



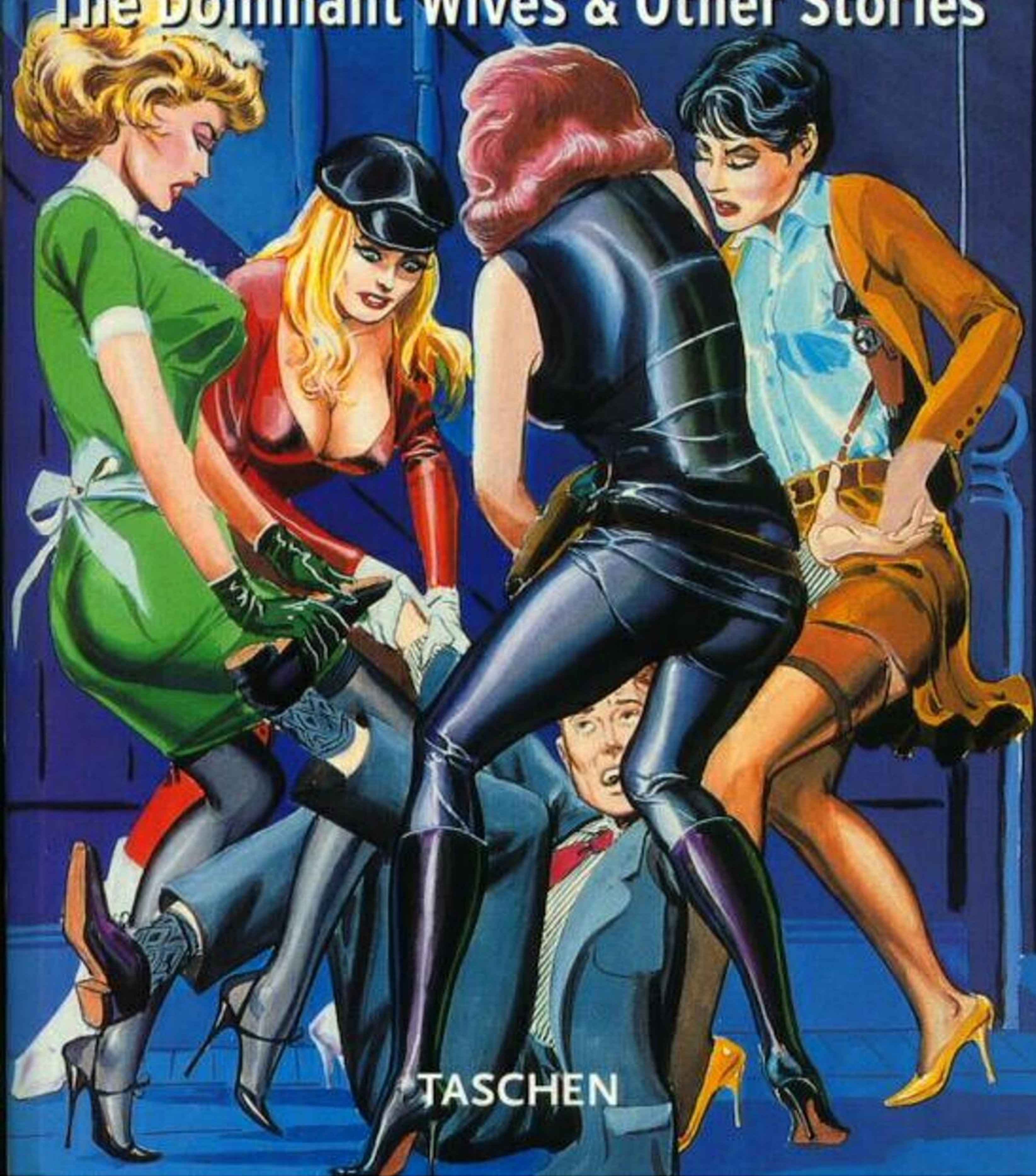


**Eric Stanton**



# Eric Stanton

The Dominant Wives & Other Stories



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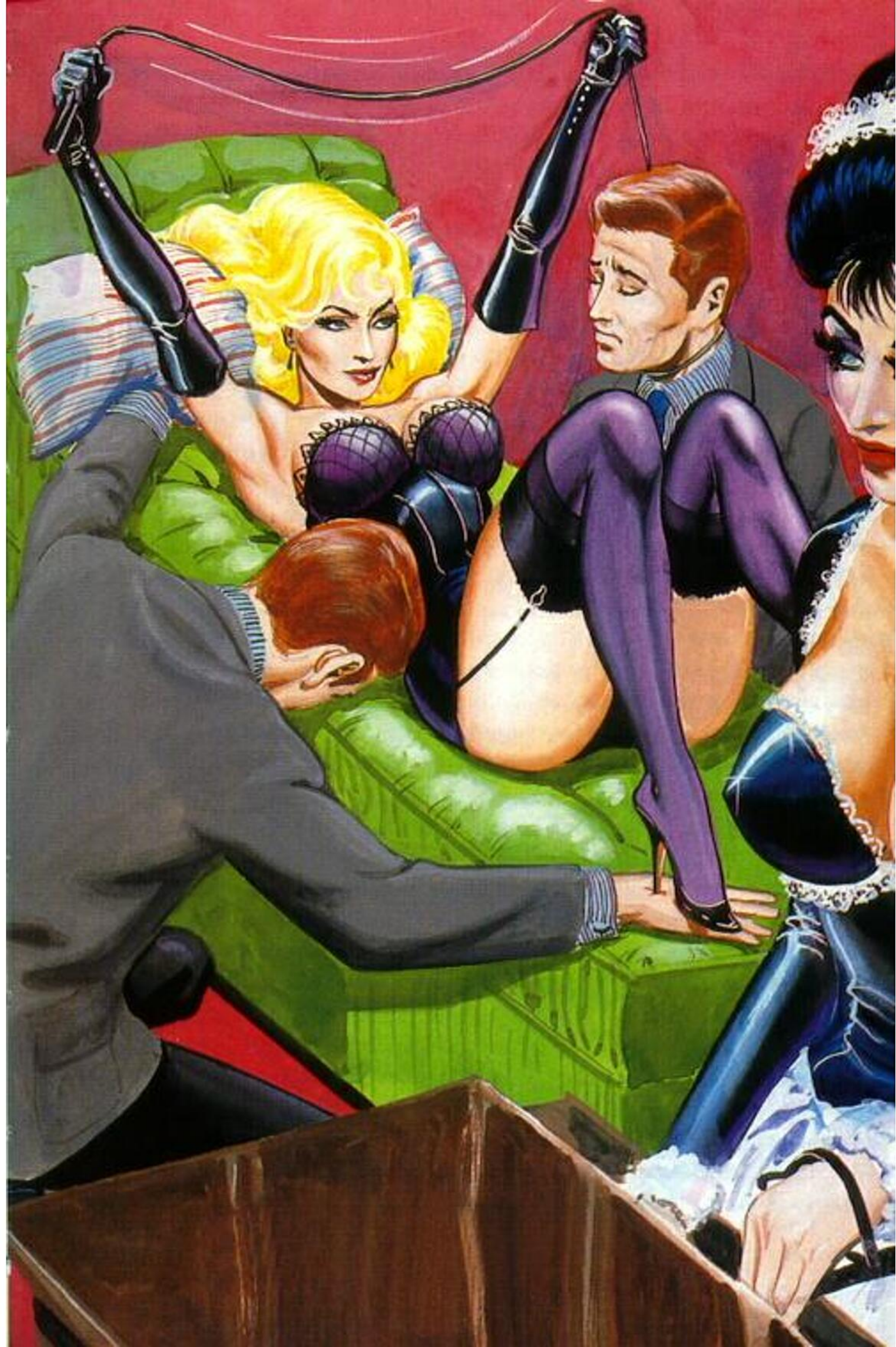
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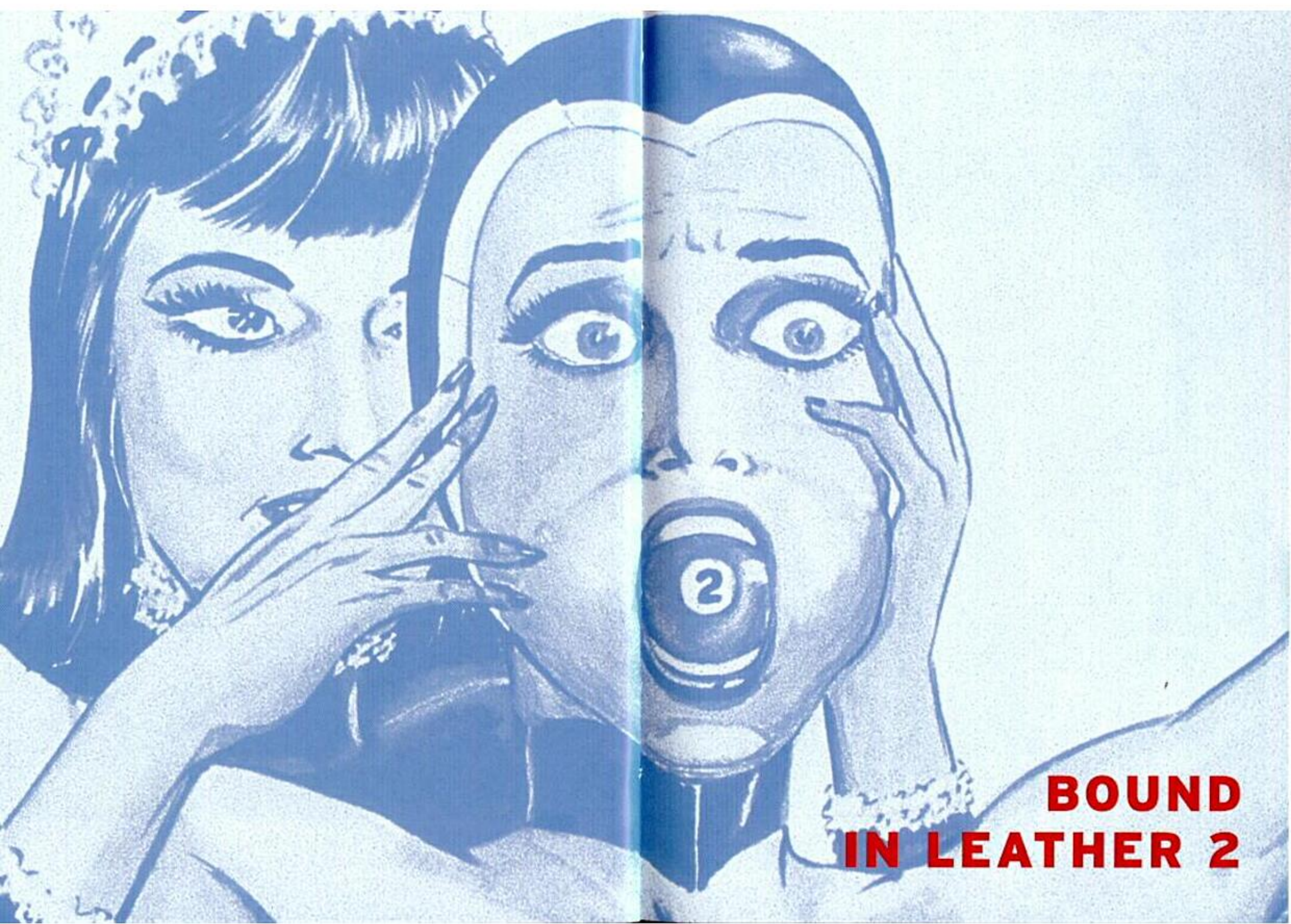






**BOUND  
IN LEATHER 1**





**BOUND  
IN LEATHER 2**





**BOUND  
IN LEATHER 1**



# BOUND in LEATHER

Illustrated by  
E. Stanton

An Irving Klaw  
Production

At first glance, she appeared to be about twenty. A second glance, maybe twenty-five. The more you looked, the less able you were to decide. But one thing you could be sure of - she was completely feminine, feminine in the old-fashioned sense of the word, a woman who was glad to be a woman, and to make the most of all those things that set her apart from a man.

You could never picture her in a sloppy sweater and a pair of blue-jeans. This girl would always be dressed in the most feminine of garments, or if she did wear something masculine, like a pair of slacks, she would, by her very womanliness, make them look ultra feminine.

These were my thoughts as I settled myself in an aisle seat and glanced at my lovely neighbor. We were both attending one of New York's hit straight comedies, and seats were so hard to get that I counted myself lucky in having found a single.

There were still a few minutes before the curtain went up on the first act, and I filled in most of the time by taking as much stock of my neighbor as I could without being too obvious about it. She knew what I was up to, and did not seem upset about it. But then, she was well worth looking at.

About medium height, very slim in the waist, with a very full bust, which she carried delightfully high; midnight black hair, cut short, and dressed in a curling mass of ringlets all over her head. Her face, while pretty to begin with, was made positively striking by her very elaborate make-up.

She looked almost as though she should have been up on the stage herself. Her skin was made up so pale as to be almost white, against which her brilliant red lipstick, outlining a very pretty wide mouth, and her green eyes, dramatically accented with heavy green eye-shadow, black, curling artificial lashes, and high arching, painted black eyebrows.

Her costume was conservative, and all the more striking by reason of its very conservatism. She was clothed in clinging black satin, from a high, close-fitting collar, right down to a rather full, floor-length skirt. While it was in no sense tight, the clinging black material was so subtly draped that it showed the lovely figure beneath it very clearly. The long sleeves were full to the elbow and then fitted snugly down to the wrists, where they gave way to obviously extremely tight black kid gloves. Long gold and ruby drop earrings, a close fitting necklace of the same design, and a single gold ring, worn outside her right glove, completed the effect.

Very striking she was too, and I was by no means the only one looking at her. Something else that intrigued me was the way she sat. She held herself held upright, hands in her lap, knees modestly together, and, save for occasional movements of her head and eyes, she sat as still as a statue.

She did not seem to be with the party of four next to her, and so I assumed she was alone, and began thinking furiously of ways to make her acquaintance. She certainly wasn't the type to whom you simply said, "Say, how about a drink after the show?" The approach had to be more subtle than that.

CHAPTER ONE





Suddenly I had an idea. I have always had some skill with a pencil, so, making sure that she could not see exactly what I was doing, I began sketching her boots on the margin of my program.

In a few moments I paused thoughtfully. To my surprise she leaned toward me and murmured,

"May I see it?"

"See what?" I asked, in feigned astonishment.

"The picture of me."

"How do you know it's of you?"

"If it isn't, I've been wasting a lot of time posing," she replied.

Naturally I handed it over. I flatter myself it was good top, save that it was not finished.

"May I do that part?" she asked, "I draw a little too."

"Why sure," I answered eagerly, handing over the pencil.

She added some deft strokes, though I could see that the tightness of her gloves made it quite hard to hold the pencil.

"Oops! I've dropped your pencil."

"I'll get it," I said, diving down for it.

"It's right around my feet somewhere," she said, raising her long skirt helpfully.

"See anything?" she asked.

"Er - yes. A good deal," I floundered, then added, hopefully, "Not quite enough, though."

Obligingly, the concealing skirt was raised several inches higher.

"That better?"

"Oh, much better," I assured her. I had already snared the pencil, but I saw no reason to cut short this lovely display.

"It's a good thing you could get that pencil, I couldn't lean down that far."

"Why not?" I asked, with a sudden feeling of excitement.

"You think of the simplest, and oldest-fashioned reason, and you'll be right," she assured me.

Suddenly the reason for her very upright carriage, slim waist and high bust became clear.

"As stiff as that, eh?" I murmured, careful to keep my voice down.

"Even stiffer," she returned in an equally guarded tone, "My spine might just as well be made of steel. Does that interest you especially?"

"You're darn right it does." I crammed as much meaning into my answer as I could.

By this time the curtain was going up again, so we had to give our attention to the play. The high point of this act, and the real reason I had come at all, was a kidnapping scene. The action of this part of the show took place in a night-club, run, naturally, by gangsters. The heroine, the heiress to a large fortune, naturally, was working there, for some typical comedy reason, as a cigarette girl. The chief gangster's girl was also working at the club in the same capacity.

The chief gangster, as you would expect, falls heavily for the heroine, and decides her money would come in handy too. So he lures her into his office, ties her hands behind her, gags her with a knotted handkerchief, and, to prevent her seeing where he is going to take her, he pulls a black sack over her head and down to her hips. He then gets a phone call, and has to leave.





With her pretty legs, in the mesh stockings of her collar, being all of her that was showing, I thought the heroine looked most attractive.

Suddenly the hero, who has been working at the club as a bartender, appears and frees the heroine, explaining that he sent the fake phone call.

Hero and heroine are just about to leave when the other girl busts in, looking for her gangster boy-friend. With one second, hero and heroine jump on her, tie and gag her in the same way that the heroine had been treated, pull the sack down over her head and body in the same way and leave.

Gangster's moll does some very pretty struggling and squirming, trying to escape, and also showing her very pretty legs. Gangster returns, breathing threats against whoever sent the phone call. He begins to tell the helpless occupant of the bag, whom he naturally assumes is still the heroine, just how he proposes to treat her, up at his little hide-away in the country. Much to his surprise, the legs show every indication of liking the things he suggests. (Of course, Moll has been trying to get him to do these things to her for years.) Considering the actress had only her legs with which to express emotion, she did an amazing job. The more he threatened, the more she strutted, and posed, and expressed pleasure. At first, he was flattered, and began thinking he might have considerable appeal after all. So he begins embroidering his threats, and her legs began to show a series of terrific bumps and grinds.

That tears it. Gangster realizes that heroine wouldn't know how to do a bump or grind, but his girl had been in burlesque for years. To make sure, he tears the sack off the girl, sees who it is and storms out, saying, "Even without the sack, you're still an old bag!" This throws the silent and helpless girl into a perfect transport of rage. Fruitlessly she tries to open the door, but can't do it; she puts her high heel through the window with the idea of calling for help, but can't make a sound; finally she goes to the phone, knocks the instrument off the cradle, and as the curtain comes down, we see her trying to dial for help with her nose.

The theatre then rocked with laughter and applause.





As the house lights came up, I turned to my companion and remarked, "I thought that was terrific, didn't you?"

"It was pretty funny, alright, but I would have liked it better if that had been a real gag," she answered.

"What do you say we go over to the bar and have a drink, instead of sitting in this hot theatre?" I asked.

She made me very happy by agreeing.

The waiter captain at the bar knows me, but he knew my companion even better.

"Good evening, Mrs. Roberts," he said, bowing. Then he led her to a booth; I followed along behind, feeling considerably dashed by the knowledge that she was married. But then I cheered up. Maybe she had been divorced.

As we sat down, I said, "so you're Mrs. Roberts?"

"That's right, Mrs. Richard Roberts, happily married and the mother of a daughter."

"Is that right?" I said.

She started talking about her husband.

"My husband insists on high heels for my carriage, corsets for my figure, bondage to make me helpless and a gag to assure that silence which is a guarantee of assent."

"How about your daughter? Is she being brought up the same way?"

"Being brought up? She won't have it any other way. At times, she insists on such severe treatment that we're afraid she will do herself permanent injury. But she just laughs, or would, if she could make a sound, and wants her gag and bonds pulled tighter."

"She sounds like a thoroughly delightful girl," I said wistfully.

"Oh, she is, she just lives for Bondage and Figure Training."

She paused and I waited. This was the moment.

"Would you like to meet her?" asked my pretty companion. Restraining a strong, but I think natural desire to yell "Yes!" at the top of my voice, I answered, "if she's anything like you, I'd be delighted."

"Well, I suggest we finish our drinks and then go on home."

"Sounds like an excellent idea."

For her part she told me her name was Victoria, Vicki for short. Her daughter was Nicole, or Nicki. Her husband Dick, who ran a brokerage house was away for a couple of days on business; that was why she had come to the theatre alone.

We were soon in a cab heading for an address uptown.

When we arrived at the address Vicki had given me, I was impressed to see it was a private house, rather than an apartment.

"I don't know what your daughter may look like, but you look utterly charming. I've seen such a figure—that tiny waist and full bust."

"Oh, this figure?" she answered in an oddly detached tone, "this is just the figure I wear in public—can't stop traffic you know. But wait till we get inside."

"Would you unlock the door please? My gloves are so tight that it's very difficult for me. Use the big flat key."

I soon had the door swinging open and she stepped inside, I followed. I heard a pleasant, slightly French accented voice begin speaking as I followed her in.

"Madame is back so soon, surely, the play cannot be over? But of course not; madame didn't stay beyond the second act, that is when the interest ceases."

"Fifi, this is a new friend of mine. You may be seeing a good deal of him. His name is Mr. Walk."

Fifi looked at me, giving me a warm, inviting smile. Meanwhile, I was looking at her, well, maybe staring was a better word.

Believe me, this Fifi was worth a long stare any day. Actually about medium height, she appeared to be tall, by reason of the slim six inch heels on her pretty ankle-strap sandals, of black patent leather, shackled at wrists and ankles with dainty cuffs and chains.

"Show Mr. Ted into the living-room, Fifi. Then come upstairs and help me. I'm going to slip into something more comfortable."

Fifi watched her mount the stairs to where they turned at a landing, then she turned to me and breathed, "madame is so lovely. But then, Mamselle Nickie is lovely too..."

Then she waited.

"You're lovely too, Fifi," I assured her.

"Thank you, monsieur, I was beginning to think you would not say it."

She opened the door with a grand gesture, ushered me through.

"This is the living-room monsieur," she informed me.

She was interrupted by Nicki's voice, calling from above.

"Fifi! Stop flirting, come up here and tend to your job!"





Left alone, I turned and inspected the living-room for the first time. Money, and plenty of it, was obvious in the furnishings. But it was money controlled by quiet good taste. One of the most striking features of the room was the number of photographs. Some were hung on the walls, some were placed on the tables and occasional pieces.

One picture in particular caught my eye; at first I thought it was an oil painting in tones of sepia, in a very low key. It was just a girl's head, in an old-fashioned traveling hood, against a dark background. As I looked more closely I saw that the girl was Vicki, or somebody that looked very like her and the pose was modeled on the famous sequence in "Jamaica Inn," and the subject was gagged, though the fact was not too obvious at first because of the shadow that the cloak cast on the face. Unlike Maureen O'Hara, in the original, this girl was really gagged. Her mouth was almost wide open, and very tightly packed with a large pad of cloth, while the band that crossed the face and circled the head, keeping the pad in place, went between the parted teeth, and was obviously pulled very taut. The subject's wide open eyes, with a tear trembling in the corner of one, looked at the observer with a mixture of fright and desire that was as tremendously interesting.

Another photograph nearby was just a pair of bound hands. Clearly, they were crossed and bound behind the owner's back; they were tightly gloved in glistening black kid, which contrasted very sharply with the almost white cord that imprisoned them. The cord, by the way it sank into the flesh, was drawn very tightly. There was a tremendous sense of tension in the rigidly held, almost claw-like fingers.

Over the rather modern looking fire-place was a very large photographic enlargement, done in the manner of the time-honored family portrait. At first glance it was exactly like hundreds of other family works. The subject, who was presumably Vicki, was seated stiffly upright, in a rather ornate straight chair, the figure three quarters to the camera, the face looking straight at the viewer. She wore a light colored evening dress and appeared to be so tiny in the waist, and so full in the bust that it seemed obvious that a retoucher had been at work.

But as you looked more closely, several things became apparent. To start with, Vicki's arms were drawn over the back of the chair, and seemed to be secured behind her back in some manner; so far were they drawn back, in fact that the elbows must have been very close together, or actually in contact.

That accounted, at least in part, for the stiffness of the pose and the way the high, huge bust was thrust forward. The evening gown was transparent, allowing the figure to show through in pretty semi-visibility. It also showed that the legs were tightly laced into thigh-boots carrying heels at least seven inches high. Further, the pretty ankles were strapped together and loops ran from the ankle bondage to each of the front legs of the chair.

But it was the face that worried me most. Partly, around the eyes and upper part of the face, it looked exactly like Vicki; but the lower part of the face, from the nose down, did not. It looked rather stiff, somehow, with rather too much distance from nose to chin, and a pair of flat-looking, unnatural lips. They seemed painted on. Then I got it. Vicki was wearing a concealed gag. The upper part of her face was free, but her mouth was apparently packed with a pad that held her jaws about an inch apart. Then, from the root of the nose to the base of the chin her face was smoothly covered with something concealed, and sealed the mouth. It seemed to be smoothed well out onto each cheek, and may have gone all around the head; it was so skillfully done that one could not tell from the picture. Finally a pair of lips were painted in the proper position.

All in all, it was a picture to delight a bondage-lover's heart.







There was another photograph that fascinated me. It was in color, and was obviously based on an old master. Which one it was had me baffled until, in one corner of the frame I saw the words, "After Goya." Then I placed it. It was the famous "Nude Maja." The couch, the pose, the lighting, all were carefully reproduced. But in this picture the subject who was, quite obviously, Vicki, wore a pair of marvelously fitting over-knee boots in flesh-colored leather, with heels that I guessed to be not less than eight inches in height. From boot-tops to waist she wore a pair of nude elastic mesh tights, and from the waist to just below the jutting bust, a tiny waisted, stiffly boned corset of leather to match the boots.

Her arms, which in the original are held languorously behind the head, were in the same pose, but in tight flesh-colored leather gloves, which were actually joined to each other in such a manner that each hand was clasped around the opposite elbow; thus, she was actually incapable of defending herself, though, to judge by her attitude, defense was the last thing she had in mind. Her mouth was drawn far back at the corners into a sort of fixed grin by a narrow band of the same leather drawn very tightly between her teeth, and presumably buckled behind her head. A certain appearance of pressure about her mouth showed clearly that though it was forced back into invisibility, her mouth was pecked with some sort of silencing pad.

The sexy quality of the boots, the helpless arms and the tight gag all combined into an effect of charming willingness that was quite indescribable.

There were numerous other pictures in the room, some just costume studies, some showing bondage too. All were interesting, but there is no point in describing them here.

I had just completed my examination of all of them, when I heard Vicki's voice in the hall, calling,

"Will you open the door, please?"

"Sure," I answered, hastening to oblige, wondering, as I did so, why she could not open it for herself; after all, it wasn't locked, or anything, just closed.

I opened it, and she minced past me, into the room, holding herself very upright and taking very small steps, even allowing for her high heels. As she passed, I saw the reason for the upright pose. Her arms were held behind her back in a "Y" shaped glove of black kid. It reached almost to the armpits and the two separate arms joined into one at the elbows, which were held in actual contact in the small of her back. From there, down to the tips of her fingers, it was a single glove, holding her forearms, hands, and even fingers rigidly together.

Arrived in the middle of the room, she turned and faced me.

"Well?" she smiled, "how do I look?"

From a very low-cut bust-line, almost down to her toes, she was wearing a skin-tight gown of what I took to be raspberry red velvet. It was quite plain, save for a crisp white edging around the sleeveless top and outlining a small slit in the front of the skirt. It fitted, literally, like a skin. The bones of her corset, the tops and lacing of her boots were all clearly outlined. The area from the bottom of the corset to the tops of the boots was especially clearly shown. The skirt could not have been more revealing had it been posted to her body; not a line, not a muscle of her pretty hips and curving bottom was concealed.

Suddenly, I realized her bosom, incredibly high and full, must tape well over forty inches, while her wasp waist could not have been any more than eighteen inches.

"Well?" she pouted, "aren't you going to say anything?"





"So that's what you meant by the figure you wear in public!" I exclaimed.

"What? Oh, yes. I can hardly show my real figure when I'm outside. It really would stop traffic, don't you think?"

"I'll say!" I agreed heartily, "just what do you do when you go out?"

"Well, for one thing, I wear a sort of padded vest around my waist, that adds a few inches. I like to look slim, you understand, but no thinner than a girl with a naturally small waist; about twenty-three, twenty-four inches."

"But how about the - umm - upper works? The way you stand out now, compared to -"

"Different brassiere," she explained, "they anchor to the top of my corset, of course. When I want to go out, I wear one that sort of minimizes things. But here at home I wear one that is really designed to make the most of a naturally full bust, aided by a very tight corset."

"Sounds kind of complicated. Wouldn't it be easier simply to leave your corset off when you go out?"

"What?" she exclaimed, "For one thing, after years of corset-wearing, I feel like I'm going to fall apart, if I take it off, even for a few minutes. For another, I've been training for a small waist for too many years to let it expand even for a matter of hours."

Turning away from me, she strutted over to a straight chair, or rather I should say an upright chair with arms and back of plain wood, no upholstery.

As she moved, her hips, thanks to the stiff corset above and high heels below, undulated most enticingly.

Arrived at the chair, she turned to stand with her body in profile, smiling at me over her shoulder, as she asked,

"Aren't you going to say that I look pretty? After all, it isn't every day that a girl gets herself up in a costume like this, and then has her arms so rigidly restrained, just so as to look appealing."

"Well, frankly," I replied, "I've never seen anybody like you before. I've heard that there were girls who liked to corset and wear high heels and thigh boots; I'd even read of some who enjoyed bondage. But I never expected to meet one, especially one who obviously gets such wholehearted pleasure out of it. Believe me, you're the loveliest, most desirable creature I've ever seen."

"Thank you," she smiled, "that's what my husband tells me. But I like hearing it from somebody else too."

"There's just one thing..." I murmured.

"What's that?" she asked, in obvious concern.

"Your legs. It seems a pity to hide them under that long skirt."

"Well?" she challenged.

"Huh?" I gaped.

"Well, with my arms behind me like this, I can't very well stop you. After all, that's what a skirt like this is for - to be pulled up."

In a second, I was beside her and had grasped the material to begin raising it when I said,

"Hey, what goes on? This stuff feels like rubber."

"That's what it is, red sheet rubber, out and draped into a gown. That's what makes it cling so wonderfully."

In a second I had the skirt gathered and looped up to her hips. Gracefully, she sank into the chair, sitting far enough back in the seat so that her gloved hands, which hung so rigidly over her bottom, slipped over the back of the seat, so that she could sit upright.

Then, as I stepped back to look at her, she crossed her booted legs in the approved pin-up manner and smiled,

"Well?"

The picture she presented, the beautifully fitting, skin-tight, high heeled boots, the red rubber gown, suggestively gathered about the hips and hugging the tiny waist and incredible bust, the back-arched shoulders and black-gloved, helpless arms, and finally the pretty, warmly smiling face made me admire her immensely.

"Great God in Heaven!" was all I could say.

Then I stared some more, while she obviously basked in my pop-eyed admiration. Finally, I managed to murmur,

"How do you get this dress off?" I asked, "it doesn't seem to have any fastenings."

"It doesn't. It's rubber, remember? It just rolls down like a stocking."

It took me a second to get the roll started around the close-fitting top; but after that it was almost like peeling a banana. In a very brief time the dress was just a red doughnut on the floor, and she was stepping away from it. I tossed it on a chair and turned to inspect my lovely companion.





From heels to the tops of her legs she wore, as I had seen, the most perfectly fitting thigh-boots imaginable. They were of black kid, highly polished and seemingly almost buttery in softness. At the top of each leg, on the outside, a tightly drawn strap ran up to the leather corset that stretched from rather below the hip-bones, up past the tiny waist, to the base of the jutting bust. Above this, and fastened to the corset in some way, was the brassiere that had started the discussion. This was shaped into two half cups, obviously shaped and boned rigidly to hold the proper shape. The brassiere rusted in and welled out of these supports.

Then, my eye caught something else that I had more or less skipped over before. Her pants. Not that much showed between the bottom of the corset and the top of the boots, but what did was black and fitted like a skin, literally like a skin.

Following the direction of my eye, Vicki rolled her hips slowly and asked,

"Admiring the pants?"

"Damn right. How can you get them to fit that way?"

"Feel," she invited, turning in profile.

"I get it. Rubber?"

"Why the rubber pants - especially when everything else is leather?" I asked.

"Because in this house the pants have to fit perfectly, if they're worn at all. Of course, Nicki and I often wear matching leather pants, to go with the rest of whatever costume we may be wearing. But when they're put on, laced to fit properly, we can sit down. So, since I could hardly go to the theatre without sitting, I wore rubber."

"Sounds like a delightful idea. But tell me, how long can you go without sitting down?"

"Oh, all day. All evening too, if Dick decides he wants us to."

For instance, if I had a pair of leather pants on now, I'd just have to keep standing up till somebody decided to take them off. I certainly couldn't do it for myself, could I?" she asked, moving her bound arms slightly.

"I guess not," I admitted, rather startled. "But couldn't you ask for help, or a little rest?"

"When we're dressed in that sort of a formal rig, we don't ask for anything," she assured me, firmly.

Then, strolling back to the same chair she had sat in before, she perched on it prettily, with one leg resting along the arm, the other resting on the floor. Putting her head attractively on one side she asked,

"Will you do me a favor?"

"Sure. Anything you want."

"Will you tie me up?"

"But - but -" I spluttered, "you are tied up already."

"Oh, only my arms. I want to feel real helpless."

"You bet I'll tie you up. I'll tie you right into that chair. But what can I tie you with?"

"Just pull the bell," she nodded to a bell-pull by the fireplace, "pull it three times. Fifi will understand."

It was only a matter of seconds after I pulled it that Fifi was opening the door and remarking,

"Bon dieu. Fifi was beginning to think that madame would never ring."

In her hands she carried a big silver tray. On it, was coiled a selection of ropes, numerous straps of various lengths and widths as well as a couple of pairs of handcuffs, an ankle-chain and some other things I was too interested to notice at the moment.

She put the tray down on an end-table, then moved the table over near the chair where we were standing, being careful to face away from me, so that as she leaned over and moved the table, she gave me a very interesting view. Then she straightened up, faced around and putting her hands behind her, asked,

"Would you care to have me help you, monsieur?"

"Why no, I don't think so, thank you, Fifi," I answered, smiling at her.

"Fifi is very good at tying up, monsieur - or being tied up," she added hopefully.

"Well, maybe some day soon I'll have the pleasure of tying you."

"Fifi hopes so, monsieur Ted. Any time at all. But I must warn you. Fifi struggles and must be tied very tightly."

"All right, Fifi, break it up." There was a distinct edge to Vicki's voice. Obviously, she was the one who was going to be tied and she didn't want the maid burning in on it.

Slightly abashed, the pretty maid started to wince out, when her mistress stopped her with,

"Fifi, where's Nicki?"

"She spent most of the day in the dark-room, madame, working on those last pictures. But then, about five, she came out and told me that she had been very clumsy. Her high heel had turned and she had spilled some solution. She wanted to be punished."





Vicki nodded as though this were all the most ordinary thing in the world. Then she asked, "How did you punish her?" "I lock her in the trunk, madame." "Good. Well, in about ten minutes, bring her up here. I want her to meet Mr. Walk." "Oui, madame. Still in the trunk?" "I don't see why not. Maybe Mr. Walk would like taking her out."

This was all Greek to me; but I resolved not to say anything. If they wanted to regard this punishing of girls by putting them in trunks as a natural thing to do, I wasn't going to be different.

Instead, I stepped to the tray and picked out a long piece of rather heavy rope.

With a final glance at us to see if there was anything else, Fifi nipped over to the door and departed. From the way she snatched her hips and closed the door rather firmly behind her, I got the impression that she was annoyed with me for not letting her help. Well, that was too bad. But I didn't get a chance like this every day and I wasn't going to share it with anybody.

I beckoned my willing victim over, passed the rope once around her pretty little waist and tied it firmly at the back, with two long ends equal and trailing almost to the floor. Then I helped her to sit in the chair, well back in the seat, with her gloved arms over the back. Bringing the two ends of the rope forward, one around each side. Then I passed them back under her body, not without some smothered protests on her part as I handled her in the process. Next I tied a shorter rope, figure of eight wise, several times around her upper arms, just above the elbows. Then I brought the two ends of the rope from under her body up, through the arm rope and pulled it as tight as I could. Then I knotted it. The result was to pull her shoulders back and down, make her arch her back as much as her stiff corset could allow and apply some very interesting tension to the tendons at the tops of her legs.

"Ooh!" she gasped softly, as the rope drew tight. "That feels wonderful, I can see I'm going to enjoy this, I love it."

I had considered tying her legs together, but decided I could make her more helpless and more uncomfortable, by securing them another way. I tied a short rope to each pretty ankle, passed the ropes outside the front legs of the chair and back underneath to her gloved wrists. Pulling these short ropes very tight, I forced her legs wide apart in front, then, bent steeply at the knees, with the toes well clear of the floor, back under the seat. Then I secured the ropes around her wrists.



"Have you ever done this sort of thing before?" asked Vicki.

"Well, once or twice and only in fun," I admitted.

"I must say you seem to have a natural knack for it, then. I feel delightfully helpless and of course, creep in out of the question."

Feeling highly complimented, I continued securing her. I passed a long strap, figure of eight wise, around her upper body and the back of the chair and pulled it extremely tight across her chest, above and below her bosom.

"Uhm," she sighed, "you're even making it hard to breathe."

Two more shorter straps went around each knee, anchoring them securely to the front legs of the chair.

"All right," I said, "now wriggle."

She tried, but aside from a little writhing, she couldn't move at all, except for her hair, of course, which I hadn't planned to do anything to.

"You know your business, boy. I feel like a trussed chicken," she smiled.

"Oooh! Uhm! she sighed, "that feels so wonderful."

"More wonderful than if I were doing it, say, in the back seat of a car, on a dark road somewhere?" I asked, curiously.

"Oh, yes, yes! A tight, stiff corset makes any experience much more exciting; then being tied up and unable to do anything to stop you, makes it still more thrilling."

I continued my ministrations for several minutes, while she sighed and moaned her appreciation.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. We both jumped. Fifi's voice, out in the hall, spoke,

"Here is Miss Vicki, madame."

I don't know just what I expected to see, maybe Fifi, pushing a large trunk on a little wheel-barrow of some sort. But instead, when the door opened, I saw quite a small, dark green trunk, core of a foot-locker, up on one end, supported by a pair of singularly lovely legs in dark brown thigh-boots.





Guided by Fifi, this vision strutted into the room, taking steps not much over six inches long. The reason for the short steps was evident. The extremely thin heels on the boots were over eight inches high. But each pace, though tiny, was perfect, not a trace of a tremor at the ankles, the knees quite straight and firm, the rounded toes of the beautifully fitting boots being pointed so far down that the walk was entirely on the toes, the heels touching the ground only when the occupant of the boots stood still. The walk was light as thimble-down and very reminiscent of a ballet dancer, moving on tip-toe.

The trunk was just large enough to enclose a girl from the top of her head to the fork of her legs, allowing just enough width for her shoulders. There was no trace of an opening in the lid, which, of course, faced front, so the occupant was quite blind.

But she gave no sign of it. Fifi sort of aimed her in the general direction of Vicki's chair and gave her a slight push. She moved forward, stopping, seemingly by instinct, a few feet in front of the chair.

"Vicki dear, can you hear me?" Vicki asked.

The trunk bowed slightly.

"I have to ask her," Vicki explained in an aside to me, sometimes she wears a discipline helmet with heavy padding over the ears and she can't quite hear a sound." Then she turned back to the trunk.

"Did Fifi tell you about what I did tonight?"

The trunk pivoted back and forth in what was obviously a movement of "No."

"Well, you know I went to the theatre?"

"Yes," bowed the trunk.

"While I was there, I sat next to a very nice young man. I made an excuse to borrow his pencil and drop it. He looked like he might be interested in girls like us. So when he dived for the pencil, I pulled up my skirt and showed him my boots. As a result, he not only came back to the house to meet you, but he's got me tied to this chair and he's looking at you as though he'd like to eat you. If you want to say 'Hello,' he's just to the right of me here."

The trunk turned in my direction and the legs did a very nice curtsy.

"Hello, I'm Ted Walk," I introduced myself. "If the rest of you is one tenth as pretty as those boots, well--wow!"

At this point Fifi, who had been standing rather proudly in the background, stepped forward and asked,

"May Fifi make a suggestion, madame?"

"Certainly, Fifi, what is it?" asked Vicki.

"Perhaps, you and Monsieur Ted would like some coffee? Miss Nicki would make a lovely coffee table."

Casually, she took a corner of the trunk and maneuvered Nicki around so that she stood sideways to Vicki, four or five feet to her right. Then she topped the trunk and ordered,

"Rigid, mad'melle." Turning to me, she suggested,

"Perhaps Monsieur Ted will lay her flat on her back? My corset is too tight for me to take the weight."

So I stepped behind Nicki, put my hands on the trunk and pulled her gently backward. She came toward me, holding her legs quite stiff, so that it was a simple matter to lay the trunk on its bottom on the floor, with Nicki's pretty legs sticking out of it, off to the right.

Fifi bustled out to get the tray and I took a moment to look at the trunk. The lock side was toward Vicki and the clasps and lock were securely closed. The girl inside had not a chance of escaping. Her legs, which thrust through two holes out in the right-hand end, were absolutely perfect and set off by the skin fitting brown boots that laced very tightly from toe-cap to the top of the leg. The heels came down to toes smaller than a dime, while the bearing part of the sole was not much over an inch, allowing no more than the first joints of the toes to touch the ground. Since the pretty, high-arched feet were by no means large to begin with, some such arrangement was necessary to carry heels of such extreme height.

The pretty maid came back with the tray, making a very pretty picture in her own right, with her lovely corseted figure in gleaming black satin contrasting so sharply with the mesh-covered legs and sandalled feet on their six inch spindle heels. She put the tray on a side table, produced a lace cloth, spread it carefully over the trunk and then put the tray on it. Then she hurried out again, murmuring something about "fixing mad'melle's legs."





I poured two cups of coffee and added sugar and cream for Vicki, as she requested. By this time Fifi returned, carrying a nickel plated metal bar, about four feet long, with an ankle cuff at each end. In a very brief time, Vicki's ankles were locked in the cuffs, her legs spread incredibly wide apart. Fifi had to use quite a little force to get the bar in place.

"I know how impatient you are to unlock that trunk," Vicki smiled suddenly.

I guess you'd better begin the Grand Opening by taking the coffee things off the trunk."

Eagerly, I did as she told me and then she advised, "Better unlock that Leg Stretcher and take it off next. You'd have a tough job getting her out of the trunk with that in place, since she couldn't help you."

Again I obeyed. The pretty legs began moving and twisting about, gently at first, then more freely.

"Getting the kinks out," Vicki explained, in answer to my enquiring glance. "That position gets very uncomfortable in just a few minutes."

Using the other key, I unlocked the main flap of the trunk and opened the ones at each end. Then, my heart beating with excitement, I threw back the lid.

Instinctively I suppose, one looks first at the face under conditions like these. But instead of a face, I saw a mask, a beautifully made mask, in flesh-colored suede. It was obviously skin tight and fitted the contours beneath it without a wrinkle. The eye-holes were little more than narrow slits, interestingly turned up at the outer corners and fringed with long artificial lashes of black. Thin brows of black arched above them and the eye-lid area was even shadowed in green and there was touches of rouge, or an imitation, on the high, prominent cheek-bones. The hair was represented by a wig of stiffened silk fringe, in a brassy blonde shade and set in a mass of curling ringlets all over the head. The faintly smiling lips, in deep red, were simply made of a piece of colored kid, sewn in the proper place.

The arms, tightly gloved in gleaming black kid, right up to the shoulders, where they were met by very brief but wide sleeves on the blouse, were folded and tightly strapped to rest in the corsetted arch of the small of the back.





"But - but -" I fumbled, in my amazement, "Nicki must be an utter and complete bondage enthusiast."

"Oh, she is," Vicki agreed, "I'm pretty strong in that line myself. I like nothing better than being dressed and bound like you see me now - or even more stringently if my husband is around. But Nicki wears costumes, insists on bondage and silencers that would make me a wreck."

Quickly, I bent over and began unfastening the straps that held her so tightly bound in the trunk, starting with the one around her head and working down.

When I had unfastened the last one, I asked, "how do I get her legs clear of the end of the trunk here? Those holes are a pretty tight fit around her thighs."

"That upper part of the end there slides up and out. Works sort of like a pillory," Vicki explained.

In a second, I had the part mentioned pulled up and free. Since the trunk was such a tight fit and her costume so stiff anyway, I puzzled for a moment as to how to get her out. Then I remembered how I had laid her down, trunk and all and simply decided to reverse the process. Telling her to hold herself rigid, I lifted behind her wigged head with my left hand and when she was clear of the trunk, I slipped my other one behind her waist and continued lifting. In a second, she was upright, poised on the tips of her toes and her towering heels.

In a moment she stepped back a little, spun lightly on her heels and presented her rigidly strapped arms.

"What does she want now?" I asked, "to have me unstrap her arms?"

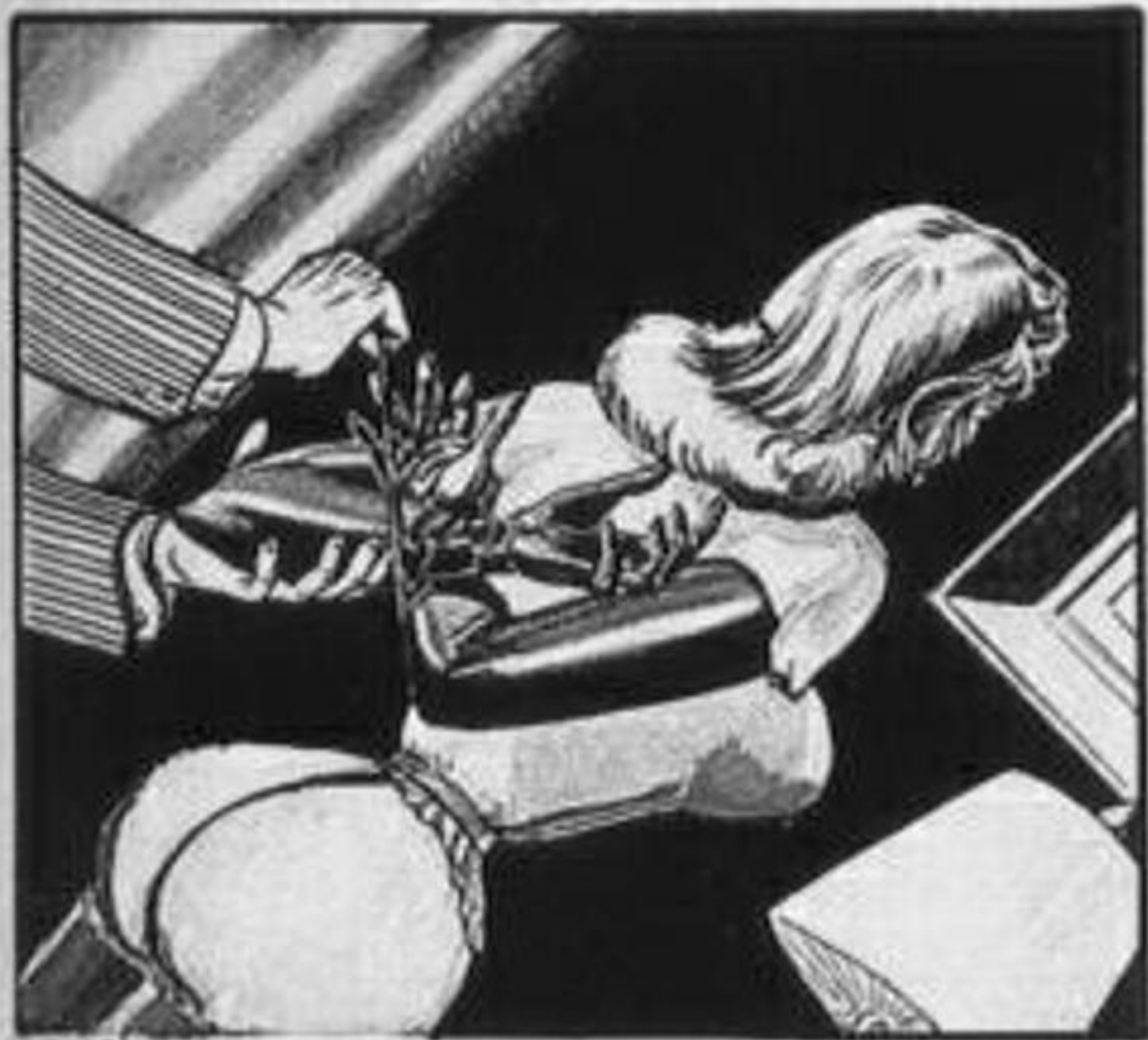
"Probably, under the circumstances. But you'd better ask her," Vicki answered, "it's quite possible that she simply wants the straps tightened."

"Well?" I asked the intriguing figure in front of me, "shall I take the straps off?"

She nodded, moving even closer to me.

It was quite a tussle to get the straps off, because they had been pulled up so tightly. I was sure that even after they were off, it would be some time before she could use her arms - after all, when they have been held rigidly in one position for a number of hours, and by very tightly adjusted bands, it stands to reason that they would be completely numb.

So I was greatly astonished to see that she had full use of them immediately. Turning to face me and stepping back a foot or two, she placed her gloved hands on her tiny waist, put her feet together and posed for my approval. She looked utterly delightful.





Then she mimed, with surprising quickness and grace, considering the height of her towering heels, over to the tray of bondage material. She picked up a big wad of absorbent cotton and a roll of adhesive tape; then she started for where her mother sat, helplessly tied to her chair. The latter saw her coming and stated, with an attempt at command.

"Nicole, I will not allow you to gag me. Put that stuff back immediately!"

It was just as though she had not spoken, for all the attention her daughter paid. As she neared her mother, she beckoned to me. Glad to assist, I hurried to her side.

"Ted," pleaded Vicki, "you'll listen to me, won't you? You won't let her gag me, will you?"

"You're damn right I will!" I grinned, heartily, "your lovely daughter has impressed me so much with her charming silence that I'm convinced that, lovely as you are, you'll be lovelier yet with a gag in your mouth."

"Well, try to get it in!" snapped the helpless woman, writhing fruitlessly in her chair and she clamped her jaws tight together.

To my mind, this would have presented quite a problem, since the jaw muscles are enormously strong and if she didn't want to open her mouth, it would be tough making her do it.

But her daughter was serenely confident, she passed behind the other woman's chair, beckoned me to stand in front and gave me the wad of cotton, gesturing that I should compress it as small as possible. Eagerly, I did so.

Nicki placed her thumbs against her mother's cheeks, just about opposite the hinges of the jaw; then she placed her first fingers, one against each nostril and pressed gently. Result, no air through the nose.

In a few seconds, Vicki countered by parting her lips in a sort of grin, breathing between her clenched teeth. The tightly gloved hands met this challenge by closing over the mouth, while keeping the nostrils closed.

Vicki squirmed and fought for a few seconds, but she had no chance, she had to give in and open her mouth. Immediately, her daughter removed her fingers but thrust in very powerfully with her thumbs so that her victim could not close her mouth without biting her cheeks. After letting her draw a couple of gasping breaths, she nodded to me.

I surmised, rightly, that I was to pack the cotton in place. This was a delightful job. I'd never gagged a woman before, but could see that I had been missing a treat. She fought me with her tongue at first, thrusting the padding out as fast as I tried to push it in. But a warning pressure by Nicki on her nostrils was enough to make her behave. Her tongue lay passively in the bottom of her mouth as I poked and pushed the big wad of cotton in. It was quite a tussle, too, since there was so much. When I had her mouth packed about as full as I thought it could go, I paused and asked the silent figure behind our victim.

"Isn't that enough?"

Nicki shook her head.

"Well, how much more? Surely not all of it?"

She nodded. Even though she could not see her, her helpless victim sensed her answer and moaned faintly.

Eager to oblige, I went back to work and finally got all the cotton stuffed into my subject's gaping mouth. While I was on the latter stages, Nicki was tearing off a piece of adhesive tape a little over two feet long. As soon as I was through, she placed the center of the tape on the cotton as it bulged between her victim's teeth, brought the ends back along her cheeks and got ready to pull them tight. But the way she did it startled me, she actually placed a knee against the back of her mother's neck and pulled with all her might.

Poor Vicki writhed convulsively and her eyes flew open in anguish; I saw her strain to make a sound of protest, but so tight was the gag that not the least sound submerged.

By now, the cotton was well inside her teeth and the latter, due to the pressure on the hinges of her jaw, was actually forced to bite down on it very definitely. The pressure must have been terrific.

Quickly Nicki removed her knee and lapped the ends. Then she took the roll of tape and passed the adhesive three times completely around her head and through her mouth, to make sure the gag could not slip even the slightest; then she tore off the tape and smoothed the end.

She stopped back and put her leather-covered head on one side as she admired her handiwork. Her mother's face was a study; her eyes were wide open, in a fixed stare that I later learned was the "Gag-Look" and a tear was running from the corner of each eye, while her lips were drawn away from her teeth in a mirthless grin. But in spite of the obvious pain, there was also a look of very definite excitement on her face.

Apparently satisfied, Nicki walked around and stood a few feet away from and squarely in front of her mother.

"Hm, looks like your mother doesn't wholly approve," I grinned.





Nicki nodded. Suddenly she stepped back and signalled "wait."

With positively fairy like steps that her towering heels enforced, she hurried out of the room, her pretty hips rolling with a delightful crispness at each tiny pace.

At this point Nicki hustled back into the room and came mincing over. In her hands she had some vague black leather shape. She gave it to me and gestured toward our miserable victim.

A glance showed me that it was a discipline helmet.

"You want me to put it on?" I asked.

My pretty companion nodded.

"This," I announced, "will be a pleasure. I've read about these things, but I never thought I'd have the pleasure of lacing one into place."

It took me a moment or two to figure out how it went on, then I stepped toward the helpless figure in the chair. As soon as she saw me coming, she began shaking her head again.

"What's the matter? Ropes not tight enough?" I asked.

That did it. She stopped immediately and made no effort to hinder me as I slipped the helmet into place over her head and face. As I did so, I noticed that it was very heavily padded over the ears.

So, as I began to lace it down the back I asked Nicki,

"Is this the helmet that cuts off your hearing?"

She nodded.

"In other words, when I'm through, our willing subject here will be deaf, dumb and blind?"

"Yes," she signalled.

I continued lacing the helmet into place, smoothing the wrinkles as I did so. The helmet was a beautiful piece of work, fitting the wearer's head like a skin. The only openings in the front were the nostrils in the well shaped nose, so the wearer would have no difficulty in breathing. The neck port continued down in the form of quite a high, stiff collar, shaped to be higher in the front than at the back, for wearer to hold chin high.

Finally, I got the lace pulled tight and tied the ends in a bow. There was still about an inch opening in the lace at the back, but I decided that that was intentional, just as many corsets are made to have a slight opening in the lacing, even when fully pulled in.

"Okay?" I asked Nicki.

To my surprise, she shook her head and came over. She began smoothing and working the helmet all over her mother's helpless head, aiming always at the lacing. Her pretty little hands in their tight brown gloves formed a lovely contrast to the glistening black kid.

In a little while, she pantomimed at me to work on the lace again, while she continued to smooth the leather into place.

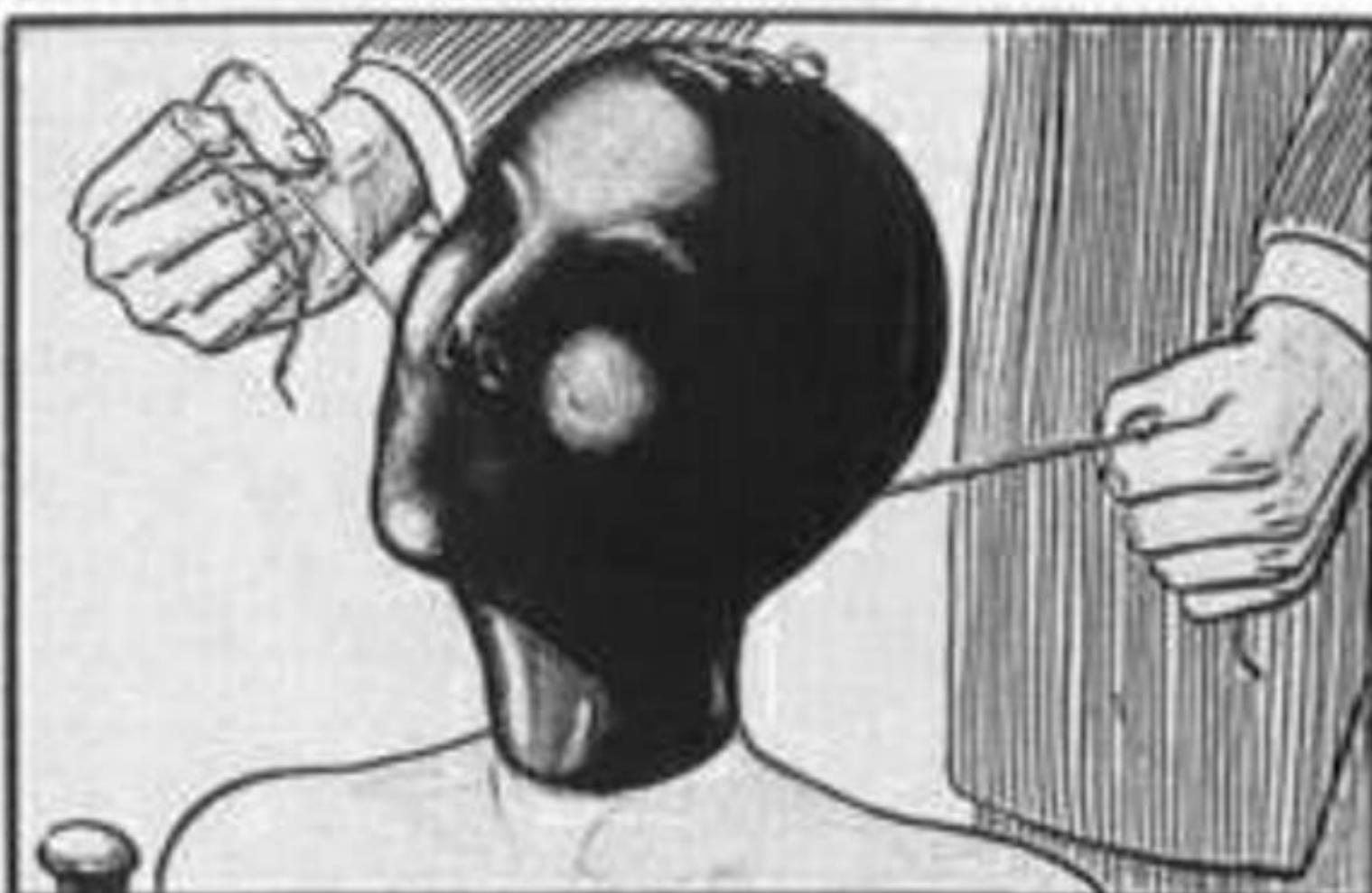
I tried to stop her a couple of times, being afraid that the lace would break, or we would do her mother some permanent damage. But she wouldn't hear of it.

Then she finally stepped back, satisfied, the lace was closed from top to bottom and the tightly stretched leather gleamed like satin. Vicki's silent, helpless head looked almost like a portrait head in ebony.

One thing that had puzzled me slightly was a metal eyelet seen to the exact top of the head. I understood the use of this when Nicki went to the supply of bondage material and selected a length of rope. She brought it back and signalled to me to tie it around Vicki's ankles. I did so. Then she took the other end and passed it through the eyelet and began pulling. I could see that Vicki was fighting her, but it was useless, slowly, inexorably, her head was drawn back and back until I thought her neck must break. Then Nicki tied the rope, had her mother been able to see straight forward from her eyesockets, she would have not looked straight up into the air, but considerably behind her.

With a pretty gesture, Nicki stepped back and made a feint of dusting her gloved hands off.

Stanley







It seemed to me that it was about time for me to make some sort of contribution to the proceedings, so I pointed to the trunk lying open on the floor and suggested,

"It seems a shame to leave that empty. Do you think that we could squeeze Fifi into it?"

Nicki nodded and slapped her tightly gloved hands in eager agreement. Then she minced quickly to the tray of bondage materials and selected what was obviously a gag, consisting of a wide leather strap, about eighteen inches long; at about the middle it was much narrower for an inch or two, on this was strung a leather egg, about two inches in diameter and three inches long.

By means of pantomime, she showed me what I was to do and what she would do. (In spite of her enforced silence and total lack of expression, provided her hands were free, I was to find that Nicki could express herself with amazing clarity.)

So I took my place to one side of the door; and she, after ringing the bell, slipped to the other.

In a few seconds we heard the crisp tap of Fifi's high heels outside. The door opened.

"Did man'selle-uh!" was all she managed to say as I slipped in back of her, grabbed her elbows and pinned them behind her, the chain between her wrists drawing taut and securing her hands.

Nicki slipped the gag hard enough against her lips to make her open her mouth automatically. The egg was so big, she had to push hard to force it between her squirming victim's teeth. But she got it in and quickly drew the strap as tight as she could, stretching the corners of Fifi's mouth back in a sort of fixed grin.

The expression on Fifi's face was a blend of surprise, pain and excitement.

At a nod from Nicki, I forced the struggling French girl over to the table of bondage material. My silent companion selected a long strap and wound it a couple of times through Fifi's elbows and pulled it as tight as possible. Then she released the chain that ran from wrist-chains to collar, passed it under the maid's body and pulled it up and fastened it to the strap around her elbows.

Finally, she took a soft strap about three inches wide, which had a row of lace-holes at each end, passed it around Fifi's head and across her gaping mouth and laced it closed at the back of her head. The effect was to force the egg even further into her mouth and make the gag yet more effective. Fifi's eyes were wide open and filled with tears and it was easy to see she was desperately trying to talk, to beg her young mistress not to pull the lace so tight. But not the faintest sound emerged.

The binding and silencing complete, Nicki stepped back and for a moment we watched our captive as she squirmed and writhed against her bonds.

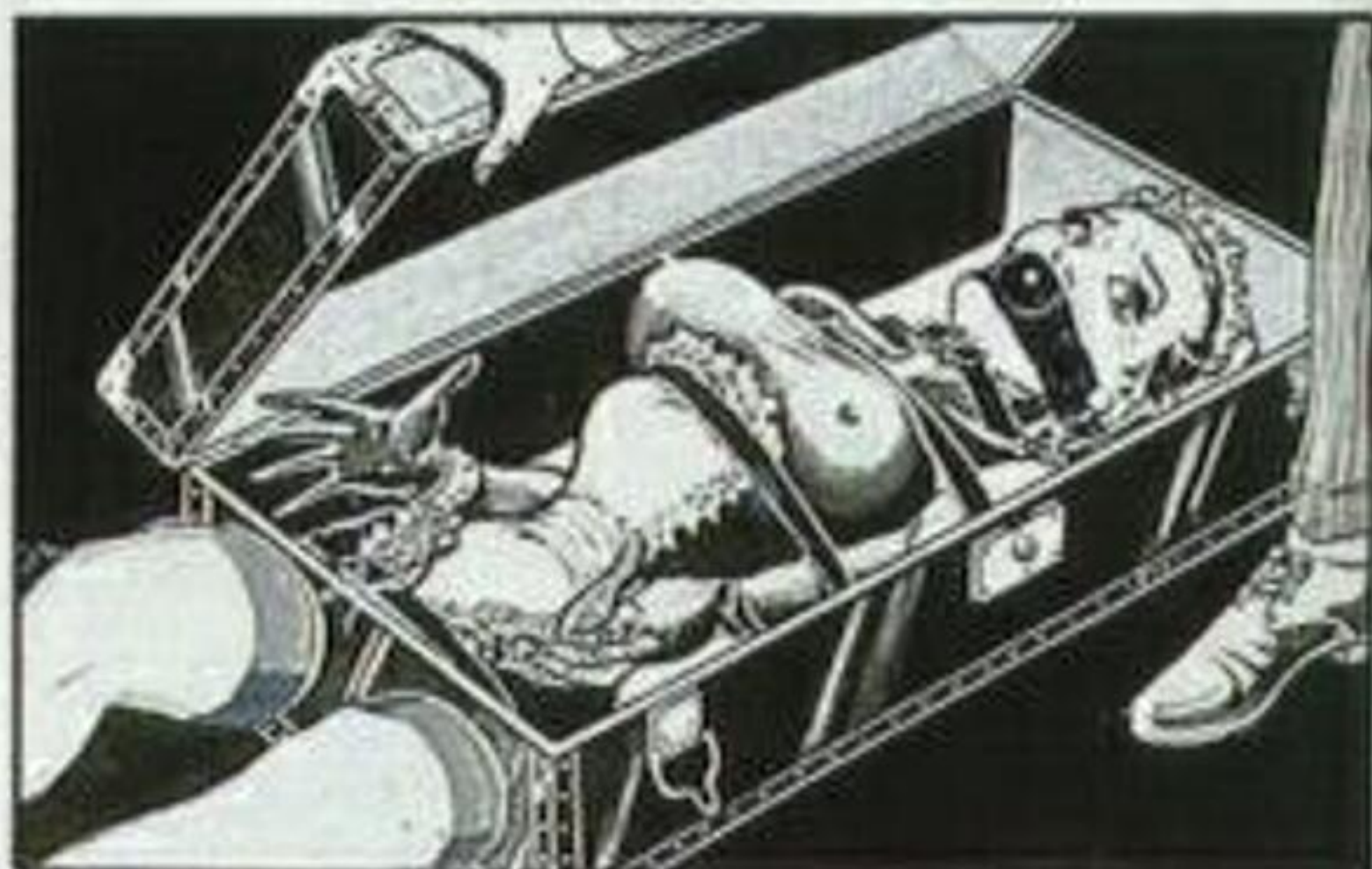
Then, Nicki signalled to me that I was to put the captive in the trunk while she went to get something.

She strutted out and I went to work with a will. Since Fifi was a bit larger in the body than Nicki, I had quite a lot of pleasant difficulty in wedging her into the trunk. Her pretty legs kicked and flailed delightfully as I pulled the anchoring straps as tight as I could, so that from the hips up she had not the least power of movement.

As I closed the lid, I took a last long look at her lovely helpless figure, silent face and eloquent eyes as she begged silently for relief.

The lid closed and locked, I sat on it and admired the writhing, web-stockinged legs and pretty high-heeled feet as I waited for Nicki to return.

