

BISHOP

EB
\$3.95

**Fanni Hall
By The
Bishop**

**Bunzie
Gets A
Surprise**



ADULTS ONLY!

Fanni Hall and the Ransom Note

"Bunzie Gets a Surprise"

Written by Robert Bishop

Illustrated by Robert Bishop

Transcribed by guardian46w

Story codes: FM/f, bdsm, n/con, reluct, kidnap, rope, leather, gags, blindfold, dildo sex, oral, torture, XX

Her name was Alicia. As a gestalt, as a viewed, not touched, not really even gotten very close to gestalt, she could be characterized as gold and blue, honey and tan; the best of youth; barely a woman; definitely not a child; a warm wind over sand; softly blowing hair; the sparkle of a child's laugh counterpointed, when you got that little too close, by an all too knowing and slightly cynical gaze. Her breasts and legs and belly and hips were what men (and women of suitable persuasion) saw and appreciated most. And the face. The gentle/cruel face. She enjoyed the attention, reveled in it. She had not, prior to the moment, been taken truly to task for her less and less naive flirtations. Nor did she expect to be. She was, to be somewhat vulgar, a prickteaser. One of the most important single reasons for same was the fact that her father was filthy rich and so, by association, was she. Rich, that is. Money can and often does buy an insularity from the world of the "common" man and leads those to whom discipline is a forgotten word in the English language to flaunt a certain cocksurenness that lends itself especially well to a thorough pranging. Especially to the pranger. And sometimes to the prangee.



With the aforementioned in mind, gentle readers, one needs not be particularly astute to see the possible monetary and erotic (the two can be interchangeable in importance) contingencies of snatching up such a morsel of over-privileged baggage. Obviously, for the sake of this little tome, that possibility had not escaped the notice of the villains of our unfolding tale. Alicia was to face a rude awakening to the vagaries of the world.

She had been edging around a car parked in the center of one of her back alley shortcuts, peering over her shoulder with some little apprehension at the stone wall with its attendant dust and grime as it flitted past the black leather covered hillocks of

her bottom. There wasn't much room; the car looked decently clean, so she didn't mind rubbing herself down the length of its fenders. She liked rubbing things, especially when she was wearing the leather.

"Why the hell do you wear a leather bikini?" Daddy always asked. "You can't even swim in the damned thing!" Swimming had nothing to do with leather bikinis, Daddy, she told herself. A sea of staring male eyeballs and a forest of erections ill concealed by hastily shifted newspapers and towels were what leather bikinis were all about, especially when she tied it extra, extra tight and up between the sun-brown cheeks of her buttocks. Their eyeballs were sticking out so far that she could knock them off with a stick, she concluded. Silly.

The hands that yanked her through the back door of the car that yawned suddenly open and banged into the wall she was so assiduously avoiding weren't silly at all. Not even a little bit. One hand went to her hair, the other grasped the leather strap that circled her hips and she was hefted clear of the roadway and plumped down into the car by a man whom she at first took to be a gorilla that had suffered the woes of electrolysis. Always the perceptive child, she had, all unwittingly, hit precisely on his title: A. Gorrila (shortened from the old country and somewhat unwieldy Andryonovitch Gorilaslivitchovskovoskeritch XVII) - the title was popular, the result of predilections motivated by the pervasive maudlin leanings of the east European mentality and a diet of turnips and vodka in roughly equal amounts - but shortened by the lad's emigrating and hugely sophisticated father (he knew two words of the English language: Huh? and Fuck? with suitable gestures) in deference to American tastes to the some what more palatable Andryanovitch Gorrila. It was further shortened to A.G. for his friends, of whom he had none. The father expired shortly thereafter and A.G. moved west seeking his fortunes. The other one was as disparate from his mate as is conceivable; your basic weasel or vole. She was close, but no cigar. The name of this apparition was Easa Ferret, a man of, at best, questionable (and some rumored, English) background. And no morals. Unsavory. He was also the one doing all the jabbering and drooling. A. Gorrila pulled her head down into his lap (which smelled as if he were a rather indifferent bather) and twisted one of her arms up her back. Her disbelief and germinating panic were focused by the sickening jolting pain. "No move," Gorrila intoned. Mr. Ferret grabbed the other arm and brought it up behind her, slipped one loop of what she later discovered was a rope "handcuff" onto the wrist and tightened it. She had once touched a hot pan mistakenly at her grandmother's home and the bite of the single strand of nylon cord bit with the same fury. Were they trying to dismember her? Her initial shocked immobility was gone by now, all gone. This very definitely was happening to her. It was not a dream. Came the Panic. She thrashed up with her legs as best she could, contacting something solid that went "ooff". Weasel-face, she hoped. At any rate, Weasel-face was not pleased; the jabbering was replaced by an oddly effeminate cursing. Gorrila tightened up and she thought she would lose the arm. She heard a distinct cracking from the joint. Stars swam in the blackness of the lap. "I tol' you not move, honey. We can do this the easy way, or we can do it the hard way, unnerstan?" She tried to nod but felt more like vomiting, instead. She wondered, dimly, if he would appreciate that. Her throbbing arm was lowered, the other loop of rope was slid into place, tightened to the same searing bite as its mate, and knotted. Locked. Her arms were lost to her. Even clothed, such as that clothing was, it made her feel somehow naked. Her wrists were to be the least of her travails.



