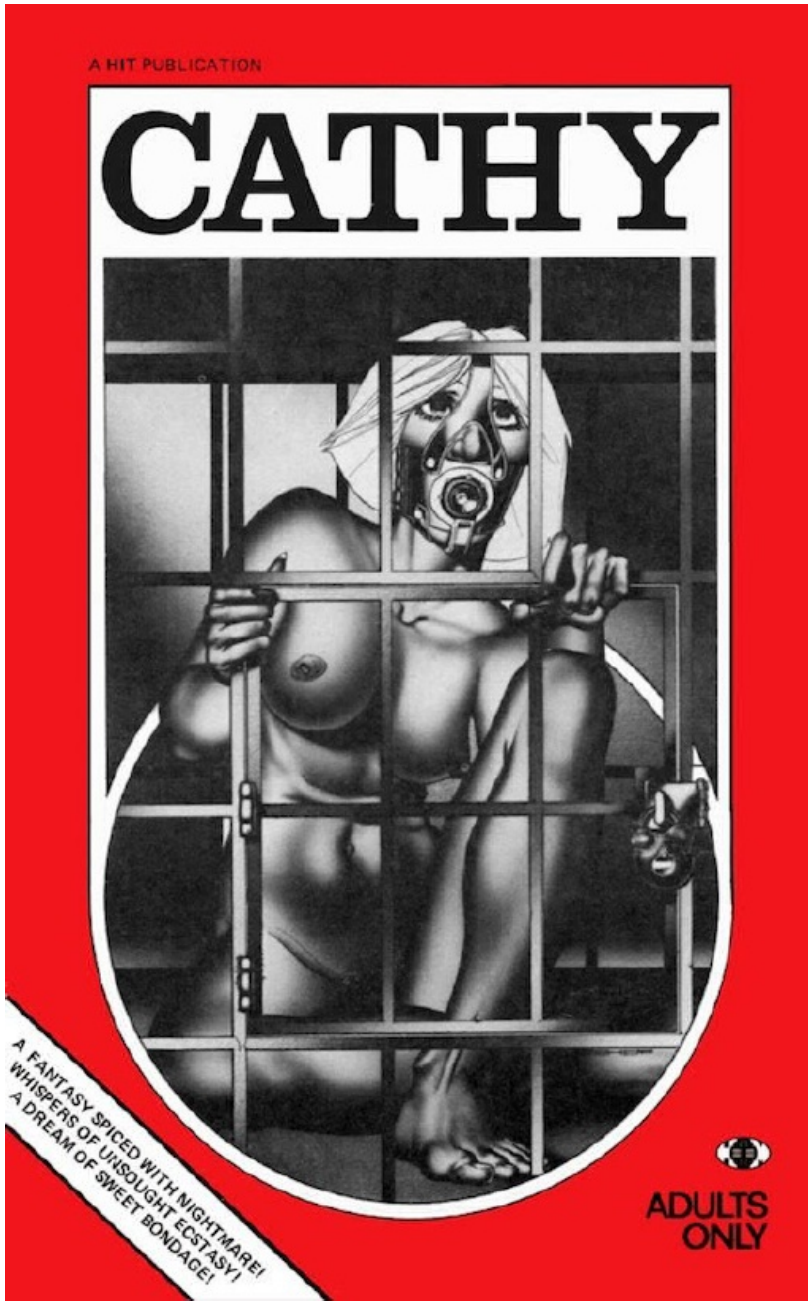
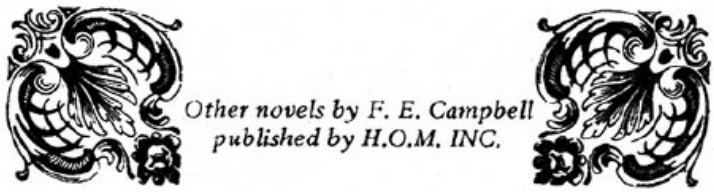


CATHY

By F. E. Campbell



MONICA I — **THE GIRL BEHIND THE WALL II**
MELYNDA I — **CHAINS OF EDHRA**
THE SIBLINGS I — **MOIRA IN JEOPARDY I**
THE PRISONER OF ISMAUL I — **WANDA & THE WHIP I**
MONICA II — **STRANGE CAPTIVITY**
MELYNDA II — **JEWEL**
THE SIBLINGS II — **SUKIE**
THE PRISONER OF ISMAUL II — **WANDA & THE WHIP II**
MIRANDA I — **SLAVE GIRL & THE LASH**
DORINDA I — **MOIRA IN JEOPARDY II**
CAPTIVE OF THE PRIORY — **SUSAN**
THE GIRL BEHIND THE WALL I — **CATHY**
MIRANDA II — **BARBI BOUND**
DORINDA II — **JULIE**

illustrated by The Bishop

An H.O.M. Book Published by H.O.M. Inc.

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■ First printing: February 1981

Printed in the United States of America

Note: All the characters and events are fictitious. No resemblance to real persons is intended or should be inferred.

Cover art by The Bishop

CHAPTER ONE

The Quiet Kidnap

I knew it was the best time of my life. I knew for sure that no matter how long I lived, this moment would be the ultimate, the apex, my minute of utter glory. My heart was thumping so loud I figured it would probably bring her back to consciousness better than cold water and all those other things you're supposed to do. I had to fight back the urge to be forever testing the wristlets and anklets I'd made for her. They were good and snug and she'd never get out of them in a million years. But it felt good to finger them and see if they would go up and down on her wrists or ankles. They wouldn't. And the chains were just right, too. They kept her spreadeagled on the cot, but sort of comfortable. When she woke up she would not be in pain. I wanted her first impression to be good.

I wondered if she'd realise first thing she was naked. I was going to watch every flicker of expression on her lovely face. I was hoping realisation would come bit by bit - no screaming hysterics. Noise did not matter, there was no one to hear. But it was not part of my dream. Girls aren't pretty when they scream. I was determined that Cathy would always be beautiful...always!

I'd given a lot of thought to her nudity: whether it would be more exciting for me to strip her while she was out cold or whether I'd get more a thrill out of making her do a strip tease for me later on. I'd decided on taking her clothes off myself to make it easier for her I mean, no awful decision to make before what she'd likely see as lecherous male eyes. Having her naked was very important. Perhaps later on when she'd got so she understood me I could let her wear a little something, and I had the cutest ideas about those little somethings. But at the start it would be much the best for her to know just where she stood. It would help with the explanations. Girls are awful uppity with their clothes on. This way she'd wake up to what they call a fait accompli. Along with my heart beats I was shivering, but not with cold!

Cathy sure was beautiful. I'd never had a good chance to look at a naked girl before. I'd seen some, but never so I could get down to a good hard look. The way I had her fastened was super - all spread. While she didn't know a thing I took the opportunity to really examine the hair and the slit between her legs. Hers was nice. Some of those you get a look at in girlie magazines are ugly, but not Cathy's. Hers was near and sort of cute, cute. I looked forward to having the damnedest times with it. It was warm and sort of moist when I held it.

It was the same with her breasts. A guy gets to see a lot of pictures, but it's not the same. Cathy's were nice and firm and conical and her nipples were what they call inverted I mean they weren't sticking out, but I'd read about that so I wasn't worried, and anyway the effect was smooth and kind of exciting. The way I had her chained helped. The wristlets held her arms up and back and her skin taut. There was no way I'd ever be calling Cathy's breasts boobs or cans or knockers the way some guys like to do.

I've often tried to draw a naked girl. I expect you have too. You'd think it would be easy, not the face but all the rest. But it isn't. Nothing comes out right, just sort of lumpy. No, looking at Cathy fastened naked on that cot, I could see why. A girl is all lines and curves you don't expect. The words "Hills and hollows" came into my mind as I traced her hips and waist and armpits and all the rest.

The discovery made me tremendously excited. Her armpits were nicely exposed so I could see how closely shaven they were, with quiet reflection as to whether I'd let the hair grow there the same way we men do. I decided I would. I could always shave her smooth again if I didn't like it. Thinking about that, little things made me realise just how totally I owned her. I owned a naked girl! Like I said, if I live to be a hundred...

Cathy's return to consciousness began with a sort of pull on one of her tethered arms and then on the opposite leg. She was trying to turn over, still mostly asleep but wanting to change position. I do it myself before I open my eyes. A million dollars wouldn't have taken my gaze off her. It was as though I was inside her mind, knowing what was going on in there. She lay still for a moment and then tried, again, making a funny petulant little sound when it didn't work. I expect her mouth was dry from the drug because she swallowed and gulped and wet her lips with the tip of her tongue. I thought she'd gone back to sleep when suddenly she made a determined heave to get possession of one of her hands, then opened her eyes.

She lay still for a moment, looking at the ceiling and tugging pettishly at her chained hand. She probably thought it was in someway trapped in the bed clothes. Then when the knowledge of something wrong hit her head on, she surged against her fastenings in an effort to sit up. It was then she saw me.

"What...what's happened?" she asked in a far away voice.

She was too beautiful! She was still straining at her bonds in a sort of instinctive reaction. She had her head and shoulders raised in an effort she wouldn't be able to hold for long. The stress brought out all the female lines of her, it accentuated everything and nearly drove me crazy. The leather bands I'd made were doing fine, holding snug on her wrists and ankles against her tugs. It made me feel guilty to have her looking at me so hopefully.

"Please help me get these things off. I don't." she broke off, uncertain of what to say.

"It was me who put them on." I said in a sensible down to earth sort of way. She digested this and come out with:

"Why?"

"Because I want to own a girl." I said

It hit her all of a sudden. She was naked! She looked up and down at what she could see of herself and back and forth at me as though connecting the two. Her cheeks got red and the pink spread down. A spasm of frantic tugging and twisting turned her into a frenzy of motion which, I'll swear, was more to cover herself than an expectation of getting loose. When she had satisfied herself about helplessness she sank back, panting, and asked in a small scared voice: "Unfasten these things please, I want to get up."

"No." I said firmly. "Not yet."

"Then cover me. Use a sheet or something."

It was like she was giving me an order. I knew I couldn't have that. It was best I start her off right. "I like you naked." I said casually. "That's the way you stay."

I could see it was a bad one for her. It was sort of cute the way she examined everything I said. I could almost hear her mind working.

"Have you raped me?"

I hadn't. But I was surprised. "You mean, you couldn't tell if I had?" I asked her, interested.

'If that's what this is all about, you'd best get it over with and let me go home." I could tell she was

fighting hard to be brave and not get me riled. What she said then was pathetic and sort of sweet. "I seem to be quite helpless. I expect you can do anything you want with me. Especially in this...in this ... position"

"That's not what it's all about." I said quietly.

"Then why?"

The poor kid was really up the creek and I couldn't blame her. She lay flat with her head turned sideways so she could look at me, and she kept moving something as though not believing she was really tied down: her fingers or her toes, and little testing tugs at the bands on her wrists and ankles. I was loving every moment.

"Because I want a slave girl." I said.

She turned that 'one over and came back with: "Haven't you a girl friend? If you're nice to a girl friend and she's fond of you she'll do most anything you want."

She was telling me! "Sure she will for a week or until she marries you." I said scornfully. "That's not what I want. It's a gyp.

"We don't always get what we want." She tugged at a fettered ankle to emphasise her point.

"I've got you." Saying it made me feel like a million.

"Could I have a drink of water? Whatever you drugged me with has made my mouth dry."

I got a glass of water and she asked to have one hand free so as to hold it. But I refused and held her head up and fed her the water myself. It felt awfully good. Her hair and her skin and being close and seeing her strain against those lovely chains I'd put her in. She smelled good too. I couldn't tell whether it was some sort of perfume or just her.

"Thank you." she said politely. "Why did you pick me for this... whatever it is - an experiment?"

"It's not an experiment. I picked you because I saw you in the office where you work and I fell in love with you. I made a few inquiries and found out your name. It's Catherine Hazlett. You live alone. Your folks live in Omaha. You're a steno and receptionist. I saw quite a lot of you when you didn't know I was watching."

"if you wanted to know me, or wanted me to like you, why didn't you go about it in the ordinary way?"

"I don't want it like that. This is better."

"It's not better for me. I do wish you'd unlock these things you've got fixed on me. I'm willing to talk."

"we're talking now. If you were free you wouldn't be half as reasonable."

"You've got an inferiority complex? Is that your trouble?"

"I don't have any trouble. I've got you."

"You mean I'm all you want!"

"Yes."

"And you're going to keep me chained to this bed?"

"Gosh no! We'll do lots of things. But I'll keep you chained or tied some way."

She looked at me, really serious. "Are you sure you don't want to ... to ... you know - do it to me? I think you should. I think afterwards you'd feel better."

I have to admit that one hit me hard. It meant she'd been used, that it was no longer any big thing. She was so beautiful I'd never even dreamed she could do something like that. But then I realised all she had was words, she'd use them to get the best of me. I had to remember she was female and would use everything she had to twist me her way. If I wasn't careful, I'd be feeling guilty, or just maybe doing what she'd just suggested. I didn't want to do that, not now. "I don't want you talking like that." I told her sternly. "You're too nice."

"Cover me up then." she demanded quickly.

Girls always have answers, they're good at it. I could tell she was feeling me out, seeing how far she could push. I came back at her with: "I won't do that. Does being naked bother you that much?"

Her voice was like an angry mama, testy: "Of course it does and the way you've got me tied or strapped, or whatever it is, it's beastly all spread out this way. If you don't want to have sex with me I don't see why I have to be stretched like this."

"You're not really being stretched." I pointed out reasonably. "You're not hurting."

"I don't see why I can't sit up. You can tie my hands or my feet or something?"

"I've got proper chains for you. I made them special."

"Gee thanks!" She piled the sarcasm on real thick.

"Well, they're a lot more comfortable than being tied with rope all the time."

Seemed like I'd given her something to think about. I guess I had. I expect the idea of being restrained permanently was strange and hard to take. She lay there, thinking hard.

"I want to go to the bathroom."

She popped it out like it was a sure fire winner. I got the biggest charge out of being three jumps ahead. Her eyes were wide as I fitted the collar round her neck and locked it with the chain tether dangling. I had to lift her head and arrange her hair, which was nice. But she was scared. She didn't say a thing, but raised up to watch me loosen her feet and then chain them loosely so she could walk. When I unlocked her hands I could feel the tension radiating from her in waves. She was breathing fast.

"I've got everything fixed for your comfort." I said, and then added: "And safety."

She was busy stretching and rubbing her wrists. I could tell she was longing to use her hands to cover bits of herself but she wasn't going to give me that satisfaction. She said accusingly: "What

you mean is you've got everything fixed so I can't escape."

It was cute holding the chain and watching her learn to walk. She made a big production out of it, probably so I'd feel guilty. She kept snubbing the chain or getting her toe in it. But we made it to the bathroom and it was worth a million dollars to see her face when I padlocked her neck chain to the ring I already had in the wall beside the toilet.

"You've got lots of chain." I told her helpfully. "You can do everything you want in here, but if you cause damage or break the window you'll be punished."

She still didn't say a thing. But stood there sort of incredulous about the whole deal. She was everything I'd ever wanted, standing there with the chain hanging in a loop from her neck and the links taut between her ankles. I wanted to tell her how sweet she was, but I didn't feel I really could. I just didn't feet that I really knew her well enough yet. So I just left her there and just shut the huge door. I'd taken the lock out so she couldn't get up to mischief with it though the chain wouldn't stretch that far anyway.

I gave her lots of time. I wasn't going to be in any way a bastard. The only thing she'd be able to hold against me would be the kidnapping and any punishments she made me inflict. She'd get over being mad about them after awhile when they had fallen into their proper perspective in her mind.

She used the time well. When I went to get her, first knocking at the door, she'd prettied herself up, done something to her hair, and draped a towel around her hips to cover what girls worry about the most. The look she gave me was embarrassed and uncertain.

"You can take the towel off." I told her bluntly.

She turned on all her femininity and looked at me wide eyed. "But please, I've got to have something!"

"Why?" I made it curt.

She gestured with her free hands. "Well, because"

She smiled at me brightly as though we were buddies, "You'll get awfully tired of looking at me bare. What I've covered up isn't all that attractive."

"It is to me."

Again the gesture. I could tell she was surprised to have her hands to wave around. "But that's because it's new and because of those gatefolds in the magazine."

Her voice had gained assurance. I could tell I'd have my hands full with her. She'd prod like crazy, and wheedle things out of me. I repeated my command: "Take it off."

"I won't!" She turned, Sulky. "Take it off yourself."

I took it off. It was only tied loosely at two corners. When I brushed her pubic hair she slapped my face.

She was everything I wanted, even the slap. I stood back and looked. She was breathing fast and seemed scared. She made a real sweet picture with her fists clenched and the chain trailing from her collar to the wall. I figured the slap was a reflex: now she was expecting me to beat her. But I saw,

too, she'd been right about the towel: it did something for the ensemble. Fixed the way she'd had it, kinda' loose, made it sort of plead to be yanked off. On impulse, I made a mistake.

"If you ask nicely I'll let you put the towel back on. But it's because I say so, not because you want it. Understand: "

She just stood there and sulked. I could almost hear the wheels turning. But she wanted that towel. Finally she asked, stiffly: "Please may I wear the towel over my hips?"

I wasn't sure who'd won the round. But I handed it over and watched her tie it back on. It was a damn sight cuter than panties. You could damn near see her morale flourish as she tugged the knot and arranged the folds. I didn't feel any loss. I could still enjoy her breasts. She'd better not try covering THEM!

"How about lunch?" I said.

"What, chained in a bathroom!" She made it sound like a snake pit. She let me have one of those looks withering!

I unlocked her chain from the wall and led her into the hall. She clinked along in silence for a few steps and then gave me another shaft: "I'm not a dog. You don't have to hold the chain. I'll follow. I can't run away with these beastly things on my feet."

She had a way with her, and she looked so damn cute! So I made another blooper. I let go the chain. It fell from her neck down between her breasts to the floor. As though it was some kind of reptile, she gathered it up and told me haughtily she'd prefer to carry it "If I didn't mind!

"It's a nice house." I told her on our way to the kitchen.

"I'm sure it is." she said stiffly. "Have you many other girls chained up around the place?"

I let it go. I was enjoying her hands. Her hands were bothering her. The chain on her ankles made her feel helpless only up to a point. I'm sure she was wondering why I didn't have her hands fixed some way. But since I hadn't tied them she was aching to use them to bop me or find a weapon anything! She was quietly hefting the handful of chain from her neck and looking right and left as though interested in the decor. "Don't hit me with that." I said cheerfully. "It won't knock me out and I'd have to punish you." Then it clattered and trailed on the floor. In the kitchen I picked it up and locked it to one of the rings. Cathy could sit comfortably at the table with it looping off to one side. I could see she was furious.

I'd fixed a nice breakfast. I passed up her frosty remark: "What, not bread and water!" We both ate in silence. We had a lot to think about. Over the coffee I tried to get a conversation going, but all I got was hostile sarcasms. So I moved to the next item of business.

The ring in the wall beside the sink was a real shocker for Cathy. When I locked her chain to it she knew as well as I did what was coming. "Will you wash or dry?" I asked casually.

It burned her ass. The way her breasts rose and fell told me of the battle going on inside. She fingered her collar and looked down at her chained feet as though assessing chances, then said listlessly: 'I'll dry."

Doing something helped. Or curiosity! She talked, nosey as hell. "What do you do for a living apart from kidnapping?"

She just had to be snarky, but I didn't mind. "I inherited some money." I told her simply.

"Just buy the house?"

"Yes." I added darkly: "It's got no neighbours."

"Don't you have any friends?"

I laughed catching her drift. "Of course I do. When they visit you'll be in a nice safe place. I've had a lot of work done: soundproofing and such."

And a dungeon and a torture chamber, no doubt?"

"Of course! How did you guess?"

She was startled, and polished a plate busily to hide it. Her remark had been another bit of sarcasm but my reply had not. She didn't like the sound of it.

"Do I get to view these useful facilities?" she inquired jauntily, "Or are they reserved for when I've been a bad girl?"

"Both."

She looked at me intently. "You're serious, aren't You?"

"Dead serious."

She dabbed at her eyes with the dishcloth and sniffed. "Don't frighten me. more than you have to." she said apologetically. "But I'm in a spot, aren't I? Doesn't seem I've got much to look forward to."

I nearly said: "There's me." But this wasn't the time. I was about the last thing she wanted right then, But she had my sympathy. The poor kid was having to digest a helluva' lot in a little while. "It's going to be a lovely life for you once you've settled down." I said a bit lamely.

"Oh, for Pete's sake. Damn it." She gave me a withering glare. "What sort of life is it for a girl to be kept tied and chained like an animal and, and, and made to do the dishes!"

We stood there facing each other, and suddenly it happened: At precisely the same moment we burst out laughing.

You've no idea how good it was. Like the lifting of a weight. We roared and chuckled and then exploded again. The way she'd said that about the dishes! When we returned to normal she was annoyed with herself and said huffily: "It's no laughing matter for me."

"Time's the big thing." I said.

She brushed that off. "I'm a slave?" Right?"

"Yes."

"So OK, What are my duties?"

I'd never thought of it that way. Strange, eh! She'd caught me out. "You'll just do whatever I tell you." I said. Then added hastily: "Whenever I happen to choose."

"Must I sleep with you?"

"Don't talk like that! I don't want to talk about it, not yet..."

Cathy sighed and managed to look disillusioned and martyred. She couldn't keep the scorn from her voice when she said, pettishly: "That means you're impotent. I've read about... "

"I don't care what you've read. Just shut up about it. You'll find out whether I'm impotent or not when the time comes. And remember, I won't be nagged I've told you about punishment."

I could tell right off she was taking my outburst as the bluster of weakness. a faint smile on her lips said plainly her suspicion was now confirmed: I wouldn't be able to do it to her. She pushed her luck:

"This punishment fetish you've got. Tell me about it."

Superior as all get out! I was letting her get away with things - it was that damn towel. I shouldn't have given it to her. She was getting strength out of having her cunt covered. I hate that word but anger made me use it in my mind. I made my voice very clear.

"Fetish my foot! It's an essential part of our relationship."

"My, my! So we have a relationship!"

"You're damn right we have! You're a slave - mine! I'm your Master. You act stupid, you get whipped."

I could see her flinch. The word 'whip' had gotten to her. But she was not surrendering. "Do you have a list of "Do's & Don'ts for me to memorise Master?"

Her question was as loaded with sarcasm as she could pile on. And her "Master" was designed to make me feel ten years old.

"You don't need a list." I said roughly. "You'll always know just the same as conscience when you're free. You'll say 'yes' and 'no' in the right places and be obedient."

"Or be whipped!"

She was trying to make me sound silly, but I was having none of that. I was loving every moment of her resistance, but I had to keep on top. "Yes, Or be whipped on your bare skin. It will hurt a lot more than you think."

"Will it! Kind of you to mention such a detail. But how do you know I haven't been whipped and know all about it?"

"Have you?"

"Well, no I haven't. I think it would be a demeaning experience for both of us."

"You don't believe I'll do it? You think I'd be chicken"?

Very slowly she wiped a basin. "I don't know what I think." she said dully. "I don't want to think about such a thing at all. I wouldn't have thought you'd want to either." She looked up in sudden alarm. "You're not a sadist?"

"No I'm not" I exclaimed hotly. "Punishing a Disobedient girl doesn't mean I'm one of those."

"What are you then?"

She sounded triumphant, as though she'd scored. I realised the poor kid was just keeping me at bay with words, and testing at the same time. I laughed at her earnestness.

"You're making something out of nothing." I said. "It's simple really. You behave or get punished."

"Whipped?"

"Not necessarily. There are other ways."

"Like what?"

"Never mind. The way you're going you'll find out soon enough."

"And this behaviour? I have to do everything your way?"
"Of course. I own you.

"Why didn't you punish me over the towel? I wasn't supposed to put it on. And I slapped your face?"

I smiled to tell her she didn't have to be scared. "You're a brand new slave." I said. "You need a bit of time. I'll always try not to fly off the handle and be mean.

"I'm on probation?"

"Hmmmm! In a way. I'm trying to be kind."

"Kind my aunt Fanny!" Cathy glared. She grasped her neck chain and tugged it against the ring in the wall. "Do you call this kind!"

"It doesn't hurt, does it?'

She let her tension ease. "I suppose not. Oh damn, it's all so crazy! Look, on this punishment fetish or whatever: I'd like to dispose of it. It turns me off. It's a threat. I don't want to be whipped or any of that stuff. if that wasn't there we might work something out."

"You're dictating. I wish you wouldn't. It's got to stop."

"O.K. big man. But this whip thing–"

"Hold it a minute!" I demanded, seeing daylight. "Have a look at yourself, the way you're acting. Tell me if you can see any other way you're likely to accept things as they are. Not the way you want them, but the way I want them"

She turned sulky. she probably didn't like what she saw. She pouted and said petulantly: "You belong

in the dark ages."

"You don't belong anywhere." I said. "Until you smarten up."

She did the damnedest thing. Her breasts were heaving like crazy and she looked at me in the strangest way. Suddenly, she lifted the basin she'd been drying, and slammed it down on the floor.

Dramatic as hell! It actually shocked me, the noise and the challenge. It was a declaration of war, a war Cathy couldn't possibly win. But why did she want to fight it! Pride: some feminine thing I wasn't wise to yet! Stupidly I looked at the scattered pieces on the floor, and then up to her flushed and resentful face. Right off I could tell she was scared at what she'd done. She tossed her head and said bitterly:

"Well, now's your chance."

It's never the way you think leastways, not the way I think! I'll admit to have enjoyed thrills in the past thinking about tying up a bad girl and caning her bottom, or birching her, or whipping her, or something.

For sure this was my chance! In fact, if I was to hold on to my dream, it was a necessity. But looking at Cathy standing there frightened and defiant I didn't want to. I wanted to kiss her instead. But I had to make a stand. I made my voice calm and even.

"Five strokes with a cane."

"My, you're generous."

"Six.

"Impertinence? Sorry."

"Seven."

She cooled and asked quietly. "Here, at the sink?"

"No, not here. When you're to be punished it will be done properly in a proper place so you'll have time to know what's happening and why."

"I still think you're in love with an obsession." Cathy said quietly. "You'll never go through with it, y'know. You're not the kind."

"We're going to go to a room I have prepared." I told her with a seriousness to match her own. "And you are going to allow yourself to be fastened for your punishment. If you feel you have to fight, do so. But it will double the penalty. Will you agree to behave?"

"Of course not! This is fantastic nonsense."

I took the key and was reaching for the padlock on the wall when I saw her go for the jug. She was quick and clever. I got my head out of the way but the heavy piece of china broke on my shoulder. It hurt like blazes. I backed beyond her reach and nursed my wound. Cathy stood there in defiant dismay. Dismay that her try had failed, so now she'd really be for the high jump. But she put on a bold front:

"You asked for that. What do you expect a girl to do all this frightening silliness."

I wasn't mad, and I wasn't damaged. But she was really asking for it, so I said reasonably: "I'd say that should bring the total up to ten?"

She sniffed imperiously. "Hell, make it twenty while you're at it"

Bravado! My heart went out to her so that I had to force myself to say, "As you wish. But we'll make it fifteen. Now, are you going to be sensible?"

"I'm not going to be a snivelling idiot."

"You can stay there until you've changed your mind." I said, and I left her to it.

For thirty minutes I considered the situation. I was right, I knew I was! Then I went back to the kitchen. Directly I was inside, Cathy picked up a plate and threw it to the floor beside the broken dish. She never said a word, she didn't need to. I took the drainboard and the dishes away out of her reach and told her calmly:

"You stay there until you clean up that mess and are ready to say you'll behave."

I got a toss of her head and a glare. After the next thirty minutes she was sitting hunched on the floor. She wouldn't look at me. That lasted my next two visits, but the next time I went she'd scooped up the broken bits into a neat small pile. She refused to meet my eyes as she said bitterly:

"All right, you win."

I hadn't called it a punishment room. But that's what it was. It had all the things, and the space. I made Cathy walk ahead of me and play safe. Once inside, she looked around disdainfully and brightly exclaimed:

"So this is the Torture Chamber."

"It's you who's being silly." I said.

She put a finger under her chin and pretended to consider. "And how many extra lashes for the plate?"

"None. Like I said, you're being silly."

She kept silent while I let down the trapeze bar with its waiting straps each end. Then she got sarky again.

"Gymnastics?'.

"You put your wrists inside the straps and keep still while I buckle them." I said. "That's all you have to do."

"You're too kind to me."

She just wouldn't let up. But I didn't mind. I loved it. I guess that's why I picked her. She clinked her ankle chains over to where she was going to be whipped and reached out her hands to the bar. "Just a bit lower please." she asked politely.

I should have guessed, or seen it in her face. But she was smart. She had the trapeze rope 'round my neck and a knee in my back in two seconds flat. For a moment I though I was a goner, she was that strong. It doesn't take long for things to go black when there's a rope 'round your throat and someone drawing it tighter every moment. What saved me was her ankle chain, it wouldn't let her get her knee all the way up, and when I fought she tripped in it. She hung on like crazy, but once I got to turn she'd lost the battle. At the end of it she was huddled on the floor crying into her hands.

"You were trying to kill me."

I suppose I was a bit scared., It had been damn close. I made the words accusing. She kept on crying, then sobbed: "I wouldn't have, I wouldn't!" Then as a feminine afterthought, "It serves you right."

It was one of those times! I kept silent.

"Can I finish crying before I have to do that?"

Pitiful as all get out. I felt a bastard. But the rope bum on my neck helped me keep balance. I was thankful the handkerchief I handed her was fresh. She said a snivelling thank you and buried her face in it. When the sobs subsided I put a hand under her arm. She got up without demur, wiped her eyes and cheeks one last time and returned my bit of linen. Without prompting, she examined the bar and the straps and inserted her small hands within the leather loops. I buckled them tight quick!

"You don't have to worry. I can't fight any more."

"Pathetic! I almost cried myself.

"'ought I had to bend over for this?"

She was watching her strapped hands rise before her face, and then, her arms. She was puzzled and scared, but still perking.

