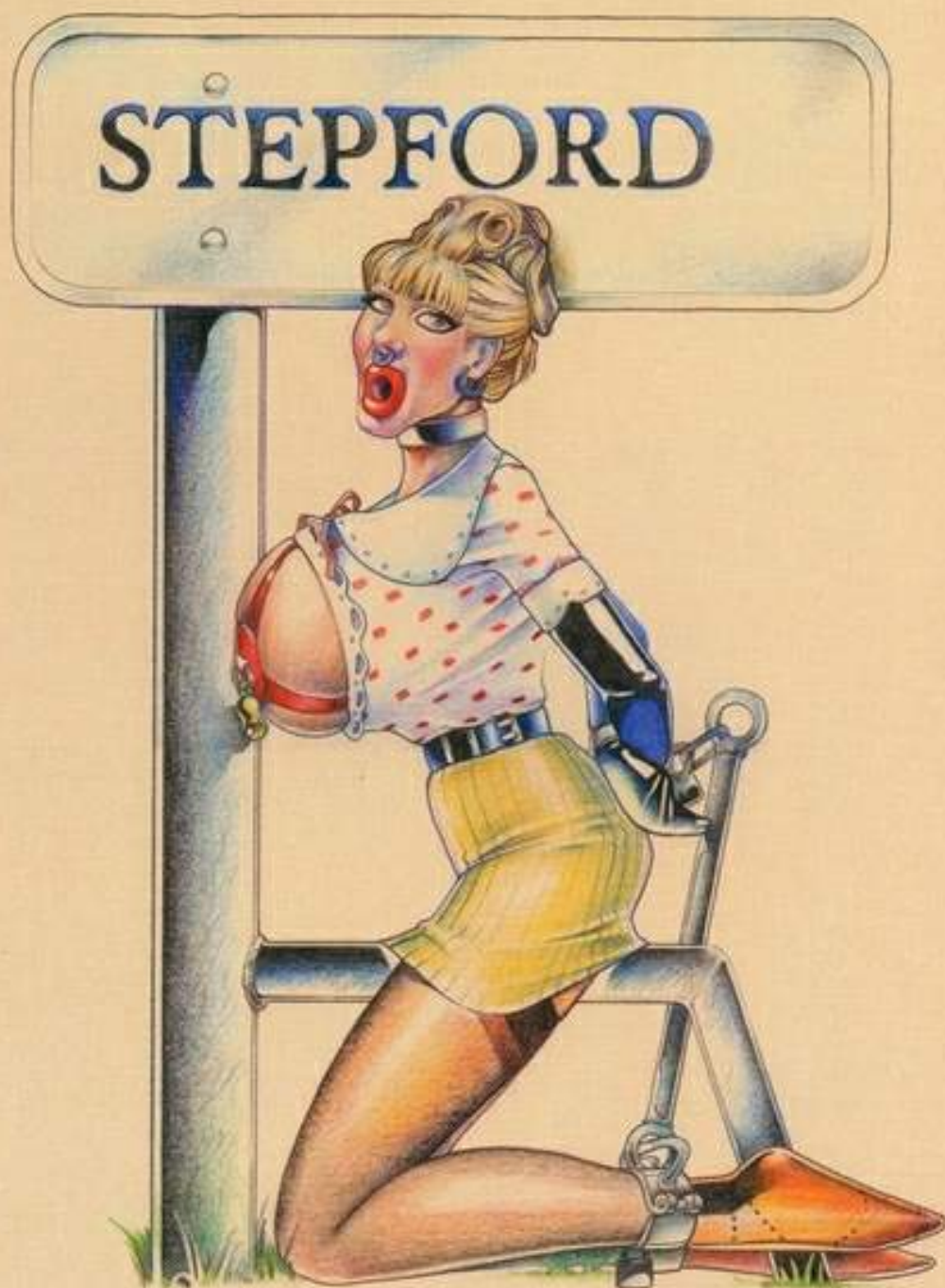




STEPFORD BOUND



Written and Illustrated
by
BENSON



Stepford Bound

Written and illustrated by Benson



A Genuine House of Gord Publication

Foreword

Editors' Note:

Welcome to the House of Gord. Our adult fantasy novels offer a welcome reprieve from the real world, giving the mind an opportunity to take flight and fantasise the impossible (or at least highly improbable). In real life, we strive to be better people and to create a better world by conducting ourselves in a respectful, responsible manner that defines civilized society. Those of us who do engage in bondage games understand that we must play safely with compassion for our partners and a desire to create a mutually satisfying experience for all involved. Bound by our conscience and the physical limitations of the human body, our options are many, but not endless. In the world of make believe, the possibilities are endless. This is a vast landscape, with no signposts or boundaries, except those provided by the author.

An artist/writer is able to reach beyond what is safe in reality, to explore those areas that cannot or should not be explored in real life. The pen really is mightier than the sword, for its territory knows no limits.

In this instance, renowned bondage illustrator Benson has created an entire fantasy township, the likes of which you've probably never encountered before. We consider this to be the ultimate Benson book. Who better to publish it than the House of Gord, the original bondage book company that started working with Benson in the early 1990s. Perhaps no other book will give you this level of insight into the imagination of one of the masters of modern bondage illustration.

It takes a lot of courage to put pen to paper in the realm of the erotic and share the results with the world. John Willie was such an artist, fearless in his pursuit of artistic expression. Following in his footsteps, Benson is also fearless and we hope you will appreciate his toils as much as we do. It also takes a lot of courage to purchase an erotic story, especially one of an alternative nature. We applaud you, dear reader, for having the courage to visit the township of Stepford.

The Editors

Welcome to Stepford

From The Life and Times of a Stepford Mayor

The sun was threatening to rise, the sky burning orange from the ground up, filling the drifting clouds with heat. A solitary gull rode the early morning thermals before swooping down onto the rocks to pick at the broken bodies of surf smashed crabs.

Below, the sleeping town of Stepford, basked briefly in a peculiar glow, unseen by its inhabitants and witnessed only by the dumb animals that huddled away from the morning dew in open barns and pig shelters.

At eight solemn chimes of the Meeting House clock, like a rewound toy, the town would awaken, reanimated, the streets soon bustling with townsmen going about their important business.

Seemingly washed up on the deserted West coast, the little town was cut off from civilisation by the steep cliffs of a narrow peninsula and a high wall at its only land boundary. The sole point of entry to the town was via a vast gate, manned by the deputies of Stepford. Apart from the once-monthly supply wagons which offloaded goods at the gates, the town had few unwanted visitors.

Entry to what was essentially a private town was by invitation only. Population three hundred, Stepford was a small but perfectly formed community, comprising of a hospital, school house, plantation, stores and its own power station.

The town also had its own Sheriff, police station and its own laws. Public order was tightly controlled in Stepford, with fines and a night in jail for rowdy and unruly menfolk.

In the town square a solitary figure shivered in the chill morning air, eclipsed by the creeping shadow of the vast statue of Joshua Stepford.

Naked and strapped tightly into a punishment stock, a young woman had spent the night forced to stare up at the granite rendition of the founding father of Stepford. The stock was a devious device designed to arrange its occupant in both a subservient and awkward posture. Her head was

held upright and forward looking by two leather reins attached to a steel bit and pulled back to a fastening ring. Thus, the occupant would have to endure the disapproving glances that peered down at her from passersby. It was a fitting punishment for the mischievous maiden.

Near her voluptuous rear hung a small wooden paddle which had been used several times by townsmen who wished to publicly voice their disapproval and intolerance of any form of female disobedience. She was paddled firmly and fairly by unseen punishers until her bottom reddened and the sharp sting turned to a numb ache. But it was not the physical discomfort that made this chastisement so unsavoury, but rather the shame and humiliation at being so publicly punished.

Of course, the woman's crime had not been such a terrible one — quite petty, in fact. But she would be made to learn through such trials and tribulations that Stepford's requirement of her was nothing short of absolute devotion and obedience to her master.

Plus, she would also never forget that afternoon tea was ALWAYS served clockwise!

The women of Stepford were the vital ingredient to the success of Stepford as both a community and as a vision of Utopia.

Women were treated as prized possessions and the town elders took a very dim view of those with heavily sadistic tendencies, rejecting entry to those who displayed a natural inclination towards contempt of women.

Absolute domination over women was one thing, cruelty was another thing altogether.

Excerpt from Fox's Guide to Secret America:

No guide to the backwaters of the Americas would be complete without a mention of Stepford.

The stories surrounding the bizarre west coast community of Stepford have endowed the town with almost mythical status.

Founded in 1950 by Joshua Stepford as a community free of all communist influence, the town has reportedly grown to a population of several hundred.

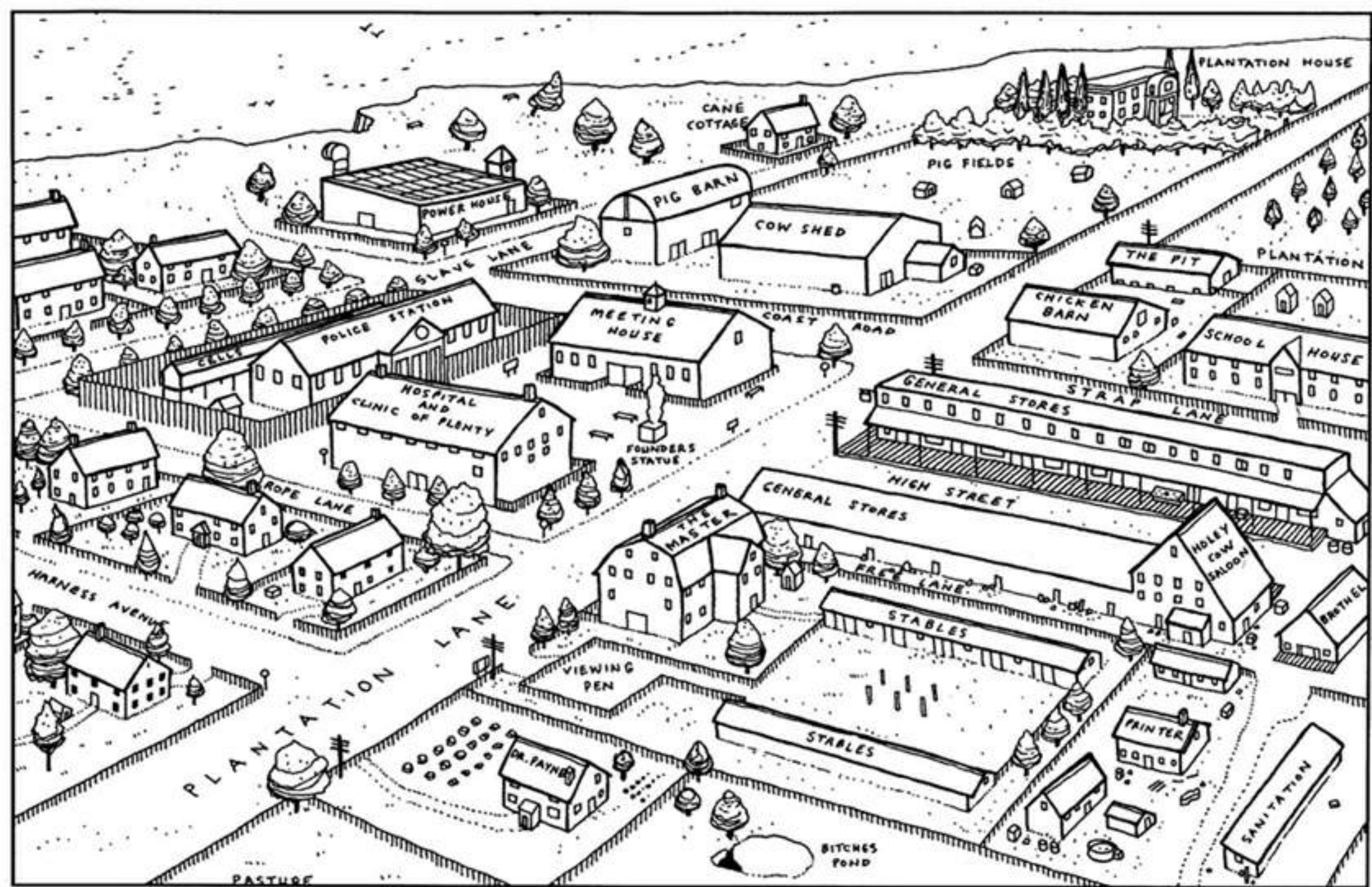
The very fact that the specific location of Stepford, other than it being on the west coast is quite vague is an indication of the private nature of this community. And, indeed there are many skeptics who believe the entire town to be an urban myth, the product of hearsay and rumour.

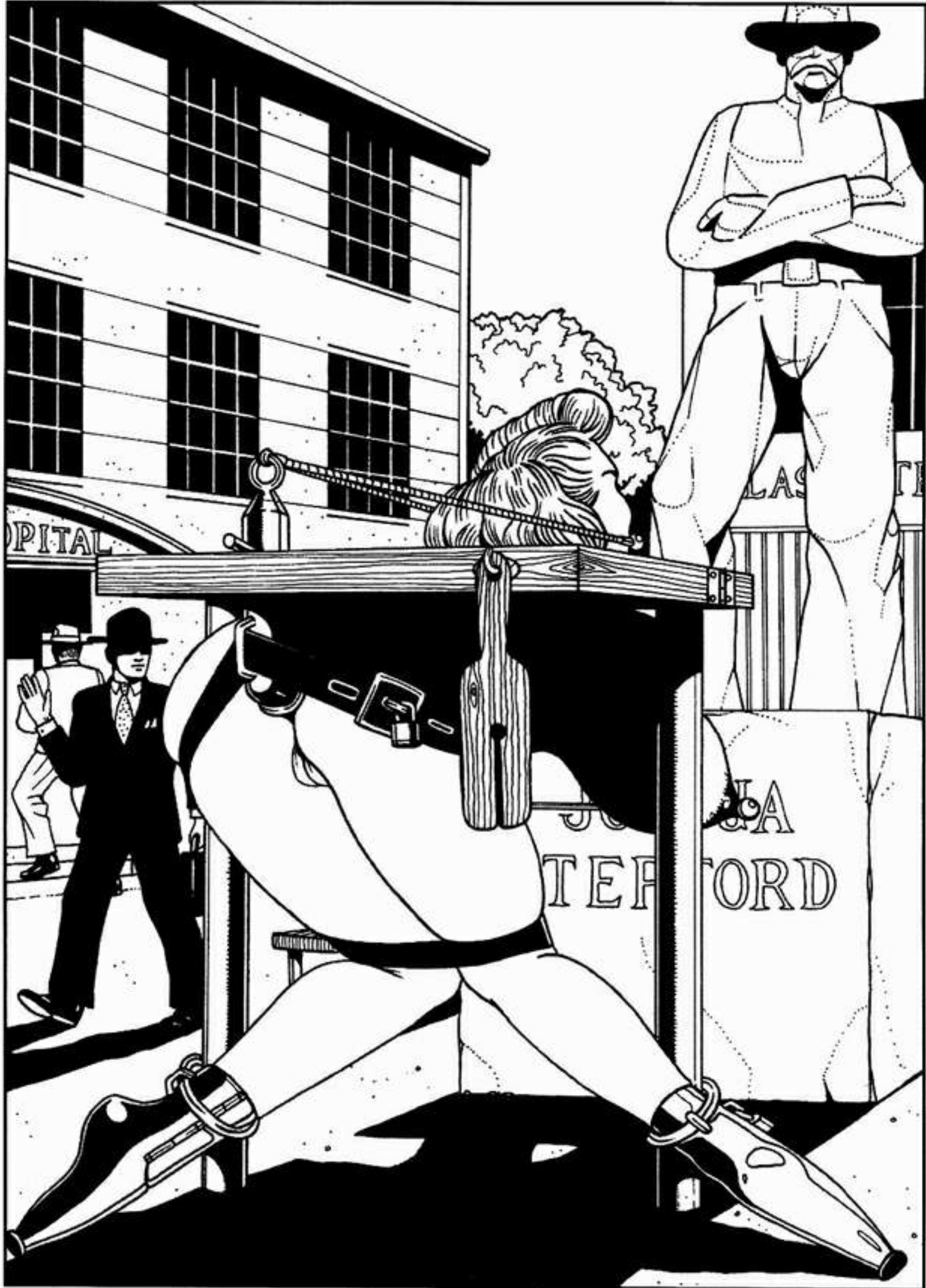
I for one, do believe the town exists, possibly between Portland and Eureka. But my message to travelers is clear, even if you can find a map to get there don't even bother, you almost certainly won't be allowed entry.

From what we do know the community is a male dominated society, but as to what degree we can only speculate. The town allegedly has its own laws and corporal punishment is practised within the community with strict dress codes required for all women.

Whether or not this is a community that follows any particular religion is not known. As to the town itself, being a gated community, its inhabitants can pretty much please themselves, and by all accounts this is exactly what they do.

Saul Rodebakker, Assistant Editor





The Main Gate

Excerpt from Stepford Life

But what better way to start our visit to Stepford by visiting the typical Stepford immigrants.

Fresh from the outside world Mr Norman Price has decided to move his young family to Stepford - by invitation, of course.

For Norman, and many more before him, the choices were quite simple - stay in the outside world with its soaring crime rate, creeping ghettos, left wing liberalism and watch both moral and cultural values disintegrate around him. Or move to a town that both upheld and revered good old fashioned values, where a man could be a gentleman and women would know their proper place.

The choice required little deliberation. For Norman Price has realised that Stepford is more than just a town. It is a symbol for all men who value the old ways and therefore feel a need to restore the natural order of family and community life.

Under the cover of darkness, the Price family enters their new life. All their immigration documents were in order and particular attention was paid to Mrs and Miss Price's compliancy agreements. Without signed compliancy agreements, the Price family could not enter.

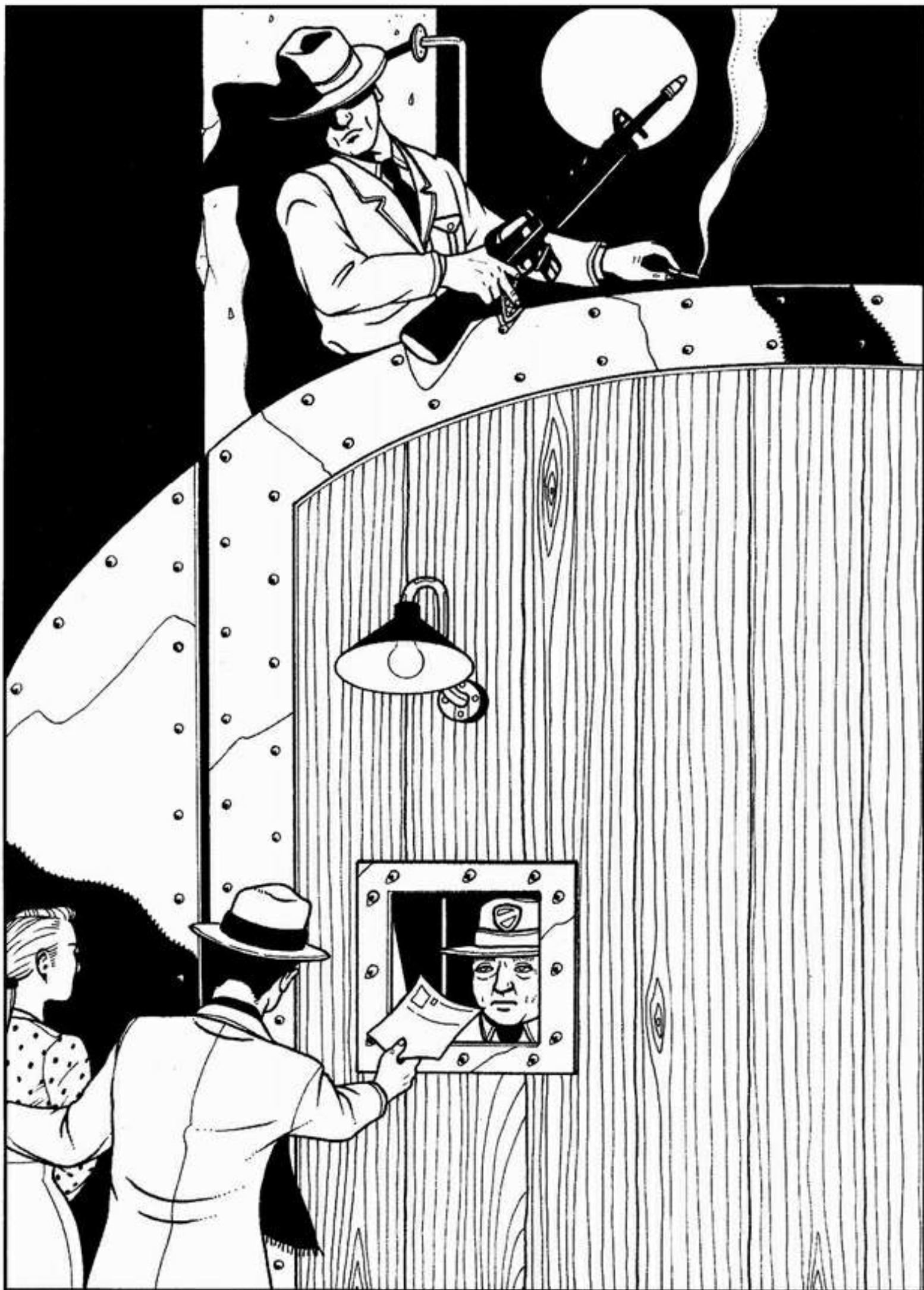
Either unwittingly or ignorantly (usually it was a mixture of the two), the pair of dozy daisies had signed legal documents that stated they had freely given up their democratic rights of freedom. There would be no voting, no free movement without permission, placing themselves wholly into the paternal care of the head of the household - Mr Price.

Stepford women are generally treated as cherished possessions but also have to be nurtured and schooled the proper way. A new Stepford wife must learn quickly that her husband is now her master and her keeper. The husband must also realise that any unruliness, obstinacy or tardiness from his wife must result in her being bent over his

knee, suffering a firm hand spanking.

For here in is this brave new world, this humbling environment, Mrs Price will be allowed the opportunity to make good her marriage vows to love and obey.

In Stepford all masters are equal and all women equally mastered.



The Van

From the parlour window, Mr Price watches fascinated as the burly chaps sent from the Plenty Clinic load Mrs Price into the back of a transporter.

He can almost hear his heart thumping in his chest from the excitement, the pitiful sight of his trussed up wife bearing testament to the reality of the situation. Up until now, it had all been a bit of a blur for poor old Norman and he had been more than a little anxious as to how the lady members of his family would react to their new subjugated roles. But he hadn't expected them to come so quickly and in retrospect it really was for the best.

He quietly reflects on the many questionnaires, photographs, medical reports and measurements the Stepford authorities had requested that he submit about his wife. He remembered how his mouth had visibly dropped open when the Stepford Town representative had spelled out to him just exactly how the town of Stepford was run and what the town stood for.

Then came the real cost of entrance to this real-life fantasy world. He had sold everything, which was only reasonable as nobody returns from Stepford - that is part of the agreement. The representative had made absolutely sure he was committed financially before he divulged the full picture of life in Stepford.

His mind had raced feverishly for days, bizarre images coming and going like an inescapable dream. Several times his wife had caught him just sitting staring at her, imagining. She had, of course little idea about the extreme nature of his thoughts.

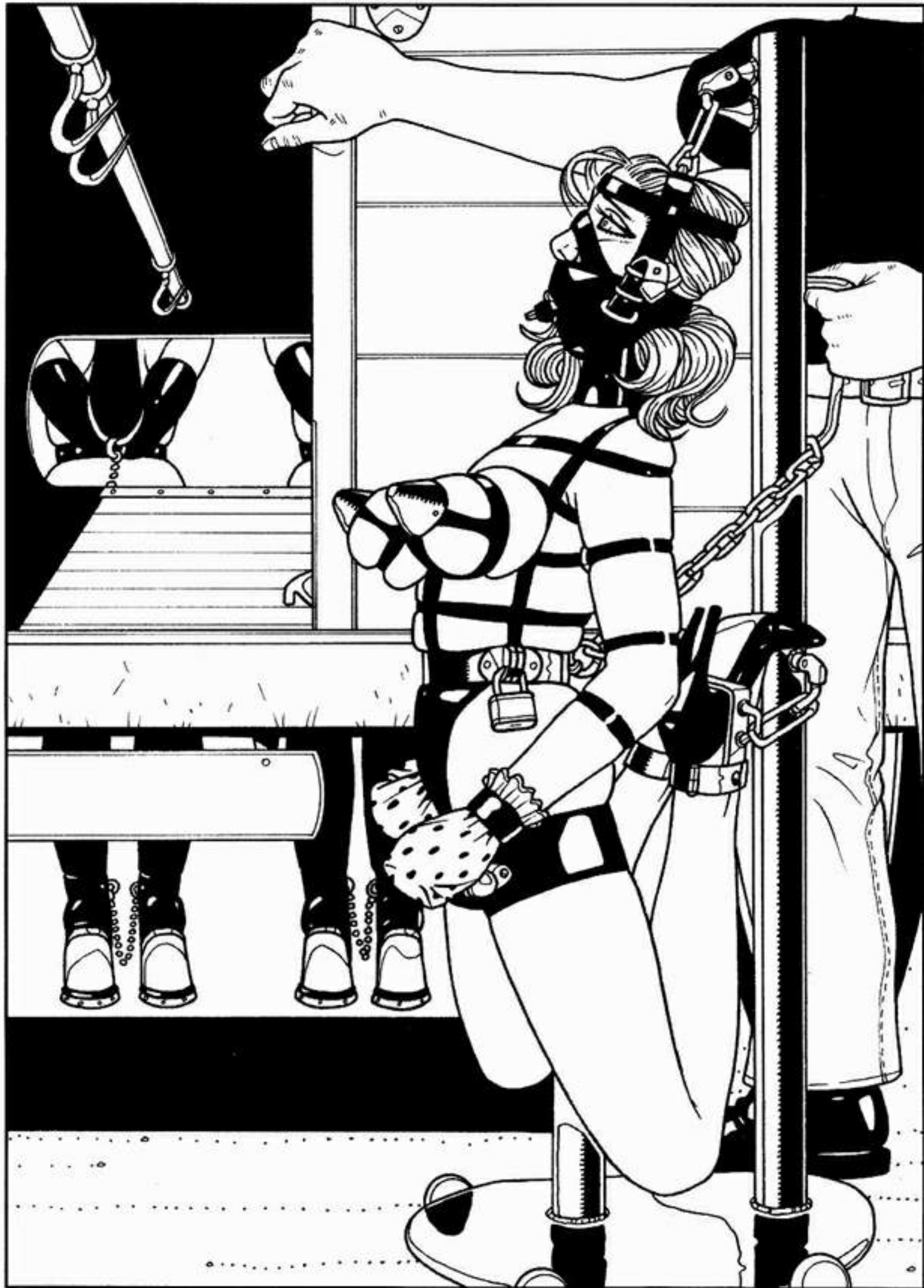
When he had finally mentioned the idea of moving to Stepford, a town where the crime rate was non-existent, the air clean and fresh and the town clean and happy, the little wife had found no good reason why not to move to such a place. And, given her husband's ill health, she grew positively adamant that they should move as soon as possible.

Mr Price had, of course failed to mention a few choice details about Stepford and its people.

The removal team have lifted Mrs Price into the back of the low, hand drawn cart. Even from where he is stood, Mr Price can make out his wife's pretty eyes, wide and plaintive.

Silenced and packaged into a web of tight leather harnessing, Mrs Price hangs helplessly from a transporting trolley as strong hands slide open a rusty door to reveal a low hanging meat rack.

Whatever complaints she wanted to voice, the stiff head harness and plug gag muffles them saving the busy workers any undue embarrassment.



New Wives Please

On arrival, new wives are transported directly to the Plenty Clinic for integration therapy and minor transformation surgeries*.

The Clinic is located within the Stepford hospital, a small infirmary but furnished with the latest equipment and best staff.

It is here that Mrs Price finds herself detained in a sparse white cell. All around her are the noises of a busy, bustling hospital, distant echoes of clanging cell doors, the click clacking of hob-nailed boots marching up and down the labyrinth of corridors that make up the hospital's basement.

The calming effects of the sedative have long since worn off leaving poor Mrs Price feeling a bit glum and lonely. Moving into a new town is always a stressful time for women, but Mrs Price can rest assured that here at the clinic, Doctor Payne, the resident surgeon, will quite literally ensure that her face 'fits in'.

** Stepford Bylaw No. 5*

All newly arrived women will report immediately to the hospital for assessment. The woman will be detained at the Plenty Clinic until such time as any required surgical modifications can be carried out. During such time, the woman will be the property of the Clinic and the Clinic will be wholly responsible for that woman's conduct and safety during her stay.

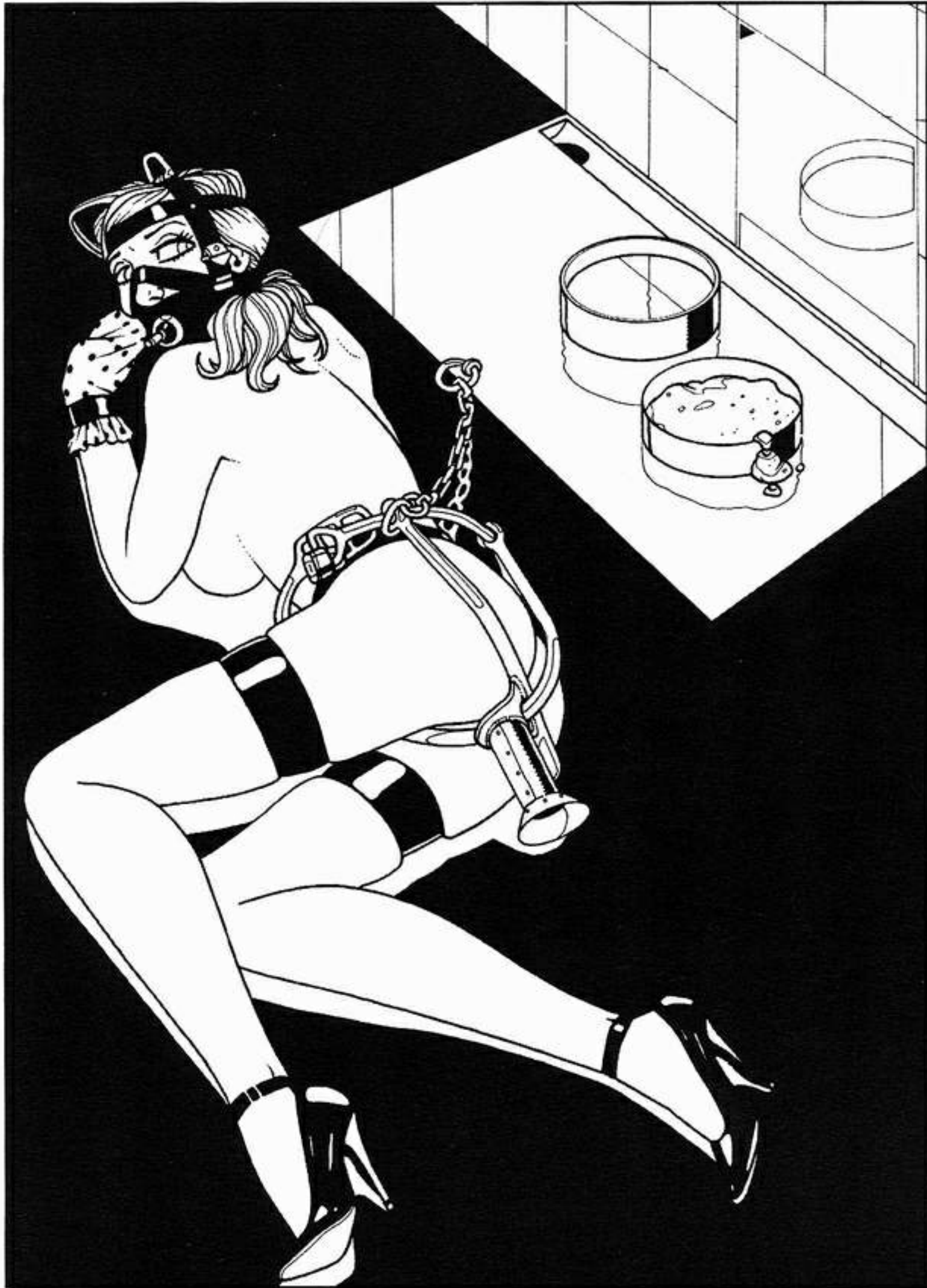
All women are required by law to fulfil the following physical requirements and will be submitted to surgery to comply to these requirements:

- a) Removal of all cranial hair to facilitate the wearing of wigs and/or synthetic looking hair.
- b) A wasped waist no greater than 18 inches diameter.
- c) A firm, full bust no less than 50HH.
- d) Piercing and ringing of nose, nipples, ears, tongue and labia.

- e) Permanent marking of the skin with an identification number by tattoo or brand.
- f) Full, rounded lips.
- g) A small and pert button shaped nose.
- h) Large, wide eyes.
- i) Eyebrow removal, to be replaced with tattooed markings.
- j) Hips no narrower than 36 inches.
- k) Vocal chord removal.

Optical glasses may not be worn by women at any time in Stepford.

The amputation of all such limbs deemed unnecessary to the particular woman's function will be the sole decision of the woman's owner.



Wife Takers

A new home can leave a lady giddy with excitement. Having inspected the smartly appointed kitchen, the laundry room, and made sure the bedrooms are spick and span, Mrs Price's work is done for the time being. For Mrs Price is about to start a process of transformation of Pygmalion proportion. Like a dull caterpillar she will be transformed into a brilliant butterfly, her natural feminine beauties exaggerated and accentuated under the skilful hands of Stepford's resident physician.

Stepford women are required to present a uniform standard of appearance for the pleasure of her husband and the townsmen. They are expected to be pleasing to the eye at all times both in apparel and in body shape. To achieve such uniform perfection all new wives are required to undergo the appropriate level of cosmetic surgeries.

Of course, this all seems to come as quite a surprise to Mrs Price. Luckily, Mr Price has used the prescribed sedative to make Mrs Price's transport to the clinic as smooth as possible.

The team of orderlies from the Plenty Clinic are thorough and fast. Mr Price watches on with fascination and understandable trepidation as the three men work around the limp form of his wife.

In her dreamy state, Mrs Price is semi-aware of the movement around her, blurry figures pull her up onto the kitchen table. She fights unconsciousness as her legs are pulled up onto the table and her knees spread wide. But now, sound asleep, she is blissfully unaware of the indignity of her treatment.

A deep leather collar is buckled around her slender neck. Matching straps are buckled tight around the tops of her thighs to which a short steel bar is attached at a small circular plate positioned on the back of each strap. Centred on the bar is a smooth stainless steel shaft. Approximately twelve inches long, hollow and round tipped, the steel shaft is gently driven a full six inches up into her.

'Is that REALLY necessary?' is the question in Mr Price's eyes, understandable as he is new to all this as well.

The orderlies give Mr Price a reassuring smile, knowing that once Mrs Price is returned he will forget these awkward moments - just like all the rest.

At nineteen, already a young woman, Poppy Price peeks in with a look of concern, but knows not to talk out of turn.

PLENTY



Dr Payne's Surgery

All the wondrous technological advances of medical science await a rather nervous Mrs Price. But she has nothing to fear. Dr Payne's abilities in the art of reconstruction, augmentation and enlargement are second to none.

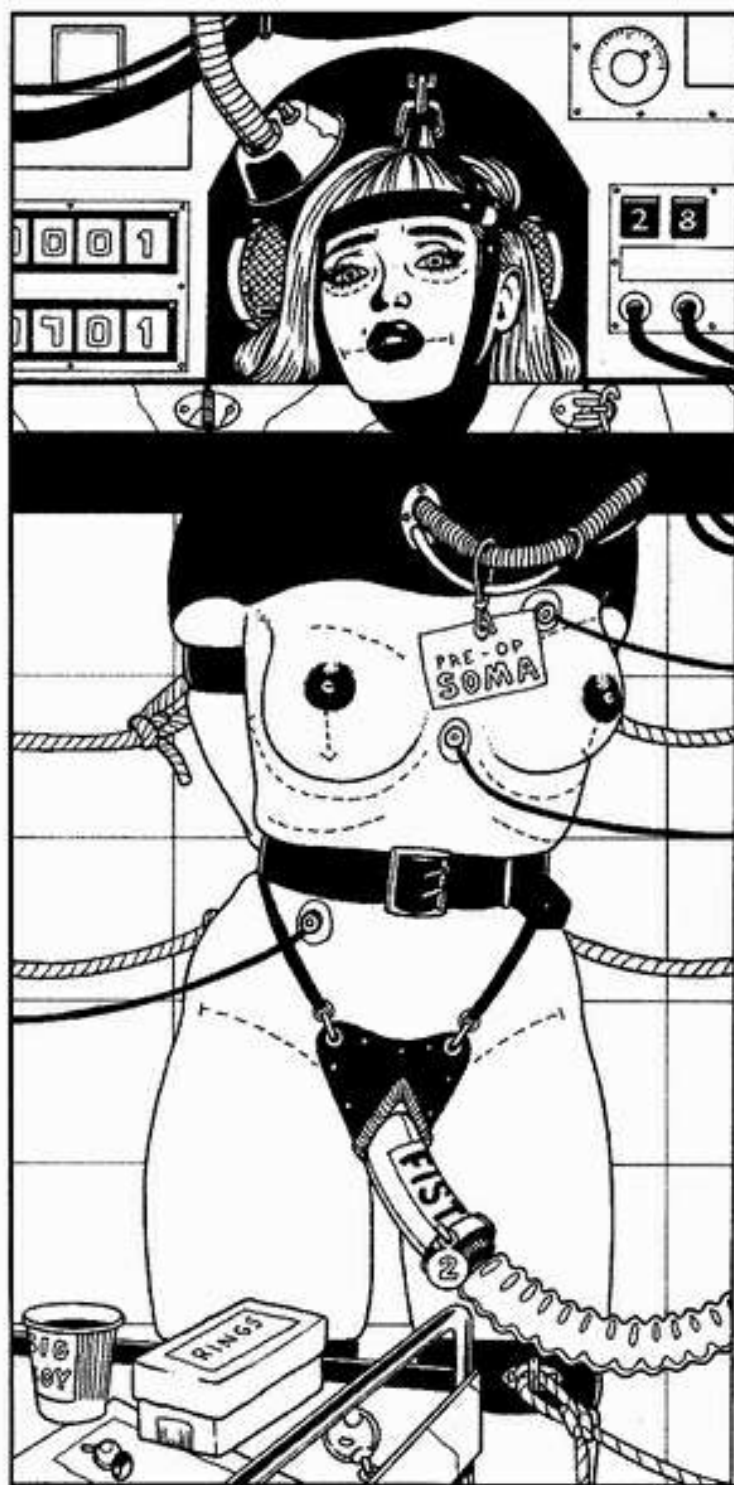
The Doctor has shaved her head, the floor now littered with thick blond tresses. Now, resplendent in surgery markings and looking pretty much like a

road map of New York city, Mrs Price slips into unconsciousness.

Hey, presto! What a vast improvement and remarkable transformation! What woman wouldn't want to spend just one day at the Plenty Clinic. Let's have a quick tour of the new Mrs Price.

Note the widened hips and the removed lower ribs to endow the lucky lady with a voluptuous hour glass figure to die for.

Of course, there is no need for real hair when a



multitude of styles, hair colors and lengths are available in wig form. And besides, just think of how much time will be saved when waiting for that little lady to get her hair just right before leaving the house.

Ask any lady and she will confirm to you that one cannot have too many places to hang pretty baubles and trinkets. Piercings and rings at nose, mouth, and tongue will add greatly to her decorative appearance when fitted with sparkling gems, tinkling bells, or lustrous pearls.

Widened nipples are now permanently dyed a luscious and inviting scarlet and are finished off with extended and thickened teats of a dimension sufficient to house a steel ring robust enough for fixing to tethers and leashes.

Lips are now full and pouting, taut to the touch and swollen like a delicious doughnut.

Eyes are now widened to create that wide-eyed, innocent look so becoming of all Stepford women.

Letter to Doctor Payne from Mr Norman Price:

Dear Sir,

Thank you for the information you sent me regarding all aspects of cosmetic surgery.

Yes, I will agree that almost any modification appears to be possible. But at the moment my head is racing with so many questions and I hope you will be able to answer the most prominent for me.

I am deeply concerned that my wife will not fully consent to such extreme modifications once we are arrived at Stepford. I realise that her signed consent forms are already in the possession of the Town Council, but I was just wondering how you would go about avoiding any unnecessary scene.

With regards to the information I omitted by error, I would require Option D: Breasts enlarged to the maximum that the patient's frame and skin elasticity will support; which I note falls under the Punishment Category.

