

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

**Part
Two**

**Simon
Grail**



THE SLAVE GALLERY

PART 2

Simon Grail

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Chapter Four

Lisa had not wanted to go to the Perridor gallery that day, but her aunt Katherine, her mother's single younger sister by three years, had insisted.

'It's Natasha's fortieth,' she reminded her once again. 'She deserves something special this time.'

'I hadn't forgotten!' Lisa said indignantly. 'I was going to get Mum something nice.'

'I mean something really personal which you've taken time over choosing, not just something you found online,' Katherine said. 'You're eighteen now and you've got to learn how to do things like this properly...'

'I'll talk to dad and...'

'You know your father is even worse than you are when it comes to getting suitable presents. Just come with me for an hour and we'll get something appropriate...'

And so they had gone to the Perridor.

With increasing irritation Lisa looked over the selection of arts and craft work on offer with growing impatience. What did her mother actually like? The few suggestions she had made Aunt Katherine dismissed out of hand. It was a lot easier shopping online...

And then they saw something on a screen in a corner of the gallery which caught their attention, although afterwards Lisa could not quite remember exactly what. And it was as they were looking at it that the nice young male gallery assistant in the cream suit had come forward and asked if he could help. They had explained what they were after (he was very easy to talk to) and he said he knew just the thing, which they kept in the private studio upstairs. It was a novel gift which would keep her mother fit and give

her pleasure at the same time.

Lisa thought that sounded just right and Aunt Katherine agree with her.

And so Danny, the nice assistant, led them upstairs to the top floor. And there in an attic studio was a strange and wonderful thing, resting on the square of rubber matting.

It was a long sturdy wooden sawhorse or trestle with a transverse wooden arch frame about head high mounted across its middle. All the woodwork had been heavily carved and pierced, so it looked quite ornate. Hung on hooks on the outsides of the arch uprights were a pair of rubber bit gags and a spanking paddle. From the top bar of the arch dangled two pairs of padded bondage cuffs, while hanging lower down the arch sides were a pair of chains with spring clips on their ends which ran through large rings. There were also bondage cuffs bolted to the splayed legs of the trestle. Supported on a heavy pivot mount between the sides of the arch frame was a sturdy board, also heavily carved and ornamented, which lay along the trestle. It looked a little like the top of a children's seesaw with a gap between it and the horizontal trestle beam. There were slots in the ends of the board which were positioned over pairs of thick cylindrical objects which were mounted on the trestle beam beneath them, so that their tips protruded through the slots. Lisa looked closer and realized they were rubber dildos.

'I never seen anything like it,' aunt Katherine said, walking around the device and stroking it in fascination.

Neither had Lisa. For a moment she had the faint suspicion in the back of her mind that there was something wrong about it as a possible gift from mother, but then her concern melted away. It was a fascinating thing so full of the promise of dark pleasure. She felt her nipples rising and her pussy beginning to grow slick and wet. It was certainly novel and original and she was certain her mother had nothing like it...

'You can both try it out if you like,' Danny said. 'It can be used solo but it's really designed for two.'

‘May we?’ Lisa asked excitedly.

‘It won’t be any trouble, will it?’ Katherine asked.

‘Not at all,’ Danny assured them. ‘You want to be sure it’s going to be right for her, don’t you?’

‘Of course we do,’ Lisa said. Katherine had wanted her to take trouble over choosing this gift, we’ll now she would. In fact the idea was rather exciting...

‘You can put your clothes on the chair over there,’ Danny told them, indicating a pair of chairs beside a wall mirror. As he spoke he took off his own jacket, rolled up his sleeves and then picked up a camera that had been sitting on one of the chairs and hung it about his neck.

‘Our clothes?’ Lisa said.

‘Well you can’t use it dressed,’ Danny said. ‘It’s designed to be used naked. You can see that...’

Of course she could now... but, still, was this quite normal, Lisa wondered for a moment: she and her aunt both naked trying out this intimate thing? And then she realized: No, of course not, because it was *special*. The rules were different here. Not every gallery would go to this much trouble for their customers. And so hastily they undressed.

Lisa was slimly built with long dark tousled honey blond hair and light tanned skin. She had blue eyes, a slightly sulky mouth and an up-tilted nose. Her high breasts were capped by brown nipples with stand-up tips, her waist was slim with a deep navel and her bottom was pert. At the junction of her thighs she had trimmed dark pubic curls through which showed the crinkled tongue of her pouting inner labia.

Lisa hesitated for a moment as she saw her Aunt Katherine naked for the first time in her life. Then her doubts gave way to admiration. Not many girls had aunts who looked that hot.

Katherine was of a fleshier build to herself, with lighter clear pink skin and straight streaked blond hair. Her eyes were pale blue which only seemed to accentuate the line of her firm strong jaw, straight nose and wide mouth with very white even teeth. Her breasts were pale and heavy with large nipples, which made her waist seem tighter. Her hips were wide and she had smoothly rounded buttocks. Her closely trimmed pubic bush only partially covered a deep full vulval cleft.

Both women smiled uncertainly at each other for a moment, feeling the briefest the sense of embarrassment at being naked in front of Danny, which soon passed. This was his job after all. And the device called to them. They had to try it out. That was all that mattered...

They straddled the ends of the seesaw top and sat facing each other and reached up to the crossbar of the arch so that Danny could buckle the straps about their wrists. Then he pulled their legs back and bent their knees so he could cuff their ankles to the bottom ends of the trestle legs. This made them lean forward slightly. Now Lisa could feel the tips of the dildos rising up through the board slot and nuzzling up into her pussy and bottom.

Lisa felt a pang of worry, which even superseded her desire to try the device out. 'I'm not a virgin...' she began, which caused Katherine to look at her with sudden curious interest '... but I've never had anything up my bottom before. The idea always seems really dirty. Will... will it hurt?'

Danny looked thoughtful for a moment, studying her intently. Then he said: 'As you're just a beginner, perhaps you shouldn't start with both rods up you this time. We'll save your bottom for another day...' And he reached under the device and pulled the second dildo underneath her crotch back down out of sight.

He stretched out the chains from their arch rings and clipped them to their nipples so they were both joined together across the middle of the device, with little slack between them. The bite of the spring clip jaws in her nipples made Lisa wince, but of course that was all part of the experience.

'The paddle and the gag bits are included in the price,' the Danny said as he took down the thick rubber bars with their elastic loop fastenings.

‘They’re so you can make as much noise as you like without disturbing the neighbours.’

‘That’s a very good idea,’ Katherine agreed.

Carefully Danny fitted the gag bars into their mouths, stretching their lips wide and bearing their teeth. Lisa felt her nipples standing up even harder in the pinch of spring clamps, while her pussy was feeling amazingly hot and wet as it was spread slightly by the tip of the dildo beneath it. The thrill of her restraints overcame her. This was going to be amazing...

Danny bent down and adjusted the dildos beneath them, sliding the pair up into Katherine so her labia parted and her anus was stretched. Then he slid the single dildo up into the mouth of Lisa’s sex, which made her shudder.

And then Danny stood back and took a picture of them. They looked at each other through the central arch of the device; naked and gagged with their arms and wrists cuffed and their nipples joined by the long chains and with the dildos positioned threatening their orifices. Suddenly the obscene horror of their situation dawned and filled them with a rush and they began to struggle and twisted about as they thought... Oh My God, what are we doing! But by then of course it was far too late.

Wielded by Danny, the spanking paddle hissed through the air and smacked across their bare haunches and they shrieked about their gags. The paddle had metal studs set in it. ‘Now you’ll rock up and down on those the dildos until you both cum!’ Danny commanded them. Then he smacked the paddle upwards between them, under their up-raised arms, into the undersides of their tethered breasts, which leaped and jiggled as the studded rubber blade bit painfully into them. The impacts made the tight chains connecting them shiver and whip up and down, tugging agonisingly on their clamped nipples. ‘Unless you want me to beat your tits until they bleed?’

Desperately Lisa and Katherine began to flex their legs and rock back and forwards, pushing and pulling on the crossbar of the arch between them at the same time to gain extra leverage. Danny stood back and took another picture.

Lisa gasped as her end of the seesaw dropped down and the dildo beneath her seat plunged upwards into the depths of her vagina. While it was true she was no virgin her passage was still tight and the thing had to stretch it wide to get inside her. She shrieked and clamped her teeth down on the bit in her mouth to stifle her wail of anguish.

Then her end of the seesaw rose up and the plug of rubber was sucked almost back out of her, which was almost as disconcerting.

She saw Katherine's eyes widened in dismay as she in turn was penetrated. Lisa could see the big rubber shaft plunged up into her aunt's deep cleft, making her lips spread while behind her the second dildo forced its way up into her rectum. For a moment her bottom bulged obscenely wide, and then her end of the seesaw rose and Lisa was impaled once more.

