

DREAM DEMONS



FETISH WORLD BOOKS

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Author's Note: All characters in this adult fiction story are at least 18 years of age.

Chapter 1

The Dream Master sits on his hollow throne which was sculpted from iron cage bars. The throne sighs and groans and whimpers as he shifts his weight. This is because the throne is filled with naked women.

There are four of them hunched down under its seat, heads inward and touching, with their whip-striped bare buttocks facing outwards filling each corner of the cage base block. Three more stood at the back of the throne. The two on the outside stand on one leg with their outer legs bent forward and up at the hips and bent down at the knees, so their thighs form armrests to the chair. The woman between them stands straight with her arms raised and cuffed together above her head, forming a fleshy pinnacle to the chair back. Her big breasts jut through the bars for the Dream Master to rest his head against.

The sculpted and contoured bars press close against all the women, holding them in position and squeezing their flesh through the gaps between them. There are large rubber dildos woven into the bars, positioned to plug every orifice. Mouths, pussy lips and anal rings are plugged alike. There are also ivy-like tendrils of iron thorns that curl about and caress hot breasts and throbbing nipples.

And so the living throne groans and dribbles with tears and lust. But then this is only right and proper, for the Dream Master is a connoisseur of pain and suffering.

He is man-like because men imagined him in their image; not only in form but in his desires, but he is certainly not human. He is the lurking presence at the back of the mind and in the shadows and above all in dreams. And from there he feeds on human lusts and fears and frailties. He is the ultimate predator that none can escape.

The chamber has a high domed roof hung with stalactites. Clumps of stalagmites cluster about the walls, flanking niches in which naked women kneel trembling in kennel-like cages. On top of each one stands an imp minion minder. They are small, naked and grotesque scarlet-skinned creatures with pointed ears and tails. Man-like penises and ball sacks dangled from between their thighs. Each carries

a small trident.

A high double doorway leads out of the chamber, which also has several small round bared windows opening onto some dark space beyond. Through them reflections of red flames flicker and the screams of female voices raised in agony and ecstasy can be heard. They are sweet music to the Dream Master.

He contemplates the images in his viewing globe, which is a glass sphere six feet across carried by four naked slave women, a little like female versions of Atlas. They kneel in a ring facing outwards, with their heads bowed and arms stretched back down behind them, pulled secured by wrist cuffs and chains, and pressed against the under curve of the globe. Graceful loops of chain hang between them, suspended from their ringed nipples, stretching them down and outwards. Their spread knees reveal they are kneeling impaled on forked dildos rising from the floor. Their juices drip down their sides.

The images within the globe change location and angle with a wave of the Master's hand. It showed in turn six women asleep in their own beds in the conscious world that many people think is all there is to reality.

The Dream Master reaches forward and twirls his fingers. The women turn in their beds, kicking off their covers in their sleep. They all sleep naked. They did not used to, but under his subtle influence they have found it more comfortable. Still sleeping, they pull up their legs and part their thighs wide and begin to play with themselves. While one hand digs into a wet cleft, the other squeezes soft hot breast flesh and pinches and twists hard nipple buds. Such pain would normally wake them, but it does not.

The Dream Master senses their growing pleasure and his penis begins to stir. He is blessed with endless capacity and desire, and, fortunately for him, the means to satisfy them. He snaps his fingers and points to one of the kennelled women.

The sentry imp on top of her cage opens its door and she emerged on her hands and knees. The imp jumps onto her back and jabs at her bare buttocks with his trident. Standing upright, he would hardly have reached her knee, but in this place, she was on her knees and he was her small master.

She shuffles over to the Dream Master's throne, her bare breasts jiggling and swaying under her. She is blonde, with a heart-shaped, innocent, open face and wide blue eyes. Those eyes are filled with despair and desire. Apart from a

heavy iron collar about her neck, there are iron weights hooked to her nipples which stretch them out painfully and clack as they swing together. There is also a chain wrapped about her face, cutting across her cheeks and into her stretched mouth where it holds an iron ring in place, lodged behind her teeth and wedging her jaws apart. There is a metal tag hanging from her collar with the name Tanya stamped upon it. It marks her as one of his own personal slaves. Every night she belongs to him alone...

Tanya kneels before him, ducks her head forward and slides the head of his swelling penis into her open, inviting mouth. Fearful and adoring, she begins to pleasure it with her tongue. It swells hugely, its head pushing at the back of her throat and then sliding down her gullet. She wants to choke, to spit it out, yet at the same time she wants it deep inside her.

While Tanya pleases the Master, her imp jumps off her back and stands behind her between her knees, jabbing his trident up into her naked cleft and the soft curves of her thighs and buttocks. Her tender parts are pricked and scratched and stabbed. She yelps and whimpers and gurgles with pain even as she gobbles on the Dream Master's penis.

Absently, he pats her head while contemplating the women in his viewing glass. They are all pretty and, at present, they are women without partners. They may imagine they are independent, but it means they have no love to anchor them. He can get inside their minds. And they all have a common weakness...

Now, unknowingly, even as their physical bodies remain in their beds, they have entered his realm. Their dreams have become a new reality shaped by his will. Carefully he must draw them in deeper, so they come to love their dark torments. Before they became his for ever, they had to believe...

Chapter 2

Of course, Sandra knew she had to be dreaming.

It was not possible that once again she was really trapped stark naked in a hellish dungeon with its relentless heat and cracked floor stretching away into the darkness, illuminated only by pits of flames. Nor was it possible that she was being abused by these tiny, misshapen red imp-demons, which were as naked as she was and had pointed tails and displayed small erect cocks. They could not really have clamped her to this infernal device, impaled her on a metal dildo, bent and spread her legs until her tendons felt as if they would snap and put hooks through the piercings where her nipple rings should be. Yes, that was it: having the rings put in had triggered the dream. Maybe she secretly felt guilty about them, even a bit wicked.

Sandra was nineteen and pale-complexioned, with a pretty, girlish face, a thick mop of dark brown curly hair and a slightly up-tilted nose. She had plump, pneumatic breasts with full pink nipples, a tight waist, fleshy rounded buttocks and a dark bush of pubic hair, trimmed back from her pussy lips. And all this was on display to please the nightmare creatures and to play with as they wished.

A heavy post of dark rough metal rose out of the floor above her head where it was capped by a crossbar with rings cast on its ends. A yoke of metal rings and rods was fastened to her neck and wrists, confining her arms up-raised on either side of her. Another ring at the back of the yoke collar was threaded through the vertical post. A second similar yoke confined her ankles, holding her feet wide apart and also linking them to the vertical pole. Her feet rested on metal blocks. The weight of the shoulder yoke bore down on her, making her squat slightly with her thighs splayed wide and knees bent, exposing her groin. Her pussy lips were parted by a fat metal dildo supported on a second shorter rod that rose up in front of the main pole.

If she could have stood up straight then she might have pulled herself off it, but with her legs turned outward and splayed wide and with the weight of the yoke on her shoulders, that was impossible.

If she could have stood up that might also have spared her breasts.

Heavy cords ran through the rings above her head and down to big fishhooks that had been thrust through her nipples. The pair of imp demons taunting her held onto the other ends of the cords and swung about on them in front of her as if performing acrobatics. They jabbered happily as they spun and twisted and kicked at her body. Every swing yanked on her hooked nipples.

Was she being punished for abusing her own body? No, that was crazy. This was all just a stupid dream. So why couldn't she wake up?

Panic took hold of her and she tried to scream, but a ball of metal in her mouth serving as a gag stifled her cry. Saliva dribbled from the corners of her wide-stretched lips and ran down her chin.

As the demons swung, chattering with glee, on the ends of the cords tied to the nipple hooks that ran up through the rings above her head, Sandra's plump young breasts were stretched and yanked upward. With a muffled shriek she strained her splayed legs in an effort to rise and ease the pain, but she could not support herself for more than a few seconds before the weight of her cruel metal yoke became too much to bear. With a choking sob she sank down again, feeling the hard, inflexible dildo slid back up inside her vagina until she thought she would burst.

The dildo shaft had felt so rough at first but now it was covered by a thick film of lubricating juices that were being inexorably sucked and pumped out of her hot wet depths. How could she react to pain like that? It was not possible that she could actually be enjoying this torment, which anyway was not happening to her. It was just a dream; a perverse nightmare and she was going to wake up!

The imps doubled themselves up in mid-air and kicked at the soft undersides of her breasts, making them bounce and shiver and tearing at her nipples.

'Come on, Sandra,' they cried in their rough, piping voices. 'Give us another cum like last time. Cum before we tear your nipples off. Do it, slut! You know you want to...'

Unwillingly, her hips were jerking and twisting about, grinding the hard dildo about within her vagina. Now it was wet with her juices and flecks of foam where they had been churned up. She wanted to escape the terrible rod, but she

felt her passageway squeezing even tighter about it.

Somehow, she must wake up before the pain became too much to bear. Or did she mean the pleasure? Oh... the guilt... the shame! She must wake up before... ahhh! Too late!

An orgasm tore through her as a spray of juices spurted out around the metal dildo and dribbled down its shaft, while her cheeks blazed with shame and her hooked nipples seemed ready to burst. That was the worst part. It felt so wonderful! How could you possibly cum like that, even in a dream, when she was being so cruelly abused and humiliated? Unless that made it more powerful?

No! It was all a dream! And yet tomorrow there would be stains on her bed sheets.

