

To whom it may concern,

The following was written by SCP user Cyantrueuse in the June of 2015.

I am lending it here because it disturbs me thoroughly.

This story was formally linked in the sidebar of the sexycontainmentprocedures blog, and was therefore public for at time.

I have had access to a copy of this story for a while.

Although the story is signed 'an anonymous member of the SCPF wiki', connections to Cyantrueuse can be directly linked through the character Dr. Leeward. This story was never released on the wiki, but other stories including Dr. Leeward exist. The first on-wiki mention of him was in the tale "Too Cold to Live, Too Young to Die", which was released on November 25th, 2016, although in his addition to the personnel and character dossier on January 19th, 2017, it's revealed that Leeward was the redacted author of "'Baby's First Guide To Keter-Class Anomalies' & Other Questionable Documents Recovered from the Drive of Dr. [REDACTED]", which was posted on December 24th, 2015. He makes several more appearances in Cyantrueuse's tales, all which can be easily found by searching 'leeward' on the wiki search function.

As of August 1st, 2019, Leeward's description in the character dossier is as follows:

Dr. Adam Leeward: Emotionally confused and ethically conflicted humanoid containment specialist from Site-11 and living in Site-81. May or may not have made a few mistakes, may or may not have cleaned up a few mistakes. Not without the standard degree of coldness in personality traits, but with a few (sometimes painful) soft spots.

There's something off about you, Lee.

- Of course, there always was.

Under watch for abnormal behavior. Well-intentioned, but not without flaws. Of course, in this field, flaws like these can get you in deeper than you ever expected.

I have seen the rise of people asking for evidence of Cyantruese's mistreatment of others on the wiki, and the rise of denial of what he's done. I will admit this is not the palpable evidence many have been crying for. A story is a story. But I hope, after reading this, that it will be easier to believe what his former partners have spoken up about, and why he was banned from the SCP wiki.

I will be transcribing this story, word for word, into this text file to the best of my ability from the screenshots I have for the purposes of readability.

I also should note before this story begins that it includes incredibly vile content. Likely moreso than what you are expecting. I would like to not only bring attention to the more obvious graphic portions, but to several lines which I have **bolded** which I believe are disturbing in their own right, many of which illuminate certain pathways of thinking about one being held accountable.

I should mention, last of all, that his ban will be up for appeal on January 25th, 2020. I vigorously appeal to those reading, and to SCP staff, to deny him this opportunity as it arises.

Not related to this document, I would like to request that any names or personal information regarding the people he's abused be left alone. They are not the ones at fault here, although Cyantruese will make them out to be.

Thank you.

Within Regulation

By an anonymous member of the SCPF wiki | 06.30.15

Dr. Leeward walked as quickly as possible from the elevator to his office, sighing as he shut the door behind him. He pulled his chair out from under the desk, running his hands down the back of his lab coat as he sat down at the computer. He vigorously shook the mouse back and forth while tapping his fingers all over the keyboard, making the screen flicker back to life. He typed in his password and navigated to the icon of the Foundation's database application. He ignored the front page of the organization's latest news, instead immediately scrolling down to the search bar *SCP-9241*. *One result*, the next page read, loading only one hyperlinked page. He clicked the red text and scrolled past the containment procedures he'd written, all the way down to the bottom of the page. He clicked on *edit*. A pop-up appeared.

Warning: Level 4 clearance is required to edit this page. You will be redirected to the previous page in 5 seconds if sufficient clearance is not presented.

Leeward ignored the space for credentials to be entered, instead sliding the Level 4 keycard he'd hidden in his pants pocket through the reader attached to the side of the monitor. *Level 4 access approved*, the pop-up read, and disappeared. He was now left with the pure text of the page, and he made one last paranoid glance toward the door before he started reading.

Addendum 1: As of 06.20.15, only the following personnel outside of standard guard positions are allowed within 10 meters of SCP-9241:

Dr. Alex Leeward, lead containment specialist, Level 3 clearance, access allowed between hours 0900 and 2000

Dr. Robert West, lead researcher, Level 4 clearance, access allowed between hours 0800 and 2100

Dr. Kathrine Callings, junior researcher, Level 2 clearance, access allowed all hours

Leeward started highlighting and deleting.