Swish, crack! Danny lashed the studded blade across their buttocks. 'You can go harder and faster than that!'

And so they strained to obey, rocking back and forth frantically, plunging the dildos up inside them while the chains linking their breasts slid and rattled back and forth through their guide rings. They sobbed and whimpered as they worked, dribble beginning to run out of the sides of their mouths and dripped onto the upper slopes of their jerking, bobbing breasts. But that was not all that was dribbling.

The plunging dildos were beginning to draw pleasure juices out of their pummelled vaginas which dripped through the slots and ran down onto the matting beneath them. Lisa could smell her own excited arousal and that of her aunt. She could see her nipples were swollen and dark, seeming to spread across half her breasts, while her own teats had formed hard straining throbbing cones of supersensitive flesh. Danny squatted down and snapped low angle shots of the dildos pumping into them. She'd never imagined anything like this before. It was awful... and yet also perversely incredibly exciting. Their eyes, already misty with tears, began to glaze over as a terrible carnal lust overtook them.

Their arms and legs began to strain as they pushed and pulled themselves alternately up and down on the big dildos with ever greater

ferocity. They had passed the point of no return and were ramming themselves down onto the dildos and jerking their torsos back as they did so, yanking the chains tight between their nipples. Lisa bit on her gag bar at the pain even as she sobbed and shrieked about it, but it was impossible for them to stop now. They could not abandon this sweet agony. Their bodies had been filled with lust which was bubbling in their loins and which had to be expelled in the only way possible. They had to orgasm!

With pitiful sobs and moans their climaxes overwhelmed them and they clenched on the plunging dildos inside them and forced their juices out past them in bubbling splutters of raw animal lust that dripped to the floor to join all their other shameful stains. Lisa thought her brain would burst from the explosion of pleasure within it. She had never felt like that before with the handful of living lovers she had known. What had this device done to her? And then she stopped wondering as they both sagged limply across the terrible machine, their bodies sparkling with sweat, while Danny circled round them, recording their prostrated, drained, naked bodies in every intimate detail.

When he had recorded every last drip and blush, Danny un-cuffed their wrists and ankles and helped them off the terrible pleasure seesaw. Their pussies sucked and dribbled over the protruding ends of the dildos. What had they done? Feebly Lisa thought: now I'm going to slap him, the bastard... if Aunt Kate doesn't do it first!

And yet as they were freed so her doubt and shame melted away. Why had she thought what Danny had done was wrong, Lisa wondered? There was no reason to hate him. They had only been cuffed to the device to make sure it had worked properly, and they had been perfectly willing. Even the simmering pain about their buttocks and breasts had been a necessary part of it: amplifying and contrasting with the sexual satisfaction of being properly penetrated. In fact it had been amazing! And it had all been Danny's doing...

'Down on your knees,' he said, and they obeyed. They had no desire to take their gags out. They just looked up at him in worshipful fascination. He rubbed the blade of the spanking paddle he had beaten them with over their cheeks and then down across their sweat and dribble-stained, sore and

smarting breasts. They did not pull away but simply trembled in barely suppressed excitement at the thrill of his touch.

‘You will buy the still life with the poppies you saw downstairs for you mother,’ he told Lisa.

Yes, that would be the perfect gift, Lisa thought.

‘Meanwhile, would both of you like to help me make a work of performance art?’ Danny said. ‘It’s for a special show I’m putting together for the gallery. I have a session planned for next weekend, but I’m still looking for suitable models. Would you like to pose for me?’

They nodded eagerly. Of course they would. It would be an honour...

‘But don’t tell anybody what you’re doing. I want it to be a surprise. Just say you’ll be going out for a day in the country. Meanwhile...’ He unbuttoned his flies and freed his straining erection, upon which their eyes locked in helpless fascination. ‘Now what are you going to do about this, since you’re responsible for it? You can take your gags out now if it would help...’

They tore their gag bars out and butted against each other as, still on their knees, they struggled to lick and suck at his magnificent cock shaft. The man the scent of it filled Lisa’s nostrils and she was aware of her sore nipples pricking up once more and her pussy beginning to tingle.

Lisa was dimly aware that her bare sweaty breasts were pressing against Katherine’s as they both ran their tongues up and down Danny’s penis and that this was a little strange for a niece and aunt. But then her worry melted away again. All that mattered was pleasing Danny. She would do anything for Danny...

Katherine arranged the kitchen table of her tiny country cottage. The freshly whitewashed walls reflected the sunlight filtering through the small leaded windows. It was just a kitchen/living room with a tiny adjacent bedroom and

an outside privy but it was home.

Everything was laid out for the arrival of her niece Lisa. She was coming to visit today with some food her mother had sent her. Living out in the woods Katherine did not get a lot of visitors. She hoped Lisa would not stray from the safe path. There were dangerous things living out here, as she only knew only too well. Perhaps it was not actually sensible to send a young woman out alone like that. Her sister really should know better. But she still looked forward to her coming...

Suddenly Katherine glanced sharply about her. She felt she was being watched again, as she had several times that morning. But there was nobody there. Outside through the windows she could see the patch of rough garden between the house and the wall of bushes and trees where the wood began. Everything was perfectly normal...

There was a knock at the kitchen door. Katherine went to it eagerly and pulled it open, smiling as she did so. 'Come in,' she said happily... then her voice became a cry of horror.

'I will,' growled the wolf in man's clothes as he filled the low doorway.

She tried to shut him out, but he was too strong for her, pushing inside and shutting the door behind him. As she cowered from him he loomed over her, reaching out for her. She tried to push him away but he batted her hands aside and clawed at the bodice of her light summer dress, ripping it open and bearing her big pale breasts.

As she struggled feebly in his grasp he rubbed his snout in her warm cleavage. 'Time to pay you woodland protection fee again, Katherine,' he growled.

Katherine snivelled. 'No... please! Not again... its filthy... it hurts so much!'

'If you don't want to pay you shouldn't live out here all on your own, should you? It makes you such an easy target.'

‘My... my niece is coming to visit soon... please, she’s just a young girl... She wouldn’t understand...’

‘Then we better get this over with quickly, hadn’t we? You know what I like.’ And grabbing her by the hair he dragged her through the door into the little bedroom. It was simply furnished with a dressing table and chair, an old wardrobe and a simple wooden single bed with post and rail head and foot boards. ‘Now strip,’ he said. ‘Show me all of that pretty, hairless body of yours...’

Feeling sick and fighting back her tears, Katherine undid the remains of her bodice and slipped her dress down to the floor. Apart from her black house shoes and white stockings tied with garters about her thighs, she was not wearing anything beneath it. Feebly she tried to cover herself, but the wolf growled and she dropped her hands to her sides.

The man-wolf looked her naked body up and down with evident approval and then pointed to the bed. ‘You know what to do...’

Trembling she moved to the bed and pulled the ropes which were tied the bedposts out from where they had been coiled under the mattress. Then she lay down on her back on the mattresses and spread her arms and legs wide.

The wolf bent over her and tied the ropes about her wrists and ankles, binding her firmly to the bed. Then he pulled a coiled strip of old leather belt with no buckle from his coat pocket. He drew it across Katherine’s naked helpless body, making her whimper. Then he doubled it up and pushed it into her deep fleshy vulva, forcing it into the depths of her vagina where he twisted it about, working it back and forth and forcing her juices to flow over it. To her shame she felt her clitoris throbbing and swelling under his rough hands. When the strap was stained dark and well soaked he pulled it out of her. He dangled the now wet strap in front of her face, grinning broadly. She could smell her own juices on it. Then he rubbed the sodden leather across her nipples, forcing them up into unwilling erection.

‘Such nice big tits, you have,’ he slavered. ‘I’ll have to think of something special to do with them later. But for now I’ll just warm them

up...’

He drew his arm back and swiped the doubled over leather down across her breasts, striking them right on her erect nipples. Katherine shrieked as the force of the impact made her mammarys fold up about the strap like soft pillows. Then they sprang back up again but now blazing red and burning. The wolf swiped at them again, this time at a lower angle, so the strap cut into their undersides, making them bounce wildly, almost as though they were going to be ripped from her chest. Katherine yelped again, her eyes filling with tears. The third blow was from the opposite direction across her face and down onto their upper slopes, driving them downwards as the leather skimmed their upper curves, cutting into the sides of her sore throbbing nipples and rasping painfully across them. This last blow made Katherine scream out loud. Her breasts felt as if they were on fire and her smooth pink flesh was now crimson and blotched.

