

# The Plot Thickens

## Part One

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**Webmaster's Note:** Don't get confused. Somewhere along the line, Bishop changes Alicia to Alissa; no one seems to know why, when, or how it happened, and if Bishop explained it to anyone, no one knows.

And one more time she'd blown it; once again she'd had things worked out to a T, only to miss what should have been glaringly obvious: the weakness of the girl herself. That pampered, spoiled sniveling little bitch had, for all intents and purposes (particularly the Madame's) switched to the other side. Goddamn, Hall, Fanni raged to herself, it's a wonder you've stayed around so long! How could she have missed it! There would be a reckoning with that child, Fanni vowed, although to a fairly basic degree she knew, grudgingly, that the kid wasn't really to blame. Alissa's indolence and casual dominance of situations and suitors hovering beneath the subtle but distinct threat of her father's money had left her totally unprepared for the shocking change in roles into which Madame had thrust her. A life of almost mindless meandering had suddenly acquired a very clearly defined purpose, albeit forced, and she had acceded. Fanni had seen it happen before. It was predictable. And she should have foreseen it. She hadn't. You're getting sloppy in your old age, bitch, she concluded ruefully.

She glanced down at herself, her (as yet) unmarked tan wan and pale in the gloom. The catsuit was gone. All \$500 worth of it. Goddamned, the overhead in this business was getting out of hand. She couldn't, in truth, actually see much of herself. The Madame, again. During recent, and not so recent escapades wherein Fanni had found herself in the Madame's clutches, an amazing number of holes had been punched in strategic places on and in our miss Hall's body. One such was in her nose. Many times had she been led around with a dainty goldish ring and similarly fashionable (but stout, nonetheless) chain, the ring carefully threaded and clasped through the opening, the far end of the chain firm in Madame's grasp. Its purpose, now, was not to give direction to Fanni's ambulatory grovelings, but to hold her static. The nether end of the chain was linked to a large and somewhat rusty ring set into the distant ceiling. By keeping her chin raised slightly above the horizontal, Fanni could keep the chain merely uncomfortably taut. Attempting to lower her chin brought home quite succinctly the reason why bulls are so docile when similarly pinioned - it smarts.



She'd stood like this for several hundred years. Upon reentering the world, subsequent to Alissa's treacherous blow to the head, she had immediately been hoisted to her feet and clipped to the ring already depending from its anchor. Solicitous of them not to let her dangle, unconscious, as her nose gradually assumed the dimensions of Pinocheo's at his most mendacious, she had thought at the time. Her wrists were simply and inescapably confined behind her back by a pair of handcuffs, installed by the Madame while Fanni had carpeted the floor. Alissa was not to be seen, and the Madame had paused only long enough to ensure that Fanni understood how the situation had changed before striding out of the chamber, rubbing her chafed wrists and muttering about as yet unspecified "Preparations". At least they'd left her flat-footed; no standing on the tippy-toes. Yet.

With a melodramatic groan, the door opened and in clumped Gorila. "What to my wondering eyes should appear..... you sure as hell ain't eight tiny reindeer, fatso," she chirped, winching slightly as she accidentally moved her head a mite more than the chain was prepared to allow. "How's that pointy little noggin of yours?" Gorila's face grew all thunderous and enraged, but he said nothing.

Gorila had brought toys. He dropped them, a squeaking, clinking pile of leather and buckles, leaving him with but one left in his hand, a short thick strap with which he forthwith bound Fanni's legs. Oh shit, let me keep my balance, she breathed. The pile next produced a pair of stout ten-inch hobbles which were achingly buckled around her ankles. Gorila made no move to remove the strap. Fanni was to remain stationary for a while. The "uniform" came next - the thick leather collar with the strap running down the back that pulled her wrists up high beneath her shoulder blades. No surprises, here; she'd worn it many times before. It had always been an excellent bondage design; with the arms pulled up the back, the arms could produce a minimum of leverage to pull either down or sideways. Simple. Almost elegant. Besides which, the uniform denied its wearer the possibility of even the attempt of covering her bottom from the cane.

The crotch-strap came next. And with it the excoriating pain Fanni had known all too many times and had, naively, though to avoid in the future. The roughened waist strap was very definitely going to cut her in half like a garrote, she told herself. And then Gorila tightened it one more hole. It was a band of fire, charring, blistering. The vertical strap was to be far worse, she knew. Far worse. Gorila had previously centered it on the now deeply grooved swell of her belly. He pulled it down hard, gently spread the lips with the fingers of his other hand, and pulled the band deep, deep within the recess, yanking to be sure, then threaded the thing up between the cheeks of her buttocks and laced it into its buckle. And tightened. She had visions of being neatly divided up by the two straps; one hip and leg on one side, and its mate lying beside it with her upper body hanging from the nose-ring. When he was satisfied, Gorila again turned to his pile of tricks. The strap was instantly intolerable. It had to come off now, and yet it wouldn't. Probably not for days. She screwed shut her eyes, and frantically tried to recall from where she had summoned up her sources of reserve the last time she'd borne the thing, and realized, suddenly that she couldn't; all the other times, it had been applied by a woman. This time, a man's muscles had tightened it. A very strong man's muscles, at that.

She opened her eyes at the manipulations at her breasts. One of the two delicate gold rings had already threaded her pierced nipple. Gorila was very adept. Practice. The second ring slid into place with the same speed as the first. Gorila gave them several short, almost tentative pulls just to make sure and then produced an obscenely short length of hair-fine chain from a small envelope. One end of the miniature clipped to her left nipple's ring, and then the other end was drawn to the other. Her breasts were left, finally, squeezed tightly together, the nipples pulled across toward one another. It was more irritating than painful, although an immediate dull throbbing told her that things would deteriorate in the future. Gorila then gave the crotch-strap another tightening yank.

An enormous chromed ring was jammed into her mouth, as the next attraction. Vertical, it stretched her mouth and face, fitting just behind the front few teeth in the upper and lower jaw. Straps held it in place.

The gag itself came next. This was a heavy, inflatable ball that squeezed through the opening provided by the ring and then was pumped up to a point where, incredibly, her teeth were lifted from the rim of the ring. At this point, Gorila stopped pumping and re-tightened the ring straps until, once again, her teeth rested on metal. The by now huge ball within her mouth was given several more quick pumps, and the man withdrew. It was quite the most uncomfortable silencer she had ever worn. Her lower face was locked and filled. She doubted if she could even drool. The monumental stuffing in her mouth acted almost as a foil to the burning between her legs. Madame was always very partial to gags, even when they served no other overt purpose than causing discomfort for the wearer. More of the latter was to come.



Incredibly, it seemed that Gorila was going to let her down. He strode back into the room with a folding stepladder and was setting it up next to her. Or was he going to tighten it up?! When he got to the top, he paused with the end of the chain in his hand and, looked down, gave her a nasty look. He jerked the chain up in quick, short movements. Desperately, she arched onto her toes to relieve the lancing pain of each successive jerk screaming into the gag, but he was too fast for her. The game ended with her being stretched taut, as high as her toes would lift her. And still it wasn't enough. And still Gorila leered down. His bit of flesh for the conk on the head. He released the chain in a small shower of cascading links. They tinkled when they hit the floor. Slowly, slowly, Fanni inched her way down till her heels made contact as if not quite able to realize that her torment, for the time being, was over. Gorila stood before her until she met his eyes, then quickly darted his head forward and kissed the tip of her racked nose, just as quickly retreating, a huge smirking grin etched into his face. Her oaths disappeared into the ball. A real smartass!

Still smirking, Gorila guided her, sitting, to the floor, and scrunched her thighs up tight to her chest. She continued to glare. He noticed and made a

tentative bid for the nose. convulsively, she flung her face away and to the side, the nose chain arching out in a flailing golden line. This got a husky laugh and Gorila actually patted her on the head like a slightly naughty child.

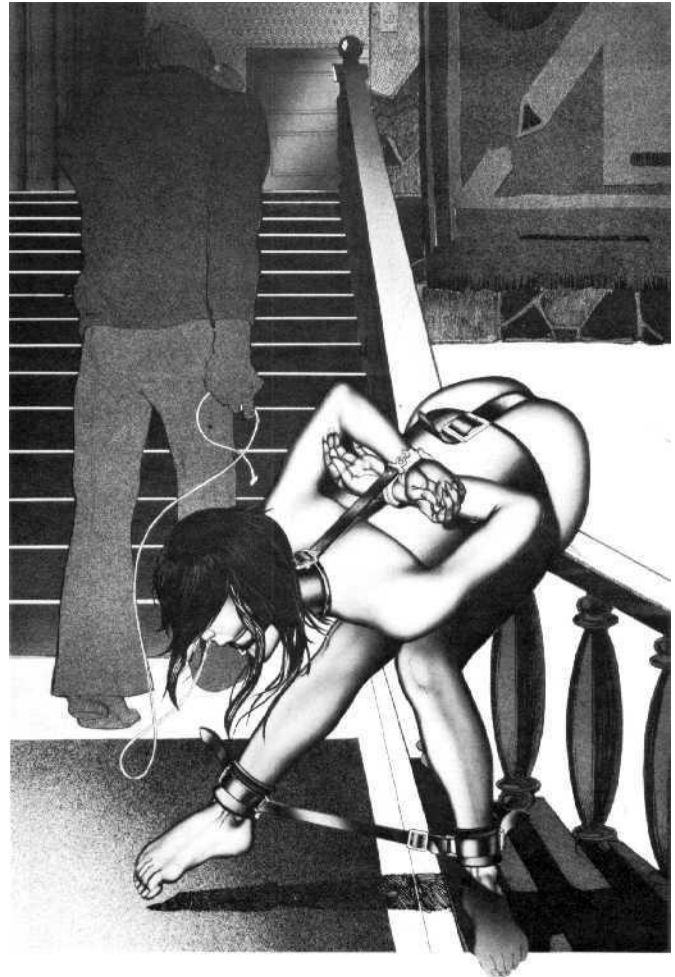
The body-sheath stretched from just beneath her arms to just below the smallest part of her waist and went around her doubled up thighs. When the adjustment straps were cinched up, her thighs were crushed to the front of her body. Her lower legs, from the knees down, were free to pivot, but to what end? Straps at the back of the body sheath were drawn up and over her shoulders and down to a pair of buckles nestled between her knees. A single strap at the bottom back of the sheath was pulled through her crotch, over the crotch-strap and pulled through its buckle at the bottom front of the device. There would be no shifting of the restraint, now. With a flourish, Gorila whipped off the strap pinning her ankles together. The ten-inch hobble was still left.

"Stand up," he commanded. She couldn't believe her ears. Her incredulity must have been obvious on what was visible of her face, because he gave her a quick smile and reached down to help. She was sitting,

bottom and heels touching the floor. Gorila put both hands on the backs of her thighs and simply tilted her into an upright position. Upright, in this context, most gentle readers, be taken as a rather relative word - her lower legs were upright, but the rest of her body, hindered by the body sheath, was bent over into a grotesque duck-walk appearance. Which was exactly the purpose of the sheath. The hobbles all of a sudden made sense.

"Doggy's going for a little walk," said Gorila, as he picked up the nose-chain. "If doggy's good, she might even get to run a little." Monstrous. Impossible. Came the first jerk on the chain. Very possible. Does master want to run. High hurdles? High Jump? Pole Vault? "Good dog."

Her initial impressions of the house, as seen from the outside, naturally, had been of a monolith of piled rock, punctuated by windows and carpets, only just barely appearing man-made at all. And big. Very, very big. The exact meaning of that innocuous seeming word came home to her with each humping, jumbling step, Gorila patiently proceeding her, swinging the chain in short circles as if imaginary small children were playing skiprope over it. The short length of the hobble didn't deter her; the length of her strides was substantially less than that. The stairs were the worst aspect of the trek. She was obliged to turn partially sidewise, and then to swing her lead leg up and forward, hoping that she could manage the six inch height without losing her balance at the same time, for she had no illusions about Gorila; he would quite blithely release the chain and let her head-over-heels to the bottom. Some of the stairwells were enormous. Her increasing proficiency was rapidly being surmounted by her increasing exhaustion. The halls were endless, the stairs infinitely more so. And no one was around. Just her and Gorila. And the merry little tune he was whistling. She stared straight at the tiles slowly unwinding beneath her, and stumbled on.



Gorila had stopped and she bumped into him and leaned against him, too tired even to lean away. Gorila tapped on the door obstructing the hall. That's why he had stopped, Fanni told herself. Under her present conditions, that seemed a singularly erudite conclusion. There was a muffled but all too familiar sign to enter from within, and Gorila led her inside.

"Bring her closer, and then you may leave, Mr. Gorila," came the Madame's voice. Fanni was left squarely in the middle of a circle of light at the center of a room which was otherwise in pitch darkness. Fanni felt that she and the Madame were far from being alone. She was on display. Gorila had tethered her leash to a pole sticking up from the floor, and she couldn't sit, so had to remain crouched.

"So that's it, then," came a voice. Male. Disappointed. Very familiar. Where When? She couldn't remember. Too tired. "I really HAD expected more from her, Madame. You said she was the best." "AFTER me, I meant," was the reply, a trifle smug. A little condescending.

"Yes, yes, Madame, so you've told me ad infinitum, ad nauseum. You win. In three weeks. You know where." Fanni sagged, withdrawn into herself, paying no attention to their ramblings. "Oh, by the way, how's my daughter doing?"

"Rather better than I had expected, frankly. She will be quite a diffident young lady when I send her back to you." What had they just said? She had to pay attention. But the conversation was finished.

The Madame stood before her, materialized, seemingly, out of thin air. The chain was loosed. "Sit," was the simple command. Fanni's sit was more of a thump, but at least she didn't have to prop herself in that disgusting position any more. She cramped and burned, everywhere. It was probably the most uncomfortable she had ever been in her entire life.

"I'm going to keep you this time, you know," Madame said, drawing up a heavy chair and arranging herself on it. "Too many times before, you've slipped right through my fingers," she went on while lighting up a skinny little cheroot. She was feeling expansive. Again, the word smug came to mind. "THIS time, pet, your tenure with me is going to be per-man-ent." She drew out the syllables. "I'm going to do with you as I have done with sweet little Alissa. She is an amazing child; swung over to my way of things with almost no trouble at all, as you no doubt noticed on your last meeting." Madame grinned through a haze of smoke then held the cigar before her as if examining it. "Rotten habit, this, but we all have to have our small excesses from time to time. Yes, my pet, I have no doubts but that your... transformation will take a bit longer than that required for Alissa, but it will, repeat WILL come about. It may take years. Patience was ever one of my singular virtues. As we all have our small vices," she wiggled the cigar, "similarly, we all have our life-time goals, and YOU are mine," she breathed, the cigar now a pointer with its little red eye pointed at Fanni.

She stood, brushing down the incredible sweep of black silk caressing her thighs, "I have a few things to do, now. Lessons start, tomorrow. Night, night. Sweet dreams. Gorila!"

The man hoisted her to her feet, and for a frantic instant, she thought she was going to have to walk all the way back down, but, instead, Gorila lifted her bodily and carried her back down under one arm like the like a six-pack of beer. So much for dignified exits. She was asleep before they were half way there.

She awakened in Alissa's old cell on Alissa's old blanket. She still wore the uniform, but her body, thankfully no longer bore the brunt of the sheath. She stretched her legs blissfully, realizing from a new perspective the simple pleasure of merely keeping one's leg outstretched at one's own discretion. Or to spread them as wide apart or close them as tightly together as one wished, for that matter; a chain from her collar to the wall made fetters for the feet a trifle academic.

She smelled it before she saw it - breakfast. She didn't know what it was, but it smelled good. Have to keep the new pet sleek and fat, after all. The door clanged open and Gorila trudged in. In either hand, he held a dog dish, one larger than the other, the larger one piled high with..... something, and the other slopping over with water. Gorila set them down about ten feet away, water sloshing, and the.... food oozing over the rim of its dish like thick viscious mud. It steamed.

