

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

**Part
Three**

**Simon
Grail**



THE SLAVE GALLERY

PART 3

Simon Grail

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Chapter Seven

‘Can I help you?’ the young man in the cream suit asked Millicent Howells as she looked round the ground floor of the Perridor Gallery.

He wore a knowing, over-confident grin which Millicent found annoying and she did not like the way his eyes had flicked up and down as if assessing her figure. Not that there was anything wrong with her figure, but she did not care for young brash men in general. Nor did she like to be hurried or pressurised into making a choice when shopping.

‘Thank you, I’m just browsing,’ she said stiffly. The young black woman at the desk had left her politely alone. She wished he would as well.

But he persisted. ‘Are you looking for something for yourself or for somebody else?’

‘If you must know I’m looking for a suitable piece for the entrance hall of the small private school I run...’

‘Oh, you’re a school headmistress,’ he said in amused surprise.

‘I don’t actually use the term “headmistress.” I am the proprietor of Meadmore House. You may have heard of it. We help tutor select girls to retake their A levels so they can go on to university.’

‘Oh, a crammer for dumb slacker girls with rich parents,’ he said dismissively.

He was getting seriously annoying. ‘That’s not a phrase we like to use either...’

‘No, but you know it’s true,’ he said with another grin. Then he looked thoughtful. ‘So you want a special piece of artwork for your school. Something that tells people what you’re really about. A sort of mission statement, right?’

‘Yes, I suppose you could call it that...’

‘Then I can help you there. Do you know that the Perridor can arrange commissions for art work to be undertaken by local artists? I’ve got the terms on the screen just round here. Why don’t you have a look? It’ll only take two minutes...’

She followed him round a pillar and faced the screen that hung on it...

Afterward Millicent could not quite recall what the gallery’s terms for commissions were, except that they made perfect sense and she had agreed to all of them. She also realized that she had quite misjudged this nice young man, whose name it turned out was Danny Robinson. He was only trying to be helpful. All she had to do was put herself in his hands and he’d solve all her problems...

Danny said ‘I have this thing about smart, cool, attractive older women. I mean you wouldn’t believe how much I’m into Ms Duncan who owns this place. And you look far too young and too pretty to be a headmistress...’

Instead of being insulted Millicent found herself flattered by his remark. In fact she was quietly proud of her looks and it was nice to have them praised by somebody of taste and perception.

Millicent had clear skin and dark blonde hair, a high forehead and narrow deep thoughtful dark blue eyes under arched sardonic brows. Her nose was straight and sharp, her cheekbones were high and she had a firm chin. Regular exercise kept her figure trim and supple.

‘Now if we’re going to find exactly the right piece of art for you, I’ve got to know a lot more about your school and your methods,’ Danny said.

That made perfect sense, Millicent thought. How nice of him to take so much trouble. It was fortunate she had come here. ‘Of course, ask me anything you want...’

‘For instance, what are your feelings about corporal punishment?’

‘Naturally I’m against it,’ Millicent said. ‘In any case we have no right to physically punish any of our girls. They are adults now, after all.’

‘But only just,’ Danny pointed out. ‘And Meadmore House is a school where you teach them things so they are still basically schoolgirls who must misbehave sometimes.’

‘Well, yes I suppose so, but we only have them for a month so over the summer...’

‘How many girls?’

‘About twenty at the moment.’

‘And what about your staff?’

‘Apart from domestics and a gardener we have three regular tutors who cover most subjects, and I hire in any others if specialist work as required.’

‘How many are men?’

‘Actually I employed only female staff. You see some of the girls who come to us have been, well let’s say, distracted by men and boys during their earlier schooling. We find their absence helps them concentrate better.’

Danny looked even more interested. ‘And do your girls wear uniforms?’

‘We could hardly make them buy and wear a uniform just for a few weeks. After all they’ll be going on to college or university soon.’

‘So you hope,’ Danny pointed out. He looked thoughtful again. ‘So, no corporal punishment and no uniforms. Hmm... Do you have problems with discipline? I mean some of your girls must be spoiled types who don’t really want to study anymore but are just doing it to please their parents?’

‘Well yes,’ Millicent admitted, ‘we do have a few like that.’

‘Then you want some artwork to show prospective parents the moment they step inside the door that says you’re a school that knows how to use discipline and keep order and get the best out of their students. They’re paying you for results, so they want to know you’re going to do everything necessary to get their girls through their exams, right?’

Millicent realized that made sense. Perhaps she wanted a more powerful and positive image than she had at first thought.

‘And nothing is better for discipline than the fear of punishment,’ Danny said. ‘If you thought it was right for the girls, could you start using corporal punishment?’

‘Not even then. The idea is quite ridiculous. The pupils and parents would never accept it.’

‘How do you know? Have you ever asked them? You’re a special kind of school, not a secondary school and not a college. So you can make up your own rules...’

‘But it would still be cruel and unkind...’

‘Would it? Have you ever being caned?’

‘Of course not. That was all done away with before I went to school.’

‘So you don’t actually know that it would be bad for your girls, do you?’

‘Well no... I suppose not. But I’m sure it is...’

‘Have you ever been hit or even slapped hard?’

‘No... but...’

‘Have you ever deliberately hit or slapped anybody as a punishment?’

‘No...’

‘Then you don’t know from personal experience that it’s wrong?’

‘No, but...’

‘But you are curious to find out, aren’t you?’

And then Millicent realized she was curious to find out what a caning would feel like. In fact it had always been something she had wondered about. Would it hurt or would it be as darkly exciting as some people said? She shivered as she felt her pussy wetting and her nipples standing up. ‘Yes I am,’ she admitted shyly.

‘Would you like me to give you a caning?’

He understood her so well. ‘Yes, thank you; that would be most instructive.’

‘That’s the idea,’ Danny said, grinning again. ‘Let’s go upstairs...’

There was a spacious photographic studio in the gallery attic, with several bulky but unidentifiable objects stacked against one wall and covered in dust sheets. Next to a table with a computer and printer set up on it a row of hooks had been screwed into the wall from which hung a selection of chains, cuffs, straps, ropes, assorted phallic devices, lashes, crops and canes. The sight of them gave Millicent a little thrill of excitement. If he used such things then Danny must know what he was talking about. He would be her teacher and she would be the pupil...

Danny picked up a camera which had been resting on the table by the lap top and hung it about his neck. Then he selected a traditional school cane and swished it through the air. Then he pulled a ladder-backed chair out from beside the desk and placed it the middle of the room on a square of rubber matting.

‘Now, girls can have a bottom caning or a tit caning,’ he said, ‘so I’ll give you both as a starter.’

‘Are girls usually caned on their breasts as well as bottoms?’ Millicent wondered.

‘Of course, but its not as popular. It should be because they’re sensitive in a different way. You want to be able to give girls varied kinds of punishment as well as different numbers of strokes to suit their personalities.’

‘Yes of course, that makes sense. I never thought it was a subtle as that.’

‘Every woman is different and so she has to be handled in her own way,’ Danny said. ‘You’ve got to learn to spot those differences for yourself, so you know how to use the right method on your girls in future. And you got to know what it feels like to be vulnerable and helpless. That’s also part of the punishment. Take your clothes off...’

Millicent felt a fresh thrill of anticipation. ‘Do I really need to?’

‘You really need to,’ Danny assured her.

And so Millicent began to undress. For a fleeting moment she wondered if this was quite right. It certainly wasn’t what she had planned to do today. Then she thought: no, this is a photographic studio in an art gallery. It’s natural to be naked here. And it was only so she could learn something knew. It was good to learn...

When she was completely naked Danny walked around to her, looking her up and down with approval and taking a few pictures.

Millicent had pale full, rounded breasts with well-defined round light brown nipples, a waist trim enough to show her ribs but flaring to good hips and lean legs. Her bottom was pale, smooth and neat and her pubic hair was sensibly trimmed

She shivered slightly under Danny’s gaze and after a moment instinctively slid her hands over her breasts and pubes, trying to cover herself up. She was feeling vulnerable and helpless and little bit scared. Until now she had led an orderly sensible life in which she had been totally in control,

so the sensation was also rather exciting. She realized she had occupied her own hands in an effort preserve some slight modesty, which only made her more helpless. Now she was waiting to be told what to do next. Danny had already established a degree of mastery over her simply by making her undress and wait on his next command. That was discipline at work...

‘Bend over the back of the chair and take hold of sides of the seat,’ he told her.

‘You don’t move again until I give you permission...’

She obeyed so that her bottom was presented for punishment. Danny took another picture of her posterior. He could see everything from that angle... Her stomach gave a little lurch while her dangling breasts felt hot and heavy and her nipples throbbed.

‘Now I’m going to make you more aware of your bottom so you’ll be properly ashamed and more responsive when I cane you,’ he told her.

He began to stroke and pinch and fondle her bottom, making her shiver in surprise and dismay. Odd thoughts and feelings flashed through Millicent’s mind. This was awful and humiliating and she could not possibly go through with it. Then, that this was strange and weird and she had to find out more. She didn’t want to be ignorant about such things, did she?