‘If you don’t like your tits being beaten, then you know what you have to offer instead,’ the wolf said as he trailed the belt across her pussy again. ‘Or do you want me to use the belt on the outside of your cunt? I’m waiting to hear you beg...’

She felt the strange cold comfort of surrender enfolding her. She was so helpless and he was so strong. What else could she do?

‘Yes... please yes... screw me, Mister Wolf please screw me hard... stick your cock up my hole...’

The wolf dropped the belt and undid his flies, exposing his big, hard human like penis. He mounted her, grinding her sore breasts under his chest, and rammed his shaft into her unwilling sacrificial pussy while his snout ground into her face as he laughed at her misery. She was being screwed by an animal!

Futilely Katherine squirmed and bucked underneath him, which only added to the pleasure of his mastery of her. He rode her violently, pounding into her and making the bed frame creak. Why did she have to live out here in the woods?

It seemed like an eternity but it was probably only minutes when with a grunt and a growl the wolf came, spurting his hot seed inside her and making her feel filthy and defiled.

And then out of her despair and revulsion a sudden intense fountain of delight seemed to erupt in her loins, and she spurted her juices over the wolf's shaft even as it filled her with raw unquestioning animal satisfaction. And in those dizzy moments, before shame claimed her once again, she remembered why it was that she lived out in the woods...

For several minutes the wolf just lay on top of her, as if enjoying his conquest and her submission and her pliant female warmth. Then slowly he got up, pulling his shaft out of her bruised but still clinging pussy, dribbling his sperm and her juices. Clambering off the bed he moved round to its head, took hold of a handful of her hair and wiped his soiled cock clean.

'Well that's your fee paid for another month, Katherine,' he said with a throaty chuckle.

And then there came a knock at the cottage door...

Lisa shivered as she stood outside the door of the cottage, her basket in hand and her red cloak hung over her shoulders. She glanced around at the gloomy woods. She had the odd impression that she was being watched but she couldn't see anything. Why did her aunt have to live out here so far from anywhere? And why did she have to bring her a basket of food anyway?

Then she heard a faint voice from within the cottage that seemed to call out: 'Come in. The door's not locked...'

Lisa entered the little kitchen, calling out: 'Hallo Auntie Kate, it's only me...'

But there was no reply. The table was laid but there was no sign of her aunt. Then she seemed to hear a faint muffled sound from beyond the bedroom door which was ajar. She put her basket down on the table and

hesitantly pushed the door open and stepped inside.

There was Katherine lying spread-eagled naked on her bed with her wrists and ankles tied to its corners by ropes. Her big breasts were blotched red and her exposed sex cleft was wet and her pubic hair matted. A twisted strip of cloth was bound across her mouth, gagging her. Her eyes were wide in horror as she saw Lisa and they flicked urgently to one side while she made throaty warning sounds.

But it was too late.

The wolf stepped out from behind the door and grabbed Lisa by the hair.

As she yelped and twisted about in his grasp he looked her up and down appreciatively. Then he squeezed her breasts through the thin material of her bodice top. 'What a pretty niece you have, Katherine. I see she's a full grown woman now and so she must know that there's a toll to pay for walking through my woods...'

Still holding her by the hair he dragged Lisa across to stand at the foot of the bed and pointed at Katherine. 'This is the toll my women pay for the privilege of living and walking in these woods. And now it's your turn. Take your clothes off...'

Lisa squirmed feebly and whimpered: 'No please... don't make me do this, Mister Wolf...'

He picked up a dark stained leather strap that had been lying on the bed and swiped it across Katherine's spread thighs so that it smacked into the soiled, red lipped mouth of her vulva, making her buck and jerk against her bonds and yelp in pain. A fresh blush spread across the lips of her sex.

'Take your clothes off or else your Aunt will suffer...' The wolf said menacingly.

Katherine was shaking her head but Lisa could not let that happen. With trembling fingers Lisa undid her red cloak and dropped it to one side.

Then she un-laced her bodice and slipped her dress down to the floor. Now, except for her white shoes and white ankle socks, she was totally naked.

The wolf pawed her over, pinching and patting her bare flesh. 'Yes, very nice indeed,' he growled. Then he pulled her arms up behind her and with a cord from his pocket he bound her wrists together. Then he pressed her knees up against the foot of the bed and dragged her legs wide. There were ropes already tied about the feet of the bedposts and he bound her ankles with them, holding her in place. More ropes which had been tucked down between the lower end of the mattress and the footboard were pulled out and bound about Lisa's thighs just above her knees, pressing the front of her legs against foot rail of the bed. In a minute she was bound in place with her upper body free, except for her bound wrists, but her legs securely braced and tied.

Wolf pushed her forward and she doubled over until her face rested on the bed between Katherine's spread knees and she looked up into her aunt's pretty ravaged sex mouth. She could smell her discharge and the Wolf's sperm and see the dirty stains on the sheets. Looking up over Katherine's belly and between the big shivering mounds of her abused breasts she saw her eyes were wide over her gag and filled with sympathy and helpless despair. Neither of them could prevent what was going to happen next. They were just poor, weak, defenceless women...

The wolf trailed the dark leather strap over Lisa's outthrust buttocks and then swiped it across them so that they pinched in from shock, impact ripples flowing out over her hips and thighs, while she yelped in pain and hot tears filled her eyes. Again and again the strap hissed down onto her poor defenceless bottom, cutting it deep and making it jump and burn and clench. With every blow Lisa shrieked again and the tears ran down her cheeks and soaked into the bed sheet, adding her shameful stains to those it already carried.

'I want to hear you beg me to screw you, girl!' the wolf growled as he beat her.

'Yes... Please... Mister Wolf... I want you to fuck me!' Lisa sobbed.

The wolf laid the terrible strap aside and took up position behind her

burning bottom. She felt him take hold of her hips as his shaft probed between her thighs and into the soft lipped cleft of her pussy. She felt it forcing its way up into her, stretching her tight vaginal sheath and filling it tight. Then he began to pump into her, jerking her thighs against the front of the bed and making it creak. She saw Katherine looking at her in pity and screwed up her own eyes in shame and let the wolf do what he wanted to her.

As he thrust and twisted his cock in her pussy she felt her loins stirring and filling with reluctant heat and the first flickering of illicit pleasure began to grow within her. At the same time her nipples hardened and pressed into the bed sheet, adding to her shame and confusion. How could she react like this to such an animal as he was defiling her? Was all this unnatural and impossible... just a fairy story?

But it was over too soon. With a grunt the wolf came, spurting his filthy sperm into her pussy. After a moment he pulled out of her, moved round to the side of the bed, took hold of her hair again and pulled her sideways until he could use her tresses to clean his cock off. Lisa snivelled wretchedly. How cruel could he get?

‘You’re not much of a screw, are you?’ he said contemptuously. ‘You need to have more boys from the village up you to train your cunt properly. Meanwhile your aunt’s going to suffer for your feeble effort...’

He took a small box from his pocket which rattled as he handled it. He set it down on Katherine’s chest between her big breasts and opened it up revealing dozens of drawing pins. Katherine’s eyes bulged and she whimpered in dreadful anticipation, mewling into her gag. As Lisa watched in horror he selected a pin and pushed it into the side of Katherine’s right breast.

Katherine screamed in agony as the pin went into her soft flesh, her whole body tensing and jerking against her bonds. But she could not get free. The wolf picked up another pin and pushed it in the side of her left breast. Fresh tears began to run down her cheeks.

‘What else have you got to offer me?’ he demanded of Lisa.

But she could say nothing. What else had she got to offer? He’d taken

her most precious prize.

The wolf took out another pin and another, pressing them into Katherine's breasts, beginning to construct a terrible ring of shiny metal heads about them, which sparkled as her tormented breasts heaved and shuddered. Little trickles of blood were running out from under the pin heads down the soft curves of their tremulous sides onto her chest while Katherine's teeth showed white as she bit into her cloth gag. And yet despite, or perhaps because of her pain, her nipples were swollen hard and standing up from the centres of the rings of drawing pin heads.

'What else have you got to offer me?' the wolf demanded again, while Katherine's red tear-filled eyes looked at her pleadingly over her tormented and bloody breast mounds.

What else was there to give?

And then the realization came to Lisa. It was a terrible and disgusting thing, but she had no choice. She could not bear to see Katherine suffer any more.

'Please, Mister Wolf,' she sobbed, 'you could have me up my bottom, Sir. I never had anybody up there before. It's lovely and hot and tight. You'll enjoy that.'

'Are you offering me your arsehole to screw?' he asked.

'Yes I am, Sir. Please screw me up my arse... bugger me... sodomised me please!'

The wolf put the next drawing pin back in the box and patted Katherine's bloody breasts as if in reassurance that their job was done. He took a pot of petroleum jelly from the dresser and moved round behind Lisa. He scooped out a blob and forced it up into her tightly puckered anus. She whimpered and bit her lip as he worked his finger around within her rectum.

