

----- The -----
Slave Gallery

**Part
One**

**Simon
Grail**



THE SLAVE GALLERY

PART 1

Simon Grail

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Chapter One

Minerva Duncan flicked through the portfolio of photographic images of moody skies, rain on the river and gnarled trees in the local woods displayed on the laptop screen with increasing despair. The creator of the images sat on the other side of her office desk watching her intently. Danny Robinson was an unprepossessing, tall slender young man with pale skin, rather watery eyes and lank brown hair who seemed filled both with nervous anticipation and a touch of arrogance. A camera hung ostentatiously around his neck.

Why on earth had Tami sent him up from the front desk and said she should look at his portfolio, Minerva wondered? Well she had spared him the ten minutes she had reluctantly promised and now she had to tell him the cold hard truth.

‘I can see you’ve got some technical ability, Danny, and there are some interesting processing techniques you’re using, but this isn’t yet mature work,’ she said, letting him down as gently as she could. ‘You’re nineteen, right? Well a couple of years in Art College would help train your eye. The problem is you don’t communicate any true involvement or passion in your subjects. I simply couldn’t exhibit any of this work in my gallery.’

She feared he might argue or get sulky, but instead he seemed to treat her words as a big joke: ‘But you haven’t got to the end yet, Ms Duncan,’ he said with a broad grin. ‘I saved the best for last. I think that’ll communicate with you...’

Grimly Minerva flicked through the last images in the portfolio, beyond the landscape studies, into sets of synthesised graphic images, bursting with abstract blocks of line and colour. But they still didn’t have any inner life. He’d just thrown things together. Couldn’t the boy accept the fact that he had no artistic talent...?

And then she came to something labelled “Kinetic Image #3”

It was a panoramic complex black-and-white double swirl of distorted rectangular blocks in the classic Op Art style. It didn't seem radically different from anything else in that style she had seen over the years, and yet for some reason she couldn't take her eyes off it. The thing danced and shimmered in front of her as she stared at it unblinking. Suddenly it seemed as if nothing else in the world mattered. She would simply sit and stare and let the wonderful pattern fill her being, satisfying her every desire...

Distantly she heard Danny speaking. It was the only voice in the emptiness of her thoughts and his words entered her mind unchallenged.

'I see you've found KI hash 3, Ms Duncan. I only made it up a couple of weeks ago to bulk out the portfolio. Actually it's some old Op Art images I found in a library book which I sampled and superimposed. It gave me a headache but then this fat college girl who lives across the hall from me and who's always trying to make friends saw it by chance and she couldn't look away. I thought it'd given her some kind of epileptic seizure or something at first, but then I found that it had got right inside her head and made her totally suggestible. She'd do or think anything I told her. Well, you can guess I had some fun with her for a few days finding out how it worked. Didn't work on my landlord when he came for the rent, though,' he added regretfully. 'For some reason it doesn't work on men at all, but it brainwashes every woman I tried it on. And then they'd forget all about it afterwards when I tell them to. I found I could do anything I liked to them... like I'm going to do with you. So don't move and don't speak, that's an order! Keep looking at the screen. It takes a minute or two for it to reach full strength...'

Minerva was aware of him getting up and moving round behind her desk to stand over her, but she could not drag her eyes away from the screen to look at him. He stroked the tight light brunette bun of her hair pinned up on the back of the head. In a detached part of her cold terror clenched her heart. She tried to pull away but his command held her immobile. She tried to scream but her lips might as well have been glued together. 'I've always thought older, cool sophisticated women like you are hot,' Danny admitted, stroking her cheek. 'Of course they don't usually like if you stare at them too long or try to talk them into posing for pictures, but you can't complain now because you can't speak or move, can you?'

She forced a feeble whine from the back of her throat. That was the totality of her resistance. It was as if she had fallen into a nightmare of helpless paralysis. While image KI#3 filled her mind she could do absolutely nothing to stop him examining her at his leisure.

Minerva had pale skin and a slender build. Her chin was small but firm, complimenting her high cheekbones. Dark arched brows rose over deep dark intelligent eyes, red shapely lips and a neat nose. She was dressed in a black short sleeved blouse with a detachable floral print scarf over a matching calf length skirt with black wedge sandals.

Danny checked his watch. 'That should be long enough,' he said, turning the screen away from her. 'From now on you'll do anything I tell you to. Only me and nobody else. What you like or want doesn't count anymore if I tell you different. For instance, I want to see what your tits look like. Undo your blouse and get them out so I can have a look...'

Like an obedient puppet Miranda undid the front of her blouse and pulled it wide apart, bearing her shoulders and exposing her white bra. A vestige of shame found its way to her cheeks and burned forlornly, but still she slid the straps down over her shoulders and scooped her breasts out of their cups, as if offering them to Danny. They were shapely pink flesh-mounds, capped by small but prominent brown nipples.

'Oh, these are good,' Danny said approvingly, stroking her breasts and tweaking her nipples. 'I'm going to have so much fun with them. Yeah, they'll fit in with what I've got planned very well...' He stood back and took a picture of Minerva sitting there holding her breasts up provocatively. 'The first one for the new portfolio,' he said.

Silently within that detached part of her mind Minerva was raging in fear and revulsion at his touch while she tried to cover herself, to scream at him, to do anything... something! But the image seemed to have robbed her of her self control and Danny's words of power and will had taken the place of her own volition.

'Now get down on your knees,' he told her.

She obeyed without hesitation.

Standing before her he opened up his flies and freed a straining young hard penis. 'Now you're going to suck me off, Ms Duncan,' he told her. 'And you're going to do it because this is the most incredible cock you've ever seen and you have to taste it...'

And she realized it was the most incredible cock she'd ever seen and she had to taste it. Eagerly she took it into her mouth and began to suck on it. Her bared nipples throbbed in delight while deep inside her bottled-up will raged impotently.

As she dipped and bobbed her head he stroked her hair and continued speaking, as if enjoying her helpless attention both to his words and body.

'My dad wanted me to be a plumber like him, but I said I wanted to be an artist. He said I couldn't paint and I said I can use a camera and he said that wasn't proper art. So I moved out to a bedsit in Millsend while I put a portfolio together, photographing weddings and presentations and helping with a few advertising shoots and all that kind of crap work to pay the rent... uhhh... look up at me and smile, Ms Duncan...'

She looked up into his camera as he snapped a carnal selfie with her mouth full of his cock.

'But once I made KI hash 3 I realized I could do so much better,' he continued as she resumed her pleasuring of him. 'So I started looking for a place like this run by women I could use it on. Earlier when I showed it to Tami I got her to tell me more about the layout. She said there's an old flat upstairs which is hardly used now, and an old storeroom next to it that might make a studio. Yeah, I think the Perridor Gallery is going to be just right for what I've got planned. And you've already got a steady trade. All down to your hard work, she said...'

She had founded the gallery five years ago. It was housed in a converted three-floor nineteen twenties redbrick double-fronted shop opening onto Waterside Lane just off Thames Morton's high street. The ground floor and most of the first floor was exhibition space. The back of the first floor

was Minerva's office. The top floor was junk storage and an old flat which she had lived in during her first year here but which was rarely used now. There was a small walled yard at the back with a car stand and a workroom and storage extension. Double gates give access to a corner of the Charter Street public car park. The gallery not large but despite fluctuations in the market she had built it up into a successful business. Two years ago Tami James had joined her. She was enthusiastic, attractive and good with customers. They got on well together...

With a grunt of satisfaction Danny came in her mouth and she swallowed his hot, sweet, disgusting sperm down.

When he was drained he said: 'Undo you hair and dry me off with it.'

Minerva unpinned her tight bun of hair and shook it out loose and used a handful to carefully dry his wonderful and revolting soiled cock-shaft clean. She knew now that she would do anything he told her... and hate herself even as she did so.

Danny zipped up and said: 'Now you're going to sit at your desk again and call down to Tami and tell her she's to close up the gallery as soon as it's clear and then come up here. She shouldn't ask why because I flashed KI hash 3 at her earlier when I told her I wanted to show you my portfolio so she'll be suggestible. Now she's got to come up here so I can complete her treatment. You can speak now but only to say what I told you...'

Obediently, with the taste of his sperm still in her mouth, Miranda rang the front desk on the intercom: 'Tami, will you close the gallery up as soon as it's clear and then come up here, please... '

She had not meant to say that. She had meant to call for help. But she could not do it. It was as if she was reading from a script Danny had put in her mind.

And Tami's voice came back unquestioningly: 'I'll do that right away. Minerva...'

Tami entered the office just a couple of minutes later.

She was twenty-five and had a bright alert face. Her thick black hair was bound into one long plait which hung down the centre of her back. She was wearing pale jeans and a white gypsy top which swelled over her full bust and contrasted with her coffee- tinted skin.

Tami did not have time to react to the sight of Minerva seated behind her desk with her breasts still bared before she saw the laptop screen facing her and her eyes locked onto KI#3.

‘Look at the screen, Tami,’ Danny said. ‘You like that don’t you? Come closer and don’t move or speak,’ he commanded her, and she obeyed.