Easa shifted his position and circled her arms with a short, thick leather strap, just below the elbows. As the strap was taken in, drawing the joints together, she almost unconsciously shifted her shoulders back to accommodate its pull; she had always been able to touch her elbows together behind her back, and when the strap was finally buckled, the leather deeply imbedded into the skin, her two arms were as one. Her face was still buried in the odorous lap, her hair serving as a convenient handle. She was finding it very difficult to breathe. I'm passing out, she thought, registering only dimly that her legs were being painfully corded at the knees and ankles. She was all one, now, no longer a biped. A monoped?

Suddenly, the hand in her hair shifted to her neck and she was tilted up and back, affording her an all too quick glimpse of a narrow road flowing

by and fields waiting for the plow. Like a curtain dropping, the blindfold, leather and thickly padded, assaulted her eyes and was cinched with the same crushing tightness as the rest of her bondage. "Please," she began, "why are you doing this? What do you want?" The panic still colored her words, leaving them sounding like a cross between a gasp and a scream. "Please..."

"Open," came the retort. Weasel-face. Still effeminate. But nasty.

"What?"

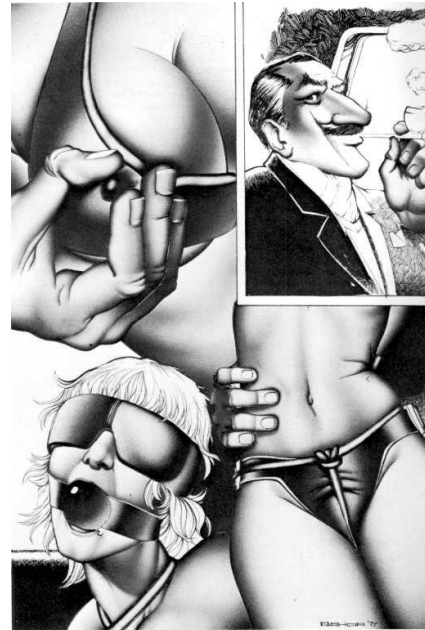
"Open your mouth."

"Why?" Then it dawned on her; she had seen a lot of heroines on a lot of TV. "Oh, God no, you aren't going to gag me are you? Please! I'm helpless already. I can't do anything. I can't even see! Please, don't put anything in my mouth!" She heard a muted snicker and a comment that this wasn't the only thing she was going to have in her mouth. She thought it something Gorrila might say. Ferret pinned her to his chest with one hand and jammed the ball against her mouth with the other. Her lips had been partly open to voice more objections so that, immediately, part of the rubber protruded inward and between her teeth. She couldn't close her jaws or expel the thing with the man pushing. She fought and thrashed as much as she was able until Gorrila finally grabbed her legs in exasperation.

"Come on, Ferret, for Cris' sake!" Gorrila was bored. Gradually, with Ferret rocking the ball back and forth and pushing for all he was worth, Alicia's jaws were pried farther and farther apart until she began to fear that something might tear - the ball was gigantic! Suddenly, finally, the gag popped into position, pinning her tongue to the bottom of her mouth and filling and stretching her mouth so completely that she couldn't even pull her lips away from the ball. She bit down, but the surface yielded only slightly. When the straps were buckled, the gag became almost a part of her. I

mustn't vomit, she thought, frantically. Good God, I must not throw up! She whined through her nose.