Addendum 1: As of 06.29.15, only the following personnel are allowed within 10 meters of SCP-9241 and/or within the boundaries of SCP-9241's containment chamber:

Dr. Alex Leeward, lead containment specialist, Level 3 clearance, access allowed all hours

He hit save and sighed, flipping the keycard around in his fingers. Well, that was easy, he thought as he began to print the page. Now to head back to West's office to tell him he found his keycard on the floor in the hallway.

"Doctor West!" Leeward said, knocking on the researcher's half-open door.

"Ah, yeah, come in." The older man sighed, shuffling papers around on his desk. "Make it quick, Lee, I'm in a bit of trouble here..."

"Lost your keycard again?"

West stopped, frowning as if trying to decide whether or not to be offended at the younger doctor's tone of voice. "Well, yes, as a matter of fact."

"Here." He walked briskly in and dropped it on his desk. "It was right out there in the hall."

"Jesus, man, you're a life-saver." West stood and began forcing the papers into neater stacks. "And hey— before you start, this is only the second time I've lost it in fifteen years."

"I'm not judging," Leeward said with a barely perceptible smirk. He caught a glimpse of someone else in the room as he turned around to leave. He groaned. Not this bitch again.

"Ah, didn't see you there, Callings, I trust you're doing well?"

Katherine Callings stared blankly back at him from the chair in the corner of the room, her curly hair partially obscuring her face. "Just fine, thanks."

Leeward rolled his eyes internally. "That's good." He tried to break the awkward conversation by leaving, but she called out to him before he was out the door.

"I needed to ask you something, doctor."

He froze and slowly walked back in, looking first at West and then at Callings. "Yes?" He said.

She stood with her arms crossed, her body language right on the line between stiff and aggressive. "I have reason to believe that you're in breach of Foundation regulations regarding what you're particularly allowed to carry on your person based upon your position and clearance level."

He bit his lip and looked at West. West frowned and opened his mouth.

"Could you, um, specify for us?" West said.

"Well, he—"

"I believe I could shorten this for us all, if you'll just give me a minute..." Leeward sighed and opened the manila folder he carried around, flicking past the newly printed copy of SCP-9241's article and pulling out the surprisingly thin Foundation handbook on personal and work-related everyday-carry items. "I'm sure you recognize this, Miss Callings," he muttered. "Let's see... containment specialist, yes." He cleared his throat as he flipped to a page in the middle of the handbook. "As per Foundation containment and retrieval regulations, a level 3 containment specialist is tasked with...oh wait, wrong paragraph. Hang on... yes, down here. A containment specialist tasked with the continued cooperation of humanoid objects is strongly advised to carry the following: two capped and secured syringes of class B amnestic, Bright-Scranton type... two capped and secured syringes of standard BK-type anesthetic... one low-damage, one-handed weapon such as pepper spray or nightstick... one class five portable Scranton Reality Anchor in the case of reality-being objects, rated to one hundred Humes... one pair of standard handcuffs..."

Callings sighed. "Fine, fine." She straightened herself. "I mean, my mistake. I see that's all the regulations. I apologize." She walked over and brushed past him, her heels clacking down the hallway toward the elevator.

"Well, sorry about that, Lee," West said, sitting back down at his desk. "To be blunt, I don't know why she's always... always..." West shrugged.

"Trying to get me into trouble, I would venture to say," Leeward said with an attempted air of humor.

"Eh, sure, if you wanna call it that. I'll have to talk to her about it."

"No rush, no rush. If I'm in line with regulations, there's nothing I need to worry about."

"That's right. But look, it's already ten. You ought to go get some rest."

Leeward waited a second too long to respond. "Good idea. I'm a bit... out of sorts, anyway. Goodnight."

That seemed to put West's guard down a little. "Right. Goodnight."

Leeward spun on his heel and left the room, walking toward the elevator. He stepped in and pushed *B4* several times lightly so that the door would close before whichever researcher was walking after him could get in. "Sorry," he called out to her as the door closed. **He forced himself to stop jittering with excitement as the elevator descended.**

Leeward stepped out of the elevator and began the long walk down level B4's gray concrete hallway. He was almost to 9241's door when realization hit him. He groaned loudly as he remembered that he had meant to reprogram the door lock before giving West his keycard back – shit, now he'd have to steal it again. This put a damper on his plans.

