



**A WOMAN'S
SCORNED**

Heh, 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 brogber 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 untill 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 feeding 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!

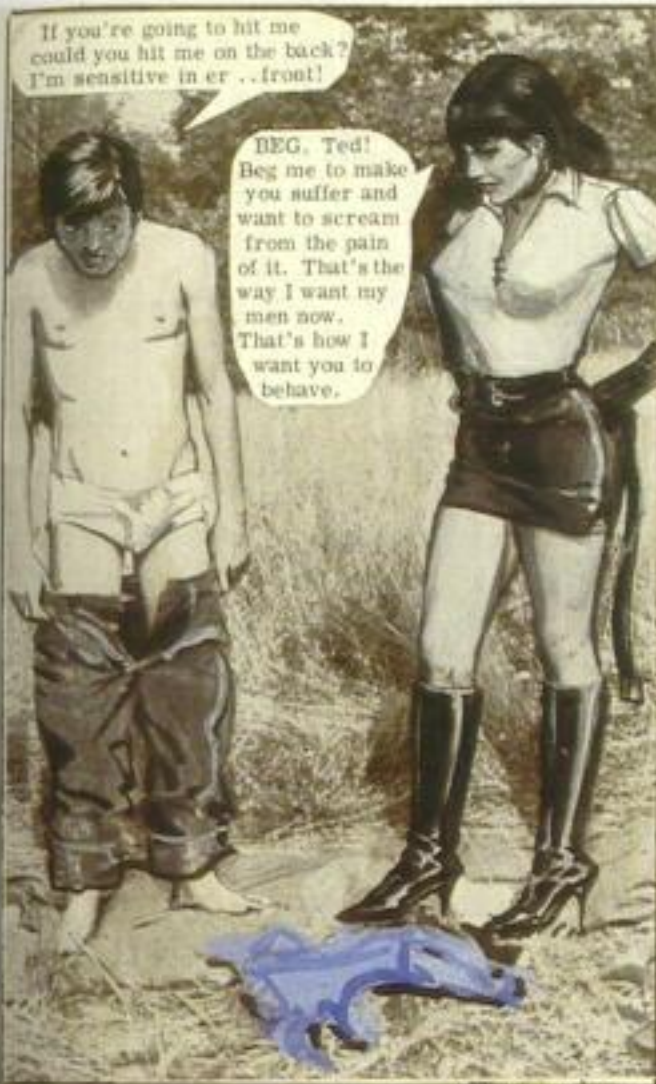
Possession! That's what Gwen had. Total possession of this contemptible person. Why there was no limit to what she could make him do, even strip stark naked! suddenly the desire to test her new-found powers seized her. She moved down, permitting him the use of his mouth.

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 fanning an unruly mid-abjectman. 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!.. Ow--ow! Please, I don't think I can stand any-- 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 Gwen. I-I promise anything.

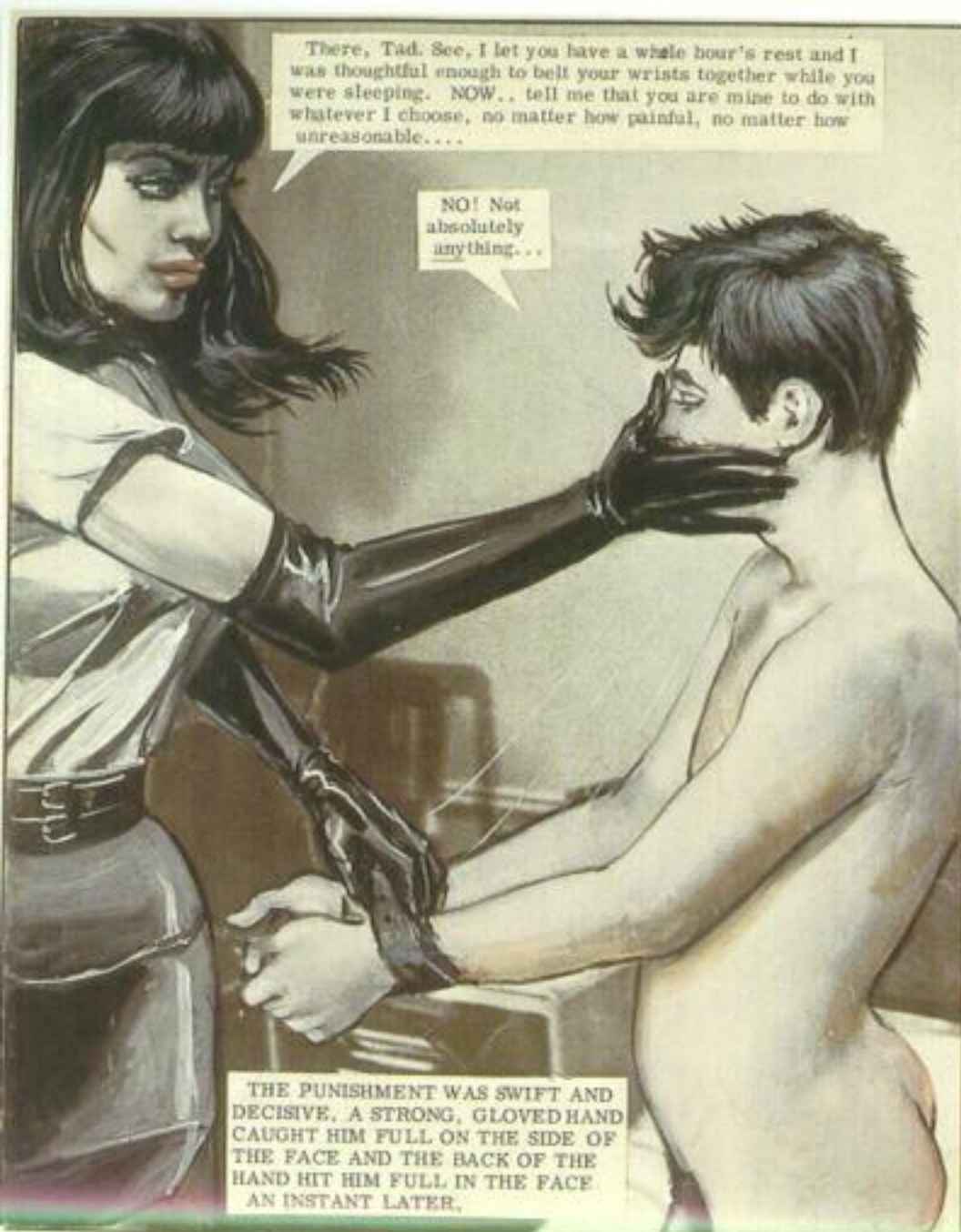


Please don't choke me like that, ... dear. Call it a leash if you want. Call me a dog if you wish. But you've already done so much to me, can't you, please let me rest for just a little while?



Of course I can. Now get on your knees and beg and I'll decide if I shall.



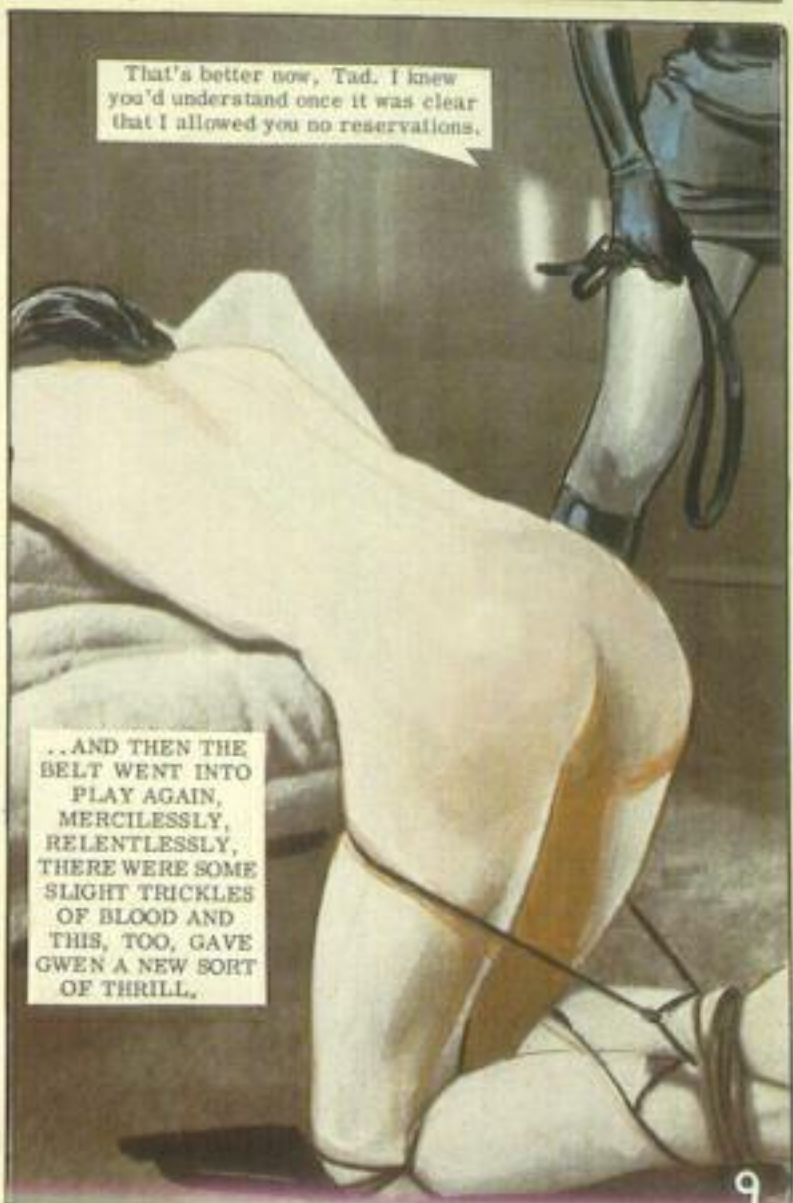


There, Tad. See, I let you have a whole hour's rest and I was thoughtful enough to belt your wrists together while you were sleeping. NOW.. tell me that you are mine to do with whatever I choose, no matter how painful, no matter how unreasonable....

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.



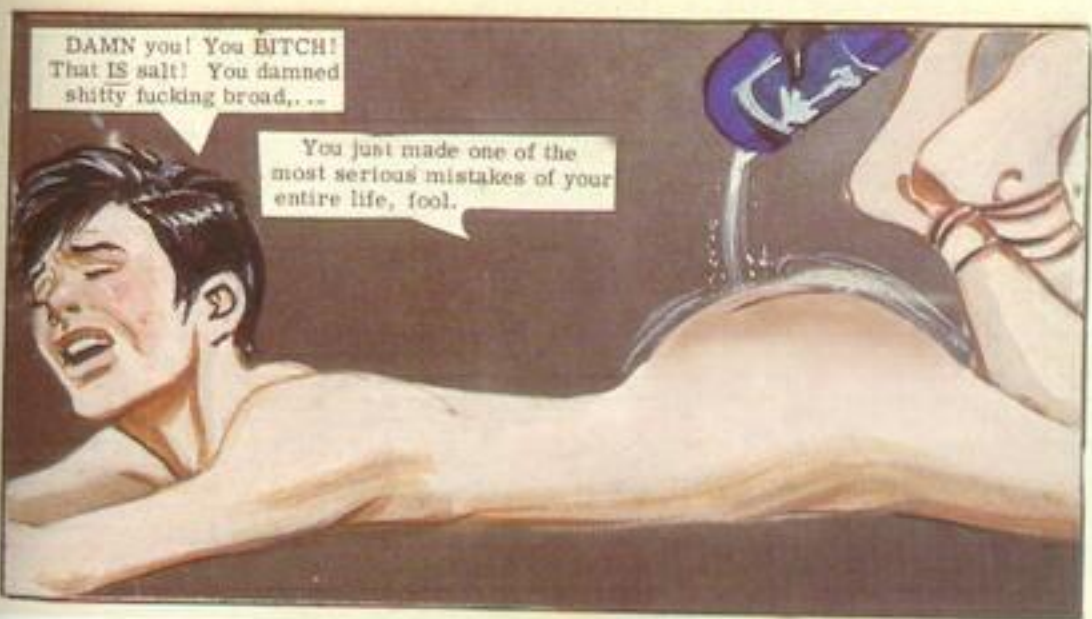
That's better now, Tad. I knew you'd understand once it was clear that I allowed you no reservations.

...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.



Ooh, Gwen.
My ASS! It--It
pains me so!

Oh, you poor
little thing. That's
too bad. Why you're
actually bleeding. I
know just what you
need... SALT!



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 pat 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.

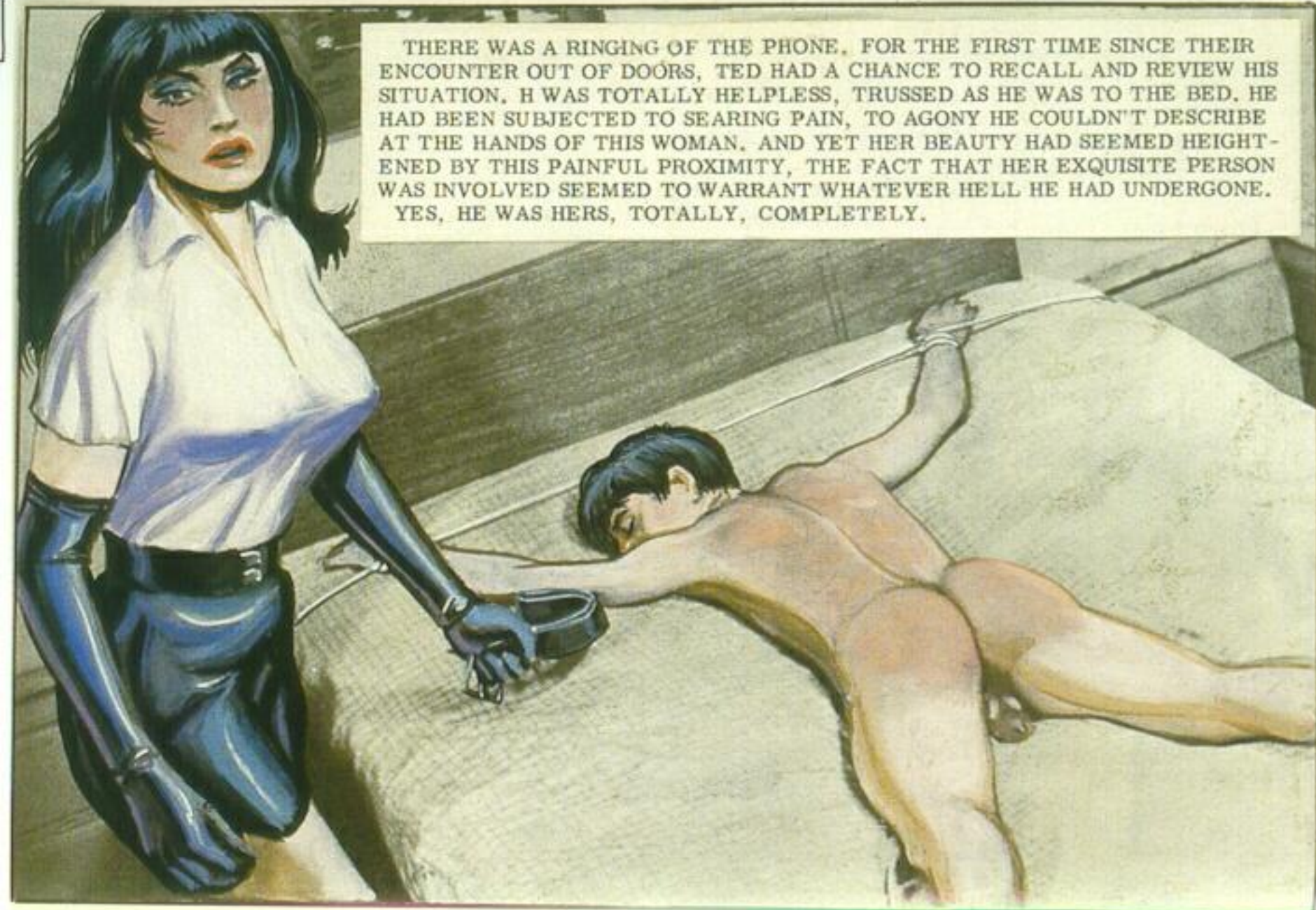


AGAIN THE WHIPPING WITH NO POSSIBILITY OF ESCAPE, NO MERCY, ONLY PAIN. HE QUICKLY CHECKED THE IMPULSE TO SCREAM.... "Ohhh!" HE MOANED....

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.