

Our First Night Together

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It is hard to keep my attention on the traffic. This is the night it is going to happen: I have a date with my new girlfriend Emily, and she has made it clear that I am welcome to spend the night at her place. Hours before I needed to leave I made sure I have packed everything I might need; toiletries, clean underwear, condoms, etc., and also the things I'll be needing for college tomorrow, since I might very well not come home in between. I offered to pick her up at the mental institute she has an internship at, at the end of her shift, since I am passing there anyway on my way to her apartment. So I thought we might as well spend that little extra time together. From there we will probably go to her place, although I am not quite sure yet if she has planned anything else. Her shift ends at 20:00, and she will already have eaten with the clients, so I have also eaten dinner at home. Now I am carefully following the route I had planned beforehand on my bike.

When I left home it was still too warm and sunny for a jacket, but I put one on anyway, to be prepared for if we want to go outside later in the evening, or it is chilly tomorrow morning. The one thing I had not prepared for, is the sudden shower that is now starting to fall down, and although my jacket is water-resistant enough to keep my body mostly dry, my pants are soaked when I arrive.

At the reception they let me know I am expected, buzz open the door to the rest of the building, and send me on to the nurse's station. There Emily is sitting behind the computer, quickly types the last lines, and comes over to me. Her big smile and the sparkle in her eyes make me realize once more how lucky I am, and all the nerves from the preparation fall away. She gives me a big hug, but then exclaims, "Oh, you are soaking wet? How did that happen?"

"I'm sorry, there was a sudden shower that I hadn't seen coming, and there was no time or opportunity to find shelter. It was brief, and it had almost stopped already when I arrived, but it has managed to get me quite wet anyway."

"You need to get out of those pants quickly, or you'll get a bladder infection or worse." That seems a bit exaggerated to me, but she is the medical professional, or at least training to be, so I don't protest, but only explain I have no other pants with me.

"Well, I should be able to find something here. Come with me; we have a practice room where we have a bit more privacy. You can take them off there, while I see what I can come up with." The nurse's station is in the center of a corridor, with glass walls above the counter, so I am glad for a bit more privacy. The room she takes me to has a few chairs around a table, some metal cupboards, and a hospital bed in it. She gets me a towel from a cupboard, and then disappears. The wet jacket I simply hang over one of the chairs to dry. The floor is covered with something like Linoleum, so I don't have to worry much about dripping, which is a good thing when I wrestle to get the pants off, with the wet denim sticking to my legs. My briefs are wet as well, so they go off too – good thing I have a spare for those at least. After using the towel the clean ones go on, and I settle down to wait for Emily. Shortly after she pops back in, takes my jeans to quickly put in the dryer, and leaves again. There are a few manuals and such on the table, so I look through them. It surprises me in how many ways such a hospital bed can be adjusted, and how many attachment points it has, for a trapeze, whatever that is, straps,

railings, etc. The next manual is about something called Segufix, which seems to be straps to restrict patients. I didn't even know they still use things like that, but I guess they might not have a choice with violent patients.

A while later I am getting a bit impatient, but I am not going to leave the room in my underwear, so I just have to wait. Luckily not long after the door opens, and Emily walks in again with crate in her hands with on top a rather large bundle in fluorescent green that seems to be made of fabric, but looks a lot bulkier than just a pair of pants.

"I'm so sorry, but this is the only thing I can find in your size. These are experimental overalls that we are testing on our clients. They are in the last beta test phase, and are long since declared safe. This last test is only about usability for us and the clients. You would actually do me a big favor, since I am supposed to practice with them, and have not yet found the time to." She looks pleadingly at me with her big brown eyes, and I can't resist her. Not that I seem to have an alternative anyway. And it is probably for what? 15 minutes? I don't have a dryer, so I'm not sure, but the centrifuge cycle of my washer takes less than 10 min, so it can't be that much longer for a specialized dryer. So I nod – it could be fun anyway, playing around with putting on and taking off clothes might easily develop in something like foreplay. And I'm somewhat used to overalls; I have a sturdy pair that I use for handywork around the house.