He nearly ran into Callings as he turned a corner. His heart jumped in his chest. "Oh, ah, you scared me," he joked.

It didn't faze her. "Why are you down here?"

Leeward sighed and flicked his eyes back and forth. "Maybe because I'm the lead containment specialist," he snarled. "Why are you down here?"

"That's not a reason why."

"Does it concern you?"

"Okay, look. I made an effort to respect all my colleagues, but you are really toeing the line with me. You see, I am your superior, and if you can respect West as a mentor, you can respect me as a scientist." He leaned in further. "**In other words, stop insinuating that I have *malicious intentions* of some sort every time you see my face. My lord, Callings, you may have me wondering just how much you're slandering me behind my back.** I have every regulatory—"

"I'm afraid I'm going to have to interrupt you, doctor," she said with a nervous shaking in her voice. "You're down here after hours – after the SCP document clearly dictates that only I have access."

God, her fucking tone of voice. How he'd love to see that perfect little face covered in 447. He inhaled slowly. "Perhaps you should check the database updates more often, *doctor*, because according to the newest previous of addendum one, only *I* have access," he retorted.

That seemed to genuinely confuse her, finally. She opened her mouth, but closed it.

He straightened his shirt. "Unfortunately, neither Doctor West nor I have had the time to reprogram the door lock since the update. That means that I can't get in at this time, and I can only reprogram it when the lock has verified a keycard within the last ten seconds. Would you please run yours through for one last time?"

He could tell Callings was fuming, but she wasn't one to argue with regulation. "Yes, sir," she muttered, stalking back to the door. She slid her card through, making sure to hold down the red switch that caused the door to remain closed while a card was being verified.

"Thank you," Leeward said, awkwardly putting his thumb over hers to hold the switch. She swiped her hand out from under him and stood behind him. He pulled the small screen out from under the scanner and began navigating through the options. He chose *reprogram keycard access parameters* and slid his keycard through. A confirmatory beep sounded and he released the switch, the door sliding open to reveal a dark room. He turned to Callings, who was glaring at him.

“What? She’s asleep.”

“You were just in here,” he hissed quietly.

“And I turned the lights off and she went to sleep.”

“What are you, its mom?”

“More of her friend, if you want to use personal terms.”

Leeward clenched his hand at his side. *“She is an it, and I would advise you not to form personal relationships.” These new recruits and their holier-than-thou mentality, thinking that every fucking sentient humanoid needs a UN conference and a Geneva Convention to determine whether or not we’re nice to them,* Leeward thought. *Callings and her demographic would have us thinking a doorknob is a person if they had their way all the time.*

She was staring at him. “Well, what are you going in there for at this hour?”

Just drop the euphemisms, bitch. “Again, you really ought to check the schedules. She’s due for an exam today, and you’re actually not cleared to be here anymore so I’m going to ask you to leave. Again, thank you for your assistance with the keycard reprogramming.”

“Doctor, I am really beginning to notice that—”

“Kathy? Is that you?” A small voice called out from the darkened room.

Callings muttered something under her breath. “It’s me, I’m sorry I woke you up. Just go to sleep. Or—”

“Don’t go to sleep. You’re due for the monthly exam.”

Callings protested. “Just let her sleep, for fuck’s sake!”

Leeward glared. “Go back upstairs. Now. I’m ordering you as your superior this time.”

Callings paused for several seconds. “Fine.” She shot one last look into the room before she turned and clacked back down the hallway again.

"Wait, don't leave!" The groggy voice whined again.

Leeward sighed. Now for the nice guy act. "It's me, skip."

She groaned. "Go away."

He laughed, but it drove him crazy that she hated him for no reason. "Sorry I didn't come earlier today, but you know the exam is due at the end of every month."

"But it's only the twenty-ninth..."

"Yes, and that's when we do it." He slid the door closed behind him.

"Please don't turn the lights on."

"I won't be doing it in the dark."

He waited for her to respond. She just groaned.

"I don't want to have to force you..."