Danny ran the cane up between her thighs and through the cleft of her buttocks, angling it so its tip grated through the furrow of her sex. Millicent shuddered and stifled a groan of surprise. But she did not move, only clenching the chair more tightly. She was locked in place by his command and her growing sense of fear and excitement. If only she had this much command over her own students...

He slid his fingers between her legs and stroked the simmering pouch of her sex. ‘You’re thinking about how much it’s going to hurt and your getting hot and wet,’ he said. ‘And you can’t help yourself. Do you feel ashamed about that?’

‘Yes,’ Millicent whimpered in a tiny voice.

‘That’s good. It just makes everything a little more intense. This is what punishment’s all about. Now I’m going to give you six of the best...’

He drew back his arm and swiped the cane across the fleshiest part of her buttocks, bridging between both her bottom cheeks.

Millicent shrieked aloud as it seemed as though a line of fire had been seared across her rear and her knuckles went white she gripped the chair. So that was what it felt like!

Swish crack, the cane struck again, this time more from below so it lifted the under curves of her buttock cheeks. They leaped and shivered as the force of the blow seemed to ripple through her body. Tears sprang to her eyes, overflowed and dripped onto the seat of the chair. Her nipples throbbed as though they were about to burst.

Swish crack, swish crack... Four more times Danny swiped the cane across her defenceless rear. By the last blow her pussy was seeping with juices and her bottom was scored with six even parallel scarlet lash marks which burned and throbbed. She was sobbing freely, partly from the pain and partly from shock and amazement at what she felt. The blows seemed to get right up inside her body, shaking her mind. They were indescribably cruel and primitive and impossible to ignore. What power he had!

Lowering his cane Danny took another picture of her, and then he caressed her burning bottom again, making her wince as his fingertips passed over the welts he had laid upon it.

‘Hurts, does it?’

Millicent nodded feebly and snivelled. ‘Y...yes it hurts...’

‘But it would make you want to be a good girl in future, wouldn’t it?’

‘Yes I’ll be good girl,’ she agreed quickly, only realising afterwards what she had just said.

‘Now you’re going to sit on the chair straddling it and facing

backwards. Fold your arms behind you and rest your breasts on the top rung of its back.'

Wincing, Millicent obeyed, settling her sore bottom gingerly on the seat and letting her full breasts rest on the top of the chair back. It was if she was offering them up for sacrifice, with the pressure of the rung lifting them up and outwards, so they were exposed from above, in front and below. She gulped and lifted her head and looked at Danny holding his cane in one hand and the camera in the other. 'Will this hurt even more?'

'You tell me,' Danny said. 'You're the one with the pretty tits...' He reached out and squeezed and fondled her warm pale globes, pinching and flicking her nipples which throbbed and stood out in little cones with drum tops. 'But you're going the right way about making it bloody agony for yourself. Some girls can't help themselves...'

Then he drew back his arm and sliced the cane down on her breasts. She felt the displacement of air as it passed almost in front of her nose and she screwed up her eyes in terror. The cane cut cleanly across the soft upper slopes of her breasts, flattening them against the chair top until she thought they would burst. Then the cane slid away and they sprang resiliently back up again, but now marked with a blazing red stripe.

The pain was horrendous and so much more immediate than the beating of her bottom been. Millicent yelped and jerked herself back from the chair, pulling her throbbing breasts away as fresh hot tears sprang to her eyes and ran down her cheeks.

'Put your tits back on the back of the chair,' Danny said. 'There's still five more to go.'

'I can't!' Millicent said, hugging arms over her burning breasts.

'Then I'll make it easy for you...' Danny said.

He took a strap and some lengths of rope from the wall hooks. 'Put your hands behind your back,' he said.

Somehow she could not resist his command. He bound her wrists in the small of her back and then pushed her forward until her chest was pressed against the chair back. He looped the strap about her waist and around the chair back and buckled it tight, pressing her ribs up against the woodwork. He adjusted her breasts, making sure they were hanging fully over the chair back. Then he used the other lengths of rope to bind them in place, looping them about their roots until her breasts bulged outwards.

Now she could not move them out of harm's way. They would just have to suffer.

Danny held up something else. It was a thick rubber rod with an elastic cord tied to its ends.

‘Would you like something to bite on?’

‘Yes please,’ Millicent said almost eagerly.

He pushed the rod between her teeth and stretched the cord behind her neck, holding it in place.

Danny snapped another couple of images of her in bondage, and then he took up the cane again and resumed his terrible lesson in punishment.

Swish crack, it cut across the front of her breasts, driving her nipples deep into their soft fleshy pillow parents. Swish, crack, it swung upwards into their heavy under curves, making them leap and bounce before her eyes. Millicent shrieked into her gag as she bit down hard upon it, sobbing as wave after wave of pain seared through her. She had never felt anything like it before. It was a landmark of cruelty: a watershed in her life. She would never be the same again...

As the last blow fell Millicent lost control and helplessly felt her bladder give way, squirting pee out over the chair seat to overflow it and drip down her thighs onto the rubber matting beneath. And then she realized that what she had felt before had been an entirely different order of shame and humiliation. She had just wet herself in front of the stranger like a foolish schoolgirl! Now her tear-stained cheeks burned with total humiliation.

‘And that’s called a proper punishment,’ Danny said, crouching down to take close-up pictures of her pee spreading out over her thighs and soaking her pussy, then flowing under her bare bottom and stinging her cane welts. ‘One you’ll never forget.’

She nodded, dizzy with pain and burning in shame. He took hold of her chin and lifted her head so he could examine her blushing face, which was no longer cool and composed. He took another picture to record her fear and confusion.

‘You’re just like all these clever slightly snooty types,’ he said with a trace of bitterness in his words. ‘Give you a good enough shock and suddenly you’re like putty. And now you want to behave, don’t you? Either you’ll do what you’re told because you’d secretly like more of the same but can’t admit it, or because you fear you’ll get it. You’re probably not sure yourself, but either way you’ll do what I tell you from now on, which is what it’s all about.’

Millicent nodded again, not sure she could deny any of what he had said.

Danny untied her burning breasts from the chair and undid the strap from about her waist.

‘Get up and bend over the chair again,’ he commanded. ‘Then spread your legs and beg me to screw you...’

It was such an appalling thing to hear that her critical faculties seem to shut down in disbelief. She could not really be doing this so it was all right... Numbly she obeyed, getting up stiffly; wincing as she stretched the skin of her sore urine-stained buttocks, and then bent over chair again. She spread her legs and pressed her knees against its back and hooked her toes about the outside of its rear legs and then through her gag said indistinctly: ‘Please fuck me, Sir...’ while his camera recorded her pitiful plea for posterity.

Then she felt him take hold her hips and then a penis head nuzzled into her sticky wet cleft and forced her labia apart and rammed up into her

vagina, stretching it wide and deep. Then he began to pump steadily into her, grinding his hips into her sore bottom, tormenting her with the raw elation of sex and a little more discomfort. The contrast with what she had just endured was overwhelming. And at that moment he became the most important person in her whole world: he was her lord and master. She would no more think of disobeying him in future than she would of plucking her own eyes out.

So this was how you broke a woman to your will, she thought: a mixture of pain and shame. She had never imagined it was so simple...

‘Would you like to have this kind of power over your girls at school?’ Danny asked her huskily in her ear as he screwed her.

Millicent nodded through her tears.

‘Then if you’ll be a nice slutty lady for me, Miss Howells, I’ll show you how to do it...’

It was a week later in the assembly hall of Meadmore House, which had once been its ball room, where the students gathered for group events. Millicent was sitting primly on a chair on the low platform at one end of the room where live student performances were sometimes given. Behind her was a large wall screen where they had video shows and lecture presentations.

A strange device now rested to one side of the stage, which the assembled girls were staring at curiously. It was a stout vertical board mounted on a low wheeled base with three holes driven through it, one larger dinner plate sized in the middle and two smaller cup-sized ones on either side of it. The board was in fact formed from two sections of plank divided through the middle of the holes and held butted together by vertical wooden channels on each side, which had chains and bondage cuffs dangling from them. Besides this device was a large cardboard box.

Seated beside the box, grinning broadly at the students taking their seats before him, was Danny Robinson. Over his cream suit he now wore a

traditional black teacher's gown and on his head was perched an old-fashioned mortarboard. Dangling from his belt was the same cane he had used at the gallery and of course his camera hung round his neck. He and his cane were receiving almost as much attention as the sinister device. They had never seen anything like either of them before at Meadmore House.

When all the girls were assembled, Millicent, wearing a plain white blouse and a straight knee-length grey skirt, stood up and spoke. 'I've called you all here today because I want to introduce you to a new member of staff. Mr Danny Robinson will be our new Master of Discipline at Meadmore House.'

There was a confused murmur from the girls, echoing the phrase: 'What did she call him...?'