Kind regards, Norman Price

In reply:

Dear Mr Price,

In answer to your correspondence, we will forward you a strong sedative which Mrs Price must consume one hour before twelve noon. We will ensure Mrs Price is enlarged with the biggest implants available to us as per your instruction.

Yours, Dr Price

No Escape

The holding cupboards are arranged three meters apart, creating long avenues some hundred meters long. Each row comprises of individual steel cupboards stacked on top of each other six cupboards high. From each cupboard, hangs a pair of breasts, pulled through a narrow slot and gripped by a steely vice.

Our new citizen looks a little nervous at the sight of her accommodation. A sharp pain in her backside and the anaesthetic rises cold through her body like the northern winds.

Carefully, she is laid on the floor and, once more the men work around the defenceless maiden like a well oiled machine stripping her of her thigh straps, mittens and shoes.

Paralysed but fully conscious, she is gently lifted up off the floor to a six inch hook that hangs down from a rail that slides out of each cupboard cell.

Now is an opportune moment to fit a silencing brank and tongue ring (see Stepford Bylaw No. 42). Unable to even blink, Jennifer watches the small piercing gun being held to her extended tongue.

With the brank in place and her ample bosom properly positioned, the door is locked shut and its pretty captive must now await her surgeries* in blackened silence.

** Stepford Bylaw No. 6*

Stepford women must be immediately classified at arrival. The master of the household must designate a defined social category for the female members of his family. Classification of women is at the sole discretion of the master of household. Appropriate body modifications and training will be supplied pending classification. The classifications are as follows in order of social status:

Wife Status: Wife, bed-wife, trophy wife. Please note that Stepford abides by the law of monogamy. All wives are deemed the husband's

property and therefore corporal punishments can only be administered by a husband.

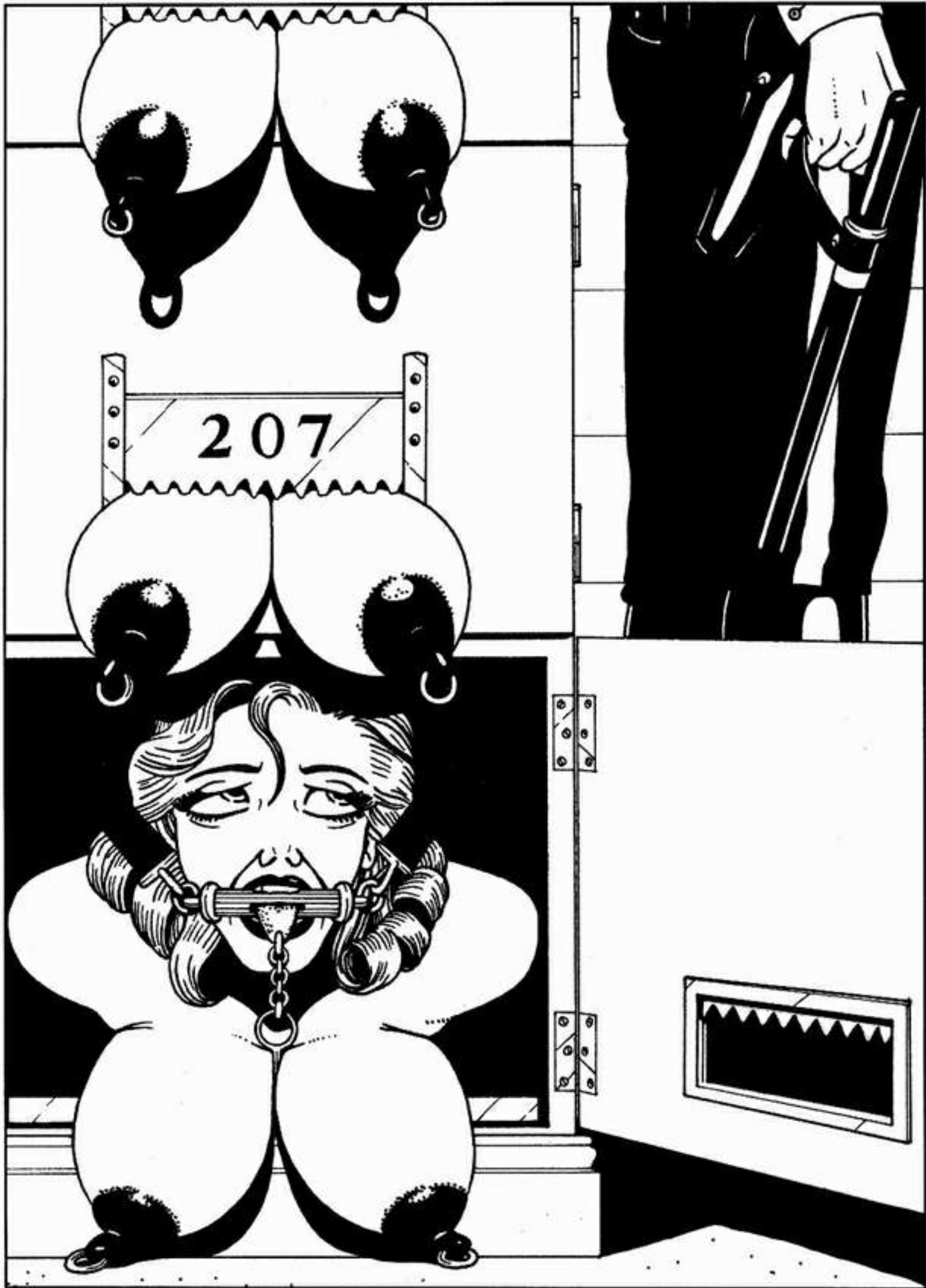
Missy Status: Debutante, daughter, college student, unmarried property owned by master of the household.

Servant Status: Maid, servant, street cleaner, farm labourer, teacher etc.

Courtesan Status: Mistress, prostitute, escort.

Animal Status: Cart horse, pony girl, dog, suckling sow, treadmill pony, milking cow, pit dog, mail horse. Wives cannot become pets but can be used as agricultural livestock.

Please note that under Bylaw No. 79, the town reserves the right to designate unmarried females of unsuitable facial qualities to be transformed and maintained as animals.



Housewife Returns

A very proud Mr Price returns home with his new and much improved wife. Doesn't Mrs Price look spectacularly different compared to the rather dull and dowdy creature that left for the clinic a month ago.

Tentatively, a Daze™ drowsy Mrs Price has to be gently pushed forward into the parlour for a full viewing. Now fully restrained in wrist shackles and silenced with a heavy tongue bell, she can see from the stifled giggles around her that she has been released of all parental authority. Her status in the household is now that of pretty doll, a controllable object both servile and submissive even to her own daughter.

Her breasts, once symbols of her maternity and a subversive lure to the lusts of all men are now bloated burdens, exposed in their vastness as objects of cruel ridicule.

Careful to obey the new rules by which her life is now governed, Mrs Price stoops low with deference, her head lower than the males' heads around her.

After months of forced inactivity, thought deprivation and intellectual stimulus, Mrs Price now possesses a mind much more simple. So, sensing that there has been too much excitement for one day, Mr Price slips a thick leather hood over his toy's head and stands her quietly in the corner.

Like all youngsters in a household, Buck and Poppy have their own new and complex lives to deal with and so Mrs Price is soon a forgotten novelty.

Mindful that there is much for Buck and Poppy to learn regarding his wife's new transformation, he pins up a list of House Rules and regulations that will ensure that any disobedience is promptly reported.

House Rules for Doll:

- 1) Doll must obey all rules, requests, and orders given to her by the males of the household.
- 2) Doll is not allowed to talk. Specifically, Doll is not allowed to communicate with other female members of the household.
- 3) Doll must be reported to the head of the household for any disobedience no matter how minor.
- 4) Doll is not allowed to leave the house unaccompanied by a male member of the household.
- 5) In public, Doll must be kept on a leash at all times.
- 6) After 9p.m. Doll must be locked into her crouching cage.
- 7) Doll must not be fed anything but the prescribed foodstuff.
- 8) Doll is not allowed on the furniture.
- 9) Punishments will be carried out once weekly and will be administered on a rotational basis between male members of the family.
- 10) Doll answers only to the name 'Doll'. Response to any other name is punishable.
- 11) On rare occasions, Doll will be rented or borrowed by other members of the community. You will not acknowledge Doll in any way during this period of time.

Rules cont'd.

12) When not in use, Doll must be put in the corner of the room or put into her cage during longer periods of inactivity or during the time at which the house is empty.

13) Doll must avert her eyes at all times.

14) Doll's mittens and shoes must never, under any circumstances, be removed.

15) Doll must eat all the food given to her.



Off to College

It's a bright and crisp Monday morning and here we see Mr Price, like many a proud father before him, seeing off a rather nervous Poppy on her first day at Stepford Ladies College*. The College has a fine record for the schooling of young minds in the way of the Stepford lady. Her father can rest assured that his little darling will have an education tailored to suit her new lifestyle.

Discipline and feminine duties are the order of the day at Stepford's fine academy and Poppy is fitted with her first silencer, which will allow her to concentrate on instruction without the distraction of careless gossip and girlish chatter.

At nineteen years of age, Poppy will be in the first year where she will learn the lost values of a better but bygone age. A young lady must begin to stand and sit with a refined gracious posture that best shows off her body, her first duty to her new community being that of a pretty ornament to be paraded along the high streets and avenues of the town. She will learn how best to preen and perfume herself for the benefit of the gentlemen's eye along with more practical knowledge such as how to remove an unsightly stain from a carpet or the fine art of flower arranging.

Like all youngsters, Poppy will look to her peers to show her the accepted behaviour.

No doubt, Poppy will welcome the absence of academic subjects which just clutter and confuse a female mind. She will have no need of arithmetic in Stepford as she will refrain and be removed from any activity that requires serious thought or decision. She will quickly learn that any important matters are strictly the domain of the men and her opinion will neither be valued or warranted.

an acceptable level of understanding of her new social status. Students will conform unconditionally to the college rules. Students must wear college uniform during college hours. The College has a strict policy of corporal punishment as deterrent against tardiness, noisiness, daydreaming and disobedience. Punishment is by caning only and will be administered by the appointed staff no less than twenty-four hours after an offence has been committed.

* *Stepford Bylaw No. 4*

All young ladies new to the town, excepting wives, must attend Stepford College for the period of one year and during that time achieve



Crime & Punishment

Stepford Bylaw No. 4 permits the College to administer corporal punishment to students breaking college rules.

Stepford College is not the kind of institution where youngsters are allowed to spit, cuss or chew gum.

Here we see two naughty minxs being forced to contemplate the error of their ways. A tight head harness and pear gag inflated to both silencing and punishing levels have been installed, along with a stiff, itchy straitjacket on naked flesh.

Here comes Schoolmaster Wicket, swishing 'Old Faithful' as he crunches over the gravelled yard ready to dispense some swift justice.

Stepford College Rules & Regulations

All students are expected to arrive promptly at College at 9a.m. Monday thru Friday and leave the premises at 9p.m.

All students will wear full College uniform on College premises at all times.

All students must suckle at canteen feeder pipes during lunchtimes and must consume a full portion of feed.

Students must achieve set standards within set time limits before they can graduate onto the next level.

Students who fail the end of year assessment will be required to retake the year.

During College trips, all students must behave in an orderly and obedient manner.

Punishments

Deviation from any of the above rules and requirements will result in swift and severe punishment.

Punishment for such failings at Stepford College is by caning to the bare behind, tops and backs of thighs, hands and feet.

Serious Offences

Under Bylaw No. 69, students are not permitted to form relationships of an unhealthy and deviant nature.

Students are not permitted to leave College premises at any time during the college day.

All students must show unconditional obedience to staff members at all times.

Fighting is strictly forbidden.

Writing is strictly forbidden.

Speaking is strictly forbidden.

All such offences will result in detention.

Offenders will be made to wear a spiked brank and head harness, breast cages, they will be stripped of their uniform and kept in a punishment cage overnight.

A combination of offences will result in long term caging.



Lessons in Life

Here we see Stepford School Ma'am, Mammy, conducting a lesson in posture. A young student demonstrates the sleeping apparatus all students must wear during nighttime as part of their homework.

A teacher in her former life, Mammy was bought by and is the sole property of the College*. Mammy is kept in the College and lives in the basement where her immediate needs are provided for by the schoolmaster. Being college property, Bill Wicket is free to utilise Mammy for whatever extra-curriculum activity he deems necessary. Local gossip would suggest that the schoolmaster, a widower, and the handsome Mammy are sweethearts, an accusation few have dared put forward to the fiery schoolmaster.

Mammy herself was by all records a feisty and fearsome character on her arrival at Stepford. It seemed that no amount of force could whip the red head into submission, but bought for a specific purpose, the townsfolk rallied and came up. Mammy is now living testament to the civilising effect of Stepford. Mammy now sees it as a privilege to pass on her knowledge of female servitude and submission.

**Council Document 234/789/WPARKER - Private & Confidential: Council Members Only*

Amendments to Accounts:

Monies paid to Carew Detective Agency \$1200 for the research and investigation into Maria Jane Eagle.

Monies paid to Cynthia Peaches Coombes \$4000

Monies paid to Coleridge Cosmetic Surgery Clinic \$20,000

Monies paid to Louisiana Public Records \$8000

Monies paid / donation to Louisiana State Police Welfare Fund \$12,000

Monies paid to Senator Coleridge's election campaign fund \$12,000

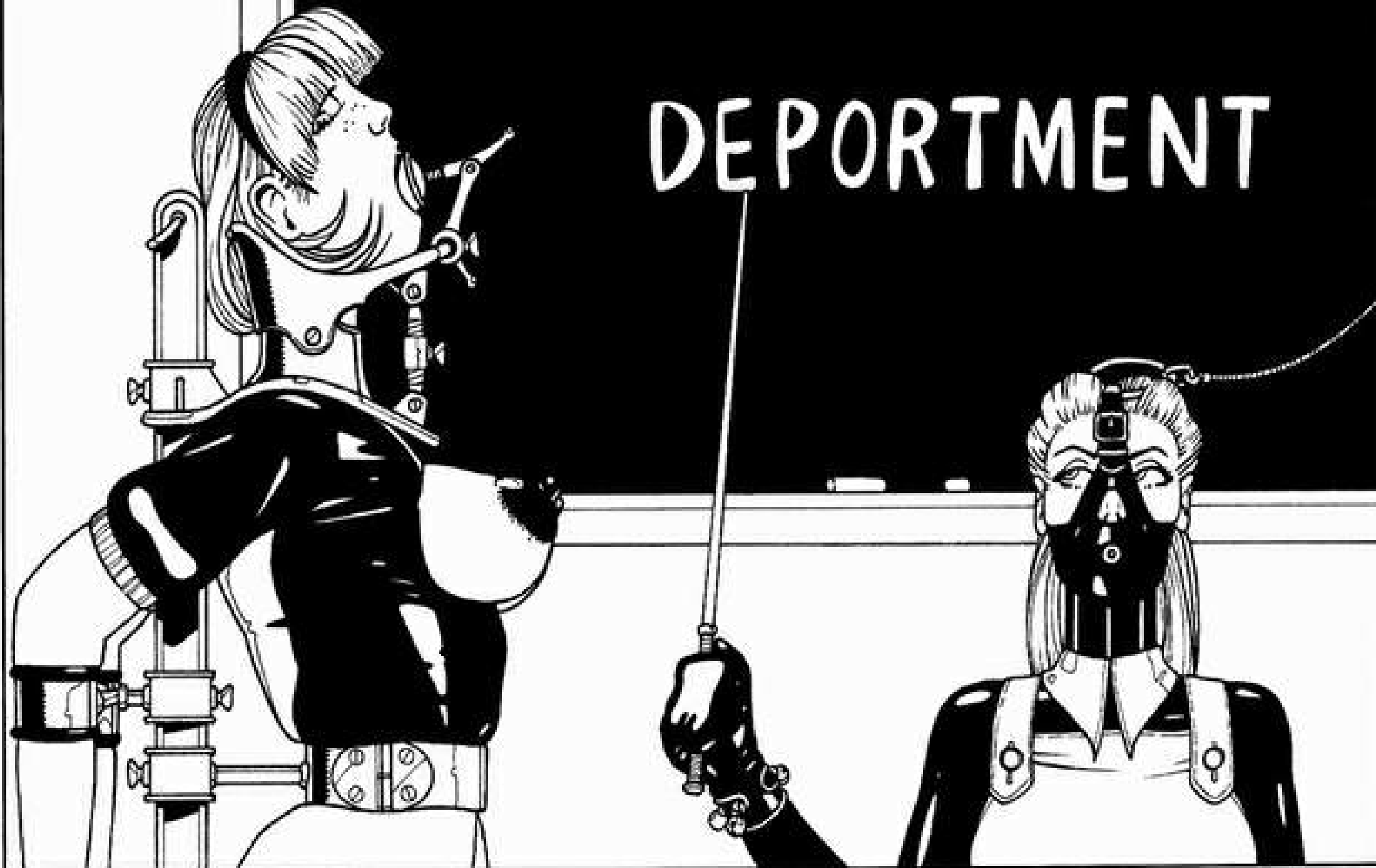
Monies paid to Ace Trucking, haulage and transport \$400

Monies paid to Blossoms Escort Agency \$7000

Monies paid to Maria Eagle for term of contract / Stepford Schoolteacher \$0

NOTE: This document to be filed in Miscellaneous and NOT to be entered into the Annual Spend Report.

DEPARTMENT



Doctor Payne's Vault

Beneath the Stepford Hospital is a dirt floor basement with a vaulted ceiling. Dr Payne uses this cool and draughty space in which to store all the women who are awaiting breast enlargements, piercing, or amputations in his busy clinic above. It is here that Bimbolina has been stored to await her various cosmetic surgeries.

A stickler for order and efficiency, Dr Payne has Bimbolina locked tight within a steel holding box, the restraints involved would give even Houdini a run for his money!

Extracted from Dr Payne's Records:

Patient's Admittance Form

Patient: Veronica Frinton - Bimbolina

Age: 26

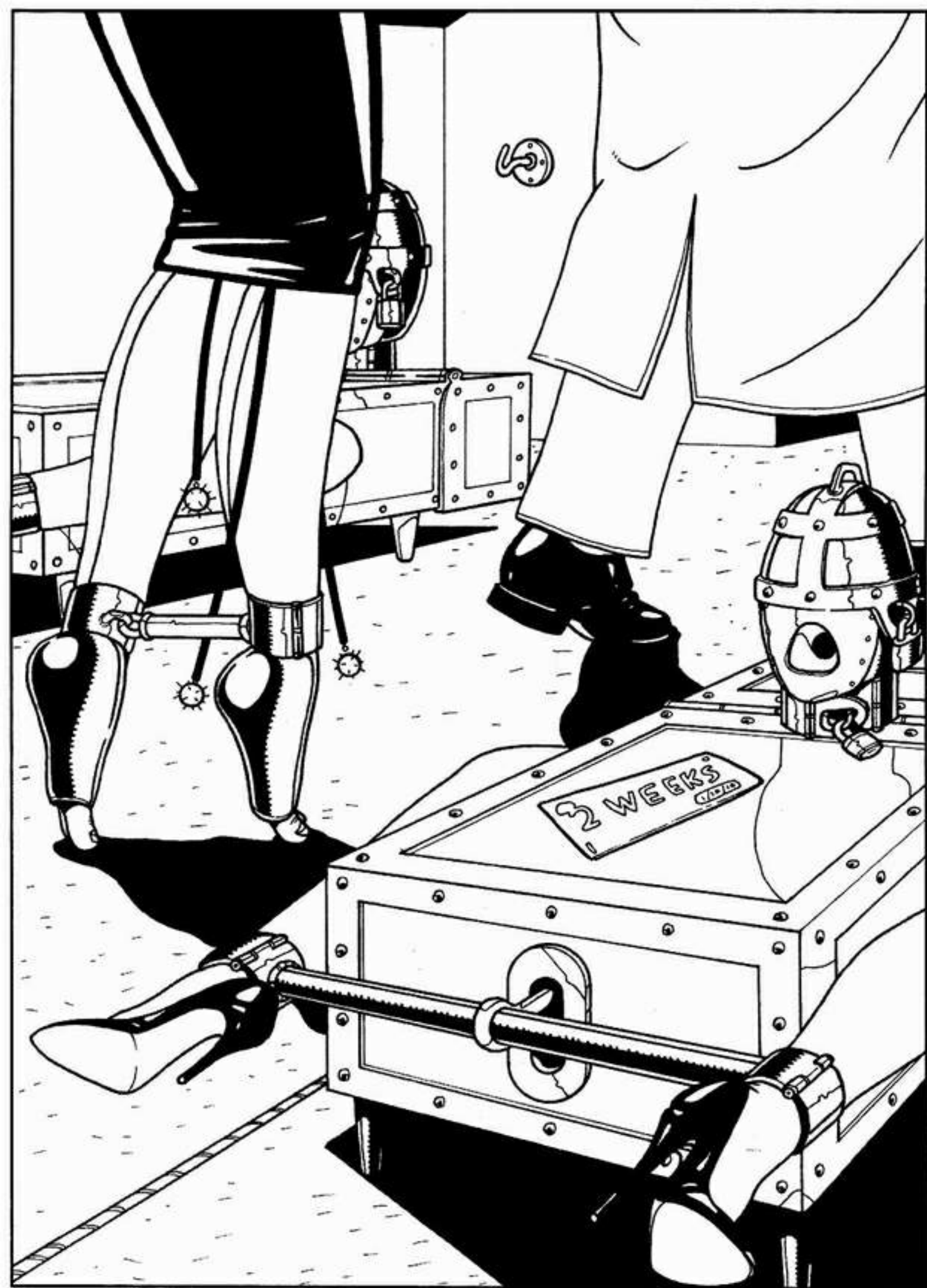
Owner: Bill Frinton, The Apartment, High Street.

Treatment: Conversion from wife to Bed-Wife classification.

Conversion details: Breast and facial lip enlargement, eye widening, digit removal, nipple enhancement, rectum and vaginal lengthening and tightening.

Notes: Bimbolinas original psychological evaluation records indicated that she was by all accounts a head strong young lady, indeed her path to submission was a long and drawn out affair which cost me valuable time and money. I will therefore make doubly sure this time that this lady is kept firmly in her place for the near future. Joshua Stepford said: "Humiliation is the medicine of the proud female" and in this case a pair of bovine-sized udders will ensure both a better degree of control of the young lady and a reminder to her of her diminished and subservient status. Patient initially stored in box for no less than two weeks softening period, ample enough time for a weakening of the mind and a loosening of the skin to allow

implants. Confinement will also allow patients stomach and digestive system to accustom to liquid diet. Patients head to be enclosed by one medium gauge rubber hood, mouth hole only, then a supplementary leather hood over this layer and laced to maximum tightness. Leather hood to be applied wet. Final layer comprising of a double-skin, inflatable pressure crusher hood. Breasts pierced and ringed and chained at maximum stretch to inner box footplate, steel hoops placed at one-inch intervals along each breast. Ten milligrammes of Daze™ to be administered every eight hours after first week.



New Wives Please - Dr Payne's Handiwork

Poor George is all in a muddle, so many fantastic options with which to improve his wife, Bimbolina's dull appearance. But George is in safe hands. Doctor Payne calmly and carefully guides him through all the available procedures.

Perhaps George would to see the pretty Bimbolina converted into a pet - a mega-breasted milkmaid. A sultry bed-wife with a body modification to match?

The list of alterations, enlargements, reductions and modifications is endless but Dr Payne's expertise is equally diverse. Having study all the very latest techniques in the best cosmetic surgeries all over the world, Dr Payne has singlehandedly designed and determined the Stepford look that all the towns women are required to have embellished onto their bodies.

With new arrivals being made to comply with Bylaw No. 5 and customers such as George bringing his wife in for alterations to comply with the new bylaw, Dr Payne has never been busier. He is quietly anxious that another skilled physician is needed to help with his work and yet filling such a position is no easy task.

Firstly, any potential candidate has to be researched and vetted by external agencies. Then they have to be put forward and accepted by the Town Council. The candidate is then interviewed on the outside and generally briefed on life in Stepford.

It is also a requirement that proposed Town members are sufficiently wealthy enough to pay the entrance fee. However, in the case of persons deemed vital to the smooth running of the community, entrance fees are generally waived.

Dr Payne arrived in Stepford young and bold. He had excellent credentials but would have had to wait several years to be involved in the kind of surgeries the town wanted him to perform immediately. It was a big enough carrot and Dr

Payne never looked back. Over the past few years, Dr Payne has gone from mere practitioner to cosmetic wizard. Plain, dull creatures enter his surgery only to emerge as dazzling, living love-dolls, crawling submissive pets or ringed and hoofed beasts of burden.

He has approached the Town Council with a request for assistance but as yet has received no solid commitment, the upcoming elections taking precedence over mundane civil matters.



New Wife - Dr Payne's Handiwork

Bimbolina surveys her new world, the two foot rod gag pulling her head low in an attractively demure posture.

Dr Payne has worked wonders on Bimbolina, enlarging her breasts to humiliating proportions, stretching her collagen swollen nipples and ring-piercing them with gay tassles.

As a bed-wife, Bimbolina will be confined to the bedroom, held wanton and available with chains and straps to support her massive breasts. Her burdensome udders would be far too cumbersome and heavy for public life and are designed for a life confined to a bed.

Silly old George has pulled out all the stops for the arrival of his new wife having a special room designed to house his newly rekindled love and romance, with Bimbolina the central focus of that lusty endeavour.

A short bed that will hold her quite comfortably in an inviting posture dominates the center of the room. A raised pillow fitted with breast clamps will keep her in a position best suited to ensure her newly tightened pleasure portals are made available for her husband twenty-four hours a day.

It is not uncommon for wives to be held within their homes indefinitely; and as in this case, sometimes they are not permitted to ever leave a specific room.

George, who leads a quite homely lifestyle, has no need for a trophy wife and so this particular type of wife best suits him. In George's household, a woman is seen very much as an object of pleasure to be used when needed and stored away when appetites have been sated.

A bed-wife's life is an uncomplicated one and soon Bimbolina will learn to greet her husband's visits as special treats in the vain hope that one day she will see the outside of her room if her master is pleased by her service. But this is a faraway dream on her part, as bed-wives, in view of the pleasure enhancing alterations made to their bodies, seldom

make it back into public life.

A husband is also constrained by such arrangements, being allowed by law to take a mistress but only being able to marry once. Old bed-wives usually find their way to the town brothel or are confined to a pen and used as a suckling sow.

As a way of exaggerating the permanence of her arrangement, Bimbolina is lead to the soft bed where a steel chain and collar are fitted and the short chain is symbolically welded to a plate at the wall.



School Daze

Fresh air is good for the body and soul and is in abundance in Stepford Town. Here we see young Poppy Price, now a senior being paraded at College on the seniors open cart.

Missy Price and her classmates enjoy a welcome breakfast snack of Daze™ protein drink before lessons.

Containing all the valuable nutrients and vitamins, Daze™ is the only outside product available within Stepford that is made under license at the Plenty Clinic. Daze™ has a pleasant, calming effect on women, keeping them both serene, controllable, and free of useless energies.

All the women of Stepford know the calming delights of Daze™ and are entitled to a daily dose by law.

Even the most stubborn, strong willed, intellectually minded Amazon can be brought to her knees by a single dose making it a useful friend in any man's medicine cabinet.

Message on Daze™ bottle:

For use only in schools, colleges, young ladies' institutes, and young ladies' detention centers. Formulated for use on ladies aged 18 - 20. Please always read the label and always follow suggested dosage.

This product is part of an ongoing trial. Users of this drug will accept that they are using an experimental product and will not be entitled to compensation should complications arise.

School Daze™ are happy Daze™ and we hope that a daily serving of special edition Daze™ formulated for growing ladies will take the bounce out of her step.

Here at Daze™ Laboratories we are working tirelessly to bring you new and exciting products to help you in your daily task of dominating and suppressing women.

School Daze™ is designed to counteract the natural exuberance and energy found in

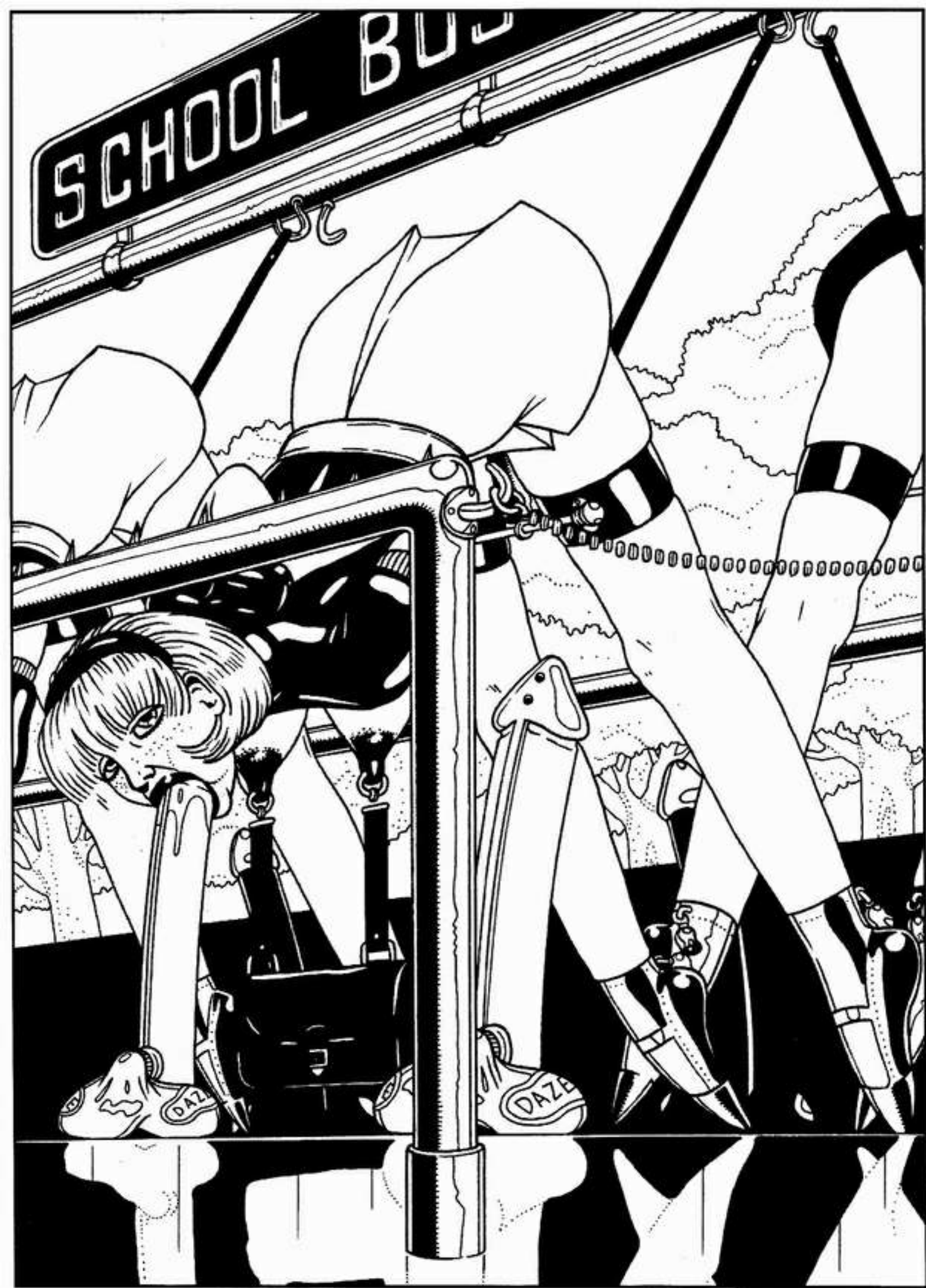
youngsters and is therefore much more powerful than standard Daze™.

This product may be taken orally, intravenously, anally or vaginally and has a working time of two minutes and a lasting effect per dose of twenty-four hours.

Prolonged use of this product may cause addictive responses, which may eventually subside.

Prolonged use of this product may cause permanent paralysis of the tongue.

Supplementary effects of this product are shortsightedness, dizziness, blurred vision, lack of appetite, swelling of the nipples and hips, and hair loss.



Courting

Doesn't time fly!

It looks like young Buck Price has gone and gotten himself a young sweetheart. An evening parade down the high street hand-in-leash is a respectable venue for a courting couple, premarital chastity being one of the cornerstones of Stepford values.

This local tradition also serves to display to the wider community that Buck has first call at this pretty Missy come the Debutante Ball in the Spring.

Buck has settled in well at Stepford Young Gentleman's Academy. Here he learns a palette of academic skills which will be invaluable to his community when he graduates.

Being a self-sufficient community, the town also requires Buck to learn a wide range of practical skills such as agriculture, construction, brewing, mechanics, self defence and fire fighting.

And of course there is always room for fun. Buck has turned into a fine athlete, long distance running appearing to be his particular forte.

Soon Stepford will have nurtured another fine gentleman to add to its growing populace. When that time comes, Buck will be encouraged to take a wife to look after his manly needs.

The young Missy Frinton is in the same class as Buck's sister. She knows only too well that her life will change dramatically in the next year and may even find herself a married woman after next year's Ball, if she is lucky. Failing to be sold into marriage, the young Missy could find herself used in any manner of ways to suit the needs of the wider community*.

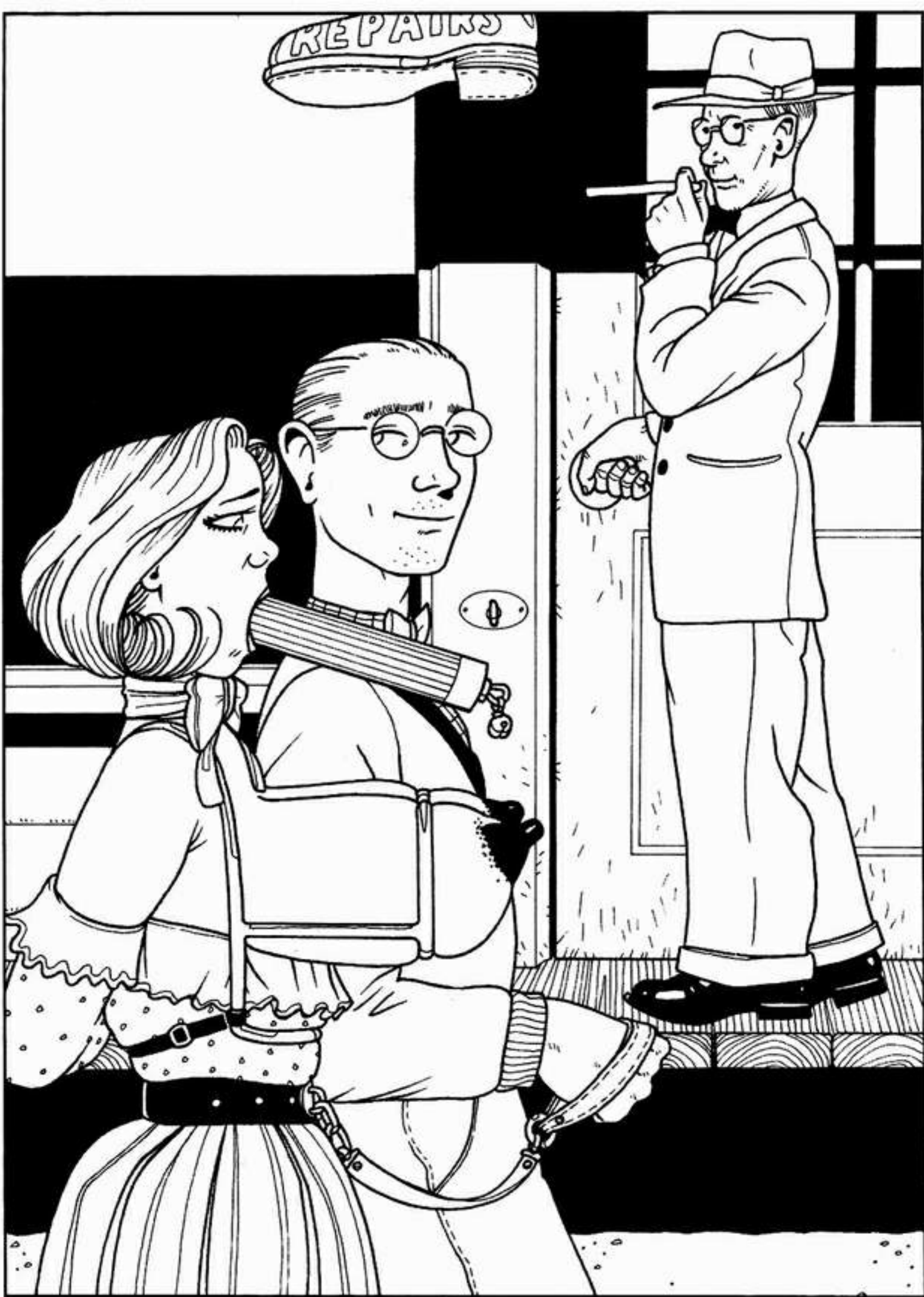
Her father and owner also knows the importance of a good match. A proposal from a fine young fellow like Buck Price will result in his daughter's selling price creeping higher and higher as she attracts more attention from other suitors. Almost certainly, he will sell her to the highest bidder but old man Frinton is pleased to see such early interest in his property.

** Stepford Bylaw No.16*

A Missy is required to attend Stepford College until she has reached the dowry age of nineteen years. At this point she will be made available for viewing at the next Debutante's Ball.

All Missys will be sold to the highest bidder in a fair and public auction at the end of the the Ball. Owners are required by law to accept the highest offer, a percentage of which will be submitted to the Town coffers.

Missys that fail to attract a buyer will be presented at the next available livestock auction and the same rules of sale will apply.



Coming of Age

When a young gentleman reaches a certain age of maturity a whole new world begins to open up to him. Here in Stepford it is no different. At twenty-one years of age, Buck Price is now an adult. He has the right to vote, the right to take a wife, and the right to work.

His proud father formally introduces his son to the other men of the town and a toast is proposed.

Dry martinis are usually the order of the day at the Holey Cow saloon but this is a special occasion and French champagne is what's needed. But the celebrations do not stop there. A quick look-out for the Sheriff and fine Cuban cigars are passed around in readiness for a very special cabaret laid on specially for young Buck Price, voter number 559 in this years elections.

Excerpt from Buck's Diary:

Dear Journal, it hardly seems a year since we arrived at Stepford. At the time, the town seemed harsh and cruel with all its rules and regulations. I remember feeling not a little sorry for the fair ladies in the household as one by one they were taken away shackled and gagged, degraded like common criminals to be modified. I was saddened when they were returned, shaved bald, be-wigged, their breasts enlarged and exposed and their spirits quiet and drowsy.

I laugh out loud now, when I think how wrong I was. My soft thoughts were a mockery of my manhood and betrayed my ignorance of the way things were and how they really ought to be. I know now that all women are weak, just as they are meant to be. It is man's job to both protect and control the weak - this is nature's law, a law that the outside world has chosen to degrade and pervert.