Minerva could see Tami’s pupils dilate and her mouth hang open as she stared at the screen. It was as if Minerva could see the willpower being sucked out of her. Was that how she had looked when she had stared at the image? It was awful! She must fight back! But she remained as Danny had positioned her, passive and silent.

When Tami had been exposed to KI#3 for two full minutes, Danny let go of Minerva’s breasts and closed the laptop. ‘From now on you’ll obey me without question while acting perfectly naturally in front of everybody else,’ he told Tami. Then he said to Minerva. ‘Get up and come round and stand in front of Tami and hold still...’

Minerva obeyed as if she was a puppet with her strings being pulled. So much for fighting back...

When the two women were facing each other Danny said: ‘Now I’m going to teach you about keeping quiet and about pain and pleasure. From now on you’ll do or feel all of them only when I tell you...’

He packed the laptop back into the holdall he had brought with him and then took out a broad reel of silver repair tape. He tore off some strips and stuck them across their unresisting mouths. Then he took out a pair of black leather dog collars from the holdall and buckled them about their necks. Minerva whimpered as she felt the pressure of it about her throat.

‘After some experimenting with my college girl I found reinforcing

verbal instructions with physical associations makes them take better and last longer,' he explained. 'So the tape is to teach you to keep quiet when I tell you. I want you to remember what it feels like to have your lips closed. And the collars are to teach you that you belonged to me now. You're my bitches. You can cover them with scarves or something while you're in public, but you'll want to keep them on and all times because they reassure you.'

'You don't speak unless I allow you and you'll tell nobody about KI hash 3 or what it's done to you. Everything must seem normal to your customers. Of course I could tell you to forget all about this and you would, like the girl I first tried KI three out on. She doesn't remember anything about what I did to her now. Or I could make you think serving me is all your own idea, and then you won't fight it. But I'll need you as my assistants so you have to know what I'm doing to help. It means I'm going to have to condition you a bit harder so you'll still obey me even when you really don't want to deep down.' He grinned. 'Actually I think it might be fun with you knowing what I'm really doing to you but being unable to stop it. You'll be my unwilling slaves, sort of thing.'

Minerva felt a cold shiver run down her spine. Oh God how much worse could this get? She must be able to fight this, to get free of his control! But she remained absolutely motionless and passive, except for a pathetic whimper in the back of her throat. She saw the same struggle going on in Tami's eyes, but she was equally helpless.

Danny licked his lips in anticipation. 'Now both of you strip off! Pretty bodies like yours shouldn't be covered up. Take off everything except your collars and gag tapes. When you're naked stand with your legs wide and hands behind your necks, showing yourselves off to me properly...'

Helplessly they obeyed, undoing buttons and clasps and piling up their clothes on Minerva's desk until they were both standing stark naked before their new master, one pale creamy body and the other coffee dark. They trembled as they spread their legs and clasped their hands behind their necks as he instructed, but not from cold.

Minerva saw the bulge growing once again in front of Danny's trousers as he grinned at them in lustful delight, taking more pictures and

moving round to look at them from all angles, stroking and pinching their breasts and bottoms. 'These are hot bodies,' he said with feeling, as unwillingly their eyes were filled with the naked sight of each other.

Minerva's neat breasts were in proportion with her build. They jutted out from her slender chest above a tight waist and slim hips. She had a "V" of closely trimmed pubic hair, exposing her pink labia, and smooth tight pale buttocks framing a dark narrow posterior cleft. Her legs were strong, shaped by regular workouts.

Tami was of a stockier, fleshier build. Her full breasts were capped by large dark chocolate nipples. Her navel was a deep pit flaring out to wide hips. Her smooth heavy buttocks were excitingly fleshy. Close dark pubic curls covered the mound of her pussy, through which a slot of sooty dark flesh could be seen. She had good legs and strong calves, also the result of regular exercise.

'Now each if you will take hold of the other one's nipples and play with them.' Danny commanded. 'You know how you like to be touched there, well do it to each other. I want to see those nips standing up hard!'

Helplessly they obeyed, rolling and rubbing each other's nipples between their fingertips. Their inner fear and disgust did not prevent them responding to this intimate stimulation and they could feel them swelling and stiffening as the blood flowed into their breasts which grew steadily heavier and hotter. As they performed these manipulations they stared into each other's eyes exchanging mute looks of shame and pity. They had never done anything like this before. But there was absolutely nothing they could do to resist Danny's command, and without their self control their natural bodily responses took over.

Once their nipples were rock hard and throbbing in each other's hands and their cheeks were burning with embarrassment, Danny said: 'now press your thumbnails into those nips, dig them in hard and twist like you're trying to pull them off! I want to see tears!'

And they obeyed, digging their nails into each other's swollen nipples and twisting right and left, whimpering as they felt tears pricking at the back

of their eyes. With their nipples engorged the pain was redoubled so they were inflicting exquisite intimate torment upon each other even as they gazed into each other's contorted faces, with the tendons standing out on their necks under the strain of bottling up the shrieks of pain they wanted to express.

Danny's camera flashed as he recorded every detail of their mutually inflicted torment. 'I want you to remember what this feels like,' he told them. 'This is what you'll feel in your head any time you think of disobeying me. Do you understand?

They nodded desperately.

'You can let go now...'

They let go of each other's pinched and bruised nipples with relief, whimpering feebly as the blood flowed back into them.

'That was pain, now you're going to give each other some pleasure,' Danny said, his eyes shining. 'Take hold of the back of each other's collars with your left hand and with your right reach down between each other's legs and stick your first and second fingers up your cunt holes and rub your thumb over each other's clits. I want you to frig each other until you cum...'

Minerva wanted to resist but the memory of her throbbing abused nipples drove her hands forward. With the left she grasped the back of Tami's collar while she slid the right up between Tami's smooth thighs, even as Tami did the same to her. She slid her fingers up into the tight, hot, slick passage of Tami's vagina, shocked by its close intimacy, and began to twist them about even as she worked her thumb into the soft folds of the upper valley of Tami's dark vulva. She gave a shudder as Tami's small strong hand penetrated her sex and began to pleasure her in the same way. In any other circumstances they would have been too ashamed to look each other in the eye, but now it seemed they could not look away from each other, mutely apologising even as they guiltily searched for a response to their actions, which only seemed to intensify the sensations they were inflicting upon each other's most intimate organs.

Their juices began to flow freely over their churning fingers, making

them slippery and even more mobile, while the heady scent of their mutual arousal began to fill their nostrils. Their abused nipples began to swell up once again in response and they felt beads of perspiration forming on their foreheads and chests.

‘That’s right,’ Danny said, snapping away in delight at their pumping fingers and horrified features, ‘you enjoy yourselves. I bet you secretly wanted to do this for ages but were too frightened to admit it. Well this is what proper pleasure feels like, and this is what you’ll remember every time you obey me...’

By now their hands were wet with their juices and they were swaying and making indistinct groans and sobs of helpless delight. They were slowly pulling closer to each other as the grasps they had each other’s collars grew tighter with growing passion, so that their inflamed nipples began to touch, sending fresh shivers of delight through them. No, please, Minerva thought in despair as she felt an orgasm building in her loins; don’t make us do this to each other!

But they were Danny’s helpless puppets and he wanted to see them perform this most intimate act for his amusement and their instruction. So he let them continue plunging their fingers into each other’s pussies and rubbing their clits until their nubs were swollen hard in desperation while he snapped away. Overtaken by raw lust beyond their control, Minerva and Tami rubbed their hot sweat-slippery breasts together even as they grunted and groaned behind their taped mouths. Their helpless grasp on each other’s collars was tightening so much the fresh new leather edges were beginning to cut into their skin, but they could not stop it.

And then suddenly a dam seemed to burst inside Minerva and she squeezed her sheath about Tami’s plunging fingers and jerked her hips onto her hand. At the same moment it seemed she felt Tami convulse inside and squeeze on her churning fingers which were stuffing her pussy. They gasped and ground their naked sweaty bodies against each other as their juices spurted out between their thighs and dripped onto the carpet, while the air filled with the scent of female orgasmic discharge as despair mingled with primitive delight.

As the orgasmic shock faded Minerva wondered dizzily how she could have been made to do such a thing. And how could it have felt so good?

By now the front of Danny's trousers was distorted by the bulge of a straining erection which had already recovered as only a young man's cock could from its earlier spend in Minerva's mouth. Giving them no chance to rest he snapped: 'Both of you bend over the desk, grab its back edge and spread your legs. Quickly! And don't move until I say...'

Hurriedly they disentangled themselves and bent over the front of the desk side by side and reached for its further edge on which they rested their chins, flattening their hot breasts on the desktop even as they presented their posteriors to their new master, with their inflamed vulvas still dripping freely. Even as he gazed hungrily at them, Danny tore open his flies and freed his cock once more. He took hold of Minerva's hips, positioned himself and then thrust his rampant shaft up into her sopping vagina.

She sobbed as he drove deep into her, grinding her hips against the edge of the desk. This was terrible and yet wonderful...

But after only half a dozen thrusts he pulled out of her, stepped to one side and thrust his straining wet cock up into Tami's dark pussy mouth. She grunted and sobbed in dismay as he pounded her for another half a dozen strokes. Then he pulled out of her and returned to Minerva.

