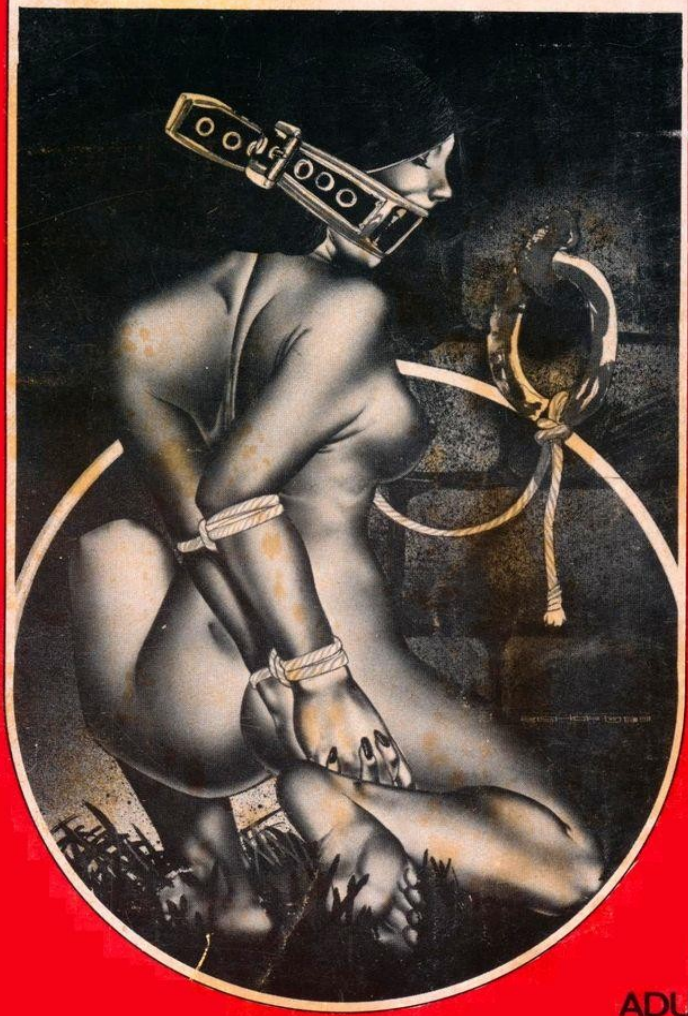
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DREAM SLAVE



ADULTS ONLY

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Dream Slave

by F. E. Campbell

Chapter 1

Why?

I must stop thinking about escape. There is no escape, and dwelling on it only weakens my ability to cope. It is by coping with Jason that may get me out of this jackpot. If he believes he has broken me—or that I wish to be broken! It is his obsession with the belief that every girl secretly wishes to be broken which may enable me to defeat him.

Jason is not insane. I have to be glad of that. But it's bad enough the way it is. It is his very rationality which makes it possible for him to do what he has done. He has made me vanish. Miss Carrie Carstairs has ceased to exist. He has erased me with letters and phone calls as though I had never been. I have signed my name so many times, damn him! Always under duress, always aware of alternative pain. It is so easy to abduct a girl, so shockingly easy!

He isn't always cruel. He keeps me handcuffed to something while he goes to work. If I make him angry he ties me up tight instead. But a bit of me remains handcuffed to something solid anyway, so there isn't even any use me struggling, I'm not going to get away, no matter what. And he keeps me naked, always naked. Oh shit! I keep trying to persuade him about some clothes, even a square to knot over one hip, but he never seems to hear. He says I'm easy to control when naked, and easy to punish, and it keeps me

in the state of mind he thinks I should be. Damn him, he's right on all counts!

He varies my security from day to day. At the moment I've got a chain padlocked round my tummy, the other end's attached to the house. I can do things, and it reaches to the bathroom. But my range has been stripped of anything I want. It's the most sterile bit of footage in America. There's no escape with hacksaws or bobby pins or anything. Where this damn house is I've no idea. My restraints keep me away from windows, and nobody ever rings the bell. I've screamed and screamed...! I'm sure it's in the City someplace but it must be off on its own.

Sitting alone in whatever way he's chained or tied me I'm always ashamed of myself for doing or being what Jason sees as natural in a girl. I'm twenty-four. Before he kidnapped me I was an executive secretary. I knew where I was and where I was going. I never came anywhere near being the submissive maiden with palpitating pussy which Jason believes all girls are beneath their surface. But a month's course of what he's doing to me, he calls it training, is turning me into just that. For the first week of this captivity I was a raging fury, fighting him tooth and nail. But I simply got a bellyfull of being punished and tied up. I'm not brainwashed, I'm being realistic. Jason's got me but good! It doesn't make sense to get my bottom whipped twice a day because I'm angry and cheesed off. That whip he uses to punish me hurts worse than all get out!

My trouble is that Jason's charming and good company. I get so bored and lonely in my chain, or whatever, that I'm glad to see him when he comes back from the office. I'm absurdly glad and behave outrageously in my need to chatter and to be reassured I still mean something to someone. I play the douce damsel of his dream because it feels so good to have his hands lovingly in my hair or on my breasts or even lower down. Loneliness in chains is devastating in the way it drives me to think of sex, sex, sex...!

My behaviour over the sexual act itself is what bugs me worst of all. Jason insists I have to be tied for it, and for the first week he was dead right on that. There was no way then I was willing to lay down and spread my legs. But the fact is Jason has a thing about tying me up. It's an end in itself which gives him immense sexual pleasure. I suppose it's having a naked girl so completely helpless and at his mercy that turns him on. Anyway, even after he'd whipped me into obedience, the tying continued when we had sex. Always the same with me spreadeagled on the bed, really conventional. But, gosh, it was awful that first time! I felt ninety percent pussy and pubic hair.

But now it's a ritual. There's a room and a bed, and the bed has wristlets and anklets top and bottom. They attach to the four corners and can be easily tightened or loosened, not by me but by him! When he desires me he simply unlocks me from whatever I'm attached to, and says casually: "I want to fuck you, darling." Then darling, that's me, grate-

fully leads the way to the trick room and disposes herself on the bed for his utmost convenience in strapping me down with my legs a mile apart...!

I've come to look forward to it. Oh, damn!

Of course there's still the nights. My nights vary by the grace and goodwill of His Majesty. Often I am allowed to share his bed. My ankle is chained to a ring in the floor but the chain is long and does not hinder me in doing whatever I must to please him. Jason has these rings all over the house so I can be conveniently attached anyplace he wants me. If I am not in favour he may chain me on the floor beside his bed with just a blanket to keep me company while he snores. But if I'm really in disgrace I could be tied to a post in the basement or to a chair in the kitchen. Jason is a great believer in variety. Once more I'm ashamed at hoping I'll be in bed with him tonight.

The big question is: Where is Carrie Carstairs going? Jason refuses to talk about it, so I'm forced to suppose I'm not going anywhere, this is it! He's so damn happy with his possession of me. It's not as though he wants to marry me and I won't. Or that I'm holding out on some big secret. Or that somebody's paying him to keep me out of the way. Jason wanted to own a girl. He chose me. He abducted me, and here I am. I could scream at the way it's been so easy for him. I'm honestly surprised there's a girl walking around out there free. Gosh, the way we can be picked up and kept

as pretty pets like a birdie in a cage...! Oh, damn, damn, damn...!

I even feel guilty and ashamed about Jason punishing me. At least about some of the penalties he inflicts. I'm not the naughty little girl with a bad conscience, I'm the naughty big girl who gets an erotic thrill out of provoking a male who, to all intents and purposes, is my owner. I like to think I do it because I'm bored, I hope that is the reason. In this peculiar slavery it's so damn hard not to be a silly feminine hypocrite. The first time Jason tied me naked over a bench and gave my bare bottom six cuts with a riding crop I hated it and I howled in anger, shock and pain. I still don't ask for it to happen, but when it does I make quite different sounds and am so horny afterwards I want him to put me out of my agony right there. But Jason knows! He's a sly bastard. He leaves me tied and sweating and goes away, it's part of my punishment. I try and rub up against whatever I'm tied to: sometimes I'm lucky! You've no idea of the effect of a blazing bottom on a girl's libido. It shocked the pants off me! But there are also the other kinds of punishment, the one's which keep me behaving the way he wants. I don't like them at all.

Women's Lib' may as well forget it. The physical strength of the Male knocks the props out from under all their pretence. Jason can subdue me so easily I want to weep in frustration. In those first days when I fought all the time I was rewarded only by humiliation and chagrin: and then

punished to boot. Mostly now I don't bother to fight, I dispose my person for his pleasure and save myself some lumps. But once in awhile he'll surprise me into instinctive revolt with some of his erotic notions. Then, by the time he's subdued me or I've subdued myself, I've earned a punishment; one of the sort I don't want...! So why bother!

I don't hate Jason. I'm not sure of his feelings towards me. I'm a beautiful bundle comprising all sorts of things for male pleasure. I'm a naked female. I'm a good conversationalist. I can see good reasons for his sequestering me for his personal enjoyment. But beyond that I haven't managed to penetrate. He could be preparing me as a human sacrifice, or training me for sale to a rich lecher. I think of the damndest things and they could all happen.

I'm nice. I know I'm nice. I think that word is right for me. I'm a delectable female package. My breasts are superlative, they have to be to get the job I used to have. My tummy's flat and I've got a really pretty little pussy, a neat slit in a curly bush. Jason knew what he was doing when he stole me. I'm not a bit hypocritical or shy about Me. I'm nice. I'm grade 'A'. And being twenty-four makes me a lot more interesting than an eighteen year old. But, oh boy, if I ever get a chance to escape I'll run like a jackrabbit.

I keep playing with this damn padlock. It's the only thing between me and freedom but it's enough. Right now it's right over my navel, but if I don't mind a bit of a chafe I

can turn the chain so it hangs behind me like a tail and the padlock is out of sight. What a weighty decision! Hell, it's the only kind I have to face these days.

Jason dangles carrots in front of my nose. They are just plausible enough I have to look at them. It's the 'Hope springs eternal' thing. It goes something like this:

"I'd love to take you out to dinner, Carrie my sweet."

"Why don't you? I'd love it."

"A touch of sarcasm, darling. You're not quite ready."

"Sure I'm ready, Jason. The waiter won't raise an eyebrow over my chains. You can let me wear a little something."

"Clothes spoil the effect, darling."

"I don't mind going naked, Jason. Just so long as you're not embarrassed. If I was neatly handcuffed wouldn't that do?"

"It would do to get us both into the local Precinct. Carrie my love, we'll have to wait until your homing instinct gets stronger."

"Jason, dear, please let me give you my word of honour: you know the parole thing? I'd love to go out to dinner. I'll be ever so obedient and come back here with you. I promise."

That's the way we talk. Repartee with underlying possibilities. Lovely visions to keep me alive. Sometimes I

think I'd honestly honour a parole and come back and let myself be chained again, my yearning for life and people and fun is that strong. But he can't trust me, he can't possibly, and I've no idea how I'd act if it ever happened.

I hear the front door being unlocked, and am immediately aquiver with excitement. Silly girl! But my owner is coming home and he's all I've got. Not that I really have him, he's got me. But still…! I've made up my mind to ask him the fatal question.

"Hello, sweetness! Nice day?"

"Jason, you know perfectly well I've been chained here like a puppy dog."

"Sure, but was it a nice day?"

"I suppose so. I don't seem to hurt anywhere."

"That's my girl! I had a lousy day but coming home to you makes it right. Aren't you glad I don't take out my trials and trib's on you?"

"Yes, Jason. Thank you. Jason, please unchain me. I hate this padlock, it sorts of mocks me. If you let me loose I can get your supper?"

"Promises, promises! Darling, you look far too sweet to change. Anyway, I bought something home, it's in the oven. It can wait while we fuck."

I make no demur. My spine is tingling and my sex aflame. I could not care less about supper. I stand, quivering, while Jason turns the key in my padlock to cause the chain to uncurl from my waist and clatter to the floor. Without a word, I go to the room and to the bed. I lay nakedly on my back and spread my limbs. Jason buckles my wrists and ankles and pulls on the straps until I am as tight as he desires. While I watch him undress I savour all the erotic anticipations of every rape that ever was. I become the eternal maiden, bound and helpless, to appease the lust of Man.

It's my lust too, and I love it!

After satiety gives way to appetite I am dressed for dinner. My costume is classically simple, a pair of handcuffs, worn in front. Since they stop me doing very little, they are symbolic. They gleam and clink charmingly as we eat. Jason goes to the fridge and gets the bottle of wine he has brought home for this occasion. Two glasses of it give me courage.

"Jason, what are you going to do with me?"

I suppose it is a silly question, but it is the only one I have that really matters. It strikes his imperturbability and falls shattered into the silence in which he surveys me with that indulgence adults reserve for precocious children. He sips gently.

"I'm already doing it." His tone is patient.

“You’re keeping me prisoner.” I clink my handcuffs. “And you’re fucking me.” I try and look charmingly coy. “But it’s a terribly limited existence.”

“About the same as the average housewife. The only difference is those handcuffs.”

I am shocked to realize how nearly right he is. But I retort, petulantly: “They get to go out and around. I can’t even get out of the house.”

“Lucky girl! Saves you a lot of discontented window shopping. Being nude is woman’s true emancipation. Every wife should be kept chained at home.”

“Alright then, how about marrying me?”

“I don’t follow your logic, sweetheart.”

I don’t either, but I grope around and lamely suggest: “Well, marriage is a sort of bond, it makes me your property. It would be a lot more comfortable than being tied up.”

“We could honeymoon at Alcatraz.” He says thoughtfully. “But no! You’d be off to mother the next day.”

“I don’t have a mother.”

“A Lawyer… maybe the police?”

“Jason, be serious. Where will I be five years from now?”

“Right here. Same handcuffs…”

There is that in his voice which tells me to shut up. To nag him is a punishable offence, always painful. Beneath all this cheerful domesticity is the iron hand. If I was to run for the door…! Ugh! So now I pick up on one of his own little pleasantries.

“So I’m your prisoner for life! O.K. But, Jason, you talked about taking me out to dinner…?”

“Sweetness, I wish we could.” He is sincere.

“I promise to come back here with you and let myself be chained. Honest!”

He shakes his head. “That’s asking too much of a girl. You couldn’t keep such a promise.”

“Jason, I could! You don’t understand girls. I’d be so grateful… I’d obey you.”

“Come back to all the punishments I use to keep you in line!”

“Why not? Wives go back to husbands who beat them.” For the moment I have become interesting. Jason eyes me as something more than a receptacle for sperm. Slowly he asks: “How about a ride in the car? It would get you out, be a change…?”

His tone is so diffident I know he means it. I am instantly aglow. “Oh, Jason, would you! Oh, please?”

“I’d have to tie you up… tight?”

“I don’t mind. Jason, I want you to tie me. That way you won’t worry. I won’t be a nuisance.”

We settle for that. I am bubbling with wine and excitement. But at bedtime I am chained on the floor with the blanket. I suppose it’s something to do with the male ego.

I have to wonder if the way Jason and I talk is a false note. I’ve a feeling that in a book I’d be maintaining a haughty silence interspersed by screams, epithets should abound. After being flogged I would agree to call him “Master.” But, somehow, it hasn’t been like that. We both uttered a few bad words in the first week but a normal exchange seems to serve us best. I notice the way he keeps me polite and respectful. He insists on that. He had to remind me a few times with the riding crop, and that can still happen when I get carried away. But mostly I’m glad about it. I like myself better as a polite prisoner rather than a female who snarls or sulks. He won’t go for sulking either. If I sulk he’ll give me something to sulk about! He’s almost turning me into what mother would have called “A nice young lady!”

I’m so damned excited about this car ride I’m ashamed. It’s no big deal, but I’m going to see people and things and places. I feel absurdly grateful to Jason. After all, he doesn’t

have to! Maybe he likes me a little… The black body stocking is a relief. It fits like a glove but covers the bits of me society disapproves of. I'd fully expected to get my car ride naked. Jason has a Thing about tying bare skin, he distrusts clothes. He has told me more than once: "No way can you tie a girl safely over her clothes, she'll wiggle out for sure." I don't argue because I've never been tied up with my clothes on. Until Jason grabbed me I'd never been tied up at all.

I'm trembling as I stand beside his car in the garage. I'm nervous and excited, a silly girl! Jason is fiddling with ropes. I would once have viewed those ropes with pure horror. Now they are old friends, by whose good graces I'm at last getting out of this house.

"Hands behind you, sweetheart."

I am ready for that command. My arms position themselves like trained soldiers. I thrill as my hands are placed palm to palm and my wrists tied together. I suspect Jason is clever with rope. It certainly feels clever as he makes me helpless. When another rope goes round my elbows and pulls them together so they hurt I try and sound helpfully informative.

"That hurts a lot, Jason. You don't need to tie my elbows, I couldn't get my wrists free in a hundred years."

"Stops you struggling, Carrie, makes you sit still."

“But it makes my breasts stick way out!”

“What’s wrong with that!”

“You don’t want me to attract attention, do you?”

“They’d have to stick their head in the window to see your tits. Hold still. I’m going to put several strands round to ease the pressure.”

I stand obediently. After all, what’s a bit of pain! Jason pushes and pulls until my elbows almost touch, then he does the cinch thing that tells a girl she’s never, never going to get herself free. I look down at my breasts, they are well worth a glance. My nipples must like the body stocking, they are pushing at it… hard!

“I’m beautifully helpless, Jason. You haven’t a thing to worry about.”

“Good! Into the front with me—here, I’ll help.”

It feels lovely. I snuggle. Jason ties my ankles together. I am now about as active as an Egyptian mummy. The motor starts and the door opens. I am blinded by light, and forget to look back at the house as we roll down the street. I know I’m ridiculous, but I felt impelled to ask:

“Jason, shouldn’t I be gagged? I mean, just suppose—!”

He is delighted with me. I suppose I sounded sweetly naive. “I’m trusting you, Carrie.” He chuckles. “Go ahead and scream. See what happens.”

“You mean you’ll punish me?”

“Hell no! With the windows up no one’s going to hear. Go ahead. Just once.”

I screamed. It was a very lonely sound I did not like. It was as much a prisoner in the car as I myself. I had no wish to repeat. I snuggled back into the upholstery to ease my tied arms, then gave my attention to whatever I could see through the window. Seeing things was so damn good I wanted to cry. From time to time I gave my attention to Jason. His lips showed amusement, probably about me. Hell, why shouldn’t he be amused! At this moment he and I are about the most bizarre couple in the U.S.A.

I couldn’t forget I was tied. My elbows hurt and my ankles were corded tighter than he need have tied them. But the last thing I was going to do was complain. At a theatre you pay money for a ticket. The pain of rope was what I was paying for a glimpse of a world I hadn’t seen for a long time. I found it cheap. Soon we got out into the country and I felt Jason relax. Out here there’s nothing I can do to disturb his peace of mind, not a damn thing! I relax too, it’s lovely. I am happy.

He took me on a wide scenic circle. It was on the way back we ran into the road block. Police cars were all over the place. To try and back and turn would be fatal. Poor Jason, he had to face it. All I could feel was embarrassment over my scanty covering. But I need not have worried. Jason reached back and produced a cape. It went from my neck to my knees. He arranged it deftly. We exchanged glances. His was enigmatic, there was something in his face I could not read. I don't know what he saw in mine.

I am ashamed of what follows. Figure it if you can. But I am not in love with Jason…! At least, I don't think I am. I'll kick myself for life, I just know I will. We had to halt in line. An officer questioned each car. They were looking for someone. Jason rolled down the window, and once more we exchanged glances I could not fathom. For the police-man he presented only a bland curiosity. You know about road blocks. Questions and answers, purely perfunctory since you are not what they seek. But I was a volcano, seething to erupt, yet speechless. It must have showed. The uniformed attention swivelled to me and the cape.

"You O.K., Lady?"

The tucking in of my bare tied feet was instinctive. I swear it was! The last thing I wanted right then was to have my covering stripped away and be revealed as a bound and nearly nude captive who hadn't got whatever it took to ask for help.

“Of course I’m alright.” I said gracelessly.

I don’t suppose anything about me looked exactly right. I was uncomfortably tied and could not move. If I could have produced a hand or waved a cigarette… I expect I looked pathetic.

“Everything comfortable under that cape, Miss?”

Fate was handing me freedom on a plate, and what did I do with it! I didn’t do a damn thing except smile sweetly and say: “I’ve been ill. I keep well wrapped up.”

Jason and I find it hard to break the silence after the Road Block. The Road Block is past and gone but we don’t know what to say. After awhile, Jason asks abruptly:

“Why?”

“I don’t know why.” I admit weakly.

“You had me dead to rights. It was a hazard I hadn’t covered.”

I wriggled to make the ropes hurt. I wanted to be reminded of what I was and what I’d thrown away. “I didn’t want to get us into trouble.” I offer lamely.

“You wouldn’t have been in trouble, Carrie.”

“Well, I guess I didn’t want to get you into trouble. Look, Jason, it’s no big thing. May we drop it?”

“You in love with me?” I get a searching sideways glance.

“I don’t think so.”

“Hell, girl, don’t you know?”

“Well, alright then, I’m not! I just didn’t want to see you in prison.”

He digests this silently, then grins sideways. “I bet you’re mad as all get out at yourself?”

As usual, he was right. “Sure I’m mad.” I agree fervidly. “I expect I’ll be a lot madder still.” I struggled again to deliberately savour my impotence. “I just wish it hadn’t happened. I suppose you’ll never take me out of the house again?”

Jason unclipped the cape and set it aside, viewing my near nudity and the ropes with immense satisfaction. “May as well get a dividend out of being scared half to death.” He reflected. “You look damn erotic like that, sweets: Sure I’ll take you out again, but damned if I know how. Any suggestions?”

“I’ll always give you a promise.”

“I think that chance to escape caught you with your pants down, love. If it happened again right now you’d turn me in?” He grinned at me demandingly. “Well, would you?”

“I don’t know. Oh, Jason, don’t tease”

“How’s about a test? I’ve just thought of a honey?”

I try and shrug but can’t. Boy, am I trussed! Morosely, I ask: “Why would I have anything to say about it?”

“Because this whole thing means something to me: maybe more than it does to you. I’m playing a kind of Russian Roulette with you as the gun.”

“Thanks a lot.”

“Don’t be miffed. I’m going to give you another chance; I’ll pull the trigger one more time.”

Jason is dead serious. I switch my attention from the scenery to him. I’m wishing more than ever we’d just had a nice uneventful ride. I find myself saying: “Jason, don’t! I don’t want another chance. It’s too much of a strain, especially after… I’m safely your prisoner. Be grateful.”

I expect what I’m trying to do is the feminine thing of giving a man all of me in the hope of getting a little something back. Break him down with sweetness, get under his skin, make him want me minus the rope. But, shit, that’s playing a game the same way he is! What the hell am I trying to prove! He’s smirking now… he’s hatched something up.

“When we get home, Carrie, I’m going to whip you, whip you but good. I’ll trice you up and do it properly as though you’d committed something unforgivable.” Jason’s tone is conversational, pleasantly outgoing as though he’s prom-

ising me a real good time. I am suddenly trembling at the vision he invokes. “There’s nothing you can do or say to get out of it. It will happen. You are going to be whipped, period. Understand?”

“No. I don’t understand. But I heard what you said.”

“O.K.” I can tell he’s really happy with his notion. “But it’s not a one sided deal, sweetheart. You’re still the kingpin because, when we get back to the City I’ll put the cape back on and stop at the first cop and ask the way. I’ll take as much time as I can over it. In an hour you can be a free girl.”

“It’s cruel.”

“No it’s not. You’re free to make a choice.”

I say, stubbornly: “I won’t send you to jail. So, as a reward, I get a bloody awful whipping.”

“I’m not too sure about the legal aspect, darling.” Jason’s voice is slow, musing, intrigued. “That’s where the Russian Roulette comes in. If you ask the officer for help, but refuse to lay a charge or sign a complaint, we could find ourselves going our separate ways.”

“Jason, please…! It will tear me in two.”

“But delicious, don’t you think?”

Damn him! It is delicious. I can feel the secretions flooding my sex. He has captured me, not only with his rope but with his mood. What girl ever had to face such a dilemma! It is the most impossibly erotic situation I have ever head of. I know he will do exactly what he says. In an hour or two I may be writhing under the most awful whipping he has given me… or back in my apartment—If I still have an apartment! More probably I will be signing statements in a police station and being viewed with suspicion…! We could both end up in a cell! But not the same cell! I quench an impulse to giggle. Dodging dilemma, I plead: "Jason, take me home. Never mind the policeman… please?"

"But you'd still be whipped. That wouldn't be fair."

"There's nothing fair about a girl who's naked and tied up so she can't do a damn thing!"

"You can scream, you can talk. There's a policeman in your future, darling."

"Jason, this is ridiculous. Please don't do it?"

"You enjoy being my captive maiden?"

"No I don't. But I don't like the alternative either. Jason, please don't whip me."

Here we are again, talking about the bizarre as though it was rational, accepting this fantasy of Jason's which he has made real. As though to assure myself of its reality I stretch

out my tied feet and examine the cords cutting at my ankles. It is a very neat job, I cannot move them at all. I cannot see my bound arms but I can certainly feel their strictures. I am pushing them back into the corner to lean back on with comfort, thus I cannot even weave my shoulders. I am a very satisfying package for Jason, he approves of me like this. I have no doubt I look delectably helpless. Jason is considering my plea not to be whipped. He renders a calm judgement. “Sorry, sweets. It’s something we have to do. I like it. It puts us both on the line.” He grins charmingly. “But it gives you a head start.”

“You’re trying to box me in, Jason.” My tone has become petulant. “You’re using that pretty little precept people hang on the wall in kitchens and bedrooms about: “If you love something set it free. If it comes back it is yours. If it does not it never was.” I look down at my near nudity and the thrust of my breasts. “I don’t think we’re going to prove a thing, except I don’t want to be dragged into a precinct station in this condition.”

“I don’t pretend that whatever happens is Earth shattering, Carrie. But it’s something I want to do, so we’re going to do it.” It is now my Lord and Master who is petulant, but his voice is firm. “Neither of us can be sure how you’ll react until the moment comes—dammit, girl, don’t you see what a marvelously stupendous gamble this is for me?”

Sure I can see! The male ego is rampant and tugging at the leash of a new experience in which I will play the role of hare to his hounds. He must feel terribly sure of me, damn him! I toy deliciously with a vision of me saying:

“Officer, arrest this man. I have been kidnapped.” Wow, that’s a tremendous concept for me too! Soberly, I tell him: “Don’t tempt me. These ropes hurt enough I’d like to get ’em untied.”

“They will be anyway, darling. I have to untie you before you get whipped.”

He’s pushing me, playing his thrill for all that’s in it. When I see that damn policeman I’m going to be hovering on the brink of another damn awful decision. I return my attention to the scenery. It is becoming increasingly urban. We drive in silence.

The Law is obliging. The uniformed bulk is about to enter his car as we draw level. Jason leans across my caped nakedness and lowers the window. My heart is beating so hard I am sure they will both hear its thudding. I am outrageously sexually aroused.

They make their pointless exchange of queries and directions. The officer looks more at me than at my companion. But girls are accustomed to being lusted for. That is his interest. I wish his eyes actually could strip me naked: I’d love to see his face. I sit demurely, repeating over and over

in my mind: “I’m going to be terribly whipped… whipped… whipped! If anything will make me speak, surely that prospect should!! I smile sweetly at the minion of the law and say: “Officer, I am being kidnapped.”

He is a genial soul who appreciates a joke. He touches his cap and winks. “You look real good at it, Miss. Have fun.” He nods and turns away. Jason slowly edges our car back into the traffic.

I do not scream.

“Thanks, sweetheart.” Jason is euphoric with success. “That little final touch of yours capped the whole thing. Dammit, that was roulette the way no Russian ever dared play.”

“Do I get punished extra?”

“Hell no! What you’re getting is bad enough anyway. Besides, that was a stroke of pure genius.”

I am vexed. There is something I will not tell Jason. It is simply that I do not know whether I am glad or sorry over the outcome of my own game of chance in which my statement to the policeman was the same as pulling the trigger on a pistol that might or might not be loaded. I had cast my silly little loaf of bread upon the waters, what I would get back was going to be painful. I wriggle in my ropes and wish we were further from home.

The house where Jason keeps me prisoner is at the end of a cul de sac, isolated only because development has demolished old structures around but not yet started to rebuild. There are no passersby. For the time being it is a perfect place in which to keep a captive girl. I drink it all in avidly as we approach our garage. Goodness knows when I may get to see it again.

I am untied. We both exclaim over the weals the cords have imposed in my flesh. They are cruelly aesthetic. Everything about me is erotic. I divest myself of the body stocking and offer my wrists for the handcuffs. My owner has little need of orders, I know what to do. I make coffee and sandwiches which we share in the lounge. It is as though I was Jason's wife. Soon I will be whipped.

"Alright, sweetheart, clue me in."

Jason is delighted but puzzled. I am puzzled too. "It's just feminine instability, girlish emotions." I tell him diffidently. "I deserve everything it gets me."

"But are you pleased?"

"Jason, you're going to whip me! How can I be pleased? For the rest of it: I'd sooner be sitting here like this than in a detective's office."

He is hot on some sort of scent, presumably mine. He explains earnestly: "Possessing you, Carrie, keeping you captive, training you, it means a lot to me. It's the biggest thing

in my life. I won't let you go, and I won't show clemency for these two acts of mercy. But I have to know: Does being naked, tied, chained, punished make you happy?"

"I threw away two chances of freedom. Is that your answer, Jason? But I still don't want to be whipped."

"Ask me not to."

"Please don't whip me?"

"Request denied. You are going to be whipped." He twinkled at me. "Deliberate cruelty, eh?"

I cannot answer. I am shamingly conscious of being wet between my legs.

Chapter 2

Journey Back.

It is very quiet in this room where I am waiting to be whipped. I am alone. It is understood I must ponder my sins, if any, before it happens. I stand, nude, with my bare arms held high by my wrists strapped far apart to a bar above my head. I am not hurting yet, but I cannot leave this spot. I am many times naked in a frightening vulnerability. All of me is available.

I change my weight from foot to foot. I look up at the frustrating straps around my wrists. I project myself into a reverie in which I become two. I split. One is me awaiting punishment, the other is an admonishing alter ego quite out of patience. She is vehement.

“You little idiot! You could have been free!”

“Don’t nag. It’s bad enough knowing…”

“Jason’s going to whip you horribly.”

“I’ll have to put up with it, won’t I. Besides, I’m helpless now and don’t have any decision. Don’t nag me on that either.”

“But, you absolute idiot, why… Why?”

“I’m not in love with him, if that’s what you’re thinking. But I don’t hate him either. He’s taken me into something I

never knew existed, a sort of Magic Island. I want to find out about it."

"There's nothing to find out. Most men want a slavegirl. Jason likes keeping his tied or chained so he knows, and she knows, he has her safe. He whips you because it gives him an erection, and because you make the moans and writhings of orgasm while he's doing it."

"Never mind Jason. What about Me! Right now I've got a palpitating pussy with a fire burning inside."

She phases away. I have won a temporary victory. I cross my legs and try to rub myself, but it does not work. The way I am fastened is not conducive to the assuagement of my arousal. My gaze drifts to the whip Jason has thoughtfully left on the floor a few feet away. It is supposed to make me shiver. It does, but I'm not sure if it's in the right way. I wonder, briefly, if Jason can be called cruel in the things he does to me. But if I believed that I would not be standing here now. I had my chance.

"Chafing at the bit, darling?"

Jason is brisk and very happy. He kisses me, plays with my nipples, then clasps my vulva and nods approvingly at his wet palm. "How about unstrapping me and we'll have sex?" I ask hopefully.

"Don't be silly, love." He pats my bottom reprovingly. My poor bottom that soon will be blazing with welts! "You

know perfectly well it's much better after. The girl who has to lay on a whipped back is the horniest girl there is."

He is right about this. I should know! But my immediate prospects frighten me, so I embrace humiliation. "Jason, dear, please don't whip me. I'm scared. I don't want to be whipped."

He kisses me tenderly and plays some more with my nipples. I cannot stop him but would not if I could. It is an incredibly erotic joy to stand with my arms fastened high, naked and helpless, while my erogenous zones are frictioned by an amused male I do not dislike. If he does it long enough I will melt and hang uncaring from my strapped wrists. When I have forgotten all about my plea for mercy he stops. I am still gasping in a roseate paradise when the first stroke slices across my shoulders and I scream in shock.

Before Jason kidnapped me the word was fictional. One ran into it here and there like pneumonia and prison. It happened to someone else, never to you. Being whipped is a strangely primitive punishment. I expect cave men whipped their wives with a willow switch, Romans did it with a flagellum, the early penal systems devised horrendous instruments, the Russians had their knout, and the Boers their sjambok. But they were all essentially the same. You struck someone with them to inflict pain, preferably on the bare skin. My skin is bare and I am being whipped.

It is so beautifully and exquisitely personal. It is from him to me. The marks of it are Jason's marks which I must wear whether I want to or not, just as I must stand here nakedly to receive them. Humanity has changed so many things, forever improving, but it has never changed this intimacy of pain. The whip is immutable.

The whip cutting at me now is not the cruellest of its kind. Jason has a fine judgement in my punishments. I am not flayed. But, because of this moderation, he will be able to whip me far longer and with more strokes. Some flogging instruments might reduce me to insensibility in six blows, but not this one! I have a disquieting suspicion that with this I might sustain a hundred.

Being whipped isn't a bit the way you expect. It's a different and more awful kind of pain than I'd ever experienced. It devastates me totally. It is made more awful by my strapped wrists compelling me to stand, and by my nakedness. It is unbelievable to be naked while such a thing is done to me, but it is happening. The swish of the thong and its impact on my skin explains my need to be bound. I could not stand still for it. No way!

The first sounds I make are yelps, squeals, and cries of outrage. Anger is in there too, anger at the indignity and the violation of Me… Me! I am being wealed, and I do not want to be wealed. But these vocal responses soon turn to screams. I scream on impact to vent some of the agony; I

am sure it helps. I scream because, for me, it is almost impossible not to. But I scream also in the sneaky hope of breaking down Jason's determination in the face of the sickening female cacophony which appals me even as I peal it out.

It is a false hope. Jason whips me slowly and with care. I fear he may enjoy my anguished vocals just as he enjoys the weals blossoming on my skin. From time to time he pauses to trace with his finger one of the proud ridges of scarlet which particularly intrigues him. It is the most erotic sensation I have ever felt. I stop writhing and kicking, and shiver instead. I cannot meet his eye. I am ashamed of my behaviour under punishment, in fact I am ashamed of being punished. I am also aware of damp hair and the gleam of sweat on my flesh. I have never sweat like this in my life, it is the perspiration of pain.

