**The Prisoner Exhibition**

by MelanieK©

**The Prisoner Exhibition Model 01**

When Melissa reached home, she ran in through the door in great excitement. "Sabine! Sabine! I've just been to the Trio Gallery and they want me to put on another exhibition of my paintings."

Sabine jumped up and threw both arms around her friend's neck. "Oh, darling, that's absolutely great. I'm so pleased for you."

"And that's not all; they're giving me all three rooms. What an opportunity!"

The Trio Gallery was right in the centre of town. It was a circular building divided into four rooms. The entrance room was one segment and acted as the foyer with a receptionist and a large selection of artist's materials and prints on sale. Two pillars, five feet high, framed a taller door set behind them which led into the three gallery rooms.

Sabine seemed to catch Melissa's excitement and busied herself making coffees. "Sit down. I'll make us a drink and you can tell me all about it."

"I've only had one room before, with two other artists' work in the other rooms," Melissa said. "But they told me they want a change from the usual landscapes and still life paintings. They want this to be a figurative life exhibition."

Sabine frowned. "What's that exactly?" she asked.

"It's paintings with human figures as the main elements."

"That's great darling. You specialise in life drawing. I'm sure you'll be a great success."

"I've been thinking about it all the way home," Melissa said. "Three galleries mean three sections which will mean three themes."

Sabine handed her a coffee as she sat down on the other side of the table. "What will they be?"

Melissa stirred her coffee absentmindedly as her large shining eyes gazed in front of her. "I've decided to call it ‘The Prisoner'."

Sabine looked non-plussed. "You mean you are going to paint people in prison?"

"No! Of course not. I want to be a bit more imaginative than that! The first section will be about prisoners in the ancient world - the Grecian wars and so on. They'll be wearing rough cloaks and wearing drama masks. I want the paintings to be erotic too, so some will be half naked in chains." She dramatically drew a hand across in front of her as she imagined the paintings hanging on the wall.

"Ooooh! That sounds exciting," said Sabine. "What will you do in the second gallery?"

"Mmmmmm. There, I'll increase the eroticism. The prisoner will wear just undies, rags or perhaps a bikini - some topless."

Sabine rested her elbows on the table with her chin in her hands as she gazed admiringly at her house mate pouring out her ideas.

"Then in the third gallery all the prisoners will be nude, tied and chained and so on; some in a dungeon scene."

Sabine gave an approving sigh of approval as she smiled at her great friend. "Oh, Melissa, this sounds so exciting."

Her smile slowly faded as Melissa suddenly fixed her with a deliberate stare. Sabine had seen that stare many times before. It generally meant that Melissa was about to ask her to do something she didn't want to do.

"There's just one thing Sabine."

"There. . . there is?"

"Yes, I'll need a model to help me. I want a real live model and also lots of photographs to work from."

"You. . . you will?"

Melissa stretched out her hand and placed it in top of Sabine's on the table. "I want you to be my model."

"M..m. . .me? What? In undies? Chained naked in a dungeon?"

Undeterred by the hesitant words, Melissa took both her hands and looked straight into her eyes. "You'll be great. I know it." She knew she could get Sabine to do almost anything she wanted.

"But the paintings will be on show. Me . . . in the nude. . . on sale. Someone I know might buy a painting of me . . ."

Melissa slowly released Sabine's hands and looked sadly down at the table, her long blonde hair partly covering her face. "So, you won't help me?" she said feigning great disappointment.

She knew this would make Sabine feel awful, and she knew she hated to let Melissa down. "Oh, alright then. I'll do it," she said.

Melissa stood up and embraced her friend across the table. Then she took her head in her hands and gave her a passionate kiss on the lips. "Thank you darling. I knew I could count on you," she said.

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For the next week Melissa was a bundle of frenetic activity. She spent hours on the web poring over articles on Grecian wars and culture, and looking at pictures of Greek vases and other artefacts. Her file of sketches and notes grew bigger by the day.

One morning she returned from her life class in a high state of excitement. She threw her arms around Sabine, lifted her off her feet and swung her around in circles.

"Sabine, I was telling one of the guys at my life class about the exhibition at the Trio. He's a photographer, and when I told him about my theme he said he had a back projection unit in his studio with several dungeon scenes. He said I could use his studio for some of my photographs. Isn't that great?" Her large round eyes shone with excitement.

Sabine only showed a slight reflection of Melissa's utter delight. She was well aware that the person in the dungeon was going to be her and she was not really relishing that situation.

"Oh . . .er . .yes. That's very good Melissa. Yes . . . er . . . when are you hoping to start on all this?"

Melissa just gazed at her entranced by this new turn of events. But she wanted her to be happy too. "We can go into town this afternoon. You can help me to sort out some material for the Greek cloak and then we'll go to the costume shop to buy a drama mask. After that I'll be ready to start."

Melissa could sympathise with Sabine's doubt about her part in all this so she became serious. She took her in her arms, kissed her and held her in a close embrace as she whispered in her ear, "And you, my gorgeous model, will be the centre of my attention." She nuzzled behind her ear; she she knew Sabine loved that.

She held her by the shoulders and looked straight into her eyes. "And now, darling, I'm going to make us your very favourite Chinese, and then it's into town."

Sabine liked this loving attention and became slightly more enthusiastic. "Into town it is."

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They toured the art and costume shops at a rapid rate. Melissa used Sabine as her measure when deciding how much cloth to buy, how long the cord should be and so on. It was as they were passing a lingerie shop that Melissa's eye was caught by a tiny pink bikini displayed in the window. She stopped in her tracks.

"Oh look at that bikini Sabine; pink satin, with a halter neck and side ties. Just the thing for my second theme. Let's try it on you." And before she could catch her breath, she'd grabbed her hand and was leading her into the shop. There were several of the bikinis hanging up and, after making sure she had the right size, she towed Sabine into the changing cubicle.

Sabine was used to Melissa stripping her, so getting her clothes off and the bikini on was accomplished very quickly. Melissa then held her at arm's length and looked her up and down. "Turn around, darling," she said. Sabine did a twirl.

"Isn't it a rather tiny bikini?" ventured Sabine. "It doesn't hide much does it?"

