“You like them?”

Paul woke up from his reverie and turned around to look at the woman speaking to him. She was in her mid-forties, elegantly dressed in a strapless black evening gown, showing off her rounded shoulders and full white breasts. Her hair is cut short in a 1950s style bob. Paul looked at her blankly before asking.

“You mean the drawings?”

She laughed at his unconscious revelation. “Yes, I saw you looking at them for quite a while.”

Paul smiled and begins to reply but the woman speaks first.

“I bought them.”

Paul was immediately interested.

“You did?”

“They are quite interesting” he suggested.

“Indeed” said the woman. The noise of the private view drowned her voice so he had to come closer to her. He immediately noticed her sweet and heady perfume.

“There is such pain in them, don’t you think?”

Paul turned to the drawings. Of course he knew them, he drew them himself. He recalled the feeling of making them; the rush of desire as he carefully constructed the choreographed images. Pain? He looked at the images of a man being overpowered by three women and could remember imagining the power and strength of the women as he drew them and yes there was pain, but there was something else too.

“Pain?” He asked.

“Well, yes” she replied, adding “The man there does not seem very happy.”  
  
Paul laughed. ”Perhaps or perhaps he is. Perhaps he enjoys the struggle; the idea of being physically overpowered by many stronger women.”

The woman turned towards the drawings again.

“It is three against one.”

“Collective intelligence beats individual strength” Paul ventured, not sure he wanted to go into that aspect of the drawings with the beautiful woman.  
  
“Do you think it is like that in reality…? I mean, in the drawing the women look muscular and even stronger than the man; do you think it is that way in life?” the woman persisted. Paul looked at her and realized she understood his drawings after all.

“Oh, by the way, my name is Lindsay.”

She reached out with a gloved hand. He shook her hand and introduced himself, noticing that the soft thick glove felt damp. As he shook hands with the woman, her perfume enveloped him.

“I’m Paul” he replied.

Just then he was distracted by two large women who approached them, one pushed an empty wheelchair and the other carried a blanket slung on her arm. Around them, the room was suddenly quiet. During their brief conversation the crowd had thinned and the gallery was now almost empty.

“Hello, Helga” said the woman, still holding Paul’s hand. “Just in time as usual.”

Paul felt a sharp prick on his wrist. Surprised, he looked at the smiling women surrounding him and then down and saw Lindsay empty a syringe into his wrist. Even as he watched the contents of the syringe empty into his vein, he lost all strength in his limbs. He tried to speak but couldn’t utter a sound. Looking at him all the time, Lindsay removed the syringe, capped it and put it into her small handbag. As he collapsed, the two muscular women helped Paul onto the wheelchair, secured his arms and legs with padded straps and wrapped him up in a blanket; they stood blocking other people’s view as Lindsay brought her wet glove against his face. She rubbed her hand over his face, The anaesthetic on the glove clung to his nostrils and his mind began to float away. After a few seconds, Lindsay pulled his chin upwards with her fingers, looking into his dazed unseeing eyes. She let him go, stood up and put her gloves into her handbag, closing it. Paul tried to look up at her but his neck muscles failed him and his head lolled forward, and he stared vacantly at her elegant lame shoes.

Lindsay bent over and spoke into his ear.

“Not feeling well darling?”

“Don’t worry baby, it is just the muscular relaxant I gave you. This way you just breathe in the anaesthetic nice and easy, discretely and without all the usual fuss and bother.”

She looked sideways at the two women and continues:

“Perhaps we should go home, don’t you agree?”

A gallery attendant approached them.

“Is everything OK lady?”

“Yes, it is just that our disabled friend is suddenly not feeling well, can you show us the quickest way to the front door?”