Danny stood and raised a hand for silence. 'I can tell you're all a bit puzzled and you don't understand what I'm doing here.' He held up the remote controller for wall screen. 'Well if you'll just be patient for two minutes I've got a little slideshow which will make everything perfectly clear. If you could just pull the curtains over the windows so you can all see the screen clearly... thank you... now take a look at this...'

Afterwards Millicent did not remember quite what Danny had shown the girls; only that it was impressive and vaguely familiar. He also seemed to be speaking to them at some length while they watched the screen, although again she could not quite remember what he said except that it was very persuasive and seemed perfectly sensible. Whatever it was when the curtains were drawn back again all the girls were staring at him in silent rapt attention.

It was a little like the atmosphere after she'd introduced him to the staff earlier that day and he'd shown them him his display on this laptop. They had began rather suspicious of him but by the end they understood perfectly why she had brought him in and all agreed he was absolutely necessary for the success of the school and said they would support any changes he made to the routine and tuition methods.

'So now you all understand why we've got to make these changes,' Danny said to the girls. 'They might seem harsh at first but they'll be for your

own good in the long run.'

They all nodded attentively and murmured: 'Yes, Sir.'

'So the first thing we're going to do was to get you into your new Meadmore School uniform. You'll be much more comfortable in them than the things you've got on now. In fact I bet they're starting to feel uncomfortable already, itchy and hot and nasty...' Several girls were beginning to squirm awkwardly as he spoke. 'You'll be much happier if you simply take everything off...'

And with evident relief the girls stood up and stripped their clothes off.

Millicent felt her stomach knot and her pussy begin to grow hot and wet as she saw jiggling swaying breasts and fluffy triangles of pubic curls and smooth buttocks of all tints and proportions being unveiled before her. As her eyes filled with this array of naked flesh she thought: Danny really could make such amazing things happen. And this was only the beginning...

When all the girls were naked Danny took a few pictures of them, which made some giggle and blush even as their nipples swelled visibly, then he said: 'Now form a line and one by one come up here and get your new uniforms...'

Their faces were alive with wonder and apprehension and Millicent thought their eyes looked unnaturally large, seemingly all pupil, but they obeyed his command. As they stepped up to the podium Danny took a plastic wrapped package out of the box and handed it to them, as if giving out prizes. 'Be a good girl and put that on,' he told each of them.

Meekly with bowed heads they replied: 'Yes, Sir.'

Each package contained the same selection of clothing. There was a white shirt with rolled sleeves and a plunging neckline without buttons to close it, a red and blue striped school tie hung from a heavy leather dog collar with a padlock hanging from its front rings, a short pleated grey skirt, black shoes and a pair of thigh-length black stockings held up by lacy elastic

garters decorated with red and blue fabric flowers. There was no underwear of any kind.

Curiously the girls put their new uniforms on, realising once they did so that the shirts were translucent and concealed little beneath them, and that their ties hung down between their open cleavages and that if they bent over in their new short skirts they exposed their bottoms, and if they sat down with open legs they flashed their pussies. They clicked their collar padlocks in place only to find they were now locked tight about their necks and there were no keys to open them again.

Danny held up a bunch of keys. 'You'll only be allowed to take them off in the showers,' he told them. 'They're a reminder that from now on you will do what you're told without question. Do you understand?'

The girls looked more fearful now, blushing as they began to realize how exposed they now were in their new uniforms and that their collars were immovable, but they did not protest. Instead they hung their heads meekly in acquiescence. 'Yes, Sir,' they murmured.

'Now you're going to have your first discipline tutorial,' Danny said. 'This will teach you your new place in the school and Miss Howell's place over you and my place over her all at the same time.' He nodded to Millicent. 'Show them how it's done, Miss Howell...'

Millicent pulled her chair to one side and then rolled the strange wooden upright device into the centre of the stage. Then she positioned her chair facing it. Feeling her pulse beginning to race and her nipples standing up like thimbles, Millicent rolled up her skirt and sat down in the chair. She had no underwear on. She leaned back and raised her legs, bending her knees so that her open groin faced the row of holes in the board and her feet rested on either side on the supporting uprights. With the girls watching in open-mouthed fascination, Danny clipped the bondage cuffs about her ankles. Then he went round behind her chair and pulled her arms around the back of it and secured them with a set of cuffs he had in his pocket. Now she was secured to the upright board and was completely unable to close her legs or pull away. A line of moisture appeared in the cleft of her pussy.

Danny took a picture of her and then he turned to the girls. Deliberately he undid his flies and pulled them wide to free his penis and ball sack. As they gaped at it wonder he massaged his already swelling cock into full erection

‘This is a body pillory and you’re each going to take a turn in it,’ he told them, lifting the top half of the board upward in its slots. ‘While in it you will lick and suck Miss Howell’s pussy while I give you three strokes of the cane and then a token screw. Then you’ll make way for the next girl. By the end I expect Miss Howell to have come. If she hasn’t you’ll go round again and this time you’ll get six strokes, do you understand?’

‘Yes, Sir,’ they murmured fearfully, their eyes fixed on his swollen cock.

He pointed to the nearest girl. ‘What’s your name?’

‘Beverley, Sir,’ she said, blushing fiercely.

‘Get up here, Beverley, bend over and start giving your headmistress cunnilingus...’

Trembling, Beverley clambered onto the stage, stood on the pillory base and with her arms at her sides bent down through the open boards so that her head hung over Millicent’s exposed groin. Millicent could see her plump breasts swaying forward and half spilling out of her open shirt top as she laid her waist and wrists in the bottom half of the set of scalloped holes. Danny dropped the upper half of the board down across small of her back, locking her into place. Now the top of her body overhung one side of the board and her bottom half the other, with her wrists and waist trapped in between. Then he lifted her short skirt to bear her chubby bottom cheeks. There were spring clips fastened to the board above her bottom which he clipped to her skirt hem, holding it out of the way.

There were “D” shaped cut-outs in both corners of the base of the board.

‘Slide your feet into those and get your head down,’ Danny

commanded her. 'If you take your tongue out of Miss Howell's pussy before I give you permission, then you get three more strokes...'

With her eyes goggling, Beverley obeyed, dipping her head until she could slip her tongue into Millicent's gaping wet pussy. Then she began to lick and suck desperately. Millicent shivered in illicit delight...

There was her swishing crack from the other side of the board and Beverley yelped into Millicent's vagina as the Danny swiped his cane across her bottom, making the board shake. Swish crack, swish crack: two more rapid blows followed. Beverley's eyes filled with tears but she kept her head down and her face buried in Millicent's hot wet vulva.

Danny felt Beverley's backside and the heat he had beaten into her chubby bottom and snapped a picture of it. Then he took hold of the top edge of the board and rammed his cock up into her pussy. Millicent saw Beverley's eyes go impossibly round in shock and wonder as he gave her three quick hard thrusts. Then he pulled out of Beverley's clinging vagina, leaving his wet cock bobbing in the air, and lifted the boards of Beverley's back and wrists.

With her cheek shiny from Millicent's juices Beverley pulled herself free and stumbled from the stage holding her hands about her sore bottom.

'Who's next?' Danny asked.

'Lynette, Sir,' a blonde girl called out quickly as she ran to put yourself into the pillory...

There was no need to go round a second time. Danny came inside the last girl he put into the pillory while by then Millicent had cum twice already, spraying her juices over the faces of the girls as they tongued her. It had all been obscene and wonderful. The girls had to pay the ultimate lip service to her while Danny has imposed his will upon them. They had given while Millicent had taken and both she and they had in turn provided pleasure and entertainment for Danny.

The new hierarchy at Meadmore House was firmly established.

But that was only the beginning...

Danny tucked his cock away and unfastened Millicent's ankles from the frame. But he left her arms cuffed behind her back and took hold of her by the hair, confirming his mastery of her. She shuddered in helpless delight.

'Follow me to the next room,' he commanded the girls. Obediently they trooped after him.

The next room was the common room. While the girls had been serving Danny and Millicent, the other tutors had transformed it according to his instructions, bringing in the new furnishings Millicent had ordered and modified according to Danny's instructions.

The comfortable chairs had gone. Now there were four rows of five study desks set out before a teacher's high desk and chair. Each seat had ankle cuffs bolted to its front legs and an upright greased rubber dildo screwed to it which was banded about by metal rings. Cables hung from beneath the seats which snaked across the floor, gathering up into neat bundles which finally ran to control box on the high desk.

Danny sat at the desk overseeing the array of lower desks and pushed Millicent down onto her knees beside him. Her stomach churned at the thought of what was to come, but it was totally necessary. He had to show he was in total control...

'Stand in front of the chairs and lock your ankles in place,' Danny commanded the girls. Nervously they obeyed, flashing their bottoms as they bent over to close the spring-locked clamps about their ankles. Now they could not pull their legs together.

'Sit down so the dildos go up your bottom holes,' he said.

Gingerly the girls took their seats, groaning as the fat dildos penetrated their rectums, making their buttocks bulge. They groaned again as Danny pressed a control and they felt the dildo heads swelling up within

them.

