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GRISELDA



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Griselda

by F. E. Campbell

Griselda's Mistress.

Chapter One.

The Collar & The Chain.

Griselda felt guilty about the brothel. More specifically, she felt guilty about 'Tonia. The brothel had devastated Antonia Noyes but left herself untouched. In a sense of what was proper she had sought desolation but it had refused to form. The customers used her in their different ways but left her unsoiled. In the first days she had anxiously examined her vulva. But it had remained unchanged, just as her mind and its vision of herself remained immaculate.

The iron collar and its chain trailing to the stone wall had been daunting at first, an implacable punishment against which her curious fingers were helpless. But she was quick to see its utility. It kept her from the door, and the door was open for the convenience of clients. Only at sleeptime was it locked. She suspected, too, that the management riveted the collar on her neck as a constant reminder of what she had become.

In the times of waiting, Griselda experimented with name tags: Whore; Prostitute; Harlot; Poule; and a lot more. But they were inexact. Those girls got paid, she did not. She refused to think of her future: the chain on her neck told her that she did not have a future. She thought often of the

past, but the past was gone. Her main concern was for the woman who had once been her Mistress.

Antonia Noyes had graduated to a collar and an anklet. In recognition of resigned submission the heavy cinch had been taken from her waist and the wristlet from her arm. Probably patrons had complained of the encumbrance of such a wealth of links. The two girls could communicate through a barred segment of their dividing wall. The management appeared to think any measure of content without cost might cause their female merchandise to perform more profitably. It had the additional benefit that, since the cells were in a long straight line, punishments could be seen and heard by all as inducements to compliant behavior. In her first week of rebellious resentment against the cell and that which would be done to her therein Antonia Noyes had been whipped daily.

They faced each other now, the bars between. Over each bare shoulder trailed the chain from the collar on their necks. Their hands clutched in desperate longing.

“They’re going to whip me now in some beastly ceremonial absurdity.” Antonia Noyes’s voice was low for intimacy but deeply bitter. “It was that bastard yesterday, the one I tried to kick.”

“But, darling, we mustn’t fight, we just mustn’t!” Griselda’s admonition was urgent. “I want to kick some of them too. But what’s the use! As long as we’re chained like this we

haven't a hope."

"We'll always be chained, always. They'll never set us free, never give us anything to hope for." With one free hand Antonia shook at an immovable bar and tossed her head angrily against the iron collar. "They're going to do what they told us about at the start. Line all the girls up in the yard and make them watch while I get it. They'll trice me up some humble way and dog me. You know the idea: they'll make an example of me." She laughed angrily. "At least I'll get you all out of your lousy little cells for an hour."

Griselda was stricken. "But, darling, a flogging?"

"Well, whatever they call it and you can be sure it'll be bloody awful." 'Tonia mourned. "And it won't do any good. I'll still hate men shoving their beastly things into me."

"Oh, darling…!" Griselda sensed total helplessness. What could a naked girl do against chains and iron bars, and the ever hovering shadow of the whip. "All these punishments are wearing you out. You've got to stop provoking them. Oh, 'Tonia, dearest…!"

"What we've got to do is get out of here. Griselda, we must never be resigned, never get like the others. Every man who uses us might be a key—any one of them."

"Every time we try that we get whipped." Griselda said gloomily. "Darling, I'm scared if you keep fighting they'll

bung you in that solitary cell place. I couldn't bear you being in there. The girl on the other side of me says it about drove her up the wall."

"I keep asking to be allowed to speak to whoever runs this place. I might be able to dig up enough money to buy us out. But all I get is silly grins."

"But, 'Tonia, those people who kidnapped us refused to talk ransom."

"They didn't want the hassle. When they sold us here they got rid of the evidence. We ceased to exist. These creatures who keep us prisoners now probably couldn't care less. Griselda, do you realize we don't even know what country we're in."

Griselda shrugged. "I'd guess France or North Africa. But what's it matter, the pricks are all the same. Darling, that poor journalist girl they seized along with us… She had to be rich! How can they—?"

"We're not exactly poor, sweetheart. It hasn't done us any good. I got a look at the woman who bought Ilona Paisley, it's been nagging me. She's a big name someplace."

"I wish she'd bought us."

"I think there was a spite thing involved there somewhere. I doubt we can call Ilona lucky. She probably gets whipped as much as I do."

Griselda's retort faded before the sound of footsteps. The captives lifted their chain and retreated from the bars. But tension eased. Their wardress might keep them helpless but she was also amiable. Griselda backed against the wall and smiled a greeting. "Hello, Tessa. Going to unlock my chain today?"

It was a pleasantry between them. Tessa sat her lithe muscularity on the vacant cot and beamed her olive complexioned smile at her favorite prisoner. "I never unlock you," she retorted companionable. "Or if I do I give you heavier chain. You like that?"

"Won't you ever trust me? Take the collar off my neck but lock the door? I couldn't escape."

"No." The one word said everything.

"And the chain wouldn't keep tangling in the men's legs?"

"You're too damn foxy." Tessa judged from the comfortable elevation of total omnipotence. "You wheedle real sweet. You know what happens to your girl friend?"

"Tessa, it's going to be cruel, whipping her the way you're going to. Must you—?"

"You sooner I whip you?"

"Would you? Oh, Tessa, please! The poor darling's been whipped so much."

The wardress laughed, pleased. “You’re such a silly girl. That do no good at all. Everyone knows you best girl in the cells. Besides, I like you very much.”

“Do you want me to…?”

“Sure I want. We do it soon. Not here.”

Griselda was agog. “Oh, Tessa, you mean…? You actually will—?”

The jailer was amused by girlish hope. “I keep your collar on,” she warned gently. “And I tie your hands. Tessa not one big foot. But you get nice little holiday from chain and cell. You lucky girl.”

“I know I am. Oh, Tessa, I know!” The chained girl flung herself to her knees to clasp her keeper’s hand. She kissed it fervently. “You’ve made me so happy.”

The woman on the cot smiled down at the collared nudity with anticipatory approval. “Why you such good girl?” She asked, curious. “Tessa know you hate men. But men all say you the best?”

Griselda looked up in alarm. “That means I’ll never get out of here!” Her concern subsided into a giggle. “I’ve been experimenting with muscular motions and control inside my pussy. I never thought…! Oh jeepers… and they liked it? Oh, wow… !”

“You the best.”

“I’ll never do it again. Oh shit!”

“Sure you do it again. Tessa make sure you don’t lose nothing. You keep practicing, get better and better.”

“But I was only amusing myself.”

“You make men very much amuse.” Tessa’s voice turned serious. “What you have going with girl next door. You come together.”

“We were lovers. Now all we can do is kiss through the bars.”

“Is more than that. She fight men, you give good fucks.”

“I was her slave. She owned me.”

“Same like here?”

“Gosh, no! We sort of came together years ago. I let her handcuff me… It felt so good, I was so happy, we just let things ride. After that I was never really free. The two of us together… it was always wonderful.”

“She keep you chained?”

“Mmmmmm, yes. But never like this thing that’s on me now.”

“What’s wrong with way you are? Collar not hurting.” The captive girl grinned ruefully. “I’ve thought of that myself. This way you’ve got me chained is actually kind. I can do

anything except leave the cell. I suppose it's in the mind. 'Tonia's chains said she loved me. This one I'm wearing now says I'm a whore." Griselda looked up archly. "Am I a whore, Tessa?"

"You're a damn pretty girl with a damn good cunt. No sense looking further than that." Tessa motioned with her head: "That girl in there you're so sweet on: she ever whip you?"

"Quite often." Griselda giggled. "Whenever I was bad. Half the time I was bad on purpose. But it was never the awful sort of whipping you're going to give her." She gazed up, soulfully wide eyed. "Tessa, do you really have to? Please don't whip 'Tonia—at least don't whip her in this hateful ceremonial fashion she's been promised?"

A woman's hand patted a girl's cheek, an affectionate whisper said: "We'll see… we'll see." Then, abruptly: "It's tonight, little lovebird. You'll be a good girl?"

"Of course I'll be a good girl! Tessa, I promise, I'll do whatever you want."

Once more the gentle fingers, fondling. A possessive pat on a bowed head. A moment later Tessa was gone. As she passed through the unlocked door a smiling man came in. Griselda said: "How d'you do, sir." She lay on her back upon the cot and spread her legs in girlish innocence.

She did not tell 'Tonia. It would be too cruel if nothing of profit came from her small victory. Griselda well realized

Tessa might use her between heated thighs, then chain her back in the cell. Even at that nothing would be lost. But there was always hope! Hope carried the collared girl through her day in a roseate glow no male could penetrate in the manner he penetrated her loins.

The cell had been locked for the night but Tessa's key was silent. The sound of chain mattered not. Prisoned girls tossing in their sleep, maintained a constant tinkle of links.

Griselda stood erect, holding her chain, while gentle fingers cupped her cheeks and a hot wet mouth found her lips. Obedient to Tessa's hands, she turned and crossed her wrists behind her back to have them vigorously tied in a manner to tell she would not get loose. Next, the weight of the chain was suddenly gone from her neck to make a small pile of links quietly coiled upon the cot, beside it the padlock with which her fingers had so often toyed. The collar remained. Quivering with excitement, Griselda followed her jailer from the cell.

Subdued light revealed an apartment surprisingly rich. But Tessa, tossing aside her clothes to reveal a Junoesque nudity, allowed no time for inspection. Avid with desire she lay back upon the bed splaying her legs blatantly beyond its edge and tugging down with her by the hair a not unwilling acolyte of Lesbos. On her knees between demanding legs, her hands secure behind her back, the captive girl thrust her face willingly into a wiry forest of black curls and sent her long wise tongue upon its quest.

For some girls the act and the compulsion might have been traumatic, for Griselda it was not. The hot pungency of female was a long familiar scent to which Tessa added piquancies of her own. To be robbed of her hands did no more than bring back nostalgic memories of those times with 'Tonia when her wrists had been handcuffed at her back for months on end and she had performed her maiden service with lips and tongue in an ever increasing dexterity. Hands were nice in the making of love, but she could get along without them very well. She got along without them now in an ardent determination to please. Tessa's moans and spasms attested success.

"You damn good girl that way too." The wardress sat erect on the bed and looked down at the still kneeling nakedness of the tied girl who has pleasured her. "You best girl I ever have in cells."

"Thank you." Griselda avoided the banal by giggling. "You're sweet—and you taste sweet too."

"You don't mind your hands tied?"

"I'm used to it. 'Tonia used to keep me handcuffed for weeks and weeks at a time. I got quite good at doing things without hands."

"You like it?"

"Mmmmmm… Yes, I do. But only if it's done to me by someone I'm fond of. I'd hate for a man to tie me."

“Suppose a man own you? How you behave?”

“I honestly don’t know.” Griselda twisted against the ropes on her wrists in contemplation of a hateful vision. “I’ve had to think about it, especially since I’ve been fucked every day. I suppose he’d break me down with pain, the way you’re breaking poor ’Tonia. I think, even if I tried hard, I’d get punished a lot.”

“You hate every man you see?”

“No… I’m not like that. Oh, Tessa, it’s so difficult. I’ve just never bothered with men. Ever since ’Tonia owned me I’ve hardly spoken to one.”

“Suppose a man whipped you?”

“I’d simply want to die.”

Tessa laughed. “You like little girl. Many things you not know. But now Tessa show she love you too. You stand.”

The bandage slipped over her eyes was a surprise. Griselda tensed in alarm.

“You no like wear blindfold?”

“You’d put it on me anyway, Tessa.”

“That’s right. Tessa know best. You be very happy in dark.”

The bandage was knotted tight. Blind, Griselda allowed herself to be pushed back upon the bed and arranged as

the wardrobes had postured her own nudity. The tied girl's heart leaped in knowledge and a great hunger suddenly unleashed. She positioned her bound hands as best she could, uncaring of pain. Her breasts and sex flamed in arrogant desire.

Tessa was clever. Within moments she had her prisoner in a sensual tumescence which transformed the young nakedness into a writhing bundle of response. By the time her lips burrowed between the perfumed thighs Griselda was moaning in the ancient cries of woman in their quintessence of pain or of joy. The bound wrists were forgotten as their owner thrust her loins to meet the probing tongue.

It did not end easily, it did not end soon. Within her musky blindness Griselda received and gave and received again. She lost count of their sweating writhings and fervid moans. She was taken into a land where the brothel ceased to exist, where the past vanished. When it was over they slept.

When she awakened Griselda was blind and, for a moment, knew panic until she remembered the bandage. It was still knotted tight upon her eyes. When she tried to remove it she discovered her hands were still tied behind her back. But something had broken her sleep! She sat upright in alarm. Then froze in tense immobility as unfamiliar fingers pulled at knots behind her head

It was a man, a dark eyed smile amused by her bewilder-

ment. An Arab dressed in the current compromise between East and West. For a moment Griselda thought herself back in the brothel, but the gumptious compartment surrounded her in lush luxury and the bed on which she sat was the one on which she and Tessa had made love.

“Good morning, Miss Sanderson.” The quiet voice was Cambridge. “My name is Ali Ben Habbah.”

“Good morning, sir.” Griselda felt foolish and very nude. She longed for Tessa.

“Would you like to return to your cell, Griselda?”

The tied girl sensed the query as more than casual. But if this was a game of points she knew not what to say. Guardedly, she said: “No.” Then added: “I’m not a whore.”

“You need never return.”

Griselda kept silent, waiting.

“I have purchased you.”

Tumult in the mind, a shivery awareness of slavery! She quenched panic with a word.

“Why?”

“Because I desire you.”

One male genital versus hundreds! Griselda’s computation was instant and simple, as was her response.

“Thank you, sir.”

Ben Habbah laughed. “Such a blend of pride and humility! How d’you manage it?”

“I… I don’t know. I… I’m confused. I’m sorry. Do you wish to fuck me now, sir?”

He took her head in his hands and smoothed her hair, looking down in omnipotence at her anxious eyes. “You will never use that word again,” he ordered gently. “And no, I do not wish to use you now.”

“Then may I use the bathroom?”

“With your hands tied?”

She blushed. “I expect I’ll manage.”

“Turn round.” He untied her hands and gave her the rope. “Bring this back to me when you have bathed.”

Personable and civilized as he might be, Ali Ben Habbah was male—and he owned her! Griselda’s mind was awhirl with conjecture and the wry acknowledgment of gratitude to the brothel. Without its hundred piercings this moment would be traumatic. But now she soaped and raved away the mingled sweat of girls in a kindling of fresh hope. If the waiting man could be used she would use him.

“Your rope, sir.”

Griselda turned prettily and crossed her wrists. She hoped

he would not bother with her bond, and was disappointed when he pulled and knotted her hands back to helplessness. She wanted to pout but was too frightened.

“You will kneel comfortably while I use this chair. We will talk.”

Griselda obeyed, looking up at her new owner as he settled himself cross-legged. She wished she liked men. Had she done so she might have considered herself lucky. Hopefully, she ventured: “I’m frightened and I’m embarrassed. Please make allowances.”

He laughed. “Frightened of the unknown? Embarrassed because you’re naked?”

“I… I suppose so.”

“Yet you’ve been naked before many men?”

“I know. It’s silly.” Slyly, she added: “I’m a female, we’re not a bit sensible.”

He grinned. “In case you’re wondering, you’re in Tangiers. But I don’t suppose the place matters—”

“Not to a girl with her hands tied behind her back.”

“They will stay tied, Miss Sanderson, they keep you aware.”

“That I’m a slave? Or…? What am I, sir?”

“Make your own name for yourself. And don’t call me sir. It

sounds ridiculous."

"So does your calling me Miss Sanderson."

Their eyes met and they laughed. Ali Ben Habbah was not what Griselda expected. Her curiosity named. Archly, she suggested: "I think I should call you 'Master'. I've never called a man Master. I like it a lot better than 'sir'."

"It will do for now." He surveyed her musingly. "Tell me what you expect me to demand of you? I find our situation… well, precious."

"I have to suppose you want me privately and all to yourself for what those men in the brothel want me for—that four letter word you don't want me to use." Griselda paused thoughtfully. "I can understand a man like you being intrigued by possessing a girl with my background… Or a girl like 'Tonia. Before we were kidnapped we were… ladies? The upper crust? We amounted to something?" She smiled apologetically. "You sort of gave this away when you called me 'Miss Sanderson'. You liked the sound of it."

Ali Ben Habbah clapped soundlessly. "Bravo! You are right. You are quality. But haven't you considered I might be the despot who'd whip you daily?"

Griselda twisted against her cords. "A girl tied like I am, a naked girl, always has that at the back of her mind. We're so damn… available." She cocked an inquiring eye. "I wouldn't pick you as a girl-whipper. Are you?"

“On occasion.”

“Then I’ll have to put up with it, won’t I!” Griselda pouted prettily. “Girls seem able to put up with a lot of being whipped. Look at poor darling ’Tonia, they’re whipping her all the time! I’d guess you’d only whip me when I misbehaved?”

His voice was dryly amused: “And you never misbehave?”

“I’m shockingly obedient. I’m ashamed of myself.” She twinkled. “Since I belong to you, are you sure you wouldn’t like me to… service you some way?”

“No.” He chuckled at her earnest intent to please. “If you get yourself whipped it may be for playing the temptress. You’re damned seductive.” He frowned. “You are a Lesbian…?”

“Yes, I am. But I won’t let it spoil anything. I keep trying to tell my Mistress—”

“You no longer have a Mistress. You have a Master.”

“Ooops, sorry! Do I get punished?”

“You tempt me sorely, Miss Sanderson. I have never met a female more potently designed to be whipped. You radiate something… You are more female than female. A whip upon your flesh would evoke a rare quality.”

“Thank you, kind sir.”

Ali Ben Habbah nodded wisely. “You have stopped being afraid of me. That is good. But if you become impertinent, and you easily could, I will whip you cruelly. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Master.” Griselda’s voice was hushed. She bowed her head penitently. “If you desire to whip me now I will not complain.”

“You are more than rare, you are unique.” He chuckled dryly. “And damn clever, Miss Sanderson.”

“I wish to please you.” She did not move.

“You do please me.” Ali Ben Habbah gazed down at his new possession with satisfaction. “I will now try to explain my reason for purchasing you.”

Griselda raised her head in respectful attention. She might be on ice thinner than she knew. She wanted to ask for her hands to be untied but judged it not the time. Instead, she asked girlishly: “Did I cost much money, Master?”

“That is none of your affair,” he said absently. “But if I have made an error you could find yourself back in your cell, and with a heavier padlock on your collar.” Abruptly he demanded: “Can a Lesbian be changed?”

“I do not think so, Master. But I will try and please—”

“I am not thinking of you, Miss Sanderson. Be clinical. If a Lesbian was whipped into submission to men—your Anto-

nia for instance. Would she remain a Lesbian deep within her being?"

"Yes, Master, she would."

"Ah… now let us approach another angle. Suppose she was saturated with female flesh and female smells? Suppose she was given satiety after satiety by Lesbian lips and Lesbian tongues…? Might she not turn from feminine loins to those of men?"

"I do not think so, Master."

"And now a further hypothesis—" His voice turned brooding: "If such a woman, or a girl, was made captive by Lesbians and used by them for their pleasure, perhaps used cruelly, would her desire diminish? Or be reversed?"

"If it was so it would be temporary."

"You were captive to a Lesbian?"

Griselda started in surprise. "How do you—?"

"I know your story, all your background, and of the absurd woman who is to be whipped today—your 'Tonia."

"I don't think we were what you mean." Griselda said slowly. "I gave myself willingly." She grinned in memory. "I sort of made a present of myself that first time. I let her handcuff me. After that she never let me free and I did not want to be free. I'm sorry… does that sound silly?"

“Not with you.” Ali Ben Habbah gazed down at the kneeling girl, his regard amused, speculative. “You have a quality… Tessa has spoken to me of it, and I find it true. I am tempted to use you selfishly.”

“But why can’t you—I thought—?”

“I will tell you what you thought, Miss Sanderson. You saw a Harem and several wives senior to yourself. You saw brief periods in my bed interspersed by drudgery and submission to women who resented all that you are.” He smiled charmingly. “But what you saw most of all was a possibility of escape. Chained by your neck to the wall of your cell there was no such hope. But as a favored slave…? Am I right?”

“Yes. You make that sound silly too.”

“Suppose a miracle placed you back where you were before you were kidnapped?”

Ali Ben Habbah allowed the words to hover in the quiet room. Griselda heard them in disbelief. He was being cruel, yet in his voice there was no cruelty. Stumblingly, she rejected a dream:

“I think of that a lot,” she admitted listlessly. “But only as something that can’t possibly happen. I’m a slave, I’m in a distant place… Look at me now: naked, my hands tied, kneeling—”

“The pose becomes you. I suspect you enjoy it.”

Griselda did not protest. With this man or with 'Tonia she would still kneel. It was her nature to give herself. Within her sex she sensed the flicker of a flame. To belong to this man would be better than the cell. With deep sincerity she pleaded: "I don't want to go back to the brothel. I want you to keep me. I'll try and do whatever it is you've bought me for."

"I bought you because you're a Lesbian, and intelligent."

"I suppose there's an extra thrill for a man…? Possessing one of us… knowing what we're thinking making us obedient to a male desire…?"

He waved the thought away. "I'm sure there would be," he admitted dryly. "But I voiced a premise. Please consider it."

"I'd give half my life to be back where I was." Griselda said simply. "I haven't anything else to give, I'm a slave."

"You can do me a service."

Hope spurred the kneeling girl to a realization. "But 'Tonia, Antonia Noyes? Where is she in this? I'm lost?"

"That tiresome female soon to be whipped?" Ben Habbah sighed and disposed of the reluctant whore with a wave of the hand. "You may include her in your estimate. I prefer to talk to you. If she knelt where you kneel now she would provoke me into having her whipped again tomorrow."

"Are you serious, Master?" Griselda was breathless. "The

two of us… back in our home?"

"I am serious, Miss Sanderson." He smiled at her childish joy. "But you may think the price beyond your means."

"I won't! Oh, I won't!" Griselda's arms twisted against her bound wrists, shoulders fluttering. "Tell me what it is. I'll pay it gladly—Poor darling 'Tonia…"

"I cannot share your concern for Miss Noyes. She is one of those women who—well, never mind! But she is admirably suited for what I require." Ali Ben Habbah smiled indulgently. "I wish you both to be custodians of one of the most intractable young women I have ever heard of."

"But surely a collar, a chain, and a cell…?"

"She is highly born, highly educated. She will not be made to work in a brothel." He shook his head and grinned ruefully. "Not that it might not improve her temper and give her some of your wisdom. But for Alissa… no."

"But why us?"

"The girl is Lesbian."

The statement carried finality. Griselda had vague memories of Moslem attitudes. Beneath Ali Ben Habbah's suavity was steel. But, confronted by so glowing a prospect of freedom, she would be insane to quibble. "You wish us to keep her a… prisoner, this girl?"

“As you have been a prisoner these past years. You may have known some freedoms, Miss Sanderson, you will give her none.”

“She is dangerous? And why the U.S.A.?”

“She is dangerous only to herself. The U.S.A. because she is there now, finishing her education. Alissa is nineteen.”

Griselda was afire with excitement, but her tied hands told her to be circumspect. She knew the wisdom of silence, and said so. “Master, I will keep quiet while you tell me what you wish me to know.” She gazed up at him, wide eyed. “Master, I am trembling—”

The innocent admission amused the man whose property she had become. Ali Ben Habbah was pleased with this slave-girl from another world, and less and less inclined to part with her. But he had a purpose. He returned to it now.

“Alissa is one of the world’s richest girls. She is quite lovely, she is mischievous, she thinks herself emancipated, she is utterly spoiled. She is a Lesbian, and has carried this penchant for lapping between a girl’s thighs to outrageous extremes. In our own land this hunger between females is frowned upon and carries penalties. Alissa has deliberately flaunted her sexual preference to a point of provocation. I am afraid for her safety. Are you following me?”

“Yes, Master. Is not some of her behavior just a part of being nineteen?”

Ali Ben Habbah sighed wearily. “Of course. We make allowances. But the society from which we spring does not make them. They would have Alissa married and well thrashed into submission by now. Our family is powerful, but there are others more powerful still—” His eyes met Griselda’s forcefully. “It is best that Alissa disappear.”

It began to make sense. Griselda’s trembling became an exciting tingle of anticipation, of adventure, perhaps even romance! Timidly, she asked: “I suppose you’ve talked to her?”

“Our conversations have been only one more victory of the West over the East.” Ali Ben Habbah chuckled sardonically. “I have been tempted to beat her myself. It is best, however, for you and your ’Tonia to perform this task. Alissa will understand her stripes from you, she would only resent them from me.”

“Does she know what you plan for her, Master?”

“No. She will be delivered to you helpless. You will take it from there.” He shrugged dolefully. “I will admit to you a hope you may so indulge her appetite for the wrong sex as to effect a cure. Be merciless in your giving and taking. Exhaust her—if you can!”

Each weighed the pros and cons in silence, a hundred queries hovering. With certainty, Griselda said: “Master, there is more.”

“Yes, there is more.” Ben Habbah’s voice was soft. “I would suspect you possess honor, Miss Sanderson?”

“I… I suppose so. I’d never thought of it.”

“Our Race is prideful of its honor. I will tax yours.”

“Yes, Master.”

“If you fail me, or if you allow Alissa to escape, you will return here voluntarily?”

“To the brothel and the chain!” Griselda tensed.

“No.”

“To be punished?”

He laughed at her alarm. “To be my slave. To be as you are at this moment. To yield your person. Can you do it?”

It was impossible! It was ridiculous! Griselda heard her own voice promise: “Yes, Master, I would yield myself to you.”

“How can you say that with such conviction?”

“Because I’m grateful. You are giving me life and freedom. You are giving ’Tonia back her life… You ask of us only something we are able to do, perhaps we will do it well. I owe you much.”

He nodded, pleased. “Miss Noyes would seek to dilute your honor. Should she succeed, by persuasion or by force, you

will both be kidnapped once again. Miss Noyes would return to the brothel for life." Ali Ben Habbah smiled musingly. "You would be surprised at how easily the abduction can be accomplished."

"I will pay my debt, Master."

"I believe you. I have doubts of Miss Noyes, but she does not matter."

There it was again, the hidden steel! Griselda was conscious of her tied hands. She was far from free. Cautiously, she responded to a nagging anxiety. "Master, may I ask a gift?"

"You may ask."

"Forgive 'Tonia her flogging? Have her sentence revoked?"

"No."

Griselda hung her head lest he see her chagrin. She must give no cause for anger. Meekly, she said: "I am sorry, Master. I should not have asked. I did so because I love her."

"And you are going a great deal for her. You are giving her something she believes lost forever." Ben Habbah consoled. "But her sentence is just. The punishment may teach her something. I am supposing it will make her humble enough to be sensible in accepting my plan for Alissa as you have done."

“Yes, Master.”

“You and I will be among those who watch.”

It was a tearing at the heart, but inevitable. Griselda did not protest. She looked up frankly and vowed. “These things are as you desire, Master I will obey.”

He could have said she had no choice, but refrained Instead, he commented: “Properly thrashed, this Mistress you love should be in a proper frame of mind for Alissa.”

“May I ask who Alissa is, Master?”

“Alissa is my sister,” said Ali Ben Habbah.

Chapter two.

'Tonia

It is exactly as I have been promised. I am to be whipped in public. For a little while I will be an erotic spectacle of writhing female flesh and female screams. I am not a Stoic, the whip will diminish me. I have been whipped a great deal since Griselda and I were brought to this place, mostly because I loathe men and my loathing shows. How can a Lesbian lay passively and widespread while the male phallus pierces her again and again, spilling its filth! I have not been able to do this, so I am whipped. Today will be my worst whipping of all. They hope the pain will break me, the public display of my shame humiliate...! The smallest dividend they can get from what is to be done to me is as an example to the other girls who, I am told, will be compelled to watch me receive my lashes.

Nothing matters any more. Griselda is kept from me by bars. We can talk and finger our chains, that is all. I love her more than I have ever loved her. She is adorable and remains untouched and immaculate, perhaps she will survive. I will not survive. They will whip me to death or write me off in disgust and sell me elsewhere. If the whip was not such agony I would provoke it just to die.

I hate this place. I hate the collar on my neck and the shackle on my ankle. I hate the men. That this can happen to Griselda and I does not seem possible. Our kidnapping

was so casual, so easy for them, and so final for us.

Tessa is kind in her own fashion. She is in love with Griselda but not in love with me. She is amused with my punishments and whips me with pleasure, the innocent pleasure of a child with a pet. She has relished my distaste for what I must now endure, delighting on such detail as the whip between my legs and overlapping to sear my breast. She then reassures me by saying I am worth too much money to spoil. She says my cunt will be punished but not injured. She loves that word…!

My time has come. This is the pulse pounding moment when I obediently cross my wrists behind my back for Tessa to tie. In my shameful walk to punishment I must cover nothing, so my hands are fastened back out of the way. It also keeps me helpless. I do not care about my tied hands, I am used to nakedness, and I no longer think of escape, but I know two moments of intense pleasure as the chain and padlock fall away from my collar and the heavy shackle from my ankle. Both have been locked upon me for a long, long time.

“There, you nice and tight,” says Tessa complacently.

“You going to walk sensibly to whipping post?”

“Yes, I’ll be sensible, Tessa. Tell me what to do.”

“I have to untie hands. Then you put them where I say for new tie? You do that?”

“Yes, of course. I’m not a silly child. Tessa, it is you who’ll whip me…? Please, don’t let a man—?”

“Sure I whip you,” she chuckles. “I hurt you worse than man.”

I do not tell her I don’t mind the extra pain so long as it is a woman. If they understood me they would appoint a male flogger and thus double my shame. Meekly, I ask:

“How many strokes, Tessa?”

“Mebbee fifty… mebbee a hundred.” She laughs.

So I am not to know. I think a hundred of the sort of strokes Tessa will lay across my back would kill a woman. Miserably, I tell her: “I’ll scream, Tessa, I know I’ll scream, and be so ashamed…”

“Is good for other girls to hear. You scream plenty. Sometimes they silly just like you.”

I have often wondered about the others. We see something of each other through the bars. They all bear the collar and chain and are sometimes whipped. All are white. Tessa proudly says we are a “White House”, if a man wants colored flesh he goes elsewhere. We are in North Africa, and many of them were kidnapped while on vacation. It is so easy to be kidnapped…!

“Now we go,” says Tessa proudly. It is Tessa’s day! I suppose, in its way, it is also mine.

The eyes burn my skin and shrivel my pride, my nakedness is theirs to enjoy. The white whores are drawn up in line. They too are nude, clothed only by the iron collar on their neck and the rope binding their arms behind their back. Tessa's hand on my arm guides me past them to my fate. At the end of the line is Griselda—beside her a man!

But the post at which I am to be whipped gains my attention. It is a gibbet offering a protruding arm from which I will hang. It is beautifully stark and functional and makes me shiver. As we approach, Tessa's fingers tighten on my arm in warning.

Tessa unties my hands. For a few moments I stand, naked and free, massaging my wrists, wishing I had the courage to run. But we are in a huge walled Courtyard so where would I flee! Passively, I allow Tessa to buckle wide straps around my wrists, each strap is ringed… "Is very kind, they no stop blood," she says solicitously. "Is best you hang so skin tight for whip."

I do not truly hang. My toes are on the ground after the wristlets are hooked high and my arms spread wide. But Tessa is thoughtful of my crotch and my palpitating sex. She snares each of my ankles and stakes them well apart so I am open. She is right, my skin is stretched, my back arched, my breasts pleading for attention. I am a woman ripely ready for the whip.

I can scarcely move, but I peep beneath an armpit to where

my darling stands, wide eyed and bereft. Between us flash the vibrations of love. But we are so helpless, neither of us will ever bury our face within beloved hair again. What does it matter if I am whipped to death, I have already lost everything! The Male still stands beside my love. About him is a proprietary air. Could it be Griselda has managed...? But I refuse to hope. If my darling had gained favor, her fist act would be to free me of this penance, but I am not free. Soon I will be whipped.

But first the circus! I am a demonstration of what naughty girls can expect if they bite a man's cock or kick his shin, or even if there is rebellion in their voice when they welcome him within their cunt. Tessa rubs the stock of her whip up within my crotch to friction my lips, strangely swollen and strangely wet, to make me gasp in a response I do not wish to make. I am ashamed of the heat her playful act engenders within my loins. She flicks my breasts. I cannot move them, so they accept the small burns of the whip tip she plies between her fingers. Strive as I may I cannot prevent my nipples hardening beneath the feminine ministration, my breathing quickens and my nostrils flare.

