

Fanni Hall and the Ransom Note

“Bunzie Gets a Surprise”

PART TWO

Written by Robert Bishop

Illustrated by Robert Bishop

Transcribed by guardian46w

The second day saw her subjected to a number of contortions, culminating in what was probably the worst of her experiences thus far. She was made to stand on the very tippy toes of her foot, the rest of her arched and up into an elaborate bow suspended from the ceiling. Her arms were bound back and to a juncture with her left leg. This juncture hung down just far enough so that the outstretched right leg could just lend some miserly support. Everything ached in seconds, screamed in agony in minutes. "Oh my, that does look painful," Ferret considered. "Here, I'll help you." He knotted another length of rope into her hair and pulled the other end up to meet the ceiling rope. When he had pulled and tugged for several seconds, Alicia found her head and neck added to the bow of her spine. "There, now, isn't that much better?" was the solicitation. "Yes, indeed, I am always happy to help." And then he left. Her view was the upper part of the wall directly before her, what she could see of it through the torrent of tears running down her face. The back of her scalp felt as if it were afire. The tension, the strain were unendurable. But she endured. She discovered what it was like to, literally, live from second to second. She could move absolutely no part of her body, save for her eyes, and what was she going to see? The pain never left, and she never got used to it but, happily, after the first several minutes, she discovered that she could live with it. She wept bitterly, desperately. Pay, daddy, please, please pay! At one panic-stricken moment, she thought her left foot might give out and that her arms and legs and hair would have to take the full weight of her body. Gritting her teeth and panting like a dog, she concentrated, willed, prayed her trembling, jerking leg into obedience and to suffer more torment. The calf muscle of the leg stood out like a fist. It went on.

The cameraman was busy setting up. Something was happening. Please let me down, she whimpered to herself. He looked like a decent enough sort. Maybe she could reason with him. "Please, sir," she gasped. God, even her voice sounded tortured. There was no reply. "Look, sir, my father is a rich man. He's got lots of money. If you let me go, I'll get you anything you want, as much money as you could ever hope for. I won't say a word to anybody about this. PLEASE!!!" Tears and pleading had always worked on her father. Maybe there was a chance, here. The man turned and gave her a sardonic stare. Speaking not a word, he turned to the equipment chest and returned to stand directly before her, a thick short strap dangling from one hand.

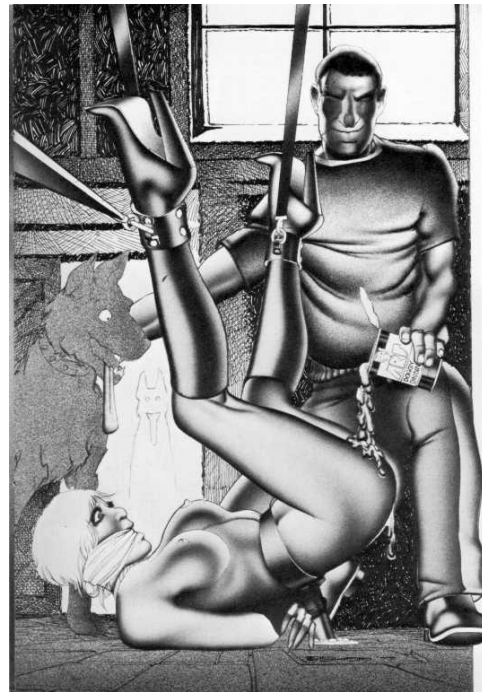
"E.F. was right, I guess, little lady. You should know the rules by now. Sorry, but I only work here. Open wide."

"Oh God..." That was as far as she got.

Fifteen minutes, the woman came in, followed servilely by our man Ferret. His eyes lit up when he saw the gag, but he said nothing. It was the woman who spoke. "I see she's been talking out of turn, again, Harry?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Disappointing. Considering the type and qualities of schools to which your father sent you, young woman, you seem not to have learned much in the way of common sense." The woman strolled around the panting bundle, occasionally poking or feeling. "It should be glaringly obvious, I would have thought, that recalcitrance on your part is not merely a waste of time but guaranteed, I'll say it again, guaranteed to land you in a lot worse trouble than you're going through now. If you like this little configuration, keep shooting off your mouth and you'll really experience a touch of the bizarre. I think we'll have her shaven, E.F. That way the rings will show better." The woman completed the circuit and ended standing directly before Alicia's



sweating, flushed face. With a quick economy of movement she removed the sopping gag. "I have decided that our snaps of you will have a rather more pungent effect if they are accompanied by sound effects." Ferret handed her a cane. Alicia had no illusions about its purpose.