"Feeling it a bit?"

"Intensely—!"

He handles my crotch. I spread my legs hopefully. But he is just testing. I pant and am rent by spasms of acute sensation. I manage a dry whisper. "Please, Jason, don't whip me any more. Please say this is enough?"

It is not enough!

"Intermission, darling, don't be tedious."

He resumes my whipping. I try hard not to scream, it is I who hate the sound. I surge into fresh writhings and the flailing of my legs. As though in reprimand, the whip cuts upward into my crotch and pubic hair. It is a hateful invasion to which I respond with a different note and the tight closing of my thighs. Nonchalantly, Jason whips my bottom instead of my back. This would be easier to bear if he did not allow the lash to lap my hip. That hurts abominably and provokes me into fresh protests with my feet. I kick angrily at nothing and receive another shrewd down under cut where I want it least. I erupt into orgasm.

It is a shaming climax for a girl. Jason beats me a couple of times to spur the lava flow, then stands to watch my dissolution into spasms of lust. I do not care, not at this moment! I moan and do all the things my flesh demands. He can watch all he likes, damn him! The straps round my wrists no longer creak, they have absorbed too much moisture from the skin they hold captive. When I droop limply in satiety, his whipping of my bottom resumes its casual cadence.

I am not guilty of a thing, so cannot gauge this punishment. Jason is doing this to me as some sort of affirmation of authority. It will keep me in my place, I won't get ideas and notions. It is the final validating of his flirt with fate in the car. I chose this! I asked for this whipping he is giving me with such panache. Dammit, I had to be crazy! I could be

home free…! He gave me every chance—I leap and scream —I have thoughtlessly opened my legs…!

My thoughts are instant fitful things. Mostly I think only of pain… and wish Jason would stop. But he does not stop, and pain claims all of me.

I remember the French movie about a girl named ‘O’. After she had been whipped she hung against her tethered arms and tied wrists, wet with sweat, panting, glad it was over but still quivering under the remembered lash. The beauty of that pose negated the horror of her pain. I find myself doing the same thing, uncaring of who may see. This is an intensely female moment. I am alone with remembered agony but a fire is generating within my loins. I am not yet ready for a man, I am glad Jason has gone away. But when he returns…!

I do not remember when the whip stopped. Pain and the dream blended. Perhaps I lost consciousness, though this I do not believe. I am well aware of hanging by my wrists and that Jason has left me to reflect on what I am and what he is going to do to me later. I am in a beautiful limbo, drifting into a reverie, a dream of something long ago. I wear Jason’s weals, my wrists are strapped by Jason’s straps and buckles, my back and bottom blaze with an erotic fire. A compelling intensity of sensation plucks me back into time…

In these dreams I have duality: the Me who observes and comprehends, and the Me who is of that moment in time alone. The first Me wonders how Jason knew. Did he know? Do I emanate something? Or is Jason a coincidence helping me to see who and what I am? I do not debate these matters, the dream does not permit. And, anyway, the detached Me is far too busy adjusting herself to what she now beholds. These visions span the centuries. In each I am a little girl lost.

…
The headline of the newspaper on Auntie's desk proclaims the election of Millard Fillmore as President. That pins me down to eighteen forty-nine, as do the clothes we wear and the furniture… My aunt Hester is speaking. "I am tired of you, Caroline, out of patience."

I am silent, rebellious, sulky. I am not sure what is planned for me but I do not want it. I see menace in the respectful attention of the woman quietly standing to one side.

"I have asked Fraulein Lotte Schopen to take you in hand." My Aunt pauses. She does these pauses very well, they diminish me to tremblings I strive not to show. "Fraulein Schopen comes highly recommended as a disciplinarian. She has come to us from one of Europe's noble Houses. She speaks excellent English."

I bestow upon Fraulein Schopen a look of loathing consigning her back to whence she came. She is a beautiful woman, soignée, exuding power.

“She will be your Governness—”

“But, Auntie, I’m not a child! The Fraulein is little older than I am—!”

“She will understand you, dear, far better than I. Have no fear that she cannot assert authority, she will control you firmly.”

“But, Auntie, I don’t want to be firmly controlled! I want—I want—Oh, please—!”

“You don’t know what you want, dear. The loss of your parents has left you sadly without direction. You are completely dependent upon me, so I will provide that direction. Fraulein Schopen is exactly the help we need.”

I look, doubtfully, at the smiling German import. She smiles encouragingly but about her there is menace. I turn imploringly to my only relative. “I am already educated, Aunt Hester, I do not need…”

“We are speaking of deportment and behaviour, Caroline. Your improprieties—and this last shocking incident…!” My Aunt says no more. Nor have I a defence. I feel the implacability of convention closing in. I have sinned! Unhap-

pily, I ask the obvious: “Is Fraulein Schopen here to punish me?”

“She will guide and instruct. She will demand obedience. I have given her carte blanche.”

I cringe. I am helpless. I have no money, no one else to whom to turn. Fraulein Schopen eyes me with the lofty seniority of five years. “Have no fear, little one, I will be your friend.”

Aunt Hester’s voice is soft. “There is the new room, dear, the one you have not seen. It is as Fraulein Schopen desires.”

My hand is taken. I am led away. Aunt Hester smiles and nods benignly. I long to snatch back my arm and flee. But where would I run to—where, where, where!

I am an orphan! With a false willingness I allow this German girl to lead me to my room.

“We will be most happy.” Lotte Schopen says it as though she has no doubts. “You will please to undress.”

“But I have bathed! It’s not bedtime—!”

“Please to undress. Remove all clothes. Come, come, I am a woman.”

I fumble myself into nakedness and shame. It is my first time to be bare in just this way. I stand awkwardly, an arm

across my breasts, a hand over my pubic hair. Fraulein Schopen firmly clasps my hands at the back of my neck, then tilts my chin to make me stand erect.

“You have a beautiful body, Caroline. Your blush, it is most becoming. See, I caress your nipples to make them hard. Your breasts are as firm as mine.”

I gasp but dare not protest—the unexpected…! “Please to close your eyes and to stand quite still.”

I obey, trembling. My nipples have never been so hard as when the German fingers fall away and I hear the sounds of a suitcase opening and being rummaged through… Then, gentle hands possess my arms and place them at my back, straps circle my wrists and are pulled tight. There are small sounds of finality, clicks! I find myself panting but I know not why.

“You may open the eyes, madchen.”

If I was not naked with breasts and a bushed puss I would feel a small girl playing games. Fraulein sits beside her ravaged case upon my bed. She is a cat who has already eaten the canary, she is pleased. She eyes the puzzled twistings of my arms and shoulders against her straps… “The small wrists are fastened tightly, little one.”

They are indeed! I desist my ineffectual tuggings and stand primly at attention. I am more curious than frightened.

“Your freedom has departed, Caroline.”

“But, Miss Schopen, I do not understand ?”—

“You may call me Lotte. It is nicest. We are just two girls. But I am in charge. You will always remember… I will make sure you remember. As for your freedom: you did not use it well. It is gone.”

“You really mean…?” I start my tugging again, gazing at her in disbelief.

“Always you will be fastened in some way, there are so many ways…! It is best.”

I digest this slowly, still twisting against the leather bands around my wrists. I recalled stories of strange disciplines. I am still panting, but my voice is crisp. “I cannot submit. I am sorry. No doubt you mean well. Unfasten me.”

Her silence mocks.

“Get these things off my wrists! I’ll speak to Aunt Hester.”

“Your Aunt Hester knows of the delights I bring for you. There is also the room… You will be confined. You will be whipped, constantly whipped—”

“Stoppit, you are being absurd! You cannot—?”

“Can I not, Madchen?” The mockery is patent.

I run for the door. It is closed. While my strapped hands fumble at the knob strong German fingers possess themselves of my hair. Sobbing in frustration, I am led back to where I was. I have never been so helpless.

“The little pigeon seeks to fly, but her wings are clipped. There are so many ways her wings may lose their feathers.”

Damn her, she makes me feel like a plucked bird! The simile is not that far afield. My strapped arms are indeed clipped wings. I fall back on a hurt and dignified silence while she buckles other straps above my elbows. When they are tight she joins them with some sort of linkage. My shoulders are wrenched back, my breasts tighten.

“I suppose you know that hurts?”

“Indeed yes, little one, it keeps the arms most secure.”

“There is no need of it. I am not trying to run away.” I am pushed to my bed and thrust face down upon the cover, my weight upon my protruding breasts. I feel lumpily ridiculous while my ankles are strapped in the same manner as my wrists. The case is taken from the bed and my nakedness arranged to Fraulein’s satisfaction. I have become an inert nonentity. Postured to please, another linkage is used to bring my feet up and back, back, back to attach them to the unkind strictures on my arms. I can scarcely move.

“You look very sweet, madchen, and so helpless!”

“I don’t feel sweet. This is awful! When I tell Aunt—”

I will tell nothing! Not now! A ball enters my mouth, straps are buckled across my cheeks and over my hair at the nape of my neck. It is all terribly tight and catches me unawares. I am gagged! I protest furiously. But all that emerges are small pitiful sounds at which my captor smiles.

She pats me affectionately, then leaves and closes the door. I lay, doubled up, upon my bed in silence and dismay. This has been too swift, too unexpected. I have no defence.

If Aunt Hester was not somewhere in the house I would be frightened out of my wits. But, even so, I am delivered to this German girl… and look at me, just look at me now! Only in fiction have I read of young ladies of good family being treated thus. But if in fiction why not in fact! I try to move but everything hurts.

The gag is hateful, it hurts and I dribble. Lotte Schopen has strapped it into my mouth to prevent me calling out to Aunt Hester, calling for help. I can think of no other reason. I cannot wriggle my way to the door, I cannot kick to attract attention. Possibly I can flounder about enough to fall on the floor, but what good would that do! The bed is soft, the floor is not. In a fury of revolt I heave and thrust and twist against the leather bands. All I achieve is to fall over on my side. It takes all my exertion to get myself back the way I was. But I discover the sideways posture more comfortable, so I flop over again to lay panting and defeated. I

will lay like this until someone chooses to release me. My struggles have loosened nothing, I am still strapped tight.

There are only two things I can do. One is to hurt, and that is easy. The other is to think, and that is not easy at all. I have been delivered to some sort of European discipline. I recall more and more stories of what is done to delinquent girls in this country and that… in Nunneries and Schools, and by a Governess. I shiver at the thought of being whipped: in all these stories the girl was whipped. Then there is The Room, the room Auntie has had made over and which I have not been allowed to see. It is my room, I am sure of it. It will contain… things! Lotte Schopen will use these things… on me! I shudder again and struggle briefly.

But it is Fraulein Lotte Schopen herself who truly fills my thoughts while I lay as she has strapped me. Lotte Schopen is a force, a power. But she is an intensely female force. I know I would feel quite differently about myself if a man had buckled me like this. I am not sure what I see in her eyes… it is not cruelty. She is also beautiful. She dresses severely, but if she was naked as I am and her hair loosed from its comb she would be breathtaking, I am sure of it! I don't suppose Auntie even notices. I meditate unhappily about my new world. Soon I wet the coverlet with my tears. I cannot move.

"My little pigeon! So sweetly trussed! You have had two hours of blissful reflection."

I make silly stupid sounds and gaze up imploringly at my Governess. She is smiling down, her eyes swiftly appraising the strictures by which I am made helpless. Laughing, she reaches for a strap, in a few moments the beastly gag is taken from my mouth.

“Thank you, oh, thank you!” My gratitude is sincere.

“You are feeling better, little one?”

How can I ‘feel better’! I am bound and naked and helpless! A girl does not ‘feel better’ like that. She wants me to say I am ready to be obedient, a good girl. Instead, I mutter: “I feel… different. It is all strange. I don’t understand.”

Her fingertips find my nipples. She seems obsessed with them. “You enjoy this, madchen?”

“Yes.”

“You say that grudgingly, but you enjoy. See, I continue.”

I am panting again. She has that effect on me. Or is it this playing with my breasts! When the fingers are withdrawn I say, without volition: “Don’t stop! Please don’t stop.” Then feel ashamed.

“It is good you like. But we have work to do, you and I.”

She becomes busy with the linkage of my bonds. Soon I stretch ecstatically, still tightly strapped but I have been

given back my legs. I revel in their full stretch and repeat my “Thank you, thank you!”

“It is good for a girl to be bound, Caroline.”

I do not argue. It just feels so good not to be doubled up any more. I flex and stretch and wriggle while she watches me with her omnipotent amusement. Her voice is soft. “Tell me how it feels, dear child.”

“Just helpless, terribly helpless. My elbows hurt something awful.”

“Good, and your elbows remain strapped. I wish to hear no more of them. Is there nothing more?”

I know what she wants of me, so I part with it. “I have to obey you, Fraulein. I will try and do as you tell me.”

She laughs delightedly. “That hurt to say, little pigeon, did it not! So now we go to work.”

Fraulein Schopen handles my trussed nudity with frightening ease. She is strong. I am pulled around and set on my feet. I stand erect, frightened to move for fear I fall. I feel all breasts and black triangle.

“The American corset is for plump hausfraus my dear. For you I have something more special.”

I eye it askance. I am sure I will hate it. Fraulein Schopen holds it up with pride. When she wraps it round my bare

skin beneath my strapped arms I feel encased in armour, doubly bound.

“At first a little shock, my dear. Then you will feel proud.”

I will never feel pride—not in this! It begins as something shapeless, but Lotte’s fingers mould it upon me. Laces are inserted and pulled, tucks put in place, my breasts lifted and arranged. By the time the serious business of lacing me tight begins I am sheathed from the cleavage of my breasts down over my belly, over my hips to the beginning of my thighs. My pussy is open but hidden, there is a cut out into which my bottom thrusts itself in an increasing prominence as the ensemble tightens and takes shape.

“I call it my ‘Iron Maiden’ dear.” Fraulein Schopen says complacently as she busies herself with the prisonment of my body. “It has two benefits for the lucky girl who wears it. It banishes her sulks and perfects her figure. Hold still, dear child. Even though I tug I make sure you do not fall.”

I am a doll, a small girl-child, a manikin. Fear of the gag quenches protest. There is nothing I can do except stand still and accept this outrageous constriction. It is not a corset. It is a thing of punishment. I am being punished for being a young lady who has no money. “Please, not too tight.” I plead wanly, but hasten to add: “Not this first time.”

“It will be as tight as I wish, dear.” Lotte says absently as she prods and pulls. “You will think it be very tight indeed,

but you will get used to it. You may complain a little, you are so sweetly plaintive. But too much protest will put the gag back in that pretty mouth."

I can do nothing, so I stand and let myself be tightened within this constricting armour Fraulein Schopen calls a corset. I feel petulant and abused but the straps warn me to behave. Meekly, I say: "Yes, Fraulein. Thank you, Fraulein."

"Are you being sarcastic, dear?"

Of course I am! Swiftly I backtrack. "No. Honest! I'm just trying to be nice."

"Hmmmmm, very well. How does this feel?"

It feels terrible. I am in a vice shaped to my figure. The laces Lotte keeps tugging at run all the way from the top curve of my bottom to just below the level of my breasts. My poor tummy is vanishing, my bottom is being plumped out back beneath my strapped wrists, my breasts are thrust up and out in a magnificence I can scarcely believe. I am annoyed with my nipples, surely they do not need to be so hard or so large! It must be something to do with the circulation. "I don't know how it feels." I say hopelessly. "I just don't. If I say anything you don't like you'll gag me."

I am warmly kissed. It is comforting. A mischievous finger reaches beneath the lower rim of this armour and tickles my pussy. I gasp and blush. No one has ever touched me

like that there. I abandon all thoughts of rebellion. I deliver myself utterly to sensory perception.

Tighter and tighter. It is done to me by small degrees. I take smaller and smaller breaths. The lower hem below the large orifice for the cheeks of my bottom is another strap. Tightened, it imposes authority upon my thighs, but not enough to stop me walking… at least I do not think it will. Right now I cannot walk at all. Finally Lotte Schopen is satisfied. I can scarcely move. I can scarcely breathe. The contours of my figure must be grotesque.

"You look adorable, madchen."

The straps round my ankles are suddenly gone. I am led to the big mirror. I gasp at what I see: No tummy, proud breasts far larger than life, arrogantly nippled with hard scarlet buds. I have become femaleness multiplied. My bottom is a thing for maiden blushes. It blushes itself…. It is outrageous!

"Delightfully exposed for the cane, dear." Lotte has read my thoughts. She strokes and pats the tight constriction of my thrusting globes. I am aware of my bottom and my breasts in a way I have never been before. My pussy is hidden for the moment. But I am sure that in its turn…! "A girl's bottom should be caned regularly, its skin tight…"

My skin is tight, that is for sure. I can think of my bottom being caned only as an abstraction. It is all a dream from

which, hopefully, I will awake. “It is all so tight.” I say, stupidly. “It is all so tight…!”

“You may walk around the room, dear.”

I do so. It is good to have my feet and legs. The strap at the bottom of my corset bites deep at every step but, in spite of it, I can walk. It is a strange sort of perambulation. I sway and weave. I am indecent, it is the walk of whores. But it is all I have, so I walk joyously.

“You have behaved well, dear, so now your elbows.” Fraulein Schopen removes the strap and the link by which my elbows had been made to meet. The relief is glorious but my figure does not change at all. The corset has taken over. “I am still quite helpless, Fraulein.” I say it as an admission, not an accusation. The straps round my wrists are still tight. They deny Me being Me.

“It is so right for you, dear girl.”

I would like to say it is so right for her, but dare not. Instead, I say: “Thank you for my elbows, Lotte. It feels so good.”

“The first time you have used my name, madchen.” I am again warmly kissed. “And now we visit your Aunt Hester.” I am shocked. I had wanted Aunt Hester badly two hours ago, but I do not want her now, not to see me thus encased with my breasts and buttocks flaunting themselves and my

nipples so large and hard. My response is instant. “But not like this! Oh please, don’t let her see me like this.”

“But, Caroline, you are exquisite. You have never looked so much a girl.”

“I feel like a bad woman, a… a—”

“You are being shy and silly. Come, little madchen… “ She grasps my hair firmly in her strong fingers. “I am proud of you, and your aunt will be proud too.”

I could weep in frustration. I am so helpless, reduced to a nothing. I am ashamed, and Auntie will be ashamed of me too. But I have no choice, the hand in my hair impels. I take reluctant steps, hobbled and constrained by the corset strap below my puss. That is my only comfort, she will not see my black and curly fronds…!

Aunt Hester is enraptured, she finds me entrancing. She approves! I stand beautifully erect; I have to, but I am scarlet with shame. “Auntie, stop this! Send her away. Oh, please…! Auntie, I can’t—”

“Turn round, dear, I must see—”

I obey, sulkily, terribly aware of my pink bottom and strapped wrists. I twist my hands and arms to show her how unkindly I am controlled.

“Her bottom remains available for punishment, Madam.”

“Wonderful! Quite remarkable.” Aunt Hester smiles at me with love as I turn back to face her. “Fraulein Schopen has explained to you about being caned and whipped ?”—

“Auntie, you can’t! It’s impossible! You mustn’t let her?”

“The cane for your bottom, dear, for the other parts of you, certain whips. On bare skin, of course.”

“But it isn’t civilized, it isn’t done!”

“Indeed it is, dear. There are even schools in the United States.”

“But I’m too old! I’m not just a girl—”

“You have been spoiled and indulged. It is a late start. But Fraulein Schopen will cope with you, have no fear.”

“I don’t want to be coped with. I refuse to have my bottom caned. As for being whipped—!”

“At the end of a year you will be a most desirable young woman.”

“A year!” I am aghast, “A year… all strapped up?”

“Of course not, dear. Fraulein has many methods of restraint. You will not be bored. There are ropes and cords and chains and things.”

“I don’t see why I have to be restrained at all.”

“You know perfectly well why. Fraulein Schopen will now give your bottom a mild caning. You are altogether too argumentative.”

The strap and the cane have appeared as if by magic. The first is tightly buckled round my ankles, the second is pensively flexed back and forth in German hands. It is thin and very limber. I look from it up to German eyes whose smile is naught but kind. I moan.

Fire cuts me beneath my bound hands. I raise them out of the way and yelp with shock. The second stroke is unobstructed and beds itself gleefully in my bouncing globes. I sway and would have fallen if Lotte had not encircled me with an arm. She kisses me gently before she steps back.

“The poor dear has never been caned before. We must make allowances. But her bottom… it is superb!”

My superb bottom is sliced again. I cannot believe such pain. I screech protest. “Stop it! Oh… stop it!”

Fraulein cuts me six times with her cane. My bottom is scorched and seared, there must surely be blood! But she strokes the burning curves gently to make me moan anew. “Such a mild little punishment, dear. Can you now be more respectful?”

“Auntie, let me loose, send her away. You mustn’t let her—”

The whirr of the cane puts a period to my plea. I scream. The pain is too much for any girl. I keep on screaming as my poor tightly constrained bottom is wounded again and again and again…

There is then a silence in which I pant and gasp and shed tears. The two who watch have become a blur. I do not care about them. I care only about Me. It has been agony, and perhaps it is not finished. I long to bend and writhe, but the corset confines me to being a curved statue, sobbing and compliant.

“You feel better now, dear?”

“Yes.”

“Perhaps you should thank Fraulein Schopen for her trouble?”

I glimpse a fresh vista of humiliation. They want me abject. Involuntarily, I scream out against injustice. “No! No, no, no…! This is wrong. You have no right—”

If the cane was mild before it is not so now. Lotte Schopen whips my bottom with it with verve arid élan. I forget my strapped hands and they receive a numbing and unnerving blow. I strive to writhe but manage only to tumble to the rug. Aunt Hester helpfully pulls back on my arms to leave my punished cheeks open for the fresh stripes which beat at me with implacable intent. As I scream and kick I marvel at my utter impotence. I cannot escape, I can do noth-

ing. The agony mounts to a crescendo until I surrender, “I’m sorry, I’m sorry! Oh, please stop. I’ll say thank you, I’ll say anything…!” I get two more, harder than ever. My will dissolves, my tears flow. I am not Caroline, I am whipped female flesh, pliant and quivering. As I am raised to my feet I remember to mutter, fervently: “Thank you for caning me, Fraulein, thank you.”

“You regret the trouble you have caused?”

“Oh, yes, yes! I am sorry to have bothered you, Fraulein. I won’t offend again. Please forgive me?”

“What must I forgive, madchen?” Her voice is honey.

“I don’t know. I’m sorry. I—seem to do everything wrong.”

“She does not know.” Aunt Hester’s voice is gently insinuating. “Perhaps another dose, Fraulein?”

I scream before the blow falls: anger, pain, outrage… and an utter, utter helplessness. I deliberately let myself fall under the bruising impact. I seek the firm pull of auntie’s grip on my arms to raise my joined hands out of Fraulein’s way, perhaps she can thus feel what I suffer. My two, too resilient bottom cheeks jounce and throb beneath the shrewd slashes of a cane without mercy in the hand of a girl determined to break my spirit. It takes but six or seven strokes to crumble my defences.

“I was impudent, rebellious, resentful…” My surrender streams out of me with a shaming urgency. “I won’t be any more. I won’t, I won’t…! Oh, please forgive me… Please stop!”

The hands fall from my arms, the cane pauses. I pant into the carpet, fearful and expectant.

“It is the cane speaking with her voice, madam.”

“I am sure it is, but we have made progress.” Aunt Hester sounds immensely pleased. “Let us give the dear girl a chance to prove sincerity. We can always whip her again tomorrow—perhaps next time on her back.”—

The strong German hands must surely feel my tremors and tremblings as they raise me to my feet. They take the strap from my ankles to aid me to stand. I blurt out an instant “Thank you.” Most passionately I want no more pain. I stand, sniffing and untidy, until Lotte dries my eyes, lets me blow my nose, then tidies my damp hair. I am sure I look a mess. Aunt Hester’s next words galvanize me into fresh shock.

“We will now go for a nice walk, dear, perhaps some shopping.”

The cane has destroyed my world. I do not want that pliant horror biting at me again. I say nothing. I obey. Fraulein Schopen tends me like a baby. She has to, I have no hands. Some of the things she must do shame me deeply but

bother her not at all. Soon I am a young woman of fashion, well corseted! “And now we give you your hands, little one.”

It seems a bit late, but I am grateful. It feels so good! I massage my wrists, and then I primp. I am a girl again. But I am a captive girl, the strap below my blazing bottom reminds me of my new condition at every step.

“You will soon learn to walk, dear.”

“You are very much free, madchen.”

What they really mean is I will become accustomed to being what they have made me. I am a puppet on display. Strangely, I am not considering escape. I am annoyed with myself. A policeman might put an end to my subjection. But what can I tell him! That I wear a new kind of corset that is far too tight? That I have been a bad girl and my bottom has been caned? It is impossible. I am lost. My companions know this. I am sure they are enjoying my confusion.

“We will often give you this diversion, Caroline, during the twelve months of your sentence.” My Aunt tells me smoothly.

“And you will be whipped only as may seem appropriate, dear child.”

I walk sedately, my heart thudding against my constricted ribs.

“Fraulein Schopen has explained to me the uses and applications of the various whips, Caroline. I had no idea there was such a diversity and range.”

They intend to keep me trembling, and there is nothing I dare do to interrupt their suave discussion of my punishments.

“The whipping of your breasts, the inside of your thighs, your cunt and belly… these are sophistications awaiting you during your sentence, madchen. We will not hurry them.”

I am speechless. Her use of that awful word…! I do not want to believe what I have heard. It belongs in a nightmare, yet here we are out walking. I maintain a frightened silence which they understand. I am conditioned, and it is only the first day.

The Tea Shoppe for afternoon Tea inflicts on me another shame. I must sit down! But I am rigidly sheathed, and my whipped bottom cries out in alarm, it desires no contact with anything. I look from one to the other of my companions imploringly.

“Sit down, dear, you will find it possible.”

I sit, hoping something will break. But nothing does break. The strap over my thighs ensures the extra stress is on me and not on my armour. My wealed bottom weeps in its

own anguished silence. I gasp, my eyes widening in dismay. That is all.

“We know how you must be feeling, dear.” Says Auntie gently. “Be a brave girl.”

I eat and drink in mute misery while my punishments are discussed. They debate the merit of thin cord: it cuts into a girl’s flesh more painfully and discourages struggling. There are also chains and padlocks…

“They have their place.” Fraulein Schopen muses. “But they are less feminine. I wish always to stress femininity: Caroline is a girl.” She smiles modestly. “In my luggage are some beautifully fashioned shackles… She will look ravishing.”

“You don’t have to chain me or keep me prisoner.” I complain nervously. “I’ll obey you both, and I won’t run away, there’s nowhere for me to go.”

“Your time will be better spent under restraint, dear. You will meditate in solitude and be conveniently fastened for the infliction of discipline.” Auntie’s voice is patient and gentle.

“But if I’m… fastened, how can I do anything to deserve discipline—?”

“Discipline is to subdue the flesh, madchen. It punishes things of the past.”

The past is unsafe ground for me, I am aware of imprudence. “But couldn’t I just be locked in a room?” I ask thinly. “Why must I be—restrained? It’s only another way of saying tied up?”

“For the same effect as your corset, dear, it keeps you amenable.” Aunt Hester lifts my sulky chin with a playful finger. “You are quite free, but tell me honestly if you feel like running off down the road?”

“Nooooo, I don’t.” I find the admission shameful.

“Then the benefits are already manifest, madchen.”

I have nothing more to say. The corset grips me with an iron hand, goodness knows of what awful things it is constructed. Inside it I am as much a prisoner as behind iron bars. I take my quick hobbled steps in silence.

Back home, I am relieved of clothing. I am told I have no further need…! But the corset stays. At dinner I work at being attentive and amusing. It is at bedtime I am again dismayed. I am to sleep in The Room, the fearful room…!

It is a lovely room. But it is full of… things. They cluster round the walls, waiting. My immediate concern is a wooden bench, its lower end screams my fate.

“Please to lay down, Caroline. On your back.” I obey. My corset imposes fresh strictures. “Your ankles placed within, please.”

Lotte has raised a bar. Its apertures match the half circles in the bed below. I place my ankles, gingerly, within. She lowers the bar to lock my feet snugly, well apart, a padlock clicks.

“You are a safe and secure little girl, madchen.”

I am indeed! It is hateful. I cannot move my feet at all, and I am compelled to lay on my back. I have my hands and arms but all they can do is to raise me against my corset’s denial to sit, awkward and unhappy, and survey my prisoned legs. My ankles are gripped in the wood as though it was tailored for them. I raise piteous eyes. “But, Lotte, the bench is so hard, and I won’t be able to turn… or anything.”

“In Germany it would be much worse, little one. There would be a bar above your head for your wrists. Be grateful.”

“I don’t care about your old Germany, this is awful, I’ll never be able to sleep—and I don’t think you’re German at all—”

Surprisingly, she grins, laughing down at my dolour. “You are partly right, dear. My parents are German but I was born and raised in Milwaukee. I went to Germany when I was eighteen, and found a career there, a career I much enjoy.”

I sniff disdainfully. “Being unkind to defenceless girls.”

“Not really unkind. I train. We will come to love.” Lotte’s fingers find my nipples again. I sit, propped up by aching arms. I am panting, I expect it is the corset. But if I lower myself back down on the bench her fingers may not follow… and I do not want to lose those fingers.

But, suddenly, the fingers are gone. The voice of my Governess is mocking. “You like that too much. It is not for girls who have been bad, not for girls who have to sleep in the stocks.”

“I don’t see why I have to,” I am petulant and still panting. “And I don’t see why you can’t take off this beastly corset.”

“It is your penitent’s hair shirt, dear child. Besides, think of your figure after I have tightened it daily for a month.”

“A month!” I am speechless in dismay.

“Of course, dear. You are being moulded into a new girl. For thirty days your sweet bottom can take whatever whippings you deserve. There are other punishments I will show you tomorrow—”

“This is a punishment you’ve got me in now.” I declare fretfully. “I don’t see what else you can call it. A hard bench… and I can’t move my feet.”

“I can whip their soles a little, dear, if it will make you feel less ill used? It is very painful, and you will be so glad when I stop.”

Tears well from my eyes. Lotte watches me weep, then dries my cheeks. She kisses me and says good-night. In the dark I lay back and cry some more. It is all so hopeless. But I have my hands and arms, so I suppose I should be grateful. The corset and the way I am fixed prevents my fingers finding my pussy but they can certainly find my nipples…! If Fraulein Schopen guessed she would tie my hands…!

I, who thought she could not sleep, am awakened in the night by a pungency I know well. Moist thighs envelop my face so that a musky pussy may be lowered to my mouth. I am a girl. I know what to do.

Chapter 3

Part Time Slave.

“Horny, darling?”

Jason kneads my naked pussy and is pleased with what he finds. My dream fades before his masculinity. I feel guilty about how terribly real it was, my nose can still feel the wiry curls of Lotte’s pubic hair pressing down hard upon my face. I have to suppose its vividness arises from what Jason is doing to me. Or was the dream first and Jason second…? I do not know. At any rate my master deigns to visit me… and my wrists hurt like crazy.

“Yes, I’m horny. I’m ashamed of it. Why would being whipped make me horny? Jason, please let my arms down?”

“All in good time, love. Went to sleep, didn’t you?”

“I think I lost consciousness. That whipping hurt something awful. I’m so tired.”

“Time for bed, eh.”

I flame into desire. Hunger, thirst, everything is forgotten except my rampant loins. Jason is so mean not to unstrap my wrists—he knows—he knows! He adores these moments when I am utterly female and entirely his. But I must be cautious. If I am too avid for his maleness he will play cat and mouse with me, excite me more, leave me

fastened like this with my hands strapped high and my body excitingly bare. I say, modestly, “Yes, Jason, time for bed.”

It is tumultuous, explosive, a volcanic eruption. The chain locked on my ankle clinks joyously as we disport ourselves in this sexuality and that. My whipping has made us both inexhaustible with a fire successive couplings do not quench. I do not care whether I am chained or not: in fact I adore the weight I carry on my foot. Repeatedly I snuggle beneath him on my whipped back, the pain is the most potent aphrodisiac in the world. I do not believe a whipped girl could ever be frigid. Jason owns me.

Over breakfast he tortures me again, laughing at my disbelief. He is so terribly, terribly sure of me. I squirm inwardly in chagrin but adore every moment of this new shame.

“You’ll pick up your life where you left off, Carrie my sweet.”

Dazedly, I raise my hands and look at the handcuffs tight on my wrists. “You mean you’re turning me loose, Jason?”

“You sound like a jilted wife, darling.” He grins expansively. “You’ll never be free, you’ll never escape. You’re a slave.”

I suspect he is playing his Russian Roulette again, preening his ego. “I can’t possibly go back. You’ve made me disappear.” I tell him petulantly.

“You’ll manage. Tell ’em you’ve had a secret love affair with a name you dare not disclose. They’ll buy it.”

“But you’ve made me into this!” I clink the handcuffs at him accusingly. “You’ve changed me. I can’t possibly start over.”

“You can and you will—if you know what’s good for you.”

“What’s good for me is terrible. I’m ashamed of it. I really am a slave, damn you, and you’ve done it.”

“Just recognized the latent image, love.”

He is so damn assured, loving every bit of my confusion. And why not! I’m his possession to enjoy. “What happens to us?” I ask unhappily.

“Nothing, sweetheart. Your job’s nine to five, isn’t it.”

“What do I do: come home and make your supper then slip into the handcuffs when I hear your key in the lock?”

“Tremendous! We’ll make that a must—suitably nude, of course.”

I will never defeat him. He finds everything about me erotic. I am a self renewing delicacy. But I love it—Oh dammit, what’s wrong with me! As if I didn’t know…! “You’re playing that game again, like with the policeman.”

“So what! It’s delicious. Man’s finest sport.”

“It’s unkind to me, walking out of slavery every morning, returning to it after five. It will tear me apart.”

“It will keep you vividly alive.”

Jason is always right. All my fighting is an outrageous retreat. I will do whatever he orders, be whatever he wants. I am not in love with him… I’m not, I’m not! But I am in love with what he does to me and the way he shapes my being. If I am honest with myself I can see it as a woman’s ultimate sexuality. I once wanted, desperately, to escape. But what was I running away from…? Or running to! I wouldn’t have been running away from Jason, I’d have been fleeing from Me! That Me is lost, lost, lost. I don’t want her back. Oh, damn!

“People will suspect something”

“Why not. They’ll envy your glow.”

“Will they envy my whipped back and beaten bottom?”

Jason chuckles. “Some of ’em might. You’d be surprised.”