"It hurts more when you're bent over. But this is the first time." I said.

She gulped and managed to hold the sarcasms. When her heels left the floor she turned to me anxiously. I flipped the switch to keep her just as she was. Right away she got back to normal. She tried to make her words light and careless, but not with much success.

"what have I earned myself with that little tussle?"

"Nothing, It didn't happen. Forget it."

Standing on her toes she was quite something! She turned and gave me a look. Well a look! Makes you feel a giant, doesn't it! To be so magnanimous?

Cathy had read me exactly. I felt like a kid caught out in something. If I didn't watch out she'd always be a jump ahead of me. But I did not mind. I wouldn't have changed her for anything. She was beautiful.

"Stow it." I said abruptly. "Quit while you're winning."

"Am I winning!" She gave me the strangest look and then whispered, as though to herself: "Yes I suppose I am."

I let it go. I mean what the hell!

When I was a kid at dinner we saved the best to last and called it 'the good bit.' Well, that's where I was now with Cathy. The pose in which she had to stand was perfect. It made her breasts and tummy doubly gorgeous. The surge of sex l experienced swept away all the doubts and guilt and everything. I knew for sure that all the kings and emperors that ever were. would never have had it so good as I was about to do whipping Cathy. I was scorching up with the lust of it. But that wasn't what I wanted. I thrust it back and went and selected the cane I'd use to stripe her bottom fifteen times.

Her eyes followed me everywhere. She had a real vested interest in what I was doing. She'd twist and try to turn sideways when I went in back. I think she was scared there must be more to it than the cane.

"Look." she said desperately. "I'm properly frightened. It's awful having to stand here like this all naked and exposed. I've learned my lesson. You're the strongest. Let's call this off please?"

"But we haven't started."

She didn't say a thing, just stared. Her eyes were beautiful, wide and deep and troubled.

"You know I have to finish it, don't you? I have to"

She was full of surprises. "Yes, I know you have to, or think you have to. I suppose it's the same thing." she admitted in a resigned sort of voice. "But I just hoped..." She gave me a small smile. "Can't blame a girl for trying."

I couldn't answer. There was a lump in my throat. She was just too lovely for a man to cope with. But my resolution was still there. I couldn't even be positive she wasn't foxing me. My respect for her was growing all the time. I'd kidnapped a treasure.

I could understand her feelings when I reached for the towel on her hips. She looked down in distress, then up at me, wide eyed.

"Must you?"

"Would you sooner I used the cane across your back?

"No! I suppose not."

She turned and twisted to get a good look at what I was doing. It was cute the way she'd contrive to look back anxiously over a bare shoulder.

I pulled the towel away and threw it aside. Her eyes followed it in longing. I'll swear she flinched and shivered as though the air on her bottom and pubic hair was cold. Maybe it felt that way to her.

"There." I said briskly. "That looks after that. You're all ready."

She was exquisite. If the towel had made her erotic, its loss made her doubly so now. "Please hurry." she said in a quavering voice, "And get it over with."

She hadn't a clue. That 'Please hurry' bit proved it. After number one 'hurry' would be the last thing she'd be wanting. I didn't tap her or anything first with the cane. I stood well back, positioned, took aim, and sliced the willowy cane square across both her soft curved cheeks.

She sort of froze. Her head thrust itself against a raised arm. Her breath came in funny sounding gasps. But she did not scream. One chained ankle raised up jerkingly, then went back down. That was all. I walked round to face her.

It would always be the same. She was beautiful. No matter what spot she was in she'd come through immaculately lovely. Her eyes were closed, as though to hoard and treasure her courage. Her breasts were taut from the pull on her strapped wrists. Her pubic black triangle stared at me accusingly. Her spasmodic respiration were substituting for screams. It was quite a little time before she opened her eyes and looked at me.

"You were right." she said, sort of tremulous. "It's worse than I thought oh, terribly worse."

I didn't gloat or anything. Just stood and enjoyed her.

"I was silly. I didn't know " She gazed at me hopefully.

I never said a word. I knew what she wanted.

"You're not going on with it? Not now you've proved your point are you?

She asked the question as though my answer was a foregone conclusion. To clinch matters, she added: "Fifteen like that would kill any girl."

"You asked for twenty. Remember?"

"I've said I was silly. I didn't know what I was talking about. And I was angry."

Her words were beautifully humble. She believed what she was saying. She pulled against the leather bands on her wrists and twisted a bit to ease the strain. The motions did miraculous things to her figure. I knew I'd never see anything better anywhere than I was seeing then.

"Please loosen me. This is a terrible way to be fastened. I'm all – all – it hurts! "

She had to learn. I knew that if I weakened now she'd be twisting me always. Not by con jobs, but by being what she was. I indulged in a bit of psychology.

"We're both trapped, Cathy. You got yourself into this deliberately. You refused to believe I had any strength of purpose. I can't forgive you the punishment. If I did the whole thing I've planned for us falls apart."

"Damn you and your plan!" She flashed into sudden fury. But slowly dissolved into realisation of the spot she was in. "I'm sorry." she apologised. Then, as though needing a vent for something she couldn't hold in, she flung herself against the straps, twisted and turned, and kicked at her ankle chain as she gasped out: "I'm not sorry at all, and you know it. There's no use me pretending. You don't have to be a mind reader to know what's going on inside me. I don't want to be hit any more. I want to be freed. I'II do anything. I'II be an absolute whore if that's what you want. Give me a break."

"It's still fifteen." I said.

"I can't stand it. I know I can't."

"Yes you can. And anyway, what can you do about it?"

Every bit of her was busy testing the hopelessness of her bondage. "I can't do anything." she admitted defiantly. "But I don't see how you can feel proud about having me in this fix."

"It's time for me to hit you again."

"No don't – Wait! – Let me –". "Weren't you the one who wanted me to hurry and get it over?"

"So alright, I was stupid. I beg you, have mercy"

I sauntered around back and. gave her another just below the first. I watched it sort of blossom and rise up, a lovely thin red line. Number one was darker now. The effect they had on me was startlingly erotic.

Cathy dealt with her pain much the same as the first time. It was quite something to see. She had my heart thumping as I watched her go through the stages until she looked at me again. The look itself fanned my fire.

"Two. Only thirteen to go." I said.

"You're mocking me."

"No. Just keeping count. Not dying are you?"

"You are too mocking me."

"No. But I'm curious. You can see now that you're not going to die?"

"I don't want to talk about it."

"That means you're ready for number three."

"I'm not! I'm not! No!"

The stripe that came up after that one was a honey. I just stood and sort of drank it in until she started to try and peep back over her shoulder to see what I was doing. Then I hit her again. She screamed.

Cathy's scream startled me. I suddenly realised I'd never heard anything like that before in my whole life. A girl screaming in pain! It was wonderful, and exciting, but scary. I knew no one could hear her but still!

I went back front for the view. It was a lot more animated. Her face was sort of twisted and there were tears. Her wrists were taking a real beating from the straps. I sensed that a lot of what she was doing came from anger and frustration. It must be the very devil to be tied naked like that and have someone hit you with a cane whenever they wanted. When she saw me this time she sort of surrendered. Her eyes were bitterly accusing.

"It's no use, is it - no use "

It was, strange. She had been given four strokes. The remaining eleven loomed as large and interminable in my mind as I expect they did in hers. In a frenzied wish to get the number down or maybe it was just a dither of lust, I went back and added six more as fast and as hard as I could lay them on.

She was remarkable. It was another case of being different than you expect. After the second of the six I was hitting a moving target. Cathy was trapped tight. She couldn't get away from that spot. In theory she had to stand and take it, but that wasn't the way it came out. She went wild, absolutely crazy. Her screams and exclamations were continuous. She flung herself madly against her buckled wrists and kicked and jerked her ankle chain in a constant clatter. She even raised herself off the floor in her efforts to get her striped cheeks away from the cane. It made whipping her doubly exciting. Since I couldn't always be accurate with her bouncing around like that, there were a couple of slashes that lapped those already there. When this happened she made the most awful noises, noises that were not erotic at all: noises that scared me a bit until told myself I was as new to this as she was.

Cathy didn't have much to say. When she finally quieted down she half hung there like she'd given up hope. She was panting and her whole body was glistening with sweat. Beads of it had trickled down from her armpits. Seems out of place to speak of sweat and a girl. But that's the way it was. There was also very strong sweetness in the air girl − smell. It really turned me on. "Is it finished?"

she asked at last.

"No.

She looked shocked. "Haven't I had fifteen?"

"Ten. Five more to go."

I'd expected an instant clamour for forgiveness but she silently digested the bad news. I felt certain she was facing the fact that having survived ten, she was not going to die under the other five. She kept flickering a glance at me hoping! When I did not respond she tried another approach.

"I hope you don't think I'll be able to like you after this?"

"I haven't even thought about it." I said.

"Don't you care?"

Foxy as all get out! Screaming her head off one minute, conning me the next. I set her straight. "You can get punished for being sulky, or coming out with those snarky comments" I said.

"Love under the lash!"

"Like that one." I said. "I ought to keep you gagged."

"But you won't. You'd be lonely."

The same thought had struck me. Damn rummy that I'd have sort of dependence on her. "I'll gag you sometimes, just as a lesson." I said gruffly. "You don't learn easy."

"You've taught me something with that beastly cane." she said grudgingly. She mused quietly for a

few moments. "I wouldn't have believed it hurt so much or had such an effect on a girl. If it's any satisfaction to you I'II concede your physical superiority."

"But you still figure you're smarter than me."

"Oh, never mind! ' I don't want to be hurt any more than I have to be. Are you really going to hit me five more times?"

"It's six now. You were sarcastic."

"You don't have to do that!" She was angry again. "You'd be a fool to stop me being ME. You'll enjoy me much more if I'm intact. I can obey you without becoming a dummy."

"You'd never be a dummy."

"I will if you whip me every time I open my mouth."

"Alright. Say what you like. But I'm making no promises."

"When do you start hitting me with that cane again?"

"In one hour."

"A rest! Oh good! Let me down quick."

"You stay as you are." I said.

I could see her wilt. But her voice! Talk about indignant! "I can't rest like this! It's awful. It's such a punishment in itself." She looked at me - what's the word - balefully. "Unstrap my wrists, please. I promise I'II help you fasten me again."

"The way you are you'll have time to think. To know you're a slave."

"I'm a slave, I'm a slave, I'm a slave! ! Let me loose."

"You know better than that." I said.

I went away and slammed the door.

CHAPTER TWO

I only know two things about him. He hates his name, and I would too if I was christened Cedric Hollings. The other is that he's scared of me. I'll have to play that for all It's worth. But with care. I've already discovered it can backfire. Look at me now! What a damn awful mess for a girl to get herself into! Naked! Hung by my wrists! Ankles chained! And a derriere cut to shreds with a cane. At least that's what it feels like. I can't see the poor abused thing the way he's got me fastened.

He says I've got to stay like this for an hour before he comes back and starts caning me again. Five and one extra. Oh damn! He says I should do some thinking. expect the bastard's right. What the hell else is there I can do! It's for sure I can't get my poor wrists loose. I've tried and tried.

I've been kidnapped.

I have not been screwed. That's puzzling. I jibed him about impotence, but I'm not a bit sure he is. But of course, there's plenty of time. His time! I don't have any now. It's all his. I'm all his. Oh shit!

No ransom.

He just wants a slave girl. I'm elected.

I don't have a slave temperament. That's going to be bad. It will probably get me a lot of pain. Hell break me if he has to. Hell, I'm half broken now! I've already told him I'd do anything to escape more punishment. And I would too! I wonder what he might make me do!

He's a softie.

Oh sure, he'll beat me and tie me. But then he'll always feel a teensy bit guilty. It will bother him, so he'll want me to love him. I think all men want that but we girls are just as bad. The whole thing's nuts.

Can I handle him? But he's not stupid.

Even if he became convinced I'd fallen in love with him, he'd keep me some way chained. Play it safe. He's that kind.

All the rest of my life! Like this!

Oh no! No, no, no. Oh please Heaven, no!

With chains I can never get free. Never! Chains are merciless. If only he'd tie me with rope! I'm sure it would be uncomfortable but there might be half a chance.

Why must he keep me shackled! Oh well, I suppose if he didn't I'd cause him a lot of trouble. When you think of it, the idiot's got himself into a bushel of work and bother. But then, I expect he enjoys it.

He can't let me go.

That's the worst thing. He dare not let me escape. Even if he came to want to give me my freedom he couldn't. I'd tell on him. I'd run to the police. Even if I'd promised not to, I'd go to the police. He'd spend most of his life in prison because of what he's doing to me. I find the thought exciting, thrilling. What power I'd posses at his trial! Oh balls, I'm no better than he is.

He can't trust me.

That's frightening. It's always going to be there between us when we try to communicate. because of it he'll be harder on me than maybe he wants to be. We are both boxed in. Damn and double damn!

That thing I read about.

I didn't pay much attention. But Dinky Anderson got all excited. She borrowed the magazine and never gave it back. It was about girls tying each other up so they were helpless. I think a man got in the act somewhere. Dinky said thousands do it.

A sort of love play. I'm damn sure she did it with her roommate - there were always bits of white

cotton rope lying around their apartment. But I wasn't curious. Not then. Maybe I should be now! Suppose Cedric has a fetish! Damn, damn, damn!

It has to be something like that. On account of no tail yet!

Gosh, I wish I could get loose!

Just a minute or two to sit down and massage my wrists and get rid of this pain in my shoulders. I wouldn't have believed how awful this is. No girl could imagine. If only I could have a rest! I'd gladly let him tie me again afterwards.

I'm being punished.

I've been a bad girl, so I'm stripped and strapped and beaten.

It's that simple.

My life: Vast stretches of ennui interspersed with vivid pain. I'II never be able to behave to suit him. Never!

Oh damn, here he is! My Master? Oh no, no no! But that's what he is. He can do what he likes with me. Right now his eyes are positively eating up my nakedness. Gosh, it's crazy the way men adore a

girl's body. I hate being looked at like that - mostly.

"Hello Cathy." He wants to be friends.

"Hello Cedric." I can see him wince, so I pile it on. "Or would you like me to call you 'Master'?"

He won't bite. But asks: "How d'you feel now?"

"I hurt."

"I don't mean that. I mean about things?"

It was a relief to talk, so I talked. "Well, I've found out for sure I can't get loose. I haven't much hope of talking you out of caning me some more, but I'll try. I understand how I'm going to have to do the things you tell me, be obedient. I suppose I've become a slave or is that just another way of admitting I'm quite helpless?"

He nodded, sort of absently. "Are you ready for the other five, and the extra one;"

"No. I'll never be ready. Please let me have some way to earn remission."

He didn't even answer. Just stepped back and hit me: my bottom that is, with his lousy cane.

That pain drives me nuts. I can't stand it or be heroic or even respectable. I go crazy. A puppet on a string. I'm sure he gets a charge out of watching my performance. That's the reason he lets me have

time between strokes. I scream as loud as I can. It helps me and I hope it hurts his ears.

It goes on and on. Slash after slash. Five lasts Forever!

Why can't I become unconscious! I can't. I'm more vividly alive than I have ever been. It's not fair. Nothing's fair.

"Number six, Cathy. The last one. Extra hard."

Hell, they're all extra hard! When my bottom explodes in agony I pull myself off the floor and kick and kick. I've forgotten my bruised wrists, they'll have to look out for themselves. But my poor bottom, my poor wounded derriere!

Time passes. Probably quite a lot of it. But I am busy with my pain. It is something real and alive I have to cope with. It has a personality. But then I remember I am now a slave girl. I have a master I must, at least, notice. Abjectly, I offer him a sad small smile of apology for being so feminine as to be hurt by his cane and to make all that fuss. I quiver in anticipation of release.

"I'm glad you understand." He's almost shy.

I try and look as though I have all the understanding in the world. Hell, how lucky can a girl get! I swallow sarcasms by the score.

"You're not getting loose, y'know."

I hadn't known? How should I know! The knowledge is like a blow. I long to stamp my feet and beat at his silly face with my fists. My wrists are suddenly screaming their own protest. Meekly I ask.

"Why?"

"Because you want to. Because it's what you expect and think you deserve."

"But I've had my punishment. It's not fair to leave me like this."

He grins. He thinks he's proved a point. "You've just hit on the very word." He says proudly. "Fair! You have to learn that, for a slave, nothing's ever fair. She always has to do what someone else wants."

I hate myself, but I start to cry. My eyes fill with tears of self pity. He had a chance to be kind to me but he isn't using it. The salt drops course down my cheek and I cannot touch them. I rub, my cheeks against my bare raised arms and feel sure I look a mess.

"I'm sorry." he says. "But I'm sure it's best." He goes away and leaves me alone again.

The tears help. But I am now dogged by fearful spectres of the night. How do I know he won't leave me hanging by my wrists 'til morning! I don't know! He could leave me this way for a week if he so chose. I belong to him, a chattel. Perhaps hell gag me! Perhaps he'll tie my legs or blindfold me! I stamp on the hysterics hard. Reason tells me they are born of helplessness. I'm so well fastened I can't do a thing. All of me is in my mind and I'm going crazy.

The bastard can read me. Same as I read him. He's left me long enough to get me properly frightened. Now I'm so glad to see him I could weep for joy. When he presses the switch and the pulley lets my arms down, the look I give him is probably one of adoration. When he unbuckles my wrists it is an enchanted moment. I have never known such glory.

He locks the collar and chain back on my neck and fastens me in the bathroom the way he did before. As he leaves he says: "Have a real bath. Take lots oftime. Then well have dinner."

Dinner! A bath! Breakfast! Can such normal mundane things still be a part of my life! I finger the

chain that links me to the wall. It is amply long for what I need to do. But it holds me. I am a prisoner, even in a bathroom. It feels strange and demeaning to be captive only by my neck. But the single chain keeps me as much his prisoner as would the darkest dungeon. I bathe. I make myself pretty and perfumed. He has spent a lot of money on feminine bottles and jars and little boxes. All for me! I feel better. l sit on the closed toilet to await my master's coming and release. Prudently I refrain from a towel across the hips. If he wants to see my cunt I suppose, by his standards, he's entitled to.

He carries things. Things I don't like the look of. But I stand meekly while I get a leather belt locked tight ,round my waist. It has a ring at the back. Through the ring runs a chain. At each end of the chain there is a shining metal wristlet. When these are locked round my wrists I can place a hand on each of my hips. That is all. I certainly can't fight. I discover that by putting one hand way behind I can use the other to do things. The chain slips back and forth through the ring to give me this very limited freedom. I can even feed myself, Hooray!

"I spent a lot of money on all these preparations for you, Cathy."

He's fishing for a compliment. I give him the smallest I have.

"Thank you."

"I think it's better for you not to have the full use of your hands." He pontificates. "Saves you decisions and temptations."

"Like murdering you?" I ask sweetly.

I'm a blabbermouth. I can't help it. I'm. scared witless by what I've said. But he treats it as humour. My visions of being whipped again fade gratefully. But, oh, I'm going to have to watch my tongue!

"I'm looking forward to dinner. Just the two of us."

"Romantic." I offer guardedly, and clink my chains.

"You'll find you can manage things very well chained like that."

He says it as though my hardware was a diamond bracelet.

It's a sizeable house. I have not seen it all. I am sure there are parts of it I will not like at all. But the dining room is resplendent. Candles and silver and white linen. My Master has done well for us. I am suddenly hungry.

"I do it all myself." he says proudly. "With the help of a few cans. And I have some wine."

I test my fetters. sure enough I can raise the goblet and drink. It's awkward but I get it all down in thirsty gulps. I look at the empty glass, surprised. My manners are atrocious.

"Gee, I'm sorry. I needed that."

He approves. Probably wants me drunk for what comes later. He refills my glass. I don't sip. I drink. I don't care. Maybe I want to get drunk too. I hold my left hand religiously behind my back. The chain from my right wrist clinks musically. He refills again.

I cannot use a knife and a fork. One or the other, but not both. We laugh over my dilemma. With

ostentatious chivalry my master cuts every thing on my plate so that I can now get by with just a fork. We eat.

"Nice, eh?" he says after the first plateful.

"Lovely." I agree and keep eating.

"We must do it often."

I tense. I get a message. "You mean I won't always be allowed up to the table?"

"There's bound to be times." he says vaguely.

"Like what?"

"Well, I expect there will be times when you're locked up, or in some sort of punishment."

"Not if I can help it."

He grins winningly. "I'd rate you as punishment prone."

"That's because you enjoy punishing me."

He goes pink. "Say, is your - does it hurt to sit?"

It does hurt. but not half as much as I'd expected it to. But I'm not going to tell him so. I want him to feel guilty. "You ought to be ashamed." I tell him severely. "Making a girl sit in this misery."

"Dammit, I'm sorry. How about a towel?"

"To wear or sit on?"

"I was thinking of the chair

What a clod! "I've already bled on it." I tell him with satisfaction. "You're too late."

"You're not cut badly, are you?"

"I don't suppose Nero would think so."

He pinks a bit more. "Look, I've got you some panties. Can I get you one?"

I perked. I hated having my pussy and all that black hair sort of lying around. Panties would make me feel whole again. I hadn't much hope of ever getting to cover my breasts. "Yes, please." I said. "I'd love a pair."

He romps off like a puppy I think 'Now's my chance! " I even get to my feet. But all these chains!

Hopeless! I sit down again and wince. It's just as well, he's back in a flash. Proud as punch.

I might have known what he'd buy. They were a wisp of gossamer. The effect of wearing them would have to be mental, but even that was something. We both burst out laughing at the same time when we realised I couldn't put 'em on. Not with all those chains he got on me. So Young Lochinvar unlocked a shackle on one of my ankles. Then, with a lot of wriggling on my part and a lot of

pulling and tugging on his, he finally got them where they belonged. I'll admit they were snazzy. But I wouldn't want Mother to see them. Cedric was tickled right out of his tree and almost forgot to lock the shackle back on my ankle. Then we sat down to dessert.

He wouldn't let me have my hands back to help with the dishes. Couldn't blame him much considering how I'd acted before. He left me chained, but made me stand and talk to him. The chain from my collar fastened to the wall. It felt funny standing there nearly naked and quite helpless while he worked away. But at least it didn't hurt.

Seems like bedtime comes early for slaves. After the dishes I'm taken to the damnedest place. It's a cell. The kind you see in the movies. Downstairs, of course. But warm. Bars and stone walls. Ugh! And a sad little cot with a thin mattress.

"Want your chains off?" he asks brightly.

"Yes, please." I'm all eagerness.

He locks my tether to the wall.

"Playing safe?" I ask derisively.

"Sure. Wouldn't you?"

He has a point. I stand in happy innocence while my shackles are removed. He manages to rub his head into my triangle. I do not slap. He pushes my restraints under the cot and brings out rope. Soft white nylon stuff that will bite.

"You might get bored with chains. I'll tie you up for the night." The idiot beams. I long to smite him.

"You don't have to bother."

"No trouble at all. Cross your wrists behind your back please."

I make this really sincere. "Look, I really don't want to be trussed up with ropes all night. The collar and chain hold me safe enough, and there's a big lock on the door."

"It's not to stop you escaping, Cathy." the bastard says blandly. "It's to keep you in the proper state of mind."

"I'm humble now. Please don't tie me."

"It's not going to be a big production. Just your wrists and ankles.

"It will hurt. I'll never sleep."

"Yes you will. Besides, it will give you an interest. If you're clever at it you could get loose. More sporting than chains."

"Haven't you a nice pair of handcuffs?"

"Yes, but it's the rope for you right now. Don't sulk."

I remember the cane. What's the use! I cross my wrists behind my back. Cedric ties them tightly.

and, I suspect, skilfully. I know right off I'll never get loose. Then I set down and watch him bind my ankles tight together. He makes a very neat job. All knots are underneath. I have never been tied up before. There is something personal and vaguely exciting about it. It hurts, but not enough to matter.

"How's it feel?" He's so damn eager!

"Helpless."

"Good. Mind if I kiss you good night?"

"Go ahead."

I am kissed. I am locked in. I am alone.

I look at my tied ankles and the neat way he's corded them together and sort of cinched in between. They are snug as a bug. I try and get a look at my wrists but can't. Anyway, they're tied the same way. I test. Then I struggle. I don't expect to get free but I have to try. It's like having his hands on me all the time. Unrelenting. Panting, I flop over on the cot. My neck chain clinks. It is generously long.

It's worse than shackles. Much worse. I can't do a thing. If I don't struggle the ropes don't hurt much, but they give me no freedom at all. Chained, I could do some small things. It's for sure I can't how I thought of how heroines on the T.V. always slip out of their bonds. Nuts! No girl was going to slip out of these nylon bands biting away at me. I was getting ready to shed a few. tears when my lord and master showed up.

"How you doin?"

There was something on his mind. I moaned and gasped and twisted.

"It's not that bad, is it?"

"Try it sometime. Can I be chained instead?"

"Look." he says diffidently, "I'm lonely."

"It serves you right."

"Want to come back upstairs for an hour or two?"

My heart's thumping. "Yes. Oh, yes please." I struggle to sit up. "I'm afraid you'll have to carry me. I've had it.

The handcuffs gleam excitingly. I expect my eyes do too while I am untied. "Back or front?" I ask helpfully.

"In front. It's social. But I'll chain your ankles."

I do not care. I hold out my hands and am intrigued by the clicks by which the steel bands encircle and imprison my wrists. I admire the cold lovely things while Cedric fetters my feet. He then takes off my collar . I am wondrously excitingly happy. If he asked me to marry him, I expect I would. It's like winning a sweepstake.

I clink happily ahead of him from the cell.

With a couple of drinks, Cedric gets sentimental. Not mushy. He still doesn't want me to lay on my back but romantic. He comes up with goofy sighing exclamations.

"Who'd have thought this possible!" He's looking at my breasts.

I am looking into the drink I am busy sipping. I hold it easily in my chained hands. But I have to use both, it's sort of cute. In their way, the handcuffs are cute too - lovely wicked bracelets! I'm determined to drink all he'll let me, and get an hour's comfort in this nightmare. I've just poured the drinks, and served his on my knees as I proffer it. He doesn't know how close he came to getting it in his smirking face. But this chair is lovely and soft on my poor bruised behind, and it's a lovely room. He's getting me so I'm grateful for anything that doesn't hurt.

"You must have thought it possible." I remind him.

"It's every chap's dream." he says enthusiastically. "Actually, all it takes is money. They ought to have slave markets the way they did in olden times. Then I wouldn't have had to kidnap you."

"You didn't have to now. You could have courted me normally. I might have surprised you."

"Oh come now! One look at a pair of handcuffs and you'd have run for your life."

He has a point. He is now looking at the cleft in my panties. I cross my legs hurriedly, but then uncross them slowly. If all he wants to do is look, maybe I'd better be grateful.

"Why does the woman in your life have to be chained or tied up. If she liked you or loved you she wouldn't run away?"

He dismisses that with a grunt. "Marriage and living together and all that jazz is for the birds. How often does it work! The girl always messes it up by getting to be boss and spending all the money."

"You've got an inferiority complex. that's all that's wrong with you."

For an awful moment I sense the cane hovering. But he evades my accusation by an oblique diversion.

"I want you to be happy."

His eyes have left the rest of me and are focused on my face in a fatuous smile. What a jerk! My answer is ready made.

"So you hang me up and whip me half to death! Then tie me in a mousey little cell!"

"But that's just today. It's bound to be difficult for you at first. Actually you're doing fine." His smile has wilted but he goes on manfully: "It's a well known fact that slave girls were a lot happier in their

slavery than if they'd been free."

"Baloney!"

"No, honest, it's a fact."

Hold it girl! Don't get him arguing and angry. I've got it good for an hour. Play it cool. "How will you make me happy?" I ask brightly.

"You're happy now."

Damn him, he's right. I am. I feel gorgeous all over. I've even got used to him ogling my breasts. But the answer to that is easy too.

"So all right! I'm happy. You've been so mean to me all day it makes what you're giving me now seem like heaven."

"Well?" He seems to think something's been proved.

Oh damn! I can see it now. He wants power. And he's got it! He's got me. I'm a sort of instrument he can play on at will. He can make me scream or make, me laugh. He can make me beg, he can starve me, he can load me with chains, he can use my body or he can make me purr with content the way I am now. Oh shit! I could kill the S.O.B. He's reduced me to a responsive doll.

"It works fine for you." I admit lamely. "Aren't you lucky! "

I clink half way to the bar with my empty glass before I remember what I am. Absurdly, I blush and stammer.

"I'm - I'm sorry. I should have asked."

"Go back and sit down. Then ask properly."

He is Genghis Khan. He is a Roman Caesar. I am actually frightened, at my temerity. I return to my chair. I am very humble and only slightly sarcastic.

"Please, Master, may I refill your glass first, and then mine?"

The bastard radiates graciousness. Damn and blast! To what extent are these roles going to take hold of us and become real! Once more I am on my knees before him. it seems quite proper I should be there, raising his refill in my chained hands, I am a slave. This room has slipped back in time two thousand years.

"You did that very well, Cathy."

I suspect he is pleased only because he wants to be. This social evening suits his mood. I should leave well enough alone, but I harbour a concern that nags.

"Does the scenario call for me to be whipped tomorrow, Cedric?"

"Not if you behave."

I distrust the word "behave", so prod a again. "You won't do it to me just for - for fun – Your fun?"

He becomes cautious. "I might. I don't have to justify anything I do with you."

It's there! I knew it was. I'll always be prey to his whims and fancies. Oh damn, I wish I could get out of this bind. Keep my cool, I've just got to keep my cool! I try and lean his way.

"I'm not sure how to address you. I feel strange about it. 'Cedric' seems familiar and pally. 'Mr. Hollings' or 'sir' sounds like I'm your secretary. That only leaves 'Master'."

"I was coming to that. Call me 'Master'."

"Yes, Master."

I savour it. I ought to hate it but I don't. It lends itself to sarcasm, and maybe it will help me keep perspective. I'll fight this slavery, but he'll make me one. I know he will. A slave can't call her owner 'Cedric' without upsetting apple carts. My bottom constantly prompts caution.