"Please come back tomorrow. I had a bad day," she whimpered. He could see her balled up under her covers in the dim light.

He sighed and turned the lights on. "I can't do this on your bed. Please come with me to one of the labs."

She groaned again, curling tighter under her covers. He walked over to her bed. "This is the last time I'm asking you. I don't want to have to force you to do this, but schedules are schedules."

She waited for several seconds. "Please just leave me alone..." she said.

Leeward sighed as he reached toward the back of his belt. He hoped that one of these days she would grow to like him, but he couldn't make her.

She sniffled and put her hands under her pillow, winding at the

familiar sound of handcuffs clanking together. Dr. Leeward pulled the pillow off of her and reached for her hands. She screeched and kicked him, making him cry out.

"God, come on," he choked out. "I'm not going to do anything bad."

That cocksucking asshole. 'Nothing bad.' This wasn't the first time he'd yanked her hands behind her back and forced her somewhere like she was some criminal just because she didn't want to do whatever he'd barged in asking for. "Please..."

He pulled her hands behind her, laying on her stomach. She struggled against him, kicking his face once or twice. To her dismay, he climbed on top of her and forced her down. "Stop!" she screamed, his crotch uncomfortably pressed against her lower back.

"You give me no choice, I'm afraid. I can't do anything with you when you're trying to kill me," he said dryly, handcuffing her too tightly as usual. She strained to turn her wrists to a more comfortable angle. He firmly wrapped his hands around her arms and pulled her upright, forcing her to stand. "I hate you so much," she muttered.

"I know, I know," he sighed, walking her to the door.

"Let go of me!" She shook her arms against his grip.

"But you're gonna run down the hallway if I do that." He opened the door, wrapping his fingers around the chain between her hands.

"I'm gonna fucking kill you, you hear me?" She screamed. He started fumbling for the sedatives on his belt. She couldn't be causing this much attention this late at night. "Don't think I can't! Don't think you fuckers have stopped me from being able to—" she faltered as he calmly slid the syringe needle into her.

"Help! Kathy! Kathy!" She cried out, her shrill voice ringing down the hallway. She started to tremble and eventually collapsed into Leeward's shoulder. He gently lifted her up and leaned her against him, slowly carrying her down the hallway towards one of the examination rooms. **He eyed the security cameras for only a second before making sure his hand was clearly below her knees.**

She mumbled as he sat her down on the examination table and unlocked her handcuffs. He dropped them onto the counter, the noise echoing around the room. "Alright, skip," he mumbled, smiling to himself. He took her lifeless arms in his hands and pulled her up to the other end of the table. "Sorry I have to do this, but I'm required to because you threatened to kill me..." he said quietly, laying her hands above her and fastening restraints around her wrists. "I promise you'll be alright. None of us want to hurt you."

She was barely responding, and her breathing was slowing. This was no good. **He turned to the desk lamp, but started checking around the room for cameras before he did anything that could be interpreted as suspicious.** There were no cameras, as expected. He smirked and turned the dim desk lamp on. He made sure the door was locked before finally turning the ceiling lights off. He sighed and looked at her limp body laid out on the lab table. Was he really going to do this? He'd been planning all this – stealing the keycard, confronting whoever he needed to, scheduling an 'exam' – for weeks, and he had to take a moment to consider that it had worked. For a second he wondered if this was all just the result of one fucked-up thought blown out of proportion, and he wondered if he should just do some doctor shit like taking her pulse to show her that she could trust him, and then come back some other time when he was more level-headed... no, no, that wouldn't work. Not for him, at least. **He'd wanted to do this, and there was no shame in admitting it. And now that self-righteous bitch Callings wasn't around to throw moral shit at him over his persona.** He looked to the table. She was waking up, moaning.

He took a pair of exam gloves from the lab counter, shoving them into the pocket of his lab coat. He walked over to the table and stood beside her.

"Wha- why are the lights off?" She mumbled. She shook her head and tried to sit up. "Wait, why am I—"

"I told you, skip. You threatened me, and according to the paperwork I signed when I got this job, that requires physical restraint," he said quietly and coldly.

She blinked several times and looked over at him. "I swear to

God, if you're about to do anything...anything *weird* to me, I am going to get you fired or whatever happens to you people when you fuck around."