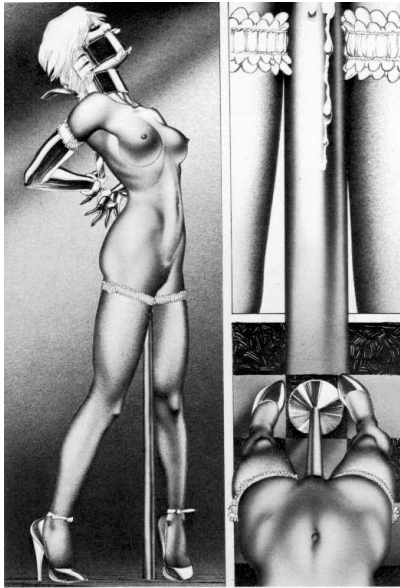
Lastly, a thin leather cord was attached first to her bound wrists, then pulled down between her legs and then up her sex and belly and knotted around her waist, pinning her arms to the center of her back. The pain of her wrists was utterly forgotten as this new band of fire invaded her, parting the lips, disappearing into the cleft, leather covered still by the bikini and sundered by this exquisite line of torment. Denied all but her sense of feel, the strap became the center of her universe, at once painful and erotic. She had analyzed the sensation unconsciously, then consciously was vaguely shocked that it should in any way be erotic.



Done with the binding, they propped her against the seat back. She shook her head against the gag and fluttered her shoulders against the fire in her arms. Ferret tittered at her obvious trauma and cradled one of the silken black-covered breasts so appealingly and helplessly jutting and jigging as the car switched to the gravel back roads.

"Fear not, my dove," the nasal voice rasped close to her ear. "You will come to no harm. Permanent harm, at any rate." He ran his hands lightly over both breasts now, kneading lightly. "I say, these are most excellent, wouldn't you say, A.G. old man?" A noncommittal grunt. "Splendid shape. Healthy. Looked like she had good teeth when I put on the gag. You see, Alicia... yes we do know your name, you have been picked up for purposes not entirely honorable, as you may well have deduced by now, but you see, my colleagues and I have discovered that the exchequer is not exactly in the best of shape. We will, therefore, have to make some fairly substantial deposits in short order. You will, as a result, undoubtedly find yourself somewhat less than usually comfortable during the course of the next several days (or weeks or months, he thought to himself wistfully). We do so hope that your father is amenable to our terms because the exact parameter of your lack of comfort will, alas, be directly dependent on his intransigence. Or lack of it."

This was starkly incredible. Here she was, snatched from the street, tethered and helpless and almost naked in front of two total strangers who no doubt had every intention of raping her (she felt a rather odd thrill at that) and here was the one almost apologizing to her! She was terrified, starkly totally terrified, but even at the exact instant of her capture, when the first single cord had pinioned her wrist and as the subsequent bonds were applied to her struggling limbs and more so, now that she knew they didn't intend to kill her and she could, by effort of will, choke back and partially control the first horror, she realized that something was happening to her. The first awareness, nearly subliminal in its effect, buried as it was beneath the assault of sensations and tumult of the abduction was that she was for the first time in her entire life, absolutely, totally helpless. A simple discovery but, for her, profound. The situation, the absolute terrifying novelty of it, now that she could more objectively analyze her straits seemed somehow perversely fitting. Or was that the



work? Always, under all circumstances, she had dominated the situation. Now, to an absolute degree, it was she who was being dominated. She had never been bound before, never had the hard bulk of a gag invading her mouth. Never had the sweet terror of utter dependence on another been hers to savor. Some of her friends had alluded to it obliquely in conversations, but she had dismissed it as nonsense other people played. She had wondered about it, though. It was almost thrilling, in its way. And it was more - she was becoming aroused!

The hands at her breasts and the crotch strap in conjunction with the bumpy road produced a most alarming effect. This shouldn't be happening to her, not in front of these strangers! She hoped they couldn't tell. Her nipples were like hard little knobs beneath the leather. Let me out, they seemed to be saying. Ferret was grinning from ear to ear. A pity about the panties; hard to tell if she was as wet as he expected. Too bad about that strap, too - Madame's orders. Madame was no fool when it came to allowing our Mr. Ferret to pick up new charges with no supervision.

"Sit back and enjoy the tour," he quipped. The fire between her legs would hardly allow her any choice in the matter, she decided. Vaguely, she felt the tingling in her fingertips that presaged her arms falling asleep. She shifted her position. It was the elbow strap. Thank God it was a strap and not a cord. Ferret began humming to himself. She imagined him licking his lips. Gorrila said nothing. She found herself wondering why. Here she was all trussed and soft and feminine and helpless and it produced no interest? She had never had a man show no interest. She felt almost insulted. Then she tried imagining that hulk pinning her to the floor and rutting away grunting like a hog. She was glad he showed no interest, now that she thought about it.