"There is something." he says diffidently. "You've got parents. Do you want to write them a letter?"

Hastily I praise. "Thanks. It's nice of you to think of that. But what can I say to them? You'd edit it, wouldn't you?"

"I'd have to. I wouldn't blame you for trying something. But I thought a simple statement that you were . . might help."

"I can't. Figure it yourself. I've disappeared. Suddenly they get a note saying I'm all right. Then nothing. Nothing ever! It's better they think I'm dead. You've created this situation. D'you feel happy about it?"

"Not really. But you weren't that close. I made inquiries."

I think we're on dangerous ground, so I say. "Please, Master, let's drop it. Maybe another time."

He's a real flitter, and slips me a new one. "You're not frightened of me, are you?"

"Do you want me to be?"

"Don't be cautious. Just tell me."

"No, I'm not afraid of you." I say slowly. "But I'm scared stiff of the things you do to me. does that make any sense?" Does it? I wonder.

"Right on." he pontificates. "It's my authority you fear, not me."

"You'll get bored with your slave girl after awhile. "What then?"

"I've thought of that. But I've got some business affairs and some social ones. You just round out a full life. When I'm not around you'll be kept in a safe place. If you've behaved there'll be the usual diversions. "Sitting in chains in front of the T.V?"

"What's wrong with that?"

"And if I haven't 'behaved' I'll be uncomfortable?"

"Of course. What else d'you expect!" So that is it. I've got the picture. I'll let it drop. Be happy. I'm a slave girl. I don't have a future.

I'll behave so I don't get beaten.

Oh shit!

It's not a bad evening. The drinks help. He talks about himself and my slavery. I listen and clink my chains. He finally announces bedtime.

"Could you make my ropes a little less tight, Master?"

"You're not going back to the cell."

So I've graduated already! Gosh, he's going to prove he's potent.

The bedroom is splendid, so is the four-poster. Every thing is splendid except me! I'm back in a collar and chain. My bathroom attire. I'm excited and curious a bride in chains! Expectant is the word for Cathy. Briskly, my master locks my chain to a ring in the floor, too far distant for me to touch the bed with my cuffed hands. He throws me a blanket.

"If you prefer the cell. Just say so. I'll take you down."

I do NOT prefer the cell. I sit on the deep rug and watch him undress. He has a neat clean body and a fine erection. He points to it triumphantly and tells me it gets used only when he decides. He does NOT decide now. He puts out the light and gets into his bed. I wriggle under my blanket. When a girl's chained nothing is easy.

I'm a slave.

At the foot of my master's bed. Chained. Why the hell am I horny!

Oh shit!

CHAPTER THREE

It's been a wonderful couple of months. Far better than I expected. I realise it's Cathy's 'intelligence that's made it so. She's come up with a neat blend of resistance and compliance. It's made for a very flexible relationship. If I feel like whipping her there's nearly always a legitimate excuse. And for her part she's arrived at what she believes to be the minimum degree of obedience and humility I'll stand for. She nags a bit about being chained and tied and more or less naked, but not more than I find amusing. She's beautiful. The whole thing's beautiful!

She's longing to be screwed. I'll admit that first day I was a bit miffed to discover she wasn't a virgin and had done it a good many times. But that's turned out good too. Before I kidnapped her she'd acquired an appetite for it. Under the right circumstances she enjoyed a good piece of tail. Right from the first she wanted it from me not because I'm me, but because she saw it as a brief bit of happiness in what seemed a damn rough deal. I've refused to give it to her because it keeps her wondering, off balance. If I screwed her every night, she'd think she had me. She'd get uppity. This way it's cute. I catch her looking at me, puzzled. She drops hints. Shell even use her legs to tempt me. I discover she plays with herself. When I tie her so she can't she gets sulky as all get out. I don't suppose I can abstain forever, but while I do I get a kind of respect from her: keeping her guessing.

There was the one time she went too far.

From that first day she'd often ask me, politely curious, why I didn't do it to her. When I'd laugh it off she'd drop the subject, not because she wanted to but because girls think they mustn't ask. But

this time something grated and she turned on me like a tigress.

"You're gay! That's it! I might have known."

If I'd been gay I wouldn't have kidnapped a girl. But she wasn't thinking, she was mad. But she'd hit me wrong. I hate gays and their whole lousy scene. You can't hurt me worse than to call me one of them. I saw red.

Without thinking, I pronounced sentence. "Twenty."

She sort of recoiled, hand to mouth, eyes wide. By that time she'd come to evaluate her punishments and know the amount of pain she'd have to suffer, from one stroke up. Twenty was bad. I wished I'd stopped to think. But I'd said twenty, so twenty it had to be. As I cooled, I resolved to make 'em a bit lighter than I usually laid them on.

"Oh, Master!"

"Downstairs on the bench. Bottom well up"

She fell to her knees and pushed her hair against my pants, her head was well bowed in submission. Her voice was tremulous. "I'm sorry. Oh, Master I'm sorry! My fool tongue. Forgive me."

"No one will ever call me that."

She was sobbing. "I didn't know. I didn't know!"

"You'll know for sure when I'm through with you."

She positively wailed in anguish as she rubbed her wet cheek against my thigh. "But, Master, please, not twenty!"

No play acting. All for real. I get the damnedest erections at such times. Like I said, at the start I was half scared of her. But more and more I'm getting a new assurance. Cathy's my slave.

"Don't try and twist me. You know I don't bargain over punishment."

"Oh, Master, twenty's too awful. I can't stand twenty." The last comes out as a despairing wail. She bowed herself lower and beat on the floor beside my shoe with a small clenched fist. "I'm sorry, sorry, sorry! Please, Master, let me say I'm sorry?"

"You've just said it."

"Forgive me oh please?"

I'II admit it would have been easy to pick her up and kiss away the tears. I'd have felt much macho. But it wouldn't have been a good idea. Cathy's right in there if I show a weakness. So I just repeated:

"Twenty."

She blinked up at me through her tears. "Master, please! Maybe ten?"

"Twenty."

A nice thing about Cathy is that when she knows she's beat she accepts it and stops snivelling. She did know now. She got to her feet, gave me her best sad reproachful look, and wept her way ahead of me to the room where the bench is. Only her feet were chained. She had her hands for her tears.

At that time I'd had her about five weeks and she was pretty well trained. She was beautifully obedient, she hated being whipped. It was mostly her tongue that got her into trouble. Mostly I did not chain her heavily.

She stood still while I unlocked the shackles from her ankles. She was going to be tied tight with rope and they'd have got in the way. Even when she stood completely free and knew she was about to be terribly punished she didn't do anything silly. By now she'd stopped crying, and in a businesslike way stepped out of the panties I'd let her wear, then arranged her nakedness on the bench the way she knew I liked - she's been on it before. As I tied her ankles, strapped down her waist, and bound her wrists out at the side above her head, she helped. When I went to tie a hand or foot it was already in its place. Cathy was resigned. Now all she had to do was please. She had come to accept that she was a slave, and was doing the best she could with it. I tied her very tightly. Her raised bottom wouldn't do more than quiver. The ropes were deep into her skin at wrist and ankle. She did not complain, but what she did do was pretty nice. You may say she was just being clever, but I thought she was sincere. I still do.

"Master?"

"Yes, Cathy?"

"I deserve this I don't know about the twenty, that's a terrible punishment. But I shouldn't have said what I did. I wish I hadn't said it. I know it's not true; at least I know it now." She wriggled against the ropes in a way that told me she was embarrassed. "Master, I don't suppose you can believe this, but I didn't say that to get let off anything, honest I didn't! I know you're going to cane me the full, whole lot. I'm saying it because I was an idiot." She paused a moment and then blurted out: "You don't have to say a thing. Just start my punishment."

Amazing, eh! Quite a girl!

In telling you about Cathy and me there's no use giving a blow by blow account of every mark she got on her pretty skin. There were a lot of them. she was constantly getting punished for something or other. In fact, I sometimes figured the deliberately provoked me into giving her some small number of stripes just to relieve whatever tedium she might be feeling or to get us both sexually excited, that's possible too. By the time I'm speaking of she'd been a slave long enough that she could take up to five hard one's on her bottom or back without screaming mostly without much noise at all. It wasn't that she didn't feel 'em as much as ever, it was simply control and getting her ideas about being punished into a proper perspective.

I realised this time was different for her. It was probably the first occasion in which she felt genuinely guilty of something she regretted. From the first cut across her raised bottom, I'd forgotten and made it good and severe, I sensed she was going to be stoic I think that's the word for what the British call a stiff upper lip. She just gasped and tensed. And she kept right on gasping and tensing right through the whole twenty. Not a single scream. Oh sure, I was making them light after the first. But they hurt plenty. Each one left its red line across those lovely curves. She was experienced enough that she had to know I wasn't going full out, that she was getting off a bit easier than she'd expected, but she didn't say a word. Neither did I. It would have been an awkward admission for either of us.

"Thank you, Master."

I'd scarcely laid the last cut across her skin before she came out with her ritual thanks. She actually made it sound as though there was a bit of gratitude in it, and maybe there was. That night I roped her in the little cell.

She never spoke the word I hated again.

There's something Cathy hates. It's being left alone.

Can't blame her much, she's always more or less helpless.

But I'm not entirely a loner. I have to be out and around sometimes. So I pull a crafty one on her by once in awhile leaving her tied or chained in the cell or the punishment room, or even the dungeon. If she knows I'm in the house it doesn't affect her too bad. So now when I go out I don't let her know. I put her safe and go. But the idea got to bothering me too, finally it gave me the notion. The notion is part of this story and comes later. But first there happened something that damn near scared me out of my skin.

I'd been out for the afternoon. When I came back to the house from the garage the small broken pane of glass was like a scream of warning in the night.

I kept my cool. It might be nothing or it might be everything. I had to find out about Cathy and if she'd been found. I let myself in silently and went on tiptoe to the door that led to the steps downstairs where my slave girl was locked in her cell. Sure enough, there was a light.

Talk about luck! From the bottom step I could look down the passage to where a woman was also doing a tiptoe act. I could tell she was youngish. She had a camera kit slung from one shoulder. She was just approaching Cathy's cell, when she drew level with the bars she stopped dead, sort of frozen by what she saw inside.

I had but one thought. This snooper must not talk to Cathy. If they communicated I was sunk. I leaped down that passage with a speed that caused the interloper to to turn and view me with pure horror. She was younger than I'd thought and I expect I was a frightening sight.

She fought like a fury. I could have beaten her down with my fists, but I didn't. I don't think there's many of men who'd fight a woman the same way we'd fight a man. but I did manage to drag her away from the bars and down the passage a bit. I'll never forget Cathy's startled face or the way she ran to the bars and gripped them

The main bout got started then. I only won it by being quite brutal and twisting her arm up behind her back. That way I got her into one of the rooms, pushed her back into a closet and locked the door on her. Panting, I retrieved the satchel she'd lost in the tussle and examined the contents. I had to know what sort of a tiger I had by the tail.

A camera, not too expensive, a light meter, the usual junk. There were letters, a little money, a bank book showing a four dollar balance, and a driver's license. Her name was Nancy Dwight. Nothing to tell me why she was snooping in my house. I set it all aside, found handcuffs and slipped them in my pocket, and unlocked the closet door on which she had been steadily pounding.

She leaped at me like a cat. So we did it all over again. She lost bits of her cute little frock and her bra strap broke, but I finally managed to turn her on her face and get a knee in her back. She was tired by then and getting the handcuffs on her wrists wasn't all that hard. I clicked them too tight. I

was mad and scared! The silly bitch was messing up my life,.

When I got off her she struggled awkwardly to her feet, pulling madly at the handcuffs behind her back as though she really expected to break the connecting link. Her breath was coming hard and fast as she backed into a corner and glared at me. I said the first thing that come to mind.

"I'll call the police after you've told me what you're up to.

She didn't answer at first, just stood at bay assessing me. I saw now that, even with a smudged face and torn clothes, she was a damn pretty girl. One conical breast was peeping shyly at me through a tear.

"YOU call the police!" All the indignation in the world was in that first word. "You're some sort of a kidnapper I knew there had to be something!"

"Tell me more." I suggested pleasantly.

She twisted her shoulders and gave an extra hard tug at the cuffs. "Well, look what you've done to me! Let me loose.

"What's your line? Burglary?" I motioned to the camera.

"Blackmail."

It hit her hard. If she hadn't seen a naked girl locked in a cell her position was damn weak. Even having seen Cathy, it wasn't that good.

"You can let me go." She gives me a real haughty sniff. "I won't lay charges about what what you've done to me. You can just pay me for the dress."

That was better. But I had to know. "I asked you question"

"I'm a press photographer."

"Where's your Press Card?" Hating me, she says:

"I don't have one. I'm free lance."

"Where have you been published?"

"I haven't yet, I've only just..."

She broke off in confusion and looked sheepish. She tried to pick up the slack by snapping at me.

"I suppose you know these these things you've put on my wrists are hurting me."

"Why are you in my house?"

Damn her wrists! Right then I couldn't have cared less. But she did look amusing boiling over with indignation, and wondering what lie to invent.

"This isolated house looked interesting - the trees. It's a bit eerie. I made inquiries and learned there was a man no one knew. When I came back for a second look I felt sure the place was deserted. It

does look like it, you've let the garden go to weeds. So I broke in. I know it was wrong, and I'll pay for the glass. If you like, we can can call it quits about my dress."

She looked at me hopefully. But I wasn't a bit sure. "Oh, come on. You can do better than that."

"Well it's the truth. I've just got to sell something soon or I won't eat." She stared back at me defiantly. "My intuition wasn't that far wrong that poor girl down the passage! In a cell! Boy, what a story!"

"It's not necessarily what you think."

She sneered. "Your wife, I suppose? Naked!"

How lucky could I be! It wasn't often I locked Cathy in there without either the handcuffs of the collar, but this was one of those times. I took a shot in the dark.

"And what was this poor naked girl doing?"

My captive looked sheepish. "Reading a book."

"Well, well, not using a file on the bars or screaming for help!"

The sarcasm reached her. She tossed her head angrily but kept silent. A second bit of luck occurred to me. Cathy was wearing a pair of panties that hid the worst of her welts. If snoopy here had seen any she'd have blurted it out for sure. She herself now came out with the answer.

"There wasn't time for anything. She was getting ready to say something when you grabbed me. Look here, there's no need for these handcuffs. I'm not a bandit. They hurt. It's damn fishy you having a pair - what are you."

"I write. Hence the solitude."

"Who's your publisher?"

She snapped it at me quick, hoping to score. I'd stretched the truth once, now I had to do it twice.

"Ballantyne, and some stuff with Random House."

She wilted a bit under those names. "Well, now we've been sort of introduced you can let me go. I'm sorry I've been a nuisance."

"Get back in the closet."

She visibly flinched., "No I won't! It's horrible in there in the dark. Besides, why would I!" She looked genuinely puzzled. "I mean, why do you want to lock me in there?"

"I have to make some phone calls. Can you give me a reference I can call to check on you?"

She squirmed and her breast came through completely. She looked down at it in surprise and, quite laughably, tried to wriggle it back in. The face she turned to me was pink. "Look what you've done! and no, I don't have numbers to give you. I just came here. But there's the apartment manager. The office number is nine four three seven one six eight. I think there's his card in my satchel."

"Into the closet you go."

"Damn you. That's a rotten way to treat me. I'll get terribly frightened alone in there. Look, will it be for long?"

"Half an hour."

"It will seem like days."

"I can't help that."

She shrugged resignedly. Then did the cutest thing - smart too'. She backed up to me, bent forward a bit, and raised and wiggled her handcuffs at me."

"You'll wear those."

She shrugged again. I suppose she figured it was a good try. Without a word she flounced her way to the closet, turned, and let me have a glare of hurt resentment, then stepped inside.

I locked her in.

Can you believe that kidnapping a girl is like marrying her? Your lives interlock. What happens to one involves the other. I'd no sooner closed the door on Nancy Dwight than I hotfooted it down the passage to Cathy. Even before I got there I could see her knuckles round the bars. Her face was a study.

"What have you done with her?" She'd been bursting to ask.

"Locked her in a closet."

"Oh, thank God!"

She buried her face in her hands and started to cry, a sort of hysterical sobbing. I stood there like an idiot. This was something new.

"What's the matter, Cathy? What's wrong?"

"I thought you were killing her."

The shocking words came to me though her muffling hands. They were faint and broken by sobs, but they struck me like a thunderclap. I was horrified.

"You thought I'd do that!"

She didn't answer right away. But sobbed away her tears and finished them off with my handkerchief, for which she reached through the bars as though knowing I'd offer it. Then she cocked a questioning eye at me, an eye stricken by an awful knowledge.

"What else can you do with her! She's seen me."

Like I said, Cathy's got brains. Right off she'd seen what I was still trying not to see. She'd hit the nail right on the head. What the devil was I going to do with that blasted girl back there in the closet! What indeed!

"Set your mind at rest." I said, a bit hurt. "I'm not killing anybody."

She brightened. Then in the natural way she'd become used to, she thrust both hands at me between two bars. In an absent minded way, I took the handcuffs from the hook on the passage wall where I'd hung them when we had earlier done the reverse motions, and tightened them upon her wrists. It was understood between us now that she would never be allowed an unfettered freedom in which she might be tempted to do something silly. then I unlocked the door and went in the cell with her. I sat on the cot while she knelt before me. all her slave actions had become ingrained. Her handcuffed wrists rested easily in her lap. I told her the story.

"What will you do with her, Master?"

"I don't know."

"She sounds a little stupid. Maybe, Master, if you say the right things she'll just be glad to go and do nothing."

I gave my slave girl a look she understood. She clinked her cuffs in an admission of guilt.

"I'm sorry, Master, that was feeble." She gazed up at me appealingly. "Forgive me for wanting freedom. I know perfectly well she'd go straight to the police. a naked girl behind bars in a cell

makes too good a story. She'd have nothing to lose. Will I be punished for that?"
"No."

Cathy made me see the trap I was in with such a hard shocking clarity. That damn girl in the closet had my life in her hands. I wasn't about to kill her, but I could well see why some chaps did kill girls in binds like that. What could I do with her! Apart from being scared, I was irritated enough to want to go in there and whip her silly bottom the rotten little snoop!

For a little while we were silent with our thoughts. In between wondering what to do with my amateur photographer I caught a glimpse of a knowledge Cathy must be finding bitter. If I'd stayed away thirty minutes longer, she'd have been free by now. In her place I'd have been tearing my hair and swearing. But then I switched back to worrying about me. In the middle of it a small quiet voice said.:

"Cedric?"

Cathy's use of my silly name was about on a par with all the rest. I looked down at her in surprise. I could tell she was up to something.

"You thought of something?"

"Yes, Master." She sort of squirmed and looked embarrassed. "But I don't know how to say it."

"Say it anyway."

"Promise you won't punish me?'.

Ordinarily, that bit of wheedling would have got her five with the cane right quick. Masters don't have to promise slaves anything. But I remembered her voice when she'd pronounced my name. I was curious.

"I'll only punish you if you don't come out with it."

"It's crazy and you almost have to be suspicious."

"What file hell of?"

"Me and my motives."

"Out with it."

"You're in trouble, Cedric. I don't want to get you angry and be beaten."

My name again! She had me going., "Alright, alright! I promise."

"She only got a quick look at me through the bars."

"So?"

"She didn't have time to see my whip marks. But she must have noticed I wore panties, your most respectable pair. I wasn't chained or tied. I was reading a book."

Cathy was recapitulating, marshalling facts. Her eyes were on me, but intent. "You were still locked in a cell." I said gluffily.

"She can't be sure of that." Cathy had become eager.

"She did not try the door. I didn't run to the bars until the fight started."

"Does all this prove something?"

"It proves I could get dressed and go in there and laugh her out of her confidence. Make her feel a fool."

Masterly, wasn't it! It takes a woman! Then I saw the hitch.

"She'd never buy it. Not with you handcuffed or your ankles chained."

"I wouldn't be handcuffed or chained."

She said it quietly, a little fearfully. Her eyes were very anxious.

"Then you'd just walk out with her and go home, Or to the police."

"No."

We looked at each other, seeing only the shocking thing she had propounded. Everything was closing in on me. Even my own slave girl was able to jockey me into a comer.

"Cathy, don't be silly. You'd be crazy not to. Even if I tried to subdue the two of you, one would get away for sure."

She nodded. "Yes, I know. This is why I'm scared you'll punish me. It's an outrageous proposition

and I'd deserve to be whipped if it wasn't sincere." she looked up at me earnestly. "I wouldn't even try to escape."

This had to be nuts! Cathy sounded so damn genuine. But I expect my face was loaded with doubt.

"Why, Cathy, why?"

"Look, Master. I'm not going to call you Cedric any more. Try and look at this from where I'm at. I'm in as much of a bind as you. First, look at these handcuffs."

She held up her linked hands and I looked at them.

"I'm always helpless, aren't I. I'm never given the faintest hope of escape. Right?"

"I suppose so."

"No matter what you do with this Dwight girl I'll remain a hopeless prisoner. Is that not so?"

"No need to make it sound so awful."

"So I've nothing to lose?"

There was excitement in her voice as she made her points. I couldn't see where we were headed but I sure wanted to know.

"No you haven't." I said morosely. "The loss is all mine."

"So! If I go to work on little brighteyes and either succeed or fail, I then let you chain me again and go back to square one. I haven't lost a thing."

"Except a marvellous chance at freedom."

"Not really. The chance could not exist under any other terms but these."

I think it's what they call "devious logic", I couldn't pick a hole in it other than it was far out - far, far out! But, for sure, one thing screamed aloud. "You'd be doing this to save my neck, Why?"

Her eyes became very large. She was ready with her points though she stumbled a bit at the start.

"Look, you've kept me your slave a long time now. We've got to know each other. You've refused to sleep with me. I don't know why; you've known I wanted you physically. We're not in love with each other, so that doesn't enter into this. But I don't hate you." She grinned ruefully. "Except sometimes when you whip me. I certainly don't hate you enough to make me want to see you go to prison for life. Maybe I'm crazy, but I wouldn't want that. I just wouldn't! What you've done to me is something you felt you had to do even the pain."

Her voice became as still as her body. She looked down at the handcuffs in her lap.

I hadn't a thing to say. I mean, when you're offered the world you can't just say "Thanks", I had never seen her more beautiful.

"It's a sort of parole." I said stupidly. "Just trust me, Master"

I trusted her.

I mean - what the hell...

It was quite a moment when I took off her handcuffs. We both recognised it as symbolic. Cathy did a strange thing. She took my hand and kissed it lightly. Just a brush of her lips but it burned like fire. Then she got to her feet briskly. It was a good thing I didn't have to speak. I couldn't have done it not with that lump in my throat.

For a few minutes we were busy as bees. We planned while she dressed and fixed her face. The first time I'd stripped her before tying her to the bed I'd kept all her clothes. They were undamaged. She was tremendously pleased to see them. She even took my panties off and put hers on. It's true what they say about clothes.

They're far more erotic than nudity. Watching, I even Considered if I'd let her dress sometimes afterwards if there was an afterwards!

"I'll have to let her out, Master."

I gave her the keys to the closet, and the handcuffs.

"Oh damn!" She grinned at me. "I can't call you Master again until after. Since we're supposed to be married I'll mix in a few darlings with the Cedrics."

Strange how I trusted her.

I do have a study and I do have a typewriter. I put a sheet of paper in it and scattered others around. My heart was thumping. There was nothing to stop those two girls trotting off down the road. I might never see 'em again except in Court!

I made sure I was tapping busily when laughter heralded their entry. I looked up as though they'd interrupted a genius at work. They must have been busy with girl tricks. They both looked smart as mannequins. Nancy Dwight seemed a bit stunned, but not unhappy.

"Cedric dear, this is all too idiotic." Cathy was giggling enough to get a smile out of our guest.

"I still don't like snoopers." I said uncompromisingly.

"Nancy's explained all that." My one time slave girl waved away my objection with an airy hand. "I might have done the same thing myself. Look darling, I think we owe her a drink. and she's going to stay for dinner."

I let out a sad, sad sigh over leaving my authorship, but said politely. "Well, O.K. Let's go have the drink. Maybe I could use one myself."

Cathy was a miracle. Girls have a natural gift for dissembling. I suppose it comes from twisting men all around their fingers for centuries. Between her own hot effervescence and the gin, Nancy Dwight blossomed. I wouldn't have given her points for real intelligence. But once she'd forgotten the closet and the handcuffs she became a very acceptable bit of female. I had to entertain her while Cathy prepared dinner. I was on tenterhooks the whole time, wondering how she was making out. We'd decided it had to be her and not me who did the job. But I suppose a bit of absent mindedness is forgivable in an author. I began to have a feeling things were going to work out.

I needn't have worried. Like I said, Cathy is a miracle.

Being a husband, I grumbled a bit but ate it with relish. Nancy was now enjoying herself immensely. She insisted on helping with the dishes. I let them go, and for several minutes heard the echo of their laughter. They were having a ball. It looked as though we'd won our battle.

When Cathy came in alone I could tell from her face we were sunk. She had a finger on her lips.

"I have to hurry. She thinks I'm in the john. Whatever you decide will have to be quick." she whispered "That damn girl's just dropped a bomb, she's going to write an article on us and try to sell it."

"Can't we talk her out of it?"

"It's worse than that. She's going to a big newspaper and the police."

"What in hell for?"

My slave girl waved her hands in disgust. "She's talking about it as though I ought to be pleased. That cell jolted her. She says that even though I seem free and happy I may be under some sort of compulsion. 'Coercion' is what she suspects. I can't laugh her out of it. She says for me not to worry because, either way, I'm going to be alright. And she's got it in for you over those handcuffs. Oh

Master!"

My mind raced. I didn't waste time wondering why Cathy was so incredibly loyal. That was a miracle by itself for another time. I considered holding our guest long enough to get rid of the house and move away. But that was hopeless, tracing would be easy. The fool of a girl was almost asking to be murdered...

Then I remembered my notion. "Cathy."

"Yes, Master?

"Remember the times you've been scared to be left a prisoner here alone?"

She nodded.

"How'd you like company?"

It was so simple we almost laughed.

Cathy's whisper trilled amusement. "But Master: two of us!"

"Why not!"

"Master, I may hate her."

"No you won't. Besides, she's to be your slave, not mine."

Cathy's eyes widened in delight. She put a hand over her mouth to stem giggles. We headed for the kitchen.

Nancy Dwight wasn't there. Neither was her satchel.

We caught her at the car. In her rush to get away she'd pushed the wrong key into the ignition. This was our third fight. Without Cathy's help I would have been obliged to hurt her. For Nancy, this one was a no holds barred. She probably guessed what she was fighting for.

Her life?

Certainly a good portion of it.

CHAPTER FOUR

He's taken me to bed. A reward?'

He loves me?

Or just a male reaction?

It doesn't matter really, the thing is he's done it. It was wonderful, wonderful, wonderful! We never mentioned Nancy all night. We forgot her completely. Oh, sure, I was chained to the bed by one ankle. We never mentioned that either.

There was bound to be a change. Both of us changed.

Not basically. But in our knowledge of ourselves. Especially me!

When the time came I couldn't bear the electricity between us. I'm surprised it didn't spark. But it was a moment of portent and we both knew it. I simply held my hands out for the handcuffs while he was still wondering how to open the subject. Then I insisted on having my ankles chained as well. I was frightened of freedom. I'd held it in my hand and flirted with it. I'd had enough of awful decision. The chains came as a relief. Honest!

Men are so difficult about emotion. Cedric was so smitten with gratitude for what I'd done, or tried to do, that we was prepared to let me continue to go about the place with clothes on and absolutely free of bonds. This happened after we'd put Nancy in a safe place and before he took me to bed. I had to be severe. I told him straight I'd honour my word and allow myself to be chained now this crisis was over, but I'd be damned if I'd walk around free and stay there. It was asking too much. I told him to either make me keep my promise or to say goodbye. I swore I'd never tell on him if I went. The poor goof looked so stricken that it was right there I took off my clothes and offered my wrists.

Was I crazy? Am I kinky? I don't know. Oh, shit!

So I was a slave girl again. And taken to bed by my master! It did us both good. I wanted it, and it sort of made him my Master again put him back on top no pun intended. I was terribly, terribly happy. I know that has to be ridiculous, but I was happy. And it didn't go away.

I expect that in that decision I made I was influenced a bit by memories. I'd been

Cedric's slave a long time. If his fool of a name makes him sound namby-pamby, he isn't. True, I'm mostly a jump ahead of him except when I'm being whipped. But he's good looking and well set up and can be a lot of fun. Right from the start he'd mostly let me have dinner with him, and they were

very good dinners! Afterwards we'd go to a the lounge and sip drinks. We had a helluva' lot of laughs. I got so I never noticed I was chained and minus clothes. Crazy!

I don't think I'm in love with him I don't think he's in love with me. It's nicer than that.

A lot simpler.

Nancy helped our readjustment after the crises. She unwillingly gave us a common interest and stopped us being shy or self conscious because of that awful day. Boy was she a handful! With her around I'd never be bored again. When my master told me I could have her for my own personal slave it seemed like fun. But that first day - Holy Cow!

"You're nothing but a traitor."

Because I'd been promoted, we had locked her in my cell for the night. Handcuffs in front. Another pair on her ankles so she could only hobble. We had also removed what was left of her clothes. She glared at me now through the bars.

"How about breakfast?"

"You know what you can do with breakfast!"

"How about the bathroom?"

I had her there. I knew how she felt.

"While I'm using the bathroom you can get my clothes. I'll leave immediately after."

She said it like she believed it. I could feel the shock waves as I chained her ankles and put the collar and chain on her neck. "Your feet are chained." she said accusingly.

"You guessed right, Nancy. I'm a slave girl too."

"What d'you mean 'too!' I'm not such an idiot as to allow myself to be treated the way you do."

I slipped my panties down and showed her my bottom.

"I knew it!" she exclaimed triumphantly. "He beats you. There had to be something." There came a little break in her voice. "And you've got whip marks here and there all over. Oh Cathy!"