As Sandra hung limp in her metal cuffs so shamefully impaled, the jabbering demons dropped to the ground and clustered round her burning, dripping sex and began to lap up her sweet orgasmic juices. She would wake up, but only when her little demon masters had finished with her.

Chapter 3

Lisa became aware that she was hanging totally naked and spread-eagled in hot darkness. Oh no, not this place again! Why couldn't it be somewhere lovely?

Heavy bands of metal were clamped about her ankles, knees, waist, neck, elbows and wrists, pressing her back against a massive metal disk that was set upright on the hot, cracked rocky ground in the middle of stifling darkness. The face of the disk was inscribed with concentric circles, the ridges of which pressed against her buttocks and calves and back and shoulders, and straight grooves radiating outward from the centre of the disk. With a shudder she strained against her bonds, but she was held utterly immobile and totally exposed. The clamps about her knees and ankles forced her legs to turn outwards, opening her thighs wide and exposing her groin. She was on display like a target of living flesh.

Lisa was twenty. She had brown, wavy, shoulder length hair, blue eyes, a high forehead, a straight nose, and a firm chin. Her large pale breasts were tipped by up-tilted dark pink nipples. She had a tight waist, nice legs and fluffy brown curls about her pussy cleft.

Before her was an odd-looking round table accessed by a tiny flight of steps that stood facing her. A second flight of matching steps led back up from the foot of the first to butt against the disk just below the level of her spread crotch. A red demon was scampering up it carrying something in his hands that resembled a large metal champagne cork. Lisa's eyes bulged in horror and she tried to cry out, but there was something like a metal spider hooked across her mouth that jabbed her lips with sharp spikes as she tried to part them. She could only whimper in fear as the creature approached her.

How could she imagine such grotesque things? They seemed both comic and terrifying with their devil tails and stiff little penises.

'Now I'm going to put a plug in your pussy, Lisa,' he said with glee.

The demon rammed the metal cork up into her sex, parting her love lips and

forcing the thing into her vaginal passage. Lisa sobbed as she was stretched painfully wide until the bizarre cork was jammed in place, held there by the tightness of her passage, and all that showed was the bulbous end protruding from the base of her cleft.

‘The game is to see how long it takes you to squirt it out again!’

Back down the flight of steps and then up the other one the demon ran until it stood on the top of the round table. Here there was a small pot from which protruded the ends of several small red objects that looked disconcertingly familiar. The demon removed one and hefted it like a bulky tailed javelin. Lisa shivered in horror, straining again at the clamps that bound her. To her it looked like a dart!

No, not that! She had had a row with Dave about the time he spent down the Red Lion with the darts team. It had led to them splitting up. It had been stupid and petty, and she had felt guilty afterwards. Was she being punished for that? No, this was just a dream, a nightmare. It was not real...

The demon threw the dart with inhuman accuracy, hitting the bulls-eye of Lisa's plump right nipple. She felt a hot/cold stab of pain and screamed about her gag. The feather-light dart impaled on her breast bobbed and shivered as it trembled with her ragged breathing. As she sobbed in fear her nipple pulsed and tingled and her breast grew hot and heavy.

‘Right on the nipple!’ the imp cried. ‘Do you call that a nipple-eye? Anyway, that counts as twenty-fives points to me. Do you think I can do it again?’

Lisa sobbed and shook her head, pleading with her eyes, but the demon took no notice.

The second dart hit her left nipple and she felt the wave of pain and pleasure seeping out from it. She clenched the plug within her, feeling it growing slippery, even as tears ran down her cheeks. Oh God, she was lubricating and beginning to drip. What were the darts doing to her?

‘Another nipple-eye,’ the imp said. ‘It brings tears to your eyes, doesn't it, Lisa? Now, what about your pussy...’

The third dart stuck in the full swell of her right outer labial lip while the fourth

hit her left. The spasms of pain and the waves of raw pleasure that surged through her made her dizzy with shock. Between her dart-feathered lips her clitoris was swelling and pulsing. No dream had ever felt like this before.

Her tears were now dripping onto the upper slopes of her blazing breasts, while her juices were now trickling onto the flight of demon steps between her legs like a tiny impossible waterfall. It felt like a dam was building up behind the metal cork plugging her pussy.

The imp thing had one dart left and in her intensely aroused state she was presenting him with one terrible but inevitable target. No, he could not. Please no...

She shrieked as it struck and penetrated her swollen clitoris.

‘Clit-eye! Fifty points to me!’ the imp shouted in delight.

The spasm of agony and ecstasy was indescribable, as was the orgasm that ripped through her in its wake. The cork popped from her vagina as the dam of love juices burst, spraying and spluttering out of her slot and across the steps.

Even as she had been thrashing about, the imp had run back down the steps and up again to bathe in the shower of her juices.

‘Lovely, lovely... keep it coming, Lisa!’ he mocked her.

When the outpouring finally diminished, he pulled the dart out of her clitoris, giving her another surge of agony. Then he stood and pressed his little body, now shiny with her juices, against her pelvis. Bracing himself on the shafts of the darts still jammed into her labia, he rammed his stiff penis into her dripping slot. Lisa screamed in pain revulsion even as he jerked his hips back and forth and rubbed it up and down until he spurted within her.

She had been penetrated one last time.

It was only as she hung there, limp and twitching and drained and dizzy with pain and delight, that she realized how much she loved darts.

Chapter 4

As she trudged round and round the tall post to which she was tethered by an iron rod and heavy collar, Jasmine thought she knew why her subconscious was punishing her once again with this ridiculous if very dark and realistic dream.

Jasmine was aged twenty-three and an amateur athlete. She was proud of her lean, toned body. She had dusky olive skin, thick curled dark hair tied back in a fluffy ponytail, exposing her smooth rounded forehead and dark expressive brows and deep brown eyes. Her breasts were firm and capped by crimson-brown nipples. She had a tight waist, a round navel, and smooth but strong buttocks, thighs, and calves. Tight dark pubic curls were trimmed back from plump brown sex lips.

After winning her last competition she had been foolishly boastful and now she was suffering the effects of a guilty conscience. Yes, that was what it must be, although perhaps she was overdoing the degree of self-inflicted shame and degradation.

She was naked and barefoot with her arms confined in some metal sheath, wrist to elbow, behind her back. A metal mesh gag strip with a metal plug on its inside face was bound about her head, filling her mouth and pushing her tongue down and ensuring that she suffered in boast-less silence. The metal grass roller thing she towed behind her like some ridiculous training weight probably represented her guilt. But did its heavily ribbed handle end have to be plugged so deep into her anus? She had to clench her firm brown buttocks tightly to keep it from popping out of her, something she dare not risk.

She could not run but nor did she dare slow down. Unless she kept going, grinding the grit and sand down into the cracks in the broken rocky floor with the roller, the little flames which flickered redly from the cracks on either side of her would spread and her feet would start to burn.

As she plodded, sweated and strained about her eternal circuit she wondered how she could have inflicted upon herself the final perverse torment of the saw blade.

It was a triangle of metal with a serrated and angled upper edge. It was mounted on a springy rod that extended forward from partway up the roller handle between her legs. The grinding and bumping of the roller made the blade wobble and shiver, teasing the pouting lips of her sex with its jabs and pricking. As she stumbled on in a simmering state of arousal, the drips from her weeping pussy lay hissing and smoking on the ground behind her.

She saw movement out of the corner of her eye and twisted her head round even as she continued in her plodding circle. A small, grotesque, scarlet imp-thing was now seated on the cap of the post about which she marched, turning with her. In one hand he held a miniature trident. He looked absurd, but then this was a dream, so she supposed that anything was possible.

‘Enjoying yourself, Jasmine?’ he asked.

She whimpered and shook her head.

‘Good. That’s how it’s meant to be. You look very pretty suffering and sweating and dripping. We’re all enjoying it.’

Only then did she realize that there were many pairs of eyes peering at her out of the darkness. Oh God, she had an audience! It was as if she was on the track in a stadium again. But it was like that dream where she had forgotten her running kit and she had to perform naked... except this was far, far worse!

The imp jumped down onto the ground and walked along beside her.

‘But you can go faster than this...’ he told her.

He sprang onto the shaft of the roller behind her and jabbed with his trident. She screeched as its needle-sharp tips pricked her glossy buttocks. With a grunt she quickened her pace and the roller rumbled along faster. As it bounced over the rough ground it churned in her rectum end twisted the terrible blade from side to side and forward and back in her slot. Now it was cutting into her clitoris which was throbbing and burning against it.

The imp jabbed her bottom again even harder.

‘Run!’ he commanded. ‘Let’s see those pretty tits bouncing!’

And she ran. And her breasts did the bounce even as the sweat dripped off their nipples, and even as the phallic roller shaft gouged out her insides. It was agony and it was ecstasy!

Jasmine felt another orgasm rising within her loins. She tried to keep going but she stumbled and lost momentum. Behind her the roller ground to a halt and she spread her legs and shuddered and sprayed her discharge onto the hot ground.

‘Good girl! That’s the way to do it!’ said the imp.

From out of the darkness about her she thought she heard an evil chuckling and patter of applause.

What kind of perverse show had she put on? How could she have humiliated herself like this? But then it didn’t matter, she remind herself. This was all just a dream... wasn’t it?

Chapter 5

Elizabeth wanted to say how sorry she had been for telling those boys in the park playground to get off the seesaw. She had thought they looked too old to play on it. The equipment should be for real youngsters to use, not teens. They hadn't really been doing any harm, just mucking about, but full of self-righteous indignation she had confronted them, and they had slunk off, leaving her glowing with satisfaction.