"It's probably best if you go to the bathroom first, so we won't get interrupted during the practice." She is right in that the wet pants seem to have stimulated my bladder, but there doesn't seem to be a toilet accessible directly from the room, so I protest that I can't go into the corridor dressed in only a t-shirt and briefs. "Well, it is either that, or I bring you a bedpan. But I can check the corridor for you, so no one will see you. There is a toilet directly on the right." That seems acceptable to me, so we do it like that, and soon I am back in the room.

Then she drops the next surprise on me, "They chose overalls over a jumpsuit, since they can also be put on a person with their hands restrained." She pulled some white straps out of the crate, and adds, "I'll owe you," with a wink. I've always considered it weird that some people use things like handcuffs or blindfolds in the bedroom, so the idea of being restrained seems a bit repulsive to me, but having her owe me does offer interesting possibilities, so I think "What the hell," and give her a nod.

She takes a tablet out of the crate, starts an app on it, and scans a barcode on a label on the overalls. The app apparently starts a wizard to help her through the procedure, and I wonder what I have agreed to – since when do you need a wizard or a manual to put on a pair of overalls? Then, with a, "OK, let's get started now," her demeanor suddenly changes, and she declares, "Now, Mr. Grant, we are going to put these wrist restraints on you. Please cooperate or we will need to resort to force, making this more unpleasant for all of us. Put your hands behind your back, please." Startled, I do what she says, and she starts wrapping the straps around my wrists. This she seems to have practiced before, because it doesn't take long before she concludes, "There you go," and I can feel my hands are stuck behind my back. The broad cuffs are soft against my wrists, but also quite sturdy, and after a few pulls it is clear to me that I'll not be able to get them off myself.

For a moment she drops out of her role, strokes my chest through my t-shirt, and gives me a quick kiss on the lips. Surprisingly, given the awkward situation, my body reacts strongly, and, wearing only briefs, unmistakably. I feel somewhat ashamed of the reaction, and try to cover it with my hands, but of course that doesn't work. Emily remarks, "We'll get to that later, Mr.

Grant, but I am glad you are enjoying the procedure,” in a sultry voice. Ouch, now it looks like I enjoy being tied up! But don’t I? Given the excitement that I’m feeling, and my body’s reaction, part of me seems to enjoy my restricted arm use.

Emily gathers the overalls up with her back to me, and now orders me all businesslike again, “Step into the legs, please.” I haven’t yet got a good look at them, but they look a bit like those overalls that road workers wear to make sure they are seen, only I don’t see any reflective stripes on them. As I step into them, leaning somewhat against Emily for balance, I notice the material seems to be coated both outside and inside; not quite like rainwear, but not like normal cotton or canvas either. Emily explains that they are stain-resistant, and can be wiped clean, so they don’t need to be washed often, which is a bit of a hassle with these. Then she pulls them up to my hips, causing some clanging sounds – apparently there are metal parts as well; it doesn’t sound like the normal overalls clasps. She puts some fabric into my hands at the back, and tells me to hold them up while she figures out the next step.

She studies the tablet for a while, making some surprised noises, and then turns to me, “OK, this is something I hadn’t expected; it is going to get a little complicated now.” I look anxiously at what she is referring to, but first she lowers the overalls again, and then pulls off my briefs, explaining, “I read that these are meant to be worn without underwear, but I thought for this practice round we could ignore that. But we can’t.” Then the overalls are pulled up again to my hips, and once more I am to hold them up at the back. I notice that there seem to be zippers on either side that go down to the bottom of my hips, so the front of the overalls still hangs down far.

Now Emily lifts it up, and there seems to be a hard part in the crotch, with a hole in it. “Here comes the strange part. Please try to stay still, Mr. Grant, and we’ll soon get this over with,” she orders me. Then she tries to put the hard part against my crotch, guiding my member into the hole. It had just gone down a bit, after the erection before, but with her handling it quickly sprang to attention again. I apologize, but she waves it away, saying that it is perfectly normal, and she grabs a can from the crate, and starts spraying my member. It is icy cold, and I can’t help jumping back, but it achieves its goal, and once it is flaccid it quickly disappears into the hole. It ends up in a tube that is curved downward. Then she puts a strap around my balls, keeping the hard part close to my crotch, and pulls the zippers on both sides up far enough that the overalls stay on my hips without sliding down anymore. I can let go of the material in the back now.