Gorila walked quickly to her side, pulling several lengths of thin white cord from his pocket as he did so. Fanni was beginning to have a sinking feeling in her stomach. She didn't think she was going to like this. Gorila flipped her onto her stomach and detached her bracelets from the collar strap and drew her arms straight behind her. Just as Fanni was heaving a sigh of relief for this blessed position-change, Gorila threw several loops of the tough small line around her elbows and drew them tight together with one smooth movement. Fanni groaned, arching her shoulders. Her legs were bent at her knees till her heels dug into her bottom. Her ankles were lashed together and the remaining line was drawn up and between her linked wrists and then was pulled back toward her ankles until her hands and feet touched. Hogtied. For breakfast. As a finishing touch, her big toes were even bound together. She knew better than to plead. The chain to her collar was, finally, released. "Breakfast. One hour. Enjoy," was all Gorila said as he walked toward the door.

"But how can I eat like this !" Fanni squealed

"That's your problem, sugar. Madame said to make your eating experiences something out of the ordinary. And always difficult. Told me to use my imagination," he snickered. "One hour." The door slammed.

Fanni lay there with her mouth open. My God, he was serious! Welcome to the luxurious Hotel et Dungeon du Madame. Exquisite service. Devotion to satisfying the clientele above all things. One hour. Ten feet. It might as well have been ten miles. It wasn't insurmountable, though. She had, as a matter of fact, in the past managed much greater distances than the one at hand while hogtied. She'd even managed to get up a stairs (short) one time, much to Madame's amazement. Time was awasting. She painfully lurched herself into roughly right-angles to the prize, and began a slow and torturous roll. Fortunately, she had the use of her hands, and could, thus, make fairly respectable progress. The only time she'd been almost literally immobile while not actually attached to some immovable object had been the time she'd been hogtied wearing a very heavy and stiff single sleeve. No hands, that time. Not much progress, either.



The goal was in reach. She rolled onto her stomach and wormed her way around until her face was inches from the stuff in the bowl. Close up, it wasn't quite so appealing. This was not going to be connoisseur dining. Not by any stretch of the imagination. Well, when in a doghouse, do as a dog does.... She lapped at the water. Her thirst was immense. And on to the main course. Your basic moist and meaty dog food. She knew her revulsion was absurd, in view of the fact that health standards are routinely higher for pet food than for human food, and that, ultimately, her hunger would win out anyway, but, boy oh boy, folks, that first mouthful was a real challenge.

Gorila returned as she was vainly trying to lick the turgid goo from around her mouth. He gave her an oily grin. "Did doggy enjoy her din-din?"

"Arf."

"A sense of humor! GodDAMN!," Gorila roared with laughter. "We'll give it a good test, today," he said, winking conspiratorially. He brought out the crotch strap.

"Oh God, not again, please!," Fanni whined.

"But of COURSE. By the time we're done, your little quim will have calluses." In minutes she sat, arms back in the embrace of the uniform, strap gnawing at her vitals, while Gorila wiped off her face with a damp rag. "Have to look presentable for the Madame. After all, this is Pain Day number one. One has to observe the formalities."

She was gagged ( a mere baseball-sized rubber sphere, this time) and blindfolded, and hobbled again with the ten-inch tethers and led, cautious and stumbling, not only because of the blindness, but because of her

inexperience with the mandated tiny steps. It was to become a routine with which she would become very familiar in the days ahead. The only discernible variables were the lengths she walked and the numbers of steps she was required to climb or descend. The blackness behind the thick padding of the blindfold became like a curtain behind which hid the new day's adventure; she never knew quite what it would reveal in specific terms, other than it would inevitable entail pain, or degradation. She would, with time, begin to paint imaginary pictures on it's stygian canvass. But that would come later. This was, as Gorila had intimated, Pain Day #1. Her experiences were old, distant. The poignancy of her previous experiences with Madame had lost their edge. Time for the strap.

Gorila sat her on the floor, and again pinned her legs to her chest with a strap. It wasn't the sheath, rather it was a six inch wide strap. She felt her wrist bracelets attached to a clasp-ring at the center of the strap so that her wrists were secured not merely to the uniform's collar strap, but to this new restraint, as well. Her feet, naked since she had first awakened to her bondage were alternately lifted and fitted into skin-tight boots that laced half way up the calf. As the first foot was replaced on the floor, and the second tended to, she discovered that there was no heel on the boot. The leather was, additionally extremely flexible, and she wiggled her foot experimentally. There seemed to be some kind of weight on the very toe. What was the creep up to?

A rope from the ceiling was attached to the ring already pinning her hands to the strap and then, rather ominously, she thought, her hair was strung out into two long strands, one on either side of the ceiling rope. Her suspicions were confirmed as, sure enough, her head was drawn back and into contact with the rope and the strands of hair knotted into one around the rope, binding her head into position. There came to her ears the sounds of snap catches being attached to the toes of her booties. There was a pause in the action, then. Gorila resting? Not bloody likely.

She heard the sound of the electric winch seconds before the slack in her leg ropes disappeared, and they began to be lifted from the ground. As they approached the vertical, she was overbalanced and would have fallen back but for the crushing strap holding her doubled up like a jackknife. Suddenly, the winch stopped and another started, stopping the instant the slack from the rope at her back was gone. Another pause, and then both winches commenced lifting. She moaned into the gag as the body-strap bit into her armpits. Blind, she could perceive nothing of the lift, or of the height she attained, knowing only, and suddenly, that she was dangling, not too uncomfortably, in an exceedingly compromising position. A thick, strong finger parted the lips, rubbing and kneading the nub. She could feel herself blush from toes to hairline, and writhing against her embarrassment as much as against the invading finger. Never had she felt so singularly vulnerable, from a purely sexual point of view; never had she felt so totally, pruriently exposed. And now defiled. Gorila, as we saw in our first installment of this wee adventure, had few, if any peers along the lines of arousing (usually) strapped and gagged visitors at the Madame's house. Fanni was to be no exception, I'm afraid. Her writhings, such as she was able to manage against the peculiar restraints, became rather more intense and the noise level emanating from behind the resistance of the gag became very much more intense, forming, as it were, a sensual background to the frantic pace of her breathing. As she reached the top, or nearly so, the finger was withdrawn. The blow that followed was blinding in its excruciating intensity.

It fell on exactly the spot just vacated by the finger. Exactly and precisely. She spasmed into what was quite probably the most incredible orgasm she had experienced in her entire life. She couldn't even define it-transcendent physical pleasure simultaneously with transcendent physical pain, both at the same spot, both at the same time? Equally intense. Inseparable. The euphoria of her immediate post orgasm matched, similarly, the fading screaming intensity of the cane's slash. And then it came again, across the hapless, helpless lips, marking itself into the vivid purplish blue welt so recently implanted. The pain was astronomical; nobody could stand it! She was made that much more frantic by the knowledge that she could absolutely nothing to abate the situation, and, in her frenzy her strength became enormous. The movements produced by this almost mindless escape reflex would, had she been able to see, have been

pathetic to behold. So outstanding was the restraint configuration that bound her that her only motion was the very slight sway imparted to her by the action of the blow itself.

And again, and again, the blinding excoriating line of fire laced across her hide, welting and purpling. Oh God, she pleaded, let me faint, let me lose my goddamned consciousness. You bastard, help me, she begged. And she screamed into the rubber stuffing her mouth as yet another blow fell. It couldn't be true - no human being could withstand such pain. And Madame had said it would be years! It lasted..... hours... she felt. The blows began to fall across one another routinely now, there were so many of them. She couldn't have borne counting them. She screamed and moaned and panted. She was wet and fragrant with sweat, lashing her head from side to side against the knot in her hair. Many glistening filaments of hair had pulled free and formed a kind of halo around the silenced and blinded head. All her awareness was centered, concentrated around her thighs and bottom and back. Thought was gone. Intellect. Awareness of self other than as a helpless, animal of sheer, pure pain. Almost, almost, she broke. Never had she received such an unbelievable thrashing, and at the hands of a man. So very many things, events, purposes revolve around that simple thing of timing. Gorila's timing was near perfect; Madame's wasn't. She had underestimated the explosive effect of the caning almost wholly. Watching the cataclysm for the last several minutes she now signaled to stop.

At first, the surcease was almost harder on Fanni than the whipping itself; the blows had been coming regularly, which had enabled her to at least brace herself to its biting fury, but the sudden break in cadence almost unhinged her. Where was it!? Through the fog of agony, she heard voices low and indistinct. Oh God, let there be no more!

The dildo was huge. With her legs clamped tightly together, she knew it would never fit; even if her legs had been held wide apart, she doubted that it would go, but as should come as no particular surprise, Gorila did finally submerge its length and girth into its home in our miss Hall. And then he turned it on. The buzzing was incredibly strong, like some crazed mechanical mole boring away within her. And her response was imminently predictable. As she built higher and higher, the cane returned, turning her tactile awareness into a pointcounterpoint sensual spectrum. She would not be denied. The rain of blows increased as her frenzy reached its zenith and then, finally, finally, she toppled from her perch on consciousness.

When she woke up, she was back in the cell, unfettered by more than the uniform. The pain was a dull all-encompassing ache. It was so dark in the place that she could only very faintly perceive the extent of the damage inflicted. She was ridged and stripped like the proverbial Zebra. Her backside was a continuous network of stripes, all stinging and smarting with a faint reminder of the agony she had suffered through while dangling from the ceiling. There was no blood. Moaning and groaning, she hefted herself up onto her knees and then, carefully, carefully, she stood. The ache was not minimized by



this change of attitude, but she could more easily assess the injuries. Amazingly, they seemed nonexistent. She walked around the cell several times, searching for tell tales of more serious problems, and could find none. She had not only lived through the experience, but, all in all, didn't seem all that much worse for the wear. She would be sitting down very gingerly for quite some time to come, she ruefully concluded. Oh well, she always had her stomach to lie on.

Madame had blown it badly, yesterday. Fanni had no illusions whatsoever as to what a close thing it had been. She couldn't have made the escape into unconsciousness she so desperately screamed for. Gorila was much too smart for that, ergo the spaced out blows. All but for the very end, there, with the dildo humming away. That had been the capitol, the finish, the reward, as it were, unless Madame were pursuing some obscure goal of, Pavlov-like, inculcating into her, Fanni, some conditioned reflex whereby sexual pleasure and pain became one; one could not be culminated without the other. It didn't make sense; Madame took no pleasure from inflicting pain, per se. It was, for her, a mechanism wherein she could enforce obedience or, in the rare cases like that of Alissa, bring a slave face to face with her own fundamental nature and awaken her to its possibilities/liabilities. Was that what Madame had envisaged for her? Given the time span to which she had alluded in their recent highly uncomfortable meeting, it was possible. Given that time span, Fanni didn't really know if she could resist. The kind of concentrated pain she had endured (barely) the day before would wear her to the point where anything was possible. A woman had never, ever brought her that precipitously close to capitulation, real capitulation before. Gorila, with his brawn and - let's admit it, Hall - his brains had damned near pulled the pin on her. A chill ran down her illustrated back. The bastards could do it. Or rather, Gorila could. But Gorila did what he was told. Madame held the reins. And Madame had fucked up many, many times before. There is hope, Fanni, she told herself.

The door banged open (Gorila had no subtlety with doors) and Pain Day #2 began. The Breakfast Ordeal wasn't the same. The "food" was, but she wasn't scheduled to endure the awfulness of a hogtie, today. In fact, her feet weren't bound at all. Her mouth, however, was a somewhat different story. It was the ring, again. The steel one with all the chrome. When Gorila was done, her jaws were spread so far apart that she feared the flesh at the sides of her mouth would literally rip and that her teeth would be snapped from the bone. "One hour."

She squatted over the mess. Hot mess. Luscious. This was almost worse than the hogtie. The only way she could carry any food into her mouth was by placing the "O" of her lips directly onto the goop and then shovel with her tongue, scooping up a dollop of mess and pressing it to the roof of her mouth and then sliding it back towards the back of her throat, where she could swallow it, discovering in the process that swallowing with your mouth wide open is easier said than done. The water was a whole different problem, though. It just ran back out, again. Finally, by flipping her head back and up, she could contrive to throw piteously small amounts of the liquid far enough back to be able to swallow. An hour later saw her hungry, thirsty and nearly exhausted. It was a bad start to a worse day.

She was hung upside-down from a spreader bar; stretched and secured to the floor by a ring threaded through her bracelets. Several feet from the floor-ring was a short stand- pipe kind of affair, with a broad leather belt dangling from its top. Gorila dragged her waist to the upright and buckled the belt about her waist, bending her into a delectable (for him) painful (for her) curve. Once again, the bastard had maneuvered her into an indecent posture, one that immediately made her think only of her cunt. She imagined it winking at him.

Kneeling before her, the man encircled her head in one huge arm, immobilizing it, and with the other hand deftly inserted the nose-ring into its little hole. The ring came complete with chain. This was subsequently threaded through a small ring in the center of the spreader-bar. "Lift your chin," was all that needed to be said. She did so and he took up the resultant slack. "Is that all the farther you can go?"

"Oh God, YES!" she breathed. He gave the chain a further half-inch pull, bringing instant tears to the girl's eyes and a small cry to her lips. The swine! The absolute, utter swine! The only part of her body she could

move at all had been her head, and now THAT was immobile, and it was she who would have to see that it remained that way! Adding insult to injury, as the saying would have it. The strain in her neck muscles was already substantial. She didn't know how long she would be able to maintain the position. But she HAD to maintain the position! Such a tiny instrument of restraint. So effective. So debasing. She was being forced to contribute to her own bondage! Completely motionless and part of it her own damned doing.

What came next definitely wasn't her own doing. He used several different whips. The first was a simple leather strap, much like the one that trapped her belly. The V of her legs, like the rear leaf in a Partridge sight, lead the strap unerringly to its target, that which the position made her think only of - her cunt. The sting was general, but excruciating. She knew she could deal with it. The Cat with the nine thin silken thongs which came next she could NOT deal with. It found its way between the lips, scouring, flaying with a very special kind of pain that seemed, almost to scream. Or maybe it was she who was making all the noise. Even this desperate, natural reaction had to be couched in cautious terms, lest she provoke the intruder in her nose. Oh God, she had to live through this incredible torment and still hold her head high. And motionless. Absolutely. It was mockery. And it lasted all day. And she didn't faint. Once.

The crotch-strap was almost more than she could bear, squatting beneath the gently swinging spreader-bar, free of its day's labors. The 'strap was, if anything, tighter than on the first day's go-round. And she had to walk in it. She had once seen a genuinely terrible film in which the bad guys cut up the good guys with chainsaws. It couldn't have been all that much different from what she was now enduring. There wasn't even a word for it. When would the calluses form! Her steps were only about four inches long; the hobbles were ludicrous.

She was chained collar to the wall with only inches of free movement, and the blindfold was removed. Madame stared up at her from a comfortable looking folding lawn chair. Gorila walked out and closed the door. "Just thought I'd drop by to see how things are going. Enjoying your stay?"

"Blow it out your ass."

"You're a real toilet-tooth, chum. Mayhaps I should have Gorila make up a gag out of soap. Clean up your act, I think." Fanni gave her a dirty look and slumped against the wall; she was too tired for this fencing. Madame cocked her head. "Hhhmmmm. No comments? Don't like the idea? I think it's pretty good myself."

"What do you want? I'm tired, I stink, I'm hungry and I don't have time for you. Get out."