Now in this nightmare dreamland it seemed that she was paying the price.

Her arms were stretched up above her head and clamped by heavy metal cuffs and a rod to a stanchion that hung down out of the darkness. A heavy ring of the same coarse metal formed a collar about her neck, rasping against her skin. Her feet, which rested on a heavy metal base plate, were spread wide and cuffed to the ends of the horizontal axle bar about which a strange kind of seesaw pivoted. Between her legs, close to the centre of the seesaw beam, two metal rods rose upward from pivoting mounts, angling inward as they did so. The end of the one in front of her plugged her vagina, while the one at the rear was socketed in her rectum.

She wished she could say how sorry she was for everything she had done, but she could not explain her remorse. There was a harsh strip of metal mesh gagging cloth bound about her head that stifled her words while stretching her lips into the forced parody of a cheery smile. It was as though she was being told by her captors: you will join in our game and enjoy yourself.

They were a pair of appropriately diminutive red demon imp things seated on the ends of device playing their own perverted version of seesaw. Each clutched a small trident with a telescopic handle so they could reach up to her even when they were seated on the ends of the seesaw beam. Elizabeth stood naked astride the middle of the seesaw between them facing along its length, with her scratched and pricked full breasts trembling.

Elizabeth was twenty-six. She had a light golden tan, collar length straight blonde hair, blue eyes, pale brows and a neat nose with a fine narrow bridge and

delicately flared nostrils. She had large glossy pale breasts with big red stand-out nipples that pointed slightly downwards, a narrow waist emphasising her hips, shapely legs, pale fleshy buttocks and a shaven pink pouting pussy cleft. All this was perfectly displayed to her tiny tormentors, and there for them to play with.

The game was very simple. As the demons rocked the seesaw up and down, the rods pumped and sucked in and out of her holes. While Elizabeth squirmed and whimpered, they enlivened things further by jabbing at her breasts and buttocks with their tridents, their pin-like tips stinging and smarting like nettles, bringing a pink blush to her pale soft, quivering flesh. The seesaw squeaked relentlessly as it pivoted, its shrill iron grating stabbing into her brain.

Elizabeth had started with dry passages but soon her juices had begun to flow copiously, even seeping under her crotch and lubricating her anus. The shame was indescribable but the ease her own fluids gave her poor abused orifices was too precious to reject. She realized that the imps had turned her into a piece of playground equipment to be used for the most perverse of amusements.

Now they began to taunt her. 'Give us a shower, Liz!' 'Get that pussy flowing!'

They began to bounce up and down on the seats on the ends of the seesaw arm, pushing it upwards even faster with their feet while jabbing Elizabeth's breasts and buttocks even more fiercely with their tridents.

The iron rods were pumping and plunging and sucking frantically inside her front and rear. With a sob, Elizabeth orgasmed once again. This time the spray of her juices trickled as far as the axle pivot. To her fleeting joy, the terrible squeaking abruptly stopped. She had lubricated it with her own intimate natural oil!

The demons jabbered their mocking approval, briefly slapping her sore breasts and buttocks with the flats of their tridents instead of stabbing her. Elizabeth felt a brief, perverse thrill of satisfaction as the seesaw rocked on in silence. Gradually she was learning to play the game.

Chapter 6

She was the pupil and the demon was the master, Dawn thought. She must remember that. This hot, dark place was her new schoolroom. She had been a bad teacher and now she must suffer for it. Of course, it would hurt, but it was necessary. It was the price of guilt. Did that make sense? Yes, because this was the place for the naked truth.

Dawn was twenty-four. She had shoulder length dark hair framing her slightly angular intelligent features. She had dark eyes under dark straight brows, a firm straight nose and a determined chin. She was pale complexioned and of a lean build, with jutting breasts with prominent dark pink nipples that could be embarrassingly prominent. She had a slim waist and slender hips, a neat round bottom, and a naked pale pussy mound deeply cleft.

Dawn's torso and legs as far as her knees were level with the ground, with her face and firm, neat, conical breasts with their plump pointed nipples facing upward. Her thighs were spread wide and her knees were bent so that her feet rested flat on the ground. Her arms were twisted and bent painfully sideways and backward at the shoulders, so they extended almost straight down to where her palms also rested flat on the ground. To ensure she kept her hands and feet in place, they had somehow been cast into hemispherical metal blocks that were impossible to escape and which anchored her to the floor.

Her shoulders and back and knees felt as if they were on fire and ready to snap from the strain of holding her awkward posture. She could have sagged in the middle and rested her bottom on the floor to ease the strain on them, except that there was a cluster of sharp spikes positioned under her buttocks to prevent this very thing. She had already jabbed herself on them several times so that her buttocks smarted, but beyond uttering small shrill squeaks of pain she had dared not open her mouth any further to complain.

Her teeth were clamped about a small ball that was fastened to the end of a taut cord that ran along and over body to a ring secured just behind the tip of a thin rod. On the actual rod tip was set a piece of chalk. The other end of the rod, capped by a fat plug, was buried in her vagina.

By swaying her hips and twisting her head and clamping the rod end firmly inside her, it was just possible for Dawn to steer the chalk at the tip of the rod. That was her challenge and penance. Mounted in front of her trembling knees was a blackboard and on it, a painful wobbling slash at a time, she was doing her lines.

Dawn's efforts were not helped by her tiny angry red tutor. He stood on a small platform at the top of a flight of metal steps positioned beside her, jabbering and pointing at the board and prodding her perversely stiff nipples with his trident to make her try harder.

'Call that an "A"?' he asked. 'Is that meant to be an "E"? And that is the sloppiest "G" I have ever seen! You can do better!'

To emphasise his point, he clambered off the steps onto her body and sat astride the mounds of her breasts, clasping them between his thighs and rubbing his stiff little cock obscenely against her hard nipples.

'Maybe you can't write properly, but you do have lovely soft tits,' he complimented her.

As he shifted from one breast mound to the other, masturbating over them frantically, he jabbed the free mammary with his trident. Dawn yelped and fresh tears flowed from her eyes and down her cheeks. This did not help her writing and Dawn blinked and gritted her teeth as she struggled to form the words while the base of the chalk rod grew more slippery within her.

"I AM A VERY BAD GIRL," she wrote over and over. She knew she would not be allowed to leave detention until she had finished her lines.

The demon grunted and sprayed his hot sperm over her left breast and stomach. Unable to stop herself, Dawn's hips bucked and she clamped hard about the plug in her vagina and squirted out orgasmic juices over the shaft of her chalk rod. She lost control of its tip and drew a chalk slash right across the board.

As the incredible orgasmic glow faded and the pain returned, she stared at the board through misty eyes in horror. Oh no, she would have to start all over again!

She should never have given the whole class lines last week. They were not all

bad, she was! So very bad... and now she was paying for it in the only way possible.

Chapter 7

Mary shuffled on her hands and knees over the cracked and steaming ground, weaving her way between the fire pools and glowing clumps of stalagmites as her demon rider directed.

She was twenty-five. She had thick, shoulder-length dark brown hair, an intelligent face with a high forehead, steady brown eyes, and cool composed features. Broad shoulders and wide hips emphasised her tight waist. She had heavy pale breasts, large brown nipples, smooth buttocks, and dark curls crowning pale pussy lips.

Normally Mary stood straight and upright. Now, in this nightmare, she had been reduced to the form of a clumsy, crawling, submissive creature. A bridle of metal straps was bound about her head, holding a bit in her mouth, while her hands, knees and feet had somehow been cast into metal blocks. They protected her from the heat and rough ground, but they were so heavy it made her arms and legs feel like lead. Still by now she had got used to the weight of them. This was not her first time in this dream.

Mary's rider, always the same demon as far as she could tell, rode in a small high-backed saddle strapped to the small of her back. No, she corrected herself, not a saddle. In view of the difference in their respective sizes, more like a chair or a howdah on an elephant's back. Its weight grated against her skin. It was held in place by a broad heavy metal band about her waist and a strap connecting it to the back of the heavy rough metal ring that seemed to have been cast about Mary's neck to form a collar.

She could never remember how these things came to be fitted to her. They were just there as soon as she woke up in this nightmare world. Or perhaps, more correctly, fell into it in her sleep.

Rods running from a steering handle the demon held connected to the large cheek rings of Mary's bit and bridle. A tug on this directed her left and right. If he wanted her to move faster, he pressed on a foot pedal. This was connected to a sliding rod that ran back under his chair over her haunches, bent back on itself

and plugged its fat conical tip into her anus. A few jabs up her bottom soon had her shuffling along briskly.

Of course, greater speed also exacerbated the exquisite pain of the heavy double-ended pin that hung between, and was skewered through, both nipples of her large swaying breasts. It was something else she had become used to, even to welcome. It was so terrible it was wonderful.

In, for want of a better word, the real world, Mary was a timid librarian who occasionally got up the courage to complain of cutbacks, being overworked and of being burdened with too much responsibility. Afterwards she would feel ashamed of having made such a fuss. Then one day she had found herself here where she was treated as a literal beast of burden.

At first, she had been terrified and wished only that she could wake up. But after a time she had learned there was a strange thrill in being used like an animal. And it didn't matter because it was not real. It was her own secret perversion that nobody who knew would ever guess. It made her feel... special. Just the thought of being used to like this...