"You can't hit me with that thing. How dare you! I'll scream!"

"Precisely. And beg. We don't expect anything particularly fancy, just your basic groveling and pleading."

"Fuck you, witch!"

"I think a very large gag, tonight, Mr. Ferret. And a helmet." Alicia's heart sank. She'd done it again. But this was all so impossible! Knowing full well that she had already sentenced herself to a thoroughly unpleasant night, she decided it couldn't get much worse, and persisted.

"Why do you have to hurt me like this?" she wailed. The woman and Ferret exchanged glances. "I can't get away. Daddy will pay. You told me you aren't asking for much money. Why do you have to keep me tied up all the time? Why? And keep putting me into these horrible conditions. Please. I'm trying to understand!"

The woman paused, then again walked to the girl's face. "The money isn't why you were kidnapped, little one. There is another reason which does not concern you. If our plan works, you will learn of it in time. It scarcely affects you except that you were necessary to start a chain of events. No, the reason for the torment is that it

occurred to me during our first meeting that you are wasted in the straight world. There exists the latent slave-girl in all women but society's inculcations have so attenuated that latency that for many girls, it is effectively non-existent. With the increasing degree to which women perceive themselves to be liberated, the female of the species is switching over to the predatory role traditionally held by men. It's not that women are strong; it's that men are becoming so weak. The women for whom the role of slave-girl lies very near the surface are thus in a quandry - their peers and their society demand that they live with a rather fundamental dichotomy; they are expected to revel in man's weaknesses and dominate him or at the very least manipulate him - which they have quite successfully done for the last two million years, - anyway, when in point of fact, the poor dears really want to be dominated by the man. It is a sad commentary on the male of the species that he has become so spineless. You, my dear, are one of those fortunate enough not only to, as a potential slave, be very close to the surface with your predilection, but to have become associated with a woman like me, who can and will bring it out where you can enjoy it."



"You're crazy," Alicia started, not very convincingly.

"When my employees here, Mr. Gorrila and Mr. Ferret brought you here to my residence, your bikini bottom was sopping wet, as wet as..." she paused to inspect "...as you are now, in fact."

"That's ridiculous!" Ferret was grinning broadly. Even Gorrila had a smallish smirk.

"How many orgasms did you have in the car?" she asked. Alicia's blush was beet red.

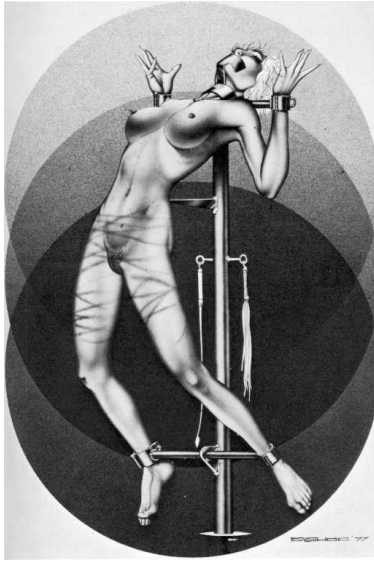
"It was that damned strap running through my legs!" she replied, sounding rather desperate by now.

"Nonsense, child. To the average woman, it would have registered as nothing but pure pain. Besides which, she would have been so frightened that she would have peed in her pants and fainted. You did neither." There was a protracted silence, broken only by Alicia's labored breaths.

"If you want me to be a...." she choked on the word, "slave... don't hurt me..."

"I'm truly sorry, youngster, but the torment is designed especially for the purpose we've been so pleasantly discussing: to make you a slave. It is not nearly enough for you to agree verbally; you must become a slave. It's in there within you, locked up. You imagine that you operate still under your own volition. You imagine that you have choices, options. You have none. The bondage, the whips, the memories of freedom lost will transform you into a slave so that even when you walk with other people, unencumbered by chains and straps, mouth gloriously free of a gag to speak, you will not run and you will not scream."

"You're going to break me down... turn me into a zombie!" Alicia cried.