Tessa has done this before to other girls. She trails the lash across my bare shoulders, my breasts, the curves of my derriere. I am being sensitized by a mistress of the art. She will not allow me orgasm but will bring me breathlessly close. The pain will then be in more vivid contrast.

"Now I whip you."

It is a whisper for my ears alone. In its warning is humanity. Tessa is sorry for me but will not allow sympathy to lighten her arm. She is a faithful servant and I am only a delinquent whore. I tense and take a deep, deep breath.

The crowd makes more sound than I. The murmur of their reactions to the whiplash across my back reaches me through an explosion of pain. I am fighting my bonds but scarcely move. The shock of this first blow helps keep me mute. I remember the moment from other whippings…! I am not without experience. I tense once more in fearful readiness.

Poor darling Griselda! I have whipped her so often but never as I am whipped now. But can I be sure of that! I am not a spectator, I am only the recipient. Perhaps these frightful cuts are no more than ordinary, perhaps I am getting only what I have given in those erotic caprices to extract my darling's tears! In my bursts of agony I know guilt. But I would whip her so again… I would, I would, I would! My world is shattered in pain and the anguish of losing my beloved. I have been given four strokes. I have not yet screamed.

My striped nakedness may be the cynosure of most attention, but Tessa is the impresario. Her employers will be watching and judging her versatility. Between she and I there has sprung up a rapport by which I am certain the next cut will be between my legs. I long to close them but they remain invitingly open, their ropes mocking my in-

stinctive pull. When my vulva is split asunder by the slicing thong snapping up between my thighs my only surprise is at a new intensity of anguish, an entirely fresh and different scorch and scald to deliver me to an innovative quality of pain. I scream.

Tessa's stroke and my response find approval. There is a whisper of awe and a faint clapping of hands. I peep once more around my taut bare arm to behold Griselda's sharing of my travail. She is twisting at her bound hands and stares appealingly from me to her male companion who smiles indulgently at her distress. Between my legs there burns a fire such as I have never known. I cannot close them to protect my sex—damn! Oh, damn, damn, damn…!

I am bound too tightly to be resilient beneath the lash. The thong impacts wickedly upon my skin with a sound I cannot describe. My buttocks do not bounce as they should but accept their cuts in inert anguish. I do not cry. Griselda would have shed tears by now, sweet salty drops I always licked away, holding her nudity, my naked breasts tight against hers. No one holds me now. I am alone.

The mind can be an anesthetic against pain. Not the first time a girl is whipped, her shock is too great. But in successive whippings she will build a self defense of imagery. It takes me now to those days before our kidnapping when Griselda wore the handcuffs. I live that happiness again as we daily debate how long she could or should live with her wrists locked behind her back. It had been nearly

three months. I remember a typical exchange, a sort of ritual of emphasis.

“Sweetheart, I’m going to unlock those handcuffs. You’ve had them on long enough.”

“Don’t you dare! Don’t even think of it. I’ll pout!”

“But, Griselda darling, it’s almost three months!”

“So what! Make me wear them three years.”

I loved doing for my captive girl those things she could not do for herself, there were not many. She was always naked anyway, and when we went outdoors she wore a cape and giggled with me at the delicious thought: ‘If people only knew!’ Griselda belonged to me. She does not belong to me now. As far as I can tell we both belong to some sort of syndicate—My memories are dissolved by another upward slice into my sex. Dutifully, I scream and scream again. The ropes vibrate against the savagery of my protesting limbs. I expect I am an enjoyable spectacle for those who watch.

Tessa returns to alternating between my back and my bottom. I can move neither, I am beautifully tied for her convenience. I set my mind to wondering why I look upon Griselda as a child, or as junior to myself. Others too fall into the same assumption. Yet we are both of an age, I am only a few months older. She mocks my sobriety, I glory in her eternal girlishness. Long ago we fell into our natural roles. It is all gone now but it was very wonderful. I sup-

pose the best we can hope for after this is to reach through the bars and touch. I begin to scream after each blow, it is the end of caring.

My whipping goes on and on without end, so do my screams until unconsciousness stills them. When I grope my way back into the world I am uncertain, dazed, beholding through a misty haze of pain, exhaustion, and a great relief. Within the mist are silhouettes and Griselda's voice.

"Must she stay tied, Master?"

"It is the custom."

The male voice is cultured and assured. I cannot place it. But I detect warmth for Griselda and none for me.

"Master, my hands are still tied. Could I have them, the poor darling needs comfort."

There is motion and a male chuckle. "Give her your comfort, then return to me to be tied again."

Griselda's scent envelopes me, I am held in convulsive joy by bare and loving arms. It is good we are naked, thrusting hard to weld ourselves as one, uncaring of male eyes. My wrists and ankles flare in reawakened pain under the stress of love. I cannot hold Griselda but she holds me. It is the first time in months. I want it to last forever.

I forget the pain of the whip, and of the ropes still binding

me widespread. I rub my face in Griselda's hair and inhale her musk. For a little while that is all there is: Griselda and me. But as my vision clears I am aware of The Male. He is a handsome specimen of the species. I hate him.

The girl who once was mine looks back over her shoulder and asks, breathlessly: "Master, may I tell her?"

The Man says no word, but simply holds up the rope. Obediently, in an innocence I know so well, my darling kisses me, returns to the almighty Male and sweetly crosses her wrists behind her back for him to tie. I hate him, and would kill him… if I could! Laughing, he gives his august permission:

"Yes, tell her."

Breathlessly, Griselda tells me.

It is too, too cruel. The poor darling is radiant because of a dream, a male implanted fantasy. In her anxiety to share it with me she tugs at her bound hands, shoulders twisting in an ecstasy of expression. The Male watches us with cynical omnipotence, reading my disbelief. His voice is damnably pleasant.

"Try and believe her, Miss Noyes."

So exquisitely civilized, so plausible! Poor dear Griselda twists and implores: "Master, she is in pain, she's been terribly punished. Please… may she be untied?"

“No, she’s no different from any other whipped girl.”

I look at him and spit.

“You see, she’s quite impossible. If I could find a man foolish enough to buy her he could have her for pennies.”

“Oh no!” It is a cry of agony. My darling is on her knees before this handsome symbol of the phallus. “I will convince her, Master. I will, I will—!” Tears are brimming from her imploring eyes.

“Will you allow yourself to be convinced, Miss Noyes?”

The smooth son-of-a-bitch! I know I am absurd but I am jealous of his possession of my love. I am furious that he can own us, that he can stand there and examine my pubic hair and breasts, that he has the power to whip me. In an explosion of rebellion against his Male suavity I spit again.

“Behold your Mistress, Miss Sanderson. Can you still defend her?”

“Forgive her, Master—” Griselda is distraught “Her punishment has made her—Oh, please…?”

“Has she not earned the whip?”

“Yes. I suppose… Master, forgive her? Oh, please?” He turns to me. The bastard smiles. “Miss Noyes, has not your spittle earned the lash?”

I do not spit again, I simply glare in hate. I am my own en-

emy. I am going to be whipped again and I will do nothing to stop it happening, it is my own fault. But I am Me!

The whip has been tossed on the ground for me to look at in my naked vigil. The Man picks it up, and my beloved goes wild in pleading, in denial, in abnegation. Her shoulders sway and twist as she tears at the rope around her wrists. It is useless. His command is curt.

“You kneel and watch. You will keep quiet.”

“Yes, Master.”

Griselda kneels obediently, eyes desolate. She is telling me to conform, to be sensible as she is sensible. All I do is glower, but I am trembling.

Griselda’s story has thrust the whip and its pain from my mind. But now, too late, I remember and am afraid of what I have done. The first slash across my shoulders dilutes my Lesbian purpose, the second causes a voice which I recognize dully as my own to cry out in surrender: “I’m sorry… I’m sorry… forgive me—!”

The whip is deaf. It cuts again across the fresh weals on my skin. Once more I hear my voice: “Forgive me, Master.”

The whip stops. A cool civilized male voice inquires: “I beg your pardon?”

“I am sorry, Master. Please forgive me.”

The male voice sarcastically professes shock: “Do I understand you recognize the existence of something male, Miss Noyes?” The whip cuts at me again.

I am not as militantly female as I thought. Pain conquers me. I embrace abnegation. “Yes, Master. I have been foolish, I have been proud… I beg your Mercy.” I do not tell him how I hate myself.

There is a fourth blow, the worst of all. I scream hideously. When I struggle out of agony and look back over a bare strained shoulder I discover myself alone. The Man, with a firm grip on Griselda’s arm, is many paces distant. I weep in a loneliness of hurt.

My tears are not helping. I want to wipe them from my cheeks but cannot. I cannot do anything, I am tied far too tight and far too stretched. I do the best I can to brush my cheeks against my raised bare arms. This cruelty of leaving a whipped girl alone in her bonds is subtly potent. I know nothing of time. I may still be tied thus tomorrow or released in thirty minutes… I may be whipped again! I do not know. It is easy to cry.

Apart from a nagging longing to be freed, I have much to think of. I look down at my taut nakedness and wonder how soon it will be before it is again pierced by men who have paid someone else for the pleasure of fucking me. It cannot be too soon: In this is the measure of my defeat. If given the choice at this moment I would prefer the ram-

pant male to remaining as I am. I hurt everywhere and am obscenely spread. Even though no one looks at my pubic hair I am shamed.

I reflect on Griselda's story and on the man from whence it came. It cannot be true… it cannot! But pain and immobility is weakening me into wishful thinking. Suppose this story of the wayward girl is true! Supposing I have spat upon the greatest gift we could be given! I am flooded with a panic of remorse. Surely I could have been more canny. I could have listened and played along! Instead, I remain tied like this, I invited the whip, and my darling is gone. I hate men, oh how I hate them! But they can be used. Griselda uses them. I have betrayed her with my hostile cunt.

To be free and to possess Griselda again in our own home! It is a dream of dreams. Our breasts, our nipples our pussies would be our own again, to play with, to punish, to adore. Now they belong to a syndicate and to men who pay. They are a part of our bodies but are not for us to use. We are pretty naked dolls.

After the way I have behaved the best I can hope for is to be chained again in the brothel. I had best behave so they will not sell me. If I am sold I will lose Griselda forever. They may punish me by putting us in distant cells so we cannot touch through the bars. It has been little enough but is something I fear to lose. I have been so foolish—like a silly virgin. I struggle briefly and hurt my wrists and an-

kles. It is a punishment for my stupidities, for my Lesbian pride.

I must spread my legs properly and please the men. I must, I must, I must! I hurt Griselda as well as myself by being intractable. I know it is the whip that has brought me to this decision and I am shamed by the knowledge. Perhaps women should be whipped regularly to enable them to inhabit the same planet as men. Undoubtedly I should be! Until this moment I have never realized how separate a Lesbian can seem. To that man who has just whipped me I am incomprehensible.

If only I had Griselda's glorious detachment! She lays herself, spread wide and open, for the men to pierce. While they pump themselves into orgasm her mind is far away. She has not yet climaxed with a single one. She gives no offense, she is not whipped, she is Tessa's favorite girl. But look at me! I am constantly whipped, I deliberately provoke, I hate the customers. But my greatest shame is the one they do not know. I cannot detach myself from what is being done within my legs, friction defeats my anger. Perhaps it is my very loathing of male copulation that engenders in my mind some erotic reaction which triggers climax. I actually climax there on the cot, chained by my neck and by my ankle… I climax! Damn them, damn them, damn them, but I do!

"You happy hung up there like that, girl?"

It is Tessa's cheerful voice. My head has been bowed in reverie and shame. I have not seen her approach. She is looking at her handiwork with an approving eye.

"Oh, Tessa! Tessa, please untie me… Please!" It is all I can think to say.

"Your own fault you tied that way, Toni."

She pronounces my name all wrong but it pleases her. I long ago gave up trying to change it. To Tessa I am Toni, the most troublesome of her girls and the most often whipped. I test my new humility:

"I know it's my fault, Tessa, but please let me down promise I'll be good."

"Huh, that will be the day!" She tweaks my nipples painfully and grins at my tear stained cheeks. "You'sposed to hang there 'till night."

"I know." I gaze at her pleadingly. "But my wrists and ankles: I can't feel them any more. They're numb."

"Then you lucky girl. Maybe your back and bottom get numb too."

"Tessa, please don't tease me. You could let me loose… you could—?"

"You very pretty tied up, Miz Toni."

She has moved close, her hand has found my sex and is

wickedly busy, her eyes laugh into mine.

“Tessa, don’t do that… don’t! It’s getting me aroused.”

“Good!”

I am so damn helpless, she can do what she likes with me. I suppose I should be thankful she is not using the whip on my back. I should be grateful for the intense pleasure with which she is unexpectedly flooding my loins. But all I feel is shame that I am thus exposed and thus available, above all that I am so wantonly responsive. I stamp out my natural self and say, humbly:

“Thank you… thank you—!”

She instantly stops, the busy hand withdraws I feel trebly naked. “You not supposed to have good time,” Tessa reproves maternally.

I am bereft, consumed by need. “Please, please… Please!”

She laughs. “It because you been whipped good. Girls always want fuck after whipping.”

“I… I… don’t care Tessa, don’t stop, go on, go on, go on!”

“No. You very bad girl.”

“I won’t be bad now. I’ll be good. I promise!” I sound like a child but do not care.

“Maybe I let you eat me. You like that?”

“Yes, oh, yes…!”

“But I not eat you back. No sixty-nine?”

I am being punished, what ease can I expect! My response is a whimpering moan: “I don’t mind… I don’t mind—” My eyes implore Tessa’s omnipotent cheerfulness. “I’ll do anything.”

Tessa nods, her mission is achieved. She turns and walks away. She does not look back. I remain naked, tied in my stretched ‘X’ beneath the gibbet. But now my loins flame unsatisfied desire between my taut thighs…! I can do nothing to assuage them, nothing, nothing, nothing! I am a nude girl being punished for being Lesbian. I am learning lessons.

Thirty minutes? I can only guess at time before Tessa returns. She is playing with me, and I am helpless. The moan with which I greet her is painfully genuine “Oh, Tessa…!”

“You still got hot cunt, Miz Toni?”

“Yes.”

“S’pose I let you loose? You give me trouble?”

“No.”

She unties my ankles. I sigh in partial ecstasy. To stand with my thighs tight together is pure joy.

“You ain’t free yet, Miz Toni. S’pose I unties your hands,

you let me tie 'em again?"

"Of course I will, Tessa! Oh, gladly."

She pats my left breast in motherly fashion and unties my punished hands. I am suddenly, stupidly, and without volition, on the ground. I massage my wrists and laugh hysterically. "You see, Tessa, I'm so weak you can do anything you like with me."

"Huh, you just stiff and sore, maybe tired. You been punished real good."

Good naturedly, she gives me a couple of minutes in which to transform a bundle of whipped skin and bones into something female. Then she helps me to my feet. "You put your hands behind your back now?"

"Of course. Honest, Tessa, I don't mind." I turn and cross my wrists.

"Huh, you sure you feeling all right?" Her query is only half sarcasm.

"Yes, I'm all right. I've simply made up my mind to be the way you want and not get myself whipped any more."

"You don't mean you've had enough of being whipped!" Tessa's exclamation is in mock incredulity.

"Oh, Tessa, you know I have. You're teasing." I wriggle my bare arms. "Look, I'm holding my hands just right. Why

don’t you tie them, that’s what you wanted?”

She ties me unnecessarily tight. Because she is female it feels good, but I do not say so. She picks up the whip with one hand and guides my bare arm with the other. We fall into step, I am irradiated with gladness to leave my punishment behind.

“You pleasure me real good, Miz Toni, but I don’t pleasure you at all. Understand?” Her admonition is without malice.

It is a beautiful room in a beautiful house and the bed is the most luxurious piece of femininity I have ever known.

On it I forget my bound hands and Tessa forgets she is the Matron of a brothel. I make her very happy. I do so again and again and again. My own pussy is never touched but is left chastely rampant with desire.

It is the same cell. I am absurdly grateful. I stand obediently while Tessa locks the chain to my collar. I then extend my ankle for its shackle.

“That collar hold you good enough,” she retorts. “You’ve been promoted.”

There is a subtle air of something different. But I am still a chained and naked whore in a brothel, a girl whose back and bottom are wickedly wealed. When Tessa turns to leave, I remind her gently:

“My hands are still tied behind my back.”

She laughs and shrugs. “You can ask your first customer to untie them. Or get the girl in the next cell to reach through the bars.” She goes away, chuckling. I look at the unlocked door through which my chain and collar will not let me pass. I am back to square one.

I will not ask the next girl to untie me. She would be scared, and might indeed be punished. Instead, I ask the first man who comes to use my sex. I am polite, I smile brightly, I turn and wriggle my bound wrists. But the idiot is intrigued, he likes me as I am. It is a new notion to aid erection. I lay down on my joined arms and make the best of it, a very good best! The hot desire to which Tessa has aroused me results in a surging orgasm under the friction of the oaf’s phallus. I gasp and moan shamefully. He is immensely proud.

The syndicate is profiting. I am fucked three times in quick succession. But it is not until the fourth man stands and ogles my nakedness that I get my hands untied. He is the first to see my humble request as reasonable, and anyway he wishes me to use my hands on him. I can sense his intention to tie me again after, but I give him so much happiness he forgets, and leaves me with a length of rope I hide beneath the cot for fear it will promote ideas, I get tied up enough without inviting it. After my cell door is locked for the night I go to sleep on my tummy, my back and bottom are still burning from the whip.

The morning is routine. My whip weals are admired in awe

by the girl next door. She tells me of her cringe and wince as she watched them etched on my skin. I am something of a heroine with the girls but am not envied. She says she is going to try and be more obedient than she has ever been. I realize the syndicate's sound judgment in having me publicly punished, today their House is bulging with good resolutions.

But the cell on the other side of me remains empty. Griselda is gone, and with her my heart. I can trail my chain and peer through the bars all I like but she is not there. Tessa does not come. I can ask no questions I almost welcome the men who fuck me, for a little while they dilute my awareness of loss. A man has my Griselda, a man, a man, a man! I see him with his hand on her bare arm, her hands tied, leading her away. I want to scream.

Noon brings Tessa with Griselda. Grinning, she allows us to cling and kiss, then ties our hands behind our back. My darling is radiant and adores the rope. I simply accept it. When Tessa produces the hypodermic I start back in alarm. But Griselda's command holds a strange authority. "Let her do it, darling. Just stand still."

I stand still. The needle pierces me.

The brothel vanishes.

Chapter Three.

Handcuffed.

The first transports of joy were over but the two girls remained dazed in a joyous disbelief they deliberately prolonged. Antonia Noyes inflicted douche after douche upon her sex as though in revenge against its soiling. Griselda laughed and contented herself with one. They searched their home for damage or for loss. There was little. Ali Ben Habbah was a man of miracles. Griselda was ecstatic about him.

“He’s terribly sweet, darling! And so strong.”

“You slept with him, I know you did!”

“Darling, I just sort of gave him a present of myself. After all he’s done…!”

“You did it more than once, I can tell.”

Griselda giggled. “Well yes—you’ll have to whip me for it, but please not today. He was ever so much nicer than those men who kept having a go at us. Not the same thing at all. I was surprised.”

“I shall have to whip you hard.”

“Of course, darling. Make me scream. But after all, we are back home—”

They reveled in it and in each other, savoring everything as though it was new and might never recur. Their conversation one exclamation after another.

“Such a wonderful idea to drug us so we woke up back home!”

“It was the way they took us out there. But, yes, there’s something to be said for it. Griselda darling, I didn’t believe you, I didn’t believe a word. I thought it was some sort of trap, a new kind of cruelty. I’m ashamed, I didn’t help you at all.”

“But, ’Tonia dear, you’re a Mistress! It was so much easier for me…”

“I behaved like an idiot.”

“You behaved like a Mistress, that’s all.”

Antonia Noyes sighed. She wished she had Griselda’s exuberant optimism. But, for her, there were still big unanswered questions, the most intrusive of which was the collar on Griselda’s neck.

“But, darling, it’s so beautiful! Why worry?” The slavegirl’s fingers were busy on the metal, seeking the invisible join.

“But it won’t come off. You can’t possibly wear it all your life!”

“Well, I don’t suppose I’ll have to,” Griselda mused. “When

his sister goes home after… well, afterwards, I'll be relieved of my promise. I think he had this put on me while we were unconscious just as a reminder I'm sort of a hostage. He didn't put one on you."

"It's lovely, but you can't go out in public. The ring hanging at the back tells what it's for, it screams out loud for a chain."

Griselda giggled. "I don't mind. I think it's gorgeous. Maybe it will start a new trend. Besides, darling, you do chain me sometimes, y'know. You'll find it ever so convenient."

"You're in love with it because of Mr. Ali Ben—whatshisname."

"Add that to my punishments, darling. But I do wish you'd try and like him a little. We owe him so much—and if something did go wrong and it was our fault I honestly would yield myself to him."

"Not if I got a chain on you first!"

"Then he'd simply have us both kidnapped again. 'Tonia dear, these men are so powerful—"

"It's a strange sort of metal, sort of blends with your skin, and it's so snug. But I'm sure we could get it cut off. Your hero would never know."

"He would, I'm sure he would!" Griselda's hands flew to her neck. "I think it's a symbol of something—he'd be an-

gry. And anyway, I don't want it off. I think it's yummy."

Antonia Noyes silently wondered if she herself was suffering from pique. She secretly admired the exquisitely crafted metal band which proclaimed the younger girl as slave. She wished the enigmatic Arab had welded one on her too. Probably he considered her unworthy. Abruptly she changed the subject.

"This Yasmin girl? She's apt to arrive anytime?"

Griselda laughed. "Probably trussed in a crate. And her name's not Yasmin, it's Alissa."

'Tonia sniffed. "All Arab girls are called Yasmin. It suits them. I suppose he understands I'll stand no nonsense from his little spitfire?"

"I think that's the idea, darling. He probably thinks I'm the way I am because you made me so. He'd like his sister tailored the same way." Griselda waved a deprecating hand. "I'm so outrageously submissive I'm ashamed of myself but I can't help it."

'Tonia looked down with love at the nude and kneeling girl. She had long cherished amusement that Griselda could be submissive enough to melt the heart yet at the same time get her own way. Impishly, she asked: "Remember those handcuffs, pet?"

For a moment the slavegirl groped, then glowed in recollection. "Oh, 'Tonia...! Mmmmmm, it was two months

and twenty-eight days when we were kidnapped. Darling, can we go on from there?"

"Behind your back, sweetheart? D'you really want to? You've already set a record?"

"'Course I do! I feel so… so—Well anyway, lovely and hot below my triangle. That lovely black pair! I'll go and get them."

"Hold it, pet! I don't want you that helpless so soon, there's things to do."

Griselda brought out her prettiest pout. "There's hardly a thing needs doing except my punishments," she complained reproachfully. "If you sentence me to be whipped for each of them we can get the job out of the way today after all."

"You asked me not to whip you today."

"I've changed my mind. I want my punishments so I can get back in the handcuff marathon. It's best you whip me before my arms are behind my back."

"You're impossible!"

"But so practical! 'Tonia… Please?"

"You're a carnal menace. I've forgotten how many sins you have to expiate."

"Well, there was me and Ali Ben Habbah. You took a very

Victorian view of that, darling."

"I still do. What's next?"

Griselda managed to look coy. "Well, it wasn't just once, remember, it was… more than once! Maybe just a second sentencing?"

"Very well. I know you need to be whipped, you've got out of hand. But I'm not really in the mood."

"You'll soon get back in once you've got me tied. Honest, I do so need to be whipped—by you, of course! I feel sort of guilty about not having been whipped for so long." Griselda chuckled. "It's sort of like all those douches you gave yourself."

"Very well, I'll purge you with the whip. Is that all?"

"You took a dim view of my liking Ali's collar—"

"Three!" Announced 'Tonia flatly. "That's enough."

"I won't complain if you can think of something else?"

"You're a lecherous little masochist. After the first few strokes you're not going to enjoy what I'm going to do to you one little bit. You've confessed to three sins: you'll get ten for each."

"Couldn't you make it three for twenty-five, 'Tonia?"

"You'd be disappointed if I did. Come along. Let's get it over

with. You're starting to pant."

To both girls Griselda's punishments were an emotional reality, nothing was simulated. It had been thus from the beginning. Without the punishments their union would have been purely of the flesh. But their constant awareness of delineation between right and wrong in their relationship lifted it into realms of the spirit. That the giving and receiving of these penalties aroused them both to hot carnality seemed irrelevant. If Griselda erred, even in an exuberance of loving, she was punished. She herself would sometimes draw faults to her Mistress's attention. It had about it the austere simplicity of Victorian mores.

It was mostly the whip or the thin cane, the latter for the humility of bending over and touching toes. The marks of such inflictions seemed appropriate on delinquent skin. But their punishment room, still as complete as in their years before the brothel, was equipped with stocks and pillory and other mechanisms by which Griselda could be made to repine in penance. But such punishments demanded time, as did the dungeon, and The Mistress was not often willing to part with her slave for long hours or for days. Both girls preferred the swift sure markings of Griselda's skin.

"My hands up to the bar, darling?"

"Of course. Your back gets the thirty today. Your bottom got most of your punishments while you were handcuffed."

Griselda raised her wrists to the waiting straps. "'Tonia dear, was that whipping they gave you very terrible?"

"Yes. Don't talk about it. It's over. I'll be wealed for a month —but it's just you who knows. I'd be terribly ashamed if anyone else did. Up on your toes, pet."

"I felt so guilty, darling, not getting whipped the way you were always getting it. I should have provoked them so we could have screamed together. 'Tonia dear I think you should give me ten for that. It was a sort of disloyalty?"

"Don't be silly. Thirty strokes is quite enough for one time. Besides, if you hadn't been such a little angel in that beastly place we'd probably both be still there."

In the blissful thrill that always preceded her punishments, Griselda looked up the bare columns of her arms to where the straps were tightening firmly round her wrists. It was, for her, a time of such intense sensation, such erotic quiverings as to blot from her mind the pain which would eventually quench the heat within her sex. What was happening now was a total yielding, a giving of herself to the girl she loved, and then the sharing of pain to make her scream. Each girl regarded the screams as implicit in what they did.

"It's been so long, 'Tonia. There's not a mark on me, is there?"

"There soon will be, sweetheart. D'you want your feet

tied?"

"Mmmmmm, you love to see me jump around, darling. Let me kick."

Antonia Noyes was breathing fast. For her too this was a time of hot intensity, a feminine lust for weals on female flesh, a breathless adoration of the naked beauty of the girl whose wrists were strapped to render her helpless and delivered to the whip. In her taut vulnerability Griselda was heartbreakingly lovely. With all the reverence of etching a weal on virgin skin she drew back the arm that held the lash.

Whipped, Griselda became an exquisite manifestation of maiden agony. Tensing and tugging, she kicked the air and moaned an acknowledgment of thanks for what she had received. Across the width of her shoulders the scarlet began in a thin pink line. "Ohhhhh, darling...!" Her gasp was still of ecstasy. She did not scream until the seventh stroke.

There was never any mercy, no bargaining or romantic gestures. A delinquent damsel had been sentenced and the sentence was inflicted to the last cutting slash on naughty skin. The closest 'Tonia came to amnesty was to pause in the measured blows and cup the punished girl's wet sex in an exploring palm while she hungrily kissed the ripe red lips which dung and clung until the moment of withdrawal and the resumption of the scorching cuts.

There was the breathing space half way through. Both girls

were panting, Griselda's nudity was glistening with sweat. In the punishment of a whipping 'Tonia always made herself as naked as her captive. For a little while their heated flesh would blend as she clasped the helpless beauty of her love. Mostly they spoke no word, there was nothing to say. In their understanding of each other they became as one.

'Tonia varied the rituals of discipline. The lonely weary waiting in her bonds after being whipped was a potent part of a girl's penance. It could last a short time or on through the night. But, today, Griselda was left for only thirty minutes in which to contemplate her sins and their reward.

"Things to do, pet. I'm going to let you down."

"Mmmmmm, oh darling, you really laid it on. I feel beautifully whipped. I'm oozing virtue."

"You're oozing sexy musk. I'm taking you to bed. Whipping you makes me so damn horny...!"

"What about my handcuffs?"

"They can wait 'till morning. I want your arms."

The handcuffs waited until noon. They were approached with a proper solemnity. 'Tonia compelled Griselda's bubbling effervescence to pause and reflect.

“This time you’re not going to have a thing to say about them coming off, sweetheart. They stay until I’m ready to use the key.”

“But wasn’t that the way last time?”

“You know it wasn’t. We were always debating whether you should wear ’em one more day.”

“Darling, even talking about it puckers my puss.”

“Everything puckers your puss. You’re a carnal nymphet. I’d whip you daily but it has the same effect.” ’Tonia raised an admonitory finger. “In getting the handcuffs back on, are you considering the anti climax factor?”

“You mean, nothing’s as good the second time?”

“Yes. But once I’ve locked ’em on you this time you can beg all you like, they’re not coming off.”

“Darling, you make them sound so gorgeously menacing I can hardly wait.” Griselda sighed and glowed. “Just think! Those lovely clicks will mean forever.”

“They could mean a long time. Think about it.”

“I’ve already thought about it. Darling, don’t you want a beautifully handcuffed slavegirl?”

’Tonia sighed. “I’m afraid I do. All right, go and get them.”

“Oh, darling, we’re so lucky—the lovely black pair—!”

They enjoyed the moment for every nuance of sensation it possessed. Griselda was frankly trembling as she turned her whip etched back and positioned her hands. “There you are, darling, all ready.”

The Mistress gently stroked the bare arms so meekly demanding prisonment. “Don’t you want one last lovely stretch, pet?”

“I’ve had one. Oh, darling, please do hurry. I can hardly bear the suspense.”

’Tonia fitted the neat black metal round one passive wrist and gently clicked it shut to form a tight snug band. “There’s the first one, dear. I’ll still let you change your mind?”

“No! Oh, do please hurry!”

’Tonia guided the open jaws to their prey. She closed them round the slender wrist, her nostrils flaring match Griselda’s own. She extracted the last practical click from the hungry lock, then reversed the key to seal the closure. The handcuffing of Griselda was complete. She turned the now helpless girl around and kissed her soundly.

“There you are, pet, safe and secure.”

“Mmmmmm…!” The captive hands were busily tugging to find release from the tight metal their owner had deliberately invited. It was the classic response of the caged. Griselda’s eyes were half closed in ecstasy, her voice a

whisper: “Oh, darling, I love you so much.” Then, as an afterthought: “Don’t ever unlock me, not ever.”

Miss Antonia Noyes led her slavegirl back to bed.

The strongest character is taxed by the ringing of the phone or the front door chimes. No matter the determination to leave well enough alone, temptation beckons, curiosity is merciless… Griselda’s was susceptible…

She was alone. Antonia Noyes was shopping. It was the eighth day of their return. They were still tingling with the joy of release. The black handcuffs had now exceeded the three month milestone. Griselda Sanderson wallowed in happiness.

’Tonia had not prohibited response. The choice was Griselda’s. Even with hands locked behind her back she could still, awkwardly, deal with the phone or open a door.

The pealing of the front door chimes was demanding, it stopped her in her tracks. Mischief and a delicious awareness of the outrageous led her down the hall to peer cautiously round a drape.

A youngish woman, smart and assured. A suitcase, expensive! At the curb, a waiting taxi. No doubt a wrong address —but still! It was an irresistible combination… With handcuffed dexterity, Griselda opened the door enough to present a smiling query while keeping her nudity out of

sight.

“Oh, thank goodness. I really should have phoned.” The voice was faintly English. Its owner waved away the taxi with an imperious hand, picked up the suitcase and pushed the door and the girl who held it aside, to march with an assured step into the hallway. She turned, with a proprietary smile, to announce:

“I’m Alissa.”

She was excitingly lovely, and provocatively expensive. Authority endowed her with years beyond her age. She examined Griselda without a trace of surprise. Her approval was crisp. “How very charming… There’s an Antonia Noyes around somewhere?”

“She’s out for an hour. I’m Griselda.”

“You’re lovely. That’s Ali’s collar you’re wearing?”

“I have to. I can’t get it off.”