I had to feel sorry for her. After all, I knew the feeling. I put a comforting arm 'round her shoulder and kissed her lightly. "You can get the same marks too." I warned her gently. "Just be sensible. It's a case of: if you can't beat 'em, join 'em."

I led her to the bathroom and locked her chain to the wall. I'll admit I got a bang out of it. I couldn't but wonder if I'd looked as outraged as poor Nancy.

Now I had a problem with myself. Maybe you've caught sight of it. My ankles were chained. I could walk slowly but not run. I was naked. But on the face of it there seemed no reason why I couldn't grab a cover, walk out the door and down the road.

It was part of this new master I now had. He was trusting 'me in a way he shouldn't have. He was giving me a half a freedom so I could take away all of Nancy's. But I was ungrateful for the nervous

strain of it. Should I walk down the dusty road or shouldn't I! If I did and he caught me he would punish me bad: that was a deterrent. On the other hand I might make it and be rescued. But then how would I explain being naked with chained feet! There would be awkward questions I couldn't answer. Sure as shooting I'd end up with the police. Being a slave has its own problems. Slavery and freedom comes in degrees. Each is comparative.

"Where are my clothes?" said Nancy.

"Come and have breakfast.".

"I refuse to be naked in front of that man."

"Would you sooner go back in the cell, hungry?"

"I can't walk with my feet chained like this."

"If I can, you can."

Grudgingly, she followed my tug on her chain.

"Good morning, Nancy." said my Master politely, eyeing her frantic efforts to do something with her cuffed hands. "You can only cover one thing, so don't bother."

She chose her left breast for a few moments and then abandoned the project. She was all blushes and anger, not all that scared. We ate, and my master laid down a few rules.

"You'll obey us both, Nancy."

"Up yours!"

"You can never escape. You may be here for life."

"It's you who'll get life."

"You are going to become a slave."

"Please don't be ridiculous. And take these handcuffs off me, How d'you expect me to use a knife and fork!"

"You are doing very well."

"You're a couple of kooks. She's as bad as you."

"You can be punished for impertinence."

"Drop dead."

"You will be punished for disobedience and for attempts to escape."

"How you do natter on!"

"Cathy was once in your situation."

"She should be ashamed of herself!"

"You will be assigned small tasks."

"Laying down to be screwed, I suppose?"

My Master's lips betrayed amusement. "That comes only as a reward for good behaviour."

"You can give her my share."

Nancy Dwight was not easy. She was a self-important little busybody. Her act in breaking into the house demonstrated her assurance. She was probably a spoiled brat. My master sighed.

"You must consider yourself Cathy's personal property."

Considering she was wearing handcuffs, Nancy's aim with the cup of coffee was pretty fair. Some reached my master's face, the rest splattered on his shirt. Our unwilling visitor sat with eyes blazing defiance.

My master rose. He did it grandly and with purpose.

"I'll clean up." he said evenly. Then to me: "Cathy, advise this absurd child."

I remembered how I'd broken that dish on the floor!

"I suppose he'll knock me around now." Nancy was prepared to enjoy martyrdom.

"You'll most likely be whipped."

"Oh, come off it! He wouldn't dare."

"I showed you my behind. He whips me when I'm silly."

She dismissed my weals with a clink of cuffs. "You're one of those that like it. I've read −"

"I don't like it! I hate it! It hurts something awful!" I was getting miffed with this imperious little snippet. "I scream and beg and promise the same way you will."

My vehemence got to her. "He won't will he?"

"He will."

Her eyes strayed to my unfettered hands. "Why don't you walk out?"

"The doors are locked, the ground floor windows are barred. Besides, I can't walk much faster than you can. There is also the little matter of getting my fanny flayed."

She munched and asked for another cup of coffee to replace the one she'd used as a missile. Nancy was thinking hard.

"Why don't the two of us jump him?"

"You won't get such bright ideas after your bottom's been striped."

"Isn't there something we can hit him on the head with when he comes through the door?"

Thought of my master with a battered head revolted me. I wanted freedom, but at a lesser price. I told her so.

"You're in love with him."

"No, I'm not! But it's just - oh damn, it's more complicated than you can see right now."

Nancy's vexed admonitions were lost in my master's re-entry. He said in that lovely terse way he'd often used on me, "Ten strokes."

"For other folks!" Nancy's eyes flashed. "Why don't you grow up!"

"If you've finished eating you can do the dishes."

"You know what you can do with your dishes."

My Master sighed happily. I have to admit I was pleasantly excited myself. Nancy needed guidance. I hate to admit it, but in certain circumstances there's only one guidance us girls really pay attention to. Little Miss Muffet was about to make its acquaintance.

"She's all yours, Cathy. I'll inspect the job later." Good gosh, me!

Thrash a slave girl!

Wow!

I had to be quite brutal with the chain to drag my new possession to her place of punishment. something was wrong! This wasn't my role. I found myself resenting the expostulating little bitch who was making each step a tug of war. Why the hell couldn't she have kept her nose out of my affairs!

"All this fuss over a few dishes!"

"Oh shut up!"

The punishment room and its contents had only faintly sobering effect on my charge.

"Stage props! I'm not impressed."

"Lay on this bench."

You lay on it."

With an unexpected push I got her face down. With frantic hands I got the strap round her waist and cinched it as tight as I could. I knew from experience a girl was helpless after that., She kicked and pounded for awhile and then gave up.

"You're being absolutely beastly to me."

"I'm going to free your wrists and ankles, Nancy."

She perked. So did suspicion. "What for?"

"It's best to tie you down tight with rope. "I refuse. I won't let you."

"You can't stop me."

"There's something wrong with this bench a hump."

"That's to raise your bottom. It's sticking out beautifully now. After I've got you tied it will be even better."

That hump was more eloquent than my words. I knew how she felt. She kept quiet while I used the keys and don't think it wasn't a damn funny feeling for me! But when I put the first rope around her ankle she went wild. She kicked so much she hurt herself on the bench. When she tired I managed to get her lower half nice and tight. She had a lovely round backside. In fact, she'd a pretty good figure all around. Her face would have been good too if she could stop being petulant and demanding. It was when I knelt beside her face to tie her wrists that she became girlish. Her eyes were turned my way and very close. The pulse in her neck was beating hard.

"We ought to be on the same side."

"We are."

"We're not. If we were you'd let me go."

"Then I'd be thrashed too."

"My pussy's showing up behind, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"I don't want him to see it like that."

"He's seen mine often enough."

Her eyes widened. It was as though she saw me for the first time. "Honest? You mean you've been tied like this?"

"Of course."

Poor kid. I suppose it was hard for her to digest.

Really hard.

"Look, Cathy. He doesn't go through with it, does he? He isn't really going to hit my bottom with some lousy stick or whip or something?"

"Of course he is. How d'you think I got my marks!"

She looked interested. "What did you do?"

"I lost my temper and said something I shouldn't Slaves aren't allowed to lose their tempers. You'd

better watch yours."

"I think you're both doing this to scare me. But if he does, you know, if he hits me down there he could get my pussy."

"That's an occupational hazard."

"O Cathy, don't be so callous! Look, you've tied that wrist awful tight. If I let you tie the other one without struggling will you tie them both a bit looser? Please?"

"Slaves aren't allowed to bargain."

"Oh wow! You're hurting."

I knew there was only one thing that would put a dent in Nancy's conceit with herself. I hurriedly finished tying, using all the tricks of cinch and knot my master used on me. When I was finished she was very helpless and looked cute as can be.

"I can't move."

"You're not supposed to."

So there I was! Face to face with a situation I'd never dreamed of. Total power over another girl. I could whip Nancy as long as I wanted.

But I didn't want.

I found my master in his study. I was already crying. I sank to my knees and buried my wet face in his lap, my arms clung. He put a hand in my hair and left it there. We said nothing. We didn't need to. After I'd given him a nice wet patch, I mumbled.

"It's no good."

"What's wrong, Cathy?"

"She's spoilt things. She's spoilt everything."

"Where is she now?"

"Oh, I've got her safely tied to the bench. But I can't whip her. I just can't. It's not my thing. It's not me."

"But I want you to."

"Oh, master!"

He went on smoothing my hair. He'd grown a up a lot since he kidnapped me. "If you refuse to cane her bottom, I'll whip you, Cathy."

"Yes I know, Master. I'd sooner it was that way."

The hand continued its play. After a while I wanted to puff .

"That bad, eh?"

"Yes, master."

"You mean you dislike her, or you just don't want to punish her?"

"I don't like any of it, Master. It's lousing us up. Before she showed, I knew where I was at. Now I don't. Look at me now, I'm running around this house almost in freedom - just my ankles chained. I've got so I can walk real good like this."

"Is that bad?"

"Of course it is! Don't you realise I could wrap something around my best parts and slip out of a window. You might not catch me before I found help."

"Is it a chance you wish to take, Cathy?"

"I don't know. It's not as simple as just being frightened of the punishment you'd give me if you caught me. It's that I don't want to live like this, always tempted. With

Nancy Dwight yelling at me because I don't cut and run."

"But I can't chain you more heavily or keep you locked up. You wouldn't be able to handle Nancy or keep your authority."

"That's right, Master. The best thing is to keep us both properly chained or locked up together. I don't want a slave. We both belong to you."

"Well, when we knew we, were stuck with her it seemed a nice idea that she'd be company for you."

"I don't want her."

My master's voice was troubled. "I don't want her either."

I raised my head in surprise, but his hand continued in my hair, so I put it back down.

"You'd think if one slave girl was good, two would be better." he said slowly "But I can tell already I'm not going to like it. I'm no Solomon, but I can see where jealousy is going to pop up. I've got used to you." He chuckled. "And besides, last night in bed was habit forming."

"It was beautiful, Master."

"So what do we do?"

"Let me go and keep her. I won't talk."

"Oh come off it, Cathy!" he paused. "Do you want freedom that bad?

All of a sudden, I was crying again. It was just much too much. I didn't know what I wanted, and I couldn't even think of a way to say I didn't know. My master let me cry it out, just gently patting my bare shoulder from time to time. Finally I said the thing I was sure I ought to say. It came out in little sobs.

"Yes, Master, I want freedom. Wouldn't any girl!"

"Is this so bad?"

"In a little while you will have to whip me. I wear chains."

"Is that an answer, Cathy?"

"It is all I have, Master."

"Do you love me?"

"No. I don't think so."

"Well don't you know?"

"No, I don't know, Master. I'm sorry. You made me a slave. I'm all mixed up."

"I won't let you go, Cathy."

Everything was crumbling. My beautiful happiness of the night and of the morning dissolving. On top of Nancy Dwight we were now all smothered in emotion, emotions we hadn't known were there. Emotions that were going to rob me of a master and replace him with a total stranger. I could sense that Cedric was not every going to whip me again, or chain me, or lock me in the cell. I wasn't going to be a slave. I wasn't going to be anything. If he gave me my freedom I wouldn't know what to do with it I'd be out there somewhere, a nothing!

This can't be happening.

It's crazy.

Unreal.

"We'd better go and deal with Nancy." I said listlessly.

"I don't want to do that either." said my Master.

We looked at each, other in dismay. And then laughed. We'd gone over a brink into hysteria. But it brought release. I sparked my screwball idea.

I told my idea to my Master.

My Master said it was nuts, but if that's what I wanted...

We went down to the punishment room and our waiting guest.

She was not pleased to see us. Her wrists were already red where she'd been tugging, so where her ankles.

"This has gone far enough."

From the way she said it, it was obvious she expected it to go further. My Master picked up the cane that awful one that's wrapped around my hips so often!

"Don't you use that thing on me!" My master used it on her, but good.

I was entranced. I'd never been a spectator. It was like watching the scarlet line form across my own bottom and the flesh begin to raise. I didn't feel a bit guilty. I was cheesed off with Nancy.

"Damn you, that hurt!"

She looked up at my master indignantly. I'm sure she thought she was imparting information of which he was unaware.

My master swished her again. I was able to see how a girl's skin depresses under the impact and then bounces back and blossoms. Nancy became quite animated and tugged delightfully. Her voice was now uncertain.

"Stop it. I think we'd better talk."

"You make a habit of breaking into people's houses?"

"Don't make such a big thing of it. It doesn't entitle you to do this to me."

"You prefer the cops?"

Nancy tried to wriggle, but I'd tied her too tight. I understood the desperation building up insider her angry mind. "Well... I mean, that's what I want to talk about."

My master gave her number three. It was quite beautiful the way they were spaced. Lovely tattoos on pink skin. When a girl is whipped she ought to be able to see her stripes. The sight would help a lot. Nancy howled and made my ropes creak.

"Damn you, I said I'd talk. Hold it."

"What about?"

"Well, are you doing this to me because I snooped or because you enjoy it?"

"Both."

"You're a kook. But O.K. Maybe I owe you. Give me five and let me go. We'll call it quits."

"You don't want me to call the police?"

"Stop talking about them. You don't suppose I'm going to bare my bum and bend over for 'em to have a look, do you"

"That isn't what I meant."

"Alright, alright! No, I don't want you to turn me in. Give me five of these beastly agonies and let me go.

"Ten."

"I'll die."

I recalled saying that myself. A girl actually believes it. My master laid on number four. I gasped when I saw what it had hit. Poor Nancy! She would have done well in opera.

"You bastard! You hit my cunt!"

"You shouldn't stick it out like that."

"I can't help it, idiot! Look, don't hit it again please!

My master hit it again. I could swear I saw it swell. Nancy had lovely plump lips. Some man would be lucky - probably had been!

After the vocals and the heavings against my ropes she gasped:

"That's five! Please, Please, that's enough I've paid for your rotten window."

My Master gave Nancy her other five. The effect was remarkable. She screamed steadily.

Caned bottoms are beautiful.

I got horny.

I was ashamed of myself. I would not have wanted to cane Nancy's pleasant little posterior. But watching it done by my master - wow! I could understand why he'd often caned mine, just for the fun of it. The whole effect of those scarlet cheeks was exquisitely delicious.

"I shall never forgive you." said Nancy.

"You can untie me now." said Nancy.

We broke the news to her.

"You mean I have to stay tied up like this and watch that! She made the final word sound an obscenity.

"I've been a very bad girl." I said demurely.

If I'd have been her I'd have been a bit more humble after those ten. But Nancy was unquenchable. Her bottom flamed, so did her scorn.

"I guessed it right. You're both kooks."

"It's because I absolutely refused to cane your bottom, Nancy. I didn't want to. My thing is the other way 'round."

"Your cunt! Oh sorry, yeah, I see what you mean. You love it, don't you! I was sure you did. Those marks..."

"Yes, I love it." I hoped my lie didn't show.

"You must be crazy. The pain's awful." She looked up at me, puzzled. "Or doesn't it hurt with girls like you?"

"It hurts, Just as much as with you and I'll scream. But I have to have it, I have to. But you're not interested."

Nancy was interested as all get out. But she wasn't about to admit it. "Well, if I have to watch I have to." She said with false dolour. "I suppose having another girl see you whipped makes you hornier still?"

"I can't help it. That's the way I am."

The little biddy didn't realise how lucky she was. A front seat to watch the greatest show on earth. The fact she was tied to it wouldn't spoil her view. My Master and I went all out. What I was about to suffer had to pay a dividend.

"The bar and the straps, Master?"

"Get over there, Cathy."

"Master please, not too hard?"

"You need a lesson. And if I don't do it hard, you beef."

"Not the bad whip, Master?"

"That's her way of asking for the bad one." my master informed our wide-eyed audience. Then to me: "Off, with those panties."

"But isn't it my back you're going to whip?"

"Never mind. Off!"

I parted with my panties slowly as though they were my last friend. I didn't have to act. It was real. Baring her last private bits is just plain anguish for a girl at such a time.

"What's this 'Master' business?" Nancy was getting interested.

I snapped at her. "What else should I call him! I told you, at times like this I'm his slave. I can't help that either."

"Well, don't get shitty. I'm just asking."

"Get your wrists in there, Cathy."

Hastily I obeyed. Cedric strapped them extra tight, then up they went until I was on my toes.

"You've a nice figure."

From Nancy, that was a real bouquet. Her eyes were popping. I strove for a nice blend of poignant expectancy. I heard her gasp when Cedric took the whip from the rack on the wall.

It was by no means his cruellest whip. But to the uninitiated it looked wicked. the punishment I was about to get wouldn't be my worst. But it would hurt bad enough even though it was in a good cause.

"Please, master, not too many."

He didn't bother to answer, just whipped me.

I screamed and danced. He'd taken my ankle chains when I'd removed the panties. I was able to put on a real display of flashing legs and writhing rump. The lash he was using was just enough to get a response out of me with each blow. I didn't have to act. When I pleaded for him to stop, I meant it. When I begged him to stop and to fuck me instead, I meant that too. From the corner of one eye I could see Nancy was getting all the right impressions.

I threw in a simulated orgasm for good measure. I heaved and gasped and lifted myself off the floor. Cedric paused with the whip to allow Nancy a ringside view. ButatthepeakofmyacthegavemearealdowserofalashandI'llbedamnedifI didn't explode! I was furious with myself. I didn't mind putting on an act for Miss Nosey. But that she should see me actually reach such a shattering climax! I curled up in chagrin. But the whip kept slicing me so I had other things to worry about.

At the end I hung sweating. All very familiar. "Satisfied?"

"It was gorgeous, master. Thank you!"

I put my heart in it. I was panting hard and feeling that wonderful thankfulness I'd known so often. I can understand girls wanting to be whipped just to get that glorious relief. It's a sort of glowing orgasm that lasts and lasts.

Nancy understood it, too. The things she wanted to believe of us were falling into their appointed slots in her sharp little mind.

"Gee." she said in a hushed voice. "I really envy you."

"Master. I want you. Bad!" Cedric freed me and carried my whip streaked nakedness from the room.

Nancy watched fascinated. But not a peep!

This time it was even more beautifully wonderful than the night before. I knew why. I was getting to know a lot of things. After a long, long time, I knew I did not want to do the next thing on our agenda.

But I had to.

No other way.

Oh, damn!

Why was I a girl. Men own us always.

CHAPTER FIVE

"It's nice of you to give me a ride, Nancy."

Her satchel was on the back seat, along with the overnight case Cedric had miraculously produced for me. He had thought of everything, including a lot of money popped into my handbag. Nancy's little car purred its way towards the city.

"I guess I sort of owe you something." Her sideways glance held awe. "That was quite a show you let me in on."

"Worth the sore bottom?"

"Gosh yes!"

"Want to do it again?"

"Jeepers no! Once is enough. But I wouldn't have missed it. How on earth do you stand that pain!"

"I don't stand it. It happens. It's love play. Try yourself an orgasm after being whipped."

"I wish I could have taken pictures." Her voice was real wistful. "But who'd buy 'em! It was nice of your guy to give me that fifty bucks."

"We knew you were disappointed about no story. But, Nancy, do you often break into houses like that?"

"First time. Never again. Honest. Say, Cathy?"

"Yes."

"Stay the night with me."

"But, Nancy why?"

Again the sideways look. This time appealing. "No reason. I just like you. I'm lonely."

It was perfect. Her awful suspicions were buried. A night between two girls would cement them away forever. I said "O.K." and "Thank you very much." We stopped to eat, then went to her apartment. It was dinky but had a nice large bedroom. She made us drinks from a lonely and sadly depleted bottle of vodka. I told her I'd go out and buy another when we'd finished it. I wanted to stop my nagging thoughts of the man who had owned me as a slave and let me go free. I was mixed up between sorrow and excitement. Maybe it was as well to spend the night with this nosey little snippet who was actually improving on acquaintance. It would stop me thinking.

I took a refill into the bedroom when we went to unpack my things. In doing so it became evident Cedric knew more about girls than I'd have thought. It was all there. Stuff he'd bought for me before he'd even kidnapped me. Everything Nancy would expect me to have. Perfect!

They gleamed wickedly. Shining steel chrome. And the key attached by a rubber band. Beside them nestled a tight ball of white rope. The final authenticity of my depravity.

Handcuffs.

Pure genius.

"I suppose you always carry them?" Nancy's query was intrigued.

"I'm incorrigible."

"Is there - Is there someone in town?"

"One never knows. Remember the Girl Guides: 'Be Prepared!' "

"You take it seriously, don't you. Gee whiz!"

Her regard had become faintly respectful. It flickered between the handcuffs and me. "It actually means a lot to you. Not just being whipped ... but these things."

"Everything. don't be shocked."

"Oh, I'm not!" Nancy was nothing if not avant garde. "But I've only read about them up to meeting you."

"Read about what?"

"They have names. Sadsomething and masosomething."

"Forget 'em Nancy. It's just good clean fun."

"But it's awfully painful."

"So was your first bit of nooky."

"Yes, I suppose it's a bit the same." She giggled. "Do you ever put them on yourself, to keep in training?"

I'm stuck.

Pure fiction.

Help.

"Oh sure." I told her glibly. "It makes me horny."

"And do you...?"

"Course I do. Handcuffs don't stop a girl reaching her . clit. Not unless they're behind her back."

Her eyes were shining. I hoped I hadn't started something. "Look, you're not thinking of writing an article on the sex life of masochists, are you?"

"It's an idea." she said thoughtfully. "But right now I'm wondering if you'll let me put them on you?"

"You're not in the scene."

"No. But you've made it all so interesting. You seem to have such a full life. And I don't know when I'll see you again. Please Cathy."

"Let's sit and sip. We've had a hard day."

"You can sit and sip just as well in handcuffs."

"I'd feel silly. It's lovely with Cedric but "

"You must carry these things for a reason. don't you trust me, Cathy?"

"If you were like me I'd love it. But your not."

"Well love it anyway. Just to please me. Pleaseseese?."

I was stuck with the role. I had to play it. Best keep her happy.

"O.K."

"Naked?"

"What on earth for?"

"I want to see those lovely marks on you."

"You'll see them when we go to bed."

"Don't be mean."

She was a child. I found myself wanting to please her. I was damn good and relieved by how good things were going. I undressed. I'd been naked for months. Why be shy now? And with a girl! Nancy was fingering the gleaming metal with fascinated curiosity. She ran the curved cuff ,round and 'round, delighted with its clicks.

I held out my hand. Nancy captured it in steel, slowly compressing and loving every click, click, click, until it was snug Click. Click. Click.

"It's like a lovely bracelet."

I held out my other hand. My enraptured companion reached for it, then hesitated. "Cathy, would you mind?" At the back?

"Then I couldn't lift my glass."

More giggles. "I'll lift it for you - real fun." I turned and put my hand behind my back. The cold metal felt familiar, so were the clicks, so was being handcuffed. The whole damn act was familiar. Once more I was helpless.

In Nancy's power.

I scarcely knew her. Oh what the hell!

She almost poured the rest of my drink down my throat. I swallowed gratefully. The situation was quaint. It might be fun after all. Better than sitting in a hotel room and glooming.

"What's it feel like to have a slave girl all your own?

"I'm going to love it, Cathy. Now I'll tie your ankles and go and get another bottle.

Sorry about my poor stock. I've been so damn broke!"

I let her do it. I told her to take the money from my bag. She romped off in a great dither to get back. When she'd gone I flopped over on the bed. She'd tied my ankles so damn tight I wasn't going to do any hopping around. In about two minutes I was asleep. But it was a short nap.

He stood at the foot of the bed, eyes popping with approval. Nothing special one of a million. Jeans.

"Where's Nancy?"

"She'll be right back, go away."

"No sense going if she's coming that quick."

"Go anyway."

"Nice tits."

"Throw the cover over me."

"Throw it over yourself."

"I can't. Look, be a gentleman and go."

"You can't, can you! Nance' do that to you?"

"None of your business. Just a game."

"Mind if I play?"

It was beastly. I remembered that time I'd awakened to find myself spreadeagled, and Cedric looking at my pubic hair. This was worse. I knew his type. Every girl knows them.

"There's nothing to play. If you don't leave, I'll scream."

"Where'd you get those marks? Not Nance!"

I glared.

He gagged me.

I fought like crazy. But all I could do was flounder. He could control me with two fingers. I was fastened but good. Laughing, he used my discarded panties, thrusting the stained crotch over my tongue. He tied it in there with one of Nancy's nylons.

"Pity to waste that lovely cunt, honey." He untied my ankles.

Then he raped me.

He was most competent. After he'd elicited the last gasp from both of us, he thoughtfully retied my

ankles leaving enough of a length so as to tie them back up to my handcuffs. He did it brutally.

"Can't have you running around, honey." He went away.

He hadn't been gone three minutes before Nancy showed with her bagful of bottles. At sight of my changed status she gasped.

"How the hell did you do it?"

I made the glugging sounds all gagged heroines are supposed to make. I made them damn good and negative so that she might drop the fool notion I could have done this to myself. She pulled out the gag...

"I've been raped!"

"Oh? Who did it?" She sounded politely interested.

"Please get me out of this hogtie."

"Don't you like it! You look cute."

"It's beastly. It's hurting."

"Oh well, alright. While she struggled with my rapists' knots I put her in the picture.

"Oh, that's Dusty." She sounded relieved. "He often drops in."

"Just for a spot of rape! "

"Is that what you'd call it, darling? I'd never have thought of that."

It was evident there was more to Nancy Dwight than met the eye. One of today's moderns. Liberated!

"Is that all he comes for, to rape you or your guests? I demanded. "Mostly. Oh, Cathy, didn't you enjoy it? He's awfully good."

"He is good. And I didn't enjoy it! You mean you let him come in here any time and do that to you for free?"

"Well, he usually brings a few groceries or a bottle or something."

"He didn't bring me any groceries."

"I noticed a bag on the counter as I came through the kitchen. Oh, darling, please don't take on so."

"But I've been raped!"

"Well, it's only your second time today."

"That wasn't rape. This was!"

"You mean because you were tied up." She giggled. "It must have been the darndest fun."

"Nancy!"

"O.K., O.K. I'm sorry." More giggles. "I suppose it was a bit off-putting not being introduced."

I could have murdered her. She wasn't being funny, or callous. She was just being Nancy Dwight. This was a very different girl to the one I'd tied to the bench.

"Untie my ankles please. That bastard tied 'em far too tight."

"Yes, hasn't he! They look awfully cute, digging away into your skin."

"Nancy!"

"Don't bug me, darling. They do look super. Really! But your feet are turning purple, so I'll untie them. And, anyway, I want to take you to the bathroom."

"I don't need to go."

"I'm going to give you a douche."

"I'm on the Pill." Nancy giggled again.

"Not for that, darling."

I didn't ask the obvious question. I could guess. But I liked the thought of water and soap. I was soiled. I followed my surprising hostess and stepped obediently into the bath.

"I can do it myself, Nancy. Take off these handcuffs."

"No."

"Please take 'em off. That louse killed my mood."

"He didn't kill mine. I simply love doing things for you while you're helpless. You said I could have this bit of fun."

I stood ankle deep in hot water, legs apart, while I was ministered to. It was not unpleasant. Her fingers were as pushy as the rest of her. I sighed and thought of Cedric and the big house where I'd been a slave. I wasn't mad at this absurd girl. She was a naive bit of femaleness adrift in the city. I let her lead me back to the armchair in the living room. But when she got the rope I balked.

"I don't want my feet tied again."

"But, darling, it's sort of de rigueur."

"I don't care. It hurts."

"I won't tie them as tight as Dusty did. They do look cute and you're not going to use them. Please darling?"

I'm a sucker for a pretty please. Nancy tied my ankles tight enough. I'll admit she made a very classy job.. I'm sure my ankles were the best tied ones in town. I remembered that precept about: "Oh

what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive!" I was reaping a real harvest of discomfort out of the deception of Nancy Dwight. Don't ever let yourself in for acting the masochist.

"Open up, darling."

I opened up and swallowed all she'd let me have at one go. The vodka repelled my rapist. the girl who was keeping me helpless suddenly popped an obvious question.

"Cathy, how on earth did Dusty get into you with your feet tight together?"

"He untied 'em. Then tied 'em again after."

"He didn't do it to you – at the – at the –?"

"No, he didn't. Maybe he'll oblige you next time."

My irritation and dismay dissipated under the influence of the drinks. The chair was lovely and soft so I could bury my shackled wrists and arms in the padding. I stuck out my tied feet and shared Nancy's admiration for the neat white bands holding them close.

Nancy Dwight ingenuously admired me. I mean that she admired my breasts and my dark triangle and my navel. She couldn't see a lot of my pussy on account of having tied my feet so tight. I couldn't separate my thighs.

But she took inventory of all the rest. It was a bit like having a man look at you naked when you didn't want him to.

"Such a lovely body." she breathed.

"You're not so bad yourself."

"Oh, do you think so! I'm glad you like me."

"Can I have a glass again?"

She chuckled. "You want to get high. Does my looking at you like this, and being helpless, bother you?"

If I'd been what she thought I was, it would not have bothered me to be in this silly spot. So I said, "No, it's lovely."

"I wish I could get a bang out of being the way – the way you are."

"Trade places. See how you like it."

"No chance!" she wriggled happily. "I've got you for the evening."

"What shall we talk about?"

"I was coming to that." Her eyes sparkled. "How'd it be if I invited a friend from upstairs?"

I stiffened in alarm. I'd had enough of Nancy's friends. My negative was vehement.

"But darling. She's a girl. You won't mind a girl?"

"I don't care. I just don't want to be seen like this by anyone."

"I'm seeing you and she'd be ever so grateful. It would be something new for her too."

I was about to protest when it occurred to me that Nancy alone might be hard to take for a whole evening. She'd want to talk about Cedric and the desires I did not possess. so I put on a good front and said O.K. After she'd beamed her way out of the apartment I cursed myself for getting into her clutches. But it was too late. I could not get out of the snug grip of my handcuffs and, for sure, I couldn't untie those tight bands of rope that robbed me of my feet.

The worst was to come.

Not one girl.

Three more like Nancy. Bright. Pert. Men just would have loved 'em. I did not. They sparkled down at me in pure joy.

"Gosh, Nance, you're lucky!"

"She's been whipped!"

"She's been handcuffed."

"How did you pick her up?"

"She likes it." Nancy said proudly.