They stopped finally, inevitably. The cords on her ankles were severed. She thought of kicking but elected not to waste the strength. Her ankles were re-tied, joined by a ten-inch length of cord so that she was able to take steps of a kind. The line on her knees was removed, the men supported and guided her, one to each side, and they, she stumbling and tripping between them, left the car and entered a place of pleasure and pain that she was not destined ever wholly to escape.

"These are some of the pictures they've been sending me," the man behind the desk offered. The packet was surprisingly thick.

"I thought she'd only been gone for a few days," was the reply. "Why so many photographs?"

"Maybe they've got stock in Polaroid," was the reply, angry. "I'm not particularly interested in the quantity of the pictures, Miss Hall. Look what those swines are doing to my daughter!"

Fanni scanned the ensemble, thought about it for a minute and mused, "I hope your daughter has a sense of humor. An innovative crowd if I ever saw one... ooohh, look at that one, I didn't know you could get one of those in there..."

"Miss Hall!" the man screeched, "I was led to believe that you might be able to help me. If I'd known that I was going to get nothing but a bunch of smart-assed crap like..."

"Not to WORRY, sir," Fanni mollified. "I meant no offense. Endless apologies. Why haven't you gone to the police?"

"The usual threats, of course. Besides which, Miss Hall, I am a very wealthy man, if you know what I mean, a VERY wealthy man, and they really aren't asking all that much for her return. I don't want to take any chances with her life."

"How much money?"

"Ten thousand dollars. Hell, I make that much in an hour. Why bring in the cops and make it messy. Can you see my point?"

Ten thousands bucks for the only daughter of a multibillionaire? Something wasn't quite right, here, she thought. Why so cheap? And why couldn't a man with the personal intelligence resources that that kind of money can buy find some simple kidnappers? Unless the kidnappers weren't simple at all. Or a setup. She scanned the pictures again, stopping at one and pausing.

"Since you're going to pay, why do you want me?"

"I want you to find out who these bastards are. I want personal satisfaction. Neither my people nor the cops can turn anything on the people in the pictures. No I.D., no records, no nothing. You were recommended. I want my hands on them!"

He wasn't telling the whole truth.

"Who recommended me?"

"I can't say."

"Can't or won't?"

"Both."

They stared hard at each other for several minutes. She sensed that in this, at least, he was being candid. "All right, I'll do it." You're gonna be sorry, Hall, a very small voice told her.

"Thank you, thank you very much, Miss Hall," he sighed, seeming almost to collapse into himself. For the rumored iceman of the business world, the man seemed very nervous to Fanni. Well, the minx was his only daughter. Again, that twinge of doubt. What the hell was going on? As she was escorted outside, she reviewed the face she had seen on one of the pics. It was Chattele all right. Not even a little doubt. Her face was right near the edge in one of the photographs, very sharp as if the camera had been deliberately focused there. And Fanni knew where Chattele was. Right down to the street number. A wee talk would be appropriate. Alicia could be, probably was, right in the city. Time to move.

Chattele wasn't her real name of course. It was merely an affectation of the term chattel, meaning personal property. Madame's personal property. The apartment wasn't hers either, it was Madame's, but Fanni didn't know that.

"Good evening, you little vermin," was Fanni's greeting.

"YOU!" was Chattele's usual urbane reply, as she attempted to slam the door. Fanni had started moving before Chattele had gotten the word out of her mouth and hit the door before it had moved more than two inches. Chattele stumbled back down the three steps leading to the portal and sat down, hard. Fanni closed the door and locked it.

"UP," was the command as she turned. She gestured with the silenced PPK/S Walther to emphasize the command. "Into the bedroom and strip."

"What are you going to do, fuck me with the gun?" she jibed.

"I might shoot you a few times with it, honey, and I will damn well beat the shit out of you with it if you don't do what I tell you, but as to your suggestion, it's simply much too nice a gun to dip in that canyon of yours."

"Why you..."

The hammer came back with an audible double click. Chattele froze, eyes huge on the black .380 caliber eye aimed at her navel. "...on the other hand..." She turned and slunk into the bedroom. Her clothes were a pool of cloth about her feet moments later.

