

Slave Girl & THE LASH

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CAPTIVE OF THE PRIORY
THE GIRL BEHIND THE WALL
CHAINS OF JEHDRA
MOIRA IN JEOPARDY
WANDA AND THE WHIP
STRANGE CAPTIVITY
JEWEL

fully illustrated by The Bishop

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I can't explain me. I don't want to. Explanations savor of apology. I am not making one. I like me the way I am. I wouldn't change me even if I could. Yolanda would not change me.

Yolanda paid a great deal of money for me. I feel guilty sometimes about how much. But she just laughs and says it makes my belonging to her legal. I don't suppose it does, but the psychological effect on me has been total, far more real than a chain on my wrist or my ankle or my neck.

But the chain is there too.

While I'm thinking about how I'll write this and what I'll say, I'm being punished. Nothing very terrible, but enough to impress me that a slave girl does not talk back. I'm not exactly in a dungeon and not quite in a cell. We call it 'Turpitude Tower', Instead of going downstairs to the dark and scary places I get put in sometimes, we go up. It's still all stone and a bit grim, but castles are like that, even small ones. The Tower room is circular and has a stone pillar in the center. The door is thick and heavy and closes with a spine crinkling thud and it's got big bolts on the outside that thunk into their sockets so that the girl inside positively curls up at the edges at the sound. There is a lovely window and a view, but it has lovely bars that even a very slender naked girl can't begin to wiggle through. I'm naked.

Right now, for me, the door and the window are symbolic. I can't get near either. I have to stand against the pillar because there is a metal collar locked round my throat and it's attached to a ring in the stone at the level of my neck. The chain is only a foot long. Figure it out for yourself; I'm not going anywhere. I just stand. Yolanda thinks it's a big giggle. I can even laugh about my plight when she's here, but when she goes away on the other side of the thud and the thunks and I'm all alone, and naked, and chained, my fingers fly to my collar and tug and twist and then explore the chain and the ringbolt as though making sure they are real. I always do this. I know I can't free myself, but the frustration is so great I have to do something. So much held by so little - that's me!

I suppose if you're to understand the cloak and dagger and the screams and the terror and the . . . well, never mind, you'll have to understand me. None of it could have happened if I didn't adore being captive. I love being tied, tight, tight, tight! I love being chained. I can't wait to get incarcerated in dungeons and cells and this lovely 'Turpitude Tower'. I cannot envisage life without being owned. I mean it! Enslaved! The way Yolanda owns me. I even cherish being whipped . . . up to a point!

You are thinking up the names, aren't you! I know! I know them all. Keep 'em, they are not for me. All I know is a dream of beauty. It has always been there. It is the most permanent, real and vital thing in my psyche. It is a forest glade dappled with the misty sun of a June morn. It is a Grecian temple by a Lake. It is the ocean surf

glinting and frothing as it spends itself upon a sandy beach. In each scene I am tied to a tree, chained to a column, or fettered to a rock to await the Sea Monster as was Andromeda long ago . . . . And, of course, Yolanda.

Take it or leave it.

I squirmed, now, in pure sensual enjoyment of my punishment. Yola had not handcuffed my wrists behind my back the way she usually does so as to stop me from playing with my puss. My fingers were half way there when I remembered the Reception. She'd have to let me loose in time. Five, at the latest six p.m. I let my arm fall, I'd keep all my eroticism for the evening. I adored playing second hostess and watching the startled eyes focusing on my chained wrists. But that was hours away. I guessed the time as about an hour past noon. I would stand against my pillar a dreary span. I wished my chain was long enough so I could sit on the floor, but it wasn't, so that was that! Idly, I allowed my fingers to instinctively friction across my nipples, both at once. But it was too wickedly arousing, so I stopped that too. I could imagine Yolanda laughing. . . .

Yola is clever with me. She knows exactly where my adoration of the rope and of the whip dissolves into distress. She can detect the difference between my moans of joy and my moans of anguish. When she punishes me she simply uses excess. I am like a tennis player who finds zest in three hard sets, but make it six, then nine, then twelve, and you just can't take it. Right now; against my column, I am tingling with what I secretly call my 'nice feeling'. It will last an hour, perhaps two. But then I'll get tired and lonely and begin to wonder how long it will last. By the time another hour has gone I will be wishing I'd been a good girl.

"Oozing virtue and good intentions, I hope?"

It is Yola at last. I must try and hide my relief. My column and I seem to have been together for ages. I have learned not to be flip at such moments. A witty bit of bravado can get me left here for the evening and maybe even the night. It's easy for me to smile in gratitude at her arrival. Even if her coming meant trouble I'd still be glad to see her. I always am and she knows it. So I smile brightly and exclaim: "I'll be ever such a good girl, darling, I promise."

It sounds a bit trite, I know. I don't suppose I will be a good girl all that long. I am not reformed, just chastened. We both know this. But the niceties of our relationship have been observed, I will not go to the reception with a smarting bottom.

"You don't deserve to be let loose, Phemie. Just a bare four hours. . . . "

We both ignore the pun. We have discovered it's impossible to say much about me that does not have a bit of the risqué surfacing somewhere. Incidentally, my name is Euphemia Carstairs. But after all! There are limits, aren't there. I make a very nice Phemie. We're both pleased with it.

"It's seemed the longest time."

"Don't try and con me. You know you're getting off easy. I shall expect some proper behavior this evening. Tease all you like, tell nothing."

"Yes, Mistress." I am sweetly demure.

"Save the Mistress bit 'till later. And I didn't like the way you said that, you're being sarky. You do ask for it, y'know."

"Yes, darling." Butter would not melt in my mouth. Yolanda loves it. It is a game we play. A Russian roulette of repartee with an unknown punishment for me instead of the bullet. It is gorgeously cunt warming because I am forever on a brink. Only Yolanda knows where the precipice is. By the time I have located it I may have stepped over too far and collected half a dozen nice scarlet stripes. I'm terribly lucky.

"If it wasn't for your entertainment value I'd leave you locked here," Yola threatens as she inserts the key.

I step away from the pillar, for which I now feel an absurd affection. I rub my chafed neck and savor freedom. In a genuine rush of feeling I sink to my knees and clasp the beloved legs and rub my cheek against them hungrily. But when I raise her skirt and lift my lips, Yola slaps away my hands, laughing.

"No. There isn't time. We now make ourselves incredibly beautiful and decide how much of maiden charm we're going to cover, especially yours."

We both know how lucky we are about breasts and tummies and mounds and curves. Ours are so very right! We are breathtakingly in love with each other's body, and with each other. We assuage our hunger in ways and times Yolanda chooses. If I am to be punished, mine is not assuaged at all. I am left with my fire burning in my sex so that I am almost consumed by its heat. As I said, I'm lucky.

"The silver lame's for you, with the matching wrist chains and the emeralds." Yola examines my bathed and perfumed nakedness with a professional eye. "You'll keep every man rigid all evening. I don't know how they keep their hands off you."

"They don't!"

"Watch it! If I catch you leaving the room except for the loo it means a hundred strokes and a week in the dungeon."

My heart misses a beat. She means it, every word. Yola is beautifully jealous and protective. But what she orders isn't all that easy. I will indeed watch it. I don't want those hundred marks or that dark chained week any more than any other girl would. But men are so persistent and some of them are nice. "I can't help it if they paw me," I defend myself without sulkiness. Slave girls have to be awfully careful about the sulky bit and keep it for just the right moments.

"You provoke them. You deliberately exude eroticism." Yola is not angry. My eroticism is her favorite theme.

Fortunately I affect her as drastically as I do the males. I can't explain that either but it's nice. "If you put a half naked girl whose hands are chained together with silver jewelled shackles into a room full of cocktail sippers she's bound to get a bit of attention." I point out reasonably. I am still thinking of the hundred stripes and the dungeon - some of the men are so terribly persistent!

"Confine your responses to repartee Phemie darling."

Yola grins at me lovingly. "I'd lock you safe away if it wasn't that you're my star turn.

Half the men only come because you're on display. Not even the females have quite convinced themselves about those chains."

"Can I let them finger them, darling? They all want to just to test if they're real."

"Oh, I suppose so. But don't let them move on to your breasts. You can explain your breasts don't lock and don't have keyholes. With you one thing leads to another; you just stand there starry eyed."

"You said to be nice, darling."

This is the way it is with Yolanda and me. It's lovely. Do you sort of get the idea? If you haven't yet, you will. I love her terribly. I don't want her ever to sell me; I think I'd die.

We make ourselves gorgeous and giggle about all the erections we'll generate. We are not a bit silly about such things. We know! The silver lame has just enough material to cover part of my curves and to justify the claim that I'm actually dressed. But, looking at me in the big mirror, I palpitate between my legs. It's beautiful and so am I! I want my Mistress to take me to bed right then, but she refuses.

Chaining my hands is a darling moment. It's a ritual between us in which we stand close enough to touch and to make our hearts pound with longing. But we can't be nibbling each other constantly, so I just hope the trifle I wear between my legs won't show the stain of my wet, and hold out my hands. I am melting with obedience.

I'm terribly proud of how much my chains cost. They are like me, a shocking extravagance of Yola's. The silver bands 'round my wrists are broad and heavy. The metal is cleverly chased and set with emeralds. They lock tight, but the lock is not visible, they become a part of me. The silver links that join them at an eight inch span are not silver at all but some shining wicked metal that won't cut. No one can get them off me except Yolanda. I sigh in pure ecstasy as the gorgeous things snap tight and captivate my wrists. When it is done I test and tug while our eyes sparkle at my lost liberty, then we kiss. We kiss a long time. My prisoned fingers have just enough freedom that they can find my darling's breasts. At last she slaps them away laughingly.

I deliberately clink my chain as we go to meet our guests. They are a varied lot. Before Yolanda's parents died and left her all that lovely money their interests had roved over a wide periphery. They ran from the stuffy to the way out. It gave me a nice feeling between my legs to know they were all here because of me. Yola insists they only come to try and discover if I'm really real. Mrs. Pomfret-Jones is one of the stuffy ones.

"Still wearing those silly things on your wrists, I see," she admonishes gruffly. Her approach to any subject is always faintly accusing.

"I'm a slave girl," I tell her brightly. "Slave girls always have chains."

"Stuff and nonsense!" She dismisses all slave girls into the limbo beyond social acceptance. "Why don't you wear some clothes you're scarcely decent?"

"Slave girls don't wear much. It makes it simpler to whip us if we don't behave."

I am exquisitely demure. Butter would not melt in my mouth. This is a game we play on every social occasion that brings Mrs. Pomfret-Jones to Castle Glynt.

"Humph! Mind if I have a look at those things?"

I offer my chained hands and submit meekly to her tugging scrutiny of the lovely metal. Mrs. Pomfret-Jones worries at my chain in much the same manner as a dog with a bone. "You sure you can't get 'em off, some trick lock?" Her eyes accuse.

I shake my head happily. "Only Yolanda." She dismisses me with a doubting "humph", and returns to her safe world of fox-hunts and recalcitrant tenants. The men are much more fun. I manoeuvre myself within the orbit of Major Sprigett and clink my chain.

"Euphemia the slave girl!" he beams, "Is our hostess in a mood to sell you to me today?"

I think it is a game with the Major, but I'm not quite sure.

He is not stuffy, he is delightfully carnal. "I am not for sale," I tell him primly.

"Think she'd rent us a bedroom?"

"You could ask her."

"I did. She said you were beyond rubies. That's Shakespeare, isn't it! Is it true she whips you?"

"Of course!"

Yolanda and I have made our first score for the evening. His erection is visible to the practiced eye.

"Mind showing me some marks?"

This is fun. I glow. Pretending a feminine fumble I contrive to give him a quick glimpse of flesh below my hip where Yolanda's whip had curled and bit. The scarlet wound is rampant on my white skin. I hear his indrawn breath. "I can't very well bare my bottom for you here," I apologize naively.

"Good lord! What about your back'?" His hunger is heartbreaking.

"You can see most of it, Major. It only gets whipped in between social functions."

He is a nice man. I feel guilty at his burning eyes. He desires me so much he hurts. If it was not for Yolanda's injunction about leaving the room I would lead him by the hand and show him paradise. Yola is right to be strict with me. I am wanton. But a nice wanton.

"I want to plant my seed in you more than I have ever wanted anything in life."

His declaration is utterly sincere. It infects me with a flame between my legs. His eyes adore and demand. I begin to wish I had stayed with Mrs. Pomfret-Jones. I tell

him of the hundred lashes and the dungeon that will be my lot if I do not behave. I can hear his heart thumping - or is it my own! Gently he takes the chain of my fetters and examines them with a more informed eye than that of Mrs. Pomfret-Jones. When he relinquishes the gleaming silver he shakes his head and grins ruefully. "You are real. I've never been too sure. How much did Yolanda Harding actually pay for you?"

My price is between Yolanda and me and . . . well, never mind. I do not want to discuss my purchase. But I unbend a little. "Fifty thousand pounds."

"You're kidding!"

"My bottom has a lot more scarlet stripes than the one you saw,"

He nods in understanding. Whipmarks and money, there is an affinity. The Major has been around. "I'll accept it that your chains are real, I don't believe you can get 'em off. Most people think you and Yolanda play some kinky game. But that mark!" He sighs. Raising my chained hands he kisses both, then merges back into the crowd. My eyes know tears.

Molly Vinter is me or Yola without the curves. Not that she's bad looking, but she misses by small margins. She writes bits for newspapers and tries to be frightfully 'with it'. She picks up with me where she left off last time we met. "You and Yola do tongue each other, don't you?" she eyes me quizzically. "Or does the slave girl only serve her Mistress'?"

"I do whatever I'm told." I clink my links.

"You're a masochist."

"No I'm not! And if that's all you have to say I'll go and hand some drinks 'round."

"Don't get shirty. I'm just curious. You do get punished though, don't you?"

"Sure I do, but it doesn't make me that beastly word."

"It's the whip, isn't it? I'd suppose with a girl she'd either loathe it or love it?"

"Alright, I love Yolanda to whip me . . . a little."

Molly Vinter gazes at me without defense. "Can you understand when I tell you I'm envious?"

My understanding is vivid. To have a need of Yolanda yet to be out in the cold alone! My sympathy wells, but I must be sensible. "Most people think these chains on my wrists are fake and that Yola and I just play a cute game."

"If Yolanda would put chains on me I'd . . . I'd . . . I'd give up everything."

In a surge of pity I reach out to enfold her. But with chained hands I cannot. I compromise by touching her arm with the age of old gentleness of feminine compassion. Suddenly I glimpse a thousand Molly Vinters around the world seeking a purchaser for something they cannot sell.

"She doesn't need to buy me like that story about you. I'd give myself. I'd sign a paper. Anything . . . " She is pathetically vehement.

"Why not ask?"

I have no sooner uttered the words than a terrible jealousy flares within at thought of a companion in chains. Yolanda is mine just as much as I am hers! Yet suppose . . . Molly in her passionate need has become more female. I find myself stripping her and assessing her nakedness.

"I did ask. She said you were handful enough," Molly sniffed. "I could tell she wasn't interested."

"You might not like it. I'm always chained or tied, and I get whipped quite a lot. It hurts more than you'd believe."

I have said the wrong thing. Molly is suddenly avid. "I would, oh I would!" Her hand is on my arm now. Curious eyes focus on us in the passing crowd. She becomes aware of them and lowers her voice. "Ask her. Oh, please? She loves you! If it's you that asks."

It is very sad. I only tell it that you may get a picture I am trying to paint. I make a promise that will be hard for me to keep. I watch Molly Vinter fade away among the guests. I am wishing I had stayed with the men. Their little boy appetite for my puss is much easier to cope with.

"A touch of emotion, I suspect?"

The voice was very male and very nice. Such man sounds make me think about my breasts and my pussy and my behind and hope they are all arranged to the best advantage. The tone of this one crinkled my pubic hair. It sounded faintly amused.

He is even better than his voice. He was brand new. "The name is Pollard," he said gently. "Please call me James. I'm a gate crasher. I came because of you. May I shake your chain?"

He did the proper male thing. Without waiting for me to say a thing he raised my left hand to his lips. My right hand had to follow, so he kissed that too. His fingers traced a path across my wristlets. "I recognize the workmanship," he said conversationally. "I don't have to ask if they are real."

I was almost panting. I felt ashamed of myself. I'm not usually that susceptible. "Perhaps you'd like an introduction to your hostess?" I manage breathlessly.

"I have met Miss Harding elsewhere. I came to look at you."

"You make me feel like something in a cage."

"You are something in a cage."

He is the right height, his eyes are the right color, I long to play my fingers through his hair. He is so perfect I can only adore and have no words. I am positive I will forget the hundred strokes and the dungeon if he leads me from the room. Yola

should have left me chained to the pillar in Turpitude Tower.

"Does the delectable Miss Harding occasionally unlock you for an afternoon?"

"I can't go to bed with you. I'm terribly sorry," I utter the denial in self defense. I am trembling.

"You are utterly charming." He surveys me with a look I cannot fathom. It is not the stripping naked look. There is more to his regard than salacity. I am being weighed in a balance.

"You've had your good look at me. Perhaps you should go." He does not bother to answer such a puerile femininity, but takes me by the arm and guides me to the bar. A double Scotch is poured on top of another double Scotch and the reinforced potency is placed within my chained hand with a preemptory: "Don't sip. Drink."

For me this is an enormous intoxicant. I dare not look for Yolanda. I am supposed to ask her permission. James Pollard takes one single Scotch and clinks my glass in a toast: "To more and better chains!" There is a small boy insouciance about him I cannot resist. Against all good judgement I swallow an enormous gulp. I am already on fire. The alcohol will only start a second flame. He sips and smiles at my adoration. He is quite shameless in his next remark.

"You're not wearing much, but it is an impediment, y'know."

"You mean you want to see me naked?"

"I'm sure you will survive the test."

"There isn't going to be a test."

He touches my arm. A current runs all the way up and down to my puss. Without volition I gulp a second time and an astonished at how little is now left in my glass. I swallow that too as though in need. I am in need! More in need than I have ever been in my life. "I'm very nice naked," I tell him innocently. I hear the words as though someone else had uttered them.

"Will there be marks?"

His lips have a sly twist I long to kiss away. Does everyone know Yolanda whips me? I do not care. I know I should flee, but have no such intent. "They're scarlet and purple," I admit brightly.

He replenishes my glass. "On your bottom?"

"She couldn't use my back because of today." I sound apologetic, but hastily add in explanation, "I got them yesterday."

"Not an isolated punishment?"

"Oh no!" I giggle and boast. "I get whipped quite often."

"And you enjoy every . . . er, stroke?"

I giggle again. "Well, the first few anyway."

"You scream?"

Even to my pixillated mind his questions seem unduly probing, but I do not care. I compound my indiscretions by admitting I try not to make loud noises while Yolanda whips me, but that if she punishes me long and hard enough, I break down and howl with the best of them.

"I expect the dear girl had other, more inventive, inflictions?"

"You're being nosey. I shouldn't tell you." I giggle happily. "Ever seen a girl sitting on the horse?"

"I wouldn't have called riding-"

"Not that kind of horse, silly! I mean the narrow bar I have to sit on with my feet spread and tied so all my weight rests on my poor little puss." I make some more tipsy sounds and add: "It hurts."

"I am sure it does. I seem to have read somewhere - you enjoy this quaint exercise?"

"It isn't an exercise at all. I just have to sit . . . for the longest times."

"But there is a thrill?"

"There's a thrill between my legs." The whole scene strikes me as absurdly humourous. I give him my best giggle yet and admit sadly: "I usually end up in tears. How'd you like to have to sit on your whatsit like that!"

"You are usually . . . er, fastened for these fun and games?"

"I'm tied or strapped or handcuffed - it's really none of your business, y'know. Yola would murder me."

"Academic really," he assured me cheerfully. "What d'you say we adjourn?"

Right at that point I should have marched up to Yolanda and demanded to be locked up for my own safety. That word adjourn! It flashed danger signals. But as this story progresses you'll see what an absolute idiot I can be sometimes. All thought of the awful penalty was driven from my mind by the positively cunt quaking smile James Pollard bestowed on me and by the vibrancy of his fingers on my arm. When he said softly: "You're terribly sweet, Euphemia." I was totally lost.

I expect Einstein could explain about the space and time, I can't. By some sort of magic I giggled our way to my bedroom, the one I use when Yola doesn't want me for the night or I have a cold or something or maybe I'm downstairs or up on the Tower. I don't remember the journey, but there we stood looking at each other expectantly.

"And now you want to see me naked?"

"I would esteem it a privilege, Miss Carstairs."

"Don't be sarky. Suppose I call for help?"

"I would gag you and tie you on the bed."

"Oh, would you!" The heat between my legs was almost too much. The glad eagerness escaped into my voice. Caution was gone. "Spreadeagle and taut?" I was quivering.

"Taut as a bowstring and spread wide. Now, off with those clothes!"

I did it prettily, wishing I had more on to take off.

Watching me strip crinkles Yolanda so I could imagine what it was going to do to Mr. Pollard. Dear James! It was as though I'd known him a long time. He stood intent and absorbed, but never lost the little boy look and the nice smile. Taking off my panties I had to make a handful of the wet stuff so he wouldn't notice how sopping he'd made me. When I'd thrown them aside I was as naked as a girl can be. I posed with my hands up high and standing on tip toe and asked roguishly: "And how do you like your girls served, sir?"

"Phemie!"

Yolanda's outraged voice dissolved the Scotch, my courage, and the lovely dream. I slumped down on my heels and, quite absurdly, covered my puss with my chained hands. But, finding I had to bend forward to achieve chain between my wrists was just long enough.

"Don't be ridiculous!" Yola was furious.

Dejectedly, I let my fettered hands fall to the level of my navel. It seemed as good a place for them as any.

"Be so kind as to leave." Yolanda turned her anger on the man who still stood, unperturbed by her fury. "Get out before I call the police."

My sudden prescience of the dungeon and the whip did not divert me from the cause of my disgrace. James Pollard's cheerful insouciance absorbed Yolanda's onslaught without a quiver. He assessed her now in the same intent manner in which he had assessed me. His little boy innocence was a bulwark shielding him from scorn.

He shrugged deprecatingly as one whose position is indefensible, tendered by fuming Mistress a small courtly bow, gave me a jaunty motion of the hand and a knowing wink, and sauntered from the room.

I stood, naked and bereft.

Yolanda's breasts were heaving. She glared at me with infinite impatience. "Don't think I'm going to forgive you."

"No, darling."

"Phemie, you're impossible."

I could tell Yola was sorry about the awful punishment she had set as my penalty. She would inflict it rigidly, but was wishing it was less severe.

I hiccuped.

"And you're drunk! Oh Phemie!"

"I'm sorry, darling."

I really was sorry. I love Yola so much. What I'd done with James Pollard was an infidelity.

"You belong to me. Haven't you any will power with men at all?"

"I'm an idiot, darling. Don't let me loose at any more parties, keep me locked up. I'd much sooner-"

"You'll go to my parties and you'll behave." Yolanda's voice was vehement. "We, both of us, go right back down now before we're missed. You'll act normally and be nice and amusing. When the last guest has gone I take you to the dungeon. Understand?"

"Of course, darling."

She surveyed me in exasperation. "Aren't you going to ask me to let you off the punishment because it was all the fault of that . . . that . . . whoever he is?"

"No darling. His name's James Pollard." I wanted to add: 'And he's awfully nice!' But thought better of it. I'd hurt my darling enough. I began to fumble with the silver lame.

"And naked for him!" Her voice held a vast disgust. "Here, let me help, I'm not going to unlock your hands."

The party enveloped us. With the aid of coffee I managed to divert the influence of the Scotch to silly giggles and rapt attention to inanities. People fingered my chain and dropped their hints and queries to which I responded only with a "Wooooo!" or a "Mmmmmmmm!." Cocktail parties are not really all that difficult for a slave girl. But through it all my mind was occupied with two separate visions, one of Yola's whip, and one of the smiling countenance of the boy who had tempted my downfall. Strangely enough, it was the memory of James Pollard that got most of my attention.

"You don't deserve the Tower, Phemie," Yolanda said crossly. "You're going downstairs."

"Of course, darling."

I said it blithely, but I was trembling. I was about to start payment of my penalty. I am only joyous about such matters to a point. Going downstairs whittles that point to almost nothing. Going downstairs means the dungeon.

"Naked, Phemie. I won't even leave you those soaked panties."

I'm always naked when I'm punished. The dungeons have some cunning heating

ducts Yola had installed. You can't see 'em but they keep a naked prisoner from catching pneumonia. But it's the stone that gets a girl. Bare, cold stone! I shivered as I let the silver lame fall to the floor for the second time that evening. My hands were still chained, and Yolanda was not helping. I found my panties were still wet - that makes me awful, doesn't it! I can't help it, I just am.

"Over in the corner."

Yola's crisp order means the metal collar and the chain that links back to the ringbolt in the wall. I stand passively while it is locked around my neck. It is very heavy. It does nothing for the spot between my legs.

"Ankles, too."

I am indeed in disgrace! They are the beastly heavy shackles that tell me what and where I am. I spread my legs a little as they are fastened with solid ominous snaps.

"Your wrists can wear what they have now."

I nod without happiness. My bonds could be much worse, hut they are bad enough. The weight of the metal on my neck will nag and nag.

"It's past midnight. You can spend the night and the day as you are. On the day after you will get your whipping."

"Thank you, darling."

"Oh, don't be so bloody humble! Don't you think I feel badly enough as it is'?"

"Honest, I didn't mean! Oh, darling, I'm so sorry."

The chains hold me. I cannot touch my darling or give her the heat of my flesh and find comfort in hers. I do take a tentative step, but it is too absurd. I am weighed so that motion is like wading in mud; the links from my collar warn they will soon snub me. I hold out my joined hands in supplication.

"Phemie!" There is an ocean of yearning in Yola's voice. She too takes a step, then determinedly backs away. "If I touch you I'm lost. It's best I go. I'll leave you the candle, it will last most of the night."

"Can I have a blanket?"

"No. You don't deserve that either. I'll leave it folded on the big chest. You can look at it and yearn. If it hadn't been for your James Pollard and your own stupidity you could be warm in bed with me."

My angry darling is punishing herself as well as me. She wants me. I know, just as I long for her with a terrible anguish. But the penalty denies us both, and I must serve it. She flounces in exasperation from the dungeon and thuds shut the door and the cruel bolts . . . .

In the sparse light of the candle I cannot reach I survey my plight. It is not the first time I have stood thus in this spot. I know the feel of stone and the clutch of chains. I long desperately for the blanket I can behold but am denied; it is part of my

punishment. I shrug and sink cautiously to the cold stone. It will take a little while for my body to warm it enough that I can sleep. It is a hard bed for a naked girl. But I am not angry. I deserve this. I do! I do!

What is done is done. It is over. At least I thought it was. I did not know then that it was not over at all.

It was just beginning.

* * *

A girl in chains wakes early in her dungeon. For her there are no delightful stretchings and turnings and relapsing into slumber. You dare not move an inch from the stone now heated by your flesh. It has become precious. You cherish this spot of the exact dimension of your contact. The candle has burned out, and the bit of daylight seeping through the brutal bars of the high recessed small window is more gloomy than its artificial glow, but it is enough for me to see the blanket so neatly folded to torment me. I long for it and rack my brain for expedients by which I may reach it. There are none! Chains are implacable. A chained girl need not deal in hope.

A chained girl thinks. It is all she can do. I thought about the whip. Yolanda might not come to my dungeon for a long time, so I speculate as to how she may possibly modify the awfulness of a hundred lashes on my bare skin. I will get the hundred alright, but perhaps she may not make them as hard as if I was to bear a smaller number. It is a small hope, but unlikely. Yola is a stickler for discipline and your word being your bond. I had best not build false optimism. I ponder what I may say or try and do to touch her compassion and her love. But I have both already. I have a sort of pact with myself that I will not make my punishments more painful for my darling than need be. I will keep my tears and my pleadings until desperate pain releases them past the determination of my will. Yola and I have never discussed my pact, but we both know it is there. There is, of course, what we call 'weaseling,' This is any sly bit of conniving by which I may artfully reduce my pains. It is a fun thing we both recognize. It will not do me any good in the penance which confronts me now.

I twist my chains this way and that. The night has made them chafe. The collar on my neck is an enemy, It is alive and malignant with the pull of its tethering chain. The collar makes a mockery of the dungeon door, if it was wide open I could not reach it. The chain from the ring-bolt only gives me three or four shuffling paces, I move the metal bands that circle me and find a little easement here and there,I think of the whip curling round my hips; it is part a memory. I have been whipped so often. Sighingly, I wait.

I wait a long time. Here and there I know that panic which is implicit in my plight. Am I forgotten? Will I just lie here in these chains! Helpless. It is useless to cry out, my voice will not penetrate the stone. As the light increases I know the day no longer young. I am hungry.

When Yolanda comes she is a small, female whirlwind exuding disturbance. When she clasps and kisses me it is as though we face a sundering. Her lips arouse me so that I strive to clasp her too, but my chains deny. For urgent moments we feast before she uses her keys to free my neck and my ankles. Her orders are breathless.

"Bathe and make yourself pretty, Phemie. Rush, rush!" She is half way to the door when she remembers and turns. "Oh, and put something on."

In the scented warmth of the bath I forget the dungeon and the whip. I am pleasantly excited. Whatever portends now is certain to be better than what was promised. In my room I hastily garb myself in such lovely expensive trifles as my chained hands will allow me to fasten. I have just brushed my hair when Yola enters. I pose for her.

"Good!" Her eyes sparkle. "Oh, Phemie darling!" She lets the sentence die while she finds the chains for my feet, the ones that match those on my wrists: costly, gorgeous and cruel. I am still admiring them and kicking one foot tentatively to get their feel again when she unlocks my linked hands and replaces the sapphire bond with shining functional handcuffs. "I'm striving for a certain effect-" She backs away and surveys her work.

I walk beautifully with chained feet. I've had lots of practice. The handcuffs give me only slightly less freedom than the metal they replaced.

"You poor darling! Hungry?"

"Starving."

"Good! Lunch is ready. We have company."

I clink my way beautifully. I am secure in the knowledge that nothing of my slavery can embarrass me any more. I ask no questions. I am savouring the surprise I know Yolanda has prepared me for.

The surprise is James Pollard.

"You wear handcuffs with a flair, Miss Carstairs."

He has risen from his seat and now takes my cuffed hands and kisses each. An old world courtliness goes along with his boyish grin.

I stand, nonplussed, and look to my Mistress for help. "Mr. Pollard is an associate of Roland Bolling, Phemie dear." She breaks the news as though it explains everything.

I am about to ask who he is when he's at home, when I remember: Roland Bolling is famous. He makes vast sums from vast enterprises. Yola's father had known him.

"Mr. Bolling has heard of you," says James.

I am not interested in Mr. Bolling. Hunger makes me aggressive. "Do you know what you let me in for yesterday?" I demand sulkily.

"I have already told him." Yola dismisses the subject. We seat ourselves for the lunch which I attack in a most unladylike manner until I catch Yolanda's eye and slow down. Mr. Pollard keeps an interested eye on my handcuffs as though wondering how I'll manage.

"I plead ignorance of your penalty, Miss Carstairs," James says without contrition. "Had I realized . . . " He embraces us both with a glowing smile. "I am endeavouring to incline Miss Harding to leniency."

"Phemie will receive her punishment in full, the fault was hers." Yola is keeping well on top of things.

James might have been speaking of the weather. "I was wondering if her penalty might be reduced to . . . shall we say . . . a bare fifty." He is amused by his own pun, then adds: "With me watching, of course."

I cannot explain or understand why I am suddenly one huge blush. Mr. Pollard examines this maiden manifestation with the same intent interest he had devoted to me from the start. Yola and I use Eliza Dolittle's famous exclamation in unison: "Not bloody likely!"

He deals with his lamb chop unperturbed. "All in the way of business, of course," he says casually. "We'd expect a demonstration."

Yola and I exchange a mystified glance. Her voice holds ice. "What on Earth are you talking about?"

He is enjoying himself, he affects surprise. "Why, Mr. Bolling, of course. He wishes to purchase Miss Carstairs " It is a small bomb. Even I stop eating. "Are you trying to be offensive?" Yolanda is giving Mr. Pollard both barrels. "The suggestion you have just made is not funny."

My blush has vanished. With sudden certainty I know Yola is afraid. We feel each other's vibrations. I too feel a cold hand upon my heart. James Pollard no longer seems a boy.

"No offense intended." He waves airily. "Business is a nosey influence. It is known that the delightful Euphemia has been purchased once. So why not twice? It's an honest approach."

"Euphemia is not for sale."

"Does she have anything to say about it?"

"No."

"She really is a slave then?" His voice is eager.

"Mr. Pollard, you are a guest here because Roland Bolling knew my father. May we, please, talk of something else?"

Their use of my full name made me feel like merchandise.

I was actually scared of something I could not name. "Go away, James Pollard," I said as coldly as I could manage. "All you do is get me into trouble. I'd never dream of leaving Yolanda. If she threw me out I'd come back. Whatever's between us is none of your business."

"You enjoy your chains?" His voice is mocking.

"Go away."

"And you'll enjoy your hundred strokes with a whip on your bare skin?" He was pushing hard.

"Oh stop it! Yola, make him go."

It was as though I had said nothing. His voice was suave as he turned to my Mistress: "We were thinking in terms of seventy-five thousand pounds, Miss Harding.

Money is terrible, you can't ignore huge sums. The silence was hard to bear. I dared not look at Yolanda.

"Cash, of course. Immediate delivery." He was intent as ever.

My darling is disturbed, her fear comes to me in waves. I realize there is something I do not understand. "What do I have to say to stop this nonsense?" She asks. Her voice sounds tired.

"Just the single word, 'Yes'." He says it as though no other word could possibly be used.

She stares him in the eye. "The answer is no. The discussion is ended. I mean it. No!"

"One hundred thousand pounds, Miss Harding."

I gasp. My darling seems to freeze. James Pollard calmly spears a potato. The atmosphere is electric. The cold hand clutches me more tightly. "Why?" Yolanda puts all our puzzlement into the single word.