Mary paused and shuddered as she felt overwhelmed by the wonderful horrifying intensity of it, spraying out a mist of orgasmic juices onto the hot ground.

Her driver paused to allow her to discharge her orgasm, dribbling her juices down her thighs.

'You enjoy being ridden, don't you, Mary?' he said.

Feebly she nodded.

When she was done, a prod in her bottom sent her shuffling on again.

Finally, after she had crawled for miles and when she was totally exhausted, her driver allowed her to slump down flat on the ground. The iron pin skewered through her nipples dug painfully into her soft mounds as they flattened over it. The imp climbed off his chair and went around to stand between her splayed thighs. He pulled out the control rod from between her buttock cheeks, gave them a few slaps, and then rammed his own stiff scarlet penis up into her aching anus.

‘Squeeze your asshole tight, bitch,’ he commanded. And she obeyed.

Of course, Mary was quite certain it was all only a strange secret repeating dream. What else could it be? She always awoke the next morning back in her own bed.

However, that did not explain the pinpricks in her nipples, the strange bruising she felt in her rectum... or the slippery trace of what might have been sperm that so often oozed from within it.

Chapter 8

The Dream Master smiles as he contemplates his sextet of pretty maids. The viewing globe showed them waking up, caressing their naked bodies and wondering at the soiled state of their inflamed and aching vulvas and sore nipples and those strange scratches on their breasts and buttocks. Then the memories of their nights adventures in his realm melt away with daylight and are then dismissed, once again, as mere dreams. But he can tell by the depth and number of those pricks and scratches and how long they linger, that their certainty is weakening as their belief in what is true and what is fantasy is steadily eroded with each visit.

Their individual feelings of guilt had been his way into their minds, playing on their subconscious need to be punished and amplifying it. Eventually it would become a desire in itself. They will want to be punished simply for being what they are and to find that peace beyond doubt or uncertainty where they surrender totally to the will of another. But he must not rush them. They must be brought to their destiny by careful steps. Tonight, he will move them on to the next stage of their path to enslavement.

Meanwhile, he amuses himself with another of his dream pets.

A black girl is suspended from a beam on the end of a heavy chain that extends up into the gloom of the arching roof of his chamber. She hangs in a “V” of pretty, bare brown flesh under the beam, with her legs bent up and stretched out straight and her ankles clamped to its ends, while her arms are drawn up over her head and clamped on either side of its midpoint. Her wiry black hair has been gathered together in a topknot above her head and woven about a metal ring which is chained to the very middle of the beam above her. Her white teeth show where her full lips are stretched back by the rubber bit clamped between them. Her glossy breasts and buttocks tremble, and there is both hope and fear in her soft brown eyes. And yet she is also in the grip of intense arousal. The plump lips of her shaven labia gape wide and drip, while her chocolate brown nipples strain fit to burst.

The metal tag hanging from the girl’s collar has “Judy” stamped on it.

A pair of imps are warming Judy up, twirling her around on the chain and pricking her most intimate parts with their tridents. She sobs and moans and yelps and dribbles and grows hotter and more desperate.

The Dream Master parts his robes and gestures. The imps stop their torments and drag Judy towards him, the chain from which she suspended running across a track in the ceiling. In a moment she hangs over his chair. Her groin and buttocks are level with his waist as he sits on his throne. This means that his huge stiff penis slides easily up into her gaping slot, forcing her lips apart and filling her passageway to its limits.

Judy moans as she is plugged, her lower belly bulging with his presence within her. Then she begins to jerk and twist her hips about, sucking desperately on him with her internal muscles. Now the only desire she has is to please him. The Dream Master smiles and reaches up and cups and squeezes her breasts and stretches out her plump dark nipples, pulling her harder onto him.

He shifts his hold on her, cupping her taut buttocks and lifting, pulling his shaft out of her clenching vagina, only to re-impale her rectum with it.

She shrieks and dribbles about her gag bit as her anal ring is stretched close to bursting. Yet despite, or perhaps because of the pain, her eyes roll up in ecstasy.

Now she is jerking and twisting frantically, making her suspending chain clink and jangle. Her still gaping and recently stretched vagina is pouring with juices that trickle over the shaft of his penis where it is buried in her backside.

He grunts in pleasure and discharges himself into her entrails. She spasms and then expels her own juices in return, and then she faints and hangs limp and insensible above him, still impaled upon his erection like a butterfly. He smiles and strokes her sweaty body.

In the end women are so happy to surrender themselves to him and embrace the joys of pain and passion he has to offer, he muses. Really, they should be honoured by his interest. They do not realize how special his chosen subjects are. Barely one in a thousand are suitable for his needs. And he still leaves their lovely bodies for men to enjoy during the day. It is only at night when he is their sole and total master, joining his harem of pain and delight.

And soon the roster of that harem will increase by six...

Chapter 9

Sandra never remembered how she arrived in her nightmares.

One moment she was in her bed drifting off to sleep, and then she was in some grotesque form of bondage, without ever recalling arriving in this place of heat and dark and jagged rocks, or how she had been put into the devices. She supposed theimps had done it. Was she still sleeping while they handled her? The thought made her shudder. But then this was all a dream, she reminded herself, so she supposed that normal logic did not apply. She had not really travelled anywhere, and nobody had handled her. This was all happening in her mind. And yet it felt so very real. And now the details of her torment had changed for the first time in weeks, but not for the better...

She was suspended over a bed of rollers, each like oversize kitchen rolling pins, which were studded with stubby metal spikes. Two posts arose from the sides of the base frame that contained the rollers and were joined by a crossbar above her from which she hung. Her body was hogtied, with her arms folded around behind her back and strapped together. A strap bound across her cheeks and ran behind her head held a ball gag in her mouth. There was some hook at the back of the strap under tension, keeping her head up. There were more straps about her neck and upper arms and waist and knees and ankles, all pulling upwards and inwards to some single large hook or ring above her, so that her torso, hips and legs formed a natural curve. The rollers beneath her were set in their supporting frame at different heights so that they mirrored this curve. It was clear what their purpose was.

While she was suspended clear of the rollers this did not matter but she was slowly sinking downwards. There was an imp riding on her back working some kind of chain-pulley system that rattled and clicked, lowering her downwards. She whimpered and chewed on her gag and squirmed in terror, but it was no good.

Her pendant breasts touched the rollers first and she winced as the spikes stabbed into them. Then her belly pressed against them and her hips and the pout of her pubic mound and the fronts of her thighs. She was not resting against

them hard, but it was enough to indent her skin. She stopped squirming because that only added to the pain. But she was not allowed to remain motionless along.

The imp on her back took hold of a short rod attached to the back of her collar, and another rod with a hook on its end that was buried in her rectum. Braced by them he began to sway back and forth. Slowly but with increasing speed, Sandra began to swing as well.

The front of her body was rubbed up and down the curve of the rollers, which turned as it passed over them, jabbing her with dozens of metal spikes. She shrieked and gurgled with pain as her breasts were pummelled and jabbed and her nipples, perversely hard as always, were pricked. The spikes ground across her belly and thighs and seemed to flow upwards so they even rasped into the cleft of her vulva.

She felt her clitoris, which was also hardening, being pricked. As always in these dreams, that was terrifying and yet so exciting. She felt a surge of hot juices flowing through her cleft.

Some of the spikes seemed to become entwined with her pubic hair and tore strands of it out. It felt as if she was being plucked!

Faster and faster she swung up and down the bed of pain. The imp on her back was chortling in delight.

‘That’s right, Sandra, you give me a nice ride with plenty of screams and tears! Don’t hold back!’

By then she couldn’t have controlled herself even if she had tried. The whole front of her the body was being jabbed and scratched and rasped and scraped. She felt it burning and turning raw. Had her soft breast skin been torn? Was that blood? The pain was overwhelming...

With a sob of despair, she felt her bladder give way and her pee hissed over the spinning rollers, splashing and spreading from one to the other until it coated her body and burned her scraped and pricked flesh.

The pain seemed to join with the illicit arousal from the spikes rasping through her slippery pussy cleft. She felt her loins burst as her juices sprayed out of her vulva to mingle with her urine.

The Imp bounced up and down on her back in delight. ‘I’ve got a pee-er and a cummer! The first one of the night...’

Chapter 10

Lisa was running across the hot cracked ground of her nightmare. But that she was not escaping from it, because she was still not free. She had simply been put into a fresh torment. It was a change, and at least there were no darts, but it was hardly for the better.

She was running in a curious, clumsy, bowlegged gait, not only because her arms were strapped together behind her back, which unbalanced her and made her hips roll more than normally, but because she was straddling a crotch-high narrow metal rail that cut into her pussy. The rail was supported by a row of short metal posts that weaved around between the jagged rocks and spiky stalagmites to join itself once again and form a closed loop.

With every stride the rail rasped through her flesh slot. And it was not smooth but undulating and knobbly with stubby spikes and clumps of irregular serrations that rasped through her sensitive lips. The rail bruised and pummelled and tickled her, filling her with pain and illicit arousal.

The rail had started off quite dry, as everything was dry in this baking place, but now after several circuits it was shiny with her juices. Although in the heat this gloss was beginning to evaporate off by the time she returned for another lap, leaving a kind of scabby crust on the rail.

She champed down on the bit in her mouth, dribbling about it as she panted and sweated. How she would have loved to stop. But of course, that was not permitted.