The gallery attendant slid open a heavy wooden side door and they found themselves in an unused gallery, a section of the building that is not open to the public. Lindsay looked around and thought to herself ‘Zero witnesses, I couldn’t have arranged it better if I had tried!’ They went through a couple of similar doors and then down in the goods lift to the courtyard service entrance. All the time, a half conscious Paul struggled unsuccessfully against the continuing effects of the anaesthetic; he tried to draw the gallery attendant’s attention, but the women kept him distracted, talking to him all the time. As they progressed through the building Helga made a call on her mobile and the mirror-glazed van was ready and waiting with the ramp down when they arrived at the courtyard entrance. The women wheeled Paul onto the ramp and lifted him into the van, closing the door behind him. They looked around but the gallery attendant left them at the door and there was no-one else about. The three women climbed onto the van from behind and the close the door before climbing on herself; the women’s vehicle slowly moved out of the busy courtyard. Inside the van, Lindsay gently lifted Paul’s head up and held a freshly soaked gauze pad lightly against his face, speaking quietly to her semi-conscious prey. “Have a little more sevolfluorone darling, I think you need it. It will be a short journey and then we will talk.” The fresh fumes spread unchecked into his lungs, filling them; Paul’s eyes fluttered slowly and finally closed. She held the pad in place for a couple of minutes until she was certain he was completely under and then placed a supporting pillow around his neck, adjusting the chair so he leaned back, comfortably asleep.

He woke up a few hours later, lying naked on a sofa. He stood up and looked around the room. It was elegant in a welcoming way. You could tell the furniture was chosen for comfort rather than as an aesthetic statement, but you could also tell the owner was wealthy. The dressed-up feeling of the room made him even more acutely aware of his nudity and he felt vulnerable. On the wall were some of his drawings and other similar works by other artists. He looked at the large crayon drawing by Klossowski on the wall; then he transferred his attention to the Balthus. Lindsay walked into the room and stood in silence, watching Paul engrossed with her small collection, which now included his own work. Her eyes ran up and down his body; there is something faintly ridiculous about the sight of a naked man standing around in the middle of a formal room like this one.

“That was his wife, you know?”

Paul turned around, surprised to see her. She was looking beautiful. She wore a black low cut, strapless dress with high heels, very little makeup and no jewellery, just a lady’s watch. Paul took in every detail of her appearance. He covered his crotch with his hands and turned towards her. She walked up to him and took his hand in hers gently, keeping her eyes on his all the time.

“…Whose wife?” Paul asked.

“Pierre Klossowski”

“Denise was his muse and co-participant in some of his performances; they had a very interesting private life.”

“Did you know him?”

“Oh no” she laughed, “That was too far back. My grandmother knew him though; she started this collection.”

As they talked, Paul became accustomed to his nudity and they carried on looking at some of the paintings. They stopped at a large painting of two women holding down a strong bearded man; one held his arm as the other slit his throat with a sharp sword.

“This is not the original, obviously, but it is a copy made by an unknown female artist of the same period.”

Paul gazed at the copy of Artemisia Gentileschi’s masterpiece Judith and Holofernes and felt a familiar feeling of excitement stir inside him.  
  
“Most men are disturbed by this image but very few are indifferent to it. Some fear it and some hate it; others, like you, are affected by it and yet find it disturbingly exciting at the same time.”

She pointed down at Paul’s growing erection. He tried to hide it and then decided not to bother.

“Would you like a drink?”

“No, thank you very much.”

“Suit yourself,” she said.

Lindsay picked up a small silver bell and shook it. At the sound of the bell two big, muscular women walk into the room. He recognized them from the museum, but they dressed differently now. They wore tight sleeveless sweatshirts, tracksuit trousers and light rubber-soled slippers. They waited in silence.

“Prep him, Helga” says Lindsay, pouring herself a drink. The women moved towards Paul.

“Hey!” he said as they grabbed him. Paul tried to struggle and kick but he was no match for the two women; besides being physically stronger than him, they had the distinct psychological advantage of being clothed. Very soon he found himself tangled helplessly in their massive arms.  It felt like the tightening coils of an anaconda, their huge muscles bulging under his chin; strong fingers grabbed his arms and legs and pulled him down to his knees. Lindsay looked on without intervening as the two strong women overpowered Paul. She filled a glass with water from a crystal jug and took three blue pills from a small porcelain box on the mantelpiece before approaching the two women.  Once they had immobilized him, the second woman forced Paul’s mouth open with her hand and Lindsay popped the small pills into his mouth, pouring the water in, spilling some of it in the process. She put the glass down on the coffee table and held his head upwards, clamping her right hand over his mouth to prevent him from spitting out the pills. One of the women massaged his throat downwards with her hand, forcing him to swallow. Lindsay removed her hand from his mouth and the other woman prised his jaw open again, peering inside his mouth. The pills were gone.