Melissa laughed. "Darling, a bikini is not meant to hide much. You know what they say about it: ‘what it reveals is interesting but what it conceals is vital.'" They both laughed at this which seemed to cheer Sabine up a bit.

Melissa slipped her hands inside the top of the bikini and tweaked Sabine's nipples. She always loved this so didn't object in the slightest as her nipples became erect and stuck out into the shiny tight satin. Melissa was delighted with the result. "Oh, yes. I like the way your nipples show. They are sticking out like organ stops. With some side lighting you'll look really sexy in that." She dashed out to buy the bikini as Sabine got dressed.

A few items of make-up and a bottle of oil completed her purchases, so, after a coffee and an excited chat about Melissa's plans they returned home.

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That evening she phoned Matt, her photographer friend, to explain what she hoped to do to prepare for the exhibition, then she asked when she could use his studio. He said that any time after 11.00a.m. the next day would be fine. He had a friend of his calling at 10.00., someone who got married two weeks ago when Matt had been the photographer. He was going to call round with his new wife and best man to sort out what photographs they wanted in the wedding album.

This suited Melissa fine. "Thanks Matt. I'll see you about 11.00 tomorrow then." She clapped her hands together in great satisfaction as she turned around to Sabine.

"That's great, darling! We can start tomorrow morning. And now, we've got the rest of the evening to sort out your costumes."

They busied themselves with cutting a roughly shaped cloak for Sabine out of the dull red serge and devising a quick way to fix it at the back. Melissa finally decided to use velcro strips as they would be so quick and easy to do up and undo and it would be easy to leave gaps for parts of Sabine to show through.

Everything worked perfectly, and the mask was kept in place by resting on top of Sabine's head. Melissa decided that Sabine could wear the bikini under the cloak instead of underwear and, as they would be travelling door to door by car, not many people would see her anyway.

Melissa decided to work out some suitable poses, so dressed Sabine in the complete costume and made her pose on the coffee table. She was very cooperative and did exactly as she was asked.

"I won't be able to bend my head too much," she said, "or this mask might fall off."

"Yes," Melissa replied, "I'll have to remember that."

Next came some poses in the bikini. Melissa really loved the way Sabine's gorgeous nipples protruded through the pink satin so decided to try some topless poses. She was most enthusiastic about the results. "I think you look rather ravishing in that darling. The pink goes well with your blonde hair."

As Melissa looked at her friend and lover Sabine, clad only in the tinest bikini bottom, and looking so very sexy and vulnerable, she got that damp feeling she often got between her legs when she woke up in the morning and looked at her asleep beside her in bed. She casually strolled over to the table where Sabine was standing, looked up meaningfully into her eyes, and pulled her to the edge of the table. Then she took hold of both side ties on the bottom of the bikini and pulled. Instantly it came away. She casually dropped it on the table and put her arms around Sabine's hips looking up into her eyes. "And, now we'll have some nude poses," she said in her sexiest voice as she let her hands slide over Sabine's butt and a few fingers probe between the backs of her legs.

"Mmmmmm. I love you doing that," Sabine purred giving a little wiggle of satisfaction. "It's a good thing I'm used to you seeing me naked, or I might be embarrassed at the studio tomorrow."

They both laughed. "No danger of that," Melissa giggled, continuing to look up at her through half closed eyes. "D'you know darling, looking at you standing there naked, I rather fancy you. Don't put your clothes on. Let's have an early night."

Sabine loved the idea. She knew it meant them making love and then sleeping together.

Melissa pulled Sabine further forward on the table so that her nipples were right in front of her mouth. She took each in turn and gave it a voracious suck; then she pinched them both with her fingers. Sabine arched her back and closed her eyes at this treatment that Melissa knew she loved. Another pull and she had to jump off the table. Melissa kissed the side of her neck and whispered in her ear. "Now get into bed while I put something on."

Sabine drew back and looked her in the eyes. "Put something on! You're going to put something on to come to bed?"

"Yes, my strapon."

Sabine gave a relieved laugh. "Oooooh! That sounds interesting." She smiled her kitten smile, and flicked her tongue from side to side over her pouting lips.

Melissa's mouth chased her tongue and they joined in a kiss. Then she spun Sabine around by the shoulders and smacked her bare butt. "Now, slut, get on that bed. When I come in I want you on your knees with your ass in the air and your legs spread wide. Prepare to be ravished. By the time I've finished with you you'll be begging for mercy."

She was as good as her word. She made Sabine suck the strapon and then her eager hips swung into action penetrating her vagina between the backs of her open legs and slapping against her butt again and again as the strapon massaged her own clitoris. Time and again she let her hands slide under Sabine's ribs and twist her nipples into hard points drawing gasps of pain and delight from her. Sabine's need for pain and love pushed her easily to a climax.

Melissa's naked and aroused body craved for orgasmic relief. She tore off the strapon and Sabine was immediately beneath her legs, her flashing tongue licking her wet pussy and thrusting inside her. Melissa's head shot back in sexual delirium as her lover sucked on her clitoris. She thrust her hips forward over Sabine who could hardly breathe until, with a final arching forward of her body she came over Sabine's awaiting mouth.

As they lay entwined naked together, in bed, they felt as though their devoted mutual love melded them together into one. They knew their deep love resulted from their special relationship which others might not understand, or might deliberately misunderstand. They really appreciated each other. They didn't speak a word as wave after wave of sexual joy swept over them. There was no need. And in any case you can't speak with your mouth full can you?

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The two girls arrived promptly outside Matt's studio the following morning and unloaded Melissa's camera and tripod and the two small bags containing a variety of odds and ends which they thought might be useful for the shoot.

A flight of moss-lined stone steps brought them to a small green porch outside the studio door. Melissa knocked on the door and opened it. Matt emerged from a doorway the other side of the studio and walked towards them.

"Hi Matt! This is Sabine. She's going to be my model." He gave Melissa a friendly kiss and shook hands with Sabine.

"Pleased to meet you, Sabine," he said.

"I hope we haven't interrupted whatever you are doing with your friend," Melissa said.