A dozen imps lined the course, squatting on the truncated tops of broken stalagmites that formed natural seats and viewing platforms. As she passed them, they jabbed at her with their tridents, which seemed to grow longer shafts as required so they could reach her, or else smacked the flat sides of them across her breasts and buttocks.

‘You can run faster than that, Lisa!’ they cried. ‘Keep those tits bouncing!’

And her big pale breasts, glossy with sweat, were bouncing. At the same time her fleshy buttocks were rolling and shivering with each step. What a spectacle she was making of herself!

Sometimes the imps sprang off their seats and onto her back and clung onto her collar with their feet resting on the straps that bound her arms and rode her like a horse, jabbing their tridents down onto her bare bottom.

‘Faster! Faster!’ they shouted in her ear.

She tried to go faster, but she was dizzy from exhaustion and the terrible tearing of the rail through her pussy. She wanted a drink even though her bladder felt full and her clit was hard and her loins were churning and...

And then everything inside her burst and her juices sprayed out messily over the rail, mingling with a jet of pee, and she slumped forward across it and hung there limply while the imps cheered.

Chapter 11

Jasmine also had to contend with a new torment.

She was staked out spread-eagled on a big thick circular metal slab that nestled between the clumps of rocks. It had a complex depression cast into its upper face, so that it just fitted the back side of her body and she seemed to be half immersed in the rough metal. The usual heavy clamps about her neck and wrists and waist and ankles held her firmly in place, while her mouth was plugged by a metal ball.

By itself her new posture was almost restful, compared to the previous torment. She was not straining to pull a roller rounding endless circles and, although the metal was almost hot underneath her back and bottom, it was bearable. She could have lain there quite happily for hours, accepting the heat and the exposure in exchange for freedom from pain and humiliation. But of course, she was not permitted such tranquillity

The rim of the massive slab in which she was imprisoned had eight radiating flights of short steps running up to it built to an impish scale. And a dozen imps were continuously using these to run up and down onto the top of the slab. And they were not barefoot this time, but they wore tiny boots of metal with spiked soles, like football boots! The clatter of their metal boots on the metal slab made a continuous rattle and clanging and ringing that seemed to reverberate through her.

And when they were on the top of the slab, they danced upon her!

Literally, they stumped about and pirouetted and skipped and hopped on her unprotected body. They were using her as a living, fleshy, bouncy castle!

‘Weee!’ ‘Yahay!’ ‘Boing!’ they cried out in delight.

They ground down her plump brown breasts and drove her dark nipples deep into their fleshy pillows. They sprang off them onto her stomach, leaving scarlet and purple indentations in her flesh. Then they skipped across her navel to the

pubic curls crowning her mound and stamped on them. Even as she was yelping and whimpering from this treatment, they then kicked her clitoris with their steel toe caps, driving it deep into its most wet furrow. That made her scream about her gag, even as she wondered why it had to be so hard.

Then they scampered off the slab and down the steps and disappeared from her line of sight, leaving her sobbing and blinking away the tears. She could not tell from which direction they would appear again to leap on top of her.

For several moments she was left untouched and seemingly alone. Then columns of the imps suddenly bounded up the steps coming from different directions and sometimes crossing through each other to run across her body, leaping and bouncing and stomping and gouging her flesh. From side to side and head to toe they ran across, using her as a fleshy pathway and dancing floor and pneumatic amusement.

Soon the upper side of her body was raw and scraped and bruised from chest to knees with their spiked boot prints, while her tears were soaking into her hair. What had she got to do to end this torment?

And then the whole crowd of them clattered up onto the slab and jumped on top of her, stomping and bouncing. Two rings of four encircled her breasts and began to kick them from all sides, making them wobble and shiver like jellies with chocolate cherries throbbing on their crowns, while a pair of the imps jumped up and down on her lower belly, compressing her bladder, while two more took turns kicking her clitoris.

That was too much!

A stream of pee spurted out from between her legs over the top of the slab, making the imps jump aside, while she felt her loins emptying themselves in a convulsive orgasmic spasm. And then, drained and exhausted and beyond caring, she slumped limply back into her metal hollow.

Dimly she heard the imps cheering.

Chapter 12

Elizabeth was free of the terrible seesaw now, which at least reduced her feelings of guilt, but the imps had found a fresh torment for her.

She was standing but bent forward at right angles from the hips. A slab of metal the size and shape of a door divided her body at the waist, disconcertingly feeling as if it had been cast about her. Her hips and legs were on one side and her head and torso and arms were on the other. Her arms were pulled up and back, painfully twisted at the shoulders so that her wrists were clamped by the slab and her hands stuck out on the other side. At least this helped support her upper body.

Her head was held upright and facing forward by a pair of metal hooks with long shafts that extended down from the face of the slab and hooked into the sides of her mouth, stretching her lips back in a ghastly grin. Her feet were spread wide and her toes were pushed through gaps in the base of the slab. Heavy clamps fitted to the sides of the slab held her ankles in position.

This posture meant that her big breasts dangled freely beneath her, while her bare bottom was thrust out and her thighs were parted, exposing her groin. Dimly she wondered who made these terrible devices. And then she realized that was a foolish thing to think, because it must be her, since they could only be constructs of her own mind helping to fill out her nightmare. Was that sick? Did she hate herself that much?

Of course, whoever built it, the imps took full advantage of the helpless posture it forced her into.

There was one in front of her now, reaching up to take hold of her dangling breasts and clenching her nipples hard and actually swinging on them like in an adventure playground. She screamed in pain, dribbling about her stretched lips, as she thought her breasts were going to tear. No, don't think of playgrounds!

'Come on, Big Tits, give us a smile!' the imp mocked her.

When she only sobbed and whimpered, he let go of her breasts, picked up his trident and jabbed up at them. She shrieked as her soft flesh was pricked and cut. Desperately she forced her stretched lips into a grin.

‘There, that wasn’t so hard was it?’ he said cheerfully.

There were at least two other imps working on the other side of the slab. She could not see them, of course, but she could feel what they were doing to her.

One of them was sitting on the fleshy shelf her haunches made, straddling the swell of her buttocks and facing outwards and jabbing her buttocks enthusiastically with his trident. The other one must be standing between her spread legs jamming upwards with his trident into the fleshy pouch of her pussy.

They were jabbing and prodding away at her most sensitive parts and the pain was getting worse. Even though it was only a dream, as she kept telling herself, she was terrified that they would do her some serious harm. And yet she could feel she was also dripping with excitement that made her cheeks burn in shame. Somehow the pain and the arousal kept getting mixed up in this place.

The imp sitting on her bottom jabbed extra hard, even as the one standing between her legs slid the head of his trident into her cleft and churned it about. At the same time the imp in front of her skewered her nipples.

That was too much!

Elizabeth shuddered and jerked within her confining slab as she orgasmed, and then sobbed as the shock and pain broke her self-control and a glistening stream of pee spurted out over the hot ground.

Chapter 13

At least now she could rest her back, Dawn thought. She didn't have her arms and legs bent down underneath her to carry her weight. In fact, they were now stretched upwards and outwards. Chains fastened to cuffs around her wrists and ankles ran up to the tops of a ring of four stalagmites that surrounded her. Her back and buttocks rested on the hot cracked ground. She was still naked, of course, but compared to her previous posture it was not so uncomfortable. Nor did she have a chalk rod plugged into her pussy so she could write her lines. But that orifice was still suffering.

A pair of metal hooks held the mouth of her vulva wide open, tensioned by chains stretching out sideways under her upraised thighs. Everything was exposed: her wet pink secret valley, her clitoris and the dark mouth of her vagina. It was almost like a target of flesh with a bull's-eye in the middle. In fact, that was exactly the intention...

She looked down the length of the body between her breasts and the "V" of her spread legs to where a party of four imps were shouldering something that vaguely resembled, on their scale, a battering ram.

It was about the size of a household broom but made of metal. Where the bristles should have been on its head there were metal spikes. About halfway along it was an under-slung dildo and a curving serrated blade of metal.

The imps lined it up with her open groin and one of them shouted. 'Charge!'

They pounded forward, with the spiked head of the device leading. Dawn bit on her gag and shook her head. No, not again... ahhh!

The head of the ram passed between her legs and over her stomach and slammed into the undersides of her trembling breasts. At the same time, the underslung dildo plunged into her gaping pussy, making her lower stomach bulge from within. While it plugged her passageway to the hilt, its serrated blade rasped through the cleft of her sex, tearing at her clitoris. The spiked head of the ram drove on deep into the undersides of her breasts, making them roll backwards

and flatten and pile upwards in a heap as the spikes gouged into them.

Her body shuddered at the impact, yanking against the chains that held her in position, while tears filled her eyes.

‘Good aim, lads – right up her cunt hole!’ one of the imps said.

Then the ram was pulled out of her. Her stretched and bulging pussy let it go with a sucking pop, dribbling juices, while her breasts sagged down once again, now studded on their undersides with dozens of scarlet and purple pockmarks and little spots of blood.

The team of imps stepped backwards, shouldered the ram and then charged once more.

By the tenth time they rammed her, splatters of juices squirted out of Dawn’s bruised and gaping pussy lips even as the dildo punished her bruised passageway, while the undersides of the breasts were blazing and raw.

The worse thing was, even as she writhed in agony, Dawn could also feel the terrible excitement and arousal rising within her. Her nipples were hard and so was her clit and she was dribbling freely. She was being used so cruelly that it was actually turning her on. What was wrong with her? Did it matter if this was only a dream? But how sick was it to have such a dream in the first place?