“Done” she said and both women released Paul.

He fell back onto the sofa breathing hard; the two women looked at Lindsay who nodded at them and they left the room.

“Are you all right?” she asked Paul.

“What’s going on?” What did you just do to me?”

“Just prepping you, that is all; I need you to take some pills. Would you like a tour of the house?”

She stood next to the door and held it open for him. They went around the house room after room. Whenever he had a chance, he glanced out through the windows. He realized that they were in the moors somewhere and that there were no houses nearby. Finally they came to a large empty room with a padded floor and mirrors on the walls. By the time they came to this room Paul had a full erection and he realized the purpose of the pills: it was chemically induced. He looked around and realized Lindsay had disappeared. He was surrounded by mirrors couldn’t spot a door.

A few minutes later, new lights turned on in the room and others turned off. The illumination created an area of intense light like a stage on the padded floor. The walls seemed to disappear into the gloom and he was left standing under a ray of strong light. He looked at his image on the mirror. It seemed larger than life, sharp and clear. What is this light for? He wondered. Minutes later the two muscular women came into the room followed by Lindsay. They all wore short towel robes tied around the waist. The mirror-door remained ajar behind them. The faced him around the floodlit circle and removed their robes; they stood naked in front of him. He looked at the women and then at all their reflections in the wall-to-wall mirror. The effect of the light on their bodies emphasized every curve, every muscle. Lindsay’s voluptuous body seemed like a cataract of flesh; the light pouring over her body and glancing off her every curve. One of the women began to set up three video cameras, adjusting them until she was satisfied. She pulled out a remote control and changed the position of the lights. There was silence on the room, everyone looked at her work and the only sound in the room was produced by the small servomotors that pointed the light in the right direction. Finally, the woman was satisfied and she approached Paul while Lindsay went from camera to camera peering at the small screens making sure they all provided a different focus. On the other side of the lens, the two taller women flexed their muscles and smiled at her. In the screen they appeared to be unnaturally big standing next to Paul’s smaller, average body. Lindsay looked at him from behind the camera and blew him a kiss. The camera woman came up to him and gave him a light shove, then did it again, taunting him. He became angry and thought about escaping. The women spread out and he made a dash for the door and freedom but they were ready for him, blocking his way and grabbing his arms. He began fighting in earnest as the cameras recorded every move from three different angles. The three women closed in on him and he fell to the padded floor, once there it was all over very quickly. They twisted his arms painfully behind his back and immobilized him. The camera closest to him captured his look of desperation as he stared at the mirror and saw the image of the three women holding him down as if it were happening to someone else. There was something familiar about the image; his drawings came to his mind. In the mirror, he saw Lindsay take his penis in her hand and slip it inside of her. He felt the woman’s lubricated vaginal muscles contract all around him as he was pushed deep inside of her. Lindsay began to move rhythmically, riding him as Helga and the other woman held him down. As he exploded inside her, he saw his reflection in the mirror. A hand covered his mouth and nose with a damp cloth and a familiar odour filled his nostrils. Immobilized by the weight of the three women he was unable to break their strong hold on his arms and legs. His eyelids began to flutter, first quickly and then slowly. He saw his eyes over the pad reflected in the mirror. His mind began to float away and very soon he couldn’t make sense of what he saw, reality broke down into a rush of noise in his mind, trapped in smooth perfumed steel with the soothing sound of the three women’s voice in his ear as they held him down.

He woke up in the middle of the night. He was in bed but not alone. Lindsay lay there next to him, looking at him.

“Wakey wakey darling, are you OK?”