The ladies of the house are now fully under control, shackled, leashed and subservient, ready to obey our every command. If they err

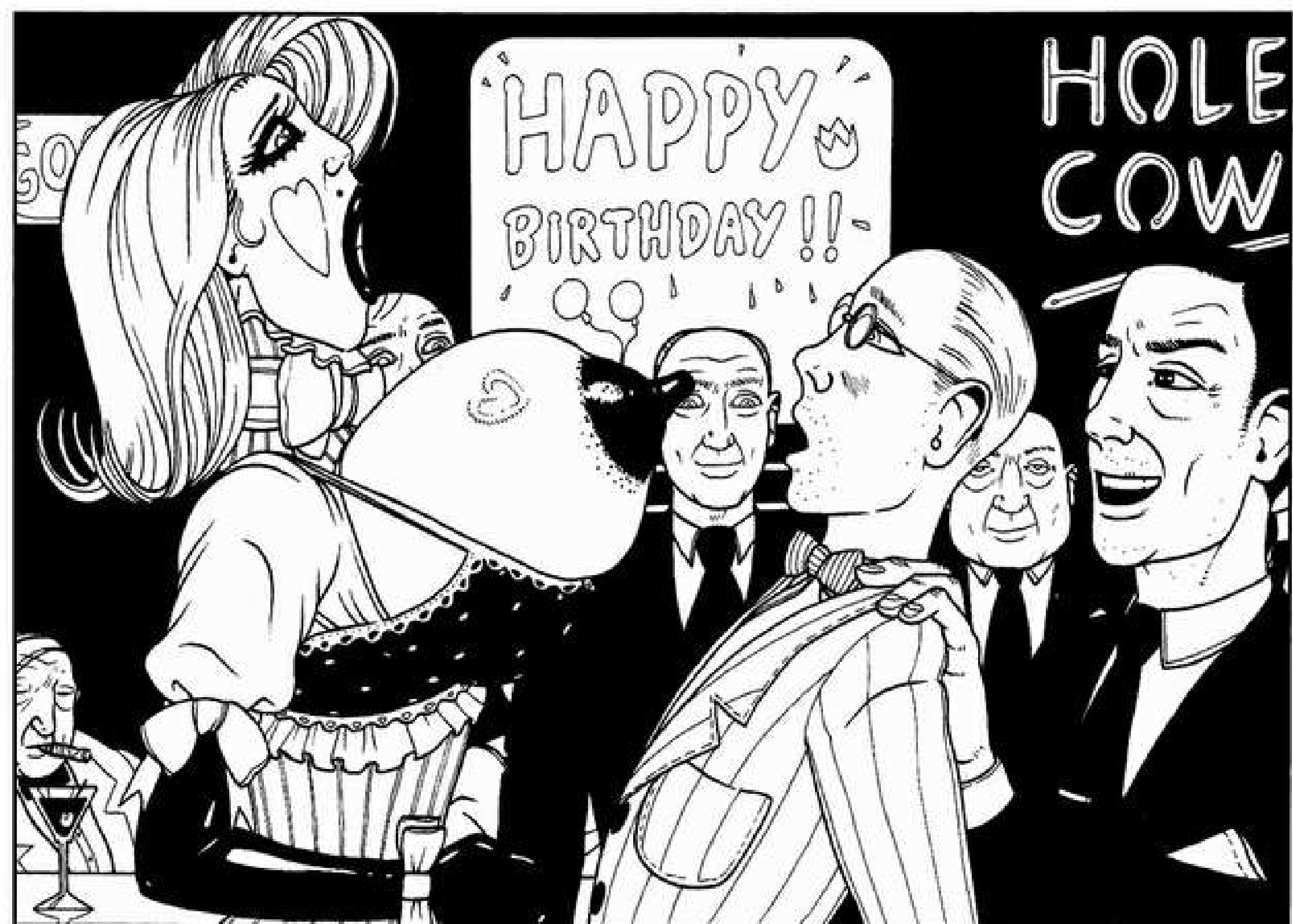
from duty, Papa is not frugal with the cane or the crouching cage that is kept in the damp dinginess of our basement - Spare the rod, spoil the child as the saying goes. Papa has become a mine of knowledge as, being head of the household, he is required to know all the Stepford bylaws off by heart. For instance, neither of our women are allowed to raise their heads above ours, even when we are seated. When there is no man in the house, all women must be locked in their cupboards. No woman may leave the house unattended by a man.

Papa also seems much happier, memories of his illness are now far from all our thoughts.

This town is now dear to me. Here I get respect and I have respect for my fellow man. As a community we are strong and I feel we could overcome the very winds if we put our minds to it.

I have started stepping out with Mr Frinton's Missy. I do not know if she will be the one for me as there are so many pretty Missys to choose from, a chap could become spoiled. But Missy Frinton is a delightful creature and I can only imagine how splendid she will look when she is completed with enlarged breasts and thick, succulent lips.

Got to go now and get ready. My first ever party at the Holey Cow Saloon.



Honeymoon Over

Breast leashed and thigh hobbled, the newly modified Mrs Payne is inspected by her husband, Doctor Nathaniel Payne.

A professional eye is cast over the recreation before him. Nicely swollen breast meat, not too soft, not too hard, and kept taut in a gouging mesh of leather. Like all men, Dr Payne enjoys the sight of a slim framed woman made cumbersome and slow by the weighty burden of a set of gargantuan udders. Prolonged use of bovine hormones has also bestowed on the hapless maiden a pair of deep leathery teats of a sufficient dimension to accommodate thick steel rings. A full pneumatic pout outlines the widened mouth, arms now useless stumps, the sign of an opulent household wealthy enough to provide servants for menial tasks.

Of course, Dr Payne is a very busy man and has little time for either home comforts or the constraints of matrimony. Therefore, Mrs Payne is little more than a Trophy Wife and her duties will consist mainly of bedroom duties and being paraded in public as the doctor's showpiece property.

Extract from Rules and Etiquette for Wives by J. Stepford:

The trophy wife is expected to be prettified at all times. Be most generous with your pretty bauble and ensure that the maiden is tethered up along the high street at least once a week as a spectacle for your brothers to enjoy.

Being classified as an object of little more use than carnal pleasure, it may be both logical and advantageous to remove upper limbs altogether and lower limbs below the knee. Her breasts must be enlarged to the very maximum to afford you a soft pillow when you have dispensed with her for the night.

Don't be miserly with your property, ensure a well made replica of your manhood visits deep inside her throughout the day. This will serve as a constant reminder to the little lady as to

who she is owned by and what she is used for. In view of the trophy wife's carnal function it is imprudent to clutter up her pretty mouth with complicated gags and stoppers. Tongue removal or vocal chord surgery should provide enough peace and quiet for a decent night's sleep.

It is a trophy wife's duty to quickly become proficient in accommodating her husband in all three of her portals of pleasure lest she commit the offence of enraging or frustrating him. Given her status, your neighbour will not think less of you if your trophy wife remains confined to the matrimonial bed by means of a shackle or more conveniently stored in a comfortable box under the bed.

Crude as my advice may seem, vestigial virgins make poor trophy wives. They are timid in their appearance and lacklustre in bed.

Take the advice of an old gold miner, for what it's worth and pick your bed-bride from the local whore house. But be sure to pick a fresh one!

Recovery Ward

Doctor Payne M.D. Stepfo



Doctor Payne and Missy

Hello, look here, if it isn't Doc Payne and his new bride. What a handsome couple they make and how delightful that the new Mrs Payne's marital duties extend to accompanying her husband to his surgical office.

Obviously very much in love, Doctor Payne keeps his new wife on a short leash. Denied sight, silenced, rendered fetchingly vulnerable by the absence of arms and hindered by ballooning breastflesh, the little wife is surely a prime example of a captive of matrimony.

We can see also that the little lady is all set to become the town's new fashion setter. Note the slender feet captured in shiny steel pointe slippers hidden under a black satin ankle skirt.

Minutes of the Stepford Town Council Meeting No.4537:

Matters raised by William Parker, treasurer.

The honourable member remained concerned that certain members of the community are parading their female property in garments of an extreme and unnecessarily punitive nature. The member also stated a concern that such cruel garments were easily accepted into common highstreet fashion which, in turn would lead to a subtle erosion of town values. The member put forward a proposal that a specific dress code should be drawn up and added to the town bylaws.

This proposal was seconded by Mr Frinton. The proposal was opposed by Mr Junior Jackson who read this statement for the record: *"This town was founded on the principle that a man should have the right to govern his own family and property as he sees fit within the guidelines of a sympathetic legal system. To diminish or constrain those basic rights is to display the same degree of liberalism that all of us sought to evade when moving to this fair town. I therefore urge my honourable brothers to vote against this proposal on the grounds that it is a fundamental denial of rights."*

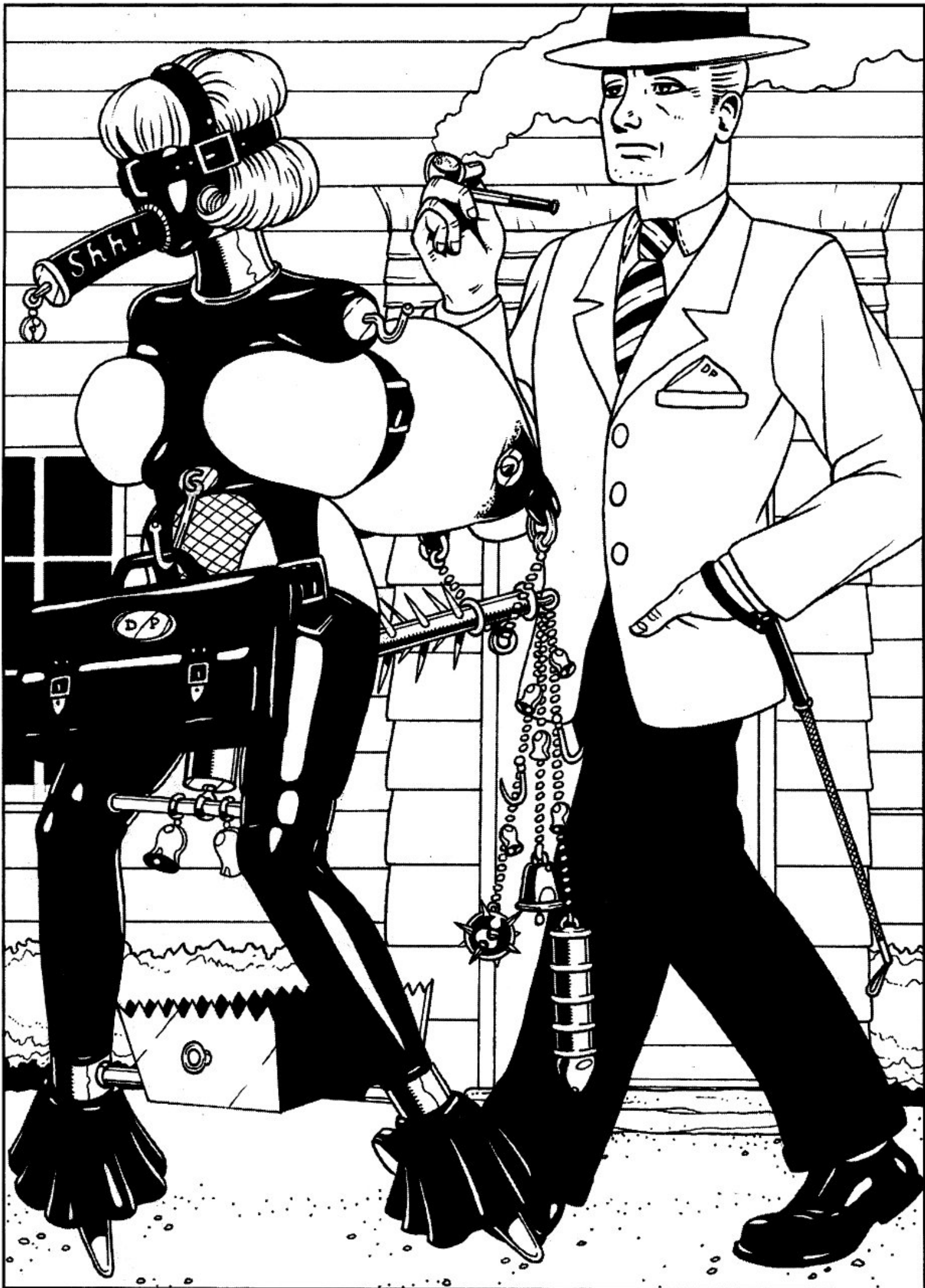
Mr William Parker replied to the Council:

"The right to have free control over our womenfolk is not in question here. The right to zealously humiliate and degrade our womenfolk in public is!"

In reply, Mr Junior Jackson stated:

"My honourable friend is gravely mistaken if he thinks that he can apply a generalised rule that will service the whole community effectively. I do not think my honourable friend realises that each man must be allowed the freedom to publicly humiliate or degrade his property as an ultimate punishment and as a deterrent to other such property harbouring disobedient notions."

At this point there was a forceful row, the Sheriff was called, and the meeting closed.



Mother & Daughter

A hearty 'hello' to the Price ladies, now looking every inch the perfect vision of fashionable Stepford women about town.

Heavy steel tongueballs are an elegant and excellent manner in which to impose silence on your womenfolk. Doesn't young Missy Price look smart in her new college uniform and Mrs Price is

positively radiant with charm!

But why look so nervous, ladies, don't you know that Stepford is looking on at you with fond admiration and much grateful viewing pleasure?

It's a beautiful day here in Stepford, birds busy in the trees and the faintest salt breeze sneaking in from the sea. What better time for a family to take a ride around town.

In a few moments time the taxi will arrive, a



handsome two-seater buggy, drawn by two powerful nubian workhorses*. Mr Price will take a seat beside the driver, instructing him to take the carriage at such a pace as to warrant a slow trot from his womenfolk hitched on neck leashes behind the carriage.

Desperate to please her master and husband, Mrs Price will gaze pleadingly at her sulky daughter to comply.

Scorched with embarrassment, once the buggy sets off, the young Missy will have no choice but to trot like the fettered animal she has become. Beside her, the pitiful sight that is her own destiny, her mother, Mrs Price, puffs and pants, her heavy, exposed breasts bouncing lewdly with every constrained stride. Two shiny brass nipple bells herald her and her daughter's approach as they trundle down the sun filtered street.

Of course, a man out for a gentle ride with his family is a perfectly normal sight here in Stepford but, sitting aloft in his seat, Stepford's newest gentleman member cannot help but feel like a king parading his new domain and his new chattel.

Nevertheless, this simple ritual is highly symbolic on Mr Price's part. The public display of power over one's womenfolk, harnessed and leashed, is not only pleasing to the eye but reinforces the town's status quo.

**An extract from Chapter Transport & Industry by J. Stepford:*

The American automobile provides an individual freedom of movement, independence, and a quicker pace of life in general. It therefore has no place in our society. Freedom in Stepford town is of a cerebral quality, which cannot be provided by mere engines and wheels.

Furthermore, this town has neither the resources nor the lungs to allow this greedy and choking beast into our midst. Transport within the town will be provided by the acquisition of strong nubians, procured specially to serve menial tasks of labour and locomotion. Care

will be taken to ensure these equine slaves are broad backed with high-pitched backsides and lengthy limbs.

Being prepared to provide such mindless service, each of these slaves will be of a low intellect and mellow nature. They will be housed and provided for in such circumstances that would suit livestock. In all other aspects of life, these slaves will be treated as beasts of burden, harnessed as horses, made to plough the fields like oxen and required to bear the brand of their owner.

Worker

To pay for extra modifications that Dr Payne deemed necessary, Mr Price has agreed to let his wife work off her debt by way of a part-time job in the doctor's surgical office*.

Menial tasks are all that are allowed, but this in itself is an immense privilege and more than a little

reward for her newfound, unerring obedience and devotion to her master and husband.

A simple enough task for her pretty little head to cope with; press the red button when someone walks through the door. Press the green button when someone leaves.

Mrs Price is also required to allow the doctor's clients to view her modifications and improvements.



Doctor Payne is more than pleased with such a pretty decoration to brighten up his drab waiting room.

As a show of gratitude to Mr Price, Dr Payne secretly had the corners of her mouth pierced and ringed from which he hung two strings of gold chain and matching bells. What a nice surprise for Mr Price and more than a mere show of friendship.

In fact, the two men have become close buddies, sharing beers at the Holey Cow after office hours where, more than likely the conversation always ends with Dr Payne's insistence that Mrs Price would be greatly improved without arms.

Venus de Milo can stay in a museum, chortles Mr Price, already aware that Dr Payne, even in leisure is always on the look out for ways in which to swell his surgical coffers.

**Stepford Bylaw No. 99*

Stepford women of various status may be employed in tasks outside the home. Such employment may not result in any payment whatsoever. Furthermore, no reward or compensation may be directed at the female employee. Gifts, services, or compensatory items may be offered to the owner by way of rental of his property.

Such arrangements must not be at the detriment to the efficient running of the household, which is the wife's primary duty.

In such arrangements, the employer will accept all responsibilities of public order and obedience from the owner. The employer will have legal permission to sentence and carry out forcible corporal punishment on the employee as necessary.

However, the owner will not be deemed responsible or liable for any breakages or losses during this period.

Wives are not permitted to partake in the following employment outside the home: prostitution, escorting, photographic modeling, massage, heavy labour, cart-pulling.

Suitable employment for wives: basic clerical work, litter picking, scarecrow, shop window display, suckling slaves, flower stand, newspaper stand, slave grooming.

Bed-wives may not partake in the following external employment: housework, clerical work or any other tasks other than those set out below.

Examples of suitable employment for Bed-wives: prostitution, escorting, photographic modeling, massage.

Housewife

A Stepford wife's work is never done but Mrs Price has settled into her new lifestyle famously. Mrs Price is kept quite literally on her toes, cooking, cleaning and caring for her family in the good old fashioned way. During the late evening when the family gathers to read, Mrs Price serves drinks and snacks and then retires to the corner of the room awaiting her orders. A typical day might go like this: The alarm bell sounds and sleepy Mr Price leans over, fumbling with the chain and clip that secures his wife's sleeping leash to the head of the bed.

Required by law to remain constantly corseted to wasp-like dimensions, Mrs Price teeters over to her walk-in wardrobe where billowing petticoats, bright gingham frocks, and sparkling jewels surround her from floor to ceiling. She clothes herself knowing full well that her master may order her to change at any given time during the day. But, as all the clothes she wore had been picked to suit her husband's tastes alone, it mattered little what she picked, as long as she was presentable in front of the youngsters as she served breakfast.

Even during sleep, Mrs Price must respect her husband so she crawls on hands and knees out of the room, her head considerably lower than that of her snoring husband.

Downstairs, Mrs Price carefully prepares pancakes, which is no easy feat in her thick restrictive mittens as one by one the drowsy members of the family appear at the breakfast table. Mrs Price is neither noticed nor acknowledged as she stoops low to serve the seated men first.

Poppy is in training, so with hands behind her back, a bib is attached around her neck and she is fed morsels from her plate by her brother.

Once the meal is served, Mrs Price attends to the dirty dishes and other chores. After breakfast, she is taken upstairs where additions to her day's attire are selected - maybe a pair of nipple bells and

a pair of polka dot bows, maybe a mesh of flesh gouging breast straps?

Both youngsters have left for college and soon Mr Price will depart for a day at the office.

Mrs Price is now securely bound into her crouching cage, the door release timed to reopen at four o'clock. With barely an inch of movement in any direction Mrs Price settles herself for another day in Stepford. The front door slams shut, the many deadbolts click into place. Silence.



Wife Breaker

Naughty Stepford wives are sometimes afforded the most diabolical punishments but in this case this delightful contraption is serving to house train the housewife.

Noseclipped and strapped to a vast steel shaft designed to stretch the jaw to the very limits, poor Mrs Price must teeter endlessly around the room in a meaningless circle.

All the while, merry bells tinkle, seemingly scorning with delight her mundane and submissive task. A thick crouching belt keeps Madam at a respectable level, whilst the many pretty bows that decorate her apparel serve to provide a mesmerising sight at bedtime. Such repetitive and humbling tasks are the cornerstone of domination and control and were the devices much favoured by our founder, Joshua Stepford:

Excerpt from Proper Housetraining by J. Stepford.

A lady will invariably only respect those who exhibit total control over her person and circumstances.

This chapter deals with the various techniques and basic apparatus by which to break in a new mare.

First you will need a stout wooden crate measuring no more than four feet by two feet by three feet. Then shears and a razor, waxed bandages, three short lengths of rubber pipe (diameter one inch), tattoo gun or branding fork, latex rubber casting of your manhood adapted as a gagging device, handcuffs and chains.

Firstly and most importantly a woman must be stripped of all identity, purpose and freedom. It is most advantageous to shave your woman to baldness as most women view their hair as a primary part of their appearance and therefore identity. Reduce her sense of identity further by assigning her a number or new name by which she is to be called. This number or name

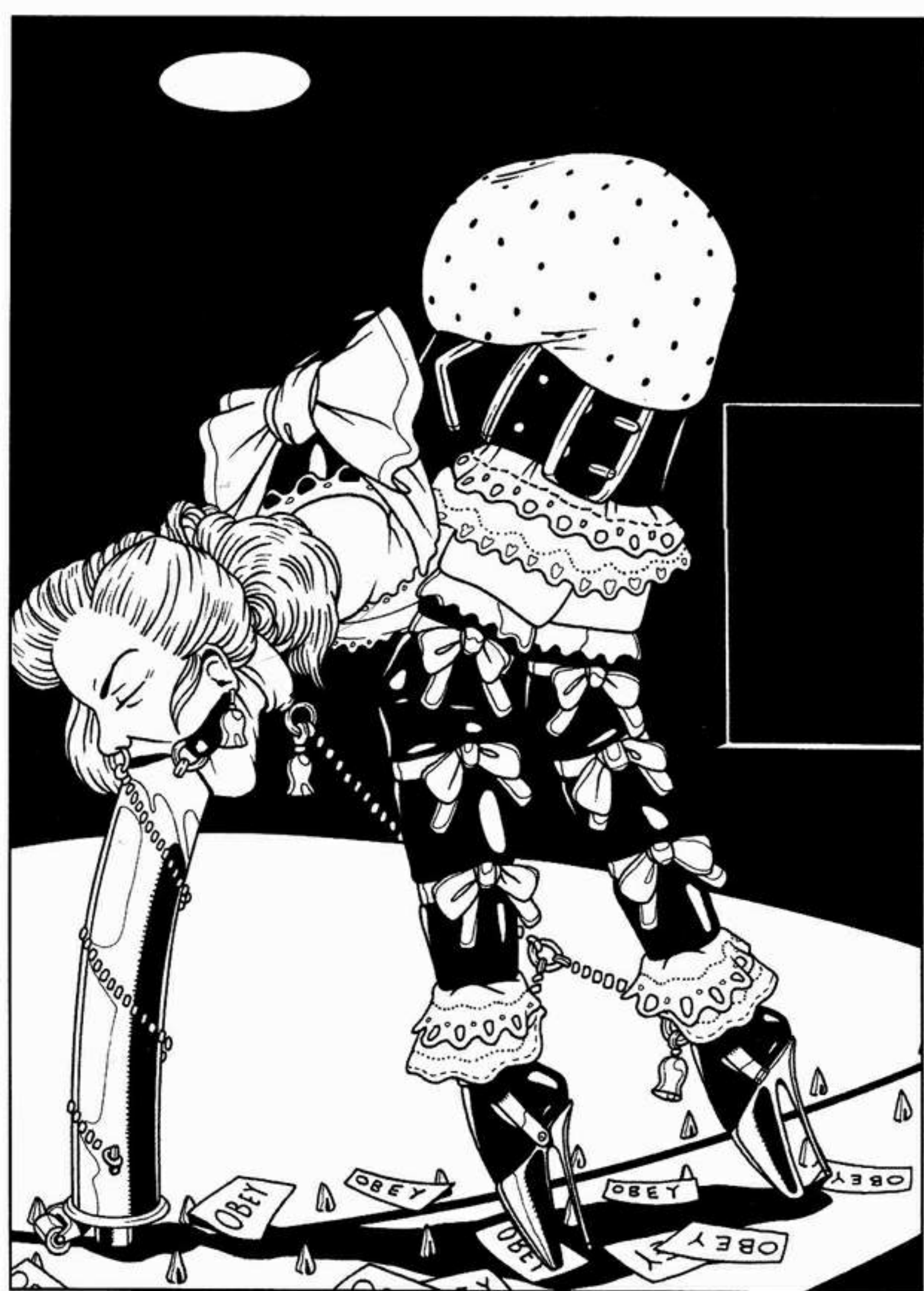
can be tattooed or branded upon her in a visible portion of her body. A period of solitary confinement combined with strenuous exercise will weaken her mind whilst maintaining her body in full health and good appearance. Deny your captive full movement, light and vision, speech and hearing. Over a period of no less than four weeks, gradually restore these items back to the woman, speech, of course, remaining removed.

After such time you will find the woman more malleable, accepting of her subjugated status and purpose.

It is now time to involve more complicated efforts in your woman's training.

Deliver your woman to the basements on the Pit Gymnasium off the High Street. Here you will find a mechanical device commissioned and designed to suit the specific task of subservience training.

Attached to the device for a prolonged duration, the woman will be forced to push, at her own velocity, the heavy steel member around the floor. Knowing that she will only be released from her humiliating task when no fewer than one thousand laps have been completed, the woman will be further weakened by her own willing submission and compliance.



Rubberisation & Crating

Now comes the final part of the transformation process.

Like a fine French wine, Mrs Price will be left to mature, clasped, bald head to pretty toe in thick rubber, her every movement checked by stringent bondage and her entire self confined within a stout holding crate. During such time Mrs Price's breasts will begin to balloon under the influence of powerful bovine hormones adding further pressure on the toothed sandwich clamp that bites down on her tender udders. Under her rubber confinement is a supplementary layer of beeswaxed bandages, necessary to strip all hair once removed. Over that is a layer of thick canvas, measured to fit at Linley's Tailors, number six on the High Street, fine tailoring to suit your needs.

Stepford is by no means a high technology community and the locals put great store in the tried and tested techniques of the past rather than the speculative wizardry that confounds the outside world. All the gadgets and devices in the world cannot achieve the subtle changes of mind and temperament that are the inevitable results of a prolonged dose of solitary confinement.

Suffering in silence is what is now prescribed for Mrs Price as the crate lid is nailed shut offering no chance of escape or ear for her distant and plaintive mewing.

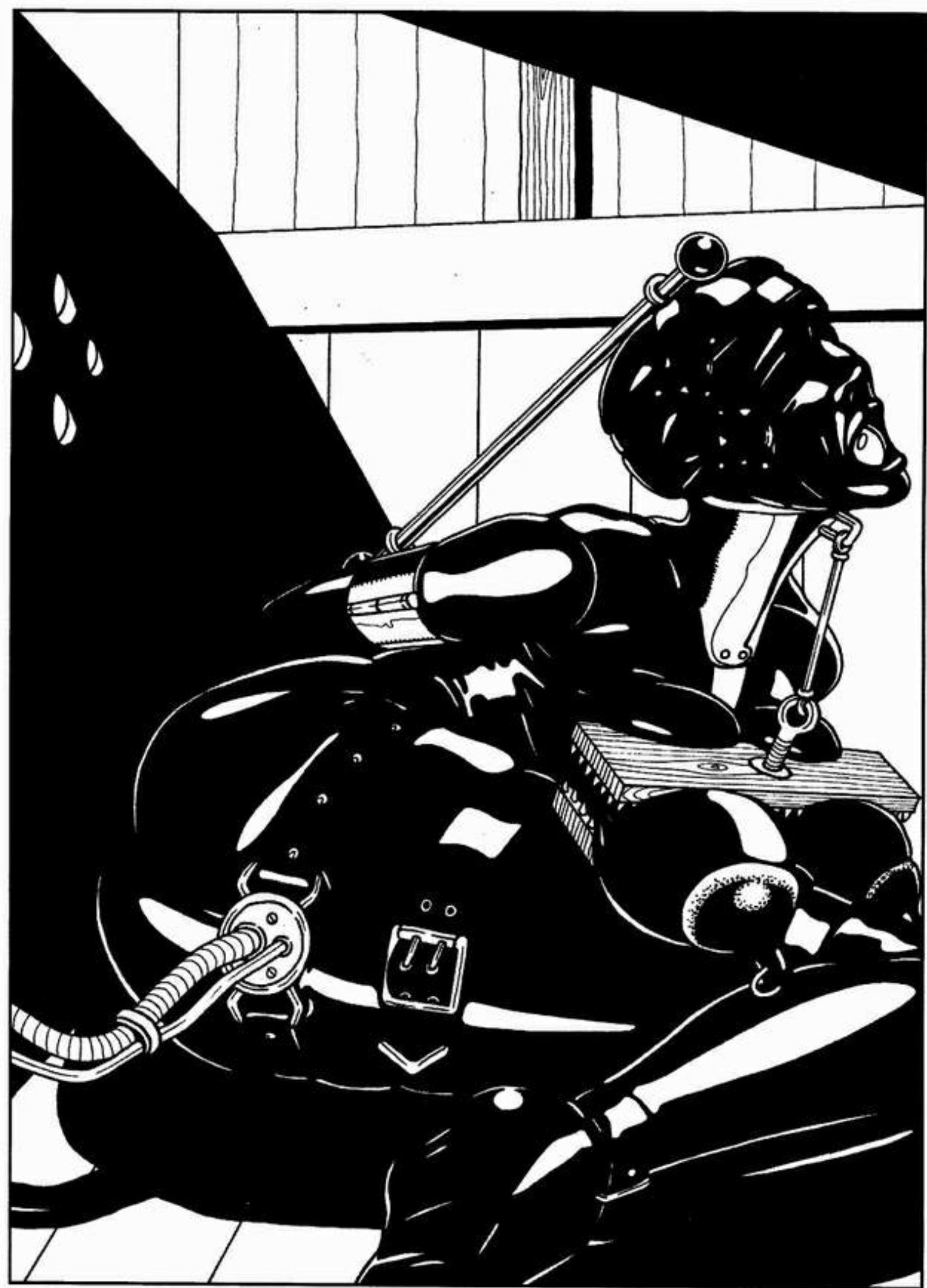
Twin hoses will cleanse and empty the captive bundle and a solitary feed pipe pushed through a hole in the crate wall will no doubt be eventually discovered in the darkness by this wriggling pupa. For one month and one day, Mrs Price will remain entombed, the focus of her day the daily feed of nutrients and hormones that she will be required to suck hard from the nozzle of her feeder, formed as a replica of her husband's erect manhood.

Stepford Bylaw No.88

Boxes, Cupboards, Cages and Crates:

The confinement of your property within a box or crate is altogether a satisfactory arrangement. However, due care and attention must be taken to ensure:

- a) Sufficient breathing and ventilation space is provided.
- b) Sufficient food and waste management is provided.
- c) The box is stored in a safe environment away from the fluctuations of the weather and the dangers of flooding or fire.
- d) A storing permit is filled in, giving full details of location and length of storage and deposited at the police station.
- e) The storage box must be inhabited by only one female at a time.



Missy Good Bye

The use of a thumping hobble is a clear indication that a young lady has reached the age and level of maturity that makes her acceptable as a future bride. The hobble is used on young ladies, attached and inserted to develop a smooth, short, slow step by the wearer. Any sudden movement or quickening in stride will cause the hobble to rebound uncomfortably upward. When a young lady in Stepford reaches a level of maturity it is also time for her to be undergo body modification.

It must be a proud and exciting day for Missy as she gingerly shuffles up the ramp into the back of the hospital transporter. If she is to be ready for this year's debutante ball she will need to get a move on. Much work needs to be done at the Clinic, breasts and lips enlarged, lose a few ribs, and nip that waist.

Neighbour Bill Parker cheerily waves goodbye, knowing that she is leaving as a Missy and will return after the storms have passed as a woman.

Extract from Dr Payne's Records:

Patients Admittance Form

Patient: Missy (Poppy) Payne

Age: 19

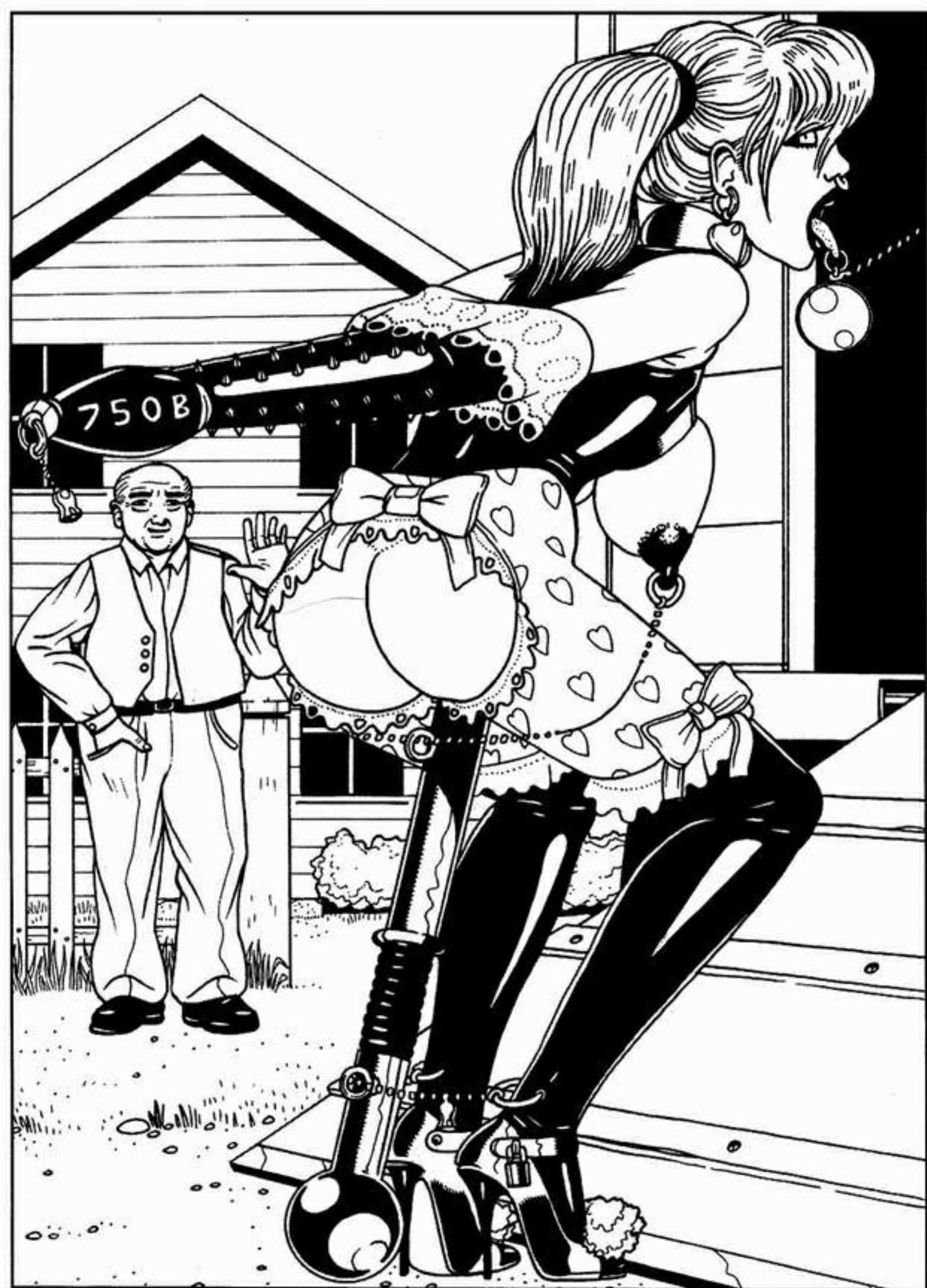
Owner: Mr Norman Payne

Treatment: Conversion from Missy to Wife classification.

Conversion details: Breast and facial lip enlargement, eye widening, digit removal, nipple enhancement, rectum and vaginal lengthening and tightening.

Notes: Patient is a fine specimen and appears to have settled in well to her new surroundings. Psychological profile indicates a willingness to act submissive. Her college studies are progressing well, patient now possesses 'A' grades in Low Self-Esteem, Vulnerability, and Submission. Patient nurtured from high intellect to very low intellect. Patient to be

prepared for surgeries at next available opportunity and breasts implanted to maximum. Eye widening operation follow and amputation of arms and toes. Breasts, pierced and ringed, anal and vaginal lengthening, all teeth removed. Tongue and lips pierced and eyeletted. Patient removed to my private home for seven days of supervised rest. Twenty milligrammes of Daze™ to be administered every eight hours for first week.



High Street Shopping

Stepford has a main High Street where you can expect to find old world charm and courtesy and personal service.

Here we see a young couple on a shopping trip. Why, its the Colonel and his pretty wife, Cherry,

resplendent in bows and lace.

As you can see, the High Street is just about the best place to view Stepford life, catch up on the local gossip, or just sit a while and watch the pretty ladies pass by.

At one end of the street you will find the infamous Hole Cow Saloon, a friendly tavern



serving ice cold beers and fine liquors. Next door Mr Frinton's Fine Meat Emporium, then Binders Bookstore and Linley's Gentleman Tailors.

On the other side you will find The Tack Shop, proprietors of fine leather goods and the very latest in punitive equipment. Next door, the wholesome aromas of Chester's Diner, home of the delicious

Stepford T-Bone, waft serpentine down the street.

In fact, you'll find pretty much everything you need here on the street and, if you don't, pop in to the post office and fill out an import order.

Take a walk down our High Street and see what Stepford has to offer!



Debutante

Once a year, come Spring, Plantation House plays host to the Stepford Debutante's Ball.

In a tradition that goes back many decades, the unattached pretty young ladies of Stepford are paraded before the bachelors of the community. Etiquette is of paramount importance at the ball as is appearance and all the Missys on show are pristine and primed to perfection.

At the end of the evening, as the atmosphere becomes more ribald and less formal, there is a grand auction where the future wives of Stepford are bought, sold, and haggled over.

One by one the leashed lovelies are hauled up onto a raised platform to be sold. The Missys are first exposed, their breasts, rumps, tongues, brands, and every square inch of their body inspected and displayed to the buyers. Then they are paraded round in a circle like prize cattle until the highest bid buys her hand.

Payment is by cash dollars and as soon as the money is on the table, the wives are taken out back to a brazier and branded with their future husband's mark.

Young Buck Price was also here ready to bid for his sweetheart, Missy Frinton but, unfortunately she was bought by Old Man Fisher at twice the price Buck could afford - oh well, all's fair in love and war, Buck!

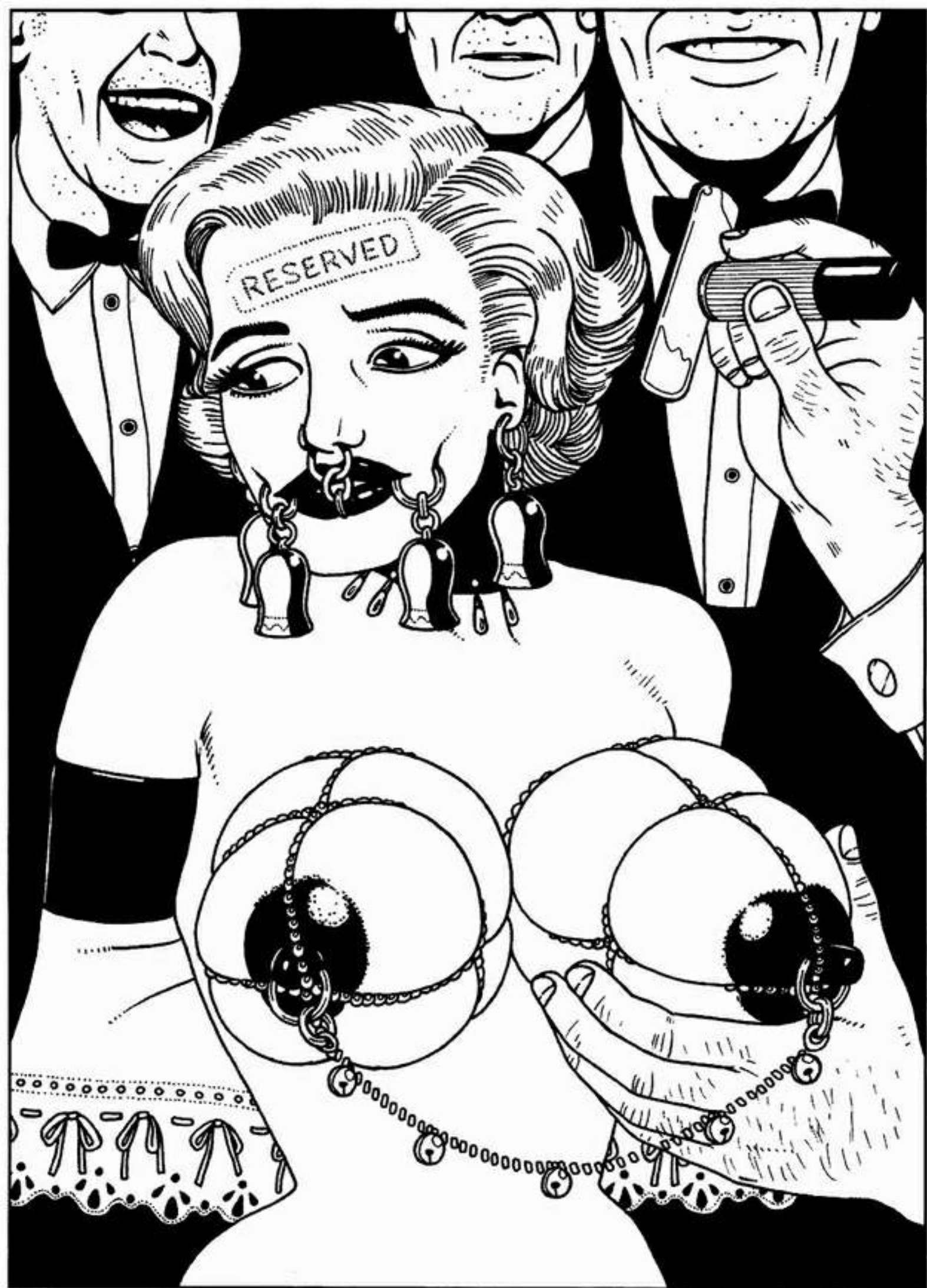
He took his warm beer out back and watched with a heavy heart as she was bent over a branding trestle and given the Fisher mark.

But surely the hot gossip from this year's ball will be the news that Missy Parker was claimed by would-be town Mayor Junior Jackson. I would expect there were a few pouting lips and heavy hearts amongst the ladies, as Junior has got to be just about the most eligible bachelor in town having just inherited the Stepford Stables.