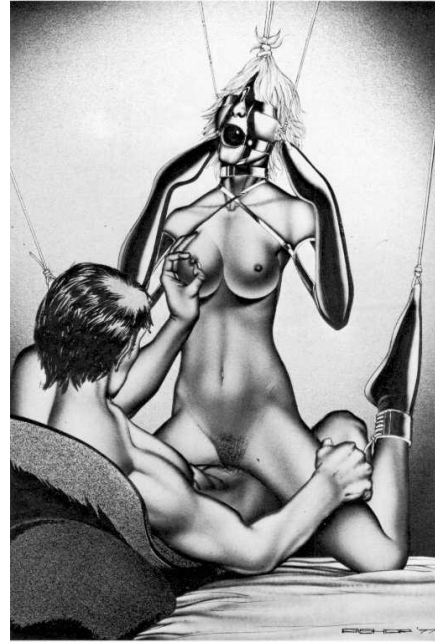


"No, my love, I'm going to introduce you to yourself." She picked up the whip and walked back out of Alicia's sight. Ferret produced a mike and propped it before her mouth on a small tripod. Alicia twisted her head, vainly trying to see this demented woman. The pain of the first lash exploded across the back of the outstretched right thigh. It was indescribable. She would never have thought human flesh and nerves were capable of producing such incredible agony. She didn't even scream. The second blow brought the scream. To say that she pleaded with eloquence is to demean the word. And then she screamed and screamed and screamed again with the next cutting slash. There were six blows in all. At the end of the caning, Alicia thought sure that the back of her leg must have been laid bare to the bone. How would she ever walk again even to be a slave!? They let her down. The agony of her wracked body upon being released from the straited position was nearly as bad as the cane and she lay barely able to move for several minutes. The ropes were removed and her uniform put upon her. As her wrists were being drawn up beneath her shoulder blades, she could look at the, she feared, permanently maimed member. There were, instead, six purpling, ridged weals running laterally across the back of the leg. No blood. No gore. No whiteness of bone revealed by the dangling strips of maimed and mangled flesh. She goggled. It wasn't possible, but there it was. Absurdly, she almost smiled!

Later, after she had been fed and bathed, mouth fitted around a huge wad of rubber, Ferret lacing the leather helmet tight about her head, she reflected on the day. The woman in black and white had achieved a new dimension for her. The stripes ached viciously, agonizingly, and she knew without seeing that she was soaked, again. She felt betrayed by herself.

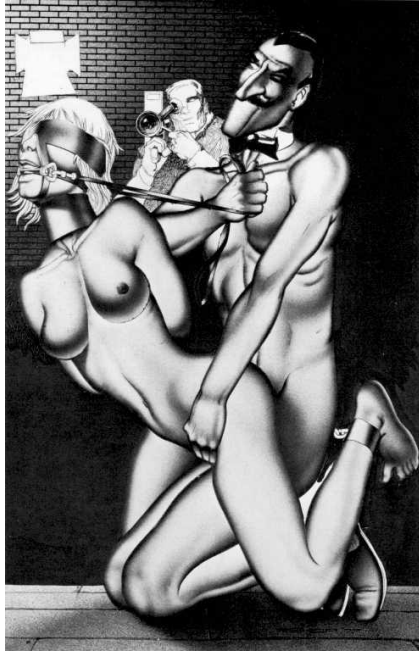
On day three, she lost her virginity. Several times. To several different people. And objects. The door to the cell had slammed open - she supposed it was morning - and was taken, still in helmet and uniform down halls that felt much longer than those down which she had previously traveled. Her ankles had been hobbled, and she minced along as best she could, teetering and slumping into the arms that held her up. Shortly after the helmet had been put into place the night before, she discovered the chief horror of the device, aside from the claustrophobia, the heat, and the blindness and the difficulty in breathing; there was no place for her drool to go! As disgusting as it was to have the saliva streaming down one's chin with a conventional ball gag, to wear an even larger rubber pad inside the helmet was terrible. It is difficult, to say the least, to swallow with a gag in one's mouth. She'd had visions of drowning inside its clinging embrace. She had learned how to swallow gagged. Very quickly. Another useful lesson learned, she supposed.