He shrugs. "You've a right to ask that." His grin encompasses us both. "Fairly simple really. Money is only tokens in the world of Roland Bolling, but Miss Carstairs is quite unique. He believes he can use her talents and her temperament to advantage."

"How?"

"As a bribe."

"Loan her out to some old lecher in return for a business advantage? Is that it?"

He had the grace to squirm. "Substantially yes, though you do underrate the charm of those she would divert."

"Does she divert them in bed?"

"Primarily, no."

"They would torture her?"

"You spread things a bit thick," he complained. "I am under the impression the dear girl is spiritually attuned to such a role."

"I absolutely refuse," I tell him firmly.

He gives me his full attention. "Your ankles are chained, your wrists are handcuffed, Miss Carstairs . . . . "

His implication is obvious. I am a slave and have nothing to say about my disposal. The knowledge that he views me as such thrills me with an excitation I know well. I will not admit it to him, but I am what he believes. But with the thrill there comes the fear I sense in Yola. "You'd keep me chained up in between tortures?" I enquire icily.

James Pollard dismisses the whole conversation with a disgusted wave of the hand. "We're snipping at each other. Suppose I've shocked you a bit. Working for Bolling I'm inclined to take things for granted. Sorry and all that. Should have wined and dined you a bit first."

"But whatever made you suppose I'd sell Phemie?"

"Double your money. Nice profit."

"How do you know-"

Yolanda intercepts his involuntary glance at me. "Phemie, you told him? Oh Phemie!"

I have hurt my Mistress. I long to die.

"My fault. I made her drink too much," James intervenes. I look at Yola, bereft, desolate, putting all my message of penitent love into my eyes. "Add it to my list," I implore contritely. "I deserve anything." I will not name a punishment before the male, but my Mistress will understand.

Pollard laughs at us. I expect we look a dejected pair. "Eat and drink a bit," he advises cheerily. "And before you toss me into the street figure it out for yourself: Beautiful girl wears chains at receptions and parties. Chains are for real. Beautiful girl is owned by a beautiful Mistress who paid a lot of money for her because of unusual circumstances-" He raised his hand to check protest, "Yes, we know the story of the purchase. Nothing to be ashamed of. Then add to that the recent admission of a hundred lashes about to be administered to back and . . . well . . . to the person of said beauty. It does add up, y'know."

"But it's our own affair! I'll admit we've got a bang out of how people are mildly intrigued by Phemie's chains. But what you are asking is pure presumption."

"If I made you an offer to buy Castle Glynt you would not be offended by an honest approach."

"That's different!"

"It isn't, y'know. Principle's the same."

I had become more and more aware of my chained feet and the handcuffs on my wrists. I wished I could shed them. Their prisonment of me gave validity to James Pollard's argument. The motions of the lunch table caused my handcuffs to glisten and clink. Another time I would have been proud of my skillful coping but now I

longed to hide them in my lap.

"You're scared, aren't you?" He had sensed my disquiet.

"That means Miss Harding actually could sell you and you're nervous."

"Any girl would be scared of what you want her for."

"If you can contemplate this . . . this . . . I suppose it's a punishment for yielding to my blandishments yesterday. I don't see why Bolling's offer should appall. Sounds damn grim to me."

"You can't he such an idiot as to fail to realize Phemie and I love each other?" Yolanda accused hotly.

"Can lesbian joy match fifty thousand pounds profit'!"

"That's beastly! Besides, I'm rich. I don't need your money."

"You mentioned love. Does she love you while you're plying the whip?"

"Of course I do!" I exclaim angrily. "I deserve to be whipped and chained in the dungeon. If any girl ever asked for it, I did."

"Must guilt be present for the thrill to be sufficiently erotic?"

"Phemie, keep quiet! I'll deal with Mr. Pollard."

"Call me James." He was infuriatingly bland.

I relapsed into sulky silence. Our guest intently examined my breasts. My Mistress marshaled her heavy artillery.

"Save the blast, Miss Harding. I'll take no for an answer." James Pollard's voice was quite without rancour. But he added: "For today."

He was again the nice boy over whom I had made an ass of myself the evening before. The cold hand and the fear receded. But Yolanda was breathing hard. I could tell she wished to be rid of him. James must have felt it too, he waited only for dessert and coffee before making his farewell. Left alone, I again became aware of being a slave girl in sad disgrace. Meeting Yola's hurt eyes I could manage only an inadequate: "Oh, darling."

Suddenly I was enveloped in scented beauty. Yolanda hugged and kissed me in a frenzy of emotion that instantly drew its own response from me. Somehow I got my cuffed hands over her head so that I too could embrace. For several minutes we were locked together as one. What we did afterwards took much longer, it was terribly beautiful.

You are thinking about forgiving and forgetting, aren't you! My slavery does not work like that. Lying replete on Yola's bed I felt her playing with my hair and heard the words now overdue: "There's still your punishment, Phemie."

"Yes, Mistress."

"Why, oh why are you such a silly girl! I don't want to hurt you the way I'm going to have to. Telling him your purchase price. Oh Phemie!"

I kiss her and nibble avidly at the perfumed flesh. I will soon be immured away from love. That knowledge is almost worse than the whip. "Punish me for that too, darling," I plead. "I want you to."

"No. Enough is enough."

For me there is a glowing eroticism in being punished by Yolanda. I would loathe it from anyone else, but with her it is a tremendous sharing of love. I will scream and plead and long for it to be done, long for it to stop, stop for any reason at all. But my puss will swell and secrete its wet, and here and there while the things are done to me that must be done. I will know joy ineffable. So great is this fire of sensuality that under its influence I will plead for what I fear. I do so now.

"Darling, I was outrageous with Pollard. I'm worse than silly. I must be punished, I must!"

Yola knows me. Her voice is tolerant. "Oh, very well, idiot. But you'll be sorry."

Of course I will be sorry! I know I will. But this is how it must be. Yolanda rarely weakens, but when she does it is I who must be strong. We must never allow the beautiful wonderful thing we share to be eroded by casual mercy. Thus it is that an hour later I am in the dungeon. Its gloom is chastening, but I am buoyed by the close memory of Yolanda's flesh and Yolanda's lips.

"This is it, Phemie darling, the thing you asked for."

I lose my handcuffs and am told to place my hands behind my back, palm to palm. I am already naked. I quiver at the knowledge of what my punishment is to be. I had not guessed. I will be a sorry girl indeed, but I stand in blithe acceptance as my wrists are tied with the cruel thin rope. Yola ties me slowly and with care.

"Want to call it off, puss-cat?"

I will long to call it off when it is too late, but not now. I am in a throbbing ecstasy and my voice is husky when I whisper: "Oh no . . . oh no . . . no."

My gasp could be of joy or agony as the rope circles my elbows. 'Round and 'round! There will be a number of the snug bands so that none will cut off circulation. Yola says I have rubber shoulders because my elbows meet so easily at my back. They meet now as she cinches and tugs and ensures even pressure. I will be well and truly tied. For poor silly Euphemia there will be no wriggling loose. My forearms are welded as one. My fingers, already searching, can find no knot.

I am to be tantalized. The chains are taken from my feet, but a shackle is clamped upon my left ankle, from it trails the inevitable chain that tethers me to the wall. Like the one from my collar the previous night it will not permit me to reach the beckoning blanket. My Mistress clutches my nudity and kisses me fervidly. I cannot clutch but I can kiss. The emotion is too great; she runs for the door. I notice that this time she closes it on me gently and I can scarcely hear the sliding of the bolts.

I am alone within the walls of stone that are my prison. I am tethered to the wall by the chain on my ankle. I am painfully tied. It is the cord around my elbows that will punish me for my indiscretion, the punishment my own tumescence prompted me to plead for. It will bed itself deeper and deeper into my flesh until my mind is filled with the single wish to be free of it. But I will bear it through the night. It will scorch and burn and mock me and I will come to hate it. But I do not hate it now . . . not yet! Tonight my stone bed will be doubly hard because of the way in which my shoulders are wracked back. I look down at my jutting breasts and reflect ruefully how even they will be hard to lay upon in their taut prominence.

I allow myself a single glance at the blanket, then drive its mockery from my mind by a vision of the 'morrow, a vision in which I am bound and spread and helpless to await the whip, a vision of my writhings as it curls lovingly upon my skin. I chide myself for the vision, for it is not in fear or apprehension, instead it feeds the fire between my thighs. I cherish it. I shiver in exquisite helplessness. In turgid transport I sink down on the stone and seek a comfort I will not find. My mind roves backwards into what I call my 'dungeon dreams'.

I think I was eleven the first real time. My body had changed enough that I was shyly aware of the parts of it I must keep covered. Even though it is what I call the first time, it was not the beginning of me. The 'me' I am trying to tell you about had been there from the beginning back there in my mother's womb. The experience and I were like two twigs in a stream that the current brings together briefly with an impact by which their course is forever changed.

Miss Hilde was a nice teacher except that she caned our hands a lot. She caned the small open palms, tentatively and shrinkingly extended for punishment, hard enough to ensure tears and defeat bravado. We learned it was wise to cry at the second stroke. Dry eyes or a pout earned you two more, much harder this time and your "Thank you, Miss Hilde" had to sound very sincere. One or two of the girls got up to six, three on each hand. This was rare, but I was one of them.

The canings were always for just cause which is never hard to find with a room full of giggling girls. The first times my palm was seared I wept with the best of them and returned to my seat hugging my wounded members. But, being me, it was not long before I became aware of a strange excitement and a heat between my legs whenever the cane was displayed or used. When it was to be used on me and I made my way up before the class; my tremblings were very soon not of fear but of another emotion I could not understand. I kept this emotion a firm secret. I was quite sure no one would approve of it. Checking with the other girls I learned that all they felt was pain. I was different. I found the difference exciting.

I am sure Miss Hilde recognized a kindred spirit. She was always kind to me and helped whenever I was stuck with work I could not master. But she caned my hands more and more often until it was understood by the other girls that she had it in for me. By that time I was being cautious, so I agreed with them. I had a good thing. I was not about to spoil it.

Without a word spoken Miss Hilde and I arrived at a nice understanding. If I was to get caned more frequently, or if I was to get four slashes instead of two, or six instead of four, I had to give cause. Since we both wanted me to do well in school I could not fluff my work. So I became saucy, or cheeky, or petulant, or even engaged in a bit of bravado up before the fascinated eyes of the whole class to whom three on each palm was the absolute end. I varied my repertoire so that no pattern would

show. I became shockingly crafty in my pandering to the lovely feeling between my legs. When I met Miss Hilde's eyes and she swished the cane I positively melted. I expect she did too. But I did not know that then.

Two strokes was gorgeous. After that I had to grit my teeth. The fire in my loins inhibited tears, so I provoked four often enough that I could come up with copious salt water - I was wise enough to discern that, for Miss Hilde, tears were de rigueur.

The first 'real' time was the day after my mother accompanied father on a three week business trip.

"Just the housekeeper looking after you, dear?" Miss Hilde asked kindly.

"She's very nice. She let's me do everything for myself, bathe, dress, everything." Instinct told me this information was important.

Miss Hilde was not much over thirty. Ancient in a child's eye, but an attractive woman. I suppose, quite apart from the cane, I had a crush on her. She was avid but cautious.

"Do you bruise easily, Euphemia?"

"Yes, Miss Hilde, but they're gone in a couple of days."

"Hmmmm. Three weeks, you said?"

"Yes, Miss Hilde." I was breathlessly eager.

"Have you felt my caning of your hands beneficial to your general deportment, dear?"

"Oh yes, Miss Hilde, I'm terribly grateful."

It was like a rehearsed play, but I don't suppose we could have managed it without the stilted preliminary. Besides, we loved every word.

"I do think punishment most helpful to a girl of your intelligence, Euphemia dear. I am considering taking you a step further than just the cane on your hands . . . a fresh perspective for you?"

"Oh, thank you, Miss Hilde! Oh, yes please."

She was well ahead of me. The furthest I could see was six of the best on my bent over bottom. I was enchanted by the prospect and wondered if I'd get it on the bare.

"Do you think you could come to my apartment for a couple of hours this evening - for special coaching, of course?"

So simple! I arrived early.

"I think it much the best if you are nude, dear."

"Take my clothes off!"

"Not shocked, I hope'?"

I showed her how shocked I was by stripping bare as an egg in ten seconds flat. Miss Hilde locked the door.

"I think it would be nice if I cane your bottom for starters, dear. Don't you agree'?"

I'd have agreed to anything. The gates of Enchantment had opened and I had entered. But "starters!" I was too shy to ask what might follow.

"Would you like me to touch my toes, Miss Hilde?" I asked helpfully.

"You are so sweet, and so innocent, dear." Miss Hilde, surprisingly, kissed me warmly.

I was in a seventh heaven. Sight of the cords and bits of rope and the straps did nothing to lower my elevation. They simply made me gaspingly excited.

"Are you going to tie me up, Miss Hilde?"

"You want me to, don't you, dear?"

"Oh yes, oh please!"

It was as though I was offered the Crown Jewels. The thought of Miss Hilde's strong adult fingers tightening bonds upon my newly aware female flesh had me in a ferment of sexual excitation. At the time I thought of it only as a form of affection for my teacher. At that moment I loved Miss Hilde with a frightening intensity.

"This nice little table is just right for you, Euphemia." I'll swear it was instinctive: I knew what to do. I draped my slight nudity upon the shining surface of the narrow table she had pulled to the center of the big room. My legs dangled over the end. My breasts were only just beginning, but when my nipples frictioned on the wood they sent an urgent signal to the fire between my legs. I had become a quivering nymphet.

I have wondered since if Miss Hilde had the whole thing especially made, I fitted it so perfectly. The contoured pad beneath my hips was a surprise, but it too fed the fire. When my ankles were strapped to the back legs they were well clear of the carpet and left me slightly open. This openness was emphasized when the big strap went over the small of my back and was tugged tighter and tighter until I gasped. The effect was to make my pert small bottom rear itself demandingly upon the pad and to cause my puss to peek out backwards. I could not see it, but when Miss Hilde fingered it lovingly from the rear I knew for sure where it was. I didn't have a lot of hair then, just pouting lips.

"I do think it's best to have everything nice and tight, don't you dear."

She kissed the back of my neck. The touch of her lips, coupled with the new strange immobility of my person below my waist and the thrust of the pad, just about drove me into incoherence. But I came up brightly with: "Oh, it's lovely, Miss Hilde. I can't move . . . down there."

Once again Miss Hilde's wise fingers explored my protruding quim, entering its engorged lips. "Oh, naughty, naughty!" she exclaimed archly. "Such a wet little girl!" I almost exploded.

She walked around the table and me several times as though assessing her work and my plight. I expect she was simply gloating and savouring the delectable tidbit I must have been. I got kissed again.

"Do you think I should tie your hands, dear?"

I was tremendously flattered by being consulted in so momentous a decision. Actually, Miss Hilde was just musing aloud.

"I think just as you are to start with, Euphemia. Are you ready now to have your dear little bottom caned?"

"Yes, please."

It sounds a bit absurd now. We were so damn formal and correct. But the tone of our voices spoke more than the words. Hers was husky with emotion, mine palpitated and quavered with more vivid awareness than I had known existed. I remember the moment so well. I was surprised my hands weren't tied. I didn't know what to do with them, so I put one on top of the other beneath my cheek like small warm pillows. I was bursting with an exquisite suspense. How much would it hurt! Would I bleed! The possibility it might be more than I could bear never entered my mind.

"It's so different from having your hands caned, dear." The searing cut took me into a new world of pain and sensation. Square across my taut twin curves it split me into orgasm. I did not know what an orgasm was then, it seemed no more than a transcendent part of the glory Miss Hilde had the power to bestow, a glory beyond anything I had ever dreamed of. I reared against the buckle round my waist, more in a need to give my climax free rein than in agony. My moan was of an ultimate ecstasy. My small fists clenched upon the table beneath my back-flung head. I did not know it but I had become a woman.

Everywhere in the story of me there is the whip. I think to go on and on about it is a bore, not for me but for you. Miss Hilde caned my bottom with her own cruel artistry until I screamed. Then she tied my hands down to the front legs and gagged me. I did not mind. I adored it all. The gag was cute so that we laughed over popping the ping-pong ball in my mouth and sealing my lips with the wide adhesive. It kept me adequately quiet in deference to the demands of apartment dwelling. Even when I longed to scream I knew it wise that I did not.

It could be said I was the victim of a woman's lust, but between us there arose a complicity cemented without words. Each of us knew we had discovered the end of the rainbow. Even the second phase of my unearned 'punishment' that was not a punishment at all did nothing to dampen the erotic fire that sustained me through the pain.

"You are a wonderful, wonderful girl, Euphemia." Miss Hilde's voice positively throbbed with happiness. "It is time now to really punish you. You do want me to, don't you?"

The moment the loving fingers peeled away my gag I spit out the celluloid ball and

gasped ardently: "Yes, oh yes! Oh, Miss Hilde, you're so good to me." I was utterly sincere, utterly hers, loving her in a way I had never known love in all my eleven years. The bitter and awful scald of my caned bottom was instantly forgotten in the fresh promise of erotic fulfillment.

"It is a punishment for big girls."

I swelled with pride and, I suppose, lust.

"You will be tied more beautifully, dear."

What a wrenching of the heart it was to be set free! I parted from my bonds with sorrow, looking in awe at the red indentations on my wrists. But I was a'quiver with expectation.

"Sit on the floor, Euphemia."

I watched the tight buckling of the leather anklets with fast beating heart. I was seeped in happiness. The black bands held all the beauty of costly jewels. I was to be punished as a 'big girl', but how were big girls punished? I was soon to know.

"I don't want anything ordinary for you, Euphemia, you have become so very special. Don't be frightened. Just trust me."

I would have trusted Miss Hilde with my life. I watched the ropes come down from the small pulleys in the ceiling and wondered only how she had got them there. When the hooks slipped into the rings of my anklets I could put two and two together, but thought of retreat never entered my mind. I helped all I could with the replacement of my gag, my eyes sparkling into Miss Hilde's that were so very close as she worked on me. I was kissed. When my feet were spread and raised by the tautening ropes I knew only a tremendous sense of being female, a oneness with the woman who had caned me. Since my hands were still free I was able to ease my transformation from horizontal to vertical. My gag got a stern test in those first moments when I swung free of the carpet, but I had no thought of tearing at it, my fingers were busy seeking a tenuous contact with the floor. Miss Hilde mischievously raised me to where I could touch it with one finger only.

"A strap over your gag, dear, just in case-"

It was broad and tight and pliant. My fingers would not easily loosen its buckle at the back of my neck. They did explore but were gently slapped away.

"I would tie your hands, dear, but I'm curious to see what you will do with them."

To me, at the age of eleven, a whip was just a name. I surveyed the one now in Miss Hilde's hand with wide-eyed curiosity. I was more concerned with the exposure of my pubes. I was sure it must be proper for me to be to be so spread, just so long as it was a teacher who had done it to me. But I was not sure if mother would approve. I adored it. I went into writhing orgasm again when Miss Hilde artfully cupped my wet lips and kneaded them.

The whip took me into a new enchantment of sensation.

Miss Hilde used it on my back and waist, and for the first few blows the frightening

new pain did not more than prolong my contortions as though the orgasm went on and on. Whilst I could wriggle and bend and buck, my widely spread legs prevented me changing my basic position. I was totally available. Miss Hilde whipped me with care and artistry. The lash curled on my slenderness and, often enough, licked at my breasts. But they were not sufficiently developed to provide a hazard.

I am sure my hands were erotically entertaining for the woman with the whip. They sought my wounds, they sought the floor, they waved in frantic acknowledgement of agony. Once they flew to the buckle of my gag, but were thereafter dissuaded from such tampering by a vicious slash of the cutting thong into the cleft of my sundered thighs. I screamed in pain and amazement that a girl be whipped upon her puss. The gag muted the peal of anguish, but the message was clear. My hands heeded it, their frantic frustration was total.

The fear came gradually with the rhythm of the scorching strokes. Not fear of Miss Hilde or of the whip, but fear that my fire would die and its glory depart. I think my complete helplessness and the upside down exposure alarmed me in the same manner as a fish must be astounded to find itself hauled up on dry land. It was then that Miss Hilde received my full, but unconscious, gift of writhings and twistings and the clutching of hands which I wish now I could have witnessed myself. I put on quite a show. No matter what I did, the whip cut me. I could not escape it, but in a purely primal instinct I tried, oh how I tried! When I knew I would die, the lashes stopped, a strong firm tongue entered my puss-lips. I did not recognize what was happening to me at first, only that I was ablaze with something far too beautiful to understand. Within seconds I longed only that the glory and the whip go on forever.

With Yolanda it does. Forever and ever. . . .

I'm terribly lucky.

It is Yola's cords upon my elbows that dissolve my misty memories of Miss Hilde. They are now hurting me enough to gain my full attention. I cannot see them but I know how deeply they must be embedded in my skin. I twist my shoulders fretfully against the strain, my eyes rove for some expedient by which I may gain release, hopelessly of course. I always go through these motions, it is instinctive. But I cannot get loose, I know I can't. I am tied for sure. I will have to endure the punishment of my corded elbows. It has now reached an intensity of pain that contributes nothing to the warmth between my legs. I just hurt, and I wish it was not happening to me. When the light fails I will cry.

By darkness there has been no Yola and no supper. I have been a bad girl. Bad girls do not eat much when chained in dungeons. Before total gloom possesses me I amuse myself by walking to the length of the chain on my ankle and then contorting and stretching to see if I can hook a toe in the blanket. But my most painful striving leaves me many feet short. I shrug resignedly, I am getting only what I deserve. I return to my corner and my chain and look down at the stone. It seems impossible that I can sleep. But I am used to pain and discomfort. I fall into a dream laden slumber and do not properly wake until the light of morning is feeling its way into my prison.

It is the day.

I have thought much of the whip while waiting for Yolanda. I cannot possibly sustain joy through so severe a flogging. I have no expectation of acquitting myself nobly. I

will probably plead and make a fuss. Yola may be forced to gag me.

"Is your puritan conscience purged, silly girl?"

Yolanda turns me about and examines my roped elbows, the penalty I provoked her into inflicting. It has made me pliably contrite.

"I'm sorry, darling. I was stupid."

"And now you want me to untie your arms?"

"Oh Yola, yes . . . yes! I'm dying."

"You're not, y'know! I'm a good mind to leave you like this."

"Oh please, no!" I wail in anguish.

It is a game she plays often, but I am never sure. Sometimes she actually does leave me to go on suffering. I never know. I sink to my knees and press my head hard against her sex. Even though she is clothed it will affect her. Perhaps she will take me to bed. But even then she may not untie me . . . .

"You're a saucy pusscat and I know what you're trying to do." Her fingers are loving in my hair. "I'll give you a choice. You can stay as you are, elbows roped, or we can start your whipping."

It seems a cruel choice, but it is not. I know I must wade into my punishment and get it over with. "Start my whipping, please," I ask meekly.

It is heaven to get rid of the ropes. I squeal as they are peeled from me. The weals are beautiful and shocking. My ankles are then chained so that I may attend the bathroom and eat my apple and drink my water. I long for food but dare not ask. Soon I stand naked with one wrist strapped each side of the whipping post. I am ready. My ankles are still chained. Yola loves to hear the clatter of the links as I kick against the pain.

"One hundred, Phemie."

"Yes, darling."

"Want to be gagged?"

"Not yet."

It is not the worst whip. With some of the whips a hundred would kill me. I know this one of old. It will hurt bitterly but not injure. Unless Yolanda strikes me unduly hard I may not bleed. But a hundred! My poor back!

The heat burns hard in my loins as the thong snaps across my shoulders and burns deep. How beautiful is pain when it is Yola who bestows it on me! I twist within my bonds as sensuously as I can to give her happiness. Motion helps me too. Being whipped hurts twice as bad if I cannot move, at least I think it does. The second strike bites the center of my back and curls beneath a breast. My motions now are the pure artistry of suffering. I need not simulate. Both of us are happy beyond

words.

Whipping posts are cruel. I have seen pictures of those in which a girl embraces them, her hands pulled 'round and bound on the other side, or perhaps they are tied to a hook above her head. But not this one! The straps upon my wrists are broad and tight at the level of my chin. I can neither advance or retreat or bend my elbows. I must stand at arm's length so that all of me is fully exposed, the whip can curl.

It is a really wonderful whip and curls beautifully around my waist. I quiver and gasp with the pain and try to look down to examine the slim belt of scarlet that I will wear. What I can see is marvelous, but I cannot see it all. It will wait. It will have lots of company. As darling Yola strikes me again and again the pain mounts to where I begin to wish I had never allowed James Pollard to lure me from that room. Without meaning to I kick and stamp my naked feet so that my chain clatters delightfully on the stone. If Yola is pleased at the sound I am glad. What I long to do is raise one foot, brace it against the post and tug. It is a thing I have done often. It is quite useless except that it gives me an emotional release. I am fighting, trying to get free. The fact that I cannot does not matter. I am lucky I cannot do this, for the act carries a penalty. Whenever I have done it Yola seizes the opportunity to snake the lash into the thigh I have exposed. It is one of the places where I cannot bear the agony, I always howl.

Sometimes I look over my shoulder at the girl who is whipping my nakedness. It is not to plead or in apprehension. I simply need the small smile she grants me. It tells me I am loved but that the end of my whipping is far away. I have lost count. I am supposed to keep a count, but when the number I must bear is great I always forget. I have to hope my darling knows. A hundred strokes will take so long. They will go on and on and on in the calm measured rhythm Yola employs with pauses only long enough to keep me continually at the peak of the crescendo.

Cessation means mischief. The blows stop now. While I am panting to catch up with my lost poise, a small enquiring hand inserts itself between my legs and palms my puss.

"Naughty, naughty, you're enjoying it, love."

Yola wipes her wet hand on my flank. It is very wet indeed and leaves a smear I cannot touch. My fire between my legs is unkind to me in punishment. It goes on burning and supplying my puss with secretions long after I begin to find the pain unbearable. I have tried to explain this to Yola, but a wet hand is a wet hand, a sopping puss is hard to excuse. I cannot be sure my treacherous little slit will not continue to leak through the whole hundred. I am betrayed.

"I can't stop it," I complain. "But I'm hurting terribly. I'm ever so sorry for what I did."

"Want to ask forgiveness. Phemie?"

"No, darling, but I'll soon be crying."

"I'm not whipping you all out, y'know."

"Thank you. Honest, I really am grateful."

"Would you like a few between your legs? I'll take off the chains?"

"I can't bear the whip there, Yola, I just can't."

"If you like to ask for twenty I'll bring your sentence down to ninety instead of a hundred?"

It is pure torture. Mischievous torture, but torture none the less. What a decision to confront a nude girl when she is strapped to the whipping post. I am positive that twenty up between my legs will drive me wild and make me scream. And yet . . . I do examine the offer, seeking an advantage that is not there. "No thank you, darling. But I'm ever so grateful," I say meekly.

"Are you being sarky with the gratitude bit, Phemie?"

"Oh no! Oh darling!"

My denial is swift and not strictly truthful. I should know by now the hazard of imprudent speech.

"I think you were, pussy-cat. So now it's a total of ninety with twenty of them up between your legs."

I might have known! I blink back tears. Yola is not being cruel. Anytime she detects insubordination she nips it in the bud. I have been nipped. I am about to utter my meek and unprovoking 'thank you' when I gasp in joy. Once more the hand has sought my sex, this time it stays and is very clever. For a little while I will forget the whip and will go with my love to a far exciting land of rainbows and sharp ecstasies. Yola loves me terribly.

When it is done I lose my chains. It is a sobering moment when Yola unlocks them from my ankles. How nearly free I am, yet how rigidly held for the whip. I wonder glumly how many strokes I can bear now before I plead for the gag. I would love to take my punishment without the gag but have little hope. It is just too much.

"You will stretch your little tootsies apart nicely, won't you, darling?" Yolanda's voice is honey.

"Yes, darling, I promise."

"Would you like a few between your legs now while you're a bit rested, Phemie, instead of the full twenty at the end?"

The offer is kind or cruel according to how you look at it.

"Are you going to make the whip come up under and hit my pussy?" I quaver.

"Of course. About half of them."

I cannot win this game. "Yes, I'll have a few of them now, darling," I concede without enthusiasm.

When I part my legs and open wide my thighs so they and my puss may be efficiently whipped I see myself in an absurd simulation of those scenes on the telly where the

cop makes the suspect straddle against the car or the wall with their hands up and apart. That's me right now. I feel silly and am afraid I look the same. I am also scared.

The first is just a thigh, the soft part well up. I cannot hold my pose, but hop and kick and howl. It hurts shockingly with a peculiar sickening pain all its own. I am learning the lesson I am supposed to learn. Right now I would promise anything with total sincerity. I force myself back into position with a gritting of the teeth. It is not easy to offer my poor wet pussy for what she is about to receive.

She receives it! I make the strangest sounds. I could almost believe it is my little slit beneath my fur that utters them. The agony and the protest comes from her. I feel certain the thong parted her lips and entered, a whipped girl is fanciful. Without thinking, I pull my little act, my foot against the post and tugging at the straps that hold my wrists. Yola seizes the opportunity and gives me a quick snapping crack where I want it least. My leg returns to join its mate. Moving one soft thigh against the other I can actually feel the raised ridge of punished flesh. Trembling, I once more open myself wide.

The cut does not slice me at the moment I expect. Several moments of agonized waiting pass until I hear the opening of the door. I thrill with hope. My Mistress has gone for a drink for me, maybe brandy! I will get a respite and a stimulant. I could drink the whole bottle. I close my legs and peep over my shoulder. Yola has not gone. The whip trails from her hand as she stands astonished as I myself. It was not she who opened the door at all.

It was James Pollard.

"Perfect timing," he said jauntily. "A world premiere, eh! Wouldn't have missed it for the world."

He had us startled into a momentary silence. Girl-like, I knew only that I was naked and was being looked at by a man. Ridiculous, of course, but there it was. I longed to cover myself. I didn't want him looking at my nakedness and the marks of Yola's whip. Whip marks are a terribly private and intimate thing. These were Yola's and mine. James was looking at them as though he'd never seen such things before.

"Please don't stop on my account," he implored with sincerity.

"How did you get in here?"

"Front door, actually. Had a bit of help, of course."

"What d'you mean, a bit of help?"

"A couple of the chaps. Terribly sorry, they're tying up your staff. Be down in a jiffy."

"You must be insane!" Yola's voice trembled.

"Frightfully easy, really." He was sparing only the odd glance for my Mistress. His eyes returned to my scarlet weals as though fascinated. "Get away with anything with a bit of gall, y'know."

"But why! What d'you want?"

"Eh?" Reluctantly he gave Yolanda his full attention. "Oh, you mean what's behind the visit. We're taking little sweetheart here."

"I won't go!" I exclaimed with absurd vehemence.

"Kidnapping?" Yola's single word was more an acknowledgement rather than a question.

"Of course. Knew you'd understand."

"But you can't, it's impossible!"

"It's not, y'know. Job's as good as done right now. Just debating whether you shouldn't finish the job you're on first before we pop Euphemia in the sack. Jolly pretty stripes . . . . "

James Pollard was still the beaming small boy. He radiated goodwill. For some intuitive reason I felt more fearful for darling Yola than for myself.

"Get out before I call the police. How many times . . . " Yolanda's outraged voice held little conviction.

"Quite so, love. You have to say what's expected. There's still the 'Unhand me, villain!' and the 'We will never yield' to come."

"You can't possibly get away with this."

"Sorry, I overlooked that one. Trans-Atlantic, isn't it."

"Even if you took Phemie she would not obey you. You're wasting your time."

"We'll just whip her until she agrees to be a good little girl," James said blandly. "That's what you do."

"I won't! I won't!" I was being a very small girl indeed. "Get out of my way. I'm going to phone the police."

"Mind leaving me the whip, love? I might as well carry on."

"You're impossible!"

Yola was close to tears. Whatever she did would be wrong, It's funny, but neither she nor I thought of releasing me. Her concern was what to believe of what she had been told. It was too preposterous to be true.

"If I go upstairs will you come too? We can talk." She asked with less belligerence.

"And leave poor little Euphemia strapped to the whipping post?" he asked reproachfully. "The dear child has quite a few more strokes to come, hasn't she?"

"She won't mind."

"But we mustn't rob her of her just desserts."

"It amuses you to be facetious. You are also being objectionable."

"Occupational hazard, I suppose. Kidnapping's not really my line. I say, Miss Harding, wouldn't like - to change your mind about selling the dear girl? Save a lot of bother. We could untie the cook and the housemaids."

"You're joking. You haven't?"

"We have. Only reason the boys haven't shown up here yet is they were considering a nice bit of crumpet with the red haired one."

"They're raping my staff?"

"Well, I don't suppose it's her first time. Doing her a favour actually. Give her something to ponder on while she's trying to get loose. I say, d'you mind if I use that whip on Euphemia for a few minutes while you sort of adjust. I mean, I may never get her in this convenient a position again."

"Surely if you kidnap her you can do as you please?"

"Not really. I'm not the principal, y'know. Just a humble instrument. You are silly, really you are, not to take Bolling's hundred thou. I mean, look at it from Euphemia's point of view. You can't say she's exactly having a ball at this moment."

"You don't understand. This is a woman thing."

"Do lesbians always lace into each other with a whip?" My Mistress flushed. I tugged helplessly at the straps on my wrists and wished most ardently I was free. James Pollard was a shrewd arguer, there was a mind behind the boyish grin. I had never felt more vulnerable or disposable in my life.

"Could I be unfastened, darling?" I asked tentatively.

"Keep quiet, Phemie. I'll deal with this." Yola was curt.

"Not a thing to worry about, Euphemia," James informed me sarcastically. "If she doesn't finish whipping you, I will."

"Maybe if you let him whip me a little he'll go away," I suggest diffidently. "It seems to be what he wants."

"You do enjoy being whipped, don't you Phemie?" His voice was shrewd and incisive.