"No. You certainly haven't done that. He hasn't turned up. But let me show you around the studio. It's not all that big, but I have quite a collection of equipment and bits and pieces which I use for props." His arm indicated a number of boxes of all sizes along both side walls. Some of them had chains and ropes hanging over the edges. He took the girls around the backdrops where there was quite a collection of planks of wood, and with wiring and electricity meters on an old brick wall. An open cupboard door revealed several costumes hanging up, and there were items of furniture such as a sofa, some chairs and shelves containing books and table lamps.There was also a large bale of straw. Matt showed them the rear projection equipment and gave a demonstration using the dungeon scene. Then he sent them back around the front to view it.

"Oh Matt, that's terrific. It looks so real," Melissa exclaimed.

Sabine looked in awe at the backdrop. "I'll feel as though I'm really in a dungeon!" she yelled. "Wow!"

Melissa couldn't wait to get started. She set her camera on its tripod and looked through the viewfinder. She gazed around. "Now, the lights. How do I operate those Matt?" she asked.

"That's the main modelling light," he said indicating a light which shone into a silver brolly. The other two are fill-ins operated by slave switches, one for the hair light and one on the backdrop; or you can use that as a side light."

"It sounds a bit complicated to me Matt," Melissa said. "Would you mind giving me a hand with the lighting till I get used to using it?"

"No problem," he replied. "You set up the poses you want and I'll give you some ideas for the lighting."

Melissa sat Sabine on a dais in the centre of the floor and then gave her some instructions. "Just sit with your legs out to the side. I'll tie your wrists together in front of you, and I want you to look down. Don't forget, you're supposed to be a prisoner. We'll have some shots with the mask and some without. That will give me a choice when I do the paintings."

Matt arranged a few different versions of the lighting and Melissa clicked away merrily with her camera. Then she arranged Sabine in a variety of poses: kneeling, lying and standing.

"How about a few low key shots using just a spot light to pick out the prisoner?" suggested Matt. "It should go well with the dark dungeon background."

Melissa eagerly accepted his suggestion and was very pleased with the result. Then she stopped and looked intently at Sabine. "There's only one thing wrong with a projected wall, I can't tie the prisoner to it," she said laughing at Matt.

"Oh, I've got something we can use for that," he said. He disappeared behind the backdrop. There was a low rumbling sound and he emerged pushing a wooden wall, mounted on castors, with several vertical wooden posts sticking up above it. "You can use this," he said.

"Oh, that's great," Melissa replied, her eyes shining with enthusiasm. She drew Sabine over to the wooden wall and then tied her hands to an upright above her head. "Oh yes, that looks very prisoner-like" she said smiling at Matt. "Now, sag a bit Sabine as though you've been standing there for hours."

**The Prisoner Exhibition Model 02**

Sabine obeyed, bending first this way and then that way making a very good job of the poses. "Now, I want you to stick one leg out to the side," Melissa said. She undid some of the Velcro strips to make this easier.

"That's very sexy," observed Matt with approval. Melissa was encouraged by this remark. She walked over to Sabine and undid a strap holding the cloak on her shoulder. It fell down revealing one bikini-covered breast with a nipple well in evidence. She deftly removed the bikini top.

"Melissa, what are you doing?" said Sabine in a whisper. "Matt can see my boob!"

"Don't worry about that darling," she replied with a smile. Then she whispered into her ear: "In our life class he's used to seeing everything. He's seen it all before."

"But he hasn't seen mine," replied Sabine.

Melissa gave a brief laugh. "Well, he has now. And in any case, I know how you enjoy it." She turned and walked back to her camera leaving Sabine tied and helpless and displaying one naked breast. Her nipple was getting harder by the second, but there was no way she could cover it up.

"You've got a nice erect nipple Sabine," observed Matt. "Melissa, why don't you use a strong sidelight to show it up more? It would really stand out then." Sabine blushed redder than ever at this idea.

"My thoughts entirely Matt," Melissa replied, and immediately they both rearranged the lights much to the obvious embarrassment of Sabine.

Melissa was so pleased with the shots that she undid the velcro on Sabine's other shoulder leaving her completely topless. She became increasingly embarrassed as both her naked breasts and hard pink nipples were exposed in front of a young guy she'd never met before, but she did so much want to help Melissa. She put every effort into her posing as more and more of her was revealed ending with her sitting with only a crumpled red serge cloak around her hips.

After giving Sabine back her bikini top, which she was very thankful for, Melissa was keen to get on with the bikini prisoner pictures. Matt was very cooperative and Melissa was amazed at the number of photographic backdrops and props he produced to make a convincing prison shot.

She took a variety of photographs; some with Sabine posing in glamour-girl fashion, some back shots which showed nearly everything at the rear, and some with the bikini hanging off. Sabine felt very embarrassed with those shots, so to embarrass her further Melissa insisted that she posed with her legs open and the bikini almost off. She went bright red but Matt's barrage of compliments made her smile and she began to enter into the spirit of the posing even when she was tied up.

Matt had the bright idea of spraying Sabine with water so that the skimpy bikini clung to her like a second skin. Her gorgeous nipples really responded to this treatment which drew even more compliments from Matt.

After all the exposure and humiliation she'd suffered, the transition to the naked prisoner shots went fairly smoothly. By now Sabine was taking to posing like a duck to water. Matt was a talented photographer and, with his tactful help and Melissa's bullying, Sabine responded with really sexy poses even when they tied her up in some awkward and rather painful positions.

Melissa insisted on ever more blatantly sexual poses from Sabine with her smooth slim legs spread wide, back arched and on tip toes. Matt joined in enthusiastically and both he and Melissa handled Sabine's naked body to push and pull her into the required position. Sabine's embarrassment was total as she realised that he had seen everything she had and from every angle. The fact that her pussy lips were opening and getting pinker would not have been lost on him, and she got the impression that Melissa was starting to get a bit aroused as well.

After tying Sabine's hands above her head to one of the rafters, Matt produced a leg spreader from one of his cupboards and suggested they use it on her. "Oh, Melissa, it's so humiliating having my legs fastened wide open with that thing. Please . . ." Her words were cut short as Matt and Melissa fixed it around her ankles. After a few shots back and front, Melissa had another idea.

"I think a prisoner tied up like that might struggle and start to sweat. Don't you think so Matt?"

"Yes, I suppose she would," he replied studying her carefully.