“Ah, yes. You’re the submissive. You don’t look a bit submissive to me.”

“Neither do you.”

They shared laughter. Griselda was suddenly enjoying herself immensely. “Tea, coffee, or a drink?” She asked hospitably.

“Tea in the afternoon. I’m half English, y’know. Went to

school there. But, I say… how can you? Your hands… they're fastened some way?"

Griselda turned enough to wriggle hands and handcuffs into view. "Oh, don't mind these," she exclaimed cheerfully. "I can do all sorts of things, I might even manage shaking hands."

"And you've been whipped, haven't you." Alissa's comment was coolly matter-of-fact. "You're exactly what I expected. This whole thing's out of this world."

They made the Tea together and took it to the lounge. Alissa's explanations were simple and direct. "Ali's in the U.S., y'know." She giggled. "I have my spies… I'm scheduled to be drugged, bound, and put in a crate for delivery here on Friday." She sipped her tea, eyes sparkling. "But I prefer to arrive like this. I hope you don't mind?"

"But won't he be angry?"

"Only until he phones here. You can tell him I'm safely bound and gagged or something. Then he'll be happy. We're terribly fond of each other. I suppose you're in love with him?"

"Yes."

"Every woman is. I'm told he fucks gorgeously?"

"Well, I… I—"

“Don’t be embarrassed. I know your story. Ali owns fifty-one percent of that bordello. He threatened to put me in there last year.” She grinned impishly. “Since father died Ali’s head of our family. Until I’m twenty-one I have to do whatever he says.”

“He’d never put you in a brothel—!”

“Probably not. But he does get awfully angry sometimes. I say, what was it like?”

“They kept us chained in cells. The customers just walked in and stuck their damn things into us. Neat and simple.”

“I’ve wondered. A girl never knows…! I’m sure this is going to be much nicer—even though you’re supposed to be terribly unkind to me. That is the idea…?”

“I won’t ever be unkind to you. ’Tonia will only punish you if you don’t behave.”

“You must have behaved terribly? Those handcuffs, and your whipped back?”

“Well, yes. I did.” Griselda blushed at a memory. “I expect I’ll be punished for opening the door to you. It’s sort of risky.” She clinked her handcuffs. “With me the way I am. Oh, and I should tell you: ’Tonia will probably whip you at the start. It’s so you’ll know how it hurts and try and avoid it.”

“This whole thing’s absolutely precious. I’m trying hard to

believe it." Alissa poured herself more tea and held a cup to her companion's lips. "Why don't you escape? You could get a blanket round yourself and run out into the street?"

"I don't want to escape. I'd never leave 'Tonia." Griselda wriggled, half ashamed. "I don't suppose you can understand—?"

"Oh, I understand about you. I'm wondering about me if I want to make a run for it?"

"I don't think you'll be able to. 'Tonia will make sure you can't. And I won't help you." Griselda grinned sympathetically. "If you want to do any running you'd better do it now. I couldn't catch a kitten."

"Oh shit!" It was a heartfelt American expletive. She shrugged disgustedly. "You and I are in the same boat for different reasons. I might just as well take my clothes off right now." She directed a shrewd glance of comprehension. "I bet Ali extracted some sort of pledge out of you about me?"

"If we let you escape I have to return and yield myself to him." Griselda said simply. "Have you any idea what he might do with me?"

"Not really. He's unpredictable." Alissa grinned affectionately. "But I can think of three things: Back to the brothel, toss you in a dungeon, or marry you. D'you have a preference?"

The burn of heat within her loins matched Griselda's blush. "I won't have to choose," she said defensively.

"We'll never let you escape—not unless you go now."

"And get sent back in a crate on Friday! No thanks!" Alissa considered her predicament. "This pledge of yours…! Dammit, it's that sort of thing which holds a girl worse than iron bars. Ali's so damn clever. He's all Arab, I'm not." Suddenly she laughed, dissipating gloom. "There's only one thing to do," she exclaimed gleefully. "Let's establish my status before your 'Tonia comes home."

Griselda watched, entranced as Alissa stripped. The clothes came off with insouciant abandon to reveal the slenderness of youth, slim hips, conical breasts, and a triangle of black and shining fronds to delight the heart. "I'm very beautiful," she said without modesty. "It's a big help—along with the money."

The suitcase came next, it was far from full. Alissa stuffed her discarded clothes and shoes into available space. "I'm expecting to be kept naked," she explained casually. "I didn't bring much—" Her eyes sparkled as she laughed, "Except this!" She held up a collar identical to the one on Griselda's neck. "I had it stolen. Poor dear Ali was looking all over for it. I think he intended to put it on your 'Tonia."

"She'd never wear it. She'd get it off somehow."

"I don't think they're all that easy to get off. She hasn't

managed to remove yours."

"I want to wear it! She knows I want to wear it. I see it as part of my pledge." Griselda was vehement. "Besides, it's beautiful."

"Think this will look good on me?"

"But, Alissa, you won't be able to get it off! I don't think 'Tonia will get an expert in with tools, it's too embarrassing—and she'll think the collars serve us right."

The sister of Ali Ben Habbah held up the circlet to admire. It was in two halves. When thrust together, prongs would enter holes and click shut forever. It was a one-time lock. She frowned. "I think this is different. I can't see a join in yours."

Griselda nodded. "I've wondered. It's so smooth. Perhaps it was welded on me some way when I was unconscious."

"Isn't it heavy? Sort of a drag?"

"I've got used to it. They locked a really heavy iron collar on us in the brothel, and there was the chain."

"No use pattering." With decisive motions, Alissa positioned the half circlets and thrust them hard together. The resultant click was spine tinglingly final. "There! Please tell me it looks lovely."

"Oh, but it does! And the joins aren't visible. It's a work of

art."

They admired themselves in the mirror like a pair of lovebirds. Alissa's fingers were busy with the new addition to herself. "Gosh, it feels strange," she said slowly. "And sort of —I say, Griselda, do these things make a girl horny?"

"Mine does. But that's just me. If I'm tied or chained or whipped…!"

"That goes with you being a submissive." Alissa said reflectively. "That's something I'm not. But just the same…!" She giggled. "Will 'Tonia be mad if I tell her it was meant for her?"

"Don't tell her."

The younger girl knelt before the suitcase and turned serious eyes on an intrigued Griselda. "Am I a bit of a shock?" She asked hesitantly. "I mean, I'm not struggling, I didn't arrive in a cage?"

"We expected you tied up in a package. Ali seemed to think —"

"Sure you did. I think he figured it the best way of dealing with me, getting my full attention, letting me know he was serious." She sighed dramatically. "Men are so absurd, and we have to remember he's far more an Arab than I am. I did think of making a fuss, but I've only a couple of years until I'm twenty-one…" Her eyes twinkled, "And you are Lesbians, aren't you?"

“Yes. He told you—?”

“I bet he’s told you to nibble me down to nothing. Feed on me until I cry aloud for something male?”

Griselda giggled. “How did you guess?”

“Men are predictable, and I know my Ali. A bit obvious really.” Alissa looked up archly. “Going to try?”

“Of course we are.”

“I say, he didn’t tell you to whip it out of me, did he?” Alissa was suddenly anxious. “Back home they have such archaic ideas.”

“’Tonia’s bound to whip you sometimes, same as she does me. But never because you like girls.”

“I get whipped sometimes…” Alissa savored the sentence on her tongue. “How quaint! The pain’s awful, I believe? Will I scream?”

“I always do.” Griselda was concerned. “Are you sure you want to get into this? You’ll be a prisoner…?”

“Darling, I’m already in.” The younger girl raised fingertips to the collar round her neck. “I won’t fight Ali’s authority. But I do think it’s fun jumping the gun the way I’m doing. He’ll be amused when he gets over being peeved—at least I hope he will.”

“And if he isn’t?”

“He might tell ’Tonia to… do things.” She gazed up innocently. “I’m told you’ve got a dungeon. I wouldn’t be all that keen on spending the next six months chained in it.”

“But, darling, we’d never do that!”

“You would if he told you—and I’d never plead.” She grinned ruefully. “I don’t think I would… but this is all new to me. Dammit, the whole thing’s crazy. I’m not the type. I can see his point about delivering me bound, it would be more in character.”

Griselda adored her, she was something new. Alissa was a bundle of contradictions with intriguing possibilities. “Just let things happen,” she advised. “Right now it’s ’Tonia you’ll have to please, not your brother.”

“Will she keep me handcuffed the way you are now? It must be frightfully awkward?”

“No, that’s just a thing with me. I’ve been handcuffed so long I’ve become quite clever. Things take a bit longer but I have the time.”

“I’m wondering about these. I had them specially made to fit my wrists.”

Griselda gasped in envy at the shining bands joined by only a single link. No notches marred their symmetry, there would be no tell-tale clicking of a spring. They had been crafted for one girl only. “They’re lovely.” She breathed. “Simply gorgeous. Are they really silver?”

“Silver plated steel. I told them only the best—and a lock I can’t turn with a bobby-pin. Want me to put ’em on?”

“Oh, yes, please! But can you get them off again?”

“There’s two keys in my bag. I suppose I should play fair and give both to ’Tonia?”

“I ’spose. You wouldn’t feel right if you didn’t.” Griselda laughed. “I haven’t any spare handcuff keys secreted around the house. I’m fixed for sure.”

“In front this first time… You can’t help me, can you.” Alissa chuckled. “You see, I’m getting myself into a whole new world.” She closed one wide circlet round a wrist, then more awkwardly prisoned the other. The sounds of closure were satisfyingly positive. She held up the result to admire. “There! The fit really is tailored.”

The lovely young hands were joined exquisitely and expensively, the effect every bit as implacable as handcuffs. The wearer postured and posed the new adornments, and admitted: “Griselda, they’re the same as the collar.” She laughed wryly. “I wonder if girls who act arrested find themselves with a wet pussy when they’re handcuffed! It’s the damnedest sensation.”

Griselda giggled. “I thought of that too. I had a plan to get myself arrested and try it out, but ’Tonia wouldn’t go for it. She might have if the police were girls, but the idea of me being manhandled was too much—darling, are you sure

you can unlock yourself? It's not a bit easy, even with handcuffs?"

Alissa shrugged. "Doesn't matter much, does it. But let's find out." She rummaged in her bag and found a key. After a minute of intense concentration she grimaced and exclaimed: "Oh, damn, you're right, Griselda. Here, you unlock me—if you can."

With the same fluid dexterity way which she did all else the handcuffed girl succeeded where Alissa had failed. The silver shackles yielded their grip on slender wrists. "'Tonia never lets me get near a key," she admitted. "I've got clever… It's when a girl's tied tight with cord she's really buffaloed—unless she's got a knife, but even with a knife it's not a bit easy." She sighed happily. "I've tried 'em all."

Alissa fingered the beautiful things by which she had been confined. She tried the keys, and shackled one wrist this way and that in experiment. Musingly, she suggested: "Suppose I manage to lock my hands behind my back, same as you…?"

"It wouldn't be real, Alissa. I could still get you loose."

"But suppose I put both keys way up high someplace?"

"Yes, then you'd be just the way I am: not entirely helpless but you do have to behave. Is that what you want to do to surprise 'Tonia? She'd have two slavegirls, signed sealed and delivered."

“I’d thought of it. It’s a pussy warming idea, but I’ve thought of something even better. You’re nice and helpless, how about me using you as my slave for the bit of freedom I’ve got left! Handcuffed the way you are you’d have to do as I say… I expect there’s a whip around somewhere?”

The surge of heat at the junction of her thighs surprised Griselda. She was accustomed to sexual response but not in this intensity. Alissa’s vibrations were heavy and strong. This lovely young creature, half Arab and half of another world, was a force, a mischievous power a handcuffed girl would be foolish to contest. She was suddenly breathless: “You don’t need a whip, darling, I’m beautifully obedient.”

“But I want one.” Alissa was firm. “My badge of office. Besides, a few flicks might do you no harm. Take me on the grand tour, dungeon, torture chamber, the whole lot.”

“We don’t have a torture chamber.” Griselda giggled. “But there is a room… It’s got a lot of things…”

The Room caused Alissa to laugh in delight. “Oh, damn!” She exclaimed regretfully. “I can’t do all these things to you in an hour.” She cocked a roguish eye. “D’you think Her Majesty would lend you to me for a day before I get shackled, bound, or whatever?”

“I’m sure she wouldn’t.” Griselda was still getting strong emanations from the naked beauty in whose power she briefly but most certainly was. “Darling, you’re a dominant, not a submissive. I don’t think you should let yourself be

shackled or tied, you might hate it."

"Mmmmm, maybe." Alissa's eye was roving. "Ah, here we are! A simply gorgeous little whip for your bottom, and this leash… Oh, wow!" She snapped it on Griselda's collar and gave a commanding tug. "Kneel down, slavegirl, you have a task…"

Griselda was entranced, utterly bewitched. Even the burn of the thong across her bottom and the crisp order to "Hurry up, little slave!" did nothing to diminish delight. Sinking happily to her knees she buried her face in Alissa's triangle of heavy pubic fronds. Breathing deeply she inhaled a piquant spiciness as vivid as the girl who now grasped her hair and thrust a pulsing wetness hard against her lips. "Please me," said the sister of Ali Ben Habbah. "Or I whip you hard."

Griselda's tongue was skilled, it gave great pleasure.

Kneeling between spread thighs, the leash from her collar falling between her breasts, her hands tugging at their metal bracelets, she raised her nudity to thrust her mouth hard against Alissa's urgent sex.

"You are a glorious slave. But I whip you anyway. It will excite me again. You must not complain."

"Yes, darling, please whip me. I want you to." Griselda bore the five cuts across her shoulders and her bottom in gasping ecstasy, and was immediately rewarded. Her skin

burned from the whip but she looked down at the avid black head so busy between her thighs and knew herself captive of a hunger to match her own. Alternately they changed poses and postures until exhausted as though Alissa sought satiety before she herself became the prisoner of Antonia Noyes.

“And now the dungeon, Griselda! I must see your dungeon.”

Dazed… drugged by female musk, Griselda did not demur. “It’s been made awfully real.” She apologized, twisting her shoulders at the dimensions of the grim stone chamber. “It’s sort of half bearable for thirty minutes but after that it’s just plain miserable.”

“How long has ’Tonia kept you in here at one time?”

“All night once. I thought I’d die. Maybe it’s one of the reasons I’m so submissive. I’d do anything rather than be locked in here a long time.”

“All those lovely chains on the walls!” Alissa was entranced.

“You’re supposed to be chained in a dungeon. Not that it makes much difference, you can’t get out anyway.”

“Over here in the corner… this one?”

“It locks on my collar.”

“Oh, Griselda, I absolutely must! D’you mind?”

Griselda did not mind, her heat was rising. She stood, passive, while her leash was removed and the heavy chain padlocked to the ring on her collar. Enchanted, she watched Alissa walk purposefully away, saw the heavy door slam shut, heard the thud of bolts! It was not until that moment she realized she had been tricked. Realized, too, how late the hour, it was long past time for ’Tonia to be home. Something was wrong…! She fought her handcuffs and her chain in panic but she was stoutly shackled to the wall. She screamed and screamed again.

But there was only silence.

Chapter Four.

'Tonia's Travail.

The robbery of the suburban Bank was perfectly planned and executed with dispatch. Its only hitch was Miss Antonia Noyes, who recognized an old acquaintance through the nylon sock and was rash enough to exclaim: "Why, Nigel Sloan! What on Earth—?"

But even the imprudent Miss Noyes was turned to good account. Whilst two men held her down and a third gagged her and tied her hands behind her back with a discarded nylon a terse exchange explained her situation.

"Silly bitch recognized me. Knew her way back. Can't leave her go loose."

"Doesn't matter, we need a hostage. Tie her tight."

"She'll be something to fuck while the heat cools."

'Tonia's own contribution was exactly nil. The gag filled her mouth and hurt her lips. Bound hands and the weight of men rendered her helpless. Her fate, so casually specific, drove her to fight in fury but without avail. When the bandage tightened across her eyes she knew herself lost indeed. She lay face down on the back seat of a speeding car and cursed the vagaries of chance.

Nigel Sloan was a young man who had failed to turn good

looks and a spurious British accent into profit. He surveyed his captive amiably as he stood her erect in the center of the tatty living room in a tatty small house in an equally tatty street. He removed the bandage from 'Tonia's eyes and pulled the wadded gag from her mouth. "Frightfully sorry, old girl, but once you'd recognized—!"

"Nigel, have you gone crazy! Get me out of this!" The bound girl was seeing him as she had known him once. "Don't tell me you really robbed that bank?"

"'Fraid so, love. Quite profitable, y'know."

"I don't believe it. But, anyway, untie my hands."

"Alas, dear maiden, we must keep you bound. Fairly obvious reasons, wouldn't you agree?"

"But it's kidnapping!"

"Well, more or less. We won't quibble."

"Nigel, be sensible! Robbery and kidnap! They'll sentence you to years and years... most of your life!"

"You're talking about something that won't happen dear girl. This is our third heist, and never a hitch."

"I'm not your dear girl, Nigel. I never was. Untie me."

"Can't you wriggle loose?"

"You know I can't!"

“Good. I wasn’t sure about that nylon.”

“It’s far worse than rope. A girl can never free her wrists when they’re tied with nylon.” ’Tonia struggled fretfully and pleaded: “It wouldn’t hurt you to loose my hands—we could talk like civilized people.”

“We’re doing fine, sweetheart. By the way, these little excursions into crime have paid off well enough I could offer you a swanky home and all the trimmings…? Interested in matrimony?”

“Don’t be absurd. We were never in love.” ’Tonia glared irritably. “Unless you untie my hands I’ll refuse to talk any more of this nonsense.”

“May as well gag you again then, love.” Nigel’s tone was nonchalant as he reached for the discarded wet wad of cloth. His smile was cherubic.

Antonia Noyes wilted. Nigel Sloan might be an affected fool but there was a force in him now to command respect. Tied hands and the knowledge of three other men somewhere in the house was daunting. This was not the moment for heroics. “No, don’t! I’m sorry.” Her appeal was wide eyed. “I’ll do what you want. Don’t stuff that thing in my mouth again, it’s beastly.”

“That’s better.” His amiable grin returned. “You always were a bloody aristocrat. This little adventure will make a new girl of you.”

“I don’t want to be a new girl. I want to go home. And this isn’t a little adventure, I’ve been kidnapped.” The bound captive twisted her arms against their nylon bond and looked, searchingly, at a man who she no longer understood. “Nigel, I’ll give you my word I won’t reveal your name. You can release me without risks.”

He chucked her under a disdainful chin. “And I’d accept your word, dear girl, but remember my colleagues: they’d just laugh.”

’Tonia made a quick assessment. “All right then. So what are you going to do with me? How long does this melodrama go on?”

Nigel shrugged. “Probably less than a week. We’ll make sure you’re not bored.”

“You’ll lock me in a room, I suppose? You won’t keep me tied? This is hateful being tied like an animal.”

“Sorry, sweetheart, bonds are de rigueur—something convenient and… appropriate.”

Fear and loathing! The unmentionable would soon be mentioned. Abruptly, she demanded: “Are you telling me something?”

“You know very well what I’m telling you, poppet.” Nigel’s smile was affectionate. “Since we’re old friends, the boys are agreeable to me being first.”

'Tonia was suddenly panting, a wild thing trapped. "Say it, Nigel," she demanded. "Put it into words."

"We're going to fuck you, dear heart, and as often as we wish. Aren't you the luckiest girl!"

"Don't be a bastard! And Nigel, you'd be crazy to add rape to the list."

"Crazy not to. Without you and fun and games we'd all face a damn dull week. I'm ready now. How about you and me and the couch?"

"You don't expect me to just yield myself—!"

"Mmmmmm…!" Nigel pretended to consider. "Two choices, love: Be a sweet little girl and spread your legs, or have a jolly old rape with bruises?"

It was out in the open. Facing what she must, 'Tonia looked back with rueful gratitude to the brothel. Without that experience her present plight might seem horrendous beyond coping. But Nigel must not know… better he believe her virgin or only slightly used. But memory of the cell, the collar and chain, and the men…! None of it could erase her disgust at what was about to be done to her. "Would money buy me immunity?" She asked without hope.

"We've got money, 'Tonia. What we want is that pretty little pussy of yours nicely laid out for us." Nigel hesitated. "The boys have it figured—there's a bedroom and a bed. You're to be tied naked to that bed, spread wide, wrists and an-

kles, nicely available to all at all times—no tally kept. Frightfully democratic."

"Not for me! You're four animals." 'Tonia's breasts were heaving. "It's not even practical."

"Oh, we've thought of that. You get an hour night and morning for meals and the bathroom—leashed and guarded, of course." Nigel beamed complacently. "There's some of those little red pills…! Can't send you home pregnant. You might never know whose it was. You're in good hands, darling."

It was hopeless. It was always hopeless. Men did what they pleased with girls. The U.S.A. was no different from anywhere else. Once more she had ceased to be Antonia Noyes and had become merely a cunt. It was damned unfair. She longed to cry. Instead, she said sullenly: "I won't make it good for any of you, I won't do anything…"

He nodded in understanding. "If I untie your hands will you strip naked and lay on the couch for me?"

"No."

"Let me show you the bedroom, poppet." Nigel took her arm and led her from the room.

It was about as expected, but the bed was solid and did not appear to sag. 'Tonia's heart missed a beat at sight of the lengths of rope carelessly draped on the coverlet. Someone had prepared—! "Nigel, don't do this to me," she pleaded in

a dying hope. “Don’t do it. Please don’t!”

“Don’t take on so, love. Will you behave for me or do I call the boys up for a bit of force?” He grinned cheerfully. “It’s the moment of truth, y’know.”

To bare herself naked. To lay spread out on a bed and allow herself to be bound! It was the stuff of nightmare but it was real. ’Tonia considered the alternative of three men brutally and enjoyably doing the task for her. Miserably she capitulated. “All right, Nigel, I know when I’m licked. Untie my hands.”

He loosed her with a fierce eagerness. Without a word, ’Tonia moved away and removed her clothes. She did so with an affectation of boredom to cheat him of the erotic. Naked, she massaged her wrists and gazed at her captor with contempt.

“You’re a very beautiful girl, darling.”

“Because I’m naked?” She sniffed in disdain. “Take a good look at me while I’m still standing.”

“’Tonia sweetheart—” His eyes were alight with desire. “Let’s you and me… now. Before the ropes?”

“Thanks, I prefer to be tied for it.” Her voice was heavy with reproach. Languidly, Antonia Noyes disposed her nudity on her back upon the bed and offered a passive arm up to a corner post. “Is this obedient enough?”

Chagrined, Nigel tied her tighter than he need. 'Tonia watched up the bareness of stretched arms as her wrists were banded, cinched and knotted. She made no complaint even though she knew she would be cramped and there would be pain. Most certainly there would be no escape. But when he noosed her ankle she suggested plaintively:

"There's no need to tie my feet, Nigel. I'm already helpless, and with my feet free it will be better for—"

"They want your feet tied," he said stubbornly.

"Tie them with some slack then, so I can bend my knees?"

"You said you wouldn't make it good for us." His voice was a heavy sneer. "So it's best you be good and stretched." He heaved brutally on the rope.

She should have been more polite, more placating. Without the contempt Nigel would have tied her more comfortably. As it was she could scarcely move. But the captive girl kept silent as she was made cruelly secure. She shrank inwardly in disgust at the man's intent scrutiny of her pubic hair. It was a too vivid reminder of the cell and of what was still to come.

"And now, Miss Noyes, the fate worse than death."

As rapes go. 'Tonia supposed it about average. She wanted to giggle when her violator discovered her too taut and unyielding in the bonds he himself had tied. When he sought a pillow, and then another, she repressed an urge to say 'I

told you so'. But this elevation of her hips to protrude her pudendum provoked an extra stress on her ties, a stress to hurt. Gaspingly, she refrained from words while she was ravished. Nigel's performance was sufficiently uninspired as to render her determination not to climax beneath his thrusts easy to achieve. Sexually, he was no more than a hungry boy eager to impale her proffered slit. "Gosh you're a wonderful screw, 'Tonia! I always guessed—"

The spread-eagled girl looked up at her rapist with surprise. Nigel was glowing, the limp organ wet with her secretions attested his victory. Since she had contributed nothing to the coupling 'Tonia was forced to conclude the manner in which she was bound provided unusual results. Cautious of provocation, her response was cool.

"I'm glad you enjoyed me, Nigel. Please pull the cushions __"

"But, darling, the boys...! Your do-funny has to be raised."

"Can't they decide for themselves? I want those pillows out from under my hips. If you hadn't tied me so tight...!"

Sullenly he tugged and tossed aside his makeshift aids to copulation. 'Tonia sighed in relief as her bottom once more rested on the covers. "I can't possibly stay tied like this for a week," she said soberly. "I'd be dead or someway injured. Nigel, give me a break?"

"You'll stay like that for now. Beef about it to the others."

He slipped into his clothes and from the room.

Fear came to the naked girl spread wide upon the bed. Compared to this the cell in the brothel had been relative freedom. She tugged at wrists and ankles in near panic but found no slack. She raised her head with difficulty to peer between her breasts at her stretched nudity, she moaned in the hopelessness of what she saw. By the time her next kidnapper appeared Miss Antonia Noyes was in full retreat. “Please untie me,” she abjectly begged. “I’ll be good to you, and I won’t try anything, I promise I won’t.”

He stood looking down at her, a slack featured chunky male approaching middle age. He had the air of a man who had seen many naked girls, some of them probably bound as she was bound. His response was tersely practical. “What d’you want to be untied for, won’t do you no good.”

“Nigel tied me too tight. I’m hurting. I can’t move.”

“I’d say you’re ’bout right for a good fuck, lady.”

“But if you’d let me loose I could do better. I could do… things!”

He was impressed by her earnestness, perhaps by her beauty. Laughing, and surprisingly, he untied her feet. Rope still bit at her ankles but they were no longer attached to the bed.

“Thank you, oh, thank you! That’s so much better. And I can’t escape, not possibly.”

“No, lady, you can’t.” He was looking at her reflectively. “But I’ll tie ’em again when I’m through with you.”

“Well, if you must.” ’Tonia essayed a rueful grin. “I don’t have much to say about anything, do I.”

“All you got to do, kid, is hump your ass.” He began, leisurely, to remove his clothes. “By the way, you can call me Mike.”

“Thank you for untying my feet, Mike.”

Mike thrust her rope encumbered ankles far apart and climbed between. “Yer’ more’n welcome, kid. I’ll be untying and tying you quite a lot these next few days.” His hand fumbled wisely at her crotch.

Mike fucked Miss Antonia Noyes with a casual competence infuriating in its slow conquest of female flesh. Without excitation, the rhythm of his thrusts deep within her being were a friction she could not counter. ’Tonia found herself moaning and her feet reacting shamefully, but she could not stem the rising tide of her own femaleness. She climaxed, not once but twice under the methodical impalement by a man she had not previously seen. The furious spasms by which her flesh yielded to male mastery caused her to tug agonizedly at tied wrists but the pain was ecstasy.

“Made you sweat, eh.” Mike, pulling on trousers and shirt, looked down at the tied shamed girl with satisfaction. “We

got a good deal here, lady—all of us." He grinned a promise. "We'll try it different ways…"

'Tonia watched him tie her feet back to the corner posts. He was calm and unhurried, leaving things tidy. She had never felt less a person or more of a useful facility. How outrageous it was that his promise of 'different ways' evoked only pleasurable vistas of brief freedoms from the spread-eagle bonds! She was recognizing thralldom to the Male. Meekly she said: "Thank you, Mike, they're not as tight as Nigel tied me."

"You're welcome, lady, and thanks for the fuck." Brutally he tweaked her right nipple to make her gasp in pain, and then was gone.

Two down and two to go! Wryly, the tied girl reflected on the faculty of adjustments by which a girl countered conquest. But what did it matter! They would fuck her again and again in all the different ways a girl's orifices could be made to give pleasure to The Male. The only mercy vouschafed would come at the end of seven days when she was released. But would they release her…! 'Tonia's mind filled with horrific possibilities. Unhappily, she tugged and twisted against the ropes.

"Call me Phil, eh." Number three sat on the side of the bed and played with 'Tonia's nipples. She did not try to evade his fingers, it was useless, she was too tightly stretched. He gazed down at her in smiling anticipation. "How's about a

blow job, Honey?"

Her reaction was instant. The brothel had taught her how little a penis in her mouth mattered. Smiling winningly, she insinuated: "You'll have to untie me."

Phil examined mechanics. "How about one arm free?"

She pouted. "I can't do you much good that way."

"You're damn cool about it, kid. You sure you ain't worked in a whorehouse?"

"What if I had!" She was fearful of blushing. "I'd still have to be untied to do what you want."

He snickered. "Which way you aiming to run, door or window?"

"All right then, tie me some other way but not like this."

Thoughtfully, he freed her arms. Nigel's tight bindings remained on her wrists but they were no longer tethered to the bed. 'Tonia sat up and stretched ecstatically. "Gosh that feels good!" She exclaimed with gratitude. "Nigel says you fellows want me tied down and stretched like a drying pelt: Is that right?"

"Sort of." He grimaced apologetically. "It's good for a man to have a girl thataway for free. It usually costs a lotta' dough."

"But he tied me so tight it starts to hurt like crazy after a lit-

tle while."

"Maybe I'll tie you tighter, kid. Things can always get worse."

"But, Phil, I'm going to be really nice to you. Give me a break. Tie me some other way?"

"How about a nice hog-tie, honey?"

'Tonia shrugged. Evidently she must resign herself to being tightly bound. Listlessly, she asked: "Do I unzip you or do you want to get undressed?"

He removed his clothes and knelt straddling her wracked hips. To aid his unpaid whore in her task he grasped handsful of 'Tonia's needful support, her bound ankles stretched wide denied comfort. With simulated enthusiasm the kidnapped girl did what she had to do. When he was through with her he retied her hands as brutally as Nigel had, laughing at her chagrin. When he had gone she could no longer restrain her tears but wept in hitter hopelessn-ess.

They were a nondescript quartet, hard to label as bank robbers or any other occupation. Harry was number four, sandy, sparse and anxious, he delayed his approach to the rape of a tied girl long enough to give 'Tonia a chance to dry her cheeks against her bound arms and to hope her next ravisher was amenable to suggestion.

"Never had nothin' like this before," he said conversation-

ally as he riffled fingers through her pubic hair as though uncertain of what they might encounter. “This clit thing they talk about? You got one?”

“Yes.”

“What’s it do?” He fingered her wet labia. “Come up like a man’s cock?”

“It’s disappointing, there’s not much to see.”

“Mind if I look?”

“Be my guest. I’m nicely spread. You don’t have to go in very far.”

“You’re fixed real good. I like it.” His interest veered to her breasts. “Lovely pair of tits.”

“Thank you. They’re at your disposal.”

Harry frowned. “You being smartass?”

“No, I’m just saying I’m helpless.” She smiled placatingly. “I can’t stop anyone doing anything they want to me.”

“No. You can’t.” He leered good naturedly. “Which way you want to be fucked?”

“Whichever way pleases you the most.”

“That ain’t what I asked.”

“How about the normal, up between my legs?”

“How about up your ass?”

“You’d have to untie me for that.”

“That ain’t no problem, honey.” He eyed her narrowly. “I suppose you got notions of escape?”

“Not really. How’s a naked girl going to get away from four men! If I seem a bit flip about the spot I’m in it’s because I know when I’m licked. I haven’t a hope of escaping.” She laughed bitterly. “Right now I’m tied so tight I can’t move.”

“Someone done a damn good job on you,” Harry conceded. “Seems a pity to screw it up. You look good enough to eat. And that ain’t such a bad idea—”

She hoped he would not settle for that. It satisfied some men completely. By using the pillows he could eat her in comfort without untying a single knot. It was suddenly most urgent that she get free of Nigel’s ropes. The spread-eagle stretch had become a phobia from which she would constantly seek release. She said, enticingly, “It’s best with me on all fours?”

“You mean, not a rope—?” Harry was shocked.

“If you’re scared of me you can tie my hands and put a leash on my neck.”

For answer, the cautious Harry began to tug at knots.

The period during which ’Tonia had been roped and

stretched was no great span of time, but it was delicious to be free. With her waiting rapist holding tight to the leash from the noose on her neck she flexed and twisted in sensory pleasure for as long as she dare tax his patience. Then she meekly offered her hands and said pacifically,

“Thank you, Harry. Now you can tie my wrists.”