Bill Parker looks on from the relative peace and calm of the sellers enclosure, a mixture of emotions filling his heart. On the one hand he has won a fair

and generous price for his daughter, but on the other hand he knows that Junior is as mean as a rattlesnake, a poor quality found in many of the younger generation.

But the law is the law and Junior, the highest bidder by far, has Missy Parker reserved for his pleasure.



Shooting Practice

Brrr!! Sure is unseasonably cold today and yet there's Junior Jackson taking in a bit of target practice behind the stables with his air powered pistol. By the looks of things he just scored a bulls-eye in Mrs Jackson's rear.

Letters between Mr Junior Jackson to Mr William Parker:

Dear Mr Parker,

Unfortunately I will not be able to provide you will any plough slaves this month. The impending storm means that my beasts will be utilised elsewhere.

Yours, Junior

Dear Mr Jackson,

If I do not plough now I will not be able to plant my summer crops. You agreed to provide me with a team of plough slaves over a month ago. I expect you to honour this promise.

Bill Parker

Dear Mr Parker,

No can do. Sorry.

Junior

Dear Mr Jackson,

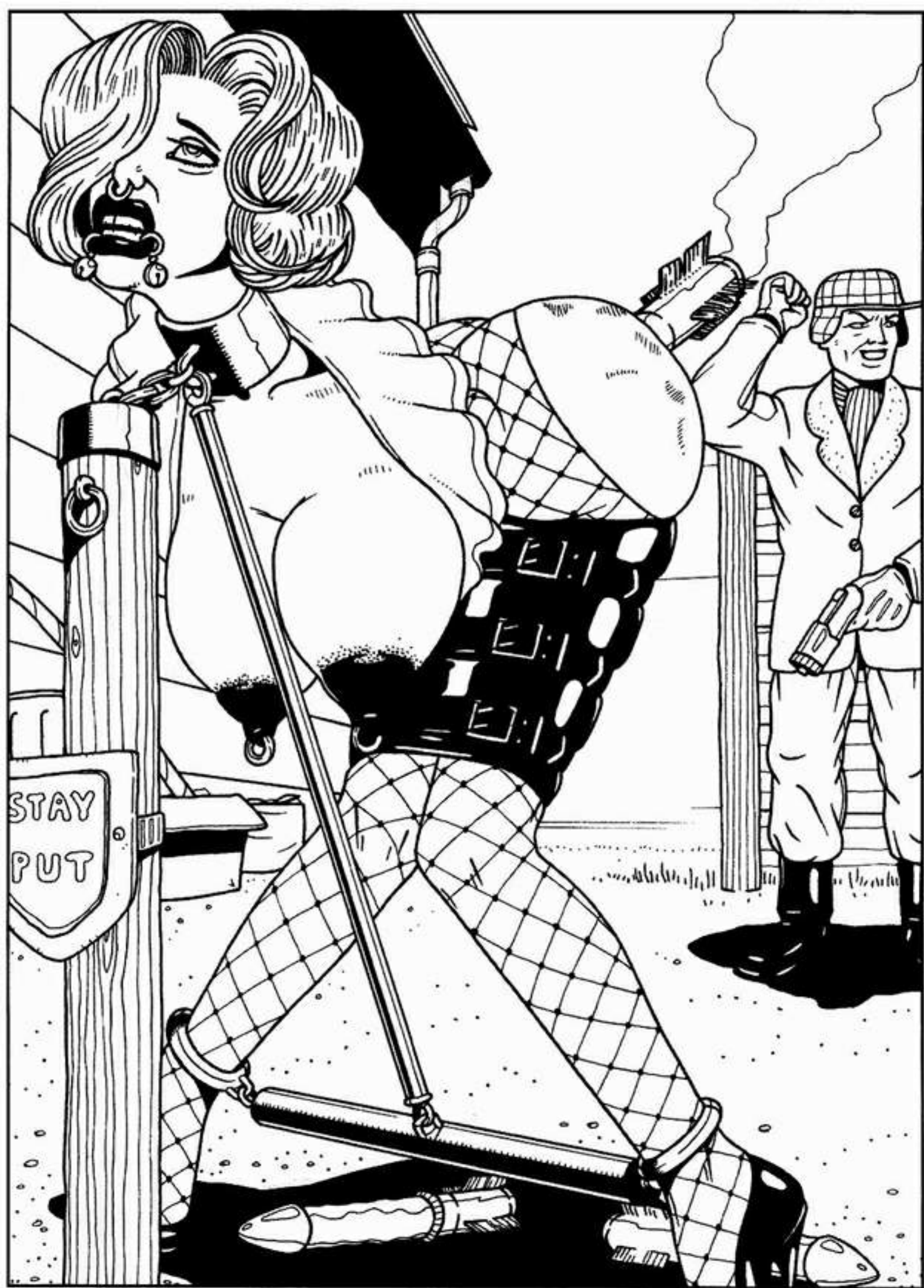
This is outrageous. I suppose this is your petty way of getting back at me for matters arising during Town Council business. I rue the day I allowed my daughter to enter your household. If you do not provide what you have promised I will be forced to bring up this matter at the next Town Council meeting.

Bill Parker

Dear Mr Parker,

By the time of the next Town Council meeting I will be Mayor of Stepford. You will do well not to displease me as much as your slut daughter displeases me every day.

Junior



Farmyard

Once a month Stepford Town holds a cattle market where women classified under Bylaw No. 5 as livestock or pet status can be bought and sold into animal slavery.

Of course, many of the wiser Stepford men like to take their wives along with them, just to let them see what dark future awaits a wholly disobedient spouse.

Animal status women are generally kept on all fours and are forced to live their life as a farmyard beast, fed from communal troughs, wallowing in mud and sleeping in draughty barns. The majority of them are taken immediately upon entry to Stepford. Under Bylaw No. 79, failing a physical appearance requirement, any women deemed inferior in presentation can be given immediate animal status. Imagine the shock and humiliation as the poor lady is stripped naked, in front of her husband and family, shivering as a rough leather harness is buckled to her city softened body. Imagine also the shame as she realises she has been condemned to live out her daily existence as a farmyard sow, a milking cow, or a plough horse. She is then lead away crawling on all fours, the open mouthed faces of her family watching her sudden and degrading departure. The most exciting prospect for any Stepford man is to see the so-called career woman, a lawyer, doctor or high-falooting businesswoman, being lead away on a leash, knowing that by morning she will be crawling in the hay, branded and collared to begin her new life as lowest of the low.

Most new animal-women are set to work immediately without preparation and it is more than possible for a new family on a Sunday stroll to walk blindly past a muddy field unaware that freshly branded sow 54, tethered to her pig hut is none other than their matriarchal family member.

Mostly, the new women are used as suckling sows, nursing orphaned livestock, their permanently milk bloated udders providing a warm and nutritious

meal to all creatures. Through such use it does not take long for a woman to eat, sleep, and think like an animal.

Here we see a herd of prime suckling sows being herded into the auction pen for sale.

And look, there's old Mr Frinton himself. He looks a little bit vexed having caught sight of Chester's 'Vote Junior' badge. Mr Frinton takes a traditional line on just about any subject you care to mention and takes a dim view of Junior's 'modern' ideas. "Goddam radical!" His outburst in the Holey Cow Saloon one night cost him a ten dollar fine from Sheriff Bean, profane language being banned in Stepford. "Goddam, worth every penny!" he cried out, and was fined ten dollars more.



Junior Married

The auction house was packed with all the major names in Stepford society as Junior Jackson was wed today. All heads turned to view the bride being lead by leash up the aisle by her father, Mr William Parker. Resplendent in a fine white gauze hobble skirt, Missy Parker, soon to be Mrs Jackson tip-toed toward her final destiny.

The asking price of two hundred dollars was symbolically offered to the father of the bride and gently bending the blushing bride down on hands and knees, the money was counted out on her back.

Monies accepted, the bride was duly pronounced property of Mr Jackson and a resounding applause filled the room.

Dr Payne shouted for three cheers and the confirming nods from the gentlemen present indicated a degree of satisfaction that another Stepford woman had been entered into the bondage of matrimony.

The new couple then departed in a white carriage pulled by twenty nubian slaves, horse whipped into an immediate and furious pace down the street.

Article in the Stepford Gazette:*

Today Junior Jackson took 22 year old Missy Parker as his wife. Surely an event worthy of more detail yet this story is overshadowed by the shock news that William Parker, the father of the bride and prospective candidate for this year's mayoral elections, has stepped out of the race.

Council sources have revealed that election rules clearly state that no candidate can be considered for election if he has received any monies during a six month period from one of the opposing candidates, or one of the opposing candidates team members.

When asked if he had been duped into forfeiting the election, Mr Parker refused to comment but insiders are already speculating that Mr Junior Jackson may have settled for a

marriage of convenience to secure the position of town Mayor. This latest revelation has also refuelled rumours that Mr Junior Jackson abides in dubious and salacious appetites well outside of Stepford law within the guarded privacy of his home.

Five years ago, Junior Jackson was acquitted of the charge of having intimate and forced relations with a nubian sow-slave. What is sure is that with such power, money, and influence, this scandal is as sure to blow over as Mickey Quinlin's poor excuse for a water tower over at the top of Plantation Lane. Be sure not to be standing in that vicinity when the storms hit later this week.

**The Stepford Gazette is a once weekly newspaper available direct from the printers at Sanitation Lane.*



Sheriff

Sheriff Bean and his faithful hound Pepper run a tight ship. He hands out fines for cussing, rowdiness, littering and spitting. In his twilight years, this ex-Marine could not have hoped for a better job that best serves his personal appetites for law, order and control.

Despite the occasional drunken brawl, which results in a night in the jailhouse for any offender, Stepford is a peaceful town. The rules are fairly simple and simply fair. Minor offences perpetrated by the womenfolk are crimes that can be punished by their husbands alone. Of course, any husband can prescribe a few weeks in the Town prison for his wayward wife at which point Sheriff Bean and his deputies are more than willing to come and haul the miscreant off in chains.

But the most important duty carried out by the sheriff and his men is the supervision and manning of the boundary wall and main gate that protects Stepford from the outside world.

Unwelcome guests are fairly rare but all intruders to the community are repelled with extreme prejudice. The Sheriff has fifty deputies at his disposal which, may seem a large amount for such a small and law abiding community, but the Sheriff is under strict orders from the Town Council to maintain the town's privacy at all costs.

The Sheriff is also in charge of the Stepford prison located at the rear of the Police Station. The prison is solely for women, the men being locked up in the comparatively warm and comfortable cells within the police station.

The Sheriff was given Pepper by the Town Council to keep as his property to use within his function as sheriff. He has had her at his side since she was a young Missy of nineteen. For ten years, Pepper has been confined in her dog harness, compelled to live her life as a dog on all fours, her plain face sealed permanently in a tight leather muzzle.

Letter to Mr Bob Jackson Sr:

Dear Mr Jackson,

As newly appointed Town Stable Master you will be aware of the stringent requirements for all female Missys and Wives.

Therefore please submit your daughter for reclassification as Animal Status at the Police Station.

Yours, Mr William Parker, Town Council



Litter

Farley Tucker is in charge of Stepford Town waste disposal. Street litter and house waste is collected and deposited at the sanitation sheds. From here it is taken and sold to the Power House on Slave Lane.

Here, flammable waste is incinerated to generate heat for the town baths and organic matter is taken to the plantations and plowed back into the ground. Little is wasted in Stepford.

Teams of female prisoners are used to pick up litter keeping the town's streets spotlessly clean. Several prisoners a day are assigned to road sweeping duty which is a fitting and humbling experience for women whose crimes have involved suggestions of disdain and indignation.

A lot can be discovered about a community by what it discards as much as by what it holds dear and precious. Farley has learned a lot over the years just by looking at the town's rubbish. A pile of Bill Parker election flyers, dumped in Free Lane, a small paper bag of Cuban cigar butts spilling out of Doctor Payne's garbage can, all just rubbish but all telling a story as yet untold.

Here we see Farley putting a litter picker thru her paces. Tightly gripped by a thick latex hairpin skirt, the penitent prisoner is forced to remain with her face directed toward the floor. Moulded rubber gloves form cleaning equipment out of delicate hands and a jaw-stretching gag feeds her a constant dose of mind numbing Daze™. After the street is picked clean of every cigarette stub, every matchstick, and chewing gum wrapper, the street cleaner will be locked to the nearest litter bin for the rest of the day and Farley will move on to the next zone where the next street cleaner remains locked in position.

Stepford Bylaw No. 51

The Town Council will award the business of Refuse Collection and Sanitation to the appropriate party with such proviso that said

party maintains the town's streets and garbage bins to a satisfactory level.

The refuse collector will be empowered to report any misdemeanour regarding improper disposal of waste or litter in public or private. The refuse collector will have the authority to select forced labourers from the town prison. Within the terms of this Bylaw it will be an offence to litter the street, deface property, render one's own property and grounds to an insanitary condition to the distress of the general public.



Election Parade

As voting day nears, mayoral candidate Mr Junior Jackson has organised an election parade. It is a day-long jubilant affair which will end with a hog roast and hot cider banquet in the Stable courtyards to which all are welcome, courtesy of Mr Jackson.

Stepford is generally blessed with good-humoured comradeship. However, today a few scornful faces peer out at the passing parade from Frinton's butchers.

As is the case the world over, the town's old timers resent change and fear that the oasis they have worked hard to create will be transformed by the youngsters into a community of lascivious degenerates. Bill 'Pipe' Parker watches as Junior sits waving to his supporters that crowd the street. He chuckles openly as a stray flyer is scooped up by the growing wind and sticks to Junior's face.

Next to him, the Colonel spots Chad, his son-in-law, in the cheering crowd. He had never liked Chad but with the hundred dollars Chad had paid him for his Missy he had bought himself a fine new pipe and enough tobacco for a year.

Mayor's Duties, Rights and Privileges, a draft paper penned by Mr Junior Jackson.

The Mayor, henceforth known officially as Your Honour or Mayor will bear specific duties, rights, and privileges as conditions of his term of office of no more than five years.

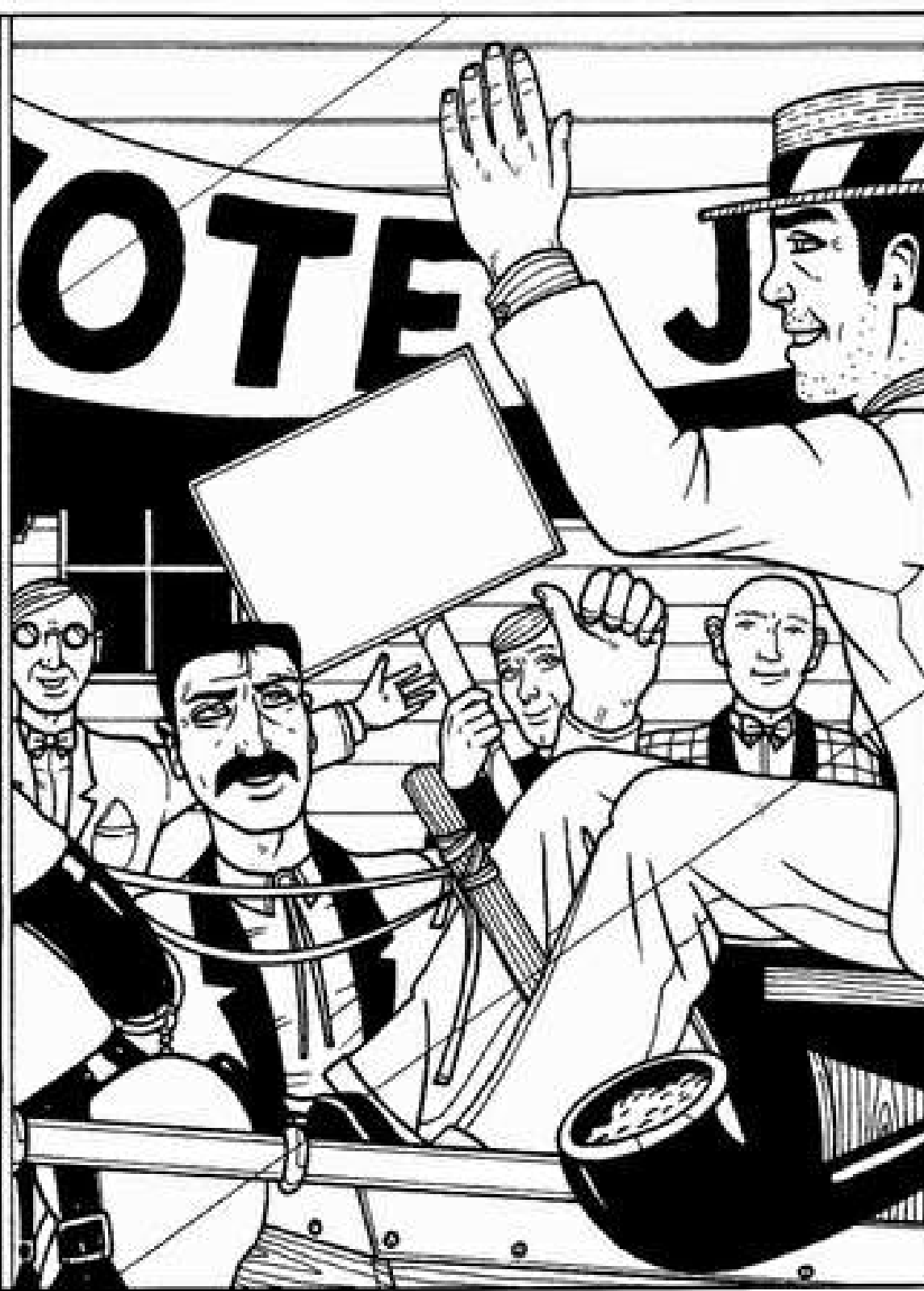
Most importantly, the Mayor will have the power to instate new laws put forward by the Town Council and, with the advice and guidance of the Town Council will be able to instate his own laws as deemed appropriate.

The Mayor will have the power to pardon serious crimes at his own discretion and incarcerate those deemed contrary to the good of the community. The Mayor will sit as and when necessary as the highest legal judgment in the town.

The Mayor will have the right to leave and enter

the town to pursue external matters urgent or beneficial to the community. The Mayor may personally sponsor visitors to the town and will be wholly responsible for the conduct, behaviour and trustworthiness of such persons. The Mayor will be present as witness to all judicial sentences of corporal punishment. The Mayor will carry out an annual review of all public amenities; prison, hospital, police station, colleges, etc.

The Mayor will maintain, at the expense of the town, a harem of slaves to provide special entertainment of visitors and dignitaries. Such slaves will be excused normal training through the college system and instead will receive more specialised training suitable for their specific use.



Newspapers

The clip clop of the newspaper boy's cart is the first sound you're likely to hear early in the morning in Stepford.

The Stepford Gazette is a weekly mixture of public notices, local reports and the harmless gossip that becomes so important in a community as small as Stepford. By far the most popular read is the 'Newcomers' section where old Stepford townies can read the most minute personal details of the new folks in town.

Vital statistics, accompanied by photographs of all new females, are published in the center pages and offer a moment of titillation during a soft boiled egg. A classified section titled 'The Meat Rack' holds several pages of women for sale. Here you can buy unwanted female flesh for a few dollars for conversion to pet, toy, or servant classification.

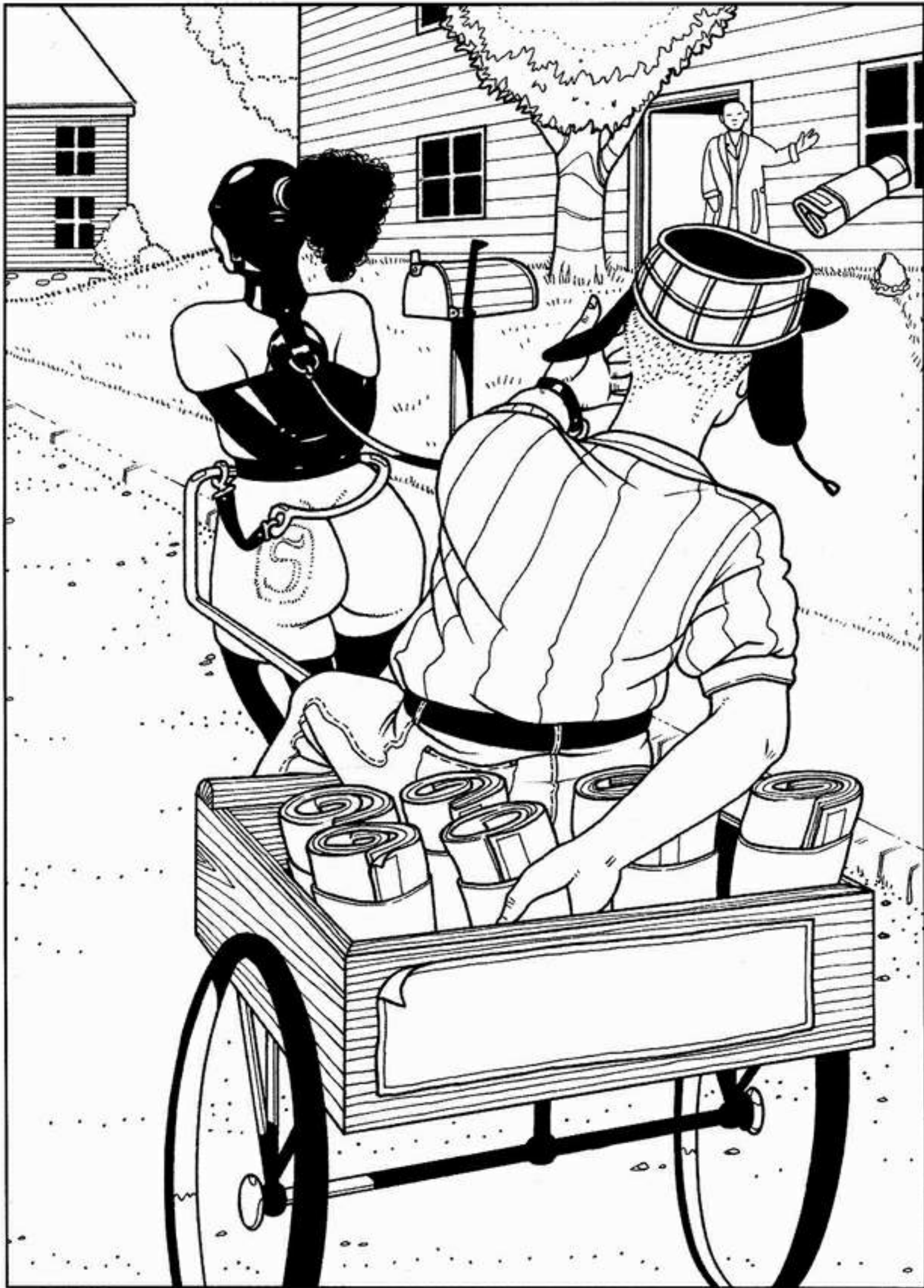
This week however, the pages are almost totally dominated by Junior's marriage, with the remaining pages being filled by details of Junior's seemingly endless election promises.

The remaining pages cover the boundary dispute between Bob Hancock and Chad Connors, the latter's hedge blocking the sun from the former's roses. A small advert placed by Norman Price announces the refurbishment and reopening of Stepford's only stock broker and financial advice offices. Underneath that, a legal notice lists all the misdemeanours and appropriate punishments and sentences to be carried out:

Mrs Frinton, for undue care and attention when crossing the High Street will receive twenty strokes of the cane to be administered in public, at noon, on Saturday.

Mrs Gordino, for wanton indiscretion and attempted false accusation in writing will spend two whole days in the stocks at the town square. Missy Humble, for disruptive behaviour and attempted escape from daily bondage has been sentenced to six months in Stepford Prison.

A small weather section reports on the imminent storms heading toward Stepford. Hurricane George is due to pass close by on its way to Mexico, no doubt giving the little town a mild battering later in the week.



The Pit

It is a sad reality that Stepford does not gain full control over every young lady that enters into it's community.

There are occasions when the transformation process is far from successful and society is presented with an obstinate creature who either simply refuses or cannot conform and submit, even at the detriment to her own health and comfort.

What to do with such a fiery minx?

Well, one answer is to condemn the little lady to life in The Pit, where she is sure to work off any excess energies. Once a woman enters Stepford she can be bought and sold at a moment's notice, as long as all documents are in order.

Likewise all women can be sold to The Pit.

Number 6 is one such unlucky soul. Earlier today, Number 6 failed to perform. Punishment was short and swift. She was hog-tied and hauled up onto a branding trestle. Her voluminous breasts were then tightly bound in thin leather cord, pulled so tight as to disappear from view. Her tortured teats were then pulled round behind her back and both nipples leashed together.

Now, with aching breasts she crawls, desperately eager to please, into the sawdust arena, oblivious to the raucous merriment that herald her and her fellow Pit Bitches' arrival.

Job Description for all applicants for post of Junior Pit Assistant:

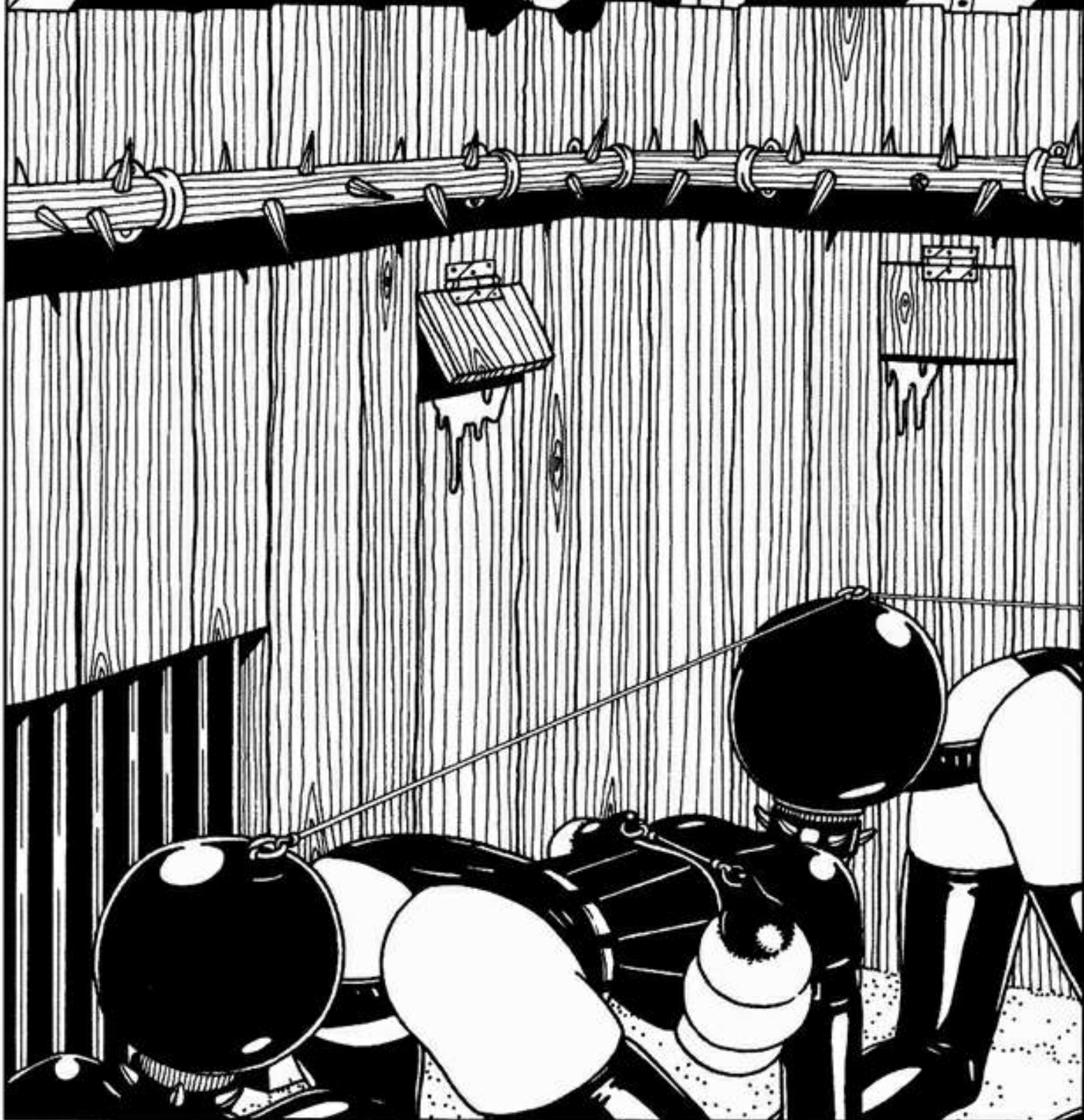
This job is part-time, mostly evenings and all day Saturday. It would accordingly suit a younger gentlemen, ideally a student.

Applicants should be of a smart and well presented appearance and show a willingness to learn new skills. Some heavy labour will be involved, so applicants must be physically fit.

General duties would include running errands, sweeping and cleaning out Pit stables and maintaining in good working order all items required by the Pit Master. All tack, straps,

bridles, harnesses, whips and all other leather goods should be oiled, polished and kept supple. Special duties would include walking all the Pit Bitches at least once per day. Administering the thrashings. Supplementary to any necessary punishments, all Pit Bitches are thrashed every evening with birch twigs as part of their training. Thrashing is administered to the Pit Bitches' behinds only, and will exceed no more than five thrashes of a severity according to the performance of the Bitch.

Feeding is by wide funnel. All Bitches must adopt the sit up and beg position to receive funnel feeding. Food scraps from Chester's are delivered once a day late evening and must be passed through a pulveriser before feeding.



Missy X

Just exactly how a young lady finds herself in The Pit is two parts mystery to one part bad luck. This little lady here, known only as Missy X - The Bitch, on account that nobody has taken a record of her original name, is at the beginning of a rigorous training programme designed to transform her into a formidable pit fighter.

What can be certain is that this woman is probably an author of her own misfortune, a perpetual deviator, a runaway, or maybe a lady of criminal instinct. Such characters are all but sacrificed to the Pit, being of little use to society except for performance and entertainment value.

Lurking in the background Casper Blackheart, who runs the Cane Cottage, an impromptu house of corrections, has designs on purchasing the amazonian creature.

All pit fighters have their heads permanently sealed in tight black hoods, the enforced blindness and deafness adding an entertaining awkwardness to their movements. Pit fighters have animal status and consequently most are literally cut down to size to create a more entertaining four legged fighter. Of course, combat is more punitive than brutal; bruises, scratches, and exhaustion being the only battle scars inflicted. And, whilst the sins of Lesbos are strictly taboo in Stepford, having animal status, the conquering fighter is allowed to ritually mount their defeated foe, a sight guaranteed to bring the crowds of jeering spectators to a frenzy of applause.

The only real hope for an unlucky damsel finding herself at the Pit is that she will please the crowd and if she trains hard, conforming to her new role as a fighting animal, she will please her owner and solicit all the pampering and care thus deserved.

If she reacts poorly to her surroundings she will almost certainly be assigned as a position of training dummy. Shackled to one spot as the other fighters use her for practice, she will be repeatedly mounted and penetrated by the helmet-mounted cattle prods of her unseen peers.

If she is lucky she will be assigned as a show clown and trained to perform pre-fight tricks for the light amusement of the waiting crowds. Inwardly aware of the sheer humiliation of her forced and demeaning actions, festooned with mocking bells at every piercing, her torment and misery will be slightly less grueling than any other purposes that might be designated to her.



Pit 2

A new arrival at the Pit serves as both entertainment and initiation ceremony. Here is the first glimpse of the crazy future that awaits the disobedient and deviant soul.

Deprived of sight and sound and aided only by touch and an intimate mental image of the enclosed pit, Number 6 and her fellow Pit Bitches creep slowly forward.

After months of tireless routine, each creature has learned how to play the game. Corner the prey, attack and overcome, taking turns to mount the defeated lump of flesh. This will result in a well earned rest in the pastures for the victorious, the sun caressing their naked flesh, offering a painful and fleeting reminder of more dignified days.

Abstain from the combat or perform badly and feel the numbing pain of hunger sated only by meagre rations of stale bread and brackish water.

In such circumstances it does not take long for the women to start working as a team, bonded by the shared misery of their existence with the last human words spoken to them etched indelibly into their minds: Perform for release!

It is at this point that the formerly ill-mannered woman has learned a valuable lesson. No longer a selfish individual, endeavouring to service their own petty needs and ill-founded superior graces, the woman has now realised the purpose and advantage of group involvement.

The newly arrived hapless maiden can do nothing but cringe in wide-eyed terror at the approaching creatures. The pretty victim is partly terrorised by the impending assault but also brought face to face with her own grim future as a blinded, crawling sideshow freak.

The young pretty is now deafened by the crude and humiliating jeers of the crowd, snarling and distorted faces at every angle baying for merciless punishment.

Article in the Stepford Gazette

"I am no shirker from my duties as a man. As a husband I am occasionally called to administer a severe caning to my wayward wife's bare behind. That I derive a fulfilling pleasure from exercising such guiding and nurturing actions is measure of my belief in a society that advocates the proper and total control of all womankind into domestic slavery.

However, the degrees of humiliating and sadistic behaviour within the tenets of so called entertainment perpetuated within the establishment known as The Pit beggars belief. As Stepford men, we understand and know that as nature intended, man must be dominant over woman. But, this is a privilege and right that must not be squandered. To engineer and enjoy the forced and forceful relations of women, no matter how deviant their actions and history is surely a matter that requires further investigation in relation to Bylaw No. 69."



Pit 3

Although slow and unseeing, the Pit offers no escape from the approaching Pit Bitches and the newly acquired Pit girl is soon corralled and set upon by the faceless rubberised creatures. She writhes in torment, cursing the folly of the wicked ways that have delivered her into this nightmarish predicament.

The crowd on the other hand, jeer with a terrific rowdiness more befitting a Roman amphitheatre. The spectacle of this specific maiden's torment is of peculiar relish given her social background. For, amongst the cheering crowd there is silent voice.

Cornelius Foley, editor of the Stepford Gazette stands quiet and still as if Medusa herself had turned him to stone.

Below him the Pit Bitches now writhe over their victim, pulling the defenceless damsel down into the dirt. They spread her soft legs wide and with a rising crescendo of ooohs and aaahs from the baying crowd the helpless girl is mounted and entered. Now the fierce rubberised creatures jostle around her like an angry swarm of bees, phallus shaped prods being driven into every available hole in her body. Her limp body is flipped over onto her face and the back of her flimsy skirt is torn into shreds. Strong fingerless hands hold her still as once more she is mounted to the delight of the audience.

The space where Cornelius was standing is now empty and the crowds who have rushed forward to the walls of the Pit do not notice the solitary figure leaving through a back door.

Letter to Mr Cornelius Foley:

Dear Mr Foley,

Unfortunately, following college inspections, your daughter, Missy Tiffany Foley, was judged to be below the necessary standards of appearance required by Stepford law.

Please note that under Bylaw No. 79, the town reserves the right to designate unmarried females of unsuitable facial qualities to be

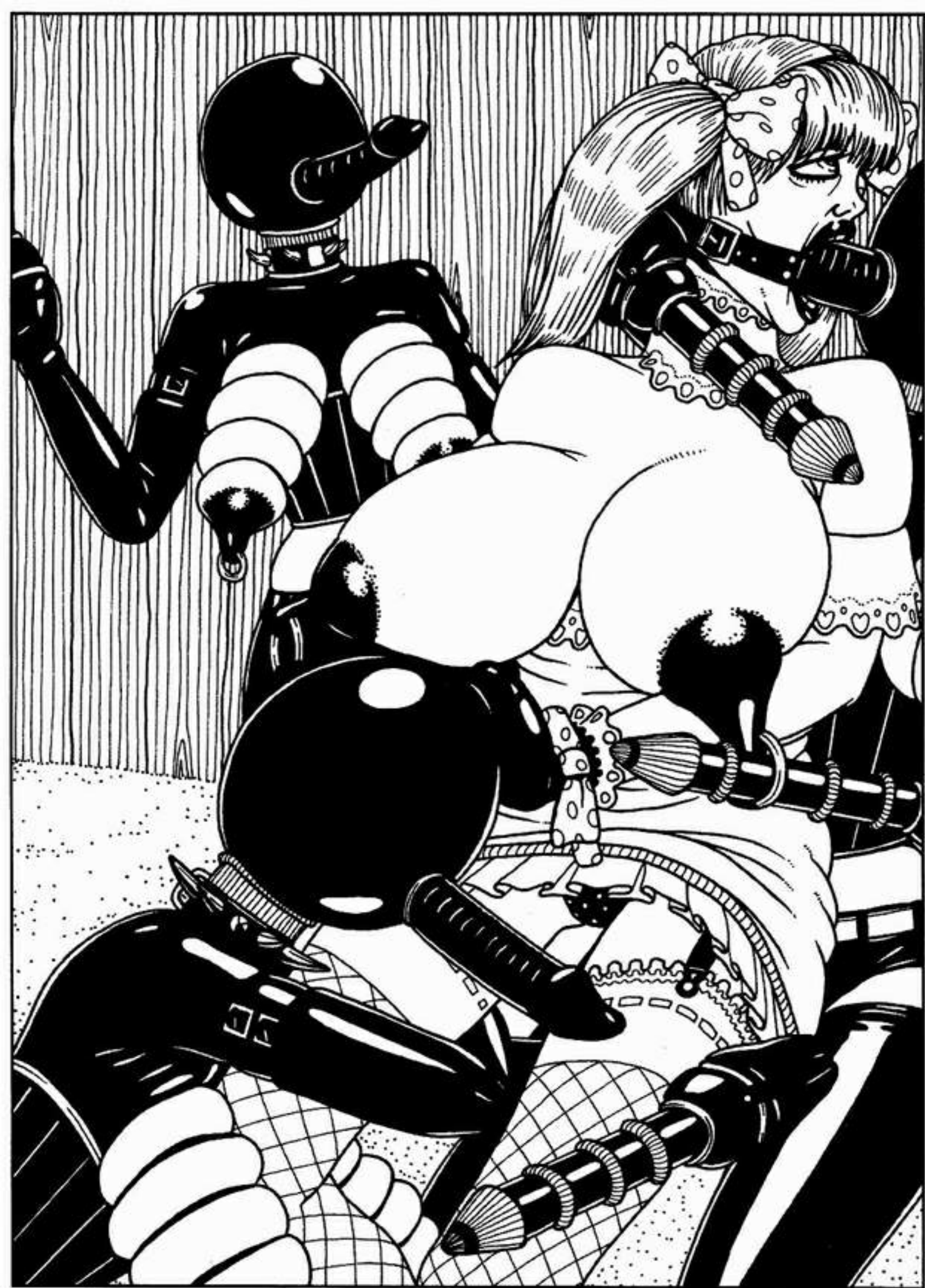
transformed and maintained as animals.

We therefore advise you that your daughter may only be sold as an animal and will not be allowed to attend the Debutante Ball and instead will be required to attend the next month's cattle market. Please ensure you bring your property to market in the required condition:

- a) Noseringed and naked, save harness and collar.
- b) Branded with your owners mark.
- c) All animals must be sold with a suitable transporting cage inclusive of sale.
- d) Please ensure that your animal is hooded from this day forth.

Yours faithfully,

By Order of Stepford Town Council - Female Examination Board



Post girl

Having spent the majority of their lives successfully navigating the outer world as captains of commerce, construction, gambling and entertainment, the vast population of Stepford are of retirement age.

Therefore, jobs of a physically demanding nature are passed onto fit young beasts of burden where necessary.

Here we see such an arrangement. Charlie Church, Stepford's postmaster, needs only to guide his walking postbag in an orderly route, the many bells sounding their imminent arrival. Bondaged into severe subservience and compelled to carry heavy sacks of mail, post duty is obviously seen as one of the more avoidable punishments for deviant damsels at the town's prison.

Blinded and hobbled, Prisoner 108 shuffles awkwardly along, her slow laboured pace suiting the gray haired postie perfectly. It is a fitting punishment for such a wayward woman who harboured and acted upon secret desires to flee the town.

Standing free and unhindered there could be little doubt that this healthy young Amazon could overpower her frail master and make a dash for freedom. However, confined and controlled with straps and chains, she remains achingly close to freedom and yet a million miles short of the means by which to grasp it.