"Nylons?" Fanni queried. The other girl pointed to a nearby dresser drawer warily. Gun still trained on her query, Fanni rummaged around in the contents of the indicated drawer and withdrew a number of stockings and turning, advanced on her by now nervous prey.

"Look, what are you going to do...?" Chattele started.



"We're going to have a nice little talk. Over to the wall here. That's right. Tummy right against it. Now bring your arms up and cross your wrists at the back of your neck. Good girl. Now back your feet away from the wall and spread 'em. Farther, goddamnit!" It was a very awkward and uncomfortable position for the girl, supporting her weight at an ungainly slant against the wall with her chest and face. Fanni now stepped into the wide 'V' formed by the splayed legs. "I'm going to tie your hands now, fool, and if you try anything stupid, first you'll fall down because of the position, and second I will then turn that hide of yours into a lampshade. Am I understood?" There was a barely audible and very tremulous word of assent.

Fanni contrived a large clove-hitch (not all that easy to do with nylons, by the way) and slipped the double loop over the crossed hands. She tightened the stricture until all the elasticity was gone and the body beneath her stiffened at the tightness, then used the remainder of the nylon to cinch the binding. Reaching through the narrow gap between arms and neck on both sides, she wound a second stocking from the front of Chattele's throat back around and through her cinched hands and then back around again to the front of her neck out of the way of trouble. Stepping back out of the way of potential kicks Fanni again motioned with the pistol. "Over to the bed." Tentatively and very gingerly, because of the tight band around her throat, Chattele tested the effectiveness of her bondage, found it insurmountable, and complied. "On your stomach." Chattele sat down, laid back, and rolled over. Fanni quickly grabbed the girl's feet and bound them together before she could resist, then dragged her pouting bundle so that her bound legs pointed toward one of the posts at the foot of the bed. Using more of the nylons, she bound only one of the pinioned feet to the upright, then quickly cut the main binding and with both hands forced the other foot to the remaining brass pole. The bed being wide, and the girl's feet being bound directly to the uprights, she was laid obscenely spread and open.

"God, you're splitting me up the middle," was the gasp.

"You should survive. I think." The last knot tightened, Fanni stood back to examine her catch. "Very inviting, love. Not very subtle, to be sure... maybe I should invite in that dog I saw out in the hall..." The look was pure venom. Impotent venom. In the cabinet beneath the kitchen sink, Fanni found an extension cord and a mostly clean dishcloth. One end of the electrical cord she looped about the pointed elbows and the other end about a lateral crossbar at the head of the bed.

She pulled once and got a gasp, pulled again and got a distinct moan, pulled again just to be sure and threw a knot onto the line. Chattele was now stretched taut as the

proverbial bow string, her feet splayed and lashed to the foot of the bed and her elbows stretched hard toward the head of the bed. "All I need is a bow and some resin," Fanni thought aloud.

"What?" was the agonized reply.

"I see you've taken up photography," Fanni said. "Polaroid photography."

"I don't know what you're talking about!" Chattele whined. "I don't even own a camera and wouldn't know how to use one if I did." Fanni took the packet of pictures from her bag, rifled through the selection, selected one seemingly at random and held it before the girl's eyes.

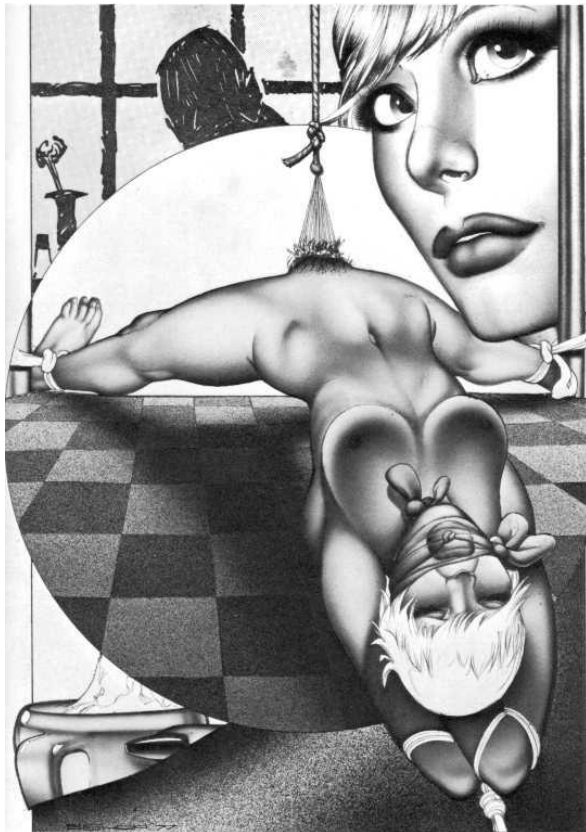
"Recognize yourself, Bozo?" Chattele's eyes went wide for only a second, but it was enough. She looked away from the picture. Fanni kept the picture moving so it would always be before her gaze. "I care naught for you, honeybuns. It's the girl in the picture, the blonde that your friends have laced up there that I want. It's the Madame, isn't it? Another one of her stunts. Why does she want the girl? Why is she ransoming her off so cheap? Speak!"