"You mean for kicks!" The speaker thrust an imperious small hand into the softness of my thighs and cupped my puss exploringly. "She's not all that wet"

"I just bathed her. And she's embarrassed."

"Are you going to keep her?"

"Don't see how I can. Bit of a drag looking after her."

"Well keep her!"

I was sure they would. The way they were looking at me made me into a tasty morsel. "I'm just here for the evening." I told them with a nonchalance I did not feel.

"Oh, Nancy, what fun! Thanks for letting us in on it. Be a sweetie and let us have her for a couple of days"

"You'd better ask her about that." Nancy said, not all that happy with their exuberance.

Three pairs of eager eyes embraced me. "Darling, you'd love us to keep you, wouldn't you!"

"I have to go to work. Sorry. "

"We'd phone and say you were sick?

My heart missed a beat. How appallingly easy it would be for them! Handcuff a girl's wrists behind her back and she's had it. She becomes a package for disposal. Unexpectedly it was Nancy who balked. She was miffed by losing initiative.

"No kidnapping! Be grateful for this evening."

"Oh, we are! It was a chorus."

I wished they would sit down and have a drink. But they didn't. They more or less lifted me from the chair and stood me upright in full view. My weight made my ankles hurt like blazes, the ropes cut. I teetered and did not even want to hop. I longed to swat all four of them with a giant hand.

They arranged their seating so as to enjoy my helpless nudity. Our hostess busied herself with bottles I'd paid for.

"Lovely shape."

"Wow!

"Who whipped her?"

"Her boyfriend." Nancy was back in her chosen role of exhibitor. She positively preened. "The darling loves it. Don't you, Cathy?"

"Only when he does it." I said guardedly.

"Isn't she gorgeous!"

"We must buy a pair of handcuffs."

"And some rope."

"Tie me first."

"NO! Me! "

"You can do that on your own time." Nancy said huffily.

I resigned myself to a nervous evening. Nancy was coming through as an unwitting ally. But it was three to one. I prayed they did not have a whip. If this was their first time, they must have read a lot of books. I stood there and simmered under their frankly lascivious appraisals.

"Stick out your tongue, Cathy."

I missed the true inference. Glad of a diversion, I stuck my tongue out rudely at each of them.

"Ooooo! Lovely!"

"Isn't she darling!"

"Can you get it out a bit more?"

In the middle of striving for that extra inch, it hit me. The little bitches! My tongue went back behind angry lips. I glared.

"She does eat, Nancy?" The query was anxious.

"I don't know. Ask her."

They did not bother to ask. I have never seen three maidens strip more rapidly. I longed for release.

"I hope you're good at it, Cathy?"

I am not a child. I am not naive. I am not unduly shy. I'd done a few sixtynines with girls out of curiosity. I was glad I did. It taught me I preferred men. It wasn't that I had a distaste for females: I simply got a more exciting union from a male. But the prospect of servicing these four boisterous damsels was daunting. Besides, who wants to be pushed!"

"I'm not a lesbian." I said with calm disinterest.

"But well teach you."

"No thanks. I know all about it. I don't enjoy."

"She knows all about it. Goody!" The speaker shone all around.

I took a desperate gamble. "Oh, O.K., O.K.! Let me loose. I'll play."

They laughed down my request with the derision they thought it deserved. "She wants to get loose."

"What a hope she's got."

"Don't trust her."

Desperately, I looked to Nancy. She was undressing. Her eyes shone. They had infected her. I had never felt more abandoned, more naked, or more helpless.

"You first, Nance. She's yours."

Pleased as punch, Nancy stepped forward for my martyrdom. But she had forgotten something.

"Nance! Your bottom!"

"How?"

"Who?"

"A man. Never mind." Nancy was flustered. "I was just testing. Don't every try it. It's simply awful."

"You lucky so and so! Bend over. Let's look."

The exclamations were ecstatic. The striped behind winced under exploratory fingers.

"Did it make you horny?"

"Did he screw you after?"

"He screwed her instead." said our hostess with some bitterness. "Spread your legs, darling, she can make it up to you"

Nancy blithely placed a huge cushion down on the carpet and planted her striped seat squarely on it. She spread her legs and lay back in sensuous anticipation.

I made my voice severe. "Please forget this. I'm not playing. I am not a Lesbian."

"But you just said!"

"That was on condition you untied my feet and took off these handcuffs. Be sensible. I can't possibly do what you want while I'm fastened like this."

"Yes, you can. We'll lay you down with your face in her fur."

"Look! Can't you understand how miserable this is for me! I can hardly move."

"But you like it?"

"Not any more. I've had enough. You've spoilt it for me. I was just expecting a nice evening with Nancy not eating half the girls in town."

"She doesn't want!"

They looked at each other in mock dismay. "Let's make her want."

I never had a chance. One sat on my face, another on my breasts while the remaining two untied my feet and then tied them again, about a mile apart, to the furniture.

"There you are, darling. You're frightfully lucky. We're all terribly good at this."

I was sure they were. But when the pungent flesh was removed from my person I struggled in a frenzy of protest. If only, if only I could get free! Or if I hurt myself enough, impress them with my loathing. But it was useless. I could scarcely move. The handcuffs hurt. I had to thrust my joined hands to one side and lay on my arm. They thrust the cushion strategically beneath my rear.

"Cathy, don't be so silly. We're going to make you happy."

I suddenly realised. the truth of it. All I was going to get was a tongue induced orgasm. Why get all worked up!

I relaxed and. lay still. You could have driven a car up between my legs.

"That's better. But you do have to promise to lap all four of us after for as long as we want?"

The thought of four cunts staring me in the face was nauseating. "I told you." I said wearily. "I'm not going to."

"She says she won't."

"We'll change her mind."

"You first, Nance."

It was nothing new. I lay as still and as silent as I could under the busy tongue. It was a clever tongue, but my mood was negative. It tired and was replaced by another, equally avid. It defeated me. Hating every gasp and spasm I rendered them the response they sought."

"Gosh, she sure wasn't in the mood."

"She'll have to do better than that." Another tongue entered me without pause.

Do I have to tell you! I'm sure I don't! An orgasm can be wonderful. But it's an end or should be! Mine wasn't! When it is not an end it becomes agony.

Three pleased smiles looked down and watched my surging struggles against my bonds, and listened to my sounds of outrage. Motions and cries that slowly subsided into feminine surrender as my flesh became freshly grateful for the friction. In the new explosion, one of my feet moved the chair to which it was tied. They pushed it back and one of them thoughtfully sat in it. A fresh tongue went instantly to work.

"Alright!" My voice was urgent. "I'll do it! I'll do it."

"She's going to tongue us."

"Isn't she sweet."

They untied my feet. Then debated the matter of my control. They compromised by hobbling my ankles so I could not kick, but leaving them joined by about a foot of rope enabling me to do their bidding without having to be carried. I thought of Cedric's slavery with longing. Holding hands, they lined up in a giggling row, legs well apart.

"All ready, darling."

"You lucky girl."

"Nibble a bit at each, then move to the next."

I never had believed girls look all alike down there. They don't. No one ever had better chance for comparison than I did right then. Different hair, different curls, different folds, different slits! All beckoned enticingly. On my knees, I shuffled my tethered way to number one.

"She's awfully good." Gasp, gasp.

I was thankful to be given approval. I did not want the things they would do to me if I failed. I worked hard and steadily until the gasps became too urgent. Then I walked on my knees to number two.

"I could do a much better job if you'd let me have my hands." I told them truthfully.

"Forget it, darling."

"Handcuffs make it better."

"She has to try harder."

"But I'd still be helpless with tied feet! I can't argue with you with my feet like this!

"Get with it, Sister."

I sighed. But, at least, I'd rested my tongue. I thrust it questingly into number two.

When bedtime came and the girls departed, kissing me with lips redolent of my own musk, Nancy gigglingly refused to unlock the handcuffs. I went to bed with her with my hands behind my back. I slept remarkably well and dreamed of Cedric who was my Master.

CHAPTER SIX

The very air was funeral, the house was as a tomb. I existed in a vacuum, a void that ached. Ghosts were everywhere, wraiths of beauty. All of them were Cathy.

I Was surprised by the intensity of loneliness, and of longing. After all, she would be back tomorrow! But, of course, that was the rub: Would Cathy come back! She had to be nuts if she did.

Cathy was free.

I remembered her eyes as she promised. She had turned the hurried moment into a most solemn giving of her word. Her pledge. She would butter Nancy up until the interfering little bitch had no suspicion left. Then she would return and resume her slavery, hold out her hands to be tied. She had made her flirting with freedom as logical as she had done the day before.

But she would never return. Never! It was expecting to too much. Paradise lost!

I roamed about the place, seeing her everywhere. The whole damn house was scattered with remembrances. Bits of rope, her anklets, some books she'd loved, a bra. I went down to her cell and sat on her cot. I'll swear the air was alive, with her scent, the woman-scent no bottle ever spilled. I bloody near cried. I did end up dabbing at my eyes with a handkerchief. But it was one on which she had dried tears of her own not long ago..so away I went again.

No call that night. I'd hoped there might have been. But there was still the morning. The telephone rang at ten. Cathy's voice was breathless. Not from urgency, but -

"Oh Master! It's so good " A pause for heavy breathing. "I've got rid of her. I couldn't call before.

"Who cares! Oh Cathy... you've called now."

"You thought I wouldn't, didn't you master?" Her laughter was joyous.

"You're a stupid slave. Run for your life."

"Do you want me to?"

"No."

"Master, I'm calling from a phone booth. I stayed the night with Nancy. Where do you want to pick me up?"

I swear I could feel her vibrations coming over the wire. She was happy. In a couple of hours I could have her back in her cell, safely chained. A miracle.

I was scared.

"Go to the Humbolt." I told her. "Book a room. I'll come to you there, I should make it in an hour."

She picked up the alarm instantly. "Master, what's wrong?"

"Just me." I said.

I made it in fifty minutes. The hugs and kisses were pure honeymoon. When she opened the door her anxious concern vanished as she saw my face. Her arms flew 'round my neck as I lifted her off the floor. There are moments when a girl can seem a very light and very fragile thing. I love her.

"Will you marry me?" I said.

"Yes." she said.

I carried her to the bed.

We made love the rest of the morning. But not before she made me use the handcuffs to lock her left ankle to the frame. Having it fastened way over there made her pussy a prominent part of the landscape but we did not mind.

She was more wonderful than ever.

We actually took time to have lunch. I chose the quiet table in the dining room as the best place to tell her. When you're in bed with a naked girl it's hard to be serious.

I was trembling.

Cathy let me stutter and ramble before helping me out. Her manner became soothingly maternal.

"You want to tell me you screwed a lot of girls before you kidnapped me?"

"No. It isn't that old favourite."

"You did it with 'a man."

"Not that either."

"A little boy?"

"No."

She toasted me with wine. She radiated happiness. I felt a heel.

"You're not telling me something silly like talking in your sleep or having bad breath after eating kumquats."

"What's a kumquat?'

"I'm not sure." She grinned. "But it's edible. I'm not sure of anything you tell me. Come on, Master, out with it."

"You don't have to call me Master any more."

"I know that." she said impatiently. "But there's something on your mind. Tell me."

I took a deep breath. "It's this tying up." Cathy calmly carried on eating.

"So?"

"It's a part of me. I can't drop it."

"Who's asking you to!"

Marvellous, eh? An incredible girl!

"There's more to it than that. You've put up with it because you had to. But I've never really talked to you about it. I mean, sort of clinically."

"I didn't have to ask you to cuff my ankle to the bed awhile ago. You never even thought of it yourself."

I squirmed. Women are the very devil to deal with.

Cathy's eyes became very deep and filled with love. "You are an absolute idiot of a master." she said between her chewing. "Think I'm stupid! I'd have to be stupid if I didn't know by now what it means to you." She paused and eyed me earnestly. "Look, darling, when we marry I'll make some vows in front of the minister. But here's one now: I promise you can tie and chain me all you like. Pop me in and out of the cell as often as you wish. And cane my bottom whenever I'm bad." She sighed happily. "Have I overlooked anything?"

I mean, what's a guy to do! "Thank you" I said.

"You're welcome. And I'll do it all with love, too. Here Master, try these fried zucchinis, they're super."

"You really mean...?"

"Oh sure. I'm part addicted. Get on with your lunch before it gets cold." She cocked an anxious eye. "Has this answered your question?"

"It's got me over the hump. But there is something else."

"No torture chamber and no Nancy." My darling's voice was firm.

I blurted it out in a rush. "I want to take you to the Templars."

"We'd have to go back about seven hundred years."

"Not the Knightly order of the Crusades, Cathy. I only heard of this lot about a month ago."

"What have you in mind for me, Master? Chain mail?"

"They're a wealthy group who are all like me, more or less. They have a big place in the country where they do, authentically, all the things that are meaningful to me and a whole lot of their own. It's girls and women and men. It's expensive, so there's no rubbish. I want you to meet and talk with these people so you'll always know I'm not alone in these things I kidnapped you for."

"But, darling, you don't have to prove a thing."

"Not for you, Cathy. I have to prove it for me."

"When do we go?" asked. Cathy.

"This afternoon." I said.

She was a very beautiful girl, not quite naked. She stood against the pillar as though sculptured, her chains symbolic. They held her wrists loosely above her head so that she leant against the marble., her eyes distant in some dream of her own.

"Rather a nice effect, don't you think?" Mr. Dimbleby commented as we stood in the foyer. "The girls take turns. Creates atmosphere. Breaks the ice for visitors and neophytes."

I envied Mr. Dimbleby his English assurance. He had relieved me of a sizeable cheque as though doing me a favour. But he was a perfect guide., He blended. Cathy was amused by his suavity. She was looking now at the chained girl with intent interest.

"The chains are absolutely real." said Mr. Dimbleby "She cannot possibly get free. There are no facsimiles or simulations here."

I felt Cathy shiver. She was putting herself up there against the column.

Mr. Dimbleby read her mind. "You would look charming there, Miss Hazlett. We may hope for that."

We were introduced to men as we met them. My money was too new for me to be able to match their monied assurance. They were gravely courteous, their eyes lingering on Cathy. Wise eyes but never carnal, their interest beyond lechery. I could sense Cathy's reaction, a feminine reaction, to their projections of male power.

There were women. The older ones were appraising, not of me, but of the girl clinging to my arm. The young ones were exuding camaraderie, seeing in Cathy a recruit to their own dedication. The atmosphere was discreet but electric with purpose. There were no dilettantes among the Templars. Mr. Dimbleby steered us through the polite and interested exchanges with easy familiarity.

"We think the social amenities important. The subject associates share in them as a matter of course between their more meaningful involvements."

Cathy looked up at me and winked. Mr. Dimbleby was precious. She was holding on to me very tightly. She was also stifling some sarcasms. I knew!

"Subject members are not permitted embarrassment. Coyness is interdicted." said Mr. Dimbleby.

We saw his point. The girl stood in the centre of the small room. Her hands were tied and raised above her head. She was totally naked. She looked at us without curiosity. She had the bored air of someone putting in time.

"In two hours time she will be whipped." Mr. Dimbleby said pleasantly. The rooms were all the same size, though not similarly appointed. They were surprisingly pleasant compartments considering what took place in them.

"Subject associate, Mr. Dimbleby. Just what does it mean?" Cathy asked.

"It refers to our more youthful female Templars, Miss

Hazlett. Their wish or function is to serve. They are therefore subject."

"What had that girl done to deserve a whipping?"

Mr. Dimbleby looked pained. His glance reproved. "Come, come, Miss Hazlett, you are not that naive surely?"

"Oops sorry! I'm just learning. It is permitted to ask questions, isn't it?"

"At this stage we strive for frankness and informality, Miss Hazlett. We also endeavour to innovate, as witness here."

This one was far from bored. She wore a silly but cute little jacket thing, open at the front so that her breasts were never really concealed. It totally failed to hide anything below her hips. One of her feet had been raised and tied to a parallel bar. She stood unhappily on the other. Her wrists were crossed and tied behind her back. She turned to us with a hope that swiftly died. I had a feeling she came close to pleading for help.

"An srcinal afternoon." Mr. Dimbleby said with approval.

"She doesn't look a bit happy." Cathy said doubtfully. "I know I'd get awfully tired standing like that."

Our guide and mentor turned his august attention upon the hapless captive. "And how is your afternoon progressing, my dear?"

His "dear" swallowed a couple of times before answering. "I'm, I'm awfully tired, Mr.Dimbleby." She twisted her tied hands and fluttered her jacket. "Having to stand like this it's awkward."

"I am sure it is, Daffodil." Mr. Dimbleby agreed heartily. "Perhaps you would like to ask me for a conditional release?"

The poor girl positively recoiled. "Oh no, Mr. Dimbleby. Thank you."

When we got back out in the passage, Cathy bravely inquired: "What's a conditional release, Mr. Dimbleby?"

Our fount of knowledge cleared his throat portentously. "One might describe it as a safety measure, or perhaps an alternative course, Miss Hazlett. The young lady we have just left could, had she so wished, asked me to release her on the understanding of a different situation at another time being

imposed. She preferred nottodoso. "

"Well, I suppose the alternative would be a lot worse?"

"The imposition of conditional consequences lies in the discretion of the young lady's sponsor, Miss Hazlett." intoned Mr. Dimbleby sonorously. "It is usually deemed proper for it to be more severe than the one rejected."

"I'll just bet it is!" Cathy observed gloomily. "But honest now, is her name really Daffodil?"

"It is the privilege of any sponsor to rename his subject as he sees fit. The new names are often fanciful."

"And these sponsors, what's their relation to these poor girls?"

"I do wish you would not refer to our subject members as 'Poor girls,' Miss Hazlett." Mr. Dimbleby had his pained look doing double duty. "They are highly privileged young women enjoying an emotional transcendence impossible elsewhere. Their relation to their sponsors is the same as your own with Mr. Hollings."

Cathy looked suitably squelched. But I was beginning to find Dimbleby hard to take, and to wonder if The Templars were really a good idea. The next room helped a bit.

The nude girl was tied to a post. She was exquisite. So was the rope. There was a great deal of rope. But it had been drawn into her flesh with such consummate skill that it in no way obtruded upon her basic loveliness. There were plural strands cutting into wherever there was a muscle or sinew she might have tensed against her bondage.

"A nice blending of aestheticism and authority." said Mr. Dimbleby.

It sure was. It was too beautiful for any neat bits of phrase old Dimbleby might spout. I looked down at Cathy. She and I were thinking the same thing, seeing her naked and secured to the post instead of this girl whose eyes followed us in mute question. I could feel her trembling.

We did a slow circle. Like you might round a statue in a museum. The girl's hands had been crossed and tied behind the post where the thin rope crossed and crlss- crossed about her wrists so that the whole effect was the same as a smooth heavy weld. As though to demonstrate her impotence against the cords, the girl splayed open her fingers, spreading, and flexing them in a tiny flutter of the only movement she was allowed. It was pathetic and poignant and demandingly erotic.

Ankles, knees, waist and shoulders even a crossed bisection of her breasts ... but there was an exquisite cruelty. Two strands came from her waist and disappeared back between the junction of her thighs. They parted her pubic hair and wholly entered the soft plump orifice of her sex. They served no purpose in her immobility but would keep her constantly in pain.

"Desiree's sponsor is an artist." The British voice droned. He often takes upwards of an hour to rope his subject for the effect he seeks. You will note the careful placement and even tension of each band. Tell us, Desiree, how long have you been against the post?"

"All day, Mr. Dimbleby. I have to stay here until evening."

"But you must me hurting in...in...in, that place!" Female sympathy welled from Cathy's exclamation.

The lovely eyes mocked us. "Of course I'm hurting. Isn't that the name of the game!"

"The stricture to which you refer, Miss Hazlett, has, I understand some feminine compensations." Mr. Dimbleby offered diffidently.

"But not when it's that tight!" Cathy knew whereof she spoke.

"You're new, or neophytes, aren't you." The captive voice was faintly amused. "Maybe visitors? Were you thinking of joining?" Her eyes were on Cathy.

"Yes"

"Then don't!"

It was a small thunderbolt. I could almost see our pompous friend reel under the impact. "I fear your sponsor would not condone such a sentiment, Desiree."

"Don't tell him then. Oh please, Dimbleby, don't. He'll do something beastly to me."

"Kindly refrain from diminutives in addressing me. I shall certainly report your unpardonable lapse."

You could see her wilt. Her voice became humble. "I'm sorry. Can't a girl be allowed one mistake?"

"Your mistake was in becoming a Templar, Desiree. As I recall, your pledge does not expire for a couple of months yet. Perhaps in that time..."

We were ushered from the room, followed by the stricken gaze of a girl who could not move.

"I must apologise." Mr. Dimbleby said smoothly. "Desiree's was an unpardonable rudeness. I expect she must be finding today's imposition exceptionally trying."

Cathy has heated. "I bet she is! The guy didn't need to drag those ropes up into her"

"Please, please, Miss Hazlett!" Mr. Dimbleby was anxiously warding off a four letter word. "If you will come this way I am sure you will find the next subject amusingly diverting."

The old hypocrite was right. Diverting was the word. The girl stood inside a barred cage. Just enough room for her to stand, just enough for her to lay down. She must have heard us coming. She was clutching a couple of bars and watching the door. Cute as all get out. But that was only the half of it.

She wore a gag, an expensive looking thing of shining chrome padlocked at the back of her neck. It was the only thing she did wear. It grotesquely accentuated her nudity.

"This dear child is reducing."

Dimbleby was back to normal. He noted our puzzlement.

"Undine's sponsor believes she put on weight. I am unable to discern this myself, but she is his property. She has also been inclined to chatter. He has therefore killed two birds with one stone. She is spending a week in the cage and is fed only juices, imbibed orally, through this unique gag which

inhibits and reproves her tedious loquacity." He turned a courteous attention upon the captive. "Are you enjoying the gag, my dear?"

Undine shook her head vigourously. But her eyes twinkled. "And can you remove it?"

Shake, Shake.

"Can you escape from the cage?"

Another silent negative.

"Tell our visitors how long you have been in there."

Undine held up four fingers.

Well, it takes all kinds! Since we could not talk, we did not say anything.

"Our next subject is named Drusilla." Dimbleby informed. "Her sponsor is not imaginative: a most conservative man. In this imposition he has made but one concession to srcinality, a small distress that, I personally find unrewarding."

Drusilla stood naked in a pillory. A pillory evidently designed solely for females. Its yoke fitted her so snugly at wrists and neck as to preclude its use on a man. She looked up at us without hope and offered a wan smile.

"A charming young woman." Mr. Dimbleby approved. "A true Templar."

The true Templar's bare feet stood unhappily on what I took to be her sponsor's one srcinal concept. It was a. metal plate of a dimension beyond which she could not step. Its surface offered the feminine sole as ugly an assortment of small knobs and points as one would hope to see. No inch of it gave Drusilla's foot a painless resting place.

"The flesh is not pierced." Dimbleby informed kindly.

"I still think it's horrid." said Cathy.

"My dear, will you reassure our young friend?"

Drusilla raised her head awkwardly within its imprisonment and gave Cathy a quite genuine smile. "I've had a lot worse than this." she said brightly. "It's a bit hard on the feet. But we have to expect a bit of discomfort, don't we."

I beat Dimbleby to the punch. "Spoken like a true Templar." I said.

"You men!" said Cathy.

We waved and went. Drusilla did not wave back.

The next room was empty. Mr. Dimbleby fixed me with a stem eye. "I am beginning to wonder if Miss Hazlett is Templar material, Mr. Hollings. Certain remarks she has made..."

Cathy answered for me. "I'm sorry Mr. Dimbleby. I'm flippant."

"Flippancy is a fault we can cure, Miss Hazlett. We pride ourselves on its treatment."

"I'm sure you do."

"I must deplore the tone of that response."

"What do you use? Hot irons and pincers?"

Dimbleby winced. He bestowed the full weight of his censure on me. "I suggest, Mr. Hollings, that I allot you a suitable room and that you use it to correct this subject's attitudes."

"Ohhhh! Mr. Dimbleby you want to watch me get my bottom caned!"

"I would suggest a more stringent measure, Miss Hazlett."

"Has the room got a nice rack, and a thumbscrew, and an Iron Maiden, Mr. Dimbleby?"

I remembered my first days with Cathy. Her sarcasms had faded under my cane and my whips. This idiot man had given them rebirth. I felt like popping a few myself. I wished Id never brought Cathy to the place. "Behave yourself." I told her severely, and hoped the old boy didn't see me wink.

"Forgive me, master."

The 'Master' seemed to brace our companion and restore his faith. He curtly assented to my suggestion that we carry on.

"I have no wish to bore Miss Hazlett." he declaimed coldly. "We will confine our inspection to a few of the more interesting subjects."

Cathy kept a penitent silence.

The girlish face we next beheld turned to us with an expression of mixed emotions easily understandable considering her circumstances. She was seated, bare, upon a low bench. Her widespread feet were firmly locked into a pair of old fashioned stocks. And there was something else.

It's funny about B & D, and goodness knows there's no one loves it more than me, but there are times when I have to laugh. This was one of those times. Mind you, I don't see why we always have to be portentous with heavy breathing and maybe an erection. But then, I'm talking about it from the male point of view. For the girls, I guess it's not often exactly hilarious.

Anyway, old sourpuss's latest exhibit had her hands tied behind her back. Nothing remarkable: just that she couldn't use 'em. And her feet sure were wide apart. They were as neat and snug in their wooden yoke as Drusilla's had been. Between her thighs was a dog. A busy dog. Boy, was that hound busy! He spared us only a short disinterested glance and then returned to his serious employment. He was a noisy eater.

Cathy was a flash of motion. In an instant she had that pooch by his tail and dragged him back from his preoccupied task to where she could deliver a well aimed kick that sent him down the passage in yowling disarray. She turned an indignant face upon our guide.

"The least you could do is keep the door shut."

"But my dear young − "

"Do you realise what that rotten dog was doing?"

Dimbleby's face was a fine magenta. Whilst spluttering indignation kept him mute, the captive in the stocks came to everybody's rescue.

"Oh, darling, I'm so sorry. But I'm afraid that dog is part of this act. He belongs." Cathy was outraged.

"You mean you enjoy it!"

But Dimbleby was back on the ball. "This young woman is sentenced to a day of canine attention. May I remind you."

"You mean he was put in here on purpose to lick that poor girl's cunt! Don't you realise he could drive her nuts!"

"Some degree of sensory tumult is the intent."

"But he could go on licking for an hour."

"He does, darling," came the tired, but now more faintly amused, voice from the stocks. "Then they take him away and give me a fresh one. I've lost track of my orgasms. I think it's seventeen. I'm pooped."

Quiet, you vulgar snippet!" Dimbleby was outraged. "How dare you!"

"Please don't be angry, Mr. Dimbleby. The young lady's only trying to be kind." Captive eyes focused on me. "Perhaps, sir, you'd be good enough to see if you can find that dog. I'm afraid I'm supposed to have him."

You see what I mean. I was having the damnedest time not to howl with laughter. Instead, I went back down the passage. When I found the dog he gave, me a reproachful look, but followed me back willingly enough. When reintroduced to his interrupted task he resumed operations, but it was plain to see his heart was no longer in his work.

Mr. Dimbleby viewed the lacklustre performance. "I will attend to his replacement." he said.

"Don't bother." Cathy said.

"You're all awfully sweet." said the girl in the stocks.

"I wish I could help." Cathy said.

"I expect we'll see you again." I said.

"I think it most improbable." said Mr. Dimbleby.

It was now a bit like being escorted by a super battleship. Distant, cold, implacable. Dimbleby's assessment of our social inferiority was all too clear. His British heart was probably thinking longingly of Old School Ties. But he did his duty.

"We have here a process of attrition."

We sure did! She was hanging by her wrists, her arms separate and apart. She was one more subject who didn't look all that happy. She opened her eyes to have a look at us but, seeing Dimbleby, closed them again and retreated into some world of her own.

"Her wristlets are softly padded. They are human."

It was the voice of the curator of a museum. We were the rabble. I looked at the lovely strained nakedness in breathless reverence. It was easy to guess she had hung there a long time. Cathy squeezed my arm. She had been suspended, herself, like that not so terribly long ago.

"A most conventional imposition. We add a thoughtful addition. Perhaps, Mr. Hollings, you would be so kind..."

Three things hit me. The girl's eyes came wide open in alarm. Upon her ankles were leather bands, on the sides of which were rings. Below her dangling toes and a bit to one side were a number of small canvas bags, presumably containing sand. From the fastening of each rose a hook.

O.K., I'm a bastard. But this was closer to B & D than half of what we'd been shown. And it was one of those deals where if I didn't do it someone else would. I stepped forward.

"Don't you you dare!"

If Dimbleby was a battleship, Cathy had become at least one of the more heavily armed cruisers. She planted. herself squarely in front of the pile of bags. I'll swear Dimbleby groaned in anguish.

I don't know how well I've told this. But you'll have gotten the idea I wasn't all that happy with what I'd got us into. I sure wasn't, In front of the girl I was going to marry, I felt like an asshole.

"You should both be ashamed." Cathy stormed.

Cathy has taught me something that, once, I did not know. It is that girls relate only to a type and to a few. With the right male they can relate to B & D. With the rest it's an absolute "no-no". I realised the missing link in what we'd been seeing. Girls suffering without the sustenance of a man to sublimate their anguish. Goodness knows where their men were, they were obviously absent. For very sure none of these poor kids were going to relate to good old Dimbleby. They needed courage.

They possessed courage, or fortitude, or maybe dedication. I had to hand it to 'em. They were doing fine. Not a scream. Not a plea, a bad word. So O.K. these girls were Templars. But the atmosphere was not the one I'd expect. Not Cathy's cup of tea anyway from Sunday. Once more it was the subject herself who saved the day.

"I have to have them." The 'quiet feminine voice was resigned. "Please Miss, whatever your name is, don't make a fuss. Thanks, but let them do it to me!"

Poor Cathy! Betrayed, and by one of her own sex! The flag of her crusade slipping down into the mud. I held out my hand to her, but she sniffed and stood once more by my side. I hung a bag of sand on each of the ringed ankles.