When they were all impaled, Danny said: 'You will sit here like this and study for eight hours a day. If you misbehave or don't concentrate or fail to try you best, then you will be punished...' and he pressed another button on the control panel.

Every single girl shrieked as her dildo stabbed her rectum with hot electric needles. Frantically they tried to get to their feet, but with their ankles clamped and the heads of the dildos expanded within them, they could not pull their bottoms off the terrible totems of electric pain embedded so intimately within them.

Danny released the button and the girls' sagged limp and trembling across their desks.

'If you misbehave in school when you are not at your desks, then you will get your tits caned, like this...' he continued.

Danny snapped his fingers and obediently Millicent stood up and faced him. He ripped open her blouse, exposing her bare breasts. She then knelt with her back straight beside the desk, resting them on the woodwork and looked up at him with adoring eyes, ready to suffer. He drew out his cane and slashed it down across her soft mounds. Millicent yelped as they were flattened under the blow, searing with pain as he laid a fresh masterful stripe across them, joining the fading marks of his previous efforts. As her breasts rebounded resiliently two more swift cuts followed, so their upper slopes turned a blazing scarlet and she thought she would faint from pain and joy...

Danny took hold of Millicent by the hair again and twisted her round to face the girls so they could see what he had done to their headmistress. The tears dripped from her eyes onto her burning breasts while the girls gaped at her with pale horrified faces.

'Do you want that to happen to your tits?' Danny asked them. They shook their heads. 'Then don't give me the excuse...'

Quietly the tutors went round the room placing textbooks on the girls'

desks.

‘Open your books and begin your study period,’ Danny said. Fearfully the girls scrabbled to obey.

Danny stroked Millicent’s hair as he surveyed the rows of bent heads and wide open thighs parting short skirts from under which bare pussies flashed. ‘And if you’re good girls and do well, then Miss Howells will lick you out personally,’ he promised.

Chapter Eight

It was Minerva's turn to sleep with Danny in the gallery flat, although they had not got around to sleeping yet. Sex always came first with him. She marvelled at its stamina and endurance after he had spent a happy afternoon screwing another of his victims charmed up to the studio by the power of KI#3. How many women had he had over the last few months? Had he even bothered to keep score? She did not want to think about it, yet she could not stop herself. Had he got an unnatural sex drive or was it simply a normal teenage male libido suddenly let loose in a carnal candy store of unlimited opportunity? But however many women he had screwed he kept coming back to his first conquests: herself and Tami.

The headboard of the flat bed was now fitted with hooks and rings for attaching restraints. Minerva lay on her back with her arms spread up and outwards and her wrists cuffed to the sides of the bed. Her legs were bent back over her and pulled wide by bungee cords were hooked about her knees and ankles which were in turn fastened to the top corners of the headboard. Her body was held down against this upward tension on her legs by a long strap stretched over the bed and across her lower stomach and hooked to more rings screwed into the undersides of the bed frame. It cut into her hips and the tops of her thighs as they were bent back over her head. To add to her misery Danny had used another couple of elastic cords with crocodile clip ends which he had clamped onto her nipples, stretching her breasts unnaturally and painfully into pink cones which pointed up and back to the headboard.

It was the kind of torment she had become used to. Her whole body was mottled with fading marks of his earlier beatings, clamping and restraints. Now he was adding fresh bruising inside her vagina.

Danny was riding Minerva enthusiastically, lying between her splayed thighs and enjoying the forced uplift of her hips to penetrate her to the maximum, driving his big cock up into her pussy and making her rock back and forth as the mattress gave beneath her, causing her breasts to stretch and

flex even as the clips tore at her bruised nipples.

As he pumped into her he tried to forcefully to kiss her in a mockery of affection. Her mouth was not gagged but there was nobody to hear her if she screamed.

Minerva was physically restrained so at least she was not mentally compelled to participate in Danny's submissive fantasy. She twisted her head aside and clamped her lips shut, rejecting his advances. He laughed at her futile show of resistance and twisted head back and mashed his lips against hard hers until she had to return his kiss as coldly as she could. As their lips were joined, with a final grunt, he spurted his seed inside her vagina. By reflex she squeezed her sheath tight about his spouting shaft and sucked all the milt out of it. Satisfied with this display of mastery, Danny lay between her splayed thighs and rested his head on her hot sweaty chest between her up-stretched breasts.

After a while he said casually: 'That woman I had this afternoon was a real find and she photographed well.' Idly he flicked the cords clamped to her nipples, making them vibrate and Minerva to catch her breath in pain. 'With the sports day at Meadmore I'll have enough material for the gallery show. You better start pencilling in possible dates next month.'

Minerva started. After so long she had begun to believe his ultimate gallery show was merely an excuse to continue taking sadistic advantage of every pretty woman he fancied. But it seemed he was serious. Oh God, what would happen then? But she had no choice. 'If you want to check the diary we can work out the best day for it, Master,' she said carefully.

'Are you looking forward to the big show?' he asked her.

'You know what I think, Master. This has all been an obscene nightmare and I wish I'd never met you!'

He grinned at her words. 'But on the big day you're going to be the perfect hostess, aren't you?'

Minerva gritted her teeth, knowing then that when she appeared

outwardly free she would in fact be under his total control. 'I expect I will be, Master.'

'You and Tami will be the only women there who'll know what's really going on and yet you won't be able to tell anybody else. Now that is going to be funny...'

And that was another reason he left their minds free, Minerva had come to realize. He wanted an audience he could boast to: women who did not blindly adore him because he had told them to. He wanted somebody to know how clever he had really been in creating and using KI#3. That was his real triumph and in this world of fantasy he had woven about him this was his only honest way of celebrating it.

'And you'd better get ready for a celebrity to open the show. Mrs Mattingly has connections. She fixed it up for me.'

Hell, he really was serious about making the headlines. 'Who, Master?'

Danny picked up a TV listings magazine that had been lying on the bedside table and pointed to picture in it. 'Her,' he said. 'She's going to be my last shoot. I'm going to finish by screwing a real star and go out with a bang!'

They had never held a sports day at Meadmore House before for obvious reasons. But a couple of weeks after Danny took up his post as Discipline Master that changed. Schools always have sports days, he said, so they would too. They would not invite parents to watch but they could still have fun. He had designed some special events appropriate to his new style of tuition and uniform. As soon as he explained everybody realized it was a wonderful idea...

So a running track was set out on the secluded back lawn of the house and equipment was arranged and on a sunny Sunday they all went outside. The girls took off their shirts and skirts and competed naked except for their

collars, ties and trainers, with coloured sashes for team events. Millicent herself wore a white floppy sunhat, a whistle on a lanyard clipped to the front ring of the white leather collar Danny himself had padlocked about her neck, and white open-toed sandals linked by a hobble chain. That seemed to be suitable for a warm bright day.

Millicent had not realized how liberating it felt to be outside virtually naked, although of course under Danny's rules they were anything but free now. However test paper scores had improved dramatically since they had instituted his study regime, proving that he knew best. Anyway it was only right that the girls got a chance to stretch their legs after so many long hours chained to their desks.

Millicent ran the events while Danny strode about the lawn recording them on his camera. The first was the Anal Egg and Spoon race.

With the rest of the school looking on, half a dozen girls lined up at the start line bent over at right angles with their bare breasts dangling beneath them and their hands tied behind their backs. They had wooden spoons protruding from their rectums on which were balanced large china eggs. They simply had to make one circuit of the track and the first person over the line won. If they dropped their egg they would have to pick it up again just using their spoons.

'Ready, steady, go!' Millicent said, blowing her whistle.

The girls set off at an awkward gait, trying to hold their upper bodies absolutely level and not set their spoons shaking too much. But with their hands bound it was impossible to prevent their hips beginning to roll as they lengthened their strides. Soon they began to drop their eggs and had to scramble to recover them. The onlookers laughed as they contorted themselves awkwardly, twisting round to see where their eggs had fallen and then squatting down on the grass and thrusting their hips backward to try to scoop them up again.

It was several minutes before one sweating dishevelled girl finally managed to cross the line with her egg still in her spoon and win the race. Danny took a fine shot of her intent face while Millicent made a note of her

name on her clipboard. He said he wanted to know all the winners names for his gallery show. It would be such an honour for them...

Next there came the Dildo Wheelbarrow race. Ten girls in teams of two lined up for this event. One girl stood with the raised legs of her teammate tucked under her arms while the second girl hung face down with her hands braced on the ground, showing off her bare bottom and pussy to pleasing effect. But since this was a Meadmore House event the two girls' pussies, one facing down and the other upward just in front of it, were joined by a long jelly-plastic double headed dildo. Also a pair of elastic cords linked their nipples, running down over the lower girl's back and around to clip to her nipples.

Millicent blew the whistle and the girls started off, running and hand walking around the track. Of course the rocking motion of the barrow girl made the dildo joining them start to twist and flex, pumping and sucking at their pussies and making their lower bellies bulge. At the same time the cords connecting their nipples were twisted and stretched, dragging the standing girl's breasts downwards and pulling the lower girl's breasts unnaturally outwards and up.