She watched it done, and bit her lip at the unkind cut of cord. Because her hands were in front they would be suspect and must be doubly tight. When Harry was satisfied with his knots she slipped to the rug and positioned herself on knees and forearms, woefully remembering the immaculate Lesbian who had been Miss Antonia Noyes in another world long, long ago. She moaned when she was penetrated but it was the only sound she made.

The employment of her mouth afterwards was almost de rigeur. It debased a girl utterly and put her where the male considered she belonged, on her knees with the taste of her own secretions flooding her palate. ’Tonia got what help she could from her tied hands, using them to enhance Harry’s pleasure. From the corner of her eye she noted the end of her leash knotted round his wrist—she was not to be trusted!

“For my money you’re worth more than we got out of that damn Bank.” They were seated companionably on the bed. ’Tonia still leashed, her hands still tied. Harry was regarding her with approval. “It’s having the gal’ tied,” he mused

thoughtfully. “She’s trying to please because she hopes to get let loose, does a much better job.”

It could be true, ’Tonia thought bitterly. Or was it the absolute mastery ropes gave the male which tapped latent virility! A tied girl had to be so damned obedient! Cautiously, she agreed: “Maybe it’s the slave thing. Girls used to be slaves, they used to be bound and chained. Girls used to be sold…”

“You’re right, sweetheart, and that’s the way you’re going to be. Spread your legs, I’ll tie them first, they still got the ropes…”

’Tonia’s heart quickened. She dreaded to be stretched back into an ‘X’. Each one of her kidnappers must be exploited. “I wish you’d tie me some other way,” she said plaintively. “I’d be ever so grateful?”

“Ain’t no other way half as good.”

“But there has to be! Look, you’ve all seen me tied spread out like I was being tortured. Wouldn’t it amuse you to see me tied some other way?”

“Like upside down. Hanging by your heels?”

“Harry… no! Not something cruel. There has to be ways of tying me so I can’t escape, and so you can get a good look at all of me, without my having to be in pain all the time?”

“You in pain now?”

“No.” ’Tonia lifted her bound hands. “I know I could work on these knots with my teeth if I was left alone. But supposing they were tied behind my back. I’d be quite safe and helpless. You could even leave the leash on my neck. Leash me to the bed?”

“Shit, you’d be loose in an hour.”

“All right then, back me against a post and tie me to it. Tie every bit of me. Wouldn’t that be safe enough?”

“Honey, you sure don’t like that tie of Nigel’s, do you! What’s the trouble? Don’t want your pussy on view?”

“Sure I hate that. I don’t see how you men can enjoy it. But mostly it’s because you all tie me back down there so damn tight.”

“Hell, Honey, you don’t get tied tight we just as well not tie you at all. You’re alone all night, remember. You could be a busy little gal’.”

’Tonia sighed. These men seemed obsessed with a vision of stark stretched nudity. She supposed it understandable they probably saw little enough of it. Evidently she was destined to outspread immobility. But she tried again: “Buy a length of chain and a padlock. That would fox any girl.” She looked at Harry with all the wide eyed appeal at her command. “Or if it has to be the bed and the spread—” She grinned hopefully at the pun. “Make my tethers slack enough so I can move?”

Harry patted her bare shoulder in fatherly fashion. “I gotta’ admire you, honey,” he conceded genially. “You sure do try. But nix on the slack. Give you an inch of slack and you’d be outta’ that window before morning.”

“I don’t see why. I’m no Houdini. I’m a naked girl.”

“And we aim to keep you that way. Make with the feet now. You can sit up and watch until I’m ready to tie your hands.”

Unhappily, ’Tonia obeyed. It was a huge stretch from post to post but her ankles were soon tethered as they had been before Harry’s visit. Without hope and without protest she lay back and offered her hands, watching as they were untied then banded with several loops as Nigel had secured them the first time. By the time Harry had alternated his cinching back and forth from post to post the tears were again streaking her cheeks.

“What the hell you blubbering about?”

“I’m not blubbering, I’m crying because you’ve tied me too damn tight the way Nigel did. In an hour this will be torture. I can’t move.”

“Dammit, you ain’t got no need to move, girl. You ain’t going no place or doing nothing. You got it soft.” He winked a lewd wink. “Inside an hour there’ll be one of the boys get themselves a hard on for sure. If you cozy them along the way you did me you’ll get yourself untied again. Shit, honey, you ain’t got a care in the world.”

Her tears came in earnest after Harry had departed. None of them cared, they did not even understand. She was just a body, a cunt chance had placed in their hands. They would guard her in the same way they treasured their stolen cash. If only she could be sure of a carnal captivity lasting one week! If only...? But 'Tonia was not sure. Such men would be crazy to part with the joy they could extract from her body. Why would they discard it! Why, why, why...! The fear beat at her mind incessantly as she lay stretched and tautly tied upon the bed. It was this fear which brought her to disaster on the following day.

Her captivity followed the course Nigel had promised. Intermittent visits and varied couplings. Sometimes she was fucked as she was, her ropes untouched. But half the time she was able to coax bits and pieces of freedom while she was used. The night was the worst with its endless hours of immobility. But, surprisingly, she slept through most of it. Her bathroom and feeding periods were dealt with comfortably. Her hands were tied in front and her neck leashed. She did everything needful with surprising ease. She tried to sell her captors on the idea of keeping her thus all the time but they refused to buy it. Always she must return to be stretched hard and fast. They laughed at her complaints and pointed out that she was doing fine. It was an argument hard to refute.

It was Nigel who laid the trap. Perhaps he still cherished the ancient resentment of rejection all those years ago. Perhaps he was a sadist, or simply curious. 'Tonia would never

know. Half way through the morning he untied her completely and basked in her gratitude as she massaged wealed wrists and ankles. He blandly explained his wish to try a 'Round the world', a bit of everything. For an hour free of bonds 'Tonia was willing to try anything. She listened to the disagreeable details of his briefing without complaint, and made no demur when he leashed her neck and tethered her, with a ten foot rope, to a bedpost. It was a humiliation she was glad to pay.

The doorbell chimed while he was still dressed and 'Tonia was busy with a mouthful of his male organ. Neither paid attention. But when the sounds continued again and again Nigel cursed his colleagues and stamped angrily from the room. Kneeling naked on the rug, it took the leashed girl several moments to realize the awful decision the chimes had thrust at her. It was a chance to escape. Not a good chance but the best she might ever have. Fear won, it drove her to panic, drove her from a captivity the end of which she could not see. Feverishly she tore at the leash on her neck, seeking knots she could not see. When the rope fell away she leaped for the window.

She cursed herself afterwards for an idiot child. She should have guessed, and earned herself points by sitting docile on the bed to await Nigel's return. But even the small garden at the back of the suburban home seemed innocent. Forgetting nudity, she sped its length to the gate and the back alley.

Harry and Phil were waiting behind the fence: The gag was instantly in her mouth, they picked her up bodily and returned her back to the house with an ease to make the captive girl long to scream. Once indoors they tied her hands behind her back and removed the gag. 'Tonia stood, panting and desperately afraid, while the other two sauntered in. The four men surrounded her trembling nakedness and examined it with frank enjoyment.

"Naughty, naughty, darling!" Nigel's reproof was almost coy.

The captive's nostrils eared but she made no answer. She knew herself lost.

"Needs her ass romped on."

"Never trust a woman. Keep 'em tied."

"We should sentence her to a proper punishment, not just knock her around."

They were playing with her. She was the single mouse to their four cats. She hadn't a chance! 'Tonia damned her judgment, and wondered what they would do to her. She wrenched at her tied wrists without any thought of making a run for it. They watched, taking pleasure from her despair.

"You gotta be punished, gal'. Want to plead guilty?"

"I'm not guilty!" She flared in anger. "You'd all have done

the same."

"Yeah, but we ain't dames. What we expected out of you was a nice obedient little girl."

'Tonia twisted restlessly under the relentless stares. "I might have been that if you'd been a bit kind to me," she muttered defensively.

"You complaining?"

"No… No, never mind."

"But we do mind, kid. We're thinking of whipping that cute little can of yours."

To be whipped! It was all she needed…! "I've tried to please you," she said woefully. "Please don't whip me. I don't want to be whipped."

"But, 'Tonia dear heart, you've earned a whipping!" Nigel's reproof was honeyed with false regret. "After the way I trusted you!"

"You didn't trust me. You laid a trap. If all you want to do is whip me you could have done it without that bit of cruelty."

"There's other things besides whipping your butt," Phil pointed out reasonably. "How'd you like to hang by your wrists all day, or maybe all night?"

She cringed inwardly, knowing for sure she was going to

have to endure pain from which these men would sprout erections. 'Tonia shrugged hopelessly and kept silent.

"I've heard tell a light switch on the bottom of a girl's feet gets her up real tight after awhile—an hour or so…"

She was suddenly weary of their baiting and wanted to have done with it. With breasts jutting from the thrust of twisting arms against the rope she burst out vehemently: "Punish me then! Go ahead and see how proud you feel. I don't deserve any kind of punishment and you know I don't!"

They made a game of it. Four penalties were written on scraps of paper which were then put on a plate to hold up against 'Tonia's bound hands. Blindly, she must pick one with fumbling hangers. When it was shown to her she read the simple sentence: "Suspension—the balance of the day."

But they were not good sports. They bickered. 'Tonia stood nakedly with her hands bound behind her back while they decided her fate. Examination of the three remaining ballots all revealed the single word: "Whipped". It was also argued that she could not be fucked while hanging with her feet off the floor. There were chuckles about the use of a box and the practicability of "Knee tremblers", but it was generally conceded that a girl swinging like a pendulum offered fewer possibilities of male enjoyment than was their right. A compromise, happy for all except the bound girl herself, was to hang her by her wrists in a manner to

facilitate her raising or lowering to the floor whenever one of them desired to use her, each man to have the option at that time to whip her or not as he pleased.

The basement provided a beam, a pulley and a heavy rope. Someone found a roll on bandage stuff with which to bind her wrists. 'Tonia stood abjectly while her hands were loosed from her back, then held them out obediently and watched the tight binding which would not restrict circulation while her feet were off the floor. The pulley rope was looped and the frightened girl watched in dazed disbelief as her hands rose up before her face, her arms tautened, and suddenly her feet were no longer on the ground. She gasped in shock and stress, her shoulders wracked. For a minute or two her kidnappers watched her turn and sway, watched her tentative reaching in the air with bare feet. They conceded she made a very pretty picture, then went away.

It was a hateful punishment, infuriating in its simplicity, frustrating because of the few inches between her toes and the floor, a few inches she could never manage to bridge. But 'Tonia tried, she struggled and writhed but only hurt her wrists and caused her to twist absurdly back and forth like a puppet on a string. She sighed unhappily and allowed herself to hang limply in defeat.

Her penitent thoughts turned to Griselda. By now the poor darling would be frantic with anxiety. She might go to the police, but they would be helpless: Antonia Noyes had sim-

ply ceased to exist. Even though her disappearance might be linked to the hold-up at the Bank the perpetrators of the robbery had vanished too. She considered appealing to Nigel to phone a reassurance but instantly abandoned the thought. Griselda was terribly alone. These four men were enjoying the possession of one girl, they might easily decide two would be better. 'Tonia cherished no illusions about the ease and simplicity of kidnap. Griselda would be an easy prey. It was not until then she remembered the handcuffs. Griselda's hands were handcuffed behind her back! The keys were hidden where she could neither find nor reach them! Griselda was naked and alone!

Nigel was the first to enjoy her new condition, possibly because she had only started to pleasure him at the time of her abortive escape. 'Tonia eyed him listlessly, he was a poor sort of friend. "Make a guess how long you've been hanging, darling?" he requested brightly.

"How can I know! A couple of hours…?"

"Fifty minutes, actually. I say, old girl, it isn't going to be all that bad, y'know. There'll be one of us letting you down often enough, you're a popular girl." He admired her strained nudity for a few moments. "Oh, by the way, it was me who voted for suspension. Seemed a bit kinder than whipping you."

"Thanks. What's that you're holding?"

He had the grace to flush. "Well, it's a whip, actually dear

girl. The boys have made it specially for you."

"Well, anyway, I'm glad you're not going to use it on me. That strip of leather looks as though it's going to hurt."

Nigel's flush deepened. "Actually, dear heart, I'd sort of... well... I'd thought it might be nicer for you if I used it first."

"I don't see why. There's nothing nice for a girl in being whipped." She met his eyes levelly. "Nigel, please don't whip me."

Nigel toyed nervously with the twelve inch stock and wicked thong. "Seeing it's your first time, sweetheart, I thought I mightn't hit you as hard as the others."

'Tonia suddenly remembered her back still bore faint marks from her last flogging. If anyone looked close...! Unhappily, she demanded: "Do any of you know what you're doing? Have you ever whipped a naked girl? You could kill me with that beastly thing you're holding."

"We've thought of that, love. We're going to take it easy, sort of feel our way on you. I say, 'Tonia, you look really splendid hanging like that."

"I don't feel splendid. I feel naked and frightened."

"Natural for a girl who's about to be punished." Nigel agreed amiably. "Must be a real cunt crinkler—Oh, and we've been wondering if you should be whipped before or after we let you down to get fucked. What's your prefer-

ence?"

"You're just savoring this whole beastly punishment thing as though I'm a tasty meal." 'Tonia's anger caused her to swing on her tethering rope. "Look, you rotten bastard, you want to whip me, you're almost drooling, so go ahead and do it. I can't stop you."

"Temper, temper!" Nigel was enjoying the breach in her defense. "There's a belief, y'know, that a girl makes a better fuck after she's had her bottom beaten—gets her nicely sensitive?"

"I wouldn't know."

He lashed her savagely, his eyes alight with fierce pleasure. As the naked girl swung under the tug of the whip he cut her again as a fresh vista of defenseless skin was offered for his delight. 'Tonia yelped in agony, her legs flailed, she twisted wildly at the end of the rope. Presented with fresh unmarked skin he swung the whip once more. He cut her with it five times.

When 'Tonia's feet touched the floor she was sobbing. The pain and Nigel's callousness was too much to bear heroically. Through a mist of misery she beheld the descent of her bandaged wrists followed by the slack rope which Nigel swiftly removed. She stood unsteadily, her joined hands held up between her breasts.

"See, it wasn't so bad, was it." Nigel patted one of her weals

to make her wince. “Just five little ones.”

The whipped girl did not answer. Sullenly, she postured her body to accommodate his sexual wish. The rapes and fleshly obscenities had become the least of her travail. Everything was comparative. ’Tonia spoke no more as they panted their way through unnatural couplings. When her feet were once more hoisted from the floor it seemed simply routine. She had been used and was returned to safe keeping.

Mike was different. “Ever had it up between your legs, lady?”

“I’ve never had it anywhere. Oh, Mike, please don’t whip me. You don’t have to.”

“S’alright, lady, I want to. No problem.” He was as wearily casual as during his first use of her. “But I’m no Nigel. He’s just a kid when it comes to girls. I’ve whipped a few little asses and I’m going to whip yours when I get around to it. But I’m going to use your cunt in a minute, so first off I’m going to warm it up. You’ll have to spread your legs, lady.”

“Mike, I can’t! That—”

“Best thing to do to a girl. Gets her juices going. If you don’t spread I can easy tie ’em apart?”

“I can’t hold them open for that, I know I can’t. They’d close themselves. Besides, you’d injure my… You’d damage… it.”

“Five up your cunt, lady, or ten across your tits.” Mike’s tone was unconcerned. “You choose?”

Miss Antonia Noyes spread her legs.

It was true! ’Tonia hated herself, she hated Mile, she hated the whole scheme of things by which it became true. But she could not deny the flaring scorching sexuality of what had been done to her. She had screamed through the spreading of her legs and the slash of the thong within her most private place, but even as the agony rose to a crescendo it was accompanied by the fire within. When she was laid upon the floor she meekly held her bound hands above her head while Mike sought his reward within her burning sheath. Beneath his methodical pumping she climaxed four times, her cries matching her previous tribute to agony. When it was done she lay panting and shamed, feeling a betrayal of everything she had ever been.

“Like I said, lady, you never give a better piece of ass.”

’Tonia sat up. Her crotch still flamed. “You’ll kill me,” she accused dully. “I can’t stand such pain, not over and over again all day.”

“You never felt more alive, Lady. Admit it. I counted the times you come. You weren’t dying then.”

“But you’ll all keep on at me—”

Mike was jovially reassuring. “Hell, kid, you wouldn’t like it if you were left to hang all day all alone. This way you get a

fuck every hour and your ass warmed up. Shit, you got it good." He patted her paternally. "And it's only for the day. Come night and you go back to bed."

'Tonia stifled her bitter retort. To be stretched on the bed was better than to be hung by her wrists and whipped. Perhaps when she was once more tied down she would feel relief… perhaps! Instead, she asked dully: "Please ask the rest of them to whip some other part of me." She gazed at him pathetically. "I don't see why my back and bottom can't be good enough. A girl just doesn't need to be whipped on her cunt and her breasts. They'll listen to you, you're more… grown up."

Mike ignored her plea, surprising 'Tonia with a question. "You got any kinfolk?"

She was instantly alert. These men must never know of Griselda! But behind his query was a thought! What was it! Listlessly, she lied. "No, just friends. I live alone."

He nodded, seeming pleased. "Time to go up in the world, little darlin'. Up's-a-daisy."

Again 'Tonia's feet lost contact with the floor, the bandages tightened on her wrists, her shoulders mutely screamed. She had learned the painfulness of struggle so allowed herself to hang meekly limp. The juncture of her thighs throbbed and smarted indecently. She wondered if her woman spot was noticeably wealed. Hating the thought, she conceded the probability that before the hour was

done she would be looking forward with gratitude to the penis and the whip.

Her thoughts returned home. Griselda could eat and drink from food on hand. The handcuffs would not stop her doing anything vital but they inhibited the normal seeking of help. There was no way they could be explained. The answer to it all lay in the seven days. If Griselda sat tight in her handcuffs and did not panic, and if she herself was freed…! Perhaps there could be a happy ending…!

But 'Tonia did not believe in the happy ending. No matter how she strove for optimism it would not jell. There was that in the manner of her four abductors which left her afraid. It was nothing she could name, but in their eyes and the inflections of their voices she picked up a current of unease.

'Tonia's kidnappers were enjoying her body with an obvious gluttony as though they must use her while they could. If they found such joy in her, why would they let her go! She was easy baggage. A few bits of rope, a gag, and the trunk of a car! They could transport her anywhere. Why then a week? Why, why, why…?

The other answer she dared not contemplate. They would gratify their lust with her until ready to move on then kill her. She was a hazard they could do without. It was a commonplace story in kidnappings. She wondered if she dared ask Nigel. But it was a fearful thing to voice. It would either

plant the thought or elicit a lie. The suspended girl shuddered and turned her mind to her next whipping… even that was better!

The voices began as a quiet drone, one of them nagging at memory, a voice not belonging…! When it got close enough she heard: “I see your point. Two birds with one stone, eh!”

The door opened and Mike entered. With him was a man who gazed upon ’Tonia’s punished nudity with nothing less than shock.

“My dear Miss Noyes—!”

It was Carl Karamal. The man who had sold her to the brothel.

Chapter Five.

Purchased.

The naked girl looked at the newcomer askance, her silence more eloquent than words. She felt the creeping shame of a blush at her exposure.

Karamal was blandly charming. He examined 'Tonia's female attributes with an appreciative eye before saying, archly: "I recognized you from your face."

"You two know each other?" Mike was mystified.

"Indeed yes, I had the privilege of selling Miss Noyes on a previous occasion."

"I'll be damned!" Mike looked at the hanging girl with fresh respect. "She never said a word."

Karamal looked searchingly at the girl he had once owned. "Miss Noyes, I have to ask you. How did you escape the brothel? No other girl ever has."

"It's none of your business."

"Hmmmmm… I notice she has been whipped. But perhaps not hard enough." His voice was suavely reasonable. "Be kind enough to whip her until she answers my question."

'Tonia burst into vehemence. She would lie but he might not know… she wanted no more of the whip. "It was a

client, he felt sorry for us. He was rich and was able to bribe. He got us out of that beastly place."

"A purely altruistic gesture?" Karamal's query was scornful.

"No. He… used us. I have repaid him the money he spent."

"Hmmmmm, I suppose it could be true. But no matter. The fact is you are here." He chuckled. "And seemingly in good hands." He fumed to Mike. "Why didn't you pick up the other one too?"

"What other one?" Mike was at a loss.

"This woman is a lesbian. She owns a girl, a most marketable girl. They are inseparable."

'Tonia quailed. She had thoughtlessly used the plural, betraying Griselda's freedom. She twisted unhappily on her tether, girlishly conscious of her pubic hair and the scorching reminder of Mike's whip upon her sex.

"Dammit', Karamal!" Mike was irritated. "We picked up this dame by accident. She didn't have anyone with her in the bank. Last thing we wanted was a gal', but it's turned out pretty good… for us."

"But not so good for poor Miss Noyes, eh." Karamal's tone was sardonic. "I would suggest, my dear, you might have done better to stay in the brothel."

There was bitter truth in his suavity. 'Tonia had no answer. Lamely, she asked. "If I'm expected to talk, could I have my feet on the floor?"

"I am enjoying you as you are, my dear. The stress is an enhancement of your femininity I find entrancing. Please don't feel embarrassed."

"All right, send me back to the brothel—!"

"Nix on whorehouses." Mike interjected unexpectedly. "She can talk to the customers. We want her buried."

"That is not a profitable disposition of a girl, my friend. I could sell her to one of the more remote establishments but the price would be disappointing."

"Hell, there's bastards with money, old men who'd keep her on a chain…?"

Carl Karamal shook his head regretfully. "Mike, I fear your hot currency and your hot jewelry are of more interest to me than our lovely Miss Noyes. Under a conditional sale… Hmmmm, things are difficult enough without conditions." He smiled benignly. "Were you about to whip her again? I find the prospect most attractive."

"Whip the girl if you want." Mike retorted irritably. "What we want to do is sell her. Seems a pity to kill the silly bitch if we don't have to but we can't haul her around with us when we're forever half on the run."

The Dealer's tone became chiding. "You are unimaginative, my dear fellow. I can sell you a strong pine box into which she will neatly fit, strapped and gagged to cause no trouble. You could ship her all round the world. I do this constantly. But I would suppose you could render her helpless in the trunk of a car?" He winked archly. "I would have thought the facility between her legs indispensable to you."

"What you're saying is, you're not buying?"

"I did not say that. Conditionally, she is worth ten thousand dollars, no more."

Swinging on her rope, 'Tonia quailed. Two men bartering her body, one for a bizarre life imprisonment, the other for her death. How impossible this whole thing was that a man like Karamal had become her savior! Mutely, she hung, awaiting sentence.

But Carl Karamal was a devotee of sensuality. Unhurriedly, he picked up the whip and cocked a polite eye at a surly Mike. "You don't mind?"

"Go ahead."

To be flogged by a huckstering sybarite! 'Tonia found the pain doubly hard to bear, a wanton cruelty to evoke male sensation. She desperately desired Karamal to buy her but was uncertain which feminine response would best provoke his acquisitive intent: the screaming maiden lost to hope, or the stoic slave bearing what she must. In gasping

agony, she chose the latter, contriving through six casually inflicted strokes to mute her cries but to writhe and twist to the limits of eroticism. At the finish she looked at the man who had whipped her and voiced the final simplicity of submission.

“Thank you, Master.”

They laughed. “She wants you to buy her,” Mike opined. “I got to hand it to the gal’, that was a damn good show.”

Karamal nodded agreement. “Someone has trained her. She is of value. But with the condition you impose…!” He shrugged doubtfully. “I would respect whatever contract we made, but it would necessitate me keeping her as inventory, perhaps for longer than I wish—”

“Amuse yourself with her, the way we’re doing. At twenty-five thousand she’s be a bargain. You win both ways.”

To have stood and listened would be bad enough, but to hang naked…! ’Tonia longed to contribute to the interchange, some constructive suggestion by which she became more desirable alive than dead. Naked suspension was too close a simile to a side of beef being bargained for by vendors who watched their pennies. She said, without hope, “I’ll willingly pay twenty-five thousand ransom for my freedom.”

“But it appears you must not have freedom, Miss Noyes.”

Karamal oozed charm. He turned to Mike. “Fifteen thousand dollars?”

“Twenty?”

They settled for seventeen thousand dollars for the person of Miss Antonia Noyes, a onetime lesbian with a New York address. Miss Noyes, hanging naked from a rope heard her price and its acceptance with joy, a joy soon tempered by Mike’s insistence.

“Look, Karamal, we’re stuck in this dump four more days. We’ve got used to screwing this cunt when we feel like it. You’ll have to leave her here for us to use. Pick her up next Wednesday?”

“Nonsense. The way you’re treating her you deplete her value hourly. I don’t want a cripple.”

Mike was obstinate. “She’s being punished right now. We don’t hang her up all the time.”

“I don’t even want to know what she’s being punished for. Forget it.” Karamal sounded testy. “I have purchased Miss Noyes: as is, where is, and as of this moment.”

“The boys will balk—!”

“Let them. That’s what they are… boys.” Karamal was contemptuous. “If they wish to whip Miss Noyes further or to implant more semen within her orifice let them do so while you and I complete the details we must cope with:

The money, jewels, payment…"

"Please, Master, they'll half kill me!" 'Tonia burst out in panic. "If they know it's one last fling—!"

Carl Karamal dealt with the matter coolly. "Deal with them, Mike. They can each cut at Miss Noyes with six strokes and achieve climax with her by whatever deviation they choose. That should render them placid while we prepare her to accompany me."

"Cold son-of-a-bitch, aren't you." Mike said admiringly. "D'you mind if I get my whack at her last thing?"

"Not at all. Render unto Caesar—!"

It was the best she could hope for. To be out of this hateful situation by night seemed almost a miracle. And she would not die… she would not die. With deep gratitude she gazed at her new owner and said, as she had said before, "Thank you, Master."

For a moment there flashed between the naked girl and the slave dealer a warm mutuality from which Karamal's words emerged with true sympathy.

"I fear a painful period for you, Miss Noyes. I presume two or three hours. I am sorry."

"I don't mind, Master, it has an end."

"You'd charm the ass off a crocodile." Mike looked envi-

ously at his companion. “Little Trixie’s never been that polite to us. She’s going to remember my half dozen for quite awhile.”

“I’m afraid the four of you are without appreciation of a well trained slave.” Karamal suggested unctuously: “May I offer you the phone number of an amiable whore?”

They went away. ’Tonia heard their male repartee fade into the distance. Her heart sang. Even the prospect of being whipped and ravished four more times failed to dampen her thankfulness. She was far too young to die… and there was Griselda! True, she faced a new slavery but in it she would live!

Nigel was the first, an indignant young man. “Blast it, ’Tonia, did you have to…? Now… just one more time!”

“Nigel, I didn’t want to die.”

He flushed. looking sheepish. “I’d have thought of something. It wouldn’t have happened.”

The naked girl was too relieved to bicker. Nigel was a loser and she would soon be shot of him. Acidly, she taunted: “But you have me one last time. Just think: you have Miss Antonia Noyes to whip and fuck as you please. Aren’t you lucky!”

Nigel gazed resentfully. “Feeling high, eh! A lousy seventeen thousand when it should have been a hundred…! I’ll take it out of your hide.”

The bartered girl had expected cruelty, but not the six shocking cuts planting themselves within the flesh of her derriere under the impetus of Nigel's pique. He allowed the suspended nudity to twist and writhe on its rope after each stroke until the wealed twin curves again presented themselves to the advantage of his whip. Then he slashed them again, and again, and again. 'Tonia screamed steadily. She no longer cared. When he took her down from suspension he violated her savagely within her frontal sheath. She sensed it as a reprimand against her opinion of him. She did not climax. Beneath Nigel she never would. The angry rapist left her with the imprecation: "I hope Karamal sells you to a real ripe bastard!" The once more suspended sufferer watched him go in silence. 'Tonia was a blaze of pain. Only one down… Three more to go! She moaned and twisted in helpless impotence.

It was fitting Mike should be the last. By the time he came to use her in farewell 'Tonia was throbbing from eighteen whip cuts impacted by men who knew such a chance might never come again. Compared to the pain the sexual obscenities seemed of small moment. The naked captive, her hands always tied, allowed herself to become pliant flesh postured to male desire. Phil and Harry exhausted themselves within her sheath, her mouth, and whatever other part of her anatomy lust prompted them to explore. Each of them, when done with her, heaved on the rope to leave her feet reaching helplessly for the floor.

The three men had taken the nude 'Tonia through the con-

viction that she might not survive these last beatings and lewd couplings to where she could now have hope. Her battle was three parts won, she was enveloped in pain and still hanging in punishment. But Carl Karamal had given her the gift of hope.

“You make a damn pretty picture hanging thataway, lady.” Mike surveyed her with his usual unconcern. “Guess where I aim to plant your half dozen.”

She knew instantly, and said without emotion. “My breasts.”

“Right! Three on each.” He chuckled amiably. “Pity Carl didn’t hold off till tomorrow: you’d have got ’em. But right now he’s worried about his merchandise. Seems like your tits get home free.”

“Thank you, Mike.” Her relief was enormous.

“Real polite.” He looked at her nakedness with a hunger beyond lust. “Since I don’t get to mark your boobs, lady, how’d you like to suggest another spot on that pretty pelt?”

“I’m wealed everywhere. I don’t know. Harry used your favorite place, my cunt feels as though it’s cut to bits.”

“So I notice. But don’t worry, it’s still in good working order.” Mike looked dourly at the striped belly and thighs of the girl he was soon to lose. “Them boys sure let you have it good. But there’s always a place…”

'Tonia watched Mike and the rope in a slowly dawning comprehension. She remained silent while her ankle was looped and knotted, her knee bent back, and then the rope passed round her thigh to hold her foot helpless beneath her rump. But as her other foot was being bent back, raised and tied she implored: "Please don't do that to me."

"Had it before, lady?"

"No."

"Hell, you don't even know—"

"Yes I do. You're going to whip the soles of my feet."

"And you don't like the idea? Dammit', gal', there won't be a mark anyone will see."

"I've read about people getting their feet beaten. It's awful. I won't be able to walk."

"Don't you fret, lady. That's when they use a rod or a cane on a gal'. I'm using a whip. You'll walk O.K. Besides, it's only a measly six." Mike patted her streaked bottom reassuringly. "Be a new experience for you. Gals' all ought to get their little soles whipped once."

'Tonia moaned inwardly. She was more helpless than ever. Mike's tying of her feet up to her thighs was ingenious, it left the soft soles immovably exposed, innocently gazing up in invitation to whatever a man might wish to do to them. Gently twisting as a pendulum she breathlessly awaited the

first agony.

It was worse. It was a new dimension. It was impossible to bear. It was a pain beyond all others! 'Tonia's scream vibrated the room in female anguish. She jerked and twisted, lifting herself by bandaged wrists in an instinctive but useless effort to evade the thong. She kicked only as an amputee might kick with shortened stumps. Her nakedness was as ineffective below her hips as it was above, she was completely delivered to punishment. Mike stood poised, awaiting the inevitable return of his palpitating puppet to a position favorable to his aim.

The screams were continuous. Within her agony 'Tonia wondered why they did not bring her aid. But Mike's use of her was respected. She must suffer as he chose. Again and again the leather strip implanted its venom from toe to heel. Mike took his time and cut the cringing soles only when they reached maximum exposure. It was a competent torture casually inflicted. The girl who received it longed to die. Six strokes on the soles of 'Tonia's feet broadened into eternity. She had no belief such agony could end.

Mike allowed her to gasp her way back into awareness. He stood in reverence before the pained loveliness of his creation. The bound foreshortened feet detracted nothing from the girl but added their own dimension of eroticism to a picture already heavily loaded with sensuality.

The second phase in Mike's final use of Miss Antonia Noyes

was inevitably obvious. Her ankles were not untied. She was lowered to the floor to teeter on stumpy knees and then to sit back on her heels while the rope was taken from the ties upon her wrists.

“Glad it’s over, lady?”

“Yes, oh yes!”

“Not as bad as you expected, eh?”

“Worse.”

He nodded understandingly. Then stood very close astride her roped thighs. “You know what to do, lady.”

Bound hands stopped nothing. ’Tonia unzipped him deftly and took his phallus in her mouth. After all, she had been a whore and looked like being one again! Soon she might possess Griselda’s detachment, she was already close. She plied her trade with vigor.