I kept silent, but my blush betrayed me. Whenever I have to explain me, I flounder. I turned my face back towards the whipping post. I was getting a crick in my neck. He could look at my whip marks all he wanted . . . damn him! But there were sounds. We had visitors. Fearfully, I once more looked back over a prisoned shoulder.

They were an athletic looking pair. Their grins at sight of me were not as nice as James Pollard's. My fists clenched in their straps. Oh, how I longed to be free!

"Piece of cake, boys," James said brightly. "She's already parceled."

It went like a drill. Each of the newcomers took one of Yola's arms. James pushed a wet wad of cloth into my mouth and produced a wide adhesive. "Lips tight clenched, Phemie, or we hurt your girl friend."

It was beastly. Only Yolanda had done things like this to me. That a man should do them now . . . ugh! But I did what he said. I even held my head firm while he pressed hard on the tape that made me mute. My poor darling Yola!

James Pollard snapped the handcuff on one of my wrists before he unfastened the straps. After that he had no trouble cuffing both my hands behind my back. I tried to fight, but I might as well have beat on a brick wall. He then produced a second pair and locked my elbows together. I was fixed for sure. I'd be no help to Yolanda whatever.

For a few moments Yola was a snarling tigress fighting for her life. But she was handled with the same ease as myself. I stood, impotent, and watched my darling strapped as I had been. All three males seemed to regard what they were doing with pure amusement, but poor Yola's wrists were buckled brutally tight. We were both captive.

"We won't gag you, Miss Harding." James Pollard managed to make the concession sound munificent.

"You'll go to prison, you know that, don't you?" She glared defiantly at him over a prisoned arm.

James ignored the threat. "Someone's bound to find you sooner or later," he consoled cheerfully.

"If you've made the servants helpless it could be days!" Yola was frightened, I could tell. I longed to speak. I'd have promised anything if only they would leave her free. I cursed the gag that filled and sealed my lips. I had a mental vision of my darling standing there strapped to that damn post all through the night. It would be terrible for her, much worse than for me.

"Shouldn't we undress the lady?" one of the helpers inquired brightly. "She doesn't look quite right as is."

"Nudity is implicit in her circumstance," James agreed pensively. "What are your sentiments, Miss Harding?"

"You are being beastly," Yola sniffed angrily.

"De rigueur, wouldn't you say?"

Yolanda twisted uselessly in her bonds and said nothing. "I'm sure the servants deserve a treat when they release you," James said generously. "O.K. boys."

It does not take long to undress a girl who is strapped helplessly. Yolanda stood, her wrists fastened to each side of the post and hands clenched 'till they showed white while she was stripped. What could not be unfastened was torn. I watched the blush

envelop her. I knew what it was like.

"Lovely chassis."

"Super tits."

"Come 'round here and look at her quim. What a bush!" The boys enjoyed themselves. Yolanda stood, flushed and mute, while her naked attributes were frankly discussed.

"Shouldn't we take her along too?"

"Lovely crumpet, I bet."

But it was James Pollard who dropped the bomb.

"Interrupted something, didn't we?" he recalled casually.

"Little Buttercup being swished, eh."

"Sweetie-pie getting her arse whipped."

"You're right! Hardly sporting . . . . "

I saw Yola tense, she was a frightened statue in marble, I myself was rigid with premonition.

"Only fair to carry on, wouldn't you say, Miss Harding?" It was cat and mouse. Yolanda had no chance. I think she instinctively knew that to plead would enhance their pleasure in what they were about to do. She kept silent and bowed her head between her captive arms. It was her only refuge.

"A par figure of a hundred, I believe? May we have the tally on the balance to go, Miss Harding?" He made it sound like a query at Bridge.

There was complete silence. It was broken by a glib suggestion from one of the helots: "We can count the fresh stripes on Buttercup and subtract."

It was a labour of love for them. Shamefully, but in an urgent need to reduce Yola's sentence, I spread my legs so that they could count any marks hidden where they might not think to look.

"Naughty, naughty! Whipped the poor girl's cunt, eh."

"And look at Flossie's things! Best way is to count the ridges with a finger."

I stood while they had their fun with my whipmarks and my sex. They saw my wet and enjoyed it. Ruefully, I knew that had it not been for the agony about to befall Yolanda I would have enjoyed the piquancy of this erotic interlude. I belong to Yolanda, but I do not dislike men, not the right ones. The two sets of handcuffs so totally secured me I had little sensation of being more than a palpitating package. The shining steel and the gag divorced me from participation in anything.

"About three dozen, I'd say. Leaves sixty-four to go."

"Hard to tell - there's some overlap. I say, Miss Harding, would fifty leave honour satisfied?"

"There's no honour in what you're doing." Yola's voice was piteous.

"We're only finishing what you started, Miss."

In argument Yola was lost. She had been whipping me. We all knew this. Logic would dictate that if they did not whip her they should finish whipping me. One of us would get it. But it is one thing to be whipped by a girl who loves you, it is something twice as fearful to be whipped by three vigorous men! I looked at my naked Mistress standing invitingly where I had stood, and quailed.

They whipped my darling. Helplessly, I stood and watched the weals spring up and become scarlet on the innocent scented flesh I adored. Yolanda stood still for the first few, but soon she was writhing and moaning with each lash. When her first high scream pealed through the room I could endure no more. Furiously, I leaped to where she was bound and pressed my own nakedness against hers in the only protection I could offer. I glared balefully at James Pollard.

"Greater love hath no wench . . . " The voice was sarcastic. "Dammit, these two have a thing going!"

"Wish Flossie loved me like that."

James shook his head sadly. "O.K., O.K. You've made me feel like a bastard. We'll return to the business at hand." He made a wry motion. "I'd never have believed what an erotic joy it is to whip a naked girl." He eyed his companions ruefully. "How'd it hit you?"

"I've got a simply shocking erection," one admitted.

"I couldn't have borne the fifty," said the other. "I'd have been obliged to fuck one of them if we'd continued."

Men! They're nothing but a throbbing penis. They're like those metal detectors you scan the ground with. They pick up a girl's sex and go beep, beep! Absurd creatures!

"Sorry and all that, Miss Harding. Just too damn inviting, y'know." James sounded as though he meant it.

I stepped away from my hurt darling. She was quietly sobbing and rubbing her wet cheeks against her strapped arms. I watched, amazed, the thing James did next. Extracting a slip of paper from his wallet he used a thumb tack to affix it to the whipping post before the eyes of the girl who was it's captive. Moving closer I read its message. It was a Roland Bolling cheque for one hundred thousand pounds in favour of Yolanda Harding. Whether she or I liked it or not, I was paid for.

The rest was swift. My ankles were roped together. One of the boys had found the blanket I had yearned for through dungeon nights. I was laid on it and rolled into a dark bundle. The last I saw of Yola was a wealed back and two wide and anguished eyes. Rope went 'round and 'round the blanket and me. In helpless sightlessness I was carried from Castle Glynt.

* * *

It was a long journey. I guessed it to be in the back seat of a car. I wasn't exactly comfortable, but it was better than the boot. After a few experimental twitchings I gave up the idea of escape or getting loose. I just endured. Slave girls get used to it. There was conversation but it didn't come through the blanket enough to help. I was then carried around a lot, put down, picked up, and finally stood upright. Strong hands steadied me while others stripped me of the rope and the blanket. While I was still blinking they also untied my ankles.

"Superb!" The voice was foreign. The approval sincere. "We were certain you would be pleased, sir." James Pollard's tone was deferential.

Everything I saw spelt money. The room was a library, or study, or office, or all three. There was a business-like desk. I stood before it where I had been placed. Gazing at me across it's polished surface was a man, undistinguished save for that faintly withered look that comes from a lifetime of worrying about large sums of money. James Pollard lolled negligently in a chair to one side. He winked at me. It was a nice boyish wink that hardly belonged in this oppressively opulent room. I had no idea what it was meant to convey. On the basis that attack is the best defense, I asked firmly: "Would someone like to take these things off my elbows?"

"Come, come, my dear," said the withered character. "They do wonders for your breasts. Indulge an old man."

Believe it or not, it was the first moment I'd felt naked. "I can always stick my breasts out to be admired. They're very nice breasts. They don't need handcuffs on my elbows," I told him haughtily.

"May I introduce Mr. Gyorkos," James said helpfully. "Mr. Gyorkos: Miss Euphemia Carstairs, sometimes called Phemie."

"I am much honoured," said Mr. Gyorkos.

I looked at him blankly, "You're not Roland Bolling!"

"Alas no." His shrewd eyes twinkled. "You have disappointment?"

I glared at James. He had the grace to look sheepish.

"There have been certain business arrangements," he said vaguely.

"You mean you've sold me already? At a profit'!"

He squirmed. "The details need not concern you, Phemie."

"You are much desired young woman," said my new owner.

"I may as well be running along." James rose awkwardly. It was the first time I'd seen him uncertain. "Good-bye, sir."

They shook hand with what seemed a reasonable cordiality. There was a brief awkward pause before James determinedly took the few steps that separated us and,

cupping my face in his hands, kissed me soundly on my lips. It felt so good I kissed him back, hard. I had needed that kiss. It did wonders for me.

He disengaged and gave me his favourite grin. "You'll be alright, Phemie." His eyes were very deep, encompassing me. "It won't always be easy, but you'll come through O.K. You're good stuff."

A moment later he was gone.

I had never felt so lonely in my life.

"Is nice young man," said Mr. Gyorkos. "I am trusting he fucked you well. Is good to have memories."

"I have aching arms," I said pointedly, and rattled my handcuffs.

Mr. Gyorkos was one of those men deaf to the irrelevant.

"You are no doubt most curious?" he suggested pleasantly. "Will set nice English worry at rest. You are not for fuck." Then added pensively: "At least not too much."

I suddenly felt ninety-nine percent pubic.

"You are for most special employment, Miss Carstairs." He said it as though I should feel grateful. I was cringingly curious. I was also shockingly aware of being naked and helpless and providing Mr. Gyorkos with a frank female frontal view. The two pairs of handcuffs on my wrists and arms had about the same effect as a dozen dungeon doors. It was useless for me to even think of getting loose, let alone actually trying.

He read my thoughts. "I am expecting handcuffs most trying for young woman when naked," he consoled.

"If you take them off, I promise not to run," I offered. Then added for good measure: "I won't fight either. I know it's hopeless."

"Most sensible," he approved. "But is much best you always be - what is word? Ah, yes: restrained. It saves much punishment." He eyed me benignly. "If free, you will do foolishness. Then would get whipped for much hurting. Better to have little wrist or neck or ankle in chain or rope."

He sounded as though he spoke from experience. I wondered how many naked girls had stood where I stood now. "Do I get to wear clothes?" I asked innocently.

"Am having central heating," said Mr. Gyorkos grandly. In its way his boast answered my question. I tried another: "Why me, Mr. Gyorkos? Couldn't you send me back to Castle Glynt and get some . . . some . . . local girl who wants to make some spare cash? I mean, what's so special about me?"

"You are a slave."

The way he said it endowed me with a gender all my own.

"But only to Yolanda Harding!" I wailed. "She and I love each other, so being

her slave girl is . . . just . . . natural. But I don't want to be a slave to anyone else. It wouldn't be any good."

"So we keep you handcuffed."

"But there's more to it than that, Mr. Gyorkos. It's a thing of the psyche and the spirit. You can keep me a prisoner, but being a true slave girl is something else."

"We give help, Miss Carstairs." His assurance was expansive. We cane your bottom and we whip your back." As an extra boost to my morale he added: "And there are other things."

I was sure there were! Mr. Gyorkos was the sort who would always have 'other things'. I was feeling more and more bare all the time. My twin sets of handcuffs weighed a ton. I tried again: "But, Mr. Gyorkos, maybe I'm not quite like other girls. Grandma would say I wasn't a nice girl at all. I'm erotic. I have erotic thoughts and responses. I adore being Yolanda's slave. I'm not really fond of men, but once in awhile one of them will excite me-"

"Like nice Mr. Pollard?" He was laughing at me.

"Oh alright," I admitted despairingly. "But don't you see how useless I'll be to you when I'm frightened and forced. I love wearing Miss Harding's chains and . . . things. But the way you'll keep me I'll be as unhappy as any other girl."

"Is best to try before complain."

"Do I get kept in a dungeon?"

"Is nice cell. Very clean sheets."

"I suppose you'll instruct me through the bars!"

"Have pleasant lady for purpose. She is very good with whip. You will obey. Then she is nice."

"Do I have to wear handcuffs in this . . . cell?"

"Of course! Do not pretend you do not enjoy." He nudged a file folder on his desk. "We have complete dossier. You are most charming and interesting young female." As an afterthought he added: "And so is the delectable Miss Harding."

"Yolanda hates being tied up."

Mr. Gyorkos shrugged. "That is why we buy you, not her."

"You're going to use me as a sort of whore, aren't you?" My crudity had hurt. Mr. Gyorkos almost winced. "Are doing yourself injustice," he admonished huffily. "Whores are cheap and in good supply. We use you for very special gifts."

His willingness to talk and accept my sarcasms was heartening. Evidently I would have to step well over some, as yet, undefined line before I earned punishment. I was glimpsing what I was in for. I know the ways in which I'm different. I could understand how this 'difference' might be marketable. My future was half erotically

reassuring and half frightening. "You want me as a plaything for men?" I challenged.

He shrugged. "It has always been the role of pretty girls." Decisively he pressed a button.

* * *

"Do they need to keep you handcuffed, or are you wearing them to please me?"

"I'm new. They're not certain of me," I admitted, then went the whole bit: "I'm not even certain of myself."

He was a nice type. Not young, but clean and athletic. He did not have Gyorkos's withered look, but he was half preoccupied as though he was wedging whatever he was going to do to me in between appointments.

"You can get me a drink. I suppose you know how to serve it'?"

The room had everything for my discomfort and his comfort. I mixed him his drink at the bar and knelt before him, slave girl style, and humbly proffered it.

"You're not bad, child." He took his drink and sipped, gazing down at my appropriately disposed nudity. "Did they have to hurt you much to get cooperation'!"

"The whip marks are from my former owner," I told him innocently. "The one from whom I was kidnapped and stolen yesterday."

My momentous announcement failed to move him. "Not thinking of nagging me for help, are you'?" He was on the verge of irritability.

"Not if you don't want me to."

"I don't! What is it Sinclair's primed you to get out of me?"

"I don't know any Sinclair."

"Distinguished looking bastard. Mustache and Oxford accent'!"

"I was only brought here yesterday. I spent the night chained up in a rotten little cell."

Actually the cell hadn't been all that bad, but I was feeling irritable too. Besides, I suspected I was going to get whipped whether I was polite or not.

"My name's Royden. Mean anything to you?"

"No. Should it'?"

"Sinclair would have mentioned it. How about Pawley Electronics'!"

"If you think I've been bribed to get information out of you I might as well stand up. Can I get you another drink? Or do I get whipped'!"

"Cool little baggage, aren't you!" He looked at me as though noticing me for the first time. "You're beautifully shaped."

I got to my feet and made a pretty play with my cuffed hands. If I could please him with something simple, I'd try. "Sorry I don't know anything. I just don't."

He nodded noncommittally. "Sure they haven't promised you a thrashing if you don't come up with something? It's the usual ploy."

"I only know Mr. Gyorkos and Mr. Pollard. They didn't promise me anything. I sort of got the idea my thrashing was going to come from you."

"Who's Pollard?"

"He works for Roland Bolling."

"Well, well!" He seemed pleased, as though I'd told him something. "So you're going to sweetly accept a whipping in order to soften me up!"

"I'd sooner go home," I said flatly. "If you'll take me back to Castle Glynt I'll let you whip me all you want. If you need money I can get you that too."

He eyed me assessingly, then sighed. "Since we're both here I might as well enjoy the amenities."

I filled his glass again. I moved as prettily as I could and made sure my handcuffs clinked a lot. "I'm a prisoner here," I told him without urgency. "I wish you'd believe me."

"What's your favourite whip?" he asked without humour. He seemed bored. "Actually I prefer to cane your bottom. It's the English thing, y'know. D'you mind?"

"Would it make any difference?" I asked coldly. "I mean, if I did mind?"

"Oh yes." He seemed faintly amused. "You'd kick up a fuss and get it twice as hard. Doing it your way I'll feel a bastard and go easy."

"Thank you."

"It's the nature of the male erection," he confided in the same bored tone. "If the female fights, it's potent. If she pleads and bowls and has to be gagged, it's a turn on. If she's beautiful and has a well curved behind she'll get no mercy."

"That last one's me, isn't it?"

He actually laughed. "I like that. Yes, it's you. But I'm told you're different. One of those who want it, eh?"

"I can't convince them I'm only like that when I'm loved," I told him unhappily. "These people probably know all about making money, but they don't know a thing about girls."

"I can believe that too," he said musingly. "Sinclair and Gyorkos probably believe females should come in packages of a half dozen with quantity discounts.

You're a commodity." He vouchsafed me a small commiserating smile. "You're in a bad spot, child, so far as communion goes. You're in a bad spot with me. I can understand what you say, but that won't prevent me from enjoying the privilege Gyorkos has handed me on a plate."

"You mean me?"

"Of course. They're crass and never heard of finesse. Making me a temporary gift of your body is hardly subtle. But I'm not fool enough to reject it."

There was something decent under Royden's cynicism. I tried to touch it. "You intend to fuck me?" I deliberately used the ugly word.

"Oh come! You can do better than that."

"What are you going to do to me, or make me do for you?"

"You have certain talents?"

"With Yolanda, not with you."

"I can see they haven't brutalized you yet. You're pushy and you're clinging to something you've lost. It could be whipped out of you. In fact this may be the best way we can use our time together. I'd enjoy breaking you."

The sum total effect of his casual suggestion made me angry with myself. The heat between my legs flamed. Royden had touched a chord in whatever makes me respond. I always see it as a betrayal of something or other, but I can't help it. I wondered if he could scent my femaleness as I suddenly could myself. I held up my handcuffed wrists, eyed them for a moment, them turned my gaze on him. "I can't stop you, can I," I said meekly.

"The way you say that is almost an invitation."

I expect he was right. But I was frightened as well as sexually aroused. With me this is possible. "I don't want to be . . . broken," I said cautiously. "Couldn't we sort of compromise? Tell me what you enjoy most. I'll try and give it to you."

"You're in no position to give anything. You've lost it all."

"No I haven't! I'm still me inside."

He nodded. "Fair enough. Select the cane you think will hurt you most."

"Is caning or whipping me your greatest pleasure?"

"Do what you're told."

I recognized the moment. I knew it well. I took from the rack the instrument that would hurt most bitterly. On one knee I kissed its wickedness and offered it for his approval. He accepted and tested it without comment. "Refill my glass."

"Yes, Master."

"Have you had a man beat you before?"

"No, master."

"Where did you pick up this 'Master' thing?"

"I didn't. I just thought it would please you and show I was willing. I expect a lot of what I do is instinctive."

He regarded me with new interest. "You are a bit special. I'm going to hurt you cruelly, but you're mixing that drink with a steady hand." He swished the cane through the air in a way that added fuel to my fire. "D'you know if you're up for sale?"

"I don't know anything, Master. I just got kidnapped. But someone was willing to pay a hundred thousand pounds for me."

"Hmmmm! I'd consider it."

I suddenly wanted Royden to buy me. He might be cruel, but he was more my kind than Gyorkos. Perhaps when he tired of me he would sell me back to Yolanda. Hope flared. "Please buy me," I pleaded. "I want you to. I'm frightened."

I could tell he was pleased. But he was not going to allow a slave girl to direct the conversation. "Have you ever been hung up by your wrists?" He asked matter-of-factly.

"Yes, Master."

"Adds something to what we're about to do, don't you think?"

"Of course, Master. It makes me beautifully available."

"Good! Find what is needed."

I delivered his drink and my obeisance on bended knee, then went in search of the requisite objects for my unearned punishment. The room had everything. It came up trumps. "They're padded. I hope you don't mind," I ventured tentatively as I handed him the leather wristlets. "But if you'd prefer something to hurt my wrists more, I'm sure I can find it. Or maybe rope?"

"These are perfect." He gave me a comradely grin. "Rings and all. Someone here must know what they're about. I suspect that trapeze affair is motivated by the switch in the wall."

It was. I lowered the bar to where I could easily reach it. I was quivering. What I was doing was like being made to dig my own grave. But the emotion now uppermost within me was no longer pure fear. I set my Master's drink back on the bar and held out my hands so that he could relieve me of the handcuffs with the key that, sure enough, he had in his pockets. I took the steel bands, warm from my flesh, and hung them on the wall. I could positively feel his curiosity as to whether I was now going to cut up rough under the temptation of being free. I ended the suspense by proffering my hands once more so that he could buckle the wristlets. He did it with swift strong incisive motions. He made them tight. Cheerfully, I stood beneath

the bar and raised my arms, looking at him with a respectful and inviting smile. A moment later my wristlets were snapped to each end of the trapeze, and my new Master was striding towards the switch.

I am sure that for most girls, to be suspended naked by their wrists must be traumatic. You're so shockingly bare you feel almost entirely pussy and nipples, your helplessness is utter. It also hurts like blazes, a strange sort of hurt that isn't just your wrists. Your shoulders scream indignantly at what is being done to them. You have an instinctive compulsion to raise and lower your feet as though pedaling a bicycle that isn't there. For me it is not traumatic at all. For the first while I hang there in an erotic haze of sensation. I am bound, I am bare, I am delivered, I am vulnerable. But, above all, I belong to someone. I am completely female to be used. They can do what they please with me. It's a quite remarkable feeling. If a girl was not scared to death she would know herself exquisitely desirable. Silly, I suppose, but I was hoping Royden was enjoying me. I avoided his eyes, and just hung in sweet resigned nakedness.

The burn of the cane across my bottom was so unexpected it drew a yelp of surprise from me, but its pain went only to feed my fire.

"We have a tendency to talk too much," Royden observed pleasantly, and struck me again.

I knew that to keep silent would be an affront. I made the sounds of orgasm. They were not simulated. They are the most sensually satisfying sounds for a girl to emit in that context. They earned me a respite while Royden enjoyed them. I could hear his indrawn breath.

"I will concede that I have never beheld anything more beautiful." Some genuine quality in his voice made me glow with pride. I know I'm beautiful, but it's a lovely feeling when someone else agrees.

He hit me again. I could not tell if he was striking me all out. The impacts were of the same intensity as when Yola hits me as hard as she can. It hurt fiercely. I wondered how many my fire could absorb before I started to scream. I passionately did not want to scream for a man. For darling Yola, yes, but not for the Male! I wanted to bestow on him only those sounds that would provoke his erection and agonize his desire. That way I would emerge the victor. Is that silly too? I expect it is.

Royden caned my bottom with tremendous male verve and competence. The impacts of the cane burying itself in my flesh caused the bar to swing a little from side to side with me as a pendulum. Royden used my changing salient aspect to place his strokes to best advantage. I was being caned by a Master of the Craft. I had an absurd vision of him as a Head Master with morta-board and gown, and myself as some shockingly delinquent pupil. A little girl whose bottom had been bared for her iniquities.

"Do you cry at all, Miss Carstairs?" he inquired conversationally.

"I can if you want me to," I offered between gasps "A girl can, y'know, and they'd be quite genuine."

He sliced me low on my bottom where it hurts most. "No. Just let tears flow if they're

spontaneous. It's a nice effect."

"On the erection?" I tried to sound casual.

He chuckled, pleased. "Naturally. The erection is the alpha and omega, isn't it! How about screaming?"

"I can't always control it. I'll try not to, but I probably will."

"Almost a challenge to me." His voice held dry humour. "I take it this gift of yours is not limitless, there's a brink you can cross so that you hurt and react like any other girl?"

"Yes," I admitted. "I'm terribly sorry. It's a bit of a let down for me too. I'd love to be able to laugh all through. But the pain's a lot more awful than you probably realize."

"Help if I cane you more slowly?"

"Yes. Thank you."

The strike was as though he was making up for all the chitchat. I yelped again and kicked my legs. The pain worked its way through me from back to front. I could feel my nerves receiving it and passing it on, wave after wave. Being caned is quite an experience. It's like nothing else that can happen to a girl. There are worse things, but a girl's bottom has a responsiveness all its own.

"That one was most impressive, Mr. Royden." I paid maiden tribute to whatever his motivation might be. "Thank you for the pause."

His next gift to me cut deep into the top of my thighs and produced that other kind of agony that eats into a girl's stomach and leaves you certain you can't bear another. My legs pedalled like mad. I made magnificent erection generating vocals that were quite impromptu.

"If I can make a deal I'm going to buy you, Miss Carstairs," said Mr. Royden, and struck me again on the same place.

It was probably the most sincere tribute ever given to me. But I think I must have gone half mad with the pain. Two on my thighs, one on top of the other! For a moment they almost doused my fire. I bit my lip to keep from screaming, but my legs flailed like crazy and the rest of me writhed and twisted worse than a puppet on a string. I did not trouble to look, but I had a feeling he was standing back in awe. After a long while he made an important announcement.

"I think we can discard the cane now, Euphemia, and move on to the whip."

I controlled my vocals long enough to say: "Thank you, Mr. Royden, that would be nice."

How absurd we were! How formal and correct! I sensed that, for both of us, it was keeping my torture on a plane above the commonplace or the disagreeable. We were being frightfully British. His use of my Christian name gave me an inordinate pleasure. I made my small moans and used my feet to kick away the pain they could

not touch.

"Have you any preference in the matter of a whip, my dear?" Royden's voice had taken on a new warmth during the caning of my bottom.

"Please, could I have one without knots?"

"Of course. But there's quite a collection here."

"Knots cut me, Mr. Royden, and I've found that multiple lashes tend to bunch and give me a miserable sort of blow that makes ugly marks and bruises. A single thong is the most aesthetic and they hurt terribly, You can choose the length according to how you want them to snap around me. The shorter ones are the most accurate if you want to mark me in certain places or ways."

"Knowledgeable little girl, aren't you!"

"Yes, Master. Thank you. I've been whipped a lot."

"And it still hurts?"

"Oh, Master, if you only knew!"

"What about your breasts, do they just take what comes?"

"I'd be grateful, Master if they were left safe. When the lash curls under my arm and goes on 'round, the tip snaps on them and cuts my skin. You could whip me more somewhere else."

"Where somewhere else?"

"I'll open my legs wide if it would please you there?"

"On this little lady here?" His masculine hand enveloped my puss and squeezed. I gasped with pleasure. It was as though Yola stood beside me. I knew I should be angry, but my blush was my only protest.

"If whipping her would give you pleasure, I won't mind," I told him prettily.

"You're right, you're not like other girls," he declared emphatically. "You're every man's dream . . . mine, at any rate. Did you know the lady was soaking wet?" He wiped his very wet hand on my thigh below the wounds.

"She's like that," I admitted apologetically. "She's always wet when I'm being punished, even when I scream."

"Don't feel badly about her." He chuckled. "She's one in a million. I suppose she's also wet at the proper time?"

How could I tell him it had been just me and Yola! I giggled. Giggles help a girl a lot. "I'm afraid she is," I said demurely.

I don't suppose there was a whip in that room that would not hurt a girl unbearably. The one Mr. Royden selected was a half and halfer. It would not wound me and it

would not curl all the way 'round my nudity. But apart from that it was a whip well designed to hurt a girl.

"Stand on this a minute, you can use a rest."

My toes were only six inches from the floor. The box he thrust beneath them was an unexpected boom. I stepped on it gratefully. Yolanda had suspended me all night once. I had been a very humble girl in the morning. Mr. Royden was an unknown quantity. Any respite was welcome. My flaming bottom was testimony to his enjoyment and skill in hurting girls. The whip was still to come. "You're being terribly kind," I said, and actually meant it.

"Want a drink'?"

I almost wept when he handed me the glass. But I still could not lower my hands far enough, so he had to hold it to my lips. I don't drink, but I gulped this gratefully. It was shockingly strong. I hoped it might be at least faintly anesthetic.

"I'd sooner carry on with your bottom; but enough's enough. You did damn well. Is the whip going to be worse for you?"

"It's a different kind of pain. It's less sexy."

"But still a little?"

"Oh, yes. Especially if you use it between my legs. You'll have to tell me if you want to do that."

"Doesn't the suspension bother you?"

"In it's own way." I giggled. "But we've agreed I'm not like other girls. For an hour I love it. Then it gets increasingly awful."

"If a chap had the time to just be cruel to you up to the limit of your tolerance for pain, you'd be an astounding experience for any man, Euphemia." He gave me an incongruously comradely grin. "If I manage to buy you I can limit my baser instincts to a good bash every Saturday. The prospect appeal at all?"

I expect I'm a silly girl with a warped set of values, but I was impelled by a wave of longing. "Please buy me, please, please," I begged with complete sincerity. "I'll make you very happy."

Oh sure, I had a pretty mental picture of him selling me back to Yolanda. I felt certain Gyorkos never would.

He was pleased. He gave me the rest of my drink and patted my wealed bottom in a paternal sort of way. "How many do you usually get with a whip like this, Euphemia?"

He said it like asking how many sugars in my tea. I decided not to be too much of a cheat. "Fifteen," I said brightly.

"We'll make it twenty then," Royden said genially. He took away the box.

Hanging suspended by my wrists again made me want to cry. My punishment was going on and on. A girl gets tired and scared and hurt, and she keeps wondering why men get so much happiness from giving her pain. About that time in a punishment it all seems terribly hopeless. I was wondering if I dared ask for another drink when the lash sang its warning whine and cut into my back.

I am trying to tell you a story about me and Yolanda. You will already have realized I am a girl who gets whipped a lot. If I try and take you along to share every harrowing lash and stroke that slices my flesh it's going to be a bore. A whipped girl is a whipped girl any way you describe it. The variations of temperament by which girls endure their whippings all bring her to the same end. She is well striped with scarlet weals and very thankful when it's all over.

The most pertinent impression of a girl being whipped is not so much the whip as helplessness. Always you are tied or strapped or chained. You have to be. You are naked and vulnerable. This is the paramount sensation: you have to stand there! Or hang. Or bend over! You never get reconciled to the seeming anomaly of having your bare skin whipped while you do nothing about it. You can't do anything about it!

It was that way now with Mr. Royden. I was beautifully suspended. My nakedness was stretched from my wrists. I was all there to whip. I could generate a lot of motion, I could scream. But I could not get away from the lash that striated my skin, nor from the man who wielded it. It is an extraordinary frustrating impotence that everyone should endure once just to know what it's like so they can realize how lucky you are the rest of the time.

"You mark exquisitely, Euphemia."

"Thank you, Mr. Royden."

The formal game we played satisfied some strange sense of propriety for both of us. Absurd! you say. Well perhaps but I'd swear the whip hurt me less because a gentleman was using it.

"Do they whip down to your knees?"

"Not usually. It hurts a nasty sexless hurt and isn't a bit aesthetic."

He stopped whipping me. "You and this Miss Harding of yours place a lot of stress on aestheticism?"

I was gasping with pain, but he had put his finger on a favorite theme. "Of course we do, Mr. Royden. To us the whole experience of two girls, one a slave to the other, is beautiful. Girls ought to be beautiful. Yolanda and I are. It sort of follows, then, we can't do anything ugly."

"A bit over-simplistic?"

He hit me low so the tip snapped into my hip. It was hard to cope with the agony and carry on the dissertation, but I managed.

"You're thinking of the conventional pictures of brutality, Mr. Royden, in which it's always a man who flogs a girl. Most people would see it as disagreeable and

unworthy of analysis. But I bet you see what you're doing to me right now as beautiful, don't you'!"

"It's you, hanging there naked, that's beautiful."

"But you're part of the scene. I wouldn't be hanging here decorated with lovely weals if it was not for you."

He slashed the thong across the top of my shoulders.

While I worked at absorbing it, he continued his casual observation: "Damn rummy, when you think of it. If I whip you for the pure cruelty of lust there is something transcendent and immaculate about the tableau the two of us create. But if I was whipping you as a real punishment for some delinquency the scene becomes sadistic. I'd probably feel sadistic in a way I don't now. The values are reversed somewhere."

This time he was deliberately unkind. He wrapped a cut 'round my bottom on top of the cane stripes. It hurt like blazes, but I knew he was testing me, so I gave our small talk all I had. "It comes from a false premise, Mr. Royden," I pointed out innocently. "A thousand years ago no one would have given what you are doing to me a second glance. It seems wrong or brutal now only because society has decided it's not done. A matter of fashion or changing custom actually."

"Do you and your Yolanda chit-chat like this while she whips you, Euphemia?"

I was framing my reply and tensing for his next stroke when the door opened. I was suspended at an angle which enabled me to see what then took place. It was very swift and very shocking. A man had entered. At sight of him, Royden's hand flew beneath his jacket and emerged with a pistol. But the shot from the doorway came too soon. The man who had been whipping me with such consummate finesse crumpled to the floor with a thud that, to my horrified eyes, spelled death.

"This is the place," said the man who had fired.

He was joined by two companions. All of them were foreign, not distinctively so, nor by their speech, but by their complexions and the way they wore their clothes. I thought of the Arab states to the south and the East of the Mediterranean.

"We wanted Royden alive."

"Then he shouldn't have had a gun. It was him or me."

"I suppose that's the girl."

All three gazed at me as though I was a piece of meat, but their eyes soon became carnal.

"Your name is Euphemia Carstairs?"

I doubt it would have helped if I'd said no, I was Jennie Smith. They knew!

"Take her."

I said no word as they tied me. There was that about them which told me pleadings

would be useless. If I had known fear before, I shivered with it now. They let me down so that my feet found the floor. No sooner were my wrists released from the bar than they were instantly tied behind my back. When they also tied my elbows so tight they met, I knew I was for it. My captivities were rapidly degenerating. For the first time in my life I wished I was male and unmarketable.

"Search the house and get her to the car."

Since they then tied my ankles, I was not hard to manage. A blanket tossed over my head and roped below my breasts completed my ensemble of what the kidnapped girl should wear. Somewhere along the way I passed out. I expect it was from lack of air.

