell and hear and touch. Soon we arrived at what can only be described as an ancient elevator. It creaked and squeaked and seemed to be made of glass. I watched helplessly as she pushed the B2 button, sending us downward at a crawl. "Ma'am, I'm not sick. I just fell. I don't understand what's going on." "Of course you don't, dear," she said again, still as sweet as ever. "Just relax. You'll feel a lot better soon." "I don't think you understand what I'm saying. There's nothing wrong with me. I just need to get home." "Shhhh," she urged, patting my cheek. "The doctor should have you right as rain in a week or so. You wait and see." The elevator stopped, forcing me to stop my pent up tirade again. I wanted to desperately tell this woman to go to Hell, that if she touched me again I'd... find some way to get free and beat her to within an inch of her life. Instead, I looked forward and saw what can only be described as one of the most perverse looking exam tables ever imagined. The knee crutches were designed to hold the entire leg, long leather straps hanging loosely from

them. Arm rests jutted out from the sides, more straps adorning them as well. It didn't look like an exam table, not even a surgical table. Overhead lights were bright, illuminating the darkened room, making it hard to see anything but the table itself, the trays of instruments resting near the left knee crutch. The nurse began to push me towards the table, my heart beating into my throat. I had fallen. That's all. What was wrong with these people? They seemed to border on insane. "Stop," I demanded, trying to pull against the straps. "Stop this right now. Damn it, I said stop!" "Just as I expected," the doctor said, appearing from the darkness. He was wearing only a shirt and tie, his coat long gone. "I assumed she would be difficult." He walked towards my gurney, dismissing the nurse. "I've got it from here, Joan. You can go back to your rounds." "Yes, doctor," I heard her say, the woman disappearing back into the blackness followed by the sound of the elevator creaking once more. "Doctor," I whimpered as we got closer to the table, "You don't understand. I fell down. I was trying to get the little boy's cat. I hit my head I think. That's all. I don't need an exam. Especially not that kind." He sighed loudly, placing the gurney next to the exam table. He looked down at me, into my eyes. "You can make this easy, or difficult, miss. I'm a lot larger than you as you can see. You're going onto the table whether you like it or not." I didn't say anything, thinking of my options as he loosened the first strap, and then the second. "Now, if you'll help me, we can get your treatment started and..." I punched him as hard as I could in the face, trying my best to dart up and make a run for the exit, any exit. But, sure enough, he caught me, grabbing me by the hair and pulling me back and grabbing my arms. "I'm aware you're suffering from hysteria, but if you try that again, there WILL be consequences." "I'm not suffering from anything, you pin-striped jackass," I growled, watching as he pushed the gurney aside and pushing me onto the exam table. True to his word, he was strong. Extremely. Had he not been a doctor, I wouldn't be surprised if he could have easily been a professional wrestler. "What part of 'I'm not sick' don't you understand?" He held me down with his weight and pure strength as he fastened the straps across my arms and abdomen, locking my upper body securely into place. He then moved to the end of the table, grinning at me as I glared at him. He seemed to find it amusing if anything. He grabbed my right leg first, forcing it into the knee crutch, glaring at me as I kicked at him. "Do you want this exam to hurt more than it has to?" he growled, meeting my eyes. I considered the situation for a moment, thinking. Then I let my legs loosen and he strapped my right, then my left, leg into their respective holders. "That's a good girl," he said happily, reaching up and adjusting the overhead lights, shining them directly at my exposed genitals. He didn't place a drape over me, he didn't make any effort to hide what he was doing. Instead, he reached over, pulling one of the wheeled carts to him. I caught a sideways glance at some of the instruments, my breath catching. They didn't look like anything I had ever seen. In fact, of all of those metallic monstrosities, the only thing I recognized was a speculum. He pushed my legs apart more and more until I felt my muscles start to resist. Only then did he stop. Without so much as a warning, I felt his fingers enter me. It hurt and stung, something that forced a loud gasp mixed with an "ouch" from my mouth. He moved his fingers around, stretching me as he went. "Hymen intact," he mumbled to himself, his ungloved fingers pulling from me. I could feel the heat rise in my face as he touched me in a less than delicate way, and was even more ashamed and reddened by the idea that I was