When she was properly greased he took out his cock again, which had somehow recovered all its previous vitality. Taking hold of her hips again he

rammed it up into the ring of her anus, forcing it apart to accommodate its girth and then thrusting on, driving his piston of hard flesh deep up into her shamefully hot and tight passageway.

Lisa screamed as she was painfully stretched wide and deep. She had never felt anything like this before. He was taking the virginity of her bottom hole for his own. She was paying her toll.

As he began to pump and thrust, drilling into her, she saw Katherine looking at her with despair and sympathy and yet also a strange hunger deep in her eyes. It seemed as though her hips were lifting in time to the wolf's thrusts as if she was imagining him up inside her as well. How could he do this to them? What kind of power did he have? How could they be overcome so easily? Why did they not fight back? But most of all, why did it feel so good!

Lisa rolled up her eyes in growing ecstasy as the disgusting pleasure of having her bottom passage reamed out by an animal's cock flowed through her body like intoxicating wine, making her head spin in delight. She had never imagined her bottom hole could be such a source of arousal! It was not that it was as sensitive as her clit but that because it was such an illicit pleasure she was more acutely aware of it. Oh God, yes it was sick and wonderful to be so cruelly used and abused. This was her rightful place. To be serving helplessly. There was nothing else she could wish for... except for the ultimate incredible orgasm that was even now gathering inside her and bursting and spraying out of her all over the wolf's shaft and down her thighs and onto the floor as her whole world seemed to turn upside down and melt away...

When Lisa recovered her senses she was still bound naked over the end of the bed and Katherine was still tied across its top. And that was good because it was reassuring to know she was in her proper place, and also because her legs felt so weak she probably could not have stood up otherwise. She was aware of her sore and aching anus and pussy, still tingling and dripping from juices and sperm. She was so dirty it was wonderful. Feebly she twisted around and saw the wolf looming over her.

And then he pulled his head off!

The rubber mask came free, revealing Danny's flushed and sweating features.

He patted Lisa's bottom. 'Well done,' he said. Then he reached across and patted Katherine's still drawing pin-studded breasts. 'And you too,' he said generously, making Katherine shiver in delight. 'Well, that wraps up the shoot...'

And then Lisa became aware of another woman in the room holding a camera. It was Minerva Duncan from the Perridor Gallery. She had been there all the time recording every detail of their suffering. But why hadn't she seen her before? Oh, of course, Danny had said she should forget all about the camera. He had told them to live their parts and behave naturally and that's what they had done.

Lisa remembered where she was. This was just an old gamekeeper's cottage in the grounds of Dympsfold Manor in Newland Woods, which was owned by a patron of Danny's. She had said he could use it in any way he wanted...

'This shoot is going to show how women have been the traditional helpless prey and victims of male lust over hundreds of years,' Danny was saying. 'It's even written into fairytales, which you've both helped bring to life today.'

Lisa felt a warm glow inside her. Katherine was smiling as well, even though her breasts were still studded with drawing pins. All their suffering made sense now. They had just created a work of art!

Danny grinned at them. 'And you're both invited to the gallery show on opening night,' he said.

That would make a surprise late birthday present for her mother, Lisa thought.

Chapter Five

Heather Lloyd woke up with a headache and a fuzzy memory. It took some moments for her to focus her eyes and when she did so she found she was staring at a wall of iron bars just in front of her face. She was also lying on something strange. It almost felt like hay or straw. It was pressing into her skin. A lot of skin. She seemed to be almost naked. There was something bound about her hands and lower legs but it was not her usual clothing. There was also something strange wrapped about her neck and something in her mouth pinched about her tongue. What was going on? Where was she?

A faint memory rose up of her crossing a car park after doing some evening shopping. Then a hand had reached about her from behind and pressed some chemical impregnated pad across her nose and mouth. She remembered nothing else until she had woken up just now.

Oh God, she had been kidnapped!

Heather tried to sit up; fighting the resistance and awkwardness of the things bound about her hands and feet, and almost banged her head. She was in a straw-lined cage which was only a little taller than she was when seated and not quite long enough for her to lie down at full length. From the front of the cage hung a plastic water bottle with a drinking straw spout. Beyond the cage was a dimly lit cubicle of bare plywood panels with a single door set in it. The tops of the panels did not reach the sloping ceiling above it, in which she could see a roof truss and a blacked out skylight. The cage was sat on top of a sturdy table. Beyond the padlocked cage door an inclined plywood ramp ran down from the side of the table to the ground.

On one of the wall panels opposite the cage hung a large mirror. She saw herself reflected in it and almost choked, not so much at her nudity but the things that had been fastened to her while she had been unconscious.

Heather had a good lean figure with lightly tanned clear skin and dark shoulder-length hair. Her face was heart shaped with large brown eyes and

had narrow bridged nose with a slightly flared tip and nostrils, which were fortunately complimented by her full lips. Her breasts were not large but they jutted out proudly from her chest, capped by prominent brown nipples. Her hips were wide and her bottom was smoothly rounded. A dark triangle of thin curls crowned her pubic cleft.

But in contrast to her bare flesh, her hands and legs had been bound about with black repair tape. She could feel rubber gloves on her hands but layers of tape had been bound across them, sealing her fingers and thumbs together into flipper-like limbs.

She could feel stockings on her legs but they had also been bound about with repair tape. The tape encased her knees, ran down her shins and wrapped about her feet. A heavy band of tape just above her knees sealed the stockings in place. About her thighs above this was buckled and padlocked heavy straps. From them short bungee cords ran down to cuffs locked about her ankles, the tension on them meaning she could not straighten her legs fully.

Heather now saw that the thing about her neck was a broad, buckled and padlocked leather collar. A hoop of heavy rubber-covered wire connected to the back of the collar angled forward and passed through her mouth. On it was some sort of clamp which was pinched about her tongue. There was also a dark mark on her forehead which she strained her eyes to read in the reversed reflected image until she realized it was a bold number 19 which had been drawn on in what appeared to be thick black felt tip pen. The same number was written on her chest, the outsides of her shoulders, over her right buttock and on her lower belly just above the line of her pubic hair.

Oh God, what had been done to her!

Fearfully she scrabbled at her tongue clamp and collar, but she could not grasp them with her bound fingers. She was utterly helpless and caged like an animal.

Even as she felt panic and fear threatened to overwhelm her, the cubicle door opened and a man stepped inside followed by two women. Heather started in horror at the sight of them.

He was a young man dressed in a white lab coat and wore large horn-rimmed glasses. In one hand he carried an electric cattle prod. By contrast the two women who trailed after him, one black and one white, were naked except for sets of slave chains that linked their wrists and ankles to heavy waist belts and a hobble chain. Over this they wore transparent plastic bib-aprons. On their feet they wore matching jelly plastic ankle boots. Their necks were encased in collars like hers with wire hoop tongue clamps, but in addition they had large round metal tags hanging from collars like dog tags. The white woman had number 11 and the black number 14. The white woman also carried an iPad while the black one had a camera. This she immediately pointed at Heather and began snapping pictures. Heather shrank back in her cage, trying to shield herself with her tape-bound hands and clenched knees. She tried to speak but the clump about her tongue slurred her words into meaningless gurgles and moans.

The white-coated man peered through the cage bars at Heather, and then suddenly he jabbed the cattle prod into her bare thigh. She shrieked and jerked as a jolt of electricity coursed through her.

The man said to the white woman as if dictating notes: 'Subject 19 has now woken up and is recovering from her capture anaesthetic. When she is fully revived we can begin the next phase of experimentation...'

Dutifully the woman tapped at the iPad screen, inputting the data.

Then the man turned away as if to leave

Heather banged on the cage bars with her taped hands and made desperate mewing gurgling sounds to try to attract his attention. He turned back and peered at her again. 'Subject 19 appears to want to communicate with me. I shall permit this to ascertain her level of intellect and awareness of her situation...'

He took out a remote control handset from his pocket and pointed at Heather. She flinched but all that happened was something clicked in the back of her heavy collar, and she felt the clamp or whatever it was imprisoning her tongue loosen. It was enough to allow her to speak.

‘Who the hell are you?’ she spat, rage temporarily overcoming her fear. ‘How dare you do this to me! Let me go right now or else... eeeek!’

The man had jabbed the cattle prod through the bars and zapped her once more, this time in her stomach. Heather doubled over, hugging herself in pain and trembling violently. The shock had been twice as intense as the first one.

As she laid there the black woman holding the camera stepped closer and took another picture.