He smirked. "You can relax."

"Why are the fucking lights off?"

"Please, just hold still."

"Fuck that!" She started kicking her legs around, shaking the table.

"Shh. Calm down. This table is bolted to the floor."

"I can still kick the shit out of you, you piece of—"

"I'm not doing anything to you! I'm just standing here! Please, calm down."

She paused and closed her eyes. He hurried to the other end of the table and fastened the restraints around her ankles, her knees slightly bent. She started to scream again.

"Skip, stop screaming. You just told me you're going to kick the shit out of me," he said calmly. "Now I have to... examine you, as you know. Please hold still." He wiggled his fingers into the gloves and leaned on the edge of the table. Now how could he convince her not to scream?

"Wait, no. No, I'm not comfortable— not you, not you of all people. You listening to me? I—"

"I told you what I had to do." He slid his fingers into the waistband of her pants.

"Stop! Stop! You didn't tell me it was a fucking gynecological exam, and you certainly didn't tell me that you were going to tie me up for it! And you're— you're—"

"I'm not going to stop, skip," he said as he pulled her pants down around her ankles. "This can be fast and clinical and or it can be long and full of fighting and sedations." He started to

pull her underwear off.

"Please don't." She was losing her composure. These people had made her feel dehumanized, but this was crossing a line. "Please don't. Please don't. I don't want it. I don't like you." She could feel herself starting to cry. Was he really going to put his fingers in her?

He sighed. "Skip, just hold still," he said, making eye contact with her for what she thought was the first time. "I promise you that if you hold still and let me examine you, I'll be done within a few minutes and nothing will hurt or be uncomfortable. You can go back to your room and go to sleep and we'll both be other this."

She fought back more tears, shaking with cold and nervousness. "I... I know it won't hurt, but..." she trailed off. This was so embarrassing. She knew it wouldn't hurt. It was going to feel *good*, and that was worse. She didn't want to like him or anything he did to her.

But he was reaching for her now, and she slammed her head back on the table, the sound of her skull hitting steel ringing around in her head. "Please don't..."

She felt the tip of his finger touch her, and she shuddered. It felt *wrong*, the light touch of his gloved hand between her legs, his face focused on his hands in the dim light. She tried to ignore him, gritting her teeth and clenching her nails against her palms, pressing her wrists against the restraints. If she could just distract herself with pain for a few minutes, this wouldn't be the awful experience it was starting to become.

But he was *rubbing* her, and goddamn it she knew that he had been up to something, she fucking knew that he was after her this whole time, that way that he'd sat on her bed a little too long after leaving to the day, the times she'd noticed an abnormal bulge in his pants when he saw her in a towel, dripping wet after her shower. And he was reaching into her, and he was leaning over her and she could feel his breath falling on her bare abdomen. And she was starting to shake...

"Stop. Stop. I know what you're doing. Stop."

He forced more of his finger into her, making her jolt. "And what am I doing, skip?"

She swallowed. "You're fucking fingering me, you fucking fetishistic little—"

He put both his hands on her, rubbing her and flicking her finger inside her. "Please don't get the wrong idea. I told you I had to examine you..."

"This isn't an examination, you— you... *oh...*" Shit, that felt good. No one had ever touched her like that before. She leant her head back and let herself relax, before forcing herself to dig her nails into her palms again. She couldn't like this. She would not let herself like this.

"I saw that. Don't make this sexual." He put another finger in her, stretching her and making her shudder.

Fuck you. "I'm not making this anything, you're the one who's—"

"Just hold still, skip."

Stop calling me that. Stop calling me that. "We both know what you're doing. Stop hiding."

She saw him smile, though he quickly regained his cold composure. She found herself watching him, focusing on his mouth, his eyes, the messy sideburns, the way he parted his lips when he looked at her...

She stopped herself again, but it was getting harder and harder to do. She hadn't realize how sexually starved she was until she felt his fingers in her. But she didn't want to like him, with his wrinkled lab coat thrown over his collared shirt and stupid green bowtie. He was a creep, clearly, and she tried to tell herself that that was not the kind of man she wanted fucking around between her legs. She tried to tell herself that, but as he adjusted his hands and started rubbing her clit between his thumb and forefinger, his other hand still penetrating her, she let out a moan.