"I am pleased some sanity remains." Dimbleby was sounding the Last Post. The tautly suspended girl once more closed her eyes.

Dimbleby was, dramatist enough, to keep silent and when he ushered us in and stood to one side, an impresario confident and aloof.

I had sudden sense of coming home. The impressions of the other rooms faded. Here was beauty! In the girl we looked at now we saw the dream. Cathy's hand tightened on my arm.

She was a picture of utter simplicity, bound naked to a cross, her out stretched arms held against the crosspiece by leather bands upon her wrists. The taut concavity of her centre had been circled again and again by carefully placed ropes, which themselves were cinched between the small of her 'back and the wooden upright. Her feet were shackled loosely. That was all.

It was enough.

For many, it is hard to know it it is the configuration or the naked girl that speeds the pulse and catches at the breath. But not for me! I have always known it was the girl. What she is, and the manner of her response make the bonds that hold her a secondary concern. Tie Cathy and tie Nancy and you'll have the proof.

Her head was sweetly bowed. We may have woken her from sleep. From the placid serenity of her features she may well have dreamed. She raised her head, blinked, and smiled at us as though being bound naked to a cross was a most natural state for girls. Then her head slowly inclined again as she returned to happiness. She was drugged, but only with fulfilment.

"Your approval restores my faith."

Dimbleby's voice was stiff. We were forgiven. The faintest of smiles flickered on the captive's lips and then was gone.

"It's the loveliest thing I've ever seen." Cathy was awed.

"Please look your fill," Dimbleby said. "You will then find me in my office."

We did not see him go. The room contained the three of us in peaceful silence. We had no need to speak. To rouse the captive girl and question her would be to despoil a mood. All of her proclaimed joy. She could move but little, but from her emanated heart's desire. After several minutes we tiptoed out as from a church silent in prayer.

I wish I'd realised what we were going to.

Your cheque is, in any case, forfeit." Dimbleby said. 'I understand that." I said.

"I regret we have failed to please." Dimbleby said.

"We're sorry we failed to please too." I said.

"Here, hold on!" Cathy exclaimed. "Cut the gloom. If some of these Templar bastards give their girls a rough time, I suppose it's their own business. Sorry I boiled over."

"The word 'bastard', Miss Hazlett!"

"Oh alright! Sorry 'bout that too. I know I'm inclined to fly off the handle."

"Perhaps because you are. not properly secured to it, Miss Hazlett." Cathy giggled and looked at

me. "Am I properly secured, darling?"

"I deem Mr. Hollings biased on the question."

Irony oozed from Dimbleby like small drops of acid. His disapproval of Cathy was patent. He regarded me as a weak master whose slave girl was thoroughly spoiled. "Cathy and I have our own methods." I said.

"They appear to have failed."

He was too damn much! Even with me around, I just wasn't going to subject Cathy to this place. I felt an urgent wish to take her home and start a large family. I stood up and offered her my hand.

"Sit down, Mr. Hollings."

I sat down. Damn Dimbleby! He had that way with him.

"We will not impede your departure, Mr. Hollings. It is Miss Hazlett who needs us."

"Not on your life!" I was out of my chair like a shot.

"Oh, do sit down, darling. All that lovely money we should at least hear what Mr. Dimbleby proposes."

Already she was thinking of our family finances. My heart glowed. We would drop in at a Safeway on the way home and buy a huge roast. I looked at her with love.

"It is very simple." Mr. Dimbleby said. "You go, she stays."

Simple! Good gosh! I was trying to think of a better word, a word to demolish him with, when Cathy came up with one of those feminine kickers.

"What would you do with me, Mr. Dimbleby: "Excise your flippancy. Instil humility."

"Oh dear! Would it be painful?"

"Nothing is achieved without travail, Miss Hazlett."

"I'd get my bottom beaten?"

Dimbleby sighed, a man abused and battered by vulgarity. "I would not have chosen that term, Miss Hazlett. But yes, that and other refinements."

"Such as?"

"I reject interrogation. Really!"

"Not racks and thumbscrews?"

"Please don't be absurd."

I was feeling left out. After all, it was my cheque. "Look here." I said. "I'm not..."

"Oh, do dry up, darling. Mr. Dimbleby and I are reaching an understanding."

"Mr. Hollings, do you condone ?"

"Of course he does, Mr. Dimbleby. We're going to be married."

Dimbleby closed his eyes. Perhaps he was praying. "You require a parson, not a Templar, Mr. Hollings." His voice was icy.

"You're right." I said. "Let's go." I rose.

"Oh, darling, do please sit still."

Cathy sounded as testy as the mother of triplets, all with dirty diapers. There was something in her voice that made me relapse. She was hot on some trail of her own. "Look, darling." she said earnestly. "You wanted me to come here, so I'm here. If we walk out mad we'll have accomplished nothing. We'll go home and the thought in your mind will still be there. I want to get rid of it. Let me."

"But you hated most of what we've been shown!"

"Blame it on Women's Lib. I loved the last."

"A triumph of Reason." Dimbleby said, sarky as hell. "I don't want you hurt." I said.

"Will I be hurt, Mr. Dimbleby?"

"You will not be damaged, Miss Hazlett."

"There you are, darling. Stop worrying."

"How long?" I said.

"I suggest a month, Mr. Hollings."

"Then I'll come back to you the bestest girl!"

"I don't like it." I said.

"We could not care less." Dimbleby said.

"That's settled then." Said Cathy.

There were a few details. Here and there through them I'd look at Cathy and say: "To hell with this!" But it was like trying to stem the tide. The House of the Templars flowed over me, drowning doubts and disaffection. Cathy had become dedicated. It was as though she was going through a door to become a nun and lost forever to the world. I felt redundant as all get out.

My feelings were salved a bit by the girl who came in answer to Dimbleby's ring. She was nice. Her greeting was warm. The way she looked at Cathy set my mind at rest. This girl was happy and in expensive clothes. She exuded normalcy in a scented feminine wave. She stood, smiling, as Cathy clung and we kissed. At the door she stopped purposely so they could turn and Cathy blow me one more kiss.

Then they were gone.

Oh damn! If only I'd known!

CHAPTER SEVEN

She said she'd been renamed Delphine. She made me undress. Then she put the bracelets on my wrists. There was a whole box-full of the bracelets. She said they were terribly expensive and each was individual to the girl who wore them. They locked on and no one knew where the key was until the day the girl left and they went back in the box. They were quite heavy and she found a pair that fitted me snug as could be. Each had a ring. When she pushed the rings together they snapped into each other. She invited me to get them loose. I couldn't. It seemed crazy that I couldn't. But there was just no way! She did it for me and told me it was just the girls who had no sponsor who wore the bracelets.

It seemed Mr. Dimbleby did not approve of handcuffs. He said they were plebeian and not quite respectable. Templar standards were high. I asked her if she had whip marks under her dress and she said yes of course she had. She smiled readily. I liked her. In between thinking of my master I liked her a lot.

It hadn't been easy for me to go through the door and leave him on the other side. I made it look like it was easy, but it wasn't. I knew if I looked sad or scared he'd kill his big experiment. I was sad and scared but I wanted to go through with what we started. I wanted to get married to man without hangups. Cedric had taught me slavery, I wasn't worried about keeping him happy that way. But he had a guilt complex over me: as though I'd be getting into something I did not understand. I did not think there was anything about what he'd made me do that I did not understand perfectly. But still...I'm female and curious.

"With no sponsor, you'll be sort of 'at large'." Delphine explained. "That means any man can take you. The first few days here are awfully difficult. It's a good thing you've been whipped as much as I can see you have. A lot of those marks, are quite recent, aren't they."

"Will I... will they... oh damn, will I be screwed?"

"Yes. Does it bother you?"

"Noo, but I thought there was none of that here?"

"You know men, Cathy." She grinned. "When they punish us they get the darndest erections - can't blame 'em really."

"Does Mr. Dimbleby?"

Delphine giggled. "No, not him! Anyway, I don't think he can get it up. He professes to think it vulgar. But he sure does enjoy watching while a girl gets a bad time. He never whips me but he likes to stand there approvingly like a sort of High Priest."

"Is there some sort of initiation?"

"Not really. But you probably won't like what happens now." She turned me about and snapped my

bracelets so they were joined behind my back. They made me as helpless as handcuffs had ever done. "Now we'll go out and meet the family."

"I've had some introductions."

"Not naked, you haven't. We're all different girls without our clothes." She paused awkwardly. "Look, darling, you have to be nice to everyone. We get punished if we're not. And we are punished for sarcasm and wisecracks. Anyone can do what they damn well please with us and we have to pretend we like it. Half the time we do of course. You are into B & D, aren't you.?"

"I was kept prisoner and enslaved for months."

"You're lucky. It's the very devil for girls who start out cold. There actually are a few. The men lap 'em up like virgins." Her face clouded. "There are some ripe bastards out there. I can't shield you. My status is the same as yours. Some guy may grab me directly we go out. All he has to do is close my bracelets. But there's one good thing: with those welts on your skin, most won't bother. But if your back or behind were bare white it wouldn't be five minutes before you were triced up."

Naked in a public place. No hands.

Oh golly!

The Templars came in all kinds. Some were nice. Some prodded me like I was a cow. One chap insisted on looking at my teeth. Another made me bend over so he could push a finger up my rectum. I realised I was being tested. Gosh, was I humble and polite! I wondered if my blush would ever wear off. It was almost no time before some fellow took Delphine by the hand and led her away. She looked at me helplessly and I was on my own.

I'd be whipped. Or worse!

We saw each other the moment he came in the door. One of those instant recognitions of someone you have never seen before. He strode to me as though by assignation.

"New today?"

"Yes, Master."

"Part broken, eh?"

"Yes, Master."

He excluded the rest. I was for him only. He gathered my hair into a taloned hand and jerked my head this way and that, scrutinising my features, turning me full face and profile. Then, at arm's length, he caresses my breasts and belly. My sex received the individual attention of a grasping hand.

"Why aren't you wet?"

"No one has made me so, Master."

He was not young, maybe fifty. Tall, big boned, a craggy face, his eyes deep and private beneath brutal brows. He used few words, shooting them at me in muted staccatos.

"You know why you are here?"

"To be punished, Master."

He permitted me a half smile. "What else can a man do with a girl!"

"He can love her, Master."

He shrugged. "They are one and the same."

His intent eyes never left me, but his thoughts seemed absently elsewhere. I sensed his vision of me, screaming. I shivered.

"Frightened?"

"Yes, Master."

"So you should be, come."

He propelled me, his hand grasping my hair as though I might seek escape. I was scarce aware of faces, but carry an impression that none were curious. Perhaps they turned discreetly from a slave girl about to be thrashed. Or was I now a 'subject'! I supposed I was.

"What's your name?"

"Cathy, Master. Or Catherine."

He stopped our purposeful march, jerking my head, turning me to be once more assessed.

'Wrong for you. You're a natural Elayne. Elayne is a slave's name. Understand me?"

"Yes, Master. I am Elayne."

"Not always this tractable, are you?"

"No, Master."

"What's your fault?"

"I am flippant and sarcastic, Master."

"Humph, I'll deal with it!"

We resumed our march.

The room was well appointed, more so than most. He released my bracelet rings and seated himself comfortably.

"Lay out the crops and and canes."

I sought and found the wicked things and laid them on the floor for his approval. "Which of them do you. wish to be thrashed with?"

I picked the least painful and proffered it.

"Honest choice. Put it away." .

I put it back where I found it. Following his pointing finger, I knelt where we could both examine the things he would use to mark my skin. He discussed with me the relative venom of each. "What are you ,Elayne?"

"I am a slave, Master."

"Whose?"

"His name is Cedric Hollings, Master."

"Get me a whip, Elayne."

I found one of the hated things and had scarce placed it in his hand before it slashed across my shoulders and then my thighs. I screamed and fled. The whip followed, cutting me wherever my panic turned.

"Kneel."

Trembling and sobbing I knelt as before. "Whose slave, Elayne?

"Your slave, Master."

It had been thus always.

He was in no hurry to whip me. I was sent for drinks and found my way as best I could, none halting or querying my quest. One of the stray girls helped and whispered wisdom. I adored my bracelets and was scared to death of them. Once more I knelt. Proffering the tiny tray.

"May it please you, Master."

"You please me. Kneel as before. You may drink."

His talk was mostly questions. From them I gleaned his view of Cedric my first master, as a callow youth. In his eyes no doubt he would be. I dared not protest. The stripes from his whip still scorched my skin.

"Has he not whipped your cunt?"

"No, Master.

"I will remedy that too. But with the proper tool."

"Thank you, Master."

"No sarcasms?"

"I fear you, Master."

"And your favourite punishment?"

"I have no favourite, Master. I wish none of them."

"There is a reason you are here."

I told him my story. All of it. He listened and was amused. It was a child's tale told to an adult. In the middle of it he sent me for drinks . He sipped quietly as I spoke of slavery and love. I gulped my potion between paragraphs. His comment was brief.

"It begins today, Elayne."

"Today, Master?"

"Stand beneath the bar."

Breathless I stood. The Templars had things easy. One wrist ring snapped to one end, its fellow to the other. A motor whirred until I stood upon my toes.

"You have been caned thus before, Elayne?"

"Yes, Master - often."

"The boy had sense. Your breasts and pubes would be wasted on a bench."

"The cane hurts more upon the bench, Master."

"Did he not score you with a crop and draw your blood."

"A crop, Master. But never to cut my skin."

"I will attend it another time. The instrument is not here."

"Thank you, Master."

"Glad, aren't you that it's not to hand?"

"Forgive me, Master."

"It starts now, Elayne. Your most bitter pain."

I did not answer. But looked back fearfully as he made his choice. Why oh why was I here when I need not have been! I was stupid, flirting with fire, wanton.

Nostalgically I though of Cedric and The Humbolt and our home. I was a fool, an idiot girl wading into something beyond her depth!

He thrashed me without mercy. Bitter, bitter blows across the ripeness of my cheeks and thighs. The cane he had chosen was alive, a hateful limber cruelty cutting me from hip to hip.

I did not scream. I cannot tell you why, other than as a measure of this man's total possession of me. It seemed implicit that I should not scream. A thing understood between the two of us. Our first collusion. Instead, I writhed, I contorted. My legs flailed so that I feared he would surely tie my ankles. But he did not. It is a pretty sight to see a naked girl display her limbs in agony.

Suddenly it stopped. A hand thrust apart my burning thighs and grasped my sex. It squeezed and kneaded until I moaned. Its owner came and stood before me and held up the wetness he had garnered from my swollen lips. He made me clean his hand with my tongue. His male skin had a potency of flavour drowning the taste of me. He took his hand from my mouth while I still would have been content to lick it.

My thrashing continued.

After a century of pain I was set free, my loins ablaze. "Crawl!"

I crawled to where he sat. I was sobbing and uncaring of degradation.

"You know what to do."

I kissed his shoes. Again and again my lips sought the leather. I wanted no more of that cane.

"Wash my feet."

I paused at what seemed a strange request. But looking up at him, I knew what I must do. Feverishly, I removed his shoes and socks. Hating myself, I took his big toe in my mouth and sucked as though privileged.

"No flippancy's, Elayne?"

"No, master."

He waited until I had sucked and licked his feet as clean as they could ever be. When I retied the last lace, he said bluntly:

"Ask me to fuck you."

His cane had taken my courage. But I looked up in dismay. "Using that word, Master?"

"Now."

"Please fuck me, Master."

"Where?"

Inwardly I squirmed. "Where it may please you, Master."

"Name the places."

I named them.

He used them all - all three.

That night he took me to a small stone chamber and collared me so that my neck was tethered to the wall by six feet of chain above the tiny cot. He left without a word. I thought yearningly of Cedric and cried myself to sleep.

A whip cut my skin. A month!

Ravished.

He was called Ravel. The Templars ignored me, treating me as his. Nothing was said, but he took me for his own. I was both frightened and fascinated by a treatment more ruthless than I had ever known. He whipped my skin and pierced my sex with a dark intent purpose that left me nothing of myself. When my despair approached hysteria he would suddenly be kind. His favourite relaxation was to affix my bracelets as for a whipping, and then to sit before me ten feet distant as I stood upon my toes. Cringingly expectant, I would await the lash that did not come. His eyes would devour me all the time whilst intermittently he would talk.

"Elayne, do I pleasure you?"

"Master, you are incredible."

I had no need to lie. His virility was such as legends are made of. My violations followed my thrashings to take me to a peak of sensitivity and out beyond into a dark world of screams and ecstatic agonies. He had the power to keep me thus for hours on end to leave me limp and devoid of will. Loving and hating and lost.

"You are looking forward to the crop that will mark you for life?"

"No, Master."

Three fearful lashes with the cane, When would I learn! In among my moans he tossed my cue.

"Try again, Elayne."

"I want you to mark me for life with your crop, Master."

He was erratic and unpredictable. I never knew what the night would bring. A cell.

A dungeon. Or simply abandoned at large to find my own resting place. My wristlets might or might not be locked. Twice I managed to spend a comfortable and happy night with Delphine. At night Ravel went away. He was a mystery.

He made a big production out of the event he had primed me to fear. He told me it would happen. Then fastened me in his favourite pose, stretched and on my toes. he drank as he talked to me, but would give me none. He savoured my shivering fear. I knew him well enough by then not to plead.

He had it in a slender case which he placed upon the bench and opened before my cringing gaze. He fingered the strange thin strip of whalebone or whatever it was fashioned from with love. His eyes glowed and his fingers flexed and tested the extraordinary suppleness that was neither crop nor whip but a creation all his own. By the time he turned to me I was breathless.

At such a time I should have though of Cedric and the warm normalcy I had turned my back upon. But I did not. In the night and in the morning I cursed my folly often but when in the presence of Ravel my awareness was for him alone. He absorbed me by his strength and unnamed preoccupation with the enslavement and agonies of girls. I learned I was not his first. But, while we were together, none existed save myself.

"Ask for it."

How delicious his cruelty! How well considered for my abasement! I dared do naught else but plead.

"Whip me, Master. Please. Now."

"On what part of you, Elayne?"

I had never even thought of it. There was nowhere "Master Please! I don't know oh Please!"

He sneered at my fear. I followed his contemptuous steps to the place where he could strike me best. Then turned my head to stare only at the wall. My heart was pounding at my breast with frightening thuds.

It was quite different. I had expected that. It was the difference between a bruise and cut. What I had not expected was his choice of my back, barely below my shoulders. Its wound began beneath one armpit and spent itself below the other. I am not certain of the sounds I made or of the motions of my limbs. I am glad. I don't want to remember.

Ravel gave me the three promised wounds in fairly rapid succession. The agony mounted in such a crescendo that my consciousness became blurred. I remember his eyes as he came and stared: eyes alight with his own joy and a terrible, terrible hunger. He took me there, standing. His thrusts of such force that he used an arm to hold my loins receptive to his piercing. A long time afterwards a girl came and laved the three spaced cuts across my back with water and then with an antiseptic

that made me moan anew. I hung there for the day.

I think the Templars saw my cut back as a symbol, a brand marking my ownership.

They were examined and much admired. Certainly they were well and carefully cared for so that they should heal rapidly and well. Ravel adored them. I knew, with a terrible certainty, he hungered to etch more of them upon my skin. Delphine told me of a girl he had almost killed.

The wounds hurt me little after a couple of days, except at those times when Ravel forced me to the floor and held my shoulders down while he used my sex. He did it on purpose, loving my pain. He forced me to tell him my orgasms were of a double intensity because of my cut back screaming beneath his male weight. My shame was that it was true. I had never known such concentrations of sensory joy. They left me limp and uncaring of anything but him. I had become a not unwilling vessel for both his pain and his sperm.

In between, I hated him.

Owen changed things.

He joined the Templars on the first of three days during which Ravel had warned of absence. Ravel had told me I was "at large" but left me without guidance. I did not ask him for orders, I feared what they might be. I had little hope of surcease. If Ravel did not use me someone else would.

I was serving drinks in the Lounge, a self appointed task that made me less obviously available. I was naked, flaunting my stripes. I was always kept naked. Other girls sometimes were allowed

clothes, but never me. Busily doing little, I became aware of eyes. The eyes were, behind spectacles and followed me assiduously. Their owner was a slight, nondescript young man who looked as little like a Templar as might be. He appeared lost and lonely and did not belong. I thrust my beaten breasts forward and offered him my tray.

"Oh I say, that's frightfully decent of you."

British, but not a Dimbleby! He seemed so innocent he stole my sympathy. A rising pinkness attested to his observation of my female parts.

"Your first time, Master?"

He visibly jumped at sound of the title. He was probably mostly addressed as "Hey you".

"Well, yes, actually" He blinked and gulped. "I say, you do know, don't you you don't have any clothes on?"

"You mean I'm naked?"

"Well yes. I though perhaps something had slipped, y'know - fallen off."

He was dead serious. Not trying to be funny. He was trying not to see my breasts, so looked at them all the harder.

"Nice, aren't they!"

"The drinks? Oh delicious."

"No. My breasts."

He gulped and downed the cocktail. "Oh really, Miss"

"I've been named Elayne, Master."

"Jolly nice name. Mine's Owen." He dropped into a conspiratorial whisper. "Are all these chaps, and girls and things, and you - I mean well, do they all do they actually?"

For few moments I turned so that he enjoyed a close-up of my back. "Does that answer your question, Master?"

"Good heavens! Did you do - I mean, misbehave or something?

"No Master. I am whipped because it gives pleasure to Templars."

"But that's pretty awful. Your back! You've been whipped many times!"

"Are you going to whip me, Master?"

He took another drink to tide him over the shock. "You mean I could? You'd let me?"

"I couldn't stop you, Master if you'd tied me properly."

"That's what I love: the reason I'm here. To tie up a naked girl! "Don't look so embarrassed, Master.

That's why everyone is here."

"Do you call all the men Master?"

"If I didn't, Master, I'd be punished."

Poor little chap! I felt sorry for him. Or perhaps I selfishly, thought I'd be a lot safer with him than one of the others. I had also had a couple of drinks. The idea. of teasing this innocence appealed. Delphine had come into view, clothed. I beckoned.

At the introduction he insisted on formally shaking hands. "Are you a matron, a hostess perhaps visiting?"

Delphine shared my mood. "Oh, the clothes! Pay no attention to them. It's mostly a dress, nothing underneath."

"Well"

"It comes off easily. Did you want to pick me up or something? We have lovely rooms?"

"Oh I say, do you get paid? I mean a commission? Are you?

"No we are not! Don't look so anxious. We're quite nice girls. We've been put here to please, and to get the sharp edges knocked off our personalities." She giggled, "They do it with a, whip. Have you noticed Elayne's back and bottom?"

He reeled a bit under the word 'bottom' but rallied strongly. "You seem awfully cheerful?"

"I love it. Except most of the chaps go too far. I'm sure you wouldn't though. Want to practice on us?"

"That's awfully decent"

"Start by grabbing a handful of Elayne's cunt. Here, darling, let me take the tray." Even for me the suggestion was a shock. It defeated Owen totally. He replaced his empty glass on my tray and fled.

But it was not over.

The following day I was claimed early and taken to one of the rooms by a Templar who seemed to have other things on his mind. He stood me against the wall and locked my bracelets to rings. Then left.

Ten minutes later Owen walked briskly in.

He had evidently come to grips with himself and B & D. There was a "do or die" quality in his inspection of my freely available charms.

"Sorry about yesterday."

"It does not matter, Master."

"I'm going to tie you up. Found this on the news-stand. Like to see how practical ..."

It was one of the better glossies, a quality magazine. On its cover a nude maiden, exquisitely bound with a white nylon rope, knelt at the feet of what was presumably her master. His hand was in her hair.

"These people do it awfully well." said Owen.

"I'm afraid you'll have to unlock me, Master."

"Oh! Well, of course." His briskness faded a bit. "I suppose you - you will let me?"

"Yes, Master, I'll let you tie me any way you wish."

He fumbled with my bracelets, breathing heavily at the gates of paradise.

I had to stand at attention with my breasts stuck out. Beautifully painless. I wondered if I could doze! He locked the bracelets behind my back and tied my elbows together. He should have taken lessons from the chap on the magazine cover. But he managed to hurt me a bit, and anyway I couldn't get loose.

He then tied my ankles, a fair job. When he came to doing my knees I could feel the embarrassment radiating in waves. A man bending to such a task can hardly pretend to be far from an unforgivable word. He fumbled from one side to the other, but my pubic hair defeated him. He knelt.

"You're very lovely, Elaine."

"I'm glad you like it, Master."

"It! Oh, oh yes. Oh dear! I really didn't mean..."

"Yes you did, Master."

I would never have dared with Ravel. It was a relief to be a bit myself with Owen. "Well, I must admit."

"You can use my pussy if you wish, Master."

The result of that coy suggestion was surprising. Without preamble, pause of by your leave, he thrashed my bottom savagely with the first cane that came to hand, fortunately for me, not the most severe..

"Let that be a lesson to you."

We were both panting. He from exertion and me from pain and shock. He'd even made me scream. It was the sort of caning Ravel gave me when he was a bit bored. My bottom blazed. I twisted until I was in danger of falling. My boy was feeling his oats. I'd better be respectful. It was a chastening thought that even Owen could improve my humility with a cane. Dimbleby would be delighted.

"I'm sorry, Master."

"In England a lady does not use such words."

"They call it a fanny there, don't they?"

He started in on me again. But I wailed and howled so much he desisted, and held my arm to steady me from falling.

"Watch your tongue, Elayne."

"I'm terribly sorry, master. I will be good. I promise."

He wiped my tears. He did it competently since he was not close to any of my more intimate portions. He was suddenly very macho.

"I was sorry to have to cane you over all those those cane marks."

"It doesn't matter, Master. I get caned a lot."

"Why don't you behave better. A nice girl like you shouldn't have to be constantly punished."

"I will try, master."

Poor idiot! If he only knew! He was another evidence of how men prefer to have a supposedly good reason to whip the girl they control. My mention of my un- offending pussy had put justice into partnership with lust to give me a very tender bottom. It had also sent Owen's inhibitions scurrying. But there was still one left.

"There's a picture here in fact there are quite a number. This, this arrangement seems absolutely de rigueur over here."

He showed me the picture. I almost laughed. The rope was wickedly cinched into the model's crotch. I wondered if they got paid extra.

"I'm afraid you'd have to untie my legs, Master. Or sort of thread the rope through between my thighs."

Poor Owen! He just had a tiger by the tail and was, himself the tiger. He was blushing but thrilled.

"I don't quite get the motive. I mean, it doesn't really tie up anything at all, does it."

"It ties her - oops! Oh, Master, I nearly said it."

"You see, the caning did you good." He just luxuriated in virtue.

"You're ever so kind to me."

"Yes. But this rope effect, what's it for?"

"It's sort of punishment, Master. But it does sort of help a girl behave. Every time she moves she hurts."

"Is it I mean, is it actually?"

"Inside her four letter word? Yes, that's where it goes. A girl gets her lips parted and it's cinched in."

"I... Oh really, I'm afraid I..." He looked at me in dismay.

"It's quite easy, Master. And, of course, you can make it as tight or as loose as you wish. The girl doesn't have anything to say about it."

"The effect is pleasing." And his mind was obviously filling with visions. "Does it have... I mean, is there a pleasant...?"

"You mean, does it pleasure the girl's clit, master. Not if it's very tight it doesn't" He gazed at me, boggle eyed.

"The 'it' word you used, is it spelled with a 'C' or..."

"A 'C' Master."

"Good heavens! I've never heard. I say, d'you think we might try it.?"

"I am for your pleasure, Master."

Owen played it safe. He untied my ankles and knees. Like the good slave girl I was, I spread my legs.

"That's extremely kind of you." He looked at the rope in his hands, and at the crevice of my thighs.

"I hope you'll forgive..."

Poor Owen! I do myself a favour. "If you prefer, you can use two strands underneath me. That way you can tug one up each side of that thin gully I mustn't put a name to."

I've heard the British have a gift for compromise. Owen used it. He worried away at my loins with tugs and pulls and knots. He pinched my skin horribly with the bands

'round my tummy. I had to explain the down and under bit, but when he was through my pussy was neatly framed by two bits of rope which: if he'd tied 'em any tighter, might have cut it off. I had the feeling it was pouting and sticking out a mile. Add to that the ropes ,round my elbows and you have a normal Templar day. I hurt.

Owen turned a page of his magazine. Then looked at me meditatively. "Would you mind kneeling down, Elayne? By those rings."

I knelt. It would be hard on my knees, but better than Ravel.

"From this illustration it would appear they should be somewhat, further apart."

I moved my knees somewhat apart. Owen bound my knee hollows tight down, then my ankles. I was fixed but good.

"Quite lovely, quite lovely. His voice was hushed. He stood and gave his full attention to my nipples, my navel and my bound vulva. Sight of the latter inspired him to a height of daring. "Perhaps the, er, lips - a small adjustment."

He was blushingly fumbling with my cunt when Ravel walked in. It was one of those moments.

Owen picked up the vibrations. My stricken face betrayed my fear. Seeing it, he backed away.

"Sorry."

Silence.

A clashing of eyes. "Expect I'm intruding."

Maybe someone had told him about Ravel. Maybe he guessed. Owen looked from one to the other

of us. The air was thunderous with portent. "I'll leave you two together - Mustn't ..." Owen faded away as though he had never existed.

The silence remained "Why? you little bitch, why?"

"I was at large, Master. He chose me."

"You know better than that. You're mine."

"I didn't know, Master! I didn't! Oh please!"

"Please what, bitch?"

"Please forgive me, Master. I did not know."

Ravel did not bother to speak or to command., Standing before me, he thrust his immense phallus at my face.

I did my slave girl duty.

Replete with his semen, my tongue and lips tired. I knelt there to await my sentence or his forgiveness. My heart was pounding. The ropes cutting me everywhere told me all to well I was delivered to his wrath.

"Kneel there, bitch."

"Thank you, Master."

"Tomorrow, I'll whip you. Today you can think of it." I looked up questioningly. He read my eyes.