"I think we could get that effect by oiling her," Melissa said. She walked over to one of her bags and took out a bottle of oil.

They both approached Sabine who was strung up naked and helpless. "As you obviously can't put the oil on, Matt and I will do it for you," Melissa said.

Sabine bit her lip in embarrassment and gave Melissa one of her endearing humiliated looks from her downturned eyes. "Oh, Melissa. You know what that'll do to me. Pleeeeze!"

She knew exactly what it would do to her. She'd get really aroused and her pussy would swell and open up even more; her clitoris would stand on end and her nipples would get really hard. It always happened when she did it at home. With four hands wandering all over her, Melissa wondered whether Sabine might even have an orgasm.

She poured a small pool of oil onto Matt's hand and some onto her own. They each rubbed their palms together to warm the oil and then started to apply it to their nude model, one on eíther side. They started at the top and worked their way slowly down her smooth naked body. It wasn't long before they could hear little murmurs coming from Sabine's throat as she closed her eyes.

By the time they reached her legs they could see that her shaved pussy lips were already shining, even before they applied the oil. Melissa, feeling even more turned on by her friend's sexual arousal, was feeling in a wicked mood so spent some time oiling every wrinkle of her vagina and rubbing her clitoris which was already well in evidence. By the ooohs and aaaahs coming from Sabine she knew she enjoyed it.

Matt, not to be outdone, performed an encore between her legs and Sabine seemed to appreciate his strong hands even more. By the time they'd run right down her legs, it was obvious to the both of them that they had a sexually aroused model on their hands. They quickly washed them and continued with the shooting.

"I like the highlights on the oil Matt," observed Melissa looking at her shining friend. "Her muscles show up well. What if we pull her up higher and have her hanging by her wrists?"

"That's a good idea," agreed Matt. "Her muscles will stand out even better if they're taut."

They fixed ropes to Sabine's wrists and threw them over the beam above her head. Then they pulled her up so that her feet were off the floor. They stood back to see the results as Sabine groaned with the strain on her arms.

"That's quite effective," said Matt, "but the pose is rather straight."

"Mmmm, yes," observed Melissa. "I think we can improve it by tying her ankles to the uprights at the side."

They each took a length of rope, tied it around an ankle and then pulled Sabine's legs wide open against the two upright posts. She was spreadeagled in mid air. Her slight arm muscles were at full stretch and the dips between the tendons at the tops of her thighs seemed to thrust her shaved pussy outwards exposing her open glossy lips like a hungry mouth. Her stomach muscles were pulled flat with the tension as she vainly tried to wriggle to gain some comfortable position for her aching body. Her whole being ached for an orgasm but she knew she dare not have one until the shoot was over.

Melissa returned to her camera and viewed the shot. "Oh yes, I like it," she said smiling at Sabine. "You look very sexy darling."

As she spoke there came a loud knock on the door. When it opened two young men strolled into the studio with an even younger woman trailing behind them. Matt moved to greet them. Sabine was naked and shaved with her hands tied stretched above her head, and her ankles tied out to the side spreading her legs wide when the two guys and young woman walked in. They stood staring at her totally exposed body. Sabine almost died of shame and humiliation. She opened her mouth witht a loud cry. "Oh, no!" Five people were staring at her showing everything she had, and she couldn't move a muscle.

Matt broke the silence which followed. "Oh, Melissa, this is Tony and Jack and this is Tony's new wife Heather." They shook hands all round, then Matt pointed in the direction of Sabine. "And this young lady is Sabine, our model."

Sabine could almost feel ten eyes boring into her nakedness as Melissa added with a laugh, "Unfortunately she can't shake hands with you at the moment as they are otherwise engaged."

Heather looked almost as embarrassed as Sabine as she realised how she must be feeling having people much younger than herself staring at her like that, but the two guys just stood there and were in no hurry to move until Matt said, "OK, folks, if you'd like to come into the dark room we'll sort out which wedding photographs you want me to print."

"Oh, thank goodness they've gone!" blurted out Sabine. "I've never felt so embarrassed."

Melissa strolled over to her, giggling. "I think they enjoyed the view. I don't suppose they're often introduced to a naked girl"

"But I didn't enjoy being viewed like this," protested Sabine.

"Don't worry darling, they wouldn't have known whether your little pinkie was shining with oil or juice." She pushed her finger provocatively into Sabine's vagina. "Ooooh. It feels mostly like juice to me." Melissa gave another smirk. Sabine was secretly wishing that Melissa might finger her to an orgasm in Matt's absence, but she withdrew her finger leaving her sexually unsatisfied and on edge.

She went back to the camera and took a few shots. Then she untied Sabine and lowered her to the floor.

She rubbed her wrists. "I'm glad that's over. I felt like a trussed chicken up there."

At that point Matt returned. " I've left them making up their minds about the photographs. How's it going Melissa? What do you want to do next?"

"I thought we might try a bondage shot with Sabine's hands tied behind her back, kneeling down perhaps." She glanced at Sabine who was sitting on the grey carpet rubbing her ankles.

"Good idea," enthused Matt. "I think it might be a good thing to do some shots without the oil now." He walked over to Sabine and picked up a small pink towel.

"Just lie down and relax while I remove the oil," he said. Sabine lay down on her back and Matt rubbed her all over with the towel. As his hands moved between her legs he whispered, "I do like your nice juicy pussy," which did nothing to ease Sabine's mounting embarrassment as she tried to suppress her need to come. Matt turned her over and rubbed her back, then looked at Melissa.

"Shall I tie her hands behind her back?" he asked taking up a length of rope.

"Yes. And make it nice and tight," she said as she grinned down at Sabine. He did.

"Ouch!" she cried. "That's really tight. I won't be able to . . ."

"Oh stop grumbling!" broke in Melissa. "Let's have some co-operation. If she misbehaves, just smack her bottom Matt," she said with a laugh.

He raised his hand and gave her three smart smacks on her bare butt.

"Aw! That hurt!" she cried.

Matt gave a little laugh. "Sorry. Let me make it better." He began to gently and slowly run his hand over her bottom running a finger down between her cheeks till he felt the moisture between her legs. She tried to close her thighs but his insistent finger probed deeper until she felt it separating the lips of her pussy. He put his wet finger right under her nose. "Look at that," he said in a chocolate soft voice. "You are enjoying yourself aren't you?"

