

# Echoes of Barkin

## Chapter 2

By

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Heading off into the hospital Emma began to feel a bit better. Her legs were still a bit wobbly but, as she dabbed her head, she found that there was little blood. She would have a lump, but she could live with that. Peering down at her map she was able to work out where she needed to go in this sprawling ancient building.

If her map reading skills were right, there should be a door to the outside at the back of the building. In fact there were two. One was on this floor, but over on the other wing, the kitchen entrance. The other was on the floor below her, but considerably closer, next to the cells. She would have to walk down this corridor to the end and then, at the bottom of the stairs, there looked to be a wide space before the cells. A nurse's station, she presumed. The outside door was located here and it was this that she chose as her destination. Time was of the essence and she still had to get outside and walk around the building in order to meet and guide her clients.

She walked past several doors, whose purpose escaped her. However, after the journey that her imagination had just taken her on, she was reticent about further exploration. No doubt she would be having nightmares for weeks following the strange dream that she just had.

The corridor seemed to stretch out forever and Emma realised that she was slowing down. It felt warm and she felt clammy. She was not sure, but she felt that she might be coming down with something, or at least the blow to the back of her head was not the simple lump that she assumed. She needed to sit down and rest for a little while. She could still make it to the customers, but she needed to put her feet up quickly.

Unfortunately, nowhere looked good to just sit down. The corridor was dirty and dusty. It had that air of decay that only a building that had been left standing for a while could manage. Not damp exactly, but abandoned. Ahead, she saw a nurse's station of some kind with benches in front of it. This would do. It was no cleaner than anywhere else, but at least it was off of the floor.

She staggered over to the wall, leaning her weight against it, before continuing to the bench. Her eyes were playing tricks on her and she kept seeing things out of the corner of her eye, shadows of things moving or ghost images that, when she turned to look at them, had disappeared. Finally, however, she made it and sat down heavily. She was thankful that she had not tripped in her heels. The last thing that she needed was another injury and she didn't relish the idea of twisting her ankle. But she had made it.

The nurse's station was of the same dark wood counter design that she had seen downstairs. To the left of the counter was another door, marked "Store Room." The door at the end of the bench that she was sitting on was more interesting. This read "Dr Barkin."

Emma relaxed as the weight was taken off of her feet and she could close her eyes for a second. Leaning back, she let her head touch the wall behind her as she listened to the occasional sounds carried to the building from outside as the wind picked up or the building settled. The occasional creak or scuttling sound, the latter being something whose source she did not want to think about.

"Dr Barkin will see you now."

Emma's eyes popped open at the pronouncement. Immediately she squinted at the unexpected brightness from the overhead lights. The corridor was clean and bright, as was the nurse's station and the woman who sat behind the counter. She smiled at Emma.

"Mrs Thompson, Dr Barkin will see you now, if you would like to go through," she chirped as she pointed to the door at the end of the bench.

Emma was stunned. What tricks were her dreams playing on her now? Looking down at herself she got some answers. She was no longer dressed in her business suite, but now wore the simple cotton dress that she remembered from earlier. She wore cotton socks and slippers. She also felt that she was no longer wearing the nappy from earlier. Instead, it felt as though she was wearing regular cotton briefs. However, she was not about to explore, especially with the nurse looking on.

"Mrs Thompson," the woman prompted.

Emma looked to her left where she noted a very clean and freshly painted door bearing Dr Barkin's name. This was obviously her subconscious playing tricks on her. Perhaps she had fallen asleep on the bench. In any case, being a dream, Emma felt that she should follow it through to its conclusion, curiosity and a certain inevitability forcing her actions. Emma therefore stood and made her way to the door, knocking before a voice from inside invited her inside.

The room was neat and efficiently laid out. Although this was obviously a doctor's office, by the medical journals in the bookshelf and the medical certificates upon the wall, Emma felt that Dr Barkin had made the effort to make this place appear more homely. Plants decorated a small coffee table. Although the desk could have been used as a barrier, Dr Barkin had turned it sideways on, so that he could give the appearance of openness with his patients. Jolly drawings, in bright colours, hung next to the certificates. Bright floral patterns decorated the rest of the walls, as cheerful explosions of coloured wallpaper vied for competition to be seen in this busy landscape. This was an obvious attempt to take the edge off of the clinical atmosphere that permeated the rest of the building.

"Hello Emma, please have a seat," the slightly podgy, middle aged man in the tweed suit stated as he indicated to a comfortable looking armchair.

Dr Barkin obviously did not visit the gym often. However, as a Doctor in such an institution, he wielded great power and Emma was not going to do anything that might upset him. Not until she found out what was going on.