He used her well in all the ways he knew. No part of her was un-impailed. But through each separate shame she must perform her female homage without feet. Her ankles remained tight up against the soft underside of her thighs, an amputee of rope. ’Tonia was surprised by the facility with which she was able to cope with commands. It was surprising one of the enterprising quartet had not tied her thus before, they might well have made it a part of her punishment in suspension. Try as she might to erase it from her kind as she was pierced she could not be un-

aware of this artificial loss of her legs. It was damned erotic. If she had loved the man who was using her it would have been amusing. She climaxed four times and accepted Mike's jeers without caring. The end of her ordeal was strange. Mike untied her and took her in his arms…

"Uninjured I trust, my dear?" Carl Karamal smiled benignly at his new purchase. "I observe fresh weals…?"

"They hurt me cruelly." 'Tonia met her owner's eyes coolly. "But then, we knew they would, didn't we." He nodded. "Do I detect a slight limp?"

"The soles of my feet were thrashed, Master."

"Well, it is done." Karamal frowned at the four kidnappers. "It is as well I take her today. Tomorrow she might be worth less." He turned to his bewildered purchase. "Use the bathroom, my dear. Bathe… fix your hair. You will feel better and so will I."

'Tonia blushed. Uncertainly she ventured: "Master, I am not tied… or chained…?"

Karamal was intrigued. "That was a most charming thought, Miss Noyes. I suspect it as out of character. You are trying to please." He waved her away airily. "You are a trusted slave. If you abuse the trust I will return you to the attention of these four gentlemen."

'Tonia washed her wounds. She could not repress elation. She was going to live. Karamal was civilized. For the mo-

ment she was done with pain. She eyed the window but it was sealed and on the second floor. She shuddered at the thought of being returned to the four men who had intended to end her life. She would obey Karamal, she would obey him implicitly… for now! She realized her gratitude made him seem a kind man and submission to him easy and natural in a manner she would have been unable to even simulate a few months ago. Ruefully she recognized the power of the whip and of sexual subjugation. She was a girl… well broken.

She was examined with approval by five men. But it was Karamal who spoke: "You are a beautiful woman, Miss Noyes. You have taken some trouble… Thank you!" He sighed. "And now… three lengths of rope?"

'Tonia supposed she would be sedated later, her binding no more than a prudent precaution. She stood in the posture now all too familiar, erect with arms behind her back. With gentle firmness her hands were placed palm to palm and tied with two circlets and a cinch between. She gasped breathlessly as her elbows were thrust together.

"A girl's elbows are vital in traveling." Carl Karamal mused busily. "A persistent pain makes for a constant awareness of her state. Joining her elbows ensures she cannot loose her wrists."

The naked captive could not have agreed more. As the ropes banded and were drawn tight… and tighter to join

her elbows and make her forearms as one she bid farewell to any dream of escape she might have cherished. It was no great loss. Girls never escaped from slavery… not ever! 'Tonia hated having her elbows tied but did not complain. She still felt lucky.

"It also enhances the feminine figure." Karamal approved complacently. "Observe her breasts and the concavity of her stomach! Really, Miss Noyes, you are superb."

"Worth more than you paid for her," Nigel said bitterly.

"If you would care to relinquish that one condition?"

"Hell not. Take the bitch away before we all want to fuck her again."

"I already want to fuck her." Harry sounded plaintive.

Karamal took his slavegirl by one pinioned arm. "Come, my dear, I have my car."

"You mean I sit in the front seat with you… naked… tied?" 'Tonia was aghast.

"The pleasure of your company justifies the minimal risk, Miss Noyes." Carl Karamal was unfailingly courteous. "And now, if you will forgive me, I will tie your feet."

How small a price to pay! The bound girl nestled into the luxury of the Rolls, helpless but happy. "No gag, Master?"

"Impractical. But kind of you to remind me. I find you a re-

markable young woman, Miss Noyes."

"I'm not really. It's just all that's happened—" The captive girl watched their emergence from the garage into the sunlight in disbelief. Without thinking, she exclaimed: "But I could scream...?"

"A vulgarity you will not stoop to, my dear. I would consider it a punishable offense."

So the iron hand was there! But the plushess of the velvet glove was comforting. She would be a fool not to be obedient. The pain of her elbows was indeed a reminder of her condition. Simply, she paid him tribute. "You have saved my life, Master."

"Probably." He shrugged the thought away. "Now you must tell me the truth about that sweet child, your companion. I forget her name."

"Griselda?"

"Of course! I must arrange to pick her up. The two of you belong together. Where is she?"

"In our home." The admission came hard. "The house where you... where you took us into custody that first time."

"How delightfully expressed!" He gave her a sideways glint. "I am sure you considered the various lies you could have told me and discarded them as unworthy... and unwise?"

“Yes.” The words were hard to form. “Must you take her?”

“I am a business man. Of course I must take her.”

“Master, be kind to her. I love Griselda.”

“And you are anxious.” Another knowing glint. “I’ll hazard a guess you left the child in some way… handicapped?”

“Yes.”

“The handcuffs?”

“Yes, the handcuffs. Behind her back. I suppose we’re silly.”

Carl Karamal chuckled. “I find the pair of you delicious. What pets you would make—a suitably large cage!”

’Tonia abandoned the view to give her companion full attention. “Oh, Master, would you?”

“You find the idea attractive, Miss Noyes?”

“Yes… Oh, yes!” She sensed his amused skepticism. “Master, don’t you see—from where I’m at. I’m going to be sold to someone or something somewhere. I’m grateful, but just the same I’m going to be a slave or worse… and it’s not likely they’ll buy Griselda too. I might never see her again.” She paused, breathless. “You’ve been kind. Except for me being naked and tied up, you’re treating me—or at least talking to me as though I’m a lady, not as something to, to…”

“Fuck?”

“Yes. That’s all I’ve been for a long time. I’d walk into your cage gladly… with Griselda.”

“But not alone?”

’Tonia watched the road slip by for several seconds before she answered, slowly: “Yes, I’d walk into your cage alone and consider myself fortunate. I’d worry about Griselda, of course…” She faced her companion. “Have you got a cage?”

“Yes.”

The single word hovered between them, a delicious verbal morsel to contemplate and savor to the full. ’Tonia most urgently did not wish to be sold. If Carl Karamal would keep her for his own—even though he kept her caged…! It was as awesomely enticing a prospect as his rescuing her from the thralldom of the carnal quartet. She was positive he would never grant her total freedom. It would be asking too much. Impossible as it would once have been, the cage was something to be infinitely desired. ’Tonia longed for words by which to entice herself behind its bars. Sincerely, she said: “I really want you to lock me in it and keep me. Do I sound silly?”

He was amused by her earnestness. Karamal understood the series of tribulations by which this once imperious woman had been led to a submission he was finding increasingly erotic. “You buy a pig in a poke, my dear,” he

said kindly. “The only difference between me and those men we have left behind is finesse, a distaste for vulgarity.”

“You mean you’ll whip me and tie me?”

“Yes.”

“Very well. I accept.”

“I didn’t make you an offer.”

“I’m in a state of euphoria, Master. I’m being silly.” ’Tonia twisted her strained shoulders in lieu of a shrug she could not make. “You must do what you please with me. I belong to you.” Her voice turned wistful. “You have told me of your cage and I have told you of my wish to be locked in it. That’s all…!”

The man at the wheel was enjoying her. His voice bantered: “The cost of entry to the cage is twenty lashes on your back and to be bound as you are bound now.”

“I don’t mind, Master. I have already said I will accept. You’ve quoted a price I can pay. No one seems to want my money.”

“Very well. You will look enticing behind bars. Perhaps I will forgive you the elbow tie and the bound ankles.” He paused in thought. “Do you remember your first captivity?”

“How could I forget! It was the shock of my life.”

“Then you remember Selma Szabo?”

“Of course I do! And Nora—that other woman bought Nora—?” ’Tonia thought back. “And poor Miss Paisley! I felt so sorry for her the way you kept her blind. And that exquisite child, Susan…?”

“Slaves come and go,” Karamal said offhandedly. “I allow Selma to deal with that branch of the business. Suppose I let Selma keep you in one of her cages?”

“No!” The denial was a small explosion. ’Tonia was immediately contrite. “Forgive me, Master, I was… well… hasty. Females hurt females so badly. She’d whip me to bits.”

He laughed. “You do Selma an injustice. My thought was that in her slave pens you would meet buyers. You might fine one appealing. I would allow you to choose your owner?”

“I have already chosen you. I call you Master. Don’t you want me?”

“I want you very much, Miss Noyes. It is settled. Do you wish to pay the price of entry on arrival? Considering the way you’ve been whipped today you may defer your twenty strokes until tomorrow?”

“I want them as soon as possible.” There was a little girl naiveté in ’Tonia’s declaration. She looked slyly at her owner. “Those twenty lashes are to test my sincerity, aren’t they?”

“Yes.”

“Make them thirty. I’m testing it too.”

“You are a beautiful masochist, my dear.”

“Not really. I’m just grateful to be alive.”

Chapter Six.

The Dungeon.

There are times when one dare not behold a vision in the mind. It was thus with Griselda. When her screams had torn her throat beyond bearing she stood naked in the dungeon and looked at the implacable door, beyond which was the freedom she had lost and the laughing nymphet who had stolen it. The tears she found herself shedding were of angry frustration that she could have been so foolish, to have fallen so easy a victim, to have betrayed 'Tonia, to let herself be chained.

Griselda was an experienced prisoner. She dared not contemplate the almost certain truth, but drew upon her memories of captivity to stem the panic she felt rising. There were possibilities: Alissa might be having fun and would open the door in five minutes, or an hour, or in five hours...! Alissa might be in league with 'Tonia in some sort of lesson they would teach a too trusting girl. Or perhaps Alissa was not Alissa at all but someone else: a cheap burglar who might now be stripping their home! Griselda fought her handcuffs irritably at the thought, then discarded it. Alissa, or whoever she might be, was not the type.

Or suppose another kidnap! It had happened once, why not again. Alissa had put her safely on ice to await 'Tonia's return. They would both then be dealt with and taken away!

It seemed unlikely but…!

The most worrying and significant thing was 'Tonia's failure to return home. Something had happened to her. She would never leave her handcuffed darling without a word. But now if she returned, what would be waiting for her upstairs!

And then the ultimate horror. If 'Tonia did not return! If something had happened to her! Griselda shuddered. She could stay chained as she was until she died. The hours and the days would pass… and she could not even count them. Eventually…!

It might do no good to reach the door, but it would be better than to stand in the far corner of this stone place with its tiny barred window that offered no hope. Griselda cursed the collar on her neck and the chain from it to the wall. The handcuffs she could cope with but not the other medieval constraint. She walked the length of her tether and found it far too short. She backed up and grasped it with her joined hands, she tugged, she twisted, she fingered the lock. But she knew herself a prisoner, chained!

On those occasions when Griselda had been truly bad 'Tonia had sentenced her to the dungeon. It was the punishment she liked least of all. An hour or two could be amusing and delightfully creepy. But if she was heavily chained and the time was long it was always a very subdued girl who emerged and knelt to beg forgiveness for her sin. Her

longest incarceration had been twenty-four hours and she had shed many tears. It was a punishment they seldom used. Both girls were a little afraid of it.

But as she was now, Griselda knew herself within a new experience. This was real. She could never escape. Perhaps no one would ever set her free. The handcuffs and the chain and collar were implacable, the handcuffs no longer an erotic thrill, no longer the sensuality of 'Tonia's hand. They were steel bands imprisoning slender wrists that longed to be free. Griselda was frightened.

Ghosts! Terror. Cold stone! For the chained and naked girl they were old acquaintances. She knew her dungeon. Because this was not the first time she had been locked within its claustrophobic walls she was able to repel panic. After the first screams she kept hysteria in check. For a long time she stood as Alissa had left her, a nude delight in a dismal place, her hands in limbo behind her back, the tethering chain dragging its weight upon the metal collar on her neck. Strangely, it seemed desirable to stand. Standing meant she was still alert and ready. If Alissa mischievously opened the door she would not be a pitiful and cringing bit of female flesh chained in a dark corner.

But it is tiring to stand. The tug of links dragged at Griselda's throat. When it became all too evident she was indeed a prisoner she retraced the several steps to the ringbolt in the stone and lowered herself to the floor. Her shackle found a resting place and ceased to nag, she leaned

back against the wall, shamingly conscious of surrender. But there was nothing she could fight, the fetters mocked...! Soon she was sobbing. When the tears exhausted themselves she slid down to find what comfort she could and slept. It was an intermittent slumber filled with nightmare. But it took her through the darkness, into the dawn and beyond. The tiny barred window high in the wall was her only timepiece. She judged it close to noon when the door bolts clashed and a man strode arrogantly into her prison.

It was Ali Ben Habbah.

It was a small informal Court. The Judge, a businesslike authority in the tailoring of Savile Row, and two delinquent girls. Griselda was still nude, still handcuffed, but radiantly happy. Alissa wore her clothes and nylon rope to join her wrists in a tight cross. Her hands were dabbing ineffectually at tears. From time to time she cocked a hopeful eye above her fingers.

“You have behaved outrageously, Alissa.”

“I know, Ali, I’m sorry.”

“Some girls would have come out of that dungeon insane. You are lucky it was Griselda.”

“I thought it was a big joke.” Sobs and sniffles. The hopeful eye cocked itself in Griselda’s direction. “Please forgive me, Griselda.”

“She will forgive you. I won’t.” Ali Ben Habbah was in full stride. “You make yourself a problem wherever you go.”

Alissa’s sniff had taken on a tone of impudence. “I only came here the way I did to get one up on you, Ali.” Another sniff. “But I did come—and look at the lovely collar on my neck! I don’t see what you’re so stuffy about. You’re acting just like Grandpa did.”

“I’m the head of the family, girl, and you’re my biggest problem. You never stop to think—”

“I’d have let her out this morning if you hadn’t arrived and made such a fuss.” Alissa now gave her brother the full regard of two reproachful eyes. “I don’t see why you have to act like the senior Sheik—and why must my hands be tied?”

“I am the Senior Sheik, you little idiot! And your hands are tied so you’ll know you’re in disgrace.”

“So all right, I’m in disgrace.” The delinquent’s tears had suddenly dried up. “Bung me in the dungeon. That’s exactly the sort of thing I have to put up with until I’m twenty-one.”

Alissa’s brother sighed heavily, regarding his pert sister with a mixture of affection and exasperation. “Dammit, girl, don’t you even believe you deserve punishment?”

The dusky eyes sought Griselda. “I really truly am sorry, darling. Ali’s right, I just didn’t stop to think. I don’t mind a

bit you punishing me. What would you like—?"

"Alissa!"

The male command produced an effect to make Griselda breathless. A frightened girl with tied hands fell to her knees before her irate brother and bowed her head submissively. "I will do your bidding, lord." The humility was little more than a whisper.

"That's better." Ali looked down approvingly. "You suggested the dungeon: so be it! Know it as a prelude only. Chained in there you may do some thinking."

"Yes, lord." The whisper was tremulous. The tied hands rested passively on their owner's knees.

The Judge turned to his second prisoner. "You will be healer. Get me the key to your handcuffs."

"It is hidden, Master. I was never allowed to know where."

"Ah yes, I remember. The two of you had a pact—to see how long—! D'you think you can find them?"

"No, Master. They would be in a place I could not reach without my hands."

Ali smiled wisely. "I do not think you want to find them. I can understand—"

"Lord, in my handbag, I have a key." Alissa sounded anxious.

“Fetch it.”

The damsel in disgrace disappeared with alacrity. Griselda twisted uncomfortably. “Master, I had hoped—’Tonia and I —”

“You do not want your hands freed.” Ali Ben Habbah laughed. “You wish to continue your quest of a record. What is it: five years?”

“I know I am foolish, Master. But still—”

“Your hands will be unlocked, Griselda.” His voice was incisive. “You will take charge of that outrageous bundle of impudence who is my sister. Your grand experiment can be resumed at another time. Is that understood?”

Griselda had a sudden vision of the cell and the whipping post. Her response was positive. “It is understood, Master.”

It was Alissa who used the key. Their Master did not deal in trifles. She fumbled with bound hands but the metal jaws opened and fell away. Griselda massaged her wrists and supposed it was all for the best. As far as she was concerned whatever Ali wanted Ali would get. She handed him the key and the beloved cuffs, their eyes met.

“If you show that little baggage tolerance you’ll be whipped,” he assured her sternly.

Griselda could almost feel the lash. She was sure she would make a poor jailer. At that moment she desired only that

Ali Ben Habbah enfold her in his arms. Instead, she said, meekly: “I understand, Master. I will make sure she cannot escape.”

“And her punishments?”

“I will punish her as you wish, Master.”

“But you’d rather not, eh!” He laughed amusedly at her diffidence. “You’ll do it and you’ll probably do it well.”

“Punish me properly, Griselda. You must!” Alissa was an unexpected ally. “My brother is always right.”

“Get rid of her in the dungeon for now.” Ali waved an impatient hand. “And take her sarcasms with you. I want her made uncomfortable. I’ll have a look in at her later on.” He glared at his sister. “You’ll obey Griselda implicitly.”

“Yes, lord.” The whisper was back. It was meek.

“Oh, and Griselda… Keep her naked.”

Griselda felt guilty at having hands, and foolish that she must use them to enslave a girl. True, Alissa had used her unkindly. But perhaps at Alissa’s age she might have been equally unwise. Putting on her best front before the male she grasped Alissa’s tied hands and led her from the lounge. Entering the dungeon she could not restrain a shiver.

“Gosh, darling, d’you hate this place that much!” The girl

with tied hands was prepared to be amused but was suddenly anxious. “Look, am I going to come out of this place screaming and with white hair?”

“No. You’ve got the comfort of knowing someone’s looking after you and it’s not forever. I didn’t have that. I was scared I was going to be left to die.”

Alissa looked slowly around, her eyes losing their sparkle. “Gosh… I see what you mean. Oh, damn, I was an idiot! Darling, will you ever forgive me?”

“It’s over and done.” Griselda said crossly. “And now look at the job I’ve got!”

“You mean Me—and being unkind.” Alissa reached out a tied hand. “It’s not your Thing, is it. Our roles are reversed. Griselda, I’ll say it again. I’m sorry!”

“But I still have to chain you and be mean.”

“Don’t worry about it.” The girl to be punished motioned with awkward hands. “I’ll obey you.” She chuckled. “I have to, y’know, with Ali around. He’d skin me if I gave you trouble. I’ve never been whipped but I’m damn sure I’m going to be.”

“I’ll untie your hands—”

“Oh sure, here they are. Don’t be so nervous, darling, it’s me who ought to be upset.”

“You’ll hate me for what I’ve been told to do.”

“No I won’t! Look, darling, do cheer up or I’ll start feeling sorry for myself. Just think, when you go back upstairs Ali’s almost certain to fuck you.”

“Alissa!”

“Well it’s true. He owns you.” The captive giggled cheerfully. “Ali acquired fifty-one percent of that whorehouse in some sort of business deal. You have to be a good girl or you get sent back. And anyway, I think you’re in love with him.”

“Alissa!”

“O.K., O.K.! There, my hands are free. So now I strip?”

“I’m afraid so.”

“It’s nothing to be afraid of, darling. If my brother wishes to see my cunt when he comes to inspect me, good luck to him! I say, Griselda, why do girls have to be naked in dungeons?”

“I think it’s something to do with shame, and keeping us in a proper frame of mind.”

“Well, you must be so used to it by now it doesn’t fizz, and all I get is a wet puss. Darling, must I stand over here in this dark corner where the chains are? Oh, damn…! It’s where I left you!”

“I’m afraid so.”

“Don’t keep saying that! It’s depressing. You should be unkind to me with pure joy. Then trot upstairs to get Ali’s penis in your puss.”

“Alissa!”

“Sorry… sorry! I’m incorrigible. Chain me up.”

The Arabian maiden was a Sprite, a Pixie, a sparkling element. Griselda looked in longing at the slender young nubility revealed by the shedding of clothes. She wished they were two girls together free of any other compulsion save mischief. Her anger had evaporated with her fear. What she would now do to this pulsing bit of femininity was at the behest of the stern brother upstairs. No matter what he required of her, she would never disobey Ali Ben Habbah. “How about me fixing you the way you fixed me?” She asked uncertainly.

“Darling, you’re not supposed to ask me. Ali wants you to put me in my place… or something!” Delinquent eyes sparkled impudently. “You ought to growl: ‘Kneel over in that corner, slave!’, or suchlike command, nice and dramatic.”

“You know I can’t. Just move back a bit and stand still.”

Alissa obeyed, and shivered deliciously as the padlock united the chain with her collar. “Mmmmmm, it’s wonderfully awful, Griselda, but you don’t have handcuffs.”

“I’ll use something worse.”

Alissa examined the iron shackles without favor. “They don’t match my collar,” she mourned. “They look like the utility model.”

“You won’t have to look at them, they’ll be behind your back.”

“Of course, I forgot.” Alissa turned her back and flapped a pair of impudent hands which fell limp when they felt the weight of metal to the accompaniment of solid clicks. She pulled them sideways to scrutinize a captive wrist. “Gosh, they’re for real!” A quaver had come to the young voice. “They make handcuffs look like kid’s stuff.” She did the same for her other hand and summed up what she saw with a single word, “Wow!”

The two girls looked at each other in rueful speculation. Alissa’s hands were busily and noisily exploring their confinement. Impulsively, Griselda clutched the slim nudity of her prisoner and kissed in a wave of remorse for what she had done. Their bare breasts thrusting hard in paired union of nipple and flesh. The younger girl’s response was instant.

“Darling, before you chain me more, let’s be happy? I’ll slip down…?”

The flood of heat by which Griselda was enveloped was not enough to dissipate the vision of Ali Ben Habbah. He was

waiting…! She disengaged from the passionate nudity which was helpless to hold her, and admitted: “I’m scared. Alissa, dear—Oh, damn!”

“He won’t know. C’mon, darling, while I can still move?”

“But, Alissa, I’m not going to chain you any more. That’s it.”

The captive cocked a surprised eye. Her protest was anxious. “Griselda sweets, Ali isn’t going to be satisfied with this. He told you to make me uncomfortable!”

“You are uncomfortable.”

“Not the way he wants. Darling, you’ll simply have to do something nasty to me or hell get in a snit.”

“It will be nasty enough when I go out and slam the door. You’ll see. It’s the awfullest feeling.”

Alissa pouted. “I’ll sit down and play with myself so it won’t seem so bad.” Slyly, she turned and twisted to accommodate questing fingers towards her pubic bush… Dismay was instant. “Darling, I can’t! I can’t reach. Oh, damn! Griselda, all the time? Did you know?”

Griselda giggled. “I ought to. The handcuffs wouldn’t let me reach either. They kept me just for ’Tonia.” She giggled again. “It frustrates a girl all to pieces.”

“Huh…!” The fettered damsel was still straining. “Will Ali know? I mean, will he consider this punishment enough? It

damn well ought to be."

"If he doesn't know I'm not going to tell him."

"But you will come and nibble me sometimes?"

"I will if I think it safe. I'm not going to get us both whipped because of it."

It was as though the chained maiden realized her predicament for the first time. The mischief faded with her smile. Suddenly the sister of Ali Ben Habbah was forlorn. Twisting at her wrist shackles, she uttered a sad and heartfelt: "Oh, darling…!"

Not daring to look back, Griselda marched to the door and slammed it shut. She was close to tears, but thudded home the bolts with needless vehemence. She supposed Alissa deserved what she was getting, but was by no means sure. Resolutely, she returned to the Male.

"I have failed my task, Master. I submit myself." Griselda knelt back on her heels before The Man and bowed her head.

The Man was delighted. He was amused. He was aware of blessedness. Griselda, kneeling thus, was pure beauty. He spoke as to a child. "How have you failed? Tell me?"

"I allowed your sister to trick me. I did not keep her chained. She could have escaped as she pleased." Griselda peeped up shyly. "If this happened I was to return to… to…

where we were and become your slave. It was a pact. I gave you my word."

Ali's voice was tender. "Are you certain of a misdeed?"

"Yes, I am." Griselda was cross with herself. Her night in the dungeon had been horrific. "I should have chained her immediately she told me who she was. But I… I… I'm afraid I liked her. I liked her too much. I still do."

"So does everyone else, and the little vixen knows it. She'll trick you again if she gets the chance. But forget your guilt, there is none."

"I should at least be whipped."

Ali Ben Habbah picked up his all too willing slave and carried her to bed.

There was an inevitability about their lovemaking that drove all else from the slavegirl's mind. The Lesbian fact, 'Tonia's disappearance, the chained sister in the dungeon… all vanished while she was in her owner's arms. She saw him as that, her owner, and was glad. He had taken her from the cell in the brothel, and she would be forever grateful, giving herself to him whenever he desired. She was careful not to voice the thought of love.

It seemed natural, when back in the lounge, for Griselda to kneel. It was an easy pose for her, it had a rightness, as had all things now between herself and this man who held such power, both over her sensuality and her life. From some

small well of wisdom she said, demurely. “Master, I should not be free.” She gestured with unfettered hands. “I am your slave.”

Without a word, Ali Ben Habbah retrieved the discarded handcuffs and their key. Loins afire, Griselda turned to place her arms behind her back.

“No! In front.”

Still silent, she obeyed and watched the familiar metal circle and lock her wrists. Griselda seethed with delicious heat at this prisoning of her hands and the touch of male fingers. It felt good, all of it! Back on her heels she lifted her hands and admired the tight gunmetal bands and link. This was how it should be. Her: “Thank you, Master” was girlishly sincere.

“I would suppose you the first wardress with chained hands.” Ali was amused by her simple pleasure. “Alissa will give you a bad time.”

“I wish it so, Master. I will make sure she does not escape.”

“How can you whip her?” Ali had become stern. “She must be whipped. I am determined.”

“She has never been whipped, Master. It will be a hateful thing for her.”

“It will tell her how spoiled she has been. It may make her think. But you must do it. It is not fitting for me to be the

one."

"Yes, Master, if it be your wish. When the time comes you can take these handcuffs from me for a little while."

He nodded comfortably. "And now, little slave, you will mix us drinks. We will sip them while we talk of your lost 'Tonia and of my irrepressible sister."

She belonged to a woman and a man, diverse characters, antipathetic. Griselda happily mixed the drinks and refused to be concerned. Ali Ben Habbah was a power. He would take her back to his own land or concede her to 'Tonia. It was good she did not have to choose. The handcuffs on her wrists were comforting. Ownership was beset with problems, the slave had much the best of it.

"We need 'Tonia, Master. I am not a Mistress. I will whip Alissa as you desire, but she will never take me seriously. She knows I am your slave."

"I am going to find your 'Tonia, dear child." There was certainty in Ali's quiet assurance. "To do so I must leave you." His voice became tender. "I do not wish to leave you chained."

The kneeling girl considered her imminent status and was sad. She held up cuffed hands and examined them wistfully. "These do not stop me doing things, Master. Even when they were behind my back—"

"You have a love affair with those handcuffs, I know." Ali

dismissed them with a wave of the hand. “I want you able to cope.”

“Please, master…?” It was Griselda’s voice that now was wistful. “Without a chain… I… I don’t feel… right.”

“Very well then. How about your pretty ankles? I’m sure you’ve got something to join them?”

“Oh yes… Oh, thank you, Master.” Griselda made a moue of disparagement. “I know I’m silly, but I’ve lived so long like this—”

“That you feel naked without them?”

“That sounds even sillier, but yes.” She trickled her fingertips across her breasts and down to her pubic triangle. “And honestly, I’ve forgotten how long it is since I wore clothes. Years…”

“The perfect slave.” Ali’s voice was without mockery.

“Yes, I am. I’m proud of it. I like myself the way I am.”

Ali Ben Habbah laughed delightedly. “I suspect my sister will like you too, probably far too much. Finish your drink and let us go and view our caged delinquent. I have no good news for her.”

Alissa looked as though she had just risen to her feet and felt untidy. Her eyes were veiled, her manner a trifle too jaunty. “I hope you’re ashamed of yourselves, treating me

like this. I've been here hours and hours—"

"One hour and forty minutes to be exact. And as for being ashamed—!"

"I know, I know! It's me who has to be ashamed! And I am. I'm terribly ashamed of myself." Alissa smiled brightly. "So now we've got that over you can let me loose."

The silence was unresponsive. Picking up its message, Alissa's hands worked desperately at their shackles, her voice was irate. "Don't just stand there looking at me. You wouldn't like sitting your bare bottom on cold stone and not being able to do anything. There's absolutely nothing —"

"I know all about it," said Griselda.

"Your character will build," said Ali.

"Oh shit!" The clink of metal from delinquent wrists intensified. "It's simply horrible having to sit here like this. I hate it!"

"You made Griselda—"

"We've been over all that." The prisoner contrived to sound virtuously put upon. "I've said I'm sorry—and you've made me sit here on the floor for the longest time. You can't possibly go away and leave me—"

"Tomorrow you will be whipped. It will make a pleasant

change."

"Oh, Ali…!" Alissa's wailing cry was heavily loaded with female dolor. Reproach, frustration, dismay… all were there. "I'm your sister! Remember?"

"I try not to think of it." The male voice was dry. "You will not be whipped by my hand. Griselda will be your jailer."

"Oh, that's all right then." The culprit was obviously relieved. Her hands gave their shackle a rest. "Darling, we'll have the loveliest times."

"Griselda has my order to be merciless. She will obey."

"But, Ali, she's not the type."

"I can be. You won't trick me again." Griselda was resolute.

Alissa's quick glance was shrewd. "You're in love with him! Oh, you poor darling, he must have been frightfully good in bed."

Griselda felt herself one huge blush. Primly, she said: "I will obey your brother. I will punish you in whatever ways he orders."

"Ways! What d'you mean, ways? Don't tell me there's more than one?"

"I am leaving Griselda a list." Ali was trying not to laugh.

"Oh all right, if you must." Alissa became haughty. "We can

discuss these things upstairs, I could sure use a cocktail." She turned and wiggled shackled hands. "You may as well unlock me now."

The silence was more eloquent than words. Alissa read her fate. "You dirty rotten so-and-so's!" She turned back to give her inquisitors the full benefit of a furious glare. "I've known it all the time… you're going to leave me like this!"

"For your own good, dear child."

"Oh, Ali, don't be such a horse's ass! You don't have to be pompous with me. All it's going to do is make me angry."

"Perhaps a trifle of humility?"

"I'll get on my knees right now and beg, if it will get me loose?"

"Not exactly what I had in mind."

"Don't go! Oh, please don't!" Alissa's wail was piteous. "At least take my chains off. I can't even touch my clit. Oh, Ali, … P—L—E—A—S—E…!"

The nude loveliness had advanced to the limit of its chain. The metal collar was tugging at an anguished neck, distraught eyes beheld the visitors move slowly towards the dungeon door.

"I'll never be bad again. I promise."

"… On the Koran?"

“Whip me terribly hard but get me out of this?”

“Don’t just say nothing! Oh, this is awful!”

“I don’t deserve—”

The two jailers went out and closed the wicked door. It cut off Alissa’s indignation like a knife. “Silence is golden,” said Ali Ben Habbah sententiously.

They went upstairs.

It was lonely.

Griselda felt nakedly numb. She stood in the hallway after Ali had made his last assurance of finding the missing ’Tonia and faced an empty house, empty save for an angry young woman chained in a dungeon downstairs. She had not seen her charge since the previous evening and was uncertain of what reception awaited behind the fateful door. Alissa should have been marvelous company but the circumstances were all wrong, a girl about to be whipped is unlikely to be convivial. She longed for ’Tonia.

The slave lips were still bruised from kisses. There was another momento of her master Griselda bore with delight. Her ankles were linked by heavy silver shackles which her Mistress had purchased long ago. Wide bands of metal and enough shining links to enable her to walk… slowly! Their keys were in the pocket of her Master and her Master was

gone.

“Silly little slavegirl.” Ali had kissed her after the silver locks had snapped finality. “Walk with caution and remember me.”

She had walked with caution for his amusement. It had been a long time since her feet had borne fetters. When she stumbled he said wisely: “See, I told you. Let me take them off.”

“No, Master, please! I will get the knack again. The chain is long enough. I adore them, they’re lovely.” She blushed. “Besides, it is you who had put them on me.”

“That won’t stop you stumbling.”