After checking her tablet briefly again, she starts pulling up the overalls at the back, and put the straps over my shoulders. I feel the back part goes up high, with the straps splitting only shortly below my neck. The straps seem to end in pieces of metal of some 8cm long and 2cm wide, serrated like a saw, but on both sides. I want to feel them, but lifting my hands I am quickly reminded that I can’t. I just have to let Emily handle it all. She comes to the front, and lifts up the bib. That is another surprise for me: a large part of the bib is solid, and a few centimeters thick. She holds it up against my chest, and presses the metal parts at the ends of the straps into slots at the top. They make a ratcheting sound, almost like handcuffs. Not that I have experience with those, but I’ve heard the sound often enough on TV. She measures how many fingers she can fit under the shoulder straps, and then presses the metal parts two clicks further in. I can now feel the straps on my shoulders, and the crotch part being pulled even closer to my body. The bib is now not far below my chin.

I see something blinking on the bib of the overalls; there seems to be a display integrated in the solid part. It is hard for me to see, but it seems to show a schematic of the overalls, with two green dots blinking at the top edges of the bib, and two red ones on the sides of the bib. Now Emily pulls up the zipper on my left side, and I notice that the sides the overalls go up to my ribs, which is quite a bit higher than my work overalls. When it is up, she takes a strap that apparently is connected to the back, and pulls it over the top of the zipper. It ends in another of those serrated metal parts; this one going into a slot at the side of the bib. The metal part is now on top of the zipper pull, and fully covers it. Then she does the same at the other side. By now the overalls fit pretty closely around me, and when I take a deep breath, I feel the hug of the overalls. They are definitely more close-fitting than my canvas overalls.

Again she checks the tablet, and then measures the tightness of the straps at the sides. I start protesting that they are quite tight enough as it is, but she clicks both ends one step tighter anyway, saying that that is regulation. Knowing she'll soon take them off again, at the latest when the dryer is done, I let it happen. Now the display shows four blinking green lights. Emily taps a few things on her tablet, and there is a slight whirring on my chest for a moment. "Now the straps are fixed in position, so they cannot accidentally be made tighter, and become uncomfortable." That sounds like a nice precaution – the straps are quite tight enough by now. Still, unless I do my best to struggle or breath really deeply, it feel more like they were hugging me than that they are uncomfortably tight. I wriggle a bit, and it is actually not bad. Even the hard parts fit well against my body, without any ridges or pressure points. Emily also inspects the result, walking all around me and pulling and fiddling here and there, making satisfied sounds.

"OK, that is it. Thanks so much for cooperating!" she says, hugs me once more, and gives me a longer kiss this time. Now I really want to hug her back, and more, but still my hands are out of commission. Of course my member tries to rise again, but stuck in its tube it has no chance. It feels frustrating, but it doesn't hurt. "Why don't you keep them on while the dryer is running, so you can share your thoughts about them afterwards? I'll get us some coffee in the meantime." Before I can say or do anything, she has darted off. But it doesn't take long before she is back and puts a cup of coffee in front of me.

"And how am I supposed to drink it like this?" I ask her, turning my strapped hands to the side to show her.

"Oh my, I'm so sorry. I forgot all about them. Here, let me take them off. You've been such a great help and good sport." Once they are free, I quickly make good use of my arms, pull her to me, and kiss her passionately again. Her hands start wandering over my body, but of course my crotch is not accessible, and even my nipples can't be reached, covered by the hard plate in the bib. After a while I grab her hands – her ministrations are very nice, but it also gets pretty frustrating. For a moment I consider putting those white straps on her wrists instead, as pay back, but I think we have done enough tying up as it is, so I just suggest we drink our coffee while it is hot, and postpone the physical parts until we are at her apartment.

We sit down at the table, and for a moment silently sip at our coffee. I start exploring the overalls a bit more. It is pretty thick fabric, and feels a bit strange with the coating on the inside, but not too sweaty. It is definitely unusual, but not uncomfortable. I test the straps, but like Emily said, the metal strips are fixed to the bib plate, and won't move at all. The straps over my shoulders are quite close to my neck, and there is no chance I can pull them over my shoulders. I feel the fabric with my hands, and try to pull on it to see how strong it is.