"I don't know. I don't. I swear, she told me to get into the pictures a couple of times. You know what she'd do to me. I can't, I can't! I won't!!! You've got no right to mix into this; it's none of your business! Go to hell! Let me loose, please!?"

"Truculence was ever the bane of youth," Fanni sighed. "If tact and gentle persuasions be not sufficient, more efficacious methods must perforce be employed, me thinks." She wadded the dishcloth into a ball and thrust it down a nylon until it was halfway to the toe. She then took both ends of the stocking and tied a hard knot around the wad of cloth, leaving her with a nylon-clad ball of cotton cloth with long ends from either side of the ball. "Open wide, sugar."

Chattele, seemingly exhausted and in pain, meekly submitted. The wadding was huge and it took a lot of effort to finally push it home into her mouth. Cheeks and mouth stretched to the limits of human flesh, Chattele looked as if she might have been trying to eat a baseball at one gulp. The nylon ends of the gag went around behind the hapless girl's neck and then forward again against the bloated cheeks, one end going over the gag wad and the two ends joined together at one side of the face. There would be no invective coming from those lips. Her breathing was noisy through her nose. "Do you have a cold, sweetheart?" Fanni commiserated. "Maybe I should get you some aspirin. How about a hot water bottle? Last chance. Anything to say... er well, you know what I mean, under the circumstances." The bound face gave a definite, but thoroughly frightened negative. Fanni shook her head in disappointment. "Your treat, kid."





From a 35mm film can, Fanni removed a bundle of fine silk thongs. The bundle unraveled revealed about two dozen separate two-foot-long filaments. Fanni settled herself comfortably at the juncture of the splayed thighs and began her task. She didn't speak. Chattele couldn't. With great care, Hall tied one end of a thong about a small cluster of pubic hairs and knotted it with deliberate care. Picking up another thong, she repeated the process using another small group of hairs. "I'm really glad you aren't shaved, you know," she opined.

Chattele listened and breathed through her nose. The process was lengthy because of the precision involved. At the end of the requisite time, all 24 lines had been secured to Chattele's luxuriant thatch, each in its separate

area, each binding a distinct bunch of hair. Fanni slowly and carefully gathered all the thongs together, pulling simultaneously so that they all shared the same tension, none too slack, none too taut. At this point, the thongs were tied together in one large knot. Above the knot the remaining length of the ganged threads was linked to a length of clothesline provided by the copious kitchen cabinet.

The nether end of the cord was then thrown over a beam overhead spanning the bed edge to edge. With a cherubic grin, Fanni caught the thrown end as it fell and pulled down on the end of the line. The effect was immediate. Twenty-four tiny hands firmly clenched in Chattele's bush lifted and pulled. She squirmed, sweat standing out on her face. Garbled negatives disappeared into the wadding. Her eyes were white on the edges and huge. "Any helpful comments?" Fanni coaxed. A pause and then a very faint shake of the head.

Stubborn. OK. Full grown. Her choice. From an adjacent bookcase Fanni selected a number of wide flat books and returned to the bed. Throwing the pile onto the bed, she jumped beside the recumbent form and heaved the sweat-streaked buttocks bodily from the bed and began shoveling the books beneath. When she was done, Chattele found her sex elevated a full twelve inches higher than before, held in place by the stack of books. "You ain't gonna like this, kid. Madame tried this on me once and I seriously considered having myself permanently depilated after that just to make sure it could never ever happen again." With that, she drew the pubic hair rope taut, tied it off at the base of the bed, and removed the books, one by one. When the last book was gone, Chattele found herself supported by her crotch hairs, her bottom a clear four inches from the bed's support. The agony was unbelievable. Surely those tiny,