The imps charged again. The dildo plunged into her dripping pussy with an audible glugging sound, squirting out juices as it filled her, while the ram head jabbed into her simmering breasts, making them bulge and shiver and rise like tiny scarlet mountains.

It was too much or perhaps just enough.

Dawn shrieked as she clenched the terrible dildo inside her, while a messy stream of pee spurted out of her raw pussy into the faces of the imps, who laughed and skipped aside.

‘Now she’s learning how it works here,’ one said in satisfaction.

Chapter 14

Mary was straddling a big wedge-shaped metal slab, shaped like the segment of an orange, resting on its curved face with its sharp straight edge upwards. She was sitting astride it as one might a horse. Except that there was no comfortable saddle to sit on, only a pair of big dildos on which she was impaled front and rear.

She wished she could clamber off the terrible thing, but her arms were cuffed behind her back and there were heavy cuffs about her ankles chained to eyebolts set in the lower rim of the slab. There was some slack in the chains, but not enough for her to pull herself off the dildos. There was also a ring set in the front of the slab, where its ridge met its up-curving outer rim as it tapered and narrowed to a point. A pair of chains hooked to her nipples were fastened to this ring. There was also some slack in them, but not enough to permit her to escape. She would sit there for as long as theimps wished.

Now she was the rider instead of being ridden. But she was still going to suffer.

There were a pair ofimps standing in front and behind the ends of the wedge. They took hold of more chains fastened to its twin prows and began to take turns pulling on them.

The slab began to rock back and forth.

Mary whimpered as she was rocked along with it. Her cuffed legs slithered back and forth across its flat sides she tried to brace itself, but the shifting of her hips set the dildos sucking and plunging inside her, making her buttocks and belly swell as they were filled from within. Even she groaned and whimpered and bit on her gag, she was thrown backwards and the twin chains yanked on her nipples, stretching them and her big breasts out into fleshy cones.

Back and forth she rocked, churning the dildos inside her, dribbling and whimpering in pain.

Asimps reinforced the rolling motion with their carefully timed tugs, the

impetus grew and the wedge pitched and bucked with greater force, throwing Mary about wildly, like the rider on a Bucking Bronco machine.

She was sobbing in pain and whimpering each time her nipples were yanked. The chains tethering her ankles rattled and jingled futilely about the sides of the slab. She was totally helpless to save herself from the torment – and its shameful side-effects.

A froth was growing about her plugged orifices as the dildos sucked and pumped away inside her, and her juices poured out. It was painful and humiliating and yet once again somehow sexually arousing. Her cheeks were burning with the realisation of what was happening to her, but she could do nothing to stop it.

If this was just a dream, then what did it matter? It might be perverted but why shouldn't she enjoy it? But deep down it felt too real to pass off so lightly. It mattered. Somehow the dream was changing her...

By now the wedge sides of the slab were wet with the juices flowing underneath her thighs, lubricating them and making them slide about more easily. The wedge was pitching and wallowing crazily, like a boat in a storm. She was being flung forward and back, impaling herself ever deeper. She felt the heat bubbling in her loins even as the terrible dildos churned about inside her, pressing on her bladder...

The shattering orgasm tore through her even as a gush of pee spurted out of her aching and divided cleft, along with her juices, separating neatly down the sides of the wedge in a mini waterfall and dripping onto the ground.

The imps stopped pulling on their chains and slowly the wedge rocked itself into stillness. Mary sat astride it still impaled, hunched over, soiled, limp and drained.

‘They’ve all cum and peed now, lads,’ one of the Imps said. ‘He will be pleased...’

Who were “they”, and who was “He”, Mary wondered dimly?

Chapter 15

The Dream Master was amusing himself with another of his favourite girls: a petite but full-busted redhead called Amy.

At this moment, Amy was strapped to an H-shaped frame that was supported on pivoting joints between two waist-high posts. The crossbar of the frame was pressed into the hollow of her back and a strap bound it to her waist. Her arms and legs were spread out wide and her wrists and ankles were strapped to the tips of the "H". Her jaws were wedged open by hooks stretched across the sides of the frame so that they gaped invitingly. Heavy rubber garters bound about her upper thighs with hooks on their insides stretched the lips of her naked sex mouth wide.

The Dream Master could flip the frame over and over, spinning it between its supports, so that Amy's naked body was tumbled in front of him, her pale melon breasts bobbing and heaving with liquid motion. Her red gaping lips, the deep dark cleft of her buttocks with its puckered anal mouth, and the open pit of her pussy were all there ready for his use.

But first of course, he had to tenderise her first.

He had a cruel leather lash that he swung against her tumbling body, beating her front and rear so that no part escaped. Her body turned from pink to scarlet and crimson, crisscrossed with blazing stripes. Her breasts were flattened and sprang out again. Her buttocks blazed and her gaping, pink-lipped sex mouth dribbled in desperation.

He stopped the tumbling rack and plunged his shaft into her smooth hot buttock cleft, stretching her anal ring and filling her to bursting point as she shrieked and sobbed in terror and delight. He pumped inside her for a few seconds and then ejaculated, leaving her filled with his seed.

He pulled his massive cock out and spun her around again till he stopped her by claspings fistfuls of her hair. His shaft, undiminished in hardness or potency, slid between her gaping lips and down her throat. She squirmed and thrashed about,

close to choking and yet desperate for the taste of him. Another squirt of sperm went down her throat.

He pulled out again and spun her some more and then stopped her when her hooked-wide pussy cleft was open to him. He plunged inside it and filled her, making her stomach bulge, and discharged himself from the third time. He pulled out while she was still in despair and need, not quite at the point of orgasm.

He set her tumbling again, now dribbling his sperm from every orifice, trickling over her belly and thighs and buttock crack and across her face and into her hair. As her eyes flashed past, he saw they were wide with desperate need, as they should be.

Taking pity on her, he plunged into her bottom once again while she squeezed on him in gratitude.

Then the viewing globe flashed, alerting him to the fact that his special batch of women were waking up after their night's ordeal.

Still with his shaft buried deep inside a softly sobbing Amy, he watched as the women stirred and sat up in their beds, looking bleary eyed and confused.

Then he smiled as their pretty faces contorted in dismay.

They were discovering that not only were their beds soiled with orgasmic juices, but urine as well. The shameful discharges they had dreamed about having had been real! And if they were real, then what else had been real? Now they would unsure if what they had experienced had simply been a dream. Fear and doubt would set in. What was wrong with them, they would wonder? But it was a shameful subject to broach with anybody else. For a while they would keep it to themselves, suffering in silence while they searched for answers. They needed guidance and advice and reassurance. He could use that need to draw them in deeper into his world. They were ready for stage three...

Chapter 16

Sandra, Lisa, Jasmine, Elizabeth, Dawn and Mary all knew something was different the moment they woke into one of their special dreams.

This was not one of their familiar torments and for a moment they felt disconcerted and lost. And yet there was no doubt where they were. About them was still the hot darkness of the caverns of pain, illuminated by flickering flames, with its cracked, crazy-paving ground and the spiky forms of stalactites and stalagmites glowing eerily. But this time it seemed that they had human companions to share it with.

The six of them were seated on heavy high chairs of the familiar rough-hewn metal that had been arranged in a ring, so that they all faced inward. As they blinked and looked about them into the eyes of five other naked women, for a moment they felt embarrassed and ashamed of their own shameful exposure. The identical thought sprang into all their minds: why had they dreamed them up to intrude upon their private fantasies and all their associated humiliations?

They were all similarly restrained individually, with the typical heavy metal clamps pressing about their necks and waists and wrists and thighs and knees and ankles, securing them to the chairs so that they sat stiffly upright with their arms pressed down on the armrests. The seats were wedge-shaped, wide at the front and narrow at the back, so their thighs were parted wide. The seats had no in-filling and their buttocks and thighs were only supported by narrow shelves about their edges, leaving their groins exposed. The space beneath them was tall enough for an imp to stand under. Metal hoops sheathed in rubber that plugged into the chair backs had been pushed across their mouths, stretching back their lips and baring their teeth. But the hoops did not plug their mouths completely, and they were thin enough for them to speak around.

But it was how they were each connected to the rest of the women that was bizarre and frightening and, of course, painful.

Large fishhooks had been passed through their nipples and each of these was connected to the elastic rim of what could only be described as a small circular

trampoline. The tension stretched their nipples and breasts out from their chests and a little sideways. In the gaps between the chairs there were flights of small metal steps of the sort the imps used. There was also some device resting under the middle of the trampoline, but they could not quite make it out through its mesh. As the realisation of this bizarre arrangement struck them, they all began to moan in pain, while tears sprang to their eyes.

Half a dozen scarlet imps carrying tridents emerged from the darkness and scampered up the steps and onto the trampoline. The women screamed as they began to bounce up and down on it, making their breasts and nipples stretch out like elastic.

The imps laughed at their distress; bouncing about with their stiff penises bobbing and wagging, and then lunging at the women with their tridents, jabbing into the taut upper slopes of their distended breasts.

‘That’s right, girls, you have a good sob!’ they cried. ‘Don’t worry, your titties can take it!’

‘Introductions!’ another cried. He bounced around the perimeter of the trampoline, jabbing at each woman in turn. ‘This Sandra, Lisa, Jasmine, Elizabeth, Dawn and Mary.’

The women whimpered, staring at each other in wonder and confusion.