I sniff, and have a mental vision of baring my weals in the Little Girl’s Room… Wow!

The Minutes of the Board Meeting are in a neat pile to my left, to my right accumulates today’s letters at which my I.B.M. hammers urgently. My In tray is full, my Out tray almost bare. The lights on my phone flicker…

Everything is normal.

It has been a month, and Jason was right. I have become a femme fatale, and bask in glory. If they sense my double life, they cannot be sure. This adds to my mystique. I enjoy it… even when it hurts.

Jason has me—does he ever! I have given up being ashamed. I have become an interesting specimen under scrutiny: his and mine. I continually surprise myself, and am thereby edified. I look back in wonder at my Pre-Jason existence. It seems unreal.

Everything is unreal. I will never be bored again. Adjectives flow from me as exclamations. Jason unleashes them from some inexhaustible source. My pains and slavery are the channel through which they vent. I ought to mind terribly but I do not.

I ought to mind about my belt. It is one of Jason's toys. He will think of it cutting into my waist, knowing that with every breath I will be conscious of it and of him. It is his hand upon me when we are apart.

The belt is his own invention, one of many designed for my discomfort. I guess slaves aren't supposed to be comfortable when away from their masters. We are expected to remember our Master. Jason ensures I do. It is a piece of heavy wire. He had had it chromed and circlets welded at each end. It constricts my waist to just short of cruelty. It

cuts and burns and bothers. I cannot move without paying tribute to it, especially in my walk, it affects my walk most wantonly. I control it as best I can in the office, and such hip action as escapes me is attributed to my new status as someone's inamorata.

This wire circlet round my tummy is locked on me every morning with a padlock, so placed as not to obtrude. It is an infuriating infliction against which I am helpless. Jason points out that I can always buy a pair of pliers during my noon hour and cut it off. But then I cannot put it back on, and must return home to face a terrible retribution for my crime. I must wear it in virtue and in pain. On my first day with it in the office, in desperation, I retired with it to the privacy of a rest room cubicle and bared enough of myself to see if I couldn't do something about the damn thing. But it was tightly indented into me, and unless I pawed at my flesh was not even visible. I worked on the padlock with a hairpin but that was a waste of time. I was foxed. I stalked back to my desk, quite sure everyone knew what I was hiding. But no one did. It is terribly easy to control a girl in public, all you need is an inventive mind.

Jason gets things made for me. I expect he has a friend and they snicker together planning my subjections. He came home the other day with a hobble for my knees. It consists of two metal bands he locks tight above each knee. They are joined by a short length of woven wire cable so as to make no noise, a chain would clink as I make my quick

hobbled steps, hoping desperately my gait appears natural. Since they lock and need a key, I have no hope of removing them. Again, there is the temptation to get pliers and cut the link. But I cannot splice it back. The severed ends would condemn me to Jason's justice.

The penalty is one hundred strokes. I don't think he has ever been that cruel to me, and I don't want it to happen. He has figured out to a nicety the number of whip weals I can bear with erotic effect. Beyond that number pain increasingly devastates my capacity to endure. I cannot face a hundred, not hung by my wrists with my feet off the floor while he delivers them across my skin throughout a day. But it need not happen. Resolutely, I do not buy the pliers.

Oh sure, the answer's simple. I hack off Jason's bondage and walk away from him, never to return. Like Hell it's simple! I can't, I can't, I can't! In me is a homing instinct which delivers me back to Jason every night at five. I am conditioned. The hell of it is I'm not unhappy. I live in a constant erotic glow of suspense, a heated excitement I cannot relinquish, it's too beautiful. I have never been so female.

He holds me to my whimsical idea of making his supper and the handcuffs. Being Jason's slave leaves me lots of money, so I treat myself to the luxury of a taxi home at five. It gives me extra time. On arrival home I strip naked and ruefully survey whatever he's got locked on me, then I

work like crazy on the meal. When I hear his lordship at the door I click the handcuffs on my wrists and go and make a wifely fuss over the weary breadwinner—I've probably worked harder than he has, but what the hell!

But the handcuff idea was mine. The Male Ego demands something exclusively its own. So, after I've paid my loving homage, Jason unlocks one cuff, turns me around, and handcuffs my wrists behind my back. I then, having been well instructed, go to the nearest corner in the wall and stand there facing the wallpaper like a delinquent little girl in school. I have to get right in close so I have no view. I am forbidden to turn my head or glance sideways; and must stand like that meekly until given permission to do something else. It is one of the most difficult and demeaning acts he makes me do.

Since his slave has been rendered helpless, the Master takes over. Before he kidnapped me he'd picked up culinary skills, he's quite a good cook. I have already laid the table, so all he has to do is finish things off. He does not hurry, but pours the cocktail I have mixed and shaken and sips it while he works. From time to time his hand and the glass appear before my submissive eyes and I gulp gratefully. I must not speak or take my eyes from the wall. After a few good gulps I find my humiliation rational. I have no hope for me at all.

I am not allowed to take supper for granted, I may not even get any. Mostly I get to eat, but the manner of it varies. Often my hands are cuffed back in front and we sit and have a cosy dinner and talk as we eat. We are both good talkers so that's fun. Our only difference to any married couple is I'm nude and my hands have to do everything close together.

Then there's times Jason eats and I wait table. My costume is the handcuffs and a dinky little apron he ties round my waist with a big bow at the small of my back. It is petite and absurd and makes me feel twice naked. From time to time he gravely lifts it up to: 'Make sure my pussy is still there.' I am not allowed to laugh but am supposed to share his concern that all of me is still present and accounted for. Often he will play with his discovery enough to get me excited, then he returns to his knife and fork. I tug the tiny apron back into place and feel hot and bothered.

The one I suspect he is most fond of is what I think of as The Classic. I am totally slave. I am completely nude. My hands are locked behind my back, though sometimes he will vary this by tying them with cord, I kneel submissively beside his chair and dutifully eat whatever he chooses to put in my mouth. I am quite helpless so have to be fed like an infant or an orphaned animal. Or perhaps not fed at all. Mostly I am allowed to kneel back on my heels, it is much the most comfortable. But Jason will often order me to kneel erect to place my breasts within easy reach as he

eats. He then, in an absent minded sort of way, plays with my nipples until my breath quickens. He then tells me to sit back the way I was.

One shames me beyond telling but I adore it. My wrists and elbows are corded tight. I have to shuffle under the table and attack the zipper on his pants until I worry it down and manage to get his penis out of his shorts without biting. Jason blissfully eats while I am thus engaged, it isn't a bit easy and takes time. Tied the way I am makes it infuriatingly frustrating. I am helpless to a point where I could weep. But eventually I will manage to engulf his rigid cock in my mouth and to service it in the ways I have been taught. Along with being a slave I have become an accomplished whore.

It is not an ordinary blow job, Jason has finesse. After all, I must be given incentive. Unless I bring him to orgasm I will be whipped. The deadline is dessert. My whipping will not be frightful but one I will not enjoy, it will hurt horribly. So I employ my lips and my tongue with all the skills I know. He counters me by the power of his mind, refusing to think of me hard at work between his legs, giving all his attention to his food. I have been astounded by what an adversary food can be. Sometimes I am still lustily sucking and licking after the last of his steak has gone. His member is taken from my mouth and replaced where it belongs. It will enter me later, but between then and now I will be whipped. Ashamed, I crawl out and stand at attention close

by where he can examine his naked and incompetent thrall while he finishes dessert and has his coffee. I am trembling and he knows it, damn him!

Tonight I am lucky. I sit opposite Jason in the candlelight and eat in civilized fashion. Being handcuffed like this is almost freedom for me. I am happy.

“How’s the whip-marks, Carrie?” He asks kindly. “Fading nicely, darling. I’ve almost got space for some more.”

It is absurd but we enjoy. The Master sets the tone, the slave follows along. It is our own brand of repartee in which we manage to exchange a few serious thoughts.

“Anyone suspicious about the way you walk?”

He is speaking of my knee hobbles, he has left them locked on me through dinner. It does not matter much, and anyway I am not allowed to ask for the removal of anything he has placed on me. I answer demurely. “There’s one girl. I’m sure she knows or suspects. She keeps trying to catch my eye.”

“Invite her home. I’ll lock a set on her.”

Jason would love to have a harem, a bevy of us all bound, chained, or tied up to his taste, anxious to serve him or scared not to! I am outrageously jealous, and tremble at the thought of being whipped into a willingness to seduce sus-

ceptible damsels into his fold. If he sets his mind to it, it will happen.

“Aren’t I enough for you? I do everything you want.”

“Hmmmmm, we’ve scarcely started, sweetheart. It’s a fallow field, unexplored.”

“If you get other girls in here you don’t need me.” I exclaim imprudently. “I’ll look for an apartment.”

There comes one of those silences. His Majesty stops eating, and examines me as though I was a strange new species. My heart sinks. Why oh why can’t I stop when I’m winning! Jason has not said a word but in his own way has told me I am in for something unpleasant after we have done the dishes. The moment passes and we resume our chatter. I am becoming quite good at passing these indiscretions. What will happen will happen, I refuse to think about it.

The mood lasts through the dishes. Jason likes to make the dishes a together thing. I become almost vivacious. I have brought the handling of dishes while handcuffed to a fine art. I am inspired by the penalties Jason has set for breakages. Twenty strokes seems to me excessively painful for one little dish. But I do not drop the dish!

When Jason sets the stool against the wall I know my punishment. Up above is a stout hook. When he motions I step blithely up on the stool, lean my bare back against the wall,

then raise my arms and slip the single link of the handcuffs over the hook, Jason takes away the stool and there I am!

If it was for thirty minutes or an hour it wouldn't be so bad. I am not suspended, the handcuffs don't cut my wrists. But he will keep me thus for a long time, all evening. He has never left me all night but has dropped enough hints to keep me scared he might. I look up often to wonder if, somehow, I couldn't get my hands up and back over the hook. But I can't, he's figured the tensioning just right. But even if I could I wouldn't dare. I hate to think what the punishment would be for that one!

Jason has a gift for unconcern. Having attached me to the living room wall he goes about his evening as though I do not exist. He looks at me often but in the manner of glancing at a familiar picture. You'd think a naked girl chained prettily to the wall would bother him to death, but if it does it does not show.

He reads the paper, writes a couple of letters, watches a movie on the television. My eyes are on him constantly. He is all I have, unless he frees me I will stand here forever. Through it all I become increasingly restive and sorry for myself. I change position as much as I can, it gives a limited relief from the one big ache that is Me. But I have to be careful about noise, grating the handcuffs on the hook is a no no, so are moans. I'd give a lot for some real honest to goodness moans but they are not permitted, my owner

finds them distracting. The other prohibition is complaint or requests for clemency, Jason just doesn't want to hear. If I persist, he won't whip me but he'll strap the gag in my mouth. It's hateful to stand here gagged, so I'm foxed there too.

I am getting tired and resentful. What I said wasn't all that bad, and look what its got me! I keep wondering if I can't devise some reasonable approach to catch his sympathy. But before I blurt half of it out he'll be shoving the blasted gag between my teeth. I must have stood here a couple of hours, surely that's enough!

When Jason turns on the T.V. I could really moan. The announcer tells me I've only been punished an hour and a half, the evening stretches endlessly. I hope to get a bit of relief from the movie but Jason has thoughtfully placed my hook where all I can see of the screen is an acute angle which does me little good. He's done this on purpose, of course, it's damnably tantalizing. So I listen to the sound, it doesn't help much, my ache gets bigger. I have a nice quiet cry all by myself while His Majesty watches the show.

When he turns the set off he makes coffee. Jason makes wonderful coffee and I yearn and yearn. He may or may not give me some. He is quite capable of sitting and sipping while I stand mute and longing. I am not allowed to ask. In this punishment I must stay silent no matter what. I am constantly tired now, it's been all of three hours. I have to

keep consciously raising my half dead arms to stop the handcuffs cutting my wrists, they didn't hurt at the start but they do now.

I get coffee. For several minutes I love my torturer dearly as he feeds me successive tilts of the cup between my lips. He has used exactly the right amount of cream and sugar, the brew is heavenly and I am reborn. What a treasure of a man Jason would be if only he did not fasten me like this. But then… if I was free I would not be relishing it half as much, or needing it as I do now.

Our eyes are close as he lifts the cup. The moment becomes potently personal, demandingly intimate, we feel each other's emanations. It seems impossible that I must not speak, even to say thank you. Jason's gaze is broodingly enigmatic, his silence too is part of my punishment. At this moment I wish he had whipped me and been done rather than that I stand here for what seems forever. I long to speak words of love to him but am afraid.

Jason puts away the cup and devotes his fingertips to making me excited. He will get me sexually aroused then leave me cold. I know this is going to be the way of it, but I abandon myself to ecstasy, a girl in the spot I'm in had best take what she can get and be thankful. Even a minute or two in this desert of hours is welcome beyond words. I stick out my chest, giving him my nipples. I open my legs to give him access to my private place. I am shameless in a terrible fe-

male hunger. Our eyes remain locked as he does this, each of us knowing all there is to know.

I have to stand another hour while he reads a book. When he finally pushes back the stool and I retrieve my hands and voice I am a little hysterical and want to hug and kiss and be a little girl loved and forgiven. But I am still handcuffed, so I lean my head against his chest and say, fervently: "Oh, Jason, thank you, thank you for letting me down. I'll try and never earn that one again."

"You'll earn it." He assures me dryly. He pats my bottom. "Go and get ready for bed."

I forget I am tired, I forget my punishment. What is four hours on the hook to a healthy girl! I squelch guilt at so easily forgetting something that had me in tears, I simply do not want to remember. I obey the male command, longing to feel Jason inside me. I make myself as beautiful as I can. When I join my waiting master I place my foot up upon the bed, and watch him shackle it, in about the same manner as I would once have donned pyjamas.

But tonight Jason is whimsical. He removes my handcuffs, turns me around and crosses my wrists behind my back, then ties them tight with thin nylon. In bed I am allowed to be feminine, so I point out: "But, darling, I could be so much nicer for you if I had my hands!"

“I like to see you make love without ’em, sweetheart. You flop around like an amorous seal.”

“Oh, Jason, I don’t want to be a lovesick seal, I want to love you to bits.”

“Don’t think you’re not going to, love. You’ve been tied before.”

“Yes, but I still think—”

“You’re not supposed to think, sweets. You’re supposed to provide me with a well lubricated cunt and a pair of red and ready lips.”

“I’ve got both, darling, obedient and ready for you. But if I had my hands—”

He puts his finger on my lips. “Enough about your hands. I don’t want to hear any more.”

I nod and am not unduly concerned. He has explained to me the benefit to his erection in having me tied so I have to lay across one of my arms, it raises my cunt for his convenience. The Master is all wise and always right.

My hands are tied very tight. I expect they will stay tied that way through the night. I am used to it, they will not stop me sleeping. More importantly, they will not stop my being female to his Male. In much of our love play I will indeed emulate an anxious to please sea lion, flopping here and flopping there in pursuing my erotic duties. My lips

and my pussy will always be where they are expected to be. I will fulfil him joyously and finally sleep beside him, utterly replete. The fact that I will twist and flounder and fall all over him will only add to our enjoyment, even mine. But I won't get my hands loose, never, never, never!

I must have been good in bed, His Lordship allows me to go to the office sans impediments—or maybe he just forgot. No wire, no shackle, no nothing. I wish I could make him understand I think of him all the time regardless, I don't have to hurt to be faithful. But Jason's ego is such a tender growth it needs all my pain to nourish it. Strangely, I take pride in this. I'm nuts.

Annoyingly, it is on this day when I am uncontrolled that Daphne picks up a clue: She's the girl who I figured had suspicions. She looks and looks at me, half smiling. She finds excuses to come to my desk… Finally, I can't stand it any longer and ask her bluntly: "O.K., what's on your mind?"

She's sort of cute, her giggle is infectious. She points a finger and laughs. "Your wrists… you've been tied up."

I could kick myself. It's become so commonplace I forget. Nice girls don't show up at the office with wealed wrists. I look at mine in dismay, my wristwatch and bracelet do little to disguise Jason's work. But I'm stuck with the entranced Daphne, so I shrug and ask. "Well… so what?"

“You’re doing a number with someone, I can tell.” She is trembling with eagerness. “Let me in on it… please?”

“Daphne, it’s none of your business.”

“I know that, Carrie.” She wriggles her attractive assets. “But it’s so hard… The men are usually all the wrong kind, and the girls won’t admit a thing. It’s driving me nuts.”

“Just forget it then.”

“Oh, Carrie…!” Her reproach is a wail of anguish. “Don’t be mean. Can you forget it?”

“Forget what?” I ask blandly.

“See, you’re like all the rest.” She is breathing hard, her nostrils flaring. “You clam right up as though you’re guilty of something. I think it’s just dog in the manger. Give me a break?”

“Daphne, you’re imagining things.”

“I’m not imagining those rope-marks on your wrists, and I’m not imagining the funny way you walk sometimes. Somebody locks things on you.” Her eyes sparkle. “Is it a chastity belt?”

“Oh, Daphne, please…!”

“Is it a He or a Her you do it with, or a Group?”

“You’ve been reading the wrong magazines.”

“That long time you were away—I bet someone had you chained up or something.”

Her innocent earnestness gets to me. If Jason cast me adrift now I’d be in the same boat as she is. It would be fun to confide in her and tell her the whole story, but then she’d want me to take her home, and I’m not going to share my slavery with any cute little number, I just won’t. I may belong to Jason but Jason belongs to me. On the other hand I have to feel sorry for the girl, she’s outside looking in. I shrug regretfully and tell her. “Drop it, Daphne, leave it alone. Girls don’t want to discuss their private affairs.”

She fishes in her bag and places a hundred dollar bill on my, desk, her gaze is defiant. “Carrie, I’ll bet you this hundred that if we go to the restroom and you slip out of your clothes there will be marks all over. I bet you’ve been whipped?”

“Daphne!”

She is only slightly abashed by my reproof, her plea becomes intense. “Whoever you’re doing it with must surely want a girl, girls aren’t that easy to find, are they—I mean, girls like me? I’ve got a lovely body…?”

Poor kid! I lie like a bitch, and feel guilt. “These marks probably aren’t what you think at all. Daphne dear, don’t cheapen yourself.”

I don't think she heard me, she simply continues. "Look, I'll make myself completely available. They can tie me, chain me, lock me up…" She takes a deep breath and plunges, "And they can whip me, they'd love whipping me, wouldn't they?"

She has put it all on the line, bared naked her psyche. I want to take this lovely creature in my arms and comfort her. But I do nothing, nothing, nothing! After we have looked at each other through a long embarrassed silence she picked up her hundred dollars and flounces back to her desk. I feel more of a bitch than ever. It would have been so easy!

I am punished. It is irrelevant and unrelated, but I see it as retribution. Jason springs a surprise, a surprise I do not like.

I have the supper well along, I hear Jason's key, I handcuff myself snugly to keep the chrome circlets from slipping up and down. I go to meet my master. But my master is not alone, he has brought a friend. The friend is another Jason but less sophisticated. His eyes bug out at sight of my nakedness. In quick succession they focus on my handcuffs, my pubic hair, my breasts. His beaming smile is fatuous.

"Her name's Carrie. You can give her orders through me, she's reasonably obedient." My master's tone is brisk. He nods from me to our guest. "You can call him Bill, darling."

I say, shyly, “Hello, Bill.” I then properly kiss Jason. But I have never felt so nude or embarrassed in my life. The handcuffs bother me as might the sudden sprouting of a third breast. Bill says, “Hello, Carrie.” And continues to visually eat me alive.

I suppose I have half expected this to happen. Why should not my owner be proud to show me off, it’s not every man who owns a slavegirl. I stand and blush while I am told to finish dinner by myself but in the meantime to serve cocktails.

Feminine intuition tells me the whip is hovering. I am on thin ice. Jason will expect me to put on a good show so he may bask in glory. Cringe as I may under the scrutiny of our concupiscent acquaintance, I had best ham it up. So I stick my breasts well out, deliver their tall cool glasses on bended knee, and I call each of them Master. I keep my handcuffs in full view but not so as to cover anything Bill wants to gawk at. Bill is obviously of the underprivileged who do not keep naked girls around the home.

I attend the stove and I attend my two masters. I am a busy girl but know I must be constantly on display, I am what Bill has come to see. “I don’t believe what I’m seeing.” He says fervently. “Jason, how the devil d’you get one of these?”

“Tell him, Carrie.”

“I was kidnapped.” I inform brightly. “Jason kidnapped me.”

“But why—I mean… how!” Bill is lost.

I hold up my handcuffed wrists. “These keep me around—along with not having any clothes.”

“If you treat a slave girl right she falls in love with you.” Jason says grandly. “You have to whip ’em regularly.”

I clasped my locked hands behind my neck and turn slowly round to give an entranced Bill a good look at the whip-marks on my skin.

“I have to be a good girl.” I explain demurely, “Or I get some more of these.”

“But… but… they must hurt?”

“Yes, terribly. I scream.”

“You mean, you just stand there… and let him whip you?”

“Oh no, Bill, I’m always tied.”

“She makes a very pretty picture, waiting to be whipped.” Jason says it with total nonchalance. “Writhes beautifully while it’s happening.”

“You two are putting me on.”

I back my whip-marked nudity up close. “I can’t simulate these, Bill. Feel them, they’re real.”

His finger is trembling and curious, it traces my most recent wounds lovingly. “I’ll be damned!” His voice is reverent. “Jason, you’ve got to help me get one of these—or can I offer you ten thousand for this one?”

“Carrie’s not for sale.”

“I’ll make it twenty, seeing as you’ve trained her?”

This intrigues Me. I am worth a lot of money. I am marketable! It is my first pleasurable thrill of the evening. My owner asks, casually: “Want me to sell you, Carrie?”

“No, Master.”

“Loyalty’s part of the package, Bill. A properly trained slave doesn’t want to change owners. Carrie’s a good girl.”

“I’ll raise it to thirty?”

I retire to my stove, but their conversation follows. I am getting a kick out of this male exchange over Me—Me—Me!

“Bill, I think you’d be disappointed. You’d whip her too much or screw her too much—or maybe not enough. You’d have a rebel on your hands who’d always be trying to escape.”

“But Carrie’s explained. She can’t escape.”

“There’s nothing to stop her running out in the street, naked and handcuffed, and asking for help—only embarrassment.”

“I don’t notice her doing it.”

“Well, that’s Carrie. Another girl might be long gone.”

“But couldn’t I chain her and stuff?”

“Oh sure. Your best bet would be to keep her locked up. But that becomes a bore for you both. You need to give ’em enough freedom so they do things to earn themselves punishments. When a girl knows she’s guilty, punishing her becomes a real way out experience.”

The S.O.B.! Fancy having me figured like that! And I fall for it. I slam pots and pans and announce Dinner.

“You won’t need the extra place setting, darling, take it away.”

While I obey I almost make the faux pas of asking what about our guest. But then I suddenly realize the one who isn’t going to eat is Me. It sort of figures, obviously the omnipotent Males must be waited on throughout the meal. Innocently, I ask. “Should I get my apron, master?”

“You won’t be needing that either, sweetheart.”

I’m not anxious to wait on Bill with my pussy and breasts staring him in the face, but then I feel the chill of premonition. I shouldn’t jump to conclusions… My quick glance at Jason is more than anxious.

“Get everything underway, love. Then you know where to go and what to do.”

Surely it isn’t possible! He won’t make me! But my instinctive glance at the table legs and the lower hem of the tablecloth gets confirmation. “Right you are, Carrie: Be a good girl—”

I look in horror at Bill. I’m sure he is unaware. Jason is going to spring me on him as a surprise. I catch my master’s eye and he winks in complicity. It does not matter whether I want to do this thing or not, I’m going to have to.

“Excellent source of protein, sweetheart, don’t waste any.”

The bastard! He’s telling me to swallow it all.

“Protein…?” Bill looks vague.

“The cheese sauce, Bill—my favourite.”

I get another wink, Jason is in the best of moods. I have not yet erred. It’s going to be hard not to, but I’ll try. Dolefully, I wonder which of these male so-and-so’s I should service first. Jason tells me.

“Nice variety here, Bill. A bit of this and a bit of that. Here, you go first.”

So it is Bill’s male organ I must first get into my mouth! I’ve never seen the guy before, and here I am about to suck his

cock! It's unreal! But, if I refuse it will cost me at least fifty strokes: and I can't stand fifty, it's too damn much!

Jason fixes me with a firm eye. "If dinner turns out well, sweetheart, there's no penalties. I just hope everything tastes good."

Damn, he's given me my briefing. I am fully informed. I have no excuse for making a boo boo. My principle hazard is Bill. He hasn't caught on. Who gets blamed if he goes through the roof! I give the table its final touches and serve the wine. Then I slip down under among the shoes and feet. Bill probably thinks I'm looking for something I've dropped.

I know the hazards. Surveying the credit side, I am enormously grateful for my hands. The handcuffs won't impede me on this job at all. Jason's trick of tying my hands behind my back makes this more of a sporting proposition for him. It takes me half my allotted time to get his zipper down with my teeth and to pull his cock out of his shorts, if he's got an erection it's damn near an impossibility without hands. But today I've got hands! Having them makes me almost cheerful: that and the absence of a penalty. As a cautious prelude I softly stroke Bill's knees.

Jason natters hospitably, but Bill is silent. As I touch the clip on his pants above the zipper I feel him tense. By the time I get the zipper all the way down and search inside his

shorts I am bombarded by vibrations. Bill's voice is pathetic.

"I say, Jason… under the table…! There's something going on—"

"Eh? Oh that!" My master does not pause in his eating. "I expect it's Carrie. The poor girl needs to eat something, y'know."

"But she's—"

I've got his damn thing out and it's limp. I inhale it and proceed with what I suspect is one of Woman's oldest tasks: When I feel evidence of life growing beneath my tongue I am thankful. If Bill couldn't get it up it would be my fault, Jason would think I hadn't tried.

"I say, Jason, I'm not sure about this—!"

"Eat hearty, Bill. Don't want to hurt Carrie's feelings."

"Yeeeeel, no… But… but!"

"The girl doing a good job?"

"I… I… expect so. Jason, this is difficult—"

"If she's not pleasing you, we'll give her a whipping. The whip inspires these girls amazingly."

At mention of the whip, the thing in my mouth grows two inches. I take it out and look. It's a medium size model. I run my tongue up and down… it gets harder.

"You wouldn't really whip her?" Bill sounds aghast, but the response of his prick belies his concern. "Really, Jason, I'm lost in this ménage of yours."

I leave Bill's cock and go to my Master's. Bill needs to eat. With Jason's sizeable weapon between my lips I am having my own hors d'oeuvre, my main meal will take a little time to get to.

"Of course, I'd whip her, Bill. You absolutely must keep discipline with these girls. They'll twist you if you don't." My Master is being macho for the benefit of Bill. I bite him playfully and am rewarded by the sudden grip of his thighs on my cheeks. I revert to his favourite motions. The thighs relax. Dolefully, I consider how long this may go on, with frequent rests it could be a long time.

But I need not worry. Between my mouth and Jason's erotic goading talk poor Bill has no chance to show his mettle. Shortly after I return to him he rewards me with a deluge I dutifully swallow. I then lick his cock ship shape and dry and return it to where I found it. I have never zipped a zipper more thankfully. My Master, too, gets excited from his own talk. I have him defeated before dessert. It is best never to tell a man we women are sexually the strongest, but we are.

Emergence from beneath the table taxes all my insouciance. I do my best. Bill is dazed, happily shocked, sweating. My Master is proud of me, for the moment I am a prized possession. He winks slyly to show we are having our little joke at Bill's expense.

I have had Dinner.

If I was a wife or a girl friend I would blow my top. But I am a slave, very conscious of what will happen to me if I cross Jason's will. When he catches me alone in the kitchen and springs his next demand I want to scream.

"But, Jason, haven't I done enough! I didn't want Bill's silly cock in my mouth—and now you want…! What's so special about this Bill anyway?"

"Carrie…!"

The way he says my name shrivels me up. But the whole thing's so unfair. "I don't want to be whipped." I complain dolefully. "I haven't done a thing to deserve it—and if it's only to amuse your fatuous friend."

"Carrie…!"

"Oh alright! You aren't going to give me a choice anyway—"

"That's better, love. Give the poor idiot a break, he's never been so happy."

"At my expense."

“Don’t act miffed. If you’re going to be sulky, you and I will have a little session after he’s gone home.”

“So I get whipped either way! Jason, you’re not a bit kind —”

“I want you to continue to ham this up.” Jason pats me affectionately, then kisses me for good measure. “Do anything you like to earn a punishment, then play up to the act I’ll get going.”

What the hell! Grudgingly, I admit to myself some amusement in Bill’s expressions, and I am a trifle flattered by his offer to buy me. He can’t be too much of a dope if he has a loose thirty thousand kicking around. I choose an odd plate, the pattern which I have always disliked, and slam it down hard on the tile floor. It makes a most satisfactory clatter. I pick up the larger pieces and carry them mournfully to the living room.

“I’m terribly sorry, Master.”

“Dammit, girl, that plate was my mother’s!”

“It… it slipped.” I hold up my hands. “It’s these handcuffs.”

“That’s no excuse, you’ve been wearing handcuffs for ages. You’ll get the regular punishment.”

“Please, Master… I don’t feel like being whipped.”

“You never feel like being whipped. You’ll get your strokes after you’re through in the kitchen—and don’t take all night.”

“But, please Master—!” I infuse tears.

“Crying will earn you extra.” He turns to Bill. “She always produces tears about now, they’re supposed to soften me up.”

“I can’t help crying—” I sob beautifully into the broken dish, and keep one eye on Bill’s thunderstruck joy. “The way you whip me hurts something awful.”

I retire, snivelling, to the kitchen, dump the broken china noisily, dry my tears, then get cracking. Memory of Bill’s facial expressions buoy my spirits, but not too much. I suddenly recall the penalty for a broken dish is twenty lashes!

Why, oh why, didn’t I think of something else that would have got me by with five or ten! I shed myself a few tears that aren’t synthetic at all.

I go to my whipping with a fine air of martyrdom, bestowing hurt reproachful looks upon my masters at every opportunity. I make much play with my handcuffs as though, if only I could get them off, I’d make a run for freedom. Bill most obviously has an erection.

“Tell Bill what your penalty is, sweetheart.” The sadistic S.O.B. He’s going to wring every drop of eroticism he can

out of me to give Bill a thrill. I pick up my cue. “The penalty for a broken dish, Bill, is twenty lashes on my bare back. It’s very severe.”

“Twenty lashes!” It is an emotion charged exclamation. “And on your bare skin…!” He likes the sound of that.

“Can you really bear it?”

“I have to, don’t I!” I mix flippancy and bitterness in just the right degree. “And, anyway, I’ll be tied so’s there’s nothing I can do about it.”

“Tied!” He is breathless. “You mean, really tied up so you can’t get away?”

“Of course. Unless you want to ask my Master for mercy for me? Please, Bill, ask Jason to let me off?”

Poor Bill! The last thing he wants for me is mercy. On the other hand he is a nice guy. I can almost detect his conflict of emotions as he embraces nobility. “I say, Jason, she’s a damn sweet girl. How’s about forgiving her, I’ll pay for the dish?”

“Not a chance! With these slave girls punishment must be immutable. Once you start this mercy caper you ruin ’em.”

Bill’s sigh of relief is almost audible. “We have a room for these affairs.”

Jason tries to make his pride casual as I usher my masters into the chamber where I will be punished. For Jason and I it is a place of memories, not all of them painful. For Bill it is a torture Chamber, a cornucopia of things to do with girls. Dutifully, I place myself beneath the bar to which my wrists will be raised and strapped. It is a spot I know all too well.

“Not there, idiot girl, bend your pretty bottom over the pedestal.”

My heart flutters. A change, and change is usually painful! But I would sooner have my bottom caned than my back whipped. Perhaps Jason is finding an easy way out for both of us. I cannot imagine he really wants to give me twenty lashes on this occasion. I saunter to the pedestal and drape myself over its horizontal bar.

“Nicely obedient.” Jason comments. “She hates having her bottom punished in front of visitors. That’s why I’m making the change. Damned humiliating for a grown woman.”

He’s telling me! By the time I’m strapped tight my pussy and a few fronds of black hair will be coyly peeping out back where Bill can have a good look.

“I won’t be too hard on the dear girl in front of company.” Jason concedes grandly. “Just a half dozen, all zingers.”

I actually feel grateful: it’s better than twenty. I watch the straps make me helpless, wrists and ankles. My tummy and

thighs are clamped down hard on the pad, my sacrificial bottom rears itself against my will, its skin cruelly tight. My discarded handcuffs are on the floor in front of my down-turned face.

“She’s a very beautiful girl, Jason.” Bill is looking at my bottom.

“Lovely bottom, ’eh! Round, ripe to be caned. Here, Bill, feel its texture.”

Their hands excite me, dammit! They linger lovingly. My pussy is well explored. Jason pulls out one of its hairs to make me gasp.

“Try her nips too. They rise to the occasion.”

He is right. My nipples are traitors, rock hard. They get frictioned and pinched. I begin to breathe heavily.

“I’m going to give her six, Bill. D’you want to lay on a couple yourself?”

“I couldn’t presume—!”

“Hell, man, you want to!”

“Well… yes. Yes, I suppose—”

“Here’s the cane—nice and limber.”

Jason is partly right, it is limber but certainly not nice. I get an upside down view of Bill accepting it dubiously. I gasp

in embarrassment as he swings, then gasp again as my tight skin gets the impact of his aim. The gasp is of relief. “Shit, man, Carrie won’t even feel that. We won’t count it.”

The bastard, he could have given me a break. Bill’s cut at me lacked conviction, but it still hurt. Anything would hurt, the way I’m fixed. Bill’s features take on stern resolve… I gasp again.

“Oh, much better! She actually noticed…!”

Jason is so damn happy with this whole thing he’s staged for Bill, or really for himself. Maybe my pain is in a good cause! I gasp, and try to wriggle, to show Bill he’s doing fine.

“Attaboy! You’re getting the hang of it, Bill. Carrie felt that one, I can tell.”

“Forty thousand dollars!”

The increase in my price comes out of Bill in a strangled moan. His face is pink, he is breathing heavily. The bid frightens me, it shows what the whipping of an innocent girl does to a man. Even Jason is shocked.

“You’re excited, Bill. I’m not taking advantage—”

“I mean it, Jason. Forty thousand! The girl’s bloody marvellous.”

“Yes, I know. Carrie’s really something. But don’t let’s get carried away by a little punishment. Here, give me the cane, she’s still got six—”

“But I’ve had two!” I wail at them.

“They were from Bill. Are you complaining?” “Nnnnnno, sorry. No complaint.”