Stepford Postal Service:

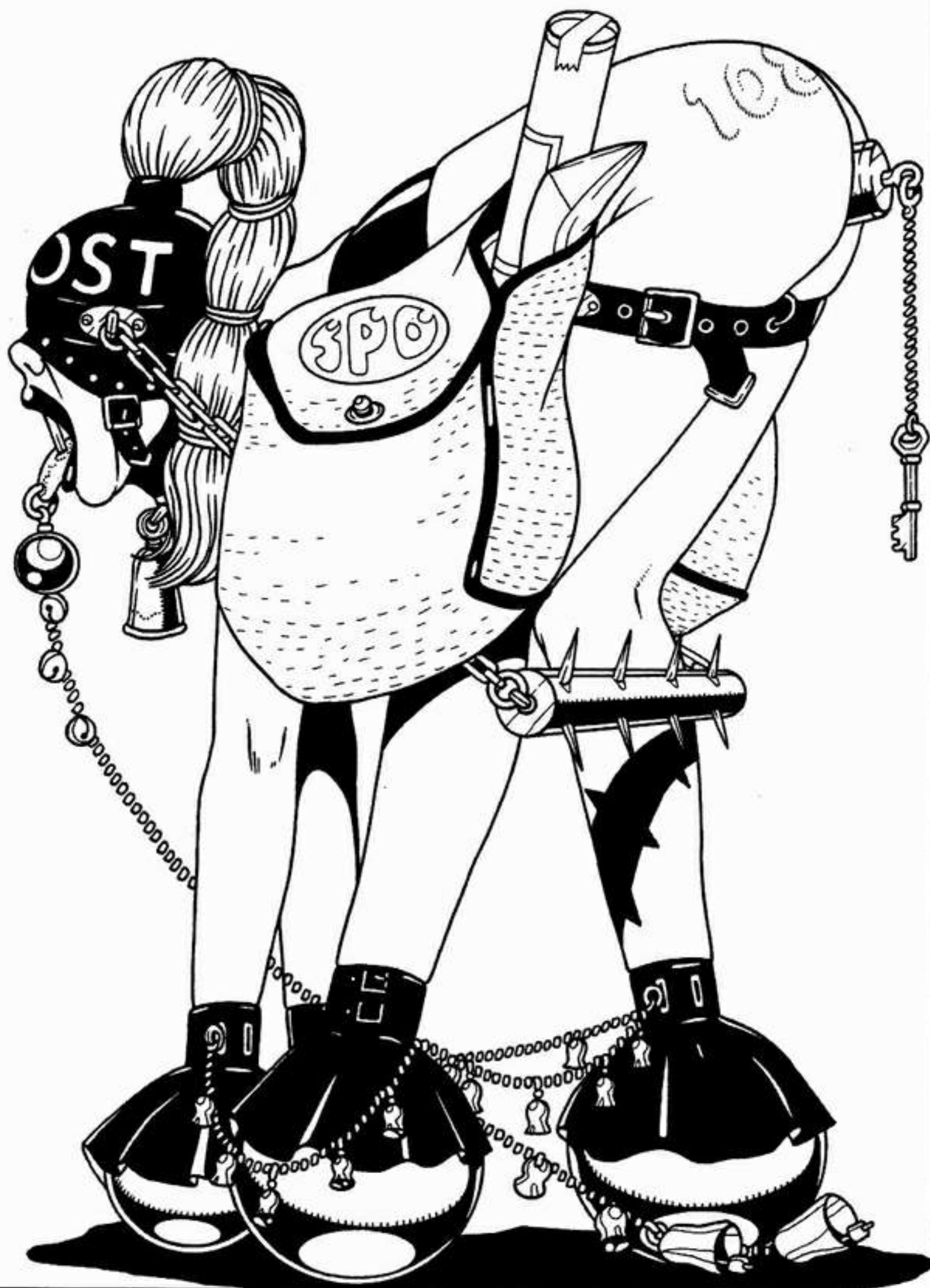
The Stepford Postal Service is a public service provided by volunteers and is not a service which the Stepford Town Council is under any obligation to continue or fund.

Stepford will make provision for the import and export of mailed items and letters and holds the right to destroy any items that provide or refer to information regarding the town's location, the town's inhabitants or any matters concerning the specific details of the Stepford community. Stepford inhabitants must not seek

to import illicit materials such as illegal drugs, firearms, dangerous animals, alcohol, pornography, garlic, books, homosexual literature, perfumed aftershave, music of a debauched rhythm (Elvis Presley, The Beatles etc.), un-American hats, volatile chemicals, English teas or any items produced in China, Russia, or Cuba.

Stepford will make available forced labour mail pony slaves to facilitate the delivery and collection of mail.

The Stepford Postmaster has rights of ownership during the collection and delivery of mail.



Hardware Sale

Advertisement in the Stepford Gazette

It's Spring in Stepford and Hancock's Hardware is having a Spring Sale clear out. Mouse-traps to milk jugs, broom handles to ballgags, Hancocks is a veritable cornucopia of household fixtures and fittings.

Look here, in the shadows of the store amongst the pots and pans. Here's a bargain buy - a second hand Toy for just fifty dollars. Ideal 'doer-upper' for anyone thinking of starting a pet conversion project.

We also carry a wide range of clapperboards, roof shingles and tarpaulin - don't be caught short when Hurricane George has paid us a visit, buy now!

Hancock's Hardware store is the oldest store in town. Originally, the store was run by the great Joshua Stepford himself, in partnership with Milford Hancock.

The store sold everything back in the days before Stepford Stables and Chester's Diner, and made both Joshua and Milford wealthy men.

Joshua plowed all his profits back into developing Stepford, putting up new houses for the growing population of the new town. Milford, on the other hand, put his money into developing the parade of stores we now know as the High Street. Between them they provided both housing and employment necessary for the growth of the community.

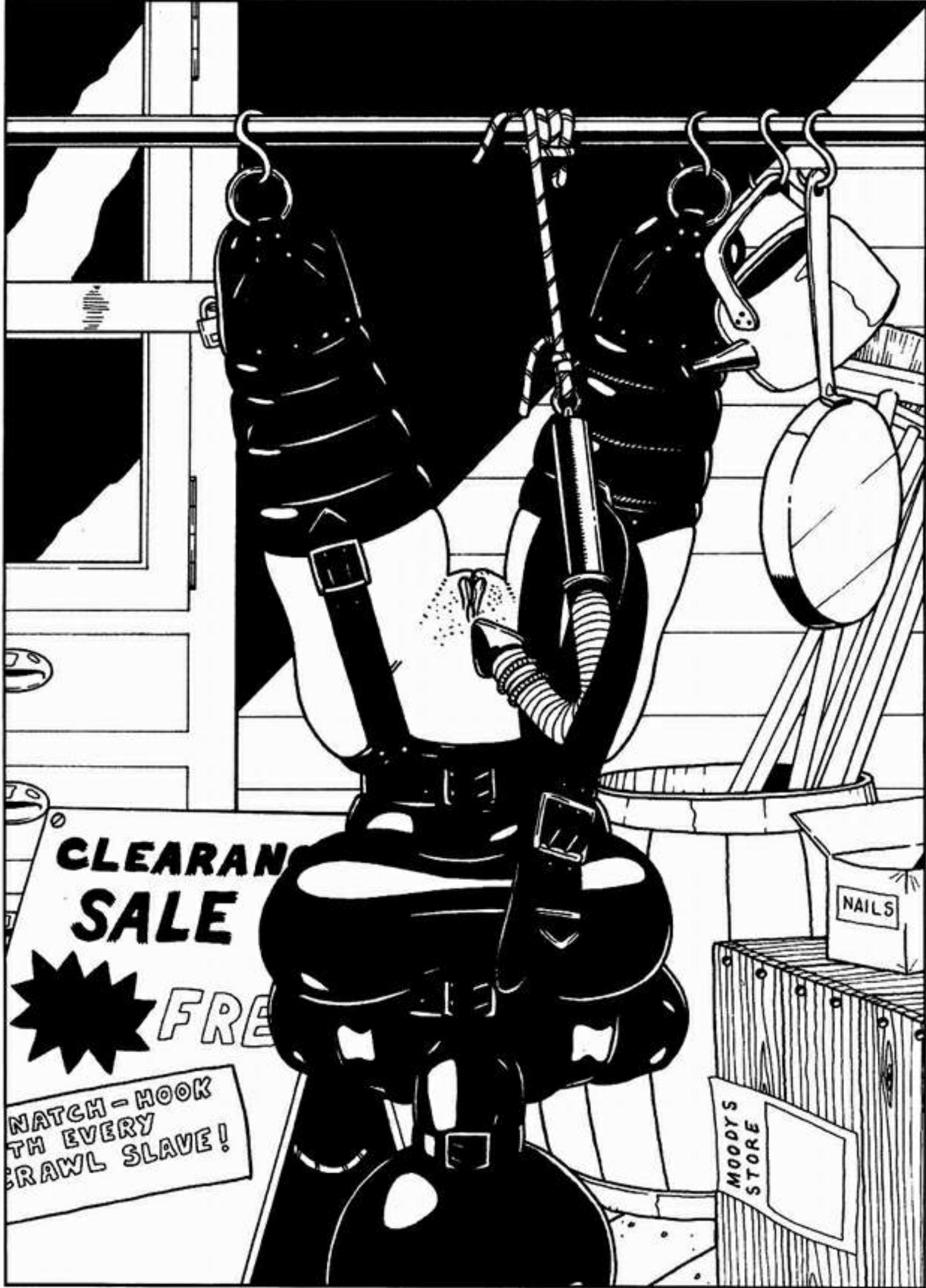
During the big chill of '36, Martha Stepford, Joshua's wife and the first lady of Stepford, died unexpectedly. Joshua never really recovered from his loss and the following year, to the day, Joshua Stepford's body was found at the bottom of the sea cliffs.

As surviving partner, Milford Hancock took up Joshua's fortune and with it the responsibility to continue the development of the town. For several years the little town flourished and the community

grew in numbers. Outside the newly erected walls the world entered war, presidents came and went, and science delivered men to the moon. But within the town, time stood still. There was no equality, just hierarchy; no democracy, just laws dictated by earlier generations.

In the Spring of '51 Milford Hancock was laid to rest. As a widower and father of a single daughter, the Hancock fortune was held in trust for the husband of his daughter.

The following Spring, Missy Hancock was married to Bob Jackson.



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SALE**

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WITH EVERY
CRAWL SLAVE!**

NAILS

MOODY'S
STORE

Punishment

Civil disobedience is unheard of in Stepford. Crime and misdemeanours are virtually non-existent given the favourable harmony within the community.

Present law dictates that the punishment of a

female may only be administered by the owner, and any custodial sentence must be applied for by the miscreant's owner and sanctioned by the Sheriffs court.

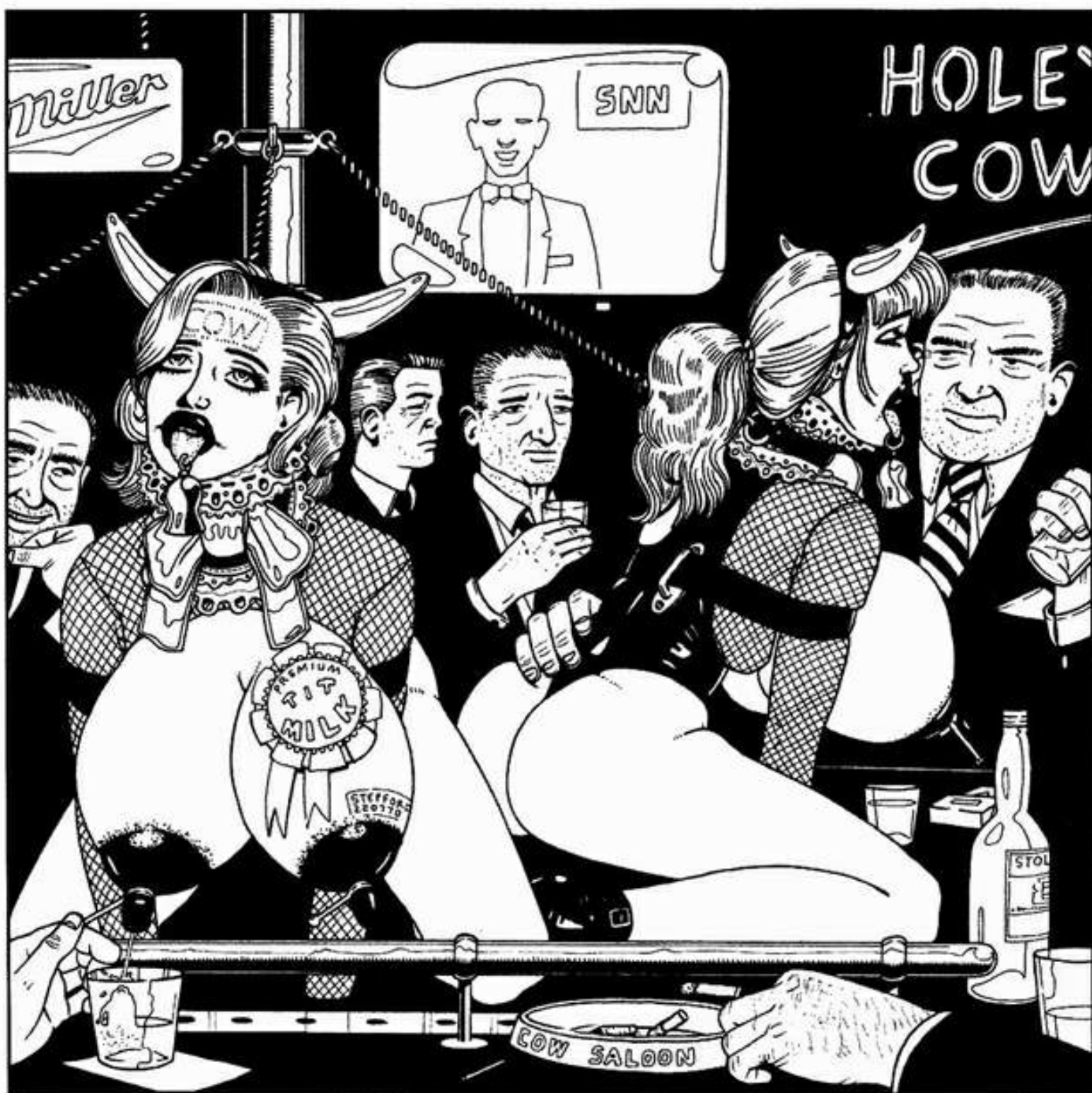
However, it is estimated that over ninety percent of all petty crime and disobedience perpetrated by women in Stepford is handled privately.



Holey Cow Saloon

The name conjures up an image of a rowdy frontier town, but Johnny Gordinio runs Stepford's premier watering hole on the level of a private member's club. Strictly no boots or working clothes allowed, evening attire, suit and tie, only. Specialty

of the house? Ask for a Cow-Poke and you will receive one part vodka to three parts milk. But not just any old milk will do. Yes, you guessed it, Holey Cow uses only the freshest, creamiest milk available, direct from Stepford's own herd of human heifers.



Punishment 2

In the case of serious but rare crimes such as theft, gross negligence of duty, and attempted escape, it is every Stepford citizen's civic duty to treat such offences responsibly and appropriately.

It is widely believed that such serious crimes herald the beginnings of a long-term deterioration of values and should therefore necessitate more than just a swift caning.

This naughty minx, formerly Mrs Penelope Bunton but now reduced to a number - Prisoner 12, now resides at Stepford Prison. Her crimes are of the highest degree, namely plotting to act out treasonable actions. Of course, there is no king and definitely no queen of Stepford but the charge is meant to underline the seriousness of her misconduct.

For two days this devious wench remained on the lam in an attempt to desert her matrimonial obligations and break free of the very town that had welcomed her into its bosom.

Bill Parker broke his leg during the search falling into the ditch. The Stepford Annual Whist Drive had to be cancelled and all other activities in the town were curtailed as the search continued, bringing much chaos and complication to the otherwise calm town. On the second day the wily vixen was spotted naked and still chained, running through the plantation. Within hours she was hunted down and netted like the wild animal she had regressed into, and hauled before the Sheriff.

Prisoner 12 will now languish, naked and bound in this cell for the next year, ample enough time to contemplate the consequences of her misdeeds.

The people versus the property of Mr Jack Bunton:

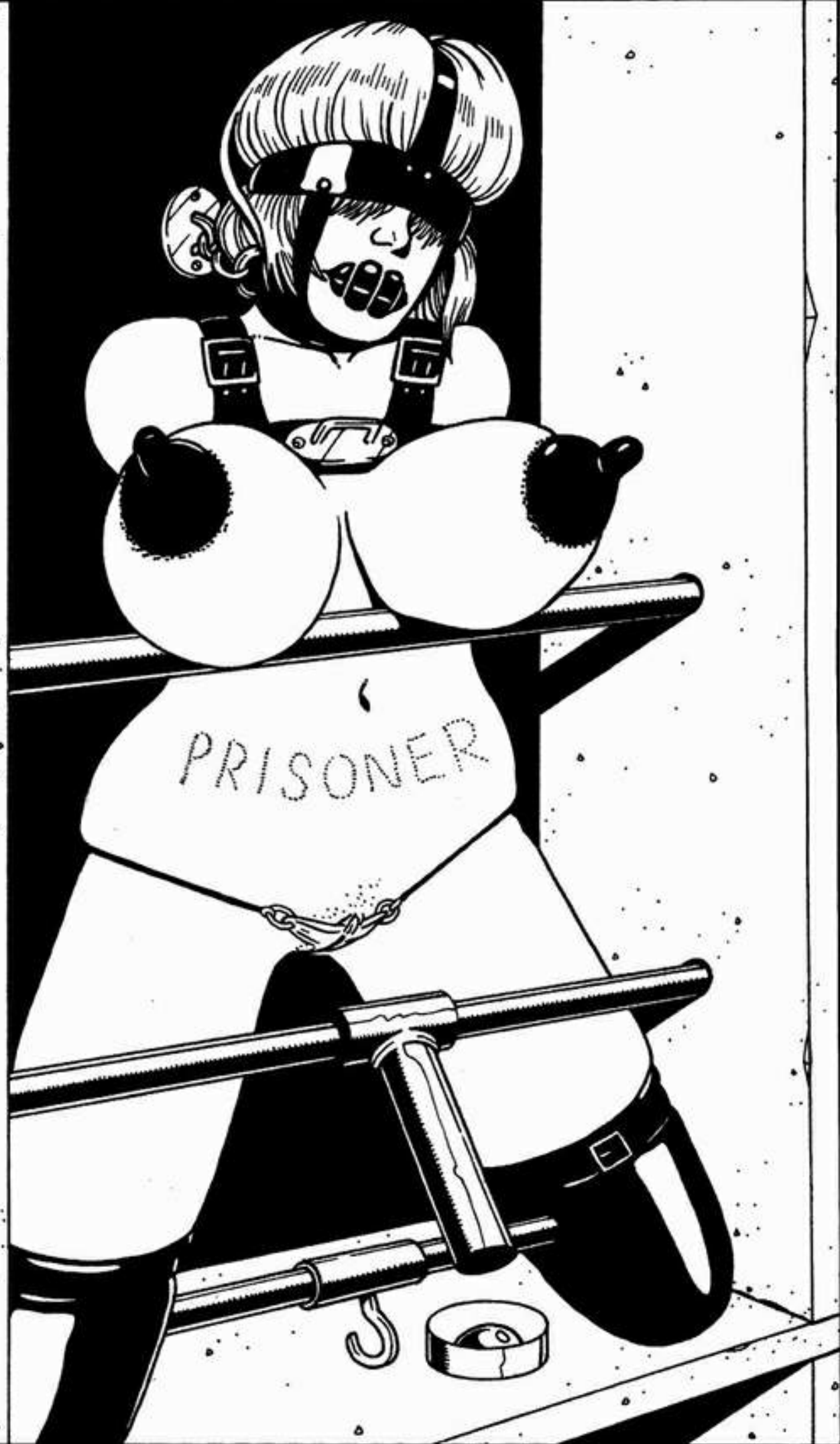
Mrs Penelope Bunton has been tried and found guilty of the following offences: Venturing from her Master without permission, venturing into the public domain without a male chaperone, plotting to leave the community, attempting to

evade capture, negligence of matrimonial duty arising in physical injury, and public disorder.

The sentence and punishment is as follows: The prisoner will be taken immediately by prison guard to Stepford prison to await surgeries to be carried out as to restrict any future attempts at a repeat offence. During this time the prisoner will receive a caning of length and severity as befitting the seriousness of her crimes.

Once returned to prison, the prisoner will be required to bear the legend prisoner branded on her person and will begin a sentence of incarceration lasting no fewer than three hundred days. The prisoner will be kept imprisoned within a shelf cell, displayed naked, lip-laced and blinded.

Let it be noted that Mr Jack Bunton has offered to pay one hundred dollars to the court to be distributed amongst further plaintiffs.



Parole

After a lengthy jail sentence, most prisoners have learned their lesson and are prepared for release back into the community.

Appropriate modifications are made to the prisoner's body to reduce the chances of repeat offences and to serve as a constant reminder of the severe punishments that await disobedience.

Reduced in stature and compelled to spend her life being looked down upon, this top heavy teat beast is lead to her travelling box to await her husband and master. With such severe modifications, this repentant creature will almost certainly spend the remaining years chained to her master's bed, possessing neither the means of movement nor the strength to carry her massive punishment breasts more than a few yards.

Letter from Mr Jack Bunton:

Dear Dr Payne,

As you well know, I have a poor back and therefore rely on my wife's usage as a mule to carry both groceries and firewood.

It also pleasures me to on occasion ride my wife's back in the privacy of our grounds. I would therefore be grateful if you could delay any disabling surgery whilst I appeal to the court for leniency.

Yours, Jack Bunton

Letter to Mr Jack Bunton:

Dear Mr Bunton,

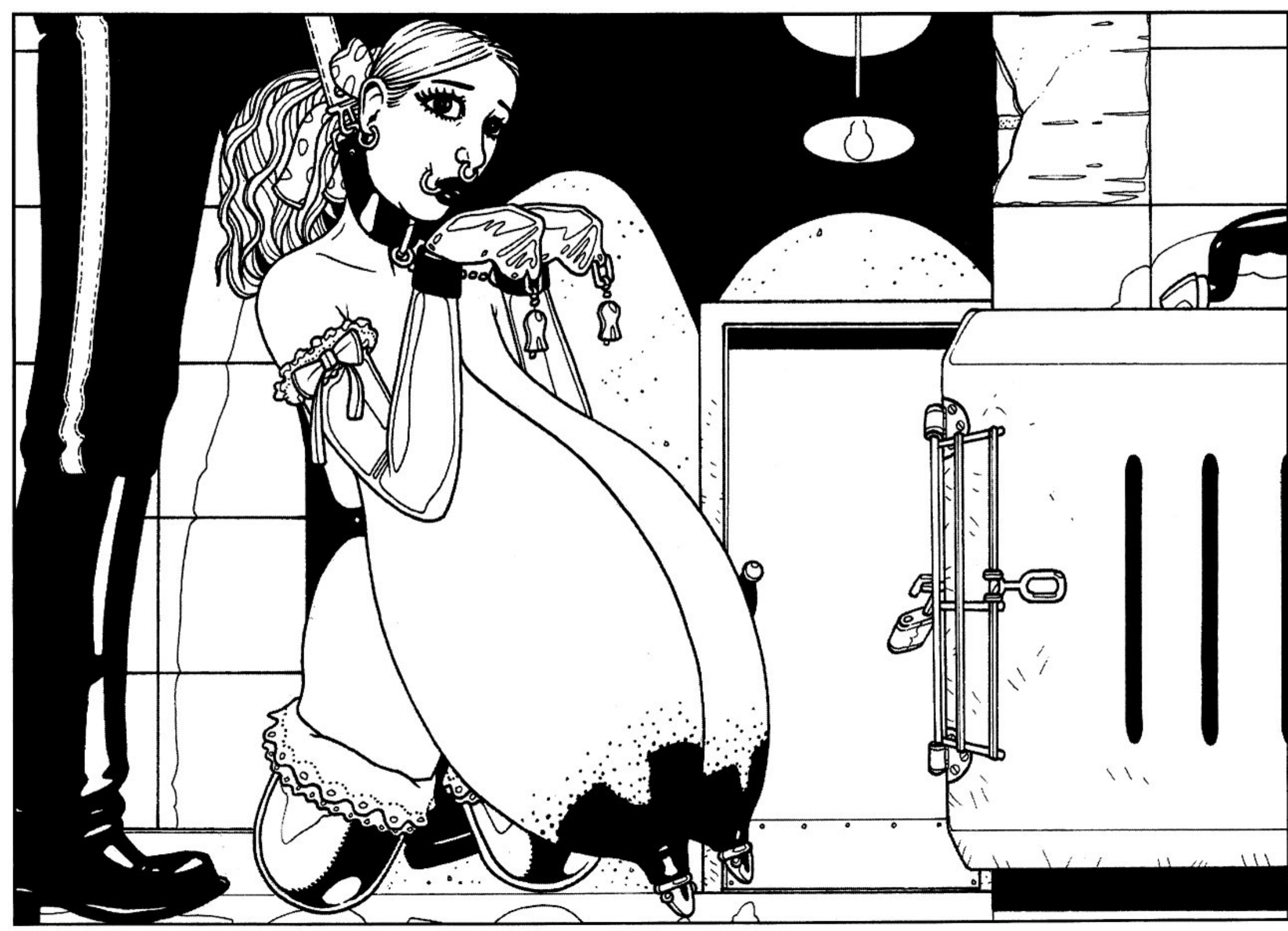
Thank you for your letter received at my office yesterday.

Unfortunately, I cannot accommodate your request. By order of the court, I have been required to reduce your wife to her most basic function, which is one of pleasure. To which your wife has now been fully disabled.

Furthermore, it is the court's desire that your wife be given breast implants of a punishing

dimension that will inhibit, degrade, and confine her to the pleasure bed where she cannot provide any further public disorder.

Yours, Dr Payne



Cane Cottage

Of course there are other options for the strict disciplinarian who requires a more specialised chastisement.

On the outskirts of the town, where huge Pacific waves crash against limestone cliffs, Cane Cottage stands in ominous isolation. Cane Cottage and it's resident caretaker, Casper Blackheart, provides a unique venue for keeping wayward wives in line.

Casper has devoted his new life to the study of discipline. A former priest, he runs an open house, all newcomers are welcome to hear his views, receive

his advice, or to leave their wives in his expert hands for serious therapy.

Of course, Casper operates in a gray area as far as the law is concerned, but the authorities turn a blind eye to his activities. He receives no payment for his services nor does he actively promote his activity - folks just turn up.

In truth the authorities are stretched to the limit as far as physical and mental therapy for wives and Missys is concerned so there can be no argument that Casper provides a valuable support service to the community.



Despite this, Casper remains an outsider to the community. Of course, this serves Casper just fine. No meddling, no small talk, just devotion to his craft.

Most gentlemen arrive at Cane Cottage looking for a quick and discreet solution to their wife's continuing disobedience. You must understand that in a community like Stepford, an obstinate and clumsy wife is seen as a sign of weakness on the husband's part. It is therefore advantageous if such a state of affairs is kept out of the public domain.

That's where Cane Cottage comes in.

Here we see an example of Casper's good work. The lady in question is Emmy Lou. But only Casper and us know that. Anonymity is the first rule of the Cottage.

Emmy Lou's husband was not at all happy with his wives' performance in bed. Her enthusiasm was lacklustre and stiff, a veritable crime considering a wife's first duty in a marriage is to service her husbands pleasure.

Casper, of course has seen it all before and knows the perfect therapy.

Sealed tight in a thick cocoon of rubber, bulging breasts bound securely in a mesh of steel wire, legs held invitingly wide, reduced temporarily to the status of a five dollar mattress back, Emmy Lou will spend just five nights at Cane Cottage.

In a dusty damp room she will be visited freely by all comers, caressed by unseen hands, a wanton receptacle for the spent passions of lusting beasts. Night and day she will be put to public service until the blackened silence of her mind becomes a swirling merry-go-round of use and abuse.

Vice and virtue are comfortable bed-fellows within the anonymous walls of the Cottage and, as an anonymous lump of sex flesh, Emmy Lou's virtue and her husband's respectability within the town can remain intact.

After five days of almost continuous debasement, Emmy Lou will be ready to be returned to her master. It is almost guaranteed that she will have a much more ambitious and enthusiastic

outlook towards her duty to pleasure, as seldom does a Stepford lady visit Mr Blackheart twice, much to the disappointment of the Cottage's volunteer helpers.

Of course, there are those who would seek to use such a service for their own deviated pleasure. There are times when innocent females are delivered to the cottage to endure private degradation and punishment to satisfy the illicit fantasies of their owners. This is a practice frowned upon and fellows suspected of such actions are politely turned away.

Dog Show

Bob Hancock looks on nervously as Sissy, his twenty-five year old show-puppy, is given a thorough inspection by this year's Stepford Dog Show judges.

Many women who find themselves living out their existence as a puppygirl pet have not committed any serious felony. Hence, being condemned to life as a puppygirl with animal status is no real shame for a woman.

It is commonly believed that after a while, most women not only willingly accept their transformation but also begin to thrive on the attention, preening, polishing and pampering they receive from their proud owners. More importantly, transforming a woman into a pet also serves as a use for those ladies that are not considered pretty enough for matrimony. Even the plainest Jane can serve a purpose once reduced to pet status and in time even receive an affection and nurturing love from their proud owner.

Bob has owned Sissy for five years, buying her as a new puppy and training her into life as a dog. He has done a mighty fine job and received hours of fun teaching her to fetch, beg, and other impressive tricks. Sissy now stands proud and eager to please the judges and her master, her dainty blushes hidden by the taut leather mask that has sealed her face for the last half decade.

Bylaw No. 77:

Under the requirements of this law, all women in the community can be given immediate animal status. Once given animal status, the animal will no longer be considered either a woman or of the human species and will be granted no rights legal or humanitarian whatsoever.

It is therefore, up to the owner to ensure that the woman who is to be transformed thus does not hold any value to him or the community in the role as a woman. Owners will be required to amend the woman's documents to indicate

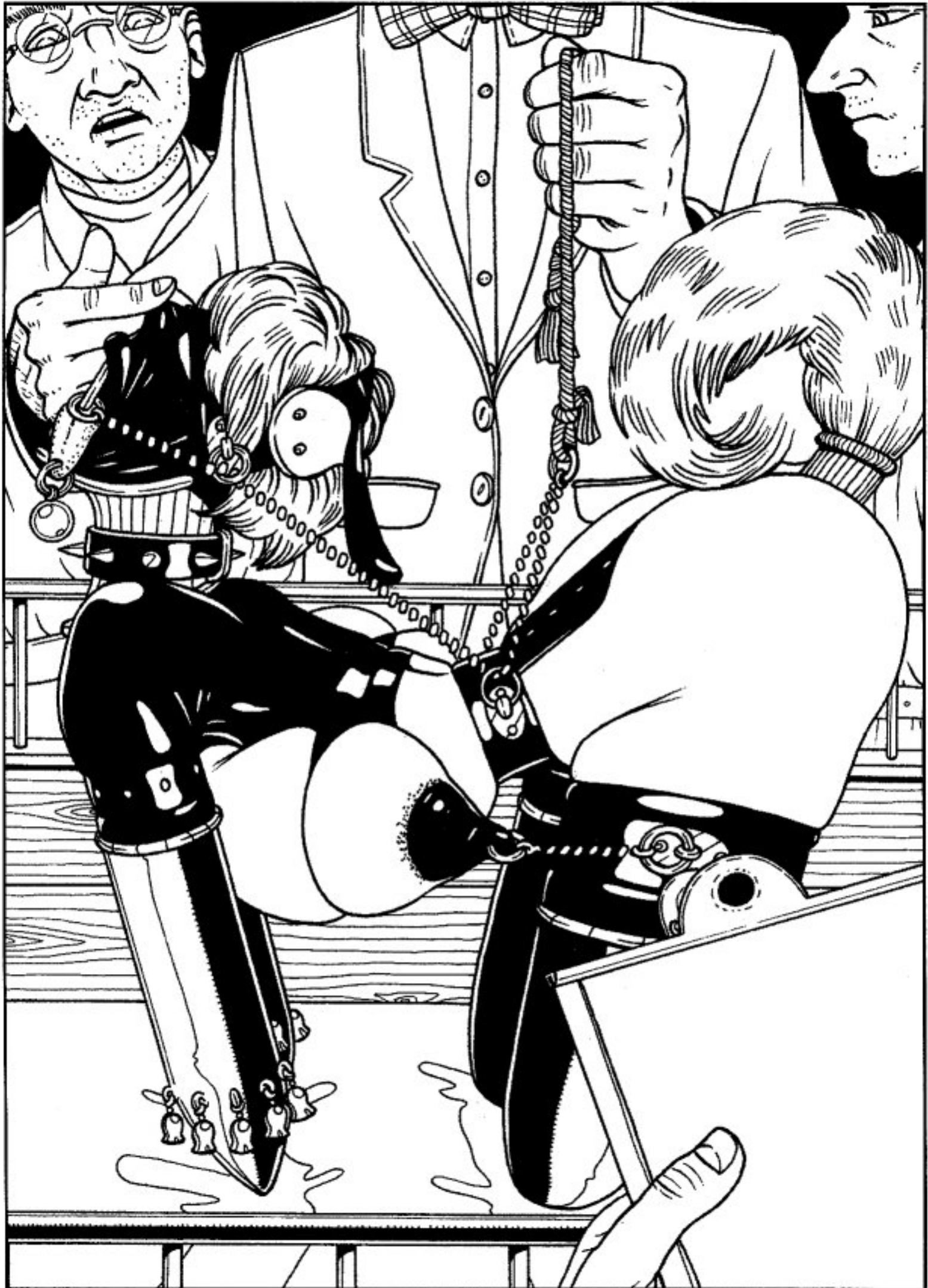
change of status and henceforth the woman's name will appear under the title and/or description Dog, Cow, Pony etc.

Once animalised, it will be considered gross indecency for a human to interact with the transformed creature.

All animals must bear their owner's brand, which must be visible at all times. Owners may buy and sell their livestock as necessary with the proper ownership documents attached. Animals must be relieved of their human names and renamed accordingly.

All women reclassified as animals must be seen to act accordingly in public. Animals are not allowed on the boardwalk or in stores, but may ride, appropriately secured, on public carriages. All animals, barring ponies, must remain on all fours at all times. All animals must be fed on the floor and are not permitted to wear human clothing at any time.

Animal status women will not be admitted to prison or subject to arrest. All supervisory and punitive responsibility resides with the owner.



Dog Transformation

Here is a very special pooch-to-be. I am sure that you the reader recognise this young lady.

For those that do not I need only inform you that in a previous life this young lady enjoyed the flamboyant and pampered lifestyle of a show business lawyer, and is none other than the notorious Cynthia Vanderbilt. Needless to say, after several years of debauched and unseemly behaviour befitting a young lady, Miss Vanderbilt went missing and reappeared here in the sanctuary that is Stepford.

This is a sight which will warm any full-blooded male's heart. Put firmly in her place, Miss Vanderbilt Dog 67 now languishes in a kennel in the animal section of Dr Payne's clinic and has been renamed Candy.

She must now become accustomed to walking on all fours and to this purpose, Candy will spend the next few months in this lightweight posture cage as her spine, hips, and limbs become adapted to her new position in life.

As the Daze™ slowly wears off, the newly recumbent creature's eyes widen with concern. Ludicrously, the vain young vixen is more concerned that her person remains naked and exposed. After a few moments the reality of her condition becomes apparent and the diminished doggy begins to react most negatively.

With her forced and heavy breathing monitored remotely, the clear mask attached to her face begins to pump Daze™ into her mouth. Soon the distraught doggy is once more unconscious. But it will be some time before this Missy realises that each awakening is to reality rather than nightmare.

Letter to Bill Parker c/o Stepford Town Council:

Dear Sirs,

I hereby enclose the required signed documentation stating that Miss Cynthia Vanderbilt would like permission to enter freely

and without duress into your community to receive therapy conducive to her diminished health.

Please note that whilst Miss Vanderbilt does not know the intimate workings of your community, I have assured her that she will benefit most profoundly by becoming a resident in your town.

Furthermore, I wish to state that the partnership of Stives, Steen & Vanderbilt will have been dissolved by the time this letter reaches you. I have deposited in your accounts Miss Vanderbilt's portion of the company assets which I assume you will want to hold in trust for her.

Yours faithfully, Jurgen Stives

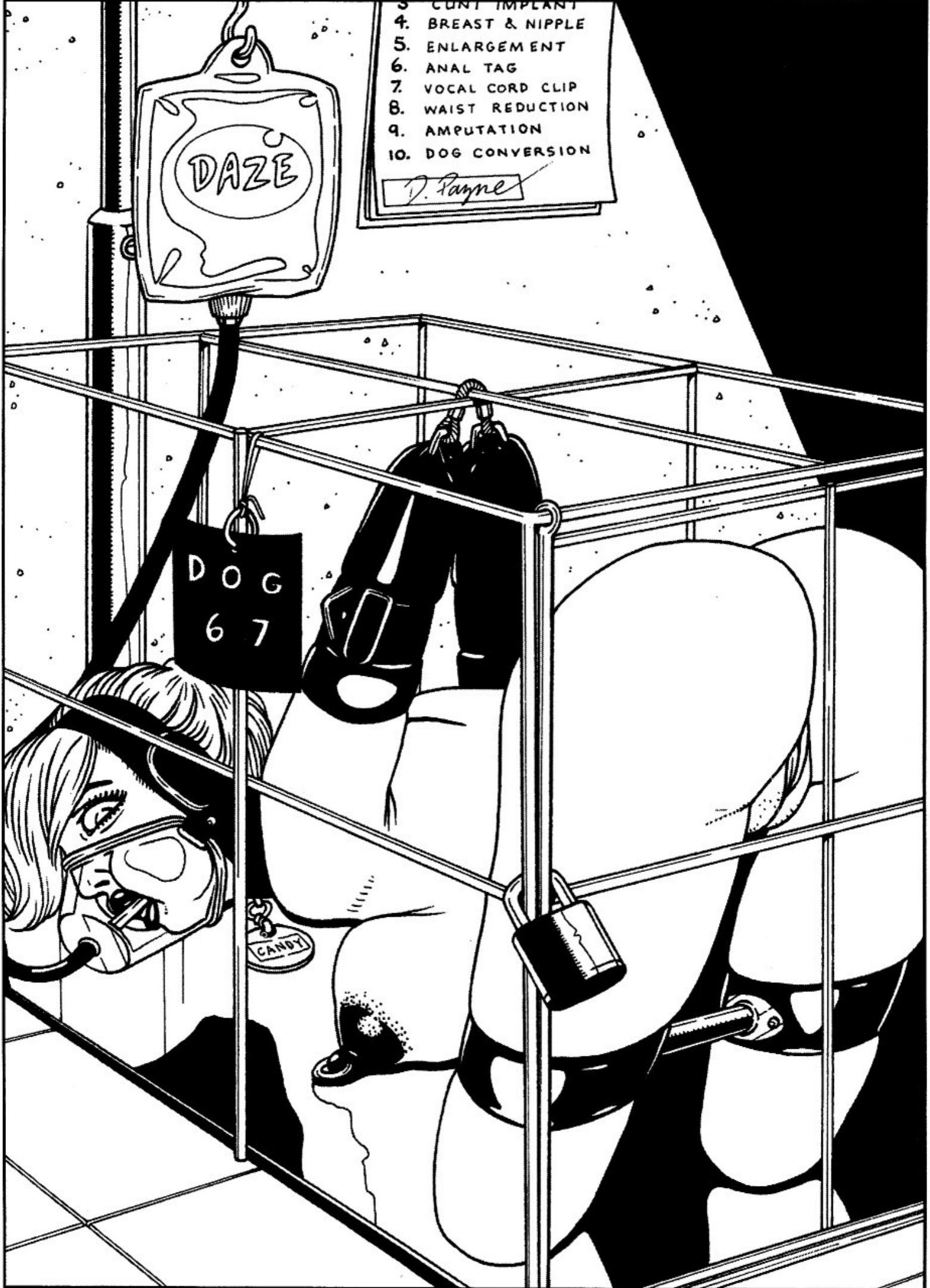
3. CUNT IMPLANT
4. BREAST & NIPPLE
5. ENLARGEMENT
6. ANAL TAG
7. VOCAL CORD CLIP
8. WAIST REDUCTION
9. AMPUTATION
10. DOG CONVERSION

D. Payne

DAZE

DOG
67

CANDY



Dog Training

Transforming a woman into an obedient puppy is an art form. Or so Bob Hancock would have you believe. His preparation and training techniques are a closely guarded secret ever since Chad Connors managed to sell one of his puppygirls to Junior's stables as a guard dog, setting up Chad as Stepford's self proclaimed dog training expert.

Of course, Bob believes that Chad is nothing more than a primper and preener of poodles and pooches, not an old school dog trainer like himself.

Bob is more of a traditionalist and prefers to see a woman reduced to the basic proportions of a ground animal with body decoration kept to a minimum. He strongly believes that puppygirls need to be nurtured with care so that they should not only behave, but eventually have the mindset of a dog.