There was a fumbling at the laces running up the back of the helmet and the device was removed. The sudden rush of fresh air seemed frigid after the stifling blackness of the hood. Her hair was a wet mat plastered around her head, her face was begrimed with sweat, and her chin was glistened beneath the protruding rubber wad from the saliva that, inevitably, she had not been totally able to control. Squinting her eyes against the glare, she perceived that she had been continuously filmed from the moment she had entered the room, both with a video-tape camera and with still cameras. Maybe they wanted instant replay. It was nearly as difficult extricating the gag from her mouth as it had been installing. In working her jaws, her mouth seeming somehow empty without the awful turgid presense. A. Gorilla stood before her. Arms



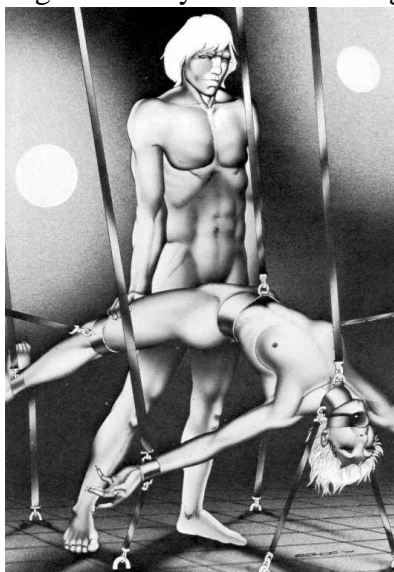
crossed. Naked. A. Gorilla was clearly not bored, now. His erection was huge. And aimed directly at her. It was the vision in the car! Only this time, it was no vision; it was reality! He reached out for her and she recoiled, forgetting about the hobble, and went flat on her bottom, sprawling frantically away, feet shuffling piteously within the boundaries mandated by the straps at her ankles. Gorilla reached again, and again he missed by inches. If only she had her hands! She was making a superb spectacle for the cameras, which was, of course, the intent. Give daddy a real show. With a gesture from the cameraman, Gorilla suddenly lost his ponderous mean and pounced with an agility surprising for a man of such girth. One of the huge arms pinned the thrashing legs together and lifted them clear of the floor, while the other got rid of the hobbles. He swung her body clear of the floor and dropped it, so that Alicia was lying at right angles to the camera. Then, his bulk was upon her, sweaty and huge and crushingly heavy.

She could barely breathe. During all this time, not a word had been spoken, by either of them. There didn't seem much to say. Pleading was, she knew, useless. Her eyes, brimming with tears of disgust and shame and revulsion, sought out those of the woman seated next to the sacrifice, but there was no pity in them. Gorilla grabbed her hair and cruelly twisted her head back and to the side. She gasped with the pain. His lips and tongue sought her throat, sliding down to her breasts, nibbling, licking, sucking, finally biting, gently at first, then harder. The other huge hand had slid between their bodies and was busy between the lips of her sex. She tried desperately to clamp her thighs together, but the hand merely vacated her sex temporarily and parted them like opening the pages of a book where they were kept apart by his legs. The hand returned to its ministrations. A. Gorilla may have been no prize to gaze upon, but he was very very adept at arousing female flesh His fingers were quickly slick and moist. She loathed herself for the weakness. Oh God, not this way! Not so ugly, and crude! She thrashed beneath him, not entirely to escape the man, more to escape herself. The buzz between her legs was continuous, now. She knew herself close to orgasm. Suddenly, she was penetrated in one long smooth stroke. She screamed as her maidenhead was breached and she spasmed. The invader within was huge. And talented. As the cameras respectively whirred and



clicked, A. Gorilla and his upstanding friend wrang from her the most wanton moans and cries she had heard anyone utter, all the more damning because they came from her lips. The zoom lenses and shotgun microphones were tight on her embroided features, and on the gigantic shaft appearing and disappearing into its warm, albeit temporary, home. Daddy would have quite a show. Gorilla became bored after a bit and he and his friend withdrew, the friend looking somewhat limp and listless. No sooner had she been vacated to curl up within herself at the spectacle that she had been not merely to the cameras and the watching eyes, but to herself, when it was Ferret's turn. His eyes were like wet marbles. Her ankles were again hobbled and she was blindfolded. She lay limp and uncaring, betrayed by herself. You bitch, she thought, you rotten bitch. The supple strap cracked across her belly with an excruciating sting. She

lurched, jackknifing in the middle. Another blow caught her across the thighs. She rolled and twisted, blind and frantic. The blows rained down on her body. She couldn't get away! She could discern Ferret's panting, whether from exertion or arousal, she couldn't tell. She didn't care. This incredible torrent of stinging slaps was all she cared about. Several times, when her harried gyrations took her too near the edge of the backdrop paper, the assault paused just long enough to drag her back to the center of things but always it resumed, unabated in frequency or strength. She was weeping, incoherent sounds punctuated at odd moments by the occasional plea. And again, she felt the beginning of the buzz. What the hell was the matter with her! She really must be a slut. But a slut was one who looked for it, wasn't she? She wasn't looking for this at all. And yet she was... Goddamn you, she silently screamed at herself... again becoming aroused. Her introspection dissolved with the successive blows, as she was chased around and around. Finally, both of them nearly exhausted, Ferret told her to kneel with her face to the floor, bottom protruding and open and he took her, doggie-style. His sexual attack was over almost as soon as it began - clearly his lust was triggered more by the whipping than the act of coitus.