Jason gives me the six, well spaced with comments. He hits me with artistry and finesse. I recognize the blows as what he calls ‘medium rare’, but they hurt enough that I do not need to simulate the sounds I make or my surgings against the straps by which I am so erotically postured. Shocked with pain, I still manage to catch a glimpse of Bill’s enraptured face.

“Takes it nicely, eh!”

“Good gosh—!” Bill gasps more than I.

“Listen to her now.”

I pay him my dues. “Thank you for caning me, Jason.”

“Learn a lesson, dear?”

“Oh yes, for sure! I’ll try and not be clumsy again.”

“I wish you’d take the money for her—you could train another, couldn’t you?”

Jason laughs.

When I am unstrapped the show goes on. I do the little girl trick I would normally scorn: I gingerly feel my wealed bottom, and I allow my fingertips to elicit gasps from my lips. I twist to look back and see… That little charade done with, I offer my wrists for the handcuffs and watch Jason lock them on. When he has them snug to his fancy I say my: "Thank you, Master," as though to be handcuffed is the greatest boon a girl could ask of any man.

We return to the living room. I try and act as though getting my bare bottom caned is an amusing diversion for which I hold no malice. I serve my masters brandy. I do it with a small tray on bended knee and gaze up at them adoringly.

"Pour one for, yourself, sweetheart."

I make it large, which is dangerous on a tummy as nearly empty as mine. But my bottom is heatedly remembering the cane, and I don't know how much longer I am going to have to cater to Bill. I weave my haunches at him so he can approve my marks, then I kneel at a respectful distance in their view and, most thankfully, sip while I am discussed.

"I wish you'd consider that money, Jason?"

"Wouldn't be fair to sell her, old chap. Carrie's got used to me now. I was a bit of a shock to her at first, so would you be."

"I wouldn't whip her too much—honest!"

“She’s marvellous in bed, you’d waste her talent.”

“Jason, name a price?”

My master waves at me. “Give Bill another blow job. He’s overheated.”

I look at them askance. Bill is boggle eyed in desire for me, I turn to my nonchalant owner. “But, Master—?”

“Do it!”

I know I must, I am a slavegirl, the atmosphere in the room is of millenniums past. If I disobey I will be whipped again. I gulp down my brandy and say, meekly, “Yes, Master.”

I rise and dispose of my glass so Bill may have another nice look at my wounds. I manage to give Jason a reproachful look before I kneel once more between the waiting knees.

“Like I said, Bill, she’s perfectly trained.”

It is one thing to perform this disagreeable task in unseen anonymity. It is something else again to do it in the open before a critical audience. I yearn for the table…! But my triple brandy begins to blaze. My handcuffed fingers reach for Bill’s zipper.

“She’s got the best lips and tongue I’ve ever known.” Bill is more than ready. I put him in my mouth as though I was starving.

After what seems to me a tong, long evening, Bill totters home, redolent of brandy, replete with the service of my lips. When I lift my foot up on our bed to have it shackled for the night, I say fervently and humbly: “Thanks, Jason, for not selling me.”

He clicks the metal band and grins at me quizzically. “You both took that seriously, didn’t you.”

“Shouldn’t I have? All that money…?”

“Oh, Bill meant it alright. But how the devil did either of you expect to make it real?”

“I suppose you’d have given him the key to my handcuffs.”

“How would he have got you back to his place?”

“I don’t know. I guess I figured it as his problem.”

“Would you have walked with him to his car?”

“Naked and handcuffed? Oh, Jason, don’t be silly. I wouldn’t have gone with him at all unless the two of you had trussed me up into a package and bunged a gag in my mouth.”

“Interesting hypothesis though. Want to try it, sweetheart? See what happens?”

“Noooooo… no!” It is a wail of pure fright. “Bill would whip me to bits. Didn’t you notice the effect caning my bottom had on him?”

“Oh sure, a feast after deprivation.” Jason is ruminating some sort of notion. I look at the shackle on my ankle and the handcuffs on my wrists. I cannot escape either. I am his! In actual face he can do what he likes with me.

“Jason, you’re not thinking of the money, are you?”

He is tickled over something, and he reads my thoughts. “It’s quite a chunk of cash, honeybunch. You’re fixed well enough right now I could easy rope you in a rug and make delivery.”

I am shockingly bereft, not at the prospect but at what it implies. “But, Jason, there’s more to you and me than that…?”

“Want me to marry you?”

He loves these little bombshells, they mix me up. “Sure I want that.” I admit, defensively. “But what we have is better—at least I’ve been thinking it is… for now.”

He nods, his thoughts still distant. “Look, Carrie, you go to work tomorrow same as always. But you know you’ll be tied tight and delivered to Bill when you get home. What then?”

“I wouldn’t come home. Why should I? You’d have said you no longer wanted me.”

Jason is pleased. He gives me a very sincere kiss. But there’s still something on his mind. “You’re right.” He says

slowly. “We do have something, something rare and very precious. But the only reason we have it is because I was willing to take a risk: first in kidnapping you and secondly the game of Russian Roulette. I took one hell of a risk, and we both learned a lot.”

“I don’t want to learn any more, Jason.” Jason laughs.

Chapter 4

Pirate's Prize.

I do not know why the dream returns. Perhaps because of Bill, or Jason's laughing threat. I am annoyed with the dream. The part of me that observes sees me as a silly girl, much younger than I am, and with an unlikely German Governess. I recall bits and pieces…! Gosh, is that the best my subconscious can do for me!

I am aware of something different and terribly wrong. I am frightened and I hurt. I am looking through the rigging of a ship at an azure ocean sparkling under a tropic sun. A gentle wind fills our sails, ropes and spars creak rhythmically as we slice the swells. I make to step forward to the wooden rail, but cannot. I am bound.

I recall the brief bitter thunder of guns, the looting, of which presumably I am a part, the slow sinking of the masts of the 'Plymouth Pride' into the depths. There were hands, hard brutal hands, and much coarse laughter. I suppose I fainted, or was hit on my head. I try to raise a hand to feel for wounds… But my hands cannot respond. They are one of the reasons I hurt, the ropes on my arms and wrists are very tight.

I am tied to the mast of a ship, my arms dragged back on either side, my belly corded so that its small concavity is made smaller still, as from a cruel corset. That is all, but it

is enough. I think I have struggled a lot already, I do so again now. It is quite useless. I am a part of this creaking timber, I belong to the mast. I expect also that I belong to someone else…!

Voices drift my way, I shrink in terror. I will have no friends aboard this vessel, I can be sure of it. They are two men attired as ship's officers, no doubt the owners of the uniforms are dead. Under their amused scrutiny I become aware of near nudity, but a square of my torn garments has been tied over one of my hips. I try to lean forward to discern such modesty as I may possess, but the ropes defeat my need.

"For the moment it is respectably covered, madam." There is laughter in the male mockery. "But I must compliment you on your breasts, they are superb."

They are also very, very bare! I long for hands… Never before have I been naked before men. Their eyes are not hostile but I feel scorched.

"She'll fetch a fine price, or grace thy bed, Captain."

"And why not both, Mr. Matlock, she's durable merchandise."

"Oh aye, she is that. I'd wager she's neer' been used."

"Is he right, girl? Have we caught a virgin?"

I am too frightened to answer, and know not what to say. I keep silent, surely my terror speaks for me.

“Come, lass, ye have a tongue.”

I strain at my ropes and say, wearily. “I am a virgin. My family will pay ye ransom.” Pathetically I add, “Please don’t hurt me.”

“They may pay, but they’d get back no virgin. Come, girl, you’re the property of a man.”

“I’ll not do that beastly thing. Ye’d have to tie me down—”

“Methinks she asks for it, Captain.”

“She wants the ropes to salve her conscience, ’tis an ancient comfort to a maid. But damme me, Matlock, we’ve got ourselves a beauty.”

There is a commotion on the lower deck. I am alone again, still tied, but possessing knowledge, an inevitable knowledge I do not like, the thing a virgin most dreads is going to be done to me. I will be spread wide and pierced with a weapon I have never yet seen but about which I have heard much. Impalement by a man will break my maidenhead. The bit of cloth now fastened on me will be torn away to enable untrammeled entry to my womb. I pull fretfully at the bindings which refuse to let me go.

I must refuse to panic. That which is about to be done to me is done to every girl sooner or later, even though there

is no sanctity in her piercing she will not die. Tentatively I make such play with my legs as my bonds allow, knowing that at their juncture is the secret thing, the value of which is the reason I am tied to a pirate mast instead of dead beneath the sea with the crew of the Plymouth Pride. In a perverse way I should be grateful. I think of the forbidden word I will soon be hearing. I am going to be fucked.

It is an ordinary seaman who now confronts me. For a Pirate, he seems unexpectedly tidy. True, his eyes are lecherous as he observes my nakedness, but his voice is mild.

“I’m a’goin’ to untie ye, lady. Cap’n’s orders.”

“Thank you.”

“I’ll be a’tyin’ ye agin, Miss. Would’ee be aiming to fight?”

If he is a cutthroat he is a cautious cutthroat. Since a naked girl cannot escape from a ship at sea I assure him earnestly I will not fight.

“Yell no be throwin’ yourself overboard, Miss, doin’ a suicide like?”

“No. Why should I? Just get me untied, I’m hurting. I promise I’ll behave,”

As the ropes fall away it feels so good to be free I almost forget what lies ahead. A rough arm gives me support I do not need. It clasps a naked breast no man has ever touched.

Curbing my tongue, I thrust the man away and massage the livid rope marks in my flesh.

“Thank you… May I have some covering please?”

“Cap’n didn’t say nothin’ ’bout that, lady.” He surveys me appreciatively. “Pity to cover up what you got showing, Miss.”

I cannot argue. Probably I must get used to nudity! I have often been told of men’s desire for a girl’s body. These men, whoever they may be, possess my body. All of me except my mind. With that I must defeat them. But, now, I eye with distaste the cord this man tugs between his hands. I make the best of it.

“How do you wish to tie me?”

“Hands behind your back, lady. Cross your wrists.”

I despise this passive yielding of my freedom. But what else can I do! This oaf is at least civil. I turn my naked back and cross my already wealed wrists, the cord bites hard. I am well secured. I can slap no faces, nor can I cover aught of my nakedness.

“Cap’n’s apology, lady. But this be best.”

He is holding for me a length of rope and a noose. Its intent screams aloud, I am to be leashed. Outraged, I demand: “Why? It is an insult… there is no need!”

“Even with their hands tied, Miss, gals have been known to jump the rail.” He laughs bitterly. “They prefer the sharks to good honest men.”

“Honest?”

“That’s as may be, maam, ’tis in the point of view. Now, if ye just keep still a moment…?”

I blush for this indignity more than for my nakedness. But I stand with head erect while the noose is slipped over my head. My hair is gathered in a hand, almost reverent, so the rope may circle my throat in snug confinement. It is knotted so I cannot strangle. I can now be led, naked and helpless, anywhere my new owners please. I have a horror of force being used on me. Haughtily, I assure my jailor, “You will have no need to tug at me, I will follow where you lead.”

“Oh aye, Miss, ’tis sensible ye are. And now Cap’n Oaks and Mr. Matlock be a’waiting.”

I follow my rope to the stairhead, but there I pause in dismay so that it pulls tight and tugs. Below me are faces, too many faces for a naked girl.

“None will hurt ye, Miss.”

Perhaps not, but their eyes sear me like flame. Obeying my leash, I descend to be led to face the Captain and his Mate. They stand beside the mainmast as on a stage. My humili-

ation is evidently a shipboard occasion. My hands work constantly at the cord by which they are joined. I can never free them, but the effort is solace.

“Thy name, girl?”

I am ready with a lie. They must never know my real name. If they wish to treat for ransom, then our family solicitor becomes my father. Sulkily, I fabricate. “Brigid Soames. My father is Obediah Soames of London. He will deal for my release.”

He nods, unconcerned. For this moment I am a naked female body with breasts and pubic hair on a ship full of I know not what, all male. His command is curt. “Miss Soames, turn and face the crew.”

Am I on trial? Am I to be executed? I take a deep breath and turn in my leash to show a crowd of buccaneers my total sexuality. My breasts seem to me unnaturally large and their nipples more erect, but I realize it is from the tug of my arms from my tied wrists. I can shield nothing. I gasp and long for oblivion as a deft hand looses the trifle on my hip and whisks away the covering of my secret place. I stand, utterly revealed, and have no hands…!

“Look well, men. She is but a woman. Ye can get a dozen like her in any port.”

They regard me with concentrated lust, I am ravished in every mind. I'll wager the doxies they buy in Port Royal have not my shape nor comeliness. Each desires me.

"By our Charter she is the perquisite of the Captain. Agreed?"

There is a chorus of agreement. I suppose they lose little. Divided among so many I have little value to any one of them. I have a strange vision of them laying on me one by one, plunging their rods between my legs… My owner's , voice rings out again.

"None will touch this woman save by my orders. I will require certain things of her. Should she prove obdurate she will discover penalties. One of these might be for her to be shared among you. Ye would draw lots for order of precedence. But she may not sustain injury, and must be held safe from suicide. Understood?"

He has his crew well in hand, their assent seems well enough satisfied, the hunger with which they gaze upon my nakedness is controlled. Perhaps they possess a secret knowledge that, sooner or later, I will be given to them. I try to thrust the thought from my mind but it returns… again and again!

"Come, girl, we have things to speak of."

My arm is grasped, my leash trails as I am led to the Captain's domain. It is spacious, it is bright, it is luxurious—no

doubt from the loot of a dozen pirated ships. I wonder how many other bound and naked maidens have preceded me. My captor thrusts me toward the huge bed.

“I’ll not take you when you’re weary, lass. Sleep. I’ll join thee in the night.” It is unexpected, a kindness to brim my eyes. My voice wavers in a request I have to make. “Captain, may my nakedness be covered?”

“No.”

“My hands untied? The leash taken from my neck?”

“No.”

Well, that is that! I am alone and naked, still bound. I am suddenly very weary without the will to seek impossible escape. What matters it if I have no hands...! I throw myself face down upon the bed and go to sleep. Sometime far into the night I am joined by a naked man who thrusts my legs apart, lays me on my bound arms and, with a strange tenderness, ravishes me and breaks my maidenhead. For the first time in my life I have been impaled.

’Tis indeed a strange bridal night for any maid. My thoughts are incoherent, chaotic as are my emotions under the phallus thrust. My world is riven in great flares of pain which fade and yield before waves of sensation such as I have never known. For good or ill I am reborn, nothing will ever again be as I have known it. I hear a girl crying

out fierce ecstasies in the darkness, it is the voice of the newly born. It is mine.

I am wakened to bright day by the man who bound me as I still am. I sit up nakedly, still shamed before a man's regard.

"Ye'll call me Zeke, Maam. I bring ye breakfast wi' Capn's compliments."

He sets down the tray and unties my hands. I do not question why he leaves the leash upon my neck, perhaps I can loose it myself or mayhap it is a symbol of my new condition I must wear.

"Captain Oaks will attend thee later, lady, ye may take thy time."

Alone, I run to test the door. It is locked, so too is every cupboard and drawer and window. With my leash falling at my back I return to the bed and to my food. For a spoiled virgin, a ruined woman, I have good appetite. Reflecting on the loss of my virginity I am glad it is gone. To be a single naked girl among a boatload of seamen, my maidenhead forever threatened, a source of barter, would become a suspense impossible to bear. If I am fucked now I will be no different after than before. It is an immodest relief.

Having eaten I sleep again. I have been sorely taxed. It is the Captain who wakens me. I wonder how long he has

been looking at my nakedness with that infuriatingly amused stare.

“Good morrow, Miss Soames. ’Tis good to see ye so refreshed.”

“Thank you, Captain.”

I yield no inch. The words are his. I look up questioningly, resisting the impulse to cover my breasts. “There’s a problem of what to do with thee, Miss Soames.”

“Oh, you surprise me.” I chill each word. “Have ye not found a pleasurable use for my person?”

“Oh aye, but there’s still the days.”

“Why not use thy brig? Put me in irons?”

“Ye’d not like it, girl, nor love me for putting thee there.”

“Am I expected to love you, Captain? Dos’t want more than to secure me from escape—or suicide?”

“Ye’d find the irons little to thy liking, Miss Soames. They rest heavy on such small ankles, wrists and neck. ’Tis passing lonely locked in there alone.”

“No doubt you would visit me.”

For a moment I think I have gone too far. But he is only irritated. “I have other concerns with thee, maam, beyond our coupling. Ye pose a problem I little relish.”

My pulse quickens. I have a guilty secret. I suddenly realize fresh hazards unrelated to my pubic hair.

“Your name is not Soames.”

I cling to silence as to a garment.

“You are Dorcas Cavendish, daughter to the Admiral of England’s Caribbean Fleet. Matlock has searched papers we took before the sinking of the ‘Plymouth Pride’.”

I sit there on the bed, stupidly naked, guilty of nothing yet feeling guilt. It is useless to prevaricate further. Boldly, I throw at him a single word: “So?”

“You know where his fleet sails, and you must tell me.”

“’Tis no concern of yours.”

“His Majesty’s Parliament and I are at odds, lady. There’s a price on my head and on this ship. The whereabouts of your father’s Command concerns all of us aboard.”

“You’ll not learn it from me.”

His sombre regard tells me I am foolish. I should have tearfully denied knowledge. Now he is certain I possess it. His tone is as serious as his features: “Ye had best tell me, girl. This ship can do thy father’s squadron no harm.”

“He is bound for Barbados, the port of Bridgetown.”

He sighs gently in patience for a bad girl. “That I know to be false, Miss Cavendish.”

I shrug. “Then I am sorry, Captain, I cannot help you.” He nods in understanding. “Loyalties are elusive to deal with, Miss Cavendish, they have no logic. Think on this for an hour. I will then send Zeke for thy answer. Ye will demand of him escort to my presence, or to the ship’s blacksmith for thine irons.”

“You have my answer now, Captain.”

But he is gone, and I must wait. I suspect I am being foolish, but my father’s face is vivid in my thoughts. I can be sure of nothing save that I must not betray him. When Zeke comes I accept my fate without the shame of quibbling. “You must take me to the Smithy, Zeke.” I tell him soberly.

He nods. He has been briefed. His voice is decently respectful. “Thy piece of rope, lady?”

I find it for him, and turn so he may tie my hands. I see the virtue of the leash upon my neck, by it he leads me to the smith.

I am measured and fitted as for garments. Zeke holds my leash while the blacksmith leers and fingers me with bit of string.

“ ‘Tis a smaller fetter than I’m used to, Zeke me boy. But when I’m done with her she’ll be well secured.”

I am fascinated. This glowing metal, shedding sparks, will circle my flesh. This thud of hammer and ring of anvil is for me. When the first fruit of the blacksmith's skill is fitted on my ankle and riveted fast I am almost proud.

"Best sit her, Zeke, I'll have need of both her feet."

I am planted on a box, my leash still in good hands. The smith grasps my other leg and raises it to examine my pubic bush and that which it normally hides. "Has't a way to chain that as well?" I ask bitterly.

"Oh aye, me gel'. I'll fashion thee a chastity belt an the Captain wishes it."

Fascination returns as the hammer and the rivet enchain my limbs. My heavily linked ankles are swept from the forge to be replaced by my freed wrists. I am safe now, I cannot run. I kneel, my arms outstretched, and watch my wrists similarly gyved.

"A pretty lass, ain't she!" The smith enthuses. "These baubles will make her prettier. And now I'll be needing her neck."

The nadir of humiliation! I lose my leash and bend my neck within the open iron circlet awaiting it on the anvil. I am breathless in fear of injury as the iron is bent and turned and hammered fast. I dare not move as the rivets splat beneath the blows.

“She’ll run but little, and sink fast if she jumps the rail.” The smith chortles, happy with the snug fit he has contrived on these new and shameful bonds.

It is true I cannot run, I do not even walk. Zeke picks me up with my weight of iron and carries me to the brig. Sailors smirk as we pass, but I have nothing more to expose than men have already seen.

“ ‘Tis a poor sad place for a lady, Miss.”

I heartily agree. The Brig is gloomy and dank, its timbers creak. I watch the chain from my collar padlocked to a huge ring set fast in the oak. There is a plank bench on which to sit, that is all.

“I’ll be leavin’ ye, maam. I’d try and please the Captain if I was you, he’s a kindly man.”

I am alone again, and survey my new home. It is small and implacable. I am attached to the hull only by my neck, but that is enough, the chain prevents me reaching the door and there is nothing else to touch. The irons on my hands and feet must be for punishment only, if they were not there I would be just as helpless. I sit down.

It is hateful. There is nothing to see and nothing to do. I am totally naked and totally helpless. I can play with the metal things riveted on me and I can think, that is all.

This is punishment, not just to keep me safe. After awhile I will be visited and asked a question. My answer will determine how long I stay like this. I sniff disdainfully in certain knowledge of my fate. I wonder how many days or weeks we are from port…!

No one comes. I am to be subjected to the improbable and unexpected. I am being made to sit, chained, in a growing anxiety. At night my bed is hard and my chains unkind, there is no blanket. I am absurdly grateful for Zeke and breakfast, and more grateful still, an hour later, to behold Captain Oakes. He surveys my condition gravely.

“You make a charming prisoner, Miss Cavendish.”

“Please, Captain, don’t keep me in this hateful place. Take me hence, I will be obedient?”

“I have asked a question?”

“Oh that!” I clatter my wrist chains in disgust. “You would believe nothing I said.”

“Try me.”

I shrug unhappily. “It’s no use, Captain… Can’t you understand—I’d only tell you another lie to get myself out of this mess.”

“You prefer to stay here in irons?”

“Nooooo, oh no!” I peal my denial out beyond dispute. “I hate this, I hate it!”

“Shipboard disciplines are severe, Miss Cavendish.” His tone has become that of a Judge. “If you find yourself unable to answer I will try and provide incentive. Before the assembled crew, you will be triced up, naked, to the rigging and flogged.”

I gasp at the enormity of it. I cannot speak.

“The regulation ‘cat’ will not be used on you. A more simple whip without knots or metal inserts will suffice.”

“Am I supposed to say thank you?”

We look at each other, each in our own despair, seeking the right words. But the right words do not come, perhaps there aren’t any. Abruptly, he turns and leaves, the thud of the door and its bolts sound like an epitaph. I fling myself down on the bench and weep.

I am to be a Roman holiday. The crew’s dull duties will be enlivened by a production elaborately staged: the flogging of a naked girl, an uncommon treat for the underprivileged. I pick up the details from Zeke as he returns me to the smith. He is decently regretful but obviously excited.

“’Tis a waste o’ my time.” The smith is annoyed. “I’ll be chaining her again afore long.”

But his work is simple now. Only the chain links are taken from me, the shackles remain. Each metal band has its own ring by which I can again be chained, or tied, or fastened in any way that may please my captors, a most convenient facility which has about it the implacable portent of long use.

“Ye’ll come and see her whipped?” Zeke asks.

“Oh aye, can’t miss that!” The smith agrees heartily as he pats my bottom. “Ye’ll put on a good show for us, Missie, I haven’t a doubt. That pretty skin o’ your’n will bear some fine stripes. Right proud of ’em, you’ll be, you mark my words.”

I am among friends. They love me for the diversion I provide.

A roll of drums greets my nudity. I would turn and flee from the many eyes, but Zeke has my arm. He has cautioned me to be brave and not to fight him when the time comes. I expect he is wise. But, oh, it is so hard to be passively obedient at such a time! I catch the Captain’s eye—there will be no reprieve.

For insubordination and the giving of comfort to the enemy—fifty lashes on the bare back.

I hear my sentence. It is hard to believe it relates to me, even though my stomach knots hard in fear. I have no experience by which to know if fifty whip-strokes on my bare

skin is merciful or cruel. I obey Zeke's nudging fingers and move to where I must stand. I raise my arms.

I face the infinity of the Sea through the taut latticework of rope to which my wrist rings will be tied. The rigging to which I am about to be handily triced slopes from the rail up to the Mast. I look up to observe the loss of my freedom as Zeke cords my shackles far apart to the thick and rigid ropes. Behind me are the male faces I do not want to see. I am thankful my breasts do not point at them or my open legs reveal my sex. I wonder if I will kick in agony, I still can. But for the rest of me, I cannot move enough to matter. My corded shackles hold me fast.

The drum roll is fearsome, and it is all mine! It is for me and signals the beginning of my flogging. It will rise to an unbearable crescendo, and then…! It is suddenly silent.

It cuts across my bare shoulders with unspeakable agony. I scream in disbelief. I do not wish to be a heroine, I scream. I scream again as the lash curls around my taut waist beneath my tensioned ribs. When it slices my bottom from hip to hip my feet flash and flail at the unseen enemy they cannot reach.

I do not count. I simply hope the pain will stop. It does not stop, not for a long, long time. When it does stop my head is bowed, I am panting, I am wet with sweat. Twenty-five.

There is much shuffling of feet. I steal a backward glance to behold my audience dispersing. From beside me comes the Captain's voice. It bears no malice.

"Half your punishment is done, Miss Cavendish."

Only half! I find it hard to believe, but know he speaks truth. I moan in desolation, I do not want to be whipped any more, not ever. I blurt out urgently: "Please forgive me… forgive my sentence… don't whip me any more?"

"There remains the question, maam?"

I weep. It is all I can do. I sob and sob.

"Then you remain as you are for a few hours, Miss Cavendish. The men enjoy your situation. You will then receive the second half of your sentence."

"Cover me. Please cover me?"

"Your nudity is routine in punishment, madam."

He is so formal, I don't want him to be so formal with me. I cry all the harder.

"You have no need to be so cruel to me. You could stop my flogging, you could, you could…!"

"There are lives at stake, Miss Cavendish. I must consider my crew. Their concern with the question I ask is as great as mine."

“If you continue my flogging it will kill me.”

“Nay, maam, you underrate yourself. You are suffering pain but no harm. Think not of death with me… never!”

“Torture then! Is this not torture?”

“Of a mild kind. I ask you to end it—you can.” His voice is heartbreakingly sincere. “Miss Cavendish, I implore…?”

I moan but do not answer. I moan and moan! He goes away and leaves me triced to his rigging to await the rest of my stripes and gaze out to sea.

This waiting is a punishment, cleverly designed. I will think and think of the whip and how easily I can avoid it. Temptation will never leave my mind… betray my father! Men come and go, I suspect their errands feigned for the pleasure of beholding this naked girl who is stretched taut to their ropes. They will look at the whip-marks on my skin and become sexually aroused, lingering as long as is plausibly possible. When there’s a pair of them they talk. “Lovely bit o’stuff, eh!”

“What I cud’ do with that there, it don’t bear thinking!”

“Pity to waste ’er wi’ the whip though.”

“Hell, man, the Mate’s just tickling ’er up a bit. I seen worse whippings on a kid.”

“Oh aye, she’s a lady, see! And the Captain’s a gent. He’s havin’ her warmed up for his bed tonight. She ain’t lost a drop o’ blood yet, and ain’t likely to.”

“Should lay ’er across a barrel and let us all ’ave a bang at ’er. Wouldn’t do ’er no ’arm.”

“That could ’appen, matey. Peeved at ’er ’e is. She rub ’im the wrong way long enough, and we’ll all ‘ave a go at ’er—and more’n once too!”

My fate is simple.

But all of this is new and impossible and still has the quality of nightmare. The men speaking of me so lewdly was disgusting and frightening, but it compels me to consider the strange heat within my secret place, the place that once was secret but is so no more. This heat is a demanding sensation and I fear I know its origin and purpose! Does a harlot, whipped at the cart’s tail through the streets, know this same shameful feeling when her whipping is done! Or is it only me… am I wanton! I am smitten by a fearful vision of the faces when I am set free.

All will know I was a pirate’s prize and the only female on his ship. They will be polite while they ponder my ravishments, I will be used and spoiled…! My very survival will condemn me, a pure virgin would have killed herself or blithely walked the plank.

But freedom is something I need not concern myself with. When the Captain and his men have done with me I will be sold to a bagnio or to one of the Planters on the islands. Dorcas Cavendish is lost. It is almost with relief I hear the re-assembly and the drum, and brace my nakedness for the rest of the lashes it must bear. If these frightful cuts I receive across my skin be no more than a 'tickling up' I must be thankful I am not being properly flogged. But as the blows impact on me from shoulder to thigh I cannot be thankful for any of this. I scream and scream and scream.

Zeke does not return me to the brig, but to the Captain's quarters. I am euphoric with gladness that I have been whipped and it is done. I care little for his apologetic explanation of the rope.

"Cap'n wants ye tied, Miss. Ye'll no be minding?"

"No, Zeke, I don't mind." I put my hands behind my back so their metal bands touch, and say blithely: "There, you see, I'm a model prisoner."

"That ye be, Miss. Sorry, I am, to treat ye so."

He cords the rings of my shackles so that my hands and arms are held fast behind my back. He sits me on the bed and similarly secures my feet. Then he asks me to arrange myself, face down, on the coverlet. When I have done so, wriggling desperately as no lady should, he ropes my ankles to my wrists.

“’Tis to stop thee roaming, Miss. Real sorry I be.”

I assure him of his innocence, his concern is real. When he has gone and I am alone I better comprehend his regret. I cannot move! I am bowed back and can only flounder painfully in a choice between laying face down with my breasts finding hard friction on the covers, or I can fall on my side. If I do too much floundering I will wriggle myself off the bed and on to the floor. I lay quite still and know that very soon I will hate to be thus bound.

I cling to gladness, as to an anchor, as time works its will on me. This is a wearying way to be tied. It exposes my breasts and my sex more than need be. Surely I could be made helpless with less shame! I am like some farmyard creature trussed for the Market. I shed a good many tears before I hear my owner’s step.

Without greeting or comment I am untied. I sit up stiffly and say a meek ‘thank you’ while I rub my weals. I will not ask him again for covering, to be refused is too demeaning. I look up at his enigmatic regard and inquire, innocently. “What are you going to do with me now, Captain?”

“You took your whipping well, Miss Cavendish.”

“That isn’t true, Captain, I screamed outrageously. I am ashamed of myself.”

“Don’t be. The crew admired your courage.”

“Your crew admired my body. They would like to use it.”

Impatiently, he waves away my flippancy. “You are sorely marked, have ye no wish to speak?”

“I heard men say my whipping was a child’s punishment. Nay, Captain, I have nothing to say save to ask my fate?”

“Ye called it torture. I can impose more?”

“Yes?”

This is a battle of wits which I must lose. My female curiosity prompts me to provoke. The captain recites, as though after much debate, his tone weary. “I can have ye hung from the yardarm—to let thee sway back and forth like a pendulum, high above the ocean.”

I churn inwardly but say nothing. “I could have ye keelhauled….”

“Or you could have me whipped again.” I offer helpfully.

We survey each other, wary, on guard, alert for weakness. I raise my iron encircled wrists and ask: “Ye wish to keep me thus?”

“Of course. They become you. You look passing sweet in irons.”

I turn my right hand in a way to emphasize its metal band so snug upon the wrist. “Could I not use this as a weapon against thee, Captain. ’Tis a heavy chunk of iron?”

He smiles at my innocence. “Why tell me, girl? Why not wait ’till I am unaware?”

I wish this handsome rogue no harm; if rogue he be! But can I tell him so! Ruefully, I admit my dilemma. “To what end would I stun thee, I would still be captive, and ’tis something I could not bring myself to do.”

The Captain nods, pleased. He locks the door and reaches for the buttons of his jacket. “I’ll take temptation from thee, lass. When we are done with love I’ll tie ’em behind thy back.”

I am quite shameless. I want this man terribly, I am afire. He enters my open arms, my open legs and me. My whipped back upon the bed cries out its own delight, my loins rear in welcome. Sometimes in the hours of our play the metal riveted on me makes contact and rings metallically. It has a joyful sound.

Chapter 5

A Social Evening.

I am annoyed with these dreams of mine, I behave like an idiot. I can blame Jason for the bondage and punishments, but I've had these excursions into fantasy for as far back as I can remember. Silly romantic kid's stuff mostly, until the teens introduced sex, manhandling, and an obsession with my pubic hair. I tended and mentally encouraged each curly frond. I even secretly anointed my crotch with patent preparations from the drug store… Anyway, I wish I didn't have 'em, they're unsettling, and I think they denote a weakness in me. I'm not going to tell this one to Jason, he'd laugh his head off.

We get up for a workday and everything's normal, we like each other. Bill has receded far away, but he's left me with a nag I have to get rid of. I can't possibly leave well enough alone. I blurt out my beef.

"Jason, I'm coming home this evening, same as always. What happens?"

He seems genuinely puzzled. "What would happen, honeybunch?" He asks blandly. "You get supper."

"You know what you said, Jason. Do I get tied up and delivered to Bill?"

"Oh that! Hell no, Carrie. What a notion!"

“Well, it’s yours. You said you wanted to?”

“That was last night.”

“You were in love with your Roulette idea. You seemed to think it wouldn’t hurt me to go along with it?”

“Forget it. What’s your trouble, sweets?”

“Only that I’m not coming home if it is still on the books.”

Jason looks at me with grave seriousness. “Really?”

“Yes, really. I mean it. I don’t want to be sold.”

“And I don’t want to sell you.”

He takes me in his arms and makes me absurdly happy. But when I get to the office I’m still thinking of Bill and how shockingly helpless I am when Jason ties me up. Sometimes through the day I remember my dream. The Captain of that pirate ship looks more and more like Jason. I am more than ever annoyed.

But as I prepare dinner in the kitchen after five I recover my equanimity. Bill was not panting at the door, there are no scattered pieces of rope, nothing to disturb an honest slavegirl in her duties. I sing as I work, and when Jason arrives with a bottle of our favourite wine I am very happy. He also has a package…!

I have dinner kneeling beside his chair, my hands cuffed behind my back. I never know if this is punishment or just

routine, but I am not too concerned. It's a happy enough meal, and I notice he gives me all the nicest bits and pieces from his plate, and I am sure he has me drink at least half the wine. Neither of us mention the package but we both know I am bursting with curiosity.

The dishes get my hands locked round in front, the handcuffs have become symbolic instead of making me helpless. I think that if I went far away and never saw Jason again I would keep a pair of handcuffs in my home, and wear them sometimes…

"O.K. Sweetheart, you may open it."

He unlocks my handcuffs. I should get a clue from this. For me, when in Jason's company, freedom is suspect. I tear at wrappings, and gasp. My dream floods back in an erotic wave… But Jason could not have known… he just couldn't!

"Rings for remembrance, darling."

They are not rings! They are the same iron bands the smith of the pirate ship welded on me in the night. They are beautiful, implacable… deliciously frightening. There are three of them, and I can guess their use. I pick up the smallest of them; it is for my wrist, I know it is! But it has no hinge, I cannot pull it open. I look at my master, puzzled. "But, Jason, how—?"