"Pretty little bitch." The voice was male.

"I suppose the lot of you will screw her arse off?" This one was female and came from London.

I opened my eyes and took in the scene. It wasn't much. A rotten little cell with none of Gyorkos's 'clean sheets', just a cot and a thin mattress on which I reclined, my arms and wrists hurting like fury. The man was mediocre. His trousers were a concession to the West, the rest of him was some sort of Arab. But the girl was London. But the wrong part of London! She was pretty enough in a wrong sort of way. Her dress was East End and skimpy. I weakly voiced my most demanding need.

"Please untie me. I won't fight."

It amused them. But the man answered her, not me. "Ordinarily, yes," he agreed. "She's a prize of war. But take a good look. She's worth money. The Cause can use the cash."

"You'll spoil her with your tortures. I don't suppose she'll have the sense to talk. You'll screw her, won't you?" She looked at him accusingly.

"You're jealous, Jennie." He laughed. "Don't worry, screwing rarely loosens tongues."

"I don't know a thing about anything," I affirmed vehemently.

"See what I told you. She won't fetch much when you're through with her." Jennie eyed me without favor.

He laughed again, enjoying her concern. "You underrate our skill. Fortunately, we have a lot of time."

"I suppose I'll have to look after her?"

"You know you'll enjoy a small victory over the upper classes. She will help your class consciousness."

"Have your joke," Jennie retorted without rancour. "I almost feel sorry for the poor little cunt. I've never seen anything more naked and helpless. Look at her!"

"Quite charming. I will leave her in your care. If you let her escape you will be killed."

"And up your's too!" said Jennie.

It wasn't encouraging, was it? I was still tied hand and foot and elbow. I hurt too much to struggle. I wished Jennie was a different type, but the vulgarity of her last rejoinder gave me hope. She had some sense of humour of her own. "I'm sorry to be such a nuisance," I told her submissively. "I'll try and not give you any trouble."

"You won't get a chance, love," said Jennie.

"Could I just have the rope off my elbows please?" I asked tentatively.

Jennie consulted her watch. "You've been tied like that less than an hour," she said calmly. "You can stand it awhile yet."

"Am I tied like this to keep me from escaping, or as some sort of punishment?" I ventured.

"Hurts that bad, eh?"

"It's beastly."

"They whipped you at the other place, didn't they?"

"Yes." Mr. Royden seemed a million miles away.

"Did that hurt much?" She was morbidly interested.

"Try it sometime."

Her eyes shaded in retrospective thought. "It 'ud hurt me, love. I was thinking about you. Ain't you the gal what loves it?"

Here too! It is not comforting to a girl, tied hand and foot, to realize her captors actually believe she would enjoy a dozen with the knout. I tried to touch any heart Jennie might possess.

"Look, you're a girl, you know how girls respond. From someone I love I can accept an awful whipping and feel only gorgeous eroticism. From strangers I'm scared of it, it hurts so bad I curl up inside and scream. Haven't you ever . . . ."

Her laugh was half a sneer, but it was progress. "Sure, kid, I know. We're silly bitches just the way they say we are." Her eyes narrowed, "How about that rope 'round your elbows, work the same way for you?"

"Yes. Right now I'd give anything to get it off."

She nodded. "Yes. Can't say I'm like you, but I can guess. And being naked . . . how's that?"

"I'm nearly always naked. I've got used to it. There's just moments when a man says something or looks at me in a certain way . . . ."

"O.K. You're just another girl, but a damn good looking one."

"That man told you to look after me. What . . . . "

"Look, love, there ain't much chance of you and me liking each other, but we can try. Mostly I'll be hurting you. But it will be because I've been told to."

"You work for them?"

"In a way. But I'm one of the believers too. Ashad and I sleep together, in case you're curious. If the other boys have a long dry spell they have a go at me as well."

It didn't sound like privilege. "You like all this?" I asked, puzzled.

"It's better than working at Mark's & Spencer's, love. But you wouldn't know."

"Don't hold it against me." I looked up at her appealingly. "You mentioned torture . . . honest, I don't know anything."

"They won't believe it. You'd better tall 'em something. They've got nasty ways of hurting a girl."

"But he also said something about me being saleable?"

"You are. We get a lot of our funds that way. It's the reason for this cell. You ain't the first inhabitant."

"And they got tortured too?"

"Hell no, just whipped enough to make 'em behave."

"Whoever buys us doesn't object to a few whipmarks?"

"Ducky, they love it. Puts the price up." She grinned confidingly, "If we get a group of three or four we torture one of 'em and make the others watch. You know, the hot iron or the electric shock or hanging by her thumbs. Amazing how obliging they all become: stick their hands out for the handcuffs and say 'thank you' nicely."

"Jennie, I'll do that. I'll stick my hands out. You don't have to . . . to . . . do anything to me."

"Poor kid." There was unexpected compassion in her voice.

"You really are scared, aren't you? But you'd best forget about any kind of freedom of choice. Right now you and I have a job."

She chuckled at whatever expression showed on my face. "It ain't good and it ain't bad, love. I'm going to tidy you a bit and take you to talk to Ashad. I'm going to untie your feet, but don't get ideas."

To get rid of any of those torturing ropes seemed good to me at that moment. I stretched luxuriously and kicked my legs about, but obeyed her instruction to lay still.

"Sorry about this, love."

Jennie held up a pair of pliers and a length of wire. Sitting beside me on the cot she possessed herself of one of my feet. "We'll call these ornaments, ducky. Nice little anklets."

I could feel myself curling up inside. "Why can't I just be tied or hobbled with rope?" I asked fearfully.

"Because we do it this way. It's beautifully painful and very practical. You won't run. Hold still . . . you'll see."

I held still, breathless with suspense. My ankle was circled with the wire. Then the pliers gripped and pulled and twisted until the thin band of metal was well into my skin. The twist was at the back. The cutting blades of the pliers neatly snipped off the excess. My fingers, even if I had them, would be powerless against the join. Humming cheerfully, Jennie affixed a similar circlet round my other leg. "Neat and tidy, love. How's it feel?"

"Tight! And they hurt."

"But not more than you can bear, eh?"

"I suppose not."

"Good. This way to the bathroom."

"Aren't you going to join them'!"

Jennie laughed. "No need. You'll see. Come on. Want a hand'! You really are trussed."

"I expect I can manage, thank you."

I sat up on the cot and took a good look at my ankles. The wire was indeed neat within my skin . . . but thought of the bathroom was enticing. I swung my legs over the side of the cot and lunged my tied nudity forward to stand up.

Maybe you've guessed! I had not. When my tendons tautened under my weight the wire bands came into their own. With a yelp of agony I let myself fall back on the cot. I looked up at Jennie's interested features with frightened supplication. "I can't! I can't stand."

"Hurts a bit, love, but you'll manage. Leaves you free to walk about," she snickered, "if you want to."

"But I can't stand the pain! They're too tight. It's when my sinews swell or something."

"That's right, love. Ashad thought it up. He's clever about such things."

"Please take them off. I promise-"

"That isn't the idea. We know you'll promise. Those bits of wire are to get you talking 'bout something worth while."

"I don't know anything. But regardless, I can't even stand."

"Ashad's a clever bugger. This is his idea too." Seeing my agonized appraisal of the object she held up to view, she added: "There's one thing to be said for stuff like this. It sure does help a girl make up her mind."

"That's a sort of battery clip, isn't it?"

"That's right, love."

"And you're going to snap it on me somewhere?"

"Handy to have you naked. Guess where it bites."

I could guess alright. In a spasm of anxiety to avoid the ugly thing being clipped on my nipple I stood up again, only to fall back once more, moaning. I longed for hands and arms, but they were no more than a burning misery behind my back. I was cruelly helpless and felt like tears.

"It's a sort of leash, see? I pull, you follow."

There was a cord attached to the pair of serrated jaws. I knew that, ordinarily, I would indeed follow with alacrity. But now! "You're asking the impossible," I told Jennie miserably.

"Never know 'till we try, love."

"Please, not on my breast."

She was right about my nakedness being convenient.

What she did then she did with ease. It caught me unaware. A moment later I was gasping at a fresh pain and looking down between my legs to where the metal clip was firmly biting one full lip of my vulva. From it the cord trailed to Jennie's hand.

"Oh please, please take it off. It's awful! I'll do anything!" The cruelty of its intimacy within my being had me demoralized.

Jennie did not bother to answer. She knew what she was doing. I expect she had done it often enough. In response to the tug on my most sacred flesh I stood up and took a step.

Talking about pain can be the same sort of bore as harping on the moments and strokes of being whipped. What I was feeling now on my ankles was a whole new dimension, something I had never tried before. It's principle awfulness was the knowledge I could end most of it my sitting down. In other words, I was torturing myself. That the clip on my cunt compelled me to was incidental. I knew, for sure, that given choice of a chair or a chance to run from the house I'd immediately sit on the chair. I glanced back longingly at the cot as I took my second step and gasped at what the wire band did to me.

"See what a brave little girl can do when she tries." Jennie sounded almost sincere. The tension on my leash was minimal. I looked at her with a strange mixture of appeal and wonderment at what I was managing to do.

The bathroom was nice. I mean about being washed and my hair tidied more than the other things. Jennie allowed me to sit while she did what she wished with me. I could not do a thing for myself. The ropes on wrist and elbow had become a part of poor little Euphemia. When the tug finally came, I plunged into agony once more.

Ashad stood looking out of the bay window at a couple of suburban elms and a ragged sycamore. I was led to the center of the big drawing room and made to stand. Jennie did not even bother to hold my leash. I would not run and I was too scared of authority to sit down.

My latest owner turned and appraised me with eyes preoccupied with more important things, probably murder. He nodded in approval at what he saw. I was not thrusting my nipples at him on purpose, the rope 'round my elbows did it for me.

"You are a delightful property, Miss Carstairs."

How does a naked girl answer a remark like that? I didn't. "I deplore your status as something more than merchandise." He gave me a lovely insincere smile before adding: "But we're going to have a heart to heart talk now, I'm sure?"

"May I sit down please?"

"No."

It was not auspicious, was it! I hurt all over the place. "Please take this clip off my . . . my-"

"What did Royden say about Sinclair and the options?"

"I don't know. You've got the wrong girl or something."

"Where is Sinclair now? Surely Gyorkos let that slip?"

"Don't you understand? Gyorkos had me kidnapped so I could entertain his V.I.P.'s. Mr. Royden was whipping me for his own pure enjoyment when you came."

"You slept with them both. You heard them talking."

"I didn't! I didn't! Oh please believe me, you must!"

"You are in a good deal of pain, aren't you?"

"Yes. It's awful."

"Yet you invite more?"

It was hopeless. I was lost in his disbelief. I moaned in desolation and burst into tears.

"You know what to do, Jennie." He turned once more to the window.

Jennie knew what to do. So did I! Only once on the return journey did I pause long enough to get a peremptory tug on my puss lip. Deliberately, I invited punishing

pain with each step, but I took them and ended up back on my cot in the cell.

"Well, we got that over with," Jennie said matter-of-factly.

"Now for phase two. Sorry, love."

This time the wire was a bit heavier. I couldn't fight. I couldn't do anything except turn this way and that as she directed while she contrived my torture.

"Nice and simple, ducky. Takes a bit of time to get the full benefit."

"Can't you take that beastly thing off the lip of my pussy now?"

"It's part of the picture, love," she snickered. "You may become fond of it."

Certainly it was simple. Everything was simple - for her! The rope was peeled off my wrists but left on my elbows. My hands were placed palm to palm and my hurt wrists circled with a single strand of wire. The pliers and Jennie's strong fingers did the rest. When the ends of wire were clipped my wrists were welded together by a band of scorching fire.

"If I knew anything, I'd tell you now," I said heartbrokenly.

My hands were helpless behind my back, so it was easy for her to loosen my elbows and put another single length of wire 'round them too. She had to take a bit of trouble to cinch my forearms as close together as she wanted. Throughout the operation of readying my arms for torture I sobbed and pleaded without pride. I had never known such miserable impotence. I was helpless and hopeless and afraid. I kept vowing I'd do anything . . . I'm ashamed at the memory. But I'd had enough experience with being tied to make a good estimate of what I was in for after the pliers made their final clip.

"You can always get these off, love," Jennie said comfortingly. "You have only to ask and say a few words."

"I can't! You know I can't! If I could, d'you think I'd bear this?"

It was not finished. My arms screamed, but Jennie's voice was firm. "Stand up, ducky."

I was so obedient!

"Exhale and tuck your tummy in."

There was a sort of logic about the wire 'round the narrowest part of my waist. It would hurt cruelly as I breathed or moved. I made my middle as concave as I could, and was surprised at how little wire it took to circle me. By the time it was tightened and snipped at my back it was indented too far into my flesh for me to see. "If I knew, I'd tell," I sobbed. It had become a litany.

"I believe you, love," Jennie assured me unemotionally.

"Maybe tomorrow you can convince Ashad. Then all you have to worry about is who buys you. You can sit down now."

Sitting saved my ankles but made the wire 'round my tummy hurt more. I moaned and relapsed full length on my side. But even with the pain I was femininely curious. "Where will I be sold?"

"Could be anywhere, love. Surprised me when I first got in on this. I'd thought slavery was long gone. But it's everywhere. All you need is a great deal of money and a big enough house so you can keep the girl out of sight. I 'spose they chain 'em up or something. It's not all Arabian oil millionaires either, could be in Belgrave Square."

That looked after that. My concern returned to the wires by which I was bound. "You're not going to leave me like this all night, are you?"

"Of course."

"But the circulation?"

"Don't worry. We know what we're doing."

"It will cut my skin - I'm sure it will on my elbows."

"It may do. Depends how you struggle. But the customers won't mind. The weals are quite good. They get a hard on over them same as with the whip marks. I tell you, kid, a girl can't win."

"You could let me loose, help me escape. I'd get you ever so much money?"

"Couldn't spend it with my throat cut."

"They wouldn't really kill you?"

Jennie shrugged. "They kill the ones they sort of like. If they are really mad at a gal' they slice her breasts off or the fingers of her right hand and, of course, her ears. Sorry, no escape."

"Please don't leave me like this all night." I was whimpering.

"Sorry, love, no choice."

She took her pliers and the rest of the wire and went out, locking the cell door and blowing me a girl to girl kiss through the bars. I was alone with what had been done to me.

Urgently I sought what ease I could. It wasn't much. The explorations themselves were pure torture, but I had the night to think of. I ended up face down, my breasts flattened on the hard little mattress. Even that way I had to use caution because of that damned clip biting between my legs. If I got it the wrong way on the cot the result drove me wild. My fire had gone out completely. I thought longingly of Yolanda but she was in another world. There was nothing nice between my legs at all. Only that blasted clip biting steadily.

Being a prisoner affects a girl strangely. She does silly inconsequential things. The biggest compulsion is to use whatever freedom she may have been left with. The

other is to find what solace she can with a finger, or whatever's available, in her puss - that one was out for sure! So I essayed the other, even though it all hurt so bad I wanted to scream. I stood up and hobbled to the bars and looked out into the passage, rubbing my breasts and nipples against the cold steel. I got only the faintest response from them, not enough to compensate for the pain. Next I got up against the door, it was firm as rock. I was captive in more ways than one. Then I knelt down and had a drink from the pan Jennie had left me. By then I'd had enough. After a lot more pain I got myself flat on the cot again and called it a day. I cried myself to sleep. My cheeks were wet all night. "

In the morning Jennie was kind in the things she did for me, except for the wires now deep in my flesh. With those she was unrelenting. I had to wear them to my next interview with Ashad. I was a sad and dispirited young female as I hobbled my agonizing way behind my wardress, striving with every nerve and sinew to prevent the jerking of the leash that held my pussy as much captive as the rest of me. But when we entered the big room there came a moment when I forgot my travail. Sitting across from Ashad was a man I knew.

It was James Pollard.

* * *

"Good morning, Phemie."

At the sound of the familiar endearment I almost wept.

But the pain re-asserted itself so that I burst out with the first spontaneous exclamation that came to mind. "Are you at the bottom of all this?"

"Mr. Pollard is without guilt." Ashad's voice was cold. "Thanks, old chap." James eyes devoured my nudity and as many of the wires as he could see. Even hurting as I was I longed to do something with my legs that would hide the shameful clip between them from view. "Dammit, man! Do you have to have the girl tortured like this?"

"She is an uncooperative little bitch, Mr. Pollard."

"Well, if there's going to be any discussion you can damn well get those wires and that . . . that . . . thing off her."

The words were magic. Ashad motioned with his hand in a manner eloquent enough for Jennie. The pliers snipped and snipped and firm fingers relieved my pussy of its enemy. I gasped in an ecstatic mixture of relief and agony as each infliction was peeled from my skin.

"You're a brutal lot. The poor girl's bleeding."

Again the magic gesture. Jennie hurried away for a damp cloth. Without permission I sank down on the carpet. While she laved my wounds I stayed there in a sort of blissful coma. When she handcuffed my wrists behind my back it seemed a very trivial indignity.

"Do you have to handcuff her?" James was in great form.

"Come, Mr. Pollard, she is a girl and a captive. Let us be reasonable."

"Well, I suppose . . ." James was eyeing me anxiously. His concern did me a world of good. Suddenly aware that I was naked and helpless before two men my fire rekindled. It was tiny, but true.

After a bit of an awkward silence James said to me with a bit of a break in his voice: "Phemie, things have gone wrong. This is not the way it was supposed to be."

"Take me home then and we'll start afresh." I was feeling better.

"You will not go home," said Ashad.

I had a sudden inspiration. I looked at my Arab owner. "Miss Harding can give you the hundred thousand she got from Bolling and buy me back?"

He actually smiled. "There are impediments, Miss Carstairs."

"She sent the cheque back and is talking about the police," James contributed uncomfortably.

"And why not the police?" I demanded.

"Oh, she'd get 'em alright! But she faces the awkwardness of her original purchase of you. She's a bit vulnerable."

"So who do I belong to now?"

"You are a prize of war. Never doubt your status," Ashad said grimly.

"Don't be so damn theatrical," James Pollard pleaded testily. "Roland Bolling took her in the first place, Bolling will deal with Miss Harding one way or another; Bolling wants her. He will not calmly hand her over to you." His voice hardened. "He can cause you trouble, y'know. You could use him as a friend."

The familiar feeling of nakedness and impotence fell on me again. I tugged at the handcuffs. How symbolic of my condition they had become! I was a slave girl, bartered for. My tiny fire burned greedily.

Ashad's voice plainly told of playing a trump card: "We have the girl, you do not. Leave her with us a couple of day, then give us the hundred thousand and she is yours."

"You'll torture her."

"She has information we must have."

"Gyorkos didn't have her long enough. Why on Earth would he or Royden blabber to a slave?"

Ashad shrugged. "Men do. Even a chance remark she does not understand might tell us much."

"Absolutely no torture!"

"She is but a girl. Your concern for her flesh is . . . stupid." To me, handcuffed and naked on the rug, it seemed simple.

I looked at James and asked crisply: "Why don't you go to the police?"

Their faces told me I had said something silly and faintly humourous. James viewed me sadly. "There are wheels within wheels, Phemie, Sort of interlocking interests. Big business doesn't know much charity."

"Why can't you walk out of here with me now?"

"Because we won't let him," said Ashad.

"These blokes are having themselves a little Holy War all their own, Phemie. There's no reasoning with them outside money and influence." James shook his head at me regretfully. "If Bolling could give 'em a battleship or a fleet of tanks, they'd hand you over like a shot."

"I bet there's oil in there somewhere?" I asked bitterly.

"Of course."

Ashad made a dismissive gesture. "Go back to your superior, Mr. Pollard. I am sure the two of you can come up with something we can examine. In the meantime we will keep the wench. I will accept your suggestion that she be viewed only as merchandise. No torture."

"That's a lot better!" James boyish grin returned. "Is there a deadline?"

"Not with us, Mr. Pollard. We simply sell her to the first good offer. Let us hope it is yours. We have other things to concern us than breasts and buttocks and pubic hair."

He made me sound like a soiled spot on his carpet. James's chaste kiss on my forehead helped a bit. He raised me to my feet and said: "You'll be alright, Phemie," Then he was gone.

Ashad and Jennie and I looked at each other without much enthusiasm. "Your champion is very young, Miss Carstairs."

Ashad's few words dismissed James utterly. Right there I knew I was lost. "You promised no torture!" My exclamation was spontaneous.

"Did I?" He spoke as though I was reminding him of something he could not recollect.

I followed Jennie from the room. I had to, she had clipped the jaws back on my vagina, this time on the opposite lip. The leash from it to her hand was not a bond of love.

When we got back to the cell, I stood like a tethered puppy. Jennie held the other end of the cord and surveyed me pensively. "Ashad won't kill you and he won't seriously injure you, love, if that's any help."

"Can't I just be left in here with the door locked - and the handcuffs, of course?"

Again I was made to feel I'd said something childish. It was hard for me to see myself as the object of interest, desire, lust or just plain pleasure that I was in the eyes of others, even Jennie.

"You're just unlucky, kid," she told me. "You'll have to get used to it."

"Not those wires again!"

"A nice easy day, ducks. I'm going to hang you up by your thumbs."

She did too! She actually did.

In spite of my protestations that I would not fight, I was made to stand on a box with my back to the wall. The odd tug on my cunt clip made me very anxious to please. My ankles were then wired together, tight.

"Not that again, oh please!"

"I'll take it off when you're fixed. It just makes sure you won't be silly, dear."

I was very careful not to be a bit silly. When my handcuffs were unlocked, I offered my hands limply for whatever was to be done to them. Thoughts of a struggle with that wire cutting into my ankles was out of the question. I watched with a bit of real curiosity and with my fire sort of holding its own while the soft leather bands were looped below the knuckle of each of my thumbs. It was medieval, but it was happening. It was happening to me!

"Mustn't have 'em so they cut, love. Spoils the effect." What small consolations are meaningful to slaves!

It appeared I was not to hang free . . Jennie went and got a small stepladder so she could raise my hand up and outstretched to be tied to a ring in the wall. Tied by my thumb, that is. My hand was free in an odd sort of way. She then did the same for the other side. I stood on the box with my wired feet and my arms and torso well stretched up. "You look real sweet, love," Jennie admired.

She then took away the box.

It was another first, different! I moaned with its shock and special kind of pain. It didn't just hurt my thumbs, but my shoulders and arms and wrists. I felt quite certain my thumbs could not last long, there would soon be some horrific sundering. This was not something to make me want to behave, this was torture. Jennie's face looked up at me with wry compassion.

"You'll make it, kid. I done this before."

"I can't tell him anything. I can't! Oh Jennie!"

It was the only pertinent thing I could say. Jennie mowed it down.

"I don't think he expects it, love. This is just what we do with girls."

It soaked in gradually. "You mean . . . this is his way of keeping me prisoner?"

"He don't see it as torture, ducks. It's their way of keeping you docile. If you've got anything to tell 'em they take it as a bonus."

While she snipped away the wire from my ankles my moans were as sincere as any I have ever uttered. I was finding hanging by my thumbs every bit as bad as the story books lead you to believe. When the wire was gone I flexed my legs gratefully, but instantly desisted. Any motion brought an instant protest from my looped digits.

"But it's you who looks after me," I ventured hesitantly.

"Couldn't you go a bit easy?"

Jennie made a move of disparagement. "You've got a gift, love, for making me feel like a bitch. I am one, of course, but I don't usually admit it. You see, I'm enjoying this. You've no idea how beautiful you look hanging there. I'm no lesbian, but you make me feel like one. There's something so damned erotically female about you. I suppose that's the reason all these fool men are so willing to pay."

She left me with no answers. But I hurt so much I kept trying. "We're both English, Jennie. Doesn't that count?"

"We've both got cunts."

"Oh Jennie, there's more to two girls than just each having a pussy. You wouldn't want to hang naked like this."

"Kid, it's no good. If I say a wrong word to Ashad or his boys, or if he catches me doing you a favor, I'll be hanging on the opposite wall the same way you are."

"You said I was beautiful. Jennie . . . if you want me! I mean . . . I will, y'know. I'll be ever so nice."

My shamed offer touched her more than anything I had said. "You poor sweetheart!" She reached up and gently allowed her fingertips to hover across one of my breasts. "If I liked eating cunts I'd be at you ravenously this minute."

Transient as her touch had been it told me my fire was still alive. How strange girls are! My hunger for Jennie flamed from nowhere. "Please . . . I want to make love to you," I gasped.

She was as strange as I. For moments her fingers traced themselves across the taut skin between my breasts and the junction of my thighs. Impetuously, they went to my pussy as a homing pigeon might fly to its nest. Hotly, they clutched to send a spasm of joy through my whole being. One of them entered my wet warmth. Then, with an inarticulate cry of distress, she turned and ran from the cell. She did not even stop to close or lock the door.

Punishment is timeless. It is forever. Alone with pain, a girl can not envision its termination. Even reason defeats you, it tells that the dragging hours are no more than seconds or minutes by the clock. You hang forgotten. Pain has become the purpose of your being. The heat between your legs subsides and dwindles . . . .

I would much sooner be whipped. I am an epicure of female punishment. Compared to suspension or those beastly wires the whip is kind. It places its wound upon your skin then goes away. Its agony is short and fierce, it does not nag. Beneath its cruelty a girl can writhe, she can scream. But hanging like this from pinioned thumbs I dare not move, I dare not scream, even the scream would mean extra pain. I am robbed of all the normal expressions and reliefs of punishment. I hang motionless trying to control my panting breaths. If Ashad thinks this is not torture he is crazy.

One of Ashad's men comes in to gloat. He sits on the box and enjoys my nakedness and my discomfort. His lewd eyes focus constantly on my puss. I cannot move it from his sight. Within it the heat returns. Neither of us speak. What is there to say! It is he who finally breaks the silence.

"You get fucked a lot?" he enquires politely.

I think it best to lie. It should make me less desirable. "Quite a lot," I murmur untruthfully.

"You enjoy?"

A second lie seemed prudent. "Why, of course I do!" I exclaimed warmly, on the basis that if I liked it I would not get it.

"You give it away or you charge money?" That one was easier. "I'm a slave girl. If someone wants to use my pussy they just do."

"I do not pay." There was a boasting in his declaration. "These foolish English with their charge for entry!" He chuckled obscenely. "It is surprising their women do not carry tickets to sell."

"If we're going to talk, how'd you like to shove that box under my feet for awhile? You can sit on the cot."

"Why?" He seemed genuinely puzzled.

"To give me a rest. I'm hurting terribly. I could talk to you a lot better if I wasn't in such pain."

"But you are just a girl!"

"What's being a girl got to do with it?"

I had him stymied: how does a man analyze the obvious for a stupid female who does not understand her own lack of identity. He gave me an irritated stare that made me glad there wasn't a whip laying around.

"A girl is a girl. . . ."

Even to him this sounded a bit weak. He gestured with a majestic male arm. "If a girl hangs by her thumbs it is because she is supposed to hang by her thumbs. There is no more to say or to do."

I was neatly tossed into the limbo of his faith's regard for my sex. "Wouldn't you like

to fuck me?" I flung at him with venom.

"It is not permitted. Before buying you will be tested for conception." His male conceit in his potency was almost funny.

There are many desolations for a punished naked girl. One is to be closeted with a human being with whom communion is a blank. In a foolish desperation, a resentment against his fatuity, I burst out with: "Royden said he was going to Cairo. He also said something about taking up options there with this chap Sinclair you're so concerned about. Go and tell that to Ashad and get me down off this wall. I've had enough."

He was shocked and pleased. I wondered what sort of a pitfall I had dug for myself. "This is simple stuff, easy to tell. Why not tell us before?" he asked shrewdly.

"Because there was a friend of Miss Harding's in it," I floundered. "His name is Mynarski. I didn't see why he should get murdered too."

"This Mynarski, what does he do?"

"He's a sort of financier. He arranges deals."

I must have struck the right note. He departed, grinning. It was not long before Ashad and Jennie made an appearance. Neither of them were smiling. Jennie carried something I could not see.

"Put them on her." Ashad's order was crisp and definite. What had I done wrong! Opening her hand, Jennie disclosed, not one but two, of the avid jawed battery clips.

"But I've told you!" I wailed. "I've told you what you wanted to know."

"That's the trouble, love. You knew what we wanted so you gave it to us. Mind you, I can understand you wanting to get down off that wall."

"Girls are stupid," Ashad said contemptuously.

I gave my best gasp of horror yet when it became evident where I was to get the clips. "No, no, no, not on my nipples!" I pleaded.

No one gave heed. All of Jennie's attention was focused on my breasts. With careful deliberation she opened the jaws over one of my nipples and pushed it to encompass the aureola, then let it close.

I screamed. Jennie calmly positioned and let bite the other set of jaws on my other breast. Holding my flesh beyond the base of each nipple they had the anchorage to stick out arrogantly like enormous metal teats. I screamed again.

"You're sure they won't damage?" Ashad's anxiety was not humane.

"We certainly can't leave 'em on her all night."

Jennie sounded faintly on my side. My heart went out to her. "Let me down, oh, please let me down." I sobbed without caring for anything except an end to the punishment. "I'll do or say anything!"

"You've said too much, love."

"I'm sorry. I apologize. The pain is so awful. . . ."

"How long do you want her to hang?" Jennie asked her master.

Ashad shrugged. "Does it matter! It keeps her out of the way." He laughed grimly. "If we have to hold on to her, she'll be obedient."

"The clips . . . my breasts!" I wailed. "I've said I'm sorry. Please take them off me."

"Of course you're sorry, love. Stands to reason . . . . " Jennie seemed to think I was belaboring the obvious. I expect I was.

"Let her wear them for an hour. Next time she can have one on her tongue too."

As far as Ashad was concerned, his crisp order disposed of me. I tried to feel lucky that I had to wear the beastly things on my breasts for only an hour. But I couldn't feel lucky about anything, I hurt too much. I was getting hysterical.

"If you'll stop torturing me and let me just . . . just wear handcuffs I'll join your . . . " I was about to say 'gang', but thought better of it. "your . . . your movement," I ended lamely.

"Women!" There was a wealth of derision in Ashad's one word. He swept angrily from the cell.

"Those clips on your tits must really hurt!" Jennie observed sagely. "How about another pair down below?"

"Please kill me, I've had enough."

"You almost mean that, don't you! I wish things were different, kid. I'm beginning to like you."

Then Jennie, too, was gone.

I just hung there with my eyes closed. The cell was too depressing to look at. Once in awhile I would open one eye to examine the metal things protruding from my breasts. There was about them an up-tilted jauntiness that, despite their pain, kept a spot of heat alive in my loins. I suppose I really am hopeless. I was quite sure that if I had been able to put my hand on my puss I would have found her sopping wet.

The hours wore on. I knew their passing by the changing light. Little by little I knew something worse. The clips were not taken from my breasts. They remained fixed upon my nipples, biting on and on. The hour of my sentence to wear them had been violated. I wept and wept again. I screamed for help a few times. But the sound of my voice frightened me and did no good; no one came. If I had not been weakening rapidly I would have been in a fine old panic. Alone and forgotten! The day drifting into twilight.

When James Pollard walked in I thought I was delirious.

* * *

We looked at each other in startled disbelief. But then joy and relief flooded me in a wave of thankfulness. James's angry eyes absorbed my punishment.

"The son of a bitch!" In a fury of motion he was at my bonds.

The box beneath my feet was heaven while he worked at the leathers on my thumbs. The battery clips had been unclipped from my breasts and tossed aside in a gesture of disgust. Looking down at the indented points of my twin curves I wondered if they would ever get rid of the vivid marks of the jaws. When my hands fell from their stretched captivity, I raised them to look at the damage. My thumbs were scarlet and white, but were still there even though I could not move them. They were hurting. When my rescuer lifted me from the box, turned me around, and handcuffed my wrists behind my back, his act seemed the most natural thing in the world. I made no protest, but stood while I was made painlessly helpless, pure bliss flooding every crevice of my being.

"Sorry about this whole damn thing, Phemie."

James turned me about again and implanted a kiss, this time on my lips. It didn't quite erase my torture but it helped. "My boys have got Ashad and that girl safe and sound. The other two left an hour ago. Come on! This lot is dangerous, they kill."

I'd been a bit weak at the knees at first, but excitement sent the blood surging. I was alive, alive! I was free. At that moment I did not feel my handcuffs as an impediment to anything. The male hand on my bare arm was so warmly reassuring I would have let it lead me anywhere. I did not even wonder where we were going so long as we went.

I wondered, afterwards, if any neighboring eye beheld James put a naked handcuffed girl into the little car. At the moment I did not care. I was like a small pussy cat, utterly dependent, unknowing, having no voice in anything its owner chose to do with it. James Pollard was my new owner. I was content. When he covered my nudity with a car rug I went to sleep. I'd had a hard day.

You know what it's like sleeping in a car. Here and there you will sleepily 'rouse in response to motion or sound. But the motor is a lullaby soothing you back into dreams. I am so accustomed to being handcuffed I am unaware of them unless they stop me from doing something urgent. But the male hand that occasionally patted my knee told me urgencies were gone. I slept a long time. It was the gunshots that woke me.

"They've been on our tail all the way," James told me grimly. "I used this little beetle to be unobtrusive, but it won't shake what they're driving."

The sleep had done me good. But now, rested, I was again vividly aware of being in the middle of something big and menacing. The revolver in James lap was frightening. "What do they want?" I asked, as if I did not know!

"You."

"Have you got another gun?" I asked boldly.

It evoked the amusement most of my remarks seem to make. "You're handcuffed, Phemie. But, no, I don't have one. Never expected this wild west chase."

"Where are you taking me?"

"I was taking you to one of Bolling's country places." His use of the past tense was grim.

My next question was cut short by a bullet through our roof. James twisted the wheel so that we dived into a gateway. Leaning through his window he fired again and again at a target down the road. There was a metallic jumble of sounds that ended by a number of spaced shots under which our small car actually flinched. Its motor coughed and died.

"Damn!" said James. "This way, Phemie."