‘Subject 19 is displaying the usual range of basic female emotions combining fear, shame and moral outrage,’ he said for the record. ‘She appears to imagine she can use threats to obtain her release. Clearly she does not yet appreciate her true situation. I will see how quickly she adapts to her new circumstances...’

He pushed the cattle-prod menacingly through the bars again so that Heather whimpered and shrank away from it. But there was no escape. The prongs of the pod jabbed into her left buttock and it crackled and flashed and she screamed again.

‘This cage is too small for you to escape the prod,’ he pointed out. ‘I can inflict as much pain as necessary until you obey my commands. So you will now sit up on your heels with your knees spread and your arms folded behind your back or else I will shock you again!’

She had no choice. Trembling Heather obeyed, adopting the humiliating posture which exposed her breasts and naked groin to his gaze. He smiled at her and rubbed the prod tips over her body this time without shocking her but with the menace still there. They jabbed painfully deep into her breasts and flicked across her nipples, which responded by hardening shamefully, and then trailed down her belly to slide through the lips of her pussy cleft. Heather shuddered and moaned but she forced herself to hold still.

‘Subject 19 has made a sensible decision, accepting a degree of shame and embarrassment in return for being spared bodily pain,’ he said for the

record. 'This shows promise...'

Heather could not stand being treated as if she was a dumb animal. 'Who the hell are you to talk about me like that... uhhhh!'

He had jabbed the probe into her breasts and zapped each of them with a flash and crackle. She double over and covered them with her taped arms, trying to sooth her tingling flesh.

'You can call me Dr White,' he said. 'And from now on when you speak you will do so politely, do understand? Now sit straight again...'

Miserably Heather resumed her former shameful posture. 'P... please, why are you treating me like this?' she asked.

'Because I wish to conduct certain experiments on you which are not allowed under the law,' White said simply. 'I selected you from a range of possible candidates because you will not be missed for a few days. You are also reasonably healthy and intelligent and so will make an ideal subject.'

Heather felt her blood run cold. 'W...what experiments?'

'I am researching the effects of controlled pain and pleasure stimulation on the docility and obedience of human females. I intend to prove that they can be taught to obey any command given to them with the appropriate conditioning.'

Heather could hardly believe her ears. 'You can't do something like that! It... it's inhumane.'

'Yes I can. I've done it to eighteen women before you and nobody has stopped me yet. I don't expect you will be any exception.' He indicated his pair of slavish female helpers. 'As you can see it works. I'm just trying to refine my methods. As to its inhumanity, the search for valuable knowledge sometimes requires that experimental subjects suffer in the process. When I have proved my methods and women learn their proper place as men's slaves, then the world will be a better place.'

‘You want us to be men’s slaves! You’re mad... eek!’

White stabbed the cattle prod up into the exposed gash of her pussy, sending a frightening jolt of power into her loins that convulsed her whole body, so that she curled up into a ball of pain on the straw floor of the cage.

‘I may be mad, but I’m not the one in a cage, am I subject 19?’ He pressed the remote control again and she felt the mouth clamp tighten about her tongue once more, stifling her moans of pain. Then he took out a chain leash from his pocket. ‘Now since you are fully recovered we can begin...’

White opened the door of the cage and clipped the leash to a ring on the back of her collar and gave it a tug. Heather had no choice but to shuffle out down the ramp onto the floor. The tension of the bungee cords linking her ankles to thighs made it impossible to stand, and with her taped hands she could not grab anything or even make a fist. She couldn’t run and she could not fight. She had no choice but to shuffle along beside him like a dog on a leash.

He led her out of the cubicle door into the main room with his slave assistants following at his heels. Heather gave a start at what she saw.

It was white painted attic room with spotlights, cameras and audio speakers on stands arrayed around its edges with a desk with a laptop on set out between them, all focused on a large area of rubber matting which filled most of the room. On this a square grid of white tape had been laid out a little like an oversized chessboard, except that it had 11 squares on each side, each square being a little over half a metre across. Coloured tapes had then been used to mark out several different courses through the grid from square to square, which looped and branched and crossed in places. Positioned about the grid and around its perimeter were low boxes or metal clamp stands on which various objects rested. Parts of the grid were shielded from her eyes by plywood partitions a little taller than her present head height, which followed the angles of the grid squares, making it seem almost like a maze. Hung above the centre of this grid from a ceiling beam was a long chain woven about by an electric cable, partly supported by long lengths of bungee cord so that the slack of the chain was gathered up in loops.

‘This is my training floor,’ White explained. ‘Here, through performing a simple set of repetitious tasks with positive and negative reinforcement, I have found that any woman can quite easily be conditioned to obey orders given to her without question. Once a level of general obedience is indoctrinated she will perform any more complex task or action required of her. Now it’s your turn... ‘

Heather pulled back, moaning and shaking her head. This was a nightmare.

White jabbed his cattle prod into her bottom, making her yelp again.

‘You will suffer more if you resist. It will be much easier if you don’t fight it. After a while you will find it’s simpler not to try to think of yourself as an individual but simply as conduit of my orders...’

He led her out into the middle square of the grid where all the coloured tapes crossed and clipped her leash to the dangling chain. Then he unwound the ends of the cable which were wrapped about the chain. It was divided into three strands. Two terminated in large crocodile clips while the third ended in a tiny metal noose with a screw sleeve adjustor.

‘Sit up!’ he commanded and apprehensively Heather obeyed. He ran the pair of cables about her chest and fastened the clips to her nipples. As the sharp teeth bit into her fleshy crowns, which throbbed with a surge of blood, she winced in pain.

‘Now put your head down and your bottom up.’

She obeyed again and became acutely aware of the extra weight of the clamps tugging on her nipples as they hung beneath her dangling and it now seemed horribly exposed and naked breasts.

He ran the cable with the noose down to her pussy cleft and closed it about her clitoris. She shivered and felt sick as it tightened about her most sensitive organ. Yet as he handled her she felt hot slippery warmth flowing into her cleft.

‘You see, even when you’re being intimately handled by a stranger, you can’t help responding according to your true nature,’ White said with a chuckle.

Heather blushed furiously. Was wrong with her? Couldn’t she control herself even in this nightmare?

White stepped back, leaving her isolated on the central square of the grid and intimately connected to the cable and chain dangling above her. There was enough slack on the chain for her to reach the corners of the grid, but not much further. White went over to the small desk and the laptop. His tongue-clamped slaves followed him, still holding their pad and camera ready.

‘The conditioning program is automatic and quite simple,’ he told Heather. ‘Everything on the grid is monitored by the program, so it knows where you are at any moment. If you do not follow the path you are instructed to follow exactly by the controlling voice and perform whatever task you are given, then you will be punished. If you perform the task properly then you’ll be rewarded...’ He touched a key on the laptop.

White’s recorded voice came out of the speakers: ‘Follow the red path. Turn left at the branch. Proceed to the stand...’

Heather hesitated, twisting about, trying to find the red tape. But before she could comply it seemed like a hundred electric needles stabbed into her nipples and clitoris simultaneously as the clamps and ring about them were energised. She shrieked and jerked and collapsed onto her face, twitching helplessly. ‘You have five seconds to resume following the correct path or you will be punished again...’ the recorded voice said.

Desperately she scrambled back onto her hands and knees and shuffled along the red path turning as she was directed. The ceiling chain and control cable clipped to her collar extended as she moved, taking up the slack on the loops without impeding her progress. There ahead of her in a little alcove of partitions was a wooden stand on a heavy base, with of all things a number of fat carrots and cucumbers protruding horizontally from it, sitting in loose wire ring holders.

‘You will insert a cucumber into your vagina and carry it back along the yellow path to the basket at the end where you will expel it...’ the instructions announced.

She would what? Oh no, that was filthy...

Heather shrieked as her nipples and clitoris were electrified again.

‘You have five seconds to comply with your order or you will be punished again...’

Desperately, shaking the tears from her eyes, Heather squirmed about and pushed her bottom against the stand, letting the protruding tip of one of the cucumbers slide up into her vagina. When she had forced half its length up inside she clamped her sheath tightly about it and pulled it out of its stand. Then she found the yellow tape and followed it through the grid, shuffling along while acutely aware of the cucumber bobbing and wagging obscenely between her thighs, teasing her with its cool fat weight.

At the end of the yellow tape she found a wire mesh waste basket. She turned about and squeezed the cucumber out into it, feeling it slide out of her with a strange sensation of intimate satisfaction.

‘Well done,’ said the controlling voice. ‘You have completed your first task...’

Heather felt a new tingle in her nipples and clitoris, but it was of a different intensity altogether to the terrible zapping punishment. It was a soft tickling electric caress that excited and aroused her sensitive flesh, stimulating it to swell pleurably. It went on for about ten seconds and she missed it when it was gone.