"Who the hell do you think you're talking to, you rotten little bitch!" Fanni looked up, somewhat surprised. Madame was furious, absolutely incensed. "I ought to have Gorila skin you alive, you fucking slut." A fine spray of spittle misted out into Fanni's face. Madame's fury was genuine, all right. An overreaction. Why? "For years you've been in my way, you little slut. You've ruined plans, you've killed some of my friends, you've made me look like a goddamned fool time after time after time. You've cost me money and you've got some of my own people laughing at me behind my back GodDAMN you. And now, and now," she



seethed, sidling up closer until her face almost touched Fanni's, "you have the balls to dismiss ME! With you tied to a wall!?" She thrust a hand through the vertical strap and yanked hard, brutally. Fanni's groan, almost a scream, seemed to sober her. Her face was a blank mask she let go and backed up several steps and withdrew a superb SIG 210 automatic pistol from the largish leather bag hanging from her shoulder and pointed it directly at Fanni's face. She held it one-handed for several seconds then, jerkily, brought the other hand up and cocked the piece and wrapped her fingers around those holding the gun. Oh Jesus Christ, Fanni thought frantically to herself, the broad's a loonie. You've had the course, kid. The gun wavered. Seriously. Fanni's entire world became the muzzle of that gun, the hands holding it, and the eyes staring, hating, over them. Then a light or something seemed to go out in the woman and she lowered the gun, hands still firm on its butt till her arms hung straight down the front of her body. Her lips curled up into a little smile, instantly gone. She lifted the flap of the bag and dropped the gun inside. "You were very close there, sugar. Very close. Business, you know. My world famous sense of humor just ain't what it used to be. And you have a capacity - and a willingness it would seem - to bring out the absolute rotter in me." Fanni didn't think she'd done anything that untoward.

"You've taken to carrying a gun? I never saw you with one, before."

"But you've never met the people I've been working with, either," was the reply. "Times are changing." Fanni was about to inquire further, this perturbing change in the Madame piquing her curiosity, despite herself, but the woman turned on her heel and strode to the door. She knocked on it and turned, gazing over her shoulder at Fanni. "Get a good night's sleep, honey. More work, tomorrow. Gorila opened the door, and she went out. End of a strangely disturbing interview. What was she up to? Fanni had never before seen her so generally tense. Explosive. God, the business with that gun! That had never happened, before.

Gorila cut short her introspection. The hobbles were removed, and replaced by a pair of bracelets intended more for wrists than ankles; they were an extremely tight fit, made tighter when Gorila adjusted them into a flesh-digging grip. Twisting her into the wall as much as the short neck-chain would allow, he produced a small key and removed the bracelet from one wrist and let it drop to her side. For the barest instant, she knew she could have driven the stiffened fingers of the hand into the man's groin, but what would have been the point; she was still fastened securely to the wall, and she didn't think she would much enjoy the concomitant revenge. The choice was almost immediately taken from her as Gorila grasped the wrist, still bearing the imprint of its so recently released back-bracelet and lifted it high over her head and then back and down to the base of her neck, where a new pair of cuffs had been slid through a link in the neckchain. With a serrated clicking, it closed about the hand. The process was repeated with the other hand, and Fanni found her hands as useless to her as they had been in the uniform, only, in a way, more revealing of her breasts. Maybe it was just that the position had been changed. Certainly, they were no more vulnerable than they had been previously. For the first time in days, the collar came off, and she could freely move her head; the wall collar was narrow and metal. Finally, incredibly, the crotch strap was removed from its groove in her body. Gorila sat it nearby.

Alissa walked into the room wearing hobbles and a broad leather waist strap at the front of which was a large ring through which was strung her bracelets, holding them, perforce snugly to the front of her body. A thin line of leather descended from the center of the belt and disappeared into the softly mounded cleft. She was very tightly gagged with a rubber pear and a strap. At the sight of Fanni linked to the bricks, a twinkle came to her eyes. She shuffled up jauntily and stopped at Gorila's side. The man glanced at her and then back at Fanni.

"You know what to do?" Alissa nodded. Gorilla unbuckled the gag enough to pull, with some difficulty it might be added, the huge wad from the young mouth, but didn't take the thing off entirely, hanging it, instead, from around her neck. "No talking." Again a nod of assent. Alissa was all naughty smiles for Fanni. "Get busy. I'll be back in a minute. No fucking around, youngster. You know the penalties."

The shower was administered courtesy of a garden hose and the water was ice cold. After the first cringing shock, though, it was wonderful. Clean, for the first time in days! Alissa's hands had been conditionally released from the waist-belt, the condition being a three foot length of chain linking the still braceleted hands to the belt loop. Dipping a large bar of soap into a pail filled with water, she worked up a lather in her hands then turned to Fanni. "Can't have a proper bath without soap," was the simple logic. What she did with the lather and her hands was far from simple. "You have beautiful breasts," she murmured. "Lovely." She kneaded and stroked the rounded mounds, pinching and pulling the nipples, working the lather here and there, onto Fanni's armpits, up her chin and face and arms, and then back to her breasts. "Simply gorgeous." Her warm soft mouth encircled Fanni's stiffening nipples one at a time, teasing and sucking.

"Madame'll peel your hide for this, urchin...." Fanni started.

"Don't be silly. She'll never know. All she told me to do was hose you down. She didn't say exactly HOW I was to do it," Alissa countered.

"You little idiot," Fanni persevered, although with somewhat more difficulty than before; the hands were at her belly, probing, invading, "Madame is possessive as hell about her slaves; for her use only...." Despite herself, she was relaxing, surrendering to the torrent of sensations the woman/child was inflicting on her. God, the Madame had done an incredible job with this one. The hands were busy on and between the cheeks of her bottom, stroking and squeezing. Her legs and feet and toes were next and then the hands slide back to her sex. The blast of water to clear the soap film from the target was warm by this time. Fanni's eyes were screwed shut as the mouth descended, the fingers gently separating, the tongue darting, strong and warm and unbelievably skilled. Fanni moaned and arched, pressing herself to the face at her loins.

"What the hell do you think you're..... you disgusting little tramp! I let you alone for one minute.....!"

Needless to say, the Madame, had walked in, innocently, it seemed, prodded by Gorila's suggestion that she 'check on the new girl's progress with her chores.' Gorila, as a matter of fact, had been observing the entire affair. He bore Alissa no good will at all. The results of his manipulations were spectacular, to say the least.

Canes routinely hung from hooks on the wall and one such was now a blur of motion as it snaked, thumping and smacking on Alissa's tearful hide. The Madame was in a cold fury, calculating, deliberate. Fanni had seen it, before; like a man whipping a recalcitrant dog that steadfastly refused the allures of a dog-box and, instead, filled up its master's shoes. Madame was NOT pleased.

The thrashing ceased, leaving the cell filled with the sound of Alissa's whines, Madame's harsh breathing and the gurgling of water from the hose going down the drain. Fanni and Gorila were silent, breathes bated. Gorila could only just barely suppress a smirk; the little bitch had really gotten nailed - better than he'd thought. Fanni knew that her turn was coming.

Madame was silent for several moments, glaring at the demolished girl groveling and squirming on the soaked floor. The hand bearing the cane was down at her side. She flipped the point, once, twice, irritably. Her head swiveled, then, slowly, carefully, until her gaze fell on Fanni. "You Scumbag. You won't leave anything alone will you."

"What the hell are you talking about!?! What could I do.."

"SHUT UP! Everything I said to you.... it couldn't have been more than an HOUR ago.... it's started, already, hasn't it. You're fucking things up. I don't know how you manage it. Swine. Pig." "Oh come off it..."

She was cut short. Madame swiveled her head back to Alissa, Gorila at her side tethering the straying hands back hard to her belly, prying and working the gag back into the so recently otherwise occupied mouth. "So you two like each other, eh. Well, tonight, you'll be together. All night long." She nodded her head once, fast and hard. "We'll see how you like each other's company!"

What followed was one of the most bizarre and surely THE most uncomfortable nights in Fanni's experience.

Madame (Gorila, actually - his snoutish mien hid a keenly inventive mind) had a predilection for bondage apparel design. Her most singularly sought after design parameter, aside from the item's effectiveness and invulnerability to escape, obviously, was in forcing the wearer to actually participate in her own restraint. The rings were one fairly predictable result. The Volunteer Gag was another, as Fanni and Alissa soon found out. But first things first. After all.

# The Plot Thickens

## Part Two

Written by Robert Bishop

Illustrated by Robert Bishop

Transcribed by guardian46w

**Webmaster's Note:** Don't get confused. Somewhere along the line, Bishop changes Alicia to Alissa; no one seems to know why, when, or how it happened, and if Bishop explained it to anyone, no one knows.

They stood back-to-back. Fanni's arms were stretched back and around Alissa's chest and bracelet together. More importantly, her bracelets were attached to Alissa's nipple rings with thin adjustable straps. Alissa's bound hands were similarly anchored to Fanni's breasts. For one to move her hands brought the other immediate problems. Each appreciated this exactly, and took considerable care. The position itself was so fundamentally awkward, that maintaining it for any length of time was going to be exceedingly dicey. The bondage was simple and totally effective. But it was not enough.

Their ears, too, were linked by their rings and more of the small buckled straps. They both blushed scarlet, shortly thereafter, as rings were threaded through the holes in their lips and drawn together. The rounded, soft smooth cheeks became almost one as slowly, hole-by-hole, the strap shortened. Finally, their big toes were linked with thumbcuffs. Movement, of any kind, was totally out of the question. Never had either of the girls concentrated quite so assiduously on remaining motionless. Each knew that with the passage of time, it was impossible to maintain. The night would be filled with torment. Unbelievable as it seemed, Gorila wasn't finished. From the center of the strap connecting the strictured ears, two thin lines rose to meet a stronger thicker cord dropped from a ceiling ring. When it was drawn up, the ear-straps were raised slightly in the middle, encouraging the ladies to attempt to press each one's skull into the back of the other. There would be no sitting down on the job.

The gags were new. Fanni saw hers from the side of her eyes; they were all she could move, and she did THAT very carefully. She was, at first, curious. She would later wish she'd never seen the thing.

"Open wide." She did. The ball had no securing strap. It was huge, as Gorila jammed and worked it between her teeth. Her lips formed an almost perfect seal around the ball when it was finally home. What was he thinking of? With time, she thought she could probably just spit it out. She hadn't noticed the ring set into the front of the gag as it protruded from her mouth. A short line was attached to this ring and then up to her nose-ring. So what? Fanni was concentrating so hard on remaining petrified that she hardly noticed the minor addition. The next addition, she very definitely DID notice. It was a weight, a cylindrical steel weight. She saw the legend stamped into its side - 10 Lbs. Made in USA. A ring at the top of the cylinder received a small snap-ring at the end of another short length of line, terminated by another ring. Gorila held the device up in one hand while he clipped this final ring to the ring on the front of the gag. He had her interest, by now.

He jounced the weight up and down in the palm of his hand as if savoring the heft. "Get a good grip on that ball, sweetie," and dropped the weight. The jolt as ten made-in-USA pounds hit the end of the line jerked her head violently forward, nearly tearing it from her toothy grasp and elicited a squeal from Alissa. The pull from the weight was irritating, but not insurmountable. Yet. It swung back and forth through its short arc, bumping and banging across her sternum. She then realized the devious brilliance of the design: she had to keep her mouth tight around the ball, keeping herself gagged in the process. If she spit out the ball, or if her jaw muscles became too exhausted to obey her, the ball would be dragged out by the cylinder, and she'd have ten pounds dangling from her septum. Alissa was soon similarly equipped. Gorila was very proud of himself.

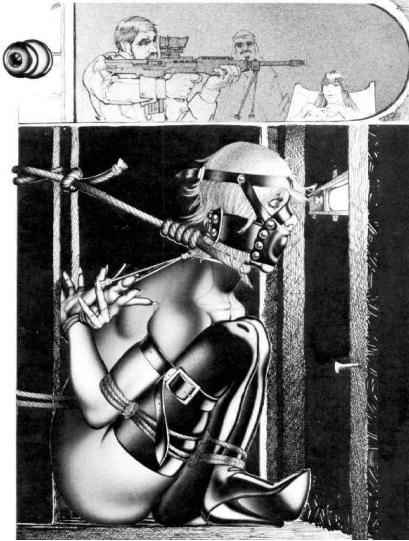
Madame stood before them, first one, then the other. "Nothing like a little slumber party, pets. Better get a good night's sleep; 25 mile hike tomorrow; full packs." Madame at her finest. "Ciao." Dear readers, dwelling on our Heroine/Faithless Wretched Traitor combination would be tedious for you as it was for the ladies. Needless to say, each was casually capable of biting through angle iron for some time to come, subsequent to their adventure, and their demeanor as regards to the Madame was impeccable. And they were allowed near one another. Or more to the point, it would be safer to say that their meeting wasn't specifically prohibited. On such rare occasions as they were brought together, they both wore heavy leathern chastity belts and their hands in their bracelets would be scrunched up into leather bootie affairs, so there would be no nimble fingers darting. In Fanni's case it was redundant, but with Alissa, it was barely enough. She had blossomed, if that's the word, into the archetypal harem girl; the houri who reveled in her bondage, who flirted in her chains. Fanni always wondered whether it was an over reaction to her past life or whether it was a genuine display of character identification. Or both. The Madame, at any rate, was spending what free time she had, which Fanni gathered was becoming less and less to minister to the wench. Fanni was left to Gorila, and Gorila's imagination was little short of astounding. And he wasn't a half bad lover, she acknowledged, remembering the previous night's experience, bound, gagged, blindfolded and impaled on him. Not bad at all. Now if it just hadn't been for all the straps...

"I'd do some really deliciously nasty things to you, if I could," Alissa teased. "How'd you like to have a ring through your clit? I could probably talk Madame into it. Wow, that'd really be neat." Alissa was caught up in her own enthusiasm. Fanni saw nothing to be enthusiastic about.

"I'd forget it, if I were you. Madame has a certain sense of fair play; she'd do it to you, too." Alissa seemed to ponder that one a bit. Fanni saw her chance. "What's she been up to, when she isn't lacing you up, that is?"

Alissa seemed to wake from her daze of seeing herself with a shiny gold ring through her most intimate sex and waxed into surly pout. "She doesn't pay any attention to me, anymore. It's always business, business, business! All those men she's got up there, now. Arabs, or something. They do nothing but drink little cups of coffee and wave their arms around!" She paused, then, and glared at the floor.

"You mean Madame actually lets you sit in on their discussions?"



"Oh NO," Alissa exclaimed, a sly smile stretching across her face. "You see, there's a little secret space right next to their room and it's got this little tiny slit that I can see through. There's glass on it, so I can't really hear anything of what they say, but I can see everything they do. I'd love to knock on the wall or something, right while they're all in the middle of their dumb talking but Madame," she smiled to herself, "seems to know me pretty good so I lay there, all trussed up and gagged till I think my mouth is going to break and just watch. It's so funny, she always says as she finishes the gag, she always tells me that that'll keep my mouth shut, but it's really all the way open, don't you see?" She giggled.

Fanni did see, but she didn't giggle. "Why would she deliberately have you there? That doesn't make sense. As a witness?"

"I don't know. I don't care. I just wish she'd stop wasting all that time on those dummies. A couple of days ago, one of 'em brought in this really weird looking gun. It was really strange. They all got thicker'n thieves, looking at it."

"What kind of gun was it?"

"Ugly. Kind of like those things you see soldiers carrying around. But different. I don't know anything about guns. Daddy always had them arou...."

"HOW, different. Specifically!"

"I don't KNOW. Frankly, I wasn't paying that much attention. Jeezz, I'm sorry I brought it up."

"Was Madame paying much attention. Did she look the thing over?" Fanni was getting very insistent.

"Oh yeah! Her eyes just kind of gleamed. She handled it and played with just like it was ..... me, you know?"

Fanni knew. Or suspected that she did. She'd heard about it shortly before this all began. Terrorists and a raid on an English armory. They'd scored several thousand of the ultra-new 4.85mm "Bullpup" design NATO assault-rifles.