STANTON







Nicki returned and I was impressed all over again with the ease in which she moved on her eight inch heels. She minced over to me as I sat on the trunk, carrying a very odd-looking pair of booties over her arm. She also had a note-book and pencil in one tightly gloved hand. She handed me the note-book and I read, "Fifi kept me in that trunk for six hours. Three would have been plenty. I'm going to teach her a lesson."

"Seems like a good idea," I agreed, adding, "Girls like Fifi need lots of lessons. What are you going to do?"

Putting the note-book and pencil on a convenient table, Nicki signalled me to up-end the trunk, making it clear by her gestures that the luckless maid was to end up upside down. I couldn't follow what she was up to, but was glad to oblige and in a second, Fifi was on her head, her lovely mesh-covered legs waving protestingly in the air. But an unusually powerful kick nearly upset the trunk, so she quieted down.

Quickly, Nicki removed one of the pretty high heeled sandals and started to force one of the booties on in its place. Obviously, it was a terribly tight fit and Nicki, hampered by her crushingly tight corset, unable even to take a deep breath through her mouth, was soon panting through the nostrils of her mask. Her lovely out-thrust bosom rose and fell quickly with the shallow breaths she was compelled to take. I offered to help, but she shook her leather leather covered head. Obviously, she was going to take her revenge personally.

After a while, she had one bootie on and started on the other. They were shaped like ballet toe-slippers, with apparently, a steel bone running up the sole of the foot, around the heel and to the top of the boot. When they were laced on, the wearer had no choice but to remain poised, right on the tips of her toes. In addition, the steel bone was shaped to force the foot into an extremely steep arch.

The lacing complete, Nicki signalled that I should stand Fifi on her feet, or rather toes. I did so, with some difficulty. It was obvious that the silent occupant of the trunk found the boots far from comfortable.

Even when she was balanced, she showed a distinct inclination to fall over. But Nicki fixed that by standing behind her and giving her unprotected thigh a very painful pinch at each loss of balance.

In a short while, the trunk was standing with apparent pride. Standing is a bad word, since the most practiced of ballet dancers cannot remain balanced on the tips of their toes. They have to shift the weight almost continuously from foot to foot, moving back and forth, or from side to side, to hold their balance. That was what Fifi was doing.

Taking a hank of rope from the table, Nicki threatened that I was to attach it to the heavy chandelier that hung from the ceiling. I missed a couple of times, but soon had a slipknot around the fixture chain.

With my help, Nicki mounted a chair and attached the rope to the handle of the trunk. But to my surprise, she left a good deal of slack. Then I guessed why. With this arrangement, if she did fall, the trunk would not go too far and she could regain her balance. But, on the other hand, she had to maintain her own equilibrium and would have to concentrate on it all the time.

The rope in place and the chair removed, Nicki, gloved hands on hips, booted feet toe-boyishly apart, watched her victim for some time. Even without speech or facial expression, her pride and triumph were evident.

After a few moments, she took the note-book and wrote, "Do you have a car?"

"Why yes," I answered, surprised, "it's just near here. Why?"

I was startled by her next message:

Stanley







Well, you don't need a second invitation in a case like that. As I agreed, Nicki handed me another note, saying that she would be getting ready while I got the car.

I was back with my convertible in about fifteen minutes. The top was up to start with, but I had other ideas for later on. As I walked up the front steps, the door opened and my silent companion ushered me in.

She had changed her clothes and was now wearing a floor-length, skin-tight gown of dark grey velvety rubber. It had a very high, tight collar, a bold cut-out over the imposing bosom and a slit in the left side from waist to hem. At the moment this slit was opened on the side so that the eight inch heeled thigh-boots were fully displayed. Also, she was now wearing the ankle chain which had previously adorned Fifi's trim legs.

On a side table was a short, full fur jacket and in her gloved hands she held what looked like a pair of long slim bags, in black kid, which terminated in long leather straps, one of which had a buckle and the other a row of holes at the end. Nicki held out her hands for me to slip the bags on and buckle them around her wrists. Then she doubled her arms at the elbows and held them close to her sides. It took me a minute to figure out what she wanted. But I finally drew the straps back over her shoulder, crossed them, drew them through her elbows and buckled them in front as tight as I could pull them. Her arms were now quite motionless, but when I put the cloak around her shoulders and fastened the catch in front, there was nothing to show that she was bound. With the hood pulled up around her masked face, it was sufficiently shadowed to look natural to any casual observer. Then I unfastened the snap that held her skirt open in front; it closed, leaving her looking like any smartly dressed young lady, on her way to a late night-spot. There was no sign of the tiny waisted corset, the bound arms, the towering heeled boots or the tight gag.

Telling her to wait a moment, I went out to the car and brought in a large brief-case, into which I dumped the whole tray of bondage material that Fifi had brought in.

As I ushered my lovely charge to the car, a smartly dressed man strolled by. He looked at Nicki in obvious admiration; the slim hips and legs that emerged in the clinging grey rubber from beneath the fur cloak were well worth a look. Her queenly carriage was also highly attractive. As I say, he looked and passed on. He had not the faintest idea that she held herself so upright because she couldn't hold herself any other way, or that she took such small, slow paces so that her ankle chain would not jingle revealingly.

I helped Nicki seat herself on the front seat of the car and then got a long length of rope from the brief-case. I fastened one end to the middle of her ankle-chain, brought it back under the seat; up between the back of the seat and the seat itself, tied it around her tiny waist, then back out again, up the back of the seat and around her neck. Having tied it, I still had two or three feet left, so I bound her knees together.

Now, save that she could turn her head slightly, Nicki was absolutely motionless. I closed the door on her side of the car, slid in behind the wheel on my side and drove off.

Within an hour, we were well out beyond the suburbs and the street-lights. I stopped long enough to let the top of the convertible down. I also removed Nicki's hood, leaving her leather mask and brassy blonde wig fully displayed. I figured that since people could only see her in the glow of passing head-lamps, they could not see very much.

I think she wanted to object. At least, she shook her head as much as she could. But I tightened the rope that held her to the seat a couple of times and that put a stop to any nonsense about objections.

About half an hour further out in the country, where things were really quiet, I turned to my silent companion and asked, "You remember you asked, 'How about a drive?'"

She nodded.





"Alright, can you drive a car?"

A nod.

"Okay, you're going to drive this one and do it blindfolded."

She raised her head inquiringly.

"Oh, don't worry, I'll show you how it can be done. First, we've got to get you settled behind the wheel."

Pulling the car off the road, I untied the rope around Nicki's neck and from her ankle chain, but left it around her wrist. Then I pulled the rope around so the knot was in front. Removing her slacks and strap-gloves, I made her stand up and pull her skirt high around her hips, untied her shoes, passed the two ends of the cord back under body and as she slid in behind the wheel I threaded the ends between the seat itself and the back. Pulling them very tight so she was forced against the back of the seat, I brought them up and around her neck, knotting them tightly, anchoring her rigidly behind the wheel. From the brief-case I produced a pair of wrist cuffs joined by about eighteen inches of chain. Snapping the cuffs about her wrists, I fastened the center of the chain to the steering column. This gave her enough liberty to hold the wheel and manipulate the transmission lever, but that was about all. I also attached her ankle chain to the lower part of the steering wheel column, so she could work the pedals with her feet.

As it was, she would have been able to drive the car quite easily, but not the way I had in mind. I tore off two small pieces of flesh-colored adhesive tape from a roll in the brief-case and placed them over the eye-holes in her mask, blindfolding her completely.

"As I understand it," I inquired, "you don't want to take off that mask?"

She nodded very definitely.

"Alright, but I find I'll have to make certain changes in it," I said.

The ever-ready brief-case furnished me with something I had been thinking about for some time, a black rubber ball with a hole in it, through which went a steel rod, about eight inches long. There was a ring on each end of the rod. Looking from ball to mask, I made some mental calculations and then, with a pencil, I drew a sort of diamond-shape on the mask, over the mouth and out onto the cheeks, in line with the jaw. Then I took off the wig and began to unlace the lower part of the mask. Nicki tried to stop me, but her chained hands could not reach her face and she was too tightly bound to struggle effectively.

When the part over her jaw and mouth was loose enough, I rolled it upward, disclosing the gag. This was several layers of wide adhesive tape covering the mouth. Feeling it off, I found another narrow band of tape around her head and through her mouth, holding a big pad of cotton tightly in her mouth.

I pulled some of the padding out, but left most of it in place, smoothed the mask down again so her mouth showed through the opening, forced the ball into her mouth with the bar bit-wise between her teeth and pulled the lace tight again. As the fastening grew tight, I was glad to see that the tension on her chin and jaw forced her to clasp down on the ball.

"Alright, try to force that ball out of your mouth," I ordered, as I replaced her wig.

I could see her lips and jaw work as she tried to obey, but she couldn't even begin to open her mouth.

"That's fine," I said as I tied the ends of a long cord to each of the bit-rings and sank into the seat behind her. "Get up, motor-pony!" and I drew the reins tight.

It took her a second to realize what I meant, then she slowly put the car in gear and stepped on the gas. A pull on the left rein and she turned the wheel that way and we were back on the road, a pull to the right and we were straight. A jerk on the bit and she shifted speed.

In about five minutes I was enjoying a delightful pony drive.

Stanton







I hadn't bothered to tell Nicki, but I was taking her out to a little sort of shack-and cabin I had in the woods, some distance from the city. Of course, one of the advantages of a gag in a pretty companion's mouth is the fact that you don't have to explain everything. You go ahead with your plans and since she cannot demand explanations and object to them when given, she goes along with becoming docility. Much better all around.

Since the cabin is situated on what you might call a back road off a back road, it is pleasantly secluded, but it represented quite a problem in fancy pony driving along the twisting single lane road that made up the last half mile. But by driving slowly and a firm hand on the reins, we made it.

As soon as the car was in the little clearing by the side of the house, I unfastened the cord from the bit-rings and then used most of it running it from one end of the bit-bar to the other, around the back of her head. I pulled it so tight that she fairly squirmed, her hands, still chained to the car-wheel, making futile grabbing motions toward her face. When I was through, the ball was almost entirely inside her teeth and the bar pulled the corners of her mouth back in an exaggerated birthless grin.

Then I removed the boards holding her in the car and helped her out. She tried to get her hands to her mouth, but I was too quick; I had a strap ready and in a second her elbows were in firm contact in the middle of her back. The wrist chain was still in place, so I attached a cord to the middle of it, took it down and under her body and up to the strap around her elbows, so that her arms were quite helpless. Of course, I had to tuck the long skirt in back up to make this possible, so I rolled it up at the sides too, gave it to her to hold, remarking that "Scatan finds work for idle hands."

Taking the long end of the rope that trailed down from the bit-cord, I passed it between her legs and used it as a lead-rein. My blind and bitten leather girl-pony followed as pretty as you please, her ankle-chain jingling musically at each tiny step.

I led her around the side of the house and up the steps onto the little front porch.

I had intended to take her directly inside. But then I thought it might be a good thing to let her rest and meditate for a while outside, while I fixed things inside.

Unfastening the cord that ran to the center of the wrist chain and taking off the chain itself, I used the cord to tie her wrists together behind her back and fastened them to a cord around her waist, so that her elbows stuck out sharply behind.

Then I laid her down on her stomach on the floor of the porch, looped the long end of the cord from the back of her head around her ankle chain and pulled. I kept pulling until her head and her heels were only about a foot apart. Again, the advantage of the gag became apparent; had her mouth been free, I'm sure she would have objected, perhaps loudly, even shrilly. But as it was she accepted my ministrations if not with approval, at least in silence.

Of course, she was bound in a manner very similar to the old French Military punishment known as "La Crapeudine," save that they did not bother to put the head under tension.

I was going to leave her on the floor, but then I got another idea. I picked her up, sat her sort of astride the railing of the porch. Of course, she was bent so far back that her wigged head also rested on the rail.

If she had wanted to fall off, I suppose she could have done it. But I figured that as long as she kept her knees close together, she could hold herself in place, just like riding horse-back. Even if she couldn't ride, now was a good time to learn.

Then I went inside to fix things up a bit.

A couple of times I poked my head out to ask if she was quite comfortable. As she didn't answer, I assumed she was.

In about half an hour, I had a fire going in the big fireplace, as it gets cold late at night in my neck of the woods--and a big couch drawn up in front of it. I had a table with some drinks for me and so on.

Stanley



I had even let the big wagon-wheel which hangs in the middle of the ceiling with light-fixtures on it, down and dusted it thoroughly. After all, you want things to be neat for your guests.

Then I went out to the car and brought in the brief-case of bondage material.

After everything else was ready, I went out and released Nicki. Of course, I did it bit by bit, as she seemed to be pretty badly cramped for some reason. I even took off the cord that held the bar-bit so far back in her mouth. But I knew I was safe, because the chin part of her mask kept her from opening her mouth wide enough to get the ball out. As a final touch I took the tape off the eye-holes of the mask.

Bringing her into the living-room, I told her she could take off the long, grey, rubber dress and lie down on the couch and rest for half an hour. Gratefully, she did so.

I spent the time in a little sort of work-shop I have down in the cellar. I took a piece of quarter-inch iron rod and bent it into a ring two inches across, being careful to smooth the ends where they come together. Then I went upstairs again.

She had probably been asleep, but as soon as she heard me enter the room she sat up and folded her arms behind her back. I told her she could go into the other room, loosen her helmet enough to get the ball and padding out of her mouth. Then she could take a drink and return.

In a few minutes she was back, with her mask once more in place and her arms behind her back.

"Well?" she asked, posing just inside the door.

"Why do you hold your arms like that?" I asked.

"To show you that even when they're not bound, they're ready to be."

"I get it. A very nice idea," I commented. "Now come over here and let me tie your arms."

"Oh good," she cried, "it's much more fun when I'm helpless."

Quickly, I tied her arms so they were high behind her back, in the same position they were while she was in the trunk.

"That feels wonderful. I don't know of any position that makes a girl feel more helpless--or more willing to be helpless," she breathed, as I drew the cords as tight as I could.

"Now come over here on the couch," I instructed. As she did so, I made her kneel on the seat with her legs doubled under her and strapped them in that position.

"Aren't you going to gag me?" she roared.

"In a way," I answered. "Do you know what this is?" I showed her the ring. She shook her head.

"Well, let's try it," Nicki smiled.

I took off the wig, loosened the lace of the mask again and made her open her mouth wide. Then I slipped the ring into her mouth side-ways, then stood it up and pulled it forward, so that it was wedged between her teeth, with her jaws stretched wide. Then the helmet was tightened and the wig went back.

Later, I plugged her mouth tightly by packing cotton in through the ring. She couldn't get it out again and was once more delightfully silent.

I let the wagon wheel down and bound her to it by the wrists and ankles. Then, I pulled it up so it hung about a foot above the couch.

Stanton







Then I sat down on the couch, near my silent subject as she hung, swaying slightly on the chandelier. I poured myself a drink and gestured towards her as I said,

"To the loveliest creature I've ever seen. May your waist measure ever grow less and your heels higher."

Her only answer was a faint creak of leather as she tried, perhaps unconsciously, to ease her strained position.

During the next few minutes I enjoyed the warmth of the fire, the flavor of my drink and, after I had given the wheel a turn, the sight of my companion revolving slowly first one way, then the other, like the circular pedulum of a four hundred day clock.

I noticed that as she swung to and fro, her eyes, or as much of them as I could see through the narrow slits of her leather mask, seemed to fix themselves on my drink. That reminded me that she must have been gagged in one way or another, for a good many thirst-making hours, so I asked,

"Thirsty?"

In spite of the tight cord around her throat, she managed a faint and it seemed eager, nod.

So, I got another glass, mixed a good stiff drink and then held it against the cotton packed in her mouth, tilting it slowly as the liquid soaked into the absorbent material.

"All right," I said, "try swallowing some of that."

I could see the muscles of her jaw and throat working, then she shook her head.

"What's the matter? Not getting any?"

Another head shake.

"Why, cord around your throat too tight to let you swallow?"

A nod.

"Well, I guess we'll have to change things around a little," I remarked, getting up and beginning by letting the wheel down so that she rested on the couch again. Then, I began untying her as I continued,

"Of course, it's the rope from your wrists that runs up around your neck that causes the trouble. We'll have to take it off. It's a pity though because your arms are in such a fine position."

She nodded.

Then I had an idea.

"I've got it!" I cried, "first, we'll put your gray rubber gown and strap gloves back on again. Then, we can force your arms into an even better position than they're in now."

It took a few minutes. Before long, she was once more in the floor-length skirt and full-length gloves. Then, I bent her arms up behind her, so her hands, palm to palm, were between her shoulder-blades. Next, I passed the straps over her shoulders, crossed them in front just below her neck, brought them around, crossed them in back again outside her arms and finally buckled them at her waist in front. Her arms were now held in a high double hammer-lock, with her elbows only about six inches apart in the small of her back, the strained position making her pull her shoulders back, arch her spine and thrust her bosom forward delightfully.

"Now," I called, "let's put the legs on view too."

"Okay, come and get your drink," I said, seating myself on the couch once more. Proud as a peacock, Nicki minced over, a study in helpless arrogance and perched on my knee. I held the glass to her gaping lips. Little by little, because swallowing with her mouth so tightly stretched was still difficult, she drained the glass.

Suddenly we both froze. A car had driven up outside and stopped.

Nicki jumped to her feet and I instinctively followed as we heard footsteps outside; first on the walk, then up the steps and finally across the cabin porch. There were two sets of steps; the slow heavy pace of a man and the quick, light tapping of a woman's high heels.





Then two figures appeared in the doorway, a woman in a long cloak in front and a tall, gray-haired man of about fifty just behind her.

For a moment we all stared at each other.

The man, I had never seen before. The woman, at first, I thought was Vicki. Then I decided she wasn't, because her hair was a deep red and wore it dressed in a long, flowing, page-boy affect; besides though the eyes looked like hers, the lower part of her face was quite different, being very long from nose to chin, with oddly high cheek-bones and hollow cheeks. I could tell nothing about the rest of her because of the concealing cloak.

In a second, the man stepped forward, smiled and offered his hand.

"You're Ted Kalk, aren't you?"

"Why - uh - yes, I am," I floundered.

"Thought you must be. Had enough trouble to find you. I'm Dick Roberts. Husband of Vicki, here and father of that leather and rubber-covered bondage lover over there," and he nodded to Nicki, who partly curtsied an acknowledgment.

"But she doesn't look like Vicki!" I protested, nodding toward the red-haired vision who stood stiffly in the doorway.

"Well, a red wig, a horse-face gag and a thin rubber mask can change a face completely. Here, take a look," he answered, stepping over to her.

In a second, he pulled off the wig, unzipped the back of the mask, which covered her whole head and peeled it off.

I recognized Vicki immediately, chiefly by her curling black hair, now once more revealed and her wide-grown eyes stretched wide open in the typical "Gag Look"—and well they might be. Her mouth was obviously stretched wide open and packed very tightly. I couldn't see what was used for packing since the lower part of her face was completely covered with strips of adhesive tape. It was the pressure of this tape which had given the mask the hollow cheeks and high cheek-bones.

"I can see why you call it a 'horse-face' gag," I remarked, as he prepared to remove her cloak, "the great length from nose to chin gives her a very lantern-jawed look. Must be very uncomfortable to wear, though."

"Oh, I don't know," he grinned. "I don't hear any complaints."

At this point the cloak came off. From high neck to waist, Vicki wore a skin-fitting white lace blouse, through which her dark corset and brassiere showed very interestingly. From her tiny waist-snift, cinched by a wide patent leather belt, just to the tops of her thigh high boots she wore a skirt of black silk fringe, which played peek-a-boo at every slight movement. Her arms were anchored behind her back, with each hand cupped around the opposite elbow by means of a tightly laced black sheath, extending from one arm-pit to the other, like a long single glove.

For some reason, I felt impelled to say,

"Well, it looks like we're all here but Fifi. Why didn't you bring her?"

"Oh, but I did," he answered surprisingly. "She's down in the car. Good as gold and quiet as a mouse. Why don't you look?"

You can understand I didn't need a further invitation. I was out of the door and going down the steps in a second. I heard the tap of high heels behind me, but was too intent to turn and see which girl it was.

I found a large and opulent imported limousine parked next to my rather humble domestic product. I looked in both the front and back seat, but saw no one. I was wondering whether Dick was having some sort of joke at my expense when I felt somebody nudge me. I looked around to see Nicki. Signalling with her masked head for me to follow, she led me to the back of the car, pointing with a pretty high heeled foot toward the trunk compartment.







It took me a moment to figure out the catch, then I swung the lid open. Inside, hunched over in a curious manner, I saw the short-skirted, meat-stockinged form of the French maid.

I spoke to her and then invited her to get out, but the only answer I got was a strange squirming motion. Obviously, she was secured in some manner. In the faint light from the open cabin door, it took me a while to figure it out. There was a steel bar, about three feet long. At the lower end was a pair of ankle cuffs which were clasped tightly around her slim ankles. Higher up, another pair encircled her knees; a third pair held her wrists tightly against the bar. At the upper end, a steel hoop went around her head at the level of her jaw, holding her head in such a manner that a large hard rubber ball, which was fastened to the end of the rod, was forced deep into her mouth, acting as a very powerful gag. As a final touch, her elbows were strapped tightly to her tiny waist.

Each of the clamps was held closed by a wing-nut. Thus, though the luckless wearer of the device could not remove it, anybody else could. I soon had her free of the device, but poor Fifi was so cramped that it was several minutes before she could move freely or mumble coarsely.

"Thank you, M'sieur Ted."

I was wondering whether to try to lift her out and carry her up to the cabin or what, when Dick leaned over the rail and called down to me.

"Leave her there, Ted. She'll come up as soon as she gets the kinks out."

Nicki was standing close beside me, so, with my arms around her rigid waist, I went back up the steps and into the living-room.

Dick had occupied the time while we were away by tying Vicki to a straight chair, but in a rather unusual manner. He had stood her with her back against the back of the chair, binding her ankles to the back legs; other cords went around her legs and the chair above and below the knees, while her thighs were corded, separately to the top rail of the chair. Then he had wound a cord several times around her head and over her zipped and taped mouth.

The free end of this went back, over the front of the seat and down to the cross rail; it was pulled so tightly that Vicki was bent steadily backward like a strung bow and was virtually without power of movement.

As soon as Nicki appeared, minding along by my side, her father beckoned her over to a low table, saying,

"Let's fix you up too, then the men can have a quiet talk."

Working with the skill of long practice, Dick seated Nicki on the low coffee-table with her legs crossed, tailor fashion. Then, he bound them in that position with each pretty foot tightly corded to the opposite knee. With her arms already so tightly and helplessly secured behind her back, Nicki was now just about as powerless as her mother.

With the assist from me, Dick placed the two girls, one on either side of the big couch, so they could easily be seen and admired by anyone sitting there. He was just murmuring,

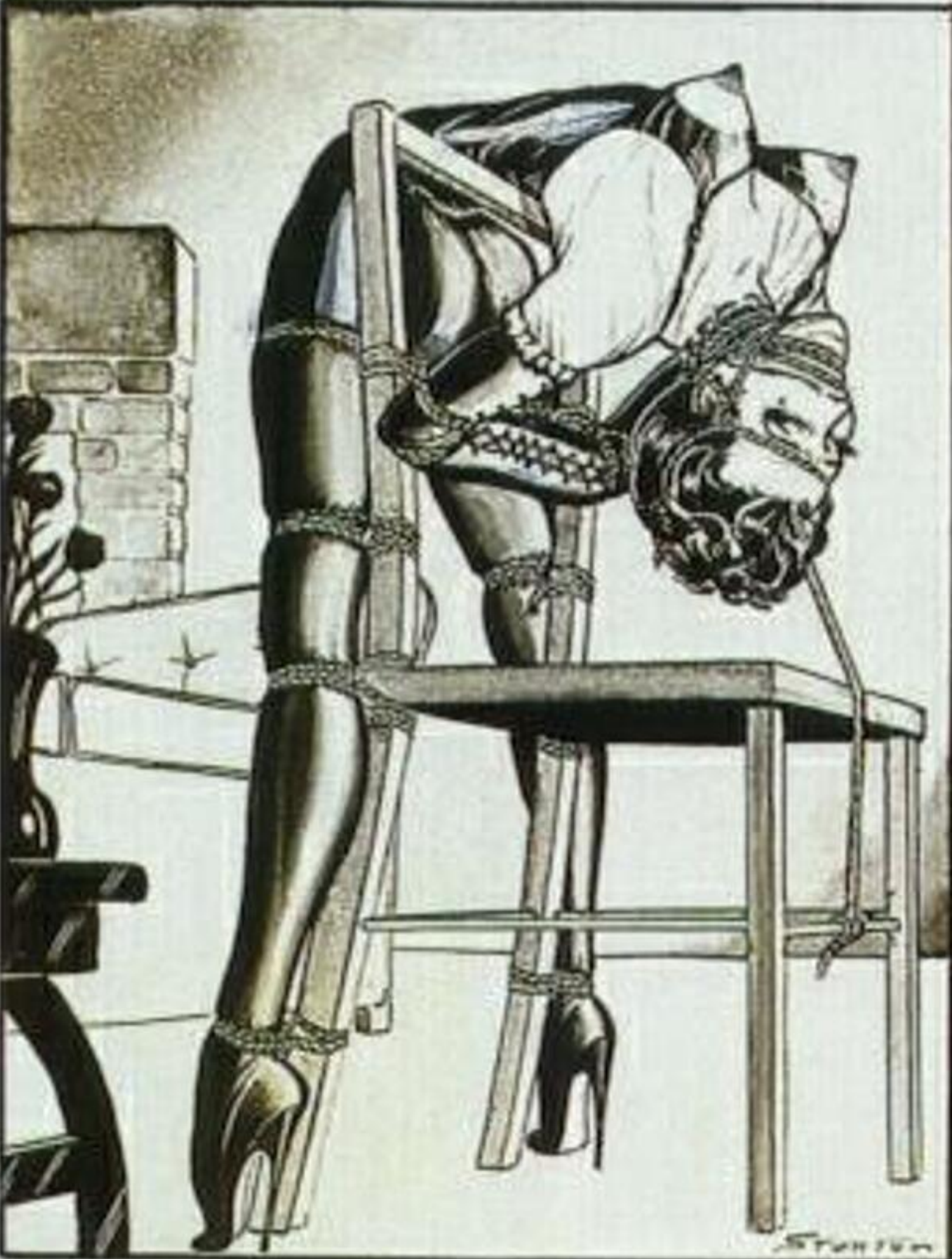
"Fifi, ought to be able to navigate under her own steam along about now," when he was struck with an idea. Stepping to the door he called,

"Fifi, before you come up, look in the glove-compartment of the car and bring up that choke-pear you'll find in there."

"A choke-pear?" I exclaimed. "that's certainly an unusual thing to find in a car."

Dick laughed and pointed to the two silent and helpless girls and said, "we're a very unusual family."

At this point Fifi entered. Obviously, she had taken the opportunity to set her uniform to rights, because she looked quite crisp and fresh. Her very brief black leather lace undergarments were displayed because she carried something in her skirt, the hem of which she held daintily in her fingers.







"This was not the proper way for a maid to present something to the master, monsieur. But set was the best Fifi can do. She 'as no silver tray," she remarked, posing in the doorway, knowing perfectly well what a delightful picture she presented.

"Is that the choke-pear, Fifi?" Dick asked.

"...Oui, Monsieur," she sighed and, after a glance at Nicki and Vicki, both of whom were already tightly gagged, she nodded.

"An' one does not 'ave to be a mind-reader to guess 'oo was going to 'ave to wear set."

"Well, you can comfort yourself with the thought of how pretty it makes you look. Now come over here and let me fix you up a bit," her master ordered from the table carrying the briefcase full of bondage supplies.

With obvious unwillingness she crossed over to him. Dick passed a flat belt of chrome-plated steel around her waist, pulled it tight and snarled the catch in the back. From either side, just over the hip-bone, there hung a plated steel cuff, on the end of about eight inches of matching chain. In a second, the cuffs were snapped around her wrists. He explained to me,

"This is known as a Harum-Belt. Gives the wearer enough freedom to walk on somebody else, but it keeps her hands away from her mouth."

Then he turned to Fifi, who still held her skirt between her finger-tips and ordered, "go over and ask Mr. Ted to put that pear in your mouth."

Obediently, but with obvious unwillingness, she minced over.

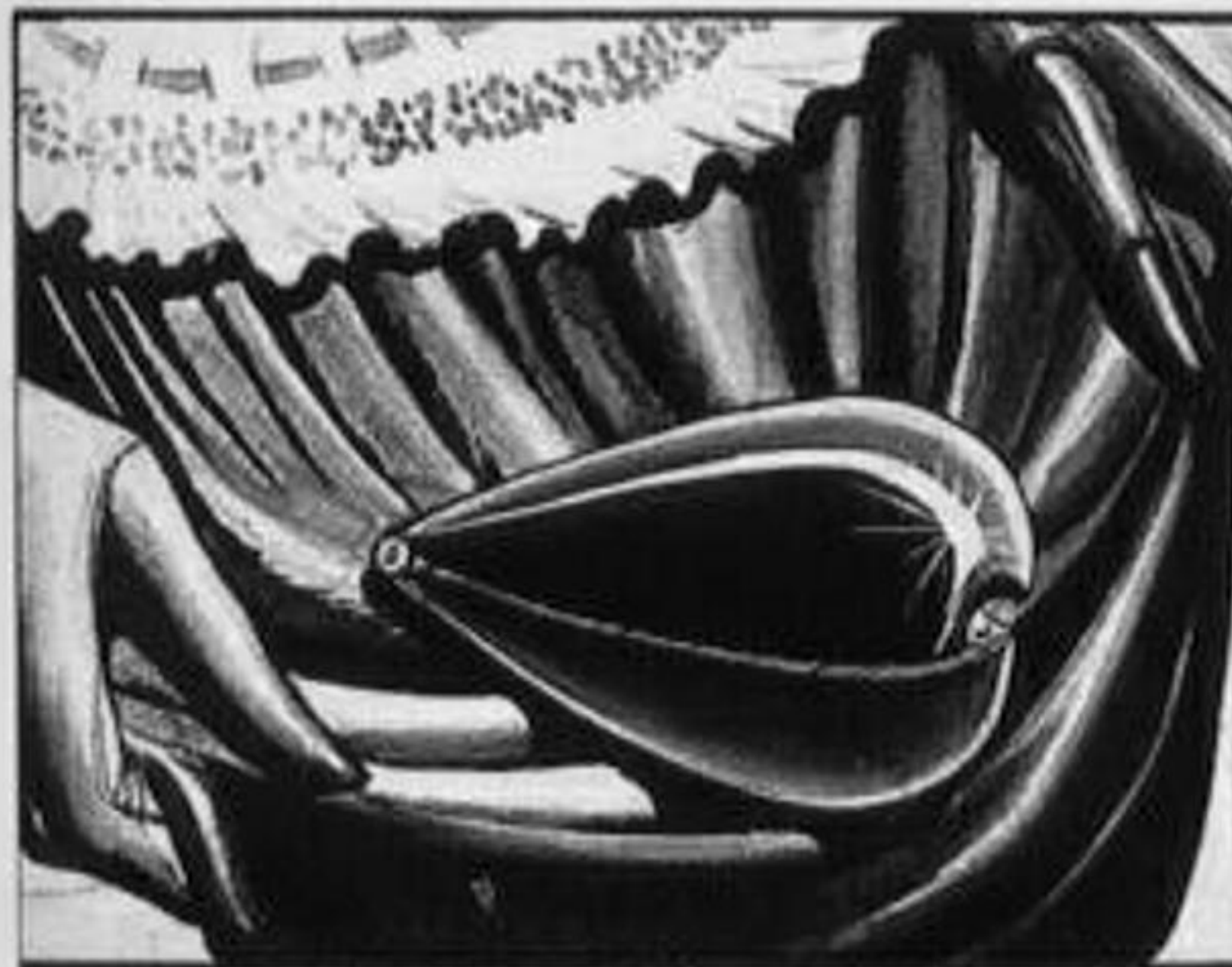
"Monsieur Ted," she breathed, "would you be kind enough to gag Fifi?"

"Why, I'd be glad to, Fifi!" I exclaimed, taking the pear from her skirt. It was made apparently, from Ebony, about three inches long and two in diameter at the largest part. There was a hinge at the small end and a press-catch at the large one.

I brought it up to her mouth, which opened unwillingly to receive it. I pressed it between her teeth, but it wouldn't go all the way in.

"Say Roberts," I exclaimed, "The gag's too big. It won't go between her teeth."

"Push harder," he said. "No, no. Brace your head behind her head and really push."







A final shove on my part and the pear popped into her mouth.

"Now what, Dick? How do I make it open?" I asked.

"Just press that little button on the end there."

I did so and the two halves of the pear flew apart, impelled by a powerful spring between them. As a result, poor Fifi's mouth was jammed wide open, with her jaws at their fullest stretch. She jumped as though she had been stung and I could see her throat swell in an attempted scream; but not the faintest sound emerged. At the same time, her hands released her skirt and flew upward in a reflex action, sharply checked by the chains attached to her Barren-Belt.

As I stepped back, her gloved fingers still made futile clutching gestures toward her face.

"Fifi!" said her master in a warning tone.

With frantic haste, the dainty fingers dropped away from her mouth.

"Now let's just fix her like an occasional table and we'll be set for our talk," remarked Dick. "Do you have a couple of little trays?"

I happened to have a half-dozen little snack-trays in a closet; he took two of them. On each, he placed a drink, a pack of cigarettes, matches and an ash-tray. He stood Fifi facing the center of the couch and about three feet from it, with one tray balanced on the outspread fingers of each hand.

"Alright, let's sit and talk a while," he said, sitting on the side of the couch near his silent and helpless wife. "Oops!—nearly forgot something." As I took my place on the other side, he got some cord and bound Fifi's legs together as tightly as he could, above and below the knees, at the ankles and even around the high-arched insteps.

"First," I said, after we had each taken a pull at our drinks and lit a cigarette from our lovely human table, "how did you find Nicki and me way up here in the country?"

"Oh, it wasn't so hard," he grinned. "We knew your address—you had told Vicki—so we drove over and I managed to convince your building manager that I wanted to see you. (A few dollars helped, of course.) He knew that you had this place here, so it was a worth-while risk to drive up and see if this was where you had come."

"But how did you find it? When I give my friends full directions of how to get here in daylight they usually get lost."

"Oh, oddly enough, we have a place of our own, not far from here."

That rung a bell, so I exclaimed,

"Wait a minute! You must be the Richard Roberts that owns that big place about two miles north of here."

"That's me—or rather us," he agreed.

We talked for an hour or more, enjoying the appealing helplessness and silence of the three girls.

Then Dick said,

"Well, it's getting late, I'd better get the girls back to town." Regrettably, I helped him get the girls ready. Fifi, we simply carried down as she was and packed her in the trunk. We released Nicki from the table, doubled her legs at the knees and strapped them there and laid her on the floor of the car at the back, with a rug over her. Vicki, her legs freed, but with the mask, wig and cloak once more in place, looked quite natural, if very stiff as she sat beside Dick in the front seat.

Just before they pulled away, Dick said,

"Why don't you come and have dinner with us in town tomorrow? Say around seven?"

That invitation was a great relief; I wanted to see Nicki again—and again and again—more than I had every wanted anything.







Early next morning I was in a jewelry store. The owner objected at first that he did not have time to make up what I wanted. But I finally talked him into having it ready by six.

Right on the dot of seven I was ringing the doorbell at the Robert's house.

In a second, Fifi opened the door, ushered me in, closed the door and then preened herself for my approval. She was worth approving, too. The main part of her uniform was a full-length set of black mesh tights, reaching from high about her neck to her toes, which were well displayed because she was shod with the lightest of black patent sandals with the usual six inch heels. She wore a little frill of white lace at the collar, cuffs and on top of her high-piled black hair. Her tiny waist, stringently, an almost invisible flesh-colored corset, was set off by a four inch wide belt of black patent, shaped to the corset beneath. A very frilly, crisp white apron came down in front.

She was, of course, restrained. She wore the usual ankle chain to curb her stride, while her elbows were strapped together behind her back, making her pull her shoulders back and thrust her boxes forward arrogantly. Her hands were free, so she could do a good many things, like opening doors, etc.

"Good evening, Fifi," I smiled, "you look pretty enough to kiss." She drew back and said,

"Oh moment, monsieur. Madame thought you might care to put a bit in my mouth before you kiss me."

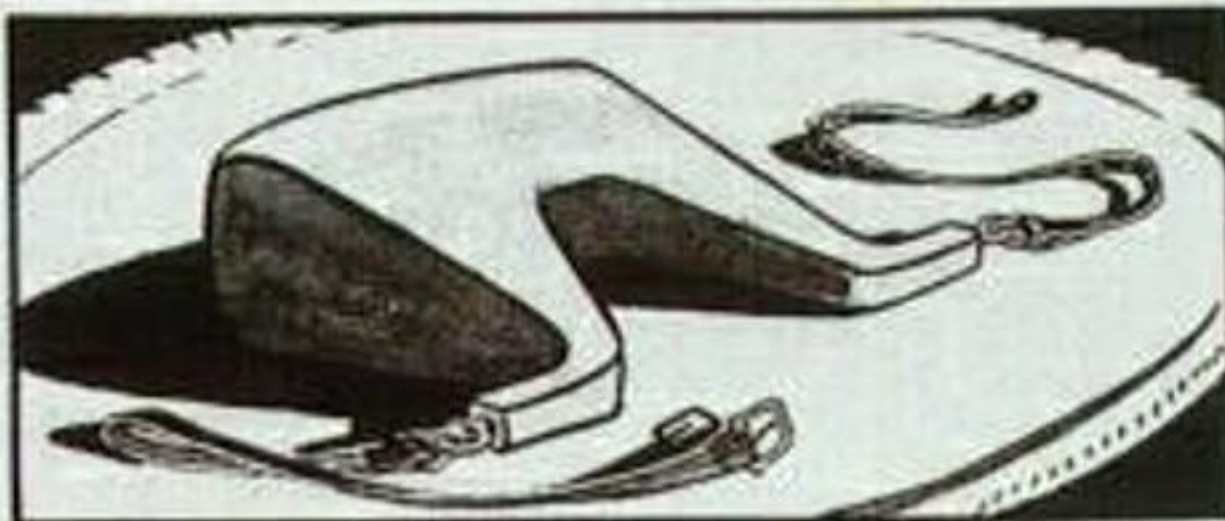
"Bit? What bit, Fifi?"

"De 'Flirtation Bit' monsieur. But make Fifi--ow you say--more kissable."

She pointed, having to turn slightly to do so, to a silver tray on the side-table. On it, was a metal device like a square-bottomed "U"; the bottom being rather thicker than the arms. These latter were bent steeply outward at the top and had little rings attached, on these were the two ends of a narrow black strap.

The method of application was obvious. As I picked it up, Fifi's mouth opened eagerly to receive it. Slipping it in, I buckled the strap tightly behind her head, so the thick bar at the back of her mouth pressed against the hinge of the jaw. Her mouth was forced to remain submissively open, with her teeth invitingly parted. As I adjusted it, her dark eyes encouraged me tremendously and heeded the invitation on her lips, smiling around the bit and gave her a kiss full on the lips.

She was quite right. She was amazingly kissable.





Fifi and I were surprised, when a cool voice behind us spoke.

"Well, greeting the French maid in the traditional manner, I see."

Startled, I pulled away from Fifi and looked around. Vicki was smiling at us from the foot of the stairs. I'll admit I stared at her; but I believe with good reason.

From her toes, right up to her bust-line, she was poured into a single leather garment, which combined boots and tights. The rigidity of her pose, the fullness of her bust and the wasp-like proportions of her waist indicated that she wore a severe corset beneath it, though the latter failed to show at all, or to mar the skin-like fit of the boot-tights. Her arms were moulded, right up to the shoulders, in matching black kid gloves; while a helmet of the same leather covered her whole head, save for the face.

Her arms were stretched straight outward from the shoulders by a steel bar fitted with cuffs, encircling the arms at wrists, elbows and shoulders. The bar was held rigidly horizontal because it was attached to a steel upright, which extended from a tight metal hoop around her waist up to the top of her head. A wide steel collar attached to it forced her to carry her chin very proudly, while she was prevented from turning her head, even slightly, by a "U" shaped steel bar coming forward from the bar along her cheeks at jaw level, ending in an eyelet about an inch back of the corners of her mouth. To look to the side, she had to turn her whole body.

"Well, how do I look?" she asked, parading stiffly, like a mechanical figure in front of me.

"Utterly delightful," I answered, then asked. "But isn't that very tiring to wear?"

"Extremely."

"How do you get any rest? Can you manage to sit down?"

"Absolutely impossible. I can't even take a long step. Until somebody takes pity and releases me or lays me flat on my back, I have to stay like this. It's exhausting, but thrilling."

Dick appeared on the upper landing and as he came down the stairs, he ordered,

"Tell Ted, what happens if you make any complaints."

"I--I end up behind the Eight-Ball, Ted," murmured Vicki softly.

"Behind the Eight-Ball? What does that mean?" I asked, purposely dense.

"Let's show him, shall we, Vicki dear?" suggested her husband, going over to her.

"Of course, Dick, anything you say," she sighed miserably, then begged, "but please, it's so early, you won't make me wear it all evening, will you? It makes my jaw feel like it's breaking."

"I guess I'm going to, but since you've made a fuss about it, I'm afraid you'll wear it a very long time. If you give me any more trouble, you'll wear it all night. Open your mouth!"

With a look that would melt a heart of steel, Vicki complied.

Dick produced a big piece of red rubber sponge from his pocket and stuffed it as far back in her gaping mouth as he could. Next, he brought out a standard "8-Ball," held it against her teeth with the fingers of one hand and struck it sharply with the palm of his other hand. It popped in, holding her mouth incredibly wide open.

"That's a full-sized ball, Ted," he remarked, as he produced a six inch steel rod. "It's so big she couldn't force it out again. But I make doubly sure by having a hole drilled in the ball. Then, I push this rod through one of these eyelets, through the ball and into the other eyelet."

Vicki's eyes were wide and tear-filled, but she was unable to make the faintest sound.

From a closet, Dick produced a big bowl-type lamp, fastened it to the top of the steel rod and plugged it in, saying proudly,

"My latest invention--Human Electric Light Fixture. No more complete without one."



Stanton





A few minutes later, Dick and I were seated in the living-room, having a before-dinner drink. Suddenly, from the direction of the open door behind me, I heard one of the most attractive sounds in the world--the whisper of one opare-bosed thigh against another.

I turned my chair to see Nicki approaching. She was not recognizable directly, but from the costume and restraint it could not be anybody else.

Her high-arched insteps were stretched past the vertical by the thin seven inch heels on her black kid ankle-strap sandals. Her legs were delightfully displayed for their full-length by the sheerest of black nylons, tightly supported by a single black suspender on the outside of the thigh. The major part of her costume was of the "Peasant" style; the ultra short skirt, which came just to the tops of her legs in front, was stiffened at the sides and stuck out so that the high-pulled tops of her stockings were easily visible. Above this, was a rigid black leather bodice displaying the tiny waist and extending up to the base of the bust. This latter waited out of a froth of white lace which left the arms and shoulder bare.

The arms themselves were covered for their full-length by tight flesh-colored kid gloves. These latter were unusual because they had no fingers, ending instead in a closed, mitten-like bag. Thus, while she could, say, open a door by using both hands, she could not use a key, pencil or untie a knot.

The head, face and neck were covered by a skin-fitting helmet of flesh-colored kid to match the gloves. The only openings were two nostrils and a tiny round opening in front of each eye.

As I rose, this startling vision nixed up to me, as light as thistledown on her towering heels, placed her useless hands behind her and offered her neck for a kiss.

Then, she pushed me gently back into my chair and sat gracefully on my knee, indicating that I should finish my drink. During the next few minutes she displayed her lovely figure, crossing one knee lightly over the other, folding her gloved arms behind her back and so on.

My drink finished, she stood up, started for the door and beckoned me mysteriously to follow.

"What's the idea, Dick?" I asked, "what does she want?"

"Probably wants you to give her a face," he answered.

"To do what?"

"Why don't you go with her and see?"

Actually, of course, I was more than eager to follow. She led me across the hall, past the rigid and silent human lamp, up the stairs. As I went up the stairs behind her, I marvelled afresh at the utter perfection of her legs and feet and the easy grace with which she moved on those ultra-high, spindle heels.

In the upper hall, she led me to a cross between a dressing-room and a beauty parlor. Three walls were lined with closets, the fourth was mostly a huge dressing table. On it, were lined up a whole row of wig-stands, each with a different color and style of female wig. In the center, was a large, glass-covered, shallow box. In it, were rows of feminine lips, apparently in rubber, full, narrow, smiling, pouting, all expressions, all shades. Above them, were pairs of eyes, complete with lashes, whites, irises--but the pupils were openings. Some eyes were wide open in surprise, others were sleepily half-closed--every imaginable expression was here and above each pair was a pair of eyebrows to match.

In the center of the floor stood a steel upright, with a short, narrow bar sticking out for the subject to sit on and clamps for her arms, neck and ankles. In a second, I had Nicki rigidly locked in place, legs far apart, her full weight resting on the narrow bar.

Then, I turned to the display of features, trying to decide how I wanted my silent subject's face to look.



I found the features were delightfully easy to apply. They were all backed with a permanent adhesive, all you had to do was peel them off the backing and smooth them into the proper place on the smooth leather mask. By turns I made her look surprised, laughing and frightened; adding what seemed to be the appropriate wig for each face. I finally settled on a sultry, faintly smiling expression, with high arching brows, sleepily half-closed eyes and a generous, full-lipped mouth with the corners slightly turned up. For hair, I chose an almost white blonde wig with the hair in a mass of very short, tight curls.

Stepping back to admire my handiwork, I was very pleased. Save for the charming fixity of her expression, Nicki looked amazingly normal, like a girl who is lovely, knows it and expects to get kissed.

As I was releasing her from the post, I had an idea.

"Hey, you know the way I got your arms up behind your back the last time? Well, let's try to get them a little higher, so your elbows would actually touch."

Rather hesitantly, she nodded. I could see she liked the idea, but was afraid it would hurt.

I had noticed a lacing-bar hanging from the ceiling in one corner of the room and at my request, Nicki showed me a whole drawer full of straps, cords and bondage material.

In a very short while, my subject's arms were high up behind her back, with a separate cord from each wrist to the bar. As I pulled it upward, her hands were forced higher and higher between her shoulder-blades, while her elbows came closer behind her back. Soon she rose on the tips of her toes; still I kept pulling. Finally, when her elbows were about three inches apart, her self-control seemed to snap and she squirmed and fought wildly to release herself. I'm sure she tried to scream, but not the least sound penetrated her smiling mask. I secured the rope as soon as she started struggling, feeling that the violent motion would help her tendons stretch and allow her arms to settle into the proper position. After a few minutes, she stopped fighting and hung, more or less relaxed. I took this as a signal and threading a wide strap through her elbows, I pulled it tight; her elbows came together more easily than I expected. Then, a second strap around her wrists held her arms anchored behind her back, completely rigid, the forearms touching from wrist to elbow. Then, I took off the ropes that ran up to the lacing bar.

Nicki seemed weak in the knees, so I put her gently on a couch and told her to rest a few minutes while her arms adjusted themselves; meanwhile, I'd go and rejoin her father.

As I left the room, I was impressed with the fact that even with her arms behind her, she could lie flat on her back. Her elbows fitting neatly into the arch of her back made by her stiff, straight-fronted corset.

About ten minutes later, she came mincing into the living-room, apparently quite comfortable, silken thighs whiplashing together at each tiny step. She was quite a sight. From the front, she appeared to have no arms, while the way her shoulders were racked into a steep rearward arch, made her amazingly high bosom thrust forward in an incredible manner.

There was an air of pride and arrogance about her helplessness that was delightful.

"Wow!" was all I could say.





The next few moments were devoted by Dick and myself, to telling Nicki how delightful she looked. While she circled proudly around in front of us, displaying her pretty "face", amazing figure and stringently bound arms from every angle, Dick was most impressed with the position of her arms remarking.

"That is, without a doubt, the best possible position for a girl's arms. Escape is impossible—even the slightest movement is out of the question. She's quite helpless, yet, at the same time forced to make the best display of herself. I'll start Vicki on that position tomorrow."

Then, he rang the bell for Fifi, explaining.

"I thought we could have dinner in here; the girls can serve us."

In a second, Fifi appeared in the door. Her elbow-strop had been removed and in its place she wore the harem-belt with wrist-chains long enough to give her a good deal of freedom, yet short enough to keep her hands from getting at the mouth-bit. Dick told her to serve dinner and she beckoned Nicki to follow her.



There was a wait of several minutes, which my host filled by settling himself in a big arm-chair, telling me to do the same. I couldn't see how we were going to eat dinner, but was ready to find out.

Then Vicki entered the room, her daughter close behind her. The older woman's steel restraint had been removed and her arms were now anchored behind her back by irons at the elbows and wrists.

Both she and Nicki had a steel belt around their waists. Metal arms from the sides of the belts came forward and down to support a fair-sized tray in front of each charming waitress. The first course of what turned out to be an elaborate meal was set on each tray.

In enforced silence they came to our chairs, Vicki to Dick and Nicki to me. To bring the trays conveniently close, they had to stay in front of us to serve.

I never enjoyed a nicer meal, or one more prettily served. As we finished each course, our waitresses minced out into the hall, where, to judge by the sounds, Fifi was waiting with the necessary apparatus for the next course.

When, at last, we reached the last part of the dinner, Fifi released her two charges from the belts that held the trays and brought the brandy and coffee herself. Nicki came over to me and indicated she would like to sit with me in the big chair. I was more than willing. Poor rigid Vicki, unable to bend even a little bit, was forced to stand in front of Dick's chair, where he and I could admire her pretty figure.

With Nicki nestled cozily beside me, I was able to appreciate how utterly and charmingly helpless she was and what wonders the position of her arms and shoulders did for her lush figure.

The time, I decided, had come. Turning to my host, I said, "Dick, I've known your daughter about twenty-four hours. That's been more than enough to convince me I love her. I'd like to marry her. How about it?"

My lovely companion squirmed with silent excitement.

"Well," Dick nodded, "I can't say this is a surprise. A father doesn't have to see his daughter's face or hear her voice to know what's in her heart. I think it's a fine idea. Go ahead."

Nicki offered her smiling mask for a kiss, but before I took her up, I produced the thing I had had the jeweler make. It was a diamond engagement ring with a spring clasp fitted in the band. I clipped it on the septum of Nicki's nose.

"You can't wear it on your finger, for your arms will be behind you almost all the time, so I think a diamond nose-ring is a neat substitute, don't you?"

She nodded and offered her mask again. This time I obliged and Nicki and I were engaged.

What happened after that, our wedding, honeymoon and so on, is another story and I intend to continue the rest of my story in a second book to be published later on.

END OF BOOK ONE.







**BOUND  
IN LEATHER 2**



Of course, I called my Bride-to-be early the morning after our engagement took place, assuming, of course, that now, at any rate, she would be ready to talk to me and let me see what she looked like. I was very disappointed when Fifi's lilting French accents told me,

"Fifi est sorree, monsieur, but mon'sieur est out. There are so many arrangements to be made now. But she asks you to come to dine tonight at 'elf past seven."

You can be sure, I rang the bell of the house on Sutton Place at exactly seven thirty. As the door swung open, I believe my mouth did too. Instead of Fifi's flirtatious smile and boldly displayed figure, I found myself looking at the strangest maid I had ever dreamed of. She had one body and two arms in the usual manner; but she had two heads and three legs. Further, the two heads which arose from the twin collars of the skin-fitting, black tunic were smoothly covered by black kid, discipline helmets, with very narrow eye-slits, and a perky cap of crisp, white lace on top of each gleaming head. The two outer, single legs were laced into conventional, black kid, thigh-boots, but the inner double leg was laced into a matching boot of the same leather, but made wide enough to contain two legs. Around the ankle of this special boot was a wide steel cuff, from each side of which extended an eight inch length of chain to matching cuffs about the free legs, thus keeping the stride neatly regulated—not that it would have been very long in any case, since these boots were ballet-style, that is, they held the foot stiffly vertical, without a heel, as such, at all. A similar chain about two feet long joined matching cuffs about the two wrists.



It was startling to watch this double being move as though regulated by a single brain. She—or should I say "they?"—closed the door, then, placing the double leg prettily forward and holding the very brief skirt out to the sides, bowed stiffly from the hips. (It was obvious, what must have been a single corset, was so stiff that any movement from the waist was impossible.) Then she gestured for me to give her my hat, placed it on a table and preceded me to the living-room. She moved with stilted grace, but perfect ease on the tips of her toes, in the usual three-legged race manner, the double leg moving forward first, then the two free outer legs taking the next pace. At each pace the ankle chains clinked musically.

Opening the living-room door, the double maid gestured me in. Dick was waiting for me inside, grinning at my amazement like a Cheshire cat.

"What—what on earth's the idea of that?" I asked, gawking toward the door.

"This is Thursday, old boy. Maid's night out. Fifi's off, so Nicki and Vicki have pooled their resources to try and replace her. Cute, don't you think?"

"Darn right," I agreed, but continued, "you know, now that we're engaged and all, I was looking forward to seeing what my prospective bride looks like."

"Um-hum. We thought you'd feel that way. But Nicki has other ideas. You're not to see her face until the ceremonies are over and the honeymoon has begun."

"But....."

"So hush about it. Nicki's very obstinate in some ways. Still want to go through with it?"

"Of course I do."

At this point, the double maid returned with cocktails, as the host forward to offer me the tray, Dick said,

"Let's see if you can spot your future wife. Which half is Nicki?"

It was quite a problem. The pair stood impassive and expressionless as I stared from one half to the other. The two figures were identical in height and in every other way. Suddenly, I got a brain-wave. Getting to my feet, I kissed the one on the left, full on her gugged mouth. I could feel the hard ball that stretched her jaws wide open. She trembled, but returned the pressure. I kissed the other. She tried to pull away, to avoid any painful pressure on her already severe gag.

"The one on the left is Nicki," I said, "no doubt of it."

"Is he right girl?" Dick had to ask them, "I'm damned if I can tell."

They nodded.

"Good. Now let's go and have dinner," he remarked.

Until I left, at almost midnight, the double maid continued on her pretty toes, mincing about, waiting on us; or standing rigid, double leg thrust forward, skirt gathered at the sides, where we could admire her.





Nothing important happened the next couple of days, while I was getting the license. Dick acted as spokesman for his married and silent daughter, and when I inquired about which church the wedding was to take place at--assuming that, like all girls, she would want a church wedding, even if a very small one, he said,

"No church. Justice of the Peace; special one I know. Very old and almost blind. He'll be ideal. The wedding itself will be the smallest part of this marriage. The big ceremonies come later."

"Ceremonies?" I asked, bewildered. "Some sort of reception?"

"A reception is part of it. You'll just have to wait and see, Ted. Nicki's going to run this thing her way. It will be fun, though."

On Saturday, we were to drive out to the Justice of the Peace. I arrived, prompt to time, at noon.

Fifi opened the door for me; for once, she was not restrained in any way. She was dressed for the street.

Vicki came downstairs, also dressed to go out. Her skirt was tighter and shorter than is usually worn and she wore a short fur cape. In addition, she had on a small hat and a black, mesh veil.

A few moments later Nicki came down, accompanied by her father. She was dressed almost exactly like her mother, in short, very tight skirt--so tight, Dick had to help her down the stairs. At first glance, she looked quite normal. But a longer look showed that beneath the veil, which hid more than it seemed to, she wore the flesh-colored kid mask and adhesive features I had seen before. Further, she carried her arms very stiffly by her sides. I found that this was because a wide band of black leather was laced, corset-like, around her upper arms and body, just below the bosom. The fur cape concealed the fact that to her elbows her arms were pinned to her sides.

We went out and got into the car. Fifi had a little difficulty because of her tight skirt; Vicki had to raise hers quite a bit, while Nicki had to have me slip hers up almost half way up her thighs before she could make it.

On the way up to the country, we stopped at a drive-in for a little lunch. Dick and I ate well; Fifi ate a little, because of the tight corset under her easy fitting dress; Vicki, of course, had nothing, nor her mother, oddly enough. That was because her veil was part of an elastic stocking, anchored to her corset.

We arrived at the Justice Of The Peace. Dick went in first to "make the last minute arrangements"--in other words to fluster the old boy by a lot of loud talk, a very generous fee and finally, by knocking his glasses to the floor and "accidentally" stepping on them.

When the girls and I walked in, poor Mr. Nathaniel N. Nivins didn't know if he was coming or going. But he knew the ceremony by heart and raced through it. When the time came for Nicki to say "I do," her mother, who was right behind her, whispered it for her and the old gentleman never knew the difference.

Getting back in the car again, I was feeling pretty possessive, so I pulled my wife's skirt up. Dick, who was driving, produced a pair of straps from somewhere and banded them to me. They were just the right length to anchor her wrists to her thighs. The other three all rode in the front seat. Very considerate.

Back at the house, Dick and I were shoed into the library and told to wait while Vicki and Fifi turned Nicki into a puppet for the ceremony.

I looked at Dick; he looked at me and shrugged.

"Search me. Let's go get a drink."





Dick and I had time for more than one drink. It was well over an hour before Fifi tapped at the library door and opened it to announce:

"M'sieur Ted, your puppet was waiting for you."

Fifi was most attractively dressed as a musical-comedy 'artist' with black patent, ultra high-heeled pumps, black mesh tights and a powder blue linen smock, which was cut very full, tightly belted around her wasp-waist and came just to the tops of her legs. On her dark curling hair was a blue velvet artist's cap. All in all, a delightful picture--especially as she preceded us up the stairs, her lovely highlighted hips swaying arrogantly at each step.

Vicki was waiting for us at the top, dressed in a similar outfit, save that her smock was pink and her hair black.

"What's the idea of the artist's outfit?" I asked, as they led us along the upper hall to what I knew was called the 'dressing-room'.

"We've been busy making Nicki into something usually only seen in an artist's studio," Vicki explained. "There, isn't she cute?"

Again, I felt my jaw sagging foolishly. In the dressing-room, leaning lightly against the dressing-table was what looked exactly like a life-sized artist's figure--save that it had no arms. Aside from a pair of high heeled, gold kid mules that arched her instep past the vertical, her figure in a light-colored luster 'skin' that covered her completely from head to toe, but which, by its very perfection of fit, managed to display her figure.

Probably the most startling single feature was her lack of arms. I assumed, for a second, they were fastened behind her in some way, perhaps with her hands between her shoulder-blades, as I had once strapped them. But as soon as I entered the room, the figure began moving toward me, taking the slightest of poses, turning to display herself from all angles. There was no sign whatever, of her arms; she looked a little broad in the shoulders and her waist was no smaller than a girl's uncorseted waist. The implication of utter defenselessness was delightful.

"All right, what have you done with 'em?' Her arms I mean," I asked.

"She's wearing a Venus-corset," her mother explained proudly. "It goes from just above her shoulder-blades to a little way below her waist. It holds her upper arms squeezed against her sides and her forearms folded against the soft part of her body in front, just under the ribs. Like a Venus-corset tight enough and the arms just have to disappear."

"So I see," I murmured. "She's gagged, of course?"

"Go tight, I don't see how she can stand it. I couldn't."

"Can she see?"

"A little--through the meshes of the material. Enough to keep from walking into a closed door; but not enough to, say, recognize faces."

"She looks absolutely delightful. But what can I do to help?"

"Fifi and I thought you might care to help dress her a little. Here, put these stockings on for her," and she handed me a pair of black nylons.

"Black? For a bride?" I asked, settling happily, as my wife leaned against a table and held out one shapely leg.

"For this one, anyway. Black's the color of Love and Surrender. If all wives wore long, black stockings and displayed them for their husbands, there would be far fewer divorces. Besides, these are the 'Something Old' that brides have to wear--they were my first pair of nylon opera. Dick liked them so much I saved them for my daughter to be married in."

By this time, I had the stockings on and smoothed into place, seams exactly straight and centered. Fifi handed me a pair of eight-inch heeled, black patent mules, saying:

"These are mine, M'sieur. They are for the 'Something Borrowed'."

As I stood up, after pulling the ankle-straps as tight as I could, Vicki put on Nicki a black elastic, opera-bow supporter with three short suspenders for each stocking. As she hooked the belt around the rigidly corseted figure and adjusted the suspenders as short as possible to pull the stockings really tight, I noticed each of the clips was decorated with a tiny rosette of blue satin. This was "Something Blue."

As I stepped back to admire the effect, the two dainty 'artists' came forward with a pair of loosely stuffed 'arms,' ending in gloved 'hands' with wide-spread fingers. Holding them against the aimless shoulders, they asked me:

"Do you think the imitation arms add to the artificial effect?"

"They certainly do," I agreed. "That flexible rag-doll look they give her is most attractive."

So they began sewing them directly to the "skin" of her shoulders.

At this point, Dick remarked:

"Gee, Ted, it's about time for you to go and change your clothes. The guests will be arriving soon."

"Gee!" I exclaimed. "What kind of guests?"

"You'll see," he grinned.





Fifi led me to the Guest Room to change my clothes. It was several minutes before I could persuade her to leave...and to do that I had to tie her hands behind her and gag her with a guest towel so that her mouth was as wide open she couldn't kiss any more. Fifi takes her job as the French maid so seriously—and gets so much simple pleasure out of it. As I was dressing, I heard sounds of voices downstairs as the guests arrived and Dick let them in—he had to, since both Vicki and Fifi were busy elsewhere.

I noticed, more or less subconsciously as I listened, the voices all seemed to be masculine. "Why no girl's voices?" I wondered idly as I tied my tie.

The solution was obvious, as soon as I came down stairs and saw the twenty-five or thirty guests who had assembled. All the girls were gagged into silence and had their arms helplessly bound; mostly, they had enough leg freedom to move around on their super high heels. That was lucky, because it gave them full opportunity to show off their tiny waists, bosoms and lavishly displayed legs.

One girl, for instance, had on black, patent knee-boots, buttoned to the tops, black stockings which disappeared under the edge of her very short, full, black velvet skirt; this fitted in the typical "princess" line, skin tight over the body and up to a collar that was so high it came right to the base of her nose, covering her mouth completely. Her arms were doubled at the elbows and laced into "short-arm" gloves that held them in that position.

Another one was in a sort of harem outfit, of very high heeled Eastern slippers with turned up toes, transparent boggy pants, (under which could be seen tightly suspended dark stockings,) a short corset that hugged the wasp-like waist which was open at the top to display a cloth-of-gold brassiere. Her wrists were circled by gold cuffs which were attached to short chains which went under her body and up to a gold belt around her waist. Her Eastern veil, which half concealed her face below the eyes was thin enough to allow a pair of smiling lips to be seen. Only on second glance did you see that the lips were actually painted on; the entire lower part of her face being tightly but smoothly covered with adhesive tape.

"Now," I said to Dick, as he prepared to take me around and introduce me. "Who are all these charmingly helpless creatures?"

"Oh, Members of the Society," he answered airily.

"Social Register Society?" I inquired doubtfully.

"Oh, no. Another kind of society altogether, where a tiny waist counts for more than family history, pretty legs take the social place position and a tight gag is the passport to complete acceptance."

At this moment somewhere, a piano started to play "The Wedding March."





As the music began, Dirk took my elbow and hurried me over to one side of the big hall, where a low dais, backed with flowers, had been prepared. Hearing a masculine murmur of appreciation behind me, I turned to see the Bridal Procession slowly descending the stairs.

First, by herself, came my Marion Puppert. She was quite a sight. Instead of a conventional wedding-gown, she wore a skirt and halter-bra arrangement. But the skirt, of pale grey satin, while very full, was less than ten inches long, so that it came near the tops of her pink luster legs and allowed a startling display of her black stockings. The halter was made of strings of large imitation pearls in a wheel design over each breast. You might say it was an unusual bra. Her head and face were covered, at the moment, by a rather heavy veil in white, kept on by a chaplet of orange blossoms. The dark wig beneath could be seen, but that was about all. Her artificial arms were pinned up in such a manner that they seemed to be holding a bouquet of obviously artificial roses, with grey satin blossoms. (A rather subtle piece of symbolism, I thought.)

Behind her came a page, dressed from high, rigid collar to toes in one-piece tights of a deep wine color, which were made to look like a uniform by a row of gold buttons all the way down the front and gold piping sewn on to indicate the edge of the jacket, pockets, etc. Her feet were in high heeled, black kid pumps and a matching discipline helmet enclosed the head. A round pill-box hat was perched rakishly over one narrow eye-slit. The arms were secured with the wrists high and elbows in contact behind the back, with black straps at elbows and wrists. In front of the page was a little tray, suspended from straps around the neck. This, I realized, must be Pifi.

Back of her, came four bridesmaids, two by two. They were all alike in a form of Maid's costume, in pale pink. From the bosom down to the severely corseted waists, the satin fitted like it was sprayed on. Below this, the skirts which were just long enough to reach the tops of the legs when the wearers stood still, sprung out till they were a good three feet across. The hems were stiffened with wire hoops and so swung interestingly at each tiny step, so that the super tight stockings were frequently displayed. The stockings, rather less than full "Opera" in length, were of a pale beige tint and in spite of very tight, light blue suspenders, allowed an intriguing hint of pale thigh to show.

The feet were in pale blue suede pumps with seven inch heels, while matching shoulder-length gloves covered the arms. The hands were pulled as high up the back as the wearers could stand and anchored by straps which ran up to high, stiff, suede collars about the necks. The four pretty "maids" wore little white aprons, which were now pinned up in such a manner as to hold the bouquet of artificial blue roses that the girls could not carry in their arms in the usual manner. To keep them fashionably silent, each girl's mouth was stretched wide open, probably by a choke-pear, then covered by a wide, smooth band of flesh-colored suede, right around the hood. A pair of full smiling lips was stuck in the proper position, but the happy expression was belied by staring eyes, wide open in the smart "gag look".

As I watched this lovely procession approach, I found myself wondering, "but where is Vicki?"





The procession slowly crossed the hall to where Dick and I were waiting by the dais. As my bride arrived beside me, I turned, so we were both facing the flower-banked platform. At this moment a figure appeared from behind the flowers at one side and moved slowly to the center, where she turned to face us.