‘You will continue to be monitored,’ White said, looking down at her over the top of the intervening partitions. ‘I’ll return when the first phase of the programme has ended...’ Then he and his two slaves left the room: leaving her alone to the mercy of the diabolical computer program he had created.

‘Follow the green path to the water bottle...’ The voice of control directed.

She shuffled along the path to a water cooler sized bottle with an angled drinking straw protruding from its spout. The side of the bottle was marked in volume graduations.

‘You drink half a litre of water,’ the voice commanded.

She managed to get the straw into her mouth over her clamped tongue and sucked away rather messily, dribbling a lot as she watched the level come down. When she was done she got another commendation and a tingly intimate reward. Then the voice said: ‘you will follow the blue tape...’

The tape led her to a projecting lever which she had to slide into her vagina and pump ten times against its springs. It was shameful but also a little exciting to work the thing inside her. When she pulled herself off it she left a little trail of drips on the floor.

Then she was directed back to the vegetable stand. This time she had to push a carrot up her anus and take it to the wire basket. She felt queasy but she obeyed.

Next she had to dip her bare breasts into a tray of live wriggling worms and hold them there for a full minute. She felt the things squirming about her and tried not to be sick.

But afterward at least she was rewarded in the usual manner for her obedience.

And so it went on.

Then there came the command: ‘You will follow the red tape, turning at the green intersection, to the bucket and relieve yourself in it...’

By now the water had worked its way through her, as no doubt had been intended, and she wanted to pee, but the thought of doing it while the cameras were on her was too much. But as she hesitated the electric needles

once again stabbed into her nipples and clitoris. They seemed twice as intense and they went on for twice as long as before.

When they were done Heather was dazed and shaken and utterly terrified. She could not defy a machine. Shaking and trembling she picked herself up and shuffled along the path as instructed. She found the bucket and squatted over it and relieved herself and felt almost grateful when she was rewarded for being a good girl...

Heather soon lost track of time. With the skylights covered she did not know if it was night or day. She seemed to have been shuffling about this maze of torments and humiliations forever. After a while it became easier simply to obey the instructions she was given without thinking about them or letting herself feel any emotion.

So she kept pushing objects of all shapes and sizes up her exposed orifices (more fruit and vegetables, candles, a desk ruler, pencils, a wooden kitchen spoon) carrying them about inside her, leaving growing trails of drips on the rubber matting, and then expelling them again, while in between drinking and then relieving herself when she was commanded to. One path led to what looked like a garage grease gun set up as a dispenser to lubricate her vagina and rectum to make the insertions easier. She felt repelled by it at first but soon she began to welcome its squidgy discharged inside her which eased a little of the soreness that her passageways felt after being used to transport so many unnatural objects within them.

What did shame or humiliation matter if she was not actually being hurt, especially by the terrible tit and clit zaps, she rationalized? And the feathery tickling tingle of the reward was far easier to bear. Of course she could not be conditioned like this. It was not possible. She was simply taking the most sensible course of action. She was just being pragmatic... surviving... hoping somehow she could escape this nightmare...

Heather woke up in her cage and stretched as far as her bonds and the iron

bars allowed her. Then she shivered. She didn't remember having been put back in her cage! The last thing she recalled was being on the grid. She did not recall the programme ending or seeing White again. There had only been his voice, eternally commanding, condemning or praising. Was it morning now? Had she just had a night's sleep? She still felt deathly tired. What had happened to her?

Heather shuffled along the grid turning as instructed, following the coloured tapes which were now stained with multiple tracks of her juices. She had a large banana jutting out of her pussy and was carrying carefully to...

Wait! She didn't remember getting out here. The last thing she remembered was being in her cage. Was she somehow losing chunks of time? She wanted to stop and demand some answers but her tongue was clamped and she had her orders to follow...

Heather woke up on the straw bed of her cage and stretched...

Oh no! Not again!

She felt a sexual slipperiness and ache in her vagina which might not have come from transporting bananas or cucumbers in it. Had White screwed her while she had been sleeping? How could she have been that tired?

She tried to scream out: Stop please! I'll be good! Just don't mess with my mind anymore...

But her clamped tongue only let past indistinct moans and whimpers. There was only one way to prove her new resolution...

On the grid again she followed her instructions perfectly without any hesitation, picking up anything in her pussy or rectum that she was told to even if she had to force it inside her. A whole pear up her vagina... Yes! The

handle of a feather duster up her rectum... Yes! It looked shameful and degrading bobbing out from between her buttock cheeks but she used it to dust the vase that had appeared in another alcove, wagging her bottom absurdly to accomplish the task. It was so much easier just to obey, to let somebody else do her thinking for her.

Yes, it made sense that way.

She was in her proper place at last.

What she wanted no longer mattered. And it didn't matter that it didn't matter...

White's voice had become that of her personal God, of her inner conscience and motivation. He controlled her entire world: at least the grid across which she moved which had become her world. What he said was the truth, the only way, and if she obeyed everything would be perfect. The coloured lines laid down exact paths for her to follow if she did she would be rewarded and transgression will be punished. But she would not transgress ever again. She would be good, so very good...

And this time she remembered when the sequence was done. Then White appeared in person and said: 'The conditioning is over. Now you are ready to be tested...'

She felt an indescribable thrill. Oh yes, please test her...

Heather had been disconnected from the ceiling chain but she was still hobbled by her bound hands and legs. Her nipples and clit were no longer clamped and wired up. They felt strangely lonely and unloved. Subjects 11 and 14 were kneeling with their heads down and bottoms up facing her. Dr White stood over all three of them.

'Lick their pussies out until they come over your face,' White commanded Heather, pressing the button on the remote so the clamp loosened on her tongue enough for her to use it for this carnal purpose.

She had never done any such thing in her life before but Heather immediately shuffled over to them and dipped her head and licked their pussies out, Number 11's first Number 14's next. She had no opinion about what she was doing, of course, but if she had allowed herself to feel anything it would have been intense shame and repugnance, mingled with a dark sense of excitement. The smell of intense female arousal was almost overpowering and she could feel the tension inside the women and the terrible need to have their lust drained. Dr White had ordered it of course, so that was what they wanted as well. He was holding the camera now and he personally recorded her as she tongued and licked and sucked away; dutifully, deeply and passionately, until one after another they moaned and gasped, spraying their juices out over her face.

‘Now you will let them kiss and lick you,’ Dr White commanded.

Heather held still like a dog on all fours with her knees spread while subject 11 licked out her pussy and subject 14 kissed her passionately, twisting her head so their tongue clamp hoops could pass each other and their tongues could intertwine. She had never kissed a woman like this before either and if she had any opinion on the sensation then it would have been that it was unexpectedly different and not unpleasant. Meanwhile at her rear end she thrilled at the feel of a tongue inside her and a nose grinding into her slot. She had never felt that before either. If she had been permitted a choice she would not have done it but she had no more free will and so she had no choice but to let it overwhelm her until her loins exploded in a wondrous orgasm. As soon as she came the women swapped positions and she could taste her own juices on Subject 11's face as they kissed. That was so dirty... but she did not stop kissing.

What did they look like: three virtually naked women coupled nose to tail like this? All that mattered was that Dr White wanted it so.

When all three had spent themselves and their faces glistened with each other's juices and their pussies tingled from the efforts of their tongues, White told Heather: ‘Now you're going lay on your back and open your legs and beg me to zap your pussy until you wet yourself, while Subject 11 and Subject 14 suck on your tits...’

And so Heather lay on her back on a corner of the grid matting and raised her arms and put her bound hands behind her head so that her chest was completely exposed. She pulled up her bound and bent legs and splayed her thighs wide, opening herself up wide and exposing the by now sticky wet cleft of her sex.

And she said: 'Please, Doctor, will you push the cattle prod up my pussy and zap me until I wet myself. And please, Number 11 and Number 14, will you suck my tits as he does it...'

And so 11 and 14 took up position on either side of her and bowed their heads over her chest and sucked and nibbled at her already hot and throbbing nipples, bringing them up to bursting point. Meanwhile Dr White stood between Heather's splayed thighs and jabbed down with his terrible cattle prod so that its twin-pronged terminals were rammed up into her gaping vulva, which she offered up to him so meekly.

He jabbed the prod and pressed the button and agonising electric nails hammered into her soft pussy flesh, setting off a miniature lightning storm in her loins and ripping through her clitoris and searing the soft lips of her labia.

And Heather screamed and bit on the rubber-coated arms of her tongue clamp hoop as it passed between her teeth, grateful for their resistance. Her body bucked and arched, ramming her breasts up into the faces of 11 the 14 as they sucked on her tits. Her clitoris was standing up throbbing in a tiny pussy pool of flowing electric sparks. Confused by this incredible over stimulation her vagina contracted with orgasmic intensity. Then her bladder gave way and she spurted a stream of pee out over the cattle prod and across the floor.