“Alissa will stop me stumbling. I am going to be very, very cautious.” She looked at Ali with scarcely disguised love. “Thank you for humoring me, Master.”

Now he was gone. Griselda sighed. ’Tonia was gone, and she was alone with shackled feet. To revive her spirits she walked carefully the length of the hall, then back.

Gracefulness returned. If any girl was adept in chains it should be she. Thoughtfully, she went downstairs.

Shackled hands had been unable to erase the stain of tears. Alissa looked up from where she crouched. Her greeting was only weakly belligerent. “So, O.K., I’ve been crying! What girl wouldn’t in this beastly hole, and all chained,

and after it got light you didn't come… I thought I'd die in the dark." Gustily, she wept anew.

The jailer vanished. Griselda gathered the weeping helplessness in arms gloriously free. "You poor darling!" She dried tears with ardent lips and sympathetic hands. "Cry all you want. I know what it's like here in the dark, and a chain—"

"You're going to take me out of here? Please say you are?"

"Yes, yes, of course." Griselda prudently refrained from mentioning a return.

"Well hurry up about it!"

"I'm supposed to feed you here."

"Ohhhhh, no!" It was one of Alissa's better wails of distress. "I want out. Oh, darling…!"

"All right, I'll break the first rule." The reluctant jailer conceded resignedly. "We can have a fun breakfast before—"

"Before what?"

"Oh nothing. Turn around."

"You mean before you whip me. I know what you mean."

"I meant before I give you a bath and make you pretty."

"I can give myself a bath thank you."

“No, like that you can’t.”

“You mean you won’t unlock my hands!” Alissa professed incredulity.

“I’m not crazy. I’ll feed you at breakfast and I’ll use the soap and towel.”

“Then I refuse to eat and I won’t take a bath.”

“I’ll whip you until you do. No problem.”

“Darling, you wouldn’t?”

“I will, Alissa, I have to, you know I have to. Don’t be so difficult.”

“Oh all right. Let’s go to the bathroom. If I don’t get there soon I’ll pee on the floor.”

Griselda recognized capitulation. She unlocked the padlock from the collar on the slender neck. When delinquent wrists were proffered invitingly she slapped them away and laughed. “You do try! Darling, I’m scared of you, you’re foxy.”

“A girl has to try.” The captive averred unblushingly. “I’d give all I’ve got to see Ali’s face if he came back and saw you where I’m supposed to be. And I wouldn’t whip you either,” she added generously. “Gosh, it’s good to be shot of that damn chain!”

It was not until the last of breakfast had been slipped be-

tween carmine lips that their owner mentioned the unmentionable with her usual blithe optimism. “You’re not really going to whip me, darling, are you?”

“You know I am.”

“Couldn’t you not do it and tell him you did?”

“Don’t be ridiculous, he’d look for marks.”

“Use a lipstick, draw some stripes…?”

“Try and resign yourself. It’s going to happen.”

“I don’t see how you can possibly whip me properly with my hands like this, darling. Now, if you’ll just unlock—”

“Stop it! I know just how to cope.”

“I’m sure you do, darling.” Alissa looked pained. “But we’re just two girls together and I’m sure you don’t want to hurt me.”

“No I don’t. But Ali’s told me to whip you… hard! So whipped you’ll be. Please stop nagging.”

“That idiot and you are in love with each other,” Alissa declared firmly. “I don’t see how two people in love could possibly want to whip an innocent girl.”

“You’re not innocent.”

“Well, almost! Darling, if you’ll not whip me I’ll nibble you all day!”

“You would anyway. Nix on the blarney.”

“Griselda dear, how many stripes or lashes or whatever am I supposed to have?”

“I won’t tell you.”

Alissa sighed despondently and tugged at her ironed wrists. “You see, you’re absolutely under his spell. Ali must have given you the most wonderful fucking—”

“Alissa!”

“Don’t get hep about it, it’s true. I bet your ’Tonia would be mad if she knew. Look, if you promise not to whip me too hard I’ll promise not to tell?”

Momentarily, Griselda wilted under apprehension. Her dalliance with Ali Ben Habbah might bear a cost of bitter pain under ’Tonia’s retribution. Bravely, she countered: “I’ll whip you twice as hard if you don’t stop prodding.”

“But you’re worried about what ’Tonia’s going to do to you. I can see it in your face.” Alissa was triumphant. “Darling, be nice to me!”

“I’ll be nice to you after I’ve whipped you. That’s a promise.”

“Oh, darling, I love you. Will you truly?”

“I’ve promised: Come along now, downstairs. No, not the dungeon, the other room.”

“Darling, I’d no idea, it’s so easy for you! My hands way up and all I can do is look at the floor.” Alissa acknowledged a curious discovery. “And I’m so bent over… Is this where my bottom gets it?”

“Yes, as a sort of prelude. It gets ten.”

“Is that a lot or a little? I’ve no idea.”

“You tell me after. Ready?”

The atmosphere of banter subsided with the first cut. The girl whose bottom received it did not scream. There were sounds but they were hard to name. Shock, astonishment, pain…! Griselda found it hard to tell. She struck again and watched the bent torso writhe and the free feet search. Alissa’s voice held a quality new and strange. “Griselda… Oh darling… I never dreamed…!”

The ten cuts across the bent bottom were implanted slowly and relentlessly by a girl who did not relish her job. But Griselda was both experienced and skilled. She did what she knew she must. But she was amazed by Alissa’s stoicism. The whipped cheeks did not move. The rest of the gorgeous nudity writhed and twisted and kicked. But the bottom remained presented in a strange obedience. Alissa refused to scream. The sounds she did make were such as to touch the heart but she refused the relief of screams. Griselda knew she herself would have screamed after the first few strokes. The ten inflictions left both girls panting.

“Oh… oh… Oh, Darling!” The voice was wan. “Were they hard, medium or soft?”

“Medium.”

“Oh gollies…! Griselda, don’t ever hit me hard?”

“I’ll try not to.”

“I would never have believed…!”

“I don’t think anyone can. The first time’s a terrible shock.” Griselda held up a length of rope. “If you decide to kick I’ll have to use the whip.

“Oh all right. I can guess what you’re going to do.” The whipped girl twisted awkwardly to ease strained shoulders. Ruefully, she acknowledged. “Don’t trust me, do you!” She laughed. If it didn’t hurt so damn much this would be a fun thing. “Want to bet I won’t have you nicely tied up by the time someone comes back?”

“We haven’t anything to bet with.” Griselda said primly. “And anyway, I’d be sure to win.” With deft sure tugs she bound Alissa’s ankles together more tightly than she need have done. “With your feet tied like this you’ll be silly to fight what I have to do next.”

“Let me guess. You’ll free my hands so you can tie ’em some other horrible way so you can whip my poor back?”

“Right!”

“And I have to teeter on tied feet and let it happen?”

“Right!”

“Don’t keep saying that! It sounds so… so… It makes me all goosey. Look, Griselda, my back’s going to hurt a lot worse than my bottom, isn’t it?”

“Yes. Sorry ’bout that.”

“Oh shit, how’d I ever get myself into this!” Alissa’s voice was heavy with pique. “Darling, couldn’t we postpone it until tomorrow, or maybe just forget the whole thing? If Ali insists on stripes I’ll show him my bottom. I bet it’s a real picture.”

“It sure is. As for the rest, the answer’s no.”

Alissa sniffed and watched the binding of her hands. When they were raised high to make her stand on the balls of her feet she said, testily: “You can’t complain about my behavior, darling. If it had been anyone but you I’d have punched ’em when I had my hands.” She teetered and explored her new posture. “I don’t like this, it’s hurting already. Darling, watch out for my tits!”

Griselda surveyed her captive’s bared beauty in breathless adoration. She could think of better things to do with it than stripe it with a whip. Guiltily, she beheld her work emblazoned on the sweet curves of an impudent bottom. Now she must plant such weals on the loveliness of the ivory back. Impulsively, she gathered Alissa’s gorgeous

curves into her arms, repeating again and again: “I’m sorry! Oh, darling, I’m so sorry…!”

The delinquent was unpredictable. Instead of pleas, she rubbed nipple to nipple provocatively. Kissing savagely, she whispered. “I’m a big girl. Get it over with. I want my reward.”

“It will hurt something awful. You’ll hate me.”

“No I won’t. You’re doing what Ali ordered. Poor dear Ali thinks all this pain will be good for me: men are so silly. Anyway, that’s that!” She chuckled bravely, “whip me tender, whip me true… Carry on, darling.”

It came close to being the most difficult task of her life. Griselda looked askance at the scarlet weal rising across the smooth skin so appropriately exposed to the etchings of her whip. Fearful of tenderness, she had struck hard. The bound girl swayed and gasped.

Ten lashes on a girl’s back! Ten scarlet weals etching themselves upon a girl’s skin. Ten minutes of gasping agony but no screams. At the end of the punishment it was hard to know which girl suffered most. Four breasts were heaving from overtaxed emotion, their panting communion a tribute to the thong. Alissa’s nubility glistened with sweat. After awhile she said, wryly: “All will be so pleased with us both.”

“I’m supposed to leave you stand like that for an hour,

dear."

The loveliness tautened. "Well, if you must."

"I made you a promise. I'd like to keep it now. I'll have to string you up after though?"

"Darling, how wonderful! I don't mind."

The rope tether was lowered, the ankles freed. Neither aid mentioned the bound hands. For a blissful hour they did not mention anything. By that time Alissa's ebullience had returned. "Darling, it's super with me lying on a whipped back. We must do it again."

"Don't be silly, you're just glad it's over."

"D'you realize I'm almost free." The whipped maiden held up tied hands disparagingly. "I could give you a real bad time. I might even get free."

It was true. The captive had slyly got hold of the whip. Eyes sparkling, she raised knotted wrists to her teeth. Then, laughing gaily, she tossed the whip aside and lowered her tied hands. "No I won't. Not this once. I'm too grateful and you're too sweet. But hurry before I'm tempted."

Griselda hurried.

When night and Ali's list dictated a return to the dungeon, both girls wept. But Alissa accepted her chains without demur. The whip had done more to her than she was likely to

confess.

An hour after the big door had slammed it opened again to admit a naked nymph whose feet were joined by silver shackles but whose arms were free to embrace a sobbing prisoner in the darkest corner. No key was turned, there was no need.

Their night was filled with joy.

Chapter Seven.

The Whip & The Cage.

During the first hours of darkness in Carl Karamal's cage Miss Antonia Noyes did not sleep. As well as it was possible for a nude aid, with her hands tied behind her back, to come face to face with herself she had contrived to confront the image of what she had become. What she beheld left her shamed. She was not a giggling adolescent, she was a mature woman well advanced in her twenties, a woman of means and position and authority. Yet she had blithely stepped within the rigid bars and watched the locking of the door in a state of pure euphoria. Miss Antonia Noyes was grateful to be caged.

She discounted guilt by acknowledging slavery, a slavery Society would deny but which was as real, for her, as the rope by which her wrists were knotted at her back. It was her former life that nagged. It said, with cruel emphasis, that surely there was something she could do! Or be! Or say! That no woman need meekly ask to be caged and to gladly accept the whipping awaiting her on the morrow! Ruefully she wondered if she would be given the extra ten lashes for which she had so imprudently asked. Her owner had laughed away her demand to be whipped on arrival, pointing out that to be made to wait, to think about the pain overnight, would make the strokes far worse...! He had winked sardonically. Or far better, according to her

mood.

The crux of her vision in the darkness of the cage was that she was no longer Miss Antonia Noyes. She saw the logic in the ancient changing of a maiden's name when she was captured and sold. She should be named anew. She felt no resemblance to the woman she had once been. She was not Griselda's Mistress, she was herself a slave. The brothel and the threat of death by her four abductors had changed what she was and what she thought. The knowledge she would never again be free was absolute. A free person was what they were because of what they sought. But she could seek nothing, she was owned. 'Tonia rejected the thought she had been broken into being submissive. What had happened to her went far beyond. She was a cipher, she was a nothing. She was an "O". Karamal and his friends would plant their seed in her and she would try and make them happy. From now on, success or failure would be tallied by the weals upon her skin.

She slept. The cage was plentifully strewn with cushions and rugs. It was a small oasis of luxury from which there was no escape. Plumbing was craftily hidden in the floor. She could be kept there forever. This fact was emphasized when her breakfast was fed to her through the bars by an impassive servant, her tied hands making her helpless. Perhaps they would never be untied! She could believe it so.

There emerged an admission her previous existence would have scorned. She belonged to a man. She was where she

was because of a man. Men had been responsible for all that had happened to her or was likely to happen. She was naked in a cage, not so much to keep her captive as to pleasurably exhibit her breasts, her pubic triangle, and every other secret crevice of her being. Men adored a woman's nakedness, her bound hands could conceal nothing.

She was in love with Karamal. Or was she in love only with his strength and power! It was the same with Griselda. Griselda loved Ali Ben Habbah, or thought she did. 'Tonia had resolved to whip such nonsense out of the girl she loved, but that was past and long ago. Even though Griselda joined her in the cage they would both wear chains. It was she herself who was going to be whipped.

By mid-day Antonia Noyes was bored. The cushions were opulent and enabled her to sit or lounge as she pleased. Magazines were strewn around but her bound hands made their perusal close to impossible. The view was limited. The cage occupied most of a large square room. It was circular and large enough for its prisoner to stand erect and take several paces in any direction. But to look through the sturdy bars showed her only walls, and windows too high to peer through. The cage which had been an enticing alternative to the threat of death was suddenly claustrophobic. To be kept within its bars forever...! Antonia Noyes had a sudden bleak vision of the years.

Karamal defeated her dolor. She should have known better than to suppose he would not. The bored servant unlocked

the cage door, beckoned her out, then untied her hands. Without the bite of rope 'Tonia felt suddenly naked and at a loss. She stood awkwardly waiting to be tied in some new way or to be handcuffed. She felt silly.

Karamal was mixing drinks. He kissed her hand then placed a glass in it. Gaucherie had never been a part of Miss Antonia Noyes, she felt it now.

"Bored?" He twinkled at her. "I left you there purposely, and I left your hands tied so you could get the full flavor of what being caged is like."

"Thank you. Every time I see a canary now I'll set it free."

"That bad?"

"Yes, Master. I was surprised, and annoyed with myself."

"The solitude." Karamal chuckled. "Your previous captivities have been abundantly social."

'Tonia blushed and blamed it on the drink she could feel tingling through her veins. Life was suddenly better. "Why am I free?" She asked. "It's a damn funny feeling."

"Don't you like it?"

"Of course I do. But it's the same as having something beautiful for a little while and then losing it."

Karamal laughed, enjoying having her so much off balance. "I am not an exponent of Bondage as an art form," he ad-

mitted dryly. “Mostly I tie a girl only because she needs to be tied. That’s often enough, wouldn’t you say?”

“I don’t need to be tied.” ’Tonia’s spirits were rising rapidly. “I’ll give you my parole, and I’ll keep my word?”

“It would be too cruel. No, my dear, I will not subject you to those agonies of decision. You would not wish to be untied when you are whipped? Or would you?”

’Tonia shrugged resignedly. “You are right, Master. I’d only disgrace myself.” She eyed him over the rim of her glass. “It happens today, doesn’t it? I mean, my whipping…?”

“Yes. We’ll have another drink and then go down.” He eyed her shrewdly. “Regret the deal?”

“Right now I’m regretting the pain. That’s all.” ’Tonia grinned sheepishly. “It’s like writing the great big cheque after you’ve bought something.” She paused a moment, then plunged. “Master, what are you going to do with me?”

“Whip you, return you to your cage, have you brought to my bed at night.”

She flushed but could contest nothing. It was what she had asked for. “But, Master, afterwards? The days and the years…?”

“My, my, you do need whipping, my dear.” Karamal beamed down affectionately. “The whip is a magic cure for dolor. It is a cure for most feminine ills. As for your ques-

tion, why not leave it as planned. You are very safe in the cage, spend your days inside, your nights with me." He raised a hand against her flood of words. "Yes, yes, I know. There are two things bothering you: Why don't I allow you to buy yourself out of slavery; and the fact of boredom within your cage."

He had read her mind. 'Tonia twisted awkwardly "Must I be enslaved for life because I recognized that idiotic Nigel? He's not worth such a price."

"I gave my word and Karamal keeps his word. I am sorry, my dear, you were simply unfortunate in being in that bank at that time. Pure chance."

"Very well, I won't complain. I know when I'm lucky. But —"

"It is hard for Miss Antonia Noyes to relate good fortune to being nakedly whipped?"

The kneeling slave shrugged in resignation... "The past won't let me go. It hasn't been that long..." She twinkled at him over the empty glass. "I expect you're right, the whip will cure me. Can I have another drink?

"Of course, and fill mine." Karamal chuckled. "I see a virtue in a slave possessing hands." He watched her thoughtfully as she performed her task. Antonia Noyes was an unusually beautiful girl. Carl Karamal sighed, and suggested. "So far as your boredom goes, I can arrange daily punishments

to defeat ennui, and there are tremendous variations possible in the field of restraints…?"

'Tonia nodded, ruefully amused by her new capacity to accept the outrageous as commonplace. "And you would find an erotic pleasure in these… diversions?"

"Yes. A man is foolish to deny his response to the whipping or binding of a girl. Such a response is latent in most of us." He accepted his glass and watched his naked slave kneel again for his enjoyment. Antonia Noyes was a treasure. "One may easily analyze to the root causes of this instinct, but to what end! The wise man is grateful and enjoys."

"You're going to enjoy whipping me, Carl?"

Utterance of Karamal's name hovered between them like a bomb. The kneeling girl had used it in unthinking naturalness. Now she was frightened. Their eyes locked.

"I… I'm sorry, Master. I just don't know—"

Her distress evoked hearty laughter. Carl Karamal gazed down at his confused slavegirl with affection. "Perhaps only ten extra strokes?" He suggested softly.

"Yes, of course." 'Tonia could not agree quickly enough. She was chagrined and angry with herself. "That was inexcusable. Don't feel badly about giving them to me."

"Nonsense, my dear. Curb your masochism. I liked the sound of my name on your lips. Use it when we are alone."

“Oh, Master…!” ’Tonia was overwhelmed. Once more Karamal was the invincible knight rescuing her from the lethal quartet. “Oh, Carl…!” She rolled the name off her tongue, fascinated by what they were and what they were about to do.

“We must concede incongruity, my dear.” Karamal said thoughtfully. “Once we would have walked as equals, accident has placed you where you are. In that other life I might have seen you as a wife, here I treasure you as a slave. In either role a man would be proud to possess you.” He sighed. “We cannot put back the clock.”

“And in a little while you will whip me.” It was a simple statement, concluding what he had said.

“No, I will not whip you, dear girl. I have asked Selma Szabo to perform the task for me.”

“Oh… Carl! Please not a woman!”

“Why not? Her arm will be less heavy.”

“Where there is no love we are vicious to each other. She’ll hurt me terribly.”

“How so, more than I?”

“She’ll whip between my legs—places like that.”

“No she won’t. You are not being punished, remember? You are paying an agreed upon price. Selma’s a business

woman. She won't damage merchandise."

"Very well, Carl." Suddenly, she was glad it was not a man, not Carl Karamal who would mark her skin. That he did not wish to do so was a small victory. 'Tonia finished her second drink and rose to her feet.

"Not another? It will hurt, y'know?"

"I don't want a woman to see me tipsy. Please, Carl, can we do it now?"

Miss Antonia Noyes followed Mr. Carl Karamal downstairs.

It was a stout timber, floor to ceiling. Here and there holes had been drilled. "Before you embrace it, dear girl, there's a small preliminary…"

'Tonia stood passively while her waist was noosed and cinched. The rope trailed down through the valley between her cheeks. She did not care how she was tied so long as it saved her from humiliation.

"And now you may make love to the wood, 'Tonia." The Male kissed her gently and pressed her nakedness against the post.

'Tonia embraced it in a lover's clasp, thrusting her breasts hard to find whatever protection it might offer. She was always frightened for her breasts when she was whipped. She stood awaiting the loops of rope to hold her motionless while she was punished. But the loops did not come. Her

owner was fumbling in the region of her pubic hair, thrusting the single stout strand through a drilled hole. Going round to face her, he pulled hard.

The rough sisal became a live thing, bisecting her bottom, dividing her crotch, finding entry within her secret lips. When tightened and secured it drew her loins tight against the flat surface of the wood. 'Tonia gasped. It was not agony but it was pain. To partly circumvent its upward tug she found herself standing on tip-toe. Casually, her owner tightened it more to offset her advantage. When the rope was cinched and knotted she stood with the center of her being painfully welded to the upright against which she must stand. The rest of Miss Antonia Noyes was free.

"Oh, Carl!" Their eyes met and they were both laughing. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. What have you done to me?"

"Walk away, sweetheart."

"I can't move. Oh, Carl…!" 'Tonia essayed what motions she could. "I can wave my arms and I can kick, but kicking hurts. You mean… this is all there is?"

"That's all, and it's enough. Remember me saying: 'Tie only what has to be tied.'"

"Yes, but I can move—!"

"Not anything that matters, you can't."

It was true! The whip would seek her bottom and her back and they were beautifully held for its convenience. If she struggled too much her single bond responded with pain. It would be silly to fight. The girl to be whipped pressed her cheek against her anchorage and realized she was alone.

Curiosity sent her fingers seeking knots, but there were none where she could reach. Refusing to dwell on her approaching ordeal, she allowed her mind to re-examine the paradox of herself and the man she called Master. She believed Carl would set her free if it was not for his word given to a gang of bandits. But since his brand of honor dictated her enslavement he would enslave her fully. His bed each night, the cage by day. Perversely, 'Tonia pondered punishments she might promote to relieve the boredom of iron bars. In her wish for such travail she glimpsed the distance she had come from Griselda and freedom. She was changed, she was certain she had changed... she blinked back tears and struggled, and was rewarded by pain within the heated clefts now giving refuge to the rope. Nothing that mattered moved, she was exquisitely helpless. When she was whipped she'd climax, she was sure of it. Perhaps the erotic insistence of her bond would make it happen sooner. Passionately she did not want it to happen before Selma's cynical eye.

She remembered little of Selma Szabo except a firm authority. The events of her first kidnapping were a jumbled kaleidoscope of terror culminating in the brothel and the cell. 'Tonia was fearful of her now, not because she would

be whipped by her hand, but because the woman would see in her a tasty morsel of desirable merchandise. Previously she had been a frightened rebellious captive, now she knew herself a trained and subdued female men would bid for. Carl had bought her but kept her for his own; there was proof. But Karamal was a man of affairs… suppose they took him away, diverted his mind from his present enjoyment of her! Suppose she languished in the cage! She would be an easy prey for a woman who dealt in female flesh.

“Well, well, the Karamal cinch, eh!” Chuckling, the original of ’Tonia’s musings circled the post and gave a playful slap to a bottom that could not move. “Did he get that rope well into your pussy, dear?”

“Yes.”

“You wouldn’t have answered that once.”

“I’ve reamed a lot, Mrs. Szabo.”

“Call me Selma. I suppose you know I’m going to whip you?”

“Yes, my Master told me. Thank you.”

The glance was sharp and piercing. “That wasn’t sarcasm. You’ve changed.”

“A great deal has happened to me… Selma. I hate being whipped, but I’ll try and behave decently.”

“D’you scream?”

“Yes. I don’t seem able to help it. I’m sorry.”

“Don’t apologize. It’s part of the fun. I can tell a lot about a girl from the way she screams. Is that lovely tie of Carl’s hurting you?”

“Yes.”

“Almost obscene, isn’t it! But damned effective. You’ll burst into orgasm at least once. Don’t try and hold it back, it’s nothing to be ashamed of. Best thing to do is just embrace the post as though you loved it.” Selma’s voice changed. “Carl, there you are! Look, you big oaf, I absolutely have to have this girl, she’ll fetch a fortune.”

“I know. But I’m keeping her. Some things you can’t buy, Selma.”

“What the devil have you done to her? She’s precious.”

“I can take no credit. She’s just had a rough time. You can say she’s sadder and wiser.”

“What the hell do you want with a love affair?” Selma’s tone remained amiable. “Screw her a few times then let me have her. You know damn well you constantly have to flit around the world. What will you do with her then?”

“If it was practical I’d take her with me. Since it isn’t, she’ll stay in the cage until I return.”

“Let me look after her. She wouldn’t get morbid the way she will in that cage?”

“You’d sell her the first day.”

“Hmmmm. Well anyway, now I get to whip her little ass, eh?”

“A pleasure you’ll adore, Selma. But medium to light only.”

“I never heard of light. Medium’s as low as I go.”

“Twenty strokes. Don’t damage her. I’m watching.”

Their repartee trickled across ’Tonia’s bare skin like the first tentative flicks of a whip. She wanted to join the good natured exchange but could think of nothing to say. She still wished it was Carl who would whip her. Selma was going to hurt, she was sure of it!

The first lash confirmed her fear. It planted itself at the level of her breasts. Had she not been hugging the post the tip of the thong would have cut one of them. “She’s got a lovely back,” Selma enthused. “Comes up with a gorgeous weal.”

“Very pretty.” Carl agreed dryly. “That one was hard. Slip down to medium.”

If the second blow was lighter, the erotically fastened girl was unable to tell. It wrapped around her bottom and one hip with a vicious slap. But ’Tonia did not scream. She

clutched the post as a refuge, flattening her nudity against it as totally as if stringently bound.

“Losing your touch, Selma my girl. You nicked her hip. Watch out for the merchandise.”

“Thought you said she wasn’t for sale,” Selma taunted. “Hell, if I lace her any lighter we might as well not bother.” She patted the bottom she had just wealed. “You’re a damn lucky girl, honey. This asshole’s in love with you.”

The third blow was also across the tightly bound bottom. But it was lighter and did not lap a hip. The naked beauty absorbed it in gratitude to the man who owned her. She did not scream.

“You should have hung her up, Carl, it’s much the best. I could have got at her better.” Selma was gauging limited possibilities. “This cunt and asshole tie may be damn cute but it holds her too close to the post. I can’t get up between her legs.”

“Save that for next time, Selma.”

“I never feel a girl’s been whipped unless I get up and in there a few times. It helps the little darlings know where they’re at.” Selma’s voice wheedled: “Open up your legs, sweetheart, wide as you can.”

There would be no use pleading. And, anyway, ’Tonia did not want to beg for mercy within Carl’s hearing.

Cringing, she tried to obey the order. But she was already on tip-toe and could spread her legs but little against the compelling bite of the rope inside her crotch. Unhappily she apologized: “I’m sorry, that’s as far as I can—”

The snapping bite of Selma’s leather terminated her sentence in a yelp of bitter shock. The cut of the lash might not have had full scope but it used the offered flesh to the fullest advantage. It was the hateful pain the whipped girl remembered all too well. She longed to cry out against its indignity.

“Half a cunt’s better than none,” Selma consoled, and struck again from the opposite angle.

“You’re an artist.” Karamal conceded. “But that’s got the urge out of your system. Let the girl close her legs.”

Thankfully, the bound girl closed her thighs upon the smarting scald of Selma’s venom. Fifteen to go! She gritted her teeth and clutched the post. Soon she would scream but not yet. One after the other she jerked and winced as the lashes hit and scored her back and the rotundities below. After the fourteenth she screamed, she screamed as little as she could, but pain finally engulfed her completely and she ceased to care.

“I enjoyed that, Carl, the girl’s an excellent subject. Pity it’s only twenty, she could take more.”

They had given her time. ’Tonia had gasped and trembled

her way back into full awareness. She was damp with sweat. Relaxed, she allowed her tensed arms to fall limp at her side, fighting down the impulse to finger her wounds. She had no wish for Selma to laugh at so instinctive a gesture. She leaned back against the poisoning rope to ease her breasts. When she looked back over a bare shoulder she met Karamal's intent regard.

"You did well, my dear."

Between them flashed an unspoken memory of her euphoric request that first day in his car. 'Tonia knew herself tested. Carl was going to keep silent. Whatever happened now would have to be by her own wish. It seemed incredible she could speak the words, but knew she must. The rope cut naggingly at her loins as she said, slowly: "I owe you ten, Master."

"They are forgiven."

"By you, Master, but not by me."

"Say, what goes?" Selma was puzzled. "You two got something going?"

"Miss Noyes wishes to emphasize her condition by an additional ten strokes—"

"Damn good idea! There's more to the girl than I thought. But I insist on two of 'em being between her legs. She may as well know she's been whipped, not just tickled up."

The tied girl once more embraced the pillar to which her sex was clamped. Forthrightly, she opened her legs in invitation to the whip. 'Tonia saw no need of words. She saw her gift of pain as a pledge to the man who had saved her life.

"You are witnessing something rare, Selma. Miss Noyes is a treasure. Hurt her with reverence."

"I'll hurt her to make her scream," said Selma Szabo with satisfaction. "She has a lovely voice."

'Tonia screamed.

It was inevitable that, as the first strokes bit her flesh, 'Tonia should regret her impulse. Pain cannot be ignored or set aside, it is a vivid wound on consciousness. When inflicted by another so that its intensity is unknown and beyond control it becomes a ravening beast to be greatly feared. With open legs pleading for Selma's thong, the naked girl bit her lips and clung tight. 'Tonia muted her cries in an instinct of fighting back, but the scalding lashes extracted from her the sounds of tribute Selma Szabo so much desired. The rope between the tied girl's legs cut savagely into her secret clefts. Clutching at her only encouragement her flesh made its diminishing countdown: Nine, eight, seven, six…!

It ended. Enveloped in pain, the whipped girl hugged and clung and wept tears of thankfulness and relief. Reverently, Carl Karamal took Selma Szabo by the arm and led her

silently from the chamber. Against her column 'Tonia was a white statue etched with scarlet. It was a long time before she realized she was alone.

There is something fitting in solitude after pain. That she remained helpless against the post did not matter. Released, she would have sought any comforting contact permitted. Now, she had her post. It was warm with her heat and moist with her sweat. The rope which made her a part of it cut and burned but now evoked the familiar response from her ardent flesh. 'Tonia's loins were afire in a delicious conflagration she had no wish to quench. She thought longingly of her Master. Griselda was lost, lost...!

Her thoughts drifted to the Cage. It seemed now, after the whipping, to be a sanctuary in which to nurse wounds and pamper tender skin on soft cushions. Everything was comparative. For certain, she was no longer bored. She wondered if her Master would tie her hands again. It would make a difference. But she knew how men adored to bind a girl's hands behind her back, it paid such dividends of jutting breasts and total helplessness. If it gave him so much pleasure she would strive to wear his rope submissively.

She would share her Master's bed but she could never share the secrets of his mind. She knew almost nothing of him, but suspected he lived dangerously. The question mark was Selma Szabo. If Carl was called away...! The woman was a force in her own right. Karamal treated her with respect. Was she capable of ignoring his instruction

while he was absent! 'Tonia had glimpsed her hunger for a sale... It was hard to believe she could be sold, and sold for vast sums! The thought fanned her fire even as it repelled. To be desired! No woman could ignore its thrill.

Above all, she wanted Griselda and their home. But that was gone, gone, gone. This second enslavement was as implacable as the first. At this moment she could not leave the post to which she was so erotically tied. As from another world she heard words she did not believe: "But, darling, what on Earth—?" It was Griselda's voice.

Chapter Eight.

Punished Girls.

It was the best feeling in the world. 'Tonia leaned back against her rope and allowed herself to be embraced, kissed and fussed over. She used her own arms to the full extent of their strange freedom. All she could think to say was: "Griselda! Oh, darling, darling, darling…!"

"He's whipped you terribly." Griselda was angry. "And I thought he was so nice!" She lifted handcuffed wrists back over 'Tonia's head and held them for display. "This is all he did to me when I was untied after the trip. They didn't dress me or anything, just tied me up and trussed me into a blanket and dropped me in the back of a car."

"It wasn't him who whipped me. It was—"

"Darling, why don't you step away from that post?"

"I'm tied to it, pet. I can't."

"Oh, of course! He told me. I'm supposed to untie you." Griselda was enraptured by what she saw. "Darling, how yummy, yummy! That's the cutest tie. Does it hurt?"

"Horribly."

"Just a minute, sweets—if I can find the knots."

"Griselda, are you sure he gave permission? I don't want

you whipped too?"

"Don't fret. He was terribly sweet: so apologetic about having me kidnapped again. But I didn't mind once I knew we'd be together." Griselda giggled. "And all I've got out of it is handcuffs—and in front, of all places. It's almost like being home."

"We're going to be slaves again."