inconsequential hairs couldn't support so much weight. Or hurt so much. She writhed and twisted, hair lank and damp against her forehead, the bed sopping beneath those parts of her body where the two made contact. The pain was beyond a groan or a gasp. She screamed and screamed again, the frantic scream disappearing into the gag like a BB into a pool of oil, emerging, finally, as no more than a thin whining through her nose. "Told ya you wouldn't like it. I have to run on down to the drug store. I'll be back in an hour. Or two. Enjoy." Dimly, through a red haze of pain and sweat running into her eyes, she saw the other woman pick up her coat and depart! No! This was impossible! Incredible! Worse, almost than the pain was the fact that she could see every single line of her torture, pulling the hair and the flesh to which it was attached up into tiny pink hillocks. Oh God, if they would only pull out! If only she could give one good hard jerk, she was sure the hairs would part company with her, but she was so tightly tractioned that any upward movement was impossible. She could only hang, and hurt. And mewl into the monstrous huge gag. Time stood still.

"Want to talk?" She was back, what, a century, a millenia later? Sucking a coke, coat hung over one shoulder, Fanni was Chattele's own vision of heaven and solace incarnate. "Wanna talk, schweetheart?" she said with a Bogie drawl. A nod. It was almost more than she could manage.

"I have the location. What? How? Well, let's just say an 'acquaintance' of mine came across. No. No real problem. No, I'm on my way, now. Should have this cleaned up pretty quick. Any more pictures? Yeah... they did WHAT! Hope the dog was all right! Well, I'm sure you'll enjoy your revenge all the more for that. Gotta go." Fanni hung up the phone.

The man hung up his phone, then picked it up, again and dialed a number that had come with the latest pictures. "She's on her way... what about my daughter?" There was a click on the other end of the line. The man cradled the phone and stared blankly through the smog. He was well past rage by now. A black emptiness was all he could feel.

For Alicia, feeling, en toto was what she did to a greater extent now than at any other time in her entire life. She had become a creature of the tactile, her skin an instrument for communicating the plethora of wounds, of stripes, of bonds, and strained, exhausting, agonizing positions she had so recently weathered. The physical dimensions of the change in status had begun so long (it seemed) ago in the car. The leather pads strapped to her eyes had robbed her of her sight, and she had turned inward, examining the sensations, discomforts, ...pleasures, for that was what they had been, her fear and initial revulsion and frantic negatives notwithstanding. She had been brutally torn from the fabric of her perceived life, the inviolate image of herself as a sovereign entity had been dissolved with the first ropes on her wrist. The inculcated and imagined sanctity of her sex had been plundered by the invasion of the strap, the orgasms all the more violent because she had absolutely no control over what was happening between her legs. She would not be the same again even if her

captors led her freely to the open door. She had hated them, and feared them. Especially the woman. White on black. Pale, pale skin surrounded by a black fall of hair merging, seemingly into a dress of the same color. There was a thin brilliant red belt high about her waist. Her only color. But for the eyes. Green. She was quite the most beautiful and terrifying spectacle Alicia had ever beheld, and was the only thing about the room to which the removed blindfold had introduced her that she could recall, afterwards. The meeting had been brief and wordless. At a curt gesture from the woman Alicia, still gagged, still bound, still wearing the strap, had been hustled from the room and to the bleak, featureless cell that had become her only point of stability in the whole incredible whirlwind of activity. That and her



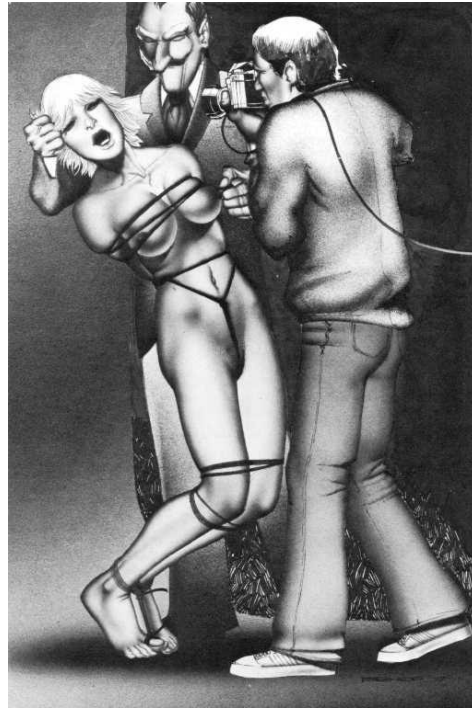
bonds. They never left her. They seemed, now, almost clothing. Surely, they were the only things that covered any part of her body. In three days, nakedness had come to seem almost as ordinary as the wearing of clothes had seemed before, although Mr. Ferret's constant leering and smirking still caused the occasional blush. What might have been a natural reaction to attempt covering the crotch and breasts with the hands had very quickly been denied her. Left alone in the cell, she generally wore the same "uniform" - the thick leather collar around her throat, the handcuffs holding her wrists behind her back, and the short strap that attached to a ring at the back of the collar, and pulled her hands high up beneath her shoulder blades. Sometimes they chained her feet for the night. Most times not. With her hands so completely