Melissa then led her over to one of the upright posts and got her to kneel down facing it. They tied her hands up behind her to the post so that her face was on the floor and her ass sticking up. She felt as though her arms were going to be pulled out of their sockets and her muscles ached as they were pulled about. Then Melissa walked over to retrieve the leg spreader. "We'll use this too. She'll look more erotic with her legs spread open." Having fixed it to her ankles, she ran her hands underneath Sabine's taut body and squeezed her breasts and her nipples, then she went down to her clitoris and gave it a hard rub between her thumb and finger. She laughed as she whispered in her ear, "Now you mustn't come darling. Just control yourself."

"Oh Melissa," groaned Sabine as she realised that Matt would now be looking straight between the cheeks of her ass at her anus and shining pink pussy as her milky love dew dribbled out. She felt so vulnerable, so wet and sticky, and realised she was completely at the mercy of these two.

Melissa took a few shots as Sabine thought she had reached the depths of humiliation when suddenly there was a babble of conversation and the three visitors rejoined them. She realised that her depths were going to get even deeper. There were now three guys and two women standing right behind her naked butt looking at the show. She closed her eyes and was glad she didn't have to look at them.

The group stood there for what seemed ages to Sabine as they talked about the photographs; then, after apologising for being late, and saying goodbye, they finally left. Jack was last to move. "Like your great butt Sabine," he said. "Very sexy!" Everyone laughed as she wished the floor would open up and swallow her.

"OK darling. You can get dressed now. Your ordeal is over," smiled Melissa as she went over to untie her friend.

"Thank goodness for that," sighed Sabine. "That was the height of humiliation and embarrassment."

Melissa rubbed her chin and looked thoughtful. "The height? Well. . . I wouldn't say that exactly." She was thinking of what she had in mind for Sabine at the exhibition.

**The Prisoner Exhibition Model 03**

For months Melissa worked really hard on her paintings for the exhibition. Sometimes she seemed to live in a world of her own and Sabine started to feel neglected. Occasionally, when she was feeling very tired and needed to go to bed she left Melissa still working at her easel.

"I won't be long," she'd say. "I just want another hour on this one." The hour often turned into three as she lost all count of time.

Sabine was very glad when sometimes Melissa asked her to pose for some of the paintings when the photographs were not quite right or inadequate in some way. As least on those occasions she got some attention and they were able to chat together. As the date for the exhibition grew ever nearer, Melissa worked more energetically, sometimes feverishly, but was quite pleased with the quality of her work.

The canvases were stored in lines all around the bottom of the bedroom walls until they were dry. Then they were framed as Melissa had enough money to do so, and were stored face to face in piles.

But eventually Melissa decided she had enough paintings for the exhibition. Early one evening when Sabine was rather late returning, she found Melissa kneeling in their lounge surrounded by paintings arranged in groups around the walls and covering most of the furniture.

"Gosh, darling!" cried Sabine. "Are you having your own private exhibition?"

Melissa looked up at her and smiled. "You could say that," she replied. "It's private today, but next week it's going to be public."

She stood up, walked over to Sabine who was gazing around at the paintings, threw her arms around her and gave her the usual welcoming kiss. "And now I want you to give me your candid opinion of my exhibition. I've arranged the paintings in three sections, one for each room at the gallery. I've tried to arrange an increase in the eroticism as the exhibition route moves onward."

Sabine moved around smiling. "They are really good Melissa. I can see the development of your theme now the paintings are arranged. You are clever!"

They came to the last line of paintings. Melissa stood behind Sabine and put her arms around her. "And what do you think of my gorgeous nude model?" she asked.

Sabine blushed and giggled. "Wow! Some of these don't leave anything to the imagination do they? The back views are quite explicit but at least they don't show my face, but in those last three I'm showing everything, and they even look like me." She giggled again. "I do hope none of my friends see those."

Melissa laughed. "I've phoned the gallery and I have the weekend to put the paintings up ready for the opening on Monday evening. Will you help me, darling?"

Sabine put her hands on Melissa's shoulders and looked into her eyes. She looked much more relaxed now her work was finished. "Of course I will. For you - anything."

"Anything?"

"Absolutely!"

"I'll remind you of that later this evening." Their long sensual kiss sealed the bargain.

\* \* \* \* \*

On Saturday morning both girls were up early to pack the paintings into Melissa's car. The passenger seat, both back seats and the boot were filled, and still there were more. Melissa stopped Sabine as she emerged carrying more paintings.

"No more room!" she said. "I'll take these into the gallery and then I'll come back for you and the rest of the paintings." With a bang of the car door she was off.

Half an hour later she returned breathless and excited. "The staff at the gallery think the paintings are great," she cried. "Oh, I'm so relieved. But they want a complete list of all the titles. They like to do a printed title at the side of each painting and they like them in their own house style. Can you load the rest Sabine while I get the list off my computer?"

Sabine had, very thoughtfully, already brought the rest of the paintings into the hallway near the door so it didn't take her long to load up the remaining paintings. As she took her seat in the car Melissa came dashing out with her list. She handed it to Melissa as she sat in the driver's seat.

The proprietor of the Trio Gallery, Louise, and her secretary, Miriam, helped the girls to sort out the paintings into the correct rooms leaving the receptionist to prepare the titles in between serving customers who called in. With four of them working at it they soon had all the paintings hanging in the first gallery then, after a quick coffee, they hung the remainder.

They walked slowly around the exhibition with many compliments from Louise and Miriam and a few silent blushes from Sabine. Melissa decided to swap a few of the paintings around for greater effect and then with a final sigh of satisfaction said, "Well, I think that's it. All we want now is for a lot of people to come to view the paintings."

"I'm very pleased on that score," said Louise. "Miriam sent the invitations out two weeks ago, and I included the names you suggested. We've had well over 50 acceptances. There'll probably be a few more on Monday morning and you always get some people who don't reply but just turn up."

"Oh, that's very encouraging," Sabine commented. She knew the great effort Melissa had put into the preparation for the exhibition and wanted it to be a success.