From her toes to about half way between knee and thigh, she wore black, patent knee-boots, with eight inch heels. Her legs were covered, apparently up to the waist by the minutest of black nylon tights. The corseted body was covered to just below the bust by a brief, skin-fitting leotard, which was a solid mass of silver sequins; the legs were cut so high at the sides as almost to reach the waist. From the bosom, right up to a high neck, she wore the same black nylon which covered her legs, the center of each bosom being decorated with a rosette of rhinestones. The head was covered by a sort of helmet of black patent, which came down in front to form a domino eye-mask, and also covered the neck and ears, though it left the mouth uncovered. From the shoulders hung a long cape-like garment of black lace which was caught around the waist by a narrow rhinestone belt, but arranged to hang so far open in front that neither the bosom or legs were concealed. Perhaps the strangest part of the costume was the huge, black, lace collar, in the form of a scallop-shell; the wearer's black-gloved arms were made part of the lower frons, so subtly, you did not realize she was helpless, or indeed what had been done to get rid of them.

Obviously, this was Vicki. You couldn't tell directly, but it couldn't be anyone else.

Glancing over the assemblage, then down to her daughter, the began:

"Subjects and gentlemen, we are gathered here this evening to witness the formal acceptance of this Human Puppet before me by the young man beside her."

Speaking to me, she asked solemnly:

"Do you, Edward Walk, take this puppet to be your property; to lace and to corset, to gag and to blind; in satin and in silk, in leather and in steel, from this day forth?"

"I do," answered I, my heart pounding with excitement.

"Very well. Remove her veil and signify your acceptance by making her a face."

Eagerly, I swept the concealing veil back from Vicki's long, black, curling wig and blank face. At the same time the page stepped forward; on the tray hung from her neck were some various colored grease-pencils. I'll admit I'm a pretty fair amateur artist; and in a very few minutes I had drawn her a very pretty cartoon-style face; the expression was one of pained surprise, with big, wide-open eyes, arching brows and a full, smiling mouth.

The job complete, the page melted away and Vicki and I turned once more to the High Priestess.

"To you, puppet Nicole," she asked in measured tones, "give yourself, wholeheartedly and completely, to this man, with no thought but to make him happy?"

The rigid figure nodded her silent head.

"And do you further promise to love him implicitly, honor him completely and obey him abjectly?"

Another nod.

"And do you further promise to accept the most stringent bondage and severest of silencers to make yourself more desirable to him?"

Again a nod.

"Very well. Accept from your owner the symbol of his domination."

There was a faint sound behind me. I turned to see the page had returned. On her tray was a pair of gold-plated ankle cuffs, joined by a short chain. Kneeling, I snugged the cuffs about the trim ankles as the pretty legs moved far enough apart to draw the chain tight.

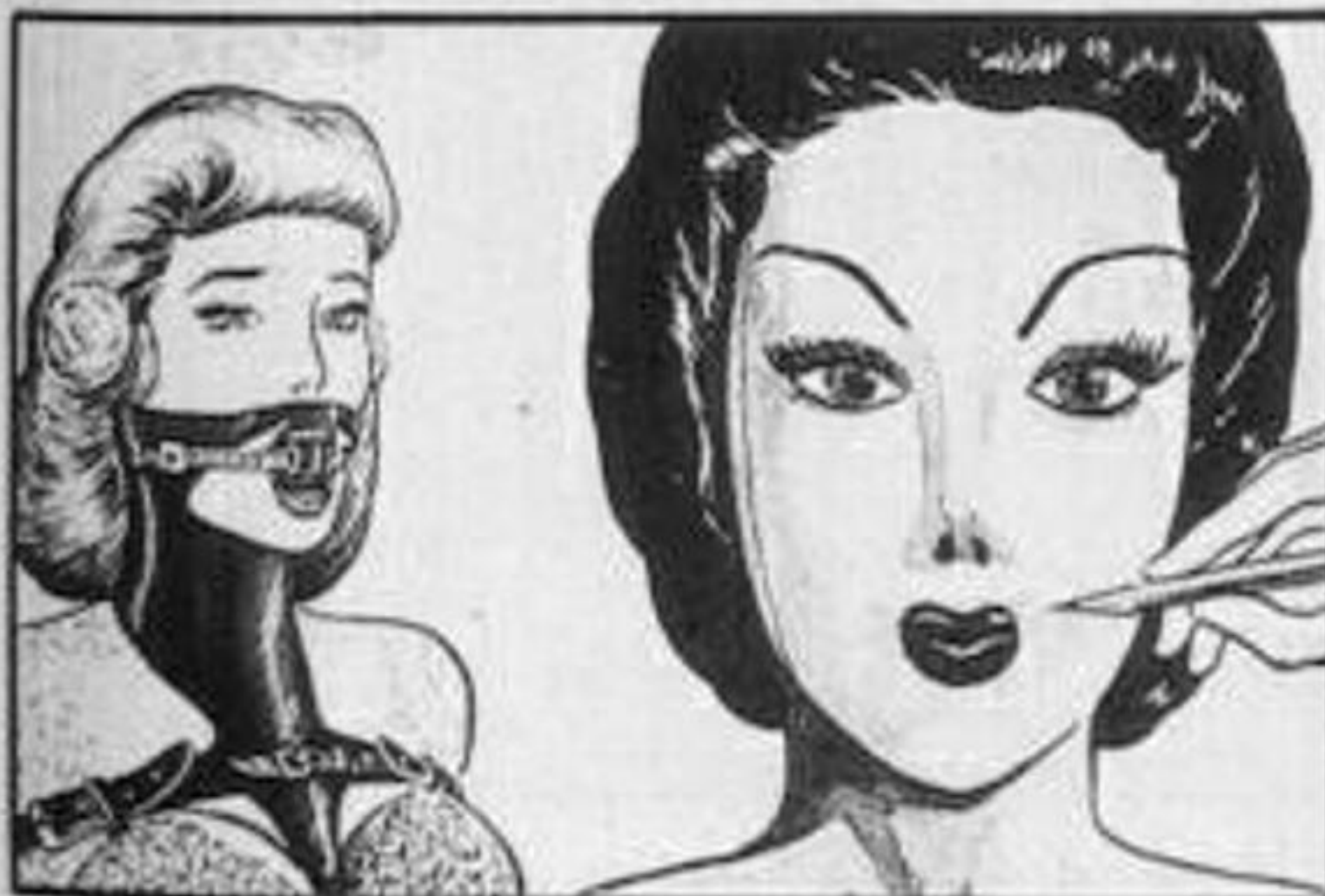
The Priestess spoke again.

"By the authority vested in me by this Society, I now declare you Owner and Property."

Vicki turned toward me and I looked her in a crushing stroke.

From somewhere I heard the Priestess say:

"Let the celebration commence."





Under Dick's guidance, my wife and I moved across the room--she taking very small strides by reason of the short skirt between her ankles--and formed part of a Reception Line, together with the four helpless Bridesmaids. (The page seemed to have vanished.) In a few moments the Priestess joined us and Dick stood beside her.

There was a special etiquette observed by all the delightfully helpless girls. When a girl guest greeted a bridesmaid, or the bride, they bowed slightly from the hips. But when a girl greeted a man, she curtseied--not a full, deep Court curtsy, which most of them were too stiffly restrained to manage anyway, but a very definite curtsy, just the same. Even Vicki, as Queen of Honor, curtseied to the gentlemen with the rest. Vicki, however, did not. I found out this was because she was not gagged and so could greet them verbally.

When the actual receiving was over and it took quite a long time since all the men had to compliment Vicki on her delightful costume and the charming arrogance with which she wore it. The bridesmaids, at a signal from Vicki, filed out.

Shortly afterward they returned, without their planned bouquets, with their aprons smoothed down in front. On the shoulders each had an arrangement similar to an old-fashioned milk-maid's yoke. But instead of a pail hanging from each side, there was a round tray. On some of the trays were glasses of champagne; on others, little plates of sandwiches, etc. With practiced ease, the pretty maids slipped among the guests, supplying the men with refreshments. The poor bawled and gagged girls, of course, got nothing--except for Vicki; when the Bride's health was proposed, Dick did hold his glass to her lips so she could take a sip of champagne in her daughter's honor.

I was beginning to wonder about the Wedding Cake when it arrived, under its own power. It was a huge one, about two and a half feet in height, and almost as much in diameter. It was generally in the form of a cone, since the individual layers got smaller as they got higher. It was very elaborately iced and decorated, with a delightful little piece of sugar sculpture on the top, representing a man--obviously as--in a light rickshaw, driving a very smartly bearded human pony, which was, presumably Vicki, but her entire head was enclosed in a gleaming glass helmet.

The oddest part of the cake, though, was the fact it had legs. Pretty high heeled legs in black mesh stockings, legs I recognized at once as Fifi's. The cake was largely hollow inside and was arranged to fit over her like that giant park of cigarettes fits over the dancer on Television.

It's quite surprising, but very pleasant to have a wedding cake come strutting up to you. Somebody thrust a cake knife into my hand. I unfastened one of my wife's limp, artificial arms from her bouquet and holding the gloved "hand" in mine, began cutting the cake. Dick had a stack of plates on a rolling table and the bridesmaids cued up as he could put the filled plates on the trays that swung from their rigid shoulders.

In a very short time all the men were served, then the girls went back to serving champagne.

As I replaced her arm, I asked my helpless, silent wife: "Happy Sweetheart?"

She nodded and nestled up against me as well as her unyielding corset would permit. Her dark wiggled head went back and she offered her dumb-painted lips for a kiss.

"Hey!" called a voice from across the room, "how about some dancing? Ted, will you and your bride lead us off?"







I was wondering how Nicki could manage to dance with her ankles so closely bobbed, when Nick slipped on a key, murmuring:

"For dancing, the bride's legs may be released."

In a second, I had one cuff removed and was about to take the other off, when I had an idea. I swapped the first one on again, so both cuffs were on the left leg, as a sort of symbol that the chain was removed only temporarily.

Then, I unpinned her limp arms and took off the bouquet of artificial roses as well. I put one floppy arm on my shoulder and took the hand of the other in my left and as somebody started a waltz on the phonograph, my puppet bride and I took the floor.

The others stood and watched for a while, but they slowly joined in. Soon the floor was full of dancing couples. Obviously, some such fairly slow number as a waltz was necessary; the girls were all so tightly laced and gagged that any sort of exertion was out of the question.

There is a great thrill in dancing with anyone as helpless as Nicki; from the hips up she was as rigid as a poker and though she pressed as close to me as she could, her movements were still very stiff; then too, the height of her heels made her balance a matter of great delicacy and I found it easier to clasp her very tightly around the waist, taking a good deal of her weight myself. You grow so accustomed, in dancing, to feel the girl's left arm around you and to do a good deal of your leading through your left and her right arm that it feels very odd when they are not there. But you get a tremendous sense of utter helplessness.

Toward the end of the number, I could feel her knees weakening and could sense she was almost collapsing, so I steered her over to her mother and murmured, "I think Nicki's about had it. She's better rest a while."

Nicki nodded and agreed:

"It's not surprising. She insisted on being laced in until she fainted. Then she made us gag her so tightly she could hardly breathe. But she ought to be changing into her going-away outfit soon anyway. Oh, here comes Nick. He'll take Nicki around through the kitchen and up the back stairs. Then, with the puppet-skin off and the gag loosened a little she can rest a while before it's time to get dressed again."

But, even though she was swaying on her feet from exhaustion, my wife wouldn't leave until I had put her sock-chain back again.

For the next hour or more I had a fine time, sitting in and dancing with all the charmingly helpless girls. Many of them managed to be quite flirtatious, in spite of their rigid bondage and enforced silence. It's amazing, how eloquent a pair of made-up eyes can be when the mouth below is gagged.

Several times I looked for Fifi, but the Walking Wedding Cake had vanished.

Finally, Nicki reappeared at the head of the stairs in her going away costume and slowly descended. She still wore her Venus corset but no imitation arms. Instead, she had on a tight-fitting, seamless green velvet jacket, with a little round collar and a puff of yellow silk scarf around the neck. Two cut-outs in front of the jacket allowed her to thrust forward beneath a yellow blouse. Below the waist, just to the tops of her very long brown kid, eight inch heeled thigh-boots, she wore an ultra-tight, brown velvet skirt. Her head was covered with a discipline helmet of the same leather as the boots, though it seemed to be in two parts, the arcs over the mouth and lower face being strapped on over the crown of the head. Final touches were supplied by a green velvet beret on the smooth leather head, and a narrow spray of pink orchids on the left shoulder.

So easily and surely had she managed the stairs, that it was not until she stood uncertainly at the bottom that we all realized her helmet had no eye-holes and she was blind.

I didn't feel quite ready to go, so, with assistance, I stood her precariously on four champagne bottles for forty-five minutes. She didn't dare move a muscle, or she would have fallen and probably hurt herself.





When I was good and ready to leave, I lifted my charmingly defenseless bride down off the bottles, and, guided by Dick and Vicki, led her through the back of the house to the garage-yes, this must be one of the few houses left in the city with a private garage, formerly coach-house, attached. Made it very handy for getting tightly bound and strikingly costumed girls into and out of cars without exciting interest in the wrong quarters.

Dick had the station-wagon ready for us. It was packed with numerous suitcases of Nicki's, (and mine, which I had brought over earlier;) there was a queer arrangement like a folding door-frame, whose use I could not guess. But, oddest of all, was a large, vaguely pear-shaped, leather bag, hung from a special hook in the roof of the wagon. I couldn't figure it at all.

Right back of the front seat, convenient to hand, was a large chest of bondage material. From it I took a long, fairly heavy cord and tied one end of it as tightly around my wife's right wrist as I could pull it. I helped her seat herself on the front seat. Then, I brought the rope up behind her and around the bar on the back of the seat and pulled it so tight before knotting it, that nearly all her weight rested on the rope. To keep her from leaning forward, I ran another short rope around her leather neck and to the back of the seat. I figured this arrangement would give her something to think about—especially going over my bumps. As a final touch to complete her helplessness, I banded her legs together as tightly as possible at ankles, insteps and above and below her booted knees.

Vicki gave me a warm kiss and Dick slipped an envelope into my pocket as he shook hands, saying:

"Open it after you're out of the city....The best of luck, my boy and remember, in marriage, there's nothing that can't be settled by a smaller corset, a higher heel, a tighter restraint or a more severe gag. So long."

I clipped behind the wheel as he opened the garage doors and away we went.

Naturally, we kept to the darker streets, but I still had ample light to admire the lovely figure at my side. Silent, bound and corrected to utter helplessness, Nicki was, to me, the acme of feminine desirability. For her part, I could feel, from the faint but definite responses to my kisses that she too, was more than content with her condition.

When we were some miles out in the country, I stopped the car, turned on the map-light and read the letter. It said:

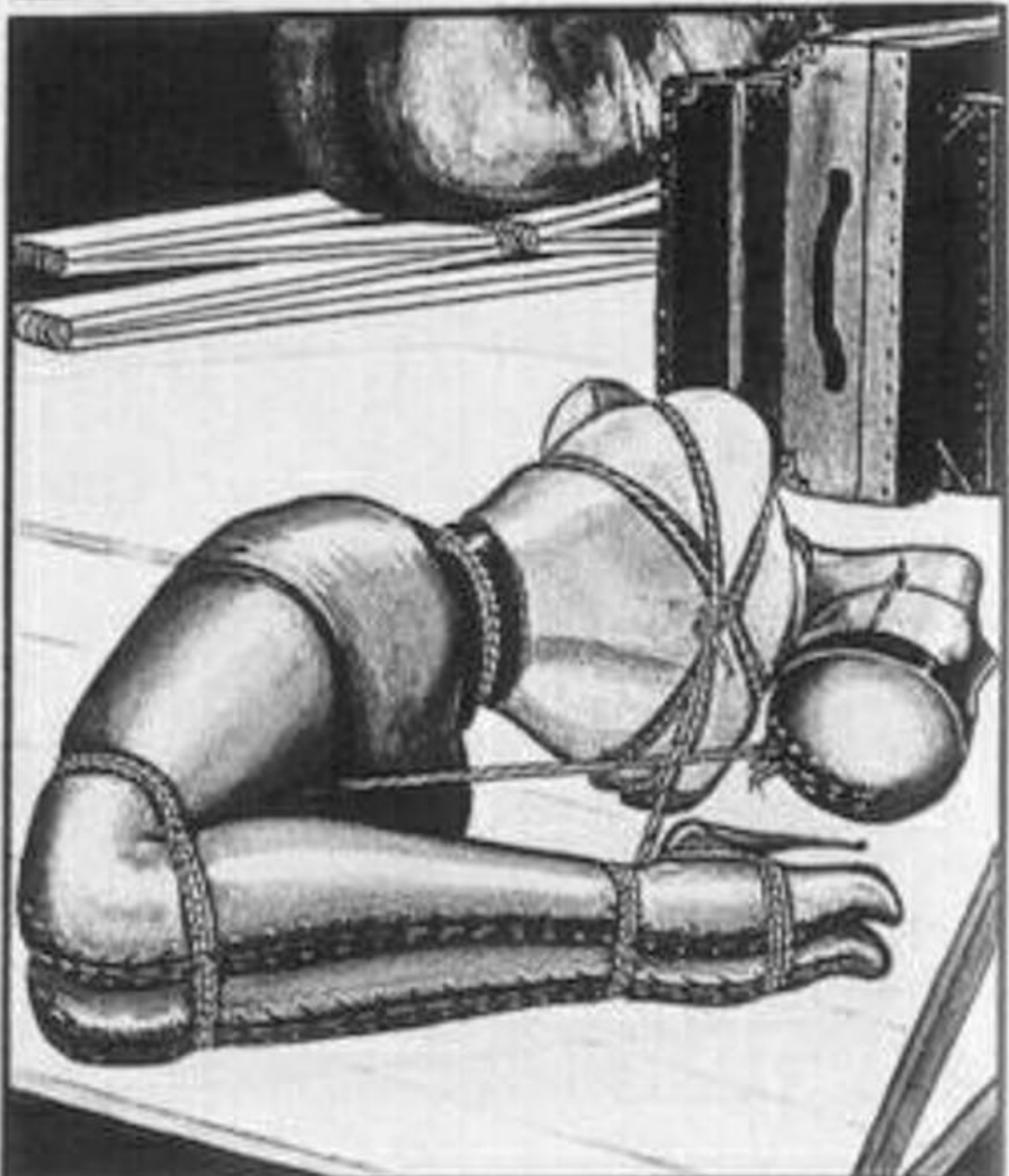
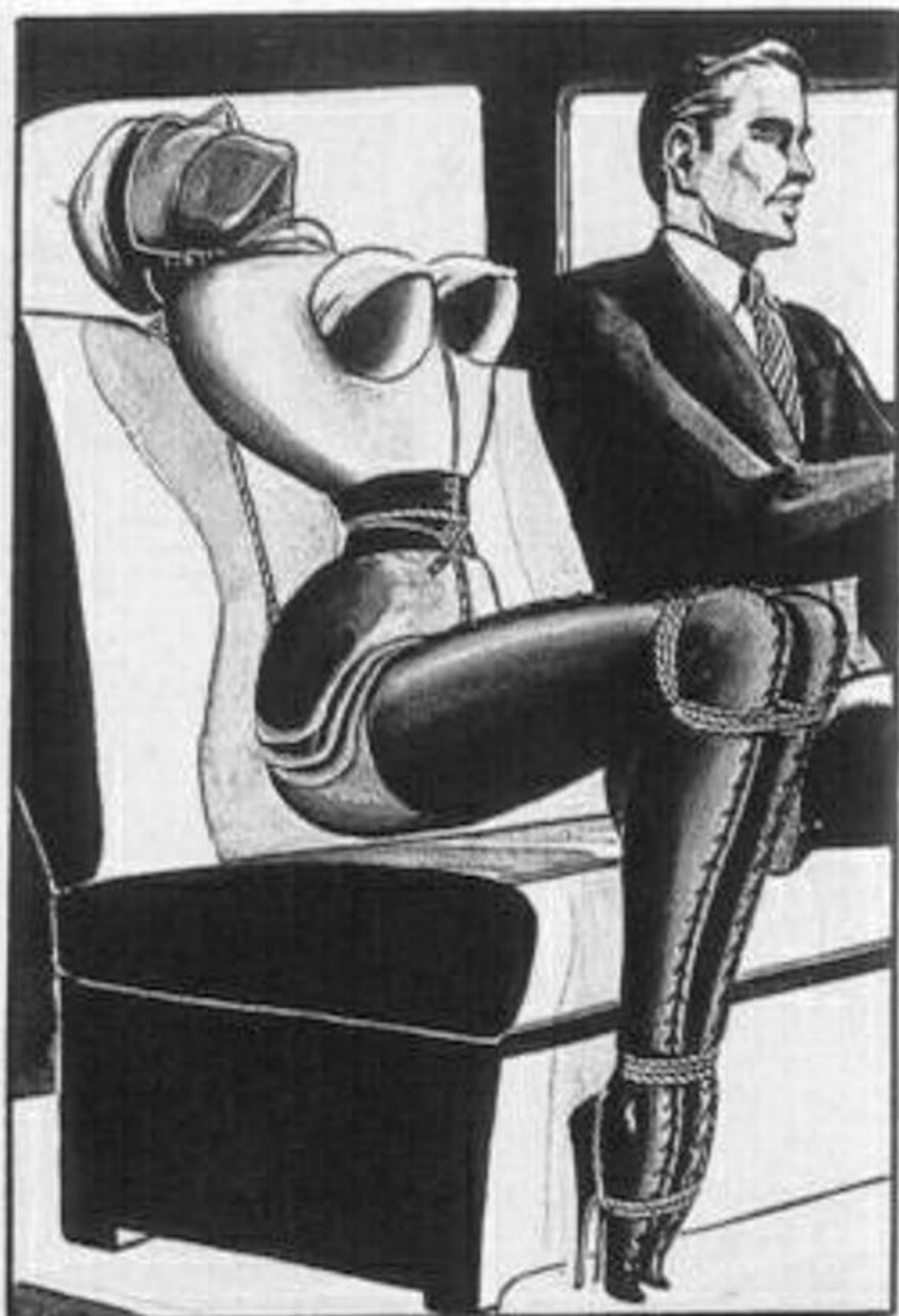
Dear Ted,

Of course, you'll want to spend your honeymoon at your cottage; but don't forget that our place is just up the road. Make yourselves at home there. You'll have space, apparatus and privacy. Vicki and I are sending Pifi along to help you. She can do all the things like housework that I'm sure you'll keep Nicki too firmly restrained to do. When you want privacy, just add a blindfold to her gag. Handle her just as strictly as you do Nicki; they both thrive on severity. Oh, be sure and set up the portable lacing frame I let you have; neither girl is strong enough to pull herself in without it. Happy honeymoon.

Dick

No Pifi was with us! That was very generous of Vicki and Ted, but where was she? Suddenly, I realized what the contents of that swinging leather bag must be. What a delightful way to pack her for shipment.

Soon, we were pulling up outside the cottage. Of course, brides always have to be carried over the threshold for the first time, so I lowered the tail of the wagon and carried Nicki around to fix her properly. I secured a rope several times around her aimless shoulders and ran a cord from it back to the one around her ankles, pulling it tight till she was bent backward like a string bow. Then, I took the cord that still retained its position under her body, up the back and tied it to the lace of her helmet, drawing her head back to the utmost. She was now in a beautiful Crapaudine position and utterly without the power of movement. It was thus that I carried my bride into her new home. I left her in that position while I went out, leisurely, to unpack the station-wagon.







Naturally, I emptied the baggage and so forth out of the wagon first, including the lacing-frame. I set that up in a little utility room behind the bed-room. (How it works you'll see in a future chapter.)

Then I was ready for that interesting looking leather bag which still hung from the roof of the automobile. A little examination showed the bag was nothing but a cover—that is, it took no weight. That part of it was headed by a metal loop that emerged from the tied neck of the bag. Unraveling the cord, I removed the bag, disclosing Fifi bound in a manner I had never seen before. Since, owing to the deep curve her body had been forced into, she could not wear a conventional stiff corset, her sole clothing, aside from the usual stockings, was a super-tight fitting, heavy, dark, rubber garment like a one-piece bathing suit.

To get her into the necessary position, she must have been made to sit, flat on the ground, then her head and arms were forced forward and down, while her knees were brought up until a bar, with securing straps at the ends, could be passed under her knees and across the back of the shoulders. Her arms, which were now on the under side of her thighs, were brought around the outside of them and forced as far back as possible by means of cords from wrist to wrist across the small of her back. Later, I found out, when the subject is left in this position, it is called "The Grasshopper", from the raised position of the knees. But in Fifi's case, her feet were forced into soft booties, without heels, the toes of which were seen to the ring by which she was suspended. Thus, the least movement was impossible and escape, or even modification of the position, out of the question. Her discomfort was greatly increased and silence assured by a huge pad of sponge rubber crammed into the gaping mouth and held in place by a narrow strap, buckled as tightly as possible around her head.

Fifi's tear-filled eyes gazed at me in mute appeal, as I slipped the bag off. Knowing that release from a cramped position such as this can be very painful, unless done slowly, I carried her, still bound, into the utility room, placed her gently on the floor and removed her booties. Then, I left her to untangle herself as fast as her stiffness allowed.

Nearly, I placed one of the suitcases, on which was stencilled her name. Then, I went back to the living-room and my helpless bride.

I released her too, at least as far as her bonds went. Then, I led her to the couch, seating myself at one end and settling her so that her armless trunk rested against me and her attractively booted legs extended along the seat. Even though I could not hear it, I could feel her sigh and relax at least as much as her rigid costume allowed.

I took off her beret and then unbuckled the lower part of her helmet, the part over the lower face and jaw. This disclosed the obviously wide open mouth and cheeks were covered by a smooth-fitting three inch band of leather, which turned out to be forced down the back of her head, over the helmet. This actually had a triple function, to jam the mouthpiece of the gag all the way back in the mouth, to seal the mouth completely, to present a smooth surface, so the part of the helmet over the mouth would fit without the least excuse of bulge. Under this wide band, when I unlaced it, I found the mouth packed wide open by the largest possible leather egg, which was held in place by a strap through it and around the back of the head, pulling the corners of the mouth far back.

At first, Micki's mouth was so dry and stiff and cramped, she could say nothing. Finally, she managed to ask for some water, which I gave her. I was just beginning to unlace the rest of the helmet when she begged:

"Please, master, not yet. I want to look my best when you see my face. I've got so make-up on and my face will be full of pressure marks from the mask. Let Fifi fix me up as pretty as possible, then I'll be glad to show my face to you. I hope you like me," she murmured anxiously.







It was rather more than an hour later I suppose (after all, who keeps track of minutes at a time like that?) when Fifi knocked on the door of the living-room.

Fifi, was her usual Parisian self, from the crisp white cap on her dark hair, to the tips of her high-heeled, black patent toes. Her first words were:

"Fifi wishes to thank Monsieur for putting up so lacing frame. Without it, she could not have lace' her corset. You think she looks nice, oui?"

She pivotted for my approval. As a change from the usual black, she wore a steel grey, satin uniform. It had a very high, stiff, tight collar, which came up in a fan of lace behind, almost to the top of her head. Over the shoulders, bosom and hips, it fit like the skin on a frankfurter. It continued down, still ultra-tight, to about a few inches above her knees—far longer than her usual skirts. Her stockings, of ordinary length, were dark beige, and in spite of the pull of the four tight suspenders to each leg, there was a band of bare flesh between stocking top and skirt hem. Finishing touches were the white apron, edged with lace and the wide lace cuffs on the full-length, tight sleeves.

"Very nice, Fifi," I told her, "but tell me, why no black stockings? I thought French ladies always wore them."

"Oui, monsieur, for ordinary occasions. But to see me on ordinary occasion. See only black stockings worn tonight will be on Mlle'selle. Fifi would not dream of offering, what you call, competition...Euf Monsieur want permit, Fifi will take as bride, as' dress her in a pretty negligee, for as Bridal supper an' prepare her face for the great unveiling."

I helped Fifi to her feet, and after a final kiss, she slipped out, followed by Fifi, who gave me one of her inviting smiles before closing the door.

There was quite a lengthy wait, part of which I filled by getting out a bottle of champagne and putting it in an ice-bucket.

Finally, I heard Fifi's slightly husky voice, outside the door, asking:

"Will you let me in please, boss?"

My first reaction was to tell her to open the door herself, since it wasn't locked. Then I realised, happily, she was probably incapable of doing so. In two strides, I was across the room and had the door open. My wife took two or three tiny steps into the room and posed, waiting my approval.

She was well worth approving. Her feet were shod in very low-cut, black patent pumps with the alignment of seven inch heels; her legs were displayed, as Fifi promised, in the finest gowns, black nylon opera, stretched as taut as possible and beyond the tops of the legs at the sides by a single, wide, black suspender which were attached to the lower edge of the Venus corset which still enclosed her trunk, compressing her arms into invisibility. Her undergarment was of black lace, with a matching brassiere. The negligee which Fifi mentioned, was made without arms to fit over the corset, was of black tulle, buttoned closely down the front to the waist; then it was steeply cut away to leave the legs fully displayed. The most surprising part of the outfit was the thin, but opaque black anti hood, which was tied bag-like around her neck, completely concealing her head and face.

Eagerly, I led her to the couch and as I reached for the knot of the draw-string, she cautioned me:

"Are you sure you want to see my face? I—I may not be at all what you expect."

"I'm not worried," I assured her, "though I'll admit to certain nagging doubts. I'm sure you're lovely—and anyway, I can always keep you naked and gagged if I feel like it."

I undid the knot and slipped off the concealing hood.





There was a long silence after I slipped the hood off Nicki's head, disclosing her face. Finally, she murmured anxiously:

"What--what's the matter? Don't you like me?"

"Like you!" I exclaimed. "You're so lovely, you left me speechless."

Her resemblance to her beautiful mother was striking, with the same attractive, wide-set eyes under carefully plucked, high arching, dark brows, a little similar, slightly tip-tilted nose over the generous, beautifully shaped lips, slightly parted to disclose the white, even teeth. Perhaps, the most striking difference was her hair, which instead of being dark, was so blonde, it was almost white. She wore it in a sort of angel cut, a mass of short curls that would have looked quite boyish if her features had not been so feminine. I found out she wore it in this style because it was so practical with the wig and helmets she wore so much.

Her features were brilliantly made up, as though for a stage appearance, with ultra long, artificial eye-lashes, deep blue eye-shadow, pale skin with a touch of rouge high on her cheek-bones and her pretty mouth outlined in the brightest possible red lip-stick.

As soon as I had reassured her, she glanced up at me flirtatiously through her long lashes and murmured:

"How about a kiss?"

Eagerly, I pulled her to me, wrapping my arms crashingly about her slender trunk; as my mouth approached hers, her eyes closed vigorously.

Finally, while we were taking a sort of breather, and I was trying to tell Nicki how much I loved her and how delightful she looked, there was a gentle knock on the door. "Come in," I said and Fifi minced in, murmuring:

"Bel Monsieur veut fix Fifi like as Bridal Soubrrette, she must serve as Bridal Supper."

"What on earth is a Bridal Soubrrette?" I asked.

My wife explained, "she's sort of a couple of steps beyond a French Maid. Her job is to wait on a Bride and Groom without interfering with their privacy. That means she cannot see, speak or release herself from her restraint. Bring the things to Fifi, I", sure my husband is more than willing to fix you."

Fifi hurried, mince out and returned with a tray on which were the necessary materials. The first items were a pair of arm-corsets, which were like shoulder-length gloves, except that the arm parts were heavily boned and laced up like a corset, so that once on, Fifi could not bend her elbows. That meant she could use her hands, but could not get them near her face.

I laced these as tightly as I could, then put on the leather branks, which was an arrangement of many bridle-like straps which went over her head and around her face. The function of this, aside from its attractive appearance, was to hold a padded leather patch over each eye, blinding her, and the biggest possible leather pear jammed as far back as possible in her gaping mouth, gagging her completely.

My helpless bride stood by my side, supervising the adjustment of the straps and laces, insisting that everything be pulled as tightly as possible, without regard to the victim's feelings.

For Fifi writhed and waved her stiffened arms uselessly, as under Nicki's guidance, I pulled the blind-fold strap a hole tighter, or took up ten more on the gag-strap. As a final perfecting touch, I buckled a narrow belt around her waist and ran a strap from the back of it to a ring on the top of her branks. As Fifi couldn't see anyway, Nicki made me pull this check rein up until I was afraid the wretched maid's neck would be dislocated; but Nicki knew what she was doing. At last she said, smiling sweetly:

"Alright, Fifi, you may serve supper. And if you spill a drop of anything, you'll spend the night pulled up like that."





The supper table was already laid out on a little glass enclosed porch which is nice and warm, even in the cool of the evening. The table is one of those wrought-iron, glass-topped jobs, but only one place was set, since my aimless bride would have to be fed.

Arrived at the table, I made her stand astride the chair, and with some cord I had brought, I tied her trunk to the back of it. Then I doubled her legs at the knees, corded her ankles to the side members of the chair, opposite her hips. When I was through, all she could move was her head. As I took my place beside her, she smiled.

"It's always fun to be tied up, but it's especially delightful to be tied by your husband."

Naturally, I kissed her. Several times.

Then, Fifi began serving the meal. Incredibly, she managed the whole deal without spilling a drop of anything. She was slow, yes—but who was in a hurry? She seemed to know almost by instinct, where the kitchen door was and how many steps she had to take from the door to the table and so on. At one point, as she took a tray-load of dishes back to the kitchen, walking through the door without even brushing it, her slow, stiff movements reminding me of a mechanical figure, I asked Nicki how she managed it.

"Easy," I was told. "She does it by sound. She and mother and I, have all learned to move around blind-folded by listening to the sounds we make being reflected by walls and even big pieces of furniture."

"Could you move around blind-folded, as easily as she does?"

"Certainly. Even better. I've had more practice," Nicki asserted.

Well, that was a nice bit of information to file away for the future.

When the time came to serve the champagne, I got it out of the ice bucket, loosened the cork and shook the bottle before making Fifi turn around. I flatter myself that I scored a very good hit, right where it would do the most good. Her stiff arms flew back uselessly and I'm sure, she tried to cry out, but no sound penetrated the super-tight gag.

Filling one glass, I made Nicki take a sip for herself, then one for me, which I took from her lips. So we slowly killed most of the bottle—and I may say champagne never tasted better than it did from my lovely wife's ruby lips.

Though Nicki drank her share of the wine, she ate almost nothing, explaining the correct she was going to wear later, wouldn't allow her to take more than a couple of mouth-fuls. I didn't argue.

Supper over, I carried my bride, her ankles still bound to her thighs, back to the living room where we had coffee. She was warmed and relaxed by the champagne, obviously, glorying in her helpless attractiveness.

Along toward midnight she suggested:

"If you'd like to take Fifi's blind-fold off, she could help me out of this Venus corset and into the other one I mentioned. Then, I could get ready for bed and we could get rid of Fifi."

"Sounds like a fine idea," I agreed heartily.





Nicki and Fifi, her sight now restored, were out of the room for so long, I had begun to worry about what had happened to them, and was just going to go looking for them when the door opened.

Fifi entered first, looking much the same as before, save that her leather straps seemed to have been pulled even tighter, the blindfold replaced and her relatively long, tight skirt had been pulled up slightly at the sides so the wrists of her rigid arms could be strapped to her thighs, making her arms useless.

Just behind, and urging her along, came my bride, wearing a night-gown of sheerest, black nylon. The nightgown was cinched at the waist by a very short, stiff, black patent corset, which pulled Nicki's wasp waist into sixteen inches, smaller than I had ever seen it. The corset was unusual in another way. It closed at the back and laced at the front—it was now standing open about two inches. The nightgown, which reached the floor at the sides, was slit at back and front. There were two narrow straps in front of the corset, fastened to the lower edge about six inches apart; they went down and up to fasten to the corset in back. I found, they were called "darting" straps and were intended to hold a short corset like this one from riding up uncomfortably; they helped the figure in other ways too. Her black, opera hose were held up by being rolled down a couple of inches to meet a fancy black lace garter on each lovely leg. Finishing touches were supplied by ultra-tight, black gloves, reaching to above the elbow and seven inch heeled, black patent sandals.

"How do I look?" she smiled, posing for my pleasure.

"Without doubt, you are the loveliest and most desirable creature the world has ever seen," I declared firmly.

She flashed me a teasing smile and then made quite a production out of pulling up one sheer stocking and then the other. I noticed her hands were so tightly gloved, she had quite a little difficulty in closing her fingers.

"Tell me," I asked, "why the front lacing corset?"

"Well, I assume you're going to strap my arms up behind me—at least, I hope you are. And if the corset lace was at the back, under my arms, how could you get it closed?"

"You mean you could stand being laced even smaller?" I gasped.

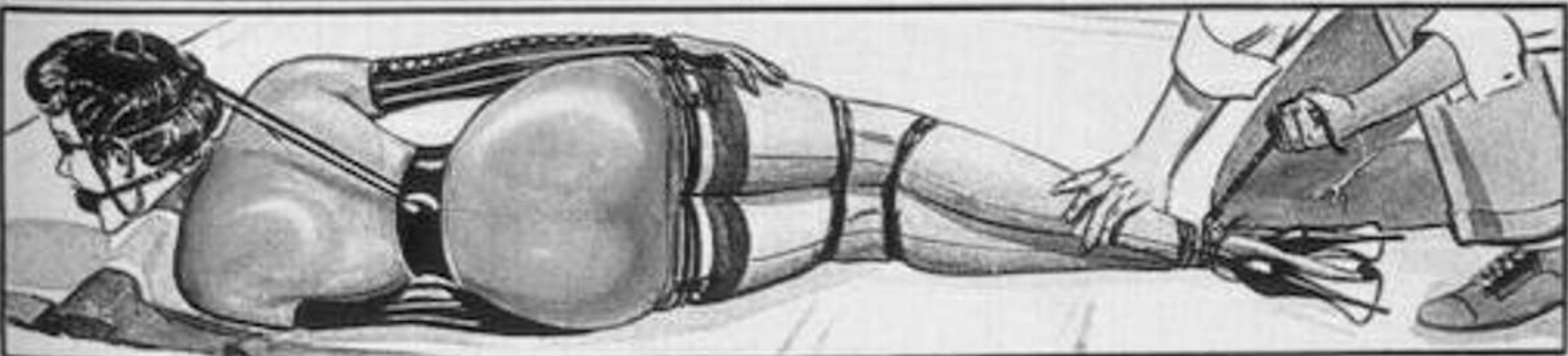
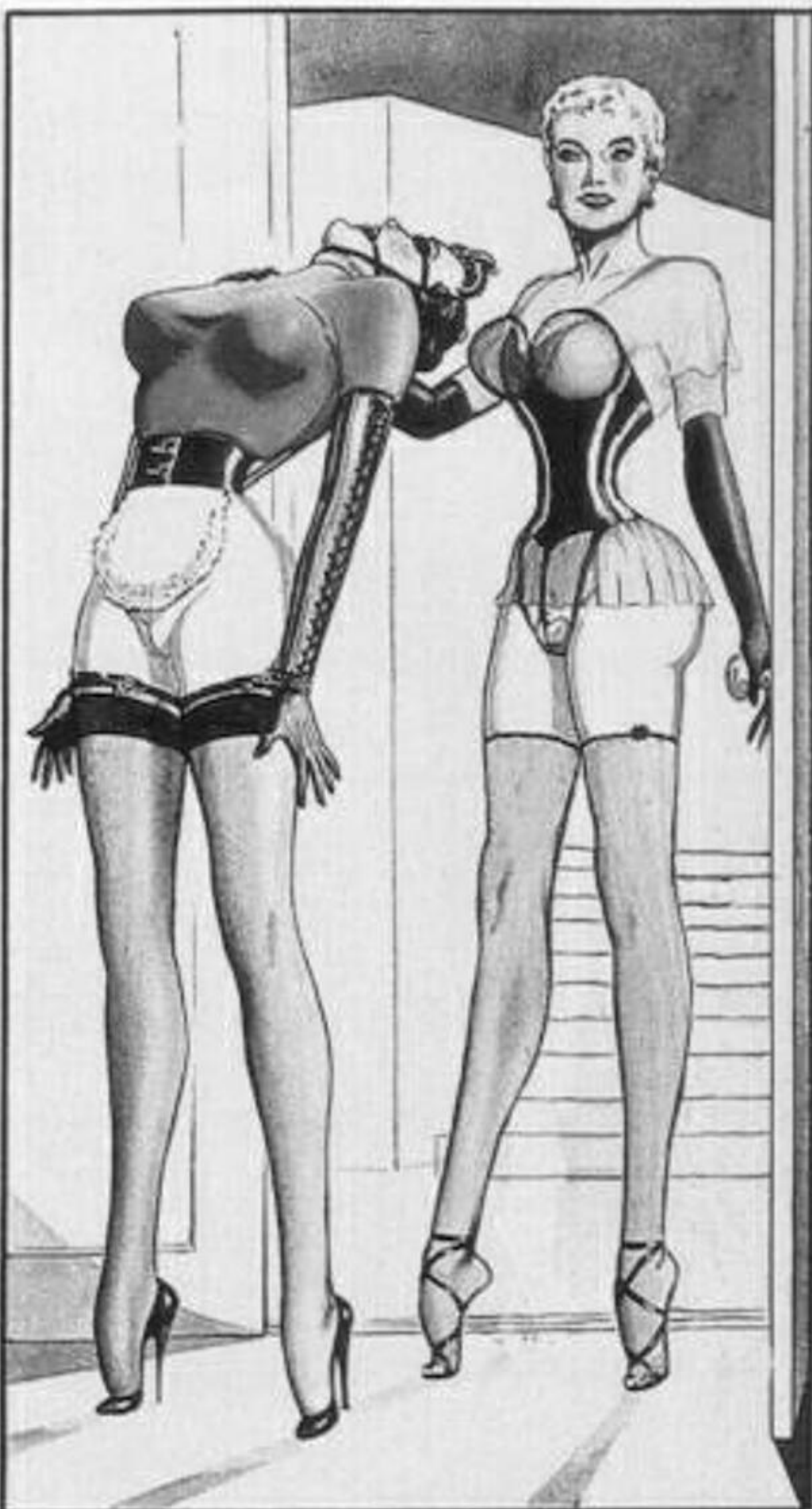
"Oh, yes. I've had this corset closed to within one inch. But with my arms anchored behind my back, and maybe a nice tight gag in my mouth, I couldn't very well stop if you decided to close it all the way, could I? Now, she said briskly, how about getting rid of this for the night?" and she gestured toward Fifi, who was standing stiff and still as a post beside her.

I got a heavy traveling rug and a long length of rope and some straps.

"Bring her out on the porch," I ordered. As she pushed her victim along, Nicki explained:

"I've plugged her ears, so she's deaf as well as blind and dumb. That's why I have to move her around this way."

On the porch, I spread the rug, laid Fifi down on it, strapped her legs together in several places and rolled her tightly in the rug. Then, I laced the cord around and around the silent, helpless bundle.







Nicki looked at me and smiled, "would you strap my arms up, please?"

"It will be a pleasure," I assured her, absently, "if you will get the straps."

Graciously, she rose from the couch, and before going on her errand, she pulled up her garters and smoothed out her black stockings.

In a few minutes, she was beside me on the couch again, wrists strapped together between her shoulder-blades and elbows tightly in contact in the small of her back. She sighed happily.

"Oh, if you only knew how wonderful and exciting it is to be dressed like this and helpless to the bargain," she said.

Later on, I suggested, "let's begin tightening your corset. I want to see it closed all the way down the front."

"No do I," Nicki nodded, venturing, continuing, "maybe you'd better gag me. Otherwise, after about an inch, I might be trying to get you to stop pulling me in, instead of leaving the decision up to you, the way it should be."

"What kind of a gag do you want, a choke-pear?"

"Anything you please, master. Of course, a choke-pear is a good all-rounder and it's nice and severe as well."

A moment or so later, my bride was mute, her jaws fully distended by the strong grip of the leather-covered pear. Her eyes were also wide open at the pretty "gag-look".

I used the long lace that was wrapped around her neck and waist and began pulling. For three quarters of an inch it wasn't too tough. The next quarter was a real fight. Nicki's lovely legs quivered and she shook her head in a vain attempt to make me stop. Obviously, the gag was a fine idea. I tied the lace and let her rest a few minutes, while I told her all over again how lovely she looked and how much I loved her.

Then I stood her up, fastened one end of the lace to a door-knob, and began pulling at the other. As the lace slowly slipped through the holes I had to keep tying it and then untie the lace down from the top and up from the bottom of the corset. Then, I would let her rest once more. It took over an hour before the gag was closed from top to bottom. As I was knotting the lace, Nicki's knees buckled and she started to fall. I picked her up and put her on the couch. I think she fainted, but I knew enough not to loosen the lace and in a few minutes her eyes opened.

I let her rest, while her body adjusted itself to the strain, for about half an hour. Then, I asked if she wanted to have the gag taken out of her mouth. She nodded. In a few moments she was able to whisper.

"You've got me locked down to fourteen inches. I never thought I'd make it. I feel like I'm cut in half. It's delicious. It's uncomfortable and wonderful at the same time. Now, if you'd stop a flirtation & it in my mouth, you can go to bed."

"I'll go to bed, but I've got something better than a 'Flirtation Bit' to go in your mouth. It's a copy of an old Spanish Bridal Bride."

"A Bridal Bride! It sounds interesting but exciting. What is it?"

"It's what every high-born Spanish Bride had to wear on her wedding night, to impress her with her new condition. I'll get it."





I went down into my workshop and was up in a moment with the Spanish Bridal Bridle. I showed it to my interested bride. It combined the finer points of a bridle, a Javanese Bit and a choke-collar. It was designed to hold the mouth wide open, with the jaws at their fullest stretch, so that the wearer was in the same condition as if she was wearing a flirtation bit, but much more so. In addition, a plug hung from a short chain, so that if her owner desired silence, he has but to insert the plug and his subject was tightly gagged.

"Well," said Kiki, "it certainly looks uncomfortable, but it looks exciting too. I won't give you any trouble with that in my mouth. Let's try it," and she opened her mouth as wide as she could.

It was quite a tussle to get the bridle between her teeth, and she couldn't restrain an "Aaaaaaah!" of protest, as I tightened the fastening behind her head, forcing the device deeply into place. Experimentally, I put the plug in place and her protests were silenced as though by magic.

Later, on the night-table, I saw a note leaning against the lamp. I opened it and read:

"When the time comes, please take off my high heels and put on my training-boots to sleep in. You'll find them under the edge of the bed."

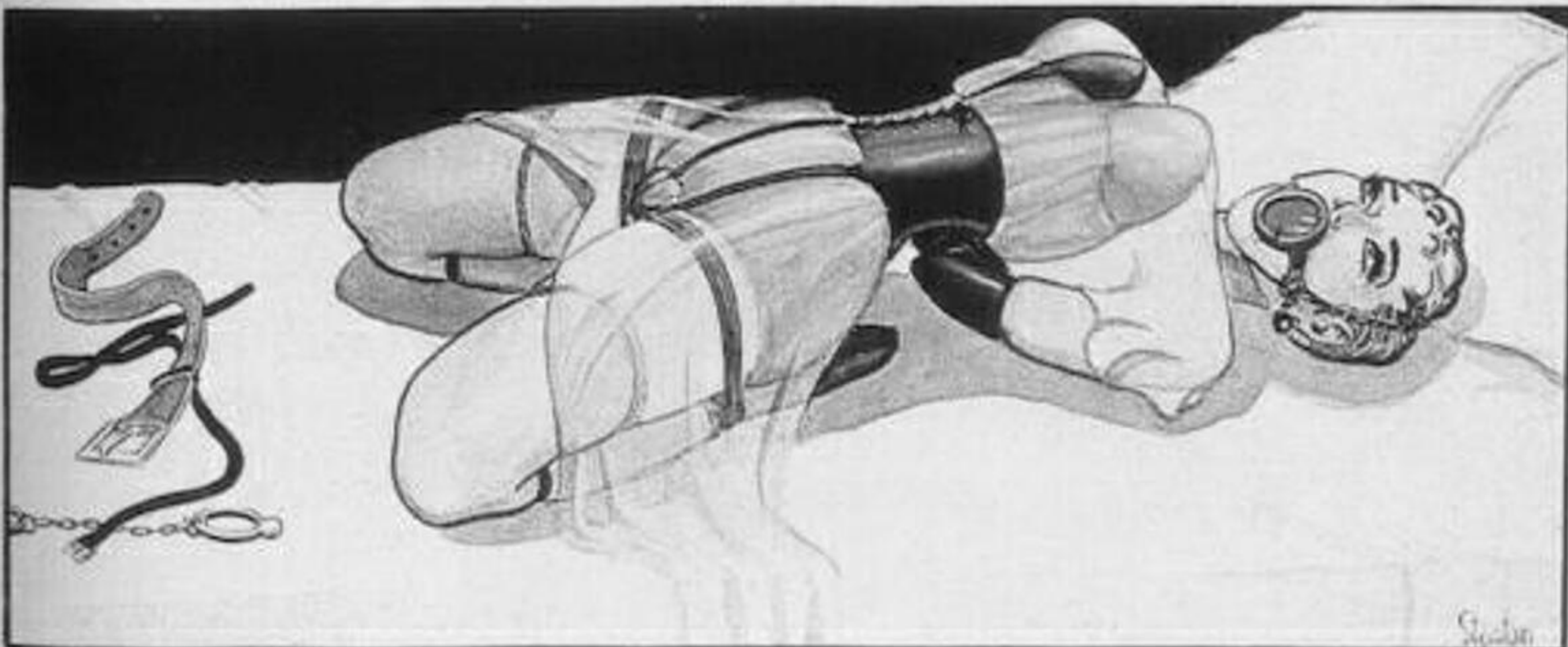
Your proud, helpless wife.

I sat her down on the edge of the bed and fished for the boots. I found them and put them on. Basically, they were like ballet toe-slippers, save, they had no padded toes; in addition, a heavy steel strip ran backward from the toe, shaped the arch of the foot very steeply and then straight back for about a foot. At the end of it was a strap.

Obviously, this strap went around her leg, just below the knee and from the knee where the buckle went, it was pulled very tight. The effect was to make her arch her instep so far forward, that the sole of her foot, her heel and the calf of her leg were in a straight line. I didn't see how she could even wear such an arrangement, let alone sleep that way. But that was what she wanted and I certainly didn't think it my place to argue.

The boots in place, I lifted her carefully, because she was so severely restrained, she was on the verge of fainting and made her kneel in the middle of the bed. Then, I strapped her ankles to her thighs. I gave her a push and she fell backward.

She was in a perfect "Trussed Chicken" attitude. Laced as tightly as she was, she couldn't pull herself upright again and with her arms and legs doubled up and bound behind her, she was unable to even turn on her side.





Of course, I realized the severity of my bride's bondage to a great extent. But she still retained her training boots and while her hands came down from between her shoulder-blades, I did keep her wrists strapped together behind her back. Likewise, the Bridal Bridle came out, and was replaced by the far more comfortable Flirtation Bit.

In the morning, the Bridle went back and the bondage became more stringent for awhile.

After breakfast—which my bride had to make for me, since Fifi was still wrapped up like a cocoon on the front porch—I went in to the near-by town to buy a ping-pong ball and some colored drawing ink. I had had an idea.

On my return, I was met at the door of the cottage by two delightful-looking maids in uniforms. These consisted of stiffly starched, blue linen tunics, very tight-fitting from the ultra-high, stiff collars down to the nape-neckline. Below this, the skirts sprang out very full and stiff, but were short, with narrow, lace ruffles around the tops of the legs. The stockings, of a champagne tint, came right up under these skirts (I found out later that Nicki and the others did not go in for the Gen-Gen style of a flash of bare thigh above the stockings until late in the afternoon, or, more usually, early evening) and the shoes were plain black pumps with six-inch heels. To finish off, the girls wore plain caps and matching simple aprons and cuffs in white.

Perhaps, the most striking thing about the outfits, were the way the girls stood out in back. At first, I thought they were wearing bustles, in the Gay Nineties manner. Then, I saw they were being forced, in some way, to bend their backs so steeply that the upper spine and lower spine made almost a right-angle bend at waist level. The effect was to make them thrust their bosoms forward in front and rearward in back.

"Hi, Boss! How do you think we look?" Nicki greeted me, turning in profile, to give me the full effect.

"Like a couple of pretty poster pigeons!" I grinned, and asked, "How on earth do you get that effect?"

My wife explained and demonstrated, that they were wearing what she called "Genius Spine Benders", which were strips of steel, an inch wide and a quarter of an inch thick, which ran from the top of the collar, down the back, under the body and up in front; where the steel emerged in front, it forced, and the two arms of the fork continued up in front, following the line where the thigh joined the body, almost to the waist. Since the steel was curved to lie against the body all the way, and to force the spine into the curve desired, the wearer had no choice but to conform to the exaggerated curve required. The steel was worn next to the body, beneath the under-clothing and corset, so that it was invisible. Only the effect could be seen.

After the demonstration was complete, my wife smiled and said:

"Now, if you'll limit our freedom and silence us, we'll get along with the house-work."

The silencers came first. These were in the form of ball-gags of a special type, split in the middle, with a hinge at the back of the mouth. After the ball was forced into the mouth—a matter of some difficulty, because of its size—a metal bar was passed, bit-wise, between the teeth, forcing the two halves of the ball apart and the jaws wide open.

Last gags are secured as high behind the head as possible, as the wearer is usually required to carry her head high. These ball-gags were different. The bars were held in place by chains, the ends of which were locked together behind the head, but as low around the base of the neck as possible. This, dragged the lower jaw back and down, and made the wearer tilt her head steeply forward, enforcing a look of sycophancy that was most delightful.

An interesting refinement was the fact that a steel eye, attached to the spine bender, emerged from the collar at the back, and the bit-chains were pedlocked to this. As a result, the victim was unable to turn or move her head in the slightest, but was required to look at the ground in front of her feet, like a shy school-girl.







To limit my pretty maids' freedom, yet allow them to do some work, they each wore a separate cuff on each wrist. From each cuff, a long chain went back, under the body and up to fasten to the ends of the bit that held the ball-gag in place. The chains were of such a length that the wearer had a good deal of freedom at waist height and below, but if she tried to get her hands to her mouth the chains drew tight and applied pressure to the bit and hence to the gag.

Since their heels were only six inches high, I made each girl wear ankle-stuffs, joined by about ten inches of chain, to keep her stride within modest, feminine limits.

Their restraint complete, the two silent maids curtained prettily and started in to work. They emptied ash-trays, straightened magazines, one got the dust mop and the other the floor-sweeper. They went to it with a will and as much speed as their limited freedom permitted. But every move was planned to catch my eye.

As Nicki leaned forward to fluff up a sofa cushion, (and the steeply arched rigidity of her spine forced her to do all the bending from the hips,) she could face away from me and place her legs tightly together, so that I would get the full benefit of the dark seams of her stockings, running straight as a die up the back of her lovely legs.

Both girls made the most of every opportunity of demonstrating the fact that the most short pieces their ankles shone enforced shone as they walked.

Finally, when the rest of the place was straightened, the two maids headed for the bedroom, and I chased Yiff into the kitchen and told her to start getting lunch ready.

Nicki has to make the bed by herself. Then, I released her hands and removed her gag and told her she could rest a while before cleaning her clothes for lunch.

While she was resting, I strolled out in the kitchen, to see how Yiff was coming along with the lunch.





Just before lunch one ready, Nicki came saying gratefully into the living-room, her carefully cultivated figure shown off in all its arrogant artificiality by her costume. She still wore the same super-long stockings, but everything else had changed. Her pretty feet were propped up by brilliantly polished, brown kid pumps, with slim, seven inch heels and ankle straps to hold them snugly in place. Above the stockings she wore shorts of brown rubber. Never have I seen such snug-fitting pants; her stocking tops, the four short, ultra-tight suspenders to each leg, everything beneath them showed through quite clearly. The tiny stiff corseted waist was accented by a narrow brown leather belt, pulled in as tightly as possible. Above the waist, for contrast, she wore a very full-fitting, off-the-shoulder blouse of heavy, white satin. The long sleeves ended in tight cuffs, which showed that, for once, Nicki wore no gloves. She posed in the doorway, remarking:

"I don't think you've ever seen me in shorts, have you boss?" Hands on hips, she turned to display her figure from every angle.

While I told her how lovely she looked, she looked up at me and murmured:

"I don't know how you feel about it chief, but I feel more attractive when I'm helpless."

"Of course," I answered, "any girl is more attractive when she is helpless and that seems to go double for you, since you get so much enjoyment out of it."

"That's what I hoped you'd say," she smiled. "Just a second," and she hurried out with a charming air of importance.

In a moment, she returned carrying an odd-looking garment in soft, brown leather. She handed it to me, saying:

"This is a new kind of Straight-Jacket, I just had made up. I haven't even tried it on yet. Let's see how it fits."

Basically, it was cut like an Elton jacket, extending from a low collar to an inch or two below the waist. It opened down the back and I held it while Nicki slipped into it. Settling it around her figure, I pulled up the lace fastening that ran down the back; it fit perfectly. The sleeves were about a foot longer than her arms and tapered down into long straps, one of which ended in a buckle.

"How do these work?" I inquired, "cross the arms in front and then buckle the ends of the straps in back?"

"What! That will make me hunch my shoulders forward awfully. Just the opposite, chief. Cross the arms in back and buckle the strap in front."

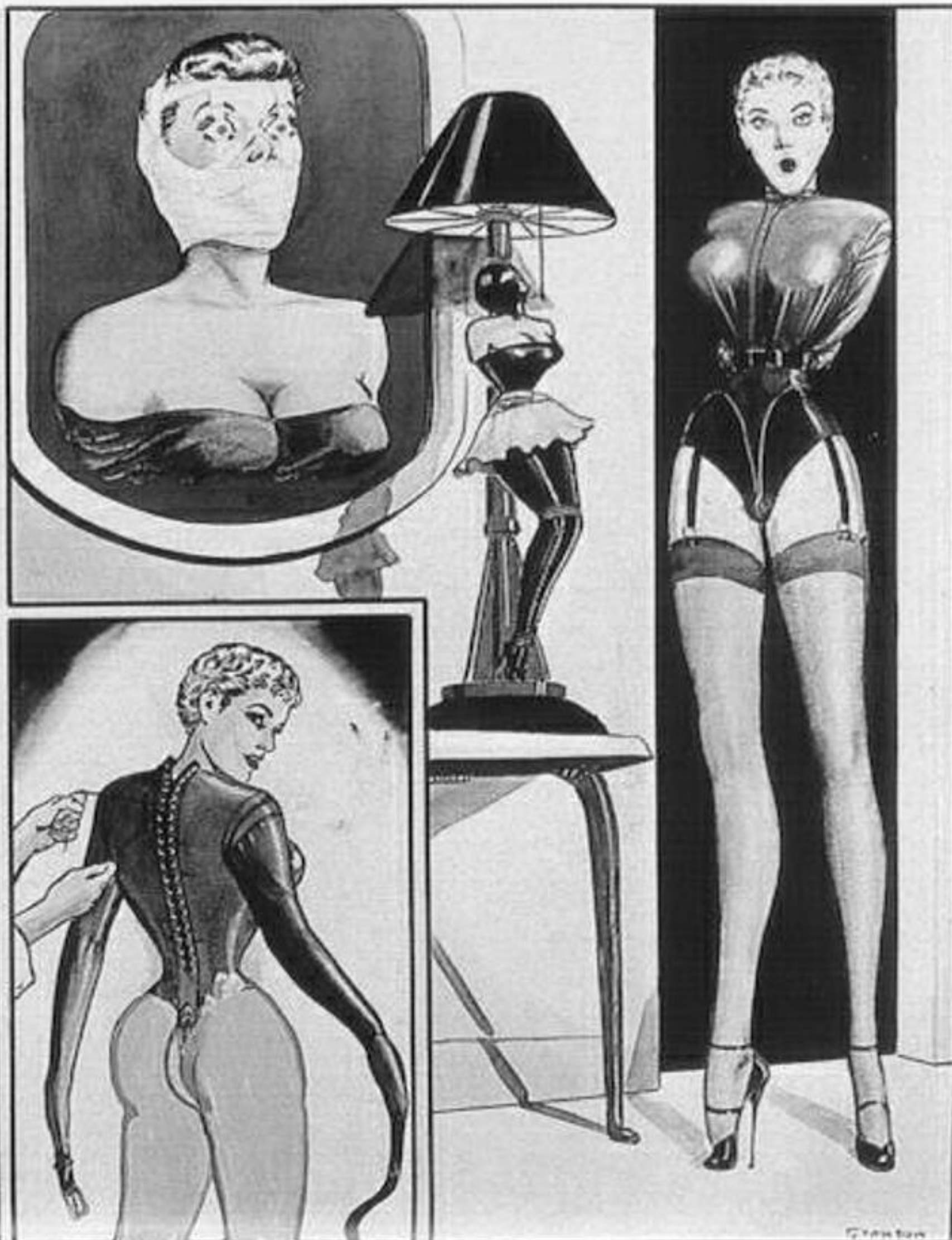
Quickly, I placed her arms as required and pulled the strap tight.

"There! Isn't that better? Doesn't it make me hold myself nicely?" she inquired, admiring herself in a nearby mirror.

"I'll say it does," I answered sincerely, then asked, "What's this strap hanging down in front for?"

"Oh, that goes underneath and up to a buckle at the back. Will you pull it up please?"

I did, and Nicki looked adorable.





Nicki said I was just enjoying her straight-jacketed helplessness, when Fifi came running in with a pre-lunch cocktail. As she came towards us, she looked like the typical Victorian domestic; with her German Spitz Bender and tall-top still in place. Her head was tilted shyly forward, while she was forced to move with a swaying of the hips. Her steel gray satin uniform extended from a high collar, right down to the floor and the big leg-of-mutton sleeves concealed the arm-corrsets which obviously made her elbows rigid. Her big apron, of white was stiffly starched and crackled crisply as she moved.

"There!" she smiled proudly, "didn't I fix her up to look every inch the modest servant of the 1890's?"

"You sure did."

"Um-mm. Don't be too sure, boss," she grinned. "Turn around, Fifi."

Fifi revolved on her high heels and I got quite a shock, because there were seven inch heels, her dark, opera-length hose and short skirt were displayed. The skirt, while full-length in front, was cut to the knees at the back. The contrast between the conservative front view and piquant rear view was quite amazing.

In a moment, she turned to face us again, leaning forward stiffly from the hips as she offered her tray. On it, in addition to a very large Manhattan cocktail, was the blind-fold part of her leather branks.

"We thought you might care to be served lunch by a blind maid--especially as I'm so helpless," Nicki explained.

"Good idea," I agreed, then inquired, "but why the blind-fold? Why not one of those leather discipline helmets?"

"Oh, because it's impossible to move around blind-folded if you have anything over your ears. It's hard enough to hear echoes from furniture and things, but it's out of the question with your ears stopped, even lightly."

"I get it," I nodded, standing up. "Come here, Fifi, let us fix you."

With an air of shy unwillingness, the French girl came closer. In a very short while, I had the straps and pads in place and pulled up to the point where my silent victim acquiesced unobtrusively. She had to be careful, however, as she still held the cocktail tray and full glass.

When her blind-fold was adjusted to my taste, I sat down again, and made Fifi stand beside me with her tray, so I could reach the glass easily.

The drink finished, I told Fifi to serve lunch, and my wife and I went out to the glassed-in porch, where the table was prepared for us. On the way, I picked up a length of rope and explaining to Nicki I thought I would tie her to her chair.

"Thank you," she smiled, "I was hoping you would. Of course, I knew you'd tie me if I asked you to. But it's nicer not to have to ask."





A short while after finishing my drink, as my wife was tightly corded to her chair, I took two more turns of the rope around her slender waist, then brought the ends back under her body, around a bar in the chair-back, just at waist level and up and around her back-arched shoulders and the upper part of the chair-back. Cutting off two shorter pieces of rope, I brought her legs back along the outside of the chair and bound each slim ankle to one of the back legs of the chair. As a result, she sat stiff and upright as a rod.

As our blind and silent maid served the soup, I asked:

"Nicki, darling, when you brought that strait-jacket for me to put on you, you remarked you had just had it made up and never tried it on."

"Um-hm, that's right. It was only finished the day before we got married."

"That brings up a point that's been worrying me. You and your mother seem to have an endless supply of boots, shoes, corsets, clothes and so on. Where on earth do they all come from?"

"Well, you see, Dad and Mother have been going in for bondage, high heels and so on, ever since they were married. Over the years they've built up quite an establishment--though, of course, since I've been old enough to have a share in it, it has grown even more."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, you've met Fifi; but Dad's payroll also includes an English dresser, a French corsetiere, a French dressmaker, an Italian bootmaker and an old, German, surgical instrument maker, who looks after things like Spine Banders, ankle-cuffs and harness-belts, etc. Oh, I nearly forgot our Belgian glove maker, who also does discipline helmets, this strait-jacket and the like."

"Sounds like the United Nations."

"Very much so--but they get along better. You see, nobody can make a shoe, or a boot like a good Italian shoe-maker. Same with the other items. So, the result is, no matter what Dad, Mother or I--and now you--may think up, we can have it made in a week at the very outside; usually less."

"The cost of all that must be staggering!"

"It is. But Dad manages to get by--and have a little left over, as he puts it. Then, as he says, it doesn't cost any more than running a yacht."

So the conversation ran on while Fifi served us and I fed my pretty wife. Toward the end of the meal she exclaimed:

"Say, boss, I've got an idea. Why don't we go up to our place--I mean Dad's place--this afternoon? Lots of interesting things there and plenty of room to try them out on me."

"Sounds fine to me. Maybe you ought to show me how well you can get around there blind-folded."

"Nothing easier. I'll be proud to demonstrate."

"Okay. I'll start by blind-folding you now. But after my own method."

I sent Fifi into the bed-room with orders to bring out a whole tray of cosmetic material, a bottle of spirit gum and some adhesive tape. I also told her to bring the ping-pong ball and colored links I had bought.