After the initial pleasantries, the Doctor began to probe a little deeper.

"I see from your booking in that you have given your date of birth as the 27th of September 80. I must say that, for a seventy five year old woman you are looking remarkably well," the doctor probed.

"I am not seventy doctor, as you can see."

"So you lied about your birthday?"

Emma did her best to evade this question and the doctor let her. She knew enough from her experience with clients to guess that he would come back to this later. She would have to be careful.

"In our earlier sessions you stated that you were an estate agent and that you had come to show some buyers around. As far as I know, this hospital is not for sale. Why would you think that?"

Emma was not happy. Earlier sessions? What earlier sessions? What had she said the last time that she was in this room or was this some ploy? She didn't know and so she fielded his questions as best she could, avoiding anything that might get her in trouble. This might be a dream, but she had already had a very vivid dream and did not want this one to follow along in the same pattern.

The session lasted for perhaps an hour. At the end of which, the doctor began to wind up the conversation.

"Well Emma, I think that we have made some progress today. But I get the feeling that you are still holding back. Some of the things that you have told me, I do not think that you actually believe. We have some way to go, but I am sure that with the right treatment we can help you to address these issues and make you well. You do want to get well don't you Emma?"

This was a loaded question and she knew it. There was only one answer that she could give and so affirmed that she did want to get better.

"Good. If you will wait outside I will have my receptionist arrange for your treatment session. You might find it a bit uncomfortable, but I believe that a little discomfort can be used in a positive way."

"Discomfort? What do you mean by discomfort Doctor?"

"Nothing that you should worry about. Now if you will just wait outside?"

She was being dismissed. She knew that he had decided upon a course of action and that she was in his hands. Reluctantly she stepped outside as the doctor reached over for his phone.

Emma sat nervously on the bench, while the receptionist talked to the doctor on the phone and then called somebody else. Emma did not catch the conversation and she got the feeling that this woman was deliberately lowering her voice, so as not to be heard. Whenever she looked up, the receptionist smiled sweetly before carrying on with her work. Emma tried her best not to fidget and sit calmly. After an eternity of waiting she heard footsteps approaching. At last two nurses, one of which she recognised from her earlier dream, came around the corner.

"Hello Emma. How are you today?" the first nurse enquired.

"Um, fine, errh, thank you," she stammered nervously.

"Well, if you would come with us the doctor has ordered your next set of treatment."

"Um, what treatment?" Emma asked in a worried voice.

"Oh its nothing bad, but we should make a move," the nurse indicated.

Tentatively, Emma stood and allowed herself to be guided down the corridor to one of the doors that she had passed earlier. Upon entering, she found that she was in some sort of medical examination room. A gurney, complete with green paper sheets and ominously, straps, dominated her vision as she was guided to it.

"Now, if you could remove your knickers dear," the nurse instructed.

"Ummm, why?"

"To get ready for your treatment, now hurry up," the nurse insisted as her partner stood by the door, effectively blocking her escape route.

Emma weighed her options, remembering the last time that she had tried to resist and found herself strapped to a bed. Reluctantly she pulled up the skirt of her dress, hooked her thumbs under the unflattering cotton underwear and pulled them down, stepping out of them as they fell around her ankles.

“That’s a good girl. Now, if you could just hop onto the trolley,” the nurse said, patting the gurney with her hand.

Emma lifted herself onto the trolley, sitting with her legs over the side.

“That’s it. Now, if you could move onto your front, that’s it,” the nurse encourage. “Now, raise yourself onto all fours, so that your elbows are touching the trolley. That’s good,” the nurse soothed as Emma manoeuvred herself around.

Emma was in a precarious position, on her knees and elbows. What the hell were they going to do to her? Her question was answered in part as the other nurse came further into the room and both nurses set about attaching the various trolley straps.

Firstly, her wrists and ankles were secured with padded leather cuffs. Her elbows and knees were next. She was now secured tightly, but she felt a hand pushing down on her shoulder and, as she lowered her face onto the trolley, another thick strap was passed over her back and secured. She was now pinned, with her head on the paper covering and her ass sticking up into the air. It was no surprise then that she felt her skirt being raised, exposing her bare ass to the two women.

“What’s happening? What are you doing?”

“Shhh. Don’t worry dear, it’s nothing bad. Just relax OK?”

Emma was starting to panic a little as she heard the sound of a trolley being wheeled over. She had only glimpsed it when she came in, but could not guess what was on it, as a green paper towel covered the top. She heard a tap running and, looking over to the door, she saw the other nurse standing at a deep, porcelain sink. The nurse finished what she was doing and made her way over to Emma, carrying what looked like a hot water bottle.