Paul sat up in bed; the memory of the previous night fresh in his mind. The room was chilly and it was snowing outside. He felt an urgent need to urinate and got out of bed without answering.

“Where are you going?” she asks.

“Toilet”  
  
After relieving himself he walked back into the bedroom; He looks at the door and considers escaping.

“No, no, no…”

Paul looked at the bed; Lindsay held the little bell up high and a soft tinkling sound reached him.

“Come back to bed with me.”

She sat up in bed reaching out to him and he got a clear view of her generous body. Suddenly the room felt unbearably cold and the warmth of the bed and her body infinitely more inviting; after all, he had not been seriously hurt so far and it was pitch dark and freezing cold outside. Any thoughts of escaping could wait until tomorrow. Lindsay’s gentle hands pulled him back to the warmth of the bed and he surrendered to her pleasant ministrations and the soft fullness of her breasts against his lips. She wrapped herself around him and soon they are making love. When he woke up again it was sunny outside and she lay sleeping next to him. He decided to try to make a run for it. She slept next to the night table and he noticed the little silver bell next to the reading lamp. He knew its sound would bring the big women rushing into the room. Paul quietly got out of bed and as he looked around for some clothes, he heard the loud tinkling noise of the bell. He turned around and saw Lindsay, wide awake and bell in hand, struggling to get out of bed.

“Help!”

He knew this was his last chance, so he ran out of the room stark naked, making it to the kitchen and then outside through the back door.  The morning was sunny but freezing cold. The icy cold air filled his lungs and he started coughing as he rushed out through the back gate onto the small country road running as fast as he could, ignoring the winter’s wind against his naked body and the numbness of his bare feet on the snowy unpaved road. He knew that if he made it to the highway someone might help him.

“Which way did he go?”

“Round the back to the main road” replied Lindsay.

“He is barefoot. We can get there before him.”

Paul was struggling. The cold began to affect him and his feet were bloody and painful but still he ran naked through the freezing winter landscape. He climbed up an incline onto the main road and was about to reach the top when he saw the van parked with the motor running in the silent snowy landscape. His heart dropped; he bent over breathing hard, his hands on his knees, lungs torn. He had tried and failed.

“Come Paul” Lindsay spoke to him gently.

Defeated, he allowed himself to be led back to the warmth of the van. Once inside they closed the door and turned up the heating. Paul shivered uncontrollably now. The women covered him with a blanket and began rubbing him, noticing the cuts and bruises on his damaged feet. Lindsay poured a shot of brandy and offered it to him.

“Here” she said. “It’s only brandy, you need it.”

As Paul drank, she spoke to him.

“What on earth were you thinking of anyway? You could have died of exposure! You know what the temperature is outside right now? And that’s without considering the wind!”

Paul looked at her silently as the other women massaged him inside the moving car. Back at the house, they helped him upstairs and as one of the girls ran a bath for him Lindsay made sure he was not seriously injured.  When the bath was ready Paul stepped into the bathtub and sank gratefully into the warm water, his tortured body tingling. He had been there only a few minutes when Lindsay came into the bathroom, took off her dressing gown and slipped into the large bath tub behind him.  
  
“Hey!” he said.

“Hey” she replied, kissing him on the side of the face. She wrapped her arms and legs around him and they relaxed together in the tub. She began fondling him and very soon a jet of sperm shot into the water.  
  
“Hey!” he said.

“Hey” she replied.

“Don’t worry, they won’t drown, they are all able swimmers.”

The sound of their laughter boomed inside the extra-large bathtub.

“Why are you doing this to me?” asked Paul, leaning backwards against her breasts. Lindsay smiled and kissed the side of his face again. He turned around their lips met.

“Do what?”

“Drug me, kidnap me, gang rape me…”

“Your drawings” she offered by way of explanation.

“What do you mean; you already own my drawings don’t you?”

“Can I ask you something about your drawings?”

“Sure” Paul replied rubbing his back against Lindsay’s breasts, feeling the touch of her nipples against his back muscles, stirring the hot water in the tub with his legs.

“Are they about unfulfilled desire or about pain? Are they about fear?”  
  