And so Danny moved back and forth between their dripping vaginas, plunged his wet cock shaft into their hot, clinging, pre lubricated passageways. As he did so he said: 'My prick is giving you the best screw you've ever had and you're going to come again... I command you!'

And to their helpless horror they felt the lust being rekindled within them as they begin to respond to his thrusting shaft. Had he stolen all their inhibitions? Had they no pride left?

While he had one hand braced on their hips with the other he held his camera up above them and took more obscene selfies of his shaft plunging between their buttocks and the expressions on their distraught faces.

‘Is that enough passion and involvement for you now, Ms Duncan?’ Danny taunted Minerva as he rammed his cock deep inside her. ‘These are also going to go in my portfolio... like you cumming again!’

It was what they were for. Their sole purpose was to achieve an orgasm and satisfy the terrible need which Danny had it instilled within them. They lived to serve and cum!

It was with his cock buried deep between Tami’s sooty sex lips that Danny came with a grunt of triumph. A moment later in response to the spurting of his sperm within her, Tami came as well. But again he did not linger...

With his cock still spouting, Danny pulled out of Tami and plunged his shaft back into Minerva’s dripping slot, so she received his last spurts of sperm. The sickening intimacy of his presence was enough and she clamped her sheath tight and came again. Then he sagged across her back while she was lost to the world.

For a minute all three of them were still, locked in the thrall of their mutual orgasm. Minerva had never felt anything as intense before and she was stunned by the power of it, even as she was revolted by the means by which it had been dragged from her. Again she strained to rise from the desk but she might as well have been glued to it. Danny had commanded her to remain still until ordered otherwise and she could not defy his will. The mere thought of disobeying recollected the pain of her nipples being pinched and twisted, which seemed to be magnified into something terrible that was not to be defied.

At last Danny straightened up and exclaimed: ‘that was fucking awesome, ladies!’

And to her horror Minerva felt a thrill of warm delight flow through her, knowing she had pleased him. He was deepening her conditioning with every word he spoke.

Danny pulled his shaft out of Minerva’s clinging sopping vagina and with it still hanging out he walked round to the front of the desk. ‘Undo your

hair,' he told Tami. Still lying across the desk she undid her plait, and he used her thick dark tresses to wipe his soiled penis clean of his sperm and her and Minerva's juices, and then he tucked it away.

'Now you're going to learn how to be my bitches,' he told them.

From his holdall took out a couple of chain leashes and clipped them to the rings on their collars.

'Now get down on all fours like dogs,' he commanded.

They obeyed, sliding off the desk and dropping onto their hands and knees, with their bottoms sticking out and hot breasts dangling. Keeping a tight grasp of their leashes he walked around them, examined them from all angles, then he took a couple more pictures.

'You two look good like that. You don't walk on two legs again until I tell you, understand?'

They nodded mutely.

Danny gathered up his holdall. 'Now I want to go upstairs and check out my new flat,' he said.

The stairs beside Minerva's office led up to a landing off which opened a door to the flat at the back and another larger door to the storeroom at the front. Just like dogs they had to crawl awkwardly up the stairs ahead of Danny, who could watch their breasts bobbing and swaying and their bare bottoms with their exposed raw wet clefts blatantly displayed as they ascended before him. The twisting and pumping of their thighs worked juices from the depths of their passageways out to their sex mouths so they dripped onto the stairs!

Why could she not take back control of her own actions, Minerva wondered? Why couldn't they fight back? This was a living nightmare! She knew what had been done to her but she could not resist it. She could not

even stand upright. The whole idea seemed temporarily totally beyond her. Even the thought of disobedience hurt her, while she felt a deep illicit thrill knowing that her humiliation was giving Danny pleasure.

At Danny's direction they showed him the flat first. It was basically furnished but clean and comfortable enough, with a tiny hall leading to a small bathroom, a double bedroom and a combined sitting and dining room with a breakfast bar and kitchenette opening off it. Dormer windows lit the sitting room and bedroom directly and gave views out across the trees ringing the Charter Street car park.

'This is a lot better than my current dump,' Danny declared. 'Yeah, I think I'll be very comfortable here. Now show me the other room... heel, bitches!'

And they scrambled to shuffle along at his heels while he strode back across the landing to the front room.

The other half of the top floor was taken up by a single large uncarpeted room with bare brick walls lit by a row of four grimy skylights with exposed roof trusses between them. A few dusty boxes and cartons, some old picture frames and a couple of pieces of worn furniture were stacked against one wall but otherwise it was empty.

Danny looked around in satisfaction. 'Get some hardboard sheet down on the boards and a bit of carpet and paint the walls and this will make a great studio,' he declared.

He put his holdall down and began unpacking more items from it. There were coils of rope and elastic bungee cord, strips of cloth, several lengths of a bamboo rod, some with ropes tied to their ends and some with tape-bound foam rubber plugs, and one with strips of bike inner tube rubber wired to its end. There was also a short length of hosepipe bound at each end with repair tape. Danny also took out a pot of petroleum jelly and applied it liberally to the ends of the hosepipe and the taped bamboo rods. At the sight of this sinister preparation Minerva's eyes widened in horror. But like Tami on her hands and knees beside her she could only look on helplessly.

‘I hoped I’d have a chance to use this stuff on you today,’ Danny said. ‘Try out the new studio, you know, christen it with a few screams and tears. I had to make this stuff up of course, but now you’re my bitches you’ll get me some proper bdsm gear. Don’t worry; you’ll be able to afford it. You’ll find I’m going to do a lot for the turnover of this gallery.’

He threw a couple of lengths of rope over the middle of one of the roof beams so that their ends dangle down on each side of it. They had loops already tied into them.

‘Get up, stand underneath them facing each other and put your arms up in the air and hold still,’ he commanded them.

They obeyed and he slid their hands through the loops and pulled them tight, so that they were bound facing each other with their arms stretched up in the air and their breasts touching. Then he spread their legs and tied the bamboo rods with ropes on their ends between their ankles, holding them wide. More bamboos with the taped wads of foam rubber on their ends he wired to the middle of the spreader rods, pushing the greased plug ends up into their rectums, forcing them to stand with their legs straight. He took up the hosepipe with its taped ends, bent it into a “U” and pushed its bulging greased double heads into their vaginas, connecting them intimately. He then hooked a bungee cord about their waists, pulling their bellies tight together.

He pulled off their tape gags and bound the strips of cloth between their teeth instead.

‘That’ll give you something to bite on,’ he said. ‘You have permission to speak now. Well, to scream and shout as much as you like into the gags, but it’s kind of the same thing.’

The two women moaned and whimpered in dismay, staring into each other’s faces in horror. Now what was he going to do to them?

As if in answer Danny took up the bamboo with the rubber strips wired to its end and swished it through the air. ‘I don’t want you to like this,’ he told them earnestly. ‘This isn’t about pleasure or about teaching you a

lesson or trying to please me. I want to see you crying in real pain and shame and struggling to get free, like its natural. You don't have to stay like that because I told you any more. You can move now...'

They felt the compulsion lift from their shoulders and they began to struggle, but of course it was too late now. The only effect was to work the double-headed plug deeper into their sticky sex mouths and the vertical rod plugs further up into their rectums, which filled them with undiluted shame and disturbing sensations. They were still helpless, except now they were held in place by physical bonds not mental ones.

Danny smiled at their futile efforts. 'That's right; I want to see plenty of action. I want to see you trying to fight back and get free as you suffer. You can do that, can't you?'

Oh yes, they could do that... They had no choice.

He stood back and swung the lash across Tami's full brown buttocks three times in rapid succession.

The pliant strips of rubber curled lovingly round her cheeks with multiple cracks. She shrieked about her gag and jerked her hips forward, ramming the makeshift double dildo deeper into Minerva's vagina while flattening their breasts together. This drove Minerva back onto the rod plugged into her backside, which gouged at her rectum. She yelped in turn, swayed on her widespread bound legs and jerked back into Tami, snapped together by the bungee cord about their waists.

Before the pair had stopped swaying and grinding against each other, Danny had moved round and swiped his lash across Minerva's pale bottom. She shrieked and bucked against Minerva, driving her back onto her impaling anal rod. And so round and round he went, pausing only to take another picture of their pain-wracked bodies and of the burning stripes growing and spreading across their bottoms. He began to vary the angle of his blows, swinging them up between their legs about their impaling rods and into their stretched vulvas and then across their ribs so the rubber could catch the bulging sides of their squashed breasts. And as he desired they cried, dripping their tears on to the upper slopes of their breasts, adding stinging salt to their

lash marks. They struggled, twisting and writhing in their desperate and futile attempts to escape their torment, but succeeding only in grinding their hot naked sweaty bodies together in ever more alluring contortions.

Hiss, crack! The lash swished up between their legs with increasing force, its pliant strips coming away stained with their juices while they bit on their cloth gags in agony. Again and again he struck until the pain and pressure was too much to bear. They lost control of their bladders and peed into each other's unnaturally stretched pussy mouths, the water spurting messily over their thighs and making a puddle on the floor.

Danny laughed in delight at their humiliation.