He is proud of them and pleased with me. He becomes the large and masterful Male as he takes the near circle from

me and demonstrates with a strange sliver of steel and a tiny orifice I had not noticed. He tugs and, as if by magic, the band becomes two half circles, one has prongs, the other has holes into which they slide. Mechanically, I offer my wrist.

It is exquisitely neat. Jason thrusts the two halves together with my wrist between. There is a lovely click and I wear a metal band. The pirate shackle had a ring but this is smooth. It is also heavy and unmistakable for what it is. “Like it, love?”

I hug and kiss. It is gorgeous. I know I am absurd, but if it was gold or silver I could not be more pleased. My heart thumps.

One for an ankle and one for my neck. I cannot call it a collar, it is an iron band like the others. Jason solemnly locks them on me and I feel most adequately dressed.

“I’ll have you wear one at a time, darling. All three at once might be too much for your office.”

I tense. I should have guessed. “Jason… J-A-S-O-N, I can’t possibly… They’re in full view!”

“So what?”

“But everyone can see! They’ll ask questions.”

“Fob ’em off. You’ll think of something.”

“I won’t! I’ll be terribly embarrassed.”

“Would you sooner wear the wire belt?” His tone becomes ominous. “I’ll have one made an inch smaller, then you’ll really know you’ve got it on.”

“No, you know I don’t want that either.” In spite of chagrin I can feel laughter welling. “You do think up the damndest things.”

“You love ’em.”

“Well, not always. Jason, are you really going to send me to the office with one of these things locked on me?”

“You know I am. Hell, I can take two off and leave one on—and there you are! Which would you like first for starters?”

“My wrist. Maybe I can hatch up a story about a bracelet. I don’t know how I can possibly explain the others.”

“O.K.” Jason takes the anklet and the neck band from me. I feel naked without them. “But I’ll tell you this, Carrie, you look damn good with ’em on, they’re beautifully erotic.”

He speaks truth. They are something of Him on Me. To the initiate they are a proclamation of my slavery. I feel the familiar heat and put out vibrations. I want to be fucked by Jason—no one else, just Him. I am confident I will be—later on! I watch in surprise as he unlocks the iron bracelet from my wrist.

“Got something else, Carrie, you’ll love it.”

It is a familiar enough object in our home, a heavy screwed eyelet such as Jason has installed here and there already. Grinning at my questioning gaze, he looks up at the ceiling.

“Oh, no, Jason, not in the middle of the living room!” He pays no heed but goes to fetch his drill. When he is finished with this facility intended for my discomfort, the ring is screwed fast into the ceiling joist, it is surprisingly inconspicuous. Jason’s regard for my nakedness has become speculative.

“You’ll look adorable, sweetheart.”

“No I won’t, I’ll look all… bare. Jason, why do you always have to make me feel ashamed!”

“All in your mind, darling. Want to try it out?”

“Not if I don’t have to.”

“You have to.”

I sigh, audibly. I hope it sounds forlorn and makes him feel guilty. I then hold out my hands.

He has acquired some clingy bandage stuff. He now proceeds to wrap my wrists with it. I instantly deduce his intent and protest. “J-A-S-O-N…! I don’t want to be hung up—I don’t want to be hung up by my wrists!”

“You won’t be if you behave.”

I sniff. Behaving means doing whatever he says. I cannot share his enthusiasm as he completes my bandaging and then ties a rope through the middle between my wrists. Needless to say, the other end goes up through the ring. Jason is striving for an effect: when I am tensioned to his satisfaction I stand naked in the centre of our living room, my bound hands drawn up enough above my head that I cannot reach them with my teeth but not enough to make me stand on my toes. By the standards of being tied up it isn't all that bad. But I feel an idiot and thrice naked. The familiar furniture stares with disapproval, I am spoiling the décor.

"Very cute." I concede, grudgingly. "How long's my sentence?"

"All evening, darling. By using the bandages."

"Jason, don't be mean. I don't want to stand naked in the middle of the living room all evening. I already feel silly."

"That will wear off."

"Jason… please? Can't you be satisfied with an hour?"

"Any more importunities, love, and your hands go up another couple of inches."

I relapse into sulky silence. I have allowed Jason to do this to me so I can damn well put up with it! I am forever coming up against a confrontation with my submissions, I

should be getting used to it by now. The fact is, I get a charge out of this, same as he does. I suppose the sulks come from being female, we never quite reconcile ourselves to being on the wrong end of the stick.

“You see, you’re really enjoying the spotlight, sweets. You add that touch of something this room’s always needed.”

“All I add is a naked female who has to stand, uncomfortably, with her hands above her head. Chippendale or Grand Rapids would disown me.”

“Sharpen your pique, darling, I’m enjoying every plaint.”

I cannot win, so I sniff disdainfully and change weight from one foot to the other. “What are you going to do while I stand here, sit and look at my pubic hair?”

“You have a Thing about your pubic hair, Carrie. How’s about me shaving it oft?”

“Don’t you dare!”

My exclamation is out before I can check it. I’m sure it’s a tactical error. Without volition, my right leg rises and strives to curtail Jason’s view of my sex. It is a ridiculous motion, belonging somewhere with maiden blushes, but he is entranced.

“Do that again, darling.”

“Do what?” As if I didn’t know!

“Try and cover your curly fronds with your thigh. It’s most lasciviously delicious.”

“Don’t be horrible.”

“No, honest Carrie, when you do that you’re a thing of beauty—the slicks would pay thousands…”

“You know that sort of thing makes me ashamed—I can’t get over being ashamed… sorry.”

“Half a dozen with the nicer crop, dear…?”

There we go again, the Man Thing! I’d love to stamp my feet and scream, but I daren’t be anything but a good little girl. I’d far sooner stand here in unmarked innocence than, rebelliously, with six stripes burning my bottom. I look reproachfully at the omniscient Male and once more raise my leg in maiden shame.

“Lovely, lovely! Just a bit higher, darling, and twist a bit, I can still see some pubic hairs.”

I stand on one foot and do my duty. My duty is to obey my Master and to give him pleasure—never mind about me. I am sure I look sweet and innocent… and mortified! I do not have to act, and my blush is something I cannot control. I wonder how long I will have to emulate a stork.

“At ease, sweetheart. You were divinely erotic. I am the luckiest of men.”

I'm glad he knows it! Thankfully, I rearrange my nakedness with both feet on the floor, a slavegirl is thankful for the smallest of mercies. Without too much hope, I ask: "How'd you like to let me loose now?"

"Don't be silly, dear."

"Well, having me stand on one leg has given you the damndest erection… I thought you'd like to use it?"

"Darling girl, you know perfectly well I don't have to untie you to do that."

"Jason, it's not as good standing up—and the things I have to do, tied the way you've got me, they make me so… wanton."

"But, Carrie, you are wanton, you little hypocrite. What I'm going to make you do now is—"

The doorbell cuts Jason off short. With luck I may never find out what he was going to make me do. But I tense! No one at the door can possibly see me, but just suppose…! I feel fearfully naked, and I listen, oh, how I listen!

I have a mental picture of a relative brushing past Jason to behold me as I am. Or of another idiot like Bill. Or the Landlord! I shrink and look up longingly at my bound wrists. But I am helpless, I have only my ears. Distantly there is the murmur of voices, one of which might be fe-

male, they drag on and on… The front door closes but the voices continue. Someone is inside!

“Hello, darling.” Her voice is breathless. “Oooooo… you’re just too gorgeous like that—I knew I was right! Oh, Carrie!”

It is Daphne Pilgrim, the cute one from the office.

“I think you two know each other.” Jason is entranced. “It was easy to get your address, and I followed you home, just to make sure. Carrie, dear, I just had to know. Please don’t hate me.”

The poor girl is different and wants to be loved. Jason stands to one side, enjoying the show of his life. I am tied and naked and just plain embarrassed.

“Go away, Daphne, just go away. Please!”

“But, Carrie—”

“This is none of your business, Daph’. I don’t want you to see me like this. Jason, take her away.”

“Carrie!”

His note of warning is loud and clear. My present state is bad enough without being whipped while this pretty bit of female watches. I temporize.

“Well then, untie me and let me dress. We can visit.”

“Don’t be silly, darling.”

“But this is awful, I’m naked!”

It is Daphne who kisses me. She holds my head with gentle hands and looks deep into my eyes. “It isn’t awful.” She says slowly. “I think you’re the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen.”

I feel an object, and am sulkier than need be. Daphne Pilgrim is quite lovely, and her lips are warm. But my retort is sharp. “Then maybe you’d like to take my place?”

“Yes, I would.”

I might have known. This enraptured damsel is ripe for Jason’s cords, and I am helpless. Oh, damn! A pregnant silence lengthens until Jason says. “You may play with Carrie if you wish to, Miss Pilgrim. She can’t get away.”

“Ohhhhhh… Mmmmmm!” The sounds are exhalations of pure joy. “Oh, thank you!”

The way I am tied leaves it possible for me to twist and turn, I could even kick. I can easily make my nipples elusive. But what is the use, such contortions will shame me more—and Jason will tie my feet or whip me. I am foxed. So I stand passively for a delighted girl to explore my body.

“I’ve never touched a woman like this before.” Young fingers extract a gasp from me as they caress and pull and twist. My nipples are instantly hard, her hands hold magic

to make me gasp and moan. Our gaze locks in an exchange of feminine knowledge.

“You’ll find her exquisitely responsive,” says my Master nonchalantly. “Try her cunt.”

The S.O.B.! Jason is punishing me. He wants Daphne to see my face go slack in orgasm. I would prefer to be whipped. I separate my thighs to facilitate her handling of my Venus Mound. I wish I was bone dry down there, but I am positive I am wet.

“I think she’s wonderful.” My colleague from the office is getting the palm of her hand wet with my secretions. “I’ve been lusting after her for ages—”

“You’ve been wanting someone to tie you up.” I remind her tartly.

“Yes, of course.” Her response is absent with her preoccupation. “But I’ve never been able to do this before. I mean, to have a girl all naked and mine.”

“You a Lesbian, Daphne?”

Jason’s query echoes mine. He is enraptured by fresh visions. I would love to kick him. I would love to kick them both. Once more, in longing, I glance up at my tied wrists.

“She wants to get loose.” Daphne bites my left nipple admonishingly. “And the Lesbian thing…! Gosh, I don’t really

know. I think masterful men are super, but still…! Do you think I'm a Lesbian, Jason?"

"Find out for yourself." My Master disposes of me with a grand gesture. "You kneel between her legs, and her slit's right handy. Carrie's got the neatest of slits."

Poor Daphne! She is suffering from too much too soon. I am a plethora of goodies. I suspect she wishes Jason was not present to watch, but I don't like the way she is eying my triangle of curls.

"You're not going to do that." I tell her firmly. "You kneel down there and I'll kick you."

I think she is relieved, Jason is not. "She can't get free, Miss Pilgrim. Would you like to whip her until she becomes hospitable?" His voice oozes charity.

"Oh, I couldn't!" Her exclamation said all too plainly she most happily could. "Do you really whip the poor darling?"

"Count her stripes."

"Mmmmm…!" Daphne's finger traces some of my most recent weals. "They're yummy. But could I take a rain check? I mean, this is all so—so— Well, anyway, she and I do work in the same office."

"Needn't stop you whipping her. She'd love it. Wouldn't you, Carrie?"

“No, I would not!”

Retribution glowers. I cringe. But Daphne saves me with another bright bit of innocence. “See, I didn’t think she’d want to be whipped; not with me. I expect she loves it when you whip her alone.” She looks back and forth at us happily. “But there’s something I’d really like to do: may I tie her ankles together?”

In the pervading mood Jason would agree to her painting me blue. As he provides rope, I content myself with knowing it is better to have my ankles tied than to have my back whipped or my bottom caned in front of curious female eyes.

“Don’t be scared to tie her tight.” Says the omniscient Mate. “It’s no good unless it bites.”

It bites! But I make no demur. Daphne is panting. Poor girl, I suppose to tie my feet with rope is a seventh heaven. She enters the gate with vigour and enthusiasm so I have to, bite my lip to keep from saying ‘ouch!’.

“I’ve read a lot of magazines,” says Daphne.

I bet she has! Round and round and the cinch between. I cool a derisive retort.

“May as well tie her knees too.” Jason suggests. “Makes a nice dressy effect.”

“I was wondering if I could do that bit—?” Miss Pilgrim is embarrassed. “You know how, in the pictures… the rope goes down and under—?”

“Oh, the cunt cutter,” Jason says brutally. “Go ahead.”

“You’re both of you being unkind.” I tell them reproachfully. “Just because I’m helpless. But please do use me. Have fun.”

“She loves it, Daphne.”

Daphne giggles. “I’m sure she does. I know I would.”

We enjoy a period in which Daphne’s quick breathing is the only sound. I stand, naked, with my hands tied above my head while my waist is cinched by strand after strand… and then the fatal thrusting and tugging between my thighs —

“You’ll have to separate her labia with your fingers if you want the rope right inside her, Miss Pilgrim.”

“Oh, don’t do it that way.” I plead desperately. “If you use two ropes, one on each side of my—my—”

“She’s talking about her cunt.”

“Well… yes. You can tug a rope each side and get a good effect, my Venus mound will thrust out.”

Daphne Pilgrim separates my labia and strictures the rope within. It doesn’t hurt as much as you’d suppose, but I gasp

anyway as the only reproach I dare make. She pulls and heaves unkindly, then ties the final knot. I wear a chastity belt of rope, designed only to hurt and to shame. It hurts. I am shamed. It is a successful tie. Thoughtfully, and obviously very happy, my comrade from the office now ties my knees as she has tied my ankles. Proudly, she steps back.

“Nice bit of work, Miss Pilgrim.”

“Please don’t call me Miss Pilgrim. I want to be Daphne to both of you.” The little so-and-so’s eyes are dewy with maiden innocence which turns to simple lechery when she looks back at me. “I think Carrie’s simply darling when she’s like this. How long will you make her stand?”

“Hmmmm, you suggest a time. Sentence her.”

“Mmmmmm, all evening?”

“Why not!”

They gaze upon me blandly. Bound thus, I give them great pleasure. Tears fill my eyes, but they would probably enjoy them so I blink them back.

“Are you hurting, darling?” She sounds concerned. “I mean, a nice kind of hurt?”

“Of course I’m hurting, and it isn’t nice.”

“You’ll have to whip her if you want gratitude.” Jason advises cheerfully. “It’s feminine pride, or some such nonsense.”

I am fervently kissed and my nipples are attended to until I start to pant. Then Daphne pats my breasts and says: “There, there, I mustn’t excite you. I’ll leave that to Jason.”

“Want to tie her some more?”

Jason has become a voyeur. I am a pretty mannequin who is roped instead of clothed. Our visitor is inundated by a fresh wave of excitement.

“But how? The darling’s already—?”

“Tie her breasts. Let her arms down and tie her hands behind her back… and—her elbows.”

“Oh, wow, may I?” Daphne’s eyes sparkle. “But to do that I’d have to untie her hands first—”

“So what!”

Miss Pilgrim has the grace to be ashamed, but she looks at me boldly. “Carrie, d’you mind? May I? “

“Go ahead. I’ll be very obedient and put my arms wherever you want ’em.” Bitterly, I add: “I’ll be whipped if I don’t.”

She knows how to shame me. My hands are lowered and freed before she binds my breasts. I have to help by raising an elbow, holding a rope, or separating my breasts so her

bindings can go between. She ropes me beautifully as per the magazines, tight, tight, tight so it hurts to breathe. My breasts mock my modesty by sticking out a mile and my nipples are purely outrageous. I am ashamed of them—or am I! Oh, damn!

“You’ve got a natural aptitude, Daphne.” Jason approves. “I’ve never seen the dear girl look better.”

Little Miss Lechery places my hands palm to palm above my bottom. If my wrists could scream at the cut of cords they would do so now. I look at Jason, hopeful of reprieve. But he could care less, he is completely engrossed with Daphne’s work of art—Me! All he does is drop a hint.

“If you want to punish her elbows, tie ’em with a single rope. Otherwise, it’s best to use a number, on account of her circulation.”

Miss Pilgrim is merciful. My elbows are looped and looped before they are drawn tight and cinched. If my breasts were wanton before; they are now like pointing cannons, their nipples flint. My audience of two stand back and drink me in. I stand very still, it would be awful to teeter and fall, I’d hit the rug like a sack of potatoes.

“How about a drink?” Jason is a wonderful host.

He mixes and pours. Only two glasses! I yearn avidly but dare not ask. I could be gagged! Jason has forgotten the gag and I won’t remind him. Daphne comes to my rescue.

“But poor dear Carrie? Doesn’t she—?”

Jason shrugs. He is now looking more at Daphne’s breasts than at mine. Her’s are covered but distinctly noticeable. He fills another glass. “You can feed her.” He says expansively. “She’s your’s.”

We exchange some more female eye play as I draw thirstily at the glass she holds to my lips. If she feels sorry for me she won’t let on. She is still trembling with excitement. “You’re so lucky, so terribly lucky, Carrie.” She is achingly sincere.

“Then ask Jason to tie you up like this.” I suggest huffily. “I’m sure he’d oblige.”

Her eyes become stars, she turns, “Jason—would you?”

“Of course.”

“It’s what I’ve always wanted, all my life.” She is dreaming aloud, and accepts a second drink without noticing. “When I saw those marks on Carrie’s wrists…! I can’t tell you what it did to me.”

“What about tying me like this?” I accuse. “Don’t tell me you haven’t enjoyed—?”

“Oh, but I have! So much, so terribly much. But… but—Gosh, I’m all confused.”

“Naked.” Jason says casually.

“Eh—?” Daphne is momentarily startled.

“I never tie a girl when she’s clothed.”

“Oh yes, of course!” She takes a big swallow. “I do understand. Would you like me to undress?”

“I want you completely nude. Do you know why?”

He is playing with her the way he plays with me. Jason is a lucky S.O.B. and doesn’t deserve us both, but it looks as though he’s got us. I’m on fire with jealousy. But, trussed like this, I had best not let it show. Anyway, I don’t think I can influence whatever is about to happen.

Daphne is seeing Jason as a god omnipotent, her voice is hushed. “Well, I think I know. There’s several reasons, aren’t there? To make me know what I am… and to be able to tie me more securely.” She ventures a giggle. “Look at poor darling Carrie! And then—then— Well, I suppose it makes me a lot more convenient to punish?”

“Punish? How?”

“You whip Carrie. I suppose you’d whip me?”

“Very good.” Jason is magnanimous. “And the other reason?”

Poor dear! She knows the next one but won’t say it. Venomously, I say it for her. “He means when we’re naked we’re more convenient to fuck.”

She takes the blow bravely. “Yes, naturally—” She looks at my master dubiously. “I didn’t know—”

“You can leave anytime.” Thoughtfully, he ignores her and finds a ball gag which he brings to me. “Darling, you talk too much.” In shame and obedience I open my mouth for the ball. It has been purchased specially for me and slips right inside my mouth over my tongue. When Jason straps it tight I am very silent indeed. I should have kept quiet, this serves me right.

Daphne watches my latest humiliation with shining eyes. The gag should be in her mouth, not mine. Decisively, she burns her bridges. “I don’t want to leave, Jason.”

She is heartbreakingly lovely. When she throws aside her last stitch I know I am seeing one of the most beautiful female bodies extant. The two of us would tax a judge. I wonder if Jason realizes his blessedness…? I want, more than ever, to kick him where it hurts. Daphne starts to cover her important parts with her hands, then rejects hypocrisy. With fingers intertwined at the back of her neck she asks, impudently. “I’m nice, aren’t I?”

Jason is not going to let her win points. “You’ll look damn good under the whip,” he concedes. “Now spread your legs.”

Her blush is eloquent, but she obeys. She has a flourishing bush which shines in good health above and on her mound.

“Ever seen these things?”

Handcuffs are a shock the first time. A girl thinks they’re only for criminals. Daphne manages a giggle. “Sure. On T.V. and the movies. I didn’t know people like us—”

“Come here and turn your back to me.”

I know the terrible potency of such an order. It tells a girl she is giving herself utterly, stepping across a point of no return. Without hesitation, Daphne takes the step. I watch her wince as the decisive clicks prison her wrists. But she is happy.

“Step away and get yourself loose.”

Daphne obeys. For a minute she is absorbed with tugs and struggles. Then she looks at Jason. “But it’s not possible, is it? I mean, I can’t, I can’t possibly get them off.”

“Good! Now here’s what we’re going to do.” Jason is in his stride and enjoying himself immensely. “Quite soon I’m going to send you home. Get a good night’s sleep, then tomorrow see if your courage holds up. If it does, you can come home here with Carrie and I’ll tie you up so you can’t even twitch. I will also whip you. You can ask Carrie about the whip: it hurts like blazes.”

She is still aglow but her voice is tremulous. “Why would you whip me, Jason, I won’t have done anything?”

“If you think a minute you’ll realize how silly that question was.” Jason is dead serious. “Girls don’t need to do anything to get themselves whipped. Whipping a girl is an end in itself, it doesn’t need justifications.”

“You’ll whip me because it gives you pleasure?”

“I won’t answer that. You can ask Carrie.”

Poor girl. Jason is being mean, driving a hard bargain. I suppose he doesn’t care all that much if Daphne backs out, he still has me. He has me for sure. I feel an idiot standing like this, especially since it’s a girl who trussed me like a turkey for the oven. The rope she has tugged into my pussy is a constant reminder, it is catty girl talk made physical. And I hate this gag, it divorces me from them. I am a piece of furniture with breasts.

“Alright, Jason.” Daphne is concerned only with him, not with me. “I’ll give myself. You can do what you like with me.”

“O.K.” He is brisk and authoritative. “Lay yourself on the rug—the handcuffs won’t stop you. Assume a proper position to be fucked.”

It is brutal and unkind, but it is Jason playing his Roulette. I watch the handcuffed naked girl absorb the blow. In her

place I would have walked out… I think she would like to now. But Jason has been clever: she is handcuffed and she is nude. Sure, he would be a gentleman and free her on request, but it would rob her of the grand gesture, the dramatic exit. Jason's demand has been uncouth enough to daunt a whore, but a whore would not have her hands cuffed behind her back. By the time Daphne sorts this out in her flustered mind the crucial moment is lost. With a shrug of feigned indifference, Miss Daphne Pilgrim gets herself down on the floor, arranges one shackled arm beneath the small of her back, lifts her knees and spreads herself wide open. Her blush is delightful.

Jason inspects his prize and prolongs a vulgar scrutiny of Daphne's plumpish labia. He is without shame, his tone is blandly innocent. "Thank you, Daphne, that will be all. You may rise."

It is a good thing I am gagged. I long to tell my master he is a louse! Daphne is not gagged: in a little girlish voice she asks: "Don't you like me?"

"I like you very much. I will fuck you tomorrow after you've been whipped."

Her eyes never leave him as she struggles awkwardly back on her feet. When she stands erect Jason places the handcuff key in one of her prisoned hands.

"Unlock yourself."

He really is a bastard. Jason has got himself a front seat to watch a girl's humiliation as she nakedly contorts to achieve something only barely possible. After a mouth watering display of female twistings the poor girl drops the key and is guiltily apologetic.

"I—I'm sorry, Jason, I can't."

"Yes you can. If I didn't know it was possible I wouldn't tell you to do it."

Daphne gives me a quick glance. I nod. Thus encouraged, she returns to the fray, ashamed at having to sit on the carpet to retrieve the tiny bit of metal which spells release. She is aware of Jason's absorbed attention which is more concerned with her female writhings than her skill as a Houdini. She blushes some more and takes a good ten minutes to loose a wrist. Even at a distance I can sense her relief. A girl handcuffed for the first time feels sure they're forever. Proudly, she hands the shining chrome and the key to my master.

"I managed. Was I clever?"

"We will drink a toast to your cleverness." Jason is slightly euphoric from this abundance of female skin. "No, don't dress, a cocktail's twice as potent in the nude."

Daphne is dubious about the nakedness but enchanted with the bondage. My tightly bound helplessness gets a lot of her attention. When my master raises his glass to hers

and toasts: “To female slavery.” She takes a thankful swallow and is then contrite.

“But what about Carrie?”

“Carrie?” It’s as though the S.O.B. has heard my name for the first time. “Oh, Carrie, she’s gagged, y’know.”

“But the poor darling…! Standing there…?”

“Only a slave. Don’t bother.”

“But she’s been so sweet.”

“She knows she’d better be. But if you want…” He grins charmingly. “You’ll have to unstrap her gag and strap it back in again.”

With Daphne’s breasts brushing my bare back as she tugs at my strap I can hear the thumping of her heart. Her excitement at my roped condition overrides embarrassment over nudity. When the hated ball is pulled from my mouth I hear her gasp in sympathy at my obvious thankfulness to be rid of it. I get abundantly kissed before my lips are ready. But I also receive the balance of her drink.

“Is being gagged very awful, darling?”

“It’s bloody awful. Ask Jason if I can have another drink.”

As Daphne holds the refill to my lips she asks the amused Male: “Shouldn’t we untie her now, I think she’s hurting?”

“No.”

His negative has finality, it tells me to watch my tongue. Daphne does not contest it, she is still enraptured by the way her ropes constrict me. She tests the one through my pussy and is pleased to find it taut as a bowstring.

“Does it hurt, darling?”

“What do you think!” I ought to be more gracious but I am burning up with jealousy. “This whole damn ensemble hurts. But thank you for the drink, Daph’.”

She tilts the glass to my lips but turns to Jason. “Carrie’s being terribly sweet, Jason. She must absolutely hate me being here like this.”

“She knows better than to say so.”

Forlornly, I plead: “I won’t say a thing out of line, Jason, please don’t have me gagged again?”

He shrugs with feigned indifference. “You’ll be gagged when I decide.”

Except that the misery is gone I might as well be gagged, I dare not say anything I want to say. I am frustrated to the boiling point. Daphne picks up my vibes and looks at me with curiosity.

“Can’t you get loose, Carrie? Or mustn’t you try?”

“I can’t possibly get loose. If I struggle I fall over.”

“Mmmm, you look scrumptious.”

“Give her the rest of her drink, then put her gag back. Make it tight.”

Daph’ feels sorry for me. It doesn’t help much. I make the cocktail last as long as I dare, then say a polite ‘thank you’ and open my mouth. She straps the rubber ball back in and makes it very tight indeed—she isn’t taking any chances either.

Jason and I watch Miss Pilgrim dress. She does it prettily.

Chapter 6

Discipline & Daphne

“You may as well whip me now and get it over with, I’m in a vile mood.”

Jason examines me with interest. I expect it’s the weals in my skin left by Daphne’s ropes he finds pleasing.

“You didn’t need to humiliate me so… in front of that little snippet.”

“She’s not a little snippet, she’s a very beautiful girl.”

I am panting and spoiling for a fight. I can’t help it, I am female. Jason makes his voice sweetly patient.

“Bring me the handcuffs, darling, you need a balance. Oh, and ask me nicely to use them.”

I flounce to the chair where he had placed them with their key, and I flounce back. A whipping seems altogether too probable, so I make myself meek. “Jason dear, please handcuff me.” I turn and put my hands in back.

Gently, Jason turns me back round again and locks my wrists in front of me, good and tight. He then kisses me. “These always have a beneficial effect on you, Carrie. Be grateful for them.”

He's right, damn him. When he locks handcuffs on me it's like a sedative. I suppose I could analyse this but why bother. Ridiculously, I start to cry.

"What the devil are you crying for?" Like all men, Jason hates tears. "You've been handcuffed before—"

"It isn't the handcuffs, it's her."

"Oh that! I wondered how long before—"

"You were all over her. After she came you never noticed me."

"Jealous, eh!" He is delighted. "Don't worry, sweets, you're my number one."

I generate more tears. "I don't want a number two around." I sniff, sniff pathetically. "Aren't I enough for you?"

"Dammit' Carrie, she offers herself on a plate, and she's certainly decorative. I don't see why you can't be amused."

"I want to be amused with you, not with another girl."

"Let's drop it, sweetheart, and go to bed. Get over there and I'll chain your ankle."

The frustrations of Daphne's ropes and Jason's gag still irk. I forget prudence and become feminine. "I don't want to sleep with you, you'll be thinking of her all the time—"

“Get on that bed.”

“You can chain me on the floor tonight, I expect that’s where I belong—”

“Oh, for Pete’s sake!” I have got under Jason’s male skin. “You’re going to sleep with me whether you like it or not. Between the two of you you’ve give me the damndest hard __”

“Don’t include me in that, just to be polite.”

“Dammit’, Carrie, I didn’t fuck her on the floor down there!”

“You were ashamed with me watching.”

His heavy patient sigh tells me I am lost. I could have shut up while I was winning, but I have chosen to wallow in feminine pique. I am almost glad of what Jason will now do to me, it will add fuel to my righteous martyrdom. It will also hurt. My Master shrugs and shakes his head in mock sorrow. “You know what to do, Carrie love, get with it.”

I fetch the whip. My tears dry up. I am now the proud beauty, disdainful and aloof. I hold out my cuffed hands. “I’ll let you say you’re sorry, Carrie?”

I do not answer. I watch Jason loose the metal bands from my wrists. I go to our four poster and raise a bare arm up each side of the corner post designed for the punishment of

recalcitrant girls. The straps are ready and waiting, Jason buckles them tight.

“Too late for being sorry now, darling. You’re a damn silly girl.”

I make my voice icy. “Never mind, you’ll enjoy whipping me.”

“I’m not going to whip you.”

My heart thumps as I look past a raised arm. I feel very naked, and am beginning to feel sorry for myself. I am an idiot. I watch Jason go to the cupboard and exchange my whip for the most detestable riding crop in our collection.

“Oh, Jason, no! Not that thing on my bottom!”

“Why not? Beneath a lady’s dignity?”

“I have to sit down tomorrow at work. Please whip my back instead.”

Jason whips my bottom.

The crop is hateful. Slender and sleek, it cuts at my cheeks with a personal venom. I try and stand still but I can’t, I tug at my strapped wrists and writhe. The post holds me. No matter how I weave my hips my bottom is Jason’s, exquisitely available. From his flashing arm the crop bites my curves with searing pain. I am an idiot indeed.

“Jason, I’m sorry, I’m sorry! Oh… please!”

“Well, well, not proud and haughty any more?”

“Owwwww… oh no! Oh, Jason, do please stop.”

Jason does not stop. My bottom is aflame as it is steadily slashed. His voice is very casual. “Hardly started yet, love.”

“Ohhhhh… that was six—Oh, wowwww! Seven! Oh, Jason, that’s enough.”

“I’m doing the counting, sweetheart.”

The pain is awful, and I’ve brought it on myself. Now I’m going to be so damned ashamed—I’m not all that brave. “I’ll be nice about Daphne.” I wail. “Ohhhhh, oh wow…! Jason, darling, please not so hard?”

“You called me darling?”

“Of course. Why not! And thank you for stopping.”

“I haven’t stopped, it’s just a pause while I marvel at the feminine mystique.”

“But, darling, I feel much more sensible now, you don’t need to whip me any more.”

“Are you telling me?” His voice has lost its laugh.

“I’m sorry!” I am instantly contrite. “I don’t know when to keep my mouth shut. Jason, I really am sorry.”

I am to be sorrier still! My Master’s only reply is the worst blow yet, it cuts both cheeks and laps my hip. I howl at the

hateful burn, then yelp and contort as he hits the same spot again.

“Jason… P-L-E-A-S-E…”

The crop and my bottom make a steady continuing contact. I capitulate shamelessly: “I won’t sulk—Oh, oh Ohhhhh! I’ll be polite and obedient Wahhhh, oh damn! I won’t play the haughty bit… Wowwwww…! Oh, Jason, do S-T-O-P-P-P-P!”

I get fifteen. It is severe. I weep. When I am unstrapped I fling my arms round my master’s neck and kiss and kiss. We don’t seem to need any words as he locks my wrists back in the handcuffs. With indecent eagerness I put my foot up on the bed for its shackle. Then we make love. We are both wonderful.

I am very happy.

I can’t explain it and I don’t care.

The Office is bad, bad, bad. For me, that is. I’m so damn self conscious, like a bride who goes back to work the morning after the wedding night, and everybody wondering…? I should be used to such mornings by now, but I am not. And this time there’s Daphne.

My derriere is outrageously tender. To sit down and show no sign is well nigh impossible, if I set my features in grim determination they are as revealing as a wince. And it’s so

damned erotic, my pussy palpitates every time I move. At noon I'll have to slip out and buy dry panties.

And there's the iron band. His Majesty didn't forget. It is locked snugly on my right wrist, not my left. It had to be my right to get maximum exposure. In less than an hour I've had to explain it four times, and I haven't yet lowered a raised eyebrow. The damn thing is heavy enough to make my fingers unkind to my I.B.M. My day will not be easy, I am a punished slave.

Daphne is decent, she waits two hours. But her first words flame my cheeks. "He whipped you, didn't he."

"Is it that obvious?"

"Just to me."

Daph' is really a delightful girl, and my burning bottom makes me tolerant of today and ashamed of last night, so when she gushes, "Oh, darling, please may I see?" I go with her to the restroom without demur. Fortunately it is empty.

"But they're beautiful… they're gorgeous!" Enraptured, she fingers every one of my welts. To give her complete enchantment, I gasp over each as I bend down with my saturated panties round my ankles. "Do they hurt terribly?"

"While I was getting them they did. Now, they're just sore."

"It's true about it making a girl excited? I mean, your panties are all wet."

“Yes, dammit, it’s true.”

At noon we lunch together. We have never done this before, but between us now there is a strange bond. A cynic might ask if the bond is Jason or a length of rope.

“Darling, you two are incredible.” Daphne’s eyes are sparkling. “I suppose it’s Jason who’s locked that thing on your wrist? I’ve been looking at it all morning.”

“So has everyone else.”

“Carrie, you often sound so bitter, like an irritated wife?”

I suppose she’s right. Ever since Jason stole me I’ve been fighting a sort of rearguard action, trying to hold on to a bit of myself, and always losing. Disjointedly, I tell her what is relevant of our story. At the end I frankly admit: “And right now I’m so jealous of you I’ll get myself into nothing but trouble.”

Daph’ nods, understanding. “You mean… he’s going to take me?”

“Oh, he’ll take you alright if you’re crazy enough—”

“But it’s so wonderful. You’re… fulfilled.”

“I didn’t walk into slavery with my eyes open. Jason kidnapped me.”

“And then you fell in love with your kidnapper. Carrie dear, it’s pure romance.”

“It’s a pure puzzle. I belong to Jason or Jason belongs to me, I don’t know which.”

“But does it matter?”