She wished she hadn't. He was still pretending that all this was on her.

"Now, now, skip. Don't make me feel awkward," he smiled. "I'm almost done."

Almost done? Almost done? She tried to wrap her head around that. That was... good. Yes, she didn't want him touching her

anymore.

"Wait."

He stopped moving, leaving a lingering throb between her legs.
"Yes?"

Shit. "You're... almost done?"

"That's right." He started rubbing again.

"Ah- *oooh...*"

"You like that?"

She slammed her head back again, stifling a grunt.

"I think you do."

Fuck. This was not how she wanted this to turn out.

"*I'd* like something, skip."

She responded too quickly, trying to distract herself from the sensations he was giving her. "Mmm?"

"How about..." he muttered. "I let you finish, and then... we..." he looked up at her.

Oh no. *No, no, no.* "No. No."

"Would you like me to stop, then?" He stopped rubbing her, the lingering feeling making her realize how close to orgasm she'd been.

"Uh... uh..." She should just tell him to stop. He got whatever he wanted from her. He probably just wanted to see her break, and she had. She could live without an orgasm from someone she didn't even like.

"I think you want me to keep going." He started rubbing her again, his fingers flicking inside of her. She felt herself shaking again.

But he stopped. "I'll take that as a no." The feeling faded away again, leaving her sweating.

She bit her lip. If he stopped now, this would be what was best.

"Answer me, skip," he ordered, ramming his fingers back into her.

She cried out, shuddering. "Okay, okay!"

"Okay what?" He said quietly.

"Stop. Just stop."

He pulled his fingers back out, and she found herself sighing with relief. At least this was over. He got what he wanted and she could go back to sleep and remember this as a nightmare.

"Untie me. Let me go."

He paused for a nerve-wracking amount of time. "...I won't be doing that, skip."

Dread crept over her. "What... oh..."

He pulled his gloves over his hands and walked to the counter again. She strained her neck to see what he was doing. He was throwing the gloves away and reaching into his pocket for something. *Please not this. Please not this.*

He walked back over. She was shaking with fear and cold. The table was steel and her legs were bare against it.

"Cold, skip?"

"Stop calling me skip, you—"

He laughed and smiled, grabbing her ankles. His face changed back to his normal calculating expression. "Fine, S-C-P-nine-two-four-one. I hope you'll cooperate fully over the course of this containment procedure." He ran his hand up her leg, making her hair stand on end.

She tensed. He was *disturbingly* fetishistic. She hoped that when all of this was over, she could talk to someone like Kathy and Dr. Leeward could get arrested or executed or whatever the Foundation did to 'sexually deviant' employees.

"You hear me, skip?"

She ignored him, fighting back tears again.

"Don't make me force you again."

"What are you...gonna do..." she choked out, all feelings of defiance and bravery seeping out of her.

Dr. Leeward started unfastening the restraints around her ankles. She didn't try to kick him, instead just fighting back sobs.

She watched him walk over to the corner of the room, doing something on the counter. "What are you doing?" She forced herself to ask, her voice straining with the effort of living her head from the table.

He didn't answer. She thudded her head back down. Maybe if she hit her head hard enough, she would knock herself unconscious and she wouldn't have to remember this night. She lifted her head and thudded it down again, and again, and again.

"Stop. You're going to hurt yourself." Leeward rushed over and put his hand behind her head. She slammed backwards again, making him cry out in pain. He pulled away, holding his hand and muttering expletives as he walked around to her feet again.

"Listen, skip," he said, gripper her legs. "This is gonna go one of two ways. If you hold still, shut up, and don't resist, I'll give you amnestics and you can forget you did this." He tightened his grip and yanked her toward him, her legs hanging off the edge of the table. He slid his hands down to her thighs and stroked her. "Or... if you don't hold still, don't cooperate..." he let go of her and unzipped his pants, looking at his feet. "... well, let's just say this won't be the last time I do this."

She strained to look at him, but he had pulled her so tightly against her restraints that I was hard to move her head. She pulled her legs back towards her instinctively.