And then they felt a liquid heat growing in their loins

This fresh upsurge of raw lust was not forced upon them this time but was their only means of blotting out their pain and misery for a few seconds. Their bodies had had enough and wanted some release and this was all there was left. They saw it coming in each other's tear-streaked eyes and they were too tired to fight it. So it overwhelmed them, setting their hips bucking and grinding until for the third time that morning they climaxed, spraying more juices from their throbbing, swollen, aching sex mouths over the rough planks of the storeroom floor.

And Danny laughed again and rested his lash and took close up pictures of that ultimate disgrace to go with all the rest. But the beating was over.

While Minerva and Tami hung bound together, limp and exhausted, chests heaving, soaked by their tears, their bodies sticky with sweat and urine, dizzy with shock and shame, Danny said contemptuously: 'You may act all proper and innocent, but when it comes down to it you all sluts at heart!' Then he added with a grin: 'And it looked fucking amazing!'

And to their shame they felt a pang of indoctrinated delight at the knowledge that they had pleased him by their suffering. They knew then beyond all doubt that they were his total helpless slaves. But there was one thing Minerva could do while she had the freedom. One question which had

to be answered...

‘Please... why are you doing this to us?’ she croaked feebly about the sodden strip of her gag.

‘Why?’ Danny said. ‘You mean apart from the fun of screwing about with a pair of pretty women?’ He laughed, and then his face darkened and he became more intense. ‘To prove that people like you who thought I’d never make it because my work was crap know nothing, that’s why!’ he growled. ‘You see I’m going to put on a show in the Perridor like nobody’s ever seen before. I’m going to use KI hash three on every woman who visits the gallery who I think will be useful, although they won’t know it unlike you two. And the pretty ones I’m going to make pose for me in sets like this and far worse. It’s going to be the most obscene public photo exhibition ever staged, but we’ll make it seem arty and pretentious. We call it something like: Suffering for Arts Sake, or An Insight into Women’s Torment in the Modern World, or Baring the Female Body and Soul or Truth in Tears, some crap like that. And I’ll make everybody who comes to it pay for the opportunity to show how much they love it and me! And then I’ll be famous!’

Chapter Two

Tami stirred, blinking in the morning light that filtered through bedroom curtains of the gallery flat. She heard a clink of chain as she moved and suddenly recalled where she was with a sinking stomach and a cold hand on her heart.

She lay face down on one side of the flat's double bed while Danny slept on the other, snoring softly. Her hands were cuffed behind her back and the cuff chain was clipped to a broad padlocked belt. A longer tether chain ran from her leather slave collar up to the head rail of the bed where it was also padlocked in place. Her legs were spread by an expanding bar which was secured to her ankles by broad padded cuffs. As she moved she felt in an ache in her anus and a lingering stickiness between her buttock cheeks where the night before Danny had vigorously sodomised her, after giving her what she was beginning to think of as her regular spanking.

He said she had the right kind of bum for spanking as it could absorb a lot of pain and was fleshy enough to shiver and ripple under the impacts of his hand or a spanking paddle or cane in a way that excited and pleased him. And of course, whatever excited or pleased Danny was what she did.

The awfulness of it all threatened to overwhelm Tami once again and she had to bite her lip to stop from crying. She must not waste these brief moments when she was free to think for herself in pointless self-pity. She mustn't fill every waking moment of her life with thoughts of Danny and what he had done.

But it was not easy, because he had virtually taken over her life and Minerva's.

It was three weeks since Danny had moved into the Perridor Gallery and taken up residence in the flat and the adjacent storeroom, now converted into his studio according to his wishes. And during that time they had both served him like the helpless slaves they were: prisoners of his will magnified

by the power of KI#3. She knew exactly what he had done and how false her obedience was, and yet she could do absolutely nothing to resist him, any more than Minerva could.

The thought of Minerva stirred a pang of deep emotion within Tami, accompanied by a tingle in her loins. That was another piece of Danny's meddling with her mind which was perhaps even worse than all the physical abuse he had subjected their bodies to for his pleasure. And yet the response was just as deeply embedded within her as her slavish obedience to him. Yet she could not hate it in quite the same way...

Beside her, Danny stirred and yawned and stretched. He sat up and looked at her with the sleepy beneficence. 'Did you sleep well, Tami?' he asked.

Danny was better groomed than the first time she had seen him, having had his hair properly cut, his teeth whitened and the application of some expensive product to improve the quality of his skin. But these slight outward improvements did not inspire any respect in her.

'I'd have slept better without having had your cock up my arse, you bastard!' Tami spat back.

He grinned, pulled back the covers to expose her bare bottom and slapped it hard.

'That's what I like to hear...'

He could mock her show of defiance because he knew it would not last. It was all part of the game he was playing with them. He permitted them a tantalising taste of freedom of thought before his will resumed its iron grip on their minds. It was another way of demonstrating his power over them: his little joke.

'Now I want some breakfast,' he said, unbuckling her hand and ankle cuffs, and then spinning the dials of the combination padlock that linked the bed chain to her collar.

Tami sat up on the bed, resting back on her heels. She was free of her restraints. She could run away or else she could punch Danny and claw the smile from his face, as he so richly deserved. Instead an overpowering sense of meek submissiveness rose up and smothered all thoughts of violence and resistance, and left her feeling guilty at the way she had been thinking only moments earlier. How could she possibly defy him or refuse him anything? It was her place to serve and to please him. Meekly she bowed her head and said: 'Yes, Master. I'll get it right away, Master...'

Still naked she scrambled from the bed and hurried through to the kitchenette where she began preparing a breakfast of coffee, toast, eggs and bacon. Danny liked to have a full meal inside him to start the day, and in the gallery what Danny wanted he got...

This was his joke. While she or Minerva were physically restrained they could struggle and speak freely and think of defying him. But the moment their restraints were removed his embedded commands took over and they became his helpless subservient slaves, speaking only deferentially and calling him their "Master". They both knew what they were doing, but they could do nothing to stop themselves.

While the eggs and bacon were sizzling, Tami hurried down two flights of stairs to the ground floor of the gallery, still gloomy with its blinds down. She shivered in its coolness as she fetched Danny's morning paper from the mat. Then she scurried back upstairs again.

Tami was just laying out the meal on the small dining table in the window when Danny came in, now wearing a purple dressing gown.

She went down onto her knees and bowed low as he took his seat. Her heart was beating anxiously as he surveyed the spread with the paper neatly folded beside it. Then he patted her bowed head as you would a dog. 'This looks fine,' he said.

And Tami felt the artificial thrill and warm tingle in her loins that were her reward for being a good slave to him. How she hated and loved him!

An hour later, while Danny was still leisurely showering up in the flat, Tami, now respectably dressed with a light scarf concealing her slave collar, was just finishing vacuuming the ground floor gallery when Minerva came in.

As their eyes met suddenly Tami felt a surge of hot liquid warmth flowing into her pussy as her nipples sprang up into painful alertness. She saw the same brief flash of delight in Minerva's eyes. And then their eyes shied away from each other and they bit their lips to control themselves.

'Was... *He*... all right last night?' Minerva asked. She did not have to say who "He" was. There was only one man in their lives now.

'Oh... you know... about the same,' Tami said, trying to sound offhand and ignore the wetness that was now soaking into her panties and the hard thimbles of her nipples which were trying to push through her blouse. 'He had some fun with my bum.'

'He didn't hurt you?' Minerva asked anxiously. Tami could see her nipples were also showing through the front of her dress and noticed how she was squeezing her thighs together.

'Not too much. At least he used enough K Y Jelly this time.'

'Good... no, I don't mean good... oh, you know what I mean.'

'I know...' Tami took a deep breath, searching for some safe topic. 'I've put the post on your desk.'

'Thank you...' Suddenly Minerva did not seem able to control herself. 'I'm so sorry I got you mixed up in this!' she blurted out.

'But you didn't...

'It's my gallery he wants to use. I wish I'd never started it....'

'No, don't say that!'

‘But then he would never have come here! He wouldn’t have done... this to us.’

‘It’s not your fault...’

‘Oh God, I want you so much...’

As she reached out and hugged and kissed Tami.

And at that moment the powerful lust they felt for each other died, as if shut-off by a switch, leaving them both stone cold and passionless, holding onto each other with as much pleasure as slabs of meat.

Miserably they disengaged their arms and lowered their eyes, fighting back the tears.

This might be Danny’s supreme and most cruel joke on them. After forcing them to engage in all those intimate acts on the first day of their indoctrination, he had taken over what feelings of mutual friendship, liking and respect they had for each other and twisted them to suit his perverted sense of humour. He was convinced that two attractive women like themselves working together had to have developed feelings for each other. In his laddish fantasy world it was inevitable they should be lesbian lovers. So he had used KI#3 to make them so. Now they both felt an irresistible, passionate, and powerful lust for each other which grew more intense the closer they got and yet died as soon as they actually touched. It was the most frustrating agony and only he could free them from it, which of course only made them even more dependent on his good humour.

‘Well, I’ll be in my office then,’ Minerva said and headed for the stairs before her lust for Tami could return.

It was half past nine before Danny came down from the flat and strode into her office. He was now dressed in a smart and expensive cream coloured linen suit she had bought him and looked like a different person from the scruffy youth she had first met in this room a month ago. All except for his

mocking eyes...