“They are made from Dyneema, which is really tear-resistant and even stronger than Kevlar. You can’t cut it with a knife, which can be useful against escapes, but also when tempers flare between clients. You might be as well protected as if you wore a bulletproof vest and pants.” Well, protection is nice and all, but that also means I’m totally dependent on Emily to let me out – even if I would go home with them on, I still wouldn’t be able to get them off. Strange really, locked up securely while my arms and legs are all free, but nothing I can do against it anyway. But of course I am not worried – Emily is clearly as willing as I am to have sex, so they’ll surely come off as soon as my pants are dry again, and then we can move on to the planned part of the evening.

When we finish our coffee, I ask, “Wouldn’t my pants be dry by now?”

Emily checks the time and answers, “Not quite yet. I put them in with a load of towels, and they always take a while. Are the overalls so uncomfortable that you can’t wait to take them off?”

“No, they’re actually pretty comfy. But I’d just like to get on with our evening together, instead of waiting on a dryer.”

“I was just teasing you. Of course I’d like to get going too and relax after doing a full shift here. But I’m also glad that we could do this, and they actually look quite nice on you; definitely better than the clients here.” Once more she comes and sits on my lap. This time she grabs hold of the shoulder straps, and pulls me towards her for a kiss. Immediately my nether regions try to get active again, but I just ignore it and enjoy our closeness. Somehow being pulled around like that by this cute little trainee makes my feelings soar.

After a while she suddenly jumps up again, and darts off. She returns with my pants, all dry again. Glad that the wait is over, I quickly get up so that she can get me undressed. She logs on to the tablet again, and starts clicking and swiping. But nothing happens, and a frown appears on her forehead. “I don’t know what is wrong, but it is not releasing as it is supposed to. It keeps saying ‘Permission Denied’! Let me get the senior nurse of the night shift.” She takes her tablet and disappears once again. I stay behind, getting anxious. I still have faith that they’ll be able to fix this, but a little voice starts to nag me with ‘what ifs’. Impatiently I start pulling at the suit again to get it off, but it is as if the straps are welded to the bib. And there is no way I can get at the zipper pulls to get them down, either.

Then Emily reappears, together with a middle-aged man, who sees my overalls and exclaims, “Oh, I see. Why on earth did you put him in the sex offenders overalls? You need a higher level clearance to open those.”

“What? I didn’t know there were different types! I was just glad to find one in his size, so I took it. And when I scanned its barcode, the app didn’t warn me or anything, but just told me what the procedure was for putting it on.” Emily was pretty upset, but then added confidently, “But you can log on to the tablet then, and release him.”

“I’m so sorry, but I don’t have that clearance either. This type is not yet in use, so those clearances have not been assigned yet. The only one with all the rights is the head nurse, but she will only be here again in the morning. I can try to give her a call, but I’m not sure if I can get hold of her. I believe she said something about a hen party, and that phones were not allowed.”

I don’t believe what I am hearing! I want to shout and scold my heart out to the person responsible, but looking at Emily, who has a shocked look on her face, and a few tears starting

to flow out of her wide open brown eyes, I can't. Realizing it isn't really her fault either, and she had also hoped for a different evening, my anger disappears as quickly as it rose, and I just say, "Well, I guess I know what I'll be wearing tonight then." That puts a wan smile on Emily's face, and she hugs me saying, "I feel so bad about this – I really didn't want this to happen. I'm so sorry, but I'll make it up to you. Somehow."

I stroke her head, comforting her, and say, "We'll get through this. I can stand it for one night, if needs be. Let's wait to see if the head nurse can be reached; if not I'll just have to wear this to your place. I guess with my jacket on top, it will just look like a road worker going home, or something.¹"

Emily looks up at me with teary eyes, and says, "Thank you. We'll get through this."

A minute later the senior nurse pops in again, and says, "Sorry, but as I feared the head nurse has turned off her phone. I don't think I will be able to reach her until way past midnight. If you want I can keep trying, but know that the app to release the overalls only works inside this building, on the local intranet. For security reasons it can't be used over the internet. So you'd have to stay here or come over when I do manage to get a hold of her."