I knelt with him behind the bush. I was shivering with cold and fear. My owner endeared himself to me forever by clasping the rug around me from front to back and thrusting its 'loose ends into my captive hands. "Hold on to it, sweetheart," he whispered. "It's all you've got." Without pause he reloaded his empty gun.

I'm so used to handcuffs that getting a firm grip on my only protection against the night was not too hard. It never occurred to me that James could use his key and give me my arms back. I made myself as small a bundle as possible in the dark.

I have read a lot of books. Sometimes when Yola had me chained in the dungeon she would let me read. Always when perusing the adventures of Bill or Suzy I resented the descriptive passages that really didn't matter. I've already said this about telling of being whipped. The thrilling chase is only motion that gets the characters from point A to point B. So I'm going to absolve you from following James and me from bush to bush and tree to tree. Somewhere along the way we lost the two bloodhounds; that was what really counted! The only trouble was that, arriving at point B we found ourselves on a dismal stretch of moor with only an occasional copse of sad little trees and a few sheep. By then it was daylight.

"This is ridiculous!"

James's boyish grin was troubled. When he turned it on me there was a touch of apology. "I can't shoot the bastards except as a last resort, but they can shoot us to their heart's content," he complained morosely. "Anyway, they're gone. They'll be trying to guess where we'll head for."

"All we need is a telephone," I contributed brightly. "Right, sweetheart. Point one out please."

Having James beside me was keeping my fire nicely smoldering and making my spirits more ebullient than any girls would normally be in the circumstances. "I can't," I said with pixie humor. "I'm handcuffed."

James ignored the hint. "I can't point one out either. We have a long walk ahead. Damn!"

"Where is Roland Bolling's place from here?"

"Too far, damn it. Besides, that's where they'll be watching for us. A phone's the thing."

"I don't mind walking."

"You're a remarkable girl, Phemie."

"Slave girls have to be, y'know. What are my master's wishes?"

"To get you somewhere safe."

He dropped his preoccupation with our plight, and gave me his full attention. A moment later I was enfolded in his arms. Striving to embrace him my chained hands loosened their hold on the rug. Straining futilely against my handcuffs I kissed him as hard and as long as he kissed me. I forgot all about whatever injury he had done Yolanda and me, and remembered only that he had saved my life. When I've stood apart, breathless, the rug slithered to the ground leaving me as bare as I usually am.

"Don't bother," I told him when he stooped to pick it up. "Gosh, you're lovely!" It was as though he saw my nakedness for the first time.

The heat between my legs scorched me with a fierce new intensity. "That coppice on the slope over there isn't far. Among the trees no one could see us," I suggested demurely.

James took me by the arm. Neither of us said a word. The cluster of stunted trees was a sweet little sanctuary. He laid the rug on the fir cones for me to lie on. I had to position myself with one arm beneath my back on account of my hands being joined, but I scarcely noticed the discomfort. James did not notice it either. He was enraptured with my breasts and my puss . . . and the rest of me. I didn't tell him it was the first time with a man. I was in too much of a dither of golden emotion to either think or speak. But, wickedly, I spread my legs as far as they would go while he undressed. Naked he was impressive. I glowed.

It was a lovely honeymoon.

We stayed in the shelter of the trees for hours and hours, endlessly making love. I was beautifully mauled and bitten and kissed as well as being royally - I won't use that four letter word, it's not good enough! Not having any arms didn't matter. In a way it made the whole thing more real for me: a slave girl being ravished by her lord. I adored every moment and was shamelessly unfaithful to darling Yolanda. It was not until late afternoon that we woke up to the demands of hunger. Our council of war was short and decisive.

"I'm not going to take you back to Bolling," James said flatly, biting my left nipple.

I didn't care where he took me as long as he did not leave me alone again. "Where are you taking me then?" I asked absently, not wanting to lose his lips and teeth.

"Castle Glynt."

I sat up and took notice.

"It's not that far from here, and those gun happy bastards won't be expecting us there."

"But Bolling?" I looked at James in wonder, "Your job. Don't you have to take me back to him if you can?"

His boy's grin was a trifle wry. "O.K. Phemie, as of now I'm unemployed."

"Because of what . . . we've done today?"

He shrugged. "Male and female always end up doing what we've done." His smile to me was half apology. "But I've felt a bastard about you right along. At the start I hadn't realized what you are."

"What am I?"

"I've been telling you what you are all day. Do I have to say it again in poetry?"

"That would be nice. Please start."

"You are outrageous, you are sweet, you are a slave girl beyond any man's wildest dreams. That hundred thousand pounds confirms what I say now: You're real. That's the miracle of you, you actually exist."

"You mean because I have a wicked enjoyment in getting my bottom whipped or having my hands tied?"

"O.K. But show me another girl. . . ."

I did not want to show him another girl, the heat between my legs warned me not to. He was mine! Or I was his! To a slave girl the distinction does not matter. If I hadn't been so hungry I'd have wanted to stay in that coppice with James forever. "Would you like me to lie down and open my legs again?" I asked pertly. It seemed, right then, the most sensible question to ask.

"A remark like that deserves about six on your bottom just on general principles." He made a grimace at me, then turned sober. "Look, darling Phemie, we're still in trouble. Castle Glynt is a fairish hike. We'd best get going now it's twilight. If a telephone shows up between here and there we'll use it."

I was troubled. You can imagine my roseate emotional dither. But I had seen enough of the forces and the power determined to possess me. What was going to happen to James if he betrayed what, to a man like Bolling, would be a sacred trust. I suddenly seemed absurdly unimportant measured against the rest of James Pollard's life.

"Darling, I think you should deliver me back to Bolling." I looked at him levelly and with love. "Don't invite . . . well . . . whatever he'll do."

"No more torture for you, sweetheart."

"But that was those . . . those . . . bandits. What they did to me is not what Bolling would do, is it?"

"No-" He was terribly troubled. "But it would be no picnic."

"I handled Royden. He and I were getting along famously when it . . . it happened."

"I can see you were, from the whipmarks'"

I knew I was being foolishly female with that brand of feminine nobility that, I am told, afflicts girls my age. But I was getting visions of James Pollard dead in a ditch.

"I sort of collect whipmarks, darling." I giggled, "It's the way I get a living. If you take me back to Yolanda the first thing she'll do is thrash me for being so stupid in the first place . . . luring you into that bedroom."

"It was me who lured you. Bolling had picked up hints about you. No, Phemie, there's only one place for you right now, that's Castle Glynt." He smiled in genuine amusement. "If your beloved Yolanda whips your bottom for you, it's your hard luck. Incidentally, don't worry about me, there's a lot of Roland Bolling's in the world."

It was all so lovely. I mean the falling into place. A sort of out of the fire back into the frying pan. I know I'm shameless and erotic and raging with lust at all times, but even with my darling naked James watching my nipples and puss and me with an amused and proprietary smile, the thought of Yolanda and Glynt and an end to fear sent my pulse racing. How good it would be! Me and James and Yolanda! The absurdity of such a triangle never entered my girlish head. "You mean it, darling'? You really truly want to take me back to Glynt?"

"I'd take you back even if you didn't want to go."

"Oh, darling!" I was breathless. "Then I'm no longer a prisoner'?"

"I've just rung up a 'No Sale'."

Delightedly I turned my back to him and wiggled my handcuffs. "Then we don't need these, do we!"

There was a silence. Waiting expectantly I became aware of it only after a good many moments had passed. I looked back coyly over one shoulder.

James still knelt. He eyed me ruefully. I knew instantly what was coming. "I don't have a key, Phemie. Both of them were in the car."

It was a funny feeling - not all bad! I mean, it's one thing for a girl to be handcuffed when she knows there's someone knocking about somewhere with the key, but it's quite something else again to suddenly discover there is no key. A silly vision of having my hands locked behind my back for life crossed my mind. I tittered.

"It's not funny," said James.

I could see he was right. It wasn't funny! Looking over that deserted moor in the dusk told me no girl in her right mind would want to be wandering around across it, naked and with her wrists handcuffed behind her back. But I wasn't in my right mind. Maybe I never am! My predicament struck me as hilarious. I produced a fit of

the giggles.

"Well, if you don't mind." There was faint reproof in James's voice.

"I am your slave girl, darling, it's quite appropriate. I'm sort of glad we don't have the key. It's you, of course. Without you I'd be scared to death and horrified, and probably very indignant. You will look after me extra special, won't you?"

"Extra special, Phemie girl. I love you."

It was positively pussy puckering. I lay down instantly. No wandering shepherd's eye beheld the strangeness of our passing. One normally attired male and a naked girl in a blanket. James had torn a hole in the center of the rug so that I now wore it as a poncho. I did not miss the use of my hands at all. We were indeed an odd pair. But neither of us minded. Love is beautiful. James had to be severe with me from time to time when I got the giggles and wanted to lay down and spread my legs. He finally had to tell me, gorgeously embarrassed, that men can't do it every fifteen minutes the way I wanted. I promised I'd wait.

It was hours before we walked over the gentle rise and saw the farm. The sight was not reassuring. It was as grim as the moor itself. All stone and slate, even the barn and few small sheds, a smallish place that missed rustic charm by miles. It sort of glowered at us in the gloom.

"Not a telephone pole in sight," James muttered disgustedly.

I can't tell you why we did not rush to the door and knock. There was a quality about the place we both felt. It was like a small block house in the war. You felt sure a machine gun was trained on you from an embrasure somewhere and followed you as you moved. We half circled it before James guided me to a clump of bushes and made me kneel. "I'll go and thump on the door," he whispered. "They may not be too pally this time of night. You can come if I call."

It was eerie. I wondered why we were acting like this. It was only a lonely farm. But we both felt something. I watched my hero. James strode in forthright manner in a straight line, climbing a fence and parting barbed wire. He did not have to open the gate, it was broken and sagged on its hinges. I saw him knock at what was presumably the back door. When there was no response he gave the panel a right royal thump that I could hear from a distance. When that got no results he walked round to the front and out of sight.

It was then the hand clamped across my mouth.

I didn't have any pants to get wet, but I peed just the way they say you do when scared nearly out of your skin. I was galvanized into a frenzy of ineffectual motion.

The handcuffs defeated me. I cherish the belief I could have bit and scratched enough to have attracted James's attention when he came back into view. But with my wrists cuffed where they were I did not have a chance. My captor must have wondered at the unexpected ease in which he achieved the business of gagging me: a filthy handkerchief in my mouth and a spotted tie bound tight to keep it there and prison my tongue. It was knotted tight beneath my hair at the back of my neck. A large strong hand gathered up my hair and gave it a tug or two to exert authority. I found myself forced to continue to kneel and watch, sound and movement were

denied.

The distance to the house was littered with the odd bramble bush, scrub tree, or wrecked implement. I was thrown over a male shoulder so that my head hung behind and an iron arm embraced my legs. I was reduced to a silent package. My eyes were fearfully active so that I was able to understand that he who carried me was watching James.

Whenever James was lost to sight in or around a building we took long loping strides from cover to cover until, when James disgustedly gave up and walked back to where he had left me, my captor was able to take the last steps to the stone portal, slip a key into the lock and get us both inside without James knowing a thing of what had happened. It was clever.

There was no pause. My weight was as nothing to whoever carried me. I could have wept at the indignity of my utter impotence. I was a piece of baggage with a pussy! The absurd thought filled my fevered mind. A flap was pulled up from the middle of the floor, and a dank odor of rot swept up. In almost complete darkness I was carried down a few steps and dumped on damp earth, my feet were thrust against a post, lifted a foot from the floor to make me doubly helpless, and savagely bound there with what I guessed to be a bit of electric flex. It was very adequate and very tight.

What happened then was one of the worst times of my life, frustrating and bereft of hope. Half sitting, half lying on my bare bottom, able to make no effectual motion at all and gagged into silence, I could still hear most of what took place above me. I even heard the slither of the mat thrust above the cracks of my dank prison and then the stentorian bellow of a country voice demanding of the outside night: "What's up, mate'! You in trouble?"

James was back in short order. There was a jumble of voices, the last words of which I got distinctly: "I'll go and get her." In James's jubilant voice.

Imagine it! The lout who had put me where I was and tied me tight must have been laughing his head off. I was going to be a silent audience to James's distress. Once he was back in the kitchen I heard it all.

"She's not there'"

"You sure she ever was, mate? You bin' drinking!"

"Of course I'm sure! I'll have to search. Will you help'!"

"Mebbe' she don't like yer company, jocko. She likely done a flit. There's enough cover . . . never find her in this light."

"Where's the nearest phone?"

"Over in the village. 'Bout three miles."

"But will you help me now? A few quick circles about?"

"Oh aye, if ye must. Ruddy waste o'time . . . ."

They went and left me to my thoughts and a cold bottom. I made my usual

explorations of escape and soon abandoned them. I was foxed! For company I had the agonizing knowledge of what James must be thinking. He would suppose I had actually run away from him by my own choice or that our Middle Eastern enemies had trailed us and taken me. I wondered what he would do. Whatever it was it would take time. I moaned inwardly at thought of that time and what my captor would do with it . . . and me!

When they returned their conversation was not inspiring. "Dammit, she had to be around somewhere'"

A coarse chuckle. "She'll be two miles gone my now. Looking fer a longer cock most likely. That's wimmen!"

"Look, my name's Pollard, James Pollard. I don't mind spending money."

"You got extra cash, Pollard, yer best try the barmaid at the Cask and Hoop. Fine arse when she's sober."

"Thanks, no! What's your name?"

"Hennery. Call me Collin. How about a pot o' tea?"

"Tea'" There was a world of outrage in James' word. "Well, yer' screwed me night's sleep. I'm havin' one."

"Oh alright, and thanks. I suppose we might as well."

James was making the best of a bad job. "Are there other farms near'!"

"Here and there. 'Bout a mile apart. T'old moor don't produce much. Ain't no telephones."

Poor darling James! He was facing an enigma. My heart went out to him. He would never, never find me now. What would he think of the girl he had loved in the coppice! I would seem like a wraith of the moor.

The familiar sounds came to me with bitter clarity. The comforting kitchen sounds in which I had no part. The clatter of cups and spoons, the prodding of a lazy fire, water in the kettle. When I heard the pouring of the hot water and the lid go on the teapot I was angry at the discovery I wanted a cup of tea so bad I was forgetting all else. Tea can help a girl through all sorts of agonies, but little Phemie was not going to get any.

I went into a frenzy of striving to produce any kind of sound that would alert the defeated man sipping his tea upstairs. But it was pitch dark. If there was some object against which I could knock my head or reach with hobbled fingers, I could not see it. Raising my feet up to be bound against the post had been clever. I could not roll or kick or properly sit up. In between my futile struggles I lay back on my pinioned arms in despair. I tried to get my arms in a spot where I could clink the single link of my handcuffs. But the damn rug, which had slipped off most of me, was bunched in some way as to totally muffle the small metallic sound I might have contrived. I was infuriatingly helpless. That damn little cellar was an ideal place for keeping potatoes and turnips and naked girls!

"The village is Little Kirby," said the country voice. "That where you'll head for?"

"Any better idea'?" James sounded cheesed-off.

"No I ain't! Tell yer what though! Just in case there's a bit o' hank-panky with this filly o' yours - smart little bitches they are! Let's you and me do a thorough dekker through all the buildings. We'd feel proper Charlies if she's asleep with the hens."

The sly clever bastard! What better way to divert poor James! I heard his disgusted voice say "She wouldn't do it, there'd be no point . . . but I suppose we might as well."

They made a fine old commotion up above. They ransacked the house and went outside, talking into the distance where I could no longer hear. I filled the silence they left behind with tears.

Hennery took his time. No doubt he wanted James well over the hills before he took a chance on him turning back. He had me safe! I could imagine him gloating at the treat he had tucked away in his cellar. I had no illusions as to what he wanted me for. I was going to get fucked, fucked, fucked! I used the hated word over and over in the savagery of my grief. I saw how apt its four letters were for what would be done to Me.

He was big, about forty, a saturnine face with greying stubble. I shivered at the way his pale blue eyes devoured me when he whisked away the rug that had been my only covering.

"Stand in the middle o' the kitchen, lass, so's I can take a good long look at yer."

I did as I was told. I was still gagged. Hennery's eyes made me five times naked. He got the kettle going again while I stood meekly for his approval. The heat in my sex was very low, but it was there. This creature was male and had me nude and helpless. Unattractive as my prospects might be they still held the tinder for my spark. As I said, I'm quite beyond hope. Incorrigible might be the word. Yolanda would know.

"I wouldn't suppose murder, lass. More likely a spot o' shoplifting, or maybe embezzlement."

I must have looked so startled that it prompted him to laugh and remove my gag. There was a gamey smell of unwashed clothes. "Thank you," I said politely. "May I please have a cup of tea?"

It was the right note. My rape might be delayed five minutes. He slapped his thigh and chuckled. "Oh aye, 'tis you I'm brewin' for. Tell us thy crime, lass!"

The penny dropped. The light dawned. "You mean my being handcuffed?"

"The copper's gone. You're safe."

Here was a new dilemma. Would I get fucked less with truth or with fiction." At a quick guess I'd get my legs parted as often one way as the other. He wasn't going to believe me anyway. I was about to tell him the whole story truthfully when I realized

that nobody, absolutely nobody would believe it. It was too far out. If Hennery wanted to think me a fugitive from the Law, well and good. When he had finished fucking me he might make a hero of himself by returning me to custody. A nice large uniformed policeman would have been a godsend right then.

"It was the official secrets Act," I fabricated. "I sold a few papers." I pulled at my handcuffs fretfully to show him my contempt for authority. "Lot of fuss about nothing - a lot of dots and dashes . . . . "

"Where'd you work'!"

"Delsington. With Marriot Dynamics. They do Government work."

He nodded. It had sounded good. "Bloody little spy, eh?" He was amused and approving. "What yer' get paid'!"

"A lousy couple of hundred, and look where it got me'"

"How come you're wandering on the moor?"

"Detective Pollard was taking me from one prison to another when we got jumped and shot up. I suppose it was the people who paid me." I gave him what I hoped was a sly female glance. "If you want money I can tell you where to go. Someone will pay a lot to get hold of me."

"Don't you want ter' stay here, love?" He sounded hurt.

"You mean you'd harbour a spy? I'll get about seven years if they catch me. You'd get the same."

It hit him. I could see the impact. But he was not about to relinquish a good thing. "I gotcha', see lass. I ain't never had none o' the likes o' you - lovely body an all! I'm going ter enjoy yer proper."

I shrugged and kept silent. I was sure he would enjoy me. "In fact, gal', don't it occur ter you same as it has ter me, I could keep you here for life. You've done a vanishing act. I might as well take advantage of it."

I cringed. He was so absolutely right.

He got up and fingered the handcuffs. "Always bin' curious 'bout these things, love. Never got this close. Where's the key?"

"There isn't any. It's lost."

He was startled at the prospect. "Sure it ain't up yer cunt'!" He asked suspiciously.

"If it was, I'm sure you'd have no trouble finding it."

"Well I'll be damned! I got tools and I expect I could get 'em off yer." He mused, silently considering, "but hell, I'd be crazy. You can keep 'em. Best things I ever see to keep a filly in her place."

My heart sank again. My hands forever linked in steel behind my back! What a

prospect for a girl! "I can't do much for you without my hands," I offered disconsolately.

He chuckled, pleased as punch. "You'll be surprised, love."

I would not be surprised, but I was not going to tell him so. Instead I asked: "Do you want a thousand pounds? If so, phone-" I gave him Yolanda's number.

"Not now, love. Right now you and me's going to have tea. After we've had it you're going to get the fucking of your life."

I didn't know what to do or say to be right. I resorted to need: "Could I have breakfast please? I haven't eaten for a day and a night."

"Bacon and eggs do yer? I'm hungry myself."

I drank the tea thankfully, and ate the food he shovelled into my mouth. I forbore mentioning the advantage of giving me my hands. He would only do that when he was damn good and ready, if ever!

Then Mr. Colin Hennery fucked me with immense panache.

Why talk about if! It's like being whipped. I could make a pun of the comparison. Stroke by stroke! I'd been fucked by an uncouth stranger who did it rather well. No doubt he would fuck me again. And that's that! I hoped that next time he would take off his trousers.

"Another cup, lass?"

We were sitting in the afterglow, or whatever you want to call it. I said: "Yes, please."

"You're a lovely bit o' arse, lass. What's your name?"

"Thank you. My name is Euphemia: Phemie for short."

"Pleased ter' meetcha, Phemie. Finest cunt I ever see."

"You are too kind. What about toilet arrangements?" I was keeping him enough off balance to earn respect.

"You want to pee or something?" He seemed surprised.

"If you're going to keep me prisoner it's something we have to live with."

Faced with feminine unreason he became irritable. "I ain't goin' ter let you run around loose. I go behind the barn meself."

"I don't mind if you watch," I offered brightly.

"Wouldn't be proper, lass." He affirmed with in-consistent purity. "Tell yer what though. I got a length o' chain. I'll padlock your ankle when yer want ter go."

"Thank you. It's a lovely arrangement."

We made a solemn pilgrimage to a tree well removed from the house. I extended a naked ankle for the chain and padlock which seemed to weigh five pounds. There was another of the same to go round the tree. Since the chain was fairly long it gave a lady a bit of latitude for her toilet.

"Are you going to keep me naked, Mr. Hennery?" I asked brightly as we sat down for our second lot of tea.

"Ain't got no clothes, lass."

"There's the blanket I arrived in."

"Nah. Naked's more my style."

I shed no tears. The rug had been untidy and draughty. No doubt I would become accustomed to being ogled full time. Colin Hennery was fascinated by my breasts. "I bet you haven't seen many naked girls, Mr. Hennery?" I enquired archly.

"The likes o' me don't get to," he retorted bitterly. "And them we do ain't in your class. Big rumps, big bellies, fat legs." He shook his head sadly. "Proper treat, you are. We'll have another go after yer finished yer tea."

The second 'go' was much like the first. I could well see that, in Mr. Hennery's company, it would save a lot of trouble for a girl to be naked, or at least without panties.

"Don't you ever take your trousers off?" I asked innocently.

"What for'!" He seemed surprised.

"Never mind, thank you."

"You thinking of an extra inch?" He demanded. "I can put a pillow or a log o' wood under . . . . "

"Never mind," I said hastily. "I was thinking more of being polite . . . and won't your trousers get a bit messy?"

"They're messy now. Bloke what has to work . . . ."

I let it drop and hoped he would. I sipped from the cup he held reverently to my lips. "Have you any other work in mind for me besides what we've been doing?"

"What yer up to, lass? You got ideas? Don't you try no tricks now! What you calling work?"

I had sought tact. I abandoned it. "Fucking," I said briefly.

"Never looked at a piece o' arse that way," he reflected musingly. "But I suppose to a hoity-toity lady like you . . . ."

I could feel punishment hovering in the way he said it. Please don't call me that," I pleaded. "I'm not hoity-toity at all. I'm not a lady any more, even if I ever was. I'm a

criminal, and if you hand me over to the police I'll become a convict for a long time."

He was mollified. He now looked at me expansively as though moving on to the next order of business. "You're quite right," he agreed. "I can't be fucking you all the time. More's the pity! But there's other things I can do, ain't there!" He treated me to a broad wink.

"Such as?"

"They didn't give you them whip marks in Brixton?"

"Actually, no. I annoyed someone."

"So you stood still and let 'em whip you?"

My courage drooped. What was the use? Wherever I went it would be the same. I thought yearningly of Yolanda and castle Glynt. Why, oh, why, oh, why!

"I'm sorry the marks bother you. They'll go away in a week or two. It doesn't matter how I got them, does it?"

"They don't bother me, love. They interest me. Come clean now, someone paid you to let 'em put them marks on your hide."

"The last thing I got was money," I said bitterly.

"How about me putting a few on you too?"

There it was. Honest intent! "I'd rather you didn't," I said, looking him straight in the eye. "It hurts a girl far more than you'd believe."

"Some girls like it."

"You've been reading books."

"You like it. I can tell."

"How on Earth-?"

I should have kept quiet. His confirmation was one sought from my puss a lot in recent days. I gasped at the clutch of the huge hand on my fur and winced as he wiped it's gathered wetness down one of my pinioned arms.

"Even talking about it . . . " He left the rest unsaid.

"I'm always wet," I wailed. "Surely you could tell when . . . when we . . . . "

"You like that too, lass."

I was betrayed by my glands. But the mind activates them, so I suppose I don't have a good excuse. I'm bad. But I ought to have been with Yola, not this oaf. Whatever Hennery did to me would be a sort of rape. The trouble was, he had me, had me good!

"What is it you are going to do to me?" I asked without spirit.

"I want to whip you."

"Can I stop you?"

"Not really. But I'd like it if you'd ask. I mean, show you're willing."

"But I'm not!" I gazed at him in desperation. "Can't you see, I'm tired and sore and scared. I know you can do anything you like with me, I'm helpless. All I can hope is you'll let me have a night's sleep arid talk about it then. I'm beat."

It touched him. It also opened up a new vista of delight: his!

"You ever been tied up!"

"You've tied and chained me yourself."

"I don't mean that. Proper like. Artistic."

If I'd have had a giggle left I'd have used it. I just admitted wearily: "O.K. Mr. Hennery, I've been tied up and chained up and handcuffed and the whole bit. How'd you like to tie me up now and let me go to sleep?"

He was enraptured. Men are absurd. I let him guide me to his barn. There, in a loose box with bars he tied my ankles together with rope and locked a chain 'round my neck, the other end was fastened to an upright stanchion. Houdini would have been dismayed, but I'd given up caring. I said thank you for the fresh straw he threw on the ground, then reclined on it as best I could. He threw my faithful blanket over me. Almost instantly I went to sleep. The last words I heard from him beyond the locked stall door were: "Ain't nobody never comes here, Phemie gal'."

I couldn't have cared less.

I slept the rest of that day and on through the night. I'd wake up, cramped from the rope and chain and handcuffs, but I'd turn over and wiggle a bit and drop away again. Yola's dungeon had been good training for Mr. Hennery's hospitality.

I suppose there could have been worse villains - for me anyway. Some other girl without my fire between her legs might have been in permanent hysterics. He had the decency to keep his erection until I woke up naturally and called out a few times until he came. It was morning and the sun was shining. He untied my ankles and fucked me right away with the chain still on my neck. They say it's better after a long sleep. They could be right.

"You'll have to wash me, y'know," I told him, still hinting. He loved it. I stood naked and handcuffed in his damn kitchen while he soaped and laved and rinsed me from a big bowl of hot water. My breasts and puss got lathered and rinsed until I began to pant. I mean, I'm only human and a girl! So I got fucked again and then another bath. I sure did get hungry.

"I'll whip ye today, Phemie gal'." My most recent owner exulted over the bacon and eggs. "We'll have ourselves a day!"

"You're terribly kind, Mr. Hennery."

That remark would have got me at least six from Yolanda. It was pure sarcasm. But I don't think Hennery had ever heard the word. It slid right off.

"I'll tie you up in different ways."

"How nice!"

"I got a couple of whips and a good long crop. There's a cane around somewhere."

"I take it you do have lady visitors?"

He looked faintly guilty. "There's a gal' on one of the farms, she'll let a chap have a go at her for a few quid."

"Is there a going rate?"

"Never less nor a fiver with Daisy. Can't rightly afford it."

"Must be a nice change for you to have me for nothing!"

"I ain't cheap, I ain't!" He eyed me sternly. "If you say the word I'll set aside a pound or so every time I lace into you. Surprise you the way it 'ud mount up."

His well meant last words were not reassuring. "What would I do with the money?" I asked innocently. "I'm going to be handcuffed here for the rest of my life, aren't I?"

"I see what you mean," he acknowledged sagely. "Well, I'll get you a few things from the village sometimes. Not clothes, of course!"

"Wouldn't you like a nice ribbon in my hair?"

"I'd have to tie the bow meself," he said doubtfully. Then, in a burst of inspiration: "Wonder how it 'ud be to tie your elbows and ankles with some lovely blue ribbon!"

Away we go again! Hennery was a new experience. "That would be fun," I said, and genuinely meant it. Maybe if he bought enough ribbon someone might begin to wonder.

The barn was to be my place of punishment. "Seems more proper, like," Hennery proclaimed with stern morality.

I was led to the place of execution like a criminal to justice.

A rope round my neck and a tether, of all things!

"Saves you doing something silly." He explained the indignity.

"You do look after a girl awfully well, Mr. Hennery," I gushed.

I was determined to keep whatever was between us on as light a plane as repartee and sweet innocence could contrive. My captor was oblivious of both sarcasm and subtlety. My problem would be the amount of pain he would inflict on my blameless flesh. I had an awful fear that should I degenerate into incoherent screaming he would get angry and lay on all the harder. It was hard to be cheerful, but I tried.

"Won't the handcuffs stop you getting at my back!" I asked hintingly.

"There's always your front, lass."

"And I suppose my bottom?"

"Right you are! Damn sensible gal'."

"Why do so many men enjoy whipping girls?"

I've always been curious about this one myself. Yolanda and I often talked about it. It's easy to think of a lot of reasons, but they can't be proved and not everyone would agree with them. My naive query caused my captor to slow down and rub his stubble.

"Well now!" He pondered and eyed me suspiciously. "Never really thought 'bout it. Young Daisy asked me the same thing once while I was warming up her backside, but she's a cheeky baggage, so I just give her a few extra hard to shut her up. "Now you come out with it! All I can say is it's natural, ain't it! I mean ter say . . . what's a girl's bottom for!"

"We do sit on them."

"So do men, but no one wants to cane their rumps."

"We're going to your stable now so that you can cane and whip me, Mr. Hennery. It must do something for you. What is it?"

"Gives me a hard on." He stated the obvious with relish.

"But just me does that for you, Mr. Hennery."

"Yer never said a truer word, lass. I got a shocker on right now. Lay yourself down and open them pretty legs."

I abandoned my psychological probings, and disposed myself on the ground in the middle of his barnyard. Mr. Hennery acquitted himself with extreme vigor. I suppose it was the stimulation of our conversation. After we resumed a vertical posture and my captor was thoughtfully brushing dried hen droppings from the places I could not reach, he enlarged on what I could see might become a favorite topic.

"Have you ever had your cunt whipped, lass?"

"I didn't know anyone did such things," I lied demurely. "Idea just come, Phemie gal'. There you was with your legs wide open and your little fig standing out as pretty as a picture. Never realized how plump and pouting them things were. With yer thighs apart there's a lot more room to get at yer than I ever knowed."

"You'd have to have a girl upside down," I exclaimed with imprudent humor.

"We'll do it!"

Hennery made the declaration in much the same manner in which someone had announced an intent to land on the moon. I wished I'd kept my mouth shut. Upside down! Yolanda would say I deserved all I got.

"You're so clever," I said without enthusiasm.

The stable smell was familiar. We dispossessed a bored goat from the stall wherein I had spent the night. Even to my uninspired eyes it was evident the place offered innumerable possibilities for tying a girl in both conventional and original exposures. Hennery's recent attention to my sex had not dampened my usual sensations. They responded with a warmth I was glad he could not see.

"A good caning on your bottom, lass. It will do us both good."

His statement was too absurd to deserve an answer. I hedged by giving him a girlish "Thank you, Mr. Hennery."

"I am going to drape you over a partition, Phemie."

"Thank you, Mr. Hennery. Can I help?"

"You could get up there," he said dryly. "Here's a box." I stood on the box and leant forward. The top of the partition was level with my puss. "It's going to hurt, Mr. Hennery, and I may fall on over - I haven't any hands."

"You stop complaining 'bout hands," Hennery said firmly.

"Them handcuffs stay on. I like 'em." He surveyed my pubic hair critically, then folded my faithful rug and placed it for my comfort. "Give me another idea, that has. But for striping yer bottom ye might as well be comfortable. I'll tie yer feet now, that'll help."

He would never be aware of inconsistencies or contradictions. Quaintly enough, the tying of my ankles tightly to a lower plank gave me the anchorage to bend over so that my puss was on the padded rug and my behind well up in the air. He took away the box. "This is terribly uncomfortable," I daringly demurred.

"It's in a good cause," said Mr. Hennery. He studied my predicament. "Got to do summat' with them hands."

I eschewed comment, I was biased. But my owner needed no help. He fastened rope to my handcuffs, threw it over a beam and pulled. My hands and arms rose away from the rest of me. I bent even further forward to ease the strain on my shoulders. "Why, damn me if I couldn't even whip yer back, lass!" my captor exulted in discovery.

My wrists hurt, my puss was crushed. I could not move a thing that mattered, certainly not my behind. It pleaded for the whip.

"Got any preference, Phemie?"

Hennery tossed a cane and a crop on the straw within my extremely limited range of vision. Both made me cringe. Daisy must be a girl of character if she did this for money. I did not like the look of the limber crop. "The cane please, Mr. Hennery," I requested gratefully.

"Must say I like yer attitude, gal'."

My bottom was sliced by fire. I gasped and jerked. "Caught yer unawares, eh!" As though he'd been clever.

"Gee, that hurt," I said honestly.

"Try this one, lass."

A different spot, a second agony, a raging fire. I could not ignore the obvious. I was positioned so that my puss got the full effect of everything. She was responding healthily. The rug imposed its rough contact under my weight, each jerk made it seem alive.

"Do you hit that girl, Daisy, this hard, Mr. Hennery?"

"For five quid!" He sounded shocked at so stupid a question. "I lay it on her like this one here."

My respect for the absent Daisy grew. I had found it hard not to scream. "Do you have to gag her, Mr. Hennery?" I asked apprehensively.

"Don't like the gag, do yer." Mr. Hennery had noted my concern. "Nah, I don't bother. She howls a bit but it just gives me a better cockstand. Says the damnedest things too. Makes it interesting."

"Do you fuck her after?" Anything to get him talking and not whipping.

"Of course I do! For five pounds.!"

The next couple on my bottom were almost a reproof. "Am I getting some nice marks, Mr. Hennery?"

"You mark lovely, lass. Let's take a good look."

His 'good look' took a long time. I was thankful. Conversation really was a useful diversion. But I soon learned why.

"Yer cunt's sticking out behind, Phemie!" He sounded shocked.