As soon as he entered Minerva got up and came round from behind her desk. There was a grim ritual she had to perform...

She went down onto her knees, hitching up her skirt as she did so to expose her groin which was bare and panty-less. She spread her knees wide, exposing herself to him and bowed her head meekly. 'Good morning, Master,' she said.

Every day this got frighteningly easier to do as she felt his power over her becoming more established. The reflex responses he had implanted in her mind were becoming ingrained and almost natural.

'Good morning, Ms Duncan,' Danny said, mocking her with his formality which emphasised her old status and his new mastery over her.

She lifted her head. 'Please fuck my mouth, Master,' she said and opened her lips wide in invitation.

And he smiled as he unbuttoned his flies and freed his cock and pushed it into her unwilling mouth and yet eager mouth.

And Minerva sucked his penis dutifully and single-mindedly as she had that first day, knowing as she did so that it was the most wonderful sample of manhood that she had ever had in her mouth. She also knew that was a lie but it was getting harder to deny it even in the depths of her mind. When he came down her throat she gulped and swallowed his sperm with the belief that she never tasted anything so extraordinary. Unfortunately there was never any danger of emptying his balls this way and blunting his lust. With the vigour of youth his potential rapidly restored, ready to be used on whoever he next ensnared with the help of KI#3.

When he had emptied himself to his satisfaction, Danny pulled out of her mouth and she lowered her head so he could wipe his shaft dry on her hair. This was also part of the ritual, confirming her subservience. She no longer tied her hair up in a bun but let it hang down her back in a ponytail for his convenience.

‘How were yesterday’s sales?’ he asked.

‘Up on last week, Master.’

‘That’s good.’

As he put his cock away she raised her eyes to him. ‘Please, Master... Tami and me... it’s been two days... Can we be allowed... to kiss?’

She hated having to beg and he loved that. He smiled beneficently. ‘Yes, you can have five minutes before we open up...’

In a desperate haste Minerva scrambled to the intercom to call Tami.

A minute later Tami stood trembling in front of Minerva. They still had to go over one more humiliating hurdle.

‘You may kiss,’ Danny said as if he was a priest giving his blessing to a newlywed couple.

They fell into each other’s arms and kissed wildly and passionately, bruising their lips. They could feel their nipples straining against their clothes and their pussies growing wetter as they ran with lust. They did not know any longer if this emotion was true or false, or if at some point they might genuinely have fallen in love. At that moment all they knew was that it was irresistible and undeniable and they wanted it never to end.

‘That’s all!’ Danny said sharply, and their passion felt as if it had been cut by a knife. ‘That your ration for this morning. If you’re good girls you can have a proper screwfest tonight...’

‘Thank you, Master,’ they replied wretchedly.

Throughout the morning Tami was able to watch Danny going about what had become his daily routine as she worked from the front desk. He lurked at the back of the gallery sizing up the customers as they came again, naturally focusing on any females. He was not just looking for the pretty ones but

anybody he thought could further his perverted ambitions.

When he found one he was after he waited for them to work their way round the displays or become separated from any male companions they may have come in with. It was Tami's job to distract any men while the women continued on until they came to what had become in effect Danny's corner of the gallery: his woman trap. This was where a flat screen display had been installed on a column that faced away from the rest of the room. It displayed a slideshow of images from his portfolio. He carried the remote control for it in his pocket, which could override the display at any moment.

As they came in sight of it their eyes were caught by the flickering images and inevitably they glanced at them. Then he flashed up KI#3. As they were transfixed by it he calmly walked up to them and began whispering suggestions in their ear. Soon they were responding, innocently telling him everything about themselves without thinking it at all odd that they were revealing so much to a total stranger.

Some women he finished with quickly, deciding they had no resources that were useful to him and were not physically appealing. These he pointed in the direction of a piece of artwork on display and suggested they really wanted to buy it. They were the lucky ones, Tami thought, merely parting with money they might not have otherwise have spent. Others he spoke to for longer and noted their personal details down, unwillingly enrolling them in his sick project.

Tami wanted desperately to warn them not to look at the screen and to get out while they could. But she was already a prisoner of KI#3 and her lips were sealed by the memory of sticky tape and she could do nothing to stop its creator spreading its power and influence over their customers.

At lunchtime Danny reported his progress to Tami and Minerva, looking very pleased with himself.

'That old woman I was talking to earlier was Eleanor Mattingly. She's a rich old biddy who lives alone except for hired staff in a big house and grounds over in Newland Woods. After showing her KI hash three she wants to be a patron of my art and she's ready to open up her house and

grounds to me any time I want. A few more like her and I can make a start on the exhibition sets.'

'That's very good news, Master,' Tami and Minerva said dutifully.

'But I want to practice on a few more pretty ones in the studio first,' Danny said. 'I hope we get something hotter this afternoon...'

Sandra Hall moved slowly round the Perridor, examining the works on display. It was quiet in the early afternoon and a good time to browse. She was looking for something for her office which would brighten the place up and yet also fit in with their business image. That picture of runners in the rain, perhaps, or those studies of gymnasts?

And then she saw the screen on the pillar facing the corner of the room flickering with landscape and nature photographs. They didn't seem that interesting and she was about to turn away when...

Later she could not quite recall what it was that fixed her attention. Nor did she notice the young male gallery assistant in the cream suit appearing beside her. Suddenly it seemed that he was just there. He was probably half her age but he was unexpectedly friendly and very easy to talk to. He said his name was Danny and soon they were chatting away as if they'd been friends for years...

'... and now I'm managing the Pro Activate Health club, over in Camberley Business Park, you know...' Sandra told him. 'We have a full range of facilities: spar, pool, sauna and all the usual exercise machines...'

'Well you certainly look as though you use them yourself,' Danny said, looking her trim figure up and down appreciatively and then smiling into her smooth complexioned face. 'I've got to say you look very fit. How old are you?'

'I'm 38,' Sandra admitted.

‘I wouldn’t have believed you were more than 30,’ he said.

This complement pleased Sandra tremendously. ‘Well, you know in my position I have to keep fit. I mean I couldn’t run a health club if I was 10 kilos overweight could I?’

‘Of course not,’ Danny agreed. ‘So you work out hard, do you?’

‘Oh, yes, every day.’

‘Do you do it until it hurts?’

‘Sometimes.’

‘But it’s good to hurt, isn’t it?’

She had not thought of it like that, realised he was right. ‘Yes it is...’

‘Sweat a lot, do you?’

The intimacy of the question did not stop her answering: ‘Yes, buckets.’

‘It would be easier if you exercised naked, wouldn’t it?’

That made perfect sense. ‘Much easier,’ she agreed.

He looked thoughtful for a moment, and then he asked totally unexpectedly: ‘Do you like chains?’

Before she could respond to this strange question, the screen in front of her filled with images of heavy chains hanging straight down in clusters or else looped in graceful curves. And as Sandra stared at it, for the first time in her life she realized how fascinating chains were. Their strength and the gleam they had and their hardness and unyielding nature and yet the way they could be arranged in graceful, sinuous, almost sensuous shapes. They were like snakes, they could coil about her and bind her and slither through every fold and furrow...

Suddenly she hunched over and clenched her thighs together, realizing in a sudden flush of embarrassment that she could feel her nipples standing up in painful cones while her panties were getting wet.

‘I think chains really turn you on,’ Danny suggested. ‘But that’s all right; it’s nothing to be ashamed of.’

It was such a relief to know he understood her reaction. And of course he was right; it was nothing to be ashamed of. It was perfectly natural to love chains. ‘Oh, they do so much,’ Sandra agreed, her eyes still filled by the wonderful picture. If only she could touch them for real...

‘Is your pussy getting hot and wet?’

‘Oh God, yes it is.’

‘Then you must come upstairs with me,’ Danny said. ‘There’s something I think you’ll really enjoy seeing...’

And eagerly she followed him.

On the top floor of the gallery was a studio with white brick walls and a sloping ceiling with skylights set in it. The room still smelled slightly of fresh paint and there were large but unidentifiable objects stacked under dust sheets in one corner. To one side were some chairs, a couple of studio lights on stands and a camera tripod. A large square of rubber matting occupied the centre of the room. Set out on it were two sturdy square section wooden posts resting on plywood base pads and with their tops clamped to one of the roof beams, so they were separated by a couple of metres. A number of heavy metal hooks had been screwed into the posts and from them hung dozens of lengths of shiny chain. Some were fine and some were heavy but all glittered with hard, uncompromising promise.

‘Oh... they’re beautiful,’ Sandra said, feeling her pussy getting even slicker and her nipples burning.

‘You can touch them if you want,’ Danny said, taking his jacket off and hanging it over the back of one of the chairs, ‘but only if you do it properly.’

‘What do you mean?’

‘Naked of course,’ he said, rolling up his sleeves. ‘That’s the only way to work out with chains. So you can feel them all over you.’

He was so right. That was the proper way to do it. ‘May I?’

‘Of course. You can put your clothes on the chair over there,’ he said.

Eagerly Sandra undressed, stripping off her jeans and light blouse until she was totally naked. There was a full length mirror on the wall by the chairs and she caught sight of herself.