To the public's knowledge, the gun existed only in the form of a small number of prototypes, but there had existed pervasive rumors to the effect that the gun existed as a production weapon, NATO deals having been closed under the table. Rumor and speculation. And the makings of a major scandal, if true. Fanni hadn't paid that much attention except to remark to herself that some happy bomb throwers were going to find themselves armed with the most sophisticated small arms since the Russians introduced the AK/47. Alissa's revelation was stunning, if true. Madame a terrorist. NO! Incredible! It just wasn't the way she worked. Madame was not in the deathbusiness. She thought. Come on, Madame, don't let me down. Unscrupulous, devious, occasionally vicious in limited ways, thoroughly unsavory, but not the equipper of thugs and ideological fanatics. Gorila stumped in and crooked a finger her way. She had to find out more about that gun!

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The routine went on. To all external appearances, the Madame's plan continued unabated, unremitting. More dangerous. Really quite, quite dangerous. God, Maybe Madame WAS getting more bloodthirsty in her old age. Fanni's present situation would tend to suggest as much.

It had begun in darkness, as usual and after the normal trauma of Breakfast Fun and Games. It had been another hogtie, complicated by a blindfold; she'd had to sniff her way to the swill. Gorila hadn't bothered to spin her round and round like kids do when they play Hide 'n Seek, so she basically knew where the mess was. She wondered if her palate would become so sophisticated, dogfood-wise that she could discern different brands. The over-riding consideration since she had last conversed with the ebullient Miss Alissa, was the mystery gun. Was it the Enfield?

Gorila had other things in mind, predictably. Her arms were jammed into long stiff arm sheaths, flexible only at the very tips surrounding her hands and fingers. The sheaths themselves could be and were attached lengthwise to a length of pole which, the center of same strapped around Fanni's throat, held her arms straight out from her shoulders, pivoted by the throat strap like a teeter-totter. Straps from the ends of the pliant handsleeves were pulled back toward her elbows and threaded into buckles roughly half way between shoulder and wrist on the body of the sleeve itself. When the straps were drawn tight, her hands were bent back along the line of her arm, producing a hooked like effect. She could almost see herself as a windmill out standing in a field, merrily flailing away.

Gorila then picked her up and set her down stride something or other. She was compelled to stand on her toes as her ankles and big toes were clamped into place.

At this point, Gorila removed the blindfold. What she beheld crouching between her legs brought a muted peal of horror. It was a blade, a serrated, jagged, glistening shark's mouth of steel spikes erupting toward her crotch in a U-shaped crescent that swept from about her waist down and between her legs and up to roughly the same level in back. Perched as precariously as she was on just the points of her feet, a slip, a stumble, any lost balance would put her into that horrible maw. Gorila placed a hand on her shoulder and forced her down and down, closer and closer to the spikes. She mewed, terrified, struggling with the gag. Holding her casually, easily as if her remonstrances and upward surges were as nothing, the man reached down past her belly to the very lowest point of the toothed arc and flipped spring loaded teeth out and away from the main body of the device. They snapped securely into place, horizontal, at right angles to the other spikes. The very tips, needle-like, pricked the delicate skin of her inner thigh and she jerked her knees out and away, spreading herself. The process was repeated on the other side of the thing, and Gorila took his hand from her shoulder. She couldn't, wouldn't rise, because of fear of the lateral teeth and couldn't and wouldn't lower herself because of the vertical teeth. She must, simply, remain exactly as she was, with no more than an inch or two of motion possible to her



before either her thighs or her crotch came into contact with the steel spines. Already, her legs were quivering. She couldn't maintain it for long. But she would. My God, she would. More of Madam's theory: volunteer gag, volunteer don't-cut-yourself-in-half-trick. The blindfold went back on. Ever try balancing yourself when you can't see? When the price for losing same is so high?

So she stood. And stood. And cursed and prayed. Seemingly countless times, she felt the bite of the teeth as she sank or swayed (blindfolded, she couldn't even tell, which was much more terrifying) and her efforts became more and more desperate as her strength waned. Oh for sight! If she could just visually judge how far she was from the damned teeth, it would make things a whole helluva lot easier. Once, only once, her concentration broke and she slumped backwards. The sheer soaring agony of the teeth puncturing the sweating flesh jerked her back upright, almost overbalancing her forward and into perhaps a much worse disaster. She stood, arms waving in a semaphore of balancing desperation. She MUST retain her balance. She MUST! It wasn't wishful thinking. It was, quintessentially, ineluctable fact. The predicament was as inconceivable as it was intolerable; the Madame couldn't have changed that much! Her situation spoke graphically to the contrary. She thought, frantic and semi-delirious, that she might just end the whole thing with one quick lunge, knowing through the fog that suicide wasn't in her makeup. Her legs burned and shook from effort, sweat streamed down her body and puddled beneath her, gag/blindfold harness became nearly asphyxiating as she fought, breathes heaving and moaning through her nose. It couldn't go on forever. It didn't. She knew herself to be falling, and screaming piteously as her body failed her. Her crotch, then her upper body thudded into the bar and her cry was only barely muffled by the wadding. She could feel each and every one of the razor-edged points slice her flesh, parting it as easily as if it weren't there at all. Curiously, there was no pain, just the shock of banging down onto the bar. She lay there, defeated, waiting for death to bring her the ultimate blackness. Finally, she let her legs fall to the bar. It was done; what was a little more pain? And there was none.

Why? What? It was hard to think through the cotton layers of fatigue. Feebly, she moved one of her legs as it lay directly on the bar. Where were the points!? She tried the other leg with similar lack of lancing punctures. As she moved the leg, it caused her upper body to shift fractionally against the bar, sliding several inches to the side. Sliding? She had been stuck like a butterfly pincushioned on a cactus. Sliding!? She heaved herself upright, and sat back on the bar, instantly aware of where thin widths of metal go when straddled. She shifted her position to accommodate.

With a clean jerk, the blindfold was snatched from its pop-fittings, and Gorila smirked down at her. "Ya done good, kid, a lot better than I would have thought possible, what with those skinny legs 'n all." Fanni stared down around her. The bar had been de-fanged. No saw edges thrust out at her from the arc, just a dully gleaming squared off edge, perhaps a half-inch wide. The lateral spikes, too, had disappeared. All barbed, hooked monstrosity astride which she had first been hoisted had evaporated into thin air.

"I leave 'em on for about the first half hour so that you stab yourself a few times and to convince you that they're really there, then I kinda sneak 'em off when you're busy. Takes a girl right to the edge of what she really CAN do, with the proper goad. Like I said, ya done hunkydory, child." Gorila was actually pleased, something bordering on respect, genuine respect written across his broad face. Fanni had an almost irresistible urge to vomit, her exhaustion and fury combining in a wave of

nearly unbearable nausea. Desperate, against the sweat running into her eyes and the bar biting into her, she fought it, knowing full well the implications of puking with one's mouth full and compounded by her vow that she was goddamned if she was going to show this.... animal... how near she had come to death; how she had know in the instant of her leg's collapse that she was going to die. It had been a joke; a test. Oh Madame, for this you shall pay, and dearly. Fanni would have been speechless with rage, had the option been open to her. Something of her restrained, literally, fury must have communicated itself through her eyes, for Gorila actually took a step back as if struck. He gathered himself quickly together, giving her a somewhat abashed smile, and got her off the device. He seemed almost ashamed. Maybe even he had his limits. That was pushing things a bit, though, she told herself.

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Fanni's relationship to the entire current experience with Madame and her assorted minions underwent a subtle but (guardedly) distinct change. No letting on to the opposition. There would be an accounting for that escapade on the toothed bar. Yes indeedy. Fanni lied not at all confronting what she perceived to be her one and only death. Not for Gorila's delectation; not for Madame's fucking test. That little sneaking cunt Alissa was going to be returned to her father with a great deal of handling wear and tear. She thought she liked slavery, eh? The games people play and all that silly shit. And Madame's friends with their strange piece - an interesting wrinkle in the fabric of the whole boondoggle. They didn't matter. Or the goddamned guns. If the British couldn't hang on to their ass with both hands, that was their problem. The just barely beneath the surface latent warmonger in Fanni was interested in a purely isn't-that-fascinating manner, but her priorities had undergone a severe shift, now that she understood more fully the substantial changes in Madame's business machinations, and the extent to which her relations with her slaves had taken a distinct turn for the worse.



She'd done the same damned thing she'd done in the early stages of her previous states of capture with Madame: nothing. She'd gone along, not merely because resistance at the time might well have been totally useless, but because there existed within her, perverse and only grudgingly recognized and even more grudgingly accepted, a curiosity about herself, and about what she could tolerate under duress. The Madame's somehow droll bondage adventures (and very definitely not droll at all, any more if yesterday's bout was any indication) had served variously as a proving ground and as an interesting (albeit painful and uncomfortable) diversion. The latest turn had convinced her either that Gorila had taken command of the training aspect of Madame's myriad interests, which didn't strike her as very likely, since even Gorila had seemed somewhat shamefaced about her ordeal. It was likely, undoubted in fact, that he had designed the device, but it was damned sure that Madame had authorized its use. She wasn't much at delegating authority, particularly as it applied to

what had hitherto been an area of prime concern to her. No, it was obviously Madame. Bad, bad, bad.

She squirmed and clinked wetly, the ice cubes filling the rubber panties producing an electrifying effect on her sex. "Eating experiences something out of the ordinary," had been Gorila's words, she cursed. Every time she'd shift position in the slightest to take another bite of food, one of the insidious cubes would slide inside, and she would arch and jerk and slosh. They had begun to melt, filling the panty with water nearly as cold as the cubes themselves, and far more intrusive. As she had revealed a vivid band of pale flesh in summers past when removing her bikini bottom, so would she now reveal a similar band, but bright blue and goose-bumped. Oh Gorila, you fucker! Gorila, though, wasn't the real enemy; she had to get closer to Madame.

Gorila prepared her for the day's bout. The bracelets were removed and her arms were stuffed into a envelope like sheath, bent at the elbows, forearms snug against one another. The sides of the thing came up right to her armpits and a strap from the center of opening through which her arms had been thrust was pulled up and anchored to the buckle at the back of her uniform collar. Small straps at the sides of the arm sheath, near its bottom were then pulled round and buckled together across her chest. She tried shifting her arms around inside the bag, and discovered that they had little if any leeway. Once again, Gorila had done his job to perfection. Oh well, at least it was comfortable Alissa tottered in. Fanni thought it was Alissa. The eyes said so, she thought. It was about the only thing visible. She wore a cuirass of leather, stiff and unbending. Her breasts, small and round at the best of times, were barely discernible mounds beneath the material. One arm

had been twisted behind the slim back and strapped into place, a mitten imprisoning the fingers and completing the arm's immobilization. The other arm was free, although completely sheathed by a gleaming black supple glove. Her legs and hips were similarly housed in more of the leather, held up at the top by straps attached to the lower edge of the cuirass. The child's sex with its small crop of curly blonde hair was the only exposed flesh of her body, other than her twinkling eyes winking over the over the top of the full face mask gag. Almost a full helmet, as a matter of fact. Her hair had been done into a ponytail, which stuck through a small hole at the top and back of the covering. It bounced as she tendered Fanni a brief nod of greeting. She tottered again, nearly banging into Gorila, snapping closed Fanni's hobbles. Alissa's feet were contorted by the boots into a delicately curved near vertical position. The heel of the boot made contact with the ground only a bare inch from her toes; it must have been incredibly difficult to walk.

Gorila snapped the end of a leash into Fanni's collar and handed the other end to the leatheroid apparition wobbling around near him. He pointed to the door. Alissa gave the leash a summary yank and nearly fell flat on her face. She stilted around the room frantically, dropping her assigned end of the leash and waved her free arm furiously to regain her balance. Gorila shook his head in disgust and picked up the loose line, holding it out slightly from his body for her to grab when she could. It looked like Alissa was getting the worst of this bargain. So far.

A long time later, it seemed, Fanni and Alissa followed their appointed path down hall and pathway. Alissa was so stymied by her boots and requisite balancing act that Fanni had to walk beside her lending a sturdy shoulder of support. Christ what a spectacle, Fanni thought. Here she was, the one wearing the leash, helping along the one who was supposed to be leading her. Real comic book fare.

The stairway they had to climb appeared endless. Alissa was never going to make it unaided. "Step up on the first step and lean back on me," Fanni directed. Alissa complied. And so they went, Alissa pecking her way to a higher step with Fanni as her back-stop. Routine. Boring. Tiring. Sweat ran into the youngster's eyes when they were finally to the top. She shook her head to get most of it off. "Come on "mistress", where to now?" Alissa nodded her head to the left and off they went again in a blur of speed almost too fast for the eye to follow. Goddamn.

The room was high and airy. Open windows admitted a breeze and the sounds of a bird clearing its throat of the morning worm. Curtains belled feebly (it wasn't much of a breeze). The bird really was having a lot of trouble with that worm.

"Uuuummmh," Alissa enunciated, jerking her head down toward the floor.

"It's about your grammar, kiddo," Fanni mused, examining the room. There came a tiny avian death rattle from outside. Poisoned worms, Madame? God, talk about wretched excess.

"UUUMMMHH." Alissa really had something to say. Fanni turned back to face her and the other girl jerked her head furiously toward the floor.

"You want me to lie down."?

Head shakes of negation.

"Sit?"

No.

"Kneel?" Yes, yes, yes, yes, the head up and down like a robot.

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?" Christ, this generation gap; no communication, any more. Fanni squatted on her heels as Alissa gingerly, carefully, tried to squat beside her. Fanni was watching her eyes and, so, saw the awful realization dawn there that the balance had flown off someplace. Alissa fell with a solid flump and a whistle of expelled air through the nose holes.

"Nothing like grace incarnate. God's very own private vision of agility and suppleness, I imagine," Fanni commented. Alissa helped herself back up with her unhindered hand and beheld Fanni with a baleful behold.

"Madame's going to be here soon, isn't she?" Fanni prompted, all sweetness and light. Horror replaced the venom in the girl's visible expression and she shuffled over to Fanni. She signaled for Fanni to raise herself up a mite so she could get to the hobble snaps. Fanni did so, weary and consigned to whatever bullshit was coming. Alissa undid one end of the hobble-strap and pulled it from beneath Fanni's bottom, and once again signaled, this time that she should sit back down. The end of the hobble now went over her thighs and was reattached to the just freed hobble. The strap was just exactly the right length. She would not be able to stand. Alissa seemed almost to heave a sigh of relief that the job was done and struggled to her feet/points. She tottered off into the distance, ricocheting off the furniture and the walls. Very fashionable. Stylish. Her finishing school would have been overjoyed.

Madame showed no particular inclination to be johnny-on-the-spot, and Fanni found herself gazing wistfully out the window. Blue sky. A small cloud here and there. It would have been nice to sit on the sill, looking down at the long grass she remembered wading through on her first approach here.

She leaned forward a little. The strap dug into her thighs, tight and insistent. Sit still, dummy!

Steps were ascending the stairs leading to the short hallway terminated by the open door to this room. Fanni sat, patient. She didn't turn. The steps stopped at the portal, paused a moment and then continued on into the room coming around Fanni's left, toward the window.

Madam moved into view, a little red-faced and holding a champagne glass from one hand as she absently smoothed her hair with the other. It held another of those poisonous nail-diameter cigars that so many "Liberated" woman seemed to affect. Ashes in the hair, Madame. Smoke and fire. You'd look awful stupid covered with white fire extinguisher powder. Wonder if Gorila would have the balls to do it? She couldn't help it; a smile wormed its way across her lips.

"Ah HA! The slave is happy in her bondage!" the Madame crowed. "Pray tell they.... somewhat inebriated mistress and owner what.... she finds so amusing!" Madame almost fell off her perch on the desk. Champagne on the rug. Slovenly. Unusual.

"Why nothing, my fine feathered queen of domination; mistress to the world; emasculator of men (and women) and high chieftain of her vicious hordes of arseniced worms doing glorious combat against all flying things." Fanni would have continued in her praises, but the Madame had latched onto that last.