"Skip... I warned you." He jerked her back toward him, the restraints scraping against her wrists, pulling the skin tightly and making her flinch. His pants were unzipped, his belt hanging open.

"Please!"

"Aww, skip. It's a shame to see you like this..."

"Fuck you! Fuck you!" She sobbed.

"Hold still, remember? Unless you *want* to remember this." He traced his fingers up her legs, making her shudder. "If you're a good skip, I'll make this better for you." He pulled her against him. She winced. She'd never felt an erection before.

He reached into his boxers. She leant her head back and closed her eyes. She would just ignore it. She would hold perfectly still and he would inject amnestics into her and she wouldn't know any of this happened. Of course, she couldn't decide what was worse: forgetting this and having to deal with it over and over again, or knowing what was coming every time he came into her room and not knowing if she could get someone to help her. She hoped she could just talk to Kathy and Kathy would save her from all this ever happening again. But why did Kathy walk away earlier? Didn't Leeward know that she would tell people what happened as soon as possible?

"Wait. Wait." She didn't look up, but something was brushing between her legs.

"Yes?"

She swallowed, trying to get her nerve back. "Don't you know that I'm gonna tell people what you're doing to me?"

She felt his fingers stroking her again. "What makes you think that?"

She faltered. "You told me that...you said..."

"And who's going to see you other than me?"

She shook. "K-Kathy, and Doctor West..."

He laughed. "They don't have access to your room anymore, skip. It's just me now." He pressed himself against her.

"No!" She choked. She wasn't ever going to get out if that were true. There had to be some way to get attention. Someone had to see her someday. There had to be a guard or something. Anyone.

"Are you going to hold still?"

She whimpered and started shaking her legs vigorously. Dr.

Leeward let go of her and moved to the other end of the table. Without hesitation he slapped her across the face, making her skin sting. She cried out.

"I told you to hold still. Do as I say."

"Fuck you!"

He slapped her again, splattering tears across her face. She closed her eyes and cried softly while he walked back around to her feet.

Leeward enjoyed watching her squirm and protest as he forced himself into her. He pulled her harder against him, sliding deeper into her. He knew she liked it. She was obviously kinky, with her feisty personality. He admitted, he didn't expect to go this far, but he figured he had been kidding himself when he set all this up and told himself he didn't know what he was going to do with the resulting situation. It would be fine, he reasoned. He would administer amnestics to her and they could both leave this behind them after he got his fill of her. She whimpered and shuddered as he thrusted against her, never once opening her eyes.

"You like it. You know you do."

She didn't say anything when he finished and pulled out to throw the condom away.

"Was that so bad?"

She didn't say anything. He quietly flicked the lamp off, leaving them in total darkness. She groaned.

He smirked. Now to play with her. "Goodnight, skip."

"No, no... don't leave me here, please..."

"I'm done with you."

"Please, doctor..."

He silently walked over the the table and ran his hand up her

leg. He smiled when he felt her shudder.

"Please, don't... I'm... exhausted..."

"Don't worry, skip. You'll be better in the morning." He climbed up onto the table and laid down on top of her, stroking her face.

"Don't fucking touch me. You slapped me and you- you-"

"I just wanna make you feel good, skip." He leaned toward her face, breathing down her neck. He hesitated to kiss her, but he told himself there was no need to worry about anything. He knew what she could and couldn't do to him. He licked her lips, flicking his tongue across them. She bucked upward, trying to throw him off of her. He chuckled and forced his weight on her even more. "You're gonna like me, skip. Don't worry. All the rest is going to be a bad dream."

"Fuck you."

He hurried to kiss her while her mouth was open in speaking, but she bit his tongue, drawing blood. He gagged. "Don't... don't worry, I'll forgive you for that." He swallowed and reached around to the back of his belt, fumbling for the right syringe. "Hold still." He slid the needle into her arm as he kissed and licked her neck, stroking her breasts and sides.

She groaned and twisted under him as he pulled the needle out of her, dropping the empty syringe onto the floor. "What did you just..."