And as she disgraced herself she came as well, so that her juices joined the stream of urine pouring out of her pussy at Dr White's feet, as a pathetic token of total submission to his will. And she felt awful and wonderful and beyond care...

Heather may have blacked out at that point. When she recovered her senses

sufficiently to take note of her surroundings once more, subjects 11 and 14 were kneeling to one side, their faces very flushed. She felt cold urine pooling under her bottom. Dr White, who had been taking pictures of her supine, soiled body, now snapped his fingers. She realized that the front of his white lab coat was parted and his stiff penis was sticking up from his flies.

‘Now beg to be allowed to suck my cock,’ he commanded. ‘And address me properly...’

She knew what he meant. Heather struggled onto her knees, feeling her pussy aching and tingling and still dripping pee and juices. ‘Please Master; may I suck your cock, Master?’

‘You may girl,’ White said.

And she practically fell on his shaft, gobbling it up into her mouth over her clamped tongue and sliding it down her throat and dipping and bobbing head hard so that she pumped her own gullet out with it and he could feel the delight of her penetration. And it smelt and tasted so wonderful...

After on a couple of minutes of this he grasped her hair and came down her throat. She swallowed his wonderful sperm down without being told, a little dribbling down the corners of her cheeks past her tongue clamp hoop. Finally, when he was done with her, she was left looking up at him with loving eyes while his softening penis still rested in her mouth.

‘Now for the camera, tell me what you are...’ he said.

Heather let his penis slide from mouth as she dropped down low and kissed his feet reverently. Then she looked up into the camera and, with his sperm on her cheek, made her heartfelt declaration: ‘I am a slave and I only want to serve. I’m just a woman and I need to be commanded. Thank you for putting me in my place, Master...’

He was smiling down at her and she felt as if she belonged at last. And then he said: ‘That’s a wrap. The shoot is over.’

Heather shook her head. What? And then she remembered...

She had met Danny in the gallery last week and he told her he was planning a special exhibition highlighting the struggle of women in the modern world. It had sounded so exciting that she had wanted to be part of it. Being a committed feminist, she had come up with the idea of making a series of images about female subjugation and conditioning by society. And Minerva and Tami had helped. And she herself had said that they had to make it look real. Treat me like a real experimental subject, she had said. Make it seem totally convincing. She only been in the studio a day but they had turned the lights on and off while she had snatched brief rests. It really had felt longer. And of course it had not exactly been pleasant, but she knew it had all been necessary.

‘Was it alright, did it go well?’ Heather asked.

‘It went very well and it’s going to look terrific on the big day,’ he assured her. ‘You were totally convincing. You really lived the part...’

Yes, Heather thought, licking her sperm-soiled lips, she really had...

Chapter Six

Sandra Hall checked everything on the small table by the side of the Pro Activate club boxing ring. There was the timing bell, the switch board for the lighting controls and speakers, a second for the ring electrics and a laptop for the camera feeds.

She squirmed in happy discomfort on her seat about the stainless steel anal plug in her bottom. She was wearing a chain mesh bikini, high black stockings held in place by chain garters which complimented her black high heels which were chained to her ankles and linked by a hobble. The chain mesh bikini was very tight and quite painful to wear, with rings for her nipples to protrude through which had pins lining their insides. The harder her nipples became the deeper they stabbed them. The front panel of the chain bikini bottom was split to expose her cleft with a single tight chain running down its middle where it ground hard against her clitoris as her labia enfolded it. The chain then passed into her buttock cleavage where it ran through the base ring of the anal plug, holding it in place, and back up to the bikini bottom waist chain.

How satisfying it was to be able to combine her new love of metal with a special occasion...

When Danny signed that everything was ready, Sandra worked the sliders on the control panels and the lights dimmed until the ring itself was picked out in brilliant illumination and everything else was swallowed by shadows. Now the only thing that could be heard was the restive sounds of a crowd. She touched a key on the laptop and the cameras mounted on the corner posts of the ring started running.

Danny was standing in the ring in his referee costume with a Ronnie Regan rubber face mask on to make him seem suitably grizzled and add another degree of satire to the occasion. He held up a radio mic.

‘Ladies and gentlemen welcome to a slutweight electro-boxing

contest of an unlimited number of three-minute rounds,' he said grandly. 'The winner will be determined by a stun knockout, capitulation by their corner captives or a sodomization by their opponent. First let me introduce our two captives for tonight: Lisa Bryce and Katherine Donaldson...'

Mounted on tall poles strapped to the outsides of the corner posts and facing into the ring were niece and aunt: naked and gagged with their legs stretched out along the ring side ropes. Their arms were bound behind their backs and their legs were bound to the top ropes at the knees and ankles with coloured tapes. Katherine was bound with blue tape and Lisa with red, matching the corner colours. Their spread legs revealed that they were balanced on brackets screwed to their supporting posts which carried rubber and metal anal plugs which made their bottoms bulge. Insulated wires ran down from these plugs along the posts and out of sight. More wires were connected to crocodile clips pinched to their labia and nipples. In addition each clip had an LED bulb attached to it. Their pussy mouths bulged with large dildos, ringed by more LED's, which had been forced up into them. These also trailed electric wires.

Yet despite the discomfort of their bonds and perches, Lisa and Katherine's eyes shone with excitement and anticipation over their flushed cheeks as they stared at Danny.

It was so nice that women who had already helped Danny with previous shoots wanted to participate again, Sandra thought. But then they all knew how important his gallery show was going to be.

For the benefit of the cameras Danny was saying: 'We'll test that the connections to our corner captives are live...'

Sandra worked a lever and Lisa and Katherine's bodies both jerked convulsively, straining at their tape bonds, while the LED lights clipped to their nipples and labia and mounted on the dildos plugged into their vaginas all flashed simultaneously as the current poured through them. Sandra cut the flow and their bodies slumped again, twitching and trembling. Now their eyes were filled with greater apprehension and even fear, but they were committed.

Danny continued: 'During the contest the corner captives will be linked to the gloves of our boxers. When the opponent of the boxer wearing their colour lands a punch, they will feel it as well. And the harder the punch and the longer the contact, the more it will hurt. Now please welcome your contestants for tonight...'

The crowd roared as two women wearing loose-sleeved gowns of red and blue, from which matching oversized boxing gloves emerged, appeared out of the shadows. Assisted by their female seconds, who were of course naked except for their collars, high heels and traditional towels slung across their shoulders, they mounted the steps and clambered into the ring and took up their positions in the blue and red corners between the spread legs of the captive corner women.

Their seconds slipped the boxers' gowns off, revealing their lean, glossy bodies.

Apart from their padded head guards, their oversized foam rubber gloves with silver contact strips in their outer faces, a belt about their waists with a small multi-pin socket on the back, and their boots, they were naked. Wires running from this socket had been taped over their bodies and along their arms to their gloves. They also had one unnatural addition to their strong but feminine bodies. Jutting out from between their pussy lips were the ends of large double-ended dildos, one red and one blue, with silvery contacts set in their sides. These were also wired to their belt sockets.

As the boxers stood with their backs to their respective corners, their second's unreeled cables from spring-loaded drums mounted just outside the ring and plugged their ends into their belt sockets so that they trailed after them like long tails.

'In the red corner, weighing in at fifty seven point nine kilos, we have Denise Kelly...' Danny announced to roar of applause. The woman raised her arms and turned and bowed to the shadows. She was a sturdy black girl with a determined face, high jutting breasts, a dark tight-curved pubic bush and strong rounded, glossy buttocks.

'And in the blue corner, weighing in at fifty eight point three kilos, we

have Sylvia Fry...’

She also waved and bowed. She was a lean, firm-jawed, short-haired blonde with strong shoulders, pale rounded breasts with large red nipples, and a clean-shaven sex.

Denise and Sylvia were two of the club’s most enthusiastic boxers. When Sandra had introduced them to Danny they had soon become enthusiastic about his project and were very happy to participate in a shoot. Now, seeing then both naked, Sandra felt a wet stickiness flowing through her chain-cleft pussy. Why had they never staged a naked boxing match before?

Danny brought the two girls together in the middle of the ring and instructed them.

‘Now I want to see plenty of tit punches and hear plenty of screaming,’ he told them. ‘If you go down for a count of ten then you’ve lost. Any time your opponent can get behind you she can bugger you if she has the chance, even if you’re on the ropes. If she can stay inside you for ten seconds, whether you’re on your feet or not, then she’s won. Right, go back to your corners and on the bell come out fighting...

They went back to their corners and Sandra rang the bell for the start of round one.