"Ah Yesss," her W.C. Fields drawl left a lot to the imagination, "it was high in the depths of Lake Titicaca that a wise old Aztec sage gave me the ideaaa of ringing the aboode with a string of Claymore Miiines. Salted the areaaaa with four thousand pounds of choice corn morselllllss. And waitedddd. Ah Fanni," she dropped the rather embarrassing impression and continued, "it was a

sight to behold; there must have been a good ten thousand of those little assholes down there when I popped the cam on 'em. Nothin' but hair, teeth and eyeballs left, afterward. Only problem with the Claymores is that they cut down all the grass for about a hundred yards around the building; looked like I'd had a couple hundred lawn mowers going for a year!" She quaffed the remnants of the champagne and looked around for more, standing and wobbling toward an adjacent bookcase.

"And then the smell, can you imagine what it's like to smell ten thousand birds, and bird parts, and bird essence!?! We just kept the windows closed and the air conditioners up. Grass grew like hell once they'd 'gone to seed' as they say." She had found another bottle, gin by the look of it. You're going to regret this, lady.

"The purpose of my little visit, our little get together, wasn't to discuss the care and feeding of vermin, however," she continued, licking her lips. "How's your tongue?"

"What!" Fanni had a hollow feeling in her stomach. Oh shit. Anchovy-time.

"You know, that nice long pink wiggler of yours. You must be pretty good with it. You seemed to be enjoying yourself when I caught you and Alissa."

"Madame, if you will remember," Fanni rebutted, face beet-red, "I was chained to a wall; there was nothing I could do about it! I don't go down on women! Besides, I already had my breakfast."

"What the hell is this "I" nonsense. You aren't an "I", you're an "It", and you're MY "it". Slave. Chattel Furniture."

"Go fuck yourself, bitch."

"Oh no, sweetums, you 're gonna do that. Oh yes, yes, yes. You can shake your head all you like." She got up from the table and went around behind it and opened a side drawer. She returned with a pair of small reddish rubber blocks that were thicker on one end than on the other. Dentist's blocks for keeping patient's mouths open during oral surgery. Gorila was behind her and her head was in his arms and the strength of her jaw was no match for that of his arms. Her mouth was wide open, and when Madame had inserted the blocks between her back teeth, they would stay that way. Gorila let go of her head, and she thrashed it vigorously from side to side, clenching and unclenching her jaws, but the things would move not an iota.

Gorila shoved a tangled bundle of straps down onto the top of her head and rolled them down the sides, spider webbing her head with what finally turned out to be a disturbingly sophisticated harness. When the last strap had been tightened into the last buckle, it was if a large leather fishnet had been dropped over her face and head and vacuum formed into place. Its embrace was everywhere. Its purpose was to provide hard-points for the four separate straps now dangling down her chest into her lap. There were four of them: one each from the sides of her face and one from her forehead and one from the point of her chin.

Madame had, meantime, not been idle while Gorila went on his appointed rounds. Not by a long shot. Her waist and lower belly were now adorned and confined by a corset thing that started just below her naval and ended up scant inches above her sex. She had buckled it very, very tight, so that the flesh bulged out at the junction of skin and leather. There was one large buckle in the front centerline of the band, and one each on the sides, right at the edge of the material. Fanni didn't really need to be told that there was another on the centerline of the back.

Madame walked up close to her more and more nauseated prey and lifted the first strap, the one attached to Fanni's forehead, and stuck it through the central buckle. Fanni gave her head a small shake as a gesture of defeat. Already, she was drooling. Disgusting. The strap from the right side of her face went through the buckle at Madame's left hip. The other side-strap went through the other side-buckle. They were loose and swung slightly. Finally, the chin strap went back between Madame's legs and, with a certain amount of fumbling, was inserted through the fourth and final anchor. And quickly tightened. Fanni hadn't been expecting quite such a vehement first move and was unprepared. Her chin shot forward until her face nearly made contact. Her entire field of vision was that of black curly hair.

Fanni lunged backward reflexively, and Madame, skilled in the game, obligingly thrust her belly forward in kind, and took up the slack in the back belt. Fanni's chin and mouth were hard on soft, fragrant flesh and Madame's luxurious thatch scrabbled in her nose. She almost thought she'd sneeze. The Madame pivoted her lips up in a lightening quick move from the waist until the little nub of all female pleasure was directly over the reluctant mouth, then quickly strode over the girl, bending the helpless head back, then with a speed and assurance born of long practice, arched her belly around and forward till it touched Fanni's forehead. Instantly, the slack from the attached band was gone and our miss Hall was pretty much tied to her chores for the afternoon. The feeble amount of lateral movement still left to her would have served to do nothing more than to rub her face more deeply into the job at hand. Or head, whichever the case may be. Madame indolently, casually, insolently, drew in the hip straps, moaning to herself in pleasure not merely at the sexual revels to come, but in this debasement of her most irksome single foe. "Ride 'em, cowboy," she groaned. Gorila withdrew. He too had chores.

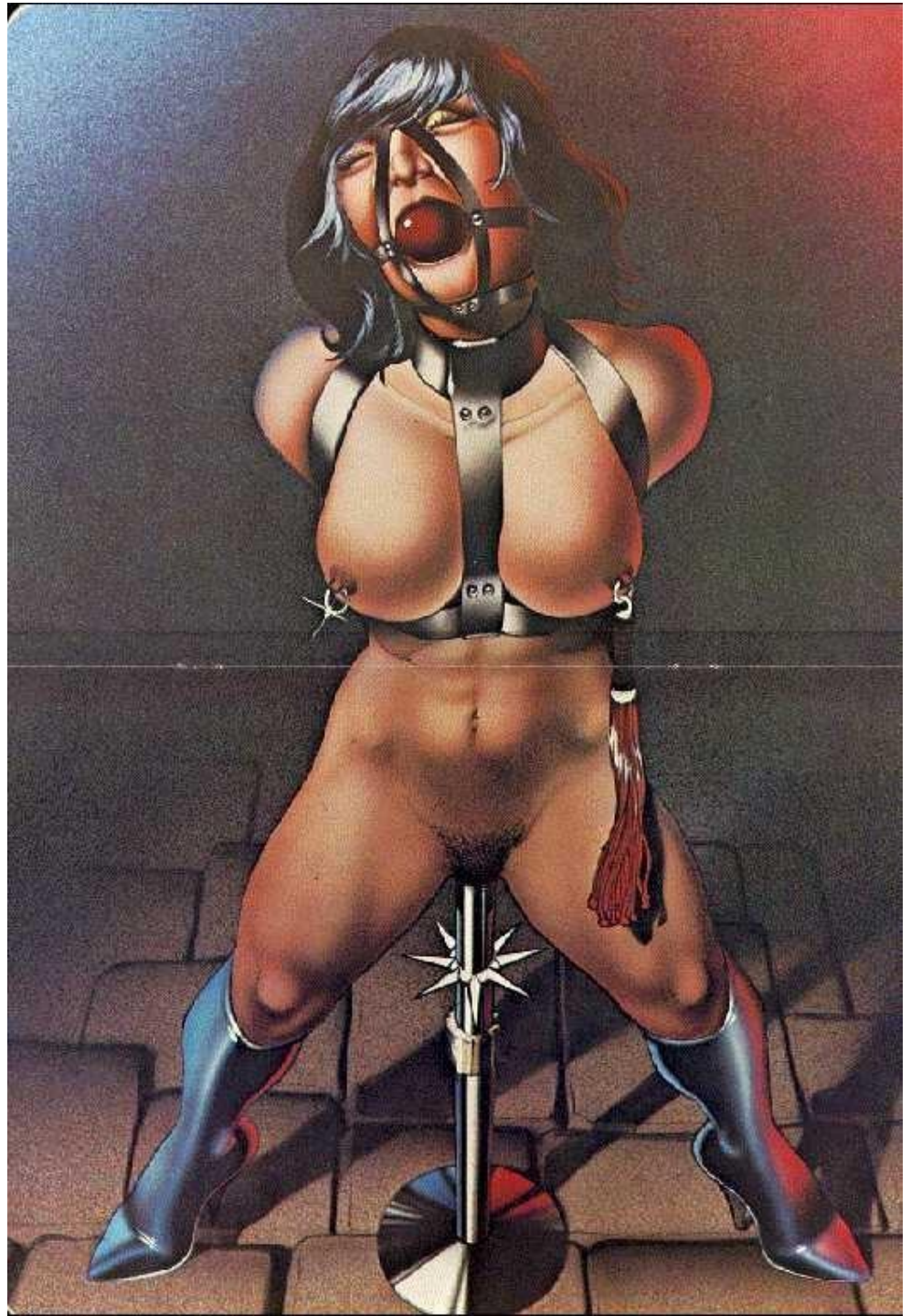
Madame put both hands to the tousled raven head at her groin, gently rocking and pushing. "I want to feel that tongue, pet," Madame crooned. "NOW!" The short whip in her hand lashed down in a black blur, imbedding its multiple tips into the striping so recently applied. Fanni gasped, the blast of hot wet breath inundating Madame's crotch. She gasped. Another blow. Harder. Fanni thrust straight out with the tongue. Forgive me, she said to it. Another blow and then another.



"Come ... on ... you ... pig!" A blow for each word. Madame wasn't satisfied. She changed tactics, and lunged forward, carrying Fanni backward, and lowered herself astraddle Fanni, now lying flat on her back with Madame's knees on either side of her head. Fanni was becoming somewhat more generous with her tongue, but Madame, the connoisseur in this aspect of get-the-other-guy-hot-and-wet knew there was much, much more to be realized. Another dildo; another stretching of soft tissue around an ersatz member of stupendous size pushed all the way to her tonsils. And turned on. The vibrator was nothing more than your basic industrial strength trench digger, and she could almost imagine herself and her rider being "walked" across the floor by its harmonics. Not mention what it was doing to her. In other ways. It was the same as before, when she'd hung from the ceiling and Gorila had flailed away. Her sexual ecstasy transcended the mere inconvenience of pain. Suddenly, the wet, very hot lips at her mouth seemed not nearly so repugnant. The Madame was rubbing and pressing, and Fanni responded. She found the knob and tasted, flicking and pushing. Madame's mounting moans were a pain of ecstasy, of wholly unadulterated sensual fulfillment. Fanni was lost in the bliss of the plastic mole buzzing its merry mindless tune.

Gorila returned perhaps an hour later. He tapped on the door and got no answer. He was loath to disturb the Madame at Play, but business was business, and she had appointments to fill. Now was the time. He tapped again with no success, so heaving a simian sigh, he cautiously pried open the door. The bundle on the floor was not encouraging; Madame had either fainted or (more likely) passed out from all the booze she'd had and was lying flat on the tiles, one arm under her cheek, the other stretched straight out to the side. Hall, what he could see of her, lay pinned beneath, her legs and lower body performing a slow squirming pavane to the accompaniment of a low but distinct buzz. Gorila reached down and flipped off the switch. The legs continued their slow dance. Gorila withdrew the dildo and threw it into a corner, then unbuckled the two bodies.

Fanni lay like an idiot, mouth open and drooling, her eyes unfocused and crossed. Her tongue was moving feebly and she seemed to be trying to say something. Gorila gingerly removed the dentist's blocks and turned to the Madame. She HAD to get cleaned up before the clients got there. Christ, why did Ferret have to go back to England NOW?! Business was NOT Gorila's game. Nor baby sitting for Madame when she decided to indulge in excesses like this. Madame was out to the world. She was covered with a venomous mixture of stale sweat and even more stale champagne. Hall was making feeble noises behind him, but was still tightly tied and was, therefore no particularly pressing security problem. He glanced at the grandfather clock at the wall. He still had some time. Not much. Security. Always security. Hall had to go back downstairs, first. Ah God, he told himself, he'd always known there'd be days like this, but recently, there were so MANY of 'em. He picked Fanni up under one arm, and, with another quick glance at the clock, went hurrying from the room. Maybe a good cold shower for Madame.....



# The Plot Thickens

## Part Three

Written by Robert Bishop

Illustrated by Robert Bishop

Transcribed by guardian46w

25 times. That's what she'd been saying when Gorila had detached the two of them. 25 times. 25 non-stop orgasms. Before she lost count. In a way, it almost became a pain, like tickling that, carried to the incredible excess Madame had inflicted on her, becomes as intolerable as the branding-iron; the rack; the iron-maiden. She hadn't exactly lost consciousness to the extent that she fell into a gulf of blackness (what a relief it would have been!), rather she had floated in a nearly mindless limbo of total sexual sensation carried far, far beyond any predictable or reasonable degree. She wondered if it had shortened her life span, and she wasn't entirely facetious when she asked herself the question. How could a human body, ANY human body, get the wringing out she'd had without some profound long distance effect. Or maybe her cunt (and her psyche) were a lot tougher than she thought. She suspected the latter was the case. Madame had screamed actual screams. Fanni had thought several times that her head would be yanked from her shoulders in Madame's enthusiasm for the game. She needed a gag; silence is bliss. Fanni's "gag" had been peculiar, but effective in its way. God, no more of that shit. She had been aware of Gorila when he first released her from Madame, but only dimly, at the very edge of awareness, the very most peripheral razor thin edges. It had gotten darker and darker from then on. She remembered nothing of the trip to the cell. She relaxed back into the dark; it wasn't time yet.

And the routine went on. Madame disappeared for days at a time. Alissa seemed to evaporate with her. Fanni's routine stared her in the face each morning. Snakes and ladders. Gorila the advocate, the proselyte. He really did want her to enjoy. Unconscious. And even he was troubled. Devotion too uncalculated to pry at. She had learned nothing of the guns. Madame at her most vulnerable moment, and nothing had been gleaned from the experience, other than her own unique vulnerability to a vibrator. Christ, it was sickening. And you call yourself a professional, Hall?

And what about the goddamned guns. They themselves were peripheral; why was she interested. Why did she need then some point of reference in a world becoming increasingly more like something from the darkest pages of Alice; like stepping into Jabberwocky? Like finding yourself hooked and spiked by the jaws that bite, the claws that catch? Beware the jubjub bird, and shun the frumious bandersnatch. Madame's place all right. The pot was indeed turned over. Her bondage was superfluous, she suddenly realized. Madame had changed with the times or the situations as they had presented themselves to her. Her crowd had changed. Her attitudes and priorities had changed. You can't go home, again. Fanni realized, perhaps for the first time that her life was quite literally in the balance. The incident with the barbed bar had seen her alive and well only because Gorila had removed the final solution to what many another girl had found astride the thing. The blood. The muffled screams. The limp and mangled bodies. Did Gorila take care of that? Household chores, like throwing out the garbage? To what end!? Gorila's? No, she couldn't see it. And yet she couldn't believe it of Madame. Some kind of behavioral dichotomy. No, she wasn't schizoid, she didn't think.

Maybe phenomenal disinterest? Or her clients. Her clients. Maybe with their movie cameras. Snuff flicks? Madame couldn't be THAT desperate for money! Or was it money?

The Main Event was to come shortly thereafter. Not for Fanni. For Madame. A blowout; an honest to God bacchanal. Business contacts and friends rich and powerful and with the proverbial taste for the bizarre. But business contacts, most significantly.

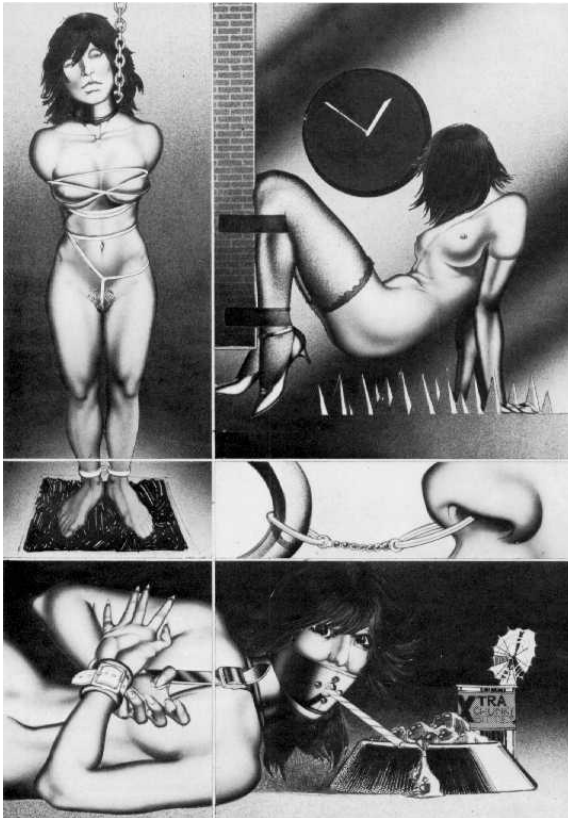
In the meantime, Fanni had her little run-in with the dogs. Gorila had seemed in fine humor when he'd come for her. He'd hummed the same tuneless tune when she'd made her forced march to confront Madame and the faceless man. She feared the presence of the tune was a harbinger of untoward things to come. Clever girl.