"They do if you bend a girl double, Mr. Hennery."

"Never seen Daisy's do it. You sure it's respectable?"

I almost giggled; but I hurt too much. "I think girls vary quite a lot, Mr. Hennery. Maybe mine does protrude a bit more than most when I'm positioned like this."

"Doesn't seem quite decent, y'know. Positively winking at me?"

"Well, it's just between the two of us," I consoled. "And, honest, I'm not doing anything to it to make it wink. A girl can't."

"Ought ter be taught a lesson, it did." His tone was highly moral.

My heart sank. This absurd male was not one to ignore the gifts of nature. I had thought my puss well buried in the rug, but evidently my struggles and jerks had sent her peeping between my legs. "'Perhaps we could deal with her tomorrow?" I suggested without hope.

"Oh aye, and we will too. But right now - where did I put that dratted whip!"

It was hopeless as usual. A girl might as well take her whippings and keep quiet, she's going to get them whatever she says. However, I tried. "But, Mr. Hennery, you're busy caning my bottom right now."

"I ain't that busy."

It was a beastly kind of pain. Far too intimate. I could envision the lash entering inside me. But it was not the ideal position for punishing my puss. Between my buttocks and the rug the whip could not get its full impact. My tormentor amused himself for a few painful minutes and then returned to the cane and my taut rear. "Nothing like a good bottom, is there lass," he said approvingly, and struck.

He made me scream. I expect I should have started earlier instead of trying to be a little heroine. He went well beyond my tolerance before he set aside the vibrating thing that had been thrummming into my flesh. "Bet you're ready for a good screw," he suggested kindly.

I was not ready for it at all, but I got it just the same. All I wanted to do was curl up in a corner and weep. When he was finished with me I lay panting on the straw wondering what diversion I might think up against whatever his next cruelty might be. But I had misjudged him.

"You said something about being tied up, lass?"

"Would you like to tie me up?" I erased the hope from my voice.

"Well, I can't keep lacing into yer all day, love. More's the pity. I'll tie yer up real sweet and proper and give yer a bit o' rest. Besides, I got a few jobs."

Artistry was something I would never have associated with Colin Hennery. But, with rope, he had it! "Back against that there upright, Phemie gal', I'm goin' ter make yer real pretty."

It sounded normal. Dutifully I obeyed. I had to arrange my cuffed hands inside the curve of the small of my back, but I was surprised how well I could do this. I stood against the post, expectant. My bottom burned wickedly, but I was grateful for the respite. Perhaps I might manage to stay alive through the ministrations of this ridiculous creature who had captured me. But I shut escape from my mind. He would never let me.

The bands 'round my tummy positively plastered me to the post. They were all he

needed to make me secure. But they were just the start. "I don't like no rope across a gal's tits or her chest, love," he explained judicially. "I got me own way o' coming up under her armpits and across her shoulders. Holds her tighter nor any other way and looks right proper."

I suppose this is where I apologize again. Being rendered helpless by such male and knowing hands engendered the lovely sensation I knew so well. I had always associated it with Yolanda. But Hennery's skill worked its inevitable magic with me. He noted my quickened breathing and laughed in satisfaction.

"See! I told yer, love. Yer liking it, aren't yer?"

"I can't help it," I admitted apologetically. "I'm sure it's silly, but yes I like it. The liking won't last. But for a little while I'll know a peculiar kind of peace."

He tugged at a rope that went over my shoulder, behind my neck and 'round the post. It was brutal, but I glowed in the knowledge of being possessed by another. I had passed my point of no return and would be dependent on this odd man for future liberty. In the meantime he would have every little bit of me totally. The rope burned my shoulders as it bit deep, I loved it!

"You won't even be able to wiggle, Phemie."

What an ill assorted pair we were, yet joined by this common need! I stood in a roseate radiance as my knees were cinched and then my ankles. Lastly he examined the placement of my chained hands, then used more rope to clamp them back to the wood and render them immobile in a manner the handcuffs could not do. He stepped away and examined me. In his way he was a sculptor who had wrought a statue. I felt a strange pride that it was me.

"What yer say to the rest o' the day, lass?"

"It's not for me to say, Mr. Hennery. I'm the captive. It's you who can do what you like with me."

It was throwing my bread upon the waters. The devil of it was I meant every word. The way he had tied me was a work of art.

"You and me's going to get along a treat, Phemie." He stood for a long time, drinking in my strained and outthrust breasts and my coy pubic bush. Then, as though rendered speechless by what he saw; he turned and went about his affairs.

Alright! I'm a silly girl. I'm a nympho', I'm kinky, I'm irresponsible, I deserve all I get. But I told you! I can't explain the phenomenon of me. I've got a notion I'm not all that different from any other girl. I'm just willing to talk.

It was early in the day when I was tied. It takes me one or two hours to make the transition from loving it to wishing I hadn't been such a fool. Three hours has me panting to get loose. But, now at that point, my day stretched interminably ahead, still young.

A naked girl helplessly and hopelessly tied has only one recourse: the visions she can evoke within her mind. It's not always easy, it wasn't this time. Hennery's artistic strands of rope across my shoulders were biting at me like personal enemies. They

were deep in my flesh, had been ever since he pulled them tight. The kicker was that every time I breathed they sunk in a bit deeper and hurt so much I longed to tear them away or to burst into tears.

I won't dramatize. It was not my first time. It did not hurt any worse than some of Yolanda's bindings. She'd made me feel sorry for myself often enough. So I sort of put my sensations out of gear the way I'd learned from long sessions as a bound slave, and contemplated my future.

I didn't have any! This was my first thought. What was happening to me now was IT! I could pick no hole in Hennery's plan to keep me forever. If someone else discovered me or I was rescued it would have to be by accident. I didn't waste time thinking about escape. The way Hennery had me the word escape was a mockery. I'd never get away from him.

Can you envision it? Quite a spot for a girl! I surged angrily against my bindings but did not move. I was tied tight. But it was the future that mattered. To go on and on with Colin Hennery! He was so hard to reconcile with all my past. He did not belong. He was not a beast or an absolute brute. In some things he was almost kind. But I had to recognize I was in the power of what I could best describe as an amateur sadist. My main hope was that he'd value my body enough to wish to preserve it in good condition for his enjoyment. He probably would do this, but it wasn't much comfort.

There's a precept, isn't there, that things can always get worse. Hennery was evidently a believer in it. He showed up in the early afternoon, smiling broadly. "You look good enough to eat," he said, and meant it.

I told him how I hurt. He didn't appear to hear. "Realized I forgot something, lass," he informed me jovially.

What he had forgotten was more rope. Rope that went up between my legs. It was not needed to make me more secure, only to hurt and to emphasize my female nakedness. Beside my puss and up over my hip. Then the real dilly, the one that went inside and was cinched up and up until I howled. I could not look down and see myself, but I was positive it was well within the lips of my cunt. They probably even closed over it.

"It's lovely, Phemie." His eyes ate it up. "You've no idea how sweet you look. I'm a lucky man."

He was! But little Phemie was not a lucky girl. I moaned my way through the afternoon. My poor puss complained bitterly about her treatment. But I had no one to complain to, no one to whom to pass on the pain. But I suppose that's slavery! When he let me loose I was even grateful for the ravishing he gave me on my back on the straw. That night I talked him out of tying my feet. I also got him to lock the chain and padlock on one of my ankles instead of 'round my neck. I had another lovely night's sleep. I suppose no story is all bad.

The next day was something of a landmark. Or at least a change.

"I got sheep the moor, lass, and I'm a' goin' ter the village as well," he announced at breakfast. "But I ain't a'goin' ter leave yer all day tied in that stable. It smells a bit, you may have noticed."

"It smells a lot," I said bravely. "Thank you."

"A bit o' good fresh air, that's the ticket, love."

"Sounds lovely. Can I have that other egg?"

"Ain't goin' ter tie yer too cruel."

"I suppose I do have to be tied?"

"Well, love, what else would you suggest?"

"Haven't you a cage or a nice room to lock me in?"

"That cage idea, love! I like it. But I ain't got one. On a lovely day like this I don't like to make you helpless in the house. No, the fresh air's the ticket fer little Phemie today."

"Supposing it rains later on?"

"It ain't going to. I say; love, you ain't being difficult, are you?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hennery. I'm an ungrateful girl. Please tie me any way you want."

"A real champion you are! That's a fact. More tea?"

I had to be careful with him. I sensed the chasm of his displeasure always waiting. Yet there was something quaintly domestic about the two of us at mealtimes. Him feeding me because of my handcuffed wrists, and our discussions about what to do to me. Utterly absurd, eh!

"If I'm going to be out in the open all-day, could I wear something, please?"

"I ain't got no girl's clothes, love."

"I'd be grateful for anything - an old shirt."

"No."

I'd pushed far enough. I followed him out into the yard. It really was a super day. My heart sang. But I had a vision of me drooping in some painful set of bondage all afternoon, that was allowing for my spirits holding buoyant through the morning.

"You're a good kid. I'm going to be easy, Phemie."

It was a post in the center of his yard. Nothing remarkable in size or shape or height, but, standing alone as it was, vaguely sinister. I couldn't help thinking of piles of faggots 'round my feet and someone setting the torch to them. He must have set it up after he'd locked me safe for the night. ,Without being invited, I went and stood with my back against it. I had become positive that by showing myself very willing I lessened my travail.

Hennery went and got a box.

A slave girl is forever one step behind, forever being led up garden paths. The box didn't belong to that post. I looked my curiosity. "Up's a daisy," said my owner. .

I stood on the box. It was then I realized that the post was not as tall as one might have expected. "I thought this one up special for you, Phemie gal," Hennery explained. I could have sworn there was affection in his voice.

He joined me on the box. Grasping my handcuffs he lifted and heaved. It was a painful stretch for me, but he got my chained hands up and over the top of that post. When he took the box away there I stood, as neatly attached to the wooden column as if I was a part of it.

"Chap what put them cuffs on you done us both a real favour." Hennery was pleased with his ingenuity.

I did the usual motions. I twisted and turned. I was effectively a prisoner. My wrists securely handcuffed behind the post would hold me more surely than a dozen ropes.

"You can wiggle around a bit like that," said my captor magnanimously. "You can even sit down."

I almost said "Big deal!" in disgust, but remembered my status and said instead: "You're terribly sweet." After I'd said it I realized I partly meant every word. I was being given a day without pain.

"I'll fuck you when I come home," Hennery promised.

"It will give me something to look forward to, Mr. Hennery."

Do these exchanges of ours sound nuts? They were. But they made him happy. When he was happy I didn't get whipped, or at least not much.

Now we come to the real killer! When he said good-bye, he kissed me.

I won't deny it was a relief. I watched him amble over the hill and then gave my attention to getting loose. Satisfied that I couldn't, I tried sitting down. It wasn't too satisfactory and I wasn't tired yet, so I struggled to my feet again and started a nice fantasy in which I was an Indian Princess captured by the Sioux and awaiting torture or worse: the worse being fucked by the Chiefs son who fancied me. It was a very nice little dream and took up at least thirty minutes and got me lovely and wet between my legs.

Then I did some serious struggles. I was putting on a desperate escape attempt for someone watching. There wasn't anyone, of course, but I heaved at my chained hands as though trying to tear them from behind the post and kept bending almost double in the effort. I edged 'round and 'round my post and looked up to see if I could possibly get my hands back up and over. I then looked for the box, but Hennery had put it away in the barn. At last, panting, and with a sopping puss I leaned back resignedly and admitted defeat. I'd known all the time, of course, but it was a nice gesture. I half dozed. The sun was kind, there were no insects. I dreamed up one fantasy after another and the time slipped by. I even had an orgasm. It wasn't an earth shaker, but I saw it as a small victory. My head fell forward as I leaned

back against my post.

The pair of shoes did not belong, especially since they were feminine. One minute there had been just the ground, the next minute they were there. I looked up, blinking.

She was my own age, blonde, pretty but untidy. She oozed hostility. "What's Colin pay you?" she demanded.

"I bet you're Daisy?"

"What if I am? How much money he give you?"

Her concern was understandable. I was threatening a monopoly. I couldn't resist tossing a bomb.

"Nothing!"

She surveyed my nakedness disgustedly. "Fucking liar. You don't strip and do this fer nowt'."

"I'm kidnapped. I'm a prisoner. Free me and I'll get you a thousand pounds."

"Oh dry up!" Her voice was contemptuous. "That's a fine old lot of cods-wallop."

"It's true."

She looked me up and down. Then did the thing I feared most. She clutched my puss with a firm and knowing hand. When she wiped the resultant wetness across one of my breasts she asked sarcastically: "I suppose you're the Queen's long lost daughter."

I couldn't blame Daisy. After all, it was too good to be true. "Don't you want a thousand pounds?" I asked dejectedly.

"Where's Colin?"

She evidently considered my thousand pounds unworthy of her consideration. I would have been wiser to have offered fifty, it was more her size. "He's gone to the village," I said miserably.

"Won't be back for awhile, eh?"

"I don't suppose so. You'll have lots of time to get me-"

"You'll earn your money today, sister. I'll teach you to barge in. Colin hires me, it's my job. Understand?"

"You're welcome to it," I told her unhappily. "If you'll get me loose and let me go, it's all yours."

She went behind the post. What she saw did not improve her temper. "The son of a bitch! Ruddy handcuffs! He never blew himself like that for me. Where's the key?"

"It's lost. I was handcuffed like this when he kidnapped me. It's a long story."

"I'll just bet it is! I'm not buying. Besides, how did he get your hands behind that post without the key?"

I told her. I told her quite a bit. I pleaded and begged. I tried the thousand pounds again, and then asked her to get the police. She listened to it all with a sardonic smile. At the end of my passionate striving for freedom she asked sweetly: "You know what I'm going to do to you, don't you?"

Instinctively, I did know. But I asked: "What?"

"Give you the whipping of your life."

Back to square one! Even a girl wanted to whip me! There Was no hope. "Oh please, I've been whipped enough already," I pleaded. "Can't you see the marks?"

"Don't notice any on your tits."

I curled up inside and heaved at the metal bands that were delivering me into her power.

"Can't get loose, can you. That fat cunt of yours can stand a few too. I'll teach you to barge in where you're not needed."

I started to plead again, but she left me talking and stalked away to the stable. When she came back she carried the whip.

She loved her dominion over me. She savoured it as nectar.

She fingered and played with my handcuffs in curiosity to make sure they held me fast. Then she used her hands and her tongue to excite me beyond bearing. She was making good use of what fate had provided.

"I been whipped by Colin a lot, but I ain't never whipped a girl. I'm going to enjoy whipping you."

As though in a sudden inspiration, Daisy stripped naked. It was not much of an effort. She did not wear much. She wasn't bad naked, and the marks of Colin's whip were evident on her skin. "See!" she said jubilantly. "I know all about being whipped. But I've always wondered . . . ."

She struck me a slicing blow across both breasts.

I screamed. I think that scream was as much a cry against an unkind fate as from the pain. But the pain was bad enough.

"Lovely! Look at that scarlet line come up! I've always wanted . . . ." She struck again, this time across one breast only. I heaved and bucked and howled.

"Colin ain't goin' ter want those pretty tits by the time I get through with them." She hit my breasts again.

"Please, you don't understand."

"I'll lace into that ripe cunt in a minute."

She slashed away happily at my writhing nakedness. I could elude nothing. My wrists were bleeding. "Please, don't you want money! Please, please, please!"

"You'll learn to stay on your own side of the fence."

"Yes, oh yes! I'll promise. Never again."

She stopped and stood back, pleased by my submission. "I suppose he fucks you, eh?"

"Yes, I can't stop him. He does what he likes with me." I was desperate to make her understand. "Get the box. Get me free of this post and I'll run for my life. You'll never see me again."

She gave the proposition thought and rejected it. "Nah, Colin 'ud be so damn angry I'd get no cash out of him for a month. No, dearie, you stay right the way you are and take what mummy's going to give you."

"But he'll be angry with you. When he comes home and finds me . . . the way you're going to leave me. I'll be a mess."

"And so you should be, ducks."

But there was that in her voice which told me I had hit a chord. Colin was a customer. Best not to offend him too deeply. I was the enemy. "O.K: then," she said cheerfully. "I'll just give that swollen cunt of yours a few cuts and leave you to it."

It was a partial remission. But my mind was chaotic with the need to convince this angry sex strumpet of my bona fides. If only I could! She held the key to my release. I was about to offer more truthful logic when the first curling lash rose up between my legs.

It was such a beastly pain! Such a cruel place to inflict it! I screamed in a flash of pain and anger. With this member of my own sex there was no warmth, no heat between my thighs. I looked at her in agony and pleaded: "Don't whip me any more. Please! I'm willing to do anything you want. We're just two girls . . . ."

She was clever with that whip. She flashed it again and scored a bull's eyes. If only I had been able to stand still with my legs crossed I might have saved my poor little puss some anguish, but I couldn't! I twisted and kicked in such distress that, seizing her chance, she managed to strike me at the moment I opened my legs for some fresh contortion of pain. The thong slapped squarely upon the wet, wounded flesh that should have been inviolate. My scream pealed out in a undulation of hurt which should have given Daisy intense joy.

"You sure do make a lot of noise," she said appreciatively.

"I suppose you laugh all the time he's whipping you!" I retorted bitterly. Daisy was just too much.

" 'Spose I do make a bit of noise," she admitted thoughtfully. "I'm always so busy hurting I don't notice."

"If you let him whip you for a rotten little five pounds, surely you could make a telephone call for me for a thousand?"

"Open your legs, love. I'll teach you to make fun of an honest girl."

"I'm not making fun, I'm not!" I wailed. "It's true."

"Open your legs so I can get inside."

"I won't!"

Daisy seemed pleased at my refusal. She went to the barn and got rope. I quailed at the sight of it.

"Please don't tie me any more than I am. Please, please!"

"This is a real treat for me, kid. Being on the other end so to speak. I'm going to enjoy it."

"But it's cruel! I've never hurt you."

"Well, I've never hurt Colin. But that don't stop him cutting away at me."

"He's never whipped your pussy. I know he hasn't! I don't see why you want to whip mine."

"Simple, dearie. I can't get at your back."

"But it's not right, not decent, to whip a girl where you're whipping me. Can't I make you understand? I'm a prisoner. I'm not your competition for that idiot's five pound notes."

"First 'round this ankle, dearie - and don't you dare kick! Then round behind the post and now the other little tootsie."

"I'm going to fall forward if you pull my feet back like that."

"Thanks, love. You're right."

Miserably, I watched her go and return with another rope.

Daisy was well in charge of things. Our eyes flickered back and forth without any nice girlish communion as she made a loop over and above my breasts and around the post. She pulled far harder than she need have done until my back was positively clamped against the timber.

"Makes your tits stick out nice." She pinched them and laughed enjoyably at my yelps.

"A thousand pounds . . . a thousand pounds-" I moaned again and again. Surely the silly cow would get the message! "Shut up! You don't have a thousand pence, neither has Colin. This is just a nice fun day between us girls. Aren't you lucky! I'm sure I don't hit you as hard as he does."

It was hopeless. I had become as much captive of her disbelief as of the handcuffs on my chafed wrists. In impotent silence I felt my feet pulled back and back on each side of the post until it was the band across my chest that kept me upright.

My pussy gaped in its lonely prominence, but after a couple of experimental slashes that spent most of their force across my thighs my feminine torturer said a hearty: "Damn!" Peering at the wounds she had made on me she exclaimed angrily: "No good; is it! You're plastered against that post. I can't properly get in there on your cunt."

"If you'll let me loose-"

"Shut up!" She gave me another vicious cut.

"It's better without your feet tied," she decided. "If I can get your little butt away from that lousy post I can slice in there good."

I was relieved of the ropes. Small impatient hands loosened them and cast them aside. I was back to square one, captive only of the implacable handcuffs. "I'll make you a deal, kid." Her voice modulated to sweet reason. "Stick that wet little cunt out a foot from the post - you can, y'know."

"Just so you can whip it!", I was heartbroken and scared.

"Sure, love. You do that proper or I'll whip your breasts until you do. How's that for a good offer? If you play along I'll leave those pretty tits alone."

If you have never been a prisoner fastened to a post you can't understand. You can be forced into gratitude over a choice between two awful things being done to you. I was truly afraid of what injury a whip could do to my breasts. Ruefully, I supposed it would do no more than bitterly hurt my pubes. "I'll try," I promised. "But it hurts so much I don't think I can keep still."

"You can have a bit of time to wiggle in between strokes, love. But when I say the word you get that cute butt away from the post and your legs well spread."

"Alright." I looked at her appealingly. "I will try, honest! How many are you going to give me?"

"That's for you to find out, love. On your mark!"

I parted my legs and pushed my loins out at Daisy in obscene invitation. She nodded, pleased.

The cut bisected me cruelly. I could almost believe my haunches were sundered. I envisioned blood all over. I tore at my handcuffs and writhed in every contortion I could contrive. Here and there through my maze of pain I glimpsed Daisy's enraptured enjoyment.

"You've started something," I gasped bitterly. "When he sees these marks on, me he'll put some on you too."

"It's worth it, kid, just to watch you."

Meekly, hoping to placate, I resumed the hated pose that pleaded for punishment. The whip sang and splatted where I wanted it least. I screamed and resumed my dance.

Daisy did not kill me. I was surprised to learn later that she had done me no permanent damage. While she was using the whip on me I was convinced she rivaled Torquemada in skill and intent. When she had enjoyed me for as long and as much as she dared, she replaced the rope and the whip in the stable, then came and surveyed my striped and sweating nudity.

"Thanks, love."

A slave girl is forever astonished by the reactions her punished nakedness evokes. Daisy's thanks sounded sincere. I looked at her in woeful surprise. My surprise was doubled when she held my cheeks and kissed my forehead. Sardonically, she said: "You can tell his nib's that he can have me free next time. Not a penny! That'll pay for me having you today."

She grinned happily and went. I watched her trudge over the hill. Once more I was alone. I leaned back against my post and sighed in an infinite relief. Such moments of surcease are a slave girl's only victory.

Colin Hennery was furious. Not in sympathy with my hurts, but because his property had been used. He stood glowering at the wealed evidence of Daisy's pleasure I fully expected to be blamed. His vows of what he would do to Daisy were a little solace, but not much. It was not until he had got the box and returned my hands to, what was now, their normal resting place behind my back that he began to recover from his pout. He immediately laid me on my back and kicked my feet apart. I felt certain the savage thrusts with which he pierced me again and again were directed at the absent girl who had whipped my breasts and puss. But I won't say I did not enjoy them. After my sojourn against the post I needed something . . . anything . . . . A slave girl must be satisfied with what she gets.

At breakfast, his, lust appeased by an early morning ravishment of my loins, Hennery broke the news: He had actually phoned Yolanda in search of the thousand pounds.

My heart leaped.

"An effing butler," he said disgustedly. "Might as well have been the Inland Revenue: Name, address, the whole bit."

"Was that so hard?" I asked innocently.

He looked at me sourly. "I ain't that much o' a dummy. I told him nothing, nor her neither when she come on the line. Snooty bitch but anxious. A thousand in cash when I walk up to the door with you."

"See! I promised!" I was jubilant.

"Think I was born yesterday!"

My leaping heart fell with a bang at the sourness of his expression. "More I thought on any of her propositions the more I could see meself walking right into the arms of

a couple of rozzers. They'd call what you and me been doing a kidnapping."

"'Well, isn't it!"

I could have kicked myself. It was not the right thing to say. "Yer see what I mean! Who's going ter believe me! I'd get about seven years."

"But I can prevent that. With me along you're safe."

"Ain't too sure they'd believe you either. The whole thing's a bit rummy when you look at it from their standpoint. I don't see no sense running the risk." He turned a pair of hound dog eyes in my direction. "Fact is I like you. I like having you around. I'd sooner have you than any thousand quid."

I was surprised he did not hear the thud of my fallen hopes. "But you can have Daisy anytime for five pounds!" I protested.

"It ain't the same. She ain't got what you got."

"It's standard equipment."

"I ain't talking about boobs and cunts, you know I ain't. And, anyway, yours are better 'n hers. It's quality. You got it."

"But if you and Daisy keep on whipping me like this I'll be dead in a month."

"Daisy ain't touching you no more. I'll guarantee it." His voice was grim. "As fer me, I got a bit o' judgement. I didn't whip yer yesterday, I ain't a' goin' ter whip you today. I ain't spoiling a good thing now I got it."

"I suppose I'm your secret desire come true?" I asked bitterly.

"Damn right you are!" He struck the table for emphasis.

"You think men, any men, don't dream about a gal' like you are and the things we been doin', -you'd be crazy. A lot o' the silly twits 'ud deny it, but they'd lust for you and a whip just the same as me."

It didn't seem like much of a future. I'd just been sentenced to a lifetime of slavery. "Aren't you ever going to let rile go?" I asked wanly.

"I'd hoped you wouldn't want to, Phemie."

The sincerity of his words was like a blow. If he loved me I was indeed lost. With feminine guile I used this new advantage. "It's hard for a girl to love a man who whips her all the time." I made my eyes as fawn-like as I could and focused them on him with full candle power.

"Dammit, Phemie, I ain't whipped yer that much!" I suppose by his standards he had been moderate. He had not been as cunningly cruel as Daisy. My real fear of him was the stringent bondage in which he kept me. There was no hope for freedom in it, none!

"You've really been very kind, Mr. Hennery," I acknowledged. "I'm sorry if I

seem ungrateful." I gave him a sweet small feminine gesture. "It's all so sudden, and it hurts a bit, and that business yesterday with Daisy . . . ."

"I gotta' leave yer again today, love: But I'll make it real easy . . . ."

After he had copulated with me again and was ready to go about his affairs he chained me to a tree.

Alone again, after Hennery, had vanished over the hill, I assessed my new status. I was loved. But I still wore the handcuffs! On the other hand I was not being whipped, not at the moment! There had been no suggestion that I had said good-bye to cutting thongs and limber canes, but I now had a day in which to allow my weals to stop hurting. As for real freedom, I did not have any, but I was a lot better off than before. Hennery had employed his longest chain. One end was padlocked round a tree, the other locked to the single link between the metal bands round my wrists. I had no faintest hope of escape. But if I wanted to, I could walk 'round and 'round the tree in quite a wide radius. I could sit, lie down or stand as I might desire. Exploring this relative freedom I felt a bit guilty in not having given my captor more fervent thanks for it.

It must have been about noon when James Pollard came into view.

* * *

I saw him before he saw me. He was walking. I longed to wave, but I couldn't. He was making a determined bee line for the house. Just before he reached it he caught sight of me.

"Phemie!"

"Oh darling!" I forgot everything else.

You don't want the jumble of love and kisses and half coherent explanations. There were a lot of them. Until I reassured him, James' first concern was of enemies. Then my own concern got attention. Imagine my gorgeous long drawn out sigh of ecstasy . . . .

James had the key.

It's funny though. When I pertly turned my back and proffered my chains I found myself loath to part with them. Nuts!

"Damn! I suppose that yokel's got the key to this padlock?"

"I expect he has, darling. It's for sure I haven't, and it's not hanging on a nail anywhere that I know of."

"That means I'll have to leave him the handcuffs. The lock's in 'em. But I'll have you free in about four seconds."

He was as good as his word. Now that I had hands and arms we loved all over again. Golly, my shoulders were stiff. It had been days . . . . Yet, when I finally looked down and saw the shining metal that had held my wrists so long I knew a pang of remorse. They lay on the ground at the end of the long chain. Empty and

forlorn . . . .

James must have felt something of my regret. They did look like a pitiful small part of me abandoned and rejected. It was easy to find a hammer. With a rock beneath the padlock and a few hard blows he shattered the device that had held me captive. The handcuffs fell free.

"Snap them on me again, darling," I pleaded. "I don't feel right without them."

"Afterwards," said James.

The afterwards took quite a long time and I was very thankful for my arms. But when it was over and I had brushed the barnyard off my back and bottom I turned and wiggled my hands. I know it's crazy, but the click, click, click as the metal tightened back 'round my wrists had the sound of wedding bells.

We walked back to where James had hidden the car. I wondered what conclusion Hennery would arrive at when he found his empty chain and broken lock. I had a sudden prescience of his loneliness. Perhaps, on the following day, Daisy would be able to earn another five pounds.

I couldn't hate either of them.

It was gorgeous in the car. I pleaded not to be covered. What would be the use! We were on our way to Castle Glynt, if I arrived dressed Yolanda would certainly strip me. I wondered if she'd be angry at all the trouble I'd gotten her into. She could punish me to her heart's content and I wouldn't complain.

"I figured those two chaps of Ashad's had spirited you away while I was puttering around that damn farm," James explained as the car purred it's way over the dirt road to the village. "I had not broken with Bolling, so I went back to the office. There I learned Ashad was as puzzled about you as I was, his bloodhounds were still chasing a lost scent." He looked at me sideways and grinned. "Girls like you don't utterly vanish: They're around somewhere. So I phoned your uppity Miss Harding."

"Yolanda's not uppity."

"She was with me. She demanded I deliver you on her doorstep, pronto. What's with that female? It took me about five minutes with servants asking fool questions before I heard her dulcet tones. She sounded a bit distrait."

"That's what Hennery said."

"He was my clue, of course, She told me about this uncouth voice that claimed to have you and how shy he was of contact. He hung up on her. It sort of clicked. I couldn't figure how he'd fooled me but I knew I'd have to come and find out. How come all those whip marks?"

"He enjoys whipping girls," I sighed happily now that it no longer mattered, then added ruefully: "Who doesn't!" I didn't tell him about Daisy. And I thought it best not to mention all those times I'd laid down with my legs apart. I mean, after all!

It was beautiful, beautiful, beautiful! I snuggled into my handcuffs and into the upholstery. I kept my eyes on James in adoring contentment. I was safe, safe, safe! In

a little while we'd be back at Castle Glynt and Yolanda. No matter what awaited me there I'd be happy, happy, happy! If a faint cloud of wonderment hovered as to how I'd reconcile Yolanda and James, I refused to think about it. Something always happened! I loved them both. My fire burned bright.

The homecoming of a slave girl! What pictures it evokes!

My heart thudded happily as we drew up at the foot of the steps. Capriciously, I refused to have my hands freed or to be covered. The Castle servants were conditioned. I'm sure the male staff regarded me as one of the more attractive perquisites of office. The females usually giggled or pretended I wasn't there. We mounted the steps like a victorious army.

It was not Beddoes the butler who opened the door. It was one of the lesser housemaids. She produced only a faint giggle and gazed at my pubic hair with awe. "The Mistress is in the morning room," she announced breathlessly. Preceding us down the hall she threw open the door. Majestically, we made our entry.

I never saw a thing. The rug enveloped me and strong hands held it down. Since I was inside it they held me too. How bitterly I cursed the joie de vivre that had prompted my sentimental plea for the familiar handcuffs. I was a neat package, obligingly delivered, helpless! I heard James's vehement: "You son of a bitch!" There were thuds and scuffles. They were still going strong when I was carried from the room and down the stairs.

Even in my struggling distress I was too familiar with Castle Glynt not to know where I was being taken. Steps, doors, changing temperatures all combined to make me cringe in foreknowledge. When the last fateful door opened I was set on my kicking feet. The rug was whisked from over my head. Behind me the dungeon door thudded shut and the bolts shot home. In the dim light I beheld a girl. She was in the corner I knew so well. She was as naked as I. But, whereas I wore only handcuffs at my back, she was bedecked in chains. Ankles, wrists, waist and neck were encircled with the metal bands I too had worn. From the one 'round her waist a heavy chain tether ran to the ringbolt in the stone. She had risen to her feet at our entry and taken a hobbled step against the leashing iron.

"Welcome home, Phemie," said my Mistress, Yolanda. We kissed, we cried, we nuzzled, we bit. Abandoning our flood of incoherencies we made lesbian love within the constrictions of our chains. It was awkward, but we were compelled by a sudden feverish desire that made light of fetters and links and a measure of helplessness. To have my beloved Yola again was good, good, good! I revelled in her flesh and in the pungent scent of her - all else forgotten! Our devouring reached such an intensity that when it was over we slept.

How strange a reunion! Never had a Mistress welcomed back an errant slave girl in so great a depth of humiliation. My darling knelt on the stone and played with her shackles. They were heavy and secure. I had worn them often enough by her decree. Now she was a more helpless slave even than I. She told me of her hatred of the span of links that fastened her to the wall. It allowed her a few steps, but that was all. She could not walk half way to the door. She stood to show me her full panoply of prisonment, kicking at the chain which joined her feet, holding wryly for my inspection the fetters upon her wrists, raising a captive hand to feel the metal about her neck, a band purely punitive since it was joined to nothing. "They've got me, Phemie," she confessed wanly. "And now they've got you too. It's what they

wanted . . . both of us."

"But James-"

"They'll probably send him back to his precious Roland Bolling with an admonition to keep his mouth shut."

"You don't think . . . ."

She shrugged resignedly. "No, they won't kill him. This lot don't need to. Bolling will tell him to behave and shut up. Bolling's probably fed up to the teeth with slave girls."

"You're not a slave girl, darling."

Yola raised her chained hands. "Aren't I!"

It was then I saw her marks. "You've been whipped!" It was as though I uttered sacrilege.

She smiled at my consternation. "The fainter ones are from your boyfriend's fun the day he and his louts took you and whipped me. The fresh ones are because I was considered far too haughty in my insistence that I owned this Castle. I was told they would teach me a lesson. I suppose they did. Oh Phemie, when I think of all the times I've whipped you!"

Once more we wept together. This time I laved my darling's wounds with my tears and my wet lips. I never even thought of mine.

We finally got around to the facts of why Miss Harding and, Miss Carstairs were chained in a dungeon. We would have preferred to make love on and on and on! But you can't, can you? I mean, there comes a time . . . I told Yola my adventures. I know I'm a wicked little something or other but I just couldn't bring myself to tell about the male thing and me. With my darling in that dungeon those huge male organs piercing me again and again just didn't seem real. They were gone! Why hurt this girl I loved, and to whom I belonged. I told of my captivities, that was enough. I made her laugh with my story of my handcuffs and how Fate seemed determined I should wear them behind my back forever. A girl with whipmarks does not have to prove anything she tells. They are a scarlet testimony of anything she admits.