The four sat in the reception foyer as the final check was made on the titles. "What exactly will happen at the reception?" enquired Melissa.

"Well, I thought we'd have the usual cheese and wine and a few bits and pieces to eat," said Louise, "and then, when everyone has arrived I'll welcome everybody and introduce you, Melissa. But, as on this occasion the whole exhibition is entirely your work, I'd like you to say a few words of explanation. Tell them about your theme and a little bit about what they can expect to see in the galleries."

"That's a good idea," Melissa replied. "I'll just say something briefly about each gallery before they view the paintings."

"That should get things off to a good start," added Louise. "And then you can walk around mixing with the guests in case they want to ask any questions. Miriam will, of course, be here to deal with any sales. You don't have to worry about that."

Melissa then fixed Sabine with one of her qizzical smiles. "There's just something else I'd like to do Louise which, I think, might add some interest for the guests."

"I'm always open to ideas for the Trio. What did you have in mind?" Sabine started to feel nervous.

"I'd like to introduce my gorgeous, sexy model, Sabine to everyone." She made an extravagant sweeping gesture towards her with her outstretched arm. Sabine went bright red with embarrassment.

"Oh, Mel. . ." she started to blurt out. But she was cut short by the others who really fell for the idea.

"Great! Really great!"

"That'll add some interest!"

"That's settled then," said Melissa in obvious triumph. She looked towards the pillars at the side of the entrance to the galleries. "Mmmm. . . Yes, if we go up those steps at the side I can get Sabine to stand on top of the two pillars and I can stand behind her, slightly to the side and talk to everyone. It'll make a nice focal point."

Louise grew increasingly enthusiastic. "Wow! What a splendid idea. We've never done anything like that before."

Sabine saw the wicked gleam in Melissa's eye and a feeling of near panic seized her as her friend filled in the details of her plan. "I think it would be most appropriate to have her dressed in the Greek prisoner robe and wearing the mask, just like in some of the paintings."

This drew increasing cries of approbation from all the others - except Sabine - for such original thinking. "That's certainly something new," enthused Miriam. "You can be certain that they'll talk about it with their friends, so that'll give us extra publicity."

"And, as an added touch," said Louise, "we can use that spotlight above the entrance. We usually shine it on the door to the galleries, but if I raise it a bit it can be trained on Sabine so she'll show up better."

Louise beamed around at everyone. "That's it then. Refreshments and drinks, a welcome by me, a talk by Melissa and an introduction to the model. Sounds great to me. See you all nice and early on Monday evening.

\* \* \* \* \*

On Monday evening, as soon as the girls had finished tea, Melissa disappeared into the bedroom and emerged carrying the cloak and bikini. "OK darling, come here," said Melissa.

Sabine hesitatingly approached her friend. "Oh, Melissa, do I have to wear the bikini? Can't I. . ." The words faded on her lips as Melissa gave her a meaningful glare.

"Sabine, whose exhibition is this?"

"Yours darling."

"So who's calling the shots?"

"You are Melissa."

"Right, so let's get on with it. Just do as I tell you." With that she started to unbutton Sabine's blouse. Soon she was standing before her completely naked. Melissa knew that Sabine loved this so she tweaked both her nipples between her thumb and finger. Instantly they were erect. Melissa gave a smile of satisfaction as she put the bikini top on and pulled the ties as hard as she could.

"Mmmmm. I like the way your nipples show through that pink satin. Very sexy!" She tied on the bottom of the bikini and then stood back. "Yes, very fetching indeed."

Melissa then covered Sabine with the serge cloak and fastened it at the back with the velcro straps. "I'm sure all the guests will be most impressed at such a gorgeous prisoner," said Melissa with great satisfaction.

"Don't forget the mask," said Sabine with urgency. "I don't want anyone to see my face."

Melissa gave a great loud laugh. "Your face! Your face! Oh, no, of course not. Something about Melissa's laugh made Sabine rather nervous about the idea of being dressed in her prisoner's outfit. She started to feel increasingly apprehensive and began to wonder what exactly Melissa had in mind.

\* \* \* \* \*

The two girls arrived early at the Trio Gallery, Melissa excited and smartly dressed in an off-the-shoulder peasant blouse, mini-skirt and high-heels, and Sabine, rather apprehensive, in her prisoner's cloak with the pink bikini underneath.

They were greeted with enthusiasm by Louise, Miriam and two part-time members of the staff who had been invited to attend the opening.

"I've moved the spot light to shine above the door," said Louise. "Would you like to stand in position to see how it looks?"

Melissa led Sabine up the short flight of curved steps at the side of the pillar. There was a small platform behind the tops of the two pillars and in front of it two recesses, one atop each pillar.

Melissa stood to the side of the platform to allow Sabine to move to the front. "Go on, put your feet in those recesses," ordered Melissa.

Sabine moved hesitantly forward to try out her footholds. "They're not very big Melissa. I can only get one foot in each. Why can't I. . ."

Melissa cut her short. "Look Sabine, I'm organising this. Just do it. Put one foot in each recess so you're astride the doorway. I'll hold your hands while you do it. You won't fall. I'll be very close behind you."

Sabine grudgingly stepped into position while Melissa held her hands behind her back. Melissa moved around on the platform. "That's OK darling. I can look over your shoulder to speak to the people. I'll have a good view of them from up here. How do we look Louise?"

She looked up. "That's fine. The light will catch both of you. That's most effective. I've just had a thought. Why don't you and Sabine stay inside the doorway of the gallery out of sight while everyone is arriving and then, when I introduce you, Melissa, you can make an entrance. Then you can introduce Sabine and she can come out. It'll add a bit of drama."

"That means we'll miss out on all the wine and refreshments," Sabine blurted out. Everyone laughed.

"Don't worry about that," replied Louise. "We'll bring in a tray for you. You won't miss out on anything."

With that Melissa and Sabine sauntered into the first gallery and stood just inside the door. Soon Miriam came in carrying a tray of refreshments and a bottle of wine. "Go easy on the wine girls," she said with a smile. "Don't want you falling off your perch."

Melissa was glad of a short time to wander around the galleries with Sabine just to make sure everything was in order.

"I like their title cards," said Sabine running her finger across the one.