As they pounded on round the track their faces contorted in strange expressions of pain and helpless arousal, which Danny captured on his camera. They were effectively screwing each other as they ran round a lawn in front of twenty people. But it was just a game...

As they came to the end of each lap they had to change positions, the standing girl pulling the dildo out of the other and leapfrogging over her so as to keep their nipples connected. Then the other girl snatched up the dangling end of the dildo and pushed it up into herself, picked her partners legs up under her arms and they were off again.

It was impossible to continue like this for long without getting excited. As they pounded on round the track their pussies dribbled profusely while their tormented clipped nipples throbbed. One by one they were overwhelmed by sudden orgasms, spraying their juices out from their tight plugged pussies into each other's groins, which made them fall over together in a heap no matter which girl was stricken down. They then had to struggle

back onto their feet and continue on now red-faced with shiny thighs and bubbles of cum streaming from their plugged pussies.

Danny was there to record the scene when the winning pair finally struggled over the finishing line: sweat-stained, dizzy, exhausted but triumphant.

‘Now we shall have the Who Can Pee Further contest,’ Millicent declared.

One by one a fresh team of girls lay down on the grass with their thighs spread pointing their pussy slots pointing along a long line of brown paper that had been spread out across the grass and marked in metres. The girls had been drinking water for the past half-hour and now their bellies bulged. Friends straddled their heads and pressed their hands down on their bellies to help them empty their bladders almost explosively with puffs of spray, squirting out impressive sparking jets of pee along the line of the paper that reached three and even four metres distance. Danny caught them on his camera as they glittered in the sun and the girls laughed at their bizarre achievement.

Large fresh chilled cucumbers were brought out from the kitchen for the Great Cucumber Relay.

Divided into four teams of five, the girls simply had to carry their cucumbers around the track five times, passing it on to a new team member after each lap. But they couldn’t hold them in their hands or their mouths...

The first girls inserted their cucumbers into their pussies until they could clench half their lengths tight within their vaginas and then they stood by the start line, with their cucumbers jutting out from their thighs like hard green penises. Millicent blew her whistle and they started off, running with clenched thighs to keep the cucumbers inside them as the bouncing of their strides threatened to wiggle and pop them out as they ran. As they came round the course to make their first relay their teammates bent over, spread their legs and pulled their labia wide, exposing the dark eager target pits of their vaginas.

The runners rammed the free ends of their cucumbers up into their teammates' pussies, making them squeal and grunt even as they clenched tight upon them. Then they jerked them free of their original snug juicy sockets and straightened up and began to run, now with shiny cucumber ends bobbing in front of them.

And so around and around they went, transferring their cucumbers and their teammates' juices between each other's dripping pussy mouths. Their faces contorted with desperate excitement as they fought the urge to orgasm over their vegetable batons, but excitement showed on their stiff nipples which stood out proudly from their bouncing breasts. And it was these moments of intense excitement and concentration that Danny captured for his big show.

They finished off with the Pussy Tug-of-War.

All twenty girls took part in this final contest. They stood in two teams of ten facing each other with their wrists bound behind their back straddling a heavy rope which had a red ribbon tied in its middle and ten ribbed rubber dildos wired to it along each end. Millicent went along lifting the rope up between their legs and pushing the dildos up into them until they stood supporting the rope between them from their bulging pussies. The ribbon marking the middle of the rope now hung over a line in the middle of a three metre long tape box marked on the grass. The objective was simple: for one team to pull the ribbon across their end of the box using only the power and grip of their pussies.

Millicent said: 'Ready... Take the strain... Go!

The two teams leaned back and heaved on the rope strung so intimately between their smooth sweaty thighs, the strain on the fat dildos plugged inside them making their pussy mounds bulge. They dug their heels in and leaned backwards and groaned and moaned, sweat glistening between their trembling breasts. They shuffled back and forward, the red ribbon going first left and then right, but they were evenly matched.

Danny moved about the row of straining girls, ducking down at the midpoint of the rope to shoot back along the line of their open, braced thighs,

showing ten pretty plugged pussies in one image. Then he moved to the ends of the rope and looked back down through the arches of their legs and the diminishing series of their tight clenched buttock clefts. He captured the first drips of lubrication falling from their thighs as their bodies tried to ease the strain on their pussies by lubricating them. This of course was going to be their downfall.

As the dildos got slipperier they began to pop out of their clenching pussies one rib at a time, causing the girls to groan and gasp in dismay. Suddenly one girl with a shriek lost her whole dildo as it was torn from her pussy. Unbalanced she fell over backwards into the girl behind her who also lost her grip. The opposing side took advantage of this mishap and jerked all of them suddenly forward, pulling them off their feet. The ribbon crossed the outer box line and Millicent blew her whistle

‘The winners!’ she pointed at the victorious team, who let the rope dildos rip out of their heroically straining pussies all in one go and fell back in a heap, spraying their juices out over each other in a group orgasm.

When the competitors had recovered, Danny presented all the girls with winner’s rosettes in the school colours.

‘You all deserve them,’ he said, as he pinned them to their bare breasts and they yelped in pain, only to smile through their tears a moment later as he snapped their woebegone delight with his camera.

They finished the day with the unveiling of the artwork Millicent had commissioned from the gallery. The girls, still naked, sweaty and aching from their exertions out on the field and with blood trickling from their rosette-pinned breasts, all crowded into the main hall and faced the big new frame hung at the end which was covered by a sheet.

‘I just like to say how honoured I am to have an original piece of Danny Robinson artwork in my house,’ Millicent said with pride. And then with a flourish she pulled the cover off.

It was a high quality photo print on art paper in an antiqued gilt frame. It showed Millicent naked except for a tight red leather corset and red leather thigh boots with spurs on their heels, posed against a dramatic dark sky of rolling thunder clouds. She had a heavy chain padlocked about her neck like a collar and another heart-shaped padlock hanging from her bare pudenda and she was holding a raised cane. She was standing proudly astride what at first appeared to be a low mound of large rounded pinkish stones all cleft in the middle. Except that they were not stones but a mound of naked female bottoms with their bare pussies peeping out from between their thighs, all bearing cane marks.

Everybody applauded wildly. Yes, they agree, Danny had caught the new spirit of Meadmore House perfectly.

‘And you’re all invited to my show at the Perridor on Saturday,’ Danny said. He tapped his camera. ‘And don’t be surprised if you see yourselves up on display as well.’

A few of the girls blushed and giggled.

‘Of course we’ll all be there, Master Danny,’ Millicent promised, beaming adoringly at him. Then she leaned closer and whispered: ‘Will you, stay the night? I have something special for you in my room... something I bought online from this BDSM shop...’

‘Will it make you cry?’ Danny asked.

‘Oh, yes,’ Millicent assured him. She knew how much he liked to see her cry.

It was a large vertical folding metal hoop connected to a base frame of tubular metal which she had assembled in her room on a rug covered by a rubber sheet.

Millicent knelt within the device naked on all fours doggy fashion with her wrists and ankles cuffed to the frame base and her waist held down

by a broad belt. She was straddling a pair of adjustable sprung hinged arms which rose from the base of the frame. Each arm supported trays of transparent plastic studded with sharp metal spikes. At the apex of the hoop was a pulley over which ran a rope that clipped to her collar at one end and a big rubber hook at the other which was stuffed up her rectum. The tension lifted her head and bottom, dipping her back and making it impossible to escape her torment. The hinged arms beneath her pressed the spike trays up into her breasts and the mound of her pussy. The breast tray was a transverse V-shaped trough which trapped her breasts within it, so they were squashed cruelly into it even as they were stabbed by its inward facing spikes. The smaller pad rising between her hips jabbed its spikes up into the apex of her pussy cleft and the straining nub of her clitoris.

The device came with a free lash and a rubber ring gag. Danny, also now naked, used the lash enthusiastically to beat Millicent from all angles, laying down scarlet blazes across her pale skin, while the ring gag held her mouth open through which she moaned and sobbed, while the tears ran down her cheeks.

As she flinched from the swish and crack of the lash she rocked back and forth over the frame, jerking her collar and then her hooked anus while she also ground her breasts and pussy mound into the spike trays. Soon through the clear plastic blood was visible mingling with her sweat and pussy juices, while her straining clitoris mashed itself against the unyielding plastic and metal as if trying to escape her pussy cleft.

Yet even as she sobbed and wailed in agony, Millicent felt supremely happy. She could see through her tears the grin of delight on Danny's face as he beat her and the swelling of his cock as he grew more excited. She was doing that to him. She was giving him pleasure through her suffering. Her loins were filling with liquid lust for him stoked by her own pain. That was how it should be. She had found her perfect master who had put her in her rightful place and she had never felt more alive...