"You mean the brothel and the cell!" Griselda's effervescence died.

"No. Oh, darling, I don't know what I mean. I'm being kept in a cage. This whipping isn't a punishment, it's a… a… Oh, never mind. It doesn't matter."

"There, I'm getting it." Griselda was absorbed. "This is a frightfully ingenious tie to use on a girl. You're quite helpless and I can see how it hurts…! I'd have an orgasm every five minutes."

'Tonia stepped away from the stability she had embraced so long. It was a strange feeling to be free. The wicked rope trailed from that portion of it which remained embedded in her flesh. Blushing, she bent and used her own fingers to open the wealed pussy lips and withdraw the enemy. She did the same behind…

"'Tonia dear, d'you think he'll tie me that way sometime? It must be groovy?"

“Don’t be ridiculous. It hurts and it’s horrible.”

“Well, yes… but how many times did you come?”

“Don’t talk like that, Griselda. Come here, I want to hold you. D’you realize, I’m completely free! It may never happen again.”

Their clutch lasted a long time. From beloved lips the question was urgent: “’Tonia, dare we? I mean, can we? I want to so much.”

The Mistress’s hunger was fully as urgent. She desired this ardent darling more than anything else in the world. But she had just been whipped, and was cautious. “No, no… Griselda, it’s not safe…! It just isn’t safe!”

A bundle of scented femininity bore her to the floor. ’Tonia moaned… Moments later nothing else mattered.

There was no escape, neither thought of it. Doors were locked, windows barred, they were naked, one was chained. After minutes of urgent whispered explanations of how and why they went upstairs.

Alissa held the floor. Standing in the center of the big lounge, naked and flushed, she was twisting at bound arms and glaring back at the amused regard of Karamal and Selma Szabo. Her protests were high pitched in disbelief.

“You absolutely can’t! It’s passé. It just isn’t done any more. Untie these damn ropes.”

“There’s a piece of merchandise!” said Selma admiringly. “Needs her ass whipped though. She’s too damn yappy.”

Alissa turned her attention to the newcomers. “I bet you’re ’Tonia,” she exclaimed breathlessly. “And you’re not tied! You can untie me. Hurry up!”

“Untie her elbows. That’s all. Then give me the rope.”

’Tonia obeyed, feeling only pity for the maiden from whose indented flesh she peeled the too tight strictures. Alissa’s wrists remained bound behind her back. In unthinking resignation the older girl handed Selma the rope and turned to allow her own wrists to be similarly secured. Once again she was helpless. She looked enquiringly at her Master and was encouraged by a wink and a smile.

“Are you crazy, you just turn round and let her tie you!?” Alissa’s exclamation was outraged. “You should have bopped her and run.”

’Tonia felt maternal to Ali Ben Habbah’s angry sister. How could the girl comprehend their impossible predicament! Gently, she counseled. “It’s no good, dear, we can’t possibly escape. Try and be a bit polite. You’ll only get whipped if you don’t.” She turned to display her wealed back. “See what I mean.”

“They wouldn’t dare!” Alissa was defiant but awed. The scarlet lines across ’Tonia’s skin were graphic. The youthful fury turned to their amused captors. “I’m Ali Ben Habbah’s

sister, you idiots! You wouldn't dare—!"

"Can I whip her now, Carl?" Selma's request was languid and unimpressed. "We won't get anywhere with the little vixen until she's screamed awhile."

Selma might be oblivious to a name, but Karamal was not. He turned sharply to 'Tonia "Is this little spitfire telling the truth?"

"Yes, Master."

Karamal was impressed. He was also perturbed. His male irritation swept across his female company and came to rest of Selma. "This needs talking about," he said decisively. "Put all three of them in the cage."

"I want to whip that little bitch."

"Perhaps… but later. Give me time." He waved a distracted arm in dismissal.

Selma Szabo was disgruntled. Alissa was a prize. All three of the aids were worth a king's ransom. She was not disposed to let the name of Ben Habbah get in her way. She herded her captive trio back to close imprisonment and warned, sourly: "You all stay tied. If I find even one of you with free hands I'll stripe your asses until you can easily untie 'em. But just you dare…!" She left the threat unfinished but heavy with menace. She locked the door of the big cage on them and went away in dudgeon.

“This is unreal,” Alissa said firmly. “Ali will not be pleased.”

“We aren’t pleased either,” Griselda mourned. “Oh shit!”

“Griselda, untie my hands.” From Alissa it was an order.

“Take it easy,” ’Tonia warned. “That woman means what she says. We can put up with tied hands, and I don’t want to be whipped again.”

“Whip, whip, whip!” The Arab girl was scornful. “It is all I hear. Pouf… a whipping will not kill us.” She gazed around at the silver bars with distaste. “If we must be canaries in a cage I want my hands. There are four breasts and two furry pussies I intend to explore.”

“No. We’d be crazy—”

“Do you not want to feel my teeth—I have the nicest tongue?” The youngster was suddenly pathetic, gazing at her fellow captives with reproachful eyes. “They may leave us here for hours or days. We must make love.” She glared at ’Tonia defiantly. “You know you want to. If I get my hands free I’ll damn well rape you.”

’Tonia was engulfed in a wave of desire. She had been a convenience to the Male long enough. The two curvaceous beauties gazing at her for leadership generated a terrible hunger within her loins. They were caged together now. Perhaps never again—!

“I’ve just been whipped,” she repeated unhappily. “I don’t

want to be whipped again. If we play they'll catch us for sure."

"We can play for an hour or two. Griselda can tie our hands again after…?" Alissa was insistent. She backed up and twisted her bound wrists at the handcuffed girl.

Griselda untied her. The handcuffs hindered little. She wore them as though they were a part of herself. Instantly the wealed wrists were free their owner leaped between 'Tonia's legs, tongue seeking. Her young hands clutched soft thighs and round curves to draw herself closer to her feast. 'Tonia moaned and spread her legs in a motion without volition. Griselda watched with shining eyes.

The hours passed but the caged trio paid no heed.

'Tonia adamantly refused to be untied. It did not matter. What she could not do was done for her. At last, uncaring, she allowed herself to be played with as the others pleased. Their ardent mouths and mischievous fingers banished her memory of the whip. Her tenderness of weals served only to fan the flame of need. Finally satiated, and as a grudging concession to captivity, Alissa positioned her arms. "Tie 'em again, Griselda love," she requested mournfully. "That damn woman scares me. Tie 'em tight."

Griselda's cuffed hands sped to their task. But it had been far easier to free the girl than to tie her again. The metal on Griselda's wrists was chafing by the time the final knot was tied. Alissa was still tugging experimentally at her new

bond when a caustic voice observed: “Don’t you ever give up wriggling, girl! For heaven’s sake keep still.”

Selma Szabo circled the cage, examining its naked inmates with a pleased smile “Guess what, darlings?” she invited mockingly.

The older girls guessed instantly, a thrill of fear clutching at their spines. Alissa, sensing something untoward, kept silent and continued to pull and twist fretfully with her pinioned arms. Selma Szabo’s chuckle was loaded with complacency.

“Your big he-man Master got called out of town. He sends his regrets.”

It was the knell of doom. ’Tonia and Griselda exchanged stricken glances. Alissa ran true to form. She stopped struggling and announced decisively: “Good! Now, you old cow, you can untie us and we’ll get to hell out of here.”

“Alissa!” Griselda was shocked.

Selma waved a grandiloquent hand. “Let the little dear rave,” she suggested with a beatific smile. “My first job is to teach that little biddy a lesson. It’ll be a good one.”

“Pouf, you and your whippings!” Alissa had no arm to wave in contempt but her shoulders were eloquent. “Whipping girls is all such an old trout knows.”

Selma laughed enjoyably. “You’re going to be brought to

heel in other ways, my dear. You're merchandise, I can't have you striped like a zebra."

Three naked captives digested the words in dismay. 'Tonia burst out: "You can't possibly sell us. Carl would never sanction—"

"Well, so it's Carl, eh!" The older woman mocked. "But your Carl isn't here, and what he doesn't know won't hurt him."

"He won't let you sell us!"

"He can't stop me." Selma winked sardonically. "Honey, when that big hunk of man gets back here I'll have had you packaged and delivered long since. Sure, he'll blow his top but he'll get over it. Karamal and I go back a long time. We understand each other."

It was probably true. There had been a tenderness in Carl Karamal, but perhaps it was a tenderness he had felt for others of the many girls who must have passed through his hands. 'Tonia slumped. She was a slave, only a slave...!

Three naked girls watched the unlocking of their cage door without enthusiasm. Selma Szabo crooked a beckoning finger at Alissa. "Come along, dear, you're going to school."

The youngster backed against the bars, looking piteously from right to left for an impossible rescue. Defiantly, she exclaimed: "Piss on you, you old bitch, I'm not going out there!"

Selma returned to the main door of the big room: the man must have been waiting for just this moment. He was a middle aged business type, but muscular and amused. He entered the cage, picked up the kicking and squealing Alissa, and deposited her on the floor of the main room. It took the combined efforts of a man and a woman to introduce the Arab girl to her punishment. It was a simple one but Alissa fought it tooth and nail until the rope lifted her bound hands up behind her back to where she must bend double and stand upon her toes to save her arms from being pulled from their sockets. “You bastards!” She protested furiously. “Let me down. I can’t stand this, I just can’t…! My brother will kill you both—”

“She has a brother complex,” Selma remarked amiably. “But she’s grade ‘A’ girl. By the time she’s hung like this for a day or two shell stop being so yappy—”

“I won’t, you rotten bitch! Let me loose.” Alissa was twisting and turning on the end of her rope, but there was no easement for her, none.

“The little trick’s light enough I could probably lift her feet off the floor without dislocating anything,” Selma mused. “If she’s still as vocal in a few hours that’s what I’ll do.” She patted the cruelly bent bottom. “That’s a promise, sweetheart. Remember it.”

“I can’t stand this… Oh, please…? I’ll say I’m sorry.” The tortured girl was becoming frightened.

She was ignored. The man and the woman backed away. “There you are, Rankin, all three of ’em. What d’you say?”

’Tonia and Griselda looked at each other askance. Rankin was a purchaser of girls. Once more they had become merchandise. They longed to hide their nakedness but were revealed in all its totality as the shrewd eyes circled their cage, assessing breasts and waists and pubic hair.

“That one.” A firm male finger pointed at ’Tonia.

“Good choice,” Selma agreed. “What about the others?”

“Best we split the two in the cage. They eat on each other. I can tell.” Rankin said firmly. “But I’ll buy little spitfire here if the treatment works the way you think. I can’t be bothered with forever having to punish—”

“Look, you asshole, you buy me and you’ll be sorry!” Alissa was still being Alissa. Pink faced, she tried to glare up at the male regard, but it was a painful effort. “Ali will have you cut into four pieces—”

“Why don’t you whip her little ass?” Rankin asked, puzzled. “It’s the quickest and most effective way!”

“I didn’t want you to see her covered in stripes. It creates a bad impression. While the girls are in inventory I punish the little dears in other ways.”

“Nothing works on a female like a whip.”

“Mmmmmm, I’m not so sure. By evening little yappy here will be docile as hell, probably even polite.” Selma grinned. “Mind you, Rankin, if you’re going to buy her and you don’t mind a striped ass I’ll lend you a cane… or a crop?”

“Either. She’s nicely bent for it—”

“You don’t dare! Don’t you use a cane on me, you big oaf.” Alissa was aghast, she was frightened, but she was still armored in her faith in Ali Ben Habbah. She twisted ineffectually on her rope, every inch of her loveliness under stress. “For every stroke you give me I’ll make sure you get ten. Ali will—”

“Conversational little trick.” Rankin agreed. He was thoughtfully flexing the limber wand Selma had placed in his hand. “D’you want to gag her? I’ll make her scream.”

“She may surprise you and keep silent. Her lot are stoic under pain. They figure it puts ’em one up.”

The cut was savage. No girlish bottom was ever better protruded. Alissa yelped in shock and beat at the floor with frustrated toes. Her features were a study in pain. “I’ll kill you, I’ll kill you… you rotten son-of-a-bitch.” She gasped as she twisted her hurt derriere away from his convenience.

“Delightful!” Rankin was pleased. “I won’t break her today. It’s something to be savored. But, as something for her to think about while she’s hung up that way…!” He followed Alissa’s circling buttocks and slashed them again.

But there was no more colorful response from the tethered girl. She took her strokes without screams. She emitted gasping moans aplenty but that was all. Her writhing and twisting against her wracked shoulders and their suspending rope was her most eloquent tribute to Rankin's amused cruelty. After seven hearty cuts he handed the limber length back to Selma. "That pleased me," he admitted. "She's made to be whipped, and she needs it. But, O.K., we'll let your idea take its course."

"A night the way she is and she'll be docile as a kitten," Selma said complacently. "Take the 'Tonia wench and come back in the morning."

Each nude captive was, in her own way, appalled. It was so frightful a punishment for so innocent a girl. For 'Tonia, then, a new and strange slavery about which she knew nothing. For Griselda there was only loneliness in the cage until someone else purchased her. She looked down at her handcuffs in wan despair, they had come to symbolize her life. There was no escape for a slavegirl—not ever!

Antonia Noyes did what she must with angry distaste. She would not fight, she would not invite the whip. But every move of this degrading ritual of being made helpless was now all too familiar. She felt like a child being dressed uncomfortably in clothes it loathed. In mute resignation, she stepped from the cage and turned to offer her arms to Selma's rope, then stood tall and taut while the predictable loops circled her elbows and were drawn tight to hurt to

tell her plainly of impotence and despair and the wisdom of obedience. Her breasts would become arrogant and her belly net. Rankin would eye these enhancements with lust and satisfaction in a wise buy.

“She’s well broken, Selma?”

“Someone did it. It wasn’t me. She was hoity-toity as all get out when I first picked her up. But she’s been passed around a bit. You’ll enjoy her, she’s intelligent.”

Rankin was watching the tying of his female package. He nodded wisely. “Being whipped hurts the intelligent ones twice as much. It’s the imagination factor.”

“They’re more sensitive.” Selma was busy ensuring the imbedding of rope in flesh. It might be the last time she tied this girl, but ’Tonia would remember it. “This one’s on our own level. If she was free she could high hat us. This whole situation must be a real pain in the ass for her.”

“She’s going to be surprised.” Rankin chuckled. “Damn good and surprised. It surprises most of ’em.”

“I don’t see why you don’t take Griselda too. If you don’t like ’em nibbling each other’s pussies you can easy keep ’em apart.”

“Wellllll…” Rankin eyed the anxious nudity behind the bars with a speculative eye. “Fact is I’ve spent all I want to today. Your prices are damn high, Selma.”

“Keep in touch. She should sell, she’s prime stuff. But if she doesn’t you may change your mind.”

He shrugged. “Maybe. But she’s a natural submissive. It takes some of the frosting off the cake—for me.”

Selma chuckled derisively. “Dammit, Rankin, having a well behaved girl doesn’t stop you whipping her ass. You don’t have to have an excuse. When I whip ’em for fun I always tell ’em so. I’m damn sure that hurts their little pelts twice as bad too. But Griselda won’t bellyache, she’s a honey.’’

“O.K., O.K.!” Rankin waved the subject away with a motion of dismissal. “Gag the one I’m taking. Use a wet wad and then tape her lips.”

It was like the fading of the sun. Griselda clutched the cage bars with her cuffed hands and watched her cage door locked and her loved one led away. They managed a stricken look in parting, that was all. Griselda’s last sight of Antonia Noyes was of a pair of elbows cruelly crushed together and bound fast.

The otherwise silent chamber emphasized Alissa’s gasping inhalations. The normally active lips had been mute during ’Tonia’s binding and the sad farewell. The punished maiden was soberly assessing her pain and predicament.

“Griselda darling, have they ever done this to you?”

“It’s not much fun. I know. Oh, Alissa, it’s maddening, I can’t help, I can’t do anything!”

“Are you sure the door’s locked? Is there a chance?”

Distraught, Griselda pushed and pulled at the barred door of her cage. “It’s no use,” she grieved unhappily. “They’re punishing both of us by making me watch.”

“That blasted cane, it hurt more than I thought. Am I bleeding?” The punished girl swiveled on her toes to provide the girl in the cage with a view of the bent bottom Rankin had whipped.

“Not even a little bit,” Griselda consoled. “I know it’s hard to believe, a girl feels sure she’s all cut up, but we never are. Before we’re sold our skins are precious.”

“But I’m sold! That hateful man!” The wracked innocent turned to gaze up pinkly at her caged companion. “Darling, what will he do with me?”

“I don’t know. It sounds as though he buys girls for amusement, there are such men.”

“Whip us and fuck us, is that it?”

“I think so.” Griselda wished they could talk of other things but knew not what. “I got sold to a brothel, that’s all I know. But I do know it’s best to be submissive, it takes some of the wind out of their sails. Poor ’Tonia always got herself whipped a lot more than I did.”

The tractioned beauty emitted a gasping moan. “I can’t stand this. Griselda, I’m so damn helpless, and it’s going to

go on and on. Darling, will they really leave me like this for hours and hours… or all night?"

Griselda's need to answer vanished with the opening of the door. Selma Szabo treated the new visitor with considerable deference: not quite middle aged, handsome, expensive, an air of decision. She viewed the cage and the taut rope without surprise.

"She's been impudent," Selma explained. "I won't go for it. The one in the cage is a real sweetheart."

"Hmmmmm…" Shrewd eyes were busy. A negligent hand patted Alissa's tight derriere. "This girl's just been beaten?"

"A prospective customer, Mrs. Hutchinson. The girl was rude."

"Lovely marks. She scream?"

"Not a peep. There's Arab blood in her. It's a thing with them."

"Looks like the marks of a cane. Would you happen to have a good strap?"

Selma Szabo hesitated. "We can't very well have every prospective customer whip a girl—"

"You will allow me. A strap only. I wish to observe her reactions."

The object Selma produced made Griselda wince. A short

heavy strip of leather, wickedly supple. Mrs. Hutchinson accepted it without comment but the girl on whom it was to be used was less casual.

“I don’t want to be hit with that horrible thing!” There was a faint note of the pathetic in Alissa’s plaint. “I’m already hurting all over, isn’t that enough.”

“I see what you mean.” The visiting arm was swift. The leather splatted across the small vulnerable rump with a resounding thwack. “It’s a matter easily dealt with.”

The punished maiden gasped, she teetered on her toes, the rope creaked against her strained arms. “Please don’t hit me again,” she pleaded meekly. “I promise I’ll behave. That strap hurts something awful.”

“She’s coming along nicely,” Selma enthused. “An hour ago she’d have been giving us lip.”

“I’ll obey you completely. Please don’t punish me any more.”

“Interesting effect with her torso.” Mrs. Hutchinson mused. She struck the twin cheeks again to make them bounce. “Did the chap pay a deposit on her?”

“Please, oh please… I’ll do anything!” Alissa did not scream but her writhing legs told the story.

“That crops-up all the time.” Mrs. Hutchinson observed clinically. “They actually mean it at the moment. This one’s

a pretty little thing… just a moment…”

The strap was transferred to the left hand. Mrs. Hutchinson’s right reached between Alissa’s stressed thighs to firmly clasp and explore the plump sex and its black bush. Alissa moaned. The hand worked its magic and the punished girl moaned again, a long drawn out inhalation of pleasure after pain.

“You like that, child?”

“Yes, oh yes!”

In brutal contrast, the strap returned. Three welting impacts across the flaming curves, scarlet welling swiftly over white. Three wailing gasps and three impotent thrashings of girlish legs. Mrs. Hutchinson passed the strap back to its owner. “I like her. Excellent reactions. She’s nicely wet and probably doesn’t know why. If that other chap doesn’t want her I’ll take her.”

“Thank you. We should know this evening.”

“As far as I’m concerned there’s no need to wait. You can package her right now.”

“It will do her no harm to stay as she is.” Selma was obviously tempted to conclude a sale. “It’s only a few hours.”

“I would appreciate it if you’d loose that rope for a moment so I can get a decent look at her. The way she is she’s distorted… it’s affecting her breasts.”

Mrs. Hutchinson possessed authority. Without demur Selma freed the tortured arms. Gratefully, Alissa stood erect, her wrists still tied behind her back but other free. “How’s it feel, Honey?”

“Marvelous… Oh, thank you!”

“Don’t thank me. You’ll go right back up. In the meantime stick your breasts out and walk around. I want to see you move.”

Alissa obeyed, savoring her small respite. Griselda, at the bars, shared her relief. Mrs. Hutchinson’s next command was a small bomb:

“Service me.”

Alissa stopped her pacing, her head reared, she twisted hopelessly at her bound hands.

“You can do it. Try.”

The captive sank to her knees, shoulders fluttering, gazing in puzzlement at the fabric of the dress her inquisitor made no motion to remove. In desperation she stooped and thrust her head beneath the folds…!

Griselda, watching, realized the svelte Mrs. Hutchinson scorned the prisoning of her loins. Beneath the dress the hairy sex would confront Alissa’s mouth. She watched the fingers of the bound hands work impotently at a freedom denied while their owner worked within a musky gloom to

save herself from the whip. There were familiar motions and familiar sounds…!

“That ought, child. You may withdraw.” To Selma Mrs. Hutchinson said, dryly: “The girl’s gifted.”

The lithe young beauty backed away from her task and stood erect. But only for a moment. In bare seconds she was down again on her knees, head humbly bowed, her voice a husky but erotic whisper.

“Please buy me.” And then to Selma: “Please let her have me, Mrs. Szabo, I don’t want to be owned by a man!”

“I’ll be damned!” The prospective purchaser chuckled. “Did I taste that good, honey?”

The Arab girl raised her head, her cheeks were flushed, her arms tensed against their rope. “You are a beautiful woman, Mistress. If I must be a slave, I wish to be slave to you. This Rankin… he is a man… Ugh!”

“One hundred percent Lesbian.” Selma laughed. “Your pussy wouldn’t be lonely.”

“And the matter of obedience.” Mrs. Hutchinson’s tone was thoughtful. “Honey, I’m going to give you five more strokes with that strap. You’re already on your knees, so lean forward and place your forehead on the floor and stick your little ass out. Just five. You’ll say please and thank you and you won’t move. Can you do it?”

“I can do it, Mrs. Hutchinson.” Alissa’s face had become wan at the prospect of more pain, her voice was tremulous.

Griselda watched in sympathy. It was a terrible thing to ask of a girl, a girl who had already been cruelly whipped. But they were slaves and slaves had little choice…! She beheld the nubile curves assume the demanding posture, the waist curved down, the bottom reared to expose the wet fig of a curlish cunt, the skin cruelly taut…

“Please whip me, Mistress.”

The young voice had been firm. Every bone and sinew of the youthful loveliness remained equally resolute without motion as the leather wrapped itself around the tight round spheres in a cracking impact.

“Thank you, Mrs. Hutchinson.”

The older woman sighed in something like ecstasy. “You’re just too good to be true, honey.” She handed Selma the strap. “That’s enough. You can get up. I’ll forgive you the other four.”

“Thank you… Oh, thank you, Mistress!” And then again the pathetic plea. “Please buy me…!”

Griselda wanted to cry. The girl was so beautiful, and so humble in her pain. Was it the old story of the whip changing a rebellious maiden, or was Alissa making a shrewd and desperate choice between two fates! It did not matter, they had all witnessed something remarkable.

“You can put my tag on her.” Mrs. Hutchinson’s voice was brusque. “Try and choke that fellow off.” She paused, eyeing her prize. “D’you have to suspend her again in the meantime?”

“I sentenced her to it.”

“O.K., O.K., I won’t interfere.”

The tied and punished nudity looked from one woman to the other in desperation. “You’re not going to tie my arms up high again…? Surely…?”

“That’s right, kid. Over here.” Selma was relentless.

“But it’s so terrible…! And for hours and hours…?” The sorrowful young voice was disbelieving of what was about to happen.

“It’s the last time, honey. I doubt if I’ll pull that one on you.” Mrs. Hutchinson consoled. “But right now Mrs. Szabo owns you and what she says goes.”

“But I’m innocent of anything, and I’ve been whipped, and I’ve tried so hard—” Alissa was tearful.

“Just do as she says, honey. Don’t spoil things.”

With a sigh of resignation and a shrug of pinioned shoulders, the sister of Ali Ben Habbah stepped to where she would be made to suffer. Obligingly, she bent forward and raised her arms. Moments later she was again bent in the

hated punishment, her tied hands pulled high by a rope taut as a bowstring. She spoke no more but gazed steadfastly at the floor upon which her tears now fell.

“Now, let’s have a look at this other little trick.” Mrs. Hutchinson turned her attention to the cage and its handcuffed occupant. “How about letting her out for a moment?”

A strange dilemma! ’Tonia was gone. If Alissa was taken by this formidable woman and she herself left in the cage…! Perhaps it would be best to be slave to Mrs. Hutchinson. Her mind a welter of uncertainty, Griselda stepped from the cage and politely requested. “I’d be ever so grateful if you’d buy me too, Mistress.”

There came the small drills, the postures, the palming of her pussy until she began to pant, the examination of her handcuffs. But the end was never in doubt.

“I’ll buy her too, Selma. I’ll pick them both up this evening. O.K.?”

It was O.K. A breathless Griselda was propelled back into her cage and the door again locked. The two older women, well satisfied, went their way and one more door was closed upon two naked girls. They surveyed each other mournfully through the bars.

“It is best we sell ourselves to the woman,” Alissa affirmed stoutly. “We must stay together.”

“Much the best,” Griselda agreed. “But we don’t even know what she wants us for.”

“We can guess, darling. Her taste was sweet.”

They consoled each other with fervid imaginings. From time to time Alissa moaned and sought relief in sad small motions. But relief was not there. She was being competently punished.

It was at least two hours before the door burst open and a man strode within.

It was Ali Ben Habbah.

Chapter Nine.

Rankin's Slave.

Antonia Noyes supposed the only proper name for the twelve compartments was cells. The two rows of six a side faced a center aisle which was open to view through the bars. The other three walls were of stone, the floor was concrete. In each of the side walls there was a barred aperture, a window to the adjoining cell through which the prisoners could converse and see each other. In this sense Rankin's prison for girls had a social quality. He described it blandly as a wish for them to be happy, a condition difficult in true solitary confinement. Only nine of the cells had occupants, all female, all youthfully attractive, all naked. You became desperately intimate with the girl on each side, you could touch or even kiss through the bars—nothing more was possible, and even that small solace was denied to erring damsels who had earned the chain linking them to the rear wall.

The chains were according to merit. Rankin had a penchant for ritual. There were gradations of conduct, good or bad, by which each captive maiden was judged and ironed accordingly. But no matter how docile their behavior it was never possible to wear less than handcuffs linking the wrists in front. Compared to being whipped or cast into 'Solitary' it was a minor cross to bear. 'Tonia, bearing in mind Griselda's advice of submission, wore her bond of

chrome circlets on her wrists in front where, for a naked girl, they were scarcely a handicap to anything.

To the girl on one side of her it was all terrifying and impossible. She had never before known either slavery or imprisonment. Her skin was well striped. She would learn. 'Tonia's other neighbor was as blasé as she herself, a cauldron of female revolt below, but on the surface only docility and the bent knee.

Rankin had been engagingly frank. He was rich and he enjoyed naked girls and the things a man might do to them. He had created this small personal prison so that he might have on hand at all times a plentitude of feminine flesh to provide that quality of recreation and relaxation every successful business man most needs. It was a concept which worked admirably... for Rankin!

They were constantly punished. A raised eyebrow could earn a thoughtless maiden a dozen strokes with canes, crop or whips. It was thus hard to be totally bored. If you were not being whipped or hung by the thumbs yourself there was always some less fortunate damsel who was Punishments were often administered in the aisle for all to see, not so much as a deterrent but to keep them constantly aquiver in the knowledge they could be next. The big prize which, hatefully, they came to desire, was to be chosen that night to share their Master's bed. For such an honor the lucky girl's hands were prudently handcuffed behind her back where they could do her Master no injury while he

slept. A further prudence dictated the chain from her ankle to the ringbolt in the floor beside the Royal bed.

There were parties. Rankin enjoyed playing host, ensuring a preponderance of males which he balanced by the inclusion of his captives among those present. Each of his prisoners quickly and painfully learned never to plead with the guests for help. Such rank ingratitude was always promptly punished by her being publicly whipped. The guests were blasé about the whole thing and much inclined to encourage maiden confidences which they promptly betrayed to The Master for judgment.

An exciting but disquieting feature of the parties was the inclusion among the male guests of those who might take Rankin aside with an offer to purchase a pleasing captive. The girl could never be sure if her lot would be better or worse under her new owner. It was a lottery. Rankin was usually willing enough to make a sale, it enabled him to seek fresh flesh to place behind his bars. The supply was constant. Sometimes he would conduct a single individual through the private prison and the inmates of the cells would be assessed and discussed. Perhaps, for one of them, the door would open.

Their needs were attended by a large and buxom negress who could handle and subdue any one of the girls with ease. She was a good natured creature but implacably strict. She reported every misdemeanor to Rankin for punishment. It was always Rankin who punished them. It was

Rankin they must entertain when the door to their cell was unlocked. The entertainment was often bizarre. Punishment might be dealt within the aisle for all to see, but capricious cruelty was dispensed in a special room. It was an honor to be chosen, but an honor the girl would willingly have missed. 'Tonia greeted it with baffled exclamations.

"But, Mr. Rankin, I haven't done anything!"

"That's right, honey. Nice thing about this place is you don't have to." His manner was always one of avuncular bonhomie, generous and expansive.

"But, Mr. Rankin, this is awful. My hands tied up above my head… and I'm naked!"

"So I noticed!" He was inclined to dry humor. "Lovely figure! Not embarrassed, are you?"

"Yes, terribly."

"Here's the best way to deal with that, sweetheart." He circled her waist with one arm while employing his other hand to excite 'Tonia's helpless sex. His palm was wise, his fingers knowing. When he had her panting in arousal he stepped away. "That gets us down to basics. Best introduction I know." He laughed enjoyably. "Dammit, girl, you're blushing."

"I… I… I can't help it. Mr. Rankin, you're going to whip me, aren't you?"

“How’d you guess?”

The naked girl squirmed. Rankin was no exponent of subtleties. She cursed her blush but said, reasonably: “Well, I can see the whip, and this is how a girl is usually tied.”

“I intend to enjoy you, Miss Noyes.”

“Well yes, I realize about my slavery and what it means.” She twisted again in awkward shame. “But I haven’t done a thing to deserve a whipping. Please, Mr. Rankin, don’t whip me!”

“Give me a good reason why not.”

“I’ve been whipped so much, everybody whips me. I’m all marked.”

“It’s a gift some girls have. You are eminently whippable.”

She could not win. Rankin was enjoying her pleas. ’Tonia winced at sight of the waiting whip. Its thong would soon cut at her skin and she would scream and dance shamefully at the end of her rope. Resigned, she asked respectfully. “Mr. Rankin, what about those other girls…? You were going to buy Alissa…?”

“A delay, my dear. Don’t concern yourself.” He chuckled. “I am sure Mrs. Szabo will deal with it. When the little girl arrives I will put her in your cell for a night. How’s that for kindness?”

“Thank you.”

“Don’t believe a word, do you! But, getting back to whipping you. How about I raise that rope enough to put you well up on your toes for the rest of the day? Would that be better?”

“Yes… Oh, yes! Thank you—”

“You’ll hate it. After an hour you’ll be asking me to whip you instead.”

He was probably right. But it was something ’Tonia could not know. Miserably she reiterated. “I don’t want to be whipped, Mr. Rankin. I just don’t want to be whipped!” Rankin tightened his slavegirl’s rope and went away.

’Tonia used her bare strained arm to wipe tears from her cheeks. They welled forth in the loneliness of her despair. It took but a little time to know how right Rankin had been. To teeter like this all day was unthinkable, yet it was happening, it was real. Her wrists screamed agony, her arms protested every breath she took. She found herself wishing he had lifted her enough to take her toes away from the tantalizing task of striving to sustain some of her weight. They could touch the floor but not enough to help. To all intents and purposes she was suspended from her wrists. The misery of it was a constant nagging attrition against her courage. She came to long bitterly for the short sharp searing agonies of the thong which came to an end… sometime. What she endured now had no end. To hang thus all

day was forever…!

“I warned you, love.”