"Yes, bitch, it's the crop; nor will I stop at three." He went away.

It is terrible to kneel.

In an hour I was in tears. I could not move. My knees screamed their protest, my elbows ached and scalded. The ropes 'round my tummy were too tight. Had she been able to my pussy would have wept in pain. Owen had done a better job than he knew.

I could not dry my tears. I could do nothing. It would have been kinder had I been able to close my legs, but I could not. I knelt there, strained and open as though no more than a frame displaying the darkness of my pubic thatch with its swollen pouting lips below.

I was a fool. The word went over and over in my mind: "Fool, fool, fool!" To have delivered myself willingly to this! It was maddening. Had he been able to see me, Cedric would have been equally dismayed. He had not wanted this for me. I had wished it on myself. And for why! A girlish fancy about nobility and sacrifice for the man I was going to marry. Or was it a selfish striving for a psychological perfection to erase from his mind any thought that I could not live up to what he would demand of me as his wife? I wept in frustration, in anger and in pain.

The whip.

Thoughts of what Ravel had sentenced me to on the morrow would hound me incessantly until the first lash cut my skin. He planned it so. It was not enough for him that I should kneel naked and

agonised; my mind too must be tortured. He chose to speak of the beastly weapon as a crop, but to me it was a whip. It was thin and lissom enough to cut a band around my waist, should he so wish. By this time tomorrow... I shuddered in remembrance of the girl Delphine had told me of. would I, too, nearly die! Dimbleby had said I would not be damaged but would he know! And knowing, would he care! He would probably be pleased. And Ravel outranked him, I was sure he did.

The three wounds I now bore across my shoulders were healing. They had received much care. The Templars at least did that for their female prisoners. We were costly merchandise to be treasured.

The rest of me was just blatantly marked, but not with wounds. In this kind of a house, a girl had to bear all of her weals with pride or shame according to her nature.

Had mine been less I would have loved them more.

In the afternoon Ravel came again. He brought a thonged whip with which he beat the soles of my feet. I could not move them. They stared up from their bondage on the floor, imploring attention. I twisted against Owen's ropes. I screamed and longed to die as the lashes swiftly fell in alternated agonies across the bottom of my helpless feet. Without a word, he adjusted the ropes on my loins, contemptuously separating my sex and thrusting the double strands within, then tightening them until I cried aloud in protesting anguish, and was lashed again.

At night I was given to Delphine. My bracelets were locked behind my back and she was warned

not to loose them. She tended me.

She was as perturbed as I. She was frightened of Ravel.

He had used her once. She wanted him no more. To Delphine, Ravel was a demon. a man possessed, driven by dark desires, using his potency as the final subjugation of his girls. Hearing her talk, my plea became inevitable.

"Delphine, help me escape?"

She held me close as a mother might a child. Her tears wet my nakedness and blended with my own. "Darling, I can't, I can't!"

"There must be a way. Oh Delphine, is that why I'm braceleted like this? They think I'll try?"

"Yes. No one would blame you. Ravel's a devil."

"Escape is possible, isn't it? You must have thought of it?"

"Only in an abstract sort of way, darling. We're all here because we want to be, remember. No use running away from something we've chosen. You wouldn't be thinking of it yourself if it wasn't for Ravel. You were just unlucky that he got a thing for you."

I nestled against her shoulder. She felt good. I had a need of female sympathy. I wished I could share her satisfaction with the Templars.

"But they're all bastards." I sobbed. "Most of what I was shown that first day. How can you?"

"But the girls like it, darling. They have their own needs. We may not look happy while it's happening to us. But before and after...you aren't really one of us, are you? You shouldn't have come. I thought I was."

"A man made you think that. There's a little bit of it in most girls and a man can bring it out, if he's the right one."

"I so wanted to do it. But no one's been kind. Dimbleby, Ravel."

"Owen was amusing."

I had forgotten Owen. Ravel had dissipated him like a mist against hot sun. "Owen was just ridiculous. That's all, Delphine."

"Look, darling, about this escape. You're desperate and might try it if you're given a chance. But don't! It's the unforgivable sin. The punishment when they catch you is just too much. It's not worth it."

"It's worth it to me. No punishment is worse than what Ravel's going to do to me." She held me close though the night as we slept.

Ravel never betrayed much emotion only his eyes. When he possessed me in the morning I saw what Delphine had seen. They were the eyes of a devil. Eyes haunted with visions of tortured girls. I walked before him to the room, trembling.

"Why do you tremble, Elayne?"

I dropped to my knees and thrust my cheek against his thigh. I could not clasp him: my wrists were still braceleted behind my back. But I pleaded Oh how I pleaded!

"You don't expect mercy, do you, bitch.?"

"Oh, Master, don't - don't call me that. I'm not a bitch, I'm not!"

"Think of it girl, I'll mark you for life. On your feet."

"Please, oh please! Oh, Master, I promise. I'll be a good slave."

"You are not a slave, Elayne. You never have been. There is always rebellion in your eyes. You think I haven't known!"

"I will be! I will! Master, give me a chance. Don't whip me."

"Your back shall be bloody, Elayne."

"No! Oh no! Oh, Master."

He had seen what I sought to hide. I had abased myself to no purpose. I had abandoned flippancy and sarcasm and thought myself cured of them, conceding to myself that a whip upon a girl's bare skin can cure her of any fault or any virtue. Now I must be whipped anew that the little bit of Cathy Hazlett still surviving be excised. This man would kill me. No one would know. The Templars were powerful.

"Get up."

I struggled to my feet. There was no mercy in his face at all.

This is how he wanted girls, bereft and in despair, walking to their punishments, hands bound. I turned and stumbled to where I would be whipped.

Always the same way. Ravel adored me on my toes with hands braceleted high. I suppose there is no better pose in which to whip a girl. Satisfied with my naked helplessness and waiting skin, he possessed me. The act, performed thus, pleased his sense of the grotesque. Or perhaps my distaste for being thus violated added piquancy. His strength was so great that he was able to handle my nudity like a puppet on a string, raising and positioning me to ride astride his awesome weapon, knocking my legs to where he wanted them, pulling my sex forward for the piercing and the thrusts. When my cries fell to moans after the tumult of sensation and my toes once more found the floor he took a sardonic delight in lowering my tractioned arms to where I could kneel and cleanse the instrument of my humiliation with my lips and tongue; my hands still braceleted to each end of the bar. The job performed to his satisfaction, I must fumble with a single captive set of fingers to replace and make tidy before I was, once more, raised so that the whip could cut me as it chose.

"You'll wait for it, Elayne."

The bastard! The dirty bastard! To stand like this was agony. But I was broken by apprehension.

"Thank you, Master."

"You say it well, Elayne, but mean it not at all."

"I want to mean it, Master. I do! Oh, I do!" He took the beastly instrument from its case and laid it where I must see it as I stood.

"Worship it, girl."

"Yes, master."

"Open your legs."

I obeyed instantly, puzzled by the demand. It was not easy on tiptoe. With my feet well apart I was almost suspended. Ravel picked up the lash he had used on my soles the day before.

"A preliminary."

"Thank you, Master."

It was not as I expected. Far from it. The thongs whistled up from behind, cut me between my thighs and splatted its force upon my sex. I screamed in shock and pain and outrage. Always something new to fear and for which to offer false thanks.

"I promised you, Elayne."

"Yes, Master. Thank you."

"Stop that moaning. You can moan later when there's cause. And keep your legs apart. Close 'em and I'll half kill you."

I kept my legs apart. It was as hard a thing as I have ever done. But whatever Ravel demanded of me I would do. His power was absolute. I felt certain that even though I was free I would position

myself to accept his punishments and hold that position until I dropped. I was crazily thankful for being tied. My wrists were bands of fire.

Six times in the same place. Six scalding cuts on a part of me that should have been inviolate. My poor, poor, pussy' It shrank, scalded, beneath it's black bush, but could evade nothing.

"And now your breasts."

I screamed before he struck. Snapping my legs together upon one agony, I knew I could do nothing to shield another. My breasts belonged to Ravel. I could not move them. They stuck out taut and firm under the stretch of my raised arms. He whipped them one at a time, standing well to one side to give his individual attention to each.

Not striking them as hard as he had struck my sex, but hard enough that I feared for them and to make me dance my jig of anguish.

"I leave you now, Elayne. Thank me for what is done and plead for what is still to do."

He was a devil! Extracting every drop of essence from my hurts. But disobedience was never in my mind.

"Thank you for whipping my cunt and breasts, Master. Please return and cut my skin with the special crop."

I got a courtly inclination from his head. Then he was gone.

I hung there. What else could I call it! My poor toes weakened and tired so that half the time it was my wrists that must bear my weight. I went from foot to foot and feet to wrists, an endless round of seeking an easement utterly denied. I hurt hatefully in places where a girl should never hurt. I wept and dried my tears upon my upraised arms. And I hated Ravel with every particle of my being!

And I could not tell the time. That is a cruelty of which I should be accustomed. But a girl is never accustomed to these vacuums in which she is tied or chained to await the pleasure of her owner. You wait, you hurt, you look at the whip with which you will be marked. It is a special time of awfulness, a time of terror. A time to panic.

Little by little you accept all of the pain and cease to strive. It becomes easier to be possessed by pain and to let your head bow and your mind to rove. Time drifts by like a hazy nightmare. It was in the midst of this I heard the step.

It was not Ravel!

It was Delphine. Her finger was on her lips, a bundle was draped across her arm. As she loosened my bracelets she whispered instructions.

"But they'll half kill you, darling!"

"They need not know. I'll dash right back up so I'm not missed. They may suspect but they can't be sure. I'm going straight to a room with a Templar. It's a pretty good alibi."

We kissed and hugged in a desperate need, then she was gone.

It was impossible. It was a miracle. But it had happened. I drove the little car for all it was worth. If

I could reach the city I was safe. If Ravel overtook me on the highway I would precipitate a collision rather than be dragged back to his Templar torture.

Feverishly, I computed and reviewed. I was dressed, skimpily but dressed. I had a car, with directions where to leave it when it had served my need. The directions were written on a slip tied to the steering wheel, typewritten on Dimbleby's typewriter so as to betray no one. I had a small bag containing money and girl's basic needs. Delphine's terse directions had taken me from my place of whipping to the car with an ease born of her long knowledge of the Templar's mansion. If only they did not see her as the architect of my escape! I prayed feverishly they would not.

I was free! Free, free, free! I sang it as a song. But I was free!

Cedric.

A slave!

It was a bit of a shock to realise I had only this moment remembered my first master. Since Ravel's discovery of me with Owen, Cedric had not entered my mind. Ravel, pain and Delphine had pushed him into limbo. But he was the man I was going to marry. He was the man I had suffered for. Cedric was waiting. What a beautiful wonderful shock I was going to give him. I had been the Templar's prisoner for only three weeks. Three weeks so potent with pain they were like three centuries. Cedric and I were going to be married. I sang that word too in the same way I had

serenaded freedom: Married, married, married But it didn't come out right. Not right at all.

By the time I reached the city limits I was in a fine old dither. Decisions.

Oh damn!

I was not yet Cathy. Ravel had obliterated Cathy and replaced her with Elayne. But who was Elayne! She was nothing either. In limbo. When I turned my thoughts to

Cedric's waiting arms, I felt only the wounds of enslavement. Suddenly I saw the bracelets on my wrists. I could not get them off. The key to them had been beyond Delphine's magic. I hated them. As long as I wore them I belonged to Ravel. The motions of the car chafed the three wounds across my shoulders and accentuated the scald of my whipped sex. My breasts burned against the fabric of my dress. My breasts had been lashed by a lunatic.

Suddenly I saw myself with a terrible clarity: Myself as I now was as compared to the Cathy hazlett before she was kidnapped. Two different girls. A slave girl is not as others, she is a being apart and separate. I had allowed myself to become a slave. Allowed! Well, perhaps I should not be that hard on myself. A girl is made slave by whips and chains. If she suffers enough of them she will truly see herself as thrall. It is that simple.

Don't go back. Ever.

I was washed clean of taint by a great wave of longing for normalcy. Once more my skin would be inviolate, my sex a secret cache, my limbs free always to do my bidding. I shuddered in an

involuntary spasm of revulsion at what I had become, what I had been made to do. If I had sometimes been privy to my own enslavement it was because of the disorientation of emotions tossed on storms of mistaken motives and wishful thinking. I could no longer focus on Cedric. He was gone.

Marriage! It now seemed absurd. I though back to the exuberant and shining girl who had gone to

the Templars so blithely to prove a point that mattered little or not at all. There had been a streak of perversity in that girl, more than a streak of bravado. She had been a girl wanting to play with fire. She had been burned.

But the Templars had not made that girl. Cedric Hollings had moulded her to his heart's desire long before that day. Cedric might be weak or strong, but his whips and chains had done the task he required of them. From this alchemy of motives and methods had emerged Elayne.

Elayne was dead.

Let her die.

It was a damned awkward couple of days, fraught with infinite embarrassments. The manager of the apartment, my employer, my parents. But there came to my rescue all the current suspicions and inferences of a girl's behaviour. I had been somewhere with "A Man!" I blushed and stammered and was evasive enough to please them all. Fortunately, no one asked me to strip. In a week I was back to what, in my mind, I called 'The pre-kidnapping era'.

At first the bracelets bothered me. I wanted them off. But I could not face the ordeal of a locksmith or mechanic. I spent hours in my apartment fiddling with bits of wire and pins and nails and things. Quite hopeless of course. The bracelets had been locked on my wrists to stay. So, on the day before I returned to the office and my typewriter, I had the janitor borrow an enormous pair of bolt cutters and shear off the telltale rings. I made a joke of it and gave him ten dollars. This left me wearing a pair of quite lovely bracelets of which no girl need be ashamed. The anathema was wearing them, I was almost proud of them. I'd use them as a hair shirt to remind me to be sensible and not look back. They would endure on my wrists long after the weals on my skin had gone all but the three. They were healing fast, but I was yet to discover that symbol of Ravel I would eventually bear forever.

It took me several days to really believe I was free. There was unreality in the absence of constraint. My walk took on something of a stride to affirm the absence of metal bands and the chain between my ankles. I found myself doing things with my hands in close proximity as though still hand cuffed.

I chose a letter. I could not trust myself on the phone.

I could trust myself even less in a confrontation. I tore up a few 'Dear Cedric' effusions before dropping one in the mail. I was free. I had burned a bridge.

But I was not happy. The fact was I was out of sorts with men, and a girl without a man is lost. We live in a vacuum. We are absurd. But we need the male presence, the daily reassurance of our desirability. Without it we wither. But the gap between the bonds of slavery and the bonds of matrimony was too wide. I doubted I could ever bridge it. And babies! Good heavens! If I had a baby the poor kid would be born wearing handcuffs.

I was not actively unhappy. I went to work, wrote letters, watched T.V., went to the movies, accepted a date or two which left me feeling completely neuter. I even went to visit Nancy Dwight and stayed the night with her, leaving in the morning without a wish to repeat. I was a bundle of female something or other going no place.

So was I in love with Cedric? No, it wasn't that. Well then, I yearned for my Svengali Ravel? But the thought of the Templars could still send cold chills down my spine. It wasn't that either. I did a lot of self analysis which was well reasoned and accurate. I had answers. What I needed now was answers to the answers. I was lonely.

But not for long.

CHAPTER EIGHT

That damn fool letter! And old Dimbleby romping on the phone! And an asshole named Ravel. I wanted to kick the whole lot of 'em, including Cathy! It was far worse than the time she'd gone away with Nancy Dwight. The house without Cathy was a morgue. I was a corpse. I could tell she'd spent a lot of time on that letter. It was complete and explicit and answered all my impatient questions before I'd even asked 'em. Dammit to hell, I could see her logic. I hadn't an argument. I was back at square one. Why would any girl in her right mind walk through my front door and ask to be chained or tied so she could never leave again, and to be whipped if she failed to please my notions of what she should be! Why! Hell, there's no answer to that one.

The Templars had been a last straw too many. What an ass I'd been! Unsure of myself. Doubting the perfection I'd created. Asking her to prove it one more time.

Cathy was gone.

Sure, sure, I thought of finding her, It would not be hard. But what then! Tears. Contempt.

Rejection. Cathy had been hurt bad. Both physically and mentally. And it was my fault. Who else!

Even though it had become a mausoleum my house had acquired an aura from what I had done within its walls with Cathy. I had bought it for her. Bought it to be her prison after I'd captured her. Bought it for the two of us. I could look back and realise how the fantasy of my slave girl falling love with her master had been there always, long before I got the money and perfected my plan to kidnap a pretty girl.

My house chided me. It mocked. It cried aloud that it was bereft of purpose. It had fulfilled my every dream, and now I had abandoned it to echoes.

Maybe I can blame or thank my house for what I now did.

I had made a slave girl. I had lost her. I had killed her love. But the world was full of girls. I had found Cathy: I could find another. Kidnapping was a surprisingly easy thing to do. I should know!

Who?

I took to wandering the City and attending functions. Lots of girls. But I soon realised I was not looking for them, I was looking for Cathy. Nuts! But there it was. In desperation, or maybe to save searching, I decided on Nancy Dwight.

It was easy to date her. She was curious as all get out. I spent an evening with her, fobbing off her questions and casually asking enough of my own to obtain the background I needed for a successful kidnap. I managed to amuse her enough to set up another date. She didn't know it, but it was to be

her last date ever.

Beautifully simple. Nancy had an apartment on the ground floor, there was a parking lot. I'd chloroform her and carry her the short distance to the car. If anyone saw me I'd pretend to be taking her to the doctor. I'd ask 'em to open the door for me. Honest, that's all there is to it. Once I had her in the car I'd slip the handcuffs on her wrists and ankles and I'd have me a new slave girl.

I managed to get excited. My house approved. Nancy's peppery and abrasive temper helped. The thought of tying her up and reddening her rump until she got some sense was most appealing. I got rid of the few things that might have reminded either of us of Cathy. Then, on the fatal evening, I walked briskly into Nancy's apartment with the chloroform in my jacket pocket. I didn't ring, I didn't knock. I just walked in through the kitchen and on into the living room. The chair she sat in had its back to the door. I could see her crossed feet and an elbow as she thumbed a magazine. It was perfect. I took out the chloroform and pounced. But it wasn't Nancy.

It was Cathy.

You know all about momentum and conditioned reflexes and the impulse of compulsion. All of them worked on me. I could no more have stopped than could a planet in the sky. I had the pad well over the protesting mouth and nose before recognition was total on either side. As we fought she slipped away into blackness. Unthinking and uncaring. I carried my slave girl to the car. No one saw us.

It was the same ecstasy, the same surge of joy. The knowledge of a point beyond return. A glory of fulfilment. I laid my treasure upon the back seat, brought her hands round back and handcuffed them firmly, then locked her ankles. Then I drove us home at exactly the speed limit.

It was done. I was back at another square one.

I played it the same as before. I could not conceive another way. It was a natural. I stripped her and spread her on the bed exactly as she had been the first time. I felt savage at the way she'd been used by the Templars. Their marks were still all over her, mostly faded, but they must have been bad. They were going to be hard to talk away. I fixed her comfortably and safely. I had hardly sat down to wait when she blinked her way back into the world. Only the smallest tremor, then tense realisation, followed by much the same tentative testing of her bonds as I had watched that first time long ago. She did not bother to struggle. Just said in a tired voice.

"It's no good, y'know."

I kept silent. I think she drifted back into the shadows for a minute or so before she said:

"It's so silly, Cedric. It doesn't change anything."

I let that go too. I couldn't think of anything worthwhile to say. Cathy pulled fretfully at the ropes on her wrists and ankles. I suspect to show me her distaste for them.

"You don't need to tie me, Cedric. I'm so very sick of being tied."

"You mean you won't run? You mean you'll stay?" The words exploded out of me.

"Did I say that! I don't think I did." She was still dopey. "It's not what I mean. Oh Cedric, no!"

My hope destroyed, I kept silent. Anything I said would be wrong. I ached with words that would not come.

"Cedric, untie me please?"

The biggest hurt was her use of my name. Not a single 'master', not even in sarcasm. Her use of my christian name made us strangers. I wanted to untie her but I did not dare. Oh sure, she looked

delightful tied the way she was, and I couldn't help the thrill I was getting at having her like that again. But, with all that, I would have loosened the ropes if I'd thought she would come into my arms instead of walking out of my house.

"Darling, I can't untie you. You know I can't."

"Drop the 'darling' Cedric, it doesn't belong any more. Maybe it never did. We were in love with a dream. I'm so sorry."

I wanted to say: "I love you." But it would sound trite. Everything was wrong for us. Just the one bright spot: I had her!

"Cedric! Please! Untie me!"

Her voice had strengthened, so had her dismay. She raised herself as much as she could, the ropes tugging' at her wrists. She looked at the familiar room and then at me. I expect she was remembering things too. Then she let herself fall back. A moment later a tear formed and trickled down her cheek. She let it fall. She didn't care. It was followed by another.

We box ourselves in, make our own traps. What the hell could I do now! I could keep the girl I loved a prisoner or I could let her go. Either way I was going to lose.

If I freed her she would add contempt to whatever other feelings she had for me. If I kept her it seemed unlikely her regard for me would be any less negative than now. Looked at that way there wasn't much choice. I tried to explain my quandary. Cathy lay there crying quietly while I floundered.

"Don't try and analyse it, Cedric. None of it matters."

"I won't let you go, Cathy."

"You have to say that, but its silly. I'm no good to you any more. I hate what you love. You don't need me. Get Nancy to be your slave. She must like you to set me up for you the way she did."

Another box I couldn't get out of. Cathy couldn't possibly believe the truth, and I couldn't tell it without playing into her hands. Damn!

"What's changed you, Cathy? Was it the Templars?" She sniffed and then tugged listlessly at her tethers.

Slowly she blurted it all out about her captivity and the man Ravel. Her animation flowered as she talked. At the end she said vehemently.

"It was beastly. But, in a way, I owe them. They opened my eyes to what a damn stupid business this is; this whole idea of slavery and being tied and chained and hurt and losing freedom. It's nuts!"

I felt a heel, but I also felt anger. "You didn't think it was nuts with me." I said.

"I did at the start, when you had me the way you've got me now." She sneered unhappily. "You broke me. Nothing dramatic, but you punished me until I saw things Your way. I had to see things your way to survive. Then I got used to it. Can't you understand how lonely it is for a girl captive. She sits chained to await your pleasure. When you come she's so damn pleased to see you that, after along time, she begins to think she actually loves you, her slavery becomes plausible. She's been

conditioned, that's what happened to me."

"That's not fair. You're leaving out the best."

"Stop it, Cedric! I don't want to talk about it. Leave well enough alone. If you want to talk, then let me loose so I can do it in a civilised way, not tied down like some captured animal."

"I'll get you off the bed if you want, but I won't free you."

"Leave me here then, damn you!"

She suddenly went wild. I knew it was a fit of temper, or maybe to make me feel bad. But it was impressive. Cathy positively hurled herself at those ropes. The bed creaked and groaned. I wondered if she knew how beautiful she was struggling that way. By the time she gave it up and relapsed she was sweating, her hair in disarray.

"Let me go! Let me go! You've no right to do this to me. You ought to be locked up, you're crazy."

"You know that's not true." I said.

"Well, haven't you mercy or kindness? You said you loved me?"

"You told me you loved me, too." I said.

"Look, this isn't getting us anywhere. Do something!"

"What the devil can I do?" I said.

"Undo these blasted ropes. I hate lying her like this with my cunt staring you in the face. I suppose you're enjoying my cunt!"

I knew why she used the rotten word. We both hated it. The sound of it from her lips would hurt me. I wanted to hurt back and blurted out: "You've got a beautiful cunt. I ought to use it."

"Go ahead." she said bitterly. "Everyone else has."

"In the proper time and place." I said.

"Oh shit, Cedric, grow up!"

"We could go to bed." I said.

She stiffened, and raised a questioning eye. "Where?"

"You know where. The real one. Just one ankle chained?" I said.

"Shove it."

"Do you want to stay here all night?" I said.

She went berserk again, and damn near wrecked the bed. "Does that answer you question?"

It answered my question. Chagrin and disappointment sparked my anger. I'd been repulsed brutally

enough to hurt my pride.

"You tell me where then." I said.

"In my own home. That's where."

"That's not possible." She sneered again. "That makes it easy. Bung me in your lousy little prison cell. Thats all I am, a prisoner."

"Cathy, don't. Don't talk like that. I love you." I felt like crying.

"Oh, for Pete's sake, Cedric, not that." She raised her head the little bit she could and glared at me imploringly. "Look, I'll make you a deal. Untie me. Then I'll go to bed with you. You'll feel better after you've screwed me. Then we can talk. I suggest you visit me in town once a week, we can do things together, sensible things. I'm through with being tied up."

"No you're not."

She tugged demonstratively at her wrists, and turned at my words. Someone else had said them. They were born of my hurt that Cathy would so scorn the things we had come to share, to mock my fantasy, reject my inner most need. We who adore a bound girl cherish our dream against a hostile world, forever defensive. She should have respected my vulnerability.

"You don't trust me!"

The words popped out of her mouth almost as though I could trust her! Once free, she would rationalise my banishment from her life. Besides, what did I want with social evenings! I had kidnapped her the first time to make her a slave. I saw now that's the only way. If a woman is not herself enslaved, she will enslave you. Look around at American men,? puppy dogs, grateful for any bone a girl tosses their way.

"I'd trust you in anything else, but not this." I said

She made an inarticulate moan and fell back. Her face was a mask of misery. In a silly desperation I went and sat on the bed beside her and began to gently friction her nipples.

"Please leave them alone. Don't touch me."

"You can't stop me."

"D'you think I don't know that!"

She was as hurt as I was. But she was also right, How her face to one side so as to exclude me from sight. She stripped her features of expression in a way that made me ashamed of what I was doing taking advantage. But I kept on doing it. "Please rape me and be done." she said.

"I'm busy." I said.

She moaned and shifted her breasts beneath my fingers.

It was a reflex action, a protest in helplessness

"Alright! If you keep that up you'll get a response out of my cunt. It will get wet so you can get into

me easy. It won't prove a thing."

I did not answer. But I kept on the tender massage and watched her cheeks flush and her breath quicken. for a long time she managed to quell her response, lying there listlessly as though I did not exist. But after awhile her sensations defeated her hostility. Fighting each inch of the way, she entered lotus land. Transferring my attentions to the lips between her spread thighs I took her to the final brink. Then went and sat down.

Cathy was so close to orgasm that her eyes were closed and her hips were working of their own. It took her a minute to properly realise what had happened. It was funny, really, but I shouldn't laugh.

"You son of a bitch!"

Silence

"Have the decency to finish what. You started." Silence

"Fuck me, damn you! Fuck me!"

"Don't use those rotten words." I said.

"Don't leave me this way."

"I'll leave you anyway I like." I said

"Oh, shit! " Her voice held infinite disgust." Are we back to that again."

"All the way." I said.

She lay there, pouting and sullen while I untied her legs. While I was locking on a shackle on her ankle she got in a really massive kick with her other foot. It sent me sprawling.

I got slowly to my feet. I'm human. I went and got a whip. When I returned with it she was busy working ineffectually at her wrists, hoping that with her feet free she could find some advantage. When she saw the whip she froze.

"You're not going to start hitting me with that beastly things, are you!"

"Any better ideas?"

"Alright! I'm sorry. I shouldn't have kicked you. But you make me so mad."

Cathy didn't want to be whipped. Her apology was sweet, but I knew why she was making it. She was looking at the whip as though it was a rattlesnake. I should have felt a bastard but I didn't. I gave her a real good cut across her thighs. She squealed.

"Don't do that! I said I was sorry."

This one was across her hips. She bucked and kicked in the most interesting manner. If I'm a bastard: then O.K., I'm a bastard. But I have to admit I found the sight of Cathy doing what she was doing both amusing and amazingly erotic. I had the damnedest hard on. But I'd made up my mind not to screw her. I had the feeling it would give her some sort of advantage.

"Would you say five was fair?" I said.

"None of it's fair. I don't want any. Oh, damn I've been whipped so much! Lay off me, Cedric."

"Five." I said

"No! Wait! Don't"

She was delightful. I'd never whipped her before in this position. But it was one of the best. Cathy couldn't keep her legs still. They squirmed and kicked so that, by biding my time, I was able to cut at her in the most interesting ways. I wasn't hitting that hard but she made the damnedest fuss and the shackle on her one ankle clinked like crazy. After she'd had the five, she lay twitching and looking stonily at the ceiling.

"That gets us back on a proper footing." I said.

She did not answer. She refused to look at me. I fastened the shackle on her other ankle, and then the collar around her neck and locked it with the lead chain attached. She made small impatient motions but could not stop me. Just once our eyes met briefly. For the life of me I couldn't read hers. I don't know what she saw in mine. Then I untied her wrist. While she sat up and massaged them, she asked dully:

"Can you get these bracelets off me?"

"Why?"

"Don't tell me you're not going to fasten my hands some way?"

"When I'm ready."

She sat there, rubbing her chafed skin. Thinking. "I suppose this sounds like buttering you up, or that the whip has had the desired effect. But anyway, thanks for untying me. It was horrible to wake up and find myself all spread and helpless."

"You're welcome." I said.

She put on a resigned air of martyrdom when I pulled on her leash. But she got up and followed docilely enough. She had not forgotten how to walk with chained feet. I figured the only reason she didn't put up a fight with her free hands was she was scared how a tussle might end. And anyway, with her ankles shackled and the collar and all, she hadn't a hope of winning. But she blew her top when I sat on the edge of the tub.

"Cedric, get out of here. I don't want you in the bathroom while I'm using it. You've locked the chain to the wall. I'm fixed."

"No."

"Good heavens, you've seen all there is to see of me. Or do you get a charge out of watching a girl pee?"

"It's not that. I have my reasons." I said.

From her blush I figured she knew what those reasons were. With a shrug she sat down, and

afterwards had a bit of a wash and fixed her hair. Then, for a moment, I though she was going to balk when I produced the rope but, with another shrug, she turned and crossed her wrists behind her back. It was not until I'd tied the last knot she said:

"Don't be so unkind to me, Cedric."