"What on earth is the ping-pong ball for?" asked Nicki, eagerly.

"You'll see--or rather you won't see, since you'll be blind," I grinned.

When the maid brought the supplies, I started off by taping Nicki's eyes shut with little strips of adhesive tape.

"Oh, this feels wonderful!" Nicki sighed happily. "What happens now?" It's so exciting wondering what you're going to do next and not being able to see."





My next step was to take the ping-pong ball, and a sharp knife, and cut two elliptical pieces out of the ball, each about an inch wide. I coated the inside of each, and the closed eyelids of my wife with spirit gum, and when the adhesive was nearly dry, I pressed the pieces of celluloid into place over Micki's closed eyes. Then, with the colored inks, and a fine brush, I painted a black "pupil" and a bright blue "iris", on each one; then I mixed exaggeratedly long "lashes" in black to her eye-sockets above and below the celluloid. The effect, of course, was to give her face a mask-like expression, with huge staring eyes. As I went along, I explained to my bride what I was doing. When I was through she asked, "How do I look?" "Like Surprise personified", I told her, quite pleased with my work. "I wish I could see myself" she posted, then decided, "Well, maybe it's more fun this way. The mystery makes it exciting".

I released her from the chair she was bound to, and we were starting out on the terrace for coffee when Micki suggested, "I know! Let us call up Ching, at Dad's place, and tell him that we'll be over this afternoon to look around, and that we'll stay for dinner". "Who's Ching?" "He's Dad's Chauffeur-Butler-Caretaker who looks after us while we're there, and keeps the place up while we're out. His brother Kai is gardener, and his daughter Anna acts as maid when we need her". "Chinese?" "Chinese-American. Dad likes them because they keep their mouths shut about our business".

"Going up there sounds like a fine idea to me". I assented, "How about Fifi? Do we take her or leave her here, maybe tied up in a closet?" "Whatever pleases you, boss. But I suggest we take her. I think she'll come in useful later. Besides, we can keep her gagged and bound till we need her".

That made sense to us, so I placed the phone call, then held the phone to Micki's ear while she talked to Ching. Then we went out and waited while Fifi served the coffee. At that point, I removed her arm-corsets and undid the padlock that held the chain of the ball-gag in place. From that point on she could release herself. Micki told her to put on a "Gamine" costume and wait for us in the car. She was to have a ball-gag, a leather helmet and plenty of word with her.

Coffee and kisses on the terrace was quite delightful. Deciding that her leather straight-jacket must have eased quite a bit by now, I tightened it quite a bit. Her useless protests made the task even more pleasant. When we went out to the car, Micki strolling as casually by my side as though she could see perfectly, Fifi was waiting. The "Gamine" costume turned out to be a skin tight black sweater, equally tight, very brief, black shorts, dark stockings and high heeled sandals. Both the sweater and shorts were torn ornamentally in a couple of places. It took only a second to tie her hands behind her. Then I forced the big ball into her mouth and settled down to the always enjoyable task of lacing the discipline helmet as tightly as possible.





The following move was to tie Fifi's hands with her wrists crossed about her corsetted waist, with the knot in front and the ends trailing down. Taking these ends back under her body I brought them up, and made her put her bound wrists over her head and as far down her back as she could. I took the ends of the rope in my hand through the rope around her wrists and began pulling. Slowly, her back arched more and more steeply, slowly her wrists were pulled further and further down her back. I took longer than I really had to; but my wife couldn't see what I was doing, and I wanted each rope to be adjusted exactly right. I had had enough experience with rope now to know when to stop pulling. Then I knotted the rope.

Opening the tailboard of the station wagon, I huddled my silent and helpless victim in on the floor. Tying her ankles together, I brought the rope from them up to the one around her wrists and pulled until her ankles and wrists were touching. She was now in a perfect "Keweenaw Scoop", a position I had seen described, but had never seen in use before. It is supposed to be even more trying than the Crepeau position. Then I closed the back of the wagon and helped my sightless wife into the front seat beside me, and we were off.

As we bowled along, I told her just how Fifi was secured. "Sounds like an excellent arrangement," she smiled, "an hour or two of that will do her a lot of good. Take a lot of starch out of her. She needs it too. We haven't kept after her enough." "Does that go for you?" I asked, "Do you need a little destarching as well?" "That's up to you, boss. During our recent ceremony, I was an aimless and silent puppet who gave herself to you to do with as you please. The decisions are up to you. I make suggestions and offer ideas. But how I'm dressed, restrained and allowed is up to you. I'm your property, your proud and willing victim."

When we got the car going again, Vicki proceeded to prove that she knew how to navigate blindfold by describing each curve and dip along the road, and then instructing me just how to get to her parent's house.

She had me pull up outside the big garage (room, I later found out, for six cars) suggesting, "First, maybe you'd like to have me show you around the garden. Then we could have a game of golf." "Golf?" I exclaimed, "Surely you don't have a private golf course here?" "Well," she dimpled, "not a full sized one. But a chip-and-putt course, laid out through the garden--designed to let girls in high heels and tight corsets show their form." "Tell you what," I grinned eagerly, "Let's skip the guided tour and get right to the golf game. Oh, how about Fifi? Do we leave her?" "Oh, no. We need her to caddy".







Dicki suggested, "Tell you what, chief. I'll have to go up to the house and have Anna put my golfing costume on for me. While we're doing that, you could be taking Jiffi into the -- well, we call it the 'Pro's Shop', because we keep all the clubs and things in there--and fix her up as caddy, with the golf bag and so on". "I'll be glad to, but I don't know what she's supposed to wear". "Oh, that's easy. I took a picture of her one day last year. It's tacked up on the wall in there".

That made it simple enough. While my wife mixed off along the winding path to the house, following each turn with an ease and certainty that belied her lack of sight, I was heading for the station wagon and Jiffi.

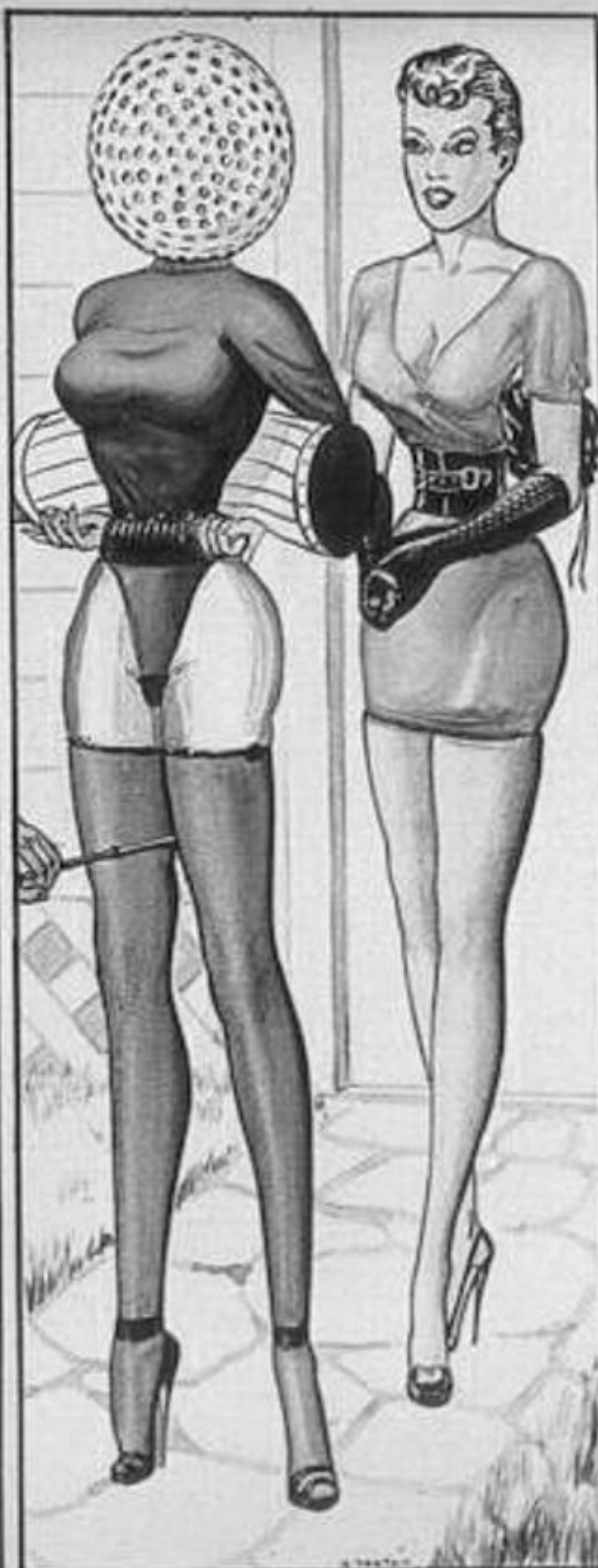
I freed her from the "Inverness Sleep" slowly, of course; release from a slumped position is always painful unless slow. I left her helmet on and led her to the Pro Shop by a rope through her wrists, which I left bound in front of her.

The photograph made everything simple. There was a golf bag full of clubs leaning against the wall and some straps nearby; I placed the bag across her arching small of her back, brought her arms around and under it, and ran a strap from one wrist to the other across her waist in front. Thus she carried the bag at a convenient height for putting clubs in and taking them out again. A high imitation golf ball, split in two halves and waiting on a bench. This I placed over her head--there was an opening for her neck--and joined the halves, as I did so I noticed it was heavily padded inside to do her good. A deaf, dumb and blind caddy, with a golf ball for a head is a very interesting sight.

While waiting for Dicki, I idly examined the clubs; about half of them were oddly short, with loose and shaft, but no grip, just a short screw thread.

I heard feminine footsteps behind me and turned to see Jiffi entering the shop. She had the use of her eyes again, and was wearing a very interesting golfing outfit, consisting of a very soft suede skirt, with half length sleeves and a low cut front. She also wore a matching skirt of suede, to about six inches below the tops of her legs, but so tight that it pulled at every tiny step. Her feet were pointed on seven inch heels attached to brown kid oxfords, and she had a matching belt of the same leather about her wasp waist. Her hands were in special brown kid gloves which reached almost to the elbows, and which turned into one at the hands, holding them curled into fists, her right hand ahead of her left. Then I realized what the short-shafted clubs were for. They seemed into a fitting on the end of the glove-arrangement, which obviously communicated with a club grip permanently held in her gloved fists. Under one arm she carried what looked like an overgrown version of the mitten like bag that serious golfers use to protect the heads of their wooden clubs.

"Ready?" she smiled. "I'll explain the local rules on the way to the first tee". "Just a minute. How do I guide our blind caddy? She's too deaf to follow us by sound, and can't see anything either". "Easy. Take a club, hook it between her legs, and lead her. When you stop, she stops, and stands still till you look on again". Away we went.





As we walked, Nicki explained that the girl players on this particular course, in addition to being unable to use their hands for anything except using whatever club their partners attached for them, were also blind, and, preferably gagged as well. It was up to the man to pick the right club for her, attach it, then line her up with the ball for her shot and tell her how to stroke it. She was allowed four times as many strokes as he. If she lost, and she nearly always did, she had to pay whatever forfeit her partner required.

We were at the first tee by now. I had guessed the function of the soft leather bag beneath her arm and took it from her. Inside I found a big piece of red sponge rubber, which I forced into her willing mouth. It was held in place by an imitation golf ball on a thin strap, which I buckled so tightly behind her head that the ball was forced all the way into her mouth, in spite of the bulky packing already in place. She squirmed, and tried to protest in pantomime, but to no avail. Then I took the bulky but soft leather bag and pulled it down over her head, pulling the draw-string very tight around her neck.

The golf game was delightful. The fact that she could play at all was astonishing; but, provided I lined up her club-head properly, her strokes were amazingly accurate in direction, but variable in distance. And always, as we moved around the short nine hole course, we were followed by our silent, deaf and blind caddy who moved obediently at the end of my club, or stood still as a rock.

It's not surprising that I won the game. But then, that was the idea. Before going into the house for a pre-dinner drink, I took the two girls onto a nice patch of lawn, released their heads, but left their gags in place, and tied them for a cock-fight. I made them squat down, passed a short-shafted club behind their knees, crooked their elbows around it, outside the knees, and then bound their wrists together. With their feet free, yet unable to rise higher than a crouch, they could only move with a duck-like waddle. On the word "Go" each was to try to knock the other over.

I allowed three falls, and Nicki won all of them, quickly barging her slower opponent off balance. Once on her side or back, of course, Fifi was as helpless as a turtle that has been turned over, quite unable to regain her feet. "Okay," I stated on the third fall, "Nicki owes me a forfeit, Fifi owes Nicki a forfeit". Then I released them and we headed for the house and a drink.







As we came around the front of the house and up to the front door, my wife remarked:

"You haven't met Anna, have you?"

"Not yet," I answered, "but I'm looking forward to what I am sure will be a pleasure."

As we reached the top of the steps, the front door opened, seemingly of its own accord and the little Chinese maid stepped forward to welcome us.

Like many Oriental girls, she was tiny, but with an amazingly full figure, truly beautiful legs and amazingly small feet. All these points of interest were displayed by her Chinese style outfit.

Her feet were poised right up on tiptoes by a variation of the black-toed, ballet slipper, instead of coming up, slipper like, to the heel and being held in place by ribbons wound tightly about the ankle. These shoes came up only as far as the ball of the foot, leaving the instep, side of the foot and ankle uncovered, save for her long, misty black stockings, which covered her lovely legs for their full length, the tops disappearing under the hem of her extremely short, ultra-tight high-necked, black satin tunic. This latter, which was decorated by a brilliantly embroidered dragon, both back and front, displayed her stiffly corseted wasp-waist and obviously artificially raised, but very full bosom. So high was the stiff collar, she was forced to carry her chin very high, with a charming air of arrogance. Her arms, in long, full sleeves that almost touched the ground, were secured wrist to elbow behind her back. As I had come to expect, she was gagged, her mouth filled and forced wide open by an ivory egg, split length-wise and hinged at the back; the two halves were held wide apart in front by an adjustable brace.

She minced back across the hall and pressed a small pedal or button in the floor. The door closed again.

"I've got an idea, chief," Ricci volunteered. "Suppose you release Anna's arms for a while. Then she could help me get harnessed up as a 'Parlor Pony' for the rest of the evening. Okay?"

I was going to ask what a Parlor Pony was, but realized I was shortly going to be shown. So I simply nodded and signalled Anna to come and let me unstrap her arms. As the three girls left, I told them to fix Ricci up nicely too.

In about an hour, which had passed very pleasantly, thanks to a tray of drinks by my side, Anna came strutting back for me to refasten her arms. (It was interesting to note that in spite of the fact her gag was obviously extremely severe, she made no attempt to remove or even touch it when her hands were free.) Helpless, once more, she went and stood by the door, as though waiting.

A moment or so later, my Parlor Pony minced proudly into the room. From waist to toes she was geared into wrinkle-less gleaming black satin leotard tights, while her feet were propped up as high as possible in very tight, round-toed, low-cut, black patent pumps, with slim eight inch heels. From the waist up she wore a flesh-colored, form corset, concealing her arms completely and a black brassiere, which showed quite distinctly through a very tight, black, elastic-lace blouse. Around her waist was a wide, red leather belt, with Martingale straps, and a check-oval ran up to the elaborate red leather bridle strapped around her pretty head. A bit, consisting of a metal cylinder about two and a half inches in diameter and four inches long, hung loosely by one of the bit rings, kneeling in front of me, she murmured enticingly:

"Will you bit your pony, please and then tighten her harness and check-rein to your pleasure?"

She was really tightly harnessed and bitted before I was satisfied, too.

Then Anna indicated my dinner was ready. I followed her, followed in turn by my defenseless Parlor Pony.

The dining-table, curiously enough, turned out to be fl-





Sicki looked so lovely without arms, I decided she could remain that way until further notice.

The following morning, after the correct came off long enough for a shower and so on, it went back, tighter than ever, now that her body had had a chance to adjust itself. The costume was completed by opera-length hose, seven inch heeled sandals, a skin-fitting, no-sleeved sweater and a very tight, knee-length skirt in supple brown suede that kept riding up delightfully, especially when she was sitting down.

We were sitting on the front porch of my place, and the conversation ranged from Farley Funties to Lark Funties and Nicki remarked her father's coach-house had two or three jump-suits. I expressed surprise, as I thought both she and her mother refused to be a con-pose because the hard pulling and consequent deep breathing would ruin a trained waist. Nicki, smilingly pointed out that there was always Fifi. That was all I needed.

Early that afternoon, a very light posey trap stood outside the coach-house, ready to go. Fifi was harnessed between the shafts. From head to toe she was encased in a one-piece "Fony-Skin" of satin luster, dappled in grey and black; her arms were high up behind her back, elbows anchored tightly together. Around her slim waist was a wide belt of gleaming black leather, pulled very tight and held in place by straps up over her shoulders and carting-like straps underneath; at either side a metal fitting engaged the shafts of the cart. Her feet were poised a tip-toe in special "scoot-boots" that held her insteps vertical. Her head was encased in a helmet arrangement, complete with ears, that was part of the skin; there were generous openings for the mouth and eyes. These latter were held aseptic by a wide bladder strap buckled very tightly to the black leather bridle, which also held the severe bit designed to hold her jaws wide open, jammed as far back as possible in her mouth. A cheek-rod ran from the top of the bridle, down under her body and up to a buckle on the front of the belt. It was pulled up very tightly, to force her to arch her back, thrust her bosom forward arrogantly and carry her head extremely high.

The trap, instead of a conventional seat, had a very narrow saddle, to which I was strapping my wife. She wore her tummy-correct, a high-collared, no-sleeve sweater in yellow, skin-fitting green rubber tights and eight inch heeled brown suede boots. On her head was a brown leather, discipline helmet, with a very narrow eye-hole for each eye and a green jockey cap tucked over one eye.

When I had strapped her to the saddle, I placed a bar from one shaft to the other, just behind her knees, so her booted legs hung free. Then I attached the driving-reins, one to each arching instep.

Thus, the driver, without arms, without voice and unable to leave her seat, was almost as helpless as her blind, tightly harnessed posey. But she could control her with the reins. Pulling back on both meant "go ahead", pulling one or the other meant "turn to right or left," and clicking off meant "stop".

I told my two victims I was going to hide, somewhere in the huge gardens. As they couldn't get loose until they found me, they better keep looking.

It took them three hours. Of course, actually I had them in sight virtually all the time and only let myself be found when it was obvious that Fifi had really "had it".

But they both said it was one of the most exciting afternoons they had ever had.





The next few days passed as pleasantly as the earlier ones, and our honeymoon was drawing to a close. My wife, I noticed, had picked up a phrase from somewhere that annoyed me. Everybody she approved of was a "Living Doll". When Fifi looked particularly smart, Nicki called her a Living Doll; when I did something that pleased her, I was a Living Doll.

On the morning of the day we were to go back to New York, I announced, "alright, since you're so fond of Living Dolls, you can turn into one yourself."

"How do you mean?" inquired Nicki, looking startled.

"You'll see," I assured her. "First, we need a really severe corset. How about it, do you have one we haven't used yet?"

"Well, -oh-yes," she admitted hesitantly, "but it's meant to go with a pretty extreme costume, and besides, it's so severe, I've never been able to stand it adjusted really tight. It doesn't look right any other way."

"Sounds like just what we need. Now you go and tell Fifi to put it on you and fasten you to the lacing frame. When she has you pulled in to the point where you need a gag, she's to call me. In the meantime, I'm going into the village. I'll be back by the time you're ready."

As a matter of fact, I had time to go and do my shopping--which was for a length of black velvet, some plaster of paris and some dry color in red and yellow--and have a drink after I got back, before Fifi came for me.

In the utility-room, where the lacing-frame had been set up, my wife presented quite a sight. She was spread-eagled in the frame with her wrists strapped to the upper corners and her ankles to the lower corners, her legs pulled wide apart.

The corset, of gleaming, black kid, was unusually long, extending from down over the hip-bones at the sides, up the armpits; in back it reached right up the neck, which ended in a high, stiff collar and in front it came down well over the abdomen, while the top was shaped into two, half-cups and was so high, it raised the bosom higher than I had ever seen it. The lacing stood upon a good three inches at the waist and more above.

"How far is she laced in, Fifi?" I asked, as I went in.

"Sixteen inches, M'sieur," she told me.

"This corset is supposed to get her down to thirteen inches? Good." Nicki tried to interrupt me, but I went on, as though I hadn't heard her. "Living Dolls are famous for their small waists and high bosoms."

Then I sent Fifi for a rubber bathing cap, lots of absorbent cotton, water to wet it, adhesive tape and a pool-ball. When she returned, I packed my subject's mouth as full of cotton as I could, especially her cheeks, with the ball between her jaws to hold her mouth as wide open as it would go. When I was through, the stuffing was so tight, she was unable to eject any of it, even though I was using so tape to hold it in place. She was, of course, utterly silent.

Next, I turned my attention to the corset lace, started up the lacing capstan and closed the gap to about one inch. The smelling salts became necessary at this time, and to give her a rest, I had Fifi put the rubber cap on and smooth the edges where the rubber joined her face with strips of adhesive tape.

Another half-inch, more rest, more smelling salts. An hour later the lace was closed. When we released Nicki, she began to collapse like a torn balloon. But an hour's rest on the bed while her body adjusted itself was enough.

Then, I really went to work.





While Nicki was still resting, I had Fifi put on a pair of the thinnest, black nylon opera, very tightly pulled up by the short suspenders on the corset, on Nicki. On my instructions, she also added eight inch heeled, black patent pumps, very low cut, with ankle straps (to make sure she couldn't get them off).

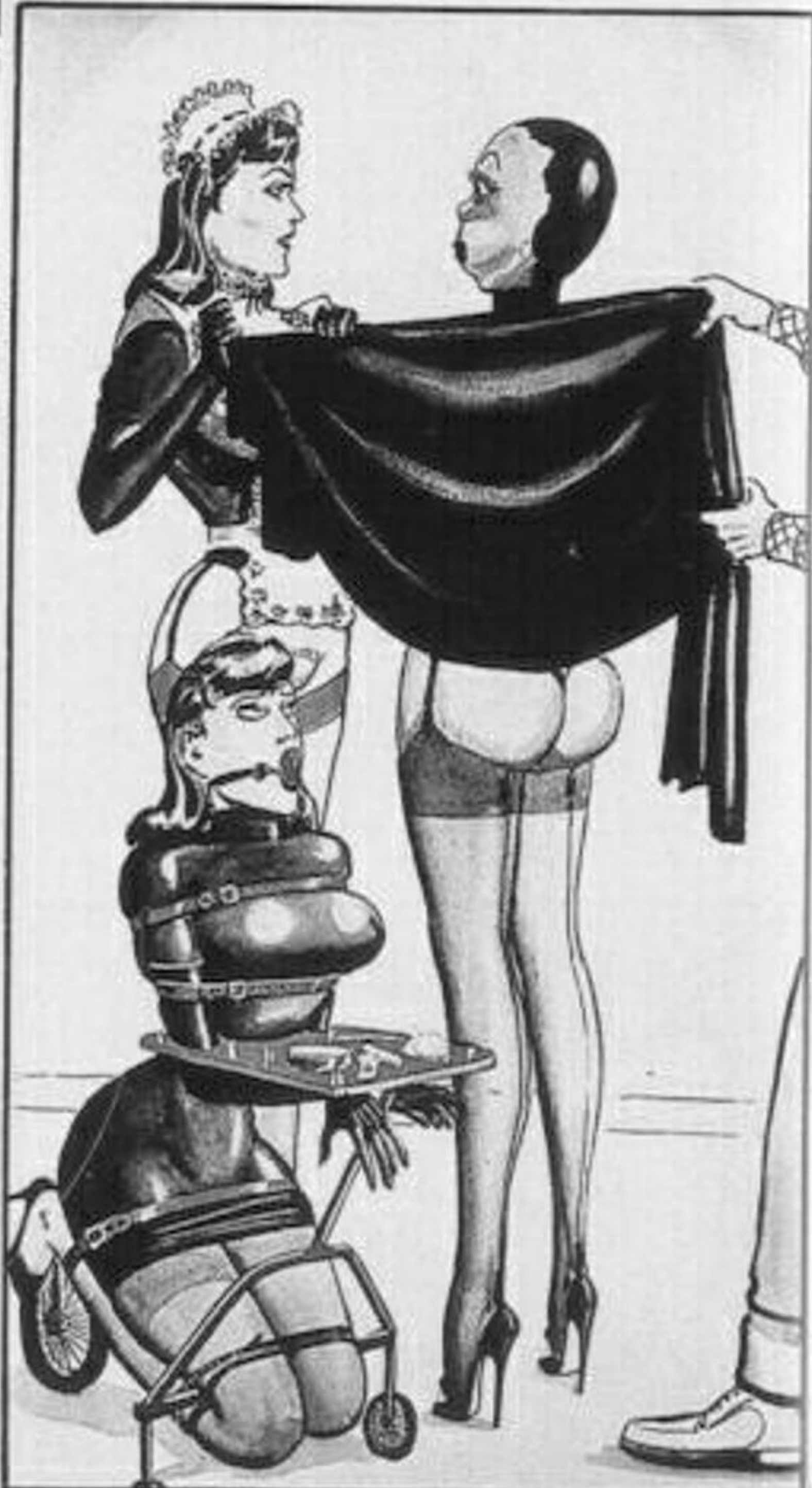
During that time, I was mixing a supply of dry plaster of paris with the red and yellow colors I had bought, until I had a very good flesh-color. Putting that aside for the moment, I called Fifi to assist me, and, after doubling Nicki's arms at the elbows, we taped them very tightly in that position. We also taped her hands to the tops of her shoulders; the final effect was quite smooth and neat, with Nicki's arms simply stopping at the elbow. The helplessness implicit in the short-armed look, was most attractive.

Then, I went to work on her face with the adhesive tape. Using a great many narrow pieces, I began by pulling her lips forward and together over the ball in her wide stretched mouth. When I was through, her lips were held firmly pursed, as though she were puckering for a kiss. By way of contrast, by the use of narrow strips of tape radiating outward all around her eyes, I made her eyes stretch wide open, in a fixed expression of ultra surprise.

As a final touch, I ran a strip of tape up the length of her nose, her forehead, almost to the top of her head, pulling it very tight. When I had smoothed it into place with some transverse strips, the tip of her nose was pulled up in an extreme effect.

Mixing the plaster I had already prepared with water, I began smoothing it all over her head and face. I worked it continuously, filling every wrinkle caused by the pressure of the tape, as well as hiding the tape itself. When it began to set, I put Fifi to work on it with a hair-drier. In an hour it was not only hard, but dry.

Then, I went to work with the make-up. When I was through my wife's head looked exactly like an old-fashioned china doll's, with a tiny, brilliant red, rose-bud mouth; full, puffed-out cheeks, with plenty of rouge; tip-tilted nose and huge, staring eyes, fringed with ultra long, artificial lashes under the thinnest of high, arching, black eyebrows, far above the normal line. Then, with Fifi helping, I started to drape the black velvet "dress".





I'd never tried draping a costume on a figure before. But I flatter myself, the effect wasn't half bad. I pinned the folds in place as I went, with Fifi following behind with needle and thread, literally sewing the gown on the wearer.

The top was in a cape-like effect, which allowed just the tips of her 'amputated' arms to show, while a fold of material around the neck concealed the high, stiff collar of the corset. The bust line was very low, with the material draped revealingly around the artificially, raised and out-thrust bosom. Naturally, the material was as tight around the tiny waist as I could pull it, while below the skirt, in deep folds, came just to the tops of the legs. It was looped up at each side, almost to the waist, to show the tightly drawn suspenders on the outside of the legs, pulling the tops of the ultra long stockings into points.

The finishing touch was provided by a brassy, blonde wig, with long, old-fashioned, corkscrew curls. The final effect was most satisfactory.

Nicki looked exactly like an old-style, toy doll brought up to date. The high piled, blonde curls, huge staring eyes and pouting little mouth, typical of the china doll of yester-

year, contrasted delightfully with the nicely displayed legs and sophisticated high heels. The tiny waist and high raised, out-thrust bosom between formed a sort of connecting link, while the shortened, useless arms trumpeted Nicki's helplessness.

When I let her see herself in a full-length mirror, Nicki managed to show her pleasure in her appearance, in spite of her lack of the power of expression, of speech and her very limited power of movement.

We returned to New York that night and had dinner with Dick and Vicki. As we went into the library after dinner, my father-in-law made me happy by remarking, "you know Ted, my wife and I often wondered if we could ever find a husband for Nicki, who would handle her the way she should be handled. I am glad to say you've exceeded our fondest expectations."

Vicki, could only nod because, out of compliment to me, her husband had dressed her in the same all-leather outfit Nicki had worn the first time we met.

THE END





ILOROFORMED RAG OVA  
TH!

**DEBORAH!**





DARLING!! I THOUGHT YOU'D  
NEVER CALL--- MMM--- I'D LOVE  
TO---- THE SOONER THE  
BETTER... THEN I'LL  
EXPECT YOU AT  
EIGHT!---BYE??







HMM  
TUM  
22

OH DEAR!



GASP--- I MUST  
HURRY---- NADINE  
WILL BE HERE  
ANY --UH--  
MINUTE.!







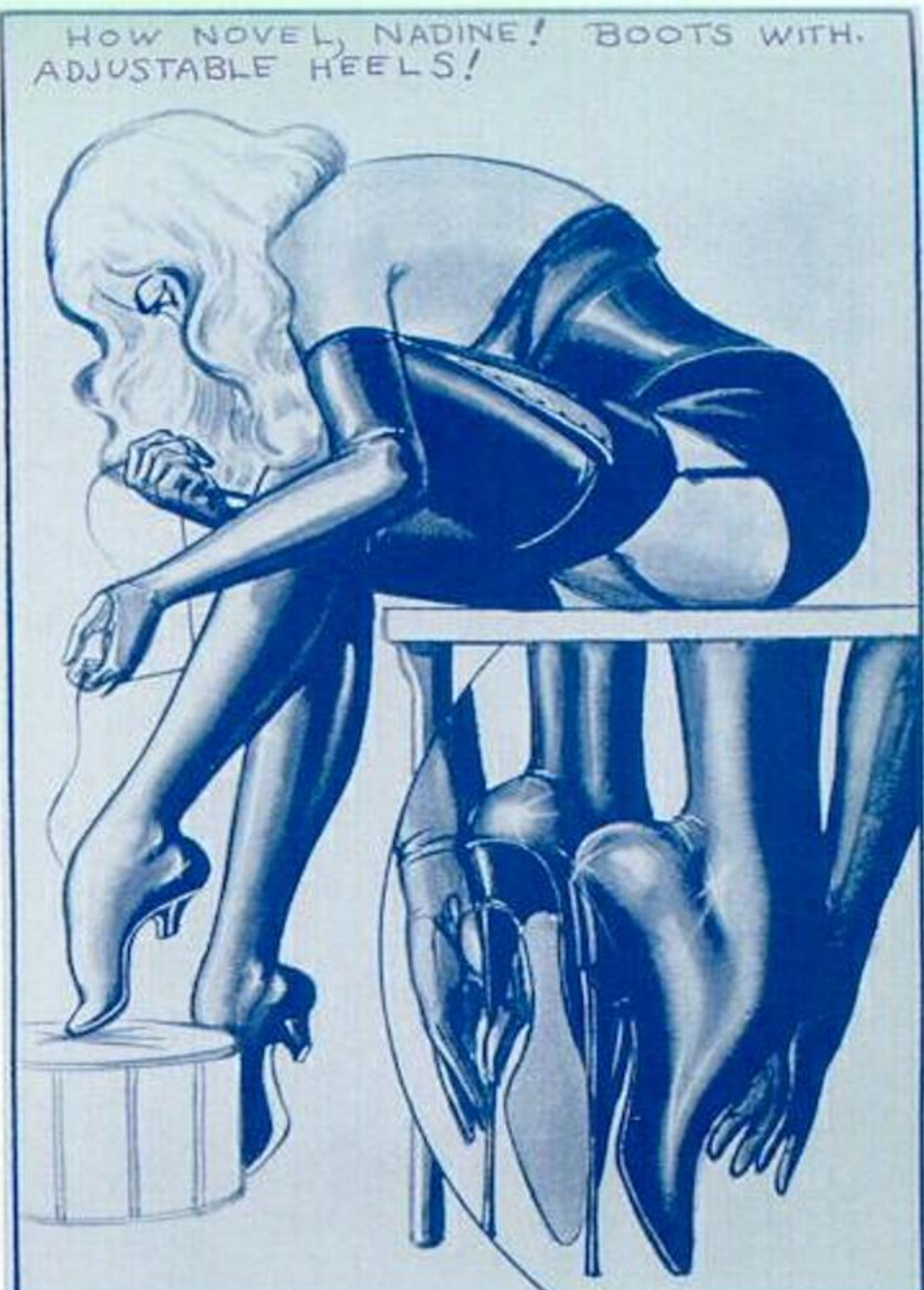
WHEW!  
I THOUGHT  
I'D NEVER  
MAKE IT!

Meanwhile----

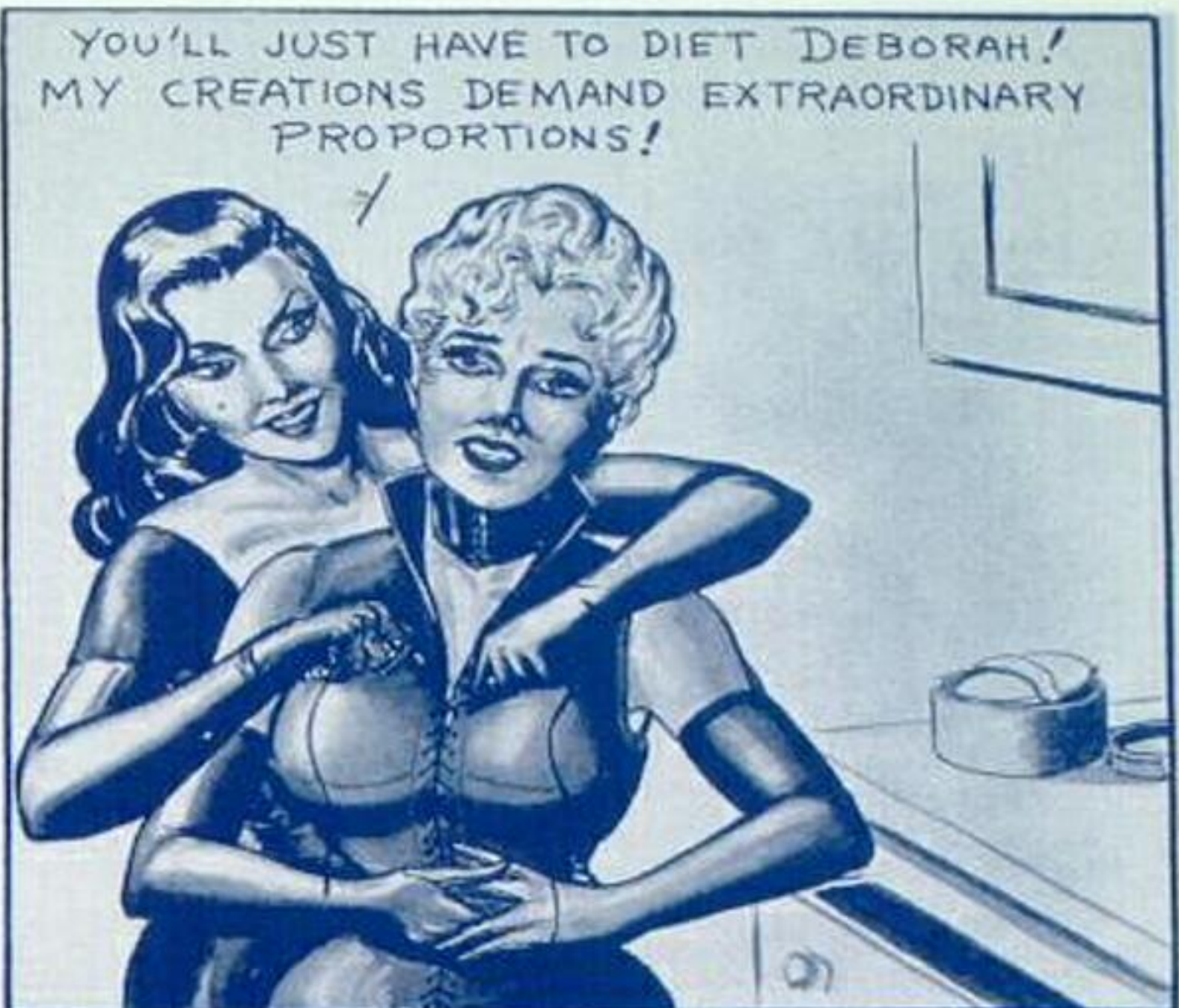
TAXI!



















DEBORAH LOOKS ABOUT THE ROOM AT THE FASINATING COSTUMES OF THE GIRLS. THIS INDEED WAS NOT THE PLACE FOR CONVENTIONAL ATTIRE!!



DEBORAH GLANCES ABOUT THE ROOM, FEELING ALL EYES ARE UPON HER AND ALL MOUTHS--STRANGELY SILENT. SHE TURNS TO SPEAK TO NADINE AND REACHES OUT BLINDLY FOR REASSURANCE--PANIC GRIPS HER--NADINE IS GONE.

A GIRL, WEIRDLY COSTUMED IN RUBBER, MOVES TOWARDS DEBORAH AND FIRMLY GRIPPING HER ARM, GUIDES HER TO A DOOR.

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED! YOU'RE GOING TO MEET, "THE HOSTESS!"



WAIT IN THERE!



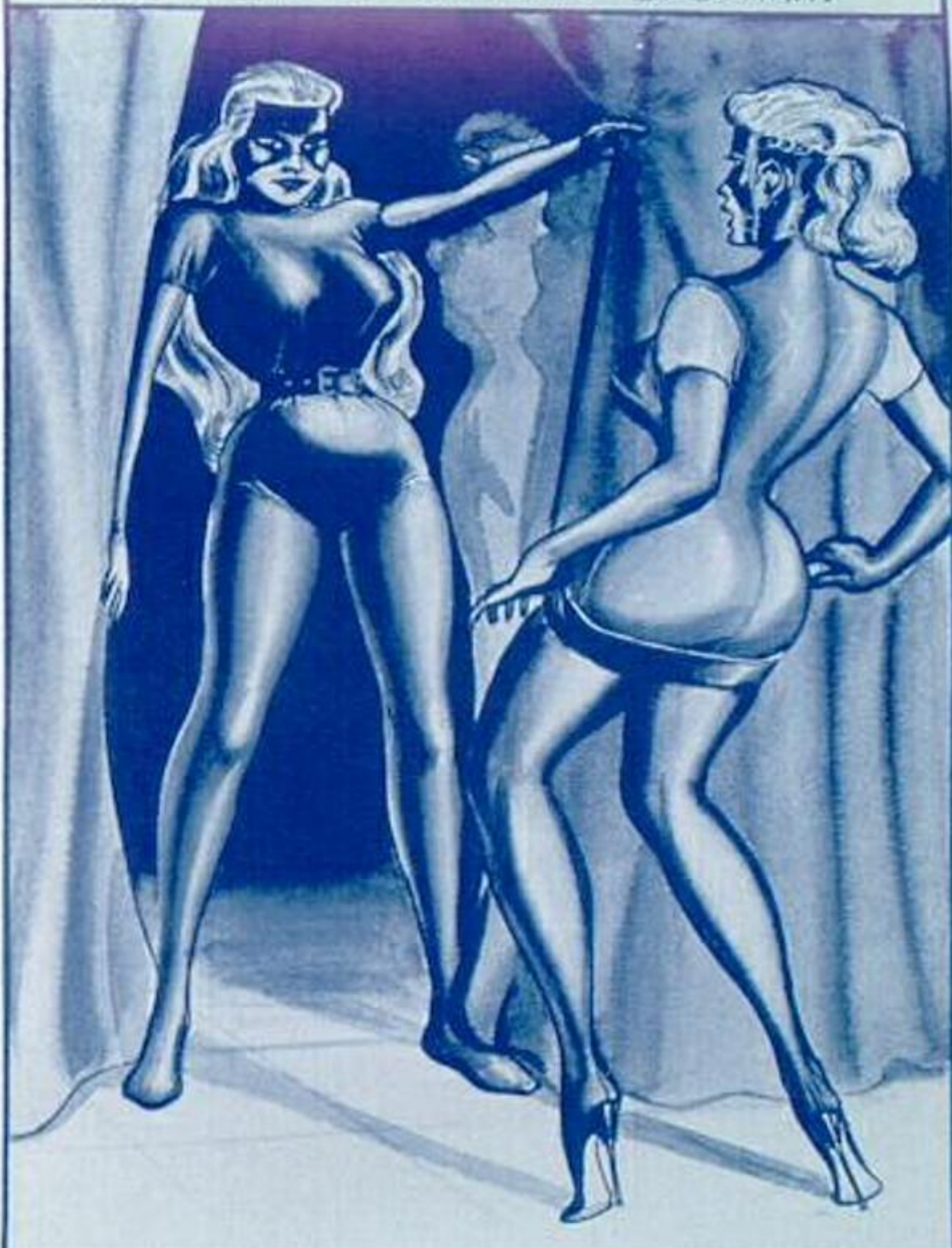
CONT.



MINUTES SEEM LIKE HOURS TO DEBORAH AS SHE AWAITS THE ENTRANCE OF THE MYSTERIOUS, "HOSTESS"--- HER CLOAK OF RUBBER BRINGS BEADS OF PERSPIRATION TO DEBORAH'S BEAUTIFULLY LEATHER ENCASED BODY--- SO LIKE A WOMAN PREPARING HERSELF, SHE SENSUOUSLY DISCARDS THE CLOAK....



THE SUDDEN, SURPRIZING APPEARANCE OF THE "HOSTESS" STARTLES DEBORAH!





TWO LEATHER CLAD GIRLS COME OUT FROM BEHIND THE DRAPES AND SEIZE DEBORAH! ONE GRIPS HER ARMS FIRMLY BEHIND HER WHILE THE OTHER HOLDS A CHLOROFORMED RAG OVER HER NOSE AND MOUTH!



DEBORAH REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS MUCH LATER TO FIND HERSELF STILL IN A STATE OF BLACKNESS AND FRUSTRATION, AS SHE IS UNABLE TO UNCLOUD HER SENSES. A CRESCENDO OF MALE SNICKERING CLEARS HER MIND AND THE REALIZATION OF HER PREDICAMENT TAKES FORM.. THE FEELING OF NAKEDNESS AS IF IN A DREAM..





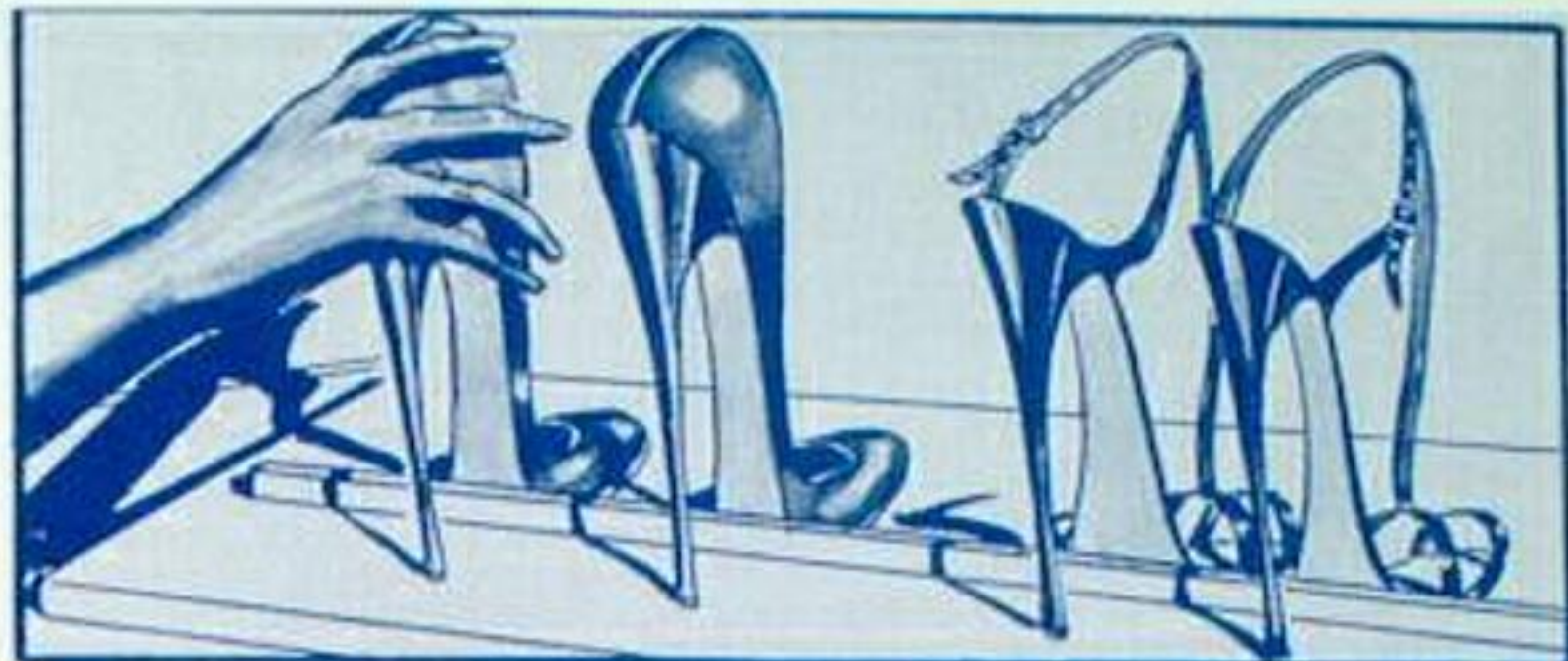
DEBORAH, EMBARRASSED TO TEARS AT THE HUMILIATION OF HER NAKEDNESS, HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING SHE WAS ALONE IN THE ROOM WITH JUST A RECORDING OF THE MALE VOICES. UNABLE TO REMOVE THE BLINDFOLD WHICH KEPT HER IN DARKNESS, DEBORAH FINALLY RESIGNS HERSELF TO THE FACT THAT SHE IS UNABLE TO COVER UP THIS SITUATION. SHE STANDS ERECT WITH COMPLETE ABANDON, PROUD AND DEFIANT...



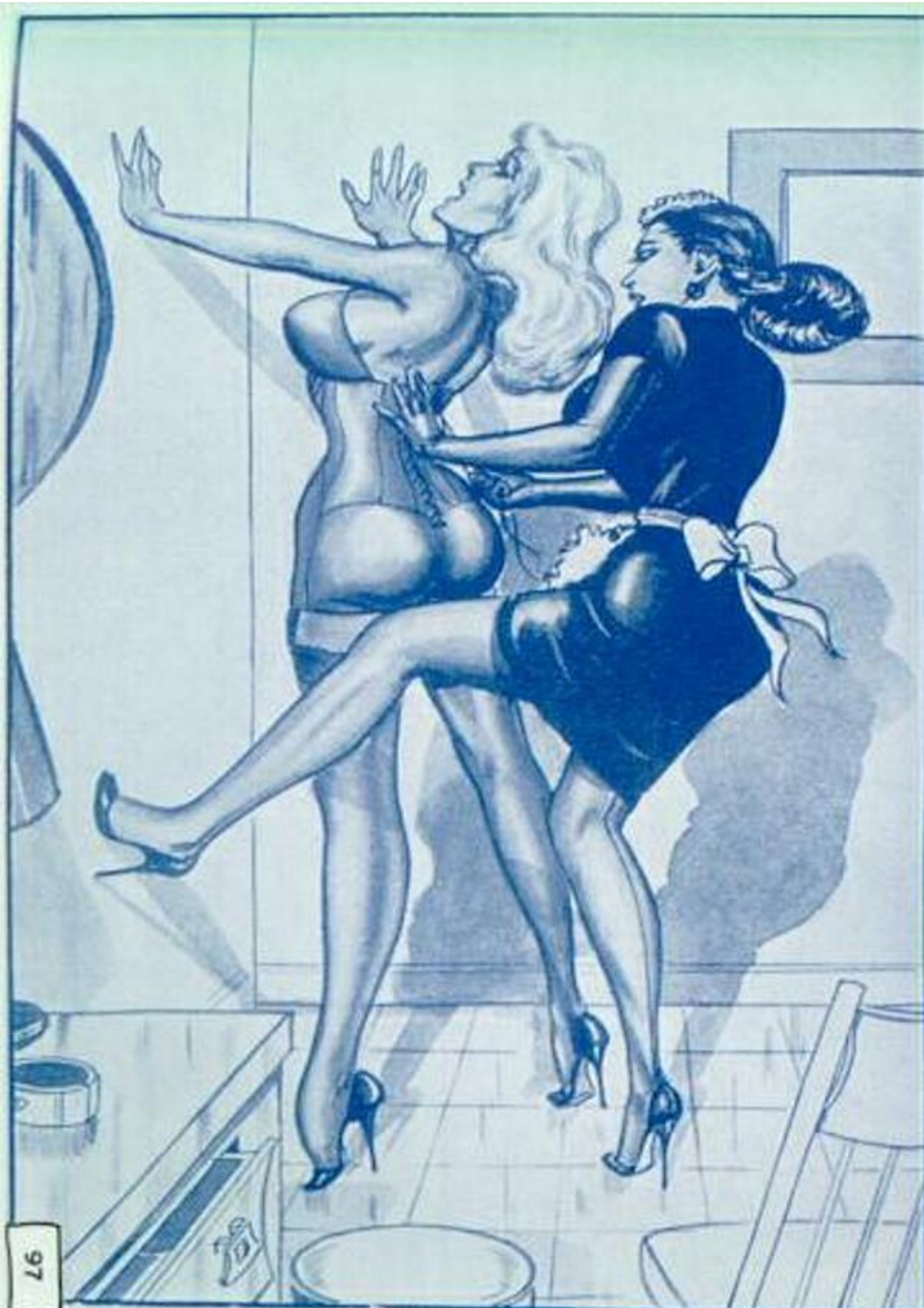
THE ORDEAL OVER DEBORAH IS LED TO A DRESSING ROOM AND METICULOUSLY GROOMED BY TWO MAIDS.











DEBORAH IS DRESSED AND BROUGHT BEFORE THE HOSTESS ONCE AGAIN----



I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE... BUT YOU HAVE NO RIGHT HOLDING ME HERE AGAINST MY WILL!



YOU'RE SO RIGHT, MY DEAR! --SUPPOSE WE BREAK DOWN YOUR WILL! LIKE THIS-- AND THIS-- AND THIS!



REALLY SHOULDN'T DO  
S SORT OF THING.. MY  
ILS ARE SO BRITTLE!

WHY ARE  
YOU DOING  
THIS?



THIS MAY SURPRIZE YOU,  
BUT YOU'VE BEEN KIDNAPPED.  
YOU SEE, I HAPPEN TO  
KNOW YOU'VE JUST COME  
INTO AN INHERITANCE.  
THE GIRLS AND I WERE  
JUST HAVING A LITTLE  
**FUN...** NOW WE WANT,  
"THE EMBLEM!"

I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT  
YOU ARE  
TALKING  
ABOUT!



I'VE NARROWED IT  
DOWN TO YOU, DEBORAH.  
YOU ARE THE LAST ONE,  
SO, NATURALLY POSSESS  
THE REAL EMBLEM!

I  
DON'T  
KNOW  
WHERE  
IT  
IS!



I'M GOING TO LEAVE  
YOU ALONE WITH LOLA!  
PERHAPS SHE CAN HELP  
YOU REMEMBER!!

GIVE ME  
FIVE MINUTES!



LET ME REFRESH YOUR MEMORY....LAST YEAR  
AT PRINCE RAINEH'S BALL, YOU AND SEVERAL  
OTHER GIRLS ATTRACTED HIS FANCY AND WERE  
GIVEN WHAT THEN SEEMED A WORTHLESS  
PENDANT! **ONE OF**  
THEM IS ACTUALLY  
THE KEY TO A  
FORTUNE!



No... DON'T.









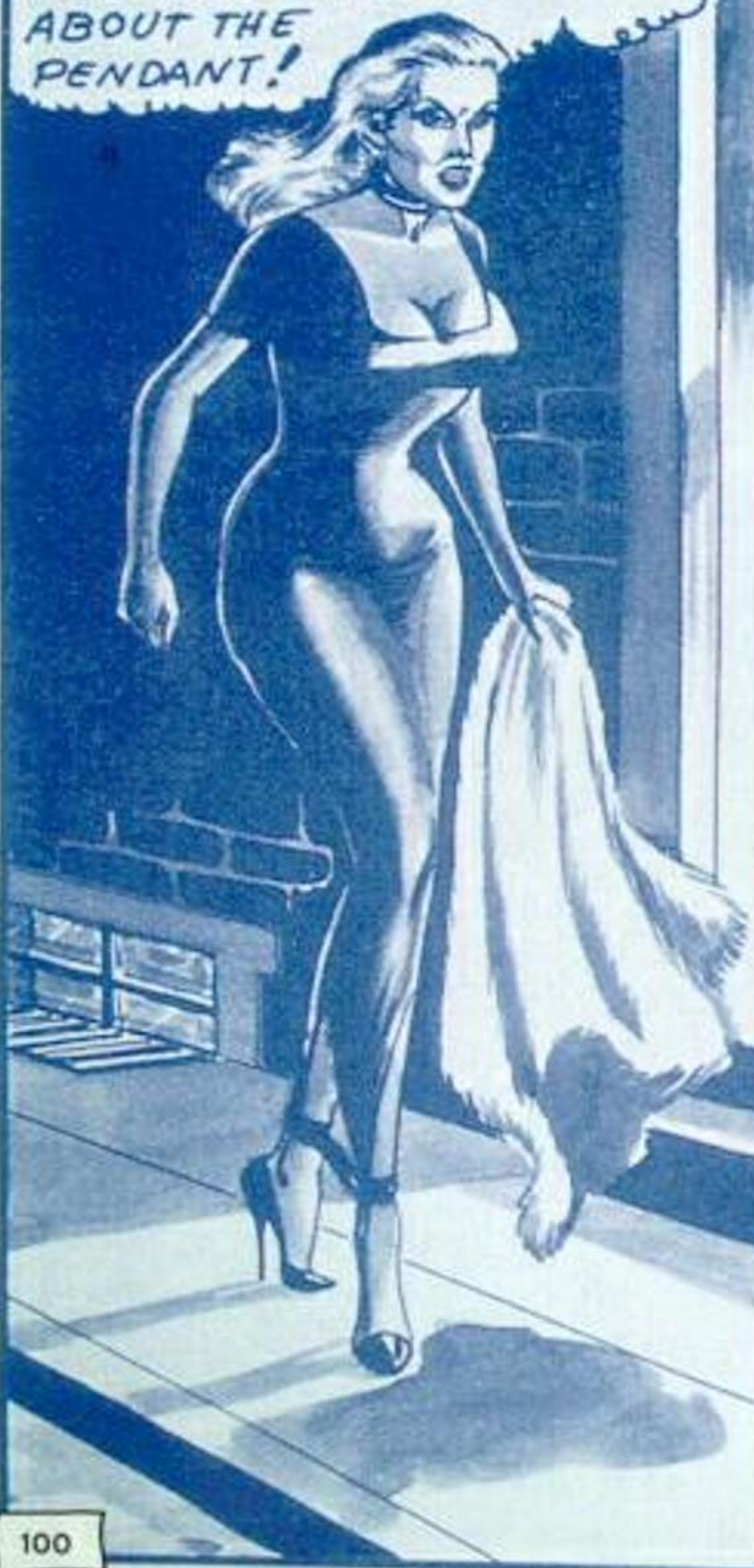


I'M SORRY, BUT  
THIS IS **NOT** THE  
KEY. IT DOESN'T  
FIT!!

WHAT? BUT--  
BUT-- YOU MUST  
BE MISTAKEN!



DEBORAH!! SHE MUST  
HAVE KNOWN ALL ALONG  
ABOUT THE  
PENDANT!



SWITCH THE KEYS  
ON ME WILL SHE??  
I'LL FIX HER----















THE FUNS OVER GIRLS!  
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



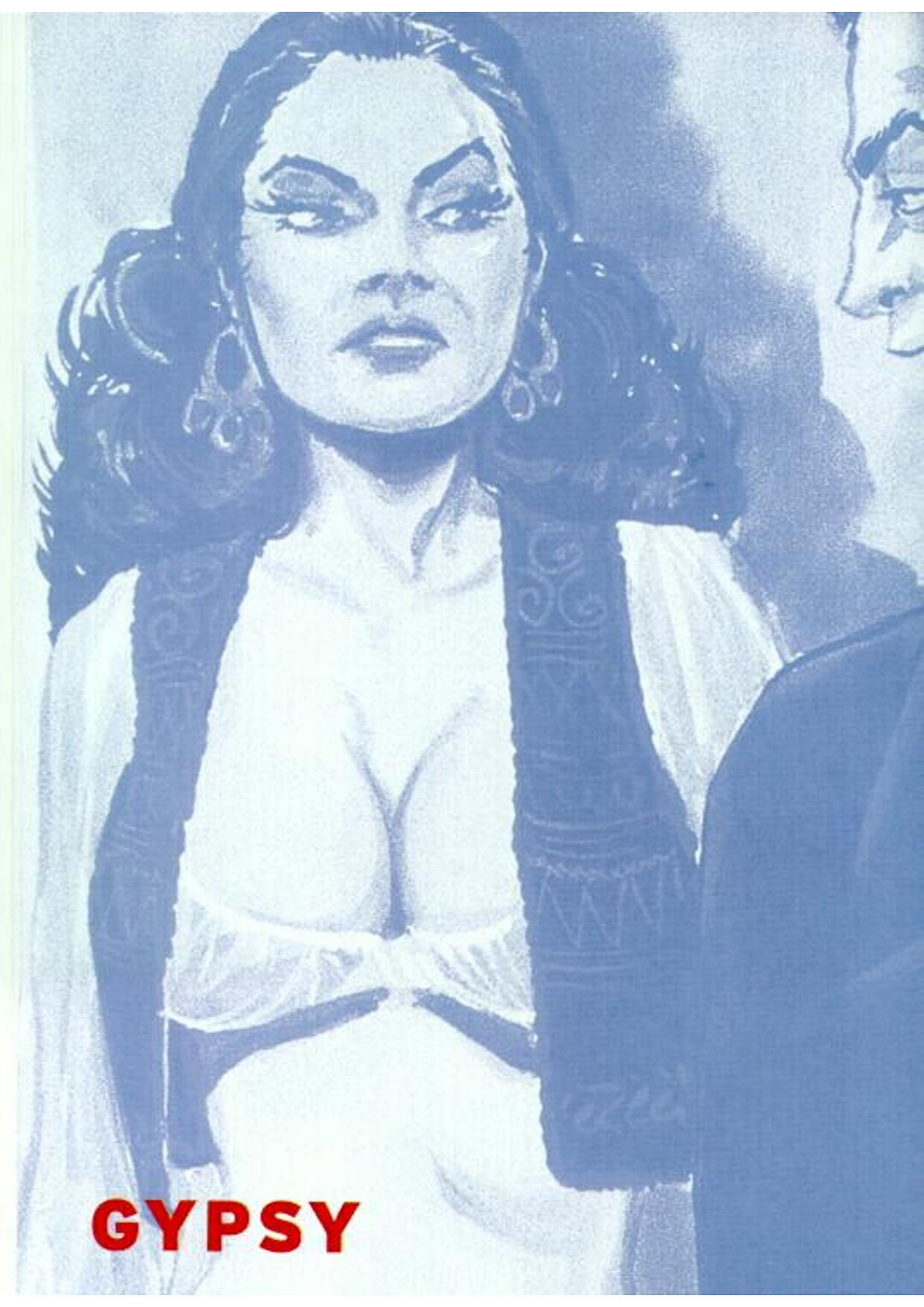
TH-THANK YOU  
MISS---THE  
WOMAN WHO  
LOOKS LIKE  
ME IS REALLY  
NADINE, THE  
DRESS-MAKER!



NO, DEBORAH! I'M NADINE! I'M SORRY I GOT  
YOU INTO THIS MESS, BUT IT WAS THE ONLY WAY WE  
COULD FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SIX GIRLS.  
I HAD AN IDEA THE MARQUIS' COUSIN WAS  
BEHIND THE DISAPPEARANCES--  
BUT I NEEDED PROOF! YOU  
ACTUALLY POSSESS THE  
REAL KEY, SO I'M SURE  
YOU'LL BE AMPLY RE-  
WARDED FOR THE  
INCONVENIENCES  
I FORCED YOU  
INTO!!

THE  
END!





**GYPSY**



STEVE DRESBALL, AS AN ADVERTISING EXECUTIVE, WAS CONSTANTLY SUBJECTED TO TENSIONS AND PRESSURE, AND SO WELCOMED RELIEF AND HAPPINESS AT HOME FROM HIS ATTRACTIVE WIFE LORNA.

BUT LATELY LORNA HAD BEEN BEHAVING VERY STRANGELY, OFTEN OUT OF THE APARTMENT WITHOUT EVEN SO MUCH AS A NOTE FOR HIM.

SHE HAD BETTER BE HOME THIS EVENING HE THOUGHT GLUMLY.

THE NAGGING HEADACHE HE HAD HAD ALMOST ALL DAY LONG WAS FAR WORSE NOW FROM THE ROCKING JERKING RIDE OF THE COMMUTER TRAIN.