She was slung from the ceiling via a harness/trapeze arrangement and rocked back and forth upon her impalement, then head bent back down toward the floor, was made to lave with her tongue and lips the instrument that had so recently been within her. All the men in attendance she then cleansed in this fashion. There were so many. Where had they come from? She was pierced both from the front and the back at the same time, her mouth silenced and filled with yet a third of the thick pylons. It was as if all the erections she had so casually caused had come home to roost. She was used and used and used again, becoming nothing but a receptacle, a thing, a slave. All day. In a seemingly endless stream of

positions. The men had finally tired. She had ceased to care, looking around, almost offering herself to any late comers.

The dildo was gigantic. Back in the cell, blindfolded and gagged, she could feel its cold girth and length slide into her, her warm flesh mold, protestingly around it. When it was totally inside the straps attached to it were attached to her so tightly that she feared she might be severed. Then the giant's vibrator was turned on. It took only seconds before she was moaning and crying into the gag, her breath coming short and hard through the nostril holes. She writhed and bucked, scrabbling her feet around the cell, even standing and stumbling blindly about, banging into the walls, slipping and falling, the orgasms piling one on the other seemingly projected into the blackness of the hood as exploding stars and colors. The straps held it a part of herself. Escape was impossible. Finally she lay exhausted, twitching. The thing was turned off. Her instant sleep was as black and featureless as the inside of the helmet.

Came the fourth day, and her eyes were restored to her. Gazing blearily around the room, she remarked, "What, no line? Alicia, your hole-away-from-home is spared?" That had gotten her whipped. A round dozen. Her hands were away and impossibly high above her and her feet were spread wide to rings set into the floor. The worst cuts were those falling on the wounds suffered the other day. Her screams echoed back to her from the wall. The man with the whip, one she'd not yet seen before, removed the dildo to make way for himself. Standing up and unable to twitch, he used her in much the same way he undoubtedly used his hand when no woman was available. It wasn't even recorded for her father's delectations. He left her to hang. What a way to start the day, she thought ruefully, licking the salt tears that had so recently coursed down her cheeks. The manacles bit and gnawed. She endured.



With a puff of displaced air she felt most piquantly across her groin, the door opened, and the woman walked in. She was alone, and closed the door behind her. A sardonic grin marked her features as she surveyed her youthful property. "Since it seems you have become too inured to the distress of gags, as penance for your willful tongue, we'll just have to see what effect pain, et al, will have. You haven't really learned, yet, have you darling? I've been rather remiss, I suppose." She ran a crimson be-nailed hand lightly up the stretched belly. Ran her tongue around a jutting nipple and kissed it. Almost instantly, the nipple stiffened. She stood inches from her charge; Alicia submerged into the woman's scent, her warm breath bathing her face. The woman's hands continued their play, and Alicia's breath became faster.

"Please don't do that," she moaned.



"Do you find it so unpleasant?" The hands continued with no abatement. "Your body would seem to be suggesting its whole-hearted approval."

"Please... I'm not a lesbian. I've never done it with a woman."

"Of course you are; all women are switch-hitters to use the vernacular." The woman leaned forward the two inches that separated their faces and kissed Alicia on the lips. It was warm, sweet, incredible. Instantly, with a vehemence that surprised, Alicia returned the kiss, surging forward against the bonds ineffectually. God, if only she could move, even a little bit! "See what I told you!" The woman stood back. Alicia's mind was a turmoil of shame. They eyed each other for several minutes, Alicia's breathing returning to normal.

"You're a lesbian." A statement, rather than a question.

"I've just told you."

"Don't you ever... you know, do it with men?"

"Of course, silly," was the laughing reply. "I enjoy both spectrums of sex, although I must admit I'm partial to women."