Danny dropped the lash, knelt down in front of her, took hold of her hair and rammed his cock through her ring-spread lips and down her throat. As he pounded into her gullet, half choking her with his thrusts, Millicent orgasmed exultantly, her spiked and bloody pussy spraying out her hot juices

which ran pink over her thighs.

And then she fainted from sheer pleasure.

Chapter Nine

‘Why am I doing this out here and not in some proper West End gallery?’ Trina Delray asked her agent Josh Griffin, as they left his car in the Charter Street car park and made their way through the narrow alley onto Waterside Lane

It was a Saturday evening in Thames Morton, just after the shops had shut but before the night life got into full swing. Not that Trina could see much promise of that.

‘Because there’s a whisper from some people in the know who’ve seen his work that Danny Robinson is going to be the next big name in modern art,’ Josh reminded her. ‘They say he can get inside women’s minds like nobody else with his pictures. He’s never exhibited before and he’s going to make a big splash so it won’t hurt if you’re around when it all kicks off. We’re still trying to make up lost ground after *Riding the Tiger* didn’t sell so well, remember?’

Trina had begun her media career with a small part in the daytime soap *Emergency Service* which had boosted her to minor celebrity status and a few film parts. Then she had launched her solo music career. Her first album had made the top ten but her second had been less successful. She was twenty four and was worried she had already peaked...

‘So I’ve got to look at a roomful of paintings and pretend I like them if I can tell what they’re meant to be and pretend I can understand them if I can’t,’ she complained.

‘Apparently Robinson’s a photographic artist not a painter. Figure work, you know.’

‘What kind of figures?’

‘I don’t know, but whatever they are at least try to show an interest in

them for an hour. You can do that, can't you?'

They approach the front of the Perridor Gallery. The windows were filled with large signs announcing the show and the blinds were drawn behind them.

“Suffering for a Dream”

Images of women in modern society

by Danny Robinson

There was also a notice on the front door which read: *Preview show tonight. Entry by invitation only. Women only.*

‘It says women only,’ Trina said doubtfully. ‘I wonder why they don’t want any men in there?’

‘Just a pretentious gimmick,’ Josh said dismissively. ‘But don’t worry, I go where you go. We don’t want you making any more careless remarks, do we?’

‘That was just an accident,’ Trina said defensively as he rang the bell.

‘Next time treat every mic as though it’s on, even if you think you’ve turned it off.’

The door was open by a slim, cool, intelligent-looking woman in a black dress.

‘Hello, you must be Trina Delray. I’m Minerva Duncan, the owner of the gallery. Do come inside...’

Inside the door a temporary lobby had been created from free standing display panels on which were hung flatscreens which flashed up a man’s face and a few tantalizing images almost too quickly to take in. You could not enter the gallery without passing them. Josh scowled at them and looked away but there was something oddly intriguing about them that Trina could

not quite understand...

‘I’m afraid as I said on the phone, you can’t remain here for the exhibition, Mr Griffin,’ Minerva was saying. ‘As you can see according to Mr Robinson’s express instructions, this preview is for women only.’

‘I’ll keep in the background but it’s my job to stay close to Ms Delray,’ Josh said firmly. ‘Apart from making sure she is not misquoted over anything she says in public, there have been problems with over-enthusiastic fans before...’

‘I assure you there will be no problems like that tonight, Mr Griffin. Danny insists on a very controlled environment for his show. Nothing will happen here that isn’t planned.’

Josh looked about him doubtfully with other concerns on his mind. ‘I thought they were going to be reporters here?’

‘There are going to be reporters, Mr Griffin,’ Minerva said. ‘Female reporters. They can do the job just as well as men you know...’ She appeared to grit her teeth momentarily. ‘All communications are embargoed until the end of the show, but I promise you by tomorrow you’ll have all the publicity you could possibly want for your client...’

‘I’ve still got to be here,’ Josh said stubbornly.

A slightly despairing look seemed to flicker across Minerva’s face. Then she sighed and smiled. ‘In that case let me introduce you to three of our young volunteer gallery assistants. They’ll entertain you while Ms Delray goes up to see Mr Robinson. I did say he wanted to speak to her in private before the show began, didn’t I? Don’t worry, nothing will be quoted...’

Three pretty young women in slinky tight dresses appeared from behind the screens and seemed to attach themselves to Josh like limpets. One had a glass of champagne and another was carrying a tray of fancy savouries and pastries. Before he could say a word they were feeding him both and chattering away about how exciting it must be to represent such a famous star as Trina. She saw his homely middle-aged features crease into a foolish smile

as he sucked in his belly and blushed and let them lead him on a tour of the lower gallery.

Minerva took Trina by the arm and led her towards the stairs. 'Don't worry about him. He'll be well taken care of. Now Mr Robinson wants to talk to you...'

She led Trina up to the first-floor gallery. There were more big flat screens hung on the walls displaying the same tantalising flicker of images. The middle of the room had been cleared to make way for a large unidentifiable object which was covered by white sheets.

'What's that?' Trina asked.

'A special exhibit: Danny's last creation.'

'Will I get to see it unveiled?'

Again Minerva appeared to clench her teeth for a moment and then said: 'Oh yes, you'll see it. In fact Danny made it especially for you...'

Trina felt a little thrill of excitement. A piece of artwork made especially for her!

Minerva showed her into a small office at the back of the gallery. Behind the desk sat a young man in a cream suit with a camera slung about his neck. On the desk in front of him was an open laptop.

'This is Trina Delray, Danny,' Minerva said, introducing them. 'Trina, this is Danny Robinson, the creator of our show...'

Danny rose and shook hands with Trina while Minerva discreetly withdrew. He indicated the chair in front of the desk and she sat down. He grinned at her over the top of the laptop screen.

'You have no idea how pleased I am that you were able to make it, Trina,' Danny said. 'The opening tonight really wouldn't be the same without you. I know you're going to be just perfect...'

‘Thank you Danny,’ Trina said politely, and then she launched into her prepared speech, accentuating the bright bubbly tone she was so well known for: ‘I’m so excited to be here today. Josh, my agent, has told me so much about you and your work and I hope your exhibition goes amazingly well. I’m really looking forward to looking round it. Perhaps you could design my next album cover for me...’

Abruptly Danny held up a silencing hand. ‘Sorry, Trina, you’re lovely to look at but a bit boring to listen to. I had some more small talk planned here, but I think I’ll cut to the chase...’ and he spun the laptop round so she could see its screen.

There was something on it, something she’d glimpsed just for a moment on the screens downstairs. Now she saw it in all its wonder and glory and her eyes grew wide as she let it fill her mind. Distantly she was aware of Danny telling her things, but all she could think of was the image...

Then the laptop was closed and she blinked foolishly. She looked up at Danny and suddenly realized how handsome he was. He was so knowing and intelligent as well. She just wanted to listen to anything he had to say to her...

‘Now I’d like to see you in the flesh, Trina,’ Danny said. ‘Just your flesh. Pretty women like you shouldn’t go around covering themselves up. It’s all right; I’m an artist so it’s okay for you to strip for me...’

Trina felt a thrill of excitement. Danny Robinson wanted to see her naked!

She stood up and began unzipping her dress...

In a minute Trina stood in front of Danny totally naked. She felt her nipples swelling and hardening in excitement.

He snapped a picture of her and then said: ‘Put your hands behind your neck and spread your legs like a good girl...’

She obeyed and Danny got up and walked around her, taking more

pictures and stroking her hair and running his fingers over her bare body, making her shiver in delight. She knew she was attractive but it had never been more important that another person should appreciate it. She so wanted him to like her...

Trina had a carefully styled mane of tousled blonde hair and clear skin with a light golden tan. Her heavily outlined eyes and dark brows accentuated her pale blue eyes and made her pretty if slightly vacant face appear deeper and more interesting. Her practiced smile revealed perfect white teeth. Her figure was gym-toned, with good shoulders, a tight waist and slim but strong legs. Her breasts were high, rounded and perfectly proportioned, with pale but distinct nipples. Her bottom was smooth and her pubic bush bikini-trimmed, revealing the impudent pink tongue of her inner labia.

Danny stepped back after his inspection. Trina saw there was a bulge in front of his trousers and her pussy tingled.

‘Tonight I want you to be my model and my muse, Trina. I want to create a unique work of art around you. But you know, my subject matter shows people how women suffer in this world. So if you want to be in it, you’ve first got to prove to me that you’re ready to suffer. Are you Trina?’

‘I am, Danny,’ she assured him.

‘Call me “Master”’.

The word gave her an illicit thrill of pleasure in her loins. ‘I am, Master.’

‘Then bend over the desk and don’t get up again until I tell you...’

She bent across front of the desk, her bare breasts pressing onto the cool wood of its top. He took up a box which had been resting behind the desk and set it down beside her. From it he pulled out a black rubber ball strung on a loop of rubber cord and a leather many-thonged lash.

‘Open up,’ he said, and he pushed the ball gag into her mouth. ‘I think

you're a lot prettier with your mouth plugged up. And it'll give you something to bite on. I wouldn't want you to bite your tongue or crack those lovely teeth...' He took up the lash and trailed its thongs over her bare bottom, making her shudder again.