becoming somewhat aroused. Immediately, I felt a cold speculum enter me less than gently, making me attempt to squeeze my legs together futilely. "Hmm," he said curiously. "You seem to be lubricating." He peered inside me as he said that, my shame and embarrassment growing as he did. "Vaginal vault appears in perfect condition. No noticeable abnormalities." He pulled the speculum from me without closing it, causing me to wince even more than I already was. "Now, Jessica, as you can tell, you're not well." He reached over, picking up a cylindrical instrument that resembled a large bullet. "But we're going to fix that. I promise. This is my specialty and I assure you that you're in the best of hands." I started to speak again as I felt him push the less than small instrument inside me, resting it against my g-spot. He moved it in and out several times, making my already abundant juices squish and flow around it. "Don't worry, dear. I'll only use the smallest of tools. I promise. We want you intact for your wedding night after all." My head was spinning as he pushed it in again, this time forcefully resting it against that certain wonderful spot. Then he began moving it up and down, caressing that area forcefully, erotically. I could feel excitement build more and more inside me, nearing an orgasm. Suddenly, he stopped, pulling the tool from me. He pushed his fingers inside me, feeling the moisture. "Excellent response dear. Excellent." He placed the probe back inside me, leaving it stationary. He then stood up, moving to a machine that was masked in the dark, pulling over something that resembled a hand drill. I heard a switch and buzzing noise. Fear rushed through me a moment before I felt vibrations run through my clit, causing me to release a guttural growl from my stomach. He held the machine stationary, grinning at me as he watched from between my legs. He moved the probe in and out again, soon enough bringing me to orgasm. "That's a good girl," he said, his breath heavy as I convulsed in my stationary position. I had never felt anything even close to that amount of pleasure. "Your treatment is going to go so well." As my first orgasm ebbed away, he didn't pull the vibrator, or the dildo, from my body. They remained stationary, only the insertable moving in and out, massaging my g-spot mercilessly. Soon I was riding another wave of ecstasy, my hips jerking against their restraints. This kept on for hours it seemed. He would bring me to orgasm, always watching my face and never moving. He never even seemed to blink. He was intent on whatever treatment he was providing to me, using me as a guinea pig in some sort of deviant sexual experiment. Finally, I was so tired I almost couldn't stay awake. The table under me was drenched in my juices, my face and chest glistening with sweat. My clit, my vagina, they were sore and throbbing, most likely raw from the physical contact and abuse. "Doctor... It hurts. Can you stop? Please?" He stared at me, keeping the vibrator firmly placed on my clit, the little electrical impulses no longer pleasurable but painful. He seemed to check his watch, his brow tightening. "Your treatment has only gone on 57 minutes. I doubt that is efficient, my dear." 57 minutes? Really? That's all??? He left the vibrator on for another 10 minutes at least. There was no more pleasure, no more ecstasy that he could coax out of me. Or so I thought. He pulled the vibrator away, placing it on the table behind him. He then sat back down, leaving the inserted dildo inside me. He pulled my lips apart, staring at my clitoris and manipulating it. I'm sure he could see redness, if not swelling. "Hmm," he said under his breath. He pulled the dildo from my hole, a slopping sound accompanying its removal that made me feel even more self-conscious. Almost immediately he pushed the speculum back inside me, my

fluids making the entry smoother than I could have imagined. "You do seem a little inflamed." He pulled the speculum out again, the emptiness it left behind a welcome feeling. "I will let you rest after this last stage of treatment. Then I'll take you back to your room so you can rest for the night." He stood up then, his height intimidating as I saw a virtual silhouette due to the lighting of the procedure room. "You need to give me one more, Jessica. Do you understand? One more and you can sleep until morning." I nodded, feeling my stomach tighten at the thought of what he had in store. Then his fingers went inside me, his thumb resting on my clit and massaging it roughly. I tried to focus on the pleasure, however hidden it was. I wanted to cum and cum hard so that he would leave me alone. I wanted him to feel whatever sick satisfaction he was after. So I focused on the feeling of his fingers as they moved around inside me, tapping at my cervix. It was painful, anything but erotic, but I had to find some way of enjoying it. He moved his fingers faster, his nails scraping along the walls of my passage. Slowly, slowly, I felt something build. I knew that I couldn't fake it. Not with a doctor whose fingers were embedded deep inside me. As I neared that edge, that climax, the doctor did something unexpected. He pinched my clit as hard as he could, making me scream as the orgasm rocked my body. I felt myself virtually flood his fingers, my juices pouring from between my legs. "Good girl," he said, smiling at me a second before I passed out. Something ran across my face, causing me to slap at it. I opened my eyes, catching two yellow eyes staring at me. I sat up, feeling my body ache as the cat hopped down. "Ouch," I muttered as I stared at my sliced up palm, seeing dirt in the wound. "Great," I growled. At least I was up to date on my tetanus shots. The cat meowed, causing me to look his direction. He didn't run, didn't jump. "What? You finally get hungry enough to go home?" He meowed again and I stood up, wincing as I felt my knee pop. I cursed myself and the pain loudly. I looked around, just the barest amount of light shining in through the hole my butt had made on the way down. I felt myself blush as I stared at the dusty, rusted exam table, the knee crutches still attached and long since rendered useless. It was the same procedure room, the same table. Even the vibrator rested in the tray next to the too widely stretched knee crutches. My mind was obviously more creative than I had given it credit for. My imagination, well, my unconscious imagination was far more detailed than I could have imagined. "Well, that was one hell of a dream," I finally said to myself, bending down and picking up the troublemaking tabby. I walked towards the stairwell in the corner, having remembered seeing it in the dream and rationalizing that I had seen it earlier before falling just like everything else. But as I walked by the table, I stopped. There were fresh puddles of moisture at the end of the metal, drops falling into a larger pool on the ground. Without thinking, I reached out, touching the rusted vibrator and pulling my hand away as I felt warmth. "Yeah, I'm out of here," I said, limping faster. I cleared the steps surprisingly quick, arriving at the entrance in less than 3 minutes. And as my foot crossed the doorway, I could have sworn I heard the doctor say, "Sleep well." Oddly enough, I don't think I've ever moved so fast in my life.