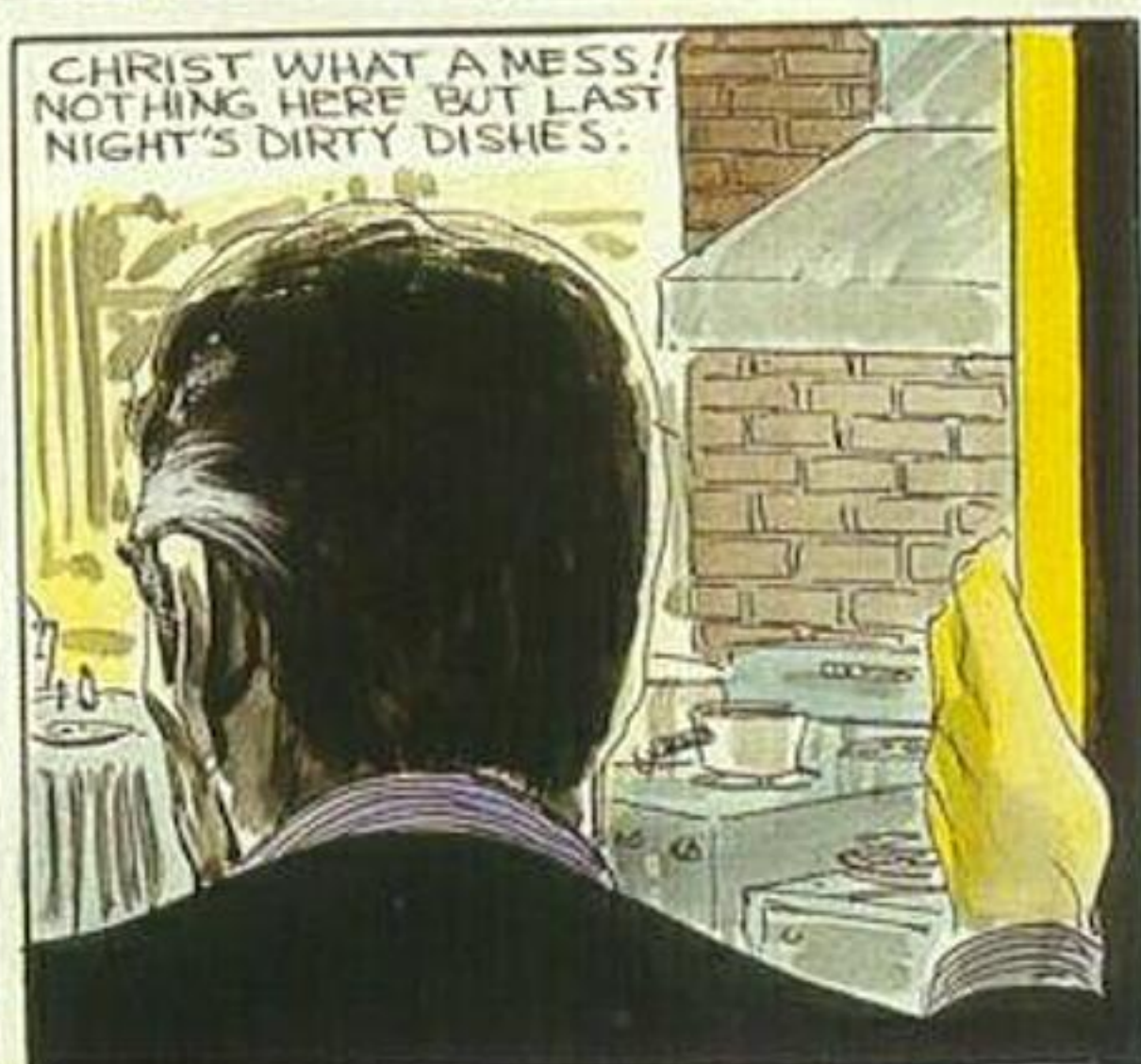
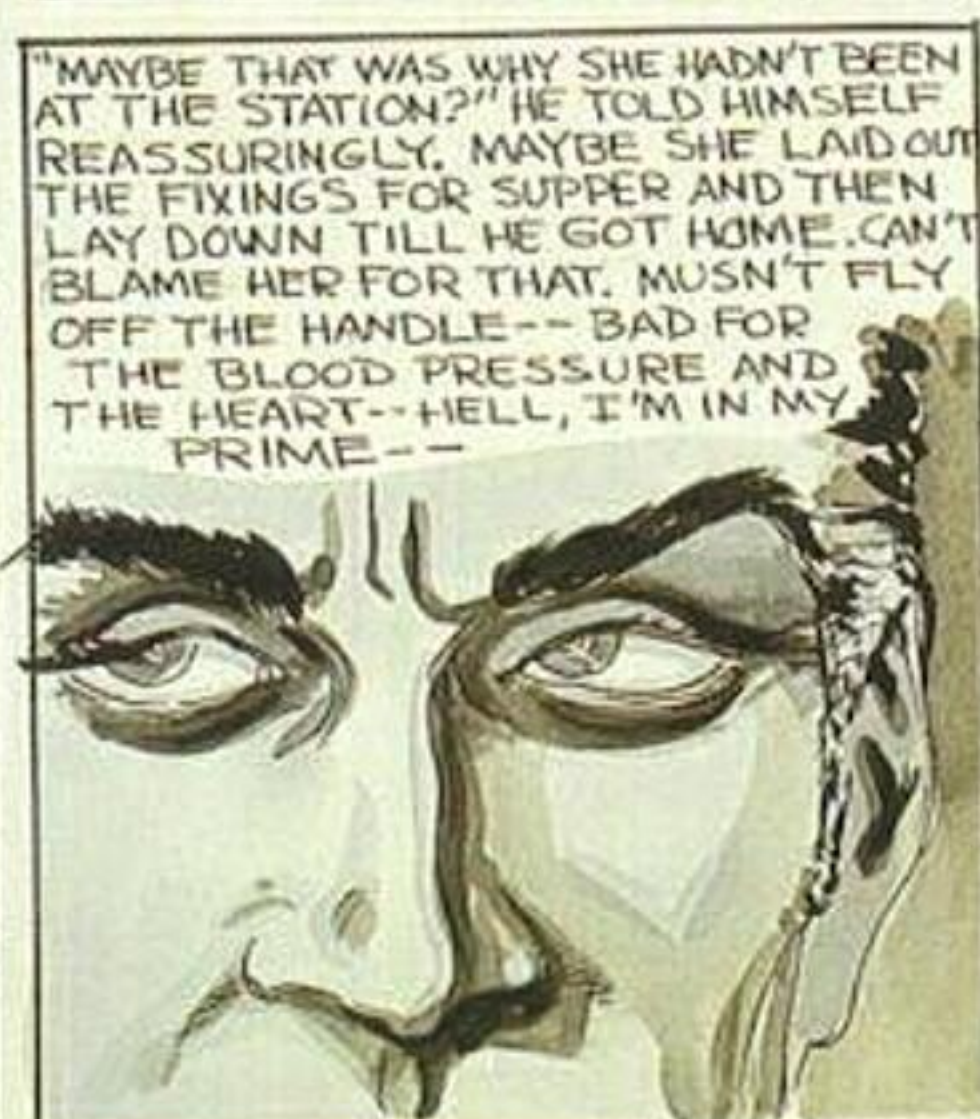
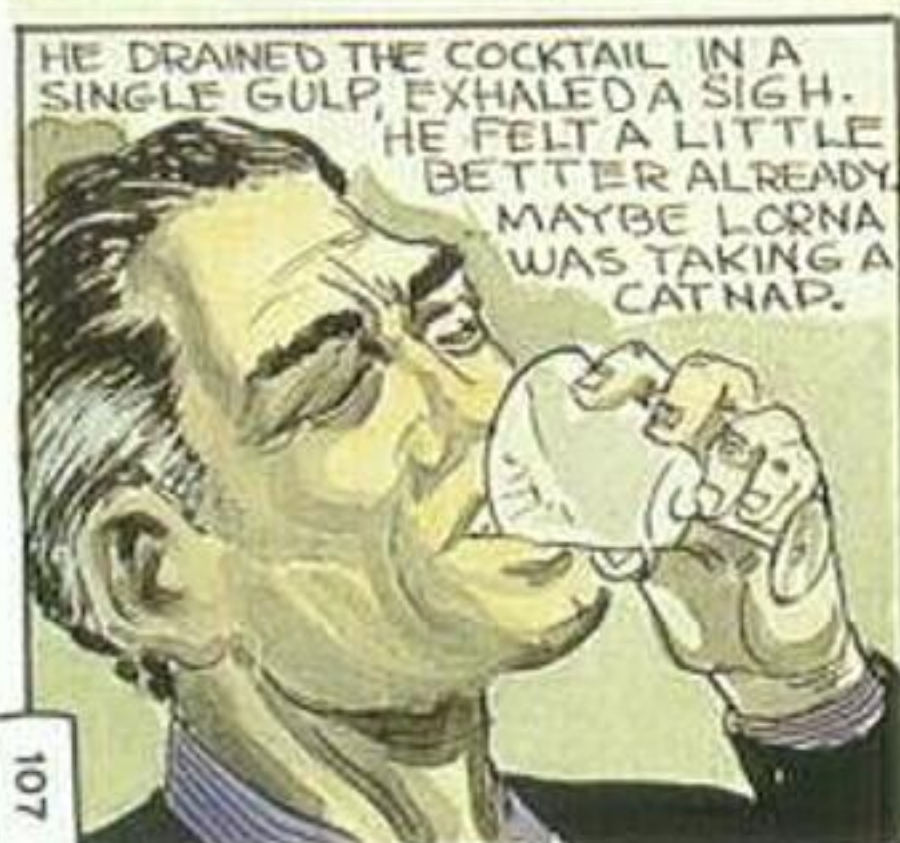
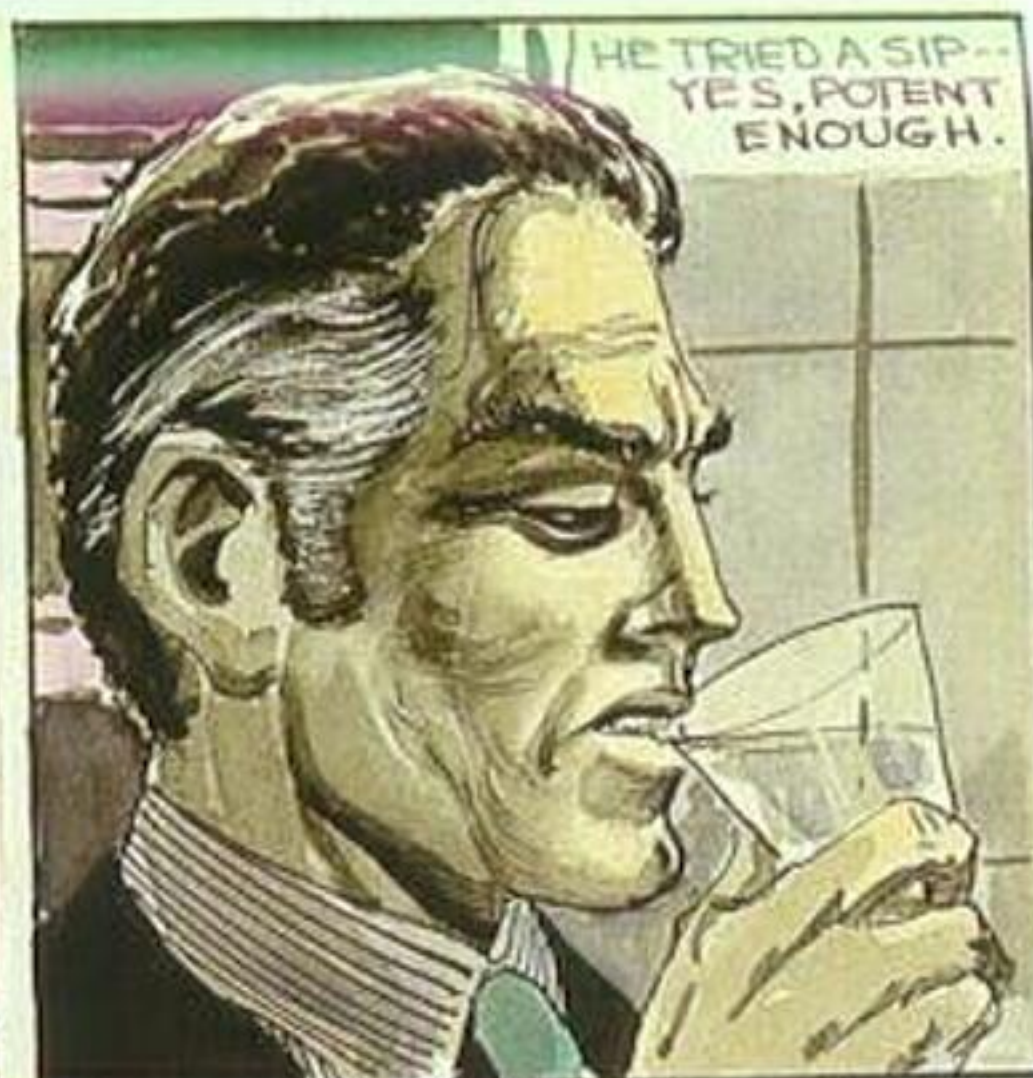
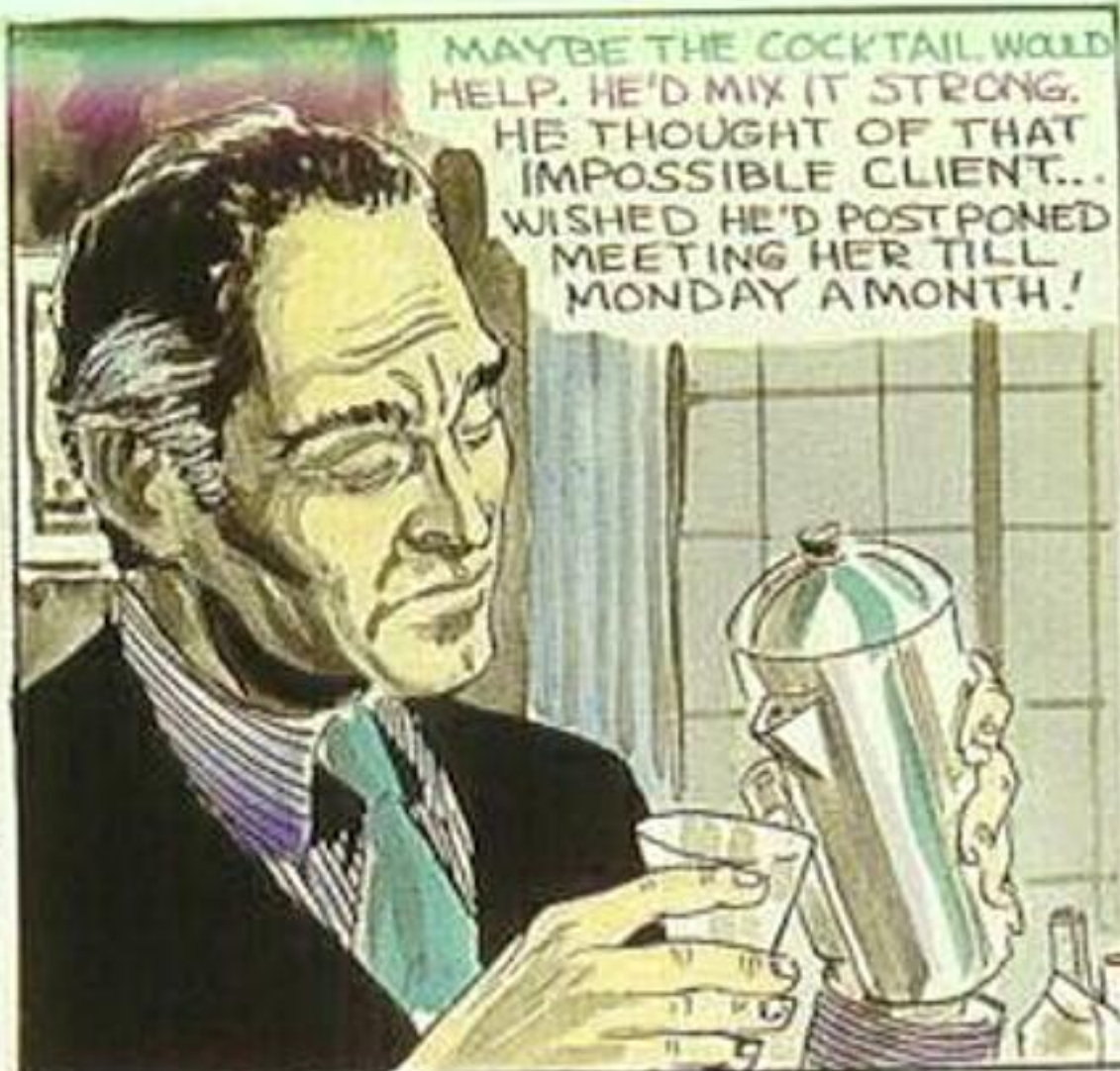
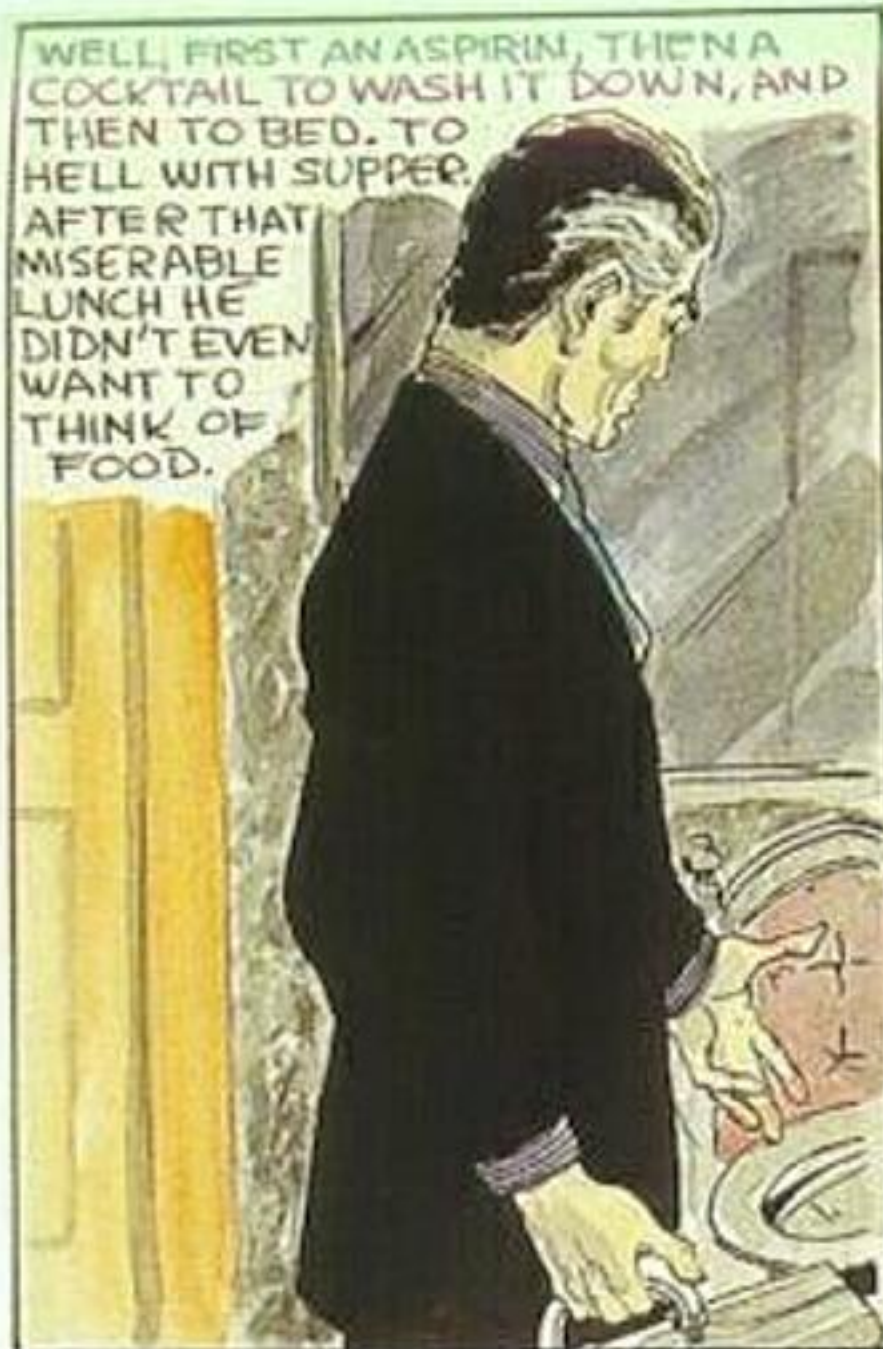
HE'D LOOKED FORWARD TO HER BEING THERE WITH THE CAR, TO KISS HIM AND SMILE LOVINGLY, THEN DRIVE HIM HOME FOR COCKTAILS AND DINNER.

BUT SHE WASN'T AT THE STATION. NOW HE WASN'T EVEN SURE SHE'D BE AT HOME. IT WAS A DAY TO REMEMBER. ALL THE FLAK ABOUT HIS CAMPAIGN IDEAS, THE CLIENTS' LUNCHEON, AND NOW HE'D HAD THE LONG WALK HOME WITH HIS HEAD POUNDING MORE CRUELLY EVERY STEP.

"LORNA? I'M BACK--THIS IS STEVE, REMEMBER?" HE CALLED SARCASTICALLY, BUT THERE WAS NO SOUND IN THE LUXURIOUSLY FURNISHED SUBURBAN APARTMENT. GOD HOW HIS HEAD ACHED.





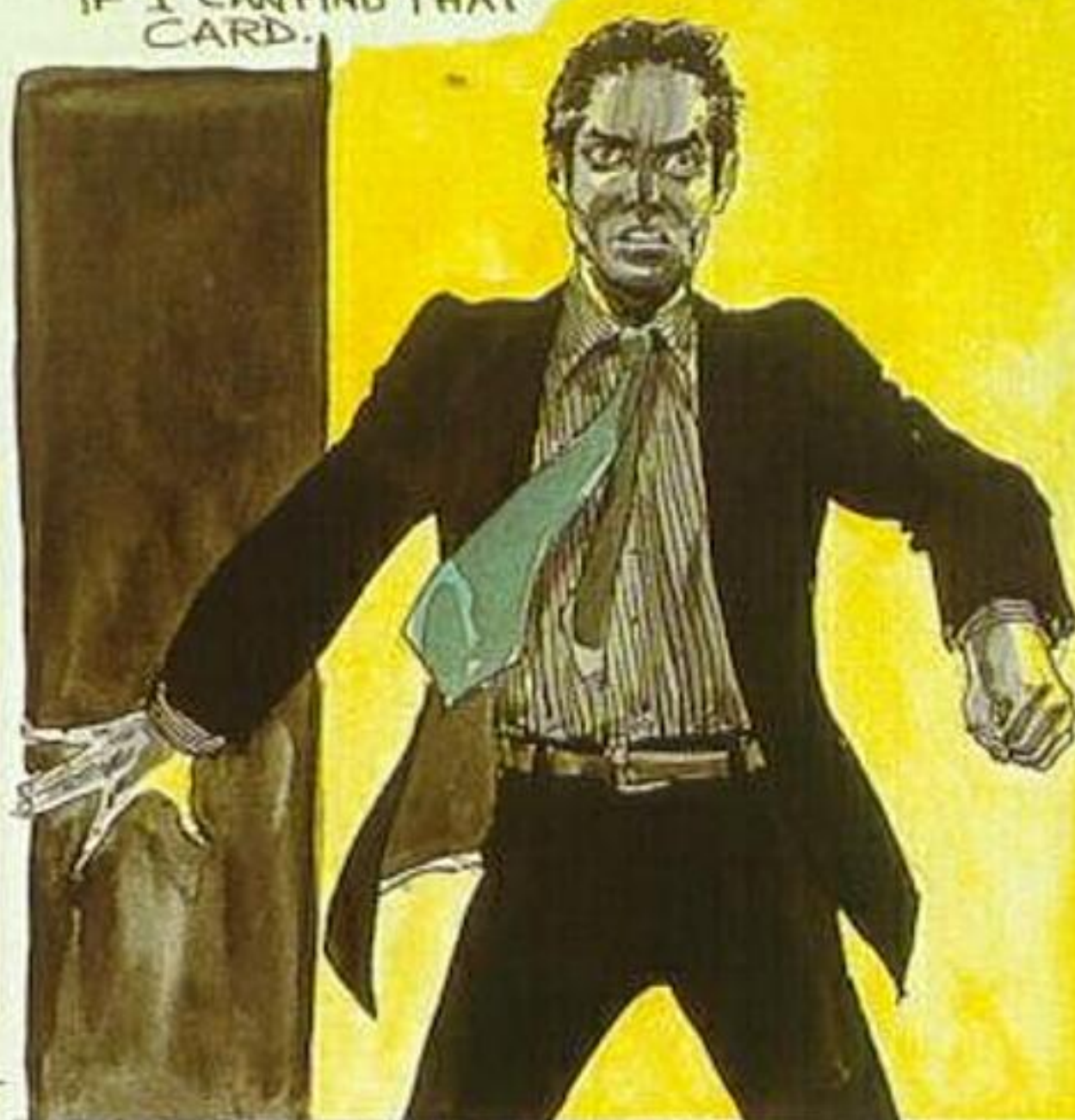




WHAT THE HELL...THE BED HASN'T BEEN MADE...THE ROOM A MESS... IT'S TIME I TOOK THAT WOMAN IN HAND. I'VE BEEN TOO LENIENT...WITH ALL HER CRAZY STUNTS LATELY SHE.....OH THAT BITCH--I'LL BET I KNOW--EVER SINCE THAT GYPSY FORTUNE TELLER READ TEA LEAVES FOR LORNA, SHE'S BEEN HOOKED ON CARDS AND ASTROLOGY AND ALL THAT CRAP!



BY GOD...LET'S SEE IF I CAN FIND THAT CARD.



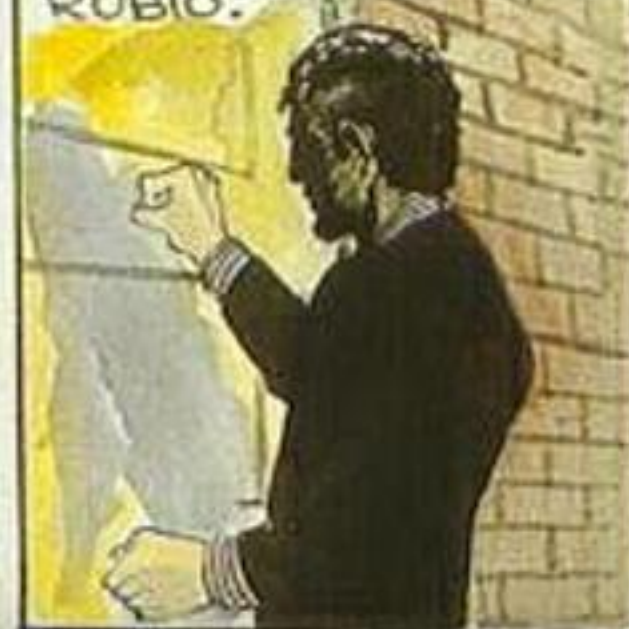
YEAH HERE IT IS... "WOULD YOU KNOW THE MYSTIC FUTURE? CONSULT MADAME RUBIO, 375 1/2 LEAF STREET." THAT'S WHERE LORNA IS.. WASTING MONEY AND TIME ON SUPERSTITIOUS JUNK LIKE THAT...I'LL JUST PAY HER A SURPRISE VISIT AND READ HER ASS WITH MY PALM!



WHAT A CRUMMY NEIGHBORHOOD... TO THINK A WELL BRED CULTURED BEAUTIFUL WOMAN LIKE LORNA FALLING FOR THIS CRAP...HERE IT IS. 375 1/2...



NOW WE'LL SEE ABOUT THIS OLD HAG, MADAME RUBIO.





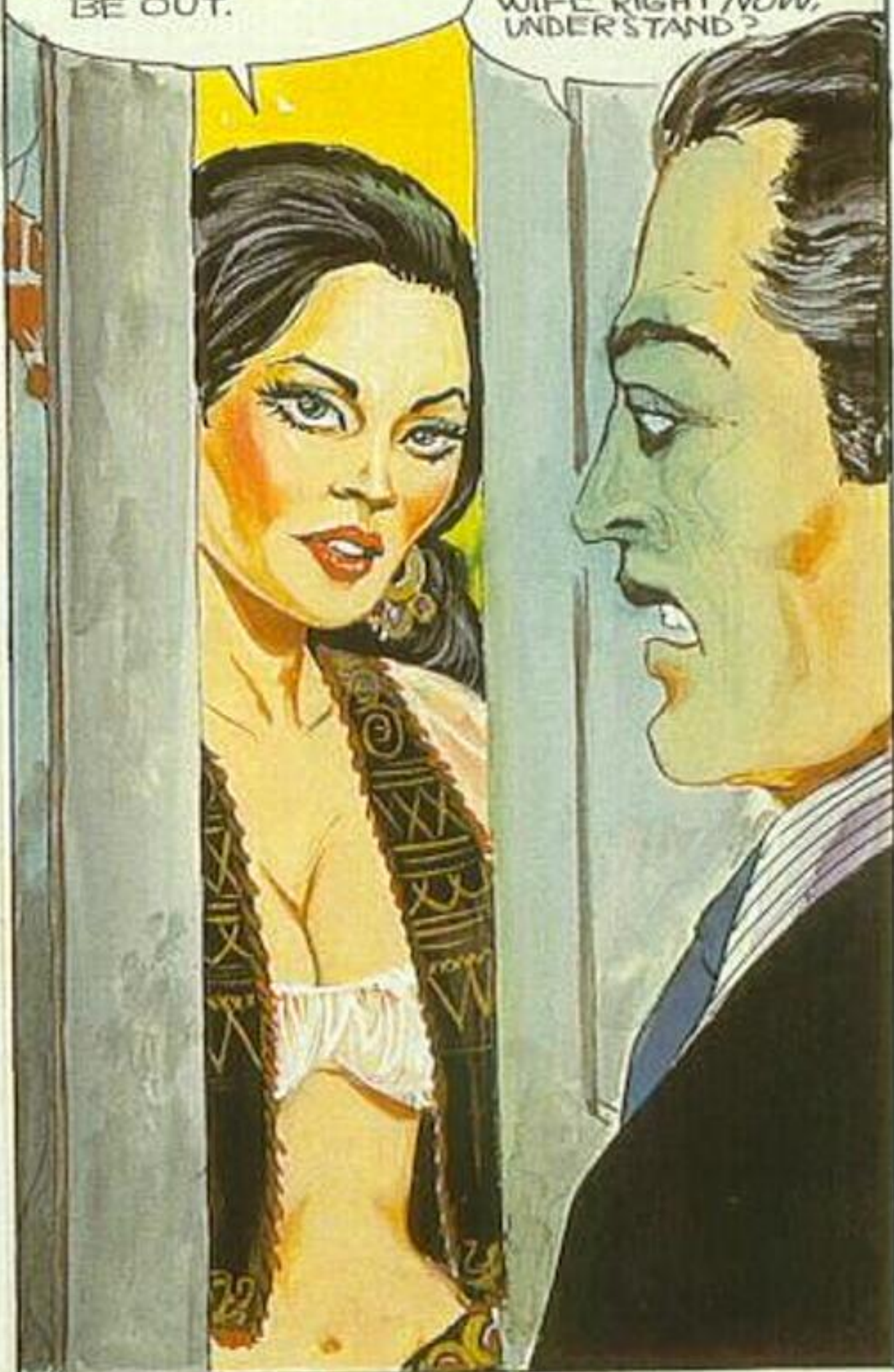
IT WAS A WOMAN WHO ANSWERED, YOUNG, EXOTICALLY BEAUTIFUL, HER VOICE HUSKY AND SEDUCTIVE... "MR. DRESDALL?"

YEAH, YEAH, YOU MUST BE PSYCHIC, BABY! I'M MR. DRESDALL ALL RIGHT. NOW, IS MY WIFE HERE?



YES, BUT SHE'S IN CONSULTATION. IF YOU'LL WAIT, SHE'LL SOON BE OUT.

THE HELL I'LL WAIT! OPEN THE DOOR, I WANT TO SEE MY WIFE RIGHT NOW, UNDERSTAND?



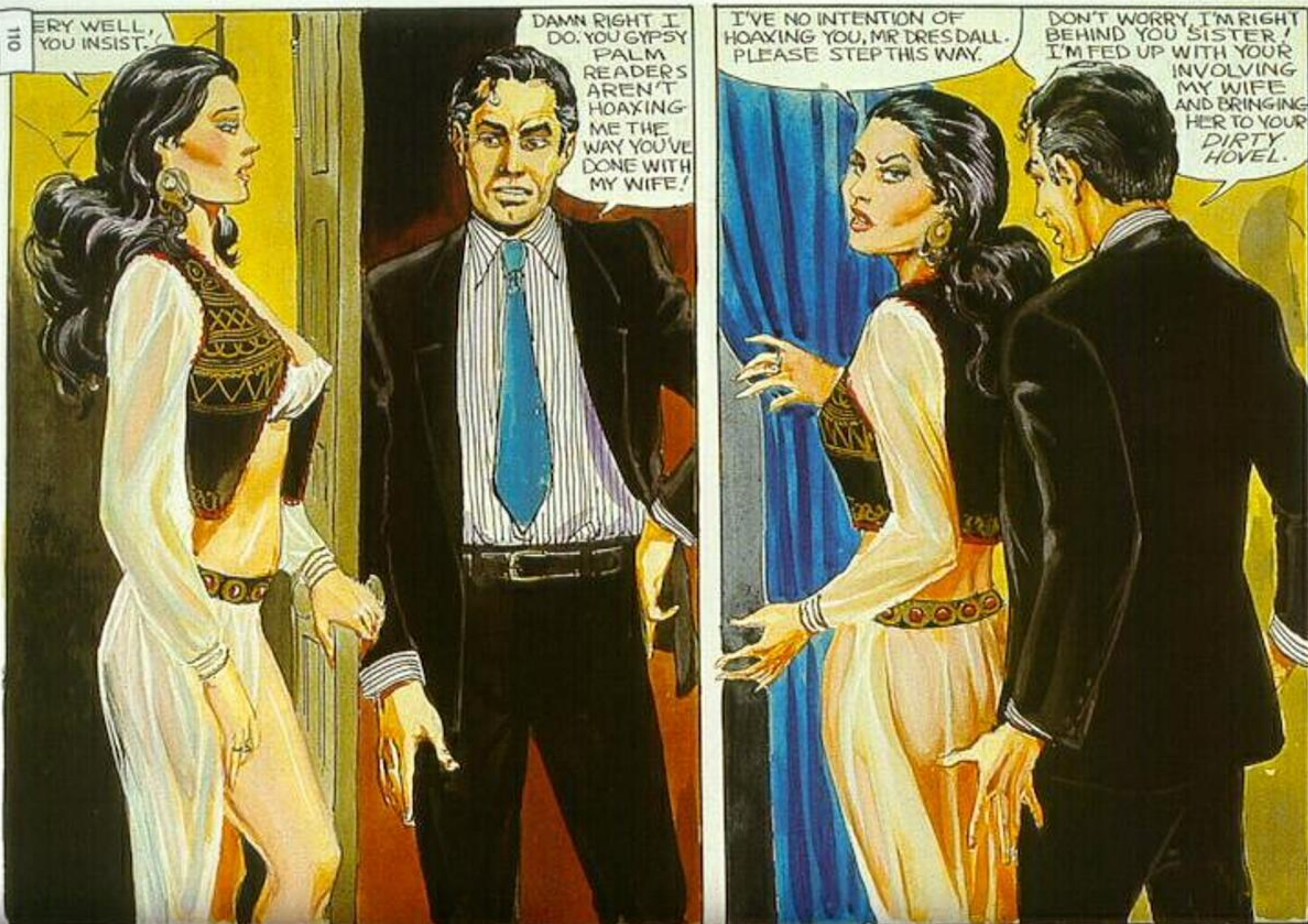


ERY WELL,  
YOU INSIST.

DAMN RIGHT I  
DO. YOU GYPSY  
PALM  
READERS  
AREN'T  
HOAXING  
ME THE  
WAY YOU'VE  
DONE WITH  
MY WIFE!

I'VE NO INTENTION OF  
HOAXING YOU, MR DRES DALL.  
PLEASE STEP THIS WAY.

DON'T WORRY, I'M RIGHT  
BEHIND YOU SISTER!  
I'M FED UP WITH YOUR  
INVOLVING  
MY WIFE  
AND BRINGING  
HER TO YOUR  
DIRTY  
HOVEL.





STEVEN'S EYES BULGED  
AND HIS MOUTH GAPED  
AS HE ENTERED  
THE ROOM...

STEVEN? HERE?  
I THOUGHT YOU  
DIDN'T BELIEVE  
IN FORTUNE'S.

LORNA... FOR  
CHRIST'S SAKE  
WHAT'S ALL THIS?  
DON'T TELL ME  
YOU'VE BEEN...  
WITH THIS FILTHY  
GOD DAMN  
GYPSY SLUT!  
OH YOU SICK,  
STUPID BITCH,  
TO PUT **ME**  
TH-THROUGH  
A FREAKOUT  
LIKE THIS...

GET DRESSED, LORNA, YOU'RE GOING HOME... AND AS  
FOR YOU, YOU **SCUM**... THANK YOUR CRYSTAL BALL  
YOU'RE NOT A MAN!!

OOO HHHH?





ND WHAT IN  
ELL IS THIS...  
OPE TIED TO  
TH' FOOTPOST  
OF THE BED?  
LORNA...  
L-O-R-N-A!  
YOU... YOU'RE  
NOT...

OH... THAT?  
IT'S FOR BINDING...  
...ANKLES?  
WRISTS... OR...  
WHATEVER!

CHRIST, LORNA... THAT...  
THAT'S *SICK*... DARLING  
HAVE THEY-HAVE THEY  
BEEN *DRUGGING* YOU?  
FORCING YOU TO COME  
TO THIS CHARLATAN  
TO GET SOME KICKS?

WELL NOW THAT WE'RE GETTING  
DOWN TO CASES... YOU HAVEN'T  
EXACTLY BEEN  
CONCERNED LATELY!  
A GIRL LIKE ME  
NEEDS PROPER  
HANDLING-  
YOU KNOW!





HANDLING? YOU KNOW LORNA... I THINK YOU'RE BEING USED... AND MAYBE MY D.A. FRIEND LARRY WOULD BE INTERESTED IN THIS SCENE!

DARLING, YOU REALLY AREN'T WITH IT... TODAY OR ANY OTHER DAY, YOU WOULD CALL IN THE POLICE... WOULDN'T YOU... YES... YOU WOULD!

YOU'RE DAMNED RIGHT I WOULD, LORNA! WHEN A MAN FINDS HIS WIFE WITH WHIP MARKS ON HER... BEING TIED UP WITH ROPE IN A GYPSY TRAMP'S PLACE, THEN IT'S TIME FOR LEGAL ACTION.



MY, YOU ARE BEING DIFFICULT, STEVE... DEAR! DON'T YOU THINK, MADAME RUBIO, THAT WE BETTER COME CLEAN... AND SHOW THE RIGHTEOUS ONE THE UPSTAIRS HIDEAWAY...  
HMM...?

OH... OF COURSE, LORNA, DEAREST... WOULD YOU PLEASE STEP THIS WAY MR DRESSDALL? BE OUR GUEST FOR THE GRAND TOUR!





YOU MEAN... YOU'RE IN ON THIS RACKET TOO, LORNA? HAVE YOU TAKEN COMPLETE LEAVE OF YOUR SENSES?

WELL DARLING, I DO HAVE TO MAKE A LITTLE SOMETHING ON THE SIDE. YOU KNOW HOW I DEPLORE ASKING YOU FOR PIN MONEY.



ARE YOU AFRAID TO SEE SOMETHING THAT MIGHT UPSET YOUR CONVENTIONAL OUTLOOK, MR. DRESDALL. YOU SEEM TO BE HOLDING BACK. A BIG GROWN MAN LIKE YOU... SCARED? TISK TSK!

IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN YOUR TRICKS TO BREAK ME DOWN. I'M JUST TRYING TO GET IT THROUGH MY HEAD THAT MY WIFE IS IN WITH YOU ON THIS RACKET, THAT'S ALL!

STEVE... COME ON... FOLLOW ME UPSTAIRS. OR DOESN'T MY SENSUOUSLY DRAPED FIGURE TEMPT YOU ANYMORE, MY DEAR HUSBAND?





LISTEN LORNA, YOU'RE  
CHEAPENING YOURSELF.  
HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO  
WANT YOU AFTER YOU'VE  
BEEN WALLOWING WITH  
THIS GYPSY DYKE? AND  
LETTING HER TIE YOU UP  
AND TAKE A WHIP TO YOU...  
#FAUGH, IT TURNS  
MY STOMACH!

OH MY! THEN I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO TURN YOU  
ON INSTEAD. NOW I WONDER HOW WE CAN DO THAT?  
IF YOU SUDDENLY  
DON'T LIKE  
UNDRESSED  
GIRLS ANY  
MORE...

LORNA, DON'T  
LOWER YOURSELF  
TRYING TO REASON  
WITH MALE CHAUVINISM.  
THE TRUTH OF IT IS,  
THE BOY IS REALLY  
JEALOUS OF ME!





THE GYPSY WOMAN PRODUCED A KEY FROM HER SEQUINED GIRDLE, UNLOCKED A DOOR AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS... IT WAS BLACK AS NIGHT INSIDE THE ROOM, THEN...



I'M NOT PLAYING GAMES ANY LONGER, LORNA. COME HOME WITH ME NOW, AND WE'LL TRY TO FORGET ALL THIS DISGUSTING MUMBOJUMBO.

OH, PLEASE, STEVE... JUST FOR MY SAKE, WON'T YOU SHARE WITH ME, JUST THIS ONCE, THE THRILL OF WHAT WE'RE GOING TO SHOW YOU?

YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF THE DARK ARE YOU, LITTLE MAN? OR IS IT ONLY WHEN YOU'RE ALONE WITH YOUR WIFE IN BED WHEN YOU TRY TO MAKE A SLAVE OF HER THAT YOU CAN BE BRAVE?





MADAME RUBIO WITH AN ENIGMATIC SMILE,  
STEPS INSIDE, TOUCHES A HIDDEN SWITCH, AND  
THE ROOM IS SUDDENLY FLOODED WITH SOFT  
INDIRECT LIGHTING. THERE'S A MAN,  
BOUND AND GAGGED IN A CHAIR...  
A MAN STEVE DRESBALL  
INCREDULOUSLY RECOGNIZES...

DEAR CHRIST IN  
HEAVEN.. LARRY EWALD.  
WHAT IN HELL... HOW DID  
THIS GYPSY BITCH  
TRAP YOU LIKE THIS?  
HOW DID YOU GET HERE  
IN THE FIRST PLACE...  
LORNA, I DEMAND  
AN EXPLANATION...

D--  
DEMAND?







# **A WOMAN'S SCORNE**



Heb, Gwen, looks like you blew it. Greg's gone and married Naomi. Her old man's taking him back to England with them. But look, kid, if you feel like whoring around with a guy, well, I'm no kid anymore and I'll sure be glad to....

Shocked, stunned by the news, Gwen stood, shaking her head in disbelief. Then Ted's words penetrated her brain. A wild fury seized her. She grabbed Ted by the shirtfront.

Whoring around?... you... you impertinent little upstart! I was in LOVE with Greg. That's why I let him---

LOVE? Love hell. He had lots of girls, even while he was going with you, Gwen. You were just one of the girls in the line-up.



Since you didn't apologize when you had the chance, you'll suffer the consequences!

Apologize, Ted. Take that back. You know Greg was in love with me. He told me so. Take that back or I'll break your neck!

Come on, don't be silly. Let go before I hurt you. It'll be a cold day in hell before I let any girl make me apologize.

Suddenly something snapped in Gwen's mind. This was no longer just Greg's kid brother bearing painful tidings. Ted was every enemy she had ever known, every man she had ever hated. He had spoken to her disrespectfully, had accused her of... her strength seemed unlimited. She shoved and twisted until Ted sprawled to the ground. Immediately she dove upon him and seized his wrists in the most powerful of grips.

Slowly she pulled his wrists along the rough ground until they were at shoulder level. She pressed her knees against the insides of his elbows, moved up his body until her silken clad thighs were pressing hard against his ears and her silk-pantied crotch rested against his adam's apple. She slapped his face several times each one making clear handprints on his cheeks.



Suffer? With a pretty chick on top of me, her skirt up high and her nipple inches from my face. Let me suffer like this, Gwen and then maybe we can go a little farther!

Are you still enjoying yourself, Ted?



Watch it, Gwen. Hey! That really hurts! Come on now... let up!



Now a strange and deliberate calm came over the girl. How exhilarating to have Ted helpless beneath her. She could do anything she wanted to him. She could make him subject to her every whim, and carry out her most preposterous wish. She shifted her position so that her crotch was pressed fully against his mouth. There was contempt in her voice...

Suffer, Ted. Lie still! a big strong boy like you, having to lie there absolutely unable to do a damned thing. Breathe deeply, Ted. That's a girl who has you down like this...

MM-MM-MPH!

If only there were some way she could secure this helpless slave, some way she could prolong this feeling of triumph over this representative of every man she had ever sought vengeance against. Then she turned and there, hanging from a tree, was a sturdy rope, just the thing she needed.

MM-MM-PH! Please, Gwen... L-Let m-me BREATHE!

Alright, TAD! I'll move down a little if you promise to cross your wrists above your head and hold them there like a good little captive slave.



Slowly the plan formed in her head. To have this boy, this relative of the man who had betrayed her, this person, evil in his own right, absolutely at her beck and call, completely subservient to her will!

Not too tight, Gwen. You could shut off the circulation, maybe do me some permanent harm. I'll not try to get away, Gwen. HONEST!

(SOOTHINGLY) Of course not, Tad. I'm sure you're going to be a nice, sweet, gentle creature, but just to make sure you stay that way, I'm going to truss you like a Christmas Turkey. Now let me pull this even tighter. I like to see rope biting into flesh; it leaves such a nice blue mark there afterward!

You made that too tight, Gwen. Honest. I don't think I can... stand it. I'm going to faint from the pain.

Silence, victim. Here, I'll just move forward a few inches and make sure you're quiet!

Possession! That's what Gwen had. Total possession of this contemptible person. Why there was no limit to what she could make him do, even strip stark naked! suddenly the desire to test her new-found powers seized her. She moved down, permitting him the use of his mouth.

If I listen to these heart-rending pleas of yours, Tad, and free you, will you do whatever I command? And remember, if you attempt to run away, whatever punishment I choose for you will be ten times worse.

I PROMISE!

How wonderful! Those wrists were going to remain secured together until SHE chose to free them. Why she could tie this hapless creature up any way she chose. No matter how uncomfortable the pose! What a glorious sense of power that rope around those wrists gave her!

Then get up, Tad, and strip down to your shorts. I want you to hand me your belt. Then, when you are naked, stand with your back against that tree!



If you're going to hit me  
could you hit me on the back?  
I'm sensitive in er...front!

BEG, Ted!  
Beg me to make  
you suffer and  
want to scream  
from the pain  
of it. That's the  
way I want my  
men now.  
That's how I  
want you to  
behave.

Please, Gwen, stop.  
That hurts! Oh gosh,  
look what you made  
me do.

So that's what it takes  
to make a man want you!  
Just a few touches of pain,  
a sense of absolute help-  
lessness. You enjoyed it!

Very well, my maso-  
chistic subject, I'll untie  
you from the tree. Now  
**GET ON YOUR KNEES.**  
That's it. **DOWN**, like  
a dog!!!

Alright, Rover, now hold this  
position. Stay, Ted, Sta-a-ay!  
That's the way I like my dogs...  
**OBEDIENT!**

Please, Gwen, not too  
hard. I hurt all over already.



The stripes began to glow on his rump. The pattern had started to form. Suddenly this was no longer just a boy's belt. It was a cat o' nine tails taming an unruly midshipman. It was a flog forcing a confession out of a medieval backslider. It was justice punishing every male offender in the world.

Gwen, STOP!  
I can't take any more pain. It hurts SO-O-O-O-



Silence! You'll suffer just as long and as much as I decree, my captive. Now stay down there, dog, and TAKE IT!

Her strength seemed to increase rather than fade. A quiet joy suffused her entire being as Ted's rump turned the color of a sunset. His head dropped to the ground, a gesture of total, abject surrender.

I'm yours, Gwen. I'm whatever you want me to be. I'll do whatever you say. But--Oh!.. Oww-ww! Please, I don't think I can stand ano-- OUCH!



You can stand more, Tad. MUCH more. You see my canine companion, you just don't have any choice.

I know (sob). I know. But how it hurts. Oooh. Oo-O-oo00H!



This was JOY! A knowledge she had never hoped to know. To be absolutely supreme. To have complete power, life and death control. To make a man continue to know pain long after he had passed what he thought was its final threshold. Then at long last, satisfaction.

When he stopped protesting, Gwen didn't know. But there came a time when Ted just laid on the ground quiet and unprotesting, no longer caring, no longer feeling. Gwen found herself breathing heavily and she stood watching the bruised, silent body. Greg's brother. The insulting young puppy.



AT FIRST SHE PICKED HIM UP, PUT HIM ACROSS HER SHOULDER AND CARRIED HIM TO THE HOUSE. INSIDE, SHE DUMPED HIM ONTO THE FLOOR AND USED HIS BELT AROUND HIS ANKLES TO DRAG HIM MORE EASILY.



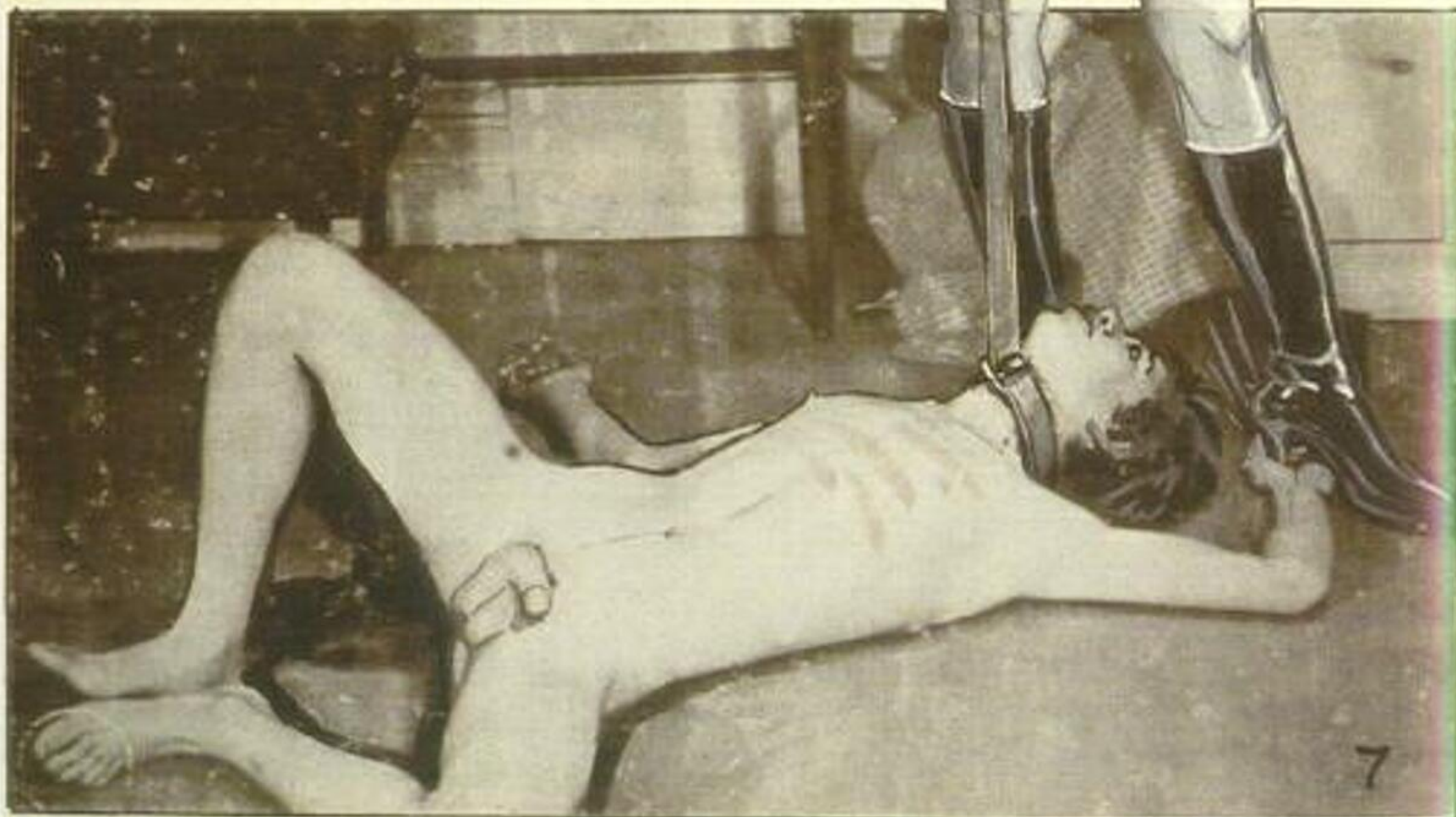
Now you know what it is to be the degraded, helpless, humiliated property of an angry woman. This is what it's like to find yourself under the high heel of a feminine despot.





GWEN KNELT BESIDE THE QUIET BODY, APPLIED A COLD DISHCLOTH TO HIS FACE. HIS EYES OPENED. THERE WAS A LOOK SHE SAW THEN, A LOOK OF TOTAL SURRENDER, OF FEAR, AND SOMETHING ELSE ----- ADORATION! SHE PUT THE BELT AROUND HIS NECK THEN STOOD, HOLDING IT.

There, that's a good doggie. Play dead with this leash around your neck. Play dead for the nice lady. And if you learn this trick, there'll be others, many others, your mistress will soon be teaching you.





WHAT A STRANGE EFFECT THESE WORDS HAD ON THE BEWILDERED BOY! IT WAS AS THOUGH HE WANTED TO KNOW SUCH SUBJUGATION, WANTED TO EXPERIENCE THIS SENSE OF UTTER SHAME! AND YET SOME SORT OF PROTEST SEEMED REQUIRED OF HIM.

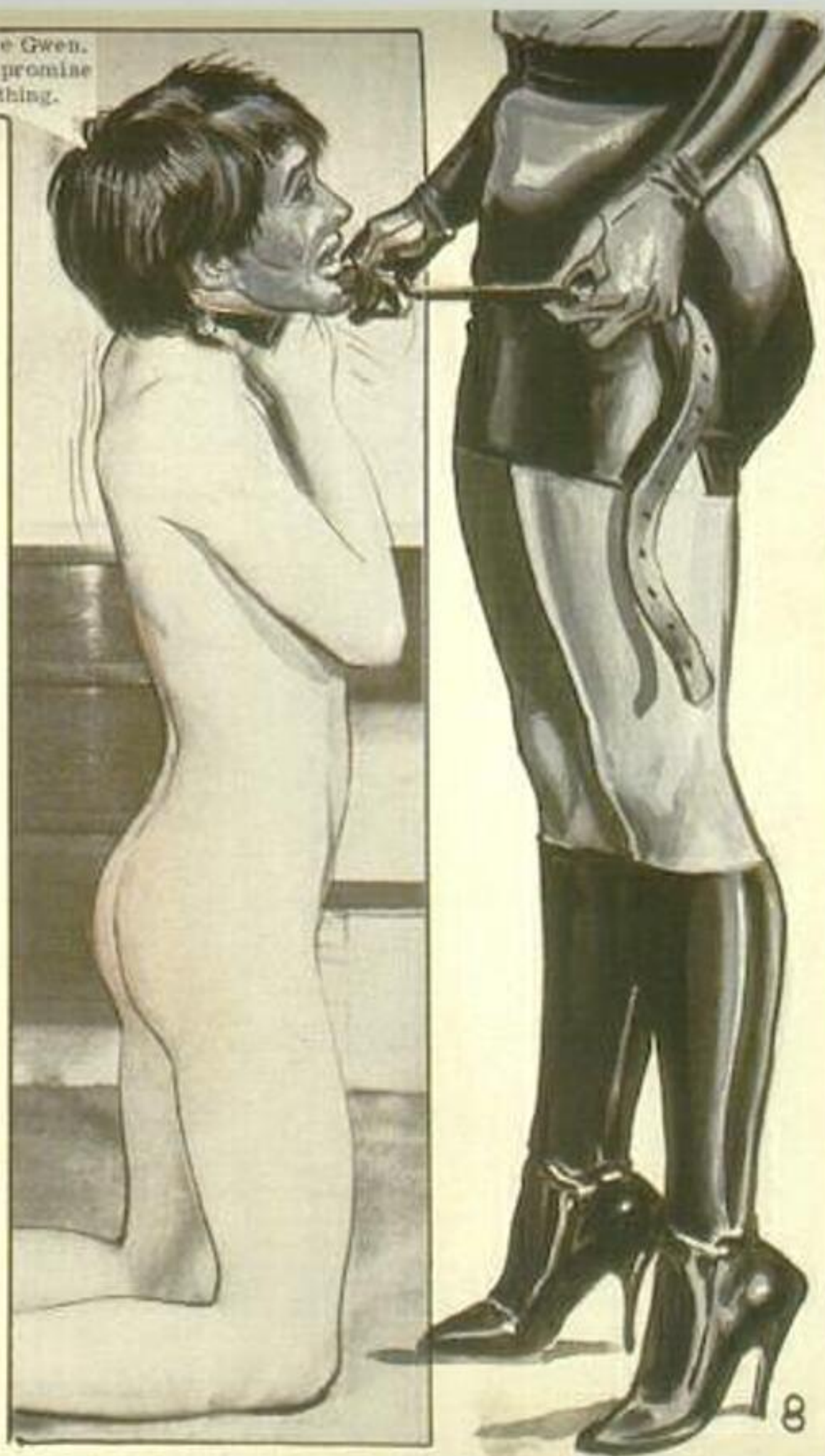


Please don't choke me like that, ... dear. Call it a leash if you want. Call me a dog if you wish. But you've already done so much to me, can't you, please let me rest for just a little while?

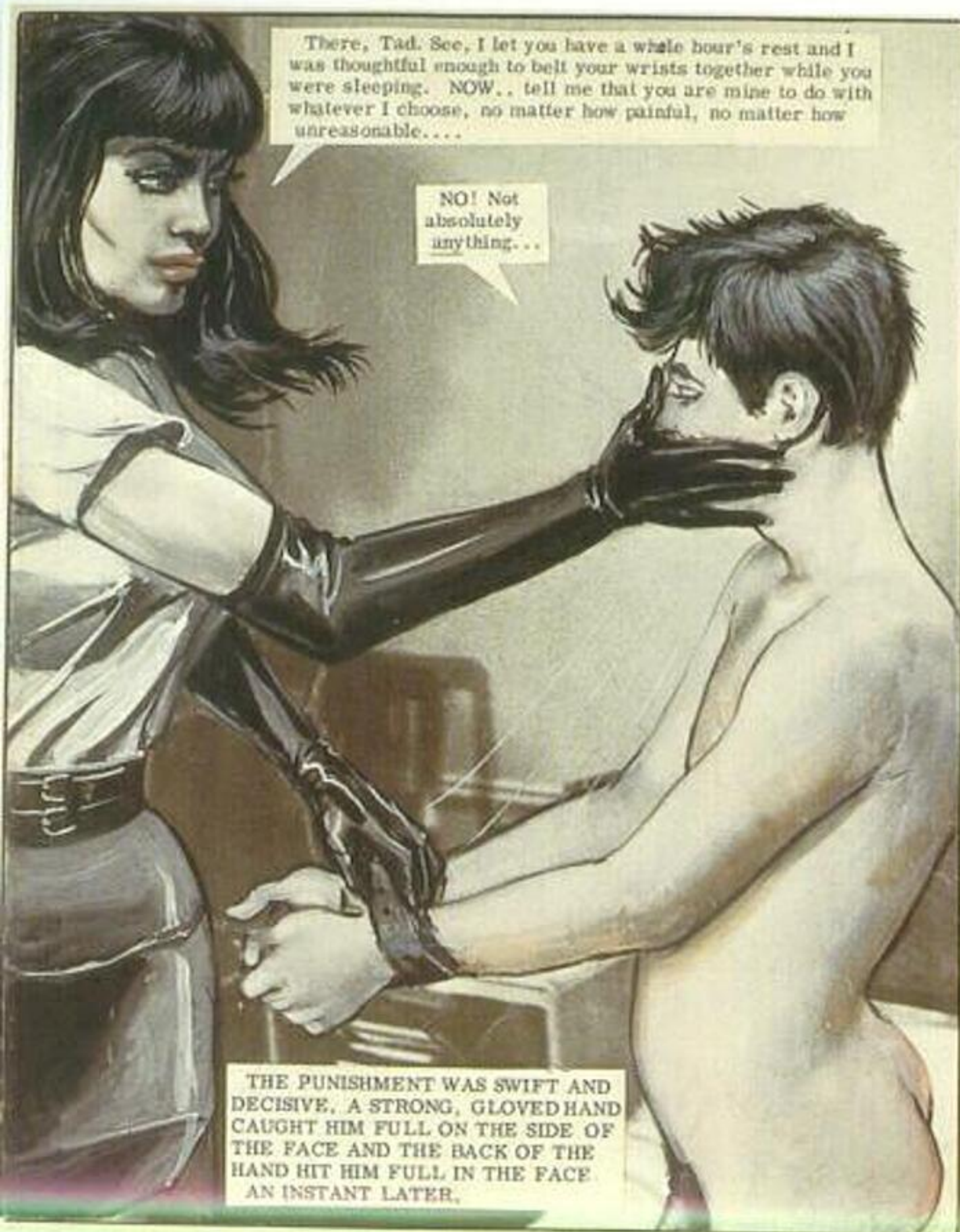


Of course I can. Now get on your knees and beg and I'll decide if I shall.

Please Gwen. I--I promise anything.





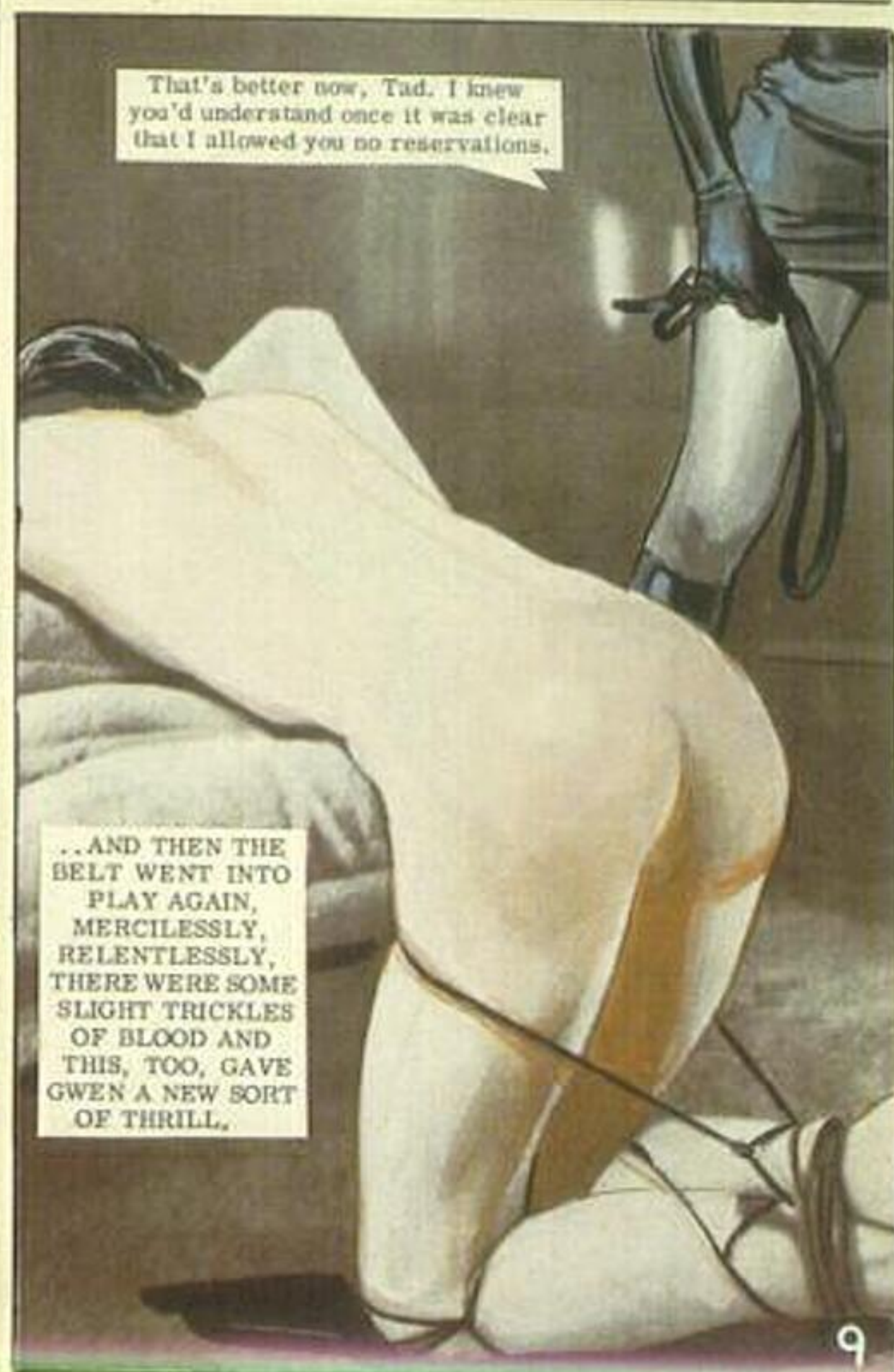


There, Tad. See, I let you have a whole hour's rest and I was thoughtful enough to belt your wrists together while you were sleeping. NOW... tell me that you are mine to do with whatever I choose, no matter how painful, no matter how unreasonable....

NO! Not absolutely anything...

THE PUNISHMENT WAS SWIFT AND DECISIVE, A STRONG, GLOVED HAND CAUGHT HIM FULL ON THE SIDE OF THE FACE AND THE BACK OF THE HAND HIT HIM FULL IN THE FACE. AN INSTANT LATER,

THEN UTTERLY COWED, TED KNELT BESIDE THE COUCH UPON GWEN'S INSTRUCTIONS AND SHE BOUND HIM TIGHTLY AND SECURELY WITH STRONG LIGHT CORD.



That's better now, Tad. I knew you'd understand once it was clear that I allowed you no reservations.

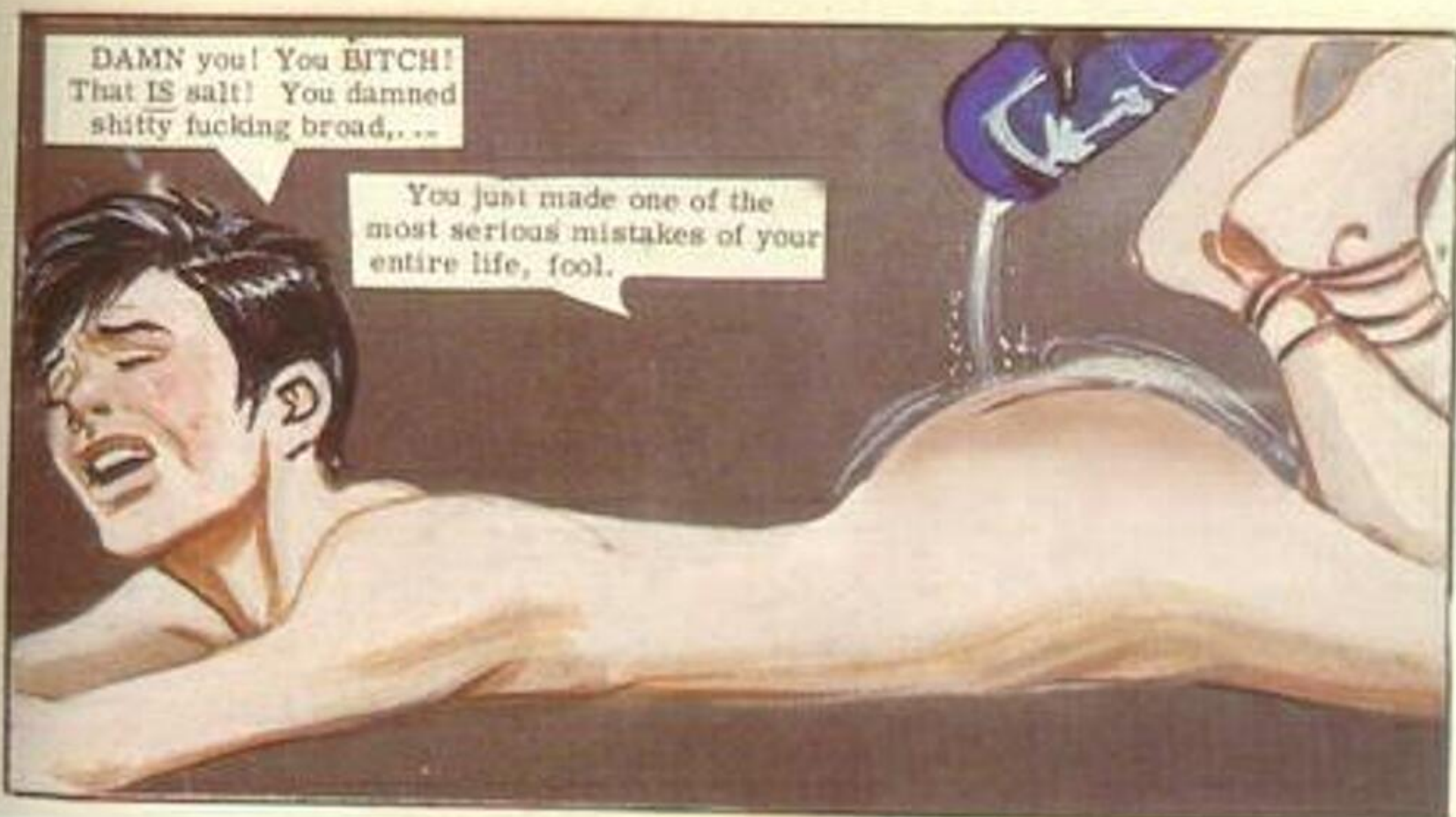
...AND THEN THE BELT WENT INTO PLAY AGAIN, MERCILESSLY, RELENTLESSLY, THERE WERE SOME SLIGHT TRICKLES OF BLOOD AND THIS, TOO, GAVE GWEN A NEW SORT OF THRILL.