'Beg me to beat you,' Danny said. 'I want to paint some pain across your backside like it's a fleshy canvas...'

'Please Master, beat me Master,' Trina said in muffled words around her ball gag.

Danny swiped the lash across her flawless bottom with a crack. Trina shrieked as a hundred tongues of fire seemed to lick across her buttock cheeks which rippled under the force of the impact. But she did not move. Twice more the lash fell across her bottom, turning it from golden tan to a shocking pink with scarlet stripes.

Danny felt the blazing heat in her cheeks. 'You've got fine skin and I don't want to break it just yet. But it'll show everybody what I've done to you. That's just a start of course...' His fingers slid between her blazing bottom cheeks and up into her pussy cleft, where he found her vagina sticky and wet with excitement. He worked a finger up into her and twisted it about, making Trina shiver in delight. Pain and now pleasure. He was the master of both of them...

'You need to beg again,' he prompted her.

'Please fuck me, Master,' she begged.

He kicked her legs wide, unzipped and thrust his hard shaft up into her pussy. Oh, he was so big and so wonderful to have within her, she thought! It was a privilege... a privilege...

'Here I am screwing a celebrity,' he said as he pumped into her, almost as if half to himself. 'I'm on top of the world!'

And then he came with a grunt, squirting his seed up into her tight clenching depths.

Trina felt slightly cheated. She had had no time to cum herself. 'Please... do it again, Master,' she begged.

Danny slapped her bottom, make her wince. 'Don't worry, girl, you'll get plenty more chances to cum later. Now I've got to get you ready for your big moment...'

He took a set of bondage cuffs out of the box and secured her hands behind her back. Then he made her stand so he could buckle a collar and leash around her neck. Finally he brought out a studded black leather gimp mask which he pulled over her head and laced up tight in the back. It pressed hard against her face, largely concealing her features and leaving only her eyes, the tip of her nose and her ball-plugged mouth visible.

'It'll come as a nice surprise to everybody when I take that off and show them who you are,' he said. 'But you start off just as another of my models...'

He checked his watch and listened for a moment. 'I can hear there are people outside and they want to see a show. But they can't start without me. So let's go out there and create some art...'

And so he led Trina by her leash, naked and masked, out of the office and along a short corridor to the upper gallery. A small part of Trina wondered if this was quite the way she had imagined being presented to people this evening. But Danny knew best...

As he appeared there was a thunderous round of applause from the fifty or sixty women gathered in the gallery. It was as if he was already a celebrity in their eyes. A surprising number of them were attractive and all were dressed up for the occasion. When they could tear their eyes from Danny they glanced at her in surprise and she felt their eyes on her bare breasts, soiled pussy cleft and burning freshly lashed bottom, but then they seemed to accept her presence as part of the show. Yes, she was part of Danny's show now. She belonged here...

Danny basked in their applause from minute and then raised his hands for silence.

‘Thank you all for coming here tonight.’ He jerked on Trina’s leash. ‘As you can see I’ve got another work of art in progress with a famous celebrity who’s kindly volunteered to be my model and whose identity I’ll reveal later. And as a special treat you will all take part in its creation. But first you want to see the portfolios I’ve been working on all these months, which some of you have been fortunate enough to appear in...’ He took a remote control out of his pocket and pointed it at one of the wall screens. They all came on, displaying different sequences of still frames and moving images. ‘Here is my personal view of women in modern society with all their woes and suffering...’

The guests began to spread out about the room. Minerva and a black girl were acting as hostesses, moving around with trays of drinks and chatting to the guests. Danny walked Trina along the array of screens as he would a dog. While he spoke to the guests individually and received their praise, she saw the images flickering before her. There were slide shows interspersed with scenes of live action and she read the captions that explained what they were about. And as she did so her eyes grew wide in wonder.

There was a naked woman on a treadmill with fastenings to every part of the body being forced to run faster and faster... women being screwed helplessly by a man in a wolf costume... a naked boxing match with two more women mounted on the corner posts screaming in pain as they were electrified... a naked woman with numbers on her body on her hands and knees tethered to a ceiling chain crawling through an maze... dozens of women taking part in bizarre naked sports with things plugged into their pussies and bottom holes... women bound and gagged, caged and crying, suffering and being penetrated and at the end always helplessly cumming...

She had never seen anything like it before on public display. It was appalling and disgusting! And yet... also so very true! Trina felt her own nipples swelling and her pussy throbbing in sympathy. He really did understand the lot of women nowadays. They were mistreated and prejudiced against and made to conform to men’s expectations. His pictures made that so clear. It was the most amazing thing she had ever seen...

When he had made the rounds, Danny moved to the middle of the room beside the sheet shrouded object and clapped his hands to get

everybody's attention.

'The time has come to reveal my celebrity guest model,' he said. He unlaced the back of Trina's mask and pulled it off. 'So I give you... Trina Delray!'

There was a collective gasp of surprise as Trina's face was revealed and then a fresh round of applause which thrilled her once again. That she was gagged and bound and totally naked before them did not seem to matter because it was all for such an important purpose. She was going to help Danny make art...

'As you know, Trina is a celebrity,' Danny continued, 'one of the most dangerous examples of what this world can do to a woman. She came here seeking some publicity and I'm going to give it to her while using her for my own purposes. That's the truth behind everything you've seen here tonight. Men enjoy humiliating and degrading women. Face up to it because it's also incredible fun. Something you will find out for yourselves in a minute when I put Trina on the Wheel of Misfortune...'

He turned and pulled the sheet off the device behind him.

Beneath was a tubular metal wheel three metres across mounted vertically on a low base. With it was a slightly smaller tubular wheel, like a pedal bike tyre without any hub or spokes, supported by several small clusters of castors around its rim so that it was free to turn within the larger frame. The inside of this ring wheel was hung with chains, straps and heavy buckled cuffs. Between the rims of the two wheels was a circle of a dozen panels each with bold lettering on. KISS BUM, BUGGER, SUCK NIPPLES, SCREW CUNT, WHIP TITS, THROW EGG, TONGUE OUT, KISS LIPS, THROW TOMATO, PINCH NIPPLES, SPANK BUM and PISS ON HER.

Danny took Trina to the wheel and made her stand on the inside of its rim. There were small rubber pads set on it to support her feet. He cuffed her ankles in place and then stretched chains out from the sides of the wheel and buckled a broad belt about her waist. Then he freed her arms from behind her back and stretched them upward to the set of cuffs above her head. He drew out her leash vertically and fastened it to a hook on the wheel rim above her

head so that it held her neck straight. In a minute she was secured spread-eagled within the wheel. He gave it a test spin. It turned easily and she saw the gallery room tumble upside down as her breasts flopped and rolled about her chest. He brought her back to the upright again.

Everybody was watching her intently. Trina was trembling with excitement. She was the centre of attention. She was most important person in the room and it felt incredible. Her nipples were so hard she thought they might burst while her labia were swollen and pouting. But that did not matter. She was making art...

‘She’s absolutely helpless and totally at your mercy,’ Danny said to the audience. He pointed to the array of instructions about the wheel. ‘I want you to follow them exactly. Those boxes in the corners of room which look like seats you can open up now...’ The crowd stirred as they investigated them. ‘You’ll find straps, whips, dildos, tomatoes and eggs in them. Now whatever instruction comes up next to Trina’s head when we spin her you are going to do that to her. You see, that’s her purpose in life now: to be the target for all your love and hate and anger and prejudices. She is there to be misused, unfairly treated and hurt. She knows it but she can’t stop herself and you know it but you can’t stop yourselves either.’ He slapped Trina’s cheek. ‘Tell them that’s true...’

‘It’s true,’ Trina said about her gag.

‘Tell them they can do what they want to you,’ Danny said.

‘You can do what you want with me,’ Trina said, feeling her stomach knot in anticipation.

Danny stepped back out of the way. The black girl who had been serving drink stepped forward, took hold of the wheel and spun it, setting Trina tumbling over and over.

When she came to rest hanging sideways Trina could not see the instruction her head was pointing at. But the crowd could. A volley of ripe tomatoes was hurled through the air and splashed into her, soaking into her expensively styled hair and trickling slime down her lovely body.

Then they spun her again. This time it was bum spanking. Women with hungry eyes used whips and straps that swished and cut into Trina's soft hot buttocks, making her bounce within her wheel

They spun her again...

Women knelt in front of her and tongued her pussy until she came over their faces.

Spin...

Respectable looking women hitched up their skirts and pissed over her body, turning her round so they could do it over her face and breasts, laughing as they made art...

Spin...

Eggs broke against her body, cutting her with their splintering shells. One burst in her pussy, making her bite on her gag ball and shriek in pain....

Spin...

Pretty women stuck double ended dildo's up inside themselves and grabbed hold of her from the front and rear and screwed and buggered her, crying out in delight when they came over her as they pounded and bruised her pussy and rectum...

Spin...