She had pale skin and pixie cut curling brunette hair with a thin fringe, a firm strong aquiline nose, full red lips and large dark brown eyes. She was of slender build with strong shoulders, neat breasts, a tight waist and bottom, close trimmed pubes and lean legs. She really did not look her age. Yes, it paid to keep in shape.

‘You look lovely,’ Danny told her, ‘the chains will contrast perfectly with your complexion. But there’s one more thing you need so they slide over your skin properly...’ He held up a bottle of baby oil.

What a good idea that was! He was so thoughtful...

Sandra stood still with her arms and legs outspread while Danny rubbed the oil all over her until her skin glistened. As he worked on her breasts and pubes as she felt them swelling and growing hotter and tingling delightfully at his touch. She was getting so excited...

When she was completely covered and the light shone off her body in dancing highlights, she almost ran to the chain hung posts and stroked and caressed the dangling links of metal. She pulled them around herself and wrapped them across her body, luxuriating in the way the hard links slid over

her oiled skin. She rubbed them over her breasts so that her nipples were pressed down and then popped up. She drew a length through her slippery crotch and felt her swelling clit throbbing against the links. That was amazing...

‘Stand straight and put your arms up over your head,’ Danny said, and she obeyed him without question. He knew what he was doing and what she truly wanted...

Danny began to wrap the chains about her, criss-crossing her body and hooking the ends back against the post until she was bound firmly to it with her legs spread slightly and pressed to the sides of the post. Her wrists were crossed above her head and her breasts were thrust out between her tightly bound waist and neck. Taking up a thinner chain he bound it about her breasts in a figure-of-eight until they bulged outwards. It hurt but it was a nice kind of pain, the kind that came at the end of a hard work out...

When Sandra was bound from head to foot and totally helpless, Danny stood back and looked at her approvingly. ‘You look perfect like that. Now I’m going to take pictures of you for my special collection. So that everybody can see how much you love chains.’

‘Will they really see me like this?’ she asked, with a sudden thrill of delight.

‘Yes, at my special gallery show in a few months time,’ Danny said. ‘But until then it’s a secret. You don’t tell anybody, you understand?’

‘Of course I won’t tell anybody...’

‘Let’s make sure of that...’ He pulled a chain round from the back of the post and forced it between her jaws so that her lips were stretched painfully wide and drawn back, her tongue was pressed down and her teeth were bared, making it seem as if she was trying to bite the chain. She could taste metal in her mouth. That was so exciting...

Danny set up the camera pointing at her. ‘Now to make it perfect I’ve got to have feeling and emotion in a picture. It’s got to look as though it

matters to you. So I want you to strain against the chains like you do with weights in the gym. Fight to try to get free...'

Obediently she began to strain against the chains that bound her. She could not possibly break them, of course, but she felt the thrill of their unyielding links cutting into the skin. Danny began to snap away, recording her struggles.

'You can do better than that,' Danny said. A flexible rod with a flat rubber paddle blade on its end had been resting unnoticed against the camera tripod. Now he picked it up and swiped it across her bulging breasts with a crisp crack. They flattened for a moment and then sprang back up, tingling and burning. He swung it across her taut stomach which clenched under the stinging impact. Then he smacked it across the outsides of her bound thighs. Finally he smacked it up between her legs into the pouting dribbling cleft of her vulva, delivering an exquisite sharp stabbing smack of hot wet pain.

Sandra yelped about the gag chains in her mouth and struggled harder. Yes it hurt but at the same time it felt so exciting. She felt more intensely alive than she could ever remember...

And so she struggled as Danny took his pictures, moving round her to catch her heaving, chain-bound body from all sides, and then moving in for close-ups of her contorted features and sore, simmering breasts and dribbling pussy mouth. And every intimate image taken thrilled her even more. Why had she never done anything like this before?

Finally Danny stepped back and said. 'Now for another pose with a bit more action...'

He freed Sandra from the post and she felt a pang of loss as the chains fell away from her, leaving only their indentations behind in her oiled flesh to remember them by. But quickly he twisted her arms up behind her back and rebound them with many loops chain that went about her body, over her shoulders, around her neck and crisscrossed her chest until her torso was swathed in them and she could not move her arms an inch and the weight of them began to bow her down. He also rebound the gag chain through her mouth so she was properly secured and muted. So much wonderful hard

metal pressing so tightly against her... She felt dizzy and weak at the knees.

As she watched in helpless fascination, Danny drew out a long chain from hooks set just below waist height and strung it between the two posts so that she stood straddling it. Its shiny links cut hard up into the slippery cleft of her hot dribbling sex mouth. She shuddered and rolled her eyes in ecstasy.

‘Now you’re going to ride this chain until you cum for me,’ he told her.

She could hardly believe her ears. She was going to come all over a wonderful hard shiny chain. Just from moment the obscenity of that struck her, but then it became instead a thrilling challenge. She had never done such a thing before but she realized she had always secretly wanted to.

Sandra took up position at one end of the chain and then walked quickly along it in a clumsy bow legged shuffle. The chain links grated and ground and shuddered through her sex lips, cruelly tormenting her throbbing, swollen clitoris. At the end of the chain she briefly rubbed her bound breasts up against the chain wrapped post, tormenting her India-rubber nipples with their hard links, and then she shuffled backwards rapidly, dragging the chain through her groin again.

‘Faster!’ Danny commanded as he snapped away at her.

And so Sandra began to move faster. Dripping with perspiration, staggering under the weight of chains that were bound about her upper body and with her legs lathered with her flowing juices, she stumbled back and forth. Saliva dribbled out of the corners of her chain-stretched mouth and dripped onto her bulging breasts, while beneath her feet a line of dark splashes was forming on the rubber matting. Her pussy mouth was bruised by now from the endless links grinding through it but that did not matter. Pain was good when it was like this. Pain and sex. There was no better combination. She should have done this years ago...

And then something seemed to explode in her loins and she stood hunched over the long chain, shuddering and jerking her hips frantically as her orgasmic juices sprayed out of her in wild abandon. And Danny, kneeling

down low, recorded every drop that she expelled.

When she was empty Sandra slumped forward, resting her chain-bound torso limply on the big riding chain, which now smelt of her impregnated juices. Her hot breasts hung down on either side of it as she luxuriated in the reassuring pressure of its links as they cut into her sopping cleft and imprisoned her throbbing clitoris. This was perfection. She did not want to move again...

Swish smack! The spanking paddle was swiped across her sweaty buttocks and she was jerked out of her reverie.

‘Now you’re going to pay my studio fee,’ Danny told her.

Of course that was only fair after everything he had done for her.

Danny dragged her off the chain and pushed her onto her back on the rubber matting. The chains bound about her arms dug painfully and delightfully into her back. He stood over her unbuttoning his flies. Automatically she spread her legs. He mounted her and rammed his cock up into her throbbing, weeping, chain-trained and now totally obedient sex mouth...

Minerva knelt on the gallery flat’s bed and rammed the big strap-on phallus she wore into Tami’s dripping pussy which was so alluringly presented to her. Danny was sprawled naked along the other side of the bed, watching them with amusement while rubbing his cock into readiness. In his other hand he held a spanking paddle which he flicked across Minerva’s pale rump to encourage her to thrust harder.

Tami was kneeling on her hands and knees on the bed under Minerva, braced in position by a restraint device of unfolding and adjustable tubular metal struts, hinges, cuffs and chains that Danny had bought over the Internet. Struts angled up from the base plate of the device to her collar and waist belt and outwards across the top of the bed to secure her wrists and ankles, holding her in a doggy position ideal for coupling. Minerva knelt

behind her between her splayed knees, using the strap-on dildo Danny had also obtained for them with her money. She was ramming its fat ribbed and pronged shaft vigorously up into Tami's vagina, either bracing herself on Tami's hips or laying across her back and reaching beneath her and cupping and squeezing her heavy brown breasts lovingly as they bobbed and swayed beneath her. They were both naked and sweating and slightly drunk with lust as the heady scent of womanly arousal filled the air about them.

Tami was bound helplessly and so free to think and struggle while Minerva was screwing Tami because she desperately wanted to and because Danny had ordered her to. She knew she should not do this simply for his amusement but she could not stop herself. At least her own desire gave her some excuse. She could feel Tami squirming and straining against the bracing frame and knew she was free in her mind if not her body. She wanted this as well not under Danny's masterful contemptuous eyes. However their mutual shame was balanced by their relief and joy at being allowed to couple at last. They had to make the best of every opportunity they were permitted in this perverted, unreal new life they were leading.

Danny was speaking as he watched them perform, updating them on the progress of his grand project.

'So after I got Sandra out of her chains she said I could use her club anytime I wanted out of opening hours. I've just got to find the right model for the next set I've gone in mind...' he flicked the spanking paddle up under Tami's braced body to smack her bobbing, sweating breasts, making her yelp. 'Actually, there's this young woman I've seen who runs through the car park each Sunday morning. She looks pretty fit but she's not built like a professional athlete. I wonder what or who she's doing it for? Maybe I'll show her KI hash three and see if she'd like to model for me...' He chuckled. 'Who am I kidding? Of course she'll want to model for me...'