Rankin was back. He was regarding her tortured nudity with unfeigned amusement. ’Tonia wondered if she had lost consciousness for hours or if it was only minutes since he had tied her on her toes. “Yes, you were right. Oh, Mr. Rankin…!” Her voice was hoarse, her mouth dry.

“Ready to be whipped now?”

It was impossible, but she heard her voice whispering. “Yes, Mr. Rankin… Oh, yes, please.”

When the rope slackened she crumpled to the floor. Without thought of how she must seem to her owner, Miss Antonia Noyes buried her face in her bound hands and wept in a great surge of relief. It was several minutes before a square of white cambric was thrust between her fingers. It was followed by a glass of water which she gulped in animal need. Raking herself to a naked crouch she used the white clean fabric in small feminine notions and said, wanly: “I’m sorry. You must think me silly.”

“Hell no. I wouldn’t change a thing.”

’Tonia digested his affirmation but could deduce nothing. Wearily, and to be polite, she explained: “I’ve had a lot of training… and it’s changed me from what I was. But I never really get accustomed—”

“Why should you! That’s why you’re here, because you can feel, and because you’ve got memories. Here, drink this brandy.”

She coughed and choked but drained it dry. Rankin refilled the tiny glass. She drank that too and essayed a smile. “Priming me for what’s to come, Mr. Rankin?”

“Mmmmm, I suppose so. But let’s talk awhile. I’ve had no chance to get to know you. I like to know my girls—if there’s anything to know. Oh, and by the way, you’re going to sleep with me tonight.”

“Thank you.”

“Gosh, that sounded prim. I suspect you’re something of a treasure—but I don’t want you as a bundle on the floor…”

The girl to be whipped had the good sense not to exclaim angrily when the rope again tightened and she was forced to stand. This time was better. Her bound herds were held above her head but there was no stress. She could stand comfortably on flat bare feet. She could not lower her arms but she could move them freely. Once more she tried to be polite. “Thank you for not stretching me, Mr. Rankin.”

“Nicely brought up and properly educated!” Rankin chuckled, pleased with her. “It shows.”

She watched him fetch a chair so she must stand and face him in stark nakedness. Strangely, now, it seemed only fitting it should be so. She had forgotten the resentment of

punished innocence. Innocence had nothing to do with what was happening to her. For Rankin it might be the frosting on a cake but for Miss Antonia Noyes it was a word best deleted from her vocabulary. She was a girl with a girl's body, breasts and pubes and buttocks, all of her was designed for the whip and for the pleasure of the Male. She saw herself crossing the verge into acceptance of this truth. Her wrists were burning under their ropes but it was not real pain, simply an awareness.

"None of this has been easy for me," she apologized. "I don't know about the other girls…?"

"If they weren't all different I couldn't bear to have nine of 'em around, honey." Rankin said thoughtfully. "You'll be able to watch a lot of 'em whipped in the aisle and you'll find they don't even scream the same."

"But don't you tire of naked girls, Mr. Rankin? So many…?"

"Didn't have 'em when I was young, honey, so I'm enjoying them now. Haven't got bored yet." He grinned companionably. "Mind you, there's a constant turnover. Come back a year from now and you might not recognize a single pair of tits."

"Doesn't it bother you? About it being wrong…?"

"Is it wrong, honey? The little prison I give you girls is better than marrying a truck driver and having three kids in a one room walk-up, or maybe a trailer."

“But she wouldn’t be whipped.”

“Her hard luck. You won’t believe it but being whipped is the best thing that can happen for most damfool females, even you.”

’Tonia wondered. She could not deny the change in her own personality, it had come about solely by a whip biting at her naked skin. But still—!”

“Suppose I give you a choice, honey?” Rankin was reading her mind, his eyes shrewd. “Sell you to a guy who’ll screw you full time, or to one who’ll keep you chained and whip you once a week whether you deserve it or not? Which would you take?”

“The second.”

“Well, well! You’re a Lesbian, is that the answer?”

“I was a Lesbian, Mr. Rankin.” The naked loveliness shifted awkwardly under the male scrutiny. “But I’ve been violated by so many men for so long… I no longer know.” ’Tonia laughed bitterly. “Enough men have pumped away inside me—perhaps they’ve worn it out.” She flushed. “My instinct for my own sex, I mean. I’ve been so totally soiled.”

“And tonight you’ll be soiled again?”

“I can’t look at you and say that, Mr. Rankin.”

“If you get enough male organs thrust into your sheath

they all merge…? Is that it?"

Unhappily, she swayed against her rope. "I just don't know, Mr. Rankin. Please forgive me… I'm lost. I'm just two breasts and the other thing below my pubic hair."

"You sure were well brought up, sweetheart. No four letter words."

"I'll call it a cunt if you wish me to, Mr. Rankin."

"Hmmmm, the perfect response! Now, how about telling me how foolish you were, and ask me to whip you instead of hanging you up again?"

The casual suggestion clutched at her breath. The time had come. Rankin would now whip Miss Antonia Noyes with the same jocularity he expended on any small enterprise. And he wanted her to humiliate herself. 'Tonia swallowed savagely and tried to control her trembling voice. "I was silly to ask to be hung by my wrists, Mr. Rankin. Please forgive me. Will you please, now, whip me instead?"

"A lot of the girls out there couldn't have said it that well. You've earned another drink." He refilled the glass and held it to her lips, watching her desperate gulping of false courage.

"Thank you." She was panting. "Mr. Rankin, is this the way you want me tied while you… do it?"

"Sooner be stretched? Keep you from hopping around?"

“No… Oh, no! But, thank you. I’ll try hard to stand still.”

“I like you, girl.” Rankin stroked her breasts, her cheeks, then raised her chin and kissed her lips. “This isn’t the most severe whip in the world so I’m going to use it on you hard, real hard. Are you ready?”

“Yes, Mr. Rankin, I’m ready. Please whip me.”

She had delivered herself, mindlessly, helplessly. She was a bound girl drowning in a welter of emotions. Soon there would be only pain.

“Twenty, sweetheart.”

’Tonia closed her eyes. She heard the familiar sounds. Vehemently, she said within her mind: ‘Stand still, stand still!’ The sear of the whip was far worse than she had been led to expect. It wrapped her waist in a belt of fire, an agony beyond all others.

She was uncertain how she reached the floor. She supposed Rankin had freed the rope and eased her down. Her hands were still tied so that she fumbled with the brandy glass but drank its contents eagerly. She felt sure something was wrong.

“I have to hand it to you, kid, you didn’t move.”

Miss Antonia Noyes was pleased that her owner approved. The belt of fire still burned fiercely round her middle. She wondered about the other nineteen. Returning the empty

glass she asked, bemused. “Wasn’t I supposed to get twenty?”

“You’ve had ’em.”

She looked down at herself and saw only the one horrific weal. Rankin laughed. “You earned remission. I’m not a complete bastard.”

He took her back to her cell. All she had to wear was a pair of handcuffs. The girls on either side looked at her curiously through the bars but waited until she fished crying before they asked their questions.

’Tonia did not expect to ever lose the single line around her waist made by Rankin’s one savage stroke. She imagined it marking her for life, and was strangely pleased. She recognized within herself a dependence on, or a need of, these men into whose hands she had been passed. As each exerted his ownership of her body she felt a strange gratitude for their strength and authority, or perhaps she had become wanton and found a carnal solace in their piercing of her sex.

On the night of her punishment Rankin’s bed and Rankin’s chains and Rankin’s virility had been an experience which sent her back to her cell in the morning longing for more. Her hands, cuffed behind her back, had stopped her doing nothing he desired. She had become a supple nubility en-

grossed in his pleasure. The brothel and her abductors had taught her tricks. She used them all. As the night came to an end she realized she was employing her skills to compel the man to desire her again… and again. The chain locked on her ankle made merry music to the making of their love. 'Tonia knew herself naked and helpless, she did not even possess her hands, but for the hours of the night she was the Queen. The phallus in her mouth or within her sheath was a gift of approval from her King.

'Tonia refused any longer to be concerned with what was fair and what was not. Justice and injustice merged. Beneath Rankin's ownership of her person she felt the weight of both, but in her slavery neither abstraction mattered. Sometimes there was pleasure.

The Party would be pleasure!

The girls were briefed by their genial wardress. Some had been to parties before and knew the drill. But 'Tonia and others felt only excitement. Lottie was explicit:

"You don't escape! No way! You get caught trying or you proposition a guest you gets flogged right there." She glared fiercely.

"If a guest wants you to fuck or suck you do it pronto and make like it's good, even if it ain't. We got rooms you take 'em to. I show you."

“You act and you talk like you was wearin’ clothes and the same as the rest. You make conversation, see! You pretty, pretty polite. You treat the gal’s same as the memo-they can have you if they want.”

“If the men screw us, Lottie, we’ll get pregnant.”

“No you won’t. I seen to that. You bin’ takin’ the pill regular, even if you didn’t know.” Lottie grinned up and down the line. “And if some of ’em wants to see where Mr. Rankin keeps you locked up you can bring ’em down here and show ’em around. But no funny stuff. No trying to get ’em to try out a chain or see what it feels like with the door locked.”

“Why do we have to be handcuffed?”

“Don’t hurt you none, and it’s only in front. It helps you remember what you are—and the guests expect something.”

“But we’re naked! Isn’t that enough?”

“You’ll wear handcuffs, and I’m goin’ to make ’em tight.” Lottie’s grin turned to one of complicity. “And you’re goin’ to wear something new. Mr. Rankin got himself a great idea.” Her gaze roved and settled on ’Tonia. “Come up front, honey. We’ll do a demonstration.”

Once more the impossible mocked. The chastity belt was a thing of pure beauty, it must have cost a fortune. But the plastic dildo protruding inwards from the silver metal was a trial no medieval maiden had ever faced. ’Tonia oblig-

ingly spread her legs and stood still for the insertion. Lottie was kind and took her time. But, even so, the immense simulation filled the waiting sheath and went beyond. Only part of 'Tonia's gasp was of pleasure. When it was entirely within her body the silver components were joined, the silver band circled her tummy and was made snug. The security of the whole ensemble was ensured by a giant padlock to be worn over her navel.

"Walk around, honey."

The huge thing within her belly imposed its presence upon her libido instantly. Each step frictioned pleasurably. But more visibly her hips betrayed her condition. Strive as she might, 'Tonia could not evade the whore's swing and sway. After a dozen steps she exclaimed unhappily. "But, Lottie, we'll be having orgasms all over the place. I can feel one already."

"That's right, dear. It will make a nice trip for the guests to see you girls spasming all over the room. If you're coming right now don't be ashamed of it, let her go. But keep on walking."

It was hateful to climax so explosively while she took step after step in front of so many eyes. But 'Tonia had learned obedience. She demonstrated her shame along with the harness locked upon her loins. When it was being taken from her she asked, practically, "But if someone wants to use us, how can they when this is locked on and won't

come off?"

"They have to ask the boss man's permission, love. If he wants 'em to use you he gives 'em a key." She giggled. "If he don' want 'em to use you they probably have to raise the ante a bit."

"You mean… He's going to sell… what we are?"

Lottie shrugged. "Maybe. But there's them what gets you free. You better be real nice to them." She giggled cheerfully. "That was real cute the way you done come a'walkin' round. Them folks is going to get the damnedest kick…"

The naked slave shrugged. She was no longer certain about the Party. Yet it almost had to be exciting! She looked, wryly, at her handcuffed wrists, then walked in docility back to her cage.

"Does he ever whip your breasts?" The small giggly blonde was entranced. "I've just heard of such things, of course. And Roger was curious."

"My breasts haven't been whipped yet." 'Tonia said patiently. "But most of the rest of me has. It hurts so bad you want to die."

"You mean… your—?"

"My cunt? Yes that gets whipped too."

"Roger says he can fuck you if he wants. That's not true, is

it?”

“I’m afraid it is.”

“But how can he when you’ve got that, that thing, locked on tight?”

“He has to ask Mr. Rankin for the key.”

“Well, I won’t tell him.” Another blonde giggle and a sly glance. “One of the aids told me you’ve got a great big thing stuck way up…?”

“It’s true.” ’Tonia felt maternal. “If you see me getting starry eyed or if I start to gasp you’ll know what it is. Please pay no attention. I can’t stop my climax, I have to have it. But when it’s done I can continue where I left off.”

It would once have been unthinkable, absurd and not to be tolerated. ’Tonia knew that, back then, she would have been a raging fury who Rankin would have been obliged to bind and whip into a willingness to participate in this Alice in Wonderland fantasy. But, now, ’Tonia found herself amused and thankful to be free from the downstairs prison. A spark of the Antonia Noyes of other days told her to watch for opportunities, but the weal round her waist, chafed by the sleek metal band of her chastity belt, warned of punishments waiting for maidens foolish enough to seek escape. At one end of the huge room there stood a chromed triangle with straps, its intent all too clear. It claimed its first victim within the hour.

She was a slender blonde of twenty-five, deceptively child-like in appearance and demeanor. 'Tonia had never spoken to her, they were confined in cages well apart, but she had seen the dejected nudity hunched unhappily against the bars. But now she was vitally alive in the grip of the guard who had caught her exiting from a window. The man was obliged to hold her with brutal firmness to stand before her Master for judgment, her small fists clenched white against the compulsion of the handcuffs on her wrists. Pitifully, she managed to turn and cry out to the assembly.

"Help me! Somebody please help me—!"

They were a pride of lions closing in on the single gazelle chosen from the herd. They had seen this before and were avid to witness it again. A naked girl was to be whipped for their pleasure and for her own guidance. No one spoke, but the girl herself was vociferous with pleas and promises. The lovely slenderness twisted and fought in the trapped panic of a living thing, doomed yet able to behold its fate. Rankin himself leant aid in the task of securing wrists and ankles.

The triangle accepted the panting nakedness as a frame accepts a portrait. Hands were strapped at its peak, ankles were pulled far, far apart and strapped to its base. Belly and breasts, every bone and muscle attested to the bowstring tautness of the erring femininity about to be punished. The girl was wide eyed, flinging her head from side to side in the only motion she could make. She did not

cease to plead.

Rankin was a showman. His chrome cruelty was not as simple as it seemed. It was rolled smoothly to the center of the floor, a lever was pulled, and the stout frame complete with girl slowly reversed its vertical shape. When the motion stopped, the hands, the head, the hair were near the floor. The strapped ankles and stretched legs pointed skyward.

But, most prominent of all, was the exposed vulva above the tiny silky forest of pubic fronds, its pouting lips an innocent and helpless invitation.

It was an invitation not ignored. Rankin produced a candle. Lighting it he held it down for inspection by frightened eyes whose owner had not yet divined its purpose. Quite simply, then, the Master of Ceremonies used finger and thumb to separate the moist labia of love and to gently insert the base of the lighted candle into the vaginal sheath. Firmly planted, the small column of wax stood up from between the immovably stretched thighs, its wick burning impudently with its promise of things to come. The inverted girl moaned in desolation.

“Nice effect, eh?”

The male voice in her ear caused ’Tonia to start and turn. He was one of those men about whom everything is right. He could have posed for the whiskey ad as ’A man of distinction’. He smiled down at his choice of handcuffed nu-

dity with the assurance of infinite charm. Observing her struggle for words, he added:

“Will he let it burn all the way?”

“I’m sure you’re hoping.” ’Tonia met his eyes levelly. “I have no idea what my owner intends. Most certainly I’m not going to try to escape.”

He nodded. “Good deterrent. I can see his point. I suspect she’ll get the whip when the flame reaches her hair. Pity the orifice isn’t within her bush.” He grinned confidingly. “I’m told those belts you girls are wearing incorporate an insertion—not a candle?”

Tonia flushed. “Must we talk about it?”

“It’s true then. Damn, you certainly have to admire Rankin. He’s extraordinarily versatile with girls.”

“I have already climaxed twice, if that’s of interest to you.” She rejoined tartly. “It’s a beastly sort of punishment among all these people.”

“At the moment you’re regenerating…?”

“Please don’t rub it in—”

“Delightful pun! I wouldn’t dream…! I say, can I get you a drink?”

She watched his passage through the crowd. Such a man was incomprehensible. But then… perhaps all men…? At

any rate she was glad to stand still. It absolved her of the friction attendant on walking. She was shamedly aware of a third climax beginning its career within her loins. She prayed its fire could be contained until this charming man had tired of her and gone. She accepted the cocktail gratefully. Then winced at his next request.

"I want to fuck you."

It was a disappointment, he had seemed less animal. 'Tonia gulped at her screwdriver and made her voice casual. "You have to get the key to my belt from Mr. Rankin." He frowned, displeased. "By Royal consent, eh. Piss on that. D'you have a room?"

"Yes, but how can you—?"

"That's a gorgeous mouth you've got."

She no longer blushed easily. Instead, she gulped again to empty the glass, and said calmly "I have been taught to be obedient. If you will please come this way…?"

It was an incident, nothing more. 'Tonia's lips and tongue reduced his charm to the gasps and groans which should have been hers. They cleansed and made tidy, her handcuffed fingers zipped him back to dignity. They parted amiably. He did not even ask if she was for sale.

The next man was less proud. He importuned the host and obtained her key. He was a fraternal type, balding and sweating. He was obviously surprised and gratified by her

tumultuous orgasm which owned less to his virility than to the plastic prong withdrawn when he unlocked her belt. He seemed so happy with himself 'Tonia had not the heart to disillusion him.

"I suppose I have to put this thing back on you?" he asked hopefully.

"If you don't mind, I'd rather do it myself. You can superintend to make sure I don't cheat."

"No, please let me." He was unwilling to forego such carnal joy. 'Tonia glimpsed the loneliness of the flesh in the male no longer young. He was probably married! She shrugged and became a model of obedience. She stood and spread her legs.

"And this thing actually goes up inside you!" He was awed by female capacity. "Dammit, it's twice my size!"

"It has to go into me first, sir, before the rest of the harness can be fastened. Please let me help."

She held her lips apart while her deflated ravisher, anxious but enthralled, inserted the plastic head and gently pushed. He was panting pathetically in a fresh excitement. 'Tonia guided his hand until she was completely impaled, the flanged base flush with her plump pussy.

"I'd never have believed it!"

"I didn't believe it myself, sir, the first time."

“What’s that round your waist? Is it really—?”

“Yes, it’s a whip weal, sir. You’ll find others on my back but they’re mostly faded.”

“You girls actually get punished?”

“Of course, sir. How else can we be made docile.”

He digested the premise and found it good. “Rankin’s a lucky bastard,” he mourned. “Gosh, what I could do with a girl!”

“I believe some of us can be purchased, sir—oh, oh, please, you push it this way, and then up behind, where it locks.”

“I could buy you?” He was nonplused.

“I have been bought and sold several times. I’m afraid I don’t know the price, only that it’s a lot of money.”

“But can’t you ever escape… get away?” His moist features were earnest for her good.

“Of course we can’t. We’re always chained or tied.”

“Those handcuffs on your wrists?”

“They’re the very least of what we’re confined in.” She grinned confidingly. “You should see a naked girl when she’s fully ironed.”

“Dammit, I’d like to!” He groped for understanding. “But you seem happy…”

’Tonia laughed. “I’ve been whipped so much I’ve come to the conclusion I’d better be—Oh, and now… this goes over this and you can snap the padlock. Don’t forget to give the key to Mr. Rankin.”

The snap was final. He fingered her and the belt as long as he decently could. Pathetically, he asked: “Is there some way I can help you?”

“Only by purchasing me and setting me free.”

He shook his head sadly. “I don’t have that kind of cash. But could I give a message to someone—?”

Her denial was vehement, surprising herself. “No! Don’t try and help me. I’ll just end up like that poor girl out there with the candle between her legs.”

They looked at each other in bafflement before he went away with the key.

Wandering nakedly back into the festive lounge ’Tonia cringed at the thought of everyone snickering in the knowledge of what she had been doing. But the belted and handcuffed girls sharing her nudity made her inconspicuous. The punished girl was still strapped within her frame, the candle was still burning brightly from within her crotch but its flame noticeably closer to the pouting lips. Seeking a normalcy she knew she would not find, ’Tonia made her way to the bar.

“I’d like to see you with that candle in your cunt, my dear.” The kindly thought was expressed by a middle aged woman of stern visage but twinkling eye who raised a brimming glass and toasted: “Here’s to slavegirls, love.”

“I’m glad you like us.” ’Tonia clinked glasses. “Why don’t you buy one? I’m sure Mr. Rankin—”

“Don’t think I can’t!” The assurance was gruff. “I want you.”

It was hard to adjust to every absurdity. ’Tonia did her best. “I’m not sure I’m for sale. And, anyway, I wouldn’t want a lighted candle sticking out of my cunt… and upside down.”

“It’s not you who’s supposed to want it, it’s me.” The beldame chuckled. “You just have to put up with it and pretend you like it.”

“It’s too cruel… to burn a girl there—”

“Nonsense! You’re not fooled, are you. When the flame gets down to where she starts to scream Rankin will take it out. That’s when she gets her whipping.”

“Well, at least she’ll be thankful to be right side up again.” ’Tonia viewed the wracked girl in sympathy. “The way she is must be awful—”

“For a girl with those whipmarks you’re damn naive. I suppose Rankin may give her a couple of minutes to get the pink out of her cheeks, but then she’ll be turned again. I

can't think of a better position for whipping a girl. You'd look absolutely luscious."

"Thank you. I'm glad I'm not for sale."

"A touch of sarcasm, dear? A guest can report a slavegirl for insolence. I might get that candle into you more easily than you think."

Fear. Repose. Humility! Above all, an awful helplessness. She was chained, she was naked, she was owned. Scarlet with shame, she blurted: "I'm sorry… I really am. I forgot myself. Please forgive me!"

"Why should I? I'm here for pleasure."

'Tonia was distraught. Following instinct, she hung her head submissively and whispered: "Please… anything. I'll kneel?"

"Do that!"

It was hateful but better than the candle or Rankin's wrath. 'Tonia sank to her knees and pressed her head against the heavy skirt. Within moments she was firmly raised to her feet, her cheek was patted. "I liked that." The woman fingered a firm breast. "Take me to a room, dear." The slavegirl obeyed and discharged her task with all the competence at her command.

"I'd return the compliment, love, if it wasn't for that damn thing Rankin's got locked over your cunt. Sorry! You de-

serve something." She grasped the arm of the girl who had pleasured her and marched purposefully to her host.

"Rankin, I want to buy her."

"Sorry, Lydia, she's not for sale."

"Everything's for sale, man. Be reasonable."

"Not that girl. Choose another."

"Hmmmm, good in bed, oh?"

"Superlative."

"Balls!" Lydia's exclamation was of infinite disgust. Once more she patted a breast. "I'll get you, honey, I'll pry you away from this selfish bastard some way—"

At that moment there came the first scream. The candle-flame had reached its prey. The chrome frame defeated the frantic writhings of its captive.

It all happened smoothly. 'Tonia could believe it rehearsed. Rankin casually plucked the candle's stub from within its palpitating sheath, the crowd formed an expectant circle to watch the frame and its gratefully moaning inmate turned upright. The Master took the stage. He was joined by a beaming Lottie with a whip. One glance at its slender thongs told 'Tonia its use. She shuddered.

"I don't need to tell you the drill, folks." Rankin said cheerfully. "Lottie here gives our little delinquent her first five

just to break the ice. After that you get a stroke apiece, first come first served. The target area's the darling's cunt, her bottom and the inside of her thighs. All prime! You're a damn lucky lot, and I'm only sorry we have to limit it to one each." He grinned around the circle. "But I don't want a dead pussy on my hands."

When the frame was once more turned to give the Venus mound and the sad small lips their cruelest exposure there was a general clapping of hands. 'Tonia was glad she was handcuffed. She closed her eyes but could not close her ears. All too vividly she heard the splat of Lottie's lash bedding itself in the center of the stretched cleft and the girlish lips the pubic hair could not protect. Again and again...! And then the screams. When she, cringingly, opened her eyes again she beheld, not the whipped loveliness of a naked girl, but the huge figure of a man.

It was Carl Karamal.

Chapter Ten.

The Justice of Ali Ben Habbah.

“I am disgusted with you both.” Ali Ben Habbah inspected the silver cage and the starry eyed girl within, then bestowed his full attention upon his tortured sister. “Alissa, my love, can you never keep yourself out of trouble!” His reproof was definitely that of the head of the house.

“Ali, stop being pompous.” The sister’s admonition was every bit as authoritative as that of the brother. “You’re just posturing for Griselda’s benefit. Let me loose.”

“I see no reason to free either of you.”

“Ali, stoppit! I hurt. That’s reason enough. Let my arms down.” Alissa would have stamped her foot but was teetering only on her big toes.

“Whoever placed you both in this plight possessed excellent judgment.” Ali Ben Habbah was enjoying himself immensely. “Probably the woman we have in custody upstairs?”

“That crummy bitch!” Alissa looked at her brother with huge pleading eyes. “Ali, darling please untie me?”

“How long were you supposed to stay like that?”

“All day—the rotten cow!”

“Exactly! I would be remiss to interfere with so just a sentence. No doubt you were impudent, possibly rude?”

“Piss on that!” Alissa swept such trivia aside. “You don’t expect me to be polite, do you! Look, stop preening yourself in front of that darling in the cage and let us both out of this jackpot.”

“There remains the matter of your carelessness in allowing yourselves to be kidnapped. Only the most gross negligence —”

“Oh, Ali, shove it!” Alissa’s plaint rose to a wail. “If it will make you happy you can whip my bottom, everybody else has.”

“I cannot possibly inflict such an act on my own sister.”

“Then whip Griselda’s bottom. I’m sure she won’t mind. You won’t mind, will you, darling?”

“Not a bit.” Griselda agreed happily. “I’ll even bend over.” She was in a seventh heaven of bliss. Ali possessed her again. She did not care what punishments she must endure so long as they were by his hand or by his command. Feeling she must give her sister in distress some moral support, she added: “We didn’t have much of a chance, Master, they just broke in and took us. Please let Alissa down, she’s had an awful bad time.”

“Why, then, are you still so comfortable in that cage?”

“Weeellllll, I suppose because I wasn’t impudent.”

“Precisely! She can stay as she is.”

“Master, could I sort of spell her off? She’s been tied like that so long. I…”

Ali Ben Habbah sighed. He adored the willful damsel so cruelly bent in punishment. Tenderly, he raised the submissive head and kissed the rebellious lips. Without further admonition he lowered the raised stretched arms and took away the rope. “There,” he said resignedly. “I cannot see you suffer.”

“Oh, darling, darling, darling! Thank you, thank you, thank you!” Alissa’s gratitude was rapturous. “You really had me going.” She pursed her lips again. “Now untie my hands so I can give you the loveliest hug… Please?”

Her brother was suddenly deaf. He turned his attention to the girl inside the cage. “And you, dear child, what is your sin that you are caged like a canary?”

Griselda giggled. “I think it’s to keep me from escaping, Master. I’d walk away if I could.” She held up her handcuffed wrists. “These don’t really stop me doing anything.”

“Ali, my hands are still tied.” Alissa was tugging with concentrated endeavor at her bound wrists. “Cut me loose.”

The brother was still deaf, his attention still upon the caged girl. “The key?” He asked gently.

“It’s on the wall, Master, way over there.”

“Ali, please…!” Alissa was now able to stamp a bare foot with reasonable emphasis. “Stop teasing. I want my hands.”

For Griselda the unlocking of the bars and her step into a new freedom was pure ecstasy. She fell instantly to her knees and embraced a pair of male legs in which she found much comfort. “Master, thank you, thank you.” Her voice was tremulous.

Ali Ben Habbah raised her to her feet and kissed her soundly, his arms possessing her. “You have not been hurt, child?”

“No, Master, I have not been hurt.” Griselda paused, then plunged in temerity. “Master, may I untie Alissa’s hands?”

“No, you may not. I am displeased with this affair. Until I have sorted it out you will both stay as you are.”

“Ali!” His sister’s cry was a wail of indignation. “I’ve been struggling to get loose and I can’t!”

“So I noticed.”

“Don’t be such a pompous ass. Untie me!”

“No.”

“You’re just trying to impress Griselda.” The tied girl made a renewed but useless attack upon the cords. “Big he-man,

masterful Sheik of Araby! Bah!" She glared at Griselda. "Stop being so nice to him. If you sulk a bit we might both get loose."

"The poor darling's hands have been tied behind her back an awful long time, Master." Griselda ventured tentatively.

"Excellent! They will remain so."

Griselda changed course. She adored this man and sought only the self abnegation of girls who deeply love. Memory prodded her into hesitant confession. "Master, our pact? I have failed my trust."

"So?"

She knelt once more. "I promised to shield Alissa. I failed. I submit to you as agreed. I expect I have earned punishment."

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" Alissa exclaimed irritably. "Take the girl to bed, Ali. You'll both feel better."

"I notice you have had your bottom whipped, beloved sister mine." Ali Ben Habbah said suavely. "Perhaps a few more strokes?"

"Hurry up and screw Griselda, you idiot."

"Or a gag?"

"Don't be ridiculous, I'm your sister. I suspect you're a pervert—looking at my bare bottom… To say nothing of my

boobs and pubic hair." Alissa sniffed. "You ought to be ashamed."

"We will now go upstairs," said Ali Ben Habbah.

Selma Szabo sat stiff and upright on a hard chair. To either side stood a guard, casual but alert. She bestowed a basilisk glance on the trio, then focused on Ali. "About time. Tell these apes to stop staring at me. Who the hell are you anyway?"

Selma listened, her active mind shrewdly assessing profit and loss, wincingly conscious of the guards. "So all right, the yappy little bitch is your sister. Take her and fuck off."

"I am also taking Miss Sanderson."

"No you don't! She's mine, mine and Karamal's. And this is Karamal's house. You're trespassing."

"I am aware of ownership." Ali's voice was crisp. "We go from here to your own establishment. I intend to take, not only these two girls, but also you."

"Me!" Selma was genuinely shocked. "You're nuts!"

"I believe you hold a small inventory of slaves." Ali continued suavely. "You will be dispatched with them to the brothel at Abandan. They have been clients of yours, I believe. They will welcome you."

“You have to be out of your tree!” Selma gazed around desperately. “They’ll slay you.”

“On the contrary. I happen to be the largest shareholder in the enterprise. How else would Miss Sanderson and Miss Noyes have been released after you had sold them.”

Selma was impressed. She was also alarmed. She called up the reserves. “Karamal isn’t going to be pleased. You’re robbing him, y’know.”

“Carl Karamal and I have done business before. He will be well satisfied with the returns he will receive from the sale of your own person and that of your inventory.”

“Hey, look here, you’re getting out of line. Nobody sells me.” Selma Szabo twisted angrily. “Let’s put an end to this farce.”

“By all means. Please undress.”

Ali Ben Habbah’s casual request was like a small explosion followed by dead silence. The two girls were enthralled, the older woman sat, stunned. After a passage of many moments she asked angrily. “What the hell for?”

“You have just sustained a change in status. Slaves do not wear clothes.”

Griselda could almost feel sorry for the seated woman.

Selma visibly shrank. She was beholding visions she did

not like. The power of Ali Ben Habbah went beyond her scope. But, truculently, she affirmed. “I’ll do no strip for you, you bastard. I’m no slave.”

Ali motioned with a careless hand. His guards grinned. After the ensuing tussle, in which there was much tearing of fabric, Selma Szabo stood panting and bare and scarlet faced. Clenching her fists at her sides, she snarled “So O.K., I’m naked. Take a good look at my boobs and my cunt and whatever else I’ve got, damn you! I’m not going to play coy and try and cover up.”

“You offer little of interest.” Ali’s voice was cold. “But doubtless there will be dishes to wash, and a poorer class of clients for you to service.”

“I don’t have that bad a body, you bastard!”

Ali shrugged and motioned. “Tie her hands.”

There was another struggle. Selma Szabo was not one to easily surrender. Once more Griselda felt a pang of sympathy. This woman knew well to what she was being condemned. To spend the rest of her life with a collar on her neck and its chain ringed to the wall was daunting enough for any female. Add to that indignity an endless procession of thrusting male genitals...! Griselda shuddered, she could wish on no one the slavery of the barrio. But it was hard not to smile when the feminine slave trader emerged from the tussle with hands securely tied behind her back. As though in disbelief, she continued to tug and twist at the

cords in furious rejection. The watching girl conceded some quality of female attractiveness to the writhing torso and rebellious limbs. Selma Szabo would indeed find customers among those with less to spend.

“You son-of-a-bitch!” Selma included all present in her ejaculation. “You can’t do this! You just can’