I sigh and reply to Emily, "Well, we might as well go to your home then, and come back next morning. There seems to be no use in coming back here at three in the morning, or whenever. If the patients here can wear them all the time, I should be able to last one night in them."

"Clients," Emily corrects me automatically, and then puts her hand to her mouth. "Sorry, not relevant at this moment." Then she accepts my proposal, "Let's go home then." So we grab our things and go towards the exit. But when we approach the door to the reception, it stays closed, and there is a loud beeping sound coming from my overalls, and a red text flashing on the little screen on my chest. Looking down on it, I read 'Turn back'. At first I didn't notice, but then I realize the letters are normally readable for me, so for someone in front of me they would be upside-down and right-to-left. They have really put some thought into these overalls, but at the moment I can't appreciate that at all – they are blocking our plans at every turn. When I move backward, the alarm sound and the flashing text disappears again, and Emily can normally use the exit, but as soon as I approach, the doors won't open and the alarm starts again.

The senior nurse approaches, apparently triggered by the noise, and he concludes, "Oh, have they already activated the exit control? I didn't know. He tried a few things on his tablet, but had to conclude that this also required level 3 clearance to overrule. Apologizing once more, he explains that it seems I cannot leave the facility with these overalls on until the head nurse arrives. Thinking for a moment, he suggests I am welcome to use the bed in the practice room – then at least I will not be among the clients, or even be confused for a client when the next shift arrives. Emily and I look at each other. After so many setbacks I feel too tired to be angry about this, and I already have accepted that the night is not going to be what we expected. Emily was looking quite anxiously at me, but when she sees my resignation, her face relaxes, and she just looks sad. Once more she apologizes and promises to make things up to me.

We make our way to the practice room again, and Emily does her best to make it as nice an evening as she can, in these circumstances. She gets two cans of soda and several packages of

¹ Something like these: <https://www.marks.com/en/dakota-mens-hi-vis-t-max-insulated-water-repellent-bib-overalls-color-lime-30576.html#30576%5Bcolor%5D=LIME>

crisps from the vending machine, and finds a nice movie we can watch on the tablet. With two chairs right next to each other, we can at least enjoy each other's company and cuddle a bit.

When the movie ends, I feel tired enough to give the bed a try, and Emily makes it for me. Even though it is meant for one person, she offers to sleep in it with me, and go home early in the morning to get clean stuff for her next shift. That is very sweet of her, but since nothing is going to happen in these overalls anyway, I tell her she'd better go home and get some rest, and I have college in the morning too. We will make it a proper night together soon, when we don't have all these limitations. She realizes this is best, and so reluctantly agrees.

Before climbing into bed, I think I'd better use the bathroom. When I say that I don't know how to do that with these overalls, she checks her tablet, and then shows me that there is a flap of fabric over the hard crotch piece that can be opened. The tube my penis is in has a hole at the end, and has a hydrophobic coating that will make sure no fluid stays behind. I can just wipe off the outside, and a bit through the hole, and that should be enough. I give that a try, and realize I need to sit down: the hole in the downward curving tube is not in the right direction to pee standing up. It feels strange to let go while still dressed, but it works, and the cleaning afterward is not that complicated.

After brushing my teeth, I am ready for the night, so I lay down on the bed. But then my overalls start to beep again. Not as loudly as at the exit, but still insistent and annoying. The screen shows several blinking red lights again. "What is it now?" I sigh.

Emily once more checks the app, "It says here that the overalls have detected sleep mode, and require straps to be connected to keep the client from wandering or sleepwalking at night. Again I am not allowed to overrule that. Let me ask again." She darts off to the senior nurse again, while I get up to stop the irritating noise. Am I going to be strapped to the bed now? It sounds to me like I've gone back in time a hundred years, when everybody who was not normal was put in a straitjacket and locked up for good.

When Emily reenters with the nurse, they check the tablet once more, and he concludes, "It seems like these overalls also require straps to be attached to the shoulders, waist and legs, when the wearer is lying down. I can overrule the leg straps; those seem to be optional, but the others aren't. Again, I'm sorry, but it seems like we need to do this if you want to sleep tonight." This gets pretty surreal, but by now I look at it as a strange experience that might one day make a nice story to tell my children, so I just consent. He moves over to the bed, and pulls out some straps from under the mattress. "Good thing you're using the practice bed. The straps have already been installed here." He checks with Emily that she can complete the setup, and then leaves again.