Oh, you poor little thing. That's too bad. Why you're actually bleeding. I know just what you need...SALT!

Oooh, Gwen. My ASS! It--It pains me so!



DAMN you! You BITCH! That IS salt! You damned shitty fucking broad,...

You just made one of the most serious mistakes of your entire life, fool.



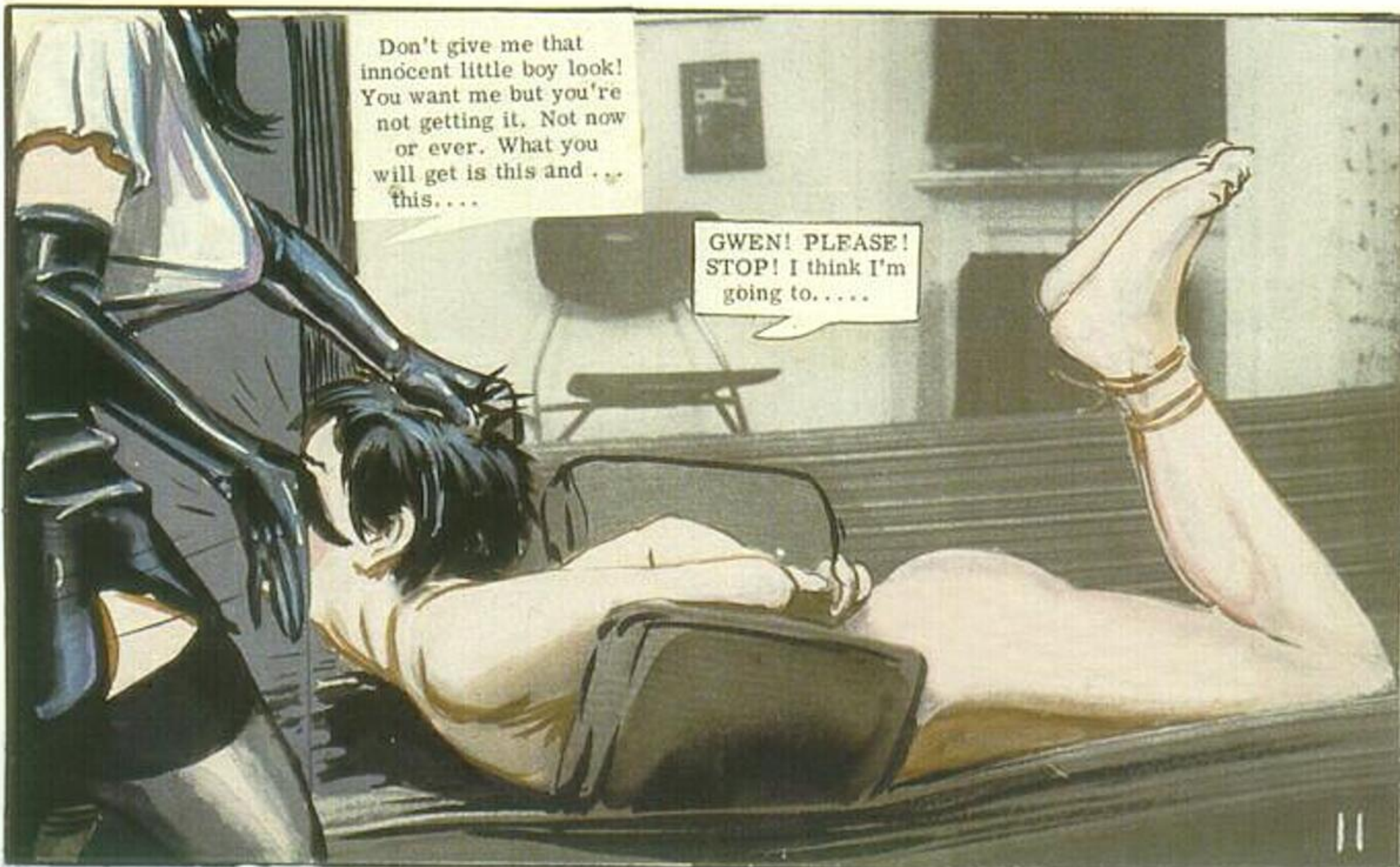
FURIOUS, THE IRATE AMAZON LEAPED UPON THE CRINGING BOY, TRAPPING HIS PERSON BENEATH HER POWERFUL BODY WHILE SHE BOUND HIS HANDS BEHIND HIS BACK.

Why you silly little creep! You're getting excited again! DAMN Your butt!

NO, listen-- I'm sorry... I mean... Oh, I can't help it... You..







Don't give me that  
innocent little boy look!  
You want me but you're  
not getting it. Not now  
or ever. What you  
will get is this and ...  
this....

GWEN! PLEASE!  
STOP! I think I'm  
going to.....





Oh, NO you won't!  
You're not getting your  
KICKS out of this...  
Not all over my couch!

Ted felt his  
cheeks being  
pulled apart  
and wailed his  
protest!

You ROTTEN  
BITCH!!



Gwen put her two fingers  
together and gently probed.

He could feel the hot flush of  
shame engulf him. Not knowing  
what she might do next he decided  
it was best to wait and see.

Ted braced himself and arched upward as soon as he felt the first whack. She had brought it down hard and it sent his rump into movements that was pure bliss to Gwen who continued her task of "making him wag his tail." He was aware of the fire building within. Up and down, the swollen, reddened rump rose as the futility of fight had entered his mind. He closed his eyes and let his mind go blank to everything except the tingling sensation. His body experienced such aliveness, an overpowering desire to let go completely. He wanted more, more of... of her up inside him and down against him. Gwen's eyes never left her target nor did her aim as she enjoyed the throbbing, pulsating mounds. She enjoyed a few moments longer and sighed....

I believe we have proven our point. The bastard has learned to wag his tail in appreciation after all. It seems a shame to warm this backside so soon after that last thrashing, but you just have to learn, Tad. You'll have to learn absolute, complete, instinctive obedience!

My God, I can't let her know. I can't show any signs of enjoyment. What am I doing? I can't seem to control my own body anymore....







Gently but firmly, Gwen straddled his body. She rotated her hips atop his bulbous, pulsing, seared rear. She leaned forward, her full weight pressing on him and secured his wrists to the corners of the bed. Her lips brushed his ear... she whispered....

Mmmnn. At last you're in bed with me! I hope you don't find the position too uncomfortable. But you did say some unkind things to me, you know. It's necessary that you be punished for that.

AGAIN THE WHIPPING WITH NO POSSIBILITY OF ESCAPE, NO MERCY, ONLY PAIN. HE QUICKLY CHECKED THE IMPULSE TO SCREAM.... "Ohhh!" HE MOANED....

Are you quite certain now, Tad, that NO matter WHAT I do to you, you will be grateful and submit without reservation or protest?

Y-y-yess. Anything. Anything... whatever!



THERE WAS A RINGING OF THE PHONE. FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THEIR ENCOUNTER OUT OF DOORS, TED HAD A CHANCE TO RECALL AND REVIEW HIS SITUATION. H WAS TOTALLY HELPLESS, TRUSSED AS HE WAS TO THE BED. HE HAD BEEN SUBJECTED TO SEARING PAIN, TO AGONY HE COULDN'T DESCRIBE AT THE HANDS OF THIS WOMAN. AND YET HER BEAUTY HAD SEEMED HEIGHTENED BY THIS PAINFUL PROXIMITY, THE FACT THAT HER EXQUISITE PERSON WAS INVOLVED SEEMED TO WARRANT WHATEVER HELL HE HAD UNDERGONE. YES, HE WAS HERS, TOTALLY, COMPLETELY.





Then she was back, back on the bed again. But this time there were no weapons. This time he knew only the exquisite thrill of her body near his head, of her person making his bondage more an honor than an ordeal.

It's feeding time, now, Tad.....EAT!



HUNGRILY HIS TONGUE FOUND HER LOVE NEST, PLEASURED HER WITH A DEVOTION THAT MADE HIS SLAVERY SOMETHING FAR BEYOND THE BOUNDARIES OF BONDAGE. GWEN KNEW NOW THAT TED COULD NOT, WOULD NOT ESCAPE. UNHESITATINGLY SHE RELEASED HIS BONDS AS SHE WATCHED HIS BODY FIND ITS MOORINGS BETWEEN HER LEGS LIKE A SHIP ITS HOME DOCKING. EAGERLY, HAPPILY, TENDERLY, TIRELESSLY TED SERVED HIS CAPTRESS MISTRESS.

NOW THERE COULD NEVER BE ESCAPE. NOW HE WAS HERS UTTERLY, WITHOUT DOUBT OF ANY SORT. HERE WAS PLEASURE SURGING THROUGH HER BEING, RESPONSE AFTER RESPONSE TO HIS IMPLORING, DEMANDING, SEARCHING TONGUE, TO HIS KNOWING, SUDDENLY-WISE FINGERS, TO HIS EAGERNESS TO PLEASE.....



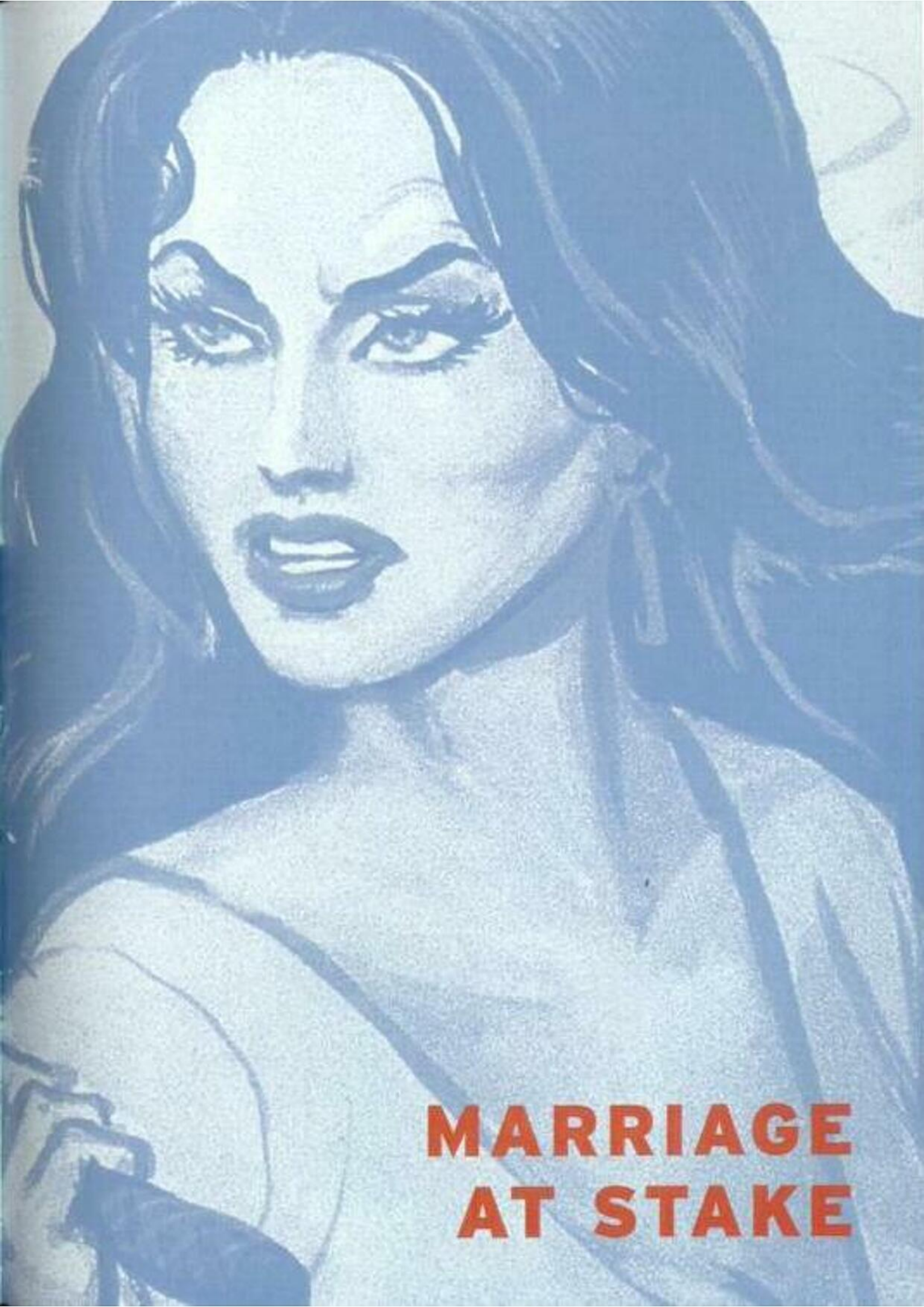


FOR NOW TED WAS FORE-  
DOOMED TO SUBMIT ABSO-  
LUTELY, FOREVER IF SHE  
CHOSE, TO THE TASK OF  
GRATIFYING HIS OWNER,  
HIS MASTERFUL MISTRESS.



*the end.*





**MARRIAGE  
AT STAKE**



Helene and I dated pretty seriously in College... well, very seriously! Her sensuality captured me, and the nights we spent together Making Love in every conceivable position were the most thrilling I'd ever known. I was seriously considering asking her to marry me, till I had to go Overseas on a Field Trip that stretched into a couple months. And when I came back, I found her married... to my own Father!

26

Reggie, what's the matter? You've been so quiet since you got back...

Dave, I think your son resents our Marriage! After all, you know, we were pretty close...

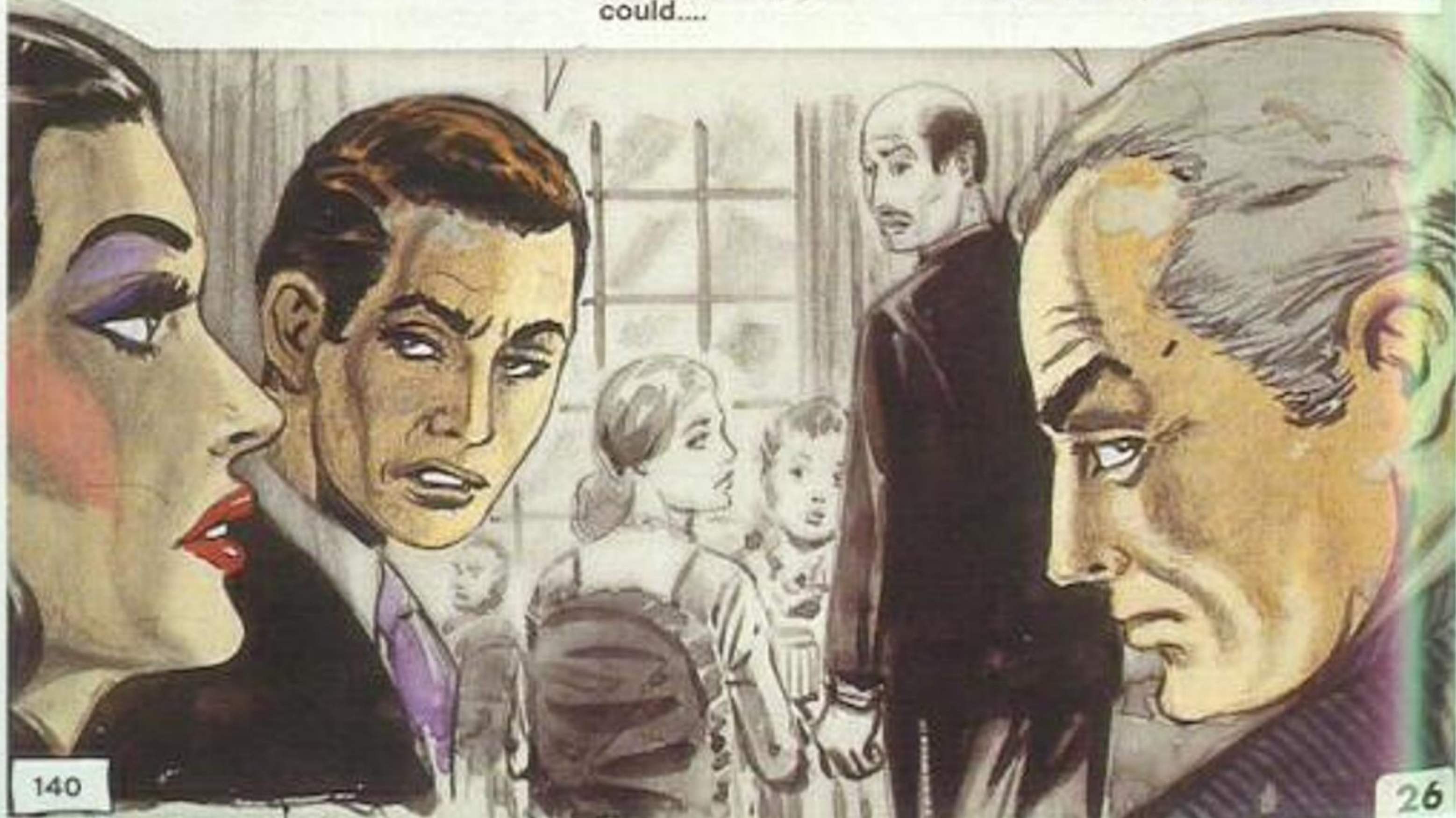
Yeah, Helene! We were close till you found out all the Money's in my Dad's name!



David, it might be wise to leave... NOW!

Yes, why don't you? There must be some other Old Guy you could....

REGGIE! Forgive him Helene. His hurt feelings .... just a boy, really....





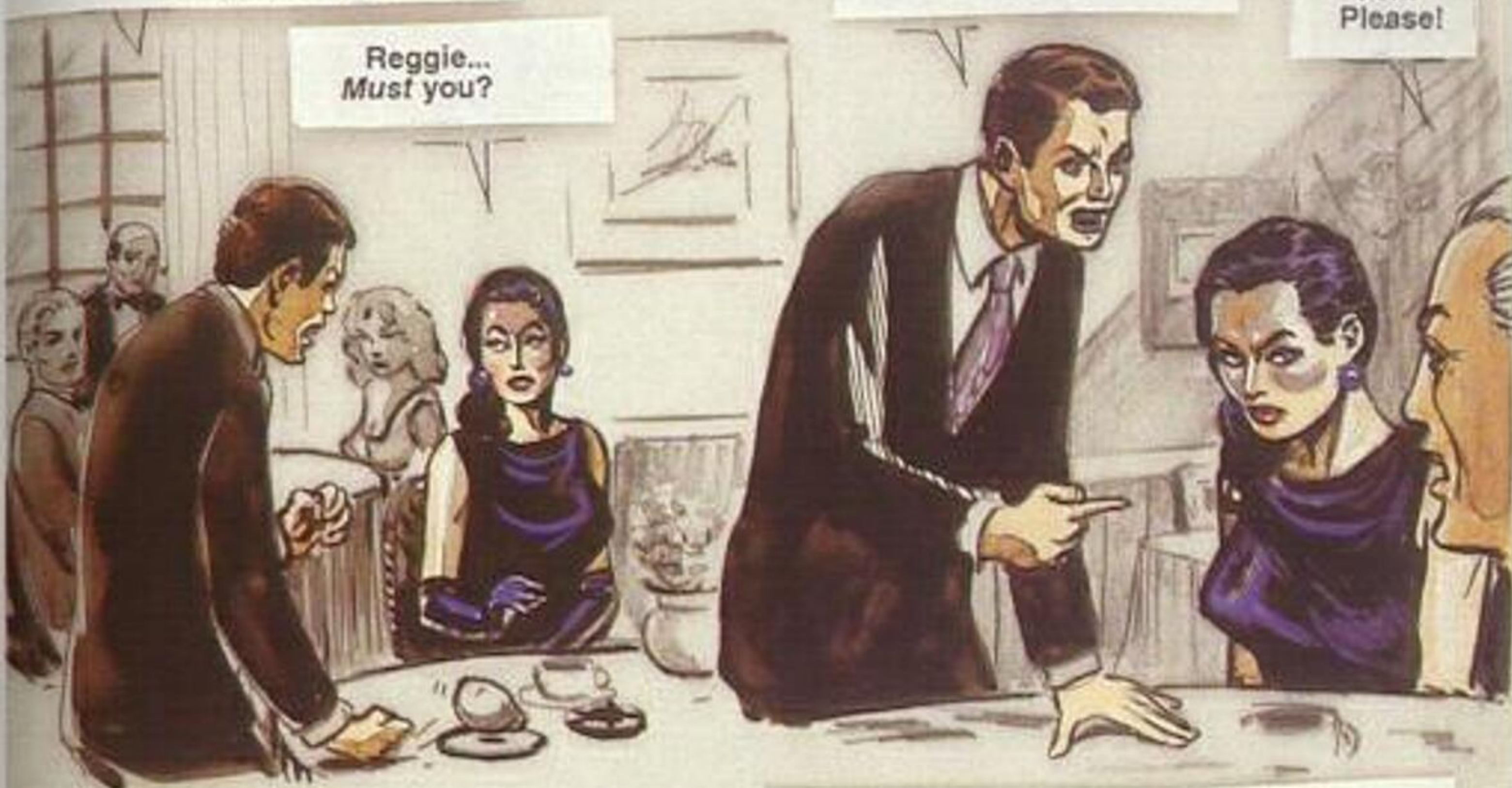
27  
Somehow their air of Patient Understanding made it even worse! Looking at Helene sitting there, remembering the sexual ecstasy we'd shared... and now seeing her as my Step-Mother! It was like being cast back into Childhood!

Just a boy, eh?  
That's not what you  
said when we...

TRAMP! WHORE!  
Gold-digging little--

Son!  
Please!

Reggie...  
Must you?

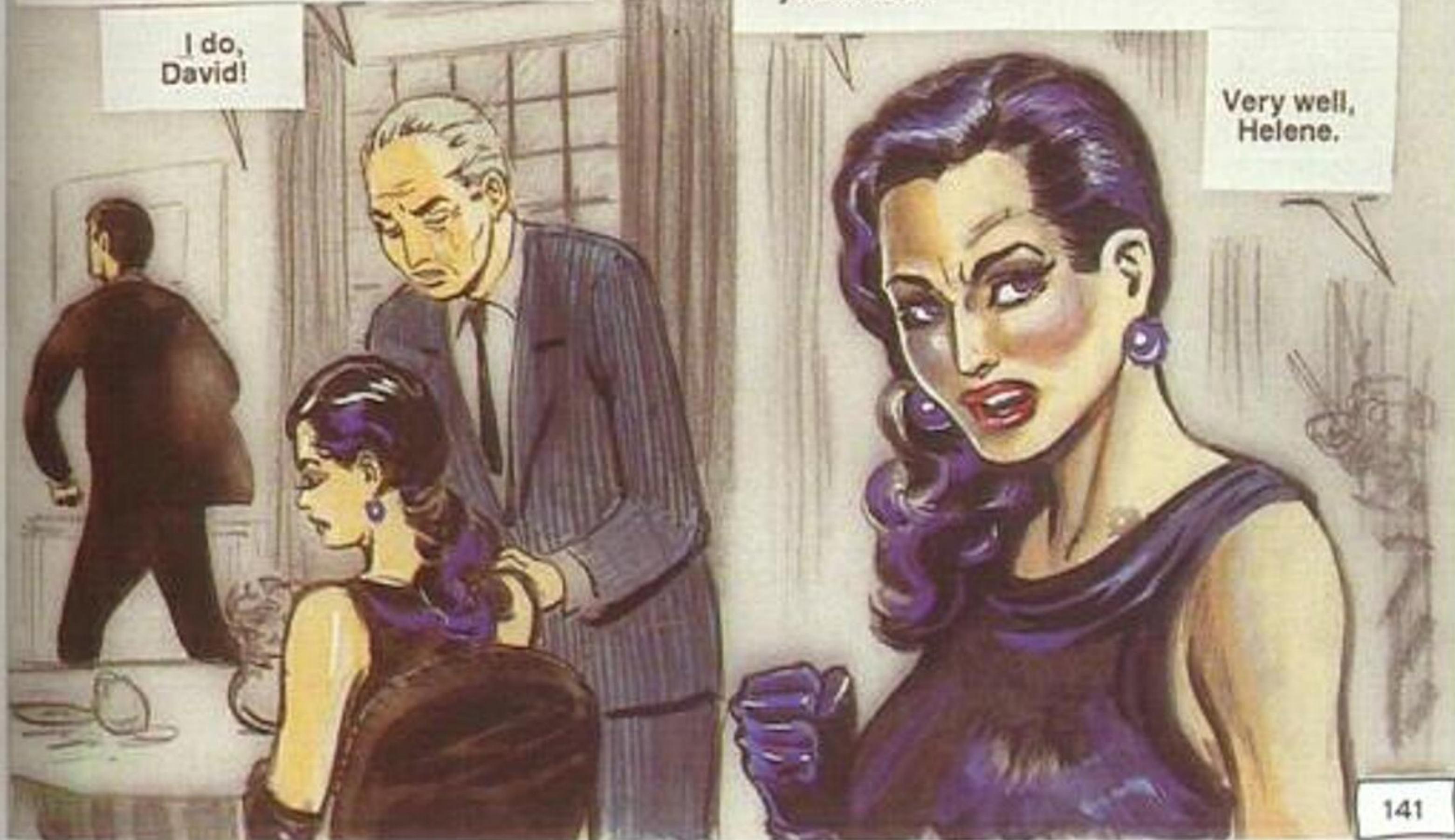


Honestly, Helene, I know  
what you two were to each other  
and how he must feel. I just don't  
know how to handle this!

I know it sounds rough, but I  
think I'll have to handle Reggie  
my own way! Stay here at the  
Club while I have some time  
alone with your Son! I'll call  
you.... later!

I do,  
David!

Very well,  
Helene.





28

Alone in my room, I heard the car pull up our long Drive... heard high-heeled footsteps climbing the stairs and wondered where Dad was. Suddenly, the door of my room opened. I sensed Helene's heady perfume... heard the soft swish of her Satin Gown.... I lay there motionless, not knowing what to expect.... what to do....

LATER:

Don't pretend to be asleep, Reggie; We're going to get things straight between us NOW! And when we're through, you'll treat me with the Respect due your Step-Mother!

RESPECT?! You?? After what-- Get your ass outa here!

That's no way to address your Mother, young man!

Get off, Reggie? That's not what you used to say! Let's throw a little Light on the subject!

Are you kidding? Hey! Get the Hell off my Bed, you Bitch! What the Hell are you trying?





I squirmed to my feet, suddenly embarrassed and ashamed. For the presence of this woman in my Bed again after all these months had indeed excited me! I shifted my bare feet nervously on the hard floor, trying to make some sense of all this. What did she want? What was she trying to tell me? The uncertain combination of her sensuous nature and motherly manner had me terribly confused, ready to lash out at any target....

29

Damn you!  
I said Get the  
Hell out! Do  
you hear  
me?

Perhaps you forget  
that as your Mother,  
I am Mistress of this  
house... and can go  
where I please...  
When I please!



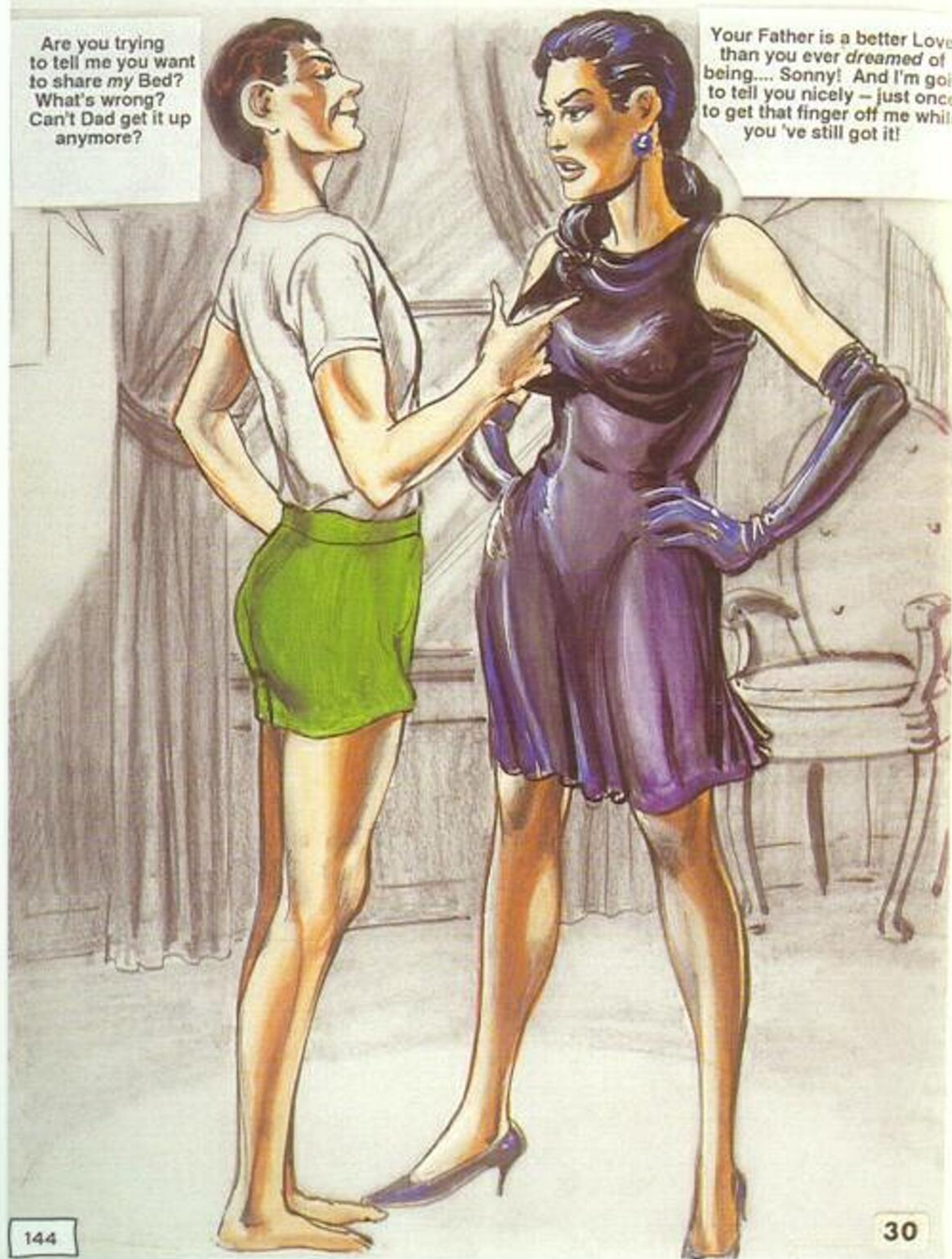


So *that* was it! She was Coming On to me! Or was she? Despite the embarrassment I felt standing around in my Underwear in front of a fully-dressed woman, I summoned up all the Worldliness of my Twenty Years and gave her what I thought was a suave smile....

30

Are you trying to tell me you want to share my Bed? What's wrong? Can't Dad get it up anymore?

Your Father is a better Lover than you ever dreamed of being.... Sonny! And I'm going to tell you nicely — just once — to get that finger off me while you've still got it!





Flippantly, I traced the offending finger slowly down Helene's bust-line, feeling the smooth, hard Satin slide beneath my skin, remembering the times I had peeled similar dresses from her body and entwined..... Sexual excitement vied with Pain and Confusion in my mind as the thoughts raced through my consciousness. And then suddenly there was just PAIN as Helene caught my finger in a grip of Iron!

31

I warned you....

YAAA!... My  
finger! LET GO!  
You'll BREAK it!  
Arrrggh!





All at once I was on my knees in front of this beautiful woman I had once known so intimately! She spun behind me, twisting my Arm up... forcing me down... down.... I cringed in pain even as I realized the front of my Shorts was still bowed out like a Tent! Helene noticed too, but she didn't let that stop her! Roughly, she forced me across the floor on my knees.... over to the Window....

32

YOW! My ARM!  
You've dislocated my  
Shoulder! Dammit!  
OH! Stop.... please!

The *Idea!* Taking such  
liberties with your own  
STEP-MOTHER! You'll  
just have to be taught a  
Lesson.... *Little Boy!* And  
I can promise you a  
good one!



WAIT! Let's talk!  
Maybe I d-dont  
understand what  
you... UNNGGH!

Oh, there's *plenty*  
you don't understand,  
*Child!* But now Mommy's  
going to explain it to you  
— in Detail!  
On your feet, *boy!* And  
get your hands behind  
you — NOW!



With a strength I never suspected, Helene jerked me to my feet and before I could resist, used the momentum to slam me into the Wall! Her perfumed glove pressed my face to the hardwood as she snaked the Curtain Sash around my neck and lashed it swiftly to my wrists! I was her Prisoner!

Helene! Please....

Call me Mother!

And as your Mother, I suppose it will fall to me to discipline you! Yes! I think perhaps a touch of the CANE might be nice!

NEVER! I've never been spanked in my life! And I won't be spanked by woman I've--



Spanked, Reggie? No one said anything about Spanking! There are lots of ways to use a Cane besides Spanking! See?

OOOFFHHH!



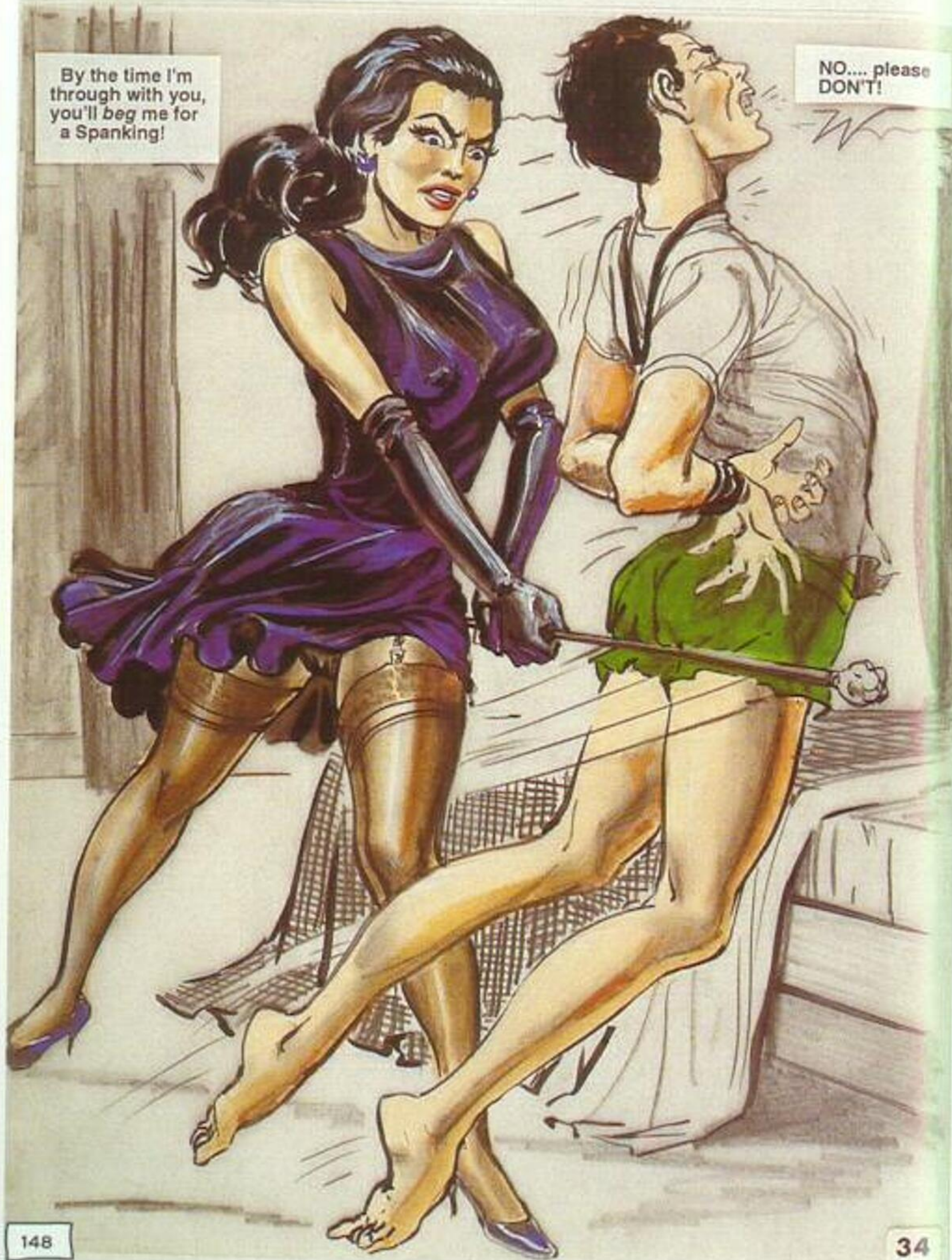


I doubled over in Pain... just in time to get a stinging SWAT! across my butt!  
I jumped. Helene smiled triumphantly and cracked the supple cane again and again,  
herding me toward the Bed where all my troubles had started!

34

By the time I'm  
through with you,  
you'll beg me for  
a Spanking!

NO.... please  
DON'T!



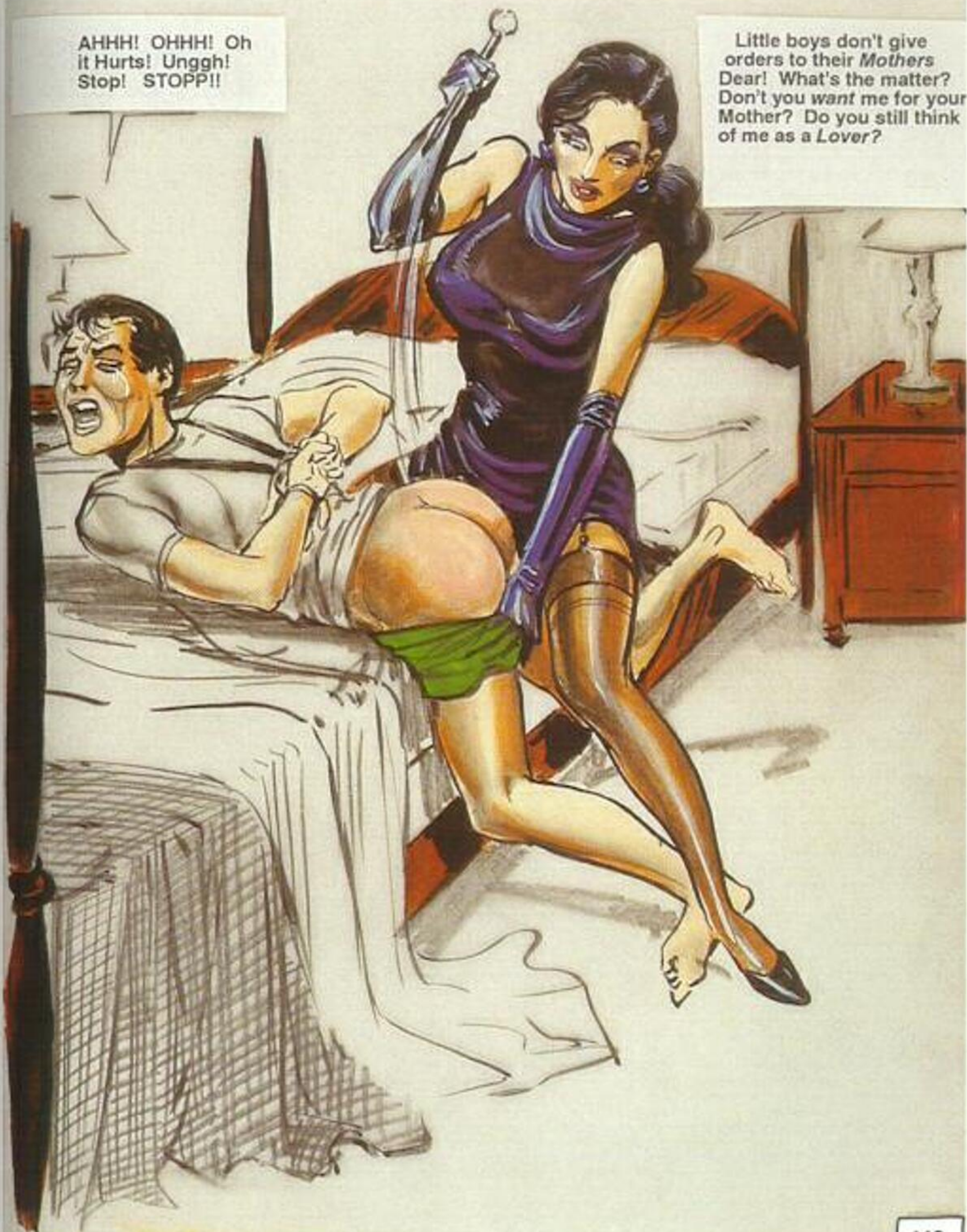


Before I knew it, I was bent over across the Bed, and Helene was beside me. How often had we shared a Bed.... But never like *this*! Tears of pain and humiliation rolled down my cheeks as Helene boldly lowered my shorts and began playfully jabbing my inflamed backside with the pointed end of her Cane!

35

AHHH! OHHH! Oh  
it Hurts! Unggh!  
Stop! STOPP!!

Little boys don't give  
orders to their *Mothers*  
Dear! What's the matter?  
Don't you want me for your  
Mother? Do you still think  
of me as a *Lover*?



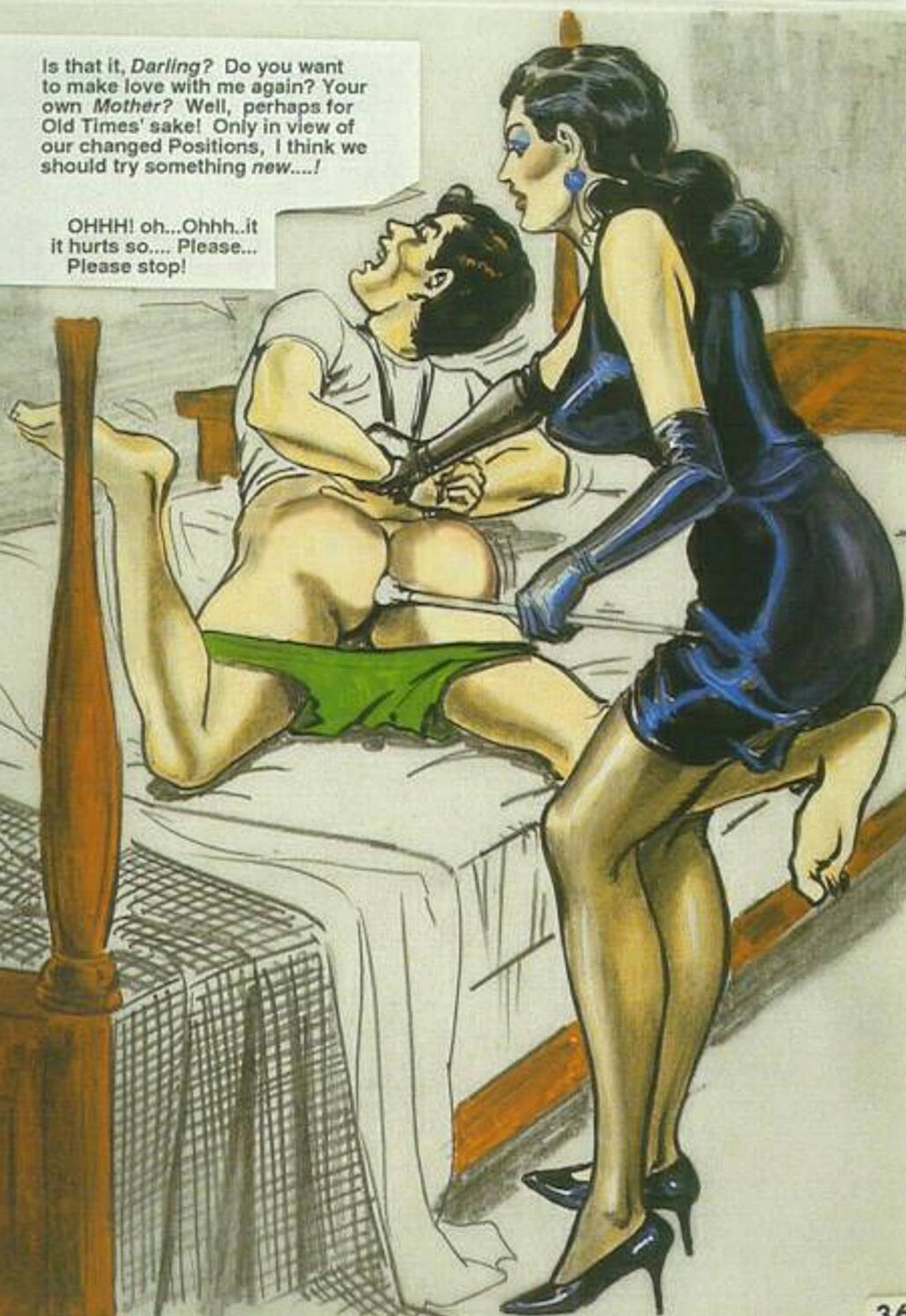


With a surprising mix of force and gentleness Helene slid me across the Satin Sheets. I felt my shorts roll up as they slid down my legs, baring me completely to her disdainful view. Then I felt something *else*, probing insistently, shamefully at my nakedness....

36

Is that it, *Darling*? Do you want to make love with me again? Your own *Mother*? Well, perhaps for Old Times' sake! Only in view of our changed Positions, I think we should try something *new*....!

OHHH! oh...Ohhh..it it hurts so.... Please... Please stop!





But she didn't. And in the next few moments, Helene and I "made love" as never before! Even when it was over, she wouldn't stop teasing me about how Great I'd been and how she hoped we'd be lovers like this again and again! Then, when I was sobbing with defeat, she called my father....

37

Yes, David, you can come home now... Reggie says he wants me to be *just* his Mother! And I'm in Complete Control! He'll be an Obedient Boy!

Poor dear! Too ashamed to even *look* at me? Too bad, 'cause I'm unveiling this Body you used to love so much! But much as you want me, I'm afraid we'll just have to be Mother-and-Son from now on...UNDERSTAND? Soon now, you'll ask me nicely for a Spanking... 'cause if you don't, there are lots of other nice things I can do!





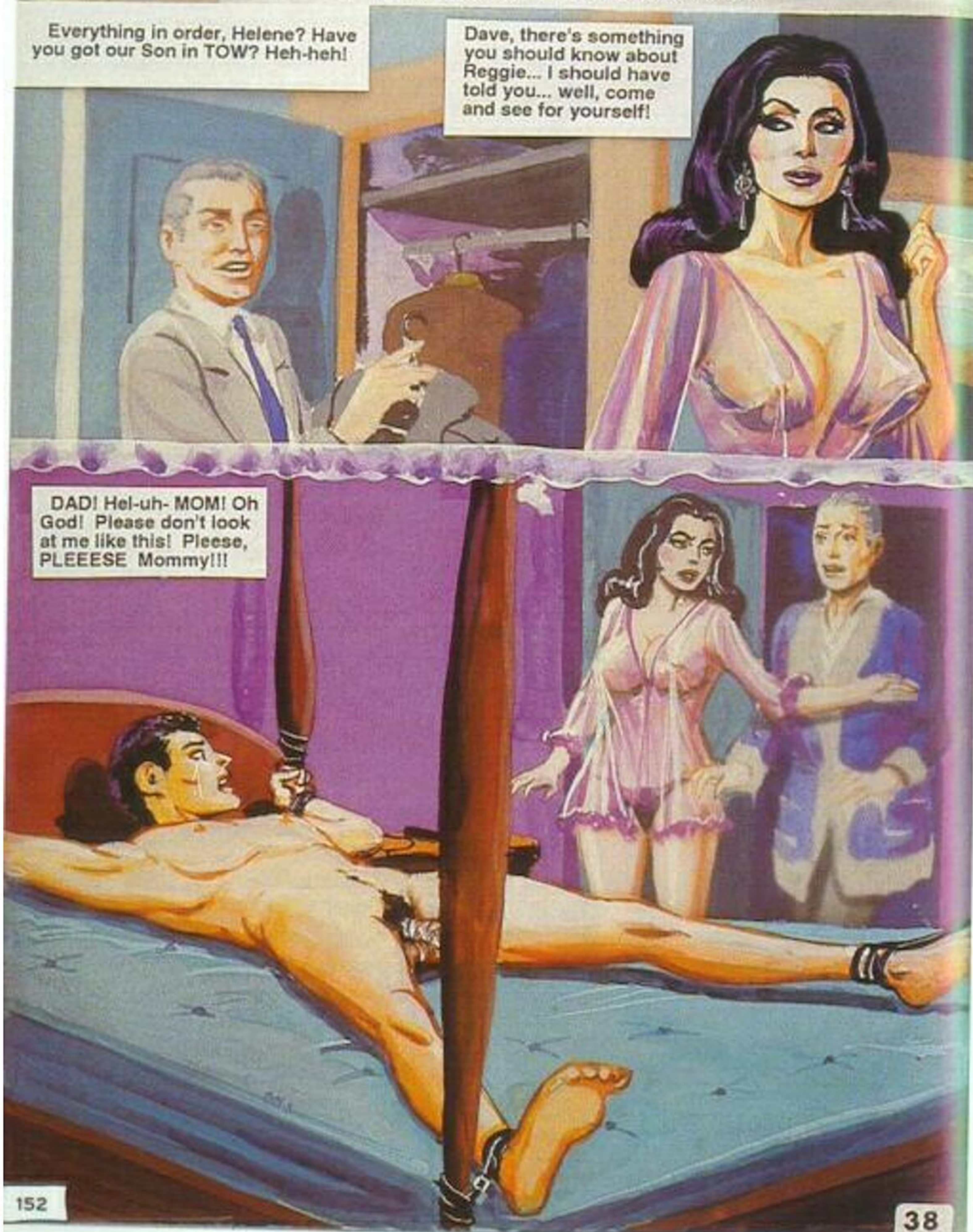
Helene tied me to the Bed, teasing me mercilessly by "accidentally" brushing herself across my nudity. Seeing my erect response, she gigglingly tied a Satin Ribbon tightly around my Manhood... "Such a display -- in front of Mommy! I'll just have to teach you a lesson!" She proceeded to empty my closets and Dresser: Shirts, shoes, pants, underwear... every stitch I owned got tossed into the Fireplace! She even burned the Sheets and Curtains! "From now on, I'll see you dress properly for your age... and based on your behavior tonight, it'll be a long time before you get anything at all!" With a final, teasing smile, she went Downstairs... to wait for Father!

38

Everything in order, Helene? Have you got our Son in TOW? Heh-heh!

Dave, there's something you should know about Reggie... I should have told you... well, come and see for yourself!

DAD! Hel-uh- MOM! Oh God! Please don't look at me like this! Please, PLEEESE Mommy!!!





Despite my shame and terror, seeing Helene in that filmy Nightie and tiny Panties had the same effect on me it always did.... To my utter horror and absolute humiliation, I felt myself growing ERECT!

39

You see, David, your Son is a *Masochist*! He told me so many times while we were "dating"! He craves Cruelty... Lots of it!!

D-Dad! It's not-- I mean... I -uh- OHhhh, I'm so Ashamed!

Helene! Is this... Is it TRUE??

I'm afraid so, David. That's why I could never Marry him... why I married you! Shall I prove it to you, David? *Must* I?

Well, I-uh- if he really wants it....







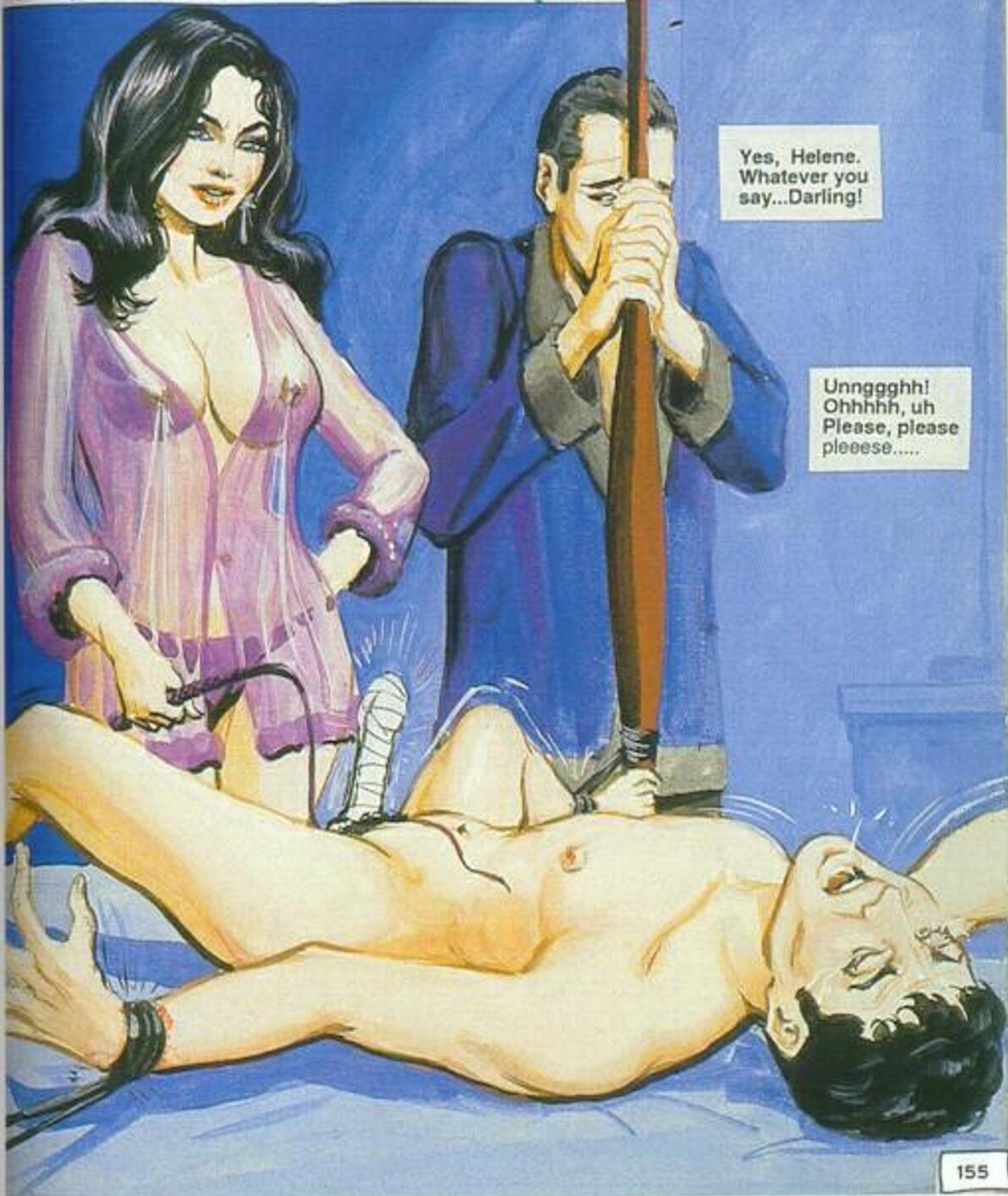
When it was finally over, I lay there gasping, squirming with the Pain and Embarrassment of the display I made. Helene gave me a secret smile... all Motherly Concern outwardly, but inwardly gloating with vast amusement at her triumph over me... her ex-lover, now reduced to her naked CHILD!

41

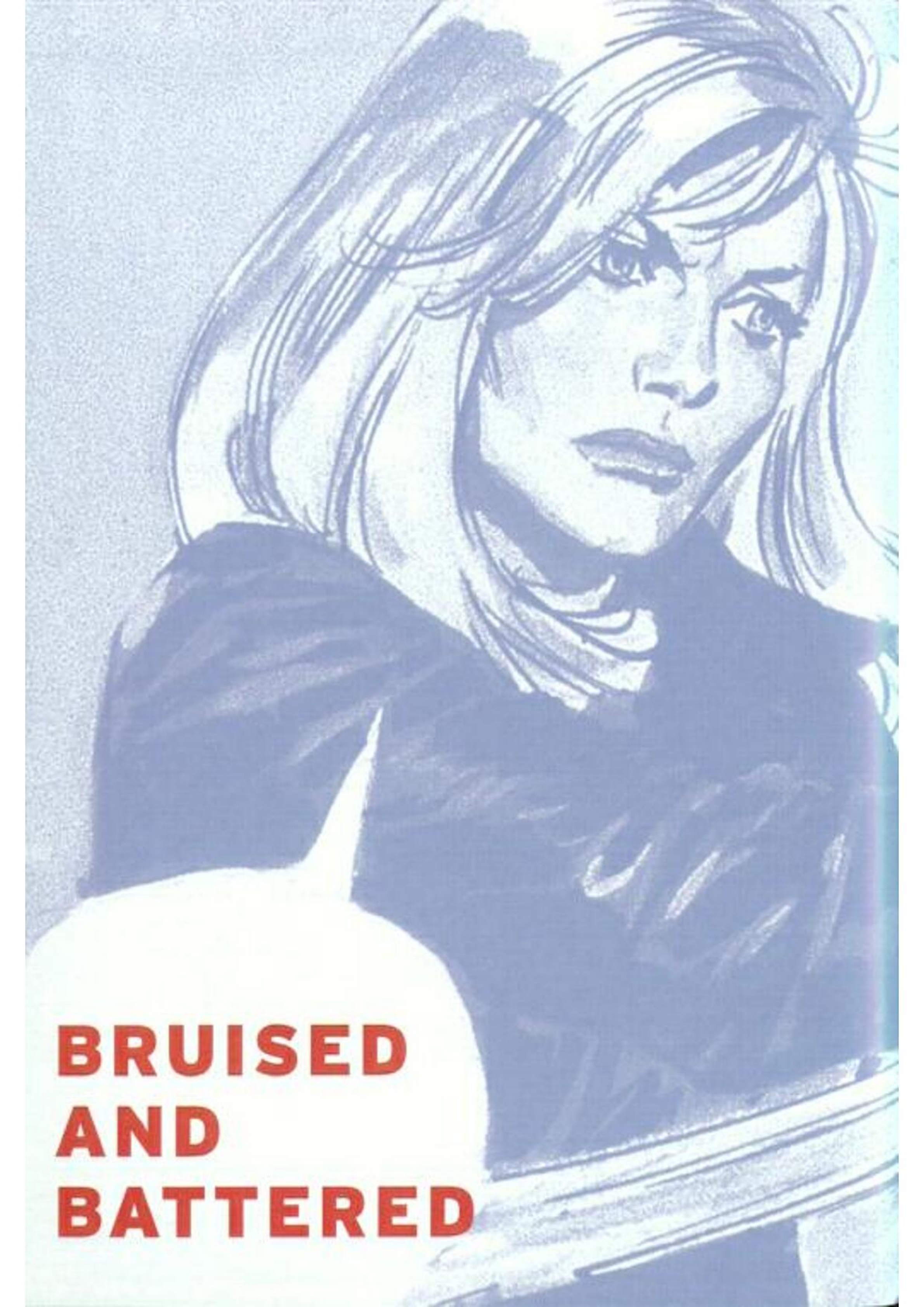
As Reggie's Mother, I feel it's my Duty to treat him as he needs!  
And you, his father...perhaps if you showed him you accept him  
like this... Maybe even got some of the same thing, to make  
him feel less alone.... Yes! That's a Good Idea!  
STRIP, David! ON YOUR KNEES! NOW!!

Yes, Helene.  
Whatever you  
say...Darling!

Unngggghh!  
Ohhhhh, uh  
Please, please  
pleese.....







**BRUISED  
AND  
BATTERED**



The local newspaper carried only a brief account of the disappearance of Lieutenant-Colonel Lucas St. George, although the story got a fairly big play back in the States. After all, it wasn't every day that a career officer in Army Intelligence went AWOL--particularly not in peacetime!

At 47, Lucas St. George was nearing the peak of a distinguished career. Defection or simple desertion seemed out of the question. Yet there was no evidence of foul play. After several months, when the official investigation proved fruitless, Lucas was simply declared MIA.

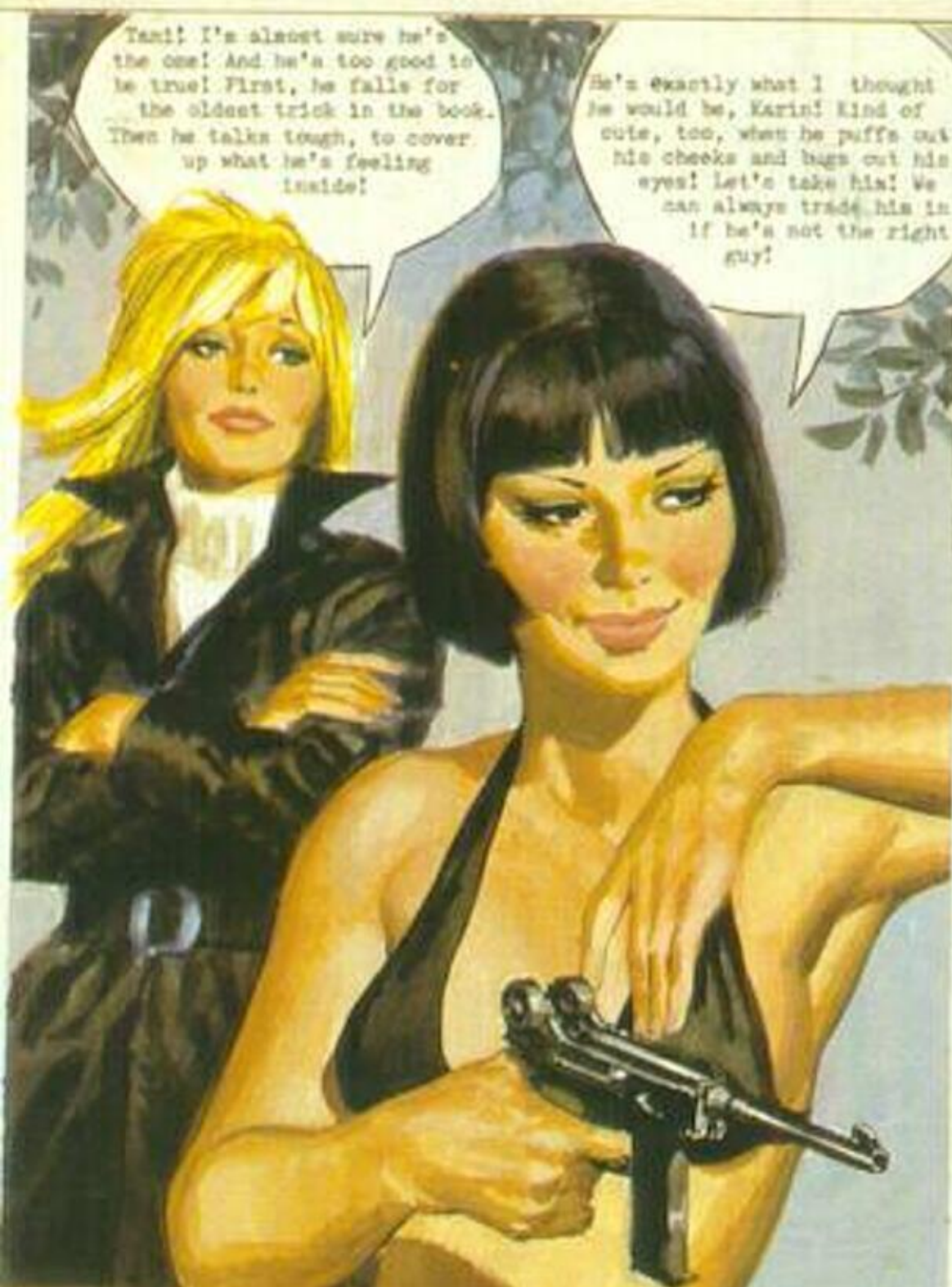
Missing in Action--that was a bit less than the truth. Lucas was officially on leave that Sunday in April, not on active duty. He was driving a Company jeep, but only to search, as one aide put it, for "sexual adventure." And the fact that he was in uniform did not indicate an official mission. Lucas had built up a reputation on three continents as a ladies man. The uniform, with its 22 years worth of awards and citations, was an effective form of male plumage. Every weekend, he went hunting...





Lucas cursed himself silently for not making a decisive move the moment the two girls had "liberated" the jeep. It was bad enough for the hunter to become the hunted. What made it galling was the calm, confident superiority which both girls displayed. Karin, with her classic Nordic beauty, simply studied him with a tender, mocking smile. The Eurasian girl, Tani, teased him constantly as she fondled her weapon with an arrogant, sensual grace.

Several times, Lucas debated calling their bluff as he followed the winding road back into the foothills. Each time, he convinced himself to go along for the ride. He was lured by the promise, unspoken but unmistakable, of that abandoned sexuality. What intrigued him was the mystery of the two girls themselves. They were looking for a man about his age—but only a man who had seen action in Korea, held a minor NATO command in Berlin, and undertaken covert assignments in the Mid-East and in Africa. And that was his background. Exactly!





His captors must have studied his complete dossier. Lucas was convinced there was a security leak by the time they reached the rustic hideaway. But the girls' insolent questions and their infuriating lack of respect convinced Lucas that security could wait.

With his male strength and his years of training, a few swift moves would allow him to enjoy both girls at his leisure. The Eurasian girl, with her tawny breasts and hot, buttery thighs--she'd be the first. And as he made his sexual conquest, he'd teach both of them a thing or two about respect!

Lucas waited at the wheel until Tani moved impatiently toward him. When he made his move, it was good enough--but just barely. He was more out of shape than he'd realized. That pull in his groin as he kicked could be serious.