Paul stood up in the tub and silently slipped behind Lindsay, putting his arms around her, running his hands up and down her body, touching her breasts.  
  
“Hmmm…let me see. There is pain in unfulfilled desire; and for me there is fear/pleasure in the thought of being physically overpowered by many women, in being outnumbered and forcefully anaesthetized by women.”   
  
“I don’t get it.”

“Did you ever play catch me if you can? Red Rover, Red Rover or Hide and seek?”

“Yes”  
  
“Do you remember the excitement of being chased, of being caught? Remember playing girls against boys in anything?

Remember that feeling?”

“Yes”  
  
“Well, this is the same thing.”

Lindsay was silent for a moment and then spoke.

“What I like about your drawings was how real they are. You look at them and there is an intensity there that is clearly not intellectual or contrived. That is why I bought them and that is why the girls and I brought you here…”

“What?”  
  
“You didn't understand the nature of my art collection when I showed it to you yesterday, did you? It is not about the work, but about the artists’ mind. What tickles you, tickles me. What tickles Klossowski, Balthus and you, excites me too. What has happened since we captured you and brought you here is my real collection: a collection of experiences and the enactment of both your and my own deepest desires; the drawings and paintings are only mementos.”

They stood up and got off the bath tub. Paul dried Lindsay and then she dried him. As Paul walked into her bedroom he found his clothes in a neat pile, laundered and ironed. He turned to Lindsay and saw that she was dressing; he looked at her as she stepped into her panties and adjusted her bra. Then she put on black slacks and a white silk shirt, slipping her feet into low heeled black moccasins. She admired her reflection in the mirror, added a few minor touches of makeup, sprayed perfume on her wrists and then rubbed them lightly together.

“Ready” She said and then looked around at him in disappointment.

“What about you? Get on with it, we have to move!”

“…Where?”

“London; we’re taking you home.”

“Aren’t you afraid I might go to the police?”

Lindsay looked at him raised an eyebrow and asked. "Are you going to?"

Paul knew, as she knew too that he would not do it; he wanted to see her again.

“Let’s go then.”

As he followed Lindsay out the door, one of the big girls blocked his way. Startled, he stepped backwards only to find that the second girl stood quietly behind him. He felt her massive arms go around him, holding him firmly.  Before he could react the first girl shoved a wet pad over his mouth and nose. He knew she was drugging him, but since he was no longer afraid in their power, he didn’t struggle; Lindsay came up to him and tickled him in the ribs, making him laugh.

“Come on, the least you can do is pretend to struggle! This is the problem with you men today, no backbone; no fight in you!”  
  
The last thing Paul heard before going under was her laughter and his own under the pad.

It was the last week of the exhibition. Paul came to the Museum to say good bye to his drawings. As he looked at them he thought about Lindsay.  When he woke up he was back home, safe in his bed.  He looked around but there was no sign of Lindsay’s presence. No way to contact her. Since that day he felt empty inside. He only spent two days with her, but he felt that she knew him better than any other woman; that she understood him in ways nobody else did. A hand grabbed his arm and in a swift movement dislocated it. He felt a sharp pain and his legs began to buckle under him.  
  
“Ouch!”  
  
“Quiet now, one peep out of you and I will break your arm.”

Paul turned around with difficulty and saw a big, muscled woman next to him smiling. In spite of the pain he smiled when he recognized Helga.  He was about to speak when someone pulled his face sideways and kissed him wetly on the lips. He instinctively closes his eyes as he lost himself in the familiar softness of those lips.

“Come quietly now…”

Paul looked around at Lindsay.

“What, no wheelchair? No dodgy perfume?”

Lindsay raised an eyebrow and answered with a question:

“Are you going to be difficult?”

“No” he answered meekly, grinning.

As the women walked him down the main stairs and out of the museum Lindsay asked him: “What are you going to draw now that your fantasies have finally been realized?

“Hmmmm… good point, perhaps I will draw bathtubs; bathtubs, breasts and long conversations in the dark.”

The door of the van slid shut and they drove away.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*