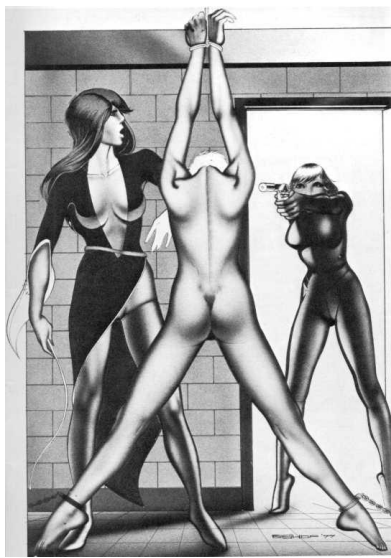
"If you want me as a, a... lesbian slave, why did you give me to those men, yesterday, why did you let them do those things to me? And then that horrible thing that was in me all night...?!" Alicia cried, outrage and incomprehension written on her face.

"I don't want you as a lesbian slave, pet, I want you as a slave. The men were to 'break you in' so to speak, and to illustrate the fact that your body, henceforth, is available to any man or woman at all times, for any purposes to which they want to subject it. You are a slave - a thing. A tool to be used at your better's convenience and/or pleasure. You shake your head no, but already you know that what I say will happen, is happening. I said before that I would introduce you to yourself. It is a process well begun and fruitful developing. You still shake your head, but I can see in your eyes - and in your body," she touched Alicia in the one place that even then was graphically betraying her negatives, "that it's so."

She turned and produced a cane and stood before her girl. "George has you nicely striped in back," she mused. "Those breasts could use some adornment," she concluded. "I will make you scream," she whispered and kissed the helpless lips.



At first, it was awful; worse by far than the previous experience - she could see the cane flash through the air like the strike of a snake; hear the awful thunk as the wood embedded itself into her breasts, her belly, and the fronts of her thighs. And yet it was different; the strokes were blinding slashes of fire scoring her flesh, and the pain was as bad as anything she had experienced before in her other encounter with the lash, but, peculiarly, the woman seemed to radiate a kind of love for her, that love being manifest in each bite of the cane. After each searing blow had lost its effect and she could again focus on the world, she seemed somehow drawn more and more to the woman standing, watching, examining the throes of pain, savoring the timbre of the resultant scream. She was changing with each blow bringing her closer to the woman, like a machine indexing itself toward some mechanical end. The pain seemed to be an awakening, the catalyzing. The cane went back and back for another swing.



"I don't think so, Madame," came the voice. The woman whirled, almost dropping the cane.

"You!" was the word, explosive, from her lips. Alicia followed her gaze, dimly, still in her private haze. The newcomer was coiled against the wall just inside the door. Her coloring was black, like the Madame's, and their differences were subtle but distinct. She wore a neck-to-ankles leather catsuit affair. In her right hand was a nasty little slab-sided automatic pistol pointed at Madame. Through the open door behind her, A. Gorilla formed an oafish pile on the floor. He didn't move. Another man's head protruded around the corner at the end of the short hall. The head was still. An awful silence

pervaded the small room. Alicia groaned softly. The newcomer flicked her eyes, all hard and fast over her and it seemed that she was recognized, then her gimlet like stare returned to the Madame, poised, frozen in mid-swing.

"You really should have demanded more money, dolt. It was a dead giveaway. You had to want something else. Ten thousand dollars from a billionaire?" The voice was filled with humorous contempt. "Since it became obvious that your little minx Chattele didn't know a damned thing, she was nothing more than a plant to get me to come here, all unwitting. I was basically the ransom, wasn't I? Very flattering, I'm sure." Madame's look of consternation had turned to one of barely controlled fury. The hand holding the cane had begun to twitch. The woman watching let out a hearty laugh. The pistol never wavered. She slammed the door. "Drop the cane." Alicia could almost hear the gritting teeth covered by the drawn cheeks. "I said drop it. A .380 ain't much of a round, sugar, but it'll peel off a kneecap like you wouldn't believe." The muzzle of the gun lowered to the target. The cane clattered on the floor. Alicia didn't understand what was happening. Who was this woman? Why was she pointing that ridiculous pistol at the Madame? Alicia wasn't thinking too well at that point. She was suddenly afraid for her captor. The delicate and as yet still tenuous relationship developed thus far through the cane had been caught short in mid-stride. That which beneath and augmented by the pain had been surfacing was frozen, frustratingly close but held at arm's length regardless.

"Release the girl," was the curt invective. "Time's a wastin', honey."