Harnessed and tongue-balled, kept chained to a post in the stable courtyard, Growler had just one week previously been Missy Torveld. Awaiting her debut at the Ball, Missy was told just two days before the prestigious event that she had failed to meet the rigorous facial requirements of the town. Within days she had been sold to Chad Connors, who in turn had her branded and reclassified as a Dog to guard the stables. Crushed in tight fitting leather, Mr Torveld was none the wiser that it was his daughter crawling on all fours, dazed and confused by her sudden transformation.

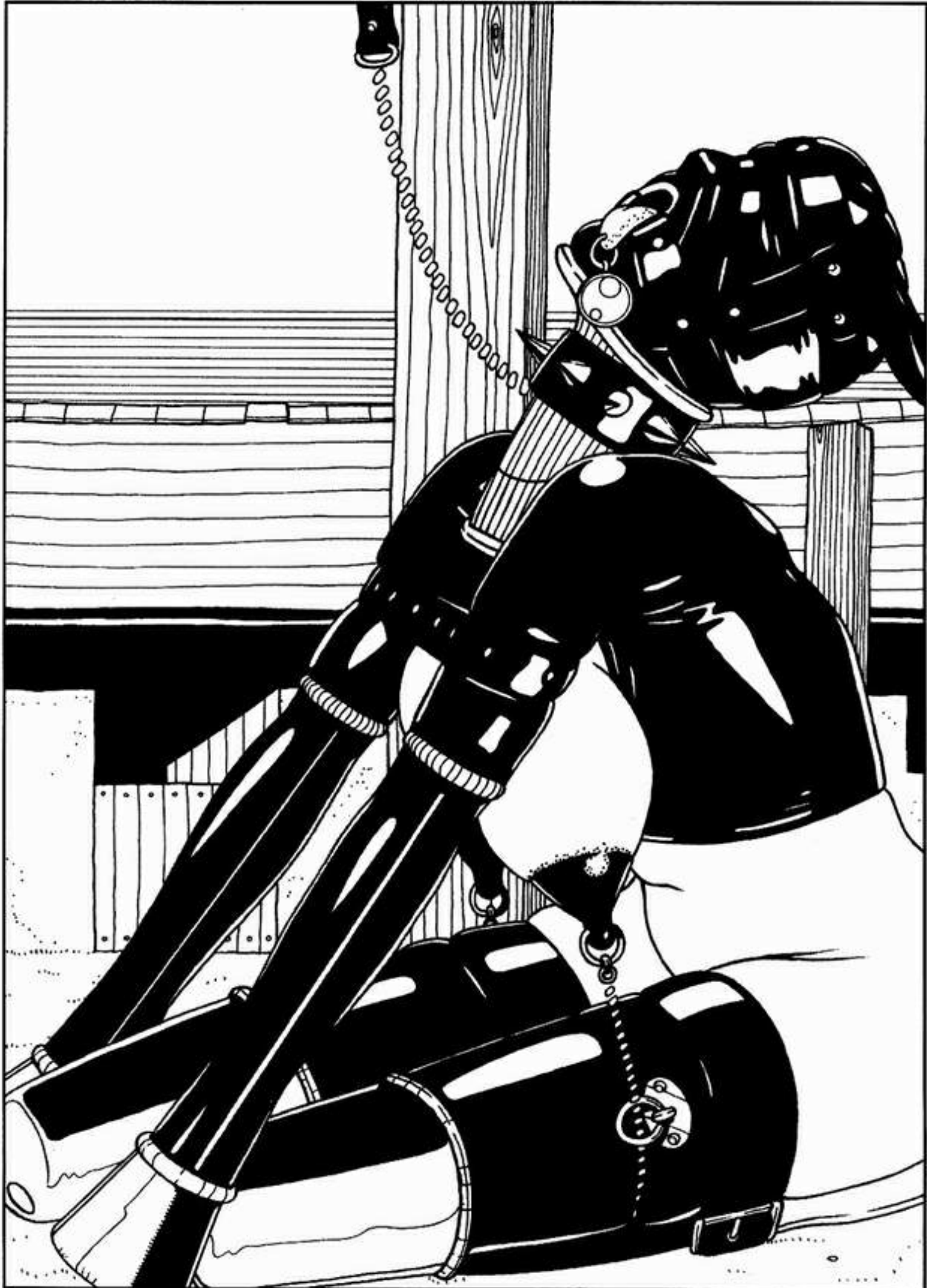
Junior, of course, cared little for the dog's training; being more than pleased with the pitiful creature's appearance only, and the modest price that he had to pay for such a prestigious pet.

Such behaviour was both irresponsible and cynical from Bob's point of view and his grievance was tempered little by the fact that he could have furnished Junior with a proper puppy of fine pedigree and training.

Let us look now at the pitiful creature held in position by a simple dog's leash. Looking fearsome

in her studded collar, the real truth is that beneath that thick stiff leather resides a young woman in torment.

Waking from a feast of Daze™, the young lady would have found pitch darkness and the crushing, confining embrace of her new leather complexion. Feebly she will have tried to stand, finding her legs foreshortened and her arms stiff and peculiarly lengthened. Imagine the shock as she discovers the only comfortable position she can retain is that of standing on all fours. Further shock and panic would be induced as she slowly realises the dull ache in her pretty rear was caused not only by an unmovable shaft, but that the shaft was embellished by a furry tail.



Dog Training 2

The placing of a tail is of great symbolic importance within the process of transformation from woman to doggy.

The first tail is designed to create room for the final fixture and by nature is of girthsome dimension.

The final tail is designed to never be removed and must be a tight, snug fit. The tip of the tail insert is a rice paper cone, which will dissolve away after a day leaving an open end to the tail tube. The fluffy part of tail can then be removed and a cleansing hose can be inserted down the hollow tail to clean out the puppy efficiently and at the owner's convenience.

Here we see Dog 67 discovering that her tail is not necessarily designed to be comfortable. However, in time she will learn how to control her tail and it will provide a basic means of communication between her and her owner.

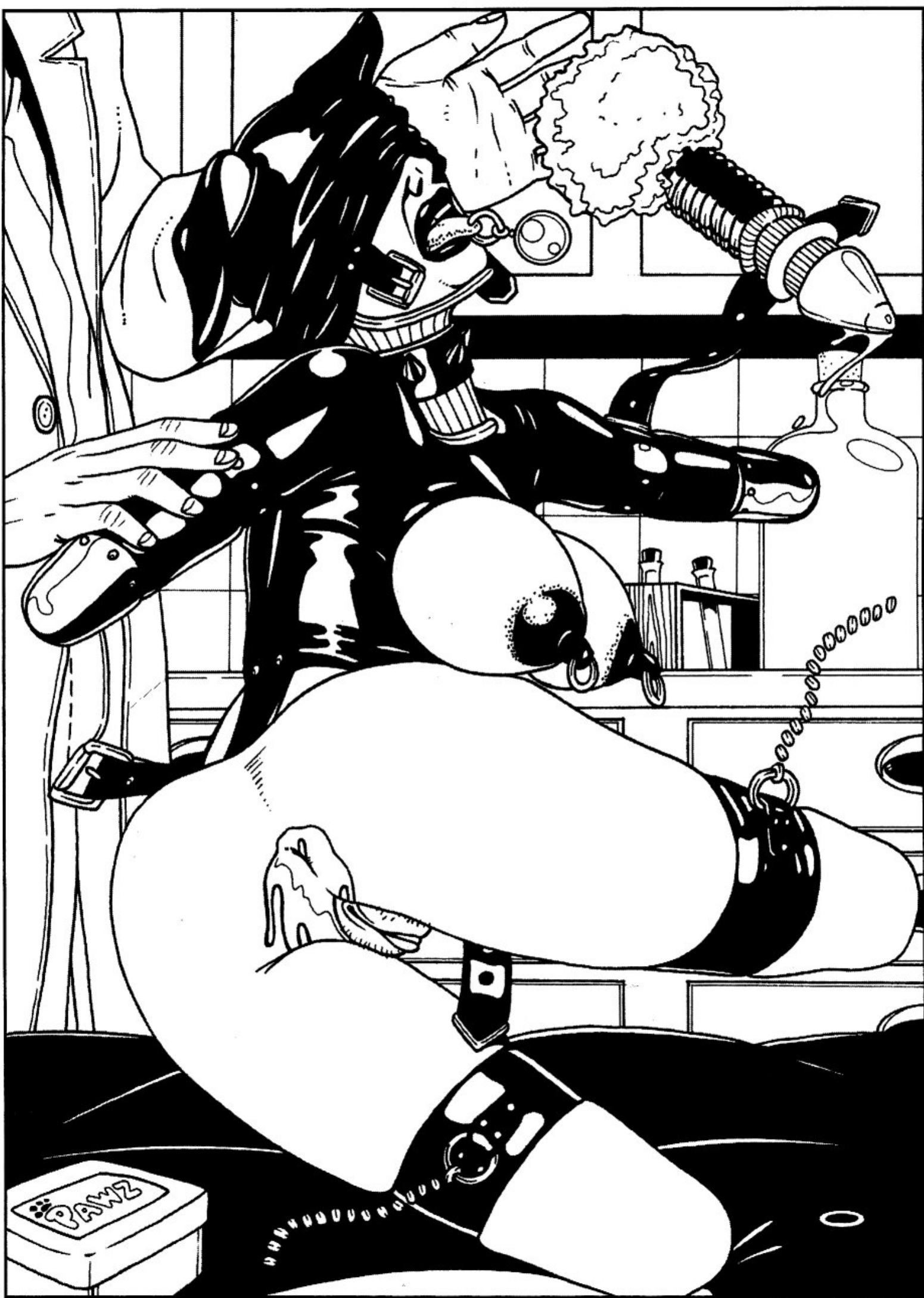
Letter to Doctor Payne, Plenty Clinic, Stepford Hospital:

Vanderbilt with a clean identity as was her last wish.

We understand also that Miss Vanderbilt is of a volatile nature which may cause you some difficulty and we would hope and appreciate it if you would prescribe swift and severe punishment if and when necessary.

On one last note, we would be grateful if you could deliver all the files you have regarding this matter to our offices for perusal.

Many thanks, W. Parker



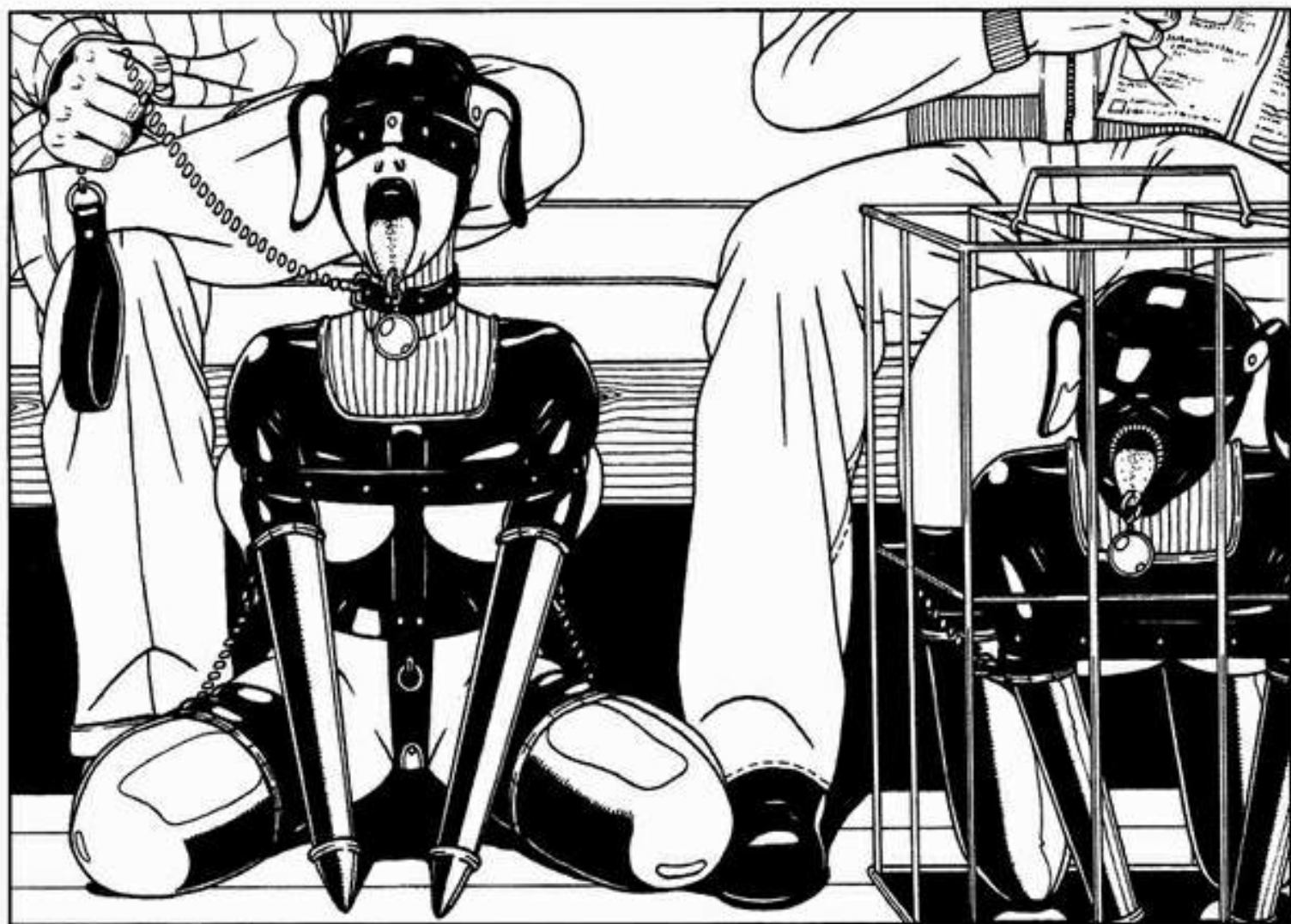
Visit to the Vet

Doctor Payne runs a Veterinary Surgery Clinic every Saturday morning. Piercing and ringing, tattooing, dental work, shearing and general check-ups are the order of the day.

Today, the waiting room is full of nervous

puppygirls, some sitting obediently on leashes, some confined to cramped cages. The antiseptic smell is a smell that rekindles both faded memories and recent fears.

This time also serves as an unofficial meeting place for the town's dog owners. Some sit and view with sneaky peeks their neighbour's girl-hound



whilst others pet and stroke and show a genuine and friendly interest in each other's pets. Tightly harnessed, corseted and tongue balled, the animals sit and pant, awaiting their turn, their eyes blissfully unaware of the strangely macabre sight they make.

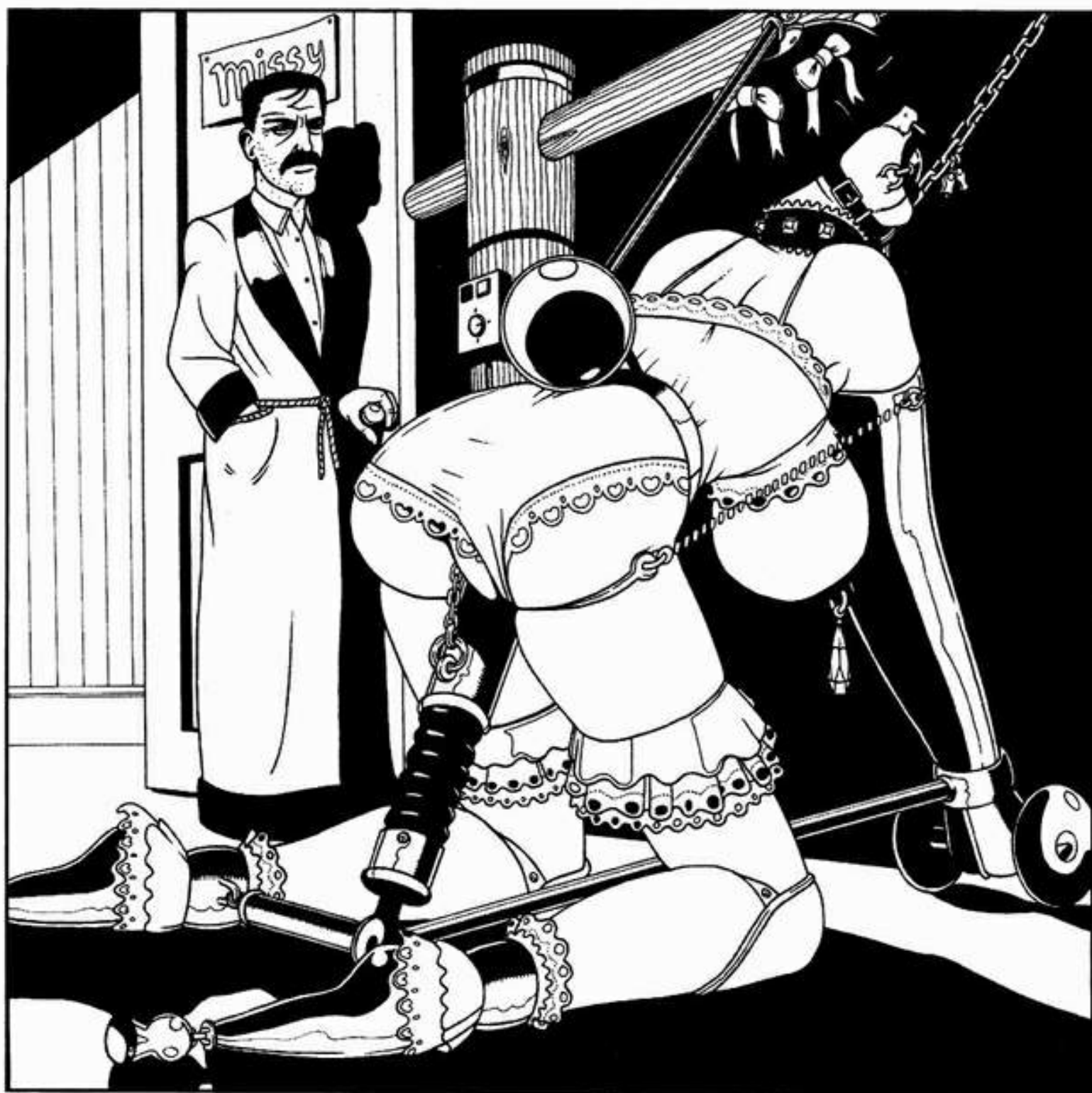
Surely it is the ultimate shame and subjugation a woman can suffer; yet some sit proud and erect, and all are well behaved. Occasionally there is even a wagging of tails!

Chad & Missy

Chad Connors looks in on his new puppygirl. Missy Parker is now Mrs Connors and Chad has made a great sacrifice for his hobby. Monogamy is the law in Stepford and Chad can not take another

wife just because he has transformed his first wife into a puppygirl. Neither is it permitted for townsfolk to have carnal relations with a puppygirl or any animal status inhabitant of Stepford.

Looks like it will be a monk's life for Chad - at least for the next few months!



Bob's Way

Once a woman is tailed and has been classified with animal status its time for the real fun to begin.

From that moment forth the new hybrid should expect to be referred to as a dog or puppy. She will be treated like a puppy and will live as a puppy, eating tasty tidbits from a bowl on the ground and sleeping at the foot of her owner's bed.

Now the owner can receive his new pet into his household. A seemingly bizarre and some might think cruel lifestyle; but in fact, as a puppy or dog a woman will experience considerably more freedom than her human counterpart.

An obedient dog can expect to have full run of the house and garden and is only required by law to be on a leash in public.

Similarly, the new pet will be encouraged to take part in enjoyable games of fetch and seek.

Bob Hancock likes to put his new puppies into the crawl space under the floor to further compliment their previous confinement in a posture cage. A thick rubber suit protects soft flesh from the dirt floor and a fully inflated bubble helmet protects her head from stone wall footings.

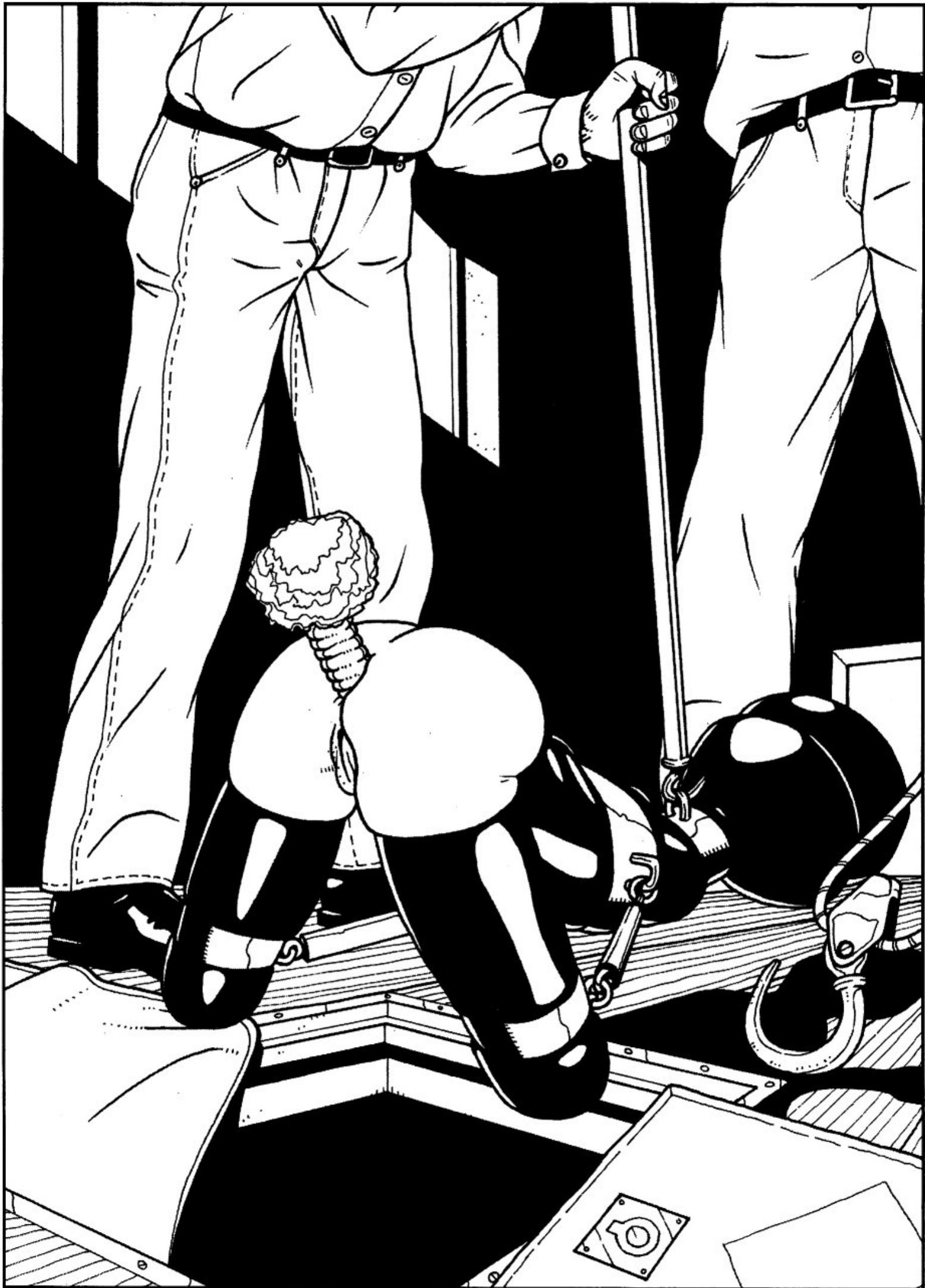
In the stygian darkness of the two-foot high space, the new puppygirl is nicely rounded off after a few weeks, having had the freedom to roam the crawl space while still having been restricted in height. It also serves to acquaint the new animal with the basic dimensions of the house floor plan without the need for any smashed vases or bumped heads.

Chad's training techniques are altogether less refined as the unfortunate new puppygirl will find herself chained to an outside kennel until there is sufficient room inside the house for her introduction.

Shivering in the cold and sweltering in the heat, the misfortunate beast will have to endure the indignity of knowing that she is in constant public display, albeit on private land and that the daily

degradation of her bestial status is witnessed by all who pass.

Bob Hancock passes by Chad's place nearly everyday, nice and early before work. A refreshing walk of his dog allows him to keep a close and watchful eye on his rival.



Bill & Bouncer

The finished article is a marvel to behold, comparable to nothing found in the outer worlds and there is no finer vision than the noble and alert posture of a lithe puppygirl, tail wagging for attention.

Even newly wed Bill Parker finds the time to escape marital bliss and partake in a game of fetch with puppygirl Bouncer. Standing in his backyard throwing the ball to his four legged companion, Bill sometimes forgets the origins of his playful pet, such is the power of transformation.

But he is more than pleased with the newest member of the household, which has more than filled the gap left by the marriage of his daughter to Junior Jackson.

Nowadays, Bill finds his time more and more taken up with Town Council business as the little town grows in population. Even in this little town, making sure the mechanics of the community run smoothly, folk's problems are dealt with, and the general population is happy, is a complicated and stressful job. Plus, there is the little matter of the Mayor's elections.

It was no secret that Bill was bitterly disappointment at being disqualified from the race. A large number of the townspeople were also depending on Bill's support as Mayor which, added to his feelings of bitterness.

As an antidote to such stress, it was Dr Payne who suggested Bill find a hobby and get more exercise. A pet was suggested as a means of combining the two and voila!

Bill knows precious little about the history or pedigree of his puppygirl except that she is twenty-two years old and he is her first owner.

He bought her off Chad Connors, much to the chagrin of his friends the Colonel and Bob Hancock. But he knew he could not afford Bob's prices for puppy dogs since this year's harvest was all but ruined and the Colonel just downright despised his son-in-law for no good reason at all.

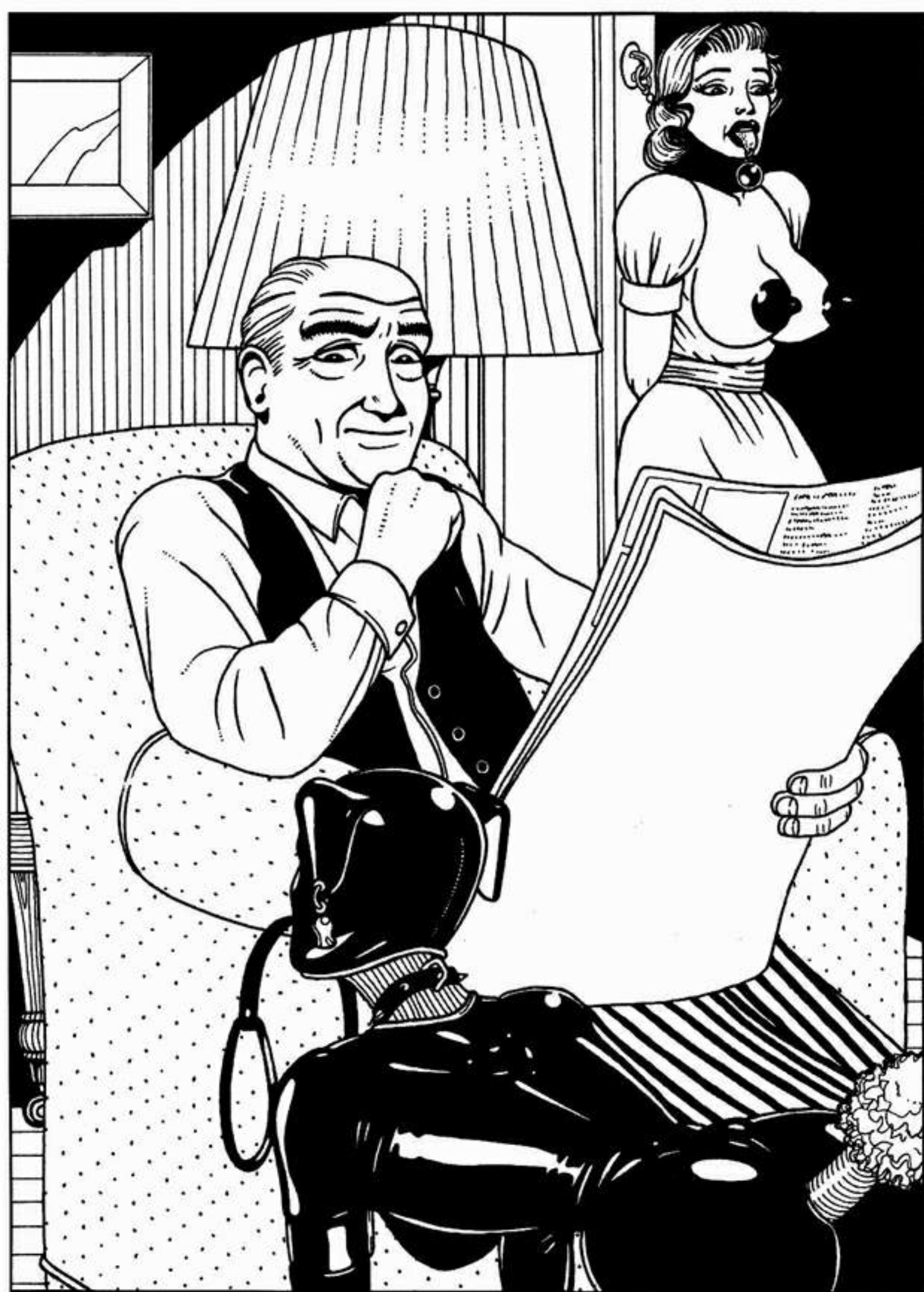
Despite his friend's reservations and despite early complications, his puppygirl had settled in well and now it seemed as if he had known her all his life.

Stepford Bylaw No. 81:

It is deemed wholly inappropriate and therefore illegal for any town member to keep any immediate family member, excepting his wife, as a pet with animal classification.

Perpetrators of such actions will have property confiscated and will pay a fine of \$200.

Appropriate action will also be taken against persons who knowingly sell animal status livestock back to the point of origin.



Chad & Six

Well, look here. Now you can judge for yourselves. Is Bob Hancock right? Has Chad gone too over the top with those frills and ribbons?

Difficult one isn't it? Six sure is pretty as a picture and that outfit sure is mighty fancy. One thing is for sure, Bob Hancock has a battle on his hands for the rosette at this year's Stepford Dog Show.



Plantation

Being largely self-sufficient, Stepford has to create as many resources as it can. To this end, there is a vast plantation on the outskirts of the town where wholesome fresh produce is grown.

Like a mini town, a vast neighbourhood of chicken coops generates both eggs and chickens. There are orange and apple orchards, fields of wheat and corn, neat rows of beets, carrots and onions - all is a picture of order and efficiency.



Plantation Ritual

Now country folk the world over are a superstitious bunch and Stepford is no different.

As part of a Stepford tradition, this young Missy has been symbolically married into a herd of bullocks, an offering which is intended to increase the fertility of the herd. Also, as a brood sow her rich and creamy milk will nourish the young calves providing future scrumptious offerings for the numerous empty stomachs of Chester's Diner.

There is usually only one brood sow per herd and she is kept in the pen with all the other birthing or nursing sows. The brood sow is kept chained low to the ground by her neck and her big veiny breasts are made available to the many runts that every litter produces.

But even in this lowly animal society, the brood sow must show submission to the other real sows. She is very much their servant and slave to nurse their offspring when they require a rest or are feeding. A cruel nip on the breasts or a sharp kick in the rear is all it takes for the real sows to show who is master. The brood sow soon learns to cringe face down in the mud as an animal gesture of submissiveness when any of the big sows pass by. As time goes by, the brood sow will begin to adopt all the sows behaviour and instincts along with their distinctive feminine aroma.

During breeding, the brood sow is required to crawl around the boar's pen, her musky scent preparing them for the real sows. Tethered securely, the big boars become excited to the point of anger at which point the brood sow is released from the pen and the first real sow is brought in.

As a brood sow, the animal woman leads a fairly comfortable life. Although confined forever to her pen there is lots of warm hay, good scraps to eat and protection from the harsh winter months. And, unlike the other sows, of course she will never end up on the table glazed with honey!

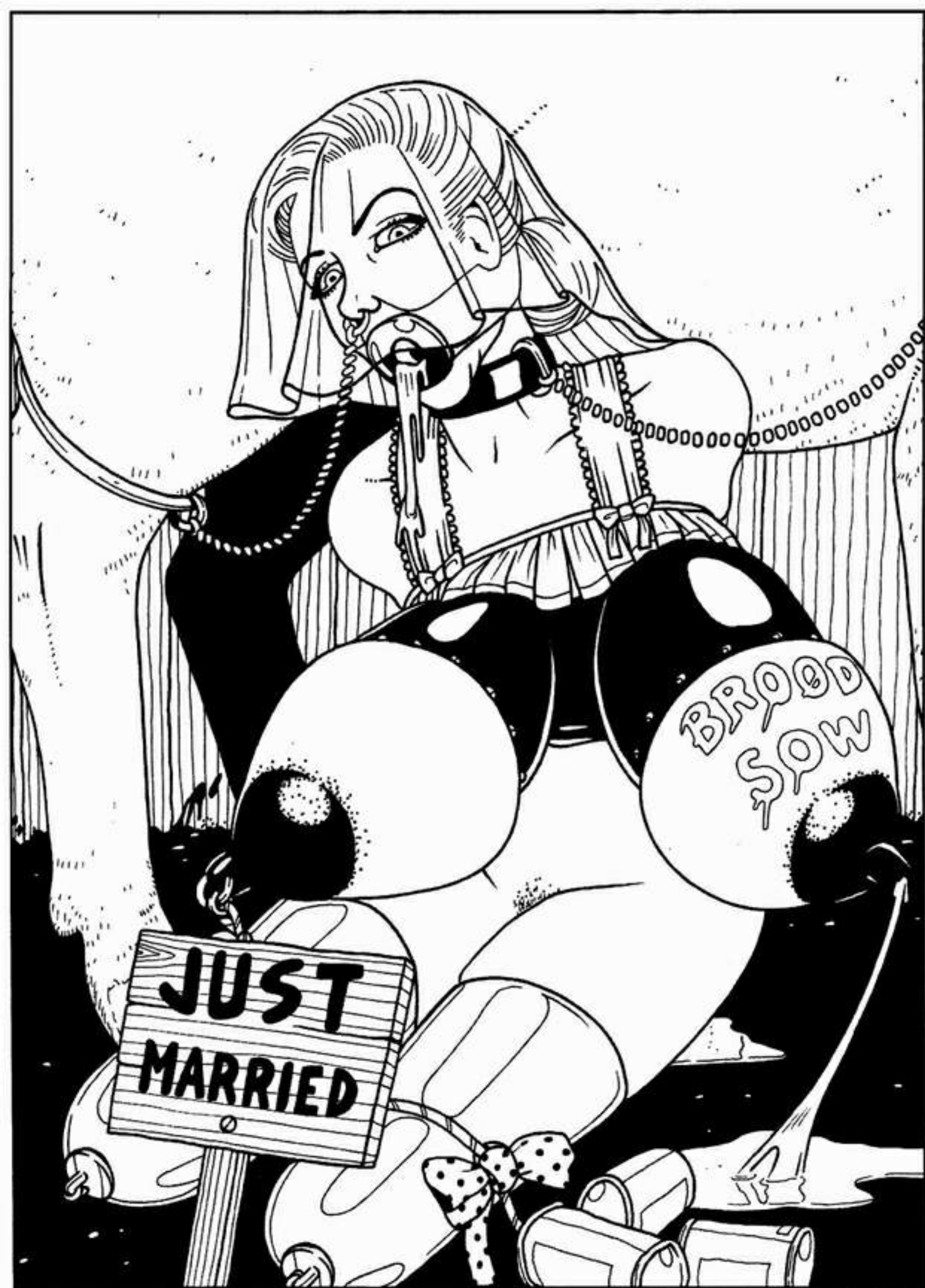
Extract from Stepford Life

The sullen bride was tied to the fence by way of a scolding punishment, her legs split wide and parallel with the bottom bar of the fence, her hands tied tight behind her back with cord and her collar and leash clipped to the next bar up.

With her pretty summer dress torn at the neck to expose her bounteous bosom she was left for the best part of the day in splendid humiliation.

Upon returning, imagine the surprise when the farmer discovered two piglets suckling merrily at his wife's warm breasts.

Such was the power of the sight that he at once, the very next day, attended market where he purchased a slave, heavy with breastmilk for the very same purpose.



Plantation R&D

Research and experimentation is the cornerstone of modern farming and the key to a good milk yield.

Dr Payne is nearing completion of the development of a new livestock feeder. Rather than a free roaming sow, the Dr prefers a static unit that can be replaced after a week's intensive suckling with a fresh unit.

Dr Payne studies the milking chart of a pretty young sow in the basement of the Plantation House estate. Reduced to little more than a feeding unit, the strangely proportioned animal is the future of livestock rearing.

An increased dose of agricultural-strength hormone feed has generated a steady flow of milk from this sow's swollen udders. One more week and she will be ready to suckle.

Condemned to suckle on her feeder gag morning, noon, and night, the addictive elements of the thick, milky ooze condemn her to collaborate with her own mutation.

Letter to Madame Peaches, Blossom's Escort Agency:

Dear Cynthia,

We were sorry to hear of the trouble one of your whores is causing you. We agree, it is to both our advantage to avoid any scandal or publicity for us or the Senator.

We would therefore like to propose that you sell Tiffany as a slave to us at the price agreed on as soon as possible, bearing in mind the whore has been in service for many years.

Please ensure she is drugged, gagged and tied up for when our men come to collect her.

We have an excellent research unit where the troublesome trollop will be used in experimental work.

Obviously, she will be put to constant use and will never be in a position to divulge her scandalous secrets to anyone.

Yours, Dr Payne, Stepford Town Council

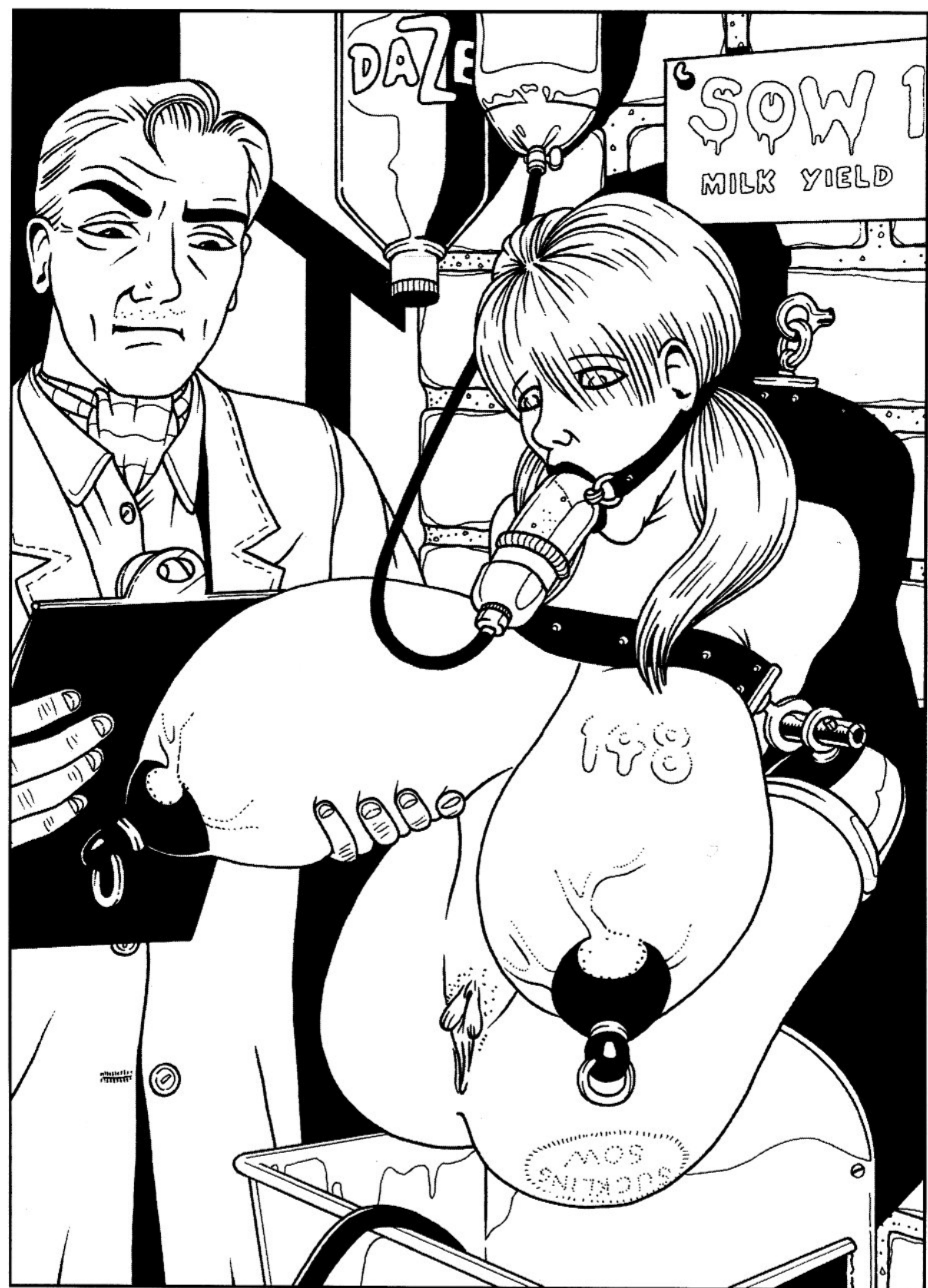
Letter from Cynthia Coombes:

Dear Dr Payne,

Thank you. This little bitch has been giving me trouble for months. Do me a favour and make sure she gets a good whuppin' once in a while. As far as were concerned, she never existed.