“It does when another pretty girl comes on the scene.”

“I’m a threat?” Her eyes are searching. “I never meant to be, I didn’t dream love got mixed up with ropes and handcuffs and—”

“Don’t be silly, Daph. Where there’s a man and a girl there’s fire.”

She becomes serious. Daphne Pilgrim is a nice girl. She lays it nobly on the line. “If you want, I won’t go home with you tonight. I won’t see Jason again?”

I put my hand on hers, the hand that bears Jason’s iron. We are two girls who want to like each other. I manage a pale smile. “It’s too late, Daph’, we can’t dispose of Jason. If I don’t take you home he’ll punish me terribly and go and hunt you down.” I give her a wry grin. “I don’t suppose you’d run too fast.”

We leave it at that. Once more the neophyte glows in animation. “Carrie, may I ask Jason if I can wear an iron, like you?”

“If you wish, but it’s awfully heavy. Take my advice and don’t ask for anything, you’ll get more than you want anyway.”

She nods, uncaring. At this moment she would wear a hundred pounds of irons and be happy—or so she thinks! Her voice trembles delightfully. “Darling, about the whip?”

“What about it?”

“Well, I never knew it belonged. I mean, the way Jason talks about whipping me...! I hadn’t realised. I suppose that’s the ‘D’ in B & D?”

“Along with a few other quaint notions.”

“I don’t think I want to be whipped.”

“Neither do I!”

Daphne makes an appealing little moue. “But it’s the price of admission, isn’t it? And, anyway, I suppose—”

“That’s right. Once you’ve allowed him to handcuff you or tie your hands behind your back a whipping becomes implicit to the scene.”

Miss Pilgrim wriggles deliciously. “Do we really want it, Carrie? Subconsciously? We do, don’t we?”

I would almost love to whip this tasty morsel myself. Daph’ is radiating musk in potent waves, it gives me ideas. “Well, there’s one good thing about being whipped.” I console, “It’s excruciatingly erotic when you’re waiting and know it’s coming, and it’s wickedly erotic after—you saw my panties. While it’s happening it’s not so good.”

“Jason’s testing me, isn’t he. If I go, I get whipped?”

“Yes. He likes his slave-girls abject. But you can’t bet on Jason. If you show up he’s proved a point, but he might let you off and whip me again instead.”

“Would you like that? Darling, I mean… would it reassure you about his affection?”

“Sort of. For sure, it won’t stop me going home.”

“And I’ll go with you.” She is once more breathless. “Oh, Carrie, I’m so grateful. Try and like me… Please try.”

It is not hard to like Daphne Pilgrim, she is so beautifully shining eyed. Being her mentor gets me half excited. Reaching the apartment, her exclamations are a series of accolades, the first is when I undress.

“But naked, Carrie? Must you be? He isn’t even here.”

“Well, I can’t do a quick strip when he’s at the door. Besides, I’ve given up trying to deceive Jason, he always finds out.”

“Should I be naked too?” Again she is breathless.

“Wait until he tells you. We don’t need two naked girls in one small kitchen. Look, Daph’, I have to wear handcuffs, orders from His Majesty. Snap ’em on for me please.”

She accepts the bright steel things with reverence, Daphne is trembling. I hold out my hands.

“I’ve never done this before. Oh Carrie—!”

“The double circle on top please. It looks nicer. Get them up close to my hand and click them tight, I don’t want them flopping while I get supper.”

“I don’t see how you can do a thing when you’re handcuffed. I thought they were supposed to stop—?”

“They don’t stop very much unless they’re behind my back. Then I’m foxed. I guess with the police, and with Jason, they’re mainly symbolic. They make you captive by embarrassment. Just imagine going to the corner store with them on! I could, easily, but I haven’t the nerve.”

Poor Miss Pilgrim, she handcuffs me with great care, wincing at each click. “I’d sooner this was me.” She admits wistfully. “Wearing them last night set me on fire.”

“Don’t worry, Daph’, Jason may get tears out of you. Another notch on each please.”

Two more clicks and an exhalation. “They look so silly when they’re off and so yummy when they’re on, Carrie. Gosh, with them on you look so sweet and helpless.”

“Helpless! Just you watch!”

I go into my nightly act. Food flies, pots clatter, the taps splurge. My companion is entranced. “But, Carrie, you do it so easily!”

“I have to. He kept me handcuffed for a week once, day and night, and a whipping for each broken dish. By the way, that still holds, don’t break anything.”

I am positive Daphne has an orgasm when The Master arrives. I kneel nakedly in my slave greeting, I mix his cocktail and serve it daintily with the one knee pose. I remove his shoes, kiss them reverently, and put on his slippers. Jason has ignored her totally so she is free to take in the show.

“We have a guest, Jason.” I want to give Daph’ a cocktail and I want one myself.

“You refer to what, that overdressed spectator I’ve noticed around?”

“Yes, Master.”

“I’ve told you not to call me Master. Call me Jason.”

“I thought on this occasion—?”

“Don’t think. It is not your forte. Inform that hovering female that, in this house, girls do not wear clothes.”

He really is a S.O.B. The poor girl is blossoming in her panties and blushing and doesn’t know what to do with her hands. His Majesty’s edict catches her less ready than the night before. She looks at me, stricken by embarrassment, but I can only shrug. She and I are slaves, we do not talk

back. Cheeks flaming, Daphne Pilgrim reaches for the clasp of her dress.

“You may mix three more drinks.” Says his Lordship. By the time I have done so Daphne is nude. She gets her first order. “Serve me, slave-girl.”

She is in seventh heaven, but slops the drink when she tries to kneel as I had knelt.

“Handcuff her, Carrie. Give her three strokes on her bottom.”

There is a truly awful silence until I go to the cupboard. Daphne the delinquent eyes what I carry back in a mixture of awe and ecstasy. She holds out her hands before I ask.

“Three hard one’s, Carrie, square across her bottom. I want her to feel them.”

There is a general quickening of breath as I clasp the delicate wrists in rings of chrome. Our guest looks at them in bug eyed disbelief.

“Touch your toes, Daph’, knees stiff.”

She obeys with alacrity. She has entered Nirvana, but has bent in the wrong direction. I firmly turn her round so that our Master may get the best possible view of the cane marks to come, as well as a glimpse of a plump puss.

“You will not move girl. When it is done you will thank me.” Jason is savouring glory.

I hit Daphne’s bottom three times. I stroke her cruelly, knowing that nothing less will satisfy the watching man. I swing and cut the yellow cane bitterly across her tautened skin, it flexes to give full contact to her pretty curves. She gasps and gasps.

But Daphne Pilgrim does not move!

Much later she confides in me that if her punishment had been six she would have been rolling on the floor. As it is, Jason is impressed. The three scarlet bars are vivid, coming sweetly to life under the cane and flowering in agony. As though rehearsed, the punished Daphne turns and kneels before The Male. The way she says her lines flames me into lust, goodness knows what it does to Jason. “Thank you for having me caned… sir. I deserved it for being so clumsy.”

The damn girl must have been reading books, she’s letter perfect. If I was a man I would fuck her right now. However, she is not yet done. She hesitates, prettily, and asks, “How should I address you, sir…? I do not know.”

Jason is breathing hard. I hope he goes off in his pants, it would serve him right. “You struck a nice note there, girl.” He says suavely. “You may address me as ‘sir’. Pay no attention to Carrie and myself.”

“Thank you, sir.”

“You may now serve the drink properly.”

She does so, and she does it well. The cane is a good teacher.

“Before she returns to her duties Carrie will seat herself for a minute or two. You will serve her, girl. The same penalty awaits.”

“Thank you, sir.”

I am faultlessly served by cuffed hands that are all too willing. Our eyes seek a female communion but we are scared. We both have tender bottoms. I sit and sip until I am dismissed. I hear the murmur of their voices as I work. It pleases me that Daphne’s is hushed.

Dinner and candlelight is a success. Jason is a delightful host, he swings back and forth across the spectrum of gambits from the Federal Budget to the whipping of our backs and behinds. We are hard pressed to keep abreast of his range. Daphne is sitting on her stripes and, if the conversation becomes too carnal, may have a second orgasm. With the dessert, Jason announces that Daphne is to receive ten more cuts on her bottom after she has helped with the dishes. He will administer them himself. Daphne says her ‘thank you’, her wrists glitter as she makes her discoveries about handcuffs. I suppose mine glitter too. Our nude breasts point at each other across the table.

At the sink we whisper. “Ten will be pretty awful, won’t they, Carrie? Is he breaking me in?”

I nod and provide a sympathetic smile, but she has brought this on herself. I am hoping her intrusion into our home won’t get me whipped any more than I usually am. “Be very docile.” I caution, “He loves it. And don’t hint about being tied, he’ll tie you plenty.”

Demurely, we present our nudities for our Master’s delectation. Our handcuffs clink and gleam, they are our only dress.

“For ten, she’d better be fastened, eh Carrie?”

“I think so, Jason, yes.”

Our punishment room is a bit of a shock for our guest. She looks at its appointments and at me in mute question. She is feeling very naked. I shrug and clink my handcuffs, it is all I can do.

“A room for bad girls,” says Jason cheerfully. “We can do a lot of things to you in here, Daphne.”

“Yes sir, so I see.” She is looking at the pillory, the post and the hoist, their intent is easy to divine. Then she does something that tells me she is stiff competition. Daphne Pilgrim kneels at Jason’s feet, head bowed, the picture of innocent submission. Her words are sweetly tremulous. “Please do

all of these things to me as it may please you, sir. I want you to."

Jason's cock is threatening the fabric of his pants. If I had one it would be the same. He raps the whipping bench with his cane, his voice is husky. "You may position yourself on this please."

The straps make it self explanatory. When the little so-and-so has positioned her person within their loops Jason buckles lustily. I can tell she is scared half to death, but she offers me a small sad smile. She shares my knowledge that this is all her own fault. My heart goes out to her. I have been on that bench myself—once strapped, a girl can't move. Her bottom is ripened into taut resilience for the cane to splat itself upon with a nauseating sound and demoralising pain. Poor Daph' is consoling herself that she gets only ten strokes. On that bench ten can be bad.

Thoughtfully, The Master slicks down some of his victim's pubic curls which are playing peek-a-boo from her rear. Jason is in his element, his demand is merciless.

"The delinquent requests her punishment—if you please."

I watch the little beauty swallow protest and pride. She knows she's had it, there is no retreat for Daphne. But she makes the best of what she's got. Her voice is clear. "Please give my bottom ten strokes with the cane, sir." She pauses, then plunges, "And thank you very much."

“You thank me afterwards.”

“Yes, sir, I’ll remember.”

Jason proceeds to cane Daphne’s bottom. I wince at every splat, and find myself tugging at my handcuffs as though it is my turn next. Daphne’s eyes widen at the first impact, they stay wide in shock and disbelief. She cannot move, her bottom glows rosily.

“Please, sir, I can’t stand this I’m… I’m sorry.”—

It bursts out of her in lieu of the scream she is fighting to control. Daphne stretches to look back in fearful hope. “One extra for speaking during punishment,” says Jason blandly. “Would you like to be gagged, Miss Pilgrim?”

“Yeeeees please, sir.” She swallows mightily.

She wants the gag for two reasons: she loved mine yesterday and she genuinely does not want to scream. For Daphne, the gag will be another erotic first. She opens her mouth obediently for the rubber phallus thing, then closes it as much as she can so that the black leather band may lock and compress her lips. She will be very silent. Jason tugs the buckle over her hair with gusto. Jason isn’t really cruel, but this whole damn thing is just too erotic for words, I’m sexually aroused myself. Daphne must be bursting.

The poor thing's caning continues. Jason is not being a bit kind to his voluntary submissive. If I was Daphne I'd pack up and go immediately I was unstrapped if—and when! It wouldn't have hurt the S.O.B. to break her in easily. I thrust aside the thought that, if our little heroine comes out of this smiling, I may no longer be number one.

"Accepts them beautifully, eh?" says Jason.

"She has to, she can't move."

He slashes hard into her soft crease. "And not a peep out of her."

"She can't, not with that gag."

He is goading me. If I am not cautious I may end up strapped to that bench myself. The ten on Daphne's derrière will have gotten Jason nicely warmed up. Hastily, I add: "Yes, she's a real little trooper, she's doing fine."

Jason is caning Daphne fairly slowly. She has time for a lot of head tossing and staring eyed appeals. She makes what sounds of denial the gag permits, they are small. Her bottom has become a flaming delight, a Turner sunset in flesh. The bench and her straps creak, it is her most eloquent sound.

It ends. Daphne's head rests limply, eyes closed, her lovely nakedness is bedewed with the perspiration of pain. Without a word, Jason unbuckles the straps but ignores the

gag. He grabs my handcuffs and leads me upstairs to the lounge.

“Drinks, sweetheart.”

I clink busily. Hesitantly, I point out. “She’s free, y’know. She knows where her clothes are, she can just walk out.”

“That’s right, love.”

“You’re playing your Russian Roulette with her too?”

“What better test!” He eyes me dourly. “Look, precious, if you’re going to act sulky you can have ten on that bench yourself.”

Below the glass I hold, my handcuffs shine. I am not free. I can be punished. Meekly, I say: “Sorry, Jason, I’ll try. It’s not easy for me, y’know, this having another girl. Don’t be mad because I want all of you.”

He allows me to kneel and rest my head on his knee. I have always found this very comforting. I am just getting snuggy and happy when Daphnes shows up. She is still naked. She carries the handcuffs taken from her when she was put on the bench. She is radiantly lovely. Her whipped bottom is not visible at the moment but it would seem to have endowed her with a vivid new life. Gracefully and without a pause, she kneels.

“Thank you for caning my bottom, sir. I am grateful.” The little fox, she is doing it to perfection. Demurely, she offers the handcuffs. “Should these be locked on me, sir?”

“Turn round and back close.”

When Daphne obeys we get a good look at what the cane did. It is most impressive, in its own way beautiful. Our pulses quicken.

“Hands behind.”

Jason handcuffs the eager slender wrists. To me, he says: “Have her kneel. Get her a drink, a big one. Feed it to her.” So I am everybody’s little helper! Seething inwardly, I do as I am told. Daphne, with her beaten bottom, looks very cute kneeling there on the rug. She takes huge gulps from the glass I raise to her lips. Like every novice, her hands work ceaselessly at their cuffs.

“You did well, kid. We’re proud of you.” Jason sounds human.

“Thank you, sir.”

“Carrie, when she’s finished her drink tie her up. Tie her anyway you like. Be mean.”

My heart leaps in eagerness. I see her tense, her eyes glow. Daphne gasps and gulps until her glass is empty. I hold out my fettered hands. “Please, Jason…?”

“Hmmmmm, oh alright.”

Jason unlocks my right wrist but clasps it anew with the cuff on my left. The key is on a loop of tape which he hangs round my neck as a necklace. My hands are free for their delightful task. I go in search of rope and twine. Darling Daph’ wants to be tied up. She is going to be… but good!

I use a heavy wooden kitchen chair. I place it before our omnipotent Male at a distance of ten feet. Jason is going to see every crevice of dear Daphne. I beckon our starry eyed neophyte and use my key to free her hands. The way Daphne is about to be tied she has no need of handcuffs. I proffer the sinister metal to my master.

“Clip both cuffs on your right wrist, Carrie, keep ’em handy.”

“But, Jason, it’s already got the iron band.”

“I like it. Clasp ’em above, tight.”

I obey. I am very naked but my wrists are well endowed with chrome. I, too, want them tight. I don’t want handcuffs slipping up and down as I work. Again, I beckon.

Daphne gasps as she sits, the chair is cold and her bottom is blazing, the two surfaces should find comfort in contact. We exchange female vibes with an intensity I can feel.

“Going to be a good girl, Daphne?”

“Of course, sir. I’ll do whatever Carrie tells me.”

“Your arms over the back of the chair.” I order crisply. How sweet a task it is! Her wrists and arms roped to each outside bar of the chair’s back. She is now helpless but I have scarcely started. I belt her tummy with half a dozen strands, and make her gasp as I tug them tight. Her waist was small, it is smaller now.

Daphne’s breasts and shoulders are my piece de resistance. I am going to make them hurt, but for Jason’s pleasure I will make it a pretty hurt. Daphne is breathing fast, soon each inhalation will bed a cord deeper in her flesh.

I tie back her shoulders, not that there is need but the effect is good and it is painful. Next I bind her breasts. No rope touches them, the cluster of strands is above and below their swelling curves which are already exaggeratedly prominent, I do a little weaving job betwixt and around them to further enhance their contours, tight, tight, tight. Her nipples are huge, screaming for lips. In a sudden inspiration I go to the cupboard and return with the wicked little clips which elicit twin gasps as I allow their small jaws to close upon Daphne’s helpless buds of sensitivity.

“Who told you to do that?”

Jason is on the prod. He will score points. Why in hell didn’t I think, or at least ask, before I acted! Oh, shit! “Take

them off her and put them on yourself. Do it properly. Wear them until I give you permission to take 'em off."

"Yes, Jason, I'm sorry."

I really am sorry. The little devils hurt, and now I am shamed before the girl I am supposed to be tying up. Our eyes meet, and I cannot be sure of what I see in hers. In mine there is only chagrin. Carefully, I unclasp each small metal jaw from her tits and clip them on my own. My breasts blaze.

"Come here, I want to make sure."

There are ways of attaching the clips so that they hurt more or hurt less. Jason inspects my breasts to ensure they are receiving maximum discomfort. I take a tip from Daphne's book and whisper "Thank you, Jason." The little metal torments bob prettily on my breasts as I go back to my work. The temptation to reach up and take them off is well-nigh irresistible, but I resist. There are worse things for a girl than wearing clips on her tits. Oh, damn!

I was going to be mean anyway, so what I now do to Daphne is not because of my twin humiliations which bob up and down before her interested eyes. I bring strands of thin twine down from her waist: In order to get them within her crotch I have to lift her thigh and do a lot of tugging which hurts my nipples more than it hurts her. When I have the several slender strands in place I deliberately

thrust apart the lips of her pussy and pull them inside. From the rear I pull each separately for a nice cutting penetration. Daph' grunts and tries to get her hips further back. But the waist bands have already got her as firmly against the chair as is possible. I give a final tug on the twine and knot it. She makes no protest but her eyes reproach.

I grab an ankle and tie it fast high up the side, then the other. Her knees point at Jason: I noose one and tie it out and down. When I have done the same for the other she sits with pussy well in view, her bush of pubic hair a black triangle of delight, bisected by twine which disappears within the cleft of her crotch. Our beauty is bound. I am well content. But I wish I did not have to wear the clips.

Jason is pleased. He sanctions another cocktail. Heavily braceleted in chrome, I attend the bar. I discover we are short of mix. It is my fault, I forgot. I am delinquent.

We are a strangely potent trio. I suspect the immobilized beauty tied to the chair is having orgasm after orgasm, her gaze is lost and far away. Daph' hurts but is happy. I have been bad and must be punished; I am trembling. Jason is euphoric.

"You can go and buy some, Carrie."

"But, Jason, couldn't we just phone?"

“That’s your punishment, to go and pick it up the way you are.”

“What… naked?”

“You may wear a cape and shoes. Nothing more.”

I look, unhappily, at the handcuffs and the iron band on my wrist. Then, hopefully, at him.

“Wear them, and wear the clips on your nipples. Don’t you dare take ’em off.”

I button my lip. I absorb Daphne’s delighted stare. I flounce to the bedroom for cape, bag and shoes. The clips on my nipples mock my cowardice as I go down in the elevator. It would be so easy to take them off and put them on again, just as it would be easy to remove the superabundance of handcuffs—the key hangs from my neck. But I am too frightened of Jason. He is quite capable of leaving Daph’ tied to her chair and to come and meet me on the way back. Then I’d really be for it. I wear my punishments with the best grace I can muster. They are better than being whipped. The doorman stares and winks, I have long supposed him suspicious. The girl in the tiny grocery just stares and stares, bug eyed. But I walk out with my purchases, relieved and victorious. It wasn’t so bad after all.

The man is laying on the sidewalk half way down the block. He had not been there on my way up, his accident is

recent. I put down my packages beside him, and ask "What's the matter? Are you—"

The shapeless hulk uncoils like a spring, a wet wad is thrust against my face, a car door opens and I am grabbed from behind. Suddenly there is nothing.

I have slept for a long time, I am sure of it. Something on that wad knocked me out. But I am comfortable. I am on a bed. I drowse peacefully. When wakefulness becomes insistent I sit up and find everything about par for my course. I am still naked. I am handcuffed. Someone has taken the key from my neck and used Jason's handcuffs. One pair is on my wrists, the other on my ankles.

The room is pleasant. I have never been here before. The air is warm. Everything looks expensive. There are two doors, the one to the bathroom is ajar, the other is certain to be locked. When I stand the handcuffs bite painfully at my ankle tendons. But I am an old hand at this sort of thing, and take my tiny hobbled steps to where I have to go. It is a very nice bathroom with a lot of feminine stuff I can use. I feel grubby, and suspect I have been brought here in the trunk of a car. In two sets of handcuffs my chance of escape is zilch, so I have a bath. Hell, why not!

I refuse to panic. This could be some quirk of Jason's humour. The warmth, the perfumes, the soaps, are all delicious. I take my time. Knowing I look my best, I hobble back. On the bed sits the dark bulk of a man.

It is good old Bill.

Chapter 7

Behind Bars.

“Hello, Carrie, sure good to see you.”

It figures, I recall the forty thousand this fatuous ass bid for my person, everything clicks into place. Cattily, I say: “So you’ve decided to pick me up free?”

“Seemed like the only way.” Looking at my pubic hair, he asks “Hope you don’t mind?” He is absurd.

“Would it do me any good if I did?”

“Weeeel, no. Now I’ve got you I’m not letting you go.” I sigh. The two pairs of handcuffs make it all seem hopeless. I state the obvious, “Jason will know it’s you. You’re only getting yourself into trouble. You’ve kidnapped me.”

“Jason kidnapped you. What’s the difference, to you, I mean?”

I dare not tell this oaf the difference is Jason. I recall Bill’s inclination to the whip. I’d better go easy on his ego. Wearily, I tell him: “The police will be here at any time.”

“Go look out the window.”

It wouldn’t hurt him to free my feet. But I am curious. I hobble and peer through the glass.

“You’re in Dogpatch, honey.”

I could believe him. A dusty road, some sagging wooden buildings. One red brick affair that might have been a Bank. There were a few signs of life, not much.

“Guess what building you’re in, Carrie. This is the old County jailhouse. I got it for a song. It’s under another name, of course, same as the car you came in. Oh, and it wasn’t me who grabbed you. I was at a party, a brassbound alibi.

I am Alice in wonderland. Bill is just too much. “You bought this dump for me?” I ask incredulously. “You’re going to keep me in a prison?”

“That’s right, honey. I’ve had the upstairs modernized, as you can see. But downstairs there’s the damndest collection of cells and things so I can have you peering out through bars. Pictures of girls behind bars always grab me.”

The guy’s a worse kook than I thought, I’m frightened. I make my sad little steps to a chair and sit down.

“You didn’t ask permission, Carrie.”

It takes a few moments to click. “You mean permission to sit!” I look at him in blank amazement. “You have to be kidding?”

“Not at all, dear. I want you to stand in the centre of the room and face me.”

“But I don’t want to, and the handcuffs hurt my ankles.”

“You can earn yourself a whipping. Carrie.”

I go and stand as directed. I want to cry. I long for Jason with an intensity I can scarcely believe. Holding on to a bit of sanity, I plead. “Bill, we’re both adult, so you know I don’t want to be whipped. I’ll be obedient. But please screw me to your heart’s content and then send me home. Get me out of your system.”

“I don’t want to screw you, that isn’t the idea. I want a slave-girl, like you were to Jason.”

“I can’t be Jason’s slave and yours too.” I search desperately for logic. “Love enters into it too, y’know.”

“Jason’s whipped you into loving him.... I know how it is with you girls.” Bill tries to look wise, like a maudlin Buddha. “If he can do it so can I.”

“Oh, Bill, you’re out a mile.”

The idiot makes a mark in a little book. “I intend to keep a tally.” He tells me seriously. “So many demerits mean an equal number of lashes.”

“How many did I earn that time?”

He makes another mark. “You’re up to seven. Please try and be more respectful. There’s no use getting yourself a hundred because of snippity remarks.”

“Please, sir, can I have the handcuffs off my ankles, they’re hurting like crazy.”

“Don’t call me sir, call me Master.”

“Please, Master, may I have the handcuffs—?”

He waves an angry hand. “No you can’t! You’ve been badly spoiled. Jason wasn’t good for you at all. I’m going to turn you into something a man can be proud of.”

He’s impossible. If Jason hadn’t told me something of Bill’s business affairs I’d think he was nuts. But, where girls are concerned, he’s just plain simple, naive, immature. He’s got whips on the brain. If I don’t watch myself he’ll whip me raw. Maybe he will anyway, just to hear me howl. That’s what I’m most scared of. Suddenly I remember Scheherazade! Meekly, I suggest. “I’d love to see your prison if you’d like to show me, Bill.”

It is the right note, he is delighted. He chuffs a bit about my handcuffs, even considering carrying me on the tour, but compromises by changing my hands from front to back and leashing my neck with a collar and a lead, all very expensive. Not ’till then does he take those blasted cuffs off my ankles.

“Don’t you trust me, Bill?”

“Don’t be silly, Carrie, you know you’re not to be trusted yet.” He tugs experimentally at the leash, It’s probably the

first time he's held a strip of leather with a naked girl on the end. "Come along, and try not to earn any punishments."

The stairs take us down a hundred years. I positively quail at sight of the mean bare passage and all those bars, some of the cells are just barred cages. Whoever's in one sure would be on exhibit. Others have stone walls. I'm not sure which is worse. Bill locks me in one of each just to try 'em out. The locks are new and oiled and ominous and the clang of the metal door is shattering. But, compared to the whipping I'm sure he's planning to give me, they're harmless. Brightly, I suggest: "Bill, you're figuring a sort of welcome punishment for me, aren't you. Why not imprison me in one of these old cells. I won't like it a bit?"

He is instantly pleased. He is a kid with two new toys: me and this moth eaten jail. "In chains, of course?" He says grandly.

"Oh, of course! It wouldn't seem right if I wasn't chained."

I don't care if Bill is a good business man and makes a lot of money, when he's home he's odd. If I'm the first girl he's laid his hands on, there's something wrong. He must be close to forty—he's had the time and money. I'm naked and helpless in the power of a kook. The handcuffs on my wrists behind my back weigh a ton, and the collar round my neck is a clutching hand. Right now Bill is an amiable bumbling teddy bear, but can I keep him that way!

“That reminds me, Carrie, we haven’t yet gone below.” Bill is off on a fresh enthusiasm. “That’s where the chains are—and all the rest. I’ve had everything gone over and made like new.”

I would rather never know what’s downstairs. But there’s no denying the tug on my leash. I follow my new owner and say, brightly: “Bill, this is all so fascinating.”

In its way it is. But for a handcuffed and naked Me it is also scary. The windows are high so the light is subdued. The small compartments are punishment places. Bill puts me in one where it’s completely dark when the steel door clangs. I don’t suppose it’s more than a minute before he lets me out but I was ready to scream. It’s like being buried alive in a big coffin.

“Aren’t they wonderful,” chirps Bill. “You’ll really have to behave yourself, Carrie.”

I say nothing, and am led to a brighter room full of “things”. If I was scared before, I am doubly scared now. The “things” are graphic and polished and have about them the air of waiting just for Me.

“I call this the Arsenal.” Bill says proudly. “There’s everything here you’ll need.”

“Me! Me need—?”

“Well then, let’s say “We”, shall we. We’ll enjoy them together.”

I look at the whips, the pillory, the amazing collection of gyves, fetters, shackles, and just plain old chain. On a man they’d be ugly, if he puts them on me they’ll be grotesque.

“There’s even an Oregon Boot—!”

It appears I must try it on. I sit gingerly on a bench designed for the whipping of a girl and extend an unhappy foot. I have an absurd vision of a shoe salesmen in stores.

“It was for transporting prisoners.” Bill explains. “Mostly they went by train, and this saved the embarrassment of chains and things—they couldn’t run.”

I am sure they couldn’t. I’ll be lucky if I can walk. This horrific creation is simply a boot made of iron. It is in two halves which close and lock on the prisoner’s foot. Then a metal circlet goes round the ankle and is padlocked. It would handicap an elephant. I shrink up inside.

“This is the original, Honey.” Bill says busily. “I’ve had it reproduced: the same size and the same design but for a girl’s foot.” He fetches a box. “Here it is. Isn’t it a wow!”

It is a most frightening wow. It is new and without rust and is thus more personal. I want no part of his lousy Oregon Boot. So I try: “It’s terribly interesting, Bill. What else have you got?”

“I want you to try it on.”

Why argue. At least it doesn’t screw up and crush my bones. I watch my bare foot encased in iron, the locks snap, and then the shackle round my ankle. The padlock seems redundant but I get that too.

“Walk around, Carrie. I want to see.”

Its perfect fit is scary, its weight is daunting. The damn thing is a prison in itself. I have to really heave to get it off the ground. My progress is more of a dragging process than a walk. If I was given my freedom, but had to wear this boot, I wouldn’t manage a mile in a day. “It’s really lovely, Bill.” I enthuse falsely. “What comes next?”

He actually takes it off, and looks hungrily around. “I guess you know what the rest of this stuff is for.” He sounds so damn proud. “What you’re sitting on is a whipping bench, then there’s that cross over there for the same purpose, and of course the whipping post. Whipping is much the best thing for a girl—”

Damn him, he makes it sound as though I’m here for therapy. The things he’s named stare at me as though they have eyes. I am sure I will be tied to each of them, it is in my future. Meekly, I procrastinate. “The chains, Bill? Which of them do you prefer for me?”

“Oh, of course, you’re going to be my prisoner:” He becomes dreamy eyed and I can guess his visions. “There’s a set here… it’s most becoming…”

Bill likes bars, so bars I get, just one stone wall with a high barred window. The furniture is a wooden bench and a pail. “Absolutely authentic.” Bill assures me earnestly. “It was for prisoners they needed to watch.”

“And you’re going to watch me?”

“Of course! Carrie, you’re terribly beautiful.”

“Not more than most girls.”

“Oh, but you are! It’s being naked, of course, and handcuffed… you’re what I’ve always dreamed—!”

My chains are an ensemble. It begins as a metallic jumble which takes on shape and purpose as I am attached. My ankles first, joined by about a foot of links. This keeps me under control while my handcuffs are removed. I am still collared and leashed.

“You’re not going to struggle, Carrie?”

“Oh, Bill, how can I!”

From each of my ankles a chain rises to a central ring. From the ring other linkage comes up to the heavy metal shackles Bill now locks on my wrists, they are joined by about a foot of chain. Standing upright, and tugging my fet-

ters taut, my hands are at the level of my waist. Beyond that I cannot raise them. If I let my arms go limp the connecting chains hang slack.

“It’s so you can’t hit your jailer with the iron bands.” Bill explains. “You can’t raise your hands enough. To eat or fuss with your hair you have to sit cross legged. That way you have lots of scope.”

“Gee thanks!”

He eyes me sharply. “Sarcasm?”

My heart pounds. “Just trying to be funny.” I backtrack humbly. “I think they’re beautiful. Thank you, Bill. Would you like me to walk around for you?”

He is mollified and eager. I clink and rattle back and forth between the bars. I try out the cross legged idea, and manage to tidy my hair. Bill is ecstatic. I know myself implacably chained. There will be no escape. When I again stand meekly before him, his pathetic female prisoner, he kisses me with embarrassed awkwardness, and goes outside and clangs the door. I hate the sound of the lock.

Left alone behind the bars, the place has a hundred eyes. It is inconceivable Bill will not have a peephole by which to observe his captive and her behaviour. Everything I am and do now will give him an erotic charge. I am able to reach my sex, and find it damp: I am not immune to the

strange potency of what has been done to me. I may be frightened but the heat is there.

Standing here, chained, the solitude is intense. I sense a lifetime of it stretching on and on. In a little while I will sit on the bench and finger links. It is not much of a repertoire.

But I have reckoned without Bill. He now carries a quite comfortable chair which he sets to best advantage. “Can’t leave you alone, Carrie.” He admits cheerfully. “You won’t mind if I watch?”

I mind a lot, but I’m not going to say so. I’m a naked girl in a cage, and on display. Oh, damn! “Is there anything you want me to do for you?” I ask diffidently.

“I’d like you to play with yourself. I’ve read so much—” I play with myself. I pose obscenely on the bench to give him the best possible view of my shame. Through the roseate brilliance of my eventual orgasm I glimpse Bill’s staring avid eyes… My chains make small music for my climax.

“Thank you, Carrie. You’ve no idea how beautiful—”

I tidy hair and fuss with myself, thoroughly ashamed. I make sure my chains make a lot of noise, he likes it. The heat of tumescence slowly dies. I resort to shock. “Bill, you like my breasts and my cunt, don’t you?”

“I adore all of you.”

“Why not use me then?”

“I am using you, Carrie. This is wonderful.”

“Physically, I mean, not just as a voyeur. I’d try and be kind.”

With the wave of a hand Bill dismisses the carnal use of my person. “Not now, Carrie. Sometime perhaps—but now it would spoil something.”

“But this seems such a waste… of Me.”

He becomes kindly tolerant. “I know what you’re saying, honey. You think if I fuck you you’ll be freed. But I wouldn’t have to free you for that, there’s all sorts of ways I can tie you to be fucked.”

“Tying isn’t loving.”

“You don’t love me, Carrie. Not now. Maybe after—”

“Whipping a girl doesn’t make her love you, Bill. Honest, it doesn’t.”

“I don’t believe that. I’ve read a lot—and there’s the way you were with Jason. He whipped you.”

I can’t win this one, so try a different tangent. Brightly, I ask: “How long is my sentence for, Bill?”

“Life.”

I don't like the way he said that! "What, behind these bars!" Mv exclamation is pure anguish. "And chained…?"

"You like it. I know you do. You just feel you have to protest. And Jason explained about whipping a girl: she hates it at the time—but before and after…! Carrie, I do know something about this."

The bars seem closer, my chains heavier. Flippantly, I say: "I wonder if this place had a wardress in the old days. There must have been some female prisoners."

Bill almost explodes with pride. "You're right, honey. I researched. They had a wardress for awhile, a real tough gal."

"She'd have to be, in this place."

"You're going to get one too."

"Bill!" I am incredulous.

"She's designing her own uniform. She'll look after you. There's female needs—"

"Bill, thank you, that's sweet."