Denise and Sylvia came out with grim determination, jabbing and swinging punches, their dildos bouncing between their thighs in a grotesque mockery, so Danny intended, of male aggression. Of course it also had the effect of arousing the girls. The more they moved the more the dildos churned within them and the wetter their pussies got. The insides of their thighs had already begun to glisten...

The girls traded a rapid flurry of punches, yelping as their electric gloves made contact with their flesh. Their soft foam rubber gloves absorbed and spread most of the force of their blows, but the silver contacts on their skins delivered enough of a shock to make up for it.

And with every punch struck a signal was sent back through the ring wires to the bodies of their opponent's corner captive. Lisa and Katherine began to jerk and squirm on their mounting posts, twisting and sobbing as the LED's clipped to their bodies flashed to show they were suffering along with their boxers. Their outstretched legs jerked and strained, setting the ring ropes shaking, as they instinctively tried to close their legs and somehow smother the jolts of pain being pumped into them through the labial clips and the dildos stuffed inside them which were flashing wildly. Drips of masochistic excitement began to run from their stretched pussy lips and fall to the ground.

In the ring Denise and Sylvia both landed some telling punches while enduring the pain of their breasts being cruelly flattened in return by their opponent's blows and the electric needles that sent coursing through their tender flesh. The eyes were already wet with tears and sweat had begun to film their naked bodies, but neither woman was about to back down.

Sandra rang the bell for the end of round one.

Denise and Sylvia returned to their corners and rested under the trembling thighs of their corner girls as if embraced by their fleshy spread. Their seconds fed them water and wiped their faces and put cold packs on their sore breasts and bruised nipples. As the fighters sprawled on their stools with their legs spread wide their dildos trembled in their wet fleshy sockets and the aroma of sweat and female excitement began to fill the ring.

Sandra rang the bell for the start of round two...

By round five the shocks Denise and Sylvia were inflicting and enduring on top of their physical exertion had begun to take their toll. Their punches became wilder and their clashes and clinches more frequent as their slippery flesh ground together and their dildos slithered across each other's thighs and stomachs, not yet able to reach their anal targets. But their hips jerked viciously anyway as they stabbed their dildos into each other's bellies like third gloves, adding to their mutual pain and suffering.

Meanwhile mounted in their corners their captives sobbed and writhed in sympathy, now as wet with sweat and juices and as wracked by pain as the boxers. Tears dripped down their cheeks onto their wired breasts,

sparkling as the lights on their nipples flashed when another blow was struck on their champion. Their groins were now sodden with sweat and juices, stirred up by the terrible electric pummelling of their dildos and clamps.

Their seconds watched them anxiously, waiting for a sign that they could take no more. But they were as stubborn as the boxers in the ring, almost as if they were exulting in their own suffering.

Round followed round, each girl getting weaker but not giving up. They were staggering now and throwing wild punches, but each remained on their feet, even though the canvas of the ring was now stained with the discharge from their bodies.

And then with one last desperate effort, Denise drove Sylvia back into her own corner with a rain of punches which sent shock after-shock into her body and that of Katherine stretched out like a sacrifice above and behind her. Both seemed to collapse at once. Sylvia slumped back against the ropes while Katherine bucked and finally lost control of her bladder. Hot pee spurted out of her plugged taut cleft and over Sylvia's head and back.

As this sudden unexpected stream splattered over her, Sylvia flinched away in shock and surprise, coming off the ropes and staggering forward, Denise twisted out of her way and landed a shocking punch on her back which sent her sprawling face down on the canvas.

For the first time that night Sylvia's sweaty naked buttocks were exposed.

Denise fell upon her, ramming her dildo up into Silva's unprotected anus.

Danny began counting: 'One, two, three...'

Sylvia shrieked as the shocking shaft was rammed up into her rectum and she struggled wildly to stand and tear herself off it. But by now she was too weak and Denise was too heavy for her as she rode her sweaty haunches. On the ropes Katherine shrieked about her gag and bounced up and down wildly as her rectal probe came alive for the first time that night, stabbing her

own back passage with pain each time Denise thrust her dildo once again into Sylvia's beaten backside.

‘... nine, ten, out!’ Danny slapped the canvas.

A roar of applause filled the hall.

Danny pulled a trembling Denise off Sylvia's beaten body, her dildo sucking out of her rectum, and held her arm up in triumph.

‘The winner!’ he declared.

He let the sound of applause run for a minute while Denise bowed rubber-legged and her second hugged and kissed her. Then he said: ‘That's a wrap. The shoot is over...’

Sandra put the lights up and the rest of the hall was lit once more. There was no crowd of course; just loudspeakers arrayed about the ring playing back sound effect crowd noises to create atmosphere for the recording of the live action sequences and continuity for the rest. All the participants in the ring blinked and looked about them as they came to themselves once again. Then they grinned foolishly, exhausted but elated. Even Katherine and Sylvia were smiling through their tears. It was amazing how Danny's shoots seemed almost to cast a spell over everybody. It felt so convincing while they were in it. But then that was what made them very special art indeed.

Then Sandra caught sight of Tami and Minerva, who had been playing the part of Sylvia and Denise's seconds. They were looking strained rather than happy with tightly pinched lips. She could not imagine why...

That night Danny was full of himself as he enjoyed Tami and Minerva's unwilling company in the gallery flat bed.

“‘The bright future of woman's sport,’ I might call that shoot, playing on the sarcasm,’ he mused. ‘Or maybe: “Who would care to bet this will

never happen?” In a way of course it already has. I suppose anything that sounds intellectual and pretentious enough and suggests it’s all about satirising how sport could be perverted to demean and objectify women will do.’ He chuckled. ‘Well, that was the idea after all...’

Tami and Minerva were bound naked kneeling face down over a horizontal bar which was part of a lightweight restraint frame, forcing them to thrust their bottoms outwards. Their ankles were cuffed to each other on the inside and the extended bottom runner of the frame on the outside. The front rings of their collars were chained to the front runner of the frame which forced them to keep their heads down and left their breasts dangling under them. These had been clamped between two parallel sprung bars which ran across the middle of the frame. The bars had serrated teeth on the insides which dug into the roots of their breasts. As their dangling globes turned purple as they were slowly choked of blood, their pain was exacerbated still further by the spring clips on rubber cords which Danny had so thoughtfully fastened to their nipples, which dragged their breasts round their imprisoning bars almost at right angles and stretched them outwards to the front of the frame in contorted, fleshy cones.

As Danny pumped slowly but steadily into their pussies and rectums, alternating at a whim between the four hot, greased and defenceless orifices at his disposal, his thrusts made their taut breasts shiver and vibrate.

They bit hard on their rubber bits about which they dribbled to try to stifle their pain. But at least their minds were free again after what had seemed like days of helpless and closely controlled behaviour as they assisted Danny in his perverted purpose. They were already wracked by guilt over what they had done to Lisa, Katherine and Heather. And now, playing the part of their seconds, they had actively encouraged Denise and Sylvia to believe so humiliatingly and degrading themselves in a cruel parody of a boxing match masquerading as a sincere piece of performance art.

Of course in a perverted twist, all the women they had helped, however unwillingly, to act out those scenarios were happier than they were. They still had their perceptions inverted so they believed in what Danny had told them.

‘This is going to make a great set,’ he chatted happily as he jerked against their haunches. ‘I’ll intercut the best action segments with still frames and crunch the contrast to get some really deep blacks. I hope the cameras caught the moments where Katherine peed over Sylvia. That looked amazing coming down on her from head high. What do you think?’ And he slapped their sweaty buttocks again.

They forced their words past their gag bars, knowing it would achieve nothing but at least having the satisfaction of being able to speak out, even if they still had to obey his rules of polite speech.

‘I think you’re a cruel bastard, Master,’ Minerva said.

‘Why are you bringing so many other women into this, Master?’ Tami asked. ‘You could play all these games with us.’

‘But I want plenty of variety for my show,’ Danny said. ‘Lots of different bodies and faces and pretty tits and hard nipples and wet pussies. And they’re all perfectly happy afterwards, aren’t they?’

‘Only because you’ve brainwashed them, Master,’ Minerva said.

‘But they don’t know that, do they? They believe they’re taking part in something wonderful, which in fact they are, just not in the way they think. You’ll see...’

He twisted a dial on the side of the frame and the elastic cords attached to their nipples were wound in a little tighter. As Tami and Minerva squealed in pain he redoubled his efforts, pounding into their clenching passageways with increasing vigour, making their pussies weep and dribble as once more they reluctantly served his pleasure.

‘This is going to be the greatest show the Perridor will ever stage,’ he promised them. ‘And afterwards everybody in the country will be talking about it!’

TO BE CONCLUDED...

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