“Now you might find this a little uncomfortable, but you should not worry.”

What, Emma wondered, was she not supposed to worry about? Then she felt it. Cold metal, not very thick, but it was poking against her anus. Not just metal. It was coated with something cold and slimy.

“Wait. No,” Emma tried as something was forced into her ass.

It seemed to go on forever. The other nurse was fiddling with something behind her. Then she felt it. Warm liquid was filling her ass. She was being given an enema of some sort. Emma squirmed uncomfortably as she felt her bowels fill up.

While this was happening, the first nurse began stroking her head and cooing comforting words to her. However, all of the comforting words could not shake the feeling as her bowels began to fill up and Emma imagined that her stomach was distending as more liquid invaded her. At last she was full up and the nurses removed the metal probe. Just as well as pain started to shoot through her as her stomach cramped.

“There is a bucket behind you. We want you to hold on for a few moments and then let go. Don’t worry about spilling anything. Just let go and the bucket will catch it,” the nurse instructed.

Emma tried to hold on a while longer, but they were not going to let her up from the table until she voided her bowels in front of them. Besides which, she was not sure that she could make it to a bathroom, even if they did un-strap her. With little choice she let go, crying out in relief as the pressure was released and the foul contents were expelled from her body.

Emma's eyes shot open as she felt warm liquid erupt from her ass and, instead of hearing the sound of it hitting a bucket, felt it meet her underwear instead, exploding in all directions.

She was lying on the bench and her clothes were soaked with foul water. Her blouse, skirt, stockings and underwear were a sodden mess. Sitting up, the smell hit her.

"Ewe. Yuck," Emma protested as she stood up and felt the foul shit escaping from her knickers and sliding down her leg as water pooled in her left shoe.

What was she supposed to do now? She couldn't meet the clients like this. She couldn't even sit in her car like this. The thought of waddling out to the car, smelling of crap made her want to be sick. Looking up, she saw that the storeroom door was slightly open. There might still be something that she could use in there. She knew that the owners had not cleaned everything out after the closure. Hoping against hope, she waddled, with her hands held out away from her, she went over to explore, leaving a dripping trail of foul smelling water and other things behind her.

She was in luck. Towels, what looked like clothes and some other boxes sat on the shelves. Grabbing a towel, she stepped out into the waiting area and started to undress. It was worse than she thought. Even her bra was wet. Stepping out of her skirt and shoes, she tried not to wretch as she undid the suspender clips and eased the stockings off. After unbuttoning her blouse and letting it fall to the ground, she undid her bra and suspender belt, before getting to the part that she had dreaded. Her knickers and the cargo that now caused them to hang lower than normal were a task that she didn't want to think about. Tentatively, she eased them down her legs, trying not to let them touch the sides of her legs. At last, she stepped out of the knickers.

Grabbing a towel, she started to clean herself up. Returning to her handbag, she rummaged around until she found the pack of wipes that she carried for spillages. This was definitely a spillage and Emma used them to clean herself as thoroughly as possible before drying herself off with another towel.

The clothes, she found, were patient's dresses. She selected one from the top of the pile and slipped it over her head. It fit. She also found socks, which she put on. She couldn't find any other underwear, so she opened one of the boxes. Pulling back the plastic she found that they were nappies. Not the type that she had worn before. These were contemporary with when the hospital had closed and resembled a paper, disposable pull up nappy. But these were obviously designed for adult use.

Emma looked outside at the pile of clothes. She was obviously ill and if her bowels could explode once, wearing a nappy might be a prudent idea and so she opened the garment and stepped into it, pulling it up so that it fit snugly. Looking on the side of the box she noted that this was a female cut. Just as well, she thought. She grabbed a couple of these as well as a small hand towel and headed outside, placing them in her bag, just in case she needed them later.

Emma considered putting her shoes back on, but seeing the slight gloss sheen on the left shoe, changed her mind. The socks were thick enough to keep her feet warm and stop her feet from getting dirty. Picking up her bag, the stunned woman continued her journey along the corridor to the stare case. She didn't care about the clients now. She would phone and cancel the appointment. Reaching into her bag Emma tried to get a signal. Whatever the building was made from, she was not going to be making a phone call until she got outside.

Sighing, Emma replaced the phone. She would explain to them later. At the moment, she just wanted to get out of here. It was only when she reached for her handbag and the torch, which she had left on the bench did she notice that the garment had a name badge. Stepping further into the beam of light, a cold chill ran down Emma's spine as she read the name on the label.

Emma Thompson  
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