He ignored her. She would be under the effects of the amnestic within four minutes. He kept stroking her and kissing her as she muttered and cried. "I love you, skip. I love you." He held her face in the palm of his hand and kissed her, forcing his tongue into her limp mouth. She mumbled something, but she was losing touch fast. He kept kissing her and stroking her as she lost coherence. She needed to associate him with pleasure if she remembered anything from tonight, and this would make sure of that. He smiled widely, not bothering to hide anything in the dark. This was perfect. He would be able to do anything to her after this, and she'd want him to.

He climbed off of her and put gloves on again, standing by the table. He felt between her legs and started rubbing her again. She moaned softly. "Come on, skip. You know you like this. Come

on..." He slid two fingers into her and gently pressed down as he rolled her clit in his fingers. She started to shake slightly, though he couldn't tell if it was from cold or pleasure. He could barely see her face in the dim lighting from the door lock screen, but he thought she was smiling. She mumbled something else and grimaced as she arched her back in orgasm, moaning softly. He didn't stop rubbing her until she'd stopped shaking.

He threw the gloves away and got back on top of her. "Go to sleep. You're alright. Go to sleep." He unfastened her restraints, her arms falling limp again. He took her hand in his and kissed her neck and body until she stopped trembling.

"Alright, let's get you back to your room," he said, lifting her up. He carefully draped her over his shoulder and staggered back down the hallway to her room, making sure to take the trash bag with him.

She awoke in the middle of the night, sweating. Her containment specialist was sitting by her bed with a lamp on. "Oh good, you're here. I can't sleep."

He smiled. "I see that. Do you need me to get you anything?"

She frowned. "No, I don't think so," she mumbled.

"Do you want me to stay here?"

"Wait, how long have you been here?"

"I just came in."

"Oh. I just..." she trailed off and put her head in her hands, sitting upright. "I had a confusing nightmare. I can't remember it."

"I'm sorry."

"It's okay. I just get really confused in here, you know. No sense of time of day."

"I can make a note of that. I want to you be happy."

She stared at him for several seconds. "Um... thanks. I guess I'll just go to sleep." She looked directly away from him, hiding her face.

He smirked. *This was going to work.* "Do you want me to stay?"

She still didn't look at him, and only spoke after a long and awkward silence. "Can I ask you something... honestly?"

"What might that be?"

"Are you...attracted to me?"

He faked surprise. "What makes you think that?"

"Well, you're...God, this is embarrassing. It's just, you're sitting in here while I sleep, and you sure do come in here a lot..."

"This is the first time I've come at night, though."

"Well, that clock never convinces me of what's night and day."

"Again, I'm sorry you feel that way. I can get a request in to walk outside with me--"

"That's not- that's not what I want. To do. With you," she stuttered out.

"With me? What do you want to do with me?" Yes, yes, *this had worked.*

"Well, I... um... look, I'm really lonely in here. And you... you're very..." she blushed and hunched her shoulders.

Time to move. Leeward scooted his chair closer to the bed, leaning toward her. He whispered. "Look, skip. I'm the only one cleared to come in here now. If you... have sexual feelings for me, I'm sure we can address it somehow."

Her eyes widened. "I don't mean we should... I mean, that wouldn't be very..."

"Appropriate? For a containment specialist and a skip?" He smiled, taking her hand. "If you're lonely, you're lonely, and there's nothing else to it. And part of my job description is to ensure that you still feel human."

She stared with her mouth hanging open. "So you... you'll..."

"I'll spend the night with you, skip."

"Oh- okay," she said with a laugh, lifting the covers for him. He bent over and took his shoes off before climbing into bed.

"Is this okay?" He said, putting his arm around her. She was trembling. "Are you cold?"

"Yeah," she whispered. "But I'll be warmer when you're in here."

"Mmm." He unclipped his keycard from his coat and dropped it on the floor.

"Your belt is bumping me."

He unbuckled it with his free hand and pulled it off. He set it on the chair, the handcuffs clanking.

"You ever gonna use those on me again?" She asked, pressing herself closer to him.

"Only if you like it, skip."

She smirked and laid down beside him, their faces touching. "Well, you know... I never said I *wasn't* 'into' that sort of thing, doctor."

He smiled and took her face in his hand. His life was about to get infinitely better. "Do you feel better now?"

She cuddled against him. "Definitely."

"Good."

They fell asleep in each other's arms.