Women bit and sucked on her nipples...

Spin...

More lashing. Welts crossed and she started to bleed. It ran in loops mingling with her sweat and egg yoke as she was spun again. What pretty patterns they made. This was her great moment. She had become art. She was the star of the show!

Spin...

But by now dizziness and exhaustion were overwhelming her. She ached from her suffering... from making art... everything was going black...

Then suddenly the spinning stopped.

Danny's face and voice had appeared on all the screens, demanding their attention. The crowd stopped abusing Trina's soiled, filthy and trembling body and turned to look at the multiple images of him. Through crusted eyes Trina watched as well, hoping she had pleased him...

'I hope you've all had fun with Trina,' Danny said with a grin. 'I certainly have, and with all the rest of you. I mean this in the nicest possible way: what a great bunch of cunts you've been! But all dreams have to end and after tonight there's no other way out of this one for me. So it's time to say goodbye. You won't forget me, but you will forget all the instructions I gave you. Now you can think for yourselves again... if you haven't forgotten how...'

His faced vanished. There was a recorded rumble of drums and a crash of cymbals, like the last notes of a great symphony. And then their mental worlds turned on their heads and black became white and white became black...

The women looked at each other confusion and disbelief as they saw first what they had done to Trina and then what they had done for the sake of Danny's art, scenes from which were once more playing out on the screens all around them. Except they now knew it wasn't art but humiliation and degradation for his amusement, exactly as he had told them.

Minerva and the black girl rushed to the Wheel of Misfortune and began unbuckling Trina, who was beginning to sob and shake, saying as they did so: 'we're so sorry... we couldn't say anything earlier... he was controlling us as well...'

The other women looked around in growing rage and anger, ready to wreak a terrible vengeance on their abuser. But there was no sign of Danny in the flesh, or of KI#3. Every image of him, including his last message, had vanished, leaving only the perverted portfolios he had made of them

flickering across the gallery screens as his final farewell.

They began to cry and shout in disgust and clutch their heads in shame and disbelief as all their pent-up and unnaturally denied emotions poured out of them. And this went on until at last they collapsed in weary tears and exhaustion finally claimed them.

Chapter Ten

It was evening when Sandra and Millicent arrived together at the back gate of the gallery

‘Heard any news about him?’ Sandra asked.

‘No.’ Millicent said. ‘You?’

‘Nothing. And I don’t think we ever will. He could be anywhere by now. He’s still got KI#3 so he can make any woman help him, and all that money he took from the gallery a few days before the show.’

‘I don’t think Minerva and Tami will ever get that back,’ Millicent said.

Sandra rang the bell by the back gate. ‘Still, I suppose it could have been worse. Somebody might have sued them as well.’

It was a month after the *Suffering for a Dream* show.

Of course they now knew whose dream they had all suffered for.

In that time not a trace of Danny had been found around Thames Morton. Clearly he planned his disappearance in advance and might have made any number of contacts with women while he had worked in the gallery that Minerva and Tami knew nothing about.

An official search might have discovered his hiding place, had the details of his crimes been made public. But that was one thing Danny had miscalculated.

After the show there were no spectacular headlines or sensational news stories about scandalous sexual images of respectable women masquerading as art or a virtual sadomasochistic orgy featuring a celebrity actress/singer. Apparently reporters, male or female, did not like being in the

news themselves, especially if was in highly embarrassing and inexplicable circumstances. Trina was too ashamed to bring charges, either against Danny or the women who had abused her while under his influence. Even Trina's agent said nothing after what the three Meadmore House girls had done with him in the storeroom in the backyard at Danny's command. Nothing was mentioned of it beyond the gallery and those involved.

Once everybody had got over their shock and Minerva and Tami, finding Danny's compulsion lifted and their lips unsealed at last, had explained as best they could, the women realized they would be deeply shamed and humiliated if any of this was made public. In fact without any hard evidence they might not even be believed. How could they possibly explain why, apparently of their own volition, they had taken part in a perverted group sex orgy? No actual drugs had being used on them and who would believe some Svengali-like character had in some mysterious way been able to exert his will over dozens of women simultaneously with the aid of a single picture none of them could properly describe? It might even make them seem like weak easily led women. After all, no men had fallen under its spell.

Perhaps it was also their only means of getting back at Danny, to deny him the notoriety he had so clearly craved. Well, it helped a little if they believe that was true.

Therefore it was decided to say and do nothing on condition that Minerva and Tami wipe every image of every woman he had used and filmed from their files. It did mean nobody tried to sue then or the gallery over Danny's actions. Nor could anybody reasonably try to return anything they had bought while under his influence.

And so everybody went back to their ordinary lives and tried to pretend nothing strange had happened to them and that they had never heard of anybody called Danny Robinson. Except that for some of them that was not entirely possible...

Tami opened the gate and let them in.

She smiled ruefully. 'Sure you want another session?' she asked.

They nodded. 'I think it makes it easier if we can do it together,' Millicent said.

'I'm still wearing a chain thong,' Sandra admitted. 'I just can't give it up. It feels so... good. I'm not complete without it...' '

'I still can't bring myself to throw away the picture Danny made of me,' Millicent said. 'I mean I've got it hidden away of course, but I still get feelings looking at it... Remembering what it felt like... Then I can't get the desire out of my mind...'

'Yeah, I know what you mean,' Tami said with a resigned shrug. 'Me and Minerva have tried doing it normally again but we can't cum. We need that edge...' '

She led them through the back door of the gallery and then up the stairs to Danny's old studio. Minerva was waiting for them there. They exchanged weary smiles and reassuring hugs and chaste kisses. Yet at the same time they began to feel the old familiar excitement and anticipation coursing through them. Then they began undressing...

The studio had been cleared out except for one device in the centre of the room on the rubber mat which Minerva could not bring herself to throw away. It was something they all still needed. The four of them had been the most deeply influenced by Danny and had spent more time with him than any of the others. It seemed some of the perverted compulsions he had filled them with still lingered even after he had freed them from his control. It was as if they were recovering addicts slowly weaning themselves off the drug that had so dominated their lives for months...

When they were all naked they faced the device. It was something Danny had never got around to using on any of them for some reason. Perhaps that made it easier for them to use it on themselves...

It was a tubular metal frame like a four-sided truncated pyramid standing more than head high. Halfway down each side post was mounted an electric motor connected to a gearbox from which a pair of horizontal bamboo canes extended outwards. In the middle of the base of the pyramid

was a plate which supported a four way hinge joint from which extended sprung rods which angled upwards and outwards. On the ends of the rods were fat rubber dildos with sprung metal spur wheels on their bases. Strung around the upper end of the frame at chest height were five closely spaced elastic cords like musical staves with many small spiked wheels strung along them like beads. At face height a single horizontal elastic cord was strung round the frame with heavy rubber sheathes slid over the middle of each span. At the top and bottom corners of the frame were heavy cuffs and chains. The lower set buckled and upper ones were secured by padlocks. Next to one of these Minerva had tied a piece of string with a padlock key on the end of it frozen in a cube of ice. A power cable snaked away from the base of the frame to a wall socket.

They took up their places one on each face of the frame and buckled their ankles to the lower sets of cuffs, spreading their legs wide. Then they stood and leaned forward sliding the heads of the sprung dildo rods up into their pussies. They leaned further forward still and their breasts pressed against the bands of elastic cords. These gave as they leaned against them and the wheels turned and the staves spread a little. They reached up and padlocked their wrists into place. Now they could not get free until the key in the ice melted.

They leaned their heads forward and bit on the rubber sheathes in front of their mouths. Now they were staring at each other across the interior of the frame and saw the need in each other's eyes. Then Minerva pressed the control switch she had repositioned next to her cuffed hand.

Motors whined and the pairs of canes drew back and then swung sharply across the faces of the pyramid, smacking into their exposed bare buttocks. They yelped and jerked her hips inwards, driving the dildos deep up into their pussies. The spur wheels on their bases ground up through their clefts and over their clitorises, stabbing them with exquisite pain. As they jerked and swayed against their bonds their breasts pushed through the elastic cords strung across them, forcing them apart so they curled about their upper and lower slopes while the metal stud wheels turned and dug painfully into their soft contours. Their hard nipples pushed out through the other side of these barriers, swelling and throbbing as they pulsed with blood.

The canes were drawn back and re-cocked and then swished and cracked across their buttocks once again.

As they bounced and moaned and sobbed and impaled themselves, feeling the hot lust growing in their loins and the dildos already getting slippery as they pumped up inside their hot tight sheathes, Minerva thought dizzily: at least they were getting over Danny in their own way. At least they knew what they were doing this time! Nobody was forcing them or manipulating them with mind-altering images... Or were they?

Were these the natural and inevitable consequences of their strange experiences which they were working through as best they could, or were they KI#3 instructions deliberately left implanted in their minds? Was this Danny's final parting gift: his last cruel joke? Would there always be a little bit of Danny Robinson inside their minds, pulling the strings of their desires? They would never know...

THE END

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