Another room. Anonymous in its conformity with all the others she'd occupied. Maybe it was the same room. A "T" shaped bar stuck up out of the floor. The horizontal ends of the "T" had straps. Gorila sat her down near the pole and facing it and attached her to it, one foot through each strap. Her feet were just barely high enough off the floor to make her have to work to keep her body upright. She shifted her shoulders, sliding the waist belt around to a more comfortable position. She twined her fingers together, cuffed through a ring in the back of the belt. Gorila walked over with a gag in his hands. It was a rubber plug glued to the inside of a padded broad strap. She opened and accepted the plug and rolled her eyes in bored detachment as the thick padding sank into her cheeks. Stretch and seal, she thought.

The next step was as unusual as the gag was prosaic. From a cupboard Gorila removed a metal can with a threaded top. Gorila was openly sniggering to himself as he returned. He could, as a matter of fact, only just barely suppress outright laughter. "Do you like dogs? Hee, hee, hee, hee, hee..." Fanni stared back, eyes cautious over the gag. "Well, if you don't you soon WILL, haw, haw, haw, haw," Gorila could barely restrain himself. He was doing a lousy job, in fact.

The top of the can was unscrewed, revealing the contents to be a nasty looking and smelling glop. Gorila thrust his nose over the brew and took a deep breath, recoiling with tears in his eyes. "Great for clearing out the sinuses!" he gasped. Fanni wrinkled her nose. Gorila fetched a short flat wooden spatula from a pocket and scooped up a mound of the gorp and plastered it over the sole of one foot. Fanni arched her toes and tried to jerk away. The stuff was warm, almost burning. Gorila tended to the other paw. "Have to work fast once the top's off," he intoned. "The stuff dries faster'n hell once air gets to it." He scooted to her side on his knees and began adorning her sex with the slimy crap. He took extra special care to work it deep within the lips and into as much hair as was available. Fanni, eyes outraged and fuming hummed protests through her nose and vainly squirmed and twisted away from the probing spatula, but as should be glaringly obvious, she was just wasting time and effort. The can nearly exhausted of its contents, Gorila then turned to her breasts, smearing and smoothing the goo as if he was putting the frosting on a cake. The stream of vituperation held in check by the rubber wadding was prodigious and non-stop. The final indignity was a rounded dollop square on the end of the outraged nose. She crossed her eyes to examine the precise dimensions of this wretched affront and Gorila could no longer control himself, roaring with laughter and slapping his knees. Fanni shook her head up down and sidewise, but the squatter wouldn't budge.

"It hardens, you know," Gorila croaked, wondering if he'd damaged himself with his paroxysms. "But it's water-soluble." Gorila stood, groaning and stumbling and walked to another door she hadn't noticed when she'd first entered. "They've got plenty, haw, haw, haw, haw." He doubled up as he flung open the door.



A pair of sleek black Labradors sat good-naturedly on the other side of the portal, looking at Gorila expectantly, tails wagging furiously, long pink tongues hanging out the sides of their mouths. Oh my ever lovin' God, Fanni thought. She knew how the gorp was coming off. The tongues disappeared, the mouths closed and the noses came up to attention, instantly attracted to the succulent aroma wafting to their delicate nostrils. Suddenly both black heads locked, the long muzzles aimed squarely at Fanni. Gorila, you can't do this to me, she tried to convey with her eyes. "You hurt their feelings if you yell at them, so I took the little precaution of the gag. You know how it is." Fanni didn't and shook her head to that effect. Gorila shrugged his shoulders. "You will." And walked out the door, leaving it open. "They'll come to me when you're done," he said over his shoulder as he disappeared round the corner.

The dogs trotted in. Scrambled might be a more apt description of their charge. One went to her feet and the other to her left breast. At first Fanni was terrified that they might bite, but they seemed to be old hands at

this, slobbering and licking and stroking, fascinated by the scent of whatever the goo was. They seemed almost frantic, neither being able to stay at one area for more than a few licks before looking around for a more succulent morsel, neither so far assailing her well-plastered groin much beyond simple exploratory licks. They kept with the easy targets, at first. The gorp yielded only gradually to the assault of canine saliva. The constant volume and continuous changing back and forth of targets licked and nuzzled soon had Fanni writhing for entirely different reasons than mere attempts to evade the dog's attentions. She had jerked and twisted as the first dog's tongue rasped the soles of her feet, but the real thrills began when one nipple, being the highest point of her breast, was uncovered first and from then on was subjected to constant spate of warm slightly raspy licking as the dog furiously attempted to remove all the material from around this small island of pink, hard flesh. Then the other nipple came into view, and as the dog was constantly switching from one breast to the other, it was if a pair of if not particularly skilled but enthusiastic, nonetheless, lovers were doing their level best on her. And then the other dog got serious about her groin.

At first, the sheer thickness of the goo acted almost as a form of armor, but the dog all too quickly began wearing through in spots and Fanni knew this was going to be an extremely..... entertaining... afternoon.

Feet and breasts finally stripped of the fascinating glop, both dogs concentrated on her groin, one coming in from the pole-side, and the other lying across her belly. Its flailing tail brushed across her face and the still stiffened nipples as its other end slobbered between her legs. All the crap was gone but for that small quantity of it that had run into the opening. The doggies were having trouble here, and had to lick very, very carefully in that very concise area. Poor babies. They licked and licked and licked and licked.

When Fanni could again open her eyes, it was to see Gorila standing over her. "Slick as a whistle. Yessir." The dogs were long gone, no doubt satisfied. She wondered if she had any pubic hair left. The Dynamic Duo.

That was the day before the big event. There was to be nothing routine about it. Fanni was roused off her blanket well before dawn and led upstairs, grumbling. Gorila didn't even use a leash, contenting himself with nothing more than one ham-sized fist on her arm. He pushed her through the door of the room they finally arrived at and snapped on the light switch just inside. It was a bathroom! Complete with a decent sized tub, commode and a dressing table. Fanni could scarcely believe her eyes. For her? Impossible.

Gorila switched her bracelets around to the front, then clicked a metal collar around her throat. It was attached to a wall by a long chain allowing her total freedom of movement around the room. "Get yourself cleaned up." The bath had already been drawn, invisible beneath a froth of soap bubbles. They crinkled and steamed. Fanni had never seen anything so beautiful in her entire life. She ran, almost, to the tub and quickly lowered herself into the water. God, it was hot! And wonderful! It came nearly to her chin if she slid her back down the end of the tub and she blew at the bubbles, grinning when small clumps of them separated from the tenuous main mass and floated down towards the other end. God, the simple things, and how you get to taking them for utterly granted. And all of a sudden the rug gets pulled out and you realize just what you've lost. A plastic cup lay along one edge of the tub and she picked it up and poured a stream of the hot scented water over her head. Another and another followed. She rubbed her hands through the slick wet mass of her hair and slumped back, nearly asleep with the relaxation brought about by the water. "Get your ass in gear, in there!"

Back to work. She poured a brilliant green lotion onto one cupped hand and rubbed it into her hair, lathering and working her fingers deep into the folds of hair. She remembered what it was like to have her hair feather soft and light so that the slightest whisper of air would lift the ends from her shoulders and blow vagrant strands across her face. Bliss. She was scarcely aware of the incongruity of the spectacle she provided, of a beautiful woman shampooing her hair with a pair of steel manacles on her wrists and a collar around her neck chained to a wall. Her fetters were of no more importance to her than earrings. If you didn't know better. Gorila knew better, and that's why she was never, ever without them.

There was even an electric hair-dryer. She sat on an upholstered chair in a bulky soft dark green robe (it matched the color of the shampoo) and ran the scorching currents of air through and around her hair, fluffing



combing as she went. Done and dry, her hair formed a raven halo around her face, still remarkably unchanged, she thought, considering the multitudinous rigors to which it and she had so recently been subjected. Her tan was beginning to suffer. When had she actually last seen the sun. A large bottle of red, red, red nail polish occupied the center of the dressing table. The message was obvious; wear me. She did her fingers, first, turning them from side to side and blowing on them to speed drying. Then the toes. Done at last, she stood before the mirror, running her hands down her smooth flanks, twisting around and then back, placing her hands behind her head and lifting the hair in a cascade. She was in the act of blowing herself a kiss when Gorila came back in.

He stopped and admired. "I always did say Madame had good taste. You look good enough to eat; I think that's what I'll do, tonight. Unless Madame has plans." So much for Fanni's reverie. He collared her with the broad leather, the bracelet-strap thumping and swinging across her shoulder blades. One hand was released from the clasps and the other, still confined was pulled around behind her back and linked to the strap. The other hand now joined its sister in bondage. Gorila pulled the linked wrists extra especially high, pulling on the strap with one hand, and lifting her hands with the other. Then came the hobbles. Finally, he released her from the wall-chain, and snapped a leash onto the collar. "Let's go."

They stopped outside an ornate oak door. It must have been fully ten feet high, and worked with intricate scrolling and figures of mythical animals. An impressive piece of work. Gorila produced a short little spreader-bar; it couldn't have been much more than five inches in length. Curious, Fanni stared down as Gorila made ready to attach it. It wasn't for her ankles as she surmised; it was for her knees. This was ridiculous! What more did he need than the hobbles. As it was she almost had to run with her tiny jerky steps to keep up with his normal walk. The fact that they were already arrived at their destination should have told her something. One end of the bar was cuffed to each leg just above the knee. The only way she could now close her legs was to put one knee at least five inches in front of the other. Weird. Even weirder was that Gorila then picked her up and slung her over his shoulder and, pushing through the massive doors as if they were made of balsa wood, walked into the room.

Party-time and the lunatics were doing the interior decorating. So many, many girls. Where did they all come from? All were bound and helpless as she, but in every imaginable contortion and configuration. The over-riding theme seemed to be that they were made into useful and homely objects; a couple were lamps, two of them supporting a board between them were a bookcase, one sporting an antler-like maze of wooden dowels was a coat-rack, another squatting before a chair was an ottoman, another, totally sheathed in leather and standing stiff to the waist was a clock, a grandfather type. It went on and on. Surely Madame didn't keep all these women on the premises. But then she really did have the room if she desired. An expensive hobby if she ever saw one. And then noticed that she was being borne toward the chair frame. She was almost a little surprised that she wasn't destined to be the ottoman. Ottoman? Ottoperson? She got a better look at the chair, then and would gladly have changed places with whoever the unfortunate was stuffed into the bodybag at the chair's foot. Because it wasn't, strictly speaking, a chair, it was a chair FRAME. It had no back or bottom, other than the polished aluminum tubing that comprised the frame itself. Distinctly uncomfortable for the sitter. Unless, of course, something soft yet firm and fully packed were to be slung between those rods and lashed into place. Oh God, another night at the follies!

As she was lowered towards the frame, she took one last look over Gorila's shoulder and saw one small item that she hadn't noticed during her first appraisal, and that was a six- inch long round-

ended aluminum dowel standing vertically from the narrow crossbeam she assumed she'd actually be sitting on. Instantly, she knew what it was and why Gorila had taken the precaution of keeping her knees apart. Knowing his intentions, she endeavored to get one knee far enough in front of the other so that she could get her knees together, but Gorila was having none of that and simply grabbed the bar with one hand and twisted it so it was perpendicular to her legs. She had tried going one-to-one with him on occasions past and knew it to be a waste of time. Gorila now thrust the fingers of his other hand through the belt he'd cinched around her waist as a last act before quitting the bathroom and hefted her off his shoulder and held her before him directly over the chair frame.

"You're going to have to tell me when the dildo goes in. Otherwise I'll just have to fish around; it's your twat. Comprene?"

"You fucker. Was this your idea or your owner's?"

"Tut, tut, keep a decent tongue in your head, girl. I don't have time for this nonsense, now. What is it, yes or no?" He bobbed her up and down in mid-air several times. She glared at him then dropped her head and nodded.

"Back a little bit more.... no too much ....THERE.. no you've missed.. that's it, right there." Gorila lowered her onto the rod. She gritted her teeth; the thing was cold as ice.

The chair frame narrowed at her knees, just making contact at the outside of her legs when she pressed her knees together, which was the first thing she did when Gorila removed the spreader bar. A strap at the "knee" section of the chair passed around her bent legs and held them in place. Another at the lower end of the front legs of the chair secured her ankles. "Oops, wasn't thinking," Gorila commented, then dived one hand down between her legs and buckled it to the waist strap she'd worn from the bathroom. When it was done, she was immovably anchored to the prod. Already, the crossbeam was cutting into her butt. The forward end of the armrest was unusual in that it seemed to more a kind of sleeve arrangement than a conventional rest of any sort. This anomaly was shortly explained when Gorila told her to extend the stiffened fingers of one hand into the recess on one side and to repeat the process on the other side. Hand-holsters would come as about as close to an adequate description, Fanni surmised. No wiggle the fingers.

Very, very broad straps that stretched from the crook of her elbow to her armpit then secured her upper arms to the back of the chair. She was as attached to that chair as if she had grown from it. She looked down at herself, evaluating her worth as a piece of, let's face it, folks, damned unusual furniture: excellent covering, long wear, comfortably padded, an excellent value if you didn't count in the feeding and watering. A catbox would do for most of the other requirements.

Gorila walked back into view unfolding a hood and attaching a snap on rubber gag plug to the interior. "h come on! I just washed my hair, and put on eye-shadow and lipstick. You know what

those damned things are like, they're like steambaths! Please! Can't you just use a regular gag and a blindfold. Not a hood!" She whined very convincingly.



"Sorry, my dove, but the Madame has some entertainment devised for the night. These other bodies you see here," he gestured at the other laced and motionless figures in the room, belong to the guests. "After everybody's good and zoned on champagne, they'll all stagger in here and try to figure out who's who. That's one of the reasons all the other good ladies are, as you can plainly see, well and thoroughly hooded; you can't recognize your own personal favoritest slavelet through leather. Any other distinguishing marks, brands for instance, have been covered, as well. As an extra special nugget, the guests know you're here as part of the display; the one who picks you gets you for the night." Oh thrills, she thought. Rented out to the neighbors. Shit. "Open." She gave him one last despairing look and opened.

She took the plug in her mouth, or tried to; it was enormous. Why the hell did it have to be so huge! Almost, she thought it wouldn't go at all, but suddenly it popped inside. The zipper started at her

forehead, and when Gorila had pulled and tugged it all the way round to the base of her neck, assiduously pushing hair beneath the leather as the slit closed, it was if she had grown a slick night-black hide of leather. Highlights cast by the ceiling lights gleamed on it. Her nostrils exactly aligned with the nose-holes, Gorila buckled snug the throat strap. At first, the interior of the helmet was merely warm and redolent of fine tanned hide. That would change quickly, she knew. Fuck.

"Lean your head back. Farther." She didn't have any choice, anyway. A strap attached to a ring atop the helmet had been linked to a buckle on the back of the chair and Gorila was steadily shortening the strap. Her head came farther and farther back until she began to think her neck would snap. She tried to arch her back to accommodate, but the strap previously run beneath her breasts wouldn't allow it. Fortunately, Gorila had judged with some finesse the degree of bendage her body would tolerate, and stopped. Petrified, again. It had lost its novelty; all that remained was the discomfort. She'd have to start thinking in terms of getting the hell out of here.