"Yes, they're very good," agreed Melissa. "I just hope a lot of them will get red spots before the end of the week."

"Red spots?" queried Sabine. "What do you mean?"

"Well, when someone buys a painting they put a red spot on the title card so that everyone will know that the painting is sold."

Sabine giggled. "Neat idea," she said. "I hope all the galleries look like they've got measles in a few days' time."

The girls kept peeping out from time to time to see how many guests had arrived. By the time of the opening there were well over 50 and there was a buzz of excitement as people drank their wine and chatted.

A short while later Louise put her head around the door. "OK girls, the foyer's quite packed. Are you ready for your introductions?"

"Absolutely ready," claimed Melissa confidently."

"Well, as ready as we'll ever be," muttered Sabine.

Melissa walked over to her bag and took two items out. One was the papier-mache drama mask which she handed to Sabine. "Here you are darling. Put this on ready."

Sabine grabbed it eagerly. "Oh, yes. It'll be much easier being an anonymous model," she said with a giggle.

Melissa moved nearer the door as she heard the babble of conversation subside. She listened to Louise's voice making her welcoming speech. Then the words she was waiting for: "And it is with great pleasure that I introduce our exhibiting artist, Melissa."

As she walked out to face the guests, Melissa was thrilled to see the foyer room packed with guests. They applauded her entrance as she stood on the bottom step near the pillar to make her brief speech of welcome.

"Thank you ladies and gentlemen for coming along this evening. It's good to see so many. There are three galleries so you'll have plenty of room to move about. Before you move into the galleries I'd like to explain a bit about the theme I have chosen. As you will have seen on the posters, it's called "The Prisoner", but before saying anything about the paintings I would like to introduce you to my model." She waved her hand dramatically to the side and out walked Sabine in her cloak and mask. There was further applause.

Melissa stood aside to allow Sabine to mount the steps in front of her. She held her hands behind her back as she stepped forward astride the doorway on the pillars. Then Sabine felt two clicks on her wrists as Melissa handcuffed her hands behind her back.

"Mel...Melissa? What are you d..d..doing?" hissed Sabine into the mask.

There was no answer from Melissa. Instead she started to address the crowd below. "I decided to interpret the theme "The Prisoner" in an erotic way and in three distinct stages, increasing the eroticism as each stage progresses." There were excited murmurs of approval from the crowd at this news.

A voice cried out from below: "Do you mind if we take photographs?"

"Of course not," replied Melissa. "Take as many as you like, and be sure to show them to your friends so that they'll come to the exhibition." There was laughter at this and an odd flash or two as some of the guests began to take photographs.

As Melissa developed her theme she spoke about the rough cloak and the conditions of the prisoners. She had the full attention of the people below. Sabine, for her part scanned the faces of the crowd to see whether she knew anyone. Suddenly she stiffened. Oh no! She could see Joyce, her boss from the office where she worked. Sabine was very thankful that she was wearing a mask that completely covered her face.

She scanned the crowd further. Yes, just behind Joyce stood Cynthia and Jessica from the copy department; and horror of horrors, just behind them she could clearly make out the face of young Jimmy who'd just joined the accounts department - and he was standing next to his boss, Adrian.

As Melissa continued with her explanation of the paintings Sabine started to wonder why all those people from work had come to the exhibition. As far as she knew they were not particularly interested in art. Suddenly she remembered the words of Louise when she was speaking to Melissa: "I included the names you suggested." Sabine suddenly realised that it must have been Melissa who had arranged this. But why? What was she planning?

Her thoughts were interrupted at that point by a ripping noise behind her. With thoughts approaching panic she realised that Melissa had opened several of the velcro straps holding her loose shapeless cloak together at the back. Sabine wondered why she should do this. She soon found out as she felt Melissa's hand wandering around her bare skin under the cloak. As she spoke to the guests about the topless paintings her hand pushed up under the bikini top and caressed Sabine's breasts and tweaked her nipples. Sabine's closed eyes and gasps were all hidden by the mask as Melissa's hands meandered lower to the bottom of the bikini, entering it and sliding between her model's legs. Normally Sabine absolutely loved Melissa doing this but she felt that now was neither the time nor the place. She wondered what she was about to do. She didn't have long to wait.

Melissa then went on to describe the pictures in the second gallery. . . "Where the model will look like this." With those words she undid the remaining straps and whipped the cloak off Sabine, leaving her standing in full view of the crowd clad only in her very brief and tight pink satin bikini. Melissa's wandering fingers had done their work on her nipples and they strained at the shining material. Sabine glanced down and could see them standing out.

The crowd were delighted at this and there was a loud babble of conversation, a few whistles and a barrage of camera flashes as the visitors took full advantage of their opportunity. Sabine, now perspiring freely beneath her mask looked down to see her boss and young Jimmy busy with their cameras. She felt embarrassed and humilated at her treatment but, with her hands secured behind her back, there was nothing she could do about it. More than ever she was thankful for the mask as the crowd below stood gazing upwards at her spread before them.

Melissa's next words struck unmitigated horror and apprehension into Sabine; a cold clammy hand seemed to clutch at her stomach as she heard them. "And now we come to the third gallery which displays the nude prisoner." Surely Melissa would never . . . Her mind was in turmoil. She wouldn't. Not in front of all these people.

She felt Melissa's hand caressing her butt out of sight of everyone in the crowd, then real panic set in as she felt the hand start to slide up her naked back towards the straps of her bikini top. Was she going to . . .? Would she . . .? Surely not. Sabine tried to turn around to whisper to Melissa. "Please don't take my top off. Not here Melissa. No Pleeeeze!"

But the relentless journey of Melissa's hand continued onto the strap dangling from the tied bow which held her top tight against her chest. She felt a tightening of the strap then a sudden release as the bow was undone and hung loosely on her, supported only by the second bow at the back of her neck.

Melissa's hand continued its upward journey. A tightening of the strap again, then that horrible loose feeling, the dread of which only a woman can know. A flick of Melissa's wrist completed the exposure and Sabine was left with her breasts completely exposed to all those eyes and that barrage of camera flashes.

The hubbub of conversation suddenly died to absolute silence. It was not only Sabine who was filled with apprehension. Everyone in the room was asking themselves the same question. Would Melissa do it or wouldn't she? For Sabine the next few seconds seemed like hours as she mentally willed Melissa not to take the bottom of her bikini off.