"Mr. Grant, please lie on the bed, on your back," Emily once more takes control. It is sort of cute to see this lovely small girl, who is usually so kind and caring, switch to an authoritative matron when she wants. I feel my pulse rising, and my nether regions are stirring too. Normally I don't like bossy women, but somehow this is different, and it excites me. Perhaps we can at some time do a bit of role-playing like this?

"Yes, Miss." I reply, like a small school boy to his teacher. When I am in the right position, she clips the four straps to connection points on the shoulder straps and the waistband, and the red lights turn green and stop blinking, and once all four are attached, the sound stops as well.

She picks up on my subservient reply, and adds, “If you are a good boy, I will lengthen the straps as far as I can, so that you can still move around a bit in bed.”

“Yes, Ma’m, I will be very good.” Then we both erupt in laughter, and she starts kissing me goodnight. Quickly the kisses become more passionate, and it doesn’t take long before Emily goes to lock the door on the inside, climbs up on the bed, straddles me, and we start seriously fondling each other. Of course for me that is quite limited, but I don’t mind giving her some pleasure. After a while things get pretty hot, and she takes off her bottoms, and goes to sit on her knees next to my head, so that I can service her orally. After several climaxes we finally calm down, and she lies next to me. Or rather, half on top of me, since the straps don’t allow me to make much room for her.

We cuddle for a bit longer, until we decide she needs to go and get some rest. Before she goes, she installs a bell cord, so that I can signal a the nurse, for instance if I need to go to the bathroom. But I don’t expect that – I seldom need to go during the night. She checks her tablet once more if there are any indications that more would be required, but it seems like all is as it is supposed to be. The straps are at their longest, so that I don’t have to lay on my back all night, but can also turn to my side. Well, mostly – I can’t quite get my hips vertical, but close enough. Then Emily leaves, and I am alone, locked in indestructible overalls and strapped to a bed in a mental institution. But I’ve had some time to get used to it, and that last bit with Emily was actually really great. Of course it was frustrating for me, but the whole situation made it also quite exciting. I have to admit to myself that this bondage thing might be more interesting than I previously thought. I pull a bit more on the overalls and the straps holding me in position, and when I think back on how Emily locked me in, and also with the hand restraints, I feel some excitement rising again. To my surprise I feel no resentment about the current situation, and I feel relaxed, knowing she’ll be back in the morning to get me out. With those thoughts I fall asleep.

I wake from being kissed on the mouth, and Emily sitting on me once more. “Good morning, sleepy head. I heard from the nurse that you were sleeping like a baby all through the night.”

Groggily I ask, “Did I? Is it morning already?”

“It’s already 8:30!” I try to sit up – college starts in half an hour. But of course I quickly reach the limit of the straps, and fall back. “Here, let me release the straps.” She taps on her tablet, and apparently her clearance is enough for the straps, because they open, and I am able to get out of bed. To my surprise I feel well-rested and not stiff at all. I seem to have slept better here than at home! “The head nurse should arrive any moment now, so we can finally get those overalls off you.”

And indeed not long after the door opens, and a woman comes in. She seems to already know about the situation, and quickly logs on in the app, and releases the overalls. She tells me she will supply Emily with some forms for me to give feedback about my experience, and then apologizes that there is a lot for her to do, and leaves again, while Emily helps me get the overalls off. Finally I am back in my normal clothes, and I need to rush off to college, so we say a quick goodbye and promise each other that we’ll do an evening and night the way we had planned it at the first opportunity.

Biking to college, I think back about the whole evening and night with a smile on my face. Sure it was surreal and not like we planned, but there definitely were nice moments too, and in the end it hadn't been a bad night. Perhaps I could even be persuaded to do something like this again. But I think Emily should be the sex offender then.

A few days later, I am on my way to Emily once more in the evening. But this time I go straight to her apartment. She has texted me she has a surprise for me. I wonder what it could be...²

² No sequel is planned. This open ending is an invitation for the reader to fantasize about what will happen next, or even write their own sequel.