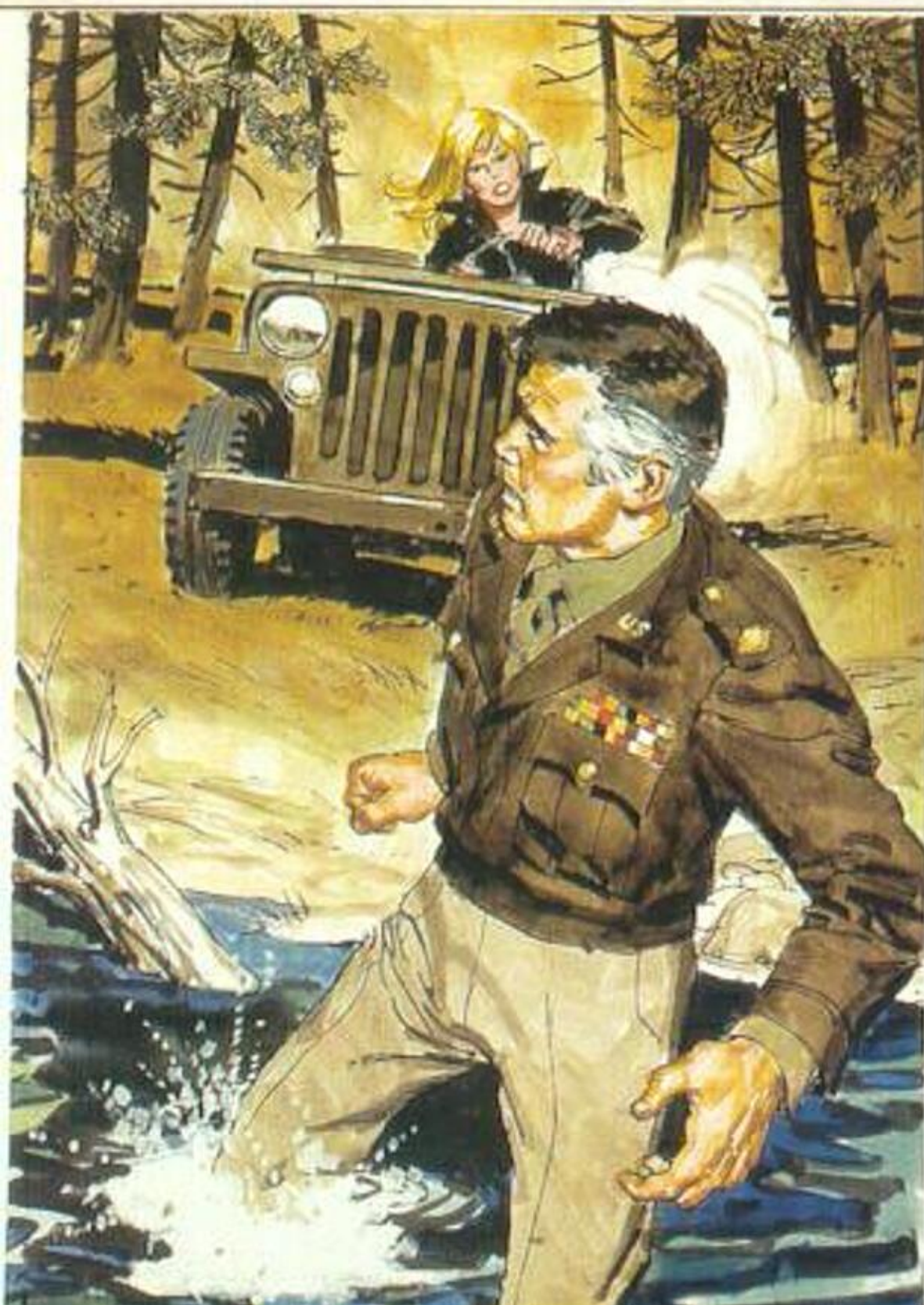
When Tani instinctively assumed the classic karate stance, Lucas lost his taste for hand-to-hand combat. Instead of diving low and grappling with the slender girl for control of the gun, he found himself, inexplicably, running away!





That first fear-flight reaction was too basic to be over-ruled. In some way which he could not comprehend, Lucas knew the two girls were too vindictive and too powerful to be mastered. When he heard the jeep close behind him, Lucas redoubled his efforts to escape, even though he was acting at total variance with his image of himself as a soldier and as a man.

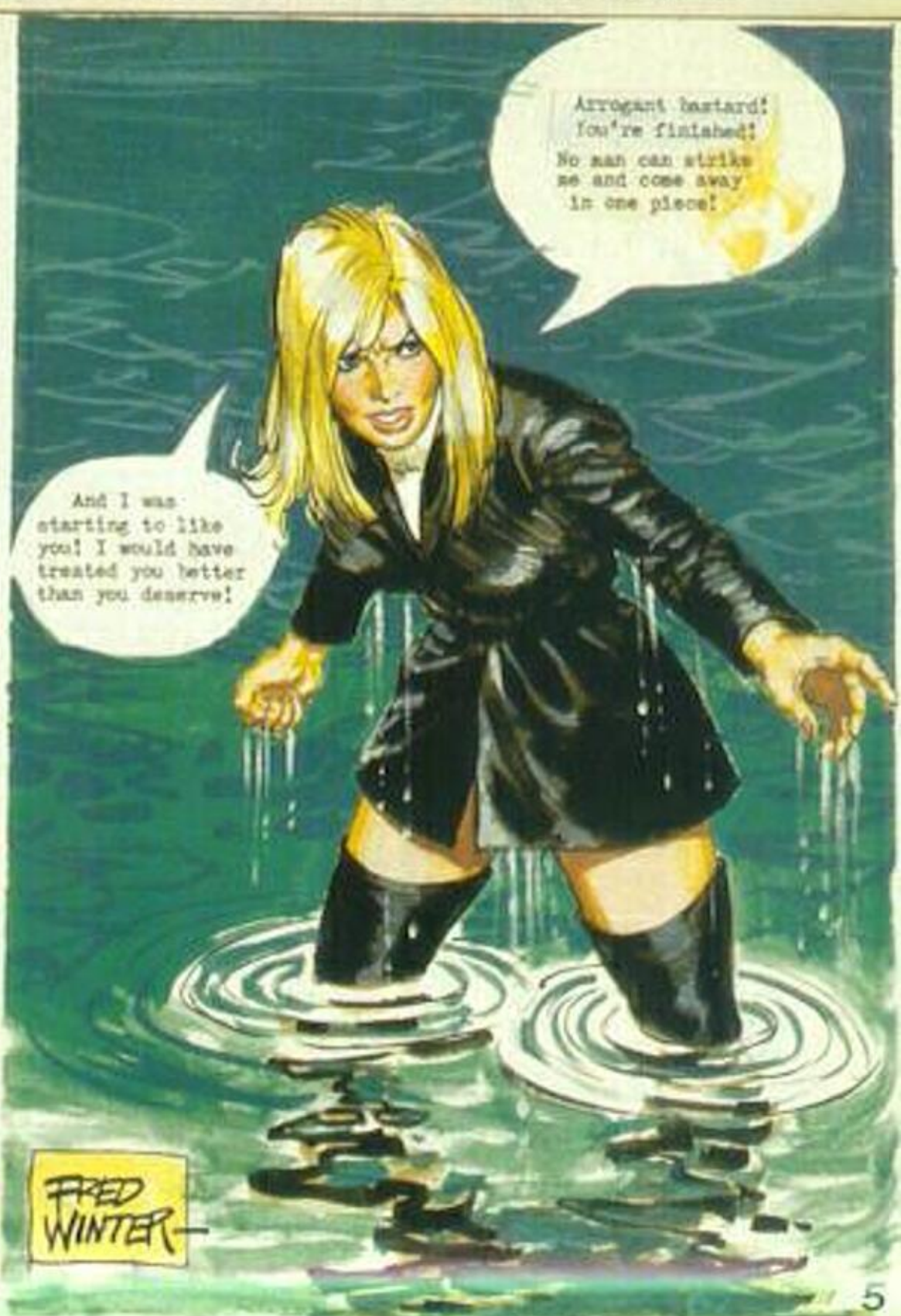
When Karin caught up with him at the edge of the deep, glacial lake, Lucas was badly winded. The icy water, swirling up to his thighs, was quickly sapping his strength. What made his position intolerable was the blonde girl's threats and her evident contempt. Finally, Lucas was ready to lash out blindly regardless of the consequences, like any wild animal held at bay.





Soaking with rage, Lucas hauled the furious girl from the jeep into the icy water with him. She might be harmless--just an over-sexed kid, cruising for SAM or some other kinky sex. Or she might be a political radical, a member of some crackpot terrorist group. It didn't matter. Lucas had taken enough! He intended to deliver a warning blow--just hard enough to teach her not to blackmail him with ridiculous accusations like this nonsense about "war crimes."

What happened was different. The impact from Lucas' open-handed slap knocked Karin senseless. She revived the minute she hit the water, but he had done some real damage. When he saw the shock and wonder on Karin's face replaced by a burning hatred and a grim determination to fight it out on this line, Lucas realized that the struggle had escalated out of all control. It was warfare, and for some reason, it made Lucas feel guilty and sad.





Then Tani arrived, following the tracks of the jeep, and threw herself into the fight. The Eurasian girl's expertise was more than a match for the Colonel's last, fanatical burst of strength. When Lucas was immobilized, Karin struck, in savage retaliation for the crimes, real or imagined, that Lucas had committed in his twenty years of making war.

Lucas might NOT be the man they had each sworn to find, but he would serve as a scapegoat—a suitable target for their implacable hostility toward all these men who had made them what they were now. And it was just, in primitive law, for one man to make payment on a blood debt that could not otherwise be repaid. What's more, it felt good. It was exhilarating, in fact, to feel Lucas weaken as they held him under the water. Both girls savored his helplessness, his desperate promises, and his tears.





Half-crazed with panic and fear, Lucas could hear the taunts and the girls' mocking laughter. Their voices seemed thin and far away. What filled his mind were other voices, from the distant past. They called his name; he answered: all the juicy, ripe *fräuleins*! When he held down the NATO command, in the aftermath of the World War, they would do anything--anything he demanded! And all the young Korean girls! Their smell! The way they writhed beneath him and their strangely rancid taste as he took them, again and again in the back streets of Seoul....

He had enjoyed the very best of the enemy's women. Strange to find them still in his mind after so many years. Strange to see Karin, the way she looked now! She reminded him of someone special--someone with the same heavy breasts and thick, creamy thighs. Lucas had fondled those breasts many times. But that was impossible! He had just met the girl hours ago; he had never touched her! And now it was too late! The cold, silent waters closed over his head...





What Lucas could not see, once his oxygen-starved brain slipped into hallucination, was the mounting excitement of the two girls themselves. Karin's felt her nipples growing fully erect, sending sexual electricity coursing through her erogenous zones. Tami's breathing grew ragged; she was almost panting as Lucas lost his battle for life beneath her feet. Karin felt Tami's pert, provocative breasts brush against her arm. She

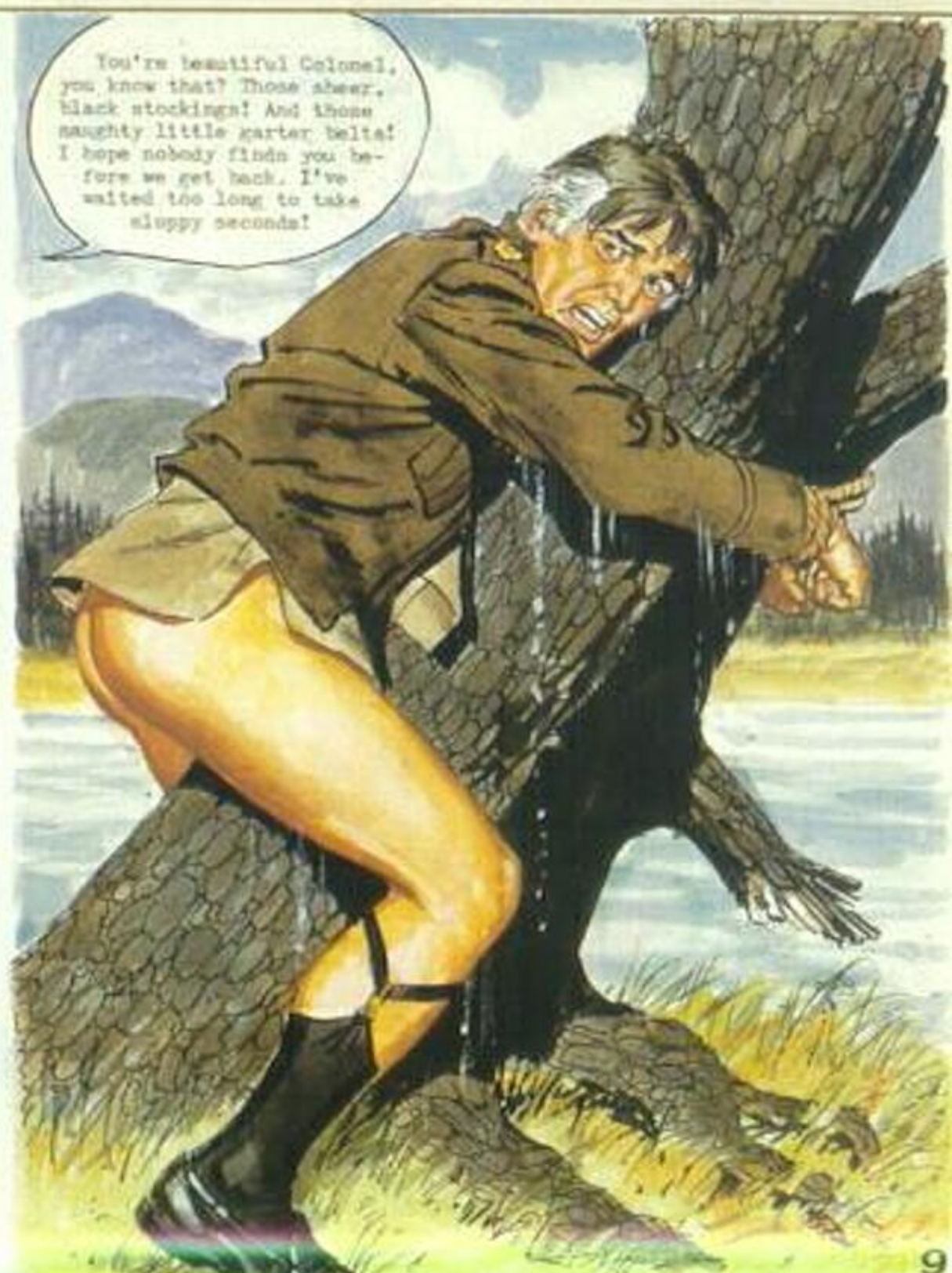
saw the faint bluish tinge to her friend's swollen lips. Was it a chill from the turbulent waters? Or was it another set of waters, rippling, trickling down inside another set of swollen lips? There was something about a man losing his last ebbing strength to a woman. Karin was getting wet at the idea of prolonging Lucas' desperate struggle for life. And Karin's "wet" wasn't water. It was a warmer, thicker moisture and it was churning and boiling sluggishly deep inside her. After a quick, knowing look at each other's aroused sexual need, the two girls pulled Lucas swiftly back to dry land.





Karin reached for Lucas' wallet and his key ring as soon as the pants came down. That was all she needed to put the next stage of the plan into operation. Tani agreed readily, without really hearing all the details. The sight of the man's white buttocks, so incongruously loose and soft, so much like a woman's sex with those hairy shadows in the deep cleft...Tani made Karin promise they would return to that tempting flesh the minute they established his identity conclusively.

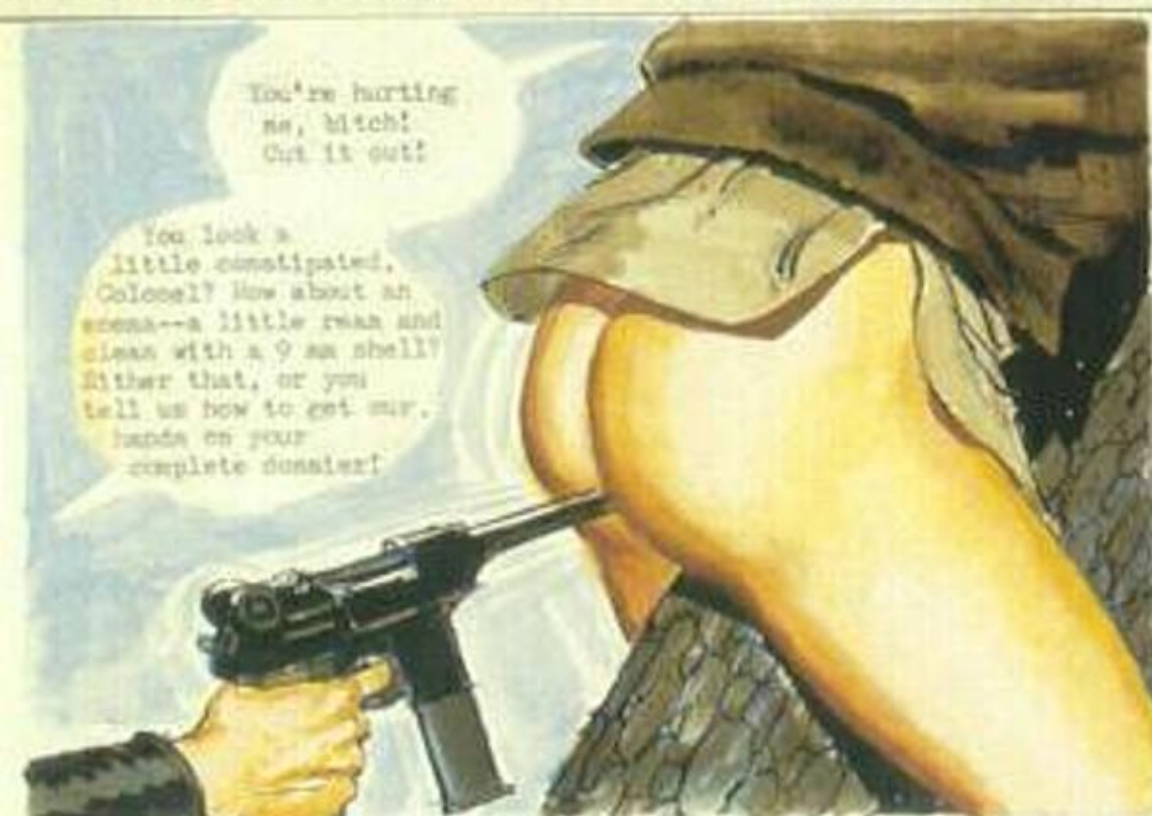
When the rough bark began to chafe at his sex and the breasts played over his exposed buttocks, Lucas drifted back into consciousness. His terror and remorse had all been washed away along with the accusing eyes of the women who haunted his memory. If he had done wrong, he had been punished. It was a new day...Then the truth of his predicament came home to him, as Tani stroked and teased his cheeks, and the puckered lips between them and Karin's voice droned on, demanding to know the location of his dossier at Company Headquarters. Naturally he kept his lips--both pairs of lips--shut tight.





And, naturally, Karin took steps to make his open wide. When the long barrel of the automatic was inserted roughly into his body and rotated repeatedly until his nether lips were soft and wet, Lucas' mind was swamped with intermingled erotic and masochistic desires. The gun must be three inches inside him, and his soft flesh was stretching open eagerly to receive the intruder. Now his erection was growing and chafing itself along the rough bark of the pine tree. Why were they doing this--rape--with a gun?

In his mind's eye, Lucas could see the thick shell as it left the gun. He could feel the explosion and the shock of his bowels and intestines and belly being penetrated. It would take hours, maybe days, before the last of his guts and fecal matter dribbled down through the gaping hole they had made in his ass....But if it was so horrible, why was his erection so painfully hard? Lucas gave the girls the information they demanded. As the jeep pulled away, he was swept by a hopelessness and a savage despair.





Lucas planned his escape and his revenge all day long. Then, gradually, he began to accept the truth of his humiliating predicament. There was the almost certain loss of his savings. And the complete loss of his privacy. He could take that. But what if the girls returned with a camera? What if they sent a "rescue team" from the base? The public shame would be intolerable. Lucas racked his brain to find a face-saving explanation. But there was no way to explain, and no explanation he could live with.

By nightfall, Lucas' fevered brain could accept one more possibility: it was the end of everything. No one would come back at all and he would die here, a mockery of a soldier and a man! And he didn't even know *HER*!

Once again, the dream images came into his mind: that one German girl, her face battered and bleeding, her lips twisted into a bitter, mocking smile. Like Karin's smile. Lucas lived again through the endless furnication in the pleasure bars of Seoul...the whispered commands and confessions...the pervasive odors of sandalwood, and rancid butter, and jasmine. Like Tani's perfume.





Karin's sly hints, once the girls had returned, and her assumption that he shared some dirty little secret with Lucas only reinforced a growing sense Lucas had of his guilt. But guilt for what? Tani kept up a constant tirade of abuse and invective. In her eyes, Lucas was guilty of everything. She must have grown up in a gutter. It was clear she wanted to bring Lucas down to that level. Lucas flinched when the pine branch snapped off the tree.

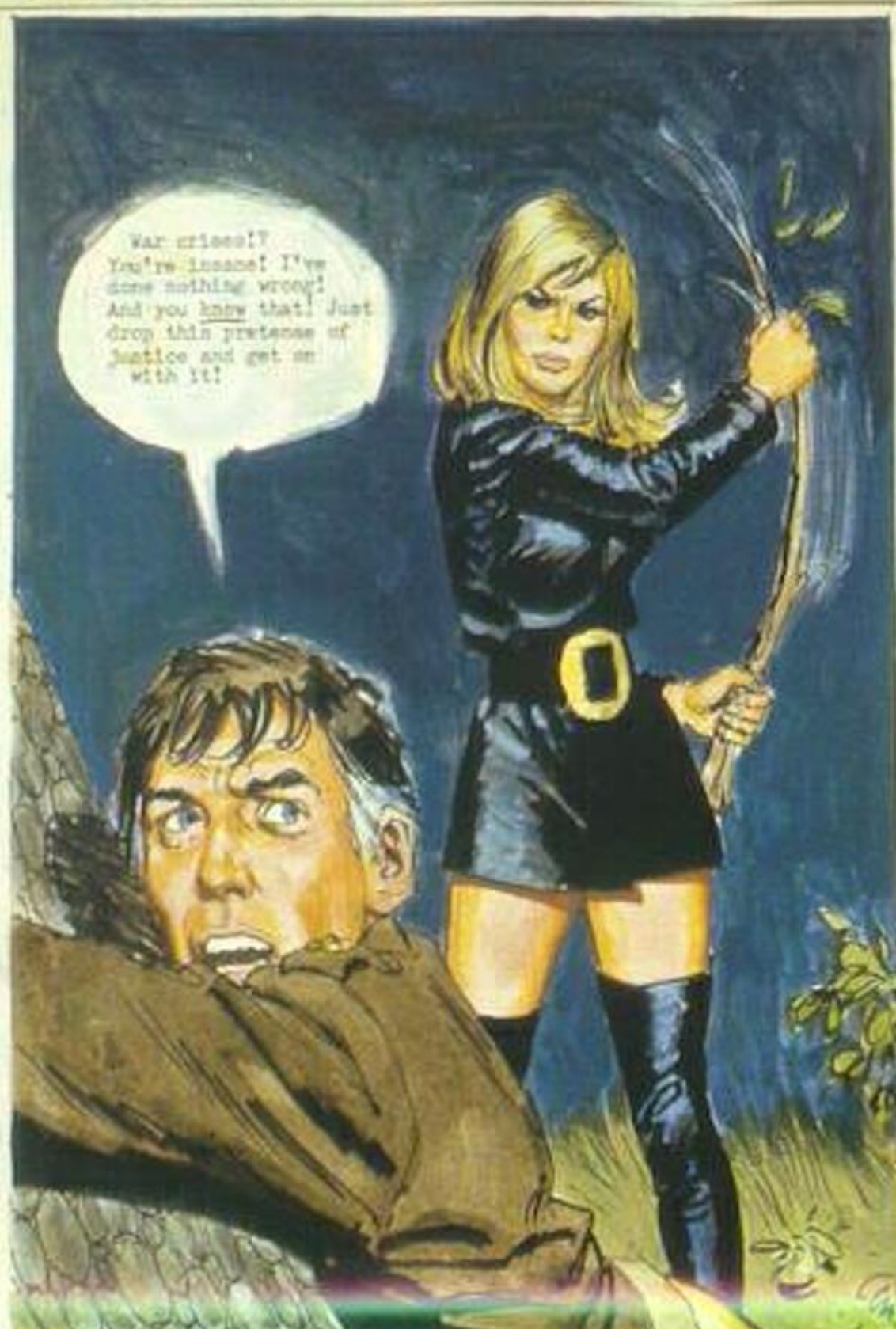
He cringed against the tree trunk, as Karin readied the instrument of his punishment, although there was no protection for his bare flanks and Lucas knew it. He risked one last look at Karin before the beating began. With the moonlight spilling over the rich dark leather, and the mysterious, inviting shadows between her powerful, smooth thighs, Karin was savage and beautiful. So beautiful! When she hit him, he would come! Did she know that?





Lucas tried to fight against his sick, sexual response by building up his anger at the two girls and their hypocritical attitude. They behaved as though they were morally justified in carrying out their sadistic sport! What could they possibly have found in his dossier that gave them the right to retribution? He would take whatever punishment they dealt out like a man. Lucas was sure he could hang tough. But, with the first slashing blow, he had to bite down on his tongue to keep from crying out in his pain.

As Karin's furious blows hammered down on him, Lucas arched his back, moaning audibly as he jerked and twisted his buttocks much to Taxi's raucous delight. Each moment of this humiliation seemed to strengthen his throbbing erection. And it was the knowledge of his own sexual needs which contributed most to his mortification. He loved it! Was that why he deserved it? Was that why he kept hurting so bad? His tortured mind; that was the last part to surrender.





And then there was nothing left of Lieutenant-Colonel Lucas St. George-- no trained intelligence, no iron control. There was nothing inside him but a sweet,aching pain. Lucas came again and again as the beating intensified and the first mindless screams escaped his dry lips.

All the while, Karin was carving new lips into his flesh. The deep gashes spread open. They glistened and pouted, sagging, wet and heavy with bright, cherry red as the soft flesh parted and yielded under Karin's savage attack.

In what may have been his last lucid moments, Lucas could feel the warm, slippery rod cutting in--he could actually feel the penetration into the puffy cheeks as he gave up the last of his self-respect and awareness. Lucas' voice joined with Tani's, screaming in sexual torment and delight. Then Tani finally brought herself to climax with the spectacle of the Colonel begging Karin to finish him forever with her heartless, hammering love.



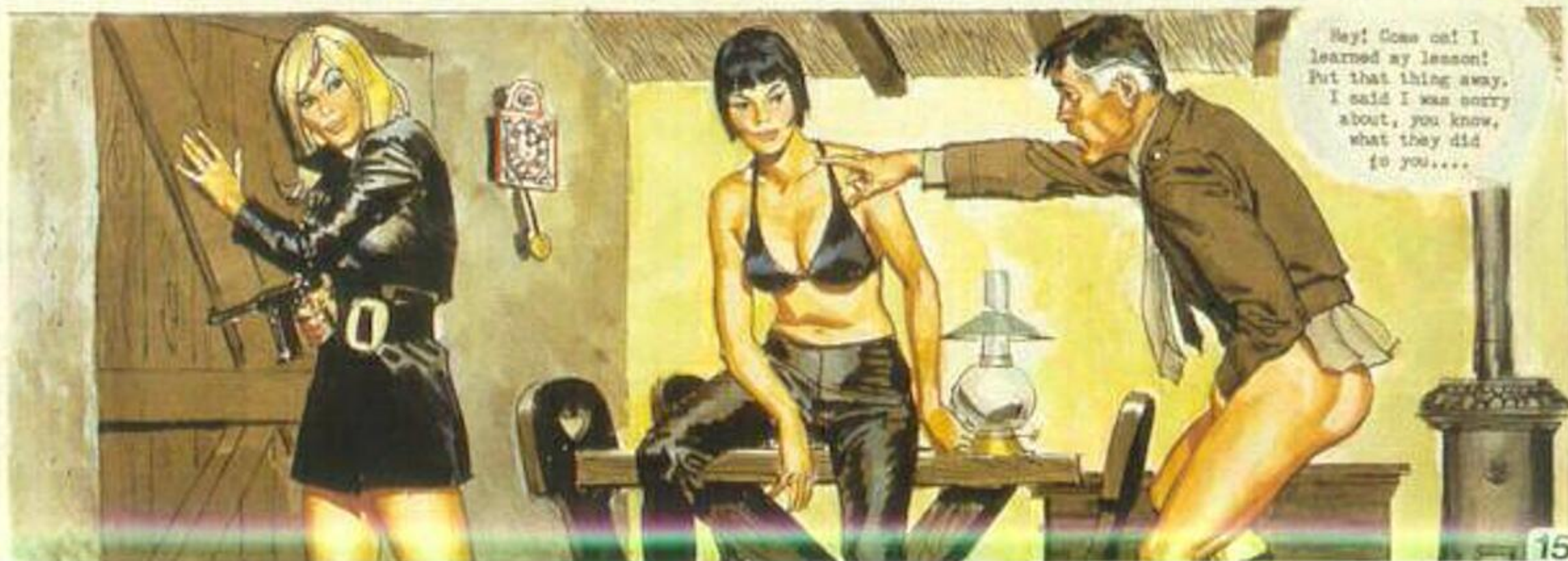


Karin waited silently until both Lucas and Tani were ready to begin the trek back to the girls' cabin. When she spoke to Lucas her voice was more gentle than it had been before. "Tani grew up thinking sexual pleasure and someone's screams for mercy were one and the same," Karin explained. "Usually, it was Tani's mother who was beaten while two or three Korean men enjoyed Tani. It was brutal. But it was just after the war, and Tani's mother had born the love-child of the enemy."

Lucas murmured sympathetically as he entered the cabin. But wartime enemies seemed only a part of the past. Right now, he felt almost a whole man again. Somehow, Karin's lashing had purged him and made him feel clean. He didn't know why the girls felt he had done them an injustice. But he would make it up to them, whatever it was.

It was a nice thought. Unfortunately, the very sight of Lucas seemed to trigger the girls' sadistic impulses. When the heavy door closed behind him, their faces lit up with cruel anticipation.

What happened to you was nothing, Colonel! When the Americans left Korea, the men in Tani's village really punished her mother! But Tani and her mother were sure the American soldier would come back, like he promised....



Hey! Come on! I learned my lesson! Put that thing away. I said I was sorry about, you know, what they did to you....



In his confusion, Lucas offered them money, which they spurned, and "secret information," which he did not possess to begin with. By this time, the girls had already found out everything they needed to know. All they really wanted to do now was say "thanks." The physical punishment they administered was much worse in the bright lights with both girls gloating over his complete inability to defend himself.

Lucas kept trying to explain his good will and his new-found understanding until Karin grew bored with his pathetic attempts to ingratiate himself. She cut off his conversation completely through the simple expedient of dumping the chamber pot over his head. Lucas didn't even recognise the contents until the blood on his nose and his lips dried sufficiently to give him a taste and a smell.





Lucas' bleats of disgust and his comical capering seemed so hilarious that Tani seized on the idea of turning the frantic gestures into a dance. Karin was only too happy to keep her partner amused. At any point now, they could begin the final phase of their plan. But why rush into things? Half the fun was getting there! Tani turned up the transistor set, Karin applied her whip judiciously. Together, the two girls settled in for a long evening of fun and games.

Somehow, Lucas understood that this was not merely an exhibition of his dancing skills. It was more like an audition. Karin would not disclose the job title or the responsibilities until Lucas pranced and postured to her satisfaction. But Lucas dimly realized that it was a good job they were offering. It was demeaning of course, and it meant total degradation. But it also meant staying alive.





As Lucas jerked and twisted like a demented puppet, the girls moved into the last stage of their plan. Tami read a list of names and addresses, xeroxed from his official dossier and from his private files. Daily, he heard her harsh voice repeating them over and over again, like a broken record.

"107 Reubenstrasse, Apartment 6B, Berlin Germany. 1951 to 1952. Street of Broken Dreams. The bathhouse on the corner, Seoul, Korea. 1952 to 1953."

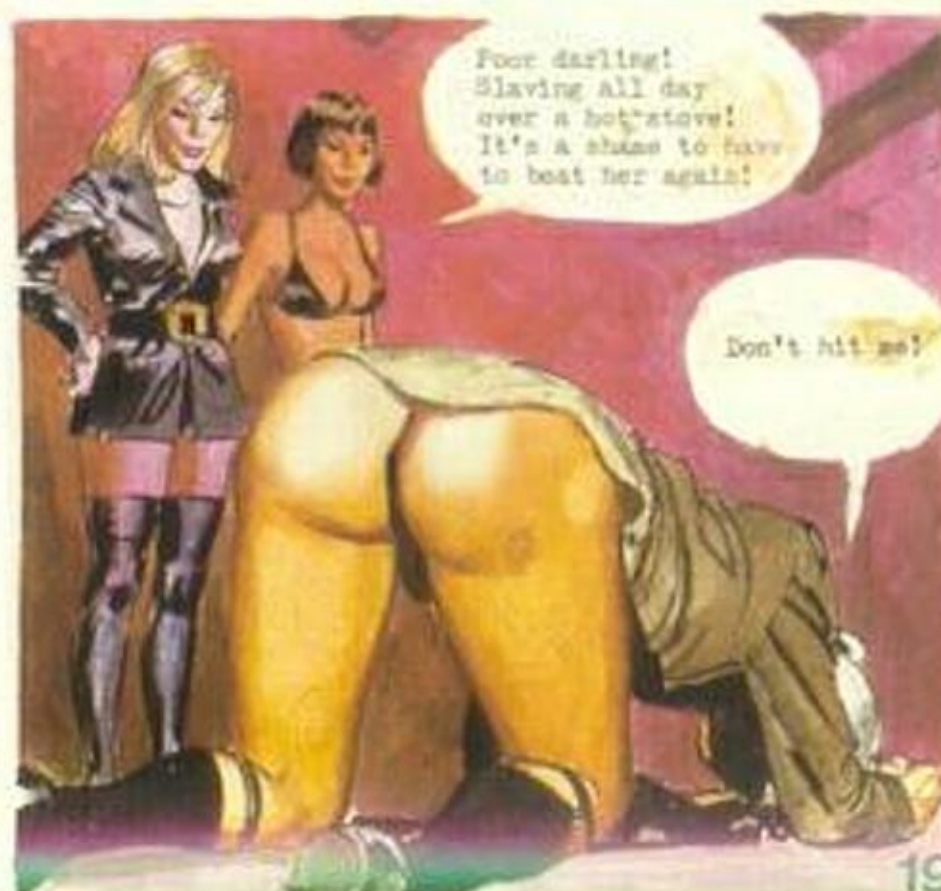
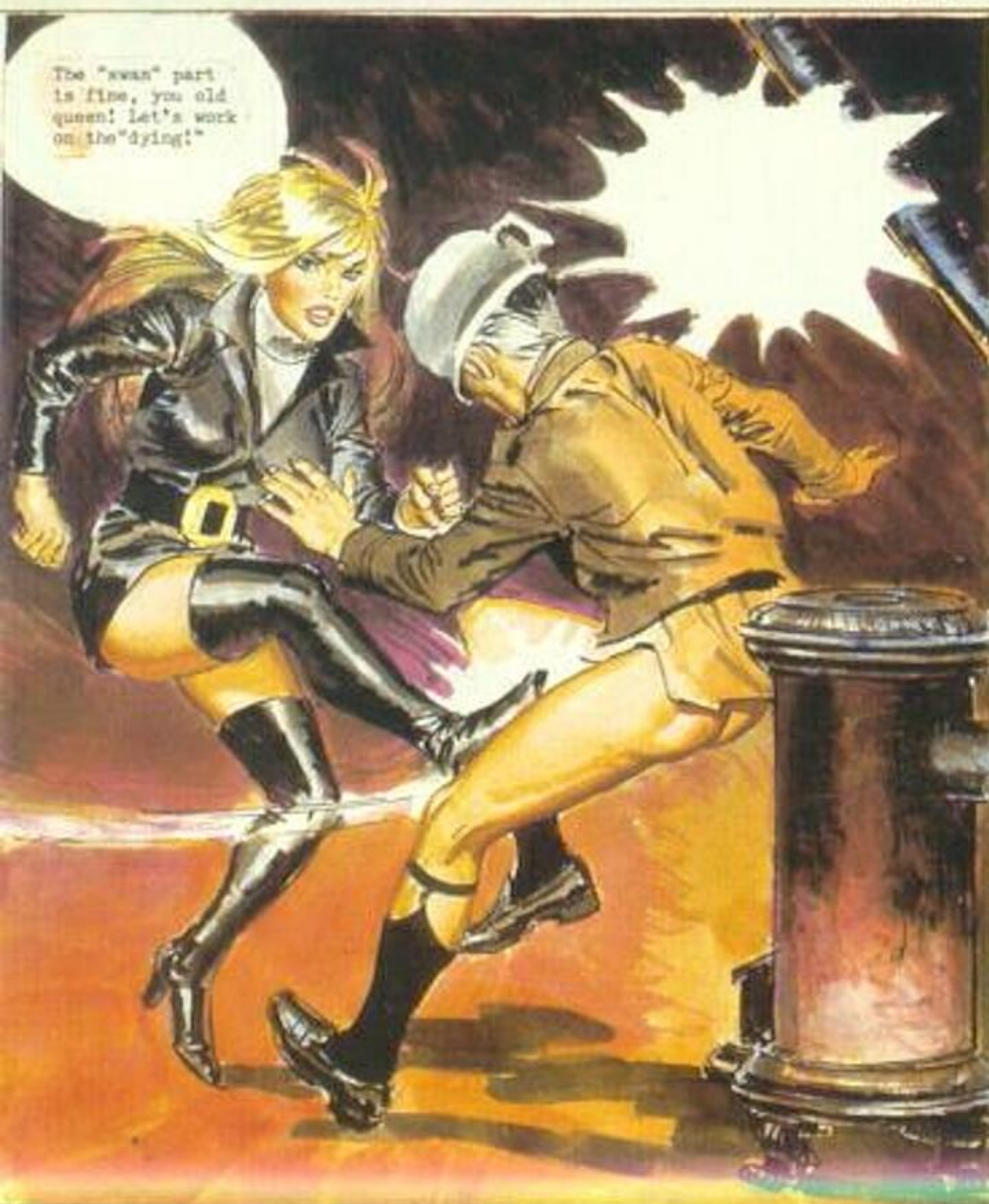
Lucas knew he had been there. That's where he had taken his women. But he couldn't see why that made any difference now. When he said so, Karin promised to apply her lash even more skillfully. She would make no new cuts in his flesh. She would concentrate instead on opening up his old wounds!





He was bruised and battered almost beyond recognition before he realized the full meaning of those names and addresses. He must have been personally involved in the brutalization of Tani's mother. And Karin's too! Was that possible? He just couldn't remember. But after twenty years he was being repaid. It was open warfare on Lucas, his sex organs, and his sexual identity.

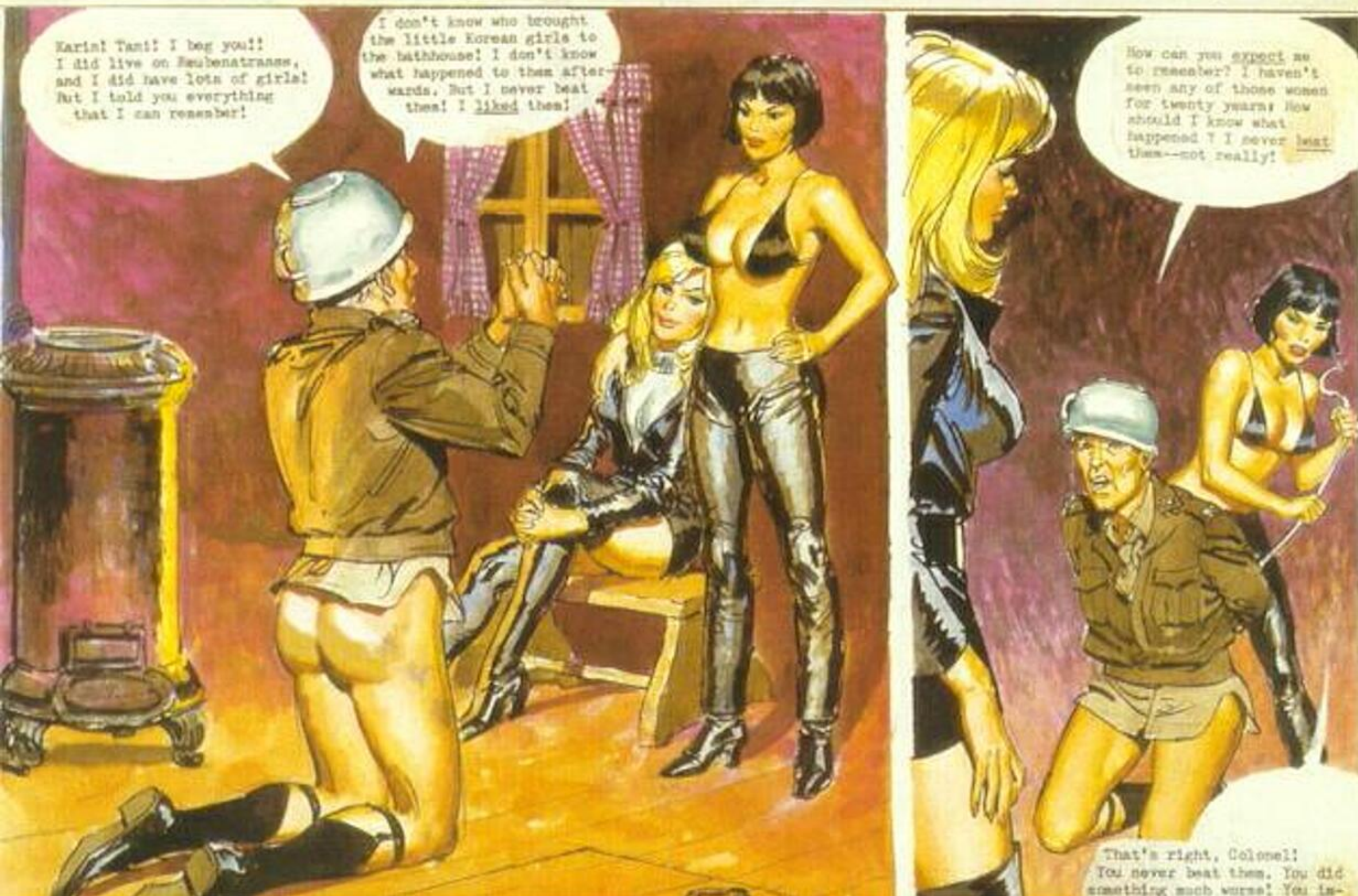
The searing pain as Karin's boot dug into his groin was so unbearably intense that Lucas couldn't register the searing impact of the hot, Franklin stove. For a full three seconds there was only a strange hissing, sizzling sound. Then a more familiar smell: it was charred meat! And then, finally, the pain was too much. When Lucas was able to move again, he made no effort to stand. He merely hoisted his bleeding, scarred buttocks in the air as a flag of his final defeat and unconditional surrender.





When he was able to speak, Lucas began apologizing on behalf of the U.S. armed forces for all German and Korean women who had been mistreated in any form or manner. He was quite sincere. The girls found him ridiculous. Impatiently, Karin dismissed his impassioned rhetoric and brought him back to specifics. She wanted to know about a certain fraulein Lucas had known at the Reubenstrasse apartment. What did Lucas think of her? Had he ever cared for her at all? Did he know what had happened to her after he left?

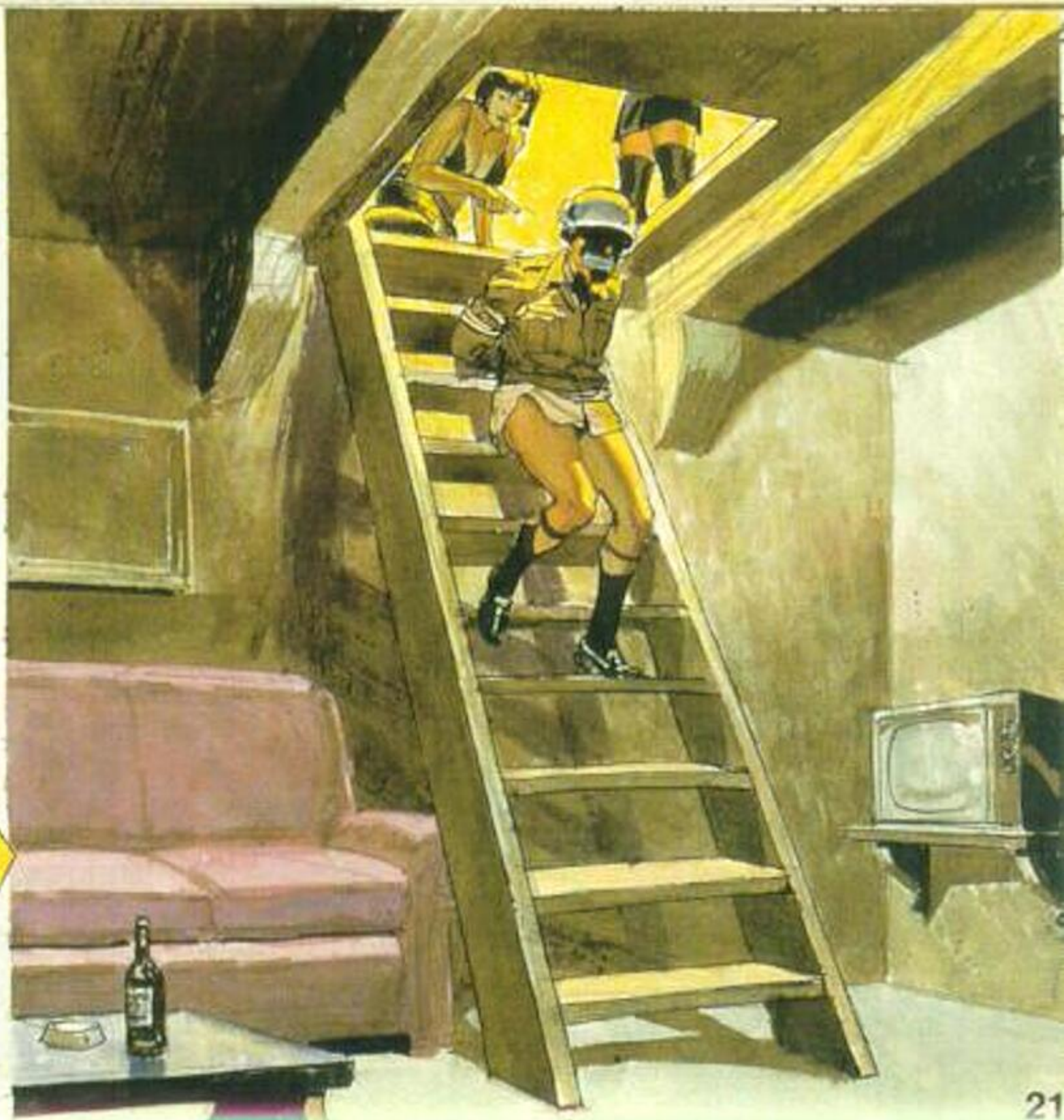
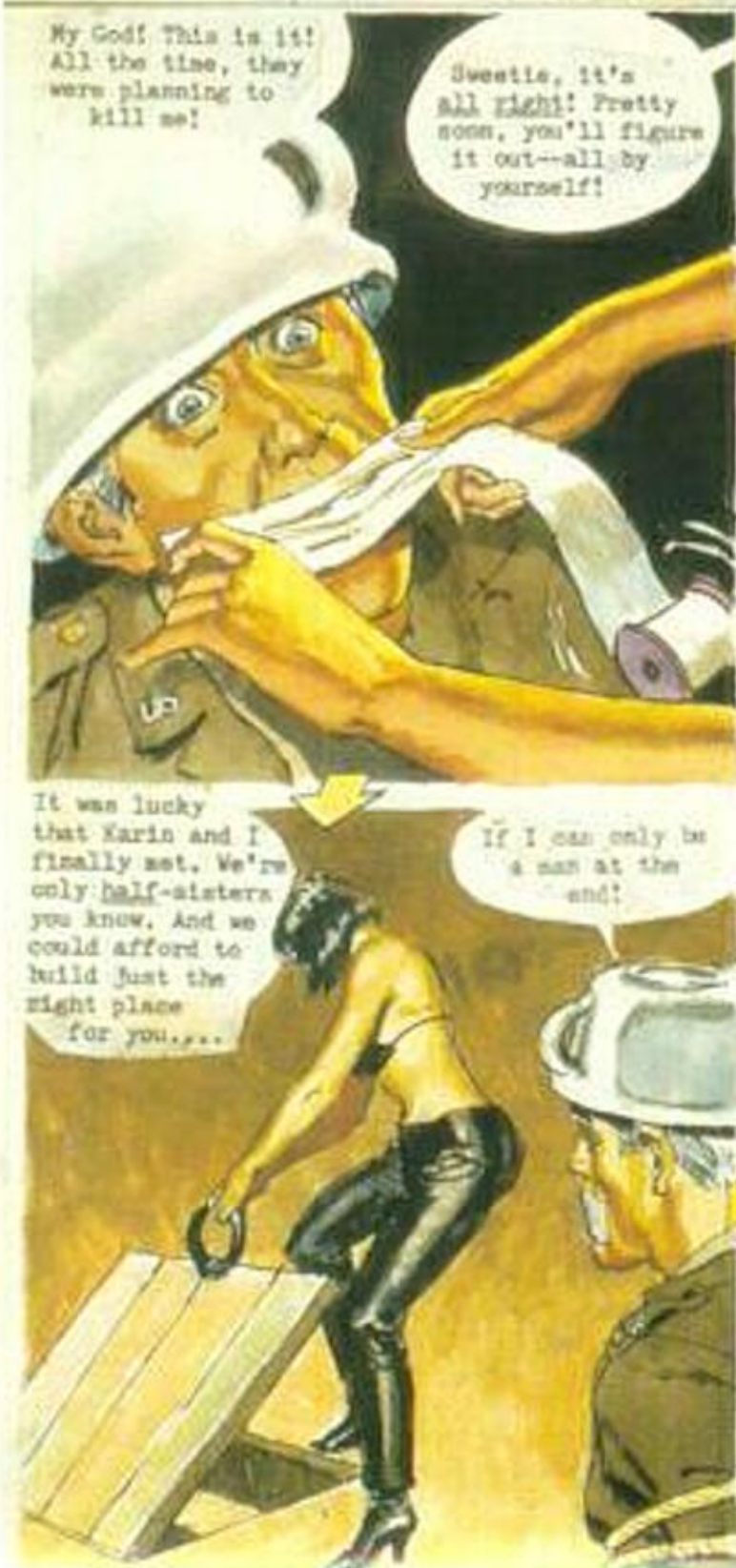
Tani asked him about a certain North Korean captive whom he had kept for almost a year as his mistress. Her name eluded Lucas, but he could recall her gift of laughter and her gentle, complainant spirit. Under the cross-examination, the memory of these women became uncomfortably vivid. He had cared for them, in his fashion, and he had treated them well. And that, Tani told him, was the very worst of his "war crimes." That was why he was here.





Lucas was too stunned to protest when the girls bound and gagged him and pulled open the heavy trap door. He had been braced for an inquest, a mock-trial which would hear his argue his case and plead for his life. Instead, the girls simply told him that he had passed his "audition" and had been accepted for a full-time, permanent assignment. His duties would not be too demanding, they told him. In time, he might even see himself as a part of the family.

family. That woman have warned him. And yet, as Lucas felt his way uncertainly down the flight of stairs to the hidden basement, he was prepared for almost anything except the truth he would find. Then he read the hospital records, the blood types, the unsuccessful petitions for child support made to the military authorities....It was uncontrovertible evidence of paternity. Both Karin and Tami were his daughters!





Both Karin and Tami were his daughters! Each girl had managed to fight her way up from the degrading poverty to which her ignorant absentee Daddy had consigned her. When they first met, by chance, their deep attraction gave them no clue that they were half-sisters. And when they learned that they were each searching for a father who had deserted him and that the father was the same man, their need for each other was much more than sisterly.

By then, of course, it was too late to stop. And finally life was even more satisfying now that Daddy had finally come home!

On the surface, the girls led respectable lives. Tami had secured a well-paying position with a research office funded by the US, Karin was a freelance writer who contributed frequently to the local paper. That's the main reason the disappearance of Lucas St. George received so little attention. And if Lucas was not, strictly speaking a MIA, as it said on his file, what matter? You couldn't really describe him as a Prisoner of War....

We really should let Daddy out of the house pretty soon! His color is bad, and he's been sick a dear! By this time, I'm sure he's learned how to behave!

I SHOULD HAVE ABORTED THESE TWO BASTARDS!



# DOCTOR'S DILEMMA





MY EX-WIFE IS ARRIVING THIS AFTERNOON, MISS TRENT! CANCEL MY PATIENTS AND OUR DINNER DATE THIS EVENING... BY THE WAY, YOU WERE LATE THIS MORNING... I'LL EXPECT YOU TO MAKE IT UP!

YES, MR. BLADE, YES SIR!



DAMN! IT'S JUST LIKE AVA TO MISS A PLANE! SHE KNOWS HOW MUCH I HATE WAITING FOR HER! IT'S ONE OF THE REASONS FOR THE DIVORCE! WELL I'M NOT WAITING ANY LONGER.. IT'S SIX ALREADY!



SABINA! HAVEN'T YOU FINISHED CLEANING YET? WHAT IN SAM HILL HAVE YOU BEEN DOING ALL DAY?

WHAT HAVE I??? NOTHING, SIR! NOT-A-THING! MISTER BLADE, SIR!



WOMEN! CRAP! THEY'RE ALL ALIKE! WEAK, LAZY, GOOD-FOR-NOTHING! WHAT THEY ALL NEED IS A GOOD, SOUND SPANKING! YES.. THEY SHOULD BE WHIPPED DAILY!








RING!  
RING!  
RING!

WHIPPED DAILY! OHH! WHIPPED...  
? THE DOORBELL? WHO IN... IS IT, I'M  
COMING... I'M COMING... WHIP 'EM EVERYDAY...  
O.K. O.K. I'M COMING!....






OH, IT'S YOU! THIS IS MY NIGHT FOR NIGHTMARES... BLAST IT, AVA, COULDN'T YOU HAVE WAITING TILL MORNING TO SEE ME?? WHAT IS IT NOW... YOUR ALIMONY?... AH, NEVER MIND, I'M GOING BACK TO BED! MAKE YOURSELF UNCOMFORTABLE... AND GET-YOUR-DAMN-FINGER OFF THE BUZZER!!

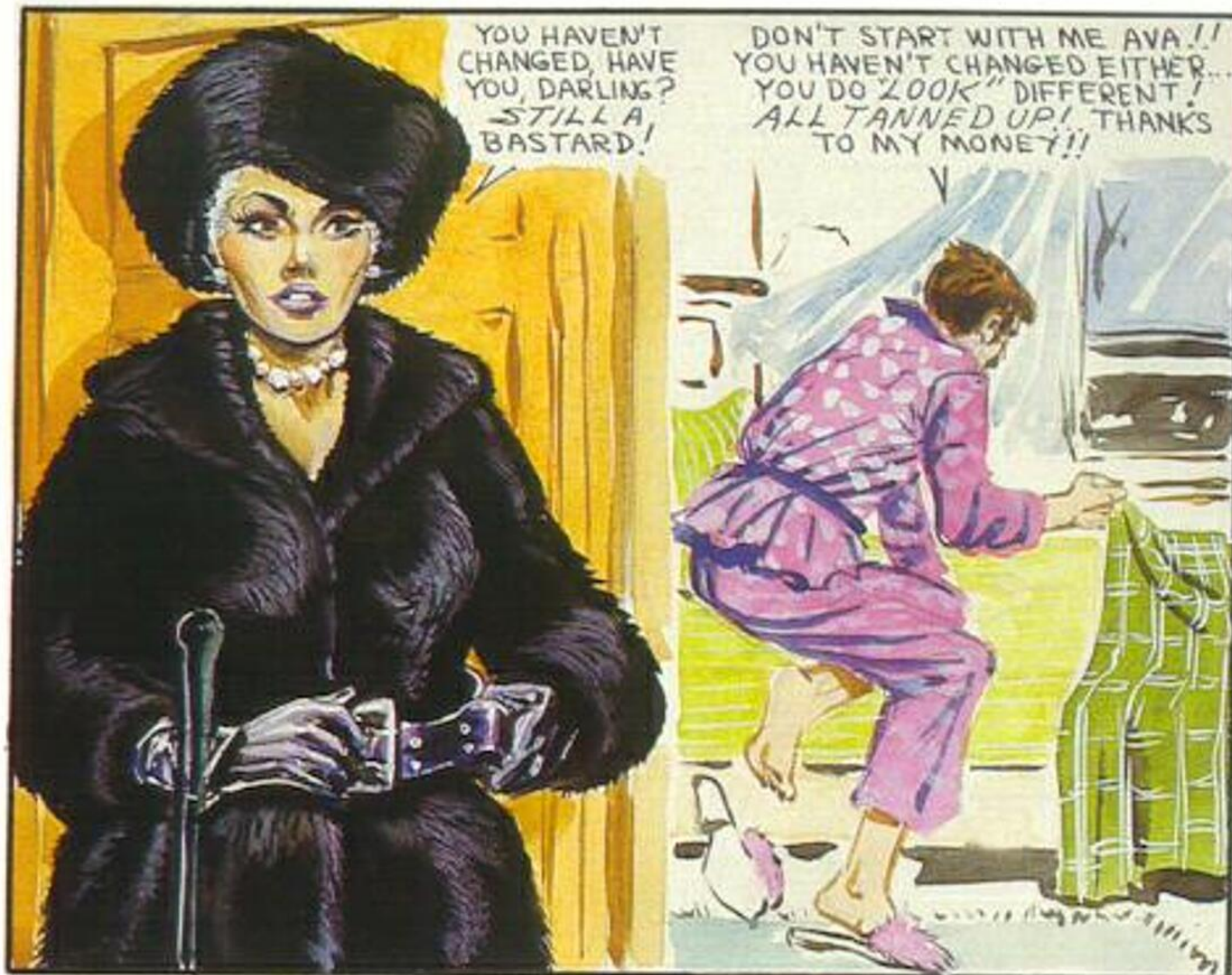


MY LUGGAGE IS STILL OUTSIDE, RODNEY...




SO!... BRING THEM IN... YOU LUGGED THEM SIX THOUSAND MILES.. WHY NOT SIX FEET MORE?... HUMPH! GOOD NIGHT!







A comic book panel featuring a woman with dark hair and a large black fur coat. She is wearing a red bikini bottom and a pearl necklace. She is leaning over a man who is lying on a bed, holding a black object (possibly a hairbrush or a small mirror) over his face. The background is a solid purple color. There are two speech bubbles in the upper right corner.

HOW WELL I REMEMBER!!  
DEAR RODNEY, THE FRESH AIR  
FIEND... YOU HAD TO HAVE  
THE WINDOW OPEN WHEN I  
WAS IN THE ROOM... EVEN  
AFTER I'D JUST BATHED!  
WHY?... DID YOU  
HAVE TO... ROD!

BECAUSE I  
COULDN'T STAND  
THE SMELL, OK?  
NOW DROP DEAD  
AND LET ME GET  
SOME SLEEP!



SLEEP? BUT YOU  
FORGOT TO BRING MY  
LUGGAGE IN... YOU'RE  
NOT GOING TO LEAVE  
THEM OUT IN THE COLD  
ALL NIGHT? GET  
THEM, RODNEY,  
NOW!!

WHAT THE  
DEVIL ARE  
YOU DOING?  
GET THE HELL  
OFF MY BED  
OR THERE'LL  
BE THREE BAGS  
OUT IN THE COLD  
WHAT IN HAVEN'S  
NAME HAS  
GOTTEN INTO  
YOU?..





YOU.. HAVE GOTTEN  
INTO ME ROD, HONEY!  
YOU! BUT NOW  
IT'S MY TURN!

GASP!  
WHY YOU..  
NO GOOD..  
I'LL FIX YOU  
FOR THIS  
YOU BIT..

HELP ME!!

HELP YOU!?!  
DAMN YOU!!







NNYA CHOKER  
CAGH!

DAMN YOU...  
...AND IN HELL IS  
WHERE YOU'LL THINK  
YOU ARE FROM  
NOW ON... I'M GOING  
TO GET INTO YOU,  
ROD... DEEP INTO  
YOU!... INTO YOUR  
BODY... INTO YOUR  
MIND! I'LL RIP  
AND TEAR UNTIL  
I'VE DESTROYED  
RODNEY  
BLADE!

to  
be  
Cont...





OOH!... MMH! WHA-WHERE AM I?  
SNIFF.. WHAT HAPPENED? I..I HAD  
A NIGHTMARE!... AVA AND TWO  
MASKED...? OUCH! ?



MY.. MY HANDS ARE TIED... HUH?  
OHH! MY BACK!... HURTS... MY  
ENTIRE BODY ACHES! AM I STILL  
SLEEPING?



WELL, WELL  
SLEEPING  
BEAUTY  
AWAKENS!

RODNEY, DEAR RODNEY... REMEMBER  
US? THE THREE FRAGILE, SENSITIVE  
WOMEN YOU USED AND ABUSED, ONE  
BY ONE, DAY AFTER DAY...  
... OF COURSE YOU DO!

WE'VE CHANGED,  
ROD! AS YOU WILL  
SLOWLY!  
PAINFULLY!  
LOVINGLY!  
BUT.. PAIN-  
FULLY!



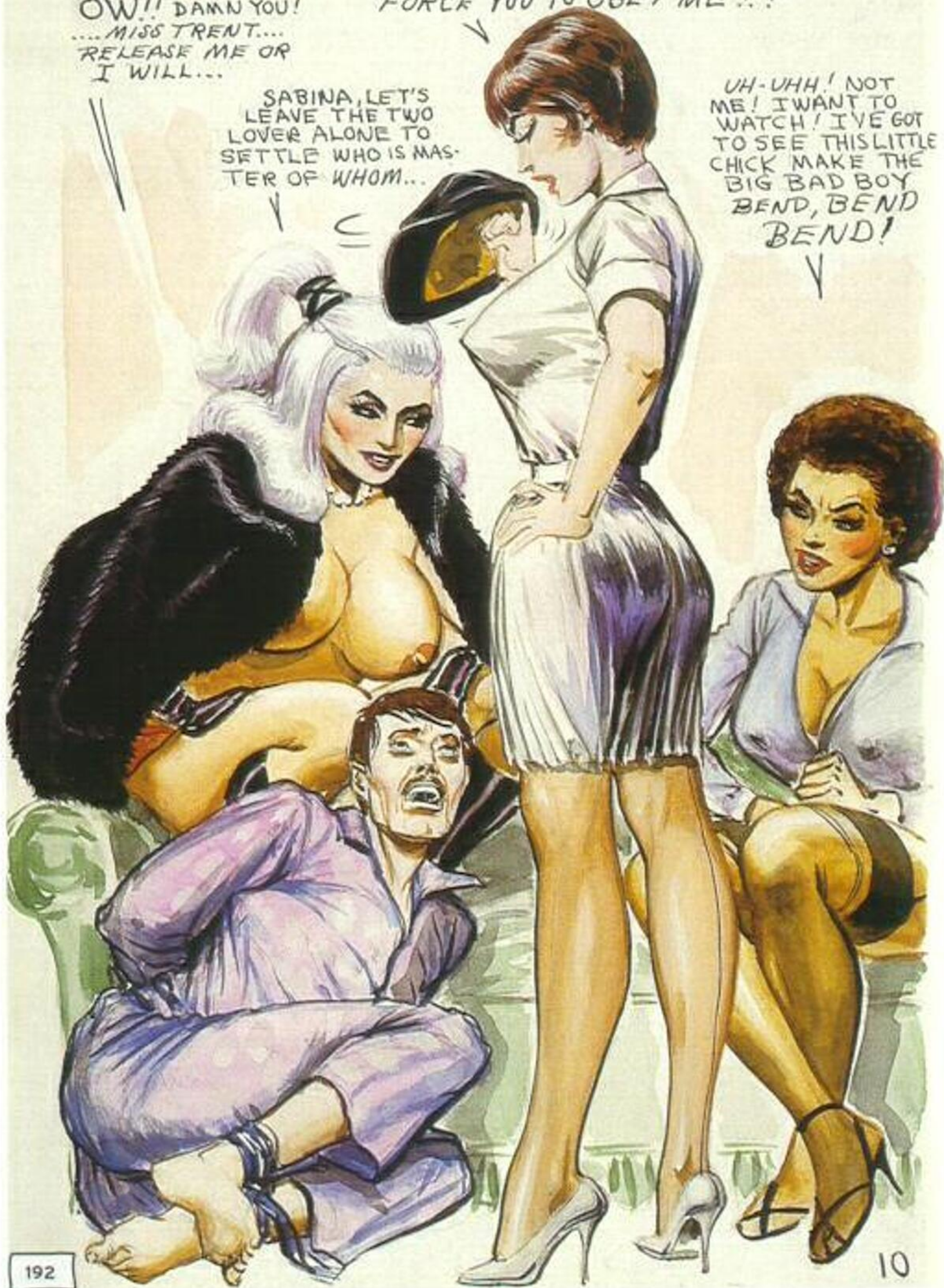


AVA! SABINA!  
...MARY!! UNTIE ME!  
OW!! DAMN YOU!  
...MISS TRENT...  
RELEASE ME OR  
I WILL...

OR YOU'LL WHAT? MR. BLADE ARE YOU GOING  
TO TELL ME WHAT TO DO OR AM I GOING TO  
FORCE YOU TO OBEY ME!!?

SABINA, LET'S  
LEAVE THE TWO  
LOVER ALONE TO  
SETTLE WHO IS MAS-  
TER OF WHOM...

UH-UHH! NOT  
ME! I WANT TO  
WATCH! I'VE GOT  
TO SEE THIS LITTLE  
CHICK MAKE THE  
BIG BAD BOY  
BEND, BEND  
BEND!







YES, GIRLS STICK  
AROUND AND YOU WILL  
SEE HOW A NURSE CAN  
HANDLE UNRULY  
PATIENTS!!