"Do you want to come to my bedroom instead?"

"No."

I led my slave girl to the cell. Everything was clean and tidy and ready. It was not until I had locked her chain to the ring in the wall and was part way through the door that she exploded.

"Cedric!"

I turned and cocked an eyebrow.

"You're not going to leave me like this are you?"

"Yes. Goodnight."

"Oh noooo! Not with my hands tied? But it's an awful way to leave a girl. It's not fair."

She was damn cute. I wanted to laugh or to kid her along. I knew her main concern. But I was severe.

"The only reason you want your hands is so you can play with your clit." I said. "Well, you're not going to."

She blushed and said sullenly. "You're punishing me. I haven't done anything to deserve it. I kicked you but I paid for that."

"Everything about you deserves punishing." I said. "Your whole attitude. You're pouting right this moment."

She stamped a bare foot and twisted against her tied hands in frustration, but said nothing. When I locked the door and looked back at her she was still busy fighting the rope.

She was the most beautiful thing in the world.

I'll admit I hoped for better things come morning. But they weren't there. When I looked through the bars she was sitting on her cot, and my heart went out to her she looked so damn hopeless and defeated. When she turned to look at me I could see she'd been crying.

"Morning Cathy."

She had nothing to say. She was mad. But she let herself be led to where I locked her chain to the wall and untied her hands. Before I left the bathroom and closed the door, I said:

"It's all yours, Cathy. Take your time."

"You mean you don't want to watch me pee!"

She poured a ton of sarcasm into that one. It was like the time of long ago. I left her to it and went to make breakfast.

"I'm not hungry."

We've all heard that one. I locked her leash to the chair. If she wanted to make a fuss she could take the chair along. She glared, hating men. she then proceeded to eat a hearty breakfast and lap up the coffee.

"We'd better come to an understanding, Cedric."

"We've already got one."

"No, we haven't. You simply beat me or tie me up in some awful way so that I obey you."

"It works." I said.

I nearly got her coffee in my face, but she killed the impulse. "I mean about my release." She looked at me brightly.

"There won't be any."

She became sort of maternally patient with a small awkward boy. "I'm willing to make concessions if I can have my freedom."

"No deal."

This time it happened. I should have been watching, but I got it in my face. While I was cleaning up, she said archly:

"Don't tell me. Let me guess. I'll be whipped!"

"Wasn't that an invitation?" I said.

She took a plate and smashed it on the floor. Then sat looking perky and smart. "Now I get whipped again." she said gaily. "Aren't I the lucky girl!"

"You're a damn fool." I said. "And I know what you're up to. You're going to provoke me so much and pile up so many punishments I'll feel sorry for you, throw up my hands in despair, and set you free."

"What a lovely scenario! May I smash another plate?"

"I wouldn't recommend it. Let's both have another cup of coffee and talk. By the way, start calling me 'Master' again."

She did not throw the fresh one at me. She sat brooding. "I haven't anything to bribe you with, have I Cedric! You've got all of me here now, conveniently chained. What's the use of us trying to arrive at anything? the way I am is so unfair."

"You loved me once." I said.

"That was all so silly. It's past." She looked at me mournfully. "What you've got us into now is an

anticlimax. We both know every move. You're going to hurt me in various ways until I become completely tractable and I'll get so I'm grateful for even a kind word. Probably after a month I'll want you to take me to bed, just to relieve the tedium."

"You sure have a gift for lousing up a nice situation." I said.

"I suppose you'll make me do the dishes and clean up the broken plate? Do I get whipped before or after?"

"After."

"I'd hoped you wouldn't." She looked at me wistfully. "Don't you ever get bored with whipping me?"

"Never. You are eternally beautiful."

"And it gives you an erection."

"I'll start punishing you for remarks like that."

"Don't! No, please! Don't you see, Cedric, those remarks are me. Take 'em away and you've just got a body to beat."

There was a witchery in her. And she was right. I liked her as she was. I joined her game. "O.K. Cathy. I'll whip you only for my own amusement. No guilt. Or if you insist on kicking me and stuff like that. And the one other "

Her quick glance was fearful. She knew!

"If you make a serious attempt to escape and I catch you."

"Cedric, is that so bad!" Her voice had a small break. "Isn't it a human right! Aren't prisoners supposed to try?"

"I've told you the way it is. You're warned."

"Oh well." She had control of herself. "You never gave me a chance before. I don't suppose you will now. I'll take my chances." She gave me a wry grin. "I bloody well have to, don't I!"

"Are you deliberately calling me 'Cedric' still for a reason?"

She shrugged. "I suppose so. Dammit, Cedric, can't you understand how helpless and hopeless I feel! I'm screwed every way I turn. You've got me again. I suppose I'm trying to make the situation as impossible as I can. All of me is seething with revolt at what you're doing with me. When I look ahead there's nothing but despair. Try and see it my way."

She was magnificent. I kept silent.

"Look. I'm a girl. Just an ordinary, pretty girl. I haven't done anything wrong, but I've been put in prison. It's not an ordinary prison with time off for good behaviour and visits from the padre or the Chaplain and a week in solitary if I misbehave. It's a prison where I'm whipped for everything even for my jailer's private fun. A prison where I'm kept in chains the way they did many hundreds of years ago, on the slave plantations. About my only privilege is that you're willing to take me to bed. But, from what I've read, pretty girl prisoners could always rely on being screwed." She stopped for

breath, and look at me forlornly. "Oh, Cedric!"

Dust and ashes. Defeat.

Yet Cathy had made me see her plight more intimately than before. My heart softened. There was no way I was going to admit defeat for either of us right then. She was in the doldrums of a new captivity. But I could show willingness.

"You've talked yourself out of a whipping." I said. "For this one time."

She looked at me very seriously and said: "Thank you, Cedric. I'm grateful for that, honest I am."

We had run out of words.

I transferred her leash to the ring by the sink and left her to do the dishes. She broke none of them.

CHAPTER NINE

Again.

He'd done it again. For life.

Oh, damn, damn and double damn. There are not enough expletives in the world for what that idiot is doing to me. And I can't move him. He's got me and he's glad. He feels a little bit of a bastard but not much. I'm sure he thinks I'll promise to marry him after I get settled. Settled! Holy horse-shit, that means after he's tied me up and whipped me for a month.

Marriage! I'm already looking at it as the emergency door, the fire exit, the escape hatch. I can't face chains for life. I can't, I can't! I wonder if he would marry me now! I don't see how he can. If I said O.K. he'd be suspicious. He can't lead me handcuffed before a Justice of the Peace or a parson. He's as much up the creek as I am.

Love! I can act. But there's vibes between us, I think he'd know. He'd punish me terribly for that because it would hurt his pride. I've just got to be careful about these punishments, I can't stand too many. I wonder if he can guess how thankful I am for being forgiven the whipping I practically asked for like a damn fool! I'm like a cat with nine lives. I've got so many whippings to spend and no more. I must be a miser with them. There will be some I can't do anything about, I'll get 'em regardless. Oh shit!

Chains.

Look at me now! Doing dishes. But chained to the wall. a metal collar locked 'round my neck. My ankles ironed that's the term, isn't it? I'm in irons! Nobody would believe! When I'm done I'll stand and wait for his Highness to come and lead me someplace else. I'll try and hold my temper and not break another dish. It's going to be hard enough to clean up the one scattered on the floor now. My

leash isn't all that long ... and I can't reach out with my foot. Oh, balls!

And I've burned my bridges! Nobody's going to bother to look for me. This second time will prove I'm just a flighty piece of tail who's not worth losing sleep over. I wonder if Nancy Dwight will show up here. I wondered why she had me over yesterday. Now I know. Lousy little bitch! Asking me to read a mag' while she dashes down to the store. I wish she was chained here instead of me.

Cedric's incurable. I mean, this B & D business. It's part of him. He doesn't want to be cured, so he never will be. It's not a lunacy. It's something deep, deep down.

Look at those Templars! Rich successful men, but obsessed by visions of naked girls in pain. Maybe it is as well I went there. I certainly did learn! Ravel was a devil, but the others weren't angels either. And the girls, none of them would leave. Their hunger was too real. Cedric wanted to convince me and he'd succeeded. Out there somewhere were a million men who wanted to tie me up tight.

Chains are insidious, they affect my thinking. Because of a chain, and a collar 'round my neck I can't go away from this damn sink. I'm controlled. It seems impossible that a metal ring round my neck can stop me being, me, but it's doing it. All I do or plan will be coloured by my awareness of it locked upon my throat. I constantly reach up and test it, trying to insert a finger but finding its embrace too snug, then tugging at the padlock and the ring by which my leash is attached to me. Chains are a constant reminder of hopelessness.

I belong to Cedric.

"What, nothing broken, Cathy!"

I just sniff. He's pleased with himself but I'm not.

"We now come to the matter of my proper title, Cathy"

Oh gosh, here it is again' He can make me call him 'Master' but I don't want to, it's an admission of defeat I'm not ready for. Besides, it's so silly. But look at him smirking!

"Cedric, those chains you've locked on me prevent me walking out of your house, but while I'm in it can't we both just be ourselves?"

"That's the point!" He's jubilant. "The reality is that you're a slave and I am your master. You faced up to it before and accepted it, you'll have to do it again. That way we are ourselves. When we bicker we're not."

It's useless. He's morally wrong but rationally right. I look at him pathetically. "If you break me again, Cedric, you won't have anything except a sort of doll with a set of conditioned responses."

"That's better than nothing."

I stamp a bare chained foot that comes down hard on a link and hurts. I am impatient with this fatuous idiot. "Cedric, for Pete's sake, you're not that hard up!"

"Every man is."

"Bullshit. Go and kidnap Nancy Dwight. She'd be flattered."

"Be serious, Cathy. I'm talking about life."

"Sure you are life imprisonment! With lashes."

He is exasperated with me, and I with him. I have a vision of my empty desk at the office and of my poor little abandoned apartment. I have been robbed of a life. I glare resentfully.

"Don't be dramatic. If you were happy here once you can be again. You're forcing yourself to be disagreeable."

There's just enough truth in what he says to make me angry. I clank a chain at him. "I was nuts. I should have gone to the police. They'd have sent you to a hospital for screwballs "

He's gone all white and funny. He stares at me a moment as though seeing me for the first time, and then unlocks my leash from the ring and leads me from the kitchen. I can guess where we're going.

"I didn't mean that last bit." I offer lamely.

"You said it."

Oh, gosh, I've torn it now! Me and my motor mouth! He's mixing up his pride, his dignity, his ego into something I'm going to have to eat.

"Cedric, don't do this to me please don't!"

"Do what?"

"Well, whatever you're going to do."

"Only a guilty conscience would say that."

He is insufferable. I give a furious yank on the leash and tear it from his grasp. I turn and leap and trip on the ankle chain I'd forgotten. From the floor I look up at a very angry Cedric Hollings and blurt out:

"Alright, beat me if I'm not allowed to be human."

"Get up."

I stand. He retrieves the chain, he tugs harder than he needs. My chains tinkle musically as I follow to what awaits.

"You can have your choice, Cathy. Either the bar or the bench?"

Sounds as though I'm to be caned. I look at what is offered, and hate both. I reject. "I don't want either, Cedric."

"Lie on the bench."

He knows I hate the bench, but we have gone beyond where I may plead. I shrug disdainfully and drape myself on its contoured surface. A belt is instantly buckled across the small of my back to keep me safe while my leash and shackles are taken from me. The collar remains. While it is locked on me I will never forget what I am.

"Cedric, I beg of you, don't do this. Don't beat me, Look, I'll be as humble as you like!"

He keeps a grim silence while he ties me. His ropes are as uptight as we ourselves. Wrists and ankles: I lose them one by one to savage little bands I cannot fight and which he makes bite deep. Then the one is drawn into the softness of my thighs which, with an additional brutal buckling of the belt, causes my shivering bottom to rear its curves to receive the punishment I am about to get because

I'm a scared girl who wants to go home.

It's not fair. He's crazy. Pain.

"There isn't any other way, Cathy. We think there ought to be but there isn't. After I've punished you we'll be able to talk."

"It isn't a punishment. It's just being mean."

My words end in a yelp of shock as the cane slices my tight bottom. The pain is excruciating. I cannot move.

Cedric Hollings canes my immobilised derriere with a workmanlike vigour. He probably believes he's doing the right thing for us both, but

I abandon analysis and turn to pain as its scalds and scorches, its cuts and bruisings take possession of my tightly tied nakedness. I have come by a thing about screaming. I don't want to scream. It helps the pain but diminishes Me, and I don't want to be diminished made less than the pitiful slave creature he has reduced me to. I bite my lip, I thrust my chin down on the bench, but as the blows cut and rake across my flesh I make small disgusting moans and cries which I hope will make him feel as ashamed as they do me.

He is not ashamed.

My beating goes on and on. He spaces the strokes, but their rhythm in implacable. I wonder if he is making the count that I am not. I am sure my wrists and ankles are bleeding. I try not to struggle and heave but I cannot control that response to my agony. What does it matter! Nothing matters anymore. Catherine Hazlett has been sold into slavery without a dollar changing hands. Her price is pain. She pays.

"Well?"

Cedric's voice comes to me through the blanket of agony in which I am enveloped. I struggle to marshal my wits.

"Well what"

It was the wrong answer. The cane resumes its beat. From beneath its ceaseless admonition I tried to capitulate.

"Stop it! stop it! I'll say what you want."

"Say it then."

"You are my master, Master."

The test resumed. I cried in desperation. "I said it' I said it!"

In the pause that ensued his voice made me shrivel.

"You should have heard yourself, Cathy Such a tone of voice."

"But it's the cane that says it not me!"

The cane picked up where my protest had interrupted its cadence. I squealed in outrage and sort of despair. I reject a noble resolve to die under its impacts. I ejaculate gaspingly: "Master, Master, Master

It stops. I cock a hopeful eye. "O.K. Now say its sensibly."

It's a bitter pill but I swallow it. I recognise its truth and hate it the more. I hear a voice I wish was someone else's

"You are my Master. Thank you for whipping me. I guess you were right, it's the only way I'm going to face up to being your slave. I was silly. I should have had more sense than to be stubborn. Master, please forgive a foolish slave."

My master is still dubious. "Sure there's no sarcasm in that long winded affair someplace?"

"No Master - oh no - honest!"

"Hmmm!" He is pleased, I can tell. "Damn funny isn't it, that you had to have that beating."

"I'm a girl, Master."

"O.K. But now we've cleared up that little obstacle don't overdo it. You can be damn cunning with those Masters of yours."

Much macho!

"Yes, Master. I'll watch it."

I wish I was a Samson to tear my bonds asunder and slap that pleased smirk off my master's face. But I am not! I am a slave girl and I'd damn well better bear that in mind My bottom blazes hideously. I am still tied so I can hardly twitch.

"I should leave you there for the day."

"If you wish, Master."

"But I made you a promise."

While I am untied, I wonder. I no longer resent the locking of my leash and ankle shackles. Why should I! They are the only clothing I am every likely to wear. My hands are left free, but I use them only to explore my wealed behind.

Cedric's house has everything. His workshop is well equipped. I am tethered to the usual ring so that I can stand and watch him being clever.

From an ordinary tin can he cuts a wide strip. He takes my hand and gently inserts this thin protection between my wrist and the Templar bracelet. The bracelet with my wrist inside is then clasped in a vice. My Master takes a hacksaw and goes to work. In five minutes the bracelet comes apart, my wrist emerges unscathed. I offer my other hand. Soon that too is free. Ravel has gone.

We stand and look at each other. One task has been completed, we must move forward to the next.

But we don't have one!

This is the weakness of the slave condition: too many vacuums to be filled. I would like to press this knowledge upon this man who has made himself my master, but my bottom still hurts too much for me to want to take the risk. I wait respectfully.

"Turn around."

The old familiar order! I reflect on how many slave girls through the centuries have turned their backs and crossed their wrists. I now do it myself to have them tightly and cunningly bound. I might as well be handcuffed for all the hope I have of slipping such a tie.

My little cell! The hours and nights I have spent chained to its ring make it mine. It welcomes me with sunshine through the bars of its high small window. A massive click announces my attachment to the wall.

"A little time to think." announces Cedric brightly.

"But I don't want time to think." I wail. "Thinking is the last thing I need."

"What do you need?"

"Freedom."

Thoughtless truth. Oh damn, why did I have to! Now I'll get it again. My master's face is a thundercloud.

"Do you want me to whip it out of you again, Cathy?"

"No, master."

"Then why harp!"

"How would you like to be tied and chained the way I am, and wear a collar locked to the wall, and sit alone in a little cell!" My disaffection overflows, I cannot halt it.

"You've sat here often enough before."

"Well, I don't want to again. Something's changed I'd go crazy.

"O.K. I'll put you on the bar this time and use the whip."

He actually sounds weary and disappointed in me. I boil over in fear and outrage. I emit a frantic: "No!"

"Can anyone join in the fight?"

Nancy Dwight's voice jolts us both. She saunters into the cell, her bright eyes curious and busy, her satchel slung. She holds up an admonitory finger.

"Uhuh! No harsh words. I didn't break and enter. You left the back door unlocked. I'm just being neighbourly and making sure you're both O.K."

"You sure do have a nerve!"

"Well, when a girlfriend vanishes out of my apartment!"

"O.K. So now you've seen where she is." Cedric sounded flustered. "Now take your little bag and leave. You can lock the door on your way out."

"Get the police." I cry recklessly. "Run, Nancy, call the cops."

Nancy does not run. Instead, she turns me this way and that to examine how I'm fixed. She is intrigued.

"My, my. You two do take this B & D seriously, don't you!"

I stamped hurtfully and shouted at her. "This isn't playing. He won't let me go. I'm being made a prisoner against my will. Help me."

"A lover's tiff?" She was infuriatingly superior. "I sure do envy you two you have the damnedest times."

I look at Cedric, he's pleased as punch, all panic gone. He is enjoying my dismay and Nancy's obtuseness. He's safe. But I'm in jeopardy.

"If You don't help me he'll keep me here forever." I almost scream it into Nancy's delighted face.

"Do you two sort of rehearse? I mean, write out a script, a scenario for each day, or afternoon, or whatever time you have?"

"How'd you come, Nancy?" Cedric's voice was casual.

"Don't tell him a thing!" I hurl my warning.

"In my car. Just an impulse." She smiles sweetly at us both.

"No commissions today?"

"Hell no! A total loose end. If this keeps up I'll have to sell my camera."

"Nancy please! Get out! Go to the police! I beg you!" I put everything I had into my pleading.

A glimmer of concern flickered in her eyes. "Oh Cath', I'm Sorry. Look, darling, I'm sure Cedric will unfix you so we can all have a cup of coffee, or something. I didn't mean to."

She turned to make her demand of the man I must call master. But Cedric wasn't with us any more.

"He had gone out and locked the door."

"We've had it!" I wailed. "Oh, Nancy, why didn't you run!"

"Oh, he's just having fun."

"He isn't, he isn't! Oh Nancy!"

"He can't possibly keep me here. Don't be silly!"

"He can! He can! Don't you see, you've just told him no one knows you're here. You'll just vanish the same way it happens to me."

"A neat summation." said Cedric from beyond the bars.

We turn and face his beaming smile. The world's his oyster. If one slave girl is good, two will be better. He gives his attention to Nancy.

"You can push your clothes through the bars and your satchel."

Nancy at last gets the message loud and clear. Her response is clarion.

"Drop dead."

"And I'll want you to back up and stick your hands through to be handcuffed."

"Look, Cedric, grow up. You can't possibly kidnap me."

"You are already kidnapped."

"Open that door."

"You are now a slave and subject to discipline. Watch it! Cathy will be a big help."

He smiled.

He departed and I get Nancy's full attention. "He doesn't mean it, does he? You're both putting me on still?"

She reads the answer in my face. "You mean he really thinks I'll do those things?"

"You'll have to. He can always use force."

"Well, Cath', I'll untie your hands, just in case."

"No! Oh don't! He'd punish us. If he wants me tied I have to stay tied." I gaze at her imploringly.

Nancy shakes her head. It is sinking in slowly. I can't blame her for finding it unreal. In gasping urgent sentences I tell her the whole story. She blinks and comprehends. "Can't we jump him?"

"With me helpless like this!"

"But there'll come times?"

"And get the skin whipped off our backs?" I turn and display my bottom

"Oh Cath', I don't think I'd want that. You poor dear."

"No food, no water for either of you until you comply, Miss Dwight."

The master is back, triumphant.

"You're a son of a bitch, Cedric." Nancy stripped and passed her total belongings through the bars. Then turned and surrendered her hands. When she turned again I saw the shining chrome joining her wrists in the same helplessness as my own. But she remains undaunted.

"O.K. you rotten bastard. Screw us both to a frazzle and let us go."

"Ten strokes, Nancy."

"What the hell for?"

"One son of bitch and one bastard."

"You mean I can't even talk?"

"Only respectfully."

"He means it Nancy!" My sharp warning will save her another five.

Cedric departs with his bundle. We sit on the little cot, two helpless naked girls contemplating life imprisonment. I related and relate. After hours and hours of tugging at her cuffed wrists Nancy comes to believe in slavery. She does not like it, and she will rebel.

My heart bleeds for her.

It should bleed for me! I am furious. For dinner, we are suitably restrained as to feet and hands. We clink our handcuffs at our master while we eat. A faint bonhomie is engendered by the food and wine. Our Master is generous and expansive in his victory. Nancy has been soundly thrashed and is guardedly polite. My own caned bottom is tender on the chair.

Then it happens.

Our Master chains me back here in the cell and takes a pleased and giggling Nancy to his bed.

Oh damn!

And there's nothing I can do! I turned him down, didn't I! I did not want him. Yet now I'm so furiously jealous I could cry. Or scream! I cannot beat upon the bars just to be mean he has tied my hands again behind my back. I can't even console myself while they make love. I have to lie here awkwardly on my tummy and feel sorry for myself and wonder if he's chained her to the bed. I lay awake hoping he'll just screw her once and then return his new slave for the night; presumably she gives satisfaction. I am still weeping in rage and chagrin when I fall asleep.

At breakfast he can't do enough for her. She's still safely chained but she does not mind. Cedric's prowess in bed had earned him her respect in a manner no whip would ever do. I am chained to the ring by the sink to do the dishes, last nights as well as this mornings and I do 'em alone. Nancy has the grace to give me a guilty glance as she is led away. My Master scarcely notices me. I try and make my face register a stoney indifference. The only reason I do not smash every dish upon the floor is that I do not want Nancy to watch me whipped.

Now I just stand. The dishes are done, but my leash is still locked to the ring by the sink. I feel silly and ignored, unable to leave this small domestic scene where I have been humiliated. I am certain my master flaunts Nancy at me to teach me a lesson. I wonder what they are doing.

Cedric is pointedly offhand as he leads me to the cell. I am almost in tears to think I must spent the day chained there alone while they enjoy themselves. I do not want to plead, but I do.

"Please, Master, don't lock me up for the day, it's so lonely."

No answer, just a jerk on the chain. I clatter obediently, hating every hobbled step.

But Nancy is already there. I feel better. She sports a collar and leash and shackled feet and is attached to the opposite wall. Her eyes shine as she watches the locking of my leash. A strange silence is upon us all as though we await an explosion, but all that happens is two pairs of handcuffs for which we silently turn our backs and proffer our wrists. I am sure he has clicked mine tighter than hers.

With out a word, our Master goes away and locks us in. That's the end of silence. "Isn't he super!" Nancy breathes.

"No he isn't, he's a mean bastard."

"He screws so marvellously!" She hasn't heard a word I said. "And all these fun and games!"

It is as well I am helpless. I would scratch and bite this carnal little mink with her inflamed twat. I try to dissolve her euphoria

"Nancy, snap out of it. We're prisoners for life. He's never going to let us go. Can't you get it through your thick skull!"

"Oh, Cathy, isn't it lovely!"

"What's lovely about being chained naked in a rotten little cell!"

She looks around, seeing nothing but a rainbow. "It's a darling little cell, and these chains...don't they give you the loveliest shivers."

"If you're that horny." I tell her coldly, "I can give you three or four orgasms and then you'll feel better, at least more sensible."

"Oh, would you, darling! I'm just absolutely on fire. I think our chains are long enough, he's so sweet."

"Didn't you get satisfied in bed last night?"

"Oh of course." She giggles happily. "I absolutely lost count. That chain on my ankle was a marvellous horn-maker. But it's like he's started a fire that gets bigger and bigger how do you want me?"

We arrange ourselves as our chains dictate. Nancy sees only a giggling novelty as we get hair and links in our mouth because we have no hands. She does not share my frustration, she is still glowing from the attention of Cedric's competent cock. My tongue has no trouble in bringing her to a succession of volcanic eruptions. I'm so hurt and cheesed off I allow her to give me a little comfort too. I pretend it's Cedric in there working away at me. When we are breathless and limp we sit on the cot in our helplessness and take a good look at each other.

Nancy is a pert and cute kid with a lovely body. I foresee a lot of lonely nights. "Aren't we lucky!" says my competition.

"Don't you want get out of here!"

"Oh no!" her eyes are shining. "This prisoner kick makes sex ten times as good."

"But your life, don't you see you've lost it!"

"Oh darling, I've found it. He's wonderful! He says I can call him 'Master.' Doesn't that crinkle your cunt!"

"Not mine. I want out."

"I don't! I think you're jealous, darling." She grins impishly. "Don't be that way. If he doesn't fuck you because he's fucking me I'll make it up to you with my tongue."

"What if he chains us apart?"

"Oh he won't darling. I'll ask him not to."

She is a small rutting mink secure in her concupiscence. But surely something can bring her down to earth! I ask sourly: "Did you enjoy that thrashing he gave you yesterday?"

She positively shivers with delight. "Isn't it awful while it's happening, darling a sort of beautiful awful! And afterwards!" Her eyes roll in ecstasy.

I long to kick her, or slap her silly face. We are lost! Even if Cedric let Nancy go free she would do nothing to rescue me. For her, this incredible slavery has become rational, she would look back at this house only with longing and affection.

Our Master enjoys us. We are his own beautiful pets safe in a cage. Next time he peers at us through the bars I peruse a faint hope.

"Master, now that Nancy's so happy here you don't need me. Please let me go?"

"Sorry, couldn't possibly."

"I think she's jealous... Nancy giggles.

"Please, Master, I'm no good to you any more."

"That's for me to judge. Stop whining."

I am furious, I blow my top. "Don't be such a S.O.B. Cedric. You've got what you want, Nancy will lick your boots."

"Good idea, I'll have you do that. For now, stop pushing."

"Are you such a weak idiot you have to bolster your ego by making me sit uselessly in this damn cell!"

"It needn't have been useless, that was your idea."

"You're trying to make me jealous, you're treating me like an asshole."

I've done it again, gone too far! But I don't care, I don't. Oh damn, look at his face. Oh help!"

Nancy is intrigued by the click of locks and by our shameful procession to the place where I will be given pain. There are tears in my eyes, it is all so unjust. Our master absently locks her leash to a ring in the punishment room wall where she will have a fine view of my shame. I take a silly comfort in knowing that, for a little while, I will receive his full attention how ridiculous can a girl get!

I stand, seething and sorry, while I lose my leash and shackles. I am politely invited to drape myself on the hated bench. I look from my amused but angry master to Nancy's entranced attention. I'm damned if I'll plead or try to reason while she can hear every word. But I do ask tearfully. "Please, Master, not in front of her?"

"Get on that bench, Cath'. Right now!"

It is awkward with tied hands, but I manage. Perhaps in the awfulness of what's about to happen to me I can forget those avid female eyes. But oh my poor seat, its last dose was so recent! It rears itself over that beastly hump and cringes with a life of its own whilst my waist is buckled down and my ankles tied.

"I et's try it with your hands the way they are." My master says cheerfully. "Just keep 'em well up, I wouldn't want to hurt them."

It is horrible. I have to lay on my breasts. When I pull up my tied wrists to leave my bottom unobstructed for the cane my elbows seem to stick out like wings. My behind is immovable but I bet the rest of me behaves shamefully. Oh, shit!

"Tell Nancy why you're being punished, Cathy."

The bastard! I flare at him. "How should I know! You tell her!"

The cane cuts my bottom in two. I almost rear off the bench.

"Tell Nancy why you're being punished, Cathy."

"I'm being punished, Nancy, because I was rude to my master."

"You might mention whether you think its deserved." My Master's voice is studiously casual.

"And I do deserve it, Nancy, I was silly and angry. I hope he whips me good."

"Wasn't there something else?" Cedric's voice is almost dreamy.

My tears come, he is too cruel. "I was jealous of you, Nancy."

"And are you still?"

"Yes I am. Oh damn! Don't be so beastly to me. Of course I'm jealous you're just being mean. I hate you both."

The cane begins its rhythm on my flesh. My Master makes me scream.

In front of Nancy.

I'd sooner die.

It is an awful kind of awful. On top of what my bottom had already gotten and now this! My breasts take a beating as I twist and heave and howl. I don't care if Nancy does watch, damn her! I can't bear this pain, I just can't. Piss on Nancy! I'll scream and scream I'll put their teeth on edge with my screams. Oh Master!

When it stops I sob my tribute. "Thank you, Master."

"What are you, Cathy?"

"I am your slave, Master."

"And Nancy. She might need your services..."

"I will be your slave, Nancy."

They are pleased with me and what the cane has made me. They take me back to the cell and lock my leash and chain my feet; maybe I will never have my hands again. My master checks my handcuffs and tightens them one notch. Nancy follows him, leashed and happy, when he goes. The door locks with a hateful snap.

I am alone in the cell. Naked, chained, helpless. I hurt.

They will be happy, and make love, and laugh, while I lie here miserably on one hip to ease my blazing bottom. I cry and cry, my tears are a distillation of pain and frustration and anger and sorrow.

They are jealous tears.

It it an act to punish me! Does he really like Nancy! Have I spoiled everything by being Me!

Have I!

I wrench at my handcuffs fretfully.

Will my Master take me back into his heart! I do not know.

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