\$50 and she's yours.

Best wishes, Cynthia



Feeder Unit

This little billy goat doesn't quite know what to make of this odd shaped food container, but it won't take long for the little fella to find out that those thick rubbery teats are the source of a good nourishing snack.

Poled and strapped, the silenced sow can do nothing to prevent her initiation and inevitable reduced status as a farmyard feeder, as the first hungry mouth begins to suckle at her heavily veined udders.

Suddenly, the pulsing suction on her teats will stop. In the blackened silence of her rubbery confinement she will relax, thinking that her invisible drinker has left. But then the ordeal will start again as a fresh kid trots happily into the barn. Casually it will sniff the strange object, in no particular hurry for a feed since the bloated creature with its warm milk sacks is not going anywhere. Finally it will begin to suckle on her, reducing her once more to the lowly status of an animal's meal.

For an entire week the farmyard feeder will remain fixed in the barn during which time the hungry orphans and the fragile runts will feed at her without restriction. During this time her own bodily responses will kick in, giving her breasts the message to start producing milk.

After a week the feeder will be removed, the livestock weighed and given a swift medical to see if there has been improvement in growth and health. The feeder will also be examined; flow and volume of milk, nutritional and trace element readings taken. All the data will be collected and analysed by Dr Payne's team of lab technicians.

Data and Research Sheet for Feeder 148:

Daily consumption of five milligrammes of Lactophyn, rising to five hundred milligrammes by end of seven days.

Breasts size 38DD increasing to 44HH yield two pints per day rising to eight pints per day after fifth day.

Weighed at a hundred and twenty pounds at start, a hundred and fifty at finish.

Aureole circumference two inches, increasing to four inches, nipple projection half inch increasing to two inches.

Feeder physically agitated and active for first eighteen hours, subsiding rapidly to complete inertia by third day of trial.

Heart and blood pressure high to medium for first twelve hours, stabilising for remaining duration.



Happy Heifer

Plantation House keeps a dedicated herd of human cows as heavy-yield heifers with which to provide the town with its daily dairy needs. The Stepford herd, or the 'Happy Heifers' as they are affectionately termed, are the town's most valuable resource. With too little land for real cows to graze on, human milk is substituted in all areas.

Here in stall sixteen we see Daisy, force-fed until voluptuous, her milk-heavy breasts being extended by gravity to hold bigger yields.

Despite such obvious discomfort, life as a heifer girl is a blissfully simple one that we can all envy; sleeping, feeding, and milking.

Sleeping arrangements are a bed of soft cozy hay, there being little point in providing a bed as most of the heifers carry udders of such a magnificent dimension that climbing into a bed would be too much of an arduous and complicated task.

Being confined to all fours by the weight of their udders, the heifers are of course fed from a communal trough. This may at first sound crude, but the heifer girls' natural herd instincts are activated by this which in turn, speeds up a new heifer's acceptance of her own new surroundings and duties.

At Daisy's size, a heifer girl needs to be milked twice a day. Missing just one milking can cause the heifer girl much discomfort and is in fact often used as a punishment for not consuming their quota of protein swill.

An unmilked heifer is not a happy heifer and the heifers actually begin to enjoy the sensual relief of having their milk bloated udders pumped and drained of their creamy cargo.

Each heifer girl produces enough breast milk to fill a five litre container per milking session and, being of a much thinner quality than the suckling sows milk, it can be used on breakfast cereals, in coffee or just drunk iced.

Initially, the new heifers are fed bovine

hormones to promote the production of milk in their udders. However, as long-term milking continues, the heifers actually start to produce milk without the need for hormones and the harder they are milked, the more they yield.

All the heifers are selected from the Missys that are reclassified to animal-status and are picked for suitability of body size, temperament and nipple size and shape.

Within hours they are stripped naked at the Plantation sheds, harnessed, then bedded down. For first few weeks the new calves will learn to be a heifer by watching the others, feeding on hormone-rich swill that will bulk them up and swell their breasts with milk. Only when their breasts are achingly swollen are the new calves milked. With the pain of humiliation comes sweet relief but the latter is soon overshadowed by the former. The calf is now a heifer.



Crop Circles

Feeding the ever increasing populace of Stepford from a limited acreage of farming land is a task of almost biblical proportion. Every square inch is utilised and what is taken from the soil is eventually replaced.

All women are fed on a pulped swill, combined with vitamins, nutrients and hormones, of which the chemical components make up seventy percent. But even with this saving, Stepford is in a constant battle to keep home grown yields up and the amount of imported foodstuffs down.

To increase yields and successful harvesting, the farmers are constantly investigating new growing techniques no matter how bizarre these ideas may at first seem!

Take for instance Farmer Johannsen's initial thesis that winter corn could be planted if the roots were kept warm. Perfectly feasible you might think. However, having no extra electricity to power such underground heating apparatus, Johannsen turned to a more organic solution. As you can see in this illustration desperate needs don't always call for desperate measures.

And no, it didn't work.

But, there was some success in that the lady-propogator in question returned to her husband with a much more controllable mind.

Fantastically, though there have been experiments far more bizarre than this. Remember Kyle Torveld's leek growing experiments or Bill Parker's human potato hens?

Whatever the solution to this problem, Stepford needs it fast. The growth in population is far outweighing the town's ability to remain self sufficient.

Stepford Town Council Meeting No. 365:

Item No. 55 - The request by residents for increased import catalogue. Motion to increase imports put forward by Mr Junior Jackson, seconded by Dr Payne.

Mr Bill Parker:

"The stringent import restrictions within Stepford are enforced in an effort to ensure the minimum amount of contact with the outside world. Ideally, this community would like to curtail any involvement with the outside world to ensure privacy, anonymity and security. However, this council understands that certain resources are unavailable within the community and is doing everything in its power to resolve these. We do feel, nevertheless, that an increased catalogue of imported goods is not viable at this stage."

The motion was voted down - three votes to two.



Toy

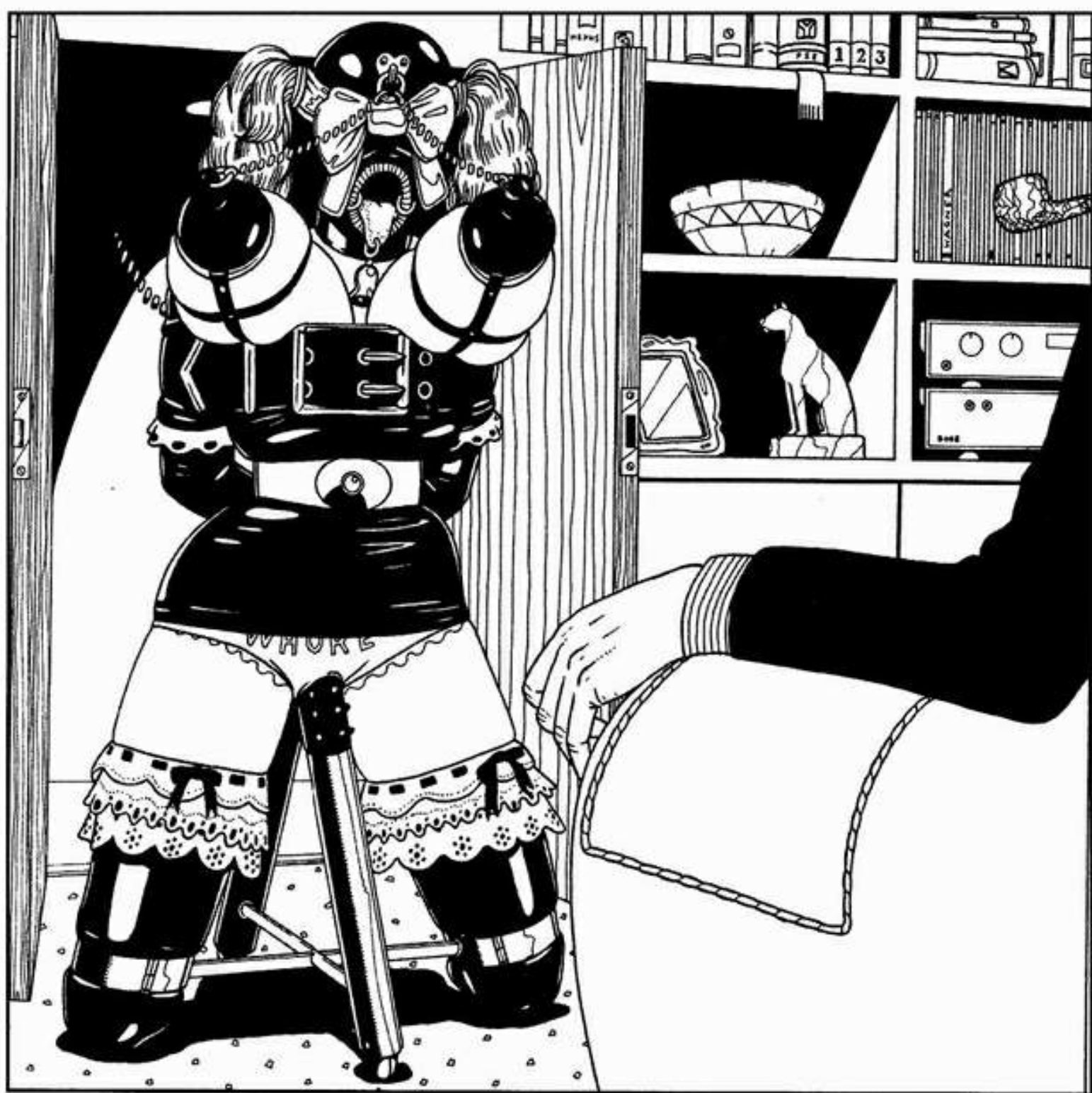
It is one of the quintessential laws of divine nature that woman is placed on Earth to serve the pleasures of man. Therefore, the status of Toy must be the most deserving of all status levels for a woman.

Stripped down to her basic qualities and presented before her master, an object of pure sensual pleasure to be appreciated like fine wine sipped, not gulped, brings a woman to the purest

level of her function.

Many a bleak winter's evening is warmed by the sight of Toy. Kept in a small cupboard in Bill Parker's study, Toy is regularly rewarded with the privilege of parading in front of her owner.

Under her faceless mask are eyes sealed shut with resin and ears condemned to silence with sawdust and wood glue. Her nose is held tightly shut by a fierce clip mated to her pierced nose ring. A thick sturdy tube gag, formed into the outer helmet, holds her toothless mouth wide open in a



permanently available gape, her tongue held out and down by a heavy lead humiliation bell.

Once more, Dr Payne has shown that modern medical science can form woman into almost any shape that pleases her master. Long custom made implants form Toy's breasts into firm torpedoes that jut horizontally from her slender rib cage. Her widened and enlarged nipples have been stained jet black and are regularly waxed to a high gloss.

Toy has been foreshortened at her knees as befits her lowly status. For her master's amusement she has been arranged into a devilish hobble that maintains her balance and yet affords her the most uncomfortable probing with each measured shuffle forward.

Sipping fine French Armagnac, comfortable in his favorite armchair, Bill Parker watches contentedly as the freakish Toy struggles to blindly circle him. Her elongated udders wobble and vibrate with every movement, tugging sharply on her outstretched tongue, causing her to stoop forward onto her front probe.

Truly this woman is a captive of her own body, shackled like a common criminal, she must perform for her owner's amusement or face the martinet. Carefully, she must both measure and count her steps as she has done on so many other evenings. Ten laps around her master and then she must find his lap where her hot panting mouth is required to provide service for an imminent eruption of lust.

To her most secret inner shame, this perverse creature has grown to look forward to her moment of intimate service. Fed on the most meagre rations suitable for an animal whose existent is so miserably static, Toy positively craves her evening meal that slides so easily down her throat into her soft empty belly.

Toy Cupboard

“To be a Toy is to live a life the sole purpose of which is the pleasure of another. It is to be stored for convenience, to be displayed subservient, to be washed of mind and spirit, to be subjected to cruel and kind caresses, but most of all to be reduced to the one dimensional, to live in a universe that begins with a clawing hand and ends with an animal gasp.”

Joshua Stepford

This is Dolly. Dolly is kept in a small cupboard in the guest bedroom, pretty in pink ribbons and starched frilly petticoats, Dolly is the perfect distraction for a rainy day or a stormy night. For all intents and purposes this pretty little peach has been transformed into a living, breathing doll. Note the sensuous hourglass figure, the voluminous breasts, the wasped waist held tight by a broad, glossy band and the cute mittens.

A toy is very much a status symbol here in Stepford, a pretty bauble to be put on display when important visitors arrive and the perfect companion for any overnight guests.

Technically classified as animal-status women, toys are another way the Stepford man can idle away his time in the absence of the mind numbing effects of television and radio. Many enjoyable hours can be spent dressing, undressing and preparing the doll and great pride is taken getting the appearance just right. There are regular swap-meets where Doll owners can swap their Dolls, compare outfits and exchange advise.

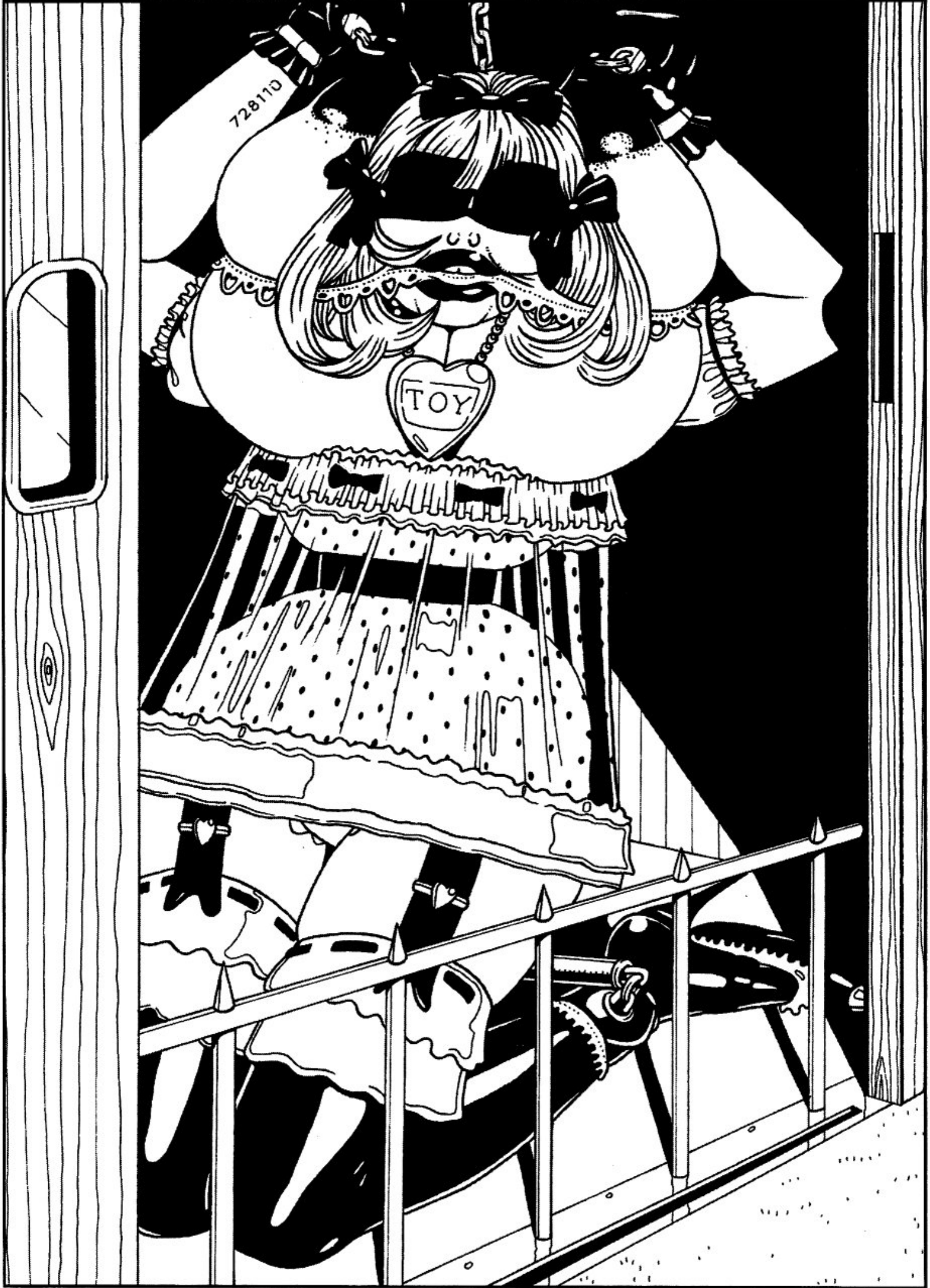
Stepford Town Council Meeting No. 367:

Item No. 72 - The request to outlaw the ownership of Dolls.

“Gentlemen, the ownership of property for the mere sake of ownership is in itself a vulgar and selfish notion. Particularly vulgar is the notion of the Doll. A woman confined to a cupboard

for the sole purpose of occasionally gawping at her. Gentlemen, this is damn nonsense. Messing around with Dolls, living or otherwise, is a ridiculous waste of natural resources and lets face it, it strikes me as being plain sissy!

Previous remark was struck from the record at the request of Mr Bill Parker.



Toy - Making of a Pillow

Stepford is full of women, Toys and Pets that all require a little extra maintenance from time to time.

There exists within the town a laundry service who will pick up and return your spouse, mistress, toy or pet, preened, powdered and looking neat as a new pin. Dental checks, wig replacements, nail clipping and deep cleansing are all orders of the day.

There are also refreshers in obedience and submission to keep your property in line.

Toys can be modified for long or short term use. For instance, here we see a young Toy stripped of all apparel and all bodily parts superfluous to her function being hung out to dry after a spray wash.

This pretty little trinket has been put through a custom modification and will be returned to her owner as a warm, living pillow for his bed. Cassandra Kaye, now simply known as 'Pillow' is one of the many womenfolk who enter the Stepford community with a genuine desire to be servile and submissive. Furthermore, it was at Cassandra's specific request prior to her entering the community that she now hangs before us severely modified, her natural female vulnerability exaggerated by her disability.

As owned property, an object to be bought or sold at auction, Cassandra has found her own Utopian existence.

Cassandra Kaye Admissions Statement:

"I, Cassandra Kaye, the big breasted, bimbo slut-whore property of Charles Edgar Kaye, hereby acknowledge the implications, requirements and sacrifices Stepford community expects of me. I freely release all human rights and freedoms so that I can follow my beloved husband and master into your community.

I also freely submit myself to be the lawful property of my husband within the laws of this

community and freely submit to all forms of bondage and restriction, implanting and chemical enlargement of my breasts and any other body modification that pleases my husband. I promise to remain passive, submissive and obedient at all times and will treat all men within the community equally as my master.

I genuinely believe that my role of woman is to be happy in my gentleness, vulnerability and weakness."

Signed, Cassandra Kaye



Contraband & Slavery

Bringing goods into the Stepford community by means other than authorised supply channels is strictly illegal*.

Stepford is a community that enjoys and values its privacy and such unmonitored importing would seriously undermine the security and anonymity of the town and its inhabitants.

All town supplies are delivered to the main gates only and are checked and signed for by the good Sheriff and his deputies. Large items ordered by private individuals are collected from the main gates and arrangements for removal and transport are the sole responsibility of the owner of the goods. The gate guards run a smooth operation and folks are usually informed of the arrival of their goods within the hour.

Sheriff and his men regularly patrol the wall that separates Stepford from the outside world but at seventy-five miles long, the task is extremely difficult. Therefore, the penalties for smuggling are the only real deterrent and range from confiscation of goods to imprisonment.

**Town Council Document 221/788/PAYNE – Labeled: Urgent Medical Items*

Amendments to Accounts:

Monies paid to Carew Detective Agency \$1200
For the research and investigation into Dr Roxanne Johnson.

Dr Roxanne Johnson - African-American, Aged 28, 38DD-28-38, College athlete, black belt karate, qualified doctor. Part-time Vice President of the Working Woman's Foundation. Currently living in Shelbyville in unorthodox relationship with Maria Cassales.

Monies paid to Shelbyville Public Records for acquisition of information \$7000

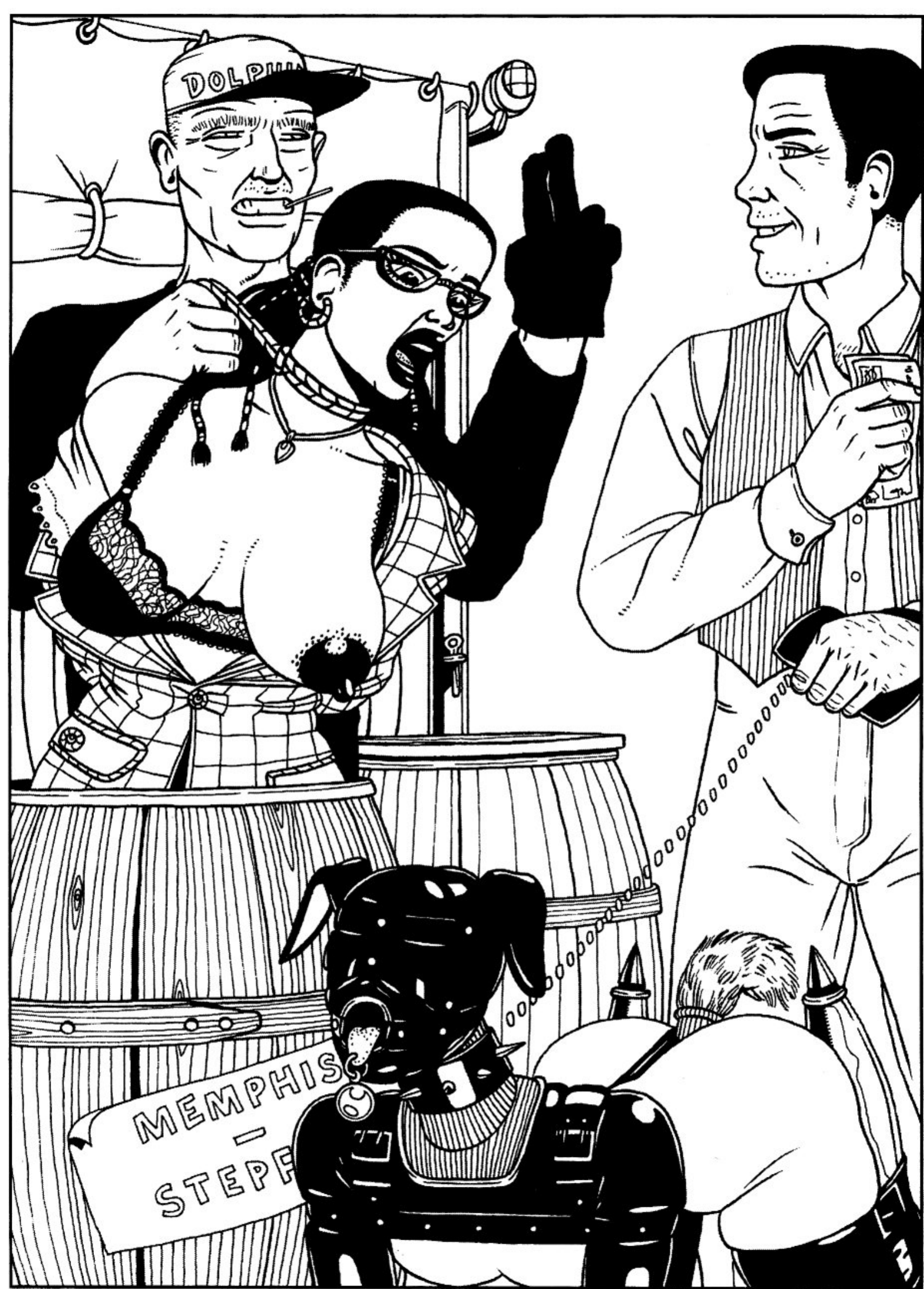
Monies paid / donation to Tennessee Police Welfare Fund \$10000

Monies paid to Senator Fink's election campaign fund \$10000

Monies paid to Ace Trucking, haulage and transport \$800

Monies paid to Roxanne Johnson for term of contract / Labourer \$0

NOTE. This document to be filed in Medical Expenses and NOT be entered into Annual Spending Report.



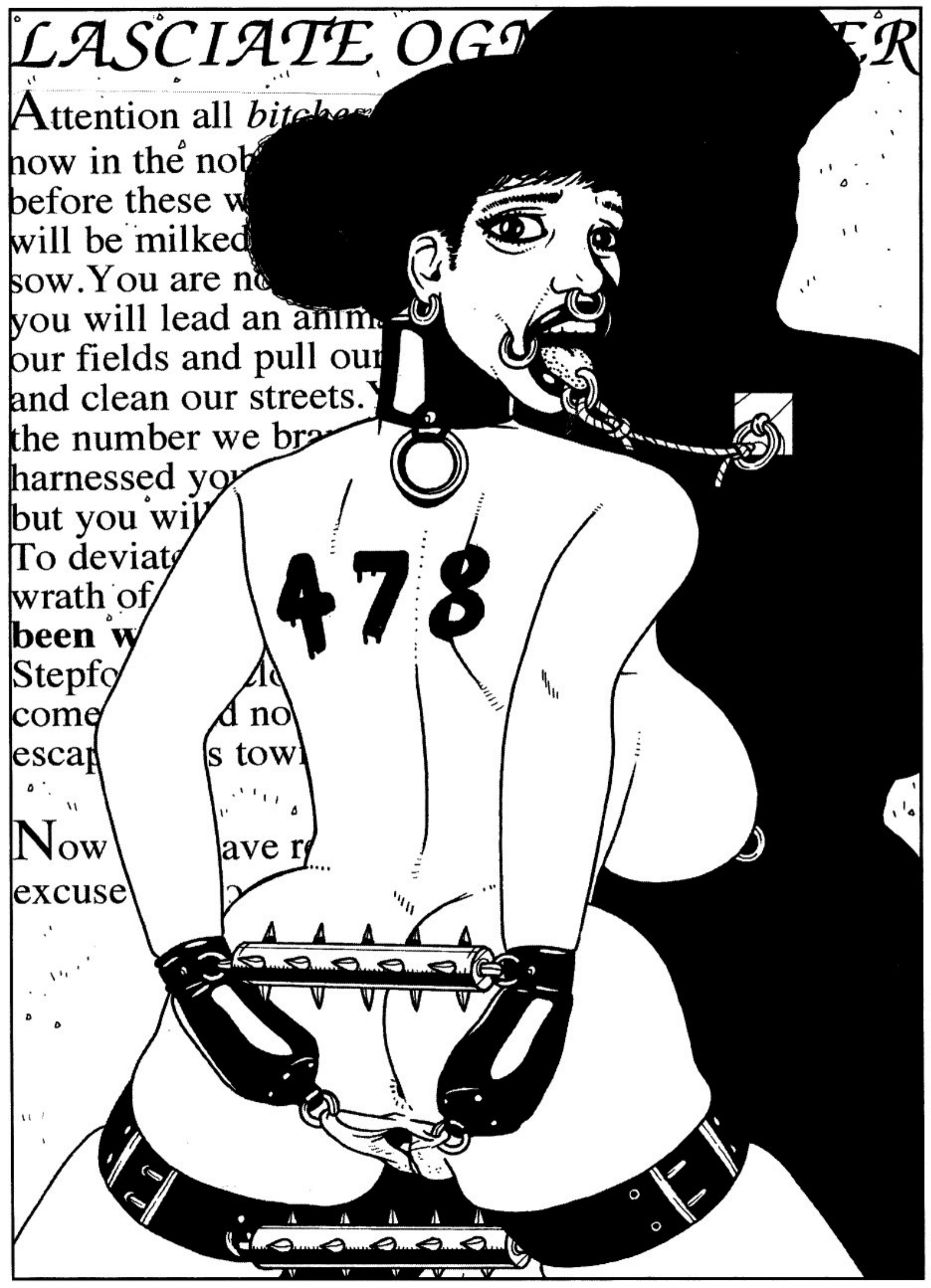
Processing

As paid slaves, the workhorses are the lowest status women in Stepford; branded, nose ringed, and condemned to perform laborious and mundane physical tasks. In the town forge the workhorses

are fitted with unremovable hoofs that belie their farmyard function.

The workhorses are kept at the Jackson Stables where they are rented out in harness and reined teams to perform various activities: plowing, cart pulling, factory labor.





LASCIATE OGNI
ER

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now in the nob
before these w
will be milked
sow. You are no
you will lead an anim
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and clean our streets. Y
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Workhorse Stalls

A workhorse slave is not given any formal training for her new animal status and is expected to learn how to behave by copying the rest of the herd. Homesick and sore from her new piercings, this freshly arrived workhorse is spending her first night in her stall. Teary eyed, she views the glistening rubber feeder that hangs in front of her face. Desperately hungry but too ashamed to take the feeder in her mouth, she crouches in self-inflicted misery.

There is no hurry. After her first day's toil, the little workhorse will return to her stall and eagerly take the feeder, sucking it dry.

The workhorses are each given a cozy private stall lined with clean hay. The feeder nozzle that hangs within reach of each stall provides liquid nutrient and fresh clean water. The feeder works on pressure and the workhorse will have to suck hard to get her first feed.

The Stepford Guide to Animal Welfare / Workhorses:

The workhorses are second only to the Dairy herd in importance to the practical running of the community. Therefore care and maintenance provisions for the workhorses should be as stringent as those set out for the Dairy herd.

Upon classification each workhorse must be allocated an identification number and receive a brand.

Each workhorse must be allocated a private stall to prevent the passing of parasites or ailments, and to diminish any chance of illicit communication. The bedding in each stall must be kept clean and fresh. Water must be made available at all times.

Workhorses showing early symptoms of illness must be removed from the general stable and kept in a separate area. Workhorses with sprains or injuries must remain in their stalls until fully recuperated. Continuing ill health must be checked by the veterinarian.

Workhorses must not be punished with a severity detrimental to their ability to labor nor must they be hindered in any way during daily labors.

All workhorses must be hoofed and wearing cowbells at all times; must be tethered or on reins; and it is advisable to blinker large herds in public.

Feeding will be monitored to prevent unnecessary and unsightly weight gain.

The workhorse will not be required to labour in environments that are dangerous or detrimental to long term health. In the event of fire, flood, earthquake, or storm, due care and attention will be taken to confine the workhorse herd in a safe area.

Workhorses shall be retained for no longer than ten years' service. The workhorses will remain during their stay in Stepford as property of Stepford Town Council under license to Stepford Stables, Plantation Lane, Stepford.



Slave Initiation

During their time at Stepford, the workhorses remain forcibly celibate, the Town Council preferring their purchased energies to be spent on honest labor.

The stablemaster and his stablehands ensure that there is no unnecessary interference with the workhorses, as specified earlier. Carnal relations between man and animal is neither seemly or tolerated.

Minutes of the Stepford Town Council Meeting No. 4538:

Matters raised by Mr Bob Hancock:

"Gentlemen, I would like to make public my distaste for the illicit activities that have taken place yet again under the roof of The Stables. Despite public opinion that the so-called Spear Dance initiation of nubian work slaves is an important tradition, I must point out that it is also illegal under Bylaw No. 98. I myself witnessed the pinning down and gang molestation of a new slave, which lasted some hours. I found the event most distasteful, morally vacant and was surprised to find this nefarious activity wholly unpoliced by our Sheriff."

Sheriff Bean spoke in reply:

"Mr Chairman, Mr Hancock, in reply to your comments, my deputies and I were answering a serious report of intruders at the main wall. Plus, I will also state that it is not the business of my office to intervene in affairs relating to animal welfare."

Mr Bill Parker spoke:

"Sheriff, Sir, we of course, care not a jot about the slaves or the animals but I do feel it is your responsibility to police our towns moral welfare. My fellow speaker is most right in quoting Bylaw No. 98 in drawing light to this repugnant activity."

The Chairman spoke:

"Sheriff, maybe you could explain, for the benefit of all the members of the council what exactly this Spear Dance involves?"

The Sheriff spoke:

"Well, lets see. The slave is strapped to a branding trestle and given a sound paddlin' by each of the initiators, then one by one she is mounted until the point at which each excited initiator requires the slave to take his seed into her mouth. This continues until the slave has been seeded by all the initiators. The slave is then given a small brand to show she has joined the Stepford herd. Really, its nothing as bad as it sounds, gentlemen."

The Chairman addressed the Sheriff directly:

"How many initiators, Sheriff?"

Sheriff:

"Fifty or sixty, thereabouts."



High Street Herding

The merry jangling of cowbells as the workhorses are paraded down the main street at the end of the day serves notice that another Stepford day is drawing to an end.

These handsome beasts of burden are off to the power station to relieve the team that has worked tirelessly all day to provide power for the townsfolk, on treadmills, pumping seats, and trotting dynamos, converting their raw animal strength to pure electrical energy.



Rules & Regulations

Since the dawn of time, man has been inventing different ways to control the womenfolk. From witches' branks to scolds' bridles, chastity belts to corsets and stilettos.

Here we see a modification of the brank. 'Silence is Golden' is the first rule any decent lady about town learns to obey immediately.

Failure to obey may lead to the wearing of this simple arrangement. Inch high tongue stud piercings line this little lady's tongue top and bottom.



Debtor's Parade

Stepford is the home of old-world values, where a man's word is his bond. Any deviancy from this philosophy is intolerable. So, when old Jack Humble

passed away last Fall leaving a substantial bar tab, a sizable bill at Hancock's, and poor Mickey Quinlin unpaid for all the work done on Jack's shingle roof, the Town Council voted a seizure of goods was the only fair action.



Debtor's Destiny

Missy Humble, a brave young lady anxious to work off her father's debt, ended up in the Pit. Her

only hope lies in the fact that if she services well and often, she will have paid off her debt by Spring and may gain service as a Pet or Toy in a good household.



Power House

Stepford Powerhouse, over on Slave Lane, is a marvel of engineering, both mechanical and organic.

Built over fifty years ago by Joshua Stepford, the Powerhouse is still used to generate many forms of energy for the town's use. Over the years, the town has invested in solar, wind, and wave power research and development from which fifty percent of the community's electrical power is generated.

The remaining source of power comes from two huge twin turbines powered by a fairground of treadmills, pumps, and workstations. These in turn are powered by slave labor.

Hand picked for natural power and performance from the Jackson Stable, nubian slaves with their thick thighs and high, thrusting buttocks are shackled onto long pumping seats.

Within the vast chamber, rows and rows of these lovely workhorses power a series of huge nodding donkeys, compelled to pump giant pistons in a scene reminiscent of an ancient galley ship.

Not true slaves as such, these nubile young ladies have been discreetly dredged from the poorest ghettos of the outside world, and offered good honest toil in return for a modest wage payable after their sentence of toil.

Then they are put to work as bonded slaves, controlled by contractual obligation for a term of no less than ten years hard labor.

They are kept naked and harnessed, perpetually tethered as befitting any beast of burden.

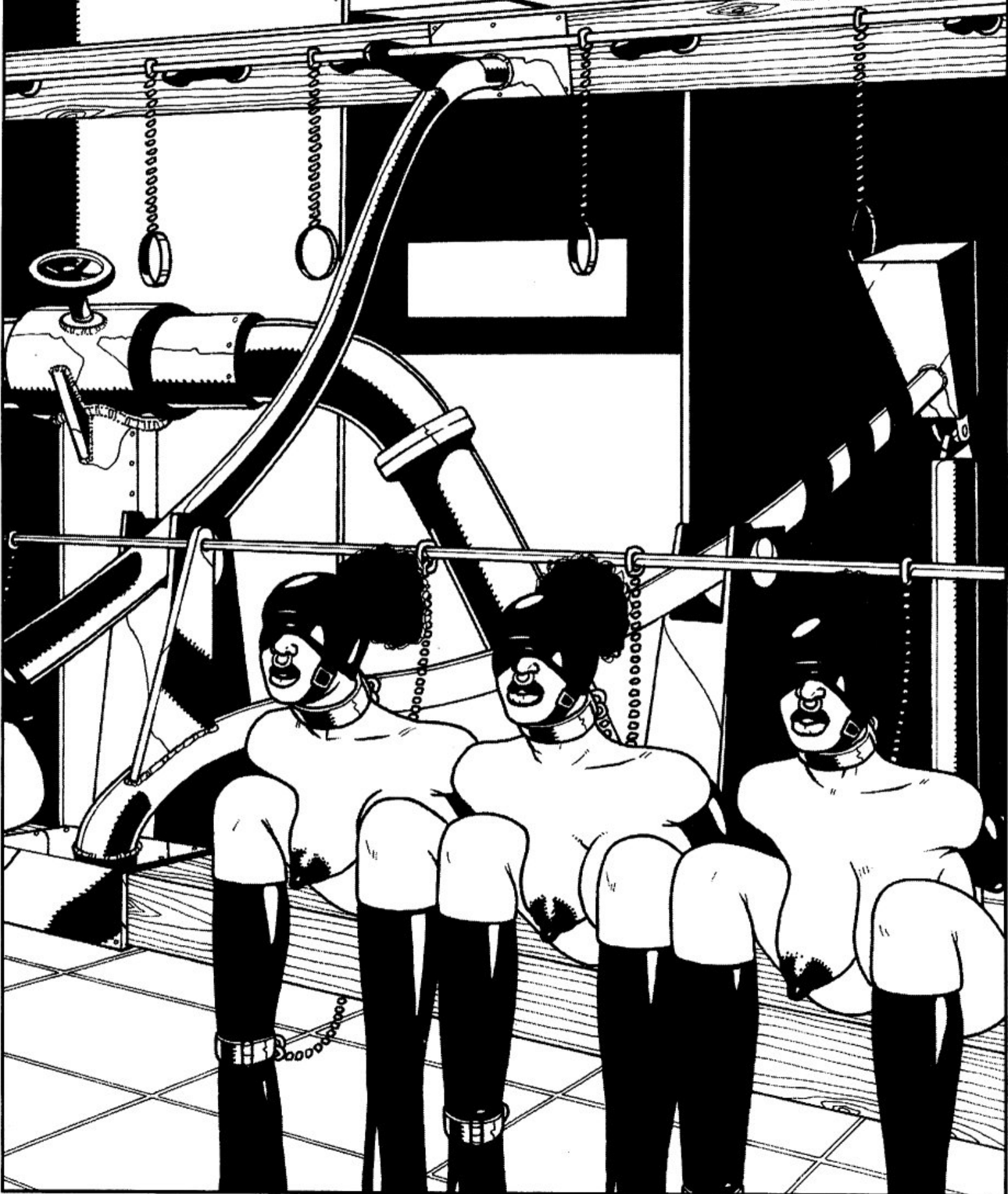
Of naturally low moral values, the nubian workhorses, like all women of animal status, must remain celibate* within Stepford and lead an almost monastic lifestyle devoted to work and rest.

Confined in total darkness upon arrival and departure, the whereabouts of Stepford remains unknown to these paid and bought slaves. Having been picked for their low intelligence and low social standing, any subsequent talk of their Stepford existence is ridiculed by all who hear them, thus keeping Stepford a myth.

But the truth is that most slaves leave Stepford grateful for their experience and justly rewarded with accrued funds which will give them a head start in their continued life in the outside world.

**Stepford Bylaw No. 77*

PUMI



Mill Horses

As the Nubian slaves arrive at Stepford they are given a mental assessment and the women of high intelligence are usually assigned to the most mundane tasks, such as the mill.

Here, former career women, student lawyers, bankers, and business women seduced by the crazy modern work ethic that defines the 'career woman', are brought down a peg or two and shown their proper place.

Having taken the Stepford dollar, these haughty madams are shown that a menial task here at the mill is their true station in life.

The women who are less intelligent and from poor urban squalor find themselves pulling carts, plowing fields, or pulling logs in the clean, fresh air of the beautiful Stepford countryside. It is a world away from their city lives and one can imagine the benefits such women also receive from their honest labors.

Extract from the The Processing of Daisy Brown

After signing yet more papers with her thumbprint because of the lack of reading and writing skills, the dusky maiden was relieved of her clothes which, glum faced, she watched being burned. She stood at attention, docile and goose pimped, as the thick leather slave's collar that she would be required to wear for the next ten years was fixed around her neck. Master Jackson stood briefly before her and read out the slave's charter that bore her thumbprint. Solemnly she listened, warned not to utter one word and wary as to not catch her master's stern gaze.