WELL YOU CAN WATCH  
IF YOU LIKE BUT I HAVE  
PLANS OF MY OWN  
WHEN YOU TWO ARE  
THROUGH PLAYING  
GAMES... AND I'LL  
NEED TIME TO  
PREPARE FOR  
THEM...  
SEE YOU!

OK! OOOH!  
THAT MUST HAVE  
SMARTED!

YAAH!  
MARY! DON'T  
DO...YAOW.

HOLD HIM  
FOR ME...  
SABINA!



MARY... WAIT!! I  
HAVE DEFINITE PLANS FOR  
THAT ROD... YOU DON'T  
INTEND TO DISABLE  
IT FOR GOOD?  
?

AT LEAST NOT UNTILL  
WE'VE EACH HAD  
OUR TURN?...  
/

I KNOW WHAT  
I'M DOING! JUST  
HOLD HIM STILL!  
THIS WILL KEEP  
IT BIG AND HEALTHY  
UNTILL WE'VE  
ALL HAD OUR  
REVENGE!!  
/

NNGH!  
NAAGH!  
DUNGH  
DOOGH  
IGH!





THERE!... NOW IF YOU'LL TURN HIM OVER I'LL ADMINISTER SOMETHING TO MAKE HIM A LITTLE EASIER TO HANDLE!

TURN HIM OVER?  
CERTAINLY!  
A LITTLE SQUEEZE FROM MY BIG BROWN LEGS..

AND A BIG PULL WITH MY DELICATE LONG FINGERS AND OVER HE GOES!!

BEAUTIFUL!! ABOUT 10 MORE OF THESE AND HE'LL DO ANYTHING I SAY!!

YOU NEED THAT JUICE TO MASTER HIM??.. ME! MY LEGS WILL DRAIN HIM OF HIS WILL!

YAAK!





IF YOU DON'T  
NEED MY HELP  
ANYMORE I'D  
LIKE TO GET  
MY THINGS  
READY!

LEAVE IF YOU'D  
LIKE BUT YOU'RE  
GOING TO MISS  
THE BEST PART  
OF HIS PERFORM-  
ANCE!!





DON'T BE LONG MARY DARLING  
GIVE HIM YOUR BEST... BUT DO  
HURRY... I ITCH SOMETHING  
TERRIBLE AND ONLY ROD DEAR  
ROD CAN SOOTH IT!!

CASH!  
!!

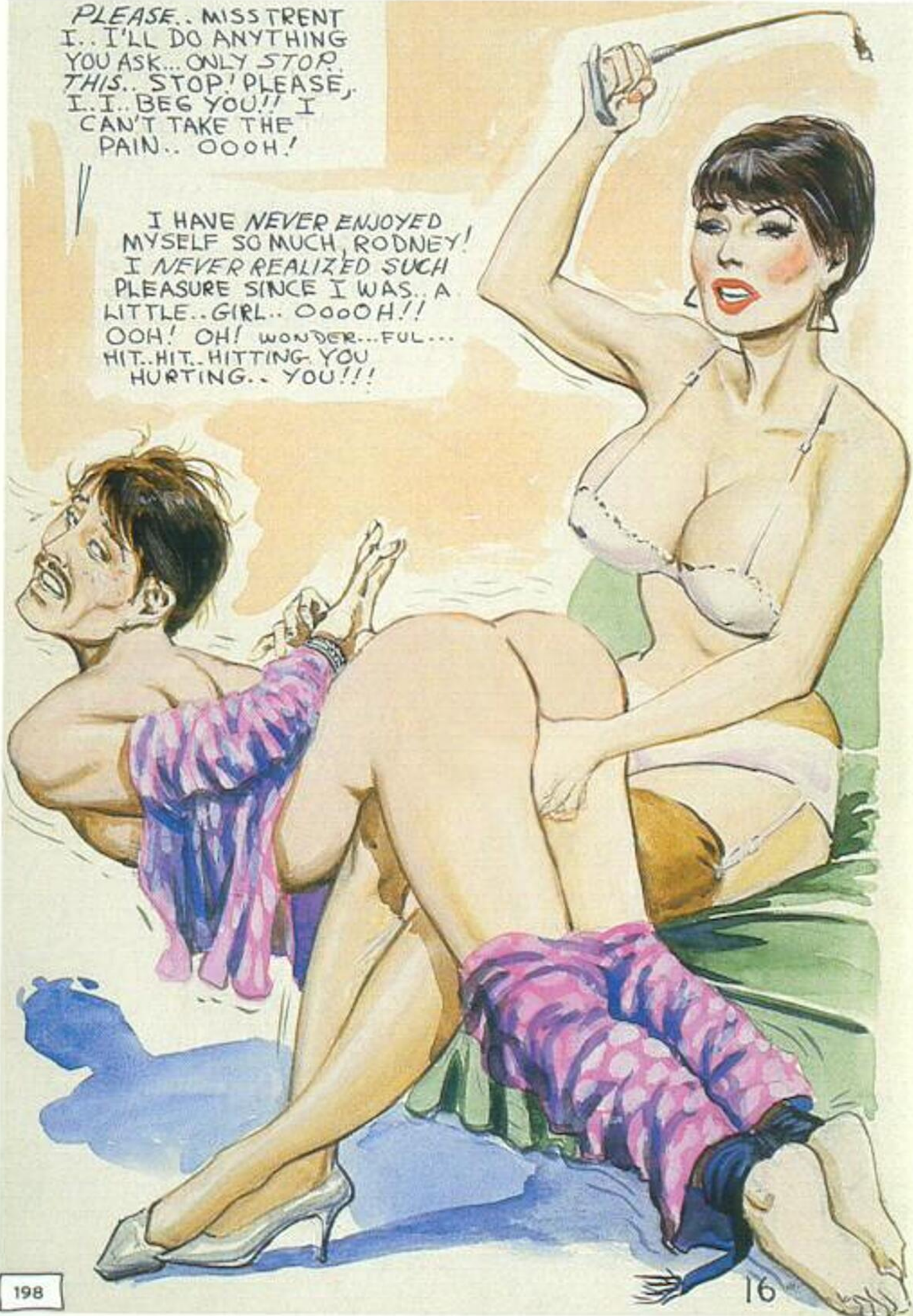
DID YOU HEAR  
THAT MR. BIG??  
YOU ARE BIG  
...AREN'T YOU?  
... WELL...  
YOU ARE BUT  
YOU'RE NOT  
GOING TO  
BE.. FOR  
LONG...





PLEASE.. MISS TRENT  
I.. I'LL DO ANYTHING  
YOU ASK... ONLY STOP  
THIS.. STOP! PLEASE,  
I.. I.. BEG YOU!! I  
CAN'T TAKE THE  
PAIN.. OOOH!

I HAVE NEVER ENJOYED  
MYSELF SO MUCH, RODNEY!  
I NEVER REALIZED SUCH  
PLEASURE SINCE I WAS.. A  
LITTLE.. GIRL.. OOOOH!!  
OOH! OH! WONDER...FUL...  
HIT.. HIT.. HITTING YOU  
HURTING.. YOU!!!





IT'S GOOD OF YOU RODNEY TO KISS  
MY BREAST! YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I  
LOVE YOU TO DO THAT... IS THERE  
SOMETHING I CAN DO FOR YOU BEFORE  
SABINA PUNISHES YOU? I KNOW...  
YOU'D LIKE ME TO KISS YOU, THERE!  
WOULDN'T YOU?... **WOULDN'T**  
**YOU!** ANSWER ME  
PROPERLY YOUNG  
MAN OR...

**ERG!! OH!!**  
YES, YES! MISTRESS..  
PLEASE... KISS MY  
PRIVATE... PRETTY  
PLEASE!!.....





DON'T BE BASHFUL, LITTLE BOY! MOVE CLOSER... YOU'D THINK I WAS GOING TO BITE YOU THE WAY YOU KEEP BACKING UP... WHY DO I ALWAYS HAVE TO FIND A PAINFUL WAY TO MAKE YOU OBEY ME!

OOWH! DON'T PULL ME LIKE THAT! I.. I'LL COME CL... CLOSER.. I WILL... ONLY DON'T... DON'T BITE... PPPLEASE!

TIMES UP, WHITE GIRL! TIME IN NOW FOR THE ONLY TRUE AND COMPLETELY DOMINANT FEMALE! THE BLACK WOMAN! I..

WOOWEE! I TAKE THAT BACK.. YOU SURE DID A JOB ON THAT RUMP!

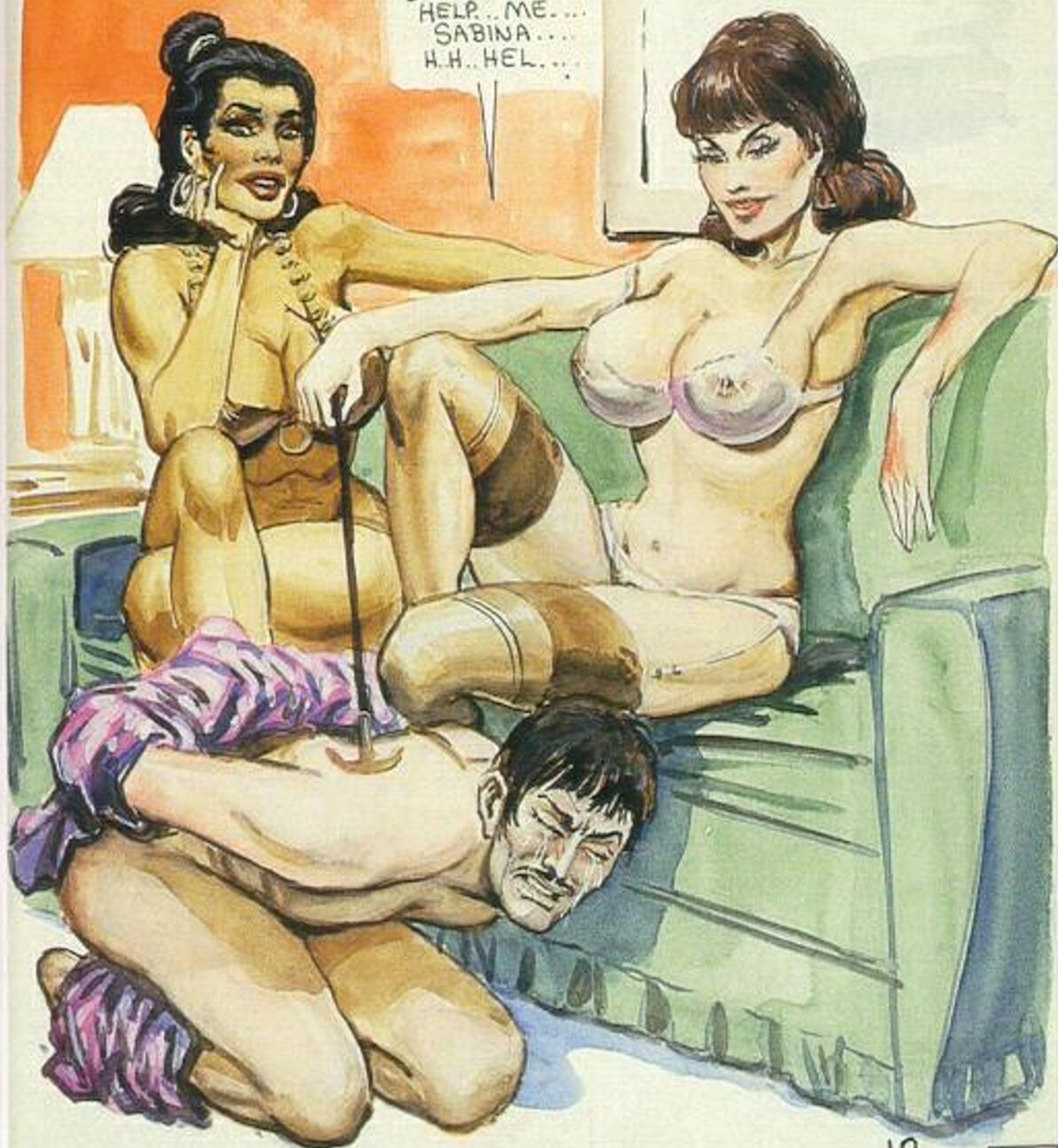




MY..MY.. WHAT DID YOU  
DO? DID YOU BITE IT OFF!  
OH, RODNEY DARLING... HOW  
COULD SHE?... HOW COULD SHE?

IT.. WAS.. EASY!! HE'S ALL  
YOURS NOW SABINA.. IF YOU WANT  
HIM... IF YOU CAN FIND ANY USE  
FOR HIM ANYMORE ~!

OH.. THE PAIN  
OW! EAYAH...  
UH! GET A  
DOCTOR! OOH!  
HELP.. ME...  
SABINA...  
H.H.. HEL...





GOOD BYE, DOG!  
THANK YOU FOR DINNER!  
MAYBE WE COULD DO IT  
AGAIN SOMETIME?  
HUH!?

YES!  
YES  
YES!





CRAWL INTO THE BEDROOM,  
TRASH!...AND WAIT THERE!  
WAIT... AND WONDER... THINK!  
...ABOUT WHAT I'M GOING  
TO DO TO YOU!!

I CAN'T TAKE  
THIS... PLEASE!  
I... I LOVE YOU..  
I'VE ALWAYS  
WANTED YOU..  
MORE THAN  
ANY OF THE  
...THE OTHERS!..

V





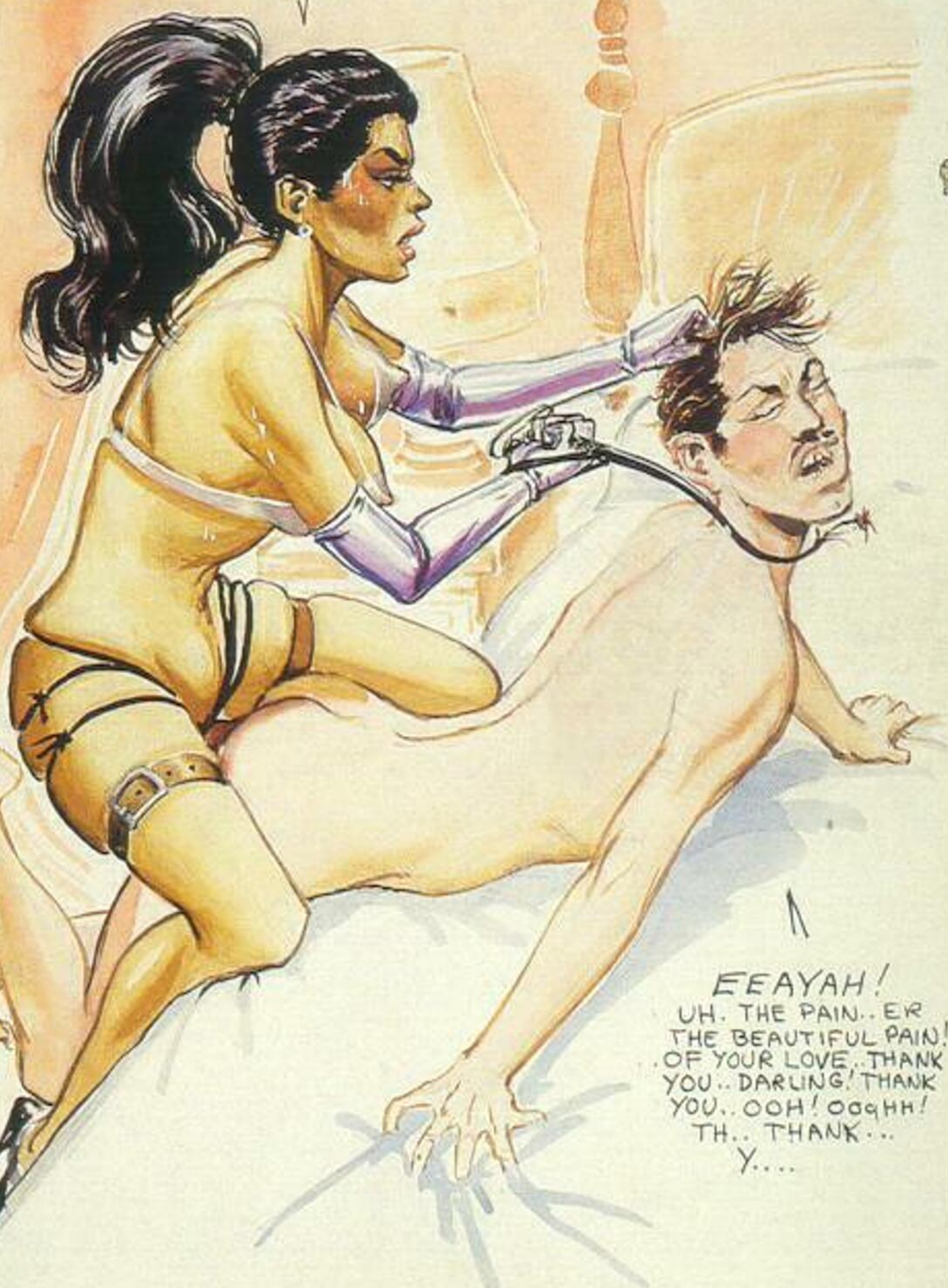
YES, YOU WANTED ME FOR EVERY FOUL PERVERSIVE THING YOU COULD  
THINK OF! YOU NEVER MADE LOVE TO A WOMAN! I WAS YOUR WHORE!  
OR YOUR CLEANING WOMAN! YOU USED ME... NOW IT IS MY TURN!  
MY TURN TO ABUSE YOU!

WHA..WHAT  
ARE YOU GOING  
TO DO WITH  
THAT...  
THAT...



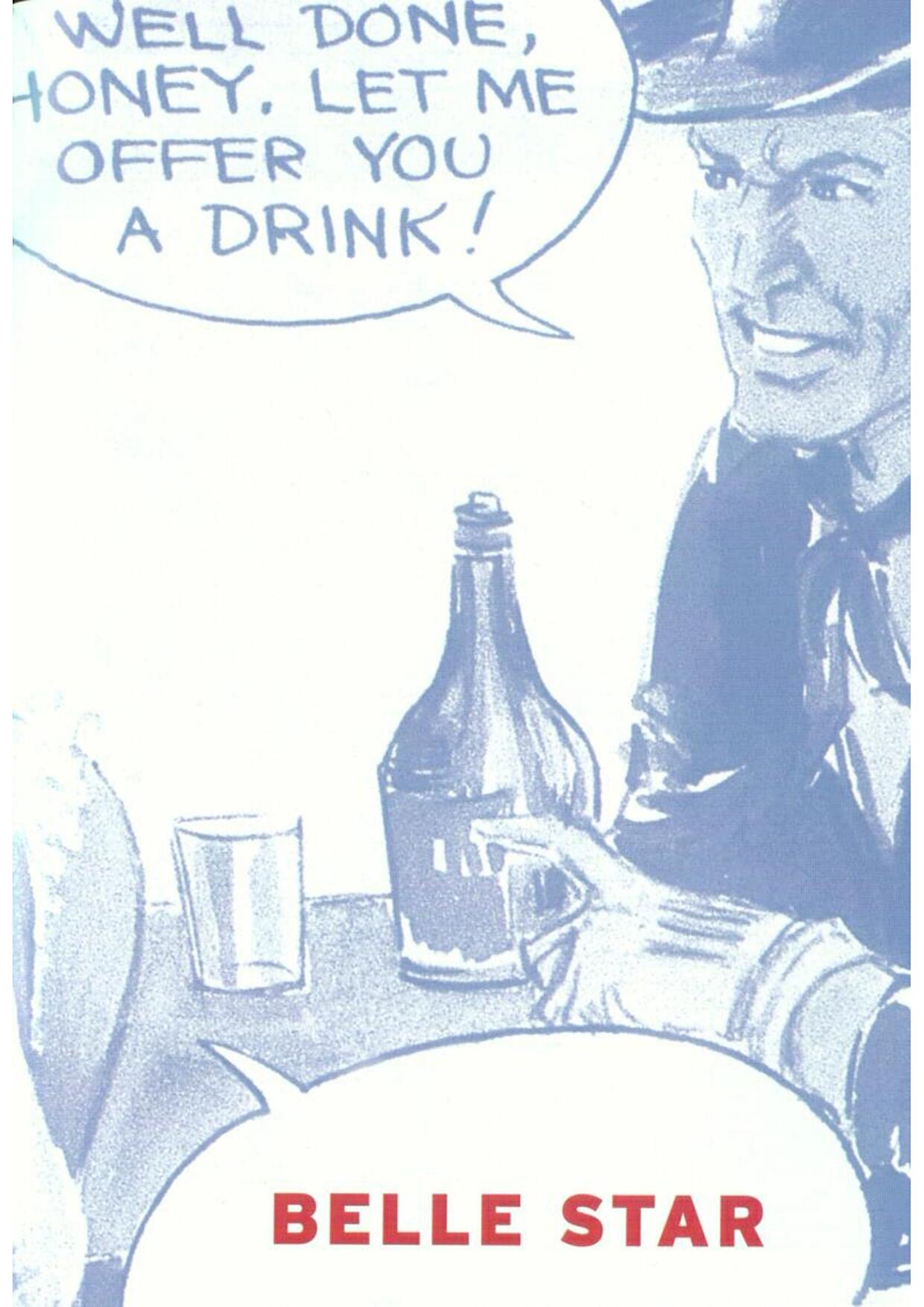


LET ME HEAR YOUR PASSIONATE SIGHS.. YOUR WORDS OF LOVE AND  
AFFECTION.. LET ME HEAR THEM CLEARLY! EACH TIME YOU HESITATE  
I'LL PUNISH YOU INSIDE AND OUT!... AND YOU'D BETTER THANK  
ME EACH TIME I.. HURT.. YOU!



EEAYAH!  
UH. THE PAIN.. ER  
THE BEAUTIFUL PAIN!  
OF YOUR LOVE.. THANK  
YOU.. DARLING! THANK  
YOU.. OOH! OOH! TH..  
TH.. THANK...  
Y....



A black and white illustration of a man in a suit and hat, smiling and pouring a drink from a bottle into a glass. The scene is set on a table with another glass and a bottle. A speech bubble from the man contains the text "WELL DONE, HONEY. LET ME OFFER YOU A DRINK!".

WELL DONE,  
HONEY. LET ME  
OFFER YOU  
A DRINK!

**BELLE STAR**



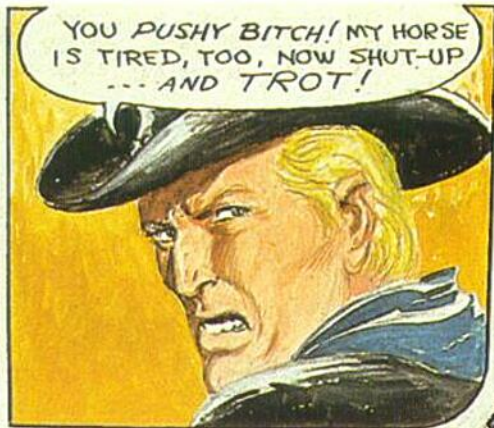
# BELLE STARR

SNAP IT  
UP, RED GAZELLE!  
TUCSON'S ONLY A  
FEW MORE MILES!

OH... SAM  
DARLING; PLEASE!  
SO TIRED...LET  
ME RIDE....



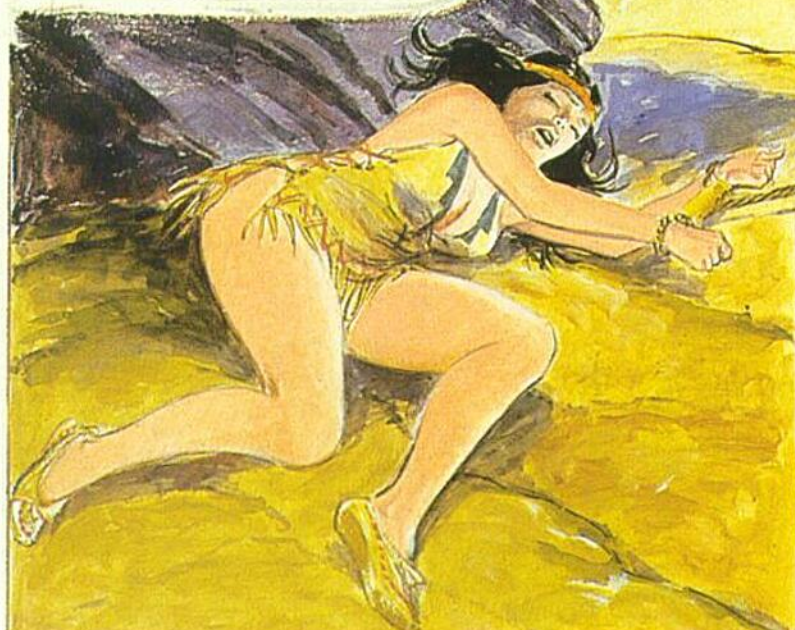




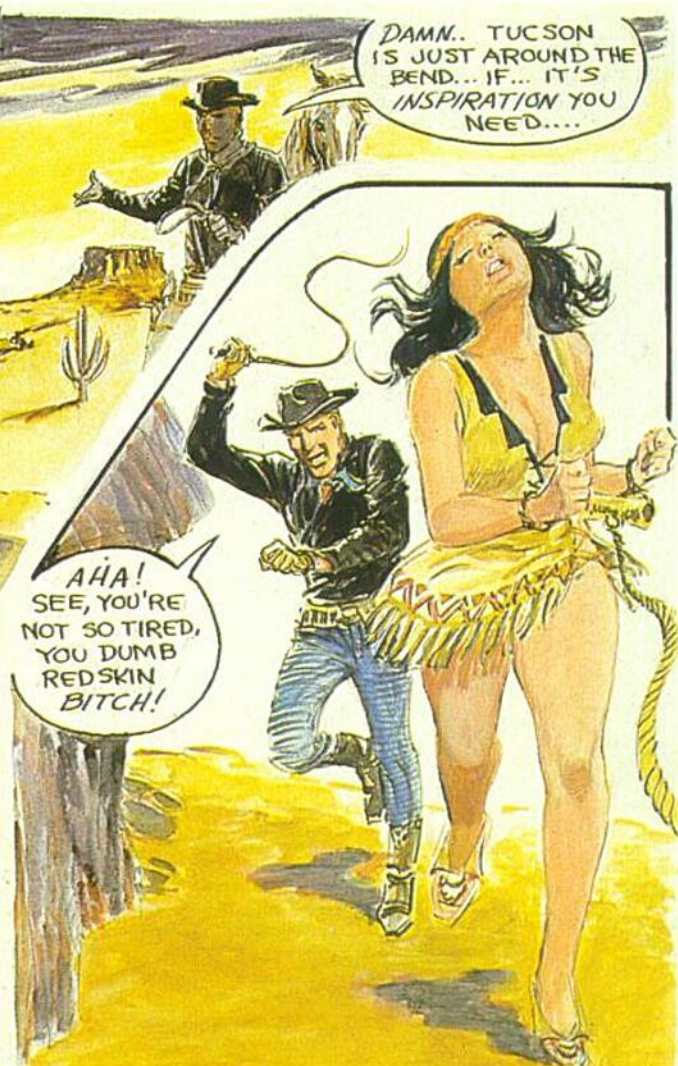
AND ONE HOUR LATER...

AHH... S-SAM, PLEASE... SOO TIRED... I- I CAN'T GET UP!

DAMN.. TUCSON IS JUST AROUND THE BEND... IF... IT'S INSPIRATION YOU NEED....



AHA! SEE, YOU'RE NOT SO TIRED, YOU DUMB REDSKIN BITCH!









SAM HEADS STRAIGHT  
FOR THE CROWDED  
SALOON, AND...

GOOD LORD...  
*BELLE  
STARR!*

AND  
STANDIN'  
RIGHT IN  
FRONT  
HER OWN  
REWARD  
POSTER!

**REWARD**

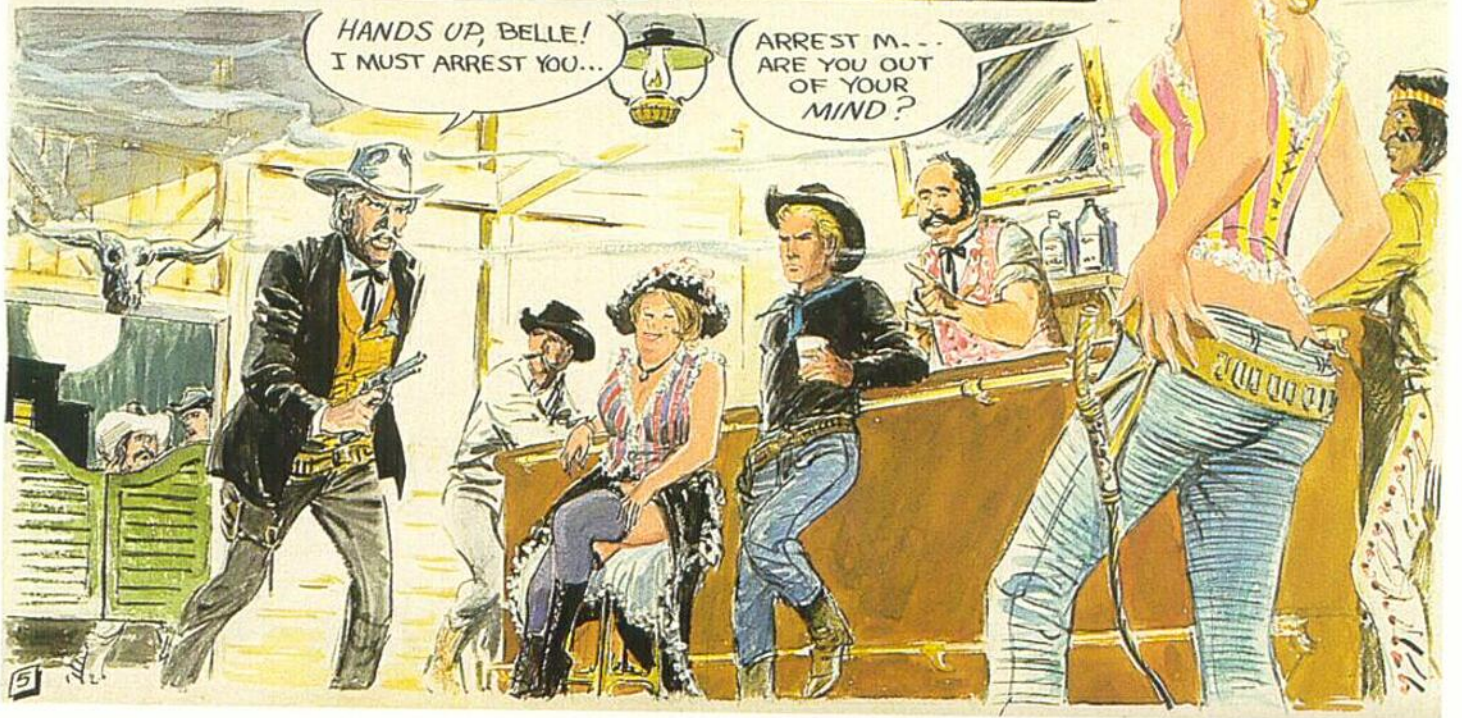
**\$10,000**

**IN GOLD COIN**

Will be paid by the U.S. Government  
for the apprehension  
DEAD OR ALIVE  
OF

**BELLE STARR**



















BUT THEN...

A FORMIDABLE  
OBSTACLE...

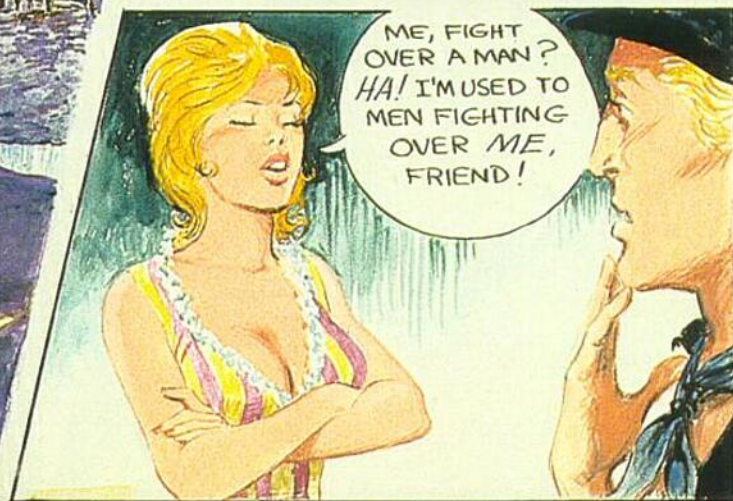
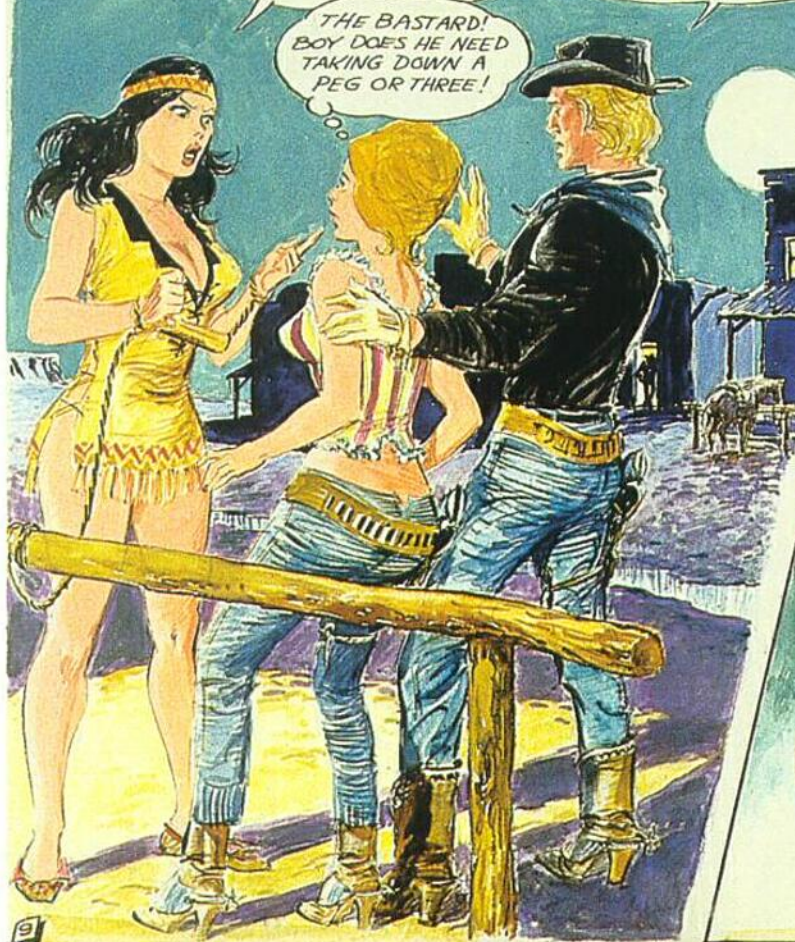
HEY, WHITE BITCH,  
WHERE YOU GOING  
WITH MY HUSBAND?

OUTTA THE WAY, SLUT.  
WE JUST HAD THE INJUN  
CEREMONY---I ONLY  
WANTED YER BODY!

THE BASTARD!  
BOY DOES HE NEED  
TAKING DOWN A  
PEG OR THREE!

BY THE LAWS OF MY PEOPLE, SAM IS  
MINE! YOU CAN'T HAVE HIM,  
YOU WHITE BITCH!

FIGHT  
YOU TWO, AND  
THE WINNER  
CAN HAVE  
ME!





TIED, THE POOR RED GAZELLE  
MUST FOLLOW BELLE STARR  
AND SAM BASS...

MY RANCH  
IS THE MOST IM-  
PORTANT IN ALL  
THE COUNTY  
BELLE!

GOT TO  
STOP THIS  
WHITE BITCH  
FROM STEALING  
MY SAM!

WHY TIE HER UP,  
SAM? SURELY YOU  
CAN HANDLE YOUR  
WIFE?

HOLD  
STILL, SLUT,  
OR I'LL FLAIL  
THAT RED ASS  
OF YOURS A  
LOT REDDER!



POOR REDGAZELLE NOW  
HAS TO WATCH BELLE  
STRIPPING FOR HER MAN.

**SAM!**  
NO DARLING---  
YOU PROMISED  
MY CHIEF- FATHER  
TO TAKE CARE  
OF ME---

I DID--  
I TIED  
YOU UP!

YOU SURE ARE HARD ON  
THAT BIG WOMAN, SAM.  
MAYBE YOU'RE A LITTLE  
AFRAID OF HER?



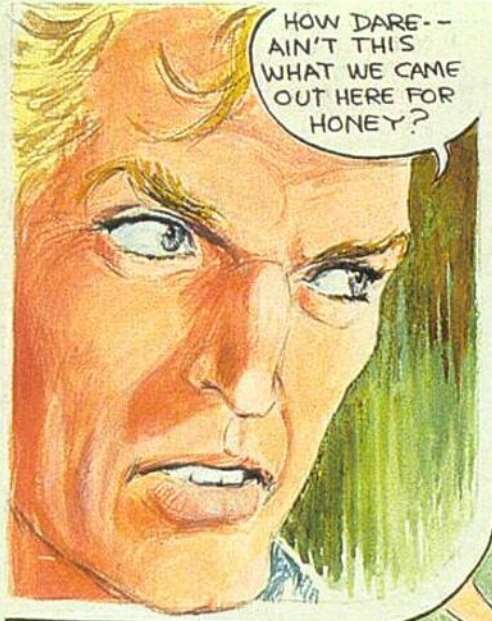
TOLD YOU, I AIN'T  
AFRAID OF NOTHING!  
NOW LESSEE  
THESE FAT  
TITTIES---



HANDS OFF  
PIG.. HOW DARE  
YOU SPEAK TO  
ME LIKE  
THAT?!









CONFUSED, IN PAIN,  
SAM GAZES BLEARILY  
UP AT THE IMPERIOUS  
BEAUTY...

WHILE  
YOU'RE DOWN  
THERE, PIG,  
KISS  
MY  
BOOTS!

SURELY NO  
WARRIOR WOULD  
OBEY A  
WHITE SQUAW!

LOWER,  
LITTLE MAN.  
LICK!





BUT NOW RED GAZELLE,  
REALIZING HER WHITE  
HUSBAND IS AN UNWORTHY  
MASTER, SHOWS  
HER STRENGTH!

ENOUGH!

THAT'S WHAT I  
THOUGHT! LORD,  
SHE'S MAGNIFICENT--  
SHE JUST DIDN'T  
KNOW IT!



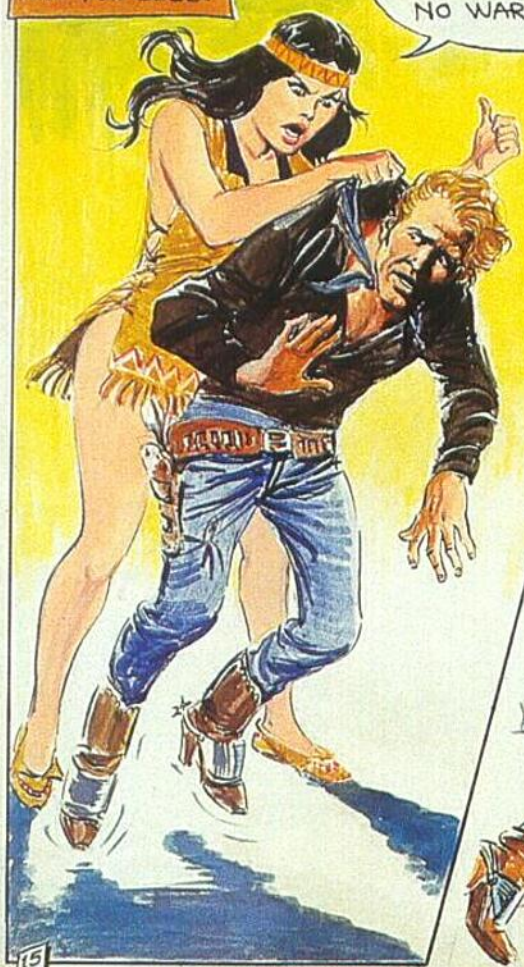


BUT RED GAZELLE'S  
FEROCIOUS LOOK IS  
NOT FOR BELLE

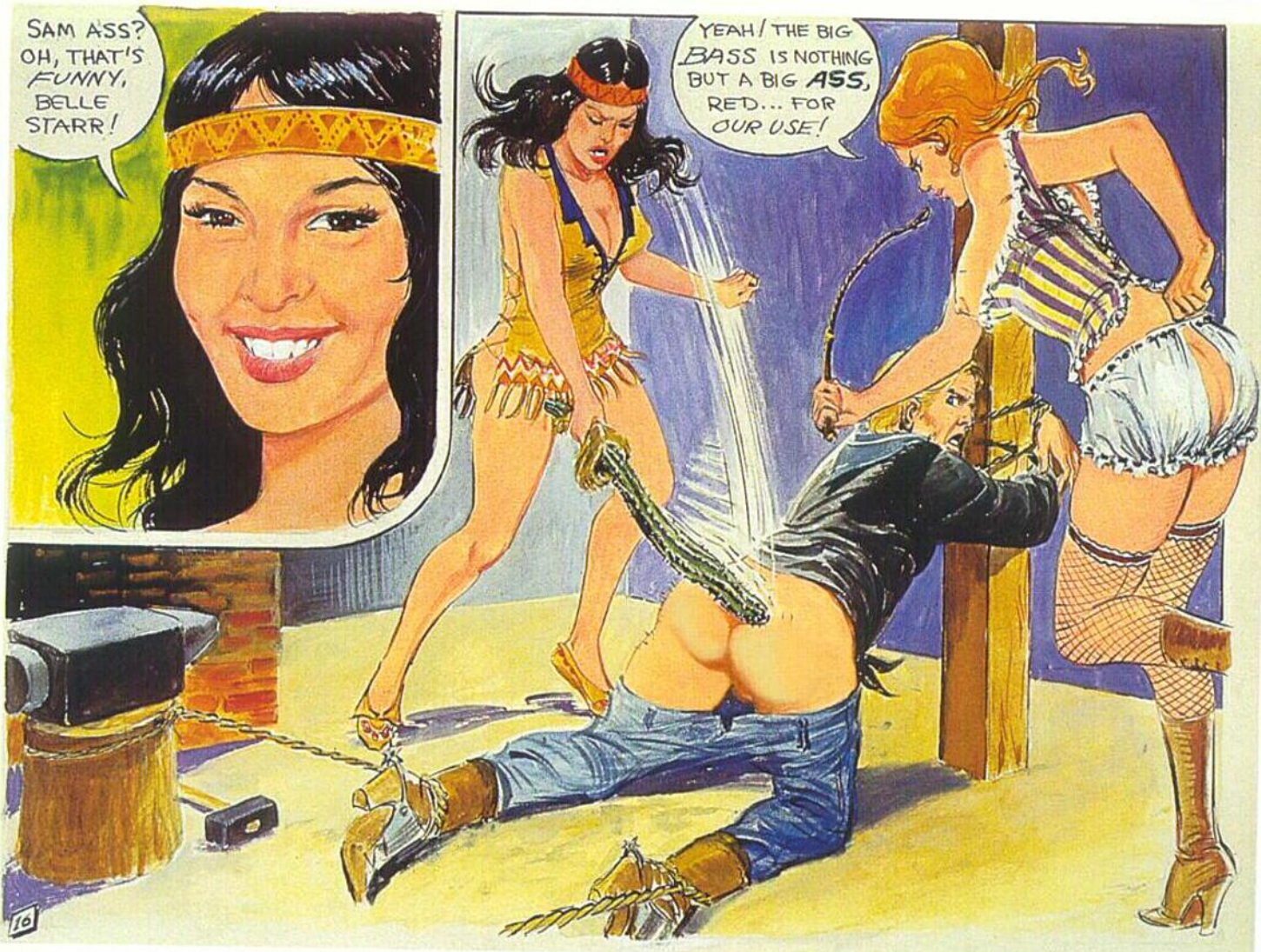
UP, YOU PUNY  
BASTARD, YOU  
NO WARRIOR--

..YOU JUST  
LITTLE WHITE-ASS  
**BOY** THAT I  
SPANK!

THE TERRIFIC  
SAM BASS IS DEAD! THEN...  
**LONG LIFE TO  
SAM'ASS!**



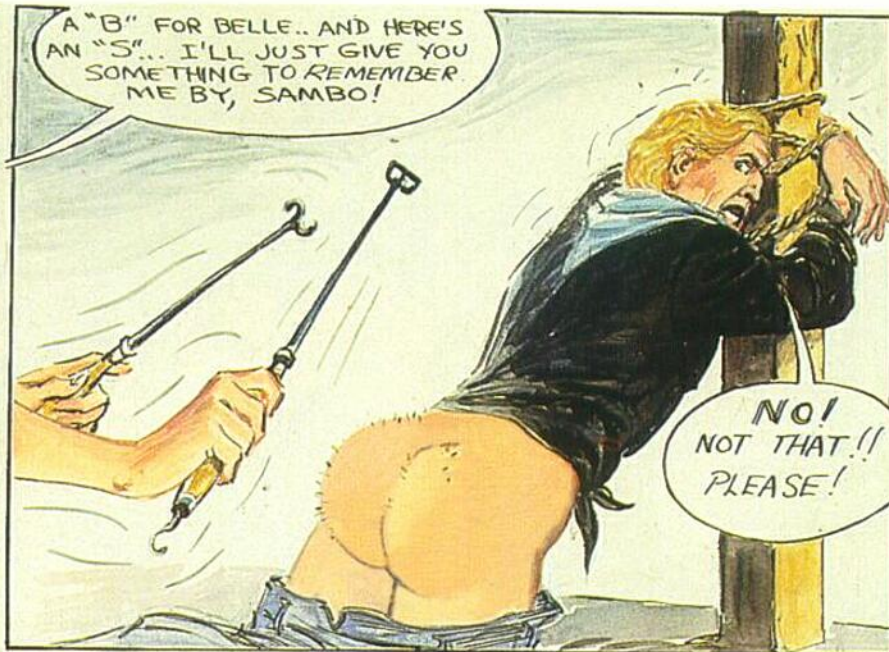




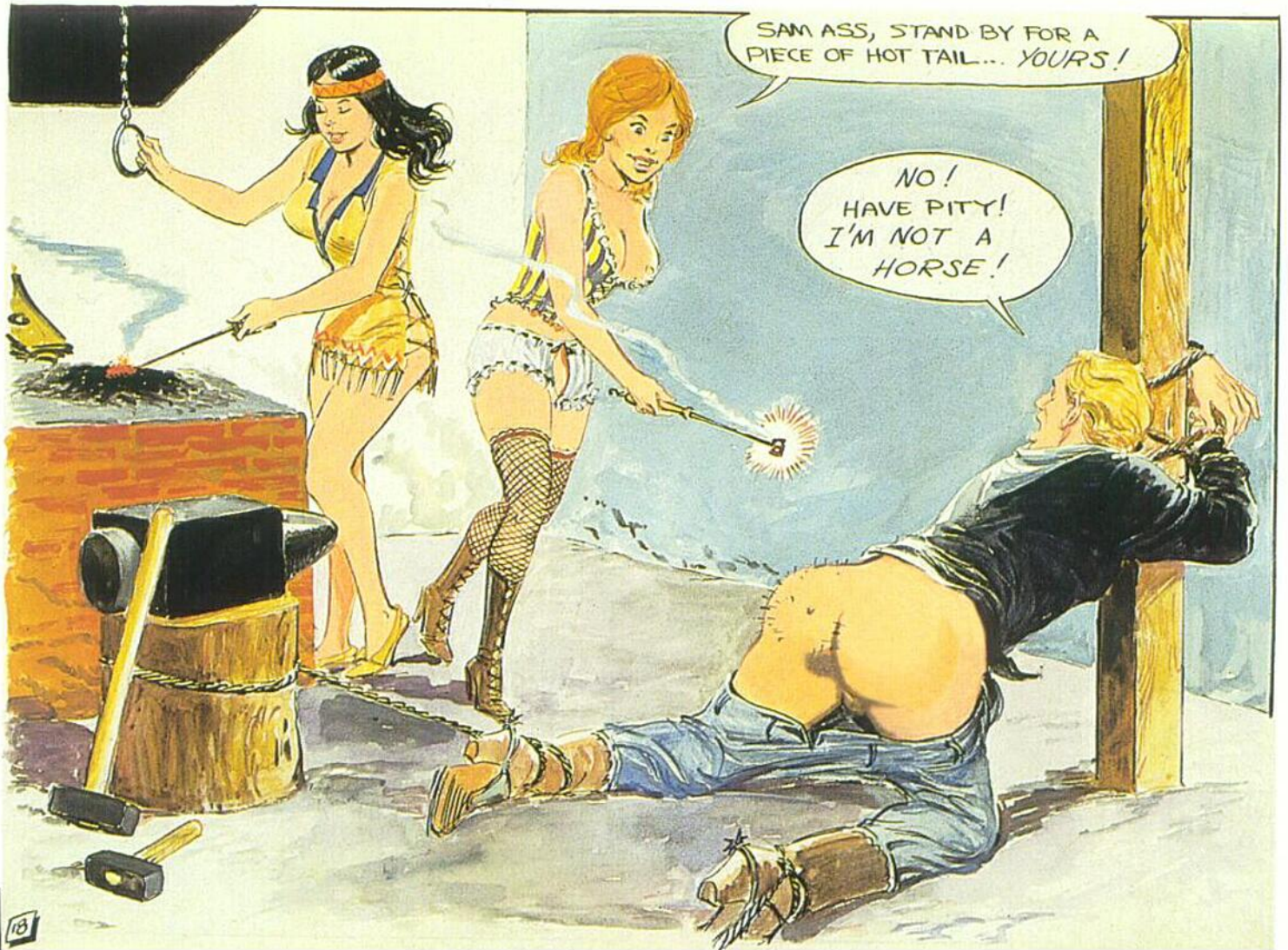
SAM ASS?  
OH, THAT'S  
FUNNY,  
BELLE  
STARR!

YEAH! THE BIG  
BASS IS NOTHING  
BUT A BIG ASS,  
RED... FOR  
OUR USE!





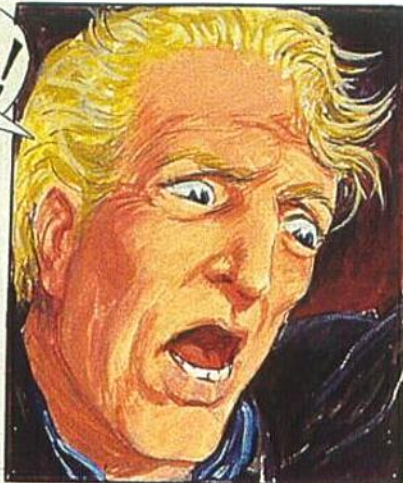




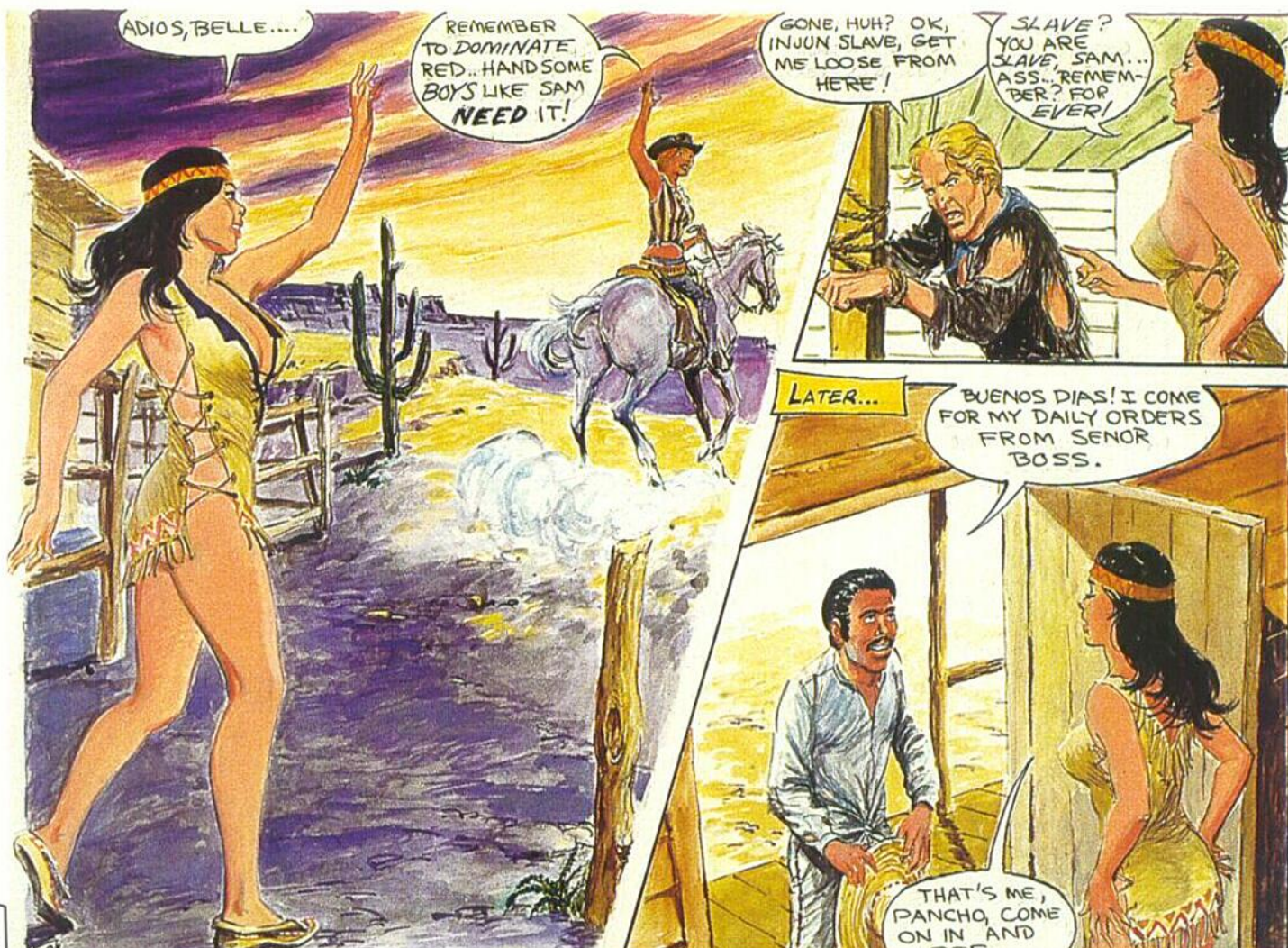
SAM ASS, STAND BY FOR A  
PIECE OF HOT TAIL... *YOURS!*

NO!  
HAVE PITY!  
I'M NOT A  
HORSE!









ADIOS, BELLE....

REMEMBER  
TO DOMINATE  
RED... HANDSOME  
BOYS LIKE SAM  
NEED IT!

GONE, HUH? OK,  
INJUN SLAVE, GET  
ME LOOSE FROM  
HERE!

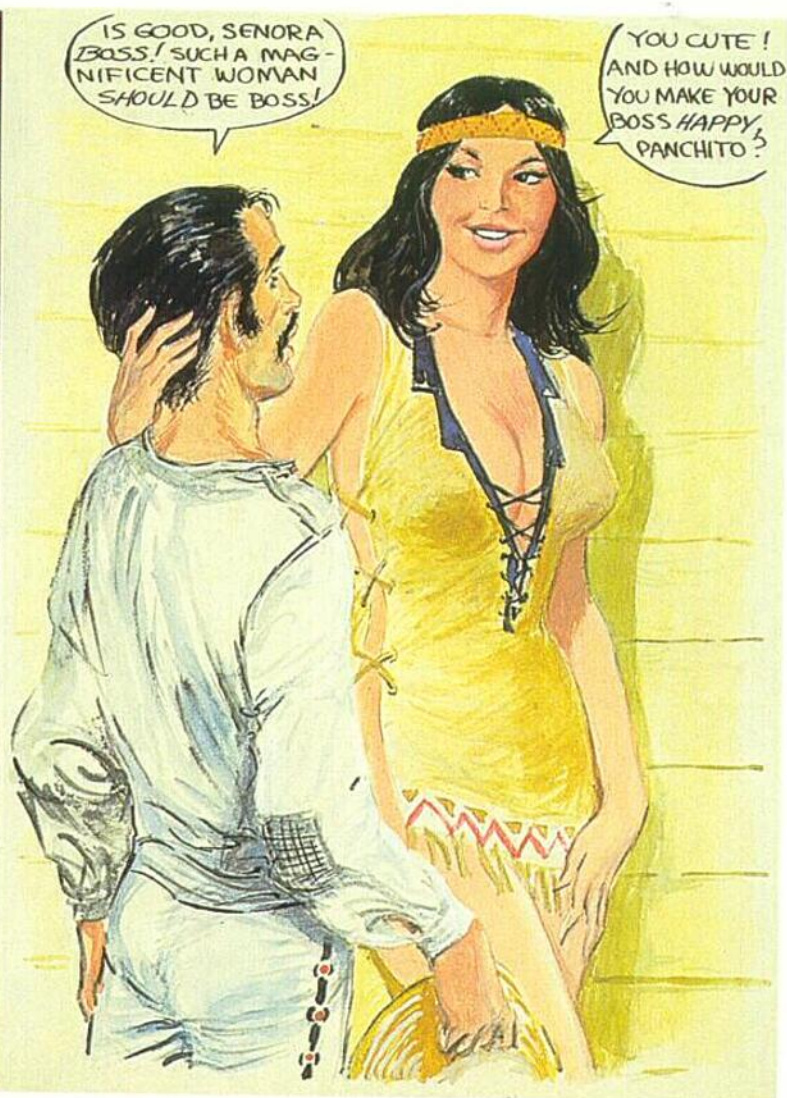
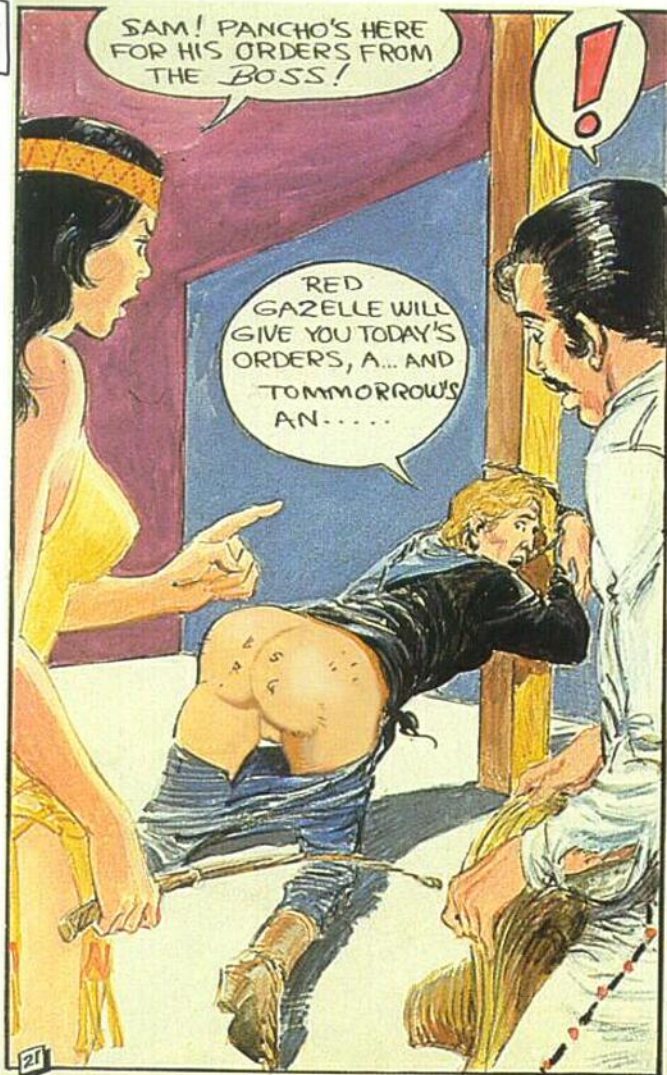
SLAVE?  
YOU ARE  
SLAVE, SAM...  
ASS... REMEM-  
BER? FOR  
EVER!

LATER...

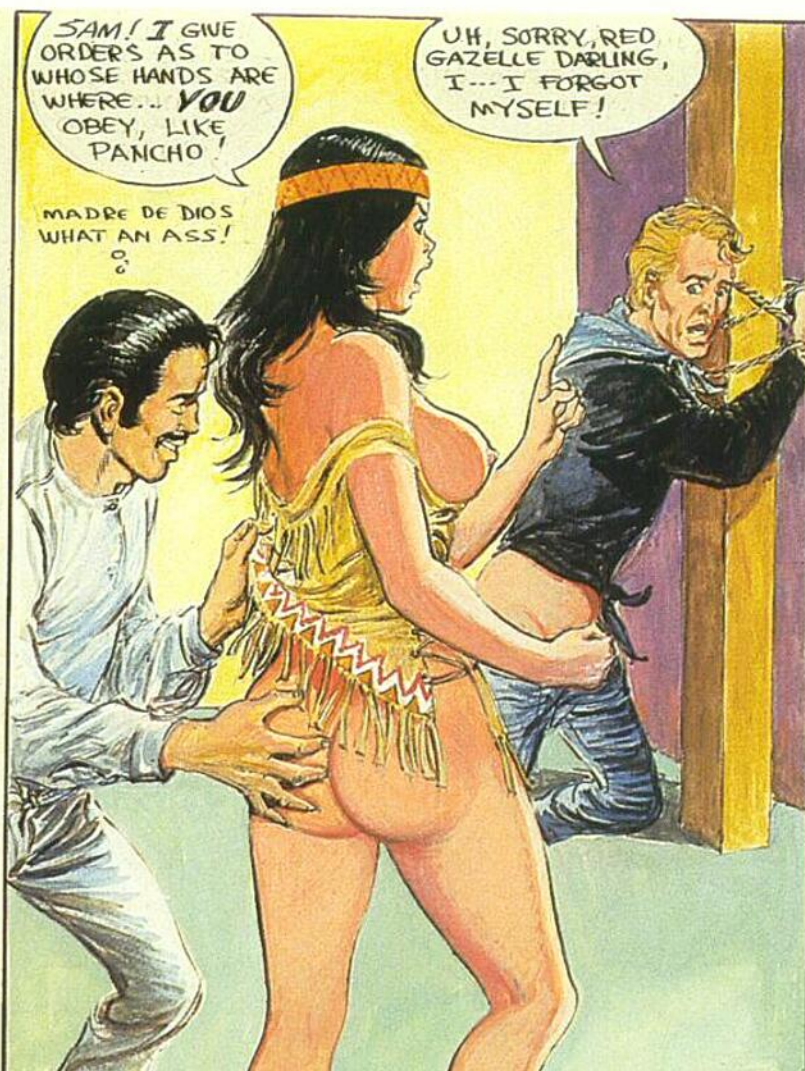
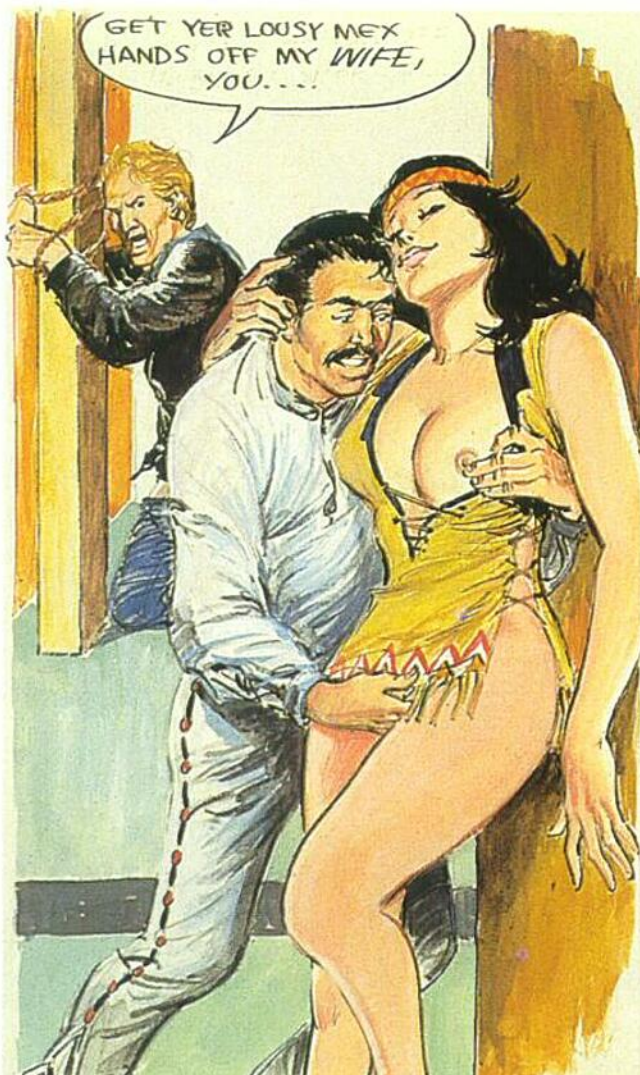
BUENOS DIAS! I COME  
FOR MY DAILY ORDERS  
FROM SENOR  
BOSS.

THAT'S ME,  
PANCHO, COME  
ON IN AND  
SEE











BUT NOW IT'S PANCHITO WHO OVERSTEPS HIS BOUNDS...

I'LL TELL YOU WHEN I WANT YOUR PAWS ON ME, LI'L MAN

PAF!

PERDÓN, SEÑORA! I HOP THAT LA SEÑORA FORGIVE ME!

FORGIVE YOU! I OWN YOU! NOW, GET MY HORSE, AND...

THANKS MY LOVE... YOU HAD ME WORRIED... NO MEX WILL EVER...

THIS WHAT YOU WANT SENORA BOSS?

OH YES, THE HOLE IS JUST THE RIGHT SIZE PANCHITO!



THEN...

WE'RE  
OFF TO  
TUCSON, SAM  
I WANT TO  
SHOP!

OH DEAR GOD,  
SWEET DARLIN...  
TUCSON'S TEN  
MILES...  
AAAOWWW!

THE  
END