‘You’re not very polite, are you?’ one of the imps said sternly. ‘As you’re all sharing this experience and your tits are joined together in such a friendly way, the least you can do is say hallo to each other...’

The imps bounced across the trampoline and again jabbed their tridents into the upper slopes of the women’s taut breasts.

‘Hallo... hallo... hallo...!’ the women screamed into each other’s faces desperately, with fresh tears streaming down their cheeks.

‘But of course, each of you thinks that the others must just be part of your own dream,’ said the imps. ‘So, ask them: do you come here often?’ the imp prompted

‘Do you come here often?’ the women screamed to each other.

‘Now answer!’

‘Yes... yes, I do!’ they each cried. Then they looked at each other in wonder. Perhaps they were not alone...

‘We’ll let you think about that,’ said the imp. ‘Meanwhile, let’s have some fun...’

The imps scampered back down the steps again and disappeared underneath the women’s chairs. Straining to look downwards, the women could see them grinning up at them from between their parted thighs. Then the women began to jerk and yelp afresh as the imps’ tridents were jabbed up into their exposed buttocks and pussy clefts.

‘What a lot of pretty cunts and bum cracks!’ they heard them crying from beneath them.

By now the women’s tears were running down their cheeks and about their stretched breasts and falling between their parted thighs onto the imp’s heads.

‘It’s raining misery!’ one cried in delight.

‘Let’s make it rain something else...’ another imp suggested.

They ran to the device under the middle of the trampoline. The women heard grating sounds as if objects were being manoeuvred beneath them. Then they saw metal ramps being slid across the ground, a little like the mobile stairs used to board large aircraft, until one each was positioned between their splayed legs with its top lip pressing into the clefts of their naked pussies.

‘Have you met our love snakes yet?’ the imps called out, once again clustering about the device under the breast trampoline. There was the sound of small hatches being slid up. Then came the sounds of metal slithering across the rough rocky floor. The women strained against the clamps about their necks, peering downwards between their splayed knees.

Six forms came into view. They were snakes seemingly made of metal, about half a metre long and as thick as the women’s wrists at their greatest girth. They had ribbed sides and single red glowing eyes set in phallic heads. As the women shrieked and strained at their bonds in horror, the metal snakes slithered up the

ramps. The light from their eyes illuminated the women's helpless open clefts. Their snouts touched their soft sex lips and they felt the heat of their bodies. They were warm, almost hot! The snakes pushed into them and the lights vanished.

They felt the snakes burrowing up into their vaginas, with their tail ends wagging about to drive them in deeper until they were half buried inside them. Then they began to churn and pulsate, filling their loins with heat and vibrations. They could not be alive, but they were very mobile!

The woman gasped at the sudden surge of intimate sensations. They were still revolted and terrified, and yet they could not deny this sudden perverse awakening within them. It was if they were being screwed by pseudo-living vibrators! They could not help responding. Their pussies filled with juices, coating the pumping metal bodies within them, and then began to drip between their legs.

The women's eyes rolled up in disgust and helpless excitement. And then they realized they could smell the scent of each other's arousal filling the air. They stared at the ring of haggard faces through bleary, incredulous eyes. Would they have dreamt such a detail? Perhaps they really were sharing this torment...

'You see, you sluts can take anything up you now and enjoy it,' the lead imp cried out.

Scrambling back up the steps, theimps bounced across the trampoline again. They each chose one woman and jumped onto her front, standing on the upper slopes of their breasts which, because of the tension they were under, formed fleshy shelves. Catching hold of the sides of the hoops wedged between their teeth, they rammed their stiff penises up into their nostrils!

'Ever been nose-fucked, sluts? Well, you have now...'

The snakes were filling their vaginas while theimps violated their noses, pulling their stiff penises out of one nostril only to ram it up into the other. Each thrust was exquisitely painful and made their eyes water afresh.

Even as their noses were assaulted, the metal snakes were vibrating frantically within their passageways. They were being screwed top and bottom! It was revolting and insulting and degrading and...

The women convulsed, straining against their bonds as they felt their loins burst. Juices sprayed out over the metal snake bodies while, thrills of raw delight tore up through them and made to their minds sing. At the same time the imps squirted their burning, reeking, semen into their nostrils and down their throats. And yet for a moment how it came about did not matter. It was only the sensation that mattered. And that was incredible...

For a long time, they sagged limply in their restraining chairs, feeling completely drained. Then the imps began to prod them back into wakefulness with their tridents. When they fully recovered their awareness of their surroundings, they discovered that the snakes had withdrawn to their box, leaving their aching and bruised vaginas guiltily wishing for more. They could read the shame in each other's faces and hastily looked away.

The same thoughts were flitting through their minds. To have human company in such a nightmare might be a reassurance, but it also made this impossible place seem that the bit more real. And the more real they believed it to be, the more it would hurt and the harder it would be to escape.

‘Well, have you anything to say?’ an imp demand.

Mary stirred feebly, slurring the words out about the bar in her mouth. ‘Is this... all real?’

‘It is while you’re asleep. Just as the world you live in feels real when you’re awake. It all depends on what you believe.’

‘W... where are we? Mary demanded.

‘Your bodies are in your own beds. Your minds are here because you believe they are!’

‘Please... let us go,’ Dawn begged.

‘We can’t let you go. That’s not in our power.’

‘Who has the power?’ Elizabeth demanded.

‘The Master.’

‘The master of what?’ Jasmine asked fearfully.

‘The master of this place, of course. The being who created it. The one who brought you here. The Dream Master! Only he can free you. If you show you are determined to leave forever and ask him nicely, of course.’

‘Please... take us to him,’ Lisa pleaded.

‘Not now. Think it over. Tomorrow you can come here and talk it over amongst yourselves. And if you decide you want to meet the Master, then we can arrange an audience. If you deny him to his face, then he can’t keep you against your will. Don’t get me wrong, we’d love you to stay here so we can screw you for ever, wouldn’t we lads?’ There was a chorus of assent from the other imps and wagging of stiff cocks and waving of tridents. ‘But those are the rules. So, do you want to come back and talk it over?’

Sandra looked around at their haggard, tear-stained, flushed and desperate faces.

‘We do,’ she said.

Chapter 17

The women woke the next morning with aching vaginas, sore nipples and, inexplicably, sore noses. There was also the strangest taste in their mouths. For the first time the cold light of day did not melt away the memory of their dreams, so that they could be comfortably dismissed. Had they really met other women like themselves, or had they simply been part of their private dreams? Would an audience with this “Dream Master” truly end their nightmare? For the sake of sanity, they had to try.

And so, the next night, because they had no choice, they all wished hard to return to the place of dream torments. They were sick with fear and anticipation and feeling foolish and hardly able to believe what they were doing, but what choice did they have?

They clung to their pillows and willed themselves to sleep...

... and then they were all in the place of their worst nightmares once again.

They were in the middle of a jumble of shattered rocks surrounding a bare stretch of ground, with darkness and distant ruddy flames around them. It was a little like a mini arena with a ring of six tall metal posts arrayed in a ring. The women stood against the posts facing inwards with their arms pulled up over their heads and their wrists crossed and cuffed to chains. There were also dildo rods extending at angles up from the face of the posts which impaled their rectums. Their legs were spread, and their ankles were cuffed. Imp-sized sets of stairs rested against the posts between their legs leading up to their crotches. But they were not gagged!

Half a dozen imps squatted amongst the surrounding rocks, watching them with interest while toying with their tridents. But they made no move to interfere.

They looked at each other uncertainly, feeling a flush of embarrassment as they saw each other's bodies so starkly exposed and helpless. Finally, Mary spoke.

‘Well, it looks like we’re all here,’ she said. ‘Maybe we can work something

out.'

'How do we even know any of this is real?' Sandra asked bluntly. 'Maybe I'm just dreaming all of you.'

'Well, maybe I'm just dreaming you and these others,' Elizabeth retorted.

'Hey, I'm real!' Jasmine insisted.

'Well of course you would say that wouldn't you?' Lisa pointed out.

'Maybe this is something else entirely,' Dawn suggested. 'We're all real people, but not really in a dream, or anything supernatural. This could be part of some secret government or media company mind control project.'

'Why would a media company do this?' Sandra wondered.

'Well, we know they're experimenting with virtual reality. Maybe this is some kind of super virtual reality, with full sensory input?'

'If there was someone like that going on, wouldn't we have heard about it?' Lisa wondered. 'I mean if they were doing it to other women like us, then surely somebody would talk.'

'I'm not so sure,' Jasmine said. 'I wouldn't go to my doctor and tell him about this place and what happens to me here, whether it's real or not, so I can't imagine they would either. You'd feel too embarrassed.'

There were reluctant nods of agreement.

'Maybe that's why they're making it so sexual and masochistic,' Elizabeth suggested. 'It keeps people quiet.'

'Even if this is some kind of high-tech illusion, would that help us work out if it's real or not?' Mary asked.

'Well, probably not,' Dawn admitted.

'So, for the moment, we just have to take it at face value,' Mary said simply. 'What about this Dream Master? Do we ask to meet him?'

‘What have we got to lose?’ Sandra said? ‘If I’m dreaming all this then he can’t do anything worse to me than what’s already been done, and if he’s real, I mean VR real, then maybe that’s the way out, like the last challenge in the final level of some computer game. We show we are worthy, we’ve survived the tests, and by rejecting him he must free us. I say do it.’

The others nodded, except for Lisa.