He senses my hope, and kills it. "Jollie will punish propositions ruthlessly. She is NOT bribeable. Your best bet is obedience. You will find her a stiff disciplinarian. One wrong word…"

"She's done this sort of thing ?"

He smiles. “She’ll tell you. She will also give you the whipping that hangs over your head. I have made up my mind. You simply must have a ‘Welcome’ flogging, just as in the old days.”

I wilt. It’s so damn hopeless. Bill is going to have me whipped regardless. He’s obsessed with his vision of the weals springing to life on my skin, and hearing me scream and maybe beg. These chains and this cell have only gained me a short delay. Abjectly, I plead. “Please don’t have her whip me, Bill. I can give you so much happiness without being whipped?”

“Everything about you gives me happiness. Whipping you is only one thing among so many, you let it worry you too much.”

Good gosh, he has to be nuts! What a thing to say to a girl! I keep my chains in motion for his pleasure while I think of Jason. If it was Jason who was going to whip me I’d hate the thought of it but I’d be terribly excited, my puss would be secreting like crazy. Unhappily, I tell him. “Women are nearly always unkind to girls. Is that why you’ve hired this Jollie?”

“Hmmmm, not really. By the way, she’s a lesbian and will make you service her.”

“Oh, great.”

“I intend to watch. Carrie, come to the bars and hold on to them while we talk.”

I clink over to face him. It is not a long walk. “I can’t hold them and peer through the way you want me to.” I point out reasonably, “I can’t raise my hands that high. I’ll do my best.”

“And keep your legs a little apart so I can see—”

“Oh sure. D’you want me to press my breasts through?”

“That would be nice. See, Honey, we’re getting along wonderfully.”

Sure we are! I’m doing everything he likes. I position a cold iron bar within my cleavage and push a breast through on either side. “Are you going to play with them, Bill? You can, y’know, they belong to you.”

“Er… no.” He is breathing heavily. “You do such things so exquisitely, honey.”

“Please don’t have me whipped?”

“You’re a natural slave, everything comes so easily to you.”

“I expect it’s Jason’s training. Men are awfully easy to please if they’ll only leave a girl alone and let her do it.”

“Carrie, stop trying. You are going to be whipped.”

“Yes, yes, you’ve told me. Sorry about that.” I clutch the bars with my chained hands, I long to scream.

Bill’s voice becomes moonstruck. “Carrie, those amazing breasts, and the way you press against that bar, and your hands clutching…” He takes a deep breath. “And that thick dark triangle of hair!”

“Thank you. Please fuck me, Bill?”

He takes out his little book and I get some more demerits. “Every time you try to fox me.” He says severely. “I’m wise to your little game.”

It is a strange social afternoon. I stand and hold the bars and point my breasts. Bill enjoys this. We talk, and from the talk Bill emerges as a middle aged adolescent, afraid of girls but adoring their bodies, determined to prove how macho he is by having them whipped. For me the talk is far from comforting. No girl, chained and naked, could ever cope with Bill. Free, she would simply dismiss him. I wish I could dismiss his fatuous features, but I can’t. Bill’s got me, he’s got me good!

I have cherished a dim hope about bedtime. But when twilight dims my cage he again kisses me sloppily and wishes me good-night. There are some sandwiches in wax paper and a promise of better things as my imprisonment continues. There is a cup of coffee and an apple. In silent solitude I sit on my bench and have supper. I clank and

rattle like crazy. When it gets dark I lay in my chains and cry and cry. I'll never escape this place, not ever.

It is hard to sleep on bare wood, especially when you've been refused a blanket, and when every time you move you make the most awful racket, the sound of my chains echoes dismally beyond the bars. I call to mind those silly dreams I used to have—I suppose there's some psychological explanation about them, but who cares. They were damn entertaining. I could use one now if it had a bit of humour in it and I didn't get whipped. I still remember odd bits of them… poor Frau Lotte Schopen, I wonder if she ever really lived!

What I eventually dream is a hodge-podge born of kidnappings and this cell. It is a science fiction extravaganza in which I flit from scene to scene in situations to entrance Bill, but which leave me tossing and turning and longing only for freedom. I don't want to be whipped, but that's all my free movie has to offer…

It is pure Maxfield Parrish, distinctly Grecian. A long open colonnade beneath an azure sky. The entablature has crumbled from an even more ancient time, but the columns still stand, white and pure in their symmetry. To each of them is bound a naked girl. Their colouring varies but all are beautiful, some look suspiciously like me or Daphne. They all seem tired as though they have been tied like that a long time.

I have the dream convenience of mobility. I go from girl to girl, admiring the ropes deep in their flesh. They open their eyes for me and smile. None ask to be released, none speak. They are waiting. Whoever tied them is an artist. Their most secret femininities are cut with cord, they cannot move without pain. They do not try to twist free, it would be useless, and anyway, they do not seem to want to. But, no matter how harshly they are tied they are bound in an exquisite artistry of tight strictures.

They alternate down the line of columns. The first girl faces me, the second has her breasts hard against the marble to offer me her flawless back and curved bottom. She, too, smiles at me, looking back shyly over her shoulder. I speak to them, but they shake their head. They do not understand, or they have been forbidden. I look round for the satyr, Pan, and his pipes, but this is a place of girls; we are alone.

When the man comes he has the air of a superior slave, an overseer. His garments are little more than the girl's nudity. He is very businesslike and a trifle bored. He wastes no time. He carries two whips. Instinctively, I know how he will use them.

One is for the breasts.

She does not scream. She is mute. But she writhes deliciously under the lash, her ropes indent under the surges of her pain. The silken whip of many thongs laces the ala-

baster of her breasts with scarlet lines. The lashing goes on and on, her breasts become scarlet but there is no blood. Her nipples are lasciviously erect. I know if I could feel her sex it would be wet. While her breasts are whipped she is watched by the girl on the next column who is now vividly alert. She strains to see her sister's punishment but does not seem afraid. Perhaps in this place at this time it is an honour for girls to be thus punished, they may go home to glory. I wonder if tomorrow their positions on the columns will be reversed—breasts and back, breasts and back… all down the line!

The male changes the whip. I see the second girl tense, I feel for her, oh how I feel! I share, too, the first girl's relief that her whipping is done. I palm her breasts tenderly, they are hot as if on fire. When I play with her nipples she smiles and closes her eyes. These girls are highly sexed, perhaps they have erred…!

To the man I am invisible. This is the magic of dreams.

The second girl is being whipped in a way I know too well. It is shoulders to knees, never knowing. Her lovely head jerks back in rhythm to the blows, she strains against her bindings. But the whip has her for its own… The scarlet etchings on her skin are indescribably exquisite.

The dream fades in the irritating way dreams have. The new one is Me… Me… Me! I am not the spectator, I am the delinquent damsel trembling in front of the Mother Superi-

or's table. My arm is held firmly by Sister Mary. I am a novice who has erred. We indulge in a litany in which, I suspect, I have no choice.

"You accept your guilt, Elaine?"

"I am guilty, Reverend Mother."

"And must be punished?"

"I must be punished. I wish to be punished."

"How old are you, Elaine?"

"I am nineteen, reverend Mother. I knew better."

"Ah yes." The old eyes within the coif search my soul. "I think a hard whipping will suffice. We are fond of you, Elaine."

"Thank you, Mother Superior, oh, thank you—!"

I don't know why I'm so damn thankful. What have they got that's worse! But the old and weary voice is not done with me. "Some of the strokes to be between your legs, Elaine. It is there lies your sin."

"Of course, Reverend Mother. Thank you. Am I permitted to scream?"

"You may scream, my dear. We will not be unkind. Sister Mary, you may take her now."

The fingers on my arm tighten. I am led to the vaulted stone chamber where the post stands starkly. Waiting to behold my shame are five of my fellow novitiates. My pain will be good for them too, lest they should also be tempted to sin as I have sinned. They watch my disposition with discreet interest. Watching a companion whipped will be an exciting change from vespers.

“You may remove your coverings, Elaine.”

“All of it, sister—everything?”

“Of course. Come now, the girls are waiting, they are due at Collect with sister Stephanie before long. You will not be joining them.”

I strip myself naked. I am among females in a Convent, but it is my first time. As I disrobe I flame pinkly.

“Against the post, Elaine.”

The wood is cold and rough on my breasts. I raise my arms to have my wrists bound well above my head. The novices are palpitating, I can feel their vibes. I tremble.

“We do not want you doing a gavotte for us, Elaine.”

I will do no dancing while I am whipped. Ropes band my waist and weld my tummy to the post. My back and bottom are bare and unobstructed for the lash. Sister Mary has tied many girls as she is tying me.

“Your legs remain free, Elaine.”

I can guess why. It would be better for me if they were tied. Mechanically I offer thanks. My ‘Thank you, Sister’ is abject.

There is a short lecture. Sister Mary points graphically at my bound nudity so the novitiates may understand what awaits them should they sin. The lecture is not for me, I am finding out the hard way. I can hear the quickening of their breathing as they behold my mortification.

Sister Mary whips my back and bottom with much skill and some venom. She does not approve of me. I scream, I weep, I make absurd avowals. I embrace purity heartily as the thong scores my skin. In this awful pain I am quite sure I will never have another carnal thought. I kick lustily with my unbound legs. When my back and bottom are blazing and I am sure I am going to die, the good Sister calls forth a girl to drag one of my ankles as far up and to the side as she can manage. In spite of my cinched waist my bottom extends in greater prominence and my pussy no longer nestles against the wood.

“Observe the penalty of lust, dear girls.”

The first cut within my thigh demoralizes me totally, it is an utterly beastly pain. Pleas and promises spew from me in a steady stream between my screams as I am cut again and again between my thighs and the thong tip splats my puss.

Soon, another breathless girl is called to serve my other leg in the same way so that I am obscenely spread and dragged back against the bindings round my waist. I cannot move. The girls easily control my responses as my cunt and the insides of my thighs are soundly flogged. As I howl and howl a strange new voice dissolves the dream…

“Morning, gal, I got yo’ breakfast.”

Jollie is at least half black, she has a genial eye and a superb physique which deserves better than the severity of the wardress uniform she wears with seeming pride.

“Yo’ sure is fixed, honey.” She views my sad condition with curiosity and approval. “No way is yo’ escaping outta’ here.”

“Please help me. This is against my will, y’know. Keeping me prisoner like this is a criminal offence. I’ll get you money…?”

Jollie acts with deliberation. She puts down the tray, she opens the cage door and comes in with me, she unhooks from her belt a strip of heavy pliant hide and slashes my nakedness with it three times, the blows falling where they may as I twist and turn in shock.

“Every time yo’ talks ’bout escape, honey, thass what yo’ gits.” She tells me amiably. “Now I brings in yo’ breakfast and we can be friends.”

I nurse wounds, Jollie's flagellum hurt horribly. I eat and tell her, unhappily. "I haven't much to say, you've taken away the only topic of interest."

"Hows 'bout yo' whipping, honey, ain't yo' interested in that? The Boss Man he's right lookin' forward to it."

"I'd rather not talk about it. I know it's going to happen, that's bad enough." I eye the leather she has returned to her belt. "Is that what you're going to use on me?"

"See, honey, yo' really is interested." Jollie says brightly. "Hell, gal', youse and me's got lots to talk 'bout." The coffee is good and it's hot. I gulp it gratefully. "You talk and I'll answer." I tell her morosely as I eat. "I don't want to be hit with that leather any more, so tell me what you want me to do and I'll do it."

"O.K. honeychile. Yo' eats yo' food and then yo' sucks my cunt. Seein' yo' the way yo' is got me horny as hell."

"You like girls in prison, in chains, and naked?"

"Shit yes, wouldn't any gal'! Yo' real pretty that way."

"If I do what you just asked, will you take these chains off me so I can do it properly?"

"Ain't no need, yo' kin do fine as yo' is. Now, hold out that pretty little hand."

Horrified, I watched her take the leather in her hand. My heart thumping, I ask. “Please, not on my hand. And anyway, what have I done?”

“Yo’ tries ter sucker me, kid. Take off yer chains indeed! Hell, yo’ kin do most things in them chains. They’s just so’s yo’ look pretty, pretty. C’mon now, out with that little flipper.”

I start to cry. This whole thing is too damn much. Sobbing, I extend an arm and a taut palm as far as my chains allow. Jollie cuts at my hand with swift cruelty. I yelp and moan and weep with a fresh pain hitherto unknown.

“Real nasty on the palm, kid. Yo’ remember that.” She takes me in strong arms and fondles me, she is strangely comforting as I sob out my misery on her blue shirt and tie. “Yo’ learn my rules, honey, and yo’ won’t git much hurt from me. What the Boss Man wants done to yo’ is somethin’ else.”

Our physical communion ends in my subjection as I slither down between her knees, nudge aside her skirt, and eat Jollie as dessert to breakfast. Hell, Jason made me do it for him, why shouldn’t she make me do it for her! I’ll do it anytime rather than be whipped.

“Yo’ done that real good, honey.” Jollie is admiring and surprised. “I owes yo’ one… and seein yo’s so helpless…!” She disposes my nudity on the bench to suit her convenience,

thrusting my chains out of her way, and takes me deep, deep, into the turgid joy of female love. As her mouth absorbs me I realise how much I have missed Jason.

“Honey, we got ourselves off ter a good start. Even when I whips yo’ later yo’ gotta’ remember we’s doin’ a number. What yo’ and me does with our cunts don’t hurt the Boss Man none.”

“He doesn’t want to fuck me. I asked him to but he wouldn’t.”

“He’s crazy.” Jollie sighs. “Men is all crazy, honey, guess yo’ finds that out long since.”

Jollie unlocks my chains. I stand, amazed, as she ties my hands behind my back. She is very adept. “Boss Man’s orders, kid.” She consoles. “Men like a tied gal. I bin’ a whore and I knows their nutty notions. Hold still, yo’ don’ have ter do nothin’. I gotta’ hog tie yo’, but I handles yo’ real easy.”

Jollie is right, I am a child in her hands. She ropes my ankles and lays me on the bench. My feet and hands are joined so I become a bow. I’m so damn helpless…!

“Yo’ lays on yo’ tits or on yo’ side, honey, yo’ takes yer choice. Won’t be all that long, I gotta’ git yo’ ready for the big deal.”

She takes the tray, locks my cell door, and departs.

Jollie is an enigma, she is both friend and enemy. She gives me compassion but will never set me free. For a little while I know I prefer her to Bill, but the stress of my hogtie soon causes me to wonder, it is tight and very cruel. Bill did not use rope on me—ropes hurt. The way Jollie has me tied now is as painful as her flagellum, in a different cruelty. My nipples friction against the wood, I debate rolling on my side but am scared. This is hateful! Jason never hogtied me, not once.

“Beautiful as ever, Carrie.” It is beaming Bill, damn him!

“Bill, this hurts horribly. Do you really want me like this?”

“Just for awhile, you look cute bent back that way. Say, how do you like Jollie?”

“She’s nice. Implacable but nice.”

“Good. She tells me she’s had to whip you?”

“Yes. I suppose it was my own fault. Don’t worry about me obeying her, I will. Bill, could I have my legs down?”

“No. And anyway, I don’t have the key. Jollie has it.”

“Oh alright, but aren’t there going to be times when I’m just locked in this cage as a prisoner? Do I always have to be tied up or chained?”

“Be damn boring for you if you weren’t.”

In a way he's right. What a helluva' jackpot for a girl to be in. "But couldn't you give me the occasional hour?" I ask hopefully. "I could stretch and walk around, and if I was free I could hold on to the bars and look out between them the way you say you like."

"Hmmmm, it's an idea, Carrie. I'll think about it. I have to go now, but I want you to know how wonderful I think you are and how sweet you look like that. I'll see you later when it's time for your whipping—that's going to be wonderful too."

Like Jollie says: men are all crazy.

So here I am, hogtied and locked in a cage. I hurt and I don't know how long it's going to last. I struggle a little but that hurts worse and I'm scared of falling on the floor. I think of Jason and our home, I even think kindly of Daphne. The bite of Jollie's rope says I'll never see them again. This is my slavery now. I blink back tears.

"Allus feels good when yo' gits untied, honey."

It feels like hours but Jollie tells me I have been hogtied only seventy minutes. I lay on the bench and pant in relief. When she handcuffs my wrists behind my back I don't say a word, it seems all too natural, I am grateful it doesn't hurt. "Now I makes yo' real boofull, sweetheart."

Jollie tends me like a child… or a debutante, a very helpless debutante who is approaching the Gala event of her life. I

had not realised that, to be whipped, a girl must be immaculately gorgeous. I expect the idea is Bill's. Anyway, I am female, and everything Jollie does for me delights my femininity, even when she paints my nipples. There is no suggestion from either of us that my handcuffs should be removed, even in the bath she makes sure I do not need my hands.

"Now we go downstairs, Carrie. Yo' be good gal?"

"This is it, isn't it?" I am breathing fast. "Oh sure, I'll behave."

I am strangely glad of Jollie's hand clutching my bare arm as I walk to my whipping. There is something about Jollie's strength I find comforting, it is such a lovely contrast to the ridiculous Bill. I wonder if she can hear the thudding of my heart as we walk abreast. I am horribly scared. There's been so much fuss made over this business of whipping me I have to suppose it's going to be damn awful.

And I haven't done anything! I'm innocent!

Bill is my audience of one, he is waiting for us in the fatal room. His face tells me he approves of what Jollie has made of me. My handcuffed nudity makes me erotic to The Male, I know it does. When we halt I say, "Hello, Bill," as though the whole affair is casual.

For Bill it is an event. He takes a deep breath. "We have a choice of things to fasten you to, Carrie." He explains

kindly. “The pillory or the post, and there’s the hoist… But I do think we should carry on with authenticity, don’t you?”

I feel like sulking but it wouldn’t pay off. Heartily, I agree. “Oh, by all means.”

“When a girl was to be whipped, back in those days they used this post with the bar across the top for her arms, you’ll notice the shackle at each end.”

I notice; do I ever! Ugh! “I’m surprised they didn’t want her fixed more tightly.” I offer with spurious interest. “She could wriggle a good deal.”

“Well, not enough to matter.” The idiot is actually taking this dialogue seriously. “You’ll find you have to raise your arms enough to keep the rest of you in place.”

“Ah yes, I see what you mean.”

“And you’ll notice the other shackles at the base. They’ve got ten inches of chain but it’s not enough for an effective kick.”

“They seem to have thought of everything.”

“Sometimes, when they were whipping a very tall girl, she wasn’t all that stretched, so they tied her waist to the post too. But they tried to avoid that because it covered an area of skin.”

“How thoughtful of them.”

Jollie knows I am being sarcastic but Bill is not sure. In any case I am about to be terribly punished, so what's a bit of sarcasm! Anyway, he's enjoying himself and takes another deep breath.

"It was understood that a girl's punishment could be lengthened or shortened by her attitude at this time. It is a tense moment when her arms are freed preparatory to being fastened to the cross."

"I bet it was!"

"She could struggle and earn additional strokes, or she could obediently position herself to be fastened: in the latter event there was a small remission."

"Only a small one?"

"Well, something commensurate…"

"Did the statistics show any pattern of behaviour?" It is my first sincere response, but my curiosity goes unsatisfied. "I'm afraid not. But, of course, this leaves each case of interest in itself. For instance… your own."

"I'm not going to make an idiot of myself, Bill. You two can overpower me easily. But, anyway, if you shackle my ankles first before you remove my handcuffs I'm foxed, not a thing I can do."

Poor Bill is disappointed by this rationale, he would have preferred the battle with the naughty girl fastened by

force. Jollie squeezes my arm. I am impatient with the whole affair so, since no one says anything more, I step forward and put myself into position. I know I look sweet and helpless and beautiful and I hope Bill gets a hard on out of it that bothers him. I wait.

“Fasten her.” Says Bill after he’s had a good look.

Jollie clasps the metal bands round my ankles, she unlocks my handcuffs. I raise my arms to the waiting shackles at the two ends of the horizontal bar. Jollie snaps them shut on my wrists. I am helpless and ready to be whipped.

“Beautiful!”

I look back over a prisoned shoulder at Bill. He is in a trance. I’ve got to hand it to him, he has a camera eye for the erotic. At this moment I must be as erotic as all get out. I am also shivering with fright. I turn and I peer over my other shoulder at Jollie. She had discarded her flagellum and now holds a whip. I don’t like the look of it, but it’s neither the best or the worst. I expect it’s about right for the punishment of girls.

“You may begin the whipping, Wardress.” Jollie whips me.

It is hard to believe we are the same as those two who exchanged female love in the barred cell. Everything vanishes except pain. The beastly thing to which I am shackled must have been made for me. It is the right height, I cannot escape the whip at all. My involuntary kicks are well con-

tained by the few links of my ankle chains. Whoever thought this thing up knew what they were doing. Jollie spaces out her blows but none are light.

“A brief pause at five, Wardress.”

I am almost grateful to this pontifical ass for the break. I am panting and have already screamed once, this whip is a hateful thing, or maybe Jollie’s using it on me hard. Pathetically, I mutter: “I haven’t done anything to deserve this.”

“Your statement is duly noted.”

Oh, for Pete’s sake, he’s playing games! Now he’s the Warden. I know it’s useless but I have to plead: “Please don’t whip me any more?”

“Proceed.”

Jollie whips me five more strokes to the next pause. I scream steadily and hope it jars his nerves, but I’m afraid he likes it. Anyway, I want to scream, so there’s nothing lost. Belatedly, I ask: “Please watch out for my breasts, Jollie.”

“Such requests must be made through me.” Says the make believe Warden, loving every word. “Wardress, inflict an extra stroke now and make sure it finds one of her breasts.”

The dirty S.O.B. he’s got me, and he’s got Jollie! Her hands are sympathetic and she clasps my breasts and pulls me

back from the post as far as my bonds allow. For my liking it is much too far. “Hold it like this, honey.” She whispers. “Just for one.”

When it comes I really scream, I go a little crazy and give the lousy cross a bad time with my heavings and tuggings. Jollie has struck me across my shoulders so the end of her whip curls under my raised arm and spends its force upon the curve of my right breast. My howl is not all from pain, part of it is outrage. I relapse, panting, my forehead against the post. My breast burns warningly as I press it protectively against the wood.

“You are feeling some benefit, Miss Carstairs?”

“Oh yes, thank you. I’ll be very obedient.”

“Continue the whipping.”

He’s an absolute bastard, playing with me like this. Being humble does me no good at all, but I sure won’t risk being lippy. While I’m still panting from number fifteen, I, respectfully, inquire, “What is my sentence please, Master?”

“Eh? Oh, you mean how many strokes.” The Warden is on his dignity. “That is not for you to know, girl. Apart from receiving them it is none of your concern. Wardress, her other breast for impertinence.”

I am now too frightened to speak. I back off from the post without help. The whip cuts my shoulders and snaps over

my left breast. The pain is tummy turning and I scream and scream and thrust myself back upon the cross. “Perhaps you will learn respect, girl?”

“Oh yes, Master. Oh… Oh… Ohhhh!”

“You may resume her whipping, Wardress.” Five more! In a dim haze of agony I hear myself plead and scream and scream. A bit of me is terribly ashamed, I wanted Jollie to think well of me, but who thinks well of a howling sweating nakedness! The rest of me does not care. My wrists and ankles are becoming chafed from my contortions. Up to now it has been my back on which the strokes are etched, this five is across my bottom, each laps a hip and hurts double. I will be marked for ages.

“A rest, Wardress. You may caress her nipples.”

What the hell, he’s wiser than I thought—or has he guessed! Willingly I back up, gloriously Jollie’s fingers find my tits. I flare into pure lust. She palms my puss and laughs. Within seconds I climax transcendently, crying out with a joyous agony, it is the harvest of the whip.

“I like that.” Bill says dreamily and in a normal voice. “The girl is wonderful. Give her only ten more strokes, but give them hard and without pause.” I bear the ten. When I can see a limit I can bear a lot. I scream over each one, screaming makes pain easier, it really does. I have only a hazy

awareness of fighting my shackles, I know I am doing it but there is too much pain.

“An excellent whipping, Wardress. Congratulations.”

“Thank you, suh.”

“Just look at her, isn’t she exquisite’?”

“Sho’ is, suh. You want I let her loose?”

“No, she should stand awhile. It is a very lovely pose.” I drift back into their world. I am not going to die, but I sure don’t want to go back into that cage. I don’t want any part of Bill Coro, I want to go home. This asshole is quite capable of having me whipped like this, again tomorrow. But for the moment I am a piece of decorative furniture, the ‘Warden’ is engrossed with his lousy Jail.

“You must examine everything in this room, Jollie, it will either be an original or an authentic reproduction. As time goes by we will use everything on our little lady, favourites will emerge.”

Jollie is curious and amused, her eye roves. “Doggone it, suh, we uses all this here on that gal we’s gonna’ wear her out.”

“It’s only the whippings and the suspensions that’s hard on her, Jollie, the rest is mostly to immobilize.”

“Yeah, I guess so.” She appears to be thinking deeply. “But this here set o’ stocks for her feet…? There’s sandpaper on the bench and lining each hole where her ankles go?”

“A small innovation of my own.” He sounds real proud. “I do feel some element of punishment was always intended. That sandpaper will make sitting there less of a bore.”

“Rough on her little ass.”

“Indeed yes.” Bill is well away on his hobby. “And these wooden contraptions, they’re hard to figure, but they hold a girl in various positions. Damned ingenious.”

“Sho’ is. I’ll try ’em out on Honeybunch. But, Mr. Coro suh, this here collection of irons…? They ain’t goin’ ter look all that pretty on yo’ little sweetheart? I thinks they’s ugly.”

“Yes, they’re a bit crude. But you’ll notice they’re new, I’ve had ’em specially made girl size. Try the locks, they don’t have a range of size like modern handcuffs, but they’re effective and, since they’ll fit snugly, won’t spoil the femininity of Carrie’s bondage. Try one, you’ll see what I mean.”

I stand and hurt, but I also watch and listen. Bill’s pomposities are preferable to that blasted cage and loneliness. I’m not sure about Jollie, I suspect she’s bored and just being polite. Probably she couldn’t care less about nineteenth century gyves. Absently, she fits one round her wrist and clasps it shut. Laughing, she asks, “Yo’ got a key to this here?”

“Of course, all brand new.”

“You’re right, suh, looks better on than off. But it’s heavy, a gal’ ’ud know what she’s wearin’.” With the same air of suppressed boredom, Jollie locks her other wrist too. She pulls her hands apart to tighten six inches of tether. “Give ’em more leeway, eh?”

“Likely used mostly to link a girl to an officer. The leg irons aren’t that generous. I haven’t yet figured their application.”

Who cares! I wish his rotten irons were at the bottom of a lake instead of waiting there for me. It’s going to be real great sitting in a cell with nothing else to do but wear the beastly chunks of metal. They’d look better if I was dressed, but on me naked…! Oh, shit! Jollie is looking at the leg irons speculatively. “Sho’ seems a bit short, mistah Coro suh.” She bends down and snaps them on her ankles.

I think all three of us realised the same thing at the same moment, and I’m willing to believe Bill didn’t plan it. Because of Jollie’s wish to show an interest, it happened. There is an awkward silence before she asks, “Yo’ got the key here, mistah Coro?”

“Ah, yes.” He is looking at Jollie as though seeing her for the first time, and he’s still a bit dreamy eyed with the lust of watching me whipped. He makes no move.

Giggling, Jollie takes hobbled steps, they are short. She is not yet willing to believe…! “A gal’ sure ain’t goin’ far in these, mistah Coro.” She holds out two joined hands. “Guess I bettah have the key, suh?”

Dazed in a stupendous discovery, Bill Coro says slowly. “I’m not going to give you the key, Jollie.”

Another of those silences until Jollie says: “Yo’s joking, suh.”

“No… no I’m not.” Bill is still wallowing in this superabundance of female flesh Fate has bestowed. “I’d be silly to unlock you, Jollie, you’re helpless.”

“Sho’ is. I wants out.”

“You’re a very beautiful body under that uniform, Jollie.”

Jollie knows, just as I know. Steel on wrist and ankle is lucidly informative. She looks at her self imposed chains and says, uncertainly. “This ain’t in our deal, Mistah Coro.”

“I’ll make it right with you, Jollie, I’ll be generous.”

“What yo’ generous about?” She has dropped the ‘sir’.

“Well…” Bill seems surprised she doesn’t know. “About whipping and fucking you—it’s something I have to do.”

She is a dark Amazon, magnificent in her fury. But Bill is a big heavy man, and Jollie is chained. There is a good deal of torn clothing, but my wardress ends up half suspended on her toes, the gyves on her wrists must be hurting cruelly.

Her dark eyes flash at the male. “Yo’ don’ do this—yo’ better not!” Bill seems not to hear. He is undressing her, cutting or tearing where he must.

“Yo’ let’s me loose, Mistah Coro, and we talks turkey ’bout this here.”

Bill continues to strip her, she is emerging as magnificently female. She is as helpless as I am. “Oh, you mean the price.” He says offhandedly. “Don’t worry, I’ll look after it.”

“Ah don’ want no whippin’; ah don’ want this bare nekked bit; an ah don’ wanna’ be tied up.” Jollie almost growls her denials. “Yo’ best let me loose right now.”

Bill is happy, he’s gone overboard in a world all his own. Maybe he’s nuts but so what! He’s got himself two girls, hasn’t he! A light and a dark. Girls are what Bill wants: girl, girls and more girls! If his luck lasts he can fill this jail with naked wenches and wear himself out whipping us. He suddenly notices me.

“Carrie, sweetheart, let’s make you more comfortable, and you’ll be wanting to watch.” He releases my arms from above, then handcuffs my wrists behind my back before he frees my feet. There isn’t going to be any escape from Bill, not ever. But this feels better. I tell him a thank you, and then let him have it:

“Bill, this is kidnapping… and on two counts. You could get a life sentence.”

“Well worth it, honey.”

“With Jollie and me both covered in whipmarks they’d put you in an asylum. Bill, cool it!”

“You want to be whipped some more, Carrie?”

I shut up. What the hell’s the use. I don’t want to be whipped any more. I turn to the angry woman in her chains, she is a coffee coloured Juno, impressively sculptured. She is as helpless as I am. We both of us watch Bill Coro select the whip Jollie had used on me. “Won’t kill you, sweetheart.” He says jovially, “But it makes lovely marks. How about a hundred? You’re a big girl…!”

“Yo’ whips me, ah kills yo’.”

“Don’t be silly, you couldn’t kill a butterfly the way I’ve got you fixed.” Bill shakes an admonishing finger. “Let me enjoy whipping you—you won’t be sorry. I’ve never seen a female figure better shaped to be whipped.”

“Yo’ rotten bastard, this ain’t what yo’ said.”

“And no bad mouthing. I don’t have to stop at a hundred, y’know.”

Poor Jollie, she is glimpsing the infinity of pain and the omnipotence of men. Powerful as she may be, for a woman, she cannot claw her way to freedom through the combination of Bill Coro and his implacable chains. Wanly, she makes an offer.

“Yo’ set me free, Mistah Coro, and I don’ say nothin’ to no one. We pretend it don’ happen. Ah take up lookin’ after Miss Carrie where I left off.”

Bill whips Jollie: He is besotted with the whip and its effect on a girl. Our striped and scarlet skin is, for him, the most exquisite artistry. If only the silly bastard would fuck us and get some of the lust out of his system we’d be better off all around. But he cherishes that lust, it keeps him in a constant arousal in which he can whip us without the nag of conscience. With men, conscience begins when the erection dies. Jason fucked me constantly and was never more cruel than I could bear: or should I say than I wanted him to be! A girl is not always without her own lust and her own guilt.

Jollie’s danger is her own magnificence. She would make two of me, but without an ounce of fat. Her breasts are huge but do not sag, she has the most amazing thicket of black hair above her sex, her nipples are darkly demanding. Jollie is a large size Amazon, modern Juno. The hell of it is, Bill will whip her accordingly. His casual mention of a hundred lashes…! I suspect a hundred lashes would kill me. The weals are quickening on her rich skin but she has not screamed.

Bill whips Jollie in bursts and crescendos, then pauses, panting, to watch the blossoming of his work, the lovely, lovely weals on the lovely, lovely woman-flesh. The

chained woman does not stand still, she writhes gorgeously, lifting herself from the floor by her gyved wrists to kick ineffectually at nothing with guyved feet. I suppose she has some sort of nobility about screaming, an inhibition I do not possess. It is a long time and many lashes before she screams. But, sooner or later, a girl must always scream. After all, why not!

My feet are free, it is an oversight Bill is too preoccupied to notice. Silently, I tip-toe on my bare feet around the terrible tableau I am forced to watch. Forced! Shit, let's be honest. I want to watch. At this moment Jollie is the most beautiful thing in the world. Not long ago it was I...! A whipped girl is the most powerful aphrodisiac there is. My loins are flaming. My handcuffs inhibit silly notions, so too do the weals on my breasts, one vivid stripe on each. These two cuts I bear make me Bill's slave as potently as do my bonds, they make me fear his displeasure, this is the way slaves are supposed to be. Gosh, to have my breasts deliberately whipped with that whip, so many lashes on each one! Oh no, no, oh please don't let it ever happen!

"Please, mistah Coro suh, not no more. I'se had all I kin take."

It is Jollie's first plea. It is tremendously sincere. Bill counters it with the ancient chestnut of: "Only just got started, Jollie. You're doing fine."

"Ah ain't doin' fine. Yo's killin' me."

“I’d say you were as fine a woman to whip as exists anywhere, Jollie. When it’s over you’ll be real proud.”

“When’ll that be, mistah Coro?”

“Never you mind.” Thoughtfully, he slashes the ripe contours of Jollie’s rump, flicking her hip. “Hell, you’d last out a couple of days the way I’m whipping you. It’s not a real flogging.”

Ridiculously, I fall to my knees in front of him, pleading for this woman who had whipped me. “Please, Bill, she’s had enough. I can tell she’s had enough. You shouldn’t whip her any more.”

“Who gave you leave to tell me what to do? You want to take the rest of her hundred for her?”

I hang my head. I am afraid. But I whisper. “Yes, yes, I’ll take them. Please set her free.”

“Carrie, you’re just being silly. You’ve had yours. Let me enjoy whipping this superlative ass; just look at it!”

I look. It is indeed a glorious bottom. It is well streaked by thin weals but there is much space for more. Bill proceeds to fill them in…

I get up, feeling foolish. Besides, I am in his way as he plies his whip, following the revolving flesh as his blows cause Jollie to swing and sway in ceaseless motion. To be

suspended as she is makes a naked girl an absolute nothing.

“Don’ you worry none, gal, we’s both of us up the crik!”

My wardress is cut short by the whip. She screams. She goes on screaming for a long time.

Bill is very happy, the splat and thunk of his thong across Jollie’s firm but resilient flesh is sickeningly steady.