"I'll have to get a key; I don't have one, here," Madame finally said. Alicia could almost hear her thinking, trying to produce some last ditch plan of action and knowing that it was useless as she thought.

"Bullshit. You've always got a key. Try the one hanging on that little chain around your neck; you and I have gone through this before, remember?" the woman retorted, the humor now quite gone from her voice. Alicia didn't like the voice. The women's eyes locked yet again, but a protracted staring match was useless and the woman with the gun seemed quite capable of carrying out her threat. Alicia was sickened at the mental image of the muffled explosion as the gun fired and bucked, and the soft plop as the kneecap, glistening white flecked with red hurtling across the room. Clearly, the woman was very dangerous. The Madame withdrew the key from between her breasts and turned to the captive. "Do her feet, first."

When the clasps fell from her ankles, Alicia thought sure she would have collapsed straight away but for the support afforded her wrists by the ceiling cuffs. With a final venomous glance over her shoulder, Madame released one wrist, which fell limply to Alicia's side, and finally the other, and Alicia did collapse, the Madame only partially able to cushion the descent to the floor.



Madame was then ordered to assume Alicia's just vacated position, and to snap closed about her own wrists the dangling manacles. Being taller than Alicia, she was able to manage, albeit with some stretching and fumbling. As the last segment of the bracelet ratcheted home, the woman finally put up the gun. Swift and sure, she joined the Madame's ankles with another pair of the handcuffs. Madame's eyes were blank, empty, defeated. Almost, there were tears at the corners of her eyes. Alicia's heart went out to her in a gush, replaced with a gathering rage of indignation at the usurper. Madame's doleful look as her mouth was pried and stretched around the rubber wad Alicia had worn the night before produced an aching pity in her erstwhile young captive. It wasn't right; it just wasn't right; just when they had

just started going and she had begun to find, for the first time in her life, an identity so true, so complete, so hitherto undreamed of, this, this utter fearless bitch comes along to ruin it. The fact that she was there specifically for her succor was forgotten. This woman and her father, and her life entirely, she suddenly realized, were of a world entirely apart from what she was, now. There, she had flitted, purposeless, useless, an ornament on her father's list of achievements, a pampered status symbol no more a woman than one of those disgusting inflatable dolls, with all the right parts. Madame had begun to open doors into a world so very different, so much better... and now this.

"My name is Hall, kid, but we can make with the introductions later," the woman muttered over her shoulder. "One more little adjustment, here, and we'll be on our way." She had linked Madame's waist to her ankles by a piece of rope running through the red leather belt and the single link between the cuffs. Now, she lifted Madame's legs with one hand and arm, and pulled the loop of rope smaller and smaller with the other until, finally, Madame's legs were doubled, her heels snubbed tight beneath the bulge of her buttocks. She moaned into the gag, fingers stretched taut, claw-like at the pain of the cuffs supporting all her weight. Alicia was moving almost unconsciously. This had to stop! There had been a small stool at one side of the cell. Both hands held it high over her head, now, as the Hall woman began to turn around, her back still to the lunging girl. The stool swung down in a short arc but the woman, somehow, had sensed the attack and with incredibly fast reflexes, had managed to throw one arm up as she spun toward Alicia.

She wasn't fast enough, though, and her arm only partially blocked the blow, the rounded edge of the weapon glancing off the side of her head. As she stumbled and fell, her look was of pure incredulity. Then her eyes glazed as she slumped to the floor, her head striking the cement with a flat bumping sound. She was still.

Alicia stood and panted, the stool still dangling from one hand. Madame's eyes were huge above the gag. Was I right, Alicia thought. The look in the bound woman's eyes changed into comprehension. Alicia dropped the stool and embraced her, kissing the tip of her nose. She would have to find the key.

Madame watched closely as the perfect young body rifled the zippered pockets of Hall's suit. Was it possible that the child had changed so fast? It seemed unbelievable; almost too good to be true. Alicia flashed her a demure smile as she held up the chrome key and, walking around behind her, began fumbling at the knots holding her legs in stricture. Madame bit on the gag in savage satisfaction. She glared down at Hall, supine, legs askew, an ugly bruise just below the hairline. As the knot was finally loosened and her feet touched the floor, sending another wave of red-tinged agony, Alicia supported her with sweet, soft arms. It would be fine, she thought, as the metal bands fell from her limbs. Just fine. She approached the unconscious leather-clad woman, the manacles dangling from her hands.