Through all my chronicle I had been aware of Yola's troubled eyes seeing beyond me into something else, some thing she did not wish to talk about. Abruptly, I broke the thread of my chatter and eyed her demandingly.

"What is it, Yola, you haven't told me? What is it? Whose prisoners are we?"

We were kneeling on the stone, facing each other. She gazed at me with what seemed an infinite pity, and spoke a name . . . .

* * *

It began a long time ago as girls count time. A travel folder and a wish to get away. Alone! A two week holiday that would be pure adventure without the nag of girl friends or boy friends or relatives. I was terribly young. It was my first time.

I chose the wrong place.

Someone had hinted, but I had just laughed. The travel agent had just shrugged and said there were always stories about any place. Any doubts I started with evaporated in the excitement of the flight. The North African resort of my choice was colorful and smelled to high heaven. It had a lot of flies and men who wanted to sell you dirty postcards. It also had the most exciting shops. They were run by the most villainous chaps you've ever seen; so evil in appearance you could feel quite sure they'd be ever so nice if you got to know them. I mean, no villain is deliberately going to look like one. The chap who kidnapped me was positively hideous.

Since I'd insisted on being alone it wasn't much of a trick for him. He handed me a brass pot to admire, then while my hands were busy he draped a rug over my head and tied a cord around tight. He then put me in a big wicker basket, the kind used for laundry, and some men carried me away to slavery. I could not see a thing, but from sounds and motion I could guess. In the dark in that damn basket I was frightened almost out of my skin. I knew for sure I'd be taken to a brothel and broken in by a huge nubian, but the only mental picture I could think up was the reassuring smile of that blasted travel agent.

To the woman who released me I was just another job of work in a hard day. She did not have too much English, and seemed unwilling to use what she had. "You are now slave girl," she said brusquely. "You will please to behave."

"You don't think I'm going to stay here, do you!" I demanded angrily. I was so frightened I was brave.

She just smiled quietly and motioned with her head. I looked around and got the message. It was a very large stone room. The windows were barred and the door was closed. The woman went to one wall and took a whip from a nail where it had hung waiting, presumably for me!

"You needn't think you're going to use that thing on me!" I affirmed with a fine British confidence I did not feel.

She used it on me with great competence and a frightening absence of emotion. To her I was a silly child. I was clothed, so she contented herself with my legs which were bare. I skipped and ran and howled, but she was always there. She slashed away at me until I was reduced to a pleading bundle on the floor. The only way I could think to shield my legs was to sit on them the way a hen sits on her eggs.

The woman's name was Lotta. After the whipping of my bare legs I treated her with great respect. I gave instant obedience to her slightest word.

I had no idea where I was. The wicker basket had been loaded into a truck and the journey had been long. Between the basket and having my legs whipped I was more than ready and very surprised by the modern bathroom. Lotta stood by watchfully while I made myself very clean. There were oils and perfumes she poured in the water for me. You can guess what was coming.

I never did get my western clothes back. With the help of a giggling native girl who looked at me with the most avid speculation in her wise eyes, Lotta bedecked my nakedness with some pretty odds and ends and bangles that made me feel twice as nude as nude!

I was then escorted to The Presence.

He was old. Hawk faced. Arab. I liked him instantly, there was something paternal about his lined face and bright intelligent eyes. He said, "Good afternoon, Miss Carstairs." In perfect English.

As I said, I was very young. Instead of returning his greeting I said frostily: "The police will make a frightful fuss about this, y'know."

He inclined his head, just fractionally. "You will give me much pleasure, child. You shall have no regrets."

I muffed everything. I said the first thing in my mind: "But you're old!" Surely grandfathers didn't ravish maidens!

His eyes clouded momentarily, but his voice remained even: "I must ask you to forget escape, the police and the past. None of those things exist for you now. All in my house welcome you."

I was a pompous little pussycat. "If you let me go now I won't press charges," I said in the manner of the best fiction.

"Allah has willed that you be a member of my household. Heed his will and mine, child."

"I'm not your child, and don't bring Allah into this!" I retorted, painting my path to pain with profligate abandon.

The old man sighed. He looked at Lotta with only a faint lifting of one eyebrow. He dismissed me briefly with two awful words: "Twenty lashes."

For me to fight Lotta was nonsense, but I tried, After a silly scuffle she picked me up and carried me from The Presence under one arm. I was kicking and beating my fists against her impassivity like a fractious little girl of nine.

This time a quite different room. Large, of stone, punishment implicit in every inch. I quailed at the things I could recognize and at those I could not.

Lotta hung me up by my wrists.

She was a faithful custodian. She stripped me completely naked and folded my rejected finery neatly. I hung with my toes six inches above the floor, trembling, feeling foolish and shamed. Exposed! Some instinct told me to keep quiet. Without preamble she proceeded to whip me very, very slowly and very, very hard. The cuts of the lash falling from across my shoulders down and down to meet the scarlet and purple on my legs and thighs. Her strokes might have been governed by a metronome.

I remember my screams. There were a lot of pleadings here and there, and some promises. They sounded shameful even as I uttered them, so I won't repeat. I had not known such pain existed or that it could be endured by a naked girl. During the first ten strokes I was sure I would die. Twenty was not possible to bear - I knew it wasn't! But the blows fell regularly as I shrieked and kicked. Twelve, fifteen, eighteen . . . .

My youth and Lotta's skill deprived me of the drama of demise. I was led back to The Presence, bare naked and shivering.

I was made to pose. I was still young and English enough to be afraid of my own nakedness. I had been taught it was shameful and that no man should ever see it except my husband. True, I had taken some of this with a grain of salt. But just the same I had done very little hopping around in the nude, Now I was forced to stand erect with my hands clasped on my head. First with my back to my owner so that he might count my stripes and judge them adequate, then facing him so that he might assess the quality of his most recent acquisition. I also had to stretch my legs far apart and to bend down to expose my bottom. He viewed my enforced performance with a grave regard that might have prompted me to revolt or sarcasm had not Lotta stood to one side with her whip. I wanted no more of that.

Then the catechism. I answered his questions respectfully and promptly. I was a changed girl. I stood there with my breasts thrust out as he desired and told him all he wanted to know, I'd have told him anything. It shocks me still to know how easily and how well a girl can be governed by a whip.

I was then taken to a very bare room. Its only furnishings were a thin mattress, a slop pail and a collar and chain. The metal collar was locked around my neck, the other end of the chain was made fast to the wail. This tether enabled me to move about in approximately half the area of the room. It snubbed me short when I tried to reach the door. I spent an hour or so feeling sorry for myself and pulling uselessly at my collar and chain. I found that tether bitterly humiliating in its simile to the control of dogs. No girl wearing it could fail to realize its superfluity so far as keeping her prisoner went. The massive door and its bolts did that! My chain and collar were locked on me to tell me what I was and to induce a proper submissiveness. They did it very well.

I have told you of my induction into slavery in a factual sort of way. But I don't suppose I can portray the psychic shock. It was tremendous: Yesterday, a carefree young female tourist, today, a naked slave in a barren cell and with a chain 'round her neck and her skin well striated by a whip, a whip used in pure utility to teach obedience. When I desolately lay down on the hard little strip of mattress, it was logical enough that I should remember that other time with Miss Hilde. . . .

It was my first understanding of the singularity of pain. It can be given and received with love, or it can be inflicted purposefully as Lotta had whipped me. But then it happened! I suppose the friction of the mattress on my nipples, or on my puss as I wriggled to find a comfort that was not there, was what sparked it. But, seeping through my misery, I was astonished to recognize a familiar heat between my legs. It was like meeting an old friend you thought had dropped you. I found an immense comfort, a sort of sanctuary, My eager hand and seeking finger were involuntary. As I drifted off into rainbow fantasies it was not Miss Hilde who exerted her dominion over me. It was Lotta.

I slept, of course, You always think you can't, but you do. In the morning I began my new life as a slave. My behavior was meticulously proper. But once, as though I couldn't help myself, I deliberately provoked Lotta into whipping me: nothing dramatic, but enough to fan the embers of my fire. I did not quite understand it, but it was good, something to hold on to. I was not alone. In the same faintly preoccupied manner in which she did everything, Lotta used her authority to make me service her. That is the polite term; isn't it, for having me feed between her legs?

It was a minor Sheikdom, and my owner was the venerable Sheik Inman Azzam. He told me, with a rather sweet regret, that he could no longer pierce my loins, but that until a man died he would worship beauty, and that was why I was there: I was beautiful! That was enough. I would be an exquisite plaything who always did his bidding. About the time I was feeling as though I was promoted to Princess, he explained how I would be whipped quite often as the mood took him. He smiled benignly as though bestowing a mark of favour which, in a strange way, he was.

Being young I adjusted. Azzam was lovable. In serving him I found a contentment I would not previously have believed possible. He was wise and kind - unless offended. Then he was implacable and cruel. The oddly detached Lotta with her smoldering eyes supplied me with the need Azzam's departed virility could not fill. Satisfied that she had me well broken, Lotta bestowed on me the same beneficence that I daily rendered unto her. I became compliantly happy in a small enchanted world. The fact that I was always, in some intriguing manner chained bothered me not at all. I would have felt unloved without it. Silver shackles completed and enhanced my scanty costumes - no one could call 'em clothes!

I was whipped constantly.

In the moulding of what is now me, those whippings were important. They never injured but they sure did hurt. As my fire grew I approached them in a trembling dither of lust. But Lotta always ensured that I ended them in tears. Often, afterwards, I was left fastened for the rest of the day. Sometimes when I remained bound in my pose of punishment Azzam would come and talk to me as though nothing had happened. I grew accustomed to nudity before his eyes. The days became weeks and the weeks broadened into months.

It was then that Yolanda happened.

I was standing naked in the room where I was whipped.

My hands were chained above my head. I'd been there a couple of hours and was half asleep in fantasy land when a girl walked in. She stood for several moments staring at me with wide, startled eyes. Then, in an endearing English voice, said: "Frightfully sorry?" and turned to leave.

"Don't go . . . please!"

She turned back. I could tell she was curious. She came and stood before me, examining my nudity and the tell-tale whipmarks it bore.

"You must have been a very bad girl?"

That's Yolanda! Not shocked. Open mind. Curious! Actually she was loving it.

I had absolutely no thought of escape, or rescue, or of using her. I fell in love with her on the spot and wanted only to keep her from discreetly leaving. "I'm afraid I like it," I told her mischievously.

She nodded, eyes shining to match my mood. "Then why are you chained?"

"Well, it does hurt quite a lot. And besides, I'm a slave girl."

"I'm sure you deserve every stroke."

It was as though we had known each other always. I was thinking up a cute retort when we were joined by Sheik Inman Azzam. He was unperturbed. "Miss Harding. Allow me," as he inclined his head in my direction, "Miss Euphemia Carstairs."

We were frightfully British and came up with a pair of frigid "How d'you do's". The Sheik told me afterwards he found us hilarious. "Your last remark was correct, Miss Harding. This beloved child is in constant need of the lash," he said with grave courtesy. "Perhaps you would assuage her hunger?" He took the whip from the wall and offered it to the girl who had wandered into my punishment room by accident.

Yolanda looked from one to the other of us, gauging the mood. She accepted the whip. Carefully, and with cruel skill, she lashed my back and bottom five times. I almost swooned with joy. Azzam nodded approval.

"You have done this before, Miss Harding?,"

"No, but I've always wanted to."

"You are unusually honest, my dear."

"Daddy always told me I could be, with you."

Azzam sighed. "He was a fine man and my friend. It has pleased me that you should visit my house." His eyes twinkled. "I think it matters not that you have stumbled on this domestic scene."

"It was inexcusable. I should not have wandered-"

My owner waved a forgiving hand and relieved her of the whip. "It is perhaps the will of Allah. I sense between you that strange intangible for which man has no name. Is she not beautiful!"

"She is lovely beyond dreams," Yolanda breathed.

Two days later she purchased me and took me home to Castle Glynt.

At the last moment I did not want to go. I fell to my knees before the Sheik who was my lord. I kissed his hand as though I could not let it go, wetting it with my tears.

"Azzam isn't all that rich," My new Mistress explained to me on the plane that winged us home. "My fifty thousand means something to him. I think he has some special need of it. If there's any oil in his kingdom no one seems to have found it." She patted my nylon clad knee. "I'll tell you this, you outrageous sexpot, if he'd been thirty years younger a couple of million wouldn't have been enough to pay your price. He loves you, I think he believed he was being kind . . . ."

I was terribly, terribly happy.

* * *

"But Azzam was kind, he liked you," I protested.

"Azzam hasn't arrived yet, Phemie. It's a sort of an advance guard that's taken over Glynt. I think they're soldiers in civilian clothes, but Lotta's the boss."

"Lotta! Here?"

"Is she ever! I owe these to her." Yola ruefully traced a finger the length of some of her wounds, then rattled her chains. "She's an absolute virago if you argue." I remembered Lotta whipping my legs that first time.

"But the argument . . . how-?"

My darling Mistress was instantly indignant, "About six of them walked in and took over - just like that?"

"But what did they say?"

"Damn little. Some shocking gangsters were after you, and they'd been sent to intervene. They called in help. When I told them this was England and the police handled things like that, they produced the handcuffs. I'm sure that Lotta female enjoyed snapping them on behind my back. It was while I stood there tugging at the damn things on my wrists and not quite believing any of it that they told me they were staying and that I must brief the servants and have them carry on normally. I had to make a plausible story so I could be absent a day or two here and there without raised eyebrows. Lotta was the chatelaine in my absence."

"Absence'!"

Yola sardonically shook her fettered hands at me. "I'm not exactly present right now, am I!"

"And you said no."

"Of course! I was outraged. That's when they whipped me. After they'd whipped me quite awhile it didn't seem quite so preposterous and I said yes."

My heart went out to my darling. How well I knew! "But why the dungeon?" I asked, puzzled.

She shrugged. "They don't trust me. Suppose you can't blame 'em. I haven't been very polite." She gave a brief giggle. "Phone calls have been a bit of a poser for 'em. With those they wanted me to take - those referring to you, Lotta dashes down, unlocks my waist band and carries me to the nearest phone. She told me what to say. Afterwards she carries me back and locks me to the wall again. I suppose it is a neat disposal of a nagging female."

"They don't need all those chains on you."

My Mistress gave me a wry grin. "I put this many on you often enough. It's been a marvellous opportunity for me to gauge their effect. It's quite potent, isn't it?"

"Keeps a slave girl in her place and lets her know what she is."

"Sure. That is actually the way it works on a girl. It's having that effect on me,

and I didn't have a predilection the way you did."

"But, darling, you can't possibly be a slave girl, you're not the type, and you don't want-"

Yola gazed at me solemnly. "A few days ago that's what I'd have said myself. But now I'm not sure. I just don't know!"

"There's a difference between a slave girl and just a prisoner. You're a prisoner."

Yolanda looked at me with love. "You're being sweet, Phemie. But look at the two of us. We're both locked in and chained, aren't we. What's the difference?"

There wasn't any. In a second frenzy of wanting we fought our chains to appease our hunger with avid lips upon the hot wet sex. At night we slept peacefully entwined.

The days and nights of our imprisonment slipped by. Each morning I was taken, by a solicitous Lotta, and bathed and perfumed and loved. I could tell she was genuinely pleased to possess me again. To her I would always be a slave girl, our status was normal. She refused to change my handcuffs. She had shrewdly divined their presence on my wrists. It amused her to keep them there. I did not argue. I'd asked for them and I'd damn well got them! I thought nostalgically of James clicking them on me. It seemed a million years away.

Whilst Lotta treated me with affection, she had nothing but an indignant scorn for my Mistress. Yola had offended some deeply ingrained sense of what the Arab woman considered proper. Quite probably Lotta saw all Western females as slaves and had no patience with one of them who refused the appellation. She flatly refused my plea that Yola enjoy the same privileges as myself. No bath! No removal of a single shackle! She was adamant. I dared not push too hard for fear I'd earn us both a whipping to keep us quiet. With my wrists handcuffed behind my back I could perform no service for Yola that she could not manage herself. Apart from the indignity of their weight and intent, her chains actually gave her more scope for the use of her hands than my handcuffs granted me. Despite our metal bonds we gloried in a veritable orgy of making love.

On the day when, after I had been bathed, I was taken to Yola's bedroom and bedecked in the flimsy exquisiteness I remembered so well, I knew what to expect. Lotta smiled but would not tell. My handcuffs stayed. I pleaded for their removal, but was laughed at. They had not impeded the trifles which now adorned my breasts and loins. Lotta saw them as appropriate to the other bangles she placed upon my person. I was propelled into the huge drawing room with something of a flourish.

He was there! The same lined face that had no age, the same kind wise eyes that glowed with delight at the sight of me. With a small cry of pure love I sank to my knees at his feet and sought his hand. The cuffs prevented me clasping it, but he pressed it to my lips and held it firm while I kissed it again and yet again . . . I cannot tell you the quality or name of the affection I bore the Sheik Inman Azzam but it was deep and it was without lust.

"My child, my dear child!" He raised me to my feet and kissed me softly on my forehead. "Let me look at you." He held me at arm's length for a long time. "You are more beautiful than ever, a dream of loveliness." He turned me gently around. "Come, come! You have been a bad girl?" He fingered my handcuffs.

I confessed to my erotic folly.

"And you wish to wear them still?"

"If it please my lord."

"It pleases me. You are a treasure of delight."

"Master, there is Yolanda, Miss Harding. She is chained in a dungeon."

His eyes lit with humour. "It appears our esteemed Miss Harding had offended my trusted Lotta."

"It is a difference of cultures, lord, a misunderstanding."

"Ah yes. A difference you overcame most readily as I recall."

"Not before you had me whipped, lord."

"Even so, your adjustment amazed me."

"I am a slave girl, Master. It was born in me. Your lash explained everything I had not known,"

"Are you certain your adored Miss Harding cannot find grace by the same path?"

I must have looked startled. Azzam laughed at my dismay. "Come, come, you exquisite creature! Stand out before me while I sit and feast my eyes and tell why I am here."

I did as bidden. I arranged my femaleness to its best advantage. I wanted most ardently to please this man who had once owned me.

"Money, child. Always money! In that time when my delightful guest: the daughter of an old friend, stumbled on you in your chains I had a need. Because of it I gave you away." He gestured testily. "Fifty thousand pounds . . . to any of us now it is a bagatelle."

I clinked my handcuffs and looked bright and attentive. "It is the oil. Since I sold you the oil has flowed from beneath my desert. I am richer than your King or your Queen." He gave the sigh I knew so well. "Where there is oil there comes the jackals, Their leader is Ashad."

"He is in London, lord."

"Ah yes! He is indeed! He is in England for you."

"Only for me? But Master-"

"This Ashad is a fox as well as a jackal. He had become aware that you possess my love. How he knows does not matter. He knows! He believes that with you as hostage he can wring concessions from me for his tattered Communists."

"Me?" I was askance. "For me-"

"Do not dissemble, child. I have loved you from the moment Lotta marched you before my eyes. As a father perhaps . . . but a father's love is strong."

"My lord-" My voice broke. I was crying.

He must have pressed a bell. When Lotta came his order was terse: "Her handcuffs: remove them."

When she had gone with the steel bands warm from my flesh I was trembling, "Master . . . may I?"

The sheik Inman Azzam held out his arms.

"I think you get bathed and perfumed tomorrow, darling." Yola knelt in her chains and eyed me with amusement.

"What are you doing back in this dungeon wearing those pretty trifles? They belong in a Pasha's bedroom."

"I can't take them off, darling. They handcuffed my hands behind my back again."

"You mean they actually took them off for awhile! I wish I could be so lucky."

"You will be tomorrow."

"Why not today?"

I felt a traitress. "They seem to feel you don't have the right attitude."

"I take it you have?"

I moved up within the radius of her chain. "Strip me, darling."

For a moment I thought Yola would angrily refuse. But, sulkily, she used her fettered hands to take from me all that Lotta had used for my adornment. Naked, I felt less guilty. Impelled by the same longing for beloved flesh we sank to the stone and, once again, tangled ourselves in each other's chains, Our mouths wet and seeking.

"I'm a decoy, darling," I explained afterwards, "Azzam believes Ashad's men will come and try to get me back. They know I'm here, but they don't know about the half dozen soldiers. Azzam says they can pick Ashad up anytime. It's the others they want most. They're dangerous types. They're out there somewhere, sort of hovering."

"Hmmmm! Wouldn't someone like to kidnap me out of my own dungeon! Phemie darling, I'm tired of being chained up down here."

I was still on ticklish ground. Azzam had told me more.

"Darling-" I choked on what I found hard to tell. "It isn't just Ashad,"

Yola knew instantly. "No, Phemie, no! Not you!"

"He's going to take me back with him,"

"And you're willing!" Her voice was pure heartbreak.

"I don't have anything to say about it. He has a private plane and I'll be loaded on board in a big wicker basket, tightly bound, of course." I let a giggle slip by, "It's probably the same basket they used on me that other time, I'll be gagged too. He said it will save me the agonies of decision, About screaming, that is."

"You don't sound too put out about it."

"Darling, you know Azzam, I think I love him in a daughter-like way, In fact I know I do . . . ." I tugged fretfully at my handcuffs. They're useful at such times as an expression of frustration. I wished ardently it was someone else who would say what had to be said, "But that isn't the crux of the problem. He's going to take you along too."

It was the deepest dungeon silence ever. Yolanda broke it with an emphatic and outraged "No!"

I did a bit more clinking, and hoped I looked as unhappy as I felt. "I don't think you'll have anything to say about it either."

"But it's . . . it's . . . nuts! And by their code and standard it's dishonest. I paid money for you."

"He mentioned that. He says he could easily give you a million for me if he was leaving you here. But he says it's not possible to buy a slave from a slave."

"What century does he think he's in!"

"He spoke of that too. He says the oil has created a whole new morality. The ones who have it possess unlimited power. He is quite sure that even if the authorities know he has taken you - I suppose abducted or kidnapped is the word. He says they won't do a thing. They won't want to offend him. He says it's going on all over that part of the world,"

Yola gave a tremendous sigh of impotence. "Oh damn! Damn these chains and damn this dungeon. I'm sure Azzam is a decent old fart in his own Arabian way but he's got delusions of grandeur. He's misjudging things, and one of the things is me. I'm not a slave, I'm the wrong type. Can't you tell him what a rotten slave girl I'd be for him?"

"I've already told him, darling. He says I love you too much to be able to judge. But anyway, he seems convinced that any girl, if she's properly dealt with, gets to be like me sooner or later."

"What he means is if you whip her enough?"

I was constantly squirming. Trying to explain Azzam seemed to put me on his side against my darling. "Well, I suppose so, but there's these chains too. He thinks being held captive the way you are is bound to affect your feelings."

"He couldn't be more right! If I'm ever given a chance I'm off to the police. What sort of an idiot does he take me for!"

"I don't think you'll be given the chance, Mistress. I know I won't. He says it's kinder if we don't have chances."

"And is this your reward for being a nice little slave, to be tossed in here with me, handcuffed so you can't scratch a tickle?"

"Azzam says we're good for each other. He wants us to be together."

"Oh Phemie!" Yola looked at me piteously. "He can get away with it, can't he! Oh damn, damn and double damn!" Furiously she fought the chain to the wall as though she believed it might break.

In telling this story of me, I come now to an odd mixture of farce, and sadness and laughter. It has been said that a man cannot serve two Masters. I found it true that a girl cannot serve a Master and a Mistress. It's just not possible! The chasm between Yolanda and the Sheik Inman Azzam was so wide I could see only vistas of pain for my darling if that chasm was bridged. I had the temerity to expostulate with my Master about Yola's unsuitability for the role in which he had cast her, and was instantly sent to find Lotta and request her to beat each of the soles of my feet five times with a thin cane. I have never known such agony. Receiving it I understood why she had tied me so tightly. When I was freed I was a very subdued little girl who realized how infinitesimal was her capacity to influence events. I hadn't intended to show my feet to Yola. They hurt when I walked, but in a dungeon you don't do much walking. But when the poor darling let go a burst of frustration and demanded that, with my influence at Court, surely I could do something! I let her see what the cane had done. We both cried together and felt better.

I did get a promotion. My handcuffs got changed from back to front. In the front they were purely symbolic. I wore them with immense panache, But they were all I did wear. After Yola had stripped me in the dungeon no one thought it worth the trouble to dress me again. I didn't mind. I know I'm nice naked, and I've got sort of used to it.

Jennie was a surprise. She was in the cell with the barred front and barred door. This means that anyone inside is like a goldfish in a bowl. Anyone can get a good look at you and there's nowhere to hide. Lotta sent me down there on some pretext and there she was.

"So you were here all the time!"

That was my greeting. She sounded jubilant. Before I could say a word, she demanded: "Get me out of this mess."

Jennie was naked, and a very well constructed naked too! Her hands were tied palm to palm at her back and her elbows bound tight together with rope. I could see it hurt.

I held up my hands and grasped a couple of bars. Seeing my handcuffs she also took the trouble to notice me. "What are you running 'round like that for'?" she demanded. "And those things on your wrists . . . . "

"I'm a prisoner too."

"Come off it, ducks, yer on the wrong side of bars."

"Miss Harding is a prisoner too."

"Oh her! Is this all part of that fool game you two play?" At that point I was joined by Lotta. I was glad to see her.

"She one of Ashad's?" she asked bluntly.

"Yes."

"She no work for Board of Health - ask questions?"

"No. She's Ashad's Mistress."

Lotta looked pleased. The captive said: "Up your arse, love." And gave me a glance of pure venom.

Lotta looked through the bars and asked: "You are talking please?"

"And up yours too!" said Jennie.

No time was wasted. Lotta got one of the royal guard and between them they carried a writhing and obscene Jennie to the room designed for the discomfort of bad or uncooperative young women. They put a rope from a pulley round her hands and drew them up behind until she was almost off the ground.

"You're pulling my arms out," Jennie gasped. "Good. Now we whip." Lotta never wasted words. "This ain't cricket," Jennie complained.

"Not cricket. Whipping arse."

Lotta proceeded with her metronome beat. Jennie expressed colorful character references for all present. My heart went out to her as the cane thudded regularly into her quite nice bottom.

"Where Ashad live?"

"Seventeen Ashenden Square." Jennie's answer was too prompt.

"We know that wrong."

The metronome speeded up. The blows became exceedingly cruel.

"Oh, damn you! It's Three two three Elm Terrace."

"Much better. Now the other two: Musad and Narranah."

"I don't know. Let me down."

This time only two strokes before Jennie's memory improved.

"The Mermaid Inn at Nettley."

"They come here?"

"How the hell should I know!"

Lotta's slash made me wince. Jennie howled. "What's today. Tuesday? That means they'll be here Thursday, damn you."

"Be no ashamed. Lotta hurt. You do well for man."

"Thanks a lot," Jennie moaned. "Now that I've been an absolute bitch, how about letting me down?"

Lotta allowed the wracked arms to fail. Her fingertips explored the ridged weals on the perky bottom and found them good. "We lock you up," she announced genially.

"How about taking this' damn rope off my elbows, it's killing me?" Jennie demanded.

"Stay on. Do you good," Lotta decreed.

I had to feel sorry for Ashad's wealed Mistress, she'd only been doing her job. I did not envy her the rope on her elbows.

When I was put back in the dungeon there had been a change. "That damn Wardress type thinks I've been too comfortable," Yola exclaimed angrily. "And this afternoon I'm going to be whipped."

My poor darling! She had been released from her shackles, but now stood against the stone wall, her arms spread wide and raised and chained. It was a beautiful pose, with Yola's loveliness an absolute breath stopper. But as the day wore on she would tire. I knew! I too had stood thus. Adding insult to injury, a chastity belt had been locked upon her hips. It mocked me. I could give my love no solace.

She listened to my story of Jennie, but found no joy in it. Shifting irritably against her bonds she eyed me pathetically. "Two days, Phemie, maybe three. Then your desert patriarch whisks us off to slavery. Phemie, I'm scared."

I was desolate. To tell my love that Inman Azzam was kind would seem to her an insult. By his order she was chained and would soon be whipped. She would find no joy in the lash. The first and the last stroke to mark her skin would hurt her with equal bitterness. She would feel only injustice and cruelty. I knew that in every moment of this captivity she was longing for release with all her heart. She was not like me.

"I am a happy slave-" My pitiful sentence died.

"And you think I could be. Phemie darling, I know what you're thinking. It's that I should accept and bow the knee."

"Is there no heat in your puss at the thought, Mistress?"

"You have called me Mistress. Mistresses aren't whipped." Without a word I employed my fingers and my lips upon her breasts and nipples until she was panting and tugging at her tethers. Then I stood back and used my small store of courage. "Yola!"

She looked at me, startled.

"You are a slave, Yola. You have no choice any more than I. If you give Azzam love, or at least respect, he will be kind."

She was furious. "You know, don't you, that if we're ever freed I'll punish you terribly for what's in your mind at this moment."

"Yes, Mistress, I know. I'll understand."

"He'll whip me daily yet you ask me to love him!"

"You have whipped me, Mistress. Besides, in all that time he owned me my whippings were never cruel after the first - or when I misbehaved."

"Are you sure you're not being used as a Judas goat, Phemie?"

She had put her finger neatly on my pulse. Before I could frame another plea, the door opened and Lotta beckoned. Her impassive features betrayed about as much amusement as they were designed to proclaim. I followed her, expectantly, to the big room I now thought of as The Audience Chamber. The first thing I saw was another amused smile, this time on the face of my Master. The second thing to claim my startled attention was Daisy.

"I believe you have met?" The Sheik Inman Azzam inquired amiably.

"I've come for my thousand pounds." Daisy's greeting was terse.

She looked absurdly out of place. Her attire was rustic with a brave attempt at 'Sunday best'. She sat on the bare edge of her chair and held on to the handbag in her lap as though for moral support. She looked at me irritably. "How was I to know you done a bunk!"

"No thanks to you!"

"That's as may be, ducks. But I went over to Nettley and phoned like yous said. Sorta' curious like. Some arsehole said to bring you and I'd be paid. Couldn't do that, so I come myself to collect and tell 'em where you was."

"Didn't Hennery tell you?"

"Ain't been near him, love. Bin' letting him cool."

"Someone else rescued me."

"So I see!" Her indignation was absurdly genuine. "Can't blame me fer' that." She turned to Azzam. "Under the circs' I'll take five hundred."

He inclined his head. "You are most generous." I could tell he was enjoying the silly

charade.

"You expect to get money for whipping me!" I was reliving those cuts of her whip on my puss.

"Just a bit o' fun, love. You're one of them what likes it." I knelt respectfully, well away from my Master and well away from Daisy. I wanted to take in the scene. "I spoke of this girl to you, lord. She is the one on the farm."

Daisy was intrigued. "What goes on here!" She looked from one to the other of us. "You two pulling my leg?"

"This is the Sheik Inman Azzam. I belong to him," I told her simply.

"Blimey!" said Daisy with deep feeling. "I wouldn't take service in this house." And then, accusingly: "Why don't you wear some clothes!"

"I am a slave girl."

She decided to be offended, and turned her attention to the omniscient male. "She's barmy. How about a couple o' hundred? I gone to a lot o' trouble on account of her."

"Payment in kind perhaps?" His voice was silk.

She was instantly on guard. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"You whipped this child of my delight; now we whip you." She turned instantly to me. "Is this old duffer crackers?" For her benefit I turned on the Middle East. "My Master is rich and wise and has great authority." Switching back to the British Isles I added: "If I were you I'd express regret and leave."

"That time is past," Azzam intoned sternly.

Maybe it was the 'old duffer' bit, or maybe the purple marks she had put across my puss. Perhaps a bit of opportunism tossed in; but whether she liked it or not, Daisy was now a guest.

She was a strong girl and gave Lotta and one of the men a good fight. I could tell she had offended deeply by their care in tying her. It was the hanging 'X': Suspended, arms and legs spread wide. Taut in the center of the punishment room she made a lovely picture she could not appreciate. As her clothes were taken from her she dealt vehemently in threats: The police, the government, the United Nations . . . her mother and father got in there too. One gathered they were formidable.

She had an audience of three. The Sheik had guided me along, and there was Lotta. The soldier had, regretfully, departed. She acknowledged the honour of our Master's presence by a typical Daisy: "That old bastard's looking at my cunt!"

I did feel sorry for her. I mean, right from the start she had been out of her depth. Compounding her tactlessness she looked Lotta in the eye. "You keep your hands off me, you wog bitch!" she menaced.

Daisy had a positive talent for losing friends. Giving my Master the full benefit of a

basilisk glare she suggested: "As for you, Grandpa, why don't you go and have your afternoon nap!"

Sheik Inman Azzam courteously handed me the whip. "What are you going to do with that?" Daisy demanded with prescient apprehension.

"I would suggest the pubes," the Sheik said suavely.

I was suddenly a slave girl holding a whip. I was not happy. I felt like the ingenue surrounded by name stars. From the look in Azzam's eye I knew I dared not decline the honour. But our guest helped. She came out with another lovely Daisy: "You hit me with that, you little bitch, and you'll be sorry!"

I slashed her across the same spot she had chosen on me. She let out a surprised "Wow!" And then, as though I didn't know: "That was my cunt, damn you!"

I won't say I didn't enjoy it. There was a sort of challenge about the way Daisy was tied, everything was so beautifully available. She was stretched taut and sort of 'thrrrrruuuummmmed' after each blow. She couldn't move much. In the matter of screaming she was uninhibited. I remembered that day with my hands behind the post and how she'd made me stick out my puss for her to hit. After I'd given her six or seven good ones, Azzam placed his hand on my arm and asked Daisy gently: "Perhaps you now wish to express thanks for my child's attention?"

"She ain't no child, and you're a dirty old man!"

It was hard not to titter. Daisy was so predictable. After five more my Master softly inquired: "And now, Miss Cowslip, would you consider service in my humble house?"