In one of his pauses he assures me, generously, I will be whipped again quite soon. He seems to think girls enjoy it. Aren’t I lucky?

Chapter 8

Stubbinsburg Jail.

Possessing two females, Bill's field of erotic fantasy is much enlarged. Jollie and I are both in the cage, bars surround us as we sit, nakedly, on the solitary bench. My own nudity is untrammeled by constraints, Jollie is heavily ironed with the relics of another age. Thus, Bill enjoys the best of both worlds. Our backs and bottoms are similarly vivid with stripes.

"That man outta' his mind. He plumb crazy 'bout us gals…!" It is a repeat, Jollie has said it several times since she was whipped. In disbelief she tests the ancient irons Bill has locked on her everywhere: Ankles, wrists, waist, neck…! She is a walking hardware store. But she cannot walk, on her right foot is the Oregon boot. She is a graphic case of the Mighty fallen. The fact is her ripe plenitude has been too much for Bill's concupiscence, it has aroused in him a carnality I have not touched. She bemoans it now.

"He's coming to fuck me—with yo' lookin'. The son-of-a-bitch, he's screwing me more ways'n one." She rattles her chains in disgust. "I done a lot o' things, but I ain't never bin' in no jackpot like this here. I bin fucked to a fare ye well, but I ain't never bin whipped since back with pappy… The bastard! I like to die the way he was lacing into me."

We nurse our wounds and our dolour for less than an hour before Bill shows up. Fact is, he can't stay away, punished naked girls have become the whole purpose of his life. He carries rope and an unpleasant riding crop. He beckons to me.

"Are you going to whip me again?" My gaze is on the crop.

He laughs. For him, anything we do or say is a delight. We are female, with marked skin. He waves the crop. "You don't, neither of you, need to feel this if you behave. You going to behave, Carrie?"

I behave. I am too scared of punishment to do anything else. Bill locks me in the cage next door. Automatically I go to the bars, clutch them, and peer back into the cell from which he has taken me. Bill is enraptured and examines me from every angle. For him it is a Thing. He's welcome to it. "You going to behave too, Jollie?"

"Shit, man, I gotta'! What yo' want?"

What Bill wants is easy with a female as totally helpless as his Wardress. He only has to remove a chain between her ankles to be able to tie her down to the bench in the obscene manner he desires. Jollie says nothing, she is resigned—and, I suppose, having been a whore…!

"I give yo' much better time, mistah, yo' lets me loose?"

“Hmmmm, I don’t think so.” His eyes are alight with conquest. Bill Coro is about to copulate in a fantasy all his own. I am glad it’s Jollie and not me tied down to that bench. Bill examines Jollie’s exposed pussy, like all else about her it is superlative, a truly beautiful mound with plump but tidy lips.

“You know what I’m going to do to this, don’t you?”

“I’spose. Go ahead, boss man. Yo’ aint the fust.”

Bill Coro fucks his tied down Wardress, I watch. I have been told that, if I do not watch, he will use the crop on me. Human coitus is rarely a thing of beauty, it is not now. But I dare not close my eyes.

Bill makes his shackled Wardress moan and make small female sounds—or perhaps Jollie is simply an accomplished whore, wishing to please. I wonder if wives make those sounds for the same reasons! I bet they don’t bother. After Bill has had his orgasm be backs away and starts to lightly whip the cunt he has used. I tense in shock, Jollie pleads: “Don’ do that, Mistah, there ain’t no need.”

“There is every need, Jollie—watch!”

He is right. Bill’s cock responds to the flicking snaps of the crop across Jollie’s place that is no longer secret. By the time her pubic area is well suffused he is once more hard. He fucks her again with vigour.

It goes on and on. It is not so much the repeated penis thrusts that matter as the regenerating splats of the tip of the crop on female flesh and hair. They are effective but they are cruel. Finally they fail. Bill Coro is satisfied. It has been a long, long time, my fingers on the bars are white.

“Carrie can untie you, she’s got nothing else to do.” He looks down at his rape, and makes a theatrical gesture. From his pocket he withdraws a thousand dollar bill. He exhibits it to Jollie and to me, he then rolls it into small compass and gently inserts it within the heated sheath he has violated so many times. With quick motions, the finality of satiety, he takes his crop, changes my cage, and departs. Everything is as it was except that Bill Coro’s sperm now rests within Jollie’s wet sheath where now nestles a damp one thousand dollar bill.

I quickly untie my Wardress and throw aside the rope in disgust. Bill has forgotten to chain Jollie’s ankles again, but it does not matter, she is still well loaded with iron and both of us are still locked behind bars. I lift the Oregon Boot for her back to the floor, she has worn it throughout Bill’s assaults on her vagina, no doubt it was one of the eroticisms which spurred his potency.

“Well, he done it, he done me good and proper.”

Jollie spreads her legs and starts fishing. With a sigh of relief she withdraws Bill’s thousand dollar payment for her suffering. “Thass one helluva’ lot o’ money.” She says

reverently as she smoothes it out. “Ah ain’t never made that much dough this quick before.”

“What good is it? You can’t spend it in here.”

“Mebbee I can’t, but for a thousand bucks he can whup my ass anytime, honey.”

I look at her glorious nakedness, it is terribly wealed, but Jollie shines through her wounds to make them only a passing irritant. I wish I could wear mine with equal unconcern. Incredulously I ask: “You’d ask him to whip you again for another of those bills?”

“Sure. So would you if you was as broke as I bin’.” She chuckles. “Don’ know where I’m a’goin’ to hide this grand, not lessen’ I puts it back where it come from.”

“He can easy take it away from you. I bet he does.” “Honey, it don’ look it right now, but some way I’m goin’ ter make somethin’ outta’ that asshole.” She looks down at the Oregon boot in which her foot is lost. “Ain’t no use me fightin’.” She mourns. “What I gotta’ do is sweet talk that bastard into puttin’ me back in uniform.”

“And let him make you whip me again?”

“Honey, yo’ jest leave things to me. Jollie knows men from asshole to tip. I’m a goin’ ter git me outta’ this.”

“And what about me? Won’t you help—?”

Bill's voice cuts me off. Like I said, he can't stay away. He's got girls, so he's going to enjoy 'em. He beckons me to the bars. "Stick your arms back through, honey."

Bill is taking no chances with a girl unbound. He pulls my hands back outside between two bars. With thin cord he ties my wrists. Not 'till then does he open the door and extract me from the cage. He has me half way down the passage before he explains. "A touch of solitude, sweetheart, I just have to see how it works."

My wrists hurt and I am once more helpless, so I pad along beside him. Bill has a fine firm grip on my arm. We soon stand in the dismal place where girls were taken to be punished. He opens a narrow iron door beyond which there is only darkness. I quail.

"Bill, oh please don't put me in there, I'll go crazy."

"I don't think you will, honey, but I sure am interested."

"Bill, you've had me whipped, isn't that enough for one day?"

"But this won't hurt. It's something different. I want you to try it out and then tell me about it." He is wrong about the hurt. He ties my elbows, that hurts plenty. "What do I have to be tied for?" I ask petulantly. "I can't ever get out of a place like that."

“They discovered that being tied had a very potent effect on a girl.” He explains helpfully. “In the way of punishment, that is. They envision all sorts of things in the dark: snakes and rats and such, and without their hands—”

“But that’s awful!”

“The records don’t record any ill effects. They put a girl in here for a month once.”

“Bill, not… not…?”

“No not you, sweetheart, not a month for you. But, of course, I can’t tell you how long.”

“Yes you could. I won’t have any idea about time.” I look into the black hole that has waited for me for a century, and all my courage dissolves. Bound and naked in there…! It is unthinkable. I turn in appeal. “Please, Bill, don’t lock me in there, I’ll scream myself into insanity the first hour.”

“You may not be there an hour.” He says patiently. “Of course, it could be several days… But what you said about screaming is interesting. The old boys found it best to gag their girls in solitary. The screaming did the little dears more harm than the dark, so they kept them mute.”

“Mute?”

“Yes. They gagged the girl before she was put inside.”

“Bill, you’re not going to gag me? I won’t—!”

The gag is of fine leather, it has a thick rubber penis to go inside my mouth. I am too demoralized to struggle, and too helpless. This way Bill has tied my wrists and arms is worse than a strait jacket, far worse than chains. I open my mouth and get it full of rubber cock, the leather compresses my lips and cheeks… I shake my head in disbelief, I try and speak but there is nothing, nothing…! Bill laughs at my evident dismay. “I’m pleased with it.” He assures me, “You look well with it, it’s cute.”

Damn him! But when he propels me toward the narrow door I simply know I must not go inside. I fall to me knees and thrust my gagged face against the fabric of his pants in a mutely abject petition for mercy. He picks me up and carries me where I will not walk. He dumps me on the concrete, he goes, he locks the door. I am inside.

The dark claims me. They were right about the rats; I people this black hole with everything girls hate. For all I know, there could be a rapist waiting for me to bump into him. Rats and snakes would be too commonplace for this, but the thought of mice causes me to cross my legs in terror. I scream and make no sound.

The concrete is unkind so I get to my feet, and now I know what they meant about the loss of hands, I need to reach and to feel but I cannot. I can only explore this place by dragging a bare shoulder along the walls… or with my toes. I find a wall and lean against it. I am trembling.

I refuse to fight the dark, it has already defeated me. I would do anything or be anything to get out of here. It is worse than being back in the womb, it is not even warm. Impelled by the pathetic hope of prisoners I begin my inevitable survey, keeping my shoulder in contact with the concrete I take my fearful steps. Soon I find the door, I test it with shoulder and knee. It is as solid as the wall—but what else should I expect! I back against it and use my captive fingers to seek a handle, a lock, anything… but there is nothing. I complete the circle and learn I am in a very small space which contains nothing at all except me, it contains Me with the finality of a grave.

My elbows assert themselves. It is a hateful and wickedly effective tie which also wracks my shoulders and makes my breasts feel like melons. The nagging pain of it is my only companion in the dark. I try and set it aside to think of Bill and wonder if he is actually insane or only a bumbling buffoon. If he is insane I have nothing but perpetual imprisonment to look forward to. He will whip me constantly but will he know enough to stop when my body is covered with his weals! If only he would fuck me the way he has fucked Jollie, I think there would be hope then, sometime when he was on top of me and his lust appeased he might feel compassion. Without that he will continue to regard me as an inexhaustible reservoir of erotic delights. This jail is a testimony to the permanence of his intent. I am here

for life. If my reaction to this black hole sparks his libido he will lock me in here often.

The hours pass. I weep and weep again. My arms settle to a dull ache. Eventually I settle for the concrete floor, I cannot stand forever. I lean against the concrete wall and, I suppose, I go to sleep.

It is understandable that Fraulein Lotte Schopen should open the door. The door is not of iron, it is of wood. Fraulein has given me a small imprisonment in the dark within a heavy wardrobe. I am bound and gagged as Bill left me. I step into daylight gratefully and fall to my knees, head bowed, I cannot speak.

“Four hours, little one. You feel less contrary?”

I nod vigorously, and am relieved of the gag. I express my thanks most humbly but remain in my penitent posture. Lotte has broken me thoroughly. My whole life now is an effort to evade punishments. She raises me to my feet and leads me to my Aunt Hester. “The wardrobe, madam. She is contrite.”

“Ah yes! I am so pleased with dear Caroline’s progress under your authority, Fraulein. How beautifully she is bound! Really, you are an artiste in this discipline of girls.”

“Thank you, madam.”

“Do you think she can carry off our little demonstration for Mrs. Craigmyle and her outrageous child? They are almost due.”

“Indeed yes, madam. Caroline is becoming a model of deportment—and I have explained the penalties—!”

This dream is absurd. I know I am dreaming but I don’t want to wake, not in Bill’s dark punishment cell. This Victorian nonsense is better than blind solitude. I follow Lotte Schopen to the bathroom where she washes my face and my pussy and tidies my hair. I am not untied, I can do nothing for myself. She perfumes me expensively and leads me forth. Dream imposed memories set me to trembling.

Mrs. Craigmyle is another Aunt Hester, her outrageous child is another Me, but a year younger: They appraise my bound nakedness with awe. I suspect they have never before beheld Teutonic discipline. I am to be an object lesson for this poor girl.

“Fraulein Lotte Schopen gets right down to basics.” Aunt Hester says proudly. “She has achieved miracles with Caroline. I am sure your dear Rosie will benefit from the punishment she is about to witness.”

“No clothes…!” Mrs. Craigmyle has her mouth open and her startled gaze fixed on my pussy. “Nothing on—?”

“Nudity is implicit in discipline,” Fraulein says firmly.

“Ah, yes! I suppose—!” Mrs. Craigmyle swallows twice. “Rosie, I trust you observe—?”

“Yes, Mother.” Rosie, too, looks at my pubic hair and my budding breasts… Both of us are at that age! “Mother, I think she’s tied up.”

“Such severe strictures!” Mrs. Craigmyle is striving to cope. “And I suppose that is a gag?”

“She has been prone to impudence, the gag inhibits. But she is about to be relieved of constraint in readiness for the punishment you have come to witness.”

“Ah, yes. How very interesting.” Mrs. Craigmyle’s mouth is dry. She swallows hard. “Rosie, pay attention.” Rosie pays attention while I am untied. She is both scared and intrigued. When the gag comes from my mouth with a plop I say a meek “Thank you.” I massage my rope weals under startled eyes. As though by magic Fraulein Schopen now holds a slender yellow cane. She flexes it to show how supple it can be for the tender palms of girls. “We are ready, madchen, you may commence your penance.”

It all comes back. I have been rehearsed. I step daintily into what has become a stage. “I request punishment.” I intone demurely. “I have been a naughty girl.”

I kneel and kiss the cane, I extend a brave bare arm and ask, politely: “Please cane my hand.” My palm is taut.

The pain is withering. This has been done to me before but I will never get used to it. My voice trembles as I say "Thank you, Fraulein." And offer my other palm to be cut. Rosie's eyes are popping. Everyone seems to be breathing heavily, including me.

It is a cruel thing to do to girls, this caning of their hands. We cannot bear it. It is too awful. But bear it we must, and do! But the pain bestows virtue: at least that is what we are told, and I cannot dispute. My throbbing hands and arms are making me vow virtues beyond imagining. Trying not to audibly sob, I thrust out hand number one for its second stroke. Each of my hands is to receive three.

One would suppose that, enduring five, I could manage six. But I muff the last. My arm takes to itself a life of its own and pulls back to miss its punishment. I am only a girl, and my flesh is tender.

Fraulein is furious. She controls her chagrin with polite regrets for my fallibility. But goodness knows how many hours I must spend in the wardrobe now. Rosie watches in shock as I am again bound and once more gagged. I walk ahead of Lotte to the bedroom for my new incarceration. Out of sight of company my tears flow freely.

"I am disappointed, Caroline. This time your sentence will be long. You are a foolish child." She opens the wardroom door. "Please to step inside."

Obediently I step into my tiny prison. The door is slammed and locked. Darkness possesses me. I allow myself to sink miserably to the floor, my palms throb unbearably, it is all hopeless…!

I drift into wakefulness, cold concrete tells me I am back in Bill's solitary confinement. I open one eye but close it quickly, the blackness is too fearful. I want unconsciousness… if I am to be here for hours or days…! I mustn't panic, I mustn't! I drift away from the dark. Seven hours. It is past midnight when Jollie opens the iron door. She is dressed again as a wardress, her grin is from ear to ear. I remain mute and helpless, but am most willing, as she leads me silently from the Jailhouse into the garage. There my ropes are cut, my gag unbuckled. I am given a dress and shoes and a set of keys. "You'se goin' home, chicken." She says triumphantly.

"But you, Jollie?" I am slipping into the dress and feeling for the shoes with bare feet. "You're coming too?"

"Hell no, that man done me dirt, so I'm settin' yo' free. Ain't right nowhow ter keep a gal' like yo' in this here jail—and whippin' yo' and all. But it's different with me. I tole you I'd fuck him into bein' sensible, well thass what ah done. Soon as he locks you inside he comes back to the cage—that man can't stay away from nothin' with a cunt." She chuckles gleefully. "I fixes him but good. Takes me an hour or two of sweet talk and a blow job to git rid o' them chains and that

iron boot, and a couple more hours to git me job back, and that's 'bout it. Honey, you's home free. The boss man he's fast asleep, fucked to a frazzle."

"You'll be all right, Jollie?"

"Hell yes, he can't handle me the way he can you. I'll tie him in knots if he give me shit. Meanwhile I got me a job. Here, you better take this." She stuffs something in my hand. It is the thousand dollar bill. "Now get in that car and drive like crazy. I'll look after the door."

We hug and we kiss. I am too overwrought and joyous to talk coherently. Within a minute I am driving down the road. Bill is losing his car as well as his slave.

I let myself into our apartment in early afternoon. Bill had taken me miles and miles away, I got lost, I had trouble changing the thousand dollar bill. But I do not care. I am home, home, home! I phone my excuses to the office, I have a bath and make myself as beautiful as I can, and I don't bother to dress. When Jason comes home I will be handcuffed and ready. His dinner will be ready too.

Jason does not come home, nor does Daphne. It is now too late to phone offices. In panic I rid myself of the handcuffs, I dress, I search in the garage but our car is gone. It is a last hope inspiration by which I search the scratch pad by the phone, and there it is in Jason's writing: 'Stubbinsburg Jail',

there is a dash and then the name: 'Bill Coro'. It tells me all. I thank heaven I have the bastard's car.

The drive back takes only half the time. Viewed from my new status as private citizen instead of chained felon, Bill's jail looks a sad relic without hint of naked girls in irons. I park down the street and creep in by the garage, same way as Jollie let me out. I have no stomach for barred cages, so make my silent way to the living room upstairs. There comes the murmur of voices.

"We wondered how long you'd be," says Jason. He is sipping a drink and does not bother to rise. "You've given Bill a damn bad time. Say you're sorry."

Bill has the courtesy to get off his ass. "Welcome home, Carrie." He says heartily. "I'll fix you a drink."

"Fix me one too." Jollie says comfortably. She gives me a wink. "Honey, I come with the premises, I bin' made head Wardress." I wish to scream, I wish to cry, I want to batter my fists on these grinning male faces. But I stand there, panting and mad. Mechanically I accept the drink Bill places in my hand. I down it like it was water, it is instantly refilled.

"I owe you an apology, Miss Carstairs. I treated you outrageously. I'm afraid I'm not all that knowledgeable with girls. It takes Jason here—"

“You treated me like a son-of-a-bitch.” I turn to my master. “Jason, this bastard had me whipped horribly and then he locked me in a rotten black hole, all tied up…”

“You may apologize to him, Carrie. Poor old Bill’s alright. You just didn’t give him the right responses. Look at him, he’s harmless.”

“He’s a bastard.” I pour the second drink down and allow a third to be pressed into my hand. “And he whipped Jollie too—”

“I owe apologies all round.” The drinks made Bill seem human. “Don’t be hard on her, Jason, Carrie’s a wonderful girl. I suppose that’s why I kidnapped her. I figured you could spare her for a few days. Send me a bill for her rental.”

“Rental!” I look around in fury. I long for Jason. But the way he’s treating me—!

“Take your clothes off.” He says brutally. “You know damn well slaves don’t wear clothes.”

“I’ll never strip for you again. You’re being a—”

“Take ’em off, Carrie. NOW!”

I take off my clothes, telling myself I want him to see my back. Naked, I turn it to him. “See what he did to me.”

“A lovely job. Thanks, Bill. You see its done her a world of good.”

Again fury. I have to smash something. But they are all smiling at me. My only recourse is tears. Jason deals with them tersely. “Lock her up somewhere, Jollie. She’s tired and cranky. Make sure she is not comfortable.”

I am appalled, shocked heart-broken, the whole gambit of frustration. I let Jollie take my arm and lead me from the male presence. I have no doubt where we are going.

“Will yo’ trust me, honey?” Her squeeze is loving. “Oh, Jollie, yes, yes, yes, you’re the only one—”

“Men’s all nuts, honey. Jest play along—”

I let her put handcuffs on me, tight but in front. She opens a barred door and pushes me inside a cage. I turn and kiss, then stumble to the bench I can detect in the gloom. I am suddenly cruelly tired in an utter exhaustion. Too much has happened, and I am so baffled and lost…! I slump my nakedness upon the oak and thankfully find oblivion, I expect the drinks help. When I awake it is broad daylight. I sense the morning well advanced.

“Hello, darling.” I sit up, bemused. I feel a lot better but am prepared to be bitchy to men. This voice is female.

“We didn’t want to wake you. I bet you were dead beat.”

Daphne stares at me through bars. She looks very sweet and nudely innocent holding on to them the way Bill likes. She is well loaded with assorted irons. Strangely, they look well on her.

“We felt sure you’d find us, darling.”

My mind becomes a computer, sorting out facts. My voice accuses. “You knew! Bill’s kidnapping—of me, I mean. It was phoney?”

“No, I didn’t know. Honest, I didn’t! I’m only number two girl, remember. Jason didn’t tell me ’til after.”

“When he took you to bed?” If I could get at Daphne through the bars she wouldn’t be safe. But I can’t. Oh damn!

“Darling, don’t be like that, Jason loves you. He sent me home. We didn’t come here until we got Bill’s call. Carrie, don’t you think these chains are simply gorgeous—and this Oregon Boot…!”

She wears them all, and most charmingly. She is more than welcome. I tell her so. I go to the door but, of course, I’m locked in.

“Come over here, darling.”

We kiss for a long time, and play with each other through the bars. I suppose I’m weak. We still have wet fingers when Jollie shows with my breakfast. When I mention

about letting me escape again she shakes an admonishing finger. “That there feller, he nuts ’bout yo’, honey. Yo’ best play along. May hurt a bit but it pays off. Looka’ here!” She holds up another thousand dollar bill.

I hold my coffee in handcuffed hands. It is good. I sip and try to figure where the hell I’m at. I nod towards my rival at the bars. “What’s Daphne done to get herself in there like that?”

Jollie giggles. “She don’ do nothin’ ’cept ask.”

“Darling, forgive me—” Daphne is unrepentant at the bars, her eyes are shining. “Directly I saw this place…! You know how I love—”

“You’re welcome,” I tell her sourly. “I’ve had a bellyfull.”

“But, Carrie dear, I’ve asked them both to keep us here in this wonderful place for life.” She rattles her chains against the bars. “This jailhouse is a dream come true. I really owe it all to you.”

“Wait until he whips you.”

“Oh, that’s later on today. You may get whipped too. I heard Jason say something about if you didn’t cool down and behave.”

“Dammit’, you idiot girl, getting whipped in this place is, is just too awful—you saw my back!”

“Yes, and I’m all excited. I know I’ll hate it but it gives the men so much pleasure. Darling, I mean… it really is in a good cause—and after it’s over—!”

“Daphne, you’re nuts. You can’t possibly want to spend your life in this dismal hole, all cages and cells and whipping posts?”

“And Bill’s promised to tie me in all sorts of different ways, and always real tight. He’s given Jollie a job as wardress to look after us. It’s her who’s going to whip—me same as she did you—!”

“You’re out of your tree. Our only hope’s to get Jollie to turn us loose—”

“And they’ve got stocks and a pillory and that dark place you were in… Oh, Carrie, it’s just out of this world. I don’t see why you’re so miserable.”

I know why I’m miserable, but I’m not telling Daphne. I want my Jason, but Jason’s mad at me and he’s in a mood to punish. But the breakfast does help me to see a silver lining. If Daphne is in love with Stubbinsburg Jail she can have my share, and Bill along with it. Maybe they’re made for each other. My immediate problem is I don’t want to be her fellow prisoner. I want Jason to take me home, he can punish me all he likes then and I won’t care.

Jollie laughs at us both, and goes away chuckling. Maybe she knows something, but the potency of thousand dollar

bills is great. Daphne and I are alone but in separate cages, I am still handcuffed.

“Go easy on the enthusiasm.” I tell Daphne. “You’re in a sexual dither. A few whippings and a day in solitary, and you’ll be a sad little girl wanting out.”

“I won’t, I won’t!” She kicks an ankle chain to make a clatter. “I’ve waited all my life. Bill and his jail, they’re so perfect!”

“That asshole! He’ll have you screaming—”

“Oh, Carrie, you’re so—so—! Bill’s a great big Teddy Bear who’s masculine at all the right times. The way he went about sentencing me to be whipped almost had me climaxing in my panties.”

“You don’t have any panties, and you’re never likely to have any again.”

“Well, you’ve always been naked for Jason—?”

“And I want to be again. But, can’t you see what’s coming? Those two bastards are going to keep us imprisoned in this dump. Jollie will look after us and punish us. They’ll drive down weekends to fuck us and give us a whipping… and gloat at us through the bars. All during the week when they think of us safely locked up and chained they’ll get a hard on.”

Daphne giggled. “They’ll have full time erections.”

“Which they’ll probably use on other girls while we languish behind bars.”

“Oooo… mmmm, yummy! You put that so well, darling. Don’t tell me your puss isn’t pouting happily. Mine is.” I sigh. Why spoil her fun. If only Jason will take me home with him and leave Daphne here for Bill! It’s not a bad idea, why buck it! But, right now, Stubbinsburg Jail holds me as securely as it holds her. In a sudden wanting, I go to where she stands at the bars and we play with each other again. It’s not all that easy but it’s better than moaning about what those twits upstairs are going to do with us. We are getting nicely excited by the time Jollie comes and takes me away. I don’t want to go but it seems I don’t have anything to say about it.

“Yo’ take my advice and be nice to them two assholes, Carrie.” Jollie is really serious. “I thinks they’s gonna’ give yo’ a bad time, but yo’ plays yo’ cards right and yo’ gits what yo’ want.” She chuckles, “Jest the way I done.” Her grip on me tightens. “You is trustin’ me, ain’t yo’ yo’ ain’t gonna make no fuss?”

“I trust you, Jollie. Torture me all you have to.”

“Yo’ sure is cheesed off, kid.” Jollie giggles, “Ain’t no torture, leastways not right off. You do like I says, now.” I gaze around the room full of the things to hurt girls and make them cry. It inspires no optimism. “You going to whip me, Jollie?”

For answer, beaming complacently, she raises the top half of the pillory. I shrug, sulkily, but arrange my neck, my hair and my wrists in the obvious places. The yoke comes down, a padlock clicks. I am here to stay. It's a more demeaning position than I'd supposed. "How long is this for?" I ask morosely.

Jollie pats my bare bottom. "I don' know nothin', honey. Yo' is on yer own now. Jest yo' play it cool." She goes and leaves me alone.

This is my first time in the stocks, or the pillory, or whatever. It is certainly no position from which a girl may bargain. I have never felt more silly. I have been cut in half, most of me is in the rear where I can't see it. Anyone can do what they like with the portions of me sticking out behind. I am bare and vulnerable enough to please any male. I look at my hands, clamped on either side of my face, they look pathetic. And my neck…! Oh, shit!

"You look charming." Says Bill Coro.

My heart plummets, I had hoped for Jason. If Jason came and whipped me like this he'd probably take me home after. But who wants bumbling Bill! "I don't feel charming." I say testily.

"I've come to apologize again. I don't know what came over me… treating you so rough."

“I asked you to fuck me but you wouldn’t. If you’d fucked me you’d have behaved a lot better.”

“Er… well, yes, perhaps you’re right. Say you forgive me. I do value Jason’s friendship, y’know.”

“I’ll forgive you when you take me out of this contraption and make Jason take me home. If he wants to whip me first, I’m sure I’m nicely positioned.”

“That’s not quite what we have planned. Jason agrees it’s a pity to waste this lovely old jail.” He pauses diffidently. “I’ve raised my bid on you to an even hundred thousand.”

“Buy Daphne instead.”

The idiot seems embarrassed. “It seems I get Daphne free—she’s so delighted. But, Carrie, you’re the most beautiful—”

I shift testily within the blasted stocks, and demand: “Is Jason really selling me to you?”

“No, I’m afraid not. He’s fond of you, y’know. But he feels you haven’t treated me any better than I’ve treated you”

“I offered to let you fuck me, what more d’you want!”

“Oh that! No, he wants you to be polite and respectful.”

“I’m his slave, not yours!”

“You don’t have to be so short with me.” He looks forlorn, but brightens with inspiration. “I think if I whip you a little —You won’t mind?”

“Of course I mind! That’s what’s wrong with you and girls, Bill, you’re whip happy. Please go and ask Jason to come and speak to me.”

Bill goes in behind where I’m open and available. My breasts and pussy get well handled. His touch lacks finesse. Suddenly I am sundered in unexpected agony and yelp: “You bastard, you didn’t have to whip me like that! You could have said!”

Bill cuts at me again. I struggle enough to break the damn pillory in two, but it does not move. Stupidly, I howl: “Stop-pit, that’s me back there… and I can’t see.” Bill slices me with the riding crop five times. I behave unheroically. When he comes back into my limited range of vision, he asks hopefully: “Has that helped, Carrie?”

I really am absurd. I actually feel less exasperated with the idiot than I did before. I sniff and say. “Perhaps… anyway, thank you.” I am hating this damn pillory with all my heart.

“We’ll try the next five now?”

“What for!” I am outraged. This whipping of my bottom is so damn unfair. “No, no, no—Please don’t!”

He slashes my bottom again. Urgently, I declare: “I’ll be polite! Oh, Bill, I’ll be ever so polite. Please stop.”

The next one is up between my thoughtlessly open legs. I howl and know defeat. Why, oh why can’t I bear the whip in heroic silence! I probably wouldn’t get any more strokes than I get anyway. But I can’t, I just can’t! It hurts so damn bad. I lock my thighs together and am nauseatingly humble. “Oh, thank you, Bill. Of course I accept your apology. Please accept mine for being so bitchy.”

Bill cuts at my bottom three more times for a total of ten. My voice trembles as I say my dues. “Thank you, Bill, I’ve behave much better now. It was clever of you to know what I needed.”

“You don’t want five more?”

“Thank you… no!”

Once more he is in view, pink faced, perspiring, happy. I am suddenly a convert to Women’s Lib’. Bill doesn’t deserve us. “If you’ll let me out of this thing I’ll be very obedient.” I offer hopefully. “Jollie took off my handcuffs, they’re on that stool—”

It is then Jason walks in. I can see he approves my posture. “I’ve given her ten with the crop.” Bill advises proudly. “She’s started to be polite. I think she’s beginning to like me.”

Jason grasps a handful of my hair and drags my head up to look into his basilisk glare. “Do you like Bill, Carrie?” My cowardice betrays the resounding “No” that surges to my lips. Meekly, I say: “Yes, Jason. Bill’s really very sweet.”

“Well, that’s that.” Bill seems relieved. “I’ll leave you two alone.” His exit is unnoticed.

“I’ll be a good girl, Jason, whatever you want.” Out of some secret recess in my heart I quaver, wistfully. “Please marry me?”

“You are a prisoner in Stubbinsburg Jail.” He says severely. “You and Daphne both draw life sentences.”

“Yes, I know. Daphne loves the idea. It makes me want to die. Jason, if you marry me you can still continue to do all these things. I promise I won’t mind.”

“If I married you I’d whip you every Friday.”

“That’s O.K. But wouldn’t it be better on Thursday? People do things Friday evening?”

The man I love gestures in disdain. “You see, an instant quibble! Carrie, you are not marriage material.”

“Alright then, Friday. Twice a week if you want.”

“Was ever a female more generous with her hind parts!” Jason sighs. “Actually, I came down here to cane your bottom.”

“Please do. Everyone else has.”

“Do I detect bitterness?”

“No, Jason. My bottom is yours, cane it all you like.”

“Hmmmm, very generous. Would you, by any chance, enjoy having your bottom caned?”

“Only if it’s you, Jason.”

“Ah!” He seems to have scored a point. “What d’you say to fifty strokes?”

I shrivel up inside. I’ll howl my head off. But, brightly, I agree. “Oh, thank you, Jason. Fifty will be lovely.” He goes to my rear, I brace myself for agony. But, instead, his hand burrows between my moist and heated thighs, my legs open wide. He cups my pussy in his palm and I climax instantly. His hand stays, on and on past my last gasp. It is a wise and loving hand. I regenerate surprisingly. After my third orgasm he unlocks the padlock and I am free. It is the funniest feeling.

I get the handcuffs and turn my back to my master that he may make me helpless as a slave should be. Gruffly, he says: “No. Get me rope.” When I bring him rope he ties my wrists and my elbows at my back. It is an old familiar type. It is like coming home. I hurt with gorgeous hurt. He guides me to where Daphne leans, a trifle dejectedly, against the bars of her cage. She guesses instantly.

“Darling, Jason’s taking you home?”

“Isn’t it wonderful! I’d hug you both if I could.” I am enveloped in joy. I even forget my elbows.

Jason nobly does his duty. “Want to come with us, Daphne?”

“No, Jason, but thanks.” It is a sad moment for the poor girl, a moment of decision. “I have to stay, this whole place is just too wonderful.” She eyes me wistfully. “I wish Carrie was staying.”

Jason puts his arm round me, it feels so good. But he speaks to the girl in chains behind the bars. “Old Bill’s a bit fond of the whip, Daphne…?”

“I know.” Daphne’s eyes sparkle. “I’ll have to put up with it. Besides, Jollie’s promised to watch over me—”

“We’ll both look after you.” Bill’s hearty boom intrudes. “I see you’ve decided to take Carrie home with you, Jason?”

“We’re returning to the way we were. But look, Bill old chap, go easy on Daphne.”

“No more than twenty strokes a day.” Bill says expansively. He grins at me. “Sure you wouldn’t like to stay for thirty?”

He is a crass ass. Without thinking, I blurt out: “You don’t deserve a girl, you think we’re made of rubber. No way I’d want your moth eaten Jail.”

The silence is dark, pregnant, foreboding. I quail at what I have done. Jason's arm is gone, his words are of doom. "I'm afraid Carrie isn't ready to go home after all. Bill, d'you mind…?"

"Not at all, old man." Bill's stock is soaring. He looks at my breasts and bottom with a proprietary eye. "By the time you come down next week Jollie will have her well whipped into a proper respect. A few days with a gag in her mouth would do no harm."

I am tightly tied. All I can do is look at my Master pleadingly. "Please, Jason, take me home. Forgive me, I'll apologise."

"Twenty for each of them this afternoon," Jason decides firmly. "I'll come and give Carrie an inspection next weekend."

"You can rely on me, old man," says bumptious Bill. They unlock the door and put me in with Daphne, her gaze blends joy and sympathy. We are both helpless in restraint. My world is shattered.

"Be seeing you," Jason says diffidently. "Be a good girl."

"I'll make quite sure she is, Jason."

That was three weeks ago. But I'm still here…

In Stubbinsburg Jail.