She felt Melissa's lips close to her ear whispering almost silently. "Remember, darling, in gallery three you are a nude model. And nude means wearing absolutely nothing." Sabine's face felt on fire. No! She wouldn't actually do it. Not here. No.

Then she felt both Melissa's hands come into play as she took hold of both the side-tie strings and pull them out to the side. Sabine felt them pull away from her hips and tighten. She thought Melissa was teasing her. As the bow snapped apart Sabine felt the back drop down but not the front. Was Melissa just holding it in front and not releasing it? Was she teasing her.

She bent over to look in front of her. It was her undoing! The heavy papier-mache mask slid forward over her head and went clattering down onto the floor below. There was immediate pandemonium amongst the assembled guests. Not only was their model standing naked, shaved and with her legs spread wide, they could also see who she was.

For a second the eyes of Sabine and her work colleagues were riveted across the space between them in unbelief. Then there ensued laughter and pointing as she heard her name again and again: "It's Sabine. . ." "Look! Sabine. . ." "Sabine. . ." "Sabine. . ." For her it was the acme of humiliation. It was her dread - to be seen totally naked by people who knew her. She just stood there in total embarrassment as over a hundred eager eyes wandered all over her nude body. For those with cameras the opportunities were endless as Sabine was photographed from every conceivable angle.

The smiling Louise invited all the guests to pass through the doors into the first gallery and, as Melissa made no attempt to let Sabine come down from the top of the pillars, this meant everyone walking between her legs on the way to the door. The opportunity to look up as they did so was not lost on most of the crowd, especially those wielding cameras.

Sabine could just imagine the hilarity that would result tomorrow in work when the photographs of her were shown around.

When the final guest had passed through, Sabine gave a sigh of relief. "Oh, Melissa, that was dreadful. I have never been so humiliated before."

"Nonsense, darling," returned Melissa giggling. "I suspect you really enjoyed it."

"Enjoyed it! Enjoyed it! Please. . . just take off these handcuffs and let me get dressed."

Melissa gave a little giggle again. "Ah, yes, now there is something I want to do before we talk about that," and gathering up the cloak, the bikini and then walking down to pick up the mask which someone had placed on the bottom step, she took them to the reception console and locked them in a drawer.

"What are you doing with those?" cried Sabine.

Melissa mounted the steps and helped Sabine onto the platform. "Now darling, I want you to walk around and chat with our guests and get them interested in the paintings."

"What like this? Naked! You don't mean . . ."

"Yes, that's exactly what I mean. I want you to walk around chatting to the crowd - just as you are."

"Oh Melissa I can't do that. I'll feel so . . ."

"You are going to do it," insisted Melissa. "Now, do you want me to remove those handcuffs while you do it, or not?"

Sabine knew she had little choice with Melissa in one of her bossy moods. "Oh, alright then. I can at least cover myself with my hands."

"Oh no! Indeed not!" remonstrated Melissa. If I take off your handcuffs I want you to promise that you'll keep your hands by your sides all the time you are chatting. And remember, they've seen everything you've got now. You can't show them anything more." She sniggered again at Sabine's plight.

The two joined the moving throng who were looking intently at the paintings. A few seemed surprised that Sabine was still nude and some of the younger girls looked rather embarrassed about it.

The guests were all very friendly towards both Sabine and Melissa congratulating them effusively on their joint work. Even Sabine started to smile at the way she was received by them all. Her work colleagues gathered around her in a tight enthusiastic group full of congratulations at her ability as a model and at her bravery for doing what she had just done.

Young Jimmy lost no time in photographing the whole group from the office with Sabine in the centre. Then he insisted on someone else taking a photograph so that he could stand next to his nude colleague.

The chatting grew louder and, by the time they reached the third gallery the excitement was almost tangible. Melissa and Sabine were the toast of the show.

Young Jimmy's camera worked non-stop photographing all the nude paintings and getting Sabine to pose as she did in the paintings so that he could take a photograph of the painting and the model.

Sabine had grown used to walking around naked by now and was able to smile quite amicably to the guests who asked her questions about the paintings. She wasn't put off when Joyce came beside her as she was looking at one of the more flagrant paintings and put her arm around her. "I do like the way Melissa has made the most of your erect nipples Sabine. That's a very sexy painting."

It was as Melissa and Sabine were chatting that Miriam came to join them carrying a clipboard. "Great news girls! Eight paintings have been sold already. I've got to get busy with the red spots now." Melissa, in great excitement at the news, threw her arms around Sabine and kissed her.

"Oops!" she exclaimed. "Perhaps I shouldn't have done that here and in your present state of undress. Other people might try it."

"Some have already come close to it," Sabine replied with a smile. "I'm getting used to wandering around naked in a crowd of clothed people and pushing between groups."

Gradually the crowd thinned out as the guests left, many of them having a word of appreciation with Sabine and Melissa before they did so. Eventually only the gallery staff and the two girls remained. Miriam totted up the sales on her clipboard list. "Twelve paintings already sold," she proclaimed. "I think that's a record for an opening Louise."

Louise smiled broadly at the two girls. She was most grateful for a splendid exhibition and gave both of them a tremendous hug of thanks.

Melissa smiled at Sabine. "Well, unless you want to travel home in the nude, I suppose I'd better let you have your clothes back."

On the way home in the car Sabine was rather quiet wondering whether she'd be able to face all those people in work tomorrow. She voiced her thoughts to Melissa who commented "Darling they all enjoyed it and praised your bravery. When all the others have had a laugh at some of the photographs that were taken I'm sure they'll forget all about it."

"I thought I might phone in sick," said Sabine gloomily.

"That will only put off your return, darling."

"Yes, I suppose you're right. I noticed that Joyce was very friendly. She patted my bottom as she stood next to me to have our photographs taken."

"So I noticed," replied Melissa. "I felt quite jealous when I saw her do it. I thought she might be fancying you."

Sabine smiled at her. "Darling! I like you being jealous," she replied. "OK. I'll definitely go to work tomorrow. Her mind was made up, but she might have changed it if she had known what her boss was going to ask her to do the following day.