Finally her master took a good long look at her, pacing slowly around her, his rough paws testing her flesh, the firmness of her flanks. Her soft succulent lips were pulled back and her teeth checked as if she were a horse and then came the final indignity as a harness was produced into which she was strapped, hoisted off the

ground and weighed.

Another man then appeared brandishing a short cane which he swiped at her buttocks, causing her to take up a fine pace out of the building and out into the street, the short leather leash attached to her collar keeping her in distance of the sharp stick.

The gay sunshine hit her skin and at once she felt ashamed, vulnerable and exposed. But the oddest thing was that not one pair of eyes passed her way, not one single fellow stopped in his tracks, mouth agape in wonder at her nakedness. It was as if this were the most natural sight - a naked woman, tethered and lead like a beast down the lane. At first this calmed her but then an almighty fear began to creep through her. What kind of world was this that tolerated her shameful abuse with such apathy. At once she understood how easily she had sold herself and into what cauldron of misery she had delivered herself.

That night with fresh shackles adorning her ankles and a sore ache in her nose where a dull, steel ring pierced her, she silently sobbed, tears of bitterness at her own stupidity and greed.



Horse Taxi

The license to keep workhorses is owned by the Jackson family stables which rent out the slaves to the community at a fixed tariff. They ensure that the right pedigree of slave is imported, healthy and fully remunerated for their bond of slavery.

Here we see Duke Bell and his taxi, pulled by a sturdy young pony. Two cracks of the whip and she is off at a brisk trot, passers-by turning to admire the sight of a nubian beauty, harnessed, reined and under masterly control.

From his seat, Duke, a former chemical scientist enjoys the Spring sun on his face and reminds himself once more of what a good decision he has made by escaping the rat race and moving to Stepford.

Below him, the powerful rounded rump of his pony girl pumps up and down, the slightly raised 'S' brand pulsing on toned and flexed muscle. After two years hitched to his taxi-cart, this dusky pony has learned to respond to the merest twitch of the reins and takes real pride in her labor, earning the two gold bells that tinkle from her dark teats - a private gift from her master.

The life of a pony-girl can be most rewarding to a woman from a background of destitution and vice. The chance to be of real social service is a privilege not lost on this trotting woman-beast.

Of course, there are bad days when the weather is foul and cruel, the mornings dark and damp or the midday is scorching and dry. There are heavy customers, rude customers, drunk customers and crude customers. Days when she is returned to her stable exhausted or covered in fine welts when her master has become ill tempered.

But, in general, this pretty pony has found her true station in life, much the same as her master. She is kept fit and healthy, groomed and oiled, fed good food with lots of fresh water in her trough.

Advertisement for Pony Girl posted in selected Outer World neighbourhoods:

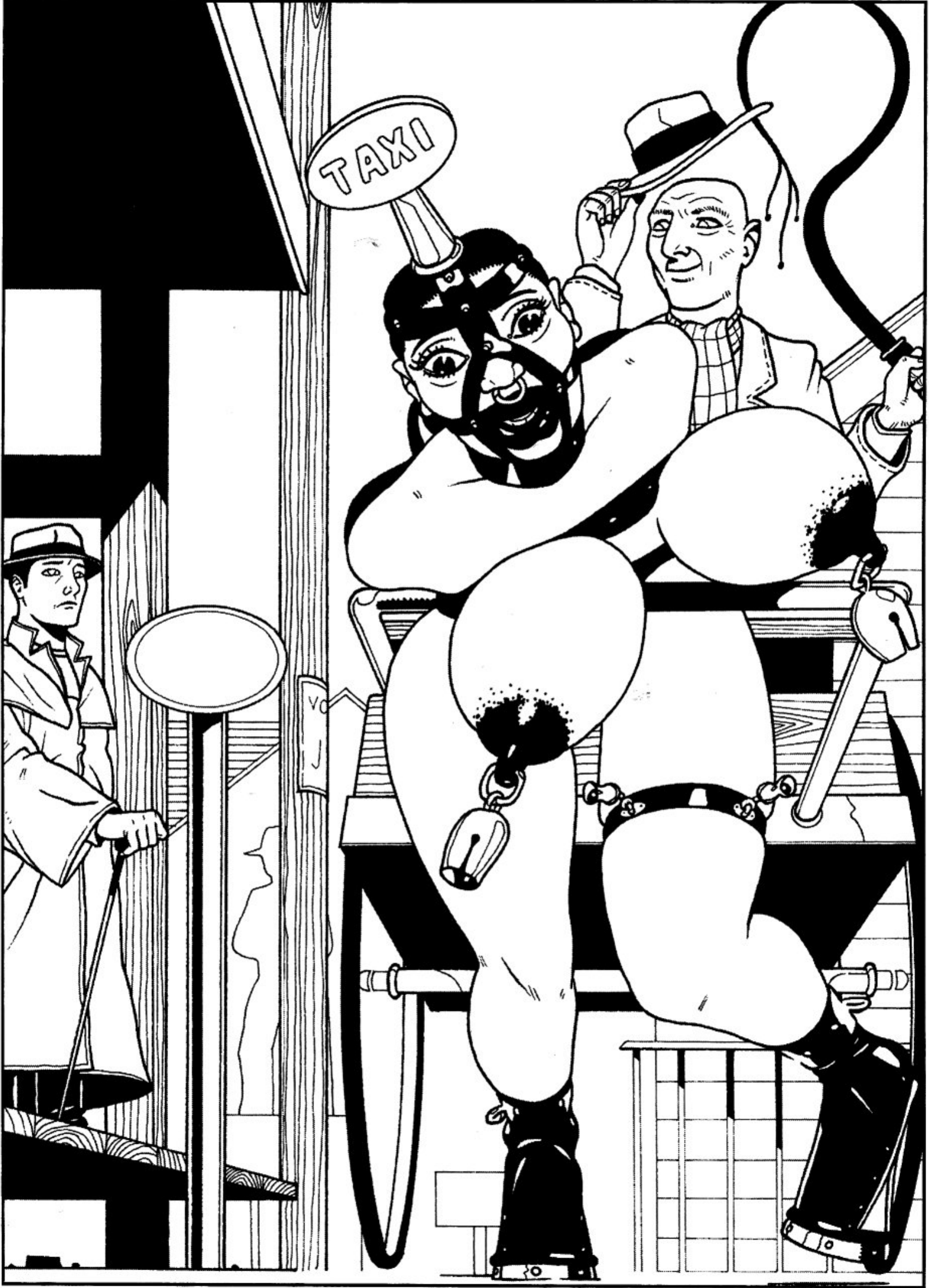
Wanted – young, fit, and healthy woman for

vacancy in small transportation company.

Must be single and without children. Must be over five foot seven inches in height, well built and interested in horses.

No qualifications needed, work away from home on long term contract. Food, clothing and accommodation provided. Reasonable pay and conditions.

Must be free of addictions, non-smokers preferred. No union workers or agencies please. Stepford Stables is an Equal Opportunity Employer.



Milk Man

One can only imagine the mixed sensations the curious creature that is the Milk Maid feels as she carefully totters down the graveled path. Held securely on a long tether, she waits at the door, ready to dispense her creamy goods.

The door opens and unseen hands, warm and strong, knead the milk from her breasts - one jug or two, she must wait patiently until the gentleman has taken what he wants from her soft body.

A firm tap on the head and off she goes, her bovine breasts swaying from side to side.

Article in the Nation Inquires

Dusky schoolteacher Marlene Jefferson, charged earlier this week for wasting police time, was yesterday at this newspaper's offices where our scientists carried out a lie detector test on the beauty. To our astonishment Marlene, aged 28, was proved to be telling the truth by our scientist's machine.

Incredibly, Marlene's story is that she was abducted by unseen forces, transported to a soundless dark world and experimented on.

In her own words, "I remember attending a job interview" (the police proved there was no interview and no company as she had named it) "then everything went black. When I woke up it was pitch dark, I felt heavy and slow, I couldn't feel my legs and my mouth wouldn't move or make any sound."

Marlene Jefferson claims to have been abducted by aliens and experimented on during which time her legs were amputated at the knee. She was then held captive for several years and used as some kind of strange exotic herd cow.

"Everyday they came for me and lead me around on a rope or something. I was hand milked like a cow until my breasts were sore and empty, all the time I couldn't see a thing."

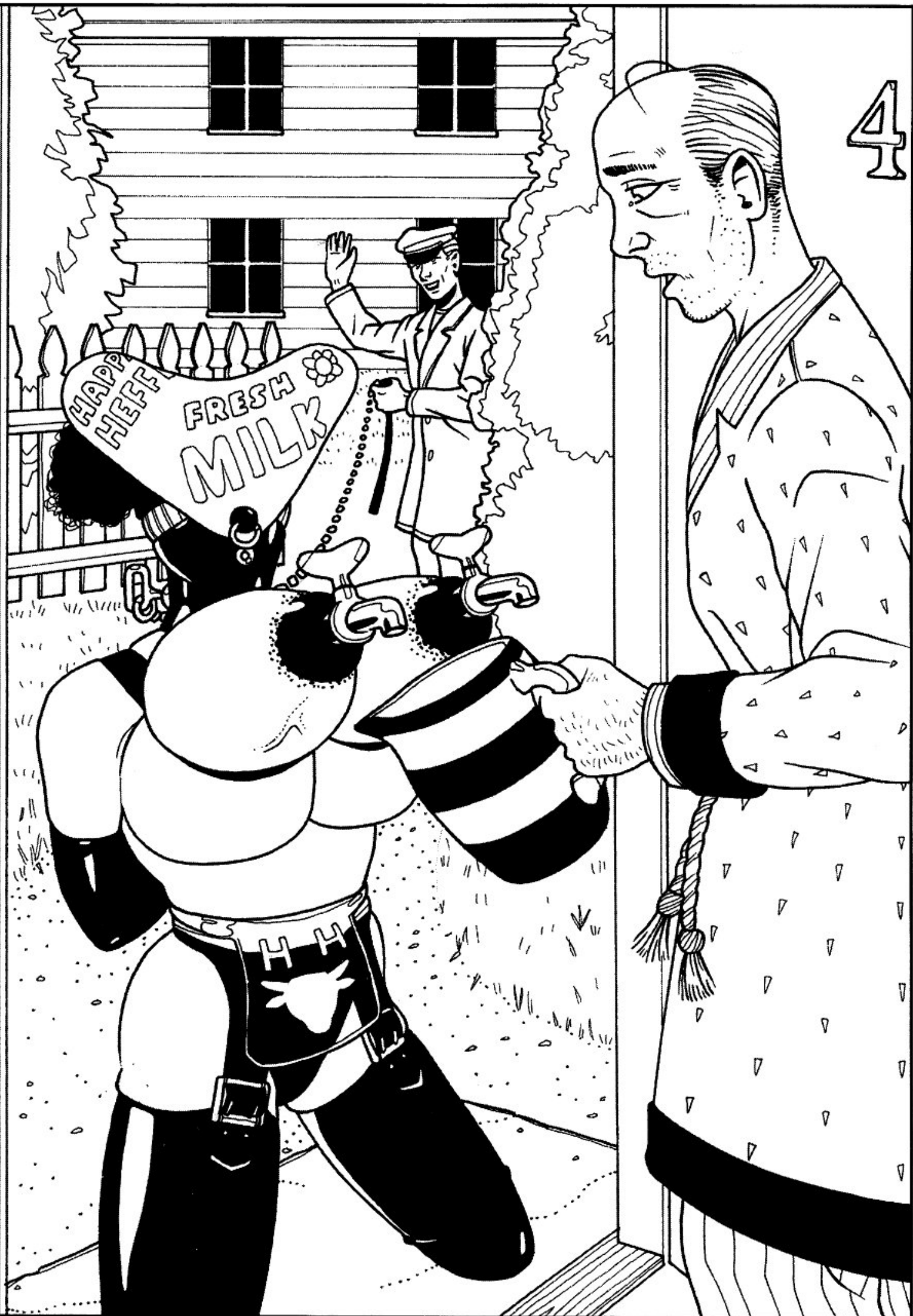
A police spokesman said earlier today, Miss Jefferson's claims are clearly fictional. Whilst

we have no doubt that Miss Jefferson has suffered a distressing ordeal and a horrible accident at which she may also have sustained chronic memory loss, we cannot attribute any truth to or find any evidence to support her claims. Her persistence with this matter has left the police department with no choice but to press for charges.

Miss Jefferson was discovered during a routine raid of a south side bordello, chained naked and strapped into a wheeled locker under a bed. The two incidents do not appear related.

But, the mystery of Miss Jefferson's alleged abduction remains, and to date the police have still not explained the strange brandings on Miss Jeffersons body which could not have been made by herself. Nor could they explain her incredibly swollen breasts which produce up to several pints of milk per day.

Miss Jefferson will be formally sentenced on Tuesday and is expected to be sent to the secure psychiatric unit at Tennessee State Prison.



Winds of Change

Gee whiz! There's a howler brewing outdoors and it looks very much like this year's storms have arrived early.

Look, there goes Deputy Bush and his new wife battling with the wind. If this keeps up it looks like they may have to postpone the voting for Mayor.

All across Stepford, folks are starting to board up windows and check for loose shingles. The farm hands have brought in all the cows, sows, and workhorses and inside Chester's, warming his feet near the stove and smiling into a cup of joe is Mickey Quinlin. After last year's storm he was busy for three months repairing fences, replanting trees, and fixing broken glass.

Outside, the High Street looks like a frontier town from an old western movie with paper and dust whistling down the street as folks hurry from door to door picking up last moment supplies before the week long hibernation.

Deputy Bush is almost home now, just a few more yards and he will store away the wife and head off to the main entrance into town where last year the big wind knocked down one of the gates.

Just what will happen this year is any one's guess!



Epilogue

It had been raining solidly for a week in London. The city seemed visibly soggy and particularly gray through the immense Georgian sash windows of Luscombe & Drew Solicitors.

Behind him the steady drone of the senior partner's voice continued as he read from a sheaf of papers.

"...last seen in the United States of America, more specifically Tennessee. That's the south, I believe. Damn good shooting down there, got these huge fat birds with ghastly beaks...Thomson...Thomson!?"

Jeremy Thomson was miles away. He'd scarcely heard a word.

"I say, Thomson, have you been listening?"

"Er, yes sir. Deep south, Tennessee." Just about convincing. Nearly got caught out there.

"Yes, well. Jeremy, my dear fellow, it seems the general consensus is that you, being the only junior partner, it would be excellent experience for you to go. Field work and all that, y'know."

"Go?" Jeremy found himself nodding without a clue as to what he was agreeing.

"First class old boy. I knew you wouldn't let us down. You know between you and me, old Hetherington-Smythe said you wouldn't do it. But, what does he know, the old fart. Smells of cheese if you stand too close to him. Never trust a man who smells of cheese, young Jeremy, mark my words!" Cornelius Luscombe coughed out a bellicose laugh as he ushered the young lawyer to the door of his plush office.

"See Mary on your way out. And good luck old chap!"

He stepped forward to Mary's desk, a tabletop that shouted out the virtues of tidiness and organisation. As always, Mary sat hunched like a spider, indignant as ever, and peered at him over the top of her half lens glasses whilst her spindly

hands worked unseen at the drawers at her side. She produced a small wallet of papers. Tickets, to be exact. Airline tickets. His heart stopped for a brief second. Quickly he ruffled through the papers and pulled out the outbound ticket. It was dated for tomorrow morning, 9 a.m.

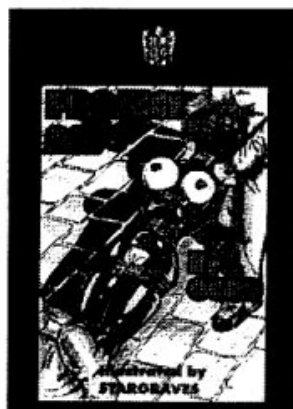
He stepped out into the dim light of the corridor and slumped against the wall. Maybe he should go straight back in, tell Mr Luscombe he had other plans? Maybe he could pretend to be ill? His mind raced uncontrollably but no sensible solution could be found. Finally, he walked down the corridor to his own office, picked up the phone and dialed.

"Hello, can I speak to Mr Gord, Mr Earnest Gord."

TRYLON-31 Gord / Stargraves

The diabolical trio of deviants from Starburst One travel forward in time to survey the effects of their meddling in past millennia. 1200 years after they first appeared as gods during the Thyros gender wars, they find a planet festooned with bound females and triumphant males. The Thyrons have not only continued with Sven's teachings of keeping women bound and subservient, but they have pushed the technology of bondage to a level unsurpassed in the known universe. Trylon-31 is the chronicle of the fall of the ancient Chen ruled House of Trylon as Sven continues to expand his plans for a sex slave organisation.

Order #BD-028



PROJECT 237 Gord / Stargraves

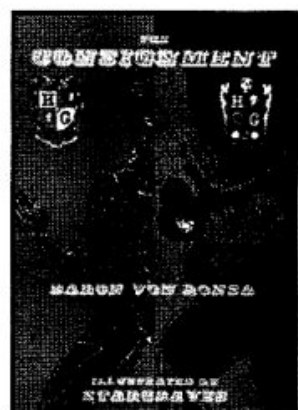
Helen Waterman, former company executive, framed and sent to prison for a crime she didn't commit, finds herself incarcerated in a strange prison. Once instated in the prison, she discovers that her wrongful verdict was no accident. Fallworth Prison is a product of a corrupt penal system run by the old boys network of the judiciary. After six months of torment by other inmates and staff she is offered an alternative and removed to a remote Scottish island for further training. Under the watchful eye of Zarkof, former KGB interrogator, she is steadily converted into a bound, gagged, sheathed, strutting fetish object.

Order #BD-027

PLANET SEX Stargraves / Stargraves

Neutron wars on Earth have sterilized and reduced men to grovelling, subservient chattels, whilst females enjoy a lifestyle of complete power and domination. But there was one man who had the vision to fight back before mankind went under forever. On a distant colonised world, Krell, ruler of the last bastion of male supremacy, masterminds the plan for the retaking of Earth for future generations. Endowed with a mind of diabolically fiendish intent, and aided by the Kraken, a humanoid life form that has befriended him, Krell has devised a utopia of mechanised bondage and subservience for the captured females of the colony. He called it Planet Sex.

Order #BD-026



THE CONSIGNMENT Baron von Ronsa / Stargraves

Set within the confines of a German schloss, a five member team of slavers abducts specially selected victims and prepares them for a life of ownership by wealthy clients, whose preferences are unbridled by financial or moral considerations. Follow the story of two beautiful Asian sisters who befall this unfortunate fate.

Having spurned the advances of Mr Lau, Geeta undergoes a series of rigorous piercings and body modifications in order to become the permanently captive plaything of her rejected suitor. Meanwhile, her sister Sujata is trained for her future life as the newest edition to Sheik Akran's stable of exquisitely equine females.

Order #BD-025

CONTROLLING CHRISTINE JG-Leathers / Stargraves

A young woman willingly decides to enjoy a 24/7 D/s lifestyle with her lover. Together they embark on a journey that takes her to a world that she's only dreamed of. First comes stainless steel rings, cuffs, and collar; all welded in place. Later many other exotic devices, including a stainless steel chastity belt become a part of her permanent bodily adornments. The story is told both from her own perspective, and that of her master. It details an extraordinary journey of intense control as Christine discovers her own submissive nature and desire to be dominated by her beloved master.

Order #BD-024





THYROS BOUND Gord / Stargraves

The space romp of Sven and his growing bevy of bound beauties continues as the motley crew of misfits literally descend on the planet Thyros, slave capitol of the then known universe. After crashing through a space warp and travelling back in time, they arrive in a period when Thyros is still in the throes of a gender war.

Indulging themselves in some seriously un-kosher prime directive tinkering, the sex mad crew of Starburst One manage to engineer the outcome so that the guys win, and the chicks are relegated to bound, gagged commodities, available for the taking.

Order #BD-023

ALIENS Gord / Kagan

Aliens is the pilot book of a series that chronicles the space romp of a bondage-loving female. Kidnapped by stranded aliens, Tracy, our curvaceous heroine, is initially used as a component in the drive system of a starship. Unfortunately, her input to the drive system requires that she be driven to orgasmic destruction in order that her fettered body produces the required beta-wave output, essential to controlling the ship's volatile anti-matter drive system. A five-year journey maintained at an all time orgasmic high is only the start of her bondage adventure as she discovers that the aliens are capable of bondage scenarios of unprecedented complexity.

Order #BD-022



FALSE IMPRISONMENT Gord / Kagan

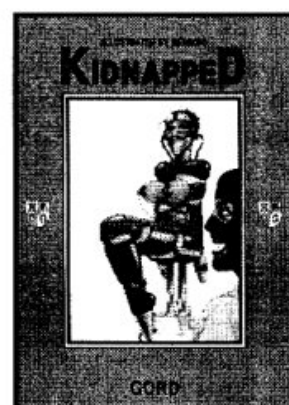
Alicia, a senator's wife, finds herself at the mercy of the State when she is accused of the murder of her husband. Incarcerated in a tough remand prison, she soon discovers that warders and prisoners alike have a vested interest in humiliating a high society woman like herself. She is relieved to discover that white knights in shining armour still exist as her own personal saviour, in the guise of attorney Benson Caldwell, gallops gallantly to the rescue. Her relief is short lived as a new and more sinister side to his nature reveals itself. Alicia finds herself enmeshed in a world of extreme bondage and subservience.

Order #BD-021

KIDNAPPED Gord / Benson

An evil warped deviate masterminds the abduction of dozens of gorgeous girls, and begins their training as obedient, subservient sex-slaves. Our hero, the intrepid Eddie Valenski (a bit like Gord himself) must track down this diabolical genius and thwart his evil plans - or some of them anyway, before too much damage is done. Unfortunately, locating the whereabouts of the captured ladies is a long job. As a result they are forced to endure a plethora of unbelievably traumatic bondage formats as they wait for rescue.

Order #BD-020



KINKISSIMO Gord / Benson

King's International Network of Kinky Immobilised Sex Slaves for the Inducement of Male Orgasm.

Kinkissimo is a secret organisation providing a range of bondage related services, including the installation of hidden female bondage objects in public places around the world.

Follow Greg King's adventures as he explores the hidden world of a clandestine network whose sole purpose is the gratification of every male fantasy - for a price.

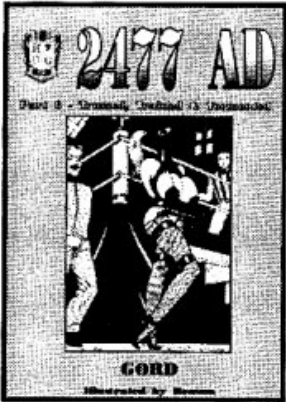
Order #BD-019



DENIZEN Gord / Benson

Jane Fenton, blonde, buxom, and constantly fighting off advances from her male colleagues at work, is thoroughly dissatisfied with her junior, menial job within a large London advertising agency. She sees a job opportunity for a mysterious foreign posting to a special projects team for a multi-national giant. Curiosity piqued, Jane attends a preliminary interview and accepts the post when offered. Perhaps she should have stayed in advertising.

Order #BD-018



TRUSSED, TRAINED & TORMENTED Gord / Benson

The Bondage Olympiad continues in full swing, scaling new heights in femlon abuse. Assailed on and off the field of conflict, Devlin Gord must utilise all his guile and ingenuity, whilst encouraging his impossibly bound femletes to triumph over the incredible handicaps placed in their path - and on their bodies.

Enraged by defeat, psychotic dominatrix Barberella Burnside attempts to exact revenge for her humiliation. Will D.G's foresight and legendary luck be enough to thwart her vicious minions?

Order #BD-017

STARBURST ONE Gord / Benson

Captain Sven Olafsun (captain on many dubiously un-kosher flights) heads a motley crew of misfits, aided and abetted by Dhelia, a drone maintenance robot endowed with all the worst elements of a jealous female programmer. Then there is Rampant Roger; a sex crazed android programmed with all Sven's worst thoughts and morals. Add to this collection, 280 Miss Universe contestants in stasis and a cargo of 100 tons of bondage equipment, all lost in space, and one has a recipe for rope and ravish mayhem of unparalleled ingenuity on a galactic scale. The whole crazy bunch then stumble onto the long lost kidnapped earth women who became space corp legend.

Order #BD-016



CAPTIVES OF THE SHENKA Gord / Benson

A pair of free booting adventurers stumble upon the female survivors of a lost South American culture, just in time to save them from the clutches of a cruel slave trader and his minions.

It would seem that their terrible fate has been averted. But has it? Kobus and his trusty guide discover that far from being helpless innocents, the rescued women are little better than the slavers, once they get the upper hand over other women. This is a tale of reversing fortunes and extreme bondage.

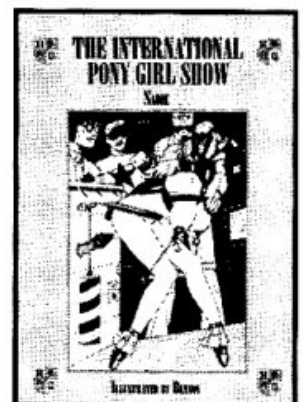
Order #BD-014

THE INTERNATIONAL PONY GIRL SHOW Gord / Benson

Join the throng of eager visitors to the annual International Pony Girl Show and have the time of your life. The attractions will astound you! Wander through the various exhibit halls and watch the displays put on for the enjoyment of the public.

Take a ride on the carousel or try on a saddled pony girl for size. Learn what it takes to get the most out of one of these delicious creatures. Indeed, why not try the lot! You won't be disappointed!

Order #BD-013





TAMMY'S GREATEST TEST Gord / Benson

Lured by the irresistible invitation to compete in the spectacular Bondage Olympics, Devlin Gord and his entourage of stunning lovelies fly to the west coast of the USA. There they are joined by the notorious Judge Loomis and a bevy of his boob-bound beauties. The two masters do battle with the despotic Barbarella Burnside in a series of events which are as thrilling to watch as they are traumatic for the diabolically bound and handicapped participants. Will Devlin Gord triumph over his nefarious scheming rivals? Will poor Tammy and her helpless companions be condemned to a terrible fate - or both?

Order #BD-011

THE CONTRACT (Part Two) JG-Leathers / Benson

Driven by foolish greed to sign away her freedom for another five years, Susan Henderson's one solace from the incredible regime of bondage and discipline in the Sultan's harem is her growing awareness of her own masochistic nature.

One terrifying ordeal follows another as Susan is trained first as a cow girl, and later as a pony girl, a role in which she excels, even to the point of triumphing in the prestigious annual racing carnival. Our heroine learns the hard way just how long five years can be.

Order #BD-010



THE CONTRACT (Part One) JG-Leathers /Benson

Young Susan Henderson, bored with the humdrum of suburban life, is tempted into signing a mysterious five year contract for a fabulous fee. It's no secret that our heroine is naive and ingenuous to the point of disbelief, but this merely adds spice to her perilous adventures in a distant oil-rich middle eastern kingdom.

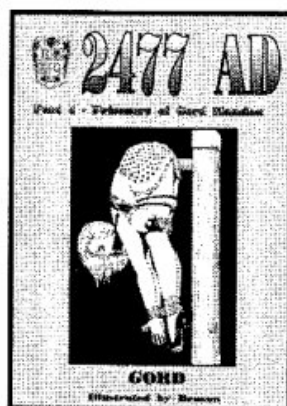
Outfitted in an incredibly elaborate and severe bondage uniform, the hapless Susan is flown to her palace of servitude to begin her five year ordeal as a bondage and pleasure slave. Needless to say, things go from bad to worse for the secretly masochistic Susan as she samples the delights of a bondage harem.

Order #BD-009

PRISONERS OF GORD MANSION Gord / Benson

There's never a dull moment as Devlin Gord takes Colonel Brenda Cunningham on a guided tour of the exhibits and displays that festoon the halls and corridors of the ancient House of Gord. This 20th century monument to man's subjugation of the female is not so much a lifeless structure, more a living organism constructed with the plentiful material of fettered LPG's. Brenda is amazed by the creativity of her host, and that of his ancestors, as Devlin demonstrates a wide variety of exquisite human appliances. Without further ado, the Colonel enroles her own pets into the servitude of Gord Mansion.

Order #BD-008



THE JUDGE GETS HIS PONY GIRL Gord / Benson

Hard working Judge Loomis returns from his brief though productive visit to foreign shores in time to begin the training, in person, of his unique pony girl prototype, the delicious Belle. Workaholic that he is, the Judge finds time to take care of his present from Devlin Gord and poor Brigitte Sommes finds herself restructured into a very useful appliance for the Judge's delectation. The cruel Colonel Harriet Callan is up to her old tricks again and young Greame Smart learns a thing or two about the female's capacity for pleasure.

Order #BD-007

BRIGETTE'S BIG MISTAKE Gord / Benson

Devlin Gord VIII hosts the globe trotting Australian, Judge Loomis at the renowned Research & Development Laboratories of Gord Industries Plc. Devlin (a direct descendent of the great 20th century prophet J.L.Gord the 1st) briefs the Judge on the latest techniques for the control, use and commercial exploitation of the surplus female population. Plot and counter plot abound as these two masters of restraint engineer the downfall of the delicious Captain Brigitte Sommes. Meanwhile, the pets and LPG's suffer in helpless silence as they unwillingly demonstrate fiendish equipment for the entertainment of the Australian delegation.

Order #BD-006



MEET THE JUDGE Gord / Benson

In the 25th century, women fare no better beyond British shores. Meet Judge Loomis, the architect of the Australian system for the control and re-education of the female population. The Judge brings a rare passion and commitment to both his public responsibilities and his private life.

He is a bondage connoisseur of the highest order, and for his discerning taste, no waist can be too slender, no breasts too large, no bondage costume too tight or elaborate, nor any gag too big.

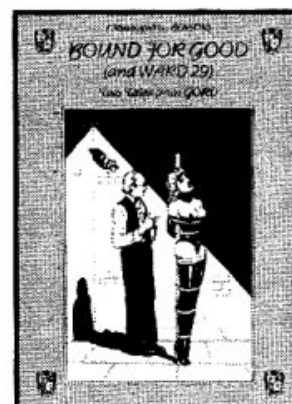
Order #BD-005

BOUND FOR GOOD / WARD 29 (Two stories) Gord / Benson

Bound for Good: To help him write the ultimate bondage novel, Sam recruits the stunning Jannine, who soon finds herself bound up in her work. She discovers that Sam is not only an author, but a genius when it comes to reducing women to bound fetish objects.

Ward 29: A story of bondage mayhem set in the sterile surrounds of a hospital ward. A place where equipment, opportunity, and nubile nurses abound for the lover of bound females.

Order #BD-004



CURIOSITY TAMED THE KAT Gord / Benson

Curiosity is the downfall of Katrin, as she finds herself reduced in ever more stringent bondage to the role of a helpless sex toy. She is at the mercy of a master in the arts of arousal and torment, and her ultra parcelled form is driven beyond the known limits of human erotic experience by her keeper and another surprise antagonist who neither party expected to take a hand in the proceedings. The result is a constantly increasing level of restraint and severity as Katrin is inexorably reduced to the most fantastic sex toy ever seen.

Order #BD-003

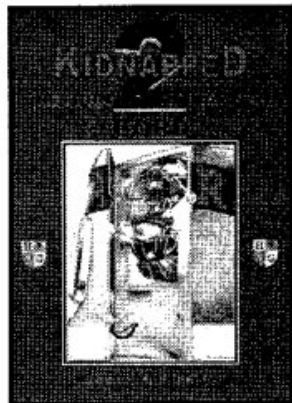
PETS & BIMBOS Gord / Benson

The stunning sequel to the popular 2477AD, Pets & Bimbos recounts the series of dramatic events that have accelerated the technology of female usage to unprecedented levels of ingenuity. Tammy, now the obedient, fully trained property of the beautiful Captain Sommes, describes the fantastic world around her in graphic detail; grateful to be merely a pleasure slave, and not condemned as a living component in one of the many diabolically contrived machines which abound in the amazing world of 2477AD.

Order #BD-002



The following are descriptions of some of our selection of bondage novels available from House of Gord. Read on to preview your next exciting bondage adventure! Ordering information can be found on last page.



KIDNAPPED 2 - RETURN OF THE NAPPER Gord / Benson

In this exciting sequel to *Kidnapped* (BD020) hard-boiled cop Eddie Valenski encounters the Napper once more in a story filled with skullduggery and non-stop bondage action. A year after the demise of the Napper, women suddenly start to go missing on a grand scale and Eddie Valenski's routine at the police department is turned upside down. Eddie and his team are thwarted at every turn by the evil mastermind. Gorgeous females, under close police protection, vanish without a trace. As the cops try to unravel the tangle of misleading evidence the Napper's growing number of luscious captives are kept bound, gagged, and utterly immobilised whilst being concealed in the most unexpected places.

Order #BD-033

BONDAGE PALACE Locklan/Stargraves

This is the sexy sequel to *Condemned to Slavery* in which Lydia is locked in an unusual prison in a war torn country. There she finds herself at the hands of sadistic rulers whose mission is to turn her and others like her into bondage and sex slaves. Lydia completes her initial training and is transferred to a secret mansion where she is forced through an endless plethora of bondage ordeals, extreme rubber containment, fiendish technological torment, punishment, and submissive servitude to the guests of the mansion. Slowly she begins to succumb to the seductive lure of her position as the personal trained pet of the president.

Order #BD-032



CONDEMNED TO SLAVERY Locklan / Stargraves

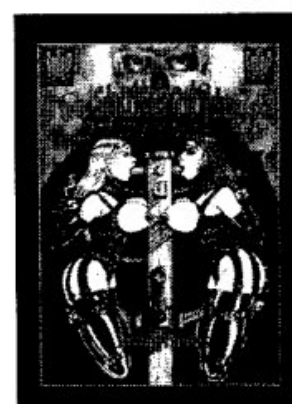
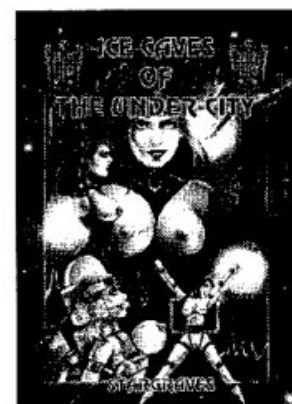
During a trip to a vacation paradise, Lydia's flight stops briefly in a newly formed, war torn country. The decision to take a few pictures as mementos has her arrested as a possible spy. Stripped, searched, and brutally interrogated, she is sent to a female only prison where male and female, leather-clad sadistic guards and naked inmates help themselves to the nubile tourist. Here the warden takes delight in punishing prisoners, whilst in the darkest depths of the place a cruel mistress dwells in her fiendish dungeon, secretly preparing and training those sent to her for dispatch to lifelong slavery.

Order #BD-031

ICE CAVES OF THE UNDER-CITY Stargraves / Stargraves

Having temporarily escaped from the clutches of the diabolical Krell and his celestial female hellhole called Planet Sex, Carrie wrestles with the inescapable truth that there is nothing she can do to alter the preprogrammed flight path of her escape vessel. Her fate is sealed as the craft hurtles towards the nightmarish concept of Krell's Earth base, deep within the ice crust of Antarctica where females are bound, gagged, cinched, and trussed sex objects for the enjoyment of the reinstated ruling male gender.

Order #BD-030



THE SHUTTERED HOUSE Stargraves / Stargraves

Two foxy girls mysteriously vanish and their hapless boyfriends become the prime suspects! Both a creepy university lecturer and a hard-boiled cop seem to know more than they're telling. This particular shuttered house holds many surprises for the unwary. What lies hidden behind the steel door in the basement? What horrors await the helpless heroines in the Red Room? Will their boyfriends be able to clear their names before the net closes on them? Who is the sinister figure watching from the window? Will the girls be able to break free from their cruel bonds? All this and more will be revealed.

Order #BD-029



2477AD Gord/ Benson

At a time in the not-so-distant future, women have become pleasure chattels, controlled, trained and sold by the state. Some are destined to become pets of the rich, some to become incredibly controlled utility objects. Whatever their fate, one thing is for sure. In 2477AD every woman, unless one of the privileged few, will spend most of their adult life restrained, used, and abused in any manner of bizarre configurations. 2477AD is the story of one such privileged woman who falls into the hands of the state machine.

Order #BD-001

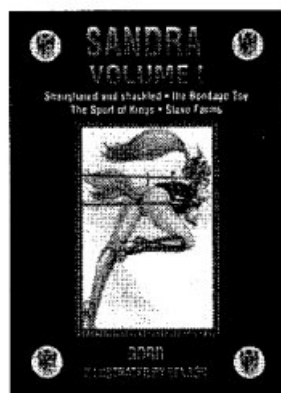
THE GORD COLLECTION Gord / Benson

Here is an unparalleled collection of great short stories, with themes ranging from medieval England through to contemporary times. Witchcraft, jealous lovers, callously indifferent, profit motivated industrialists, slavers, passionate lovers; it's all here in this omnibus of bondage scenarios. Penned by the master himself, you'll find a bevy of beauties inside, all of them bound to please, gagged to mouth watering levels, clamped, banded, strapped, and trussed. A must for the most discerning connoisseur of damsels in distress.

Order #GC-001



Originally the Sandra books were ten illustrated reader books. Now they are published as collector's volumes in large format, high quality, glossy hardbacks with full sized original illustrations by Benson.



SANDRA Volume 1

GORD / BENSON

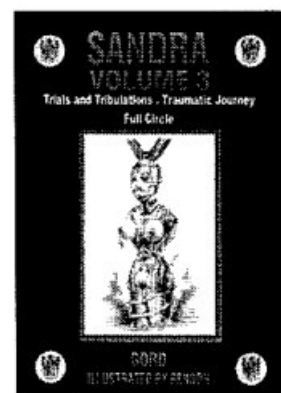
Sandra Darcy, a business executive, is kidnapped by a thwarted colleague and taken to his private dungeon. Later she is to be sold to a slave owner. But the slave owner decides not to wait for delivery. Sandra becomes a bound and gagged pawn as the two antagonists fight for ownership, whilst an evil Sharna, girlfriend of the slave owner, uses the helpless female for her own diabolical kinky scenarios. 192 pages; 70 illustrations **Order #HBD-002**

SANDRA Volume 3

GORD / BENSON

In a final desperate effort to recover what he now considers his personal property, Peter and associates finally wrest the suffering females from the clutches of those who would do them harm. But a life of freedom is not what he has in mind. Peter has become an expert in the field of bondage, and with a bevy of bound beauties at his disposal, he is finally able to let his fantasies run amok. 224 pages; 72 illustrations.

Order #HBD-004



BENSON'S BONDAGE ART

BENSON / GORD

Another prestigious, large format, hardbound collector's edition of Benson's bondage artwork on quality high gloss paper, with an introduction by Gord.

This book is a must for the serious bondage connoisseur and fans of Benson. All original artwork, commissioned by, and copyright of House of Gord.

104 pages; 98 illustrations

Order #BBA-001

The Making of Stepford

As a kid I always liked that American TV programme which started with the voice-over talking about LA, the City of Angels, where there were a million stories, and this was just one of those stories. I liked the idea that intense, intriguing, often bizarre stories could emanate from seemingly normal circumstances.

I was also captivated by the film, 'Stepford Wives'.

It worked on so many levels and although it was clearly fantasy, it was a simple enough idea for it to have some degree of realistic credibility. The film has hardly any sexual content and yet it appeals forcefully to many males' ultimate fantasy.

Stepford Bound is unashamedly a homage to that film.



STEPFORD BOUND

Comprising of 70 Illustrations



Welcome to Stepford Bound...a place unlike any other on Earth where absolute domination over women is the foundation upon which this town was built. Entry to this private, gated community is by invitation only. With a population of three hundred, Stepford is a small but perfectly formed community, comprising of a hospital, school house, plantation, stores and its own power station.

Women are a vital ingredient to the success of Stepford as both a community and as a vision of Utopia. Here you will find women installed in a variety of devices designed to maintain this bizarre village. Learn the laws, read the paper, visit the shops, but don't let anyone know where you've been. Secrecy ensures the township's ability to maintain their highly specialised way of life.



"Silenced and packaged into a web of tight leather harnessing, Mrs Price hangs helplessly from a transporting trolley as strong hands slide open a rusty door to reveal a low hanging meat rack...

"It is here that Mrs Price finds herself detained in a spare white cell. All around her are the noises of a busy, bustling hospital, distant echoes of clanging cell doors, the click clacking of hob-nailed boots marching up and down the labyrinth of corridors that make up the hospital's basement...

"With the brank in place and her ample bosom properly positioned, the door is locked shut and its pretty captive must now await her surgeries in blackened silence..."



A Genuine House of Gord Publication