The wait, predictably, was long. And hot. And sticky. And she thought her neck would be permanently crooked in its backward bow. Goddamn Gorila. Schmuck. She and her fellow statues waited. And ached.

The herd's arrival was manifest as muted drunken snickers and guffaws and varied comments of approval/admiration at Madame's inventiveness. Their footfalls were like a low rumbling after the silence. It seemed that small groups of them milled around, pausing at each piece of furniture to ogle. And to feel. Fanni's crotch was, occupied with other things, unfortunately for the guests (not all that fortunately for Fanni) which left her breasts as about the only remaining target of note. She had seen

several of the girls as Gorila had carried her in who had had substantially more than THAT on exhibit. Judging from the sharp bursts of laughter, theirs must have been a night of a rather highly stimulating nature.

A sudden crushing weight descended onto Fanni's lap and worked its way around, acclimating itself to the somewhat unusual dimensions of this novel seat. A head lay back on her shoulder and through the leather of the helmet she heard her sitter speak. "Enjoying yourself, pet?" Madame. "You should see the crowd at my little bing. So far, it's been an almost total success. They're....." She paused. "What's that, Ralph? Yes, I know. Practice makes perfect, and all that. What do you mean, would I mind? It's just furniture, USE it!" Another pause as the man presumably went back to whatever item had struck his fancy. "As I was saying, love, they've spent so much time admiring the configurations that they haven't even started picking out who's who. I don't think anybody knows which one is you, yet. I guess I shouldn't be seen talking to you, should I? Don't want to give anybody any advantages." The weight lifted, mercifully. Fanni had thought the cross-bar was going to cut her bottom in half. She didn't even want to think about the dildo.

"Hello, wot have we here?" British accent. Like Ferret's. The man cupped her breasts, one to each hand, rubbing and rolling the nipples with some little finesse. The other exploratory jerk and prods had done nothing for Fanni except to make her clench her teeth on the gag at the short bursts of pain, but this was quite something else. Her breasts had always been especially sensitive. Her nipples engorged. "Very nice," the voice commented. "Smashing." Another weight, much greater than Madame's crossed her thighs, causing the bar to dig into her with even greater vehemence. The man's upper body leaned down across Fanni's shoulders and one hand continued its manual examination of a nipple. "I've been looking at all the other girls, here and, while I can't be absolutely certain, I'd have to say that you're Miss Hall. At any rate, you can be sure that you're my choice, m'girl. I will definitely cast my vote for you. Y'know, I was bit put out to learn you were here. But, we'll talk about that later."

The choices were being made as, one by one, the guests, walking around, some of them in a maze of indecision, made their picks. Madame wouldn't allow them to disclose the slave's identity before all the choices had been made; didn't want to simplify their task by the process of elimination. The Englishman got Fanni after what seemed like a long time; either nobody was interested in her or they genuinely didn't have the faintest idea of which mute, bound form she was. She felt almost slighted. The Englishman seemed to have no doubts at all. "I'll take this one." Simple. Fanni wondered what Madame thought about it. Maybe she'd had somebody else in mind.

When the neck strap was released and her head finally allowed forward, she didn't know whether or not she could stand the pain; red hot needles tearing up and through the muscles almost into her scalp made any motion intolerable. Each tiny move cost her, yet she knew she would have to go through the drill of relaxing long cramped



sinews and muscles. She was still working her head around when Gorila released her from the chair's embrace and lifted her from the prong. Stumbling, still hooded, along behind her master for the evening, she left the room. Madame cast a quizzical look at her. Somehow the man from the U.K. seemed a little too sure of himself; that was one of the problems of throwing a party where you weren't on intimate terms with the guests. He had good references, though, from some of her most trusted friends. They'd brought him along. He saw her staring and gave her a lecherous wink as he tugged his blind prize through the door. Madame turned, then, and walked out through the door at the other end of the room. Nerves, she thought. Or paranoia.

The man strode around the room with a midget device of some kind in his hand, running it near fixtures, sockets, and over the walls, ceiling and floor. It had a short telescoping antennae sprouting from one edge and a dial, several lights and a number of micro-switches on its surface. It was a bug-finder. Not the cockroach kind. Satisfied with the cursory scan of the room, he turned to Fanni who had viewed the entire proceedings with wide-eyed interest. When he'd removed the hood, she had been occupied in getting her eyes acclimated to the novelty of seeing for the first time in several hours and hadn't at first descried what he was doing. When she finally recognized the device for what it was and what it implied about its user, she was temporarily at a loss for words. He saw her look, glanced at the machine and slid it into a pocket.

Was the man an agent of some kind? If so, why was he here? The answer was glaringly obvious, she thought. If Madame were really involved with the bomb-throwers and was currently active in the weapons black-market, it wouldn't be too surprising that somebody would be sniffing around. MI6, maybe or somebody from the MOD. Possibly. Or maybe just some dilettante English asshole with a penchant for expensive toys or a monomania about blackmail. Fanni badly wanted to talk to the man, but one of Madame's house rules was that girls not servicing their masters with their mouths should always be gagged. An assortment hung from pegs on the wall near the bed, one of which had filled her mouth immediately the hood came off. She doubted if making a lot of noise behind the wadding and signaling with her eyes would have much effect. She could only hope that the swine liked oral sex.

"Heard a bit about you, lass," he began, guiding Fanni toward a bed. "Some kind of private detective, I daresay? You haven't managed too awfully well this time out, have you love?" He stood behind her, one hand noodling at a nipple, the other thrusting a finger deep between the lips of her sex, questing and rubbing. "My very first detectiveness. I'll tell the lads at home." He was very dood, in a rather cynical, detached kind of way. Preoccupied? Killing time until he'd found what he'd come for. He hoisted her onto the bed. She still wore her hobbles.

She sat astride him, rocking back and forth expertly, cozening the fleshy shaft within her. He lay back, eyes half-closed, mouth slightly open, breaths coming at shorter and shorter intervals as he built to his orgasm. Fanni was becoming somewhat distressed, herself. He went first; she was only seconds behind. They sat, sweat clammy in the air conditioned room, staring at one another. He began to go limp so she began rocking, again. He'd apparently become tired of that particular game, so he stilled her with a curt command and ordered her off.

He hogtied her on the bed by drawing the center of the hobble strap up to her waist belt and tying it off, then wandered around the room, idly examining the numerous and sundry bondage bits and pieces that Madame provided for her guest's amusement. There were drawers and bins and boxes, each with some new trick, some devious and clever, some subtle and not so subtle, all tormenting or humiliating or both. Ideally, the latter.

He returned with a fist-full of rings. He must have noticed the holes. Nipples, ears and nose. Again. The nose and ear rings came last, after he, having turned her on her side to expose her breasts, had cautiously (definitely not a master, like the Madame) run the glittery little circlets through her breasts. As a noisome addition, the nipple rings had tiny silvery bells dangling from their bottoms and each movement Fanni made was accompanied by their merry tinkling. He bound her breasts, then, using some thin line. Then the other rings went in and things got more serious. The nose and ear rings had light thin leashes attached and he used the three to prompt her toward him and his, by this time, re-energized phallus. It was a cautious and wormsome expedition across the broad expanse of the bed to the target. But she knew that her chance was coming.



He took off the gag and threw it out onto the floor. He wiggled his dick and even pointed with his finger. Jeez, he wasn't leaving anything to the imagination, she thought. As she was about to speak, the exertion of the chair stint and the enormous mouth plugs she had been constrained to wear combined against her and she suffered a jaw cramp of generous and agonizing proportions. She closed her mouth, lifting her chin and sticking her jaw out in a desperate attempt to release the muscles from their spasm. It wasn't working and she threw her head from side to side. The man was impatient and paused only long enough in his jerking on her tethers to glance at his watch. The meeting, the serious meeting which must be at the heart of this whole "party" must be coming nigh. Disgusted, finally, he dropped the tethers and reached out across the floor for the gag. When in the enemy's tent, play by the enemy's rules.

He had the gag in his hands and was lengthening the strap preparatory to sliding it over her head when she quelled the cramp. Through its fading lashes she spoke the one word she thought would be safe; that would mean nothing to one not involved and everything to one who was. She knew it was a last-ditch gamble: what if the guy were actually one of the buyers. He wouldn't be amused by Madame's lax security if a mere slave girl could ferret out the information that he would have thought safe. Illicit arms dealing was a business not noted for its old-age practitioners. They had a way of getting out early and alive. Or not at all. If she had guessed wrong, she could be signing her death warrant. She spoke the word. "Bullpup."

# The Plot Thickens

## Part Four

Written by Robert Bishop

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Instantly, the man froze. But only for a second; the gag was hard in her mouth fractionally later. His eyes were like black marbles. But Fanni couldn't see; the cramp had returned, worse than before. She wasn't to be allowed the luxury of suffering through it alone, however. A hand was imbedded in her hair and her head was dragged right back. Through eyes watering with pain from many pulled out hairs and the savage cramp in her jaw, she saw the man standing now at the side of the bed, head darting and turning as he scanned the room for the sliding panels or bursting doors that would release into the room the legions of baddies. None came and he turned back to Fanni, face red and furious, a small automatic pistol stuck up beneath her chin. It had a silencer on its end.

"What the hell are you about, lass, and be quick about it. QUICK! The gag was popped from her mouth and hurled across the room. What is it, a setup. TALK, goddamnit!! He pushed the gun brutally, the muzzle of the silencer gouging into her neck.

"The Enfields," she managed, biting back a sob as he gave her another nasty jerk.

"What Enfield?!"

"The 4.85's! The bullpups! The ones they want to sell to Nato! " she almost wailed.

"How did you find out about it! It never made the press over here!"

"It made the British papers though, didn't it. Do you suppose that British papers stop at British borders." she retorted, feeling somewhat more testy, now that he'd let drop her head to the bed's surface and put away the gun. Well, not put away exactly, but it wasn't aiming at her, anymore. Take pleasure in small things. His head was still circling, eyes still darting.

"You've actually seen them," he challenged.

"No, not me, but one of the other girls has. Her name's Alissa, Madame's favorite for the moment, I think. Madame had some perverse idea of letting the kid look in from behind a partition of some kind. I still haven't figured out why the hell she'd do it, but there it is."

"And this kid is sure they were the Enfields." Again, the challenge in the voice.

"I don't know for sure; I'm not sure she could tell the difference between a BB gun and a naval gun, but from what she said, I think that's what she was talking about."

"Where can I find her?"

"I don't know. I think she was probably one of the pieces of furniture, tonight, but I don't know who got her if she was. She might not have been there at all; like I said, she and Madame are pretty tight."

"Did the girl describe the people at these meetings?"

"She thought they were Arabs, but she couldn't be sure. She couldn't hear their voices but she travels a lot and you kinda get able to recognize people's countries without having to actually hear the language they speak, you know?" The man was nodding. "Hey, can you get me out of here? You're the first outsider I've seen or talked to in months. Please!"

The man stared down at her for several seconds, chewing on the side of his lip. "I don't think so," he finally said. He raised a finger against her pleading about-to-be-delivered protest. "Look, love, Fanni, if I yank you from here now, whoever's involved at this end will know something damned odd's up. We've had rumblings that there's to be some great bang-up of a trade involving the... articles... but we don't know when or where or, most importantly, WHO. You're the first single break we've had. I simply can't break you out, now. Try to look at it from my point of view!"



"Fuck your point of view! Have you ever been tied up and tortured and gagged and humiliated... I even had to do it with dogs, you bastard and you tell me to look at it from your point of view. You asshole!"

The man's blush had disappeared into his hair-line by this time. Through it came a stiff, barely controlled anger. "Don't talk to me about torture, little miss muffin. You see these?" He held up the fingers of his left hand. The tips were strangely gnarled, oddly misshapen. She looked closer. The nails were gone. She recoiled. "That's right, my poor little amateur girl-scout with your cookies detective," he made the last word an insult, "it's positively amazing what one can do with a pair of pliers and a dash or two of fanaticism thrown in. And this was the least of what they did: I was in a hospital for damned near six months, and you talk to me about torture. Hell, all you've had is a damned good reaming out and maybe some discomfort; I don't see any marks on that hide of yours," he grabbed at her hands, "I don't see any nails missing! Christ. Torture! You don't even know the meaning of the word!"

Somewhat abashed, Fanni refused, though, to be totally quashed. "All right, OK. So you've gone through worse than me. It's all in your sense of perspective. I didn't know. I'm sorry, but..."

"I'm sorry, too," the man interrupted, seeming to deflate and sinking to the edge of the bed. "One of my pet peeves. I overreact, I guess. The worst thing about that entire affair, I suppose, is that I

never did know who, exactly, did the actual work on me. You need revenge for that kind of thing and I've spent the last four years trying to find out. Then when I finally did find out, it was to discover that the pigs had been killed in Africa just about the time I was getting out of the hospital. All that time wasted. And nothing to revenge myself upon. Accept maybe the whole filthy lot of them. That's where you can come in. Look, Fanni," he continued, bringing his face down close to hers, "I know you're going through a rough time, but this is important. If we can collect this mob, we can put a big bite on their whole effort! Creditability is involved here; one side's made a big promise to the other. If we can catch them in the act and plant the suggestion that one side betrayed the other, we can weaken the whole structure!" He stopped because Fanni clearly wasn't impressed. "We'll be watching everything that happens here, from now on, rest assured of that, girl."

"I'll tell myself that the next time Gorila hangs me up by my thumbs."

"It's the best I can do."

"I could blow the whistle on you," she threatened.

"No, I don't think so, miss Hall. I really don't think so. If you seriously thought you were never, ever getting out of here, you might, in sheer desperation divulge our little secret. But with this little meet of ours, I think you see some light at the end of the tunnel. No, miss, I really don't think you'll tell."

"You're taking a big risk, chump." Fanni replied.

"I never take risks," he countered. "Ever." He glanced again at his watch and became a flurry of activity. "Time's getting late, love. Must rush. Open wide now," as he slid the gag strap over her head and positioned the ball over her lips. "Have to obey the rules." She opened and accepted the gag. As he gave the strap a final tightening jerk he stepped back and looked straight into her eyes. "I'll be in touch." And was out the door. Fanni chewed on the gag and wept in frustration. When Gorila came to fetch her shortly thereafter, she was still leaking.

"A real proper English rotter, eh?" He chuckled and carried her off.

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And the routine went on. And on. Madame made a few appearances. She seemed pleased. And tense. She seemed to be ninety-nine percent absolutely sure that she was going to get what she wanted, but the dimensions of that thing she hoped to attain were of such import that that undecided one percent was enough to put off her whole day, to take the glow off the patina of the deal, whatever it was. And Fanni suspected she knew exactly what the deal was.

The Englishman hadn't returned, nor had any mention of her night with him had occasion to arise, in fact. He had said he'd be outside watching. What was he going to see? The routine went on.

They had one last talk, then. Fanni was strung up between four steel posts like a hammock. The restraints were, thank God, wide and thick and padded, but the strain on her limbs was terrific, nonetheless. She had stared at her shadow on the floor since morning. She flitted in and out of periods of blackness. On occasion, one of her racked breaths would emerge as more of a groan than anything else. She was not comfortable.

For the Madame, then, to plop her trim but, irregardless, far from weightless behind square in the middle of the sweating back was in definite bad taste. "Hi, toots," she chirped. Fanni fought to stifle a scream, allowing a heartfelt moan to escape in its stead. "Whatsa matta, fluff, no spunk this morning? You haven't been doing your exercises, it's plain to see. Goodness gracious."

"Get OFF," was the gasping reply. "You're breaking my back!"