‘There’s one thing,’ she said. ‘If we go to him begging to be freed, then we’re playing by his rules. We’re agreeing he exists and acknowledging his power over us. Kind of digging ourselves in deeper. Maybe that’ll make it even harder to escape.’

‘We’ll I can’t go on like this much longer,’ Mary admitted wearily. ‘These dreams or whenever they are, are starting to mess up my life when I’m awake. If they don’t end or I don’t find out the truth, then I’m worried I might have a breakdown!’

The others nodded, even Lisa. They felt the same.

‘Then let’s go to see him, agreed?’ Sandra said decisively

They all murmured their assent.

Then they realized that while they had been speaking, they had been unconsciously squirming about the rods impaled in their backsides, working the shafts about inside them. The nipples were all hard and their pussies were dribbling. They knew what they wanted...

‘Oh shit,’ Jasmine said, ‘this place is getting addictive!’

‘Maybe we were chosen because secretly we’re all closet masochists?’ Elizabeth wondered.

‘Don’t say that,’ Lisa said. ‘It makes it even worse. And more real.’

‘Well this does feel real,’ Elizabeth pointed out. ‘It doesn’t matter if it’s a dream or VR, I need to cum! But I can’t touch myself...’

By now they were all squirming frantically with need. They looked into each

other's haggard eyes and knew what they had to do.

‘Alright, you can have us now!’ Mary called out to the waiting imps.

They bounded down from the rocks and scampered up the flights of steps to the posts. They jabbed the women with their tridents, sticking them up into their breasts and gouging and twisting them into their dripping clefts, stretching their love lips wide.

The women shrieked as their throbbing nipples and hard clits were stabbed. The tears flowed down the cheeks. They were back in the depths of their nightmares again. And then, somehow, the pain mingled with their sexual desire and amplified and twisted it. The dangerous thought flickered through their minds that this was how it was meant to be...

Then they sobbed with desperate delight as their loins exploded and showered the imps with their passionate juices.

Chapter 18

And so, the next night, the women found themselves all together once again in the hot darkness, marching over the cracked ground in a slave coffle.

But this time at least they had a purpose!

Their mouths were painfully plugged with metal balls covered in rubber. Their arms were outstretched, and their wrists were clamped to the ends of heavy metal yokes that weighed down their shoulders. A heavy chain was looped from front to back of the line between their legs, held in place by pairs of large fishhooks skewered through their outer labia. They whimpered in pain as their flesh was stretched, but they did not protest.

One imp each sat on seats hung from the fronts of their yoke collars, so that they dangled between their breasts, riding them in style. They gestured with their tridents to direct them, in between jabbing their tridents into the sides of their breasts for simple amusement. Soon they were scratched and pricked and simmering with pain. The women sniffled and whimpered but they still did not protest. They had to show how determined they were!

They marched uncomplaining along a rough pathway weaving between clumps of stalagmites and about shattered rocks and over bridges across dark ravines. They heard female voices sobbing and shrieking, and occasionally had had glimpses of naked women confined within frames and devices being tormented by imps as they had been.

‘You see,’ said one of the imps riding them, ‘you’re not alone. But you are special. You should be grateful that the master has taken an interest in you...’

They shuddered. But with every step they appreciated the power of the master of this dream realm even more, while their resolve and defiance shrank a little.

Finally, they came to a big double doorway set in a wall of rock and made of more of the heavy, grey, scored metal.

A pair of naked women were clamped to its heavy door posts and faced forward as if to greet them. At least, their outer arms and legs were clamped to the posts. Their arms and legs that faced inward to the doors were stretched out at right angles from their bodies across the door fronts, to which they were clamped at their wrists, knees and ankles. This posture opened their groins, which were half plugged by dildos set on heavy springs that angled upwards into their vaginas from the outer faces of the doors.

As the coffle approach, the women strained their arms and legs and pulled the doors open across their bodies, groaning as the dildos slid even deeper up inside them. The coffle passed between them into an anteroom. The living doors closed behind them.

The women heard whimpers and moans from under their feet and looked down. The vestibule floor comprised a large metal grating, which they realized was giving slightly under their weight. Underneath it they could see soft living flesh. Breasts and buttocks and pussies pressed up against the underside of the gratings with, here and there, wide tear-filled eyes that blinked up at them. They realized there were stubby spikes set on the underside of the grating which stabbed down into the flesh of the women beneath it. They must have been a dozen of them packed as tightly as sardines in a tin, some on their fronts and some on their backs.

‘They’re all volunteers,’ one of the imps said. ‘If you please the Dream Master, then maybe soon you’ll be under there...’

The women in the coffle whimpered in horror at the idea. They had come here to plea for their freedom, not to serve as slaves. All they had to do was to reject him and demand to be free. Just a few words. How hard could that be?

Another set of living doors opened before them, and they were marched into a big chamber.

They saw a huge hollow throne of metal bars imprisoning more naked women cruelly tightly, so that their flesh squeezed through its gaps, and a ring of naked women on their knees holding up a great misty glass globe, and others confined in kennels about the walls. The air was filled with the scent of their desperate desire.

And then, seated on the throne facing them, there was the Dream Master.

They got an impression of a big, man-shape being, but not a man. He had a bull-like chest covered in thick hair, but no navel. There were horns and a tail, and loose golden robes, that revealed a huge hairy ball sack and a penis to match. Above all there were his blazing, deep, burning eyes. No, he was not a man, but at the same time he was intensely masculine.

The imps directed the women to the floor in front of the throne and made them go down on their knees. They stood on their seats and pulled the ball gags from women's mouths, and then they jumped to the ground and bowed themselves off to one side.

The Dream Master smiled at the six trembling women, sending a flutter through their loins. 'So, these are my six new recruits. I understand you have something to say to me.'

But the women were dumbstruck, totally overwhelmed by his presence. He was magnificent and they were nothing...

'Don't you want to plead with me to let you go?' the Dream Master prompted.

In a daze they shook their heads. They could not speak. He was so real and powerful. Their resolve was melting away. They could not defy him!

'Do you wish, instead, to serve me in your dreams ever?' he suggested.

At last they found their tongues. Of course, that made sense. That was why they were really here. What woman wouldn't want that?

'Yes, Master,' they said humbly.

'Are you ready to prove how much you love me, even though it will hurt?'

'Yes, Master... we'll do anything,' they pleaded.

He smiled. 'As you wish.' And he snapped his fingers.

And again, the transition took no time. But then why should it? The rules were different here.

The six of them were now standing in a circle facing inwards about a heavy

metal ring frame. Their arms were stretched up above their heads and clamped to its smaller upper ring and their legs were spread and clamped to its lower and larger ring. For a moment they looked into each other's eyes, perhaps seeing the last fading traces of their defiance before they happily surrendered to their fate.

They realized that they had things plugged inside their pussies and looked down. Huge double-ended dildos stretched across the inside of the ring, so they were cross-connected in pairs. The middles of the dildos were supported by springs hooked to their nipples, which were stretched painfully downwards. But that was all right because they were here to prove their love through suffering.

The Dream Master was walking around the ring of their bodies, stroking their trembling bare buttocks. He had a lash in his hand.

'I'm going to beat you until you each climax. And then you will beg me to take you,' he told them.

They thrilled at the thought!

The lash hissed and sang through the air and cracked across bare buttocks. And they shrieked and jerked away from it, as they did so ramming the dildos plugged into them into the pussy of the woman opposite. Methodically, the Dream Master worked his way around the ring of them, beating each pair of trembling buttocks in turn until they were all an even blazing scarlet. All the time the dildos were jerking frantically back and forth through the middle of the ring, churning and gouging into their plugged pussies, which were sucking on them frantically and dribbling shamefully. Sandra screwed Elisabeth and Lisa screwed Dawn and Jasmine screwed Mary, and then they were each screwed back in return. The smell of female despair and lust filled their nostrils.

With sobs and shrieks they came, squirting their juices out across the inside of the ring. It was almost simultaneous and in seconds they were all sagging limply dripping and burning with shame and yet also pride. They were worthy of the Dream Master, if they could show that they could please him...

'Please... please, Master... screw us... bugger us... now... please!' they wailed.

Now his penis was standing up, full and terrible and wonderful. He took hold of Sandra's hips and rammed it up into her backside. What with the dildo plugging her vagina, there was hardly room inside her loins for both shafts. She screamed

in pain and delight as she was impaled and almost torn apart. But of course, nothing could really harm out here. She could take him inside her no matter how big he was. She wanted that more than anything!

He pumped so hard he lifted her hips off the ground, and then he ejaculated, and she felt a wonderful burning inside her and she came again.

He pulled out of her as she sagged limp and half sensible and moved around to Liza.

And so, he had them one by one until they were all limp and aching and dribbling his ejaculate from their ravaged backsides.

They were dizzy with shock. Had they done enough? They twisted their heads around. He was smiling benevolently, and they felt their hearts lift.

‘I will take you to serve me,’ he declared. ‘You are mine now and forever.’

They sobbed and laughed into each other’s faces.

‘Some nights you will sleep on as normal and some I will call you,’ he explained. ‘And then you will come to me and serve me how I wish, in tears and in ecstasy, do you understand?’

‘Yes Master,’ they snivelled in delight.

Whether any of it was real or not or how it worked no longer mattered. It felt real to them and they accepted it. Their nights would not be things to fear any more. Nightmares would no longer trouble them: not now that their dreams had come true!

THE END