Cowslip! Daisy Cowslip! I suppose she must have told her name. It was almost too good to be true. It fitted perfectly. She lived up to it with her next response.

"Fuck you!"

"And now her bottom," my owner instructed sensibly.

"We must not injure a facility."

"You're not getting in there you old prick!"

My Master sighed happily. I applied myself to those ripe curves so naturally designed. In her anguish poor Daisy became quite beautiful. I had exchanged the whip for a lovely snappy cane. It was my first chance to watch the ridges rise on someone else's behind. I knew I might never perform this task again, so I didn't feel too guilty.

"Look, couldn't we talk this over?"

It was a Daisy cliche. But it was also a change of tune. I looked at my Master for guidance.

"You have a suggestion, Miss Cowslip?"

"I suppose you want a piece o' tail, eh?"

"Your social status precludes, Miss Cowslip."

"Sure it ain't a limp dink?"

I continued my task, The ridges began to criss-cross. The rustic vocals were terrific. "Well, what the hell do you want'?" Daisy burst out between screams.

"Complete obedience, complete respect."

"You mean like her!" Daisy was outraged. "Get down on my knees an all. I ain't no ruddy slave."

"Are you quite sure?"

An emphasis in the query gave her pause. "You mean you're going to keep me here, not let me go?"

"Precisely."

"I ain't going to stay. Forget it."

"Have you noticed the handcuffs Miss Carstairs wears so prettily'?"

"Shove 'em up yer' arse! I ain't wearing any."

My Master took the cane from my hand, then handed the whip to an amused Lotta. I joined the audience. "That ain't fair!" Daisy protested "That big cow's too bloody strong to be whipping a girl."

Lotta performed exquisitely, My own efforts paled before her competence. The white back became a scarlet grid. At the end of ten or twelve the Cowslip capitulation was vulgar but explicit. "Alright, you bastards, fuck me or whatever you want. I won't say boo, But stop whipping me . . . please!"

The please did it. From Daisy, it was total surrender. My Master was pleased. He patted my head and motioned to the sweat soaked nakedness panting in the aftermath of agony. "Try and help her, child. She has far to go." They did not lock the door when they left.

I found a box and sat ten feet in front of the whipped nudity that had become slave. I waited to be noticed.

"We alone, kid?"

"Yes."

"Then let me loose. We can scram together."

"I don't want to scram, and you can't. Even if I set you free you couldn't escape."

"You mean you won't untie me?"

"Did you untie me?"

"That was all in fun. This ain't!"

I tried to sound serious and consoling. I even ran my fingertips across her breasts in the way Yola does for me when I am helpless. "Daisy, it's just no good! Stop fighting. Stop talking about intercourse and bodily orifices. Being Azzam's slave is different from what you think . . . ."

"It don't make no sense, love. It ain't possible."

"It's already happened. It's done."

"You mean ter tell me?"

I told her. I told her everything. Getting angry with her intractability I told her that if she could accept Colin Hennery she could accept Lotta and me and our Master. Her sulky vulgarities interspersed my harangue, but she listened, I suppose the poor girl had to. I was still talking when my Master and Lotta returned. With them was Yolanda. The only bond upon her nakedness was Lotta's firm grip on her arm.

Azzam placed a hand gently on my shoulder. "My child, I wish to see you whipped."

My fire leaped. I was irradiated with gladness. My Master desired me. Glowing, I offered Lotta my hands.

She relieved me of the handcuffs, then bound my wrists with soft nylon rope in a manner I knew well. When I was suspended with my toes just off the stone, I caught Azzam's eye and said: "Thank you, Master."

I knew why I was being whipped. There were two reasons.

The first was to give my Master pleasure and because a whipping was due. The second was to show the girls who watched an example of what was expected of them. I felt only pride.

Daisy was released. She and my darling were thrust against a wall and told to stand. Their view was perfect. I gave them reassuring grins, but got only a wan smile from Yola in response. Daisy was busy fingering her bottom and puss.

I was tied the way I was for a purpose. Between Lotta and I there was complete understanding. I was a puppet on a string, but very much alive. The lash would animate me.

Lotta whipped me beautifully. No one watching could tell the weight of her blows upon my helpless nakedness. Under the impacts I swung like a pendulum, twisting this way and that without control. She stuck me as she pleased in the varying postures this tethered mobility offered.

I made no sound other than the sharpness of indrawn breath through flaring nostrils as my skin was scalded by the thong. I knew that which would please my Master most and at the same time offer a message to Yola and Daisy. I writhed, I twisted, I squirmed. I flung my head and my hair forth and back. I raised myself by my bound wrists as though striving to climb above the searching lash. I kicked; oh how I

kicked! Partly from a natural reaction to what was being done to me, but also to give Lotta the chances she desired to bring the whip upward to weal my inside thighs. I used every inch of me to maintain a fluid and rhythmic motion to accompany the whining song and the impacts on my flesh, Even when the whipping stopped I continued on. I was totally absorbed in an artistry of pain. I was terribly, terribly happy.

I was released. My Master's glowing eyes were an accolade. Daisy looked at me as though I was a being from another world. Lotta locked the handcuffs back on my wrists. I dared not meet my loved one's eyes when she stepped forward to take my place. I knew an infinite longing to share with her some of the heat within my sex. I was close to orgasm. Intuitively, I knew the task Yolanda Harding would impose upon her flesh.

I felt every cut of the lash upon the lovely skin. I shared with the girl who had owned me the wish that she acquit herself as befits a Mistress fallen from her pedestal. I longed not to watch her punishment, but knew I must.

Yolanda Harding did not move, She allowed, or forced, herself to hang limply from the hurt wrists inside their cords. Her nostrils flared as had my own as each blow fell, but she refused to kick or to writhe or to do other than sway passively under the impacts that told her she was slave.

It seemed endless. But it was no more than had been done to me. It was the routine whipping of a slave girl lest she forget her state. When it was over and Yola again stood free, she thrust herself erect and looked her Master in the eye. When she said "thank you" in a voice without warmth I could not tell whether her words were mocking or meek. But, watching, I felt certain her slavery had begun.

It was on the following day that James Pollard came back into my life.

* * *

Lotta attended me to the Audience Chamber. Safely delivered, she unlocked my handcuffs, ostentatiously placed them with their key upon a chair, and went her way.

James rose and kissed my hand. The grave courtesy set the tone for what transpired.

If my Master was troubled, he hid it well. I knelt before him but he raised me to my feet and led me to a chair. "There are those who desire your services," he told me gently. "It is expedient that I lend you to them. The honour of my house will be in your hands."

"It's more of those wheels within wheels I told you about, love," James explained as I sat beside him in the familiar car. "A bit of political wrangling has entered into this one. Fact is, Bolling is curious about you. Any man has to be curious about a girl who's pursued and kidnapped the way you have been. He wants to use you once for his own amusement and once as leverage with some Johnny who can do him a favor. Then back you go to his Nibs."

It was all too much! I'm only human.

He gave me a sideways look, uncertain. "That's if you want to go back?"

"And if I don't'?"

"There's always me, love."

He got the message from my eyes. He turned the car into a lay-by, stopped the motor and took me in his arms. He felt very good and smelt the way I remembered. I discovered I was crying great floods of tears on to his jacket. He was the same wistful boy I had loved upon the moor. He patted me gently on a bare shoulder and buried his face in my hair and let me cry myself out.

"I haven't any clothes on," I said absurdly when the tears were past.

"You haven't, have you!" he agreed amusedly.

"I forgot. I just walked out with you."

"A shameless hussy."

"Well, it's all been a bit much. After all-"

"Terribly thoughtless of me, love, you should wear something," Gently but very firmly he handcuffed my wrists behind my back. "Picked 'em up off the chair, y'know, where that woman left 'em."

"I'd be lost without them, darling."

"I knew you'd be pleased." His old grin was back again.

"Fact is, I brought a pair of my own along, just in case."

"My ankles are slender, they'll probably fit," I said demurely.

We both laughed. I got soundly kissed. We were back where we had been before.

At least we were on the surface, or perhaps in a sense of wishful thinking. But the weight of emotion thrust upon me in the past days was heavy in my mind. Yolanda and Azzam were tugging at me from different directions, and now James! In different ways I loved them all. But to each I was a captive specifically their own. Right now, I was securely handcuffed by this glorious boy who professed to love me with his own male brand of adoration, The handcuffs might be no more than a joke or tease. Probably he would remove them instantly if I asked . . . probably! I knew I ought to ask so as to find out. But for the life of me I could not bring myself to do so. I told myself it would show a lack of trust. But I was scared to find out. Those handcuffs, on or off, had become symbolic. Wryly, I admitted to myself that wearing them gave me a constant erotic thrill.

Quite hopeless, aren't I!

"You don't mind about Bolling, darling?"

Actually I did mind. I was tired of being tortured by people I did not love. I had faced the fact that had it not been for the fire that burns constantly between my legs, my misadventures since meeting James that night at Yola's reception could have been shockingly traumatic. Some of them had scared me half to death anyway.

"Of course I mind, It's an odd distinction to be wanted because I get a wet puss after six of the best or wearing these handcuffs."

"Say the word and I'll take you back, love."

"It's too late. Azzam has committed me, and if we're going to be married you need Bolling's goodwill. I don't see why you can't keep your job with him if I put in these couple of sessions with rampant and sadistic males. If everybody's satisfied then it's worth a bit of pain."

James squeezed me. "You're wonderful, Phemie." He tensed, "But there's still your return to the Sheik. If you go back to your slavery with him there's no wedding bells. If you don't go back there's no job."

"We'll open a hot dog stand," I said with more courage than I felt.

James pensively started the motor.

Bolling was better than I expected. Large and intense and alive. A girl always feels good in pampered luxury; Bolling had it. I almost disappeared into the soft upholstery of the huge chair. "We won't remove those handcuffs, if you don't mind," he decided conversationally.

"I love wearing them, Mr. Bolling."

It was half truth and half sarcasm. He eyed me with approval. "You have a lovely figure, Miss Carstairs." Then added: "Quite remarkably decorated."

"I didn't love much of that."

"Ah! Now, how about a drink?"

"You'll have to feed it to me, y'know. I've got no hands."

"How charming!" He was pleased with me.

"I took a very large sip and looked up into his eyes. "Am I going to need this?"

"Frankly, that's what I'm curious about." His smile was disarming. "I've heard all these stories that infer Torquemada would extract nothing from you but a smile of delight?"

"I'll disappoint you. I manage the preliminaries very well, but after that I scream. With someone I don't like I scream from the word go."

"With me?"

I had to like him. I winkled. "With you there will be a delay in the vocals."

He gave me another drink. I knew he was enjoying me, but the look I got now was quizzical. "I'm a novice, y'know, Miss Carstairs. I'll rely on you for guidance. Do we start out with me giving you a sound whipping, do I hang you up by your toes. Do I get a hot iron? Is there a formula?"

"People seem to like whipping girls," I explained brightly. "That's what happens to me mostly. All those other . . . er, nice things are a bit of a bother for them. I've never had the hot iron. I'm sure it would be beautiful to have in suspense, but I don't think I'd want it any more than I'd want a tattoo."

"Interesting! You can contemplate the pain but not the permanent blemish?"

"Yes, I suppose that's it. You're not going to brand me, are you?"

His grin was reassuring. "I must not send you home damaged. There's a gentleman's agreement. But I'm puzzled: all those whipmarks and you so blithe and cheerful'?'"

"Isn't that why you paid all that money, Mr. Bolling?"

"I'd feel a bit of a cad to put any more on you."

I kept silent. There was something in his voice. He looked at me in frank apology.

"Fact is I'm not going to inflict any of these arcane delights on you at all. For my money it's a waste of a nice girl."

"You wish to make love to me, Mr. Bolling?"

"Of course! Who wouldn't!" He brushed the thought aside with an impatient wave of the hand. "But with you I'd see it as sacrilege. You're out and beyond that."

"Thank you, but I'm not really, y'know."

"Miss Carstairs, I have a confession. I'm not going to do anything to you at all."

I waited, expectantly but without hope. "I have a daughter."

Here it came!

"Dina is only twelve. She has persistently exhibited traits . . ."

"And I'm to be her guinea pig! Can I have another drink?" While I gulped, and gulped again, he radiated his charm so that I wished it was him I had to please. I looked up doubtfully, "I've never been the plaything of an adolescent, Mr. Bolling."

"Dina will seem more than her age. I need to know how she will react to you and you to her, In short, I need to know if I have a problem."

"Suppose she kills me finding out!"

Roland Bolling laughed. "You may even like her." He pressed a button.

"You're really beautiful. Daddy said you would be." Dina Bolling's entranced gaze flickered up and down my nudity." I had risen at her entry and her father's exit. I felt silly, and wished I had my hands.

"I expect you're old enough that your breasts and vagina are fully developed, They're quite lovely, Euphemia - that is your name, isn't it?"

Dina was lovely herself. I realized I was seeing one of those rare flowers that blossom early and forever. She was a youthful Eve or Aphrodite, Her poise was inborn. She laughed a delighted girl's laugh. "You like me too, don't you."

"You'll have to tell me what you want me to do, Dina."

"I want to explore cruelty and sexuality, Euphemia. I won't use those other names." She grinned confidingly. "I'm trembling with eagerness. You're so . . . so . . . female! Those are whipmarks, aren't they?"

"Yes. I've been whipped a lot lately."

"Is that a hint to me not to! I'll do what I want with you, y'know. I say, why are your arms-?" She turned me swiftly about, "Oh darling, how simply marvellous! You're handcuffed."

"I usually am. It's so I'll behave."

"You mean without them you wouldn't?"

"Sometimes."

"I don't see any key." Her eyes glowed with moppet wisdom, "Would it be . . . "

"No it's not." I parted my legs impudently. "See for yourself."

If I had thought to disconcert her, I failed. She grasped a handful of my hair with one hand to control me and inserted two nimble fingers. "You mean feel, darling. I say, what a lovely big wet cunt inside such a shiny bush."

I gasped and made an involuntary bend against the tug on my hair, The fingers knew too much. "O.K. No key!" The small digits quit me as abruptly as they had entered, "You do respond beautifully, Euphemia. Tell me, does being whipped effect you the same way?"

"If it's not deliberately very cruel."

"You're almost helpless, aren't you, with those hand-cuffs?"

"Yes. I could kick but I won't."

"Are you totally obedient?"

"I've never thought about it like that. I suppose I am, but I never really have any choice."

"If I told you to eat my pussy?"

"I would do it. Do you want me to?"

Her eager features clouded. "That isn't just what I fantasied about. Wouldn't the really truly Classic thing be for me to subdue with pain?"

"You can do that with me. I'll grovel and scream and plead and promise if you hurt me enough. I'm not a bit stoic."

"Hmmm!" Her small hands darted to my breasts. A moment later I screamed and writhed against thumbs and fingers pinching my nipples with bitter cruelty.

"Oh please! Please don't. Not my nipples!" I screamed again.

"That was beautiful. Oh, Euphemia, I like you!"

I moaned and panted; my head bowed. With instinctive accuracy the child had instantly discovered a girl's most innate vulnerability.

"I shall do it to you again, Euphemia."

My slave girl reflex made Dina gasp in wonder. At her threat I had obediently stood erect and thrust out my breasts to be punished. But, at the same time, I pleaded. "Please don't Dina, please!"

"You've made my cunt all wet," said Dina happily.

I relaxed too soon. Small fingers again captured my left nipple. But this time the pinch was only what she needed to control me. Using my breast as a leash she led me from luxury to something else.

"It's my playroom, Euphemia. But I've arranged all sorts of things for you. Daddy was terribly sweet."

If a girl had to be tortured, this was a nice room for it. I said so. I also said: "Hold my nipple if you want to, of course, but you don't have to. I'll obey you, Dina."

"I have to hold it now. I can't have you telling me what to do." She pinched so that I screamed again. Then she let go. "See!"

I saw! Dina would have to be treated with respect. I also saw something else.

"Oh, darling, we think alike! You caught sight of it instantly. I do hope you'll like it."

"It's beautifully made. I'm not supposed to like it, am I?"

" 'Spose not." In a surge of happiness Dina reached up and kissed me. "You're terribly, terribly understanding, Euphemia. I love you! You see, what you're looking at is sort of special with me."

"I've read about them."

"Well, yes. I suppose that's how I got started with the fantasy of putting you on it. I know it's not a bit original. But once I read a story. It was terribly cruel, but so romantic."

"I don't know how I'll behave, Dina."

"Isn't that part of the thrill!" Her eyes sparkled with visions, "I may whip you,

darling, but all those marks where others have had a go at you turns me off. To whip you I'd want your skin virgin, not used by someone else first. But the reason that thing's sitting over there is because I want power over a girl, over you, Euphemia, I want you moaning in constant agony and me sitting and reading a book, Looking up at your tortured loveliness from time to time in a nice bored sort of way."

The eternal dreams! I'd had enough of them to know their vivid potency, "And if I can't help screaming, Dina'!"

"I want you to scream a little. But if your noise gets ugly I'll gag you so you don't disturb my enjoyment. My fantasy has you sort of moaning in a nice feminine way. Enough so I know you're hurting."

"I'm sure I'll hurt."

"I want to know it too. Are you frightened, Euphemia?"

"Of course I am. I can't stop you putting me on that thing. But I'm still at the stage where what I'm getting is a wet puss thinking about it. I bet yours is too?"

Dina explored my mound with a small eager hand which she wiped on my bottom afterwards. "You're an absolute flood, darling! I know I am. Isn't it lovely you and I can talk like this! I mean, just two girls."

Suddenly Dina was naked. It took her but a few swift motions to bare an exquisite immaturity. Instantly I knew what to do, I sank to my knees. She arranged herself as it pleased her.

I pleased her too.

Afterwards we approached my martyrdom and Dina's joy. "I suppose you do have to help a little, Euphemia. Would you like me to whip you into doing it?"

"Wouldn't be authentic, love," I told her, and swung my leg over the edge of the plank. Standing on the box, my puss was well above the cruel two inch edge I straddled. I wondered how many times through the centuries girls had stood trembling as I was now, I was in the grip of a delicious fear as I watched Dina's vibrant nudity buckle the leather anklets with their ominous metal ring. When she snapped on the ropes and threaded them through the floor rings on either side I knew my time was close.

"Why don't you ease yourself down, darling? It will be nicer for you than if I just tug."

Dina was right. But I felt silly and awkward as I let my knees bend to allow the junction of my thighs to seek its cruel perch. I was still cautiously wiggling for an advantage I could not find when she pulled evenly and hard. My feet flew out to each side towards the rings and support my toes would never find. I found myself sitting on the edge of a plank, a trestle, high above the floor, isolated in anguish, tugging instinctively at the handcuffs for hands I needed desperately but was denied.

It took me about the time spent by my busy companion in removing the box and in knotting her ropes to fully comprehend the enormity of what had been done to my innocent flesh. When she straightened up and smiled at my startled expression all I

could say was: "Oh Dina!"

"You look simply gorgeously helpless, Euphemia."

I passionately wanted to share her joy. For a brief span the realization of my plight and its implications generated the old familiar heat. But, almost instantly, a new and awful kind of pain began to rob me of its comfort.

"It's supposed to get steadily worse, darling," Dina assured me exuberantly. "I'll tighten each rope as much as I can. They'll hold you firm so you won't teeter."

"No don't! Please, Dina, not tighter."

"Oh, but yes! You haven't a thing to say about it."

She was right. I had lost all liberty. Gasping, I watched her adjust the ropes by which I was held in this strange lonely captivity. They pulled my legs out to either side with a tension so great I could not move them at all. I was doing the splits with all my weight resting on my sex upon a narrow edge which was burrowing into me with a vicious intensity like a blunt knife. "I can't stand it, Dina. I can't!"

"I expect all the girls say that, darling. The nice thing is you have to stand it. There's nothing else you can do."

"Take me off. I'll do anything to please you."

"You are pleasing me now, you gorgeous Euphemia. Did you know you're beginning to sweat."

"Please, I don't deserve this. It's something no one's ever done to me. It's a pain I can't cope with. Please Dina?"

"You're coping very well. You're a perfect dear."

"It will injure me. I can feel-"

"No it won't." She walked slowly round her torture device, examining me minutely. "Your pussy and a bit of your behind has sort of flattened out a bit and is taking the weight nicely."

"It's torture."

"Of course, darling! Hadn't you realized?"

"But Dina, you, said you liked me?"

"I do, I do, darling. I positively love you now you're like this."

"It's too awful. You can't keep me-"

"Oh, but I can! Try and get loose. I want you to try."

"I can't get loose, not ever! And I can't try, the pain's too awful."

"You see, you're really truly mine."

I screamed. I had to break the thread of chatter in which I was outclassed. Throughout the brief exchanges my pain had steadily worsened. It was a relentless horror. I was certain this darling child had no comprehension of the depth of my distress. To stay like this for hours . . . in a peal of pure agony I screamed again.

"You scream beautifully, Euphemia. Everything about you is beautiful. Scream again."

I was totally at her mercy. I let my head bend forward and closed my eyes. I moaned steadily.

"I've just had an orgasm, darling. You're too beautifully erotic to bear."

Speech was too frustrating. I moaned steadily.

"With those sweet noises, darling, I'll have another orgasm in a minute. You're just too . . . too - I say, Euphemia, did you know the proper way real torturers do this is to raise your hands up behind so that you have to lean a bit more forward on your pussy?"

"No, please! Oh no!"

"Of course, you lovely sweating female thing! It's no trouble."

When my shoulders were wracked by my raised arms I leant forward as she had predicted. I had to. I screamed and screamed. I had forgotten the gag until she put it in my mouth. It was so easy for her to insert the ball and buckle the strap behind my neck. I could still dribble and make whining sounds, but my screams were denied me. I watched her seat herself where she could watch me comfortably. Dina smiled with love. I closed my eyes again. When I opened one from time she was happily reading.

After centuries of agony the darling girl jumped up exclaiming. "I almost forgot! Oh Euphemia, you'll get the most pussy wetting thrill out of what I've got planned." She hastily donned her clothes and fled. I couldn't have cared less. I closed my eyes and returned to my battle.

Voices are potent. I tensed. When they entered the room I raised my head in hopeless disinterest. But then! Had I been able to move I would have moved a lot.

"Hello, Phemie old girl," James greeted cheerily. Imagine me! Naked and sweat soaked. My sex displayed and distorted, my posture grotesque. Even my features spoiled by the ball strapped behind my teeth. As the enormity of my humiliation seeped well in I became aware of the most shocking blush I ever remember. James! To see me like this! All I wanted to do was disappear.

"Isn't she superb?" The girlish voice was ecstatic. James was not insensible. He must have guessed. "Phemie darling, there is a terrible beauty-"

I did not want to be admired. I wanted to be freed. I raised my pain wracked face and shook my head again and again in denial of what was being done. With James there the gag was a final defeat.

He was distressed. The little minx had put him on a spot. His eyes devoured my torture. He was obviously searching for something to say that was not absurd. He did not find it. "Phemie dear, I'm sure that's pretty bloody awful-"

He looked his perplexity, then switched it to Dina. "I say, Dina, hasn't she had enough? Can't you take her down now? I'm sure there's other things . . . ."

"No! Don't be silly, James." The young voice held all the authority of her father's million.

"Do her hands have to be up behind like that? They look so-"

"Yes, they do."

"How about taking the gag out for a minute so she can talk to me?"

"No! She'd probably just scream. She doesn't like this."

"I don't suppose she does," said James fervently. As though by sudden impulse, he turned and left.

"The poor dear was embarrassed." Dina giggled "He'd have loved to do the noble male thing if I'd let him. He'd have let you loose and felt terribly proud. Men are so silly."

Dina returned to her chair and to her book. I had nothing I wanted to return to at all.

When Dina freed me and I gingerly stepped off the box I crumpled to the floor and wept. I'd had enough. But I was not abandoned. Young arms cradled me, young lips sought mine, a pointed red tongue licked my tears. After a short time young hands employed themselves with my body. In about ten minutes that little sexpot, Dina, had me raging with lust. She dealt with that also with the greatest competence. In that child's hands I became a palpitating bundle of erotic response, all agony forgotten.

"I'm not a bit repentant, darling," she whispered into my ear while we lay tangled on the floor. "You were too, too gorgeous. I'll always remember. Thank you, oh thank you for being You."

I adored her passionately.

I suppose this is where my difference pops up. Instead of hating Dina, I loved her. Instead of being in some aftermath of trauma from sitting on that plank I was tingling with concupiscence. I did not wish to be placed on it again, but the memory was spurring my secretions shamelessly. I was glad of the handcuffs, they enabled this lovesome nymphet to handle me with ease, and they absolved me from decision. I was hungry for Dina. I wanted more and more of her. James had dissolved.

I had a momentary shock when I discovered I'd been on that wicked perch for two hours. I'd thought it twice that time. But I was slave enough to know these betrayals of the mind. I shrugged it off. When, through the maze of lips and tongues and fingertips it was made known I must suffer more the knowledge did nothing but generate an erotic suspense. I almost felt guilty. But I was vividly alive.

Dina did things that caused the trestle with its punishment plank to rise a couple of feet. A noose of rope circled my tummy and was pulled very tight with its knot in front. My cuffed hands were lifted over the plank to fall to the other side. I knelt on the box.

"You're going to be an amputee, darling," Dina giggled as she bound my ankles back to my thighs. This left me standing on my bent knees, supported by the plank now beneath my armpits. When the rope from my waist was brought down and between my legs, then up behind to connect with my handcuffs I got the picture. In a total absorption, of joy my lovely torturess brought that rope back between my thighs and pulled and pulled. She carefully opened the lips of my sex to ensure entry of the tautening strands. When she was finished pulling and adjusting my shoulders were well back, my hands well down, the edge of the plank well into my underarms, my breasts well displayed, my puss sliced asunder and entered. It all hurt. Dina then removed the box.

"You're as lovely as before," she breathed.

I could not move. I hung. My stubs of lost legs well above the floor. Fire burned beneath each arm and through my crotch. But the one inside my sex burned brightest of all. "I do hope it's awful, Euphemia. Is it?"

I gasped confirmation and gratitude. She frictioned my nipples until I moaned from desire instead of pain.

"Would you like me to untie you, darling? I won't, of course, but do you wish I would?"

I shook my head and moaned: "No, oh no! Love me." Dina busied her lips and fingertips. I blossomed into climax against the cords within my puss. We moaned together into each other's mouths. The child who possessed me was all the beauty and wonder of the world.

"Daddy let me have these. 'Specially made for you, darling."

I looked down at my breasts as Dina, with shining eyes, carefully and lovingly positioned the gleaming silver ornaments. As each jaw bit my nipple and attached itself to the utmost curve of my being I gasped in a complexity of sensations that left me panting. The clips were so lovely and so cruel! Their pain burned steadily.

"Want them off, darling?"

I knew she was teasing. But I shook my head vehemently.

"No, no. Oh, please no!"

Thus I was suspended. Bound in agony by this child who sat close and feasted and fulfilled her hunger. I let my head fall, my eyes close, and knew that I too was fulfilled through her.

"Darling! I have to let you loose sometime. I wish I didn't." It was aeons later. Both of us were replete and exhausted. I knew I would be grateful for release, but I did not want it.

"You can sleep with me, Euphemia. I'll just chain you by one ankle. Daddy said I could."

I made moaning sounds of pain and love.

"Darling! I'm scared about tomorrow. What are they going to do to you?"

I struggled back from the lovely dream. "I'm to be given to a man to be tortured so that he'll feel under an obligation to your father."

I heard the hiss of her indrawn breath. "A man! Ugh!"

"It's happened before, Dina. I'm a slave."

"You don't want it though?"

"No, but I'm helpless. And I did sort of agree - for a reason."

"Phemie! Oh darling!"

I had nothing to say. I was lost.

"You're not going to! I won't let you! You're too beautiful to waste on men."

"But Dina, what can I do?"

"It's what I can do, darling." She put a small finger on my lips. One word of protest and I'll gag you." Her fingers flew to my bindings.

* * *

"Female love is incomprehensible to man," the sheik Inman Azzam intoned gravely, his bright eyes flickering between Dina's flushed and anxious face and my chained and kneeling nudity. "You have driven through the night to return this, my beloved child." His eyes twinkled at Bolling's daughter. "I suspect she had little to say about it?"

"The fault is mine. Please don't punish her, sir."

"How charmingly noble. But is it not you who should feel the lash?"

"I expect my father will punish me in some way. I don't mind - really I don't!" Dina was suddenly a little girl.

"I doubt your skin will bear a single mark, child."

Dina wriggled exquisitely. "Well, I suppose-" She was close to tears. "I'd better drive home now. Thank you for not being too angry."

Azzam, as always, was in command. He picked up one small hand and kissed it gravely. "I am forever in your debt, child. One of my men will escort you to your father's house. He is thrice blest in thee."

For moments I was engulfed in a whirl of arms and lips and tears. Then Azzam led

her to the door with a paternal hand. "Go with God, my dear."

It was suddenly deathly quiet in the big room.

Sheik Inman Azzam resumed his chair. "The heart of a slave girl is beyond knowing," he said gently.

"I failed you, lord. Please have me whipped."

His chuckle was as gentle as his words. "And free the fire that burns deep within you? Come child, I know you well."

"I should be punished. If Lotta strikes me hard enough-"

"Lotta will not strike you. She is busy with a pleasant task. Come."

Azzam led the way, I followed. My hands were still cuffed behind my back but I had no need of them. When I beheld Jennie and Daisy I found it hard to repress a giggle.

Both were naked, both were bound at wrist and elbow so that they seemed mostly breasts. They teetered on bound feet. Their eyes were piteous above lips widely parted by the gags buckled beneath their hair. They gazed askance at a large wicker basket Lotta held open.

"Allah has bestowed two most excellent slaves upon me," said Azzam. "Under Lotta's whip they will become superb."

Lotta picked Daisy up and placed her in the basket. I knew the bound girl was trying to struggle but could not. Jennie followed. It was a tight fit. The lid closed. "In six hours they will be safe within my House," said Azzam.

He saw the question in my eyes and smiled. "No basket for your beloved, child. She is safe. Chained and angry, but safe. A most intractable young woman."

"And the men; lord - Ashad?"

He sighed and without regret. "They are with their forefathers, child. An imprudent trio who delivered themselves into out hands. The damp soil of this island holds them safe."

I knew his words meant they were dead. I shivered, and followed him, bewildered, back to the Lounge.

Again I knelt, hands clasped behind. "It is an end and a beginning, child." He mused silently for a moment. "The young man, the most excellent James, I suspect he is gone?" I had forgotten James. "Yes, lord, he is gone."

"I part from you with sorrow."

My nostrils flared. I tensed.

"A man cannot cope with such love as exists between thee and our esteemed Miss Harding. I could subdue her with the whip, of course, but it would be to divert the waters of a stream. You both might wither from the diversion of that I will not

judge."

"Master, I love thee."

"As a father, child. And I you as the daughter I did not have."

The Sheik Inman Azzam lifted his slave girl to her feet and unlocked my handcuffs. I clung to him in a passion of memories of his love. We exchanged words and blessings I will not repeat. I was bereaved. I stood at the big window for an hour and watched them go. Several cars and a van. The small airport was no great distance from Glynt. I knew that Yola's servants would be busy about the Castle, but I was alone in a strange free loneliness such as I had never known. On the table my handcuffs gleamed. I would never part from them. In my hand were keys, some were large. They had been clasped there by Azzam as a last gift with the slip of paper that told a Bank to pay me One Million Pounds Sterling.

It was a familiar path I trod, avoiding the staff. I could traverse the steps and passages of Glynt to the dungeon with my eyes closed. I used the largest of the keys in its door.

"No handcuffs, Phemie!"

My darling was loaded with chains, their metal bands clasped her everywhere. She was thrice fastened to the stone by heavy links. Crouching in the corner like a lovely prisoned animal, she looked up at me in wide-eyed question. Her nudity was vividly striped.

"No Mistress, no handcuffs."

Her voice was bitter. "Better drop the Mistress, Phemie. Can't you see?" She held up fettered hands. "I'm a slave. I'm not your Mistress anymore. We both have a Master."

She was so beautiful! So utterly desirable! My heart thumped and all the days of travail passed into limbo. My Yola! Briefly I told her all there was to tell. She listened quietly as though none of it mattered. When the words were done I showed her Azzam's cheque.

"You're rich, Phemie. Richer than I was. Will you keep me as your slave? I'm half trained."

I kissed her forehead, then used the keys. When the last shackle fell metallically to the stone I helped her stand. I placed the keys, the cheque and my handcuffs in her hands, then knelt at her feet, head bowed.

"Mistress!"

The silence seethed. Neither of us moved. "One hundred lashes, Phemie. And this dungeon." The voice was my beloved's.

"Of course, Mistress. I was bad."

"Why not keep me as a slave, Phemie. Wouldn't that be the obvious thing to do. You could, y'know. I'm tired. I won't fight."

"You know why, Mistress: I am the slave."

"I shall punish you terribly, darling"

"I wish it, Mistress. The fault of all that happened was mine."

"If you allow me to chain you, Phemie, you will never again be free."

"I am your slave girl, Mistress. What need have I of freedom?"

"You know what to do." Yolanda's voice had become vibrant with life.

I rose, turned and offered my wrists. The handcuffs clinked. I was enfolded in ecstatic arms, my lips found hers in joy. For a long time we loved and found happiness in each other.

"You will stay in the dungeon, Phemie."

"Of course, Mistress."

"Tomorrow you will be whipped. Fifty strokes."

"Thank you, darling." Her hand sought my puss, then wiped its wetness on my thigh.

"You are quite incurable, Euphemia."

"I'm so glad, darling, aren't you!"

"You will then stay in the dungeon two more days and at the end receive your second fifty. You will also wear those chains I've been keeping warm for you. But today just the handcuffs - there's something about you handcuffed . . . ."

"Keep me handcuffed always, Mistress. I'm afraid I like it."

Yola sighed happily and tightened each cuff a single notch.

"You are an impudent puss."

As I told you at the start, there's no explaining me.


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