"Nonsense! God, you whine more than any other girl here!" She gave Fanni a playful smack on one bottom cheek. "We have to talk a bit. I've been taking our little Alissa on most of my business trips, but due to the, uh...vagaries.. of this coming shot, I'm going to have to leave her to Gorila's mercies. Or lack of same. Whatever. I've decided to take you along. You might be interested in seeing a slightly different side of Alissa's daddy's business dealings." Fanni was so straited to even moan. Madame rambled on, unaware or indifferent. "Besides which, I'd like to make it an over-night trip and you know, love, that I don't like sleeping alone. Everybody needs a teddy bear to keep 'em company. she leaned down, turning Fanni's face toward her as she did so. "Oh my, you really don't look too awfully well, miss Hallside. I do suppose I'll have to let you down if you're to be in fit condition for the foray. Too bad." She called for Gorila and was long gone before the first strap was unbuckled. Let the help take care of the pets. More important things to worry about.

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"Don't fall asleep, you'll drown," were Gorila's parting words as he walked out the door. The shock of the hot water had awakened her from her stupor, but the relaxation of exhausted muscles threatened to become a headlong process that would end only in sleep. She tried to concentrate, peering through the steam and awoke in a sputtering gasping shock as her unconscious head dipped beneath the water. It revived her to a degree where she could, at least, continue the bath. It was too good and she too tired to appreciate it fully. Her enthusiasm for the cleansing was overwhelmed by the demands of a body pushed nearly to its breaking point by the day's activities. It wasn't fair, she thought feebly. It just wasn't fair at all. She was, however, buoyed somewhat by the promise, however faint, of change on the wind with the coming trek into the outdoors which, after all, she hadn't seen in some several months. Things might, when all was said and done, be looking up. If only that dumbie from Britain were still there!

Came the morn and with it a true oddity: clothes. Real clothes, not crotch straps and pluggers (front and/or rear, vibrators optional). Nice ones at that. A skin-tight pair of black leather pants covered, from the knee down with equally snug boots that laced up the front, for the legs and a high-collared halter affair that had sleeves terminated in kid-soft gloves, all in one piece. It was secured with a single snap fitting between her breasts and with a zipper and buckling strap at the throat. Sexy, she thought to herself, examining the effect in the mirror. She twirled on the heels, pleased in a small way that she hadn't lost the knack for walking on the stilts that Madame seemed to prefer on the occasions that her chattel went clothed. The clothing, despite it's overall mien of innocence, had subtle distinctive features not lost on Fanni's perceptive eye; she had come to expect pretty much the worst from anything Madame touched, especially if it was intended for one Fanni Hall. First, there was the matter of the boots. Beautifully crafted of the finest leather, supple as silk and as smooth. The fit was perfect. The



black-chrome rings sprouting from just above the insides of the ankles were almost invisible unless a stray beam of light caused a highlight to flash. A leather-covered thin steel cable was linked through the rings and provided a very effective hobble. It was not designed to be removed. It would have to be cut off. Then there were the gloves, which were no less impressive in terms of fit and finish, and equally well endowed for the restraint of female arms and wrists and hands. Like the boots, they came equipped with more of the blackened rings set opposite wrists and elbows and using, when pulled together, the strength of the leather garment itself to keep the arms together, rather than separate belts or bands. They were secure and even provided a modicum of comfort for the wearer, since there was no element to cut into the flesh and stop the circulation to the hands. It was, all in all, a most impressive ensemble. The collar at her throat, too, was impressive, if somewhat gaudy; its rhinestones glittered like diamonds, throwing brilliant little jabs of blue and red reflections as Fanni turned and appraised herself. The stones had, as well, been liberally applied to the exterior crotch strap that dived down her belly and disappearing only temporarily as it traversed the lips of her sex. It was damned near as tight as "Old Hacksaw" as she had dubbed the one that usually provided her with her only apparel. If it could be called that. Gorila pulled her wrists around behind her and snapped a small ring through the wrist loops. Less than a half-inch separated her hands, now. He snapped a leash through the collar and they filed out. Almost, she was tempted to walk at Gorila's side or to precede him in fact, so greatly was she starved for the simple pleasures of the outdoors. She thought better of it, though, not surprisingly. Experience. The two of them stopped just inside one of the heavy doors leading to the outside. Through the glass, Fanni could see Madame and another man standing, clutching their clothes about them and ducking reflexively as a helicopter squatted to ground, the wash from its rotors flattening and agitating the grass and blowing

gouts of leaves and dirt into the air. Madame wasn't going to like all that dirt. Appearances and all. One man sat at the controls of the beast, staring out through the ribbed dome of the canopy, his eyes hidden behind those peculiar reflectant sunglasses. His head swiveled back and forth like an insect's. The man at Madame's side walked to the ship, opened the side door and said something to the pilot, then returned to Madame. The machine's rotors didn't slow.

As she was watching all this, Fanni only just barely noticed that Gorila was rearranging her outfit. The decorative groin strap was removed, and in its place a similarly flashy number was installed. This one was rather more utilitarian, however. A jeweled belt bit into her waist. Another separate strap, similarly adorned, was clipped to the ring joining her hands and pulled up and forward between her legs until its end neared a fitting in the front center of the waist belt. It wouldn't quite reach. Gorila pulled her arms and shoulders back and down and contrived to produce another inch or two of strap from between the leather-covered legs, and snapped the catch. Her hands, at the end of this quaint little process, were pulled hard down and into her buttocks. The strap holding them in place and running up her belly to the belt was no less intimate than the crotch strap. She wouldn't be waving her arms around.

Satisfied, Gorila opened the door and waved her out, one hand on the knob, the other gesturing toward Madame. The fucker was playing with her, inviting her, absurdly, to run for it. With her hands tied behind her back and her ankles hobbled. The overall appearances of freedom untrammelled with such a few simple little things. He was grinning openly. She gave him a dour smirk and walked out onto the porch. The door closed behind her. She turned. Gorila was watching her through the glass. He flipped the fingers of one hand toward Madame and then gave a laugh and began running in place, pointing at her all the while. Fanni stuck out her tongue and turned back toward Madame, casting one wistful glance at the spidery black filament limiting her stride to no more than a pathetic twelve inches or so. Bastards. She strode, gingerly, across the field toward the people and the helicopter.

It was a beautiful, haunting place, all overgrown; knee-high and brilliant green grass swished against her boots and legs. Her leash dragged along behind her. If she ever escaped her bondage, she would like to return here someday, to sit in the grass and have a glass of wine and lie down and hear the wind and watch the tousled tops wave and jerk in its passage. She jerked on the anchor strap, more deeply imbedding the thing for her efforts.

Madame's back was to her all the time of her approach. She never turned once. The man who had been talking to her was way off, now, disappearing around one of the out-buildings on some obscure errand or other. The pilot stared at her, at both of them, from within his glass cage. Fanni walked up to Madame and stood at her shoulder, looking back and forth between her and the droning machine. Madame turned her head and gave Fanni a glance and, stooping, picked up the end of the leash. She said nothing.

She sat down in the back of the helicopter, next to Madame. From her shoulder bag, Madame withdrew a pair of simple handcuffs and bound Fanni's ankles with them, passing the link behind a lateral seat support tube so that Fanni couldn't kick out with her feet. The leash went through a ring protruding from the bulkhead immediately behind her head and was knotted. Madame even put on her seatbelt, for good measure. Well, Fanni thought to herself, where you go, I will surely follow. The blindfold was small but thick, and she obligingly closed her eyes just before it went on. Madame made it tight and leaned back and through the blackness, Fanni could hear the faint click of Madame's own belt being buckled. She wondered if there was an illuminated sign, like in

the airlines. Probably said No Smoking, too. With a lurch and a banshee whine from its gas-turbine engine, the helicopter bounded from the ground and beat its way over the fields. Mission started.

The flight, whatever the precise amount of time required, took a lot longer than Fanni had expected. Much longer. The constant oscillation of the journey combined with her enforced blindness had combined to produce an ever escalating air-sickness. She had begun to thank whatever gods were looking out after her for the absence of a gag, and the aftermath that would surely follow if she were to upchuck all over Madame's shiny boots getting to be was on the order of total academic triviality when, of a sudden, they landed. Her helicopter ride hadn't been fun. The engine was switched off, and through the dying susurrations of the rotors, she began to think she might just live through the experience.

Before the blindfold came off, Madame twisted Fanni away from the seat and pushed her arms tight together at the elbows, and snapped the link through the rings, there. Ever cautious, was Madame. She released the leash and the handcuffs and the seatbelt and finally took off the blindfold. It really wasn't necessary; it was pitch black, outside. The only illumination they had at all was a moon, and it darted and ducked behind the clouds that wandered in their herds. There was a building before them and through the windows lights poured out onto a gravel drive. Vehicles littered the expanse of stones. Were her English friends there? Could they have followed the journey thus far? Maybe they were out crouching amidst the trees even now, watching her and Madame through night-scopes. A wind had sprung up, urgent and chill and promising rain. The surrounding trees clattered and rustled their leaves at the interlopers. Madame carried an attaché case in one hand, and dragged Fanni along behind with the other.

As they climbed the steps up onto the porch itself, a hulking figure detached itself from the shadows and materialized into the specific shape of a man who would have put Gorila to shame. Neither he nor the Madame said anything. A silent exchange, some muted signal seemed to be consummated and the oaf merged back with his shadows. He'd been armed with an AKM, the banana-curved magazine clearly distinguishable when it was back-lit by the glare from indoors. Men's voices could be clearly, but softly heard. Madame peered inside for a moment, then pulled Fanni round the side of the porch to another door, through which they entered the building. Madame had rough playmates if the dinosaur at the door was any indication!

A short, black hall greeted them, punctuated at intervals with doors leading to other rooms. Madame chose one and threw the attaché onto the room's vacant bed, then turned to Fanni. "Business-time, doll. I'm going to leave you snuggled up in here, for the nonce. My gentlemen friends in there don't take particularly kindly to strangers in the midst of their negotiations. I'm driving a hard bargain, a VERY hard bargain and I don't want any diversions. Pleasant though they may be," she concluded, kissing Fanni lightly on the mouth.

"You're in over your head, fool." Fanni remarked, simply. "If this is the crowd I've heard about, your chances of getting burned are astronomically high; they shoot people, Madame. Dead. And then they take the money and the merchandise and split." Madame was smiling condescendingly, so Fanni stopped.

"Don't you think I take ANY precautions, pet? I know about their little failings. They've been, as they say in this business, neutralized. I wouldn't worry your pretty little head." She picked up the attaché case and laid it across her lap as she sat on the bed. "Come to mamma." Fanni sat beside her as the case was opened and a stout gag withdrawn. Fanni screwed up her face and began the inevitable protest, but Madame stopped her short with an upraised finger and a scowl. This was no

time to mince words. Or actions. The gag popped in and was buckled tight. Madame smiled at the expression of Fanni's eyes: furious, stymied, inevitably resigned. Madame got up off the bed and walked her catch out into the middle of the room. The case coughed up an additional length of line which she bowlined into the end of the leash, then threw the entire business over an exposed overhead beam, caught the thrown end neatly as it fell down the other side and walked way over to the side of the room and tied the end of the rope off hard to an old fashioned water radiator. Fanni had to stand directly beneath the overhead; there was absolutely no slack for forays out to the sides. Madame walked back and cuffed her ankles back together, gave her another kiss, this time on the end of the nose, then paused additionally to knead Fanni's breasts through their leather covering and to run her fingers over the twin mounds bulging on either side of the crotch band. "You and I are gonna have a REAL good time tonight, kitten." She closed the case on the papers that had until just now cohabited with the gag and the rope and walked out the door without looking back. A key rattled in the lock, and Fanni was alone. She tapped around with tiny steps, maintaining her balance and chewed on the ball in the dark. Shit.

The silence was stupefying. And went on. A drop of sweat rolled down Fanni's nose and dripped soundlessly onto the floor below. What the hell were they doing, negotiating for the whole goddamned world!/? She heard a dim shout and then a crash and then a moment of further silence. The automatic weapons fire seared through the house; deafening; terrifyingly close. Several rounds punched through the wall of her room, shrieking by and thumping into the opposite wall. One smashed out through the window over the radiator. Fanni screamed behind the gag. Holy great Mother of Jesus, she was in a fuckin' shooting gallery! The buzzsaw machinegun fire ceases, leaving a silence as crashing as the noise had been. What the HELL had happened. Was it the British? Had the guy with the fingernail problems come like the knight on the white horse and the shining armor? She was almost jumping up and down with excitement. Where were they?! Come ON!

The shots that came then were spaced, single, heavy. A large caliber pistol and Fanni felt genuine fear. She knew exactly what the shots meant: finishing off the wounded. This wasn't a cops 'n robbers shoot 'em up, this was an execution! Her terror was as much for Madame as it was for herself. She COULDN'T believe it was the British. Oh Christ, Madame, what the hell have you got yourself into!

The silence reasserted itself. Fanni stood immobilized, not even breathing. The silence dragged on. The door to the room flew inward, ripped completely off the hinges by the force of the kick. The man was into the room instantly, rolling, the Ingram M-II sweeping like a wand of death looking for something to touch. The man ceased his abrupt movements and swung the ugly little gun back towards Fanni. Without the normally present silencer, the damned thing looked like a toy. Firing at 1200 rounds per minute it could empty its 32-round magazine in well under 2 seconds; it was no toy as she knew the men in the other room had discovered in their short lived agony.

The man pointing it at her was dressed completely in black, from the form-fitting body stocking to the flat black ski mask. He even wore black gloves. The effect was complete: a black shadow with a terrible bite. There were more of them in the hall.

There was also some kind of struggle. Through the black-clad killers, Madame was propelled into the room with some vigor, crashing into the bed and slumping to the floor. Her arms were pinned behind her, cuffed at wrists and elbows. What appeared to be some kind of padded rubber strap had been drawn between her teeth and joined at the back of her neck. Her eyes were wild, her breathing frantic as she stared down at the floor.

Another of the black figures moved into the room and looked back and forth between the two helpless women. He walked up close to Fanni and, reaching behind his head to the neck of the ski mask, pulled it up and over his head. Fanni's eyes flew wide when it was finally removed. It was Alicia's father.

"And we meet again, miss Hall. I must say, you don't look quite as discommoded as the last time I saw you." Fanni squinted her eyes then they widened again. The voice. The faceless man when she'd duck-waddled behind Gorila like a dog on a leash! Treachery! It had to be. Fanni looked once again at Madame, collapsed in defeat on the floor. He'd sucked her in perfectly.

"Meet my associates, miss Hall," the man continued with a sweeping gesture of his hand around the room. "Like me, businessmen, but more importantly than that, patriots. My erstwhile understanding with your friend - or is that the right word," he sneered, "was that the hardware we accumulated was to be distributed through groups with, shall we say, similar goals in mind. I have nothing against a little terrorism, especially when it's against those Zionist Jew-bastards. But I draw the line at radicals. Communists. You were selling my guns to COMMUNISTS, you goddamned bitch!" Catlike, he pounced over Madame and delivered a terrific clout to the side of her head. She thumped against the bed and slid to the floor, semiconscious. "Get her up," was the snarl.

"The simplest expedient at this stage of the game would be to eliminate both of you. Unfortunately, I guess I've just been a businessman too fucking long to throw away raw material that might prove profitable if a little time and effort's expended. So I think we'll just keep the two of you for a while. As long as you're useful." He turned and walked off. "Bring 'em along. Blindfold 'em."

The house was blown up, the cars soaked in gasoline and set afire. The bodies inside would be ashes by the time anyone ever arrived. The men and their two captives flitted through the trees like wraiths, running, dragging the women when they stumbled. The helicopter, too, was black. Beside it sat the helicopter that had brought Madame and Fanni to this place of death and deceit. It was the same pilot. Madame had truly been infiltrated. The two machines, one light, the other dark lunged from beneath the trees and disappeared into the gathering storm.

A man standing beneath the branches a half mile away put down the bulky nightscope and picked up a radio with his left hand. The tips were strangely gnarled, oddly enough they were misshapen.

Continues in [Further Complications, Introduction](#)