Chapter Three

Clad in her pale blue tracksuit, Deborah Cook jogged with lithe, springy steps along her regular course where it passed around the perimeter of the Charter Street car park. Her blonde hair, tied in a ponytail, fluttered behind her and there was a rosy glow of pleasurable exertion on her bright face. Sunday mornings while the town was still half asleep were a good time to run. She felt she had the whole of Thames Morton to herself. It gave her a great sense of freedom as well as keeping her fit. She had already seen girls her age loosening their figures because they ate too much and exercised too little and she was determined she would never make that mistake. One day she was sure she would get her big break and when it came her looks would not let her down.

Half way round the car park she saw the man in the cream suit step out of one of the high green-painted wooden yard gates that opening onto it from the back of Waterside Lane which ran along one side. He had his back to her as she approached and seemed to be looking the other direction. It was only as she was almost level with him that he turned round, stepped in front of her and pulled his coat wide, exposing a white T-shirt beneath it.

‘Excuse me,’ he said, ‘what do you think of this?’

There was some fine black and white pattern printed on the shirt which afterwards Deborah could not describe, but which seemed to fill her eyes and absorb her entire attention. She broke her stride and came to a sudden halt, staring intently at it. She couldn’t run past something like this...

‘My name’s Danny,’ he said, ‘what’s yours?’

‘Deborah Cook,’ Deborah heard herself saying, still staring at the image on his T-shirt.

‘Are you going anywhere special this morning?’ he asked. ‘Will anybody miss you for half an hour?’

‘I’m just on my usual run. My mum and dad won’t worry if I’m a bit late...’ Deborah said.

‘Then you want to come with me, Deborah,’ he said, ‘I’ve got something very important to show you...’

‘I want to come with you,’ she agreed. After all, he had something important to show her...

She followed him into the yard and he closed and bolted the gates behind them. They crossed the yard and went through a back door into a short hall which led past some stairs and a door with toilet stickers on it into a lofty open space. There were blinds drawn across the big windows at the front but some ceiling lights were on revealing it was full of paintings and sculptures and craft artworks. There was a flat screen display hung on one of the pillars close by with the same indescribable something on it that was as fascinating as Danny’s T-shirt been...

Then suddenly it was gone and there was just Danny’s face before her and she thought what a nice face it was how interested she would be to hear anything he had to tell her.

‘You realize this is an art gallery, Deborah,’ he said gently. ‘That means that pretty women can’t stay in here with their clothes on. You didn’t strip when you came through the door. I’m afraid I’m going to have to inspect you and give you a punishment spanking. That’s the law, remember...’

She felt a sudden pang of guilt. How stupid of her to have forgotten the law.

Hastily, trying to make up for her oversight, she stripped off her tracksuit and trainers, then her vest, sports bra and panties until she stood a little guiltily in front of Danny totally naked. She felt shame but also a sense of excitement. She knew she had a good body...

‘Stand on that plinth,’ he said, pointing to a low small empty wooden platform, ‘so I can look you over properly...’

Deborah stepped up on to the plinth and automatically clasped her hands behind the back of her neck and spread her legs in the proper manner. A fleeting moment of doubt passed though her as she wondered where she had learnt that this was the proper manner, but it was gone almost immediately, and she stood still while Danny inspected her appreciatively. She felt a pleasurable frisson within her, even though she knew she had done something wrong and would have to suffer the consequences.

Thanks to her healthy lifestyle and avoidance of the sun-bed fetish, Deborah had a light, creamy, clear complexion. She had shaggy blonde shoulder-length hair and an open heart-shaped, trusting face. Her eyes were light blue and her nose was narrow and her lips were pale. Her breasts were full and well rounded and capped by large pale brown nipples. Her waist was tight and her hips were womanly wide without being too heavy. Her regular exercise regime ensured her legs were strong and shapely. She had a closely trimmed delta of dark pubic curls and her buttock cheeks were smooth, fleshy and perfectly rounded.

Danny stroked her bottom and toyed with her pussy cleft and squeezed her breasts. Deborah shivered but held still. She was on the plinth on display so of course he wanted to handle her. That was perfectly normal. In fact it gave her rather a thrill and she felt her nipples swelling up into little domes of their own and her pussy slot beginning to get warm and slippery. Now she felt a pang of guilt. Should she be enjoying herself like this?

‘Yes,’ Danny said at last, ‘you are a very pretty woman and you certainly should have stripped off as soon as you came in here. I’m afraid you’re going to have to get your spanking. A full dozen as you’re so attractive. Get down and bend over...’

As she got down miserably he sat on the side of the plinth and pointed to his knees. She bent across them, presenting her bottom for punishment.

He raised his hand with palm outstretched above her bottom and brought it down sharply with a smack

‘Tell me what you do, Deborah,’ he asked as she winced.

‘Ahhhh... well... I still live at home and I work at the checkout in Luxtons on the High Street, but I’ve got plans...’

Smack! ‘Tell me about them...’

‘Ehhhh.... well I’ve done a few catalogue modelling jobs...’

Smack! ‘Yes?’

‘Ohhhh... and I’ve been studying acting... and I tried for a talent show... I just need one lucky break...’

Danny paused, rubbing his hand over her smarting cheeks and then feeling between them, sliding his fingers into the soft gash of her vulva which made her squirm and roll her eyes in shameful delight. He brought his fingers away wet and sticky.

‘I think you’re getting rather hot,’ he said. ‘In fact I think you’re enjoying this too much. And you’re making a stain on my trousers. Now either I use something harder on your backside or would you rather give me a screw instead of your last nine smacks?’

Deborah jumped at this lesser punishment, which at that moment seemed a very easy thing to do. ‘Could I give you a screw, please, Danny?’

‘Well as you’ve offered so nicely...’

She scrambled off his lap and he got up and she bent over the side of the plinth with her bottom stuck outwards and knees spread. He knelt between her thighs, unbuttoned his flies and freed his cock and took hold of her hips and rammed his manhood up into her waiting slot.

That felt good, Deborah thought! In fact it was the nicest cock she ever had up inside her. But she dare not show it so she grunted and moaned a little as if in distress.

As he pumped into her, Danny said: ‘You know this could be your big break, because I’m a photographer and I’m working on a new show for this gallery. Would you like to model for me? I’ve got a very special shoot in

mind that would be exactly right for a girl like you who likes running. I think I can promise it will make the headlines.'

Deborah felt a thrill of excitement. 'Uhh... I'd like that very much please, Danny.'

'As long as you're a good girl and do everything I say.'

'I'll be a good girl and do everything you say,' Deborah promised. 'Do I need to bring any special costume?'

'No, come in your running gear,' Danny said. And then he grunted and spurted his semen deep inside her with a final thrust that brought tears to her eyes.

At six that afternoon, dressed once more in her tracksuit and trainers, Deborah arrived at the address Danny had given her of the Pro Activate Health club in Camberley Business Park. The premises looked very quiet, as if it was closed, and she noticed the sign by the door said the opening hours at the weekend were from ten until four. But when she knocked Danny personally opened the doors and let her in. She saw he now had a large camera hung about his neck.

She got her first shock when he ushered her through to the main hall which was filled by and bewildering array of exercise and training machines. Standing beside one of the powered treadmills was a slender, dark-haired older woman who was totally naked except for red high heels and strings of shiny chains which had been padlocked about her.

She had a heavy chain padlocked around her throat like a collar, and a figure-of-eight double loop of chain tightly bound about her small neat breasts, making them bulge outwards. There was a heavy chain pinched tight about her waist like a belt which supported a thinner chain which ran down between her legs and cut up painfully through the lips of her sex, which parted and closed about it, to reappear from the depths of her buttock cleavage to meet her waist chain again, where it was secured by another large

padlock. A hobble chain linked metal cuffs locked about her ankles, so that she could only move in small shuffling steps. She even had a slender chain bound about the back of her head and across her cheeks and between her parted lips. Deborah could see a padlock resting on her tongue which had the chain looped about it.

Yet despite this painful attire, the woman looked at her and Danny with bright, eager, excited eyes. She tried to smile and bob her head in welcome, but it was obvious that the chain bound about her tongue meant she could not speak.

Deborah shivered in surprise and yet also felt a strange little thrill of perverse excitement. What must those chains feel like padlocked about her? Especially the one cutting up into her pussy...

‘This is Sandra,’ Danny explained. ‘She’s the manager of the club and has kindly let me use her facilities. She wanted to play her part in to shoot, so I said she could assist. You see I want to make an important statement about the position of women in this country. This photoset is going to symbolize how women are used by the keep fit industry and are made to suffer unfairly as they force their bodies to conform to unrealistic expectations of beauty. And Sandra’s chains help make that point, do you see?’

Well of course Deborah did see, now he pointed out. It made perfect sense.

Her eyes were now drawn to the exercise treadmill beside which Sandra was standing. It was standard enough, but it had a frame of bolted metal rods built over it like an arch, extending from front to back, from which hung several alarming looking fittings.

‘Is that for me?’ she asked Danny.

‘Of course it is. That’s why I wanted a girl who could run properly but who also had a gentle innocent face. You’re going to be perfect...’

‘Do you want me to take my clothes off?’ Deborah asked nervously. This was not an art gallery after all...

‘Everything but your trainers,’ Danny said. ‘You’ve got to be seen to be totally innocent and defenceless while you’re being made to work impossibly hard to keep in shape. The frame and all the fittings symbolize the unfair pressures society puts on you.’

That also made sense of course. And so for the second time that day Deborah stripped off in front of Danny. And then he and Sandra helped her up onto the gently sloping track of the treadmill. Then Danny used bondage cuffs to secure her wrists behind her back.

‘It must be obvious that you can’t do anything to free yourself,’ he explained. ‘Nor can you adjust the speed the treadmill goes. It’s important everybody can see that.’

She supposed that made sense, but it was a little disconcerting.

He pulled a red rubber ball out of his pocket. ‘And of course you can’t even speak in protest because you’ve been stifled by the propaganda of false body image,’ he said as he pushed it between her lips, so that it pressed her tongue down and jammed behind her teeth..

She had never been gagged before. It was not a pleasant feeling. But if Danny said it was necessary...

Then he buckled a broad studded collar about her neck and then clipped to it a bungee cord which hung from the frame above her head. The tension on the cord lifted her head up. From the vertical post at the front of the frame, which was positioned just beyond the control panel of the treadmill, he dragged back more elastic cords with large crocodile clips on their ends which he clipped to her nipples. Deborah winced as they bit into her tender flesh and whimpered. That really hurt...

A third cord was run out from the upper rear corner of the frame down to her bottom. It had a large rubber hook on its end shiny with grease. This Danny forced up into her rectum, making Deborah’s eyes bulge. She’d never had anything like that put up inside her before. It felt dirty...

The final device was the worst. Danny unfolded an extending arm

from low down on the front frame post which angled upwards between the twin brackets that supported the control panel of the treadmill and up into her groin. On its end was a red ribbed rubber dildo which he pushed up into her vagina.

‘That’s to symbolise you being screwed by the system,’ Danny said as he forced it home, making her labia bulge wide.

Rising vertically from the dildo’s base was a curved spring arm with a metal spur wheel on its end which pressed up into her cleft and pricked the nub of her clitoris, making her eyes water.

‘And this is very nearly the last straw,’ he told her.

He took something down from the frame and hung it on the bungee cord that stretched down to the hook in her bottom. It was a hook and horizontal rod, a little like a coat hanger, with a lead weight hung underneath its middle and spring arms extending upwards and forwards from its ends which each supported a plastic ball, over which had been taped dozens of drawing pins with their points facing outwards. This sinister device slid down the cord until the balls rested against her smooth pale buttocks.

‘This means that every stride is going to hurt,’ Danny told her.

Deborah began to panic, moaning and squirming in her bonds. She was not sure this was quite right...

Danny moved round to his camera and focused it upon her, while Sandra shuffled round to the front to the treadmill and held her hands ready on the control panel. Deborah stared at the chain-bound woman. How could she possibly be a part of this?

‘Now I just want you to be yourself,’ Danny told Deborah. ‘Act perfectly naturally...’

It was if something had flipped within her. Suddenly black was white and white was black.

Deborah knew she did not want to do any this. It was insane! Why had she agreed to this madness? Why had she trusted Danny? She had even let him spank and screw her! This was not art; it was a sadistic porno bondage shoot! But by then it was too late. All her perverse bonds combined to hold her on the treadmill. She could not step off it.

‘Start her off,’ Danny said.

Sandra pressed a button on the control panel and the treadmill began to roll under Deborah’s feet. As she was carried backwards the cords clipped to her nipples tightened, dragging her nipples and breasts out into impossible fleshy cones in front of her. At the same time the dildo pulled a little out of her and the spur wheel ran down her cleft and the collar tightened about her neck. Only the big hook in her bottom eased its pressure slightly.

With a yelp she began to run forward to ease the strain on her nipples. But as the tension on them eased slightly and the crocodile clips bit less painfully, she was impaling herself more deeply on the big dildo, which made her lower stomach bulge. At the same time the spur wheel ran back up her wet cleft and spiked her throbbing clitoris. She jerked too far forward and the anal hook began to tug painfully at her bottom while the rolling of her hips set the spiked ball arm hanging from it bouncing and twisting, playing a painful tattoo on her buttocks.

She was helplessly trapped in the middle of a terrifying interplay of pain and humiliation. The least bad thing she could do was to pound along the treadmill track exactly in its centre not veering left or right or back or forward. As she did so Danny moved around the machine with his camera, photographing her from every angle.

‘I think she can rather little faster,’ he said to Sandra. ‘I want to see her tits bouncing properly...’

Obediently Sandra turned up the speed.

Deborah had to lengthen her stride to stay in position. This set the terrible spiked balls smacking into her straining buttocks with greater force. At the same time the rolling of her hips began to churn the big dildo inside

her with more violence. The little spur wheel was rubbing back and forth, stabbing into her clitoris while her breasts were heaving and bouncing with a pliant, springy fluid motion which was only slightly dampened by the tension of the crocodile clamps on her nipples. Behind her back her hands were bunched into fists as she strained at the cuffs that bound them, but she could not pull free. Because she could not move her arms properly to counteract the role of her hips these were exaggerated, adding to the pain of the spiked balls bouncing off them.

Mutely she pleaded with her eyes to Sandra as she stood behind the control panel, but she seemed fascinated by Deborah's suffering. Her eyes, which appeared to be filled by her dilating pupils, were flicking between Deborah's cruelly stretched breasts and her groin where the dildo was pumping in and out of her with every stride. She began to rub and pinch her own hard nipples and slide a finger down into her chain-cleft groin, which was seeping fluid. Was she is perverted as Danny?

Deborah was beginning to sweat profusely. She tried sucking in more air past the ball plugged in her mouth and spittle began to dribble out about its corners to fall onto her bouncing breasts. That was not the only fluid dribbling from her. To her utter shame she realized her churning, clenching pussy was dripping juices about the twisting dildo which were falling onto the track under her feet forming a long line of splatters that kept rolling past beneath her. Her clitoris was hard now, offering itself up for even more pain from the jerking spur wheel. Even in the depths of her misery it seemed that her body could be coaxed into sexual arousal, however unwillingly. She felt a familiar hot liquid warmth begin to make itself known in her loins and her nipples, which despite the terrible bite of the metal jaws pinched about them were swollen and throbbing.

What was happening to her?

'Faster,' Danny commanded. 'I want to see the pain on her face...'

The treadmill rolled faster and Deborah whimpered as she had to run harder, every stride multiplying her suffering, while tears began to roll down her cheeks.

The collar about her neck jerked with every stride as it was tugged by the bungee cord dangling from the frame over her head, constantly reminding her of her captivity. Yes, she was a captive of the treadmill, riding on it to please Danny's perverted plans. What did he want from her? Suffering, humiliation... blood?

And then to her horror Deborah realized he was getting it.

The relentlessly smacking pin-studded balls on her buttocks were scratching and pricking their way deeper into her skin until it began to bleed, little hot trickles running down the backs of her legs. At the same time the jerking of her heavy bouncing breasts was tearing at her clamped nipples where their metal teeth were cutting into them. The first droplets of blood from them began to drip onto the treadmill beneath her or else trickle down the under curves of her breasts, mingling with her sweat and forming pink rivulets which rolled down her stomach. The spur wheel riding back and forth through the furrow of her cleft like a plough was stabbing deeper at her clitoris and the folds of flesh about it until they were also beginning to bleed. This flowed about the plunging shaft of the dildo, mingling with the frothing juices which it was pumping out of her, to form pinkish foam that lathered the insides of her thighs.

And yet perversely, as well as the pain there was a terrible mounting thrill growing inside her at her own cruel usage and exposure, driven by the brutal simulation of her breasts and pussy. The hot liquid in her loins was bubbling and straining to burst loose. She was going to orgasm!

No, this was all too much. She could not take it any more!

With a muffled sob Deborah came with a monstrous surge of desperate lust, spraying her juices about the plunging dildo. She lost her stride and fell forward, jerking her tethered neck painfully as she impaled herself on the dildo while the anal hook dug up into her rectum as if it wanted to rip her apart...

And then she fainted.

When Deborah recovered she found she had been unfastened from the treadmill frame and Sandra was cradling her in her naked chain-bond lap and was feeding her water. She felt totally exhausted. Her legs were like rubber and her nipples and bottom and pussy felt bruised and sore, even though the blood had been wiped from them. That terrible machine had put her through hell...

Except that the treadmill and all its fittings didn't seem quite so terrible anymore, now she looked at them from the outside. And she really hadn't been hurt that much, she realized. Nothing physically that wouldn't heal in a day or two. But what about her shame and humiliation?

'Well done,' Danny said, bending over her and smiling and tapping his camera meaningfully. 'That was a great shoot. You're going to be one of the stars of the show!'

And now Deborah understood that her pain and discomfort and humiliation had all been necessary. Great art did not come without suffering. In fact it had been a privilege, because she now realized she had helped create something very special.

'You won't tell anybody about this, will you?' Danny said. 'We want it to be a big surprise...'

Of course she would keep her part secret until the day of the show. Wouldn't everybody she knew be amazed when they saw pictures of her in the Perridor gallery! That would be something to be proud of! This might be her big break...

TO BE CONTINUED...

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