denied to her, she had developed into a fine art the ability to pull the one thin blanket they allowed her up to her shoulders with her teeth. Her feet, too, had become more dexterous. One night, she had been chained to the wall, one dainty foot lifted and bound to a ring set two feet off the floor of the cell. She had spent the night balancing on one foot. That had been the first night, before she knew enough to keep her mouth shut. She had spent the night gagged, as well.

She knew what they were doing to her. It had been explained in considerable detail, and implemented with consummate skill. She saw the woman infrequently. Each time she had seemed to be distracted, evincing none of the feral lust and demonic bondage innovation that characterized Fiendly's attentions. Her interests seemed elsewhere. She seemed impatient about something.

Fiendly was never, ever distracted. He strapped her and chained her, roped her and gagged her and blindfolded her in contortions she would never had thought she would be able to attain. And then maintain, sometimes for hours! And the cameras going off all the time. For the first day's photo session, she had been given back the leather bikini and told to don it. After having just spent her first full night bound, and naked, she jumped at the chance to cover herself decently. The flush of pleasure was to be short lived, however. Her wrists were thonged behind her back and she was led into a

very well equipped studio and marched out onto a backdrop paper. The photographer lolled at the edge of the paper, Gorilla sat, arms crossed, by the doorway through which she had just entered, and Fiendly set to work preparing Alicia more thoroughly. First, he tied her elbows together, again, only with cord this time and she gasped at the bite. Several turns of line then crushed her arms to her back and pulled a deep valley into her stomach. At this point, the photographer began shooting, scurrying around and choosing his angles. Fiendly continued, cording her legs above and below the knees, her ankles and then, finally, her big toes, pulling, arching them back and up toward the bindings on the ankles. He stepped back then, and the photographer came in for close-up shots, especially of her face; they didn't want her



father to have any doubts about who this was happening to. Her bra came off next and more rope was used to pin her arms to her upper body, the thin line digging deeply, painfully into the silken soft conical mounds of her breasts. The camera clicked away. Fiendly was getting very excited. That left only the bikini panty. His fingers curled under one strap, sliding toward the knot at the hip.

"Please don't," she whimpered. "Please."

"Ah, foolish child, so very foolish. You were told about the consequences of errant speech," he chortled. With a flourish, the knots came undone, and the man held the panty mounded in his hands, a soft, supple bundle warm with her body's heat. He gave her a lecherous wink and began wadding it up, smaller and smaller. Tiny as it appeared when worn, the bikini bottom made a sizable bundle.

Alicia shook her head, teeth clenched. "You're not putting that thing in my mouth, you little fuck!" Quick as a snake striking, Fiendly's hand flashed to a nipple pinching with unbelievable strength and twisting till she thought the nub would be wrenched from her breast. Pain exploded in her chest, and reflexively, she opened her mouth for the scream. Instantly, the man had the leather packing firmly seated inside and almost as quickly secured in place. She screamed anyway, in pure shame and frustration. The little bastard had done it again! The strobe lights going off in her face were blinding, but she ignored them in her impotent fury. She twisted against his grasp and, obligingly, he let go. Her balance, precarious at best when standing perfectly still under the circumstances was not up to the task of these sudden perambulations and she fell heavily on her side. The floor beneath the backdrop paper was cement and the fall hurt. Badly. The side of her head rapped the floor lightly, and she saw swirling bright lights behind her eyes.

"But it isn't quitting time, love," he cooed. "What does this mean, you lying down on the job. Arise, my pet." She shook her head, trying to rid her vision of the stars. "Comply," was the word as his hand grabbed a handful of hair and bodily dragged her up. The cameraman was yelling that he had to reload the cameras. She stood, wobbling, weeping, as the last of the shots were finished. That was the first day. At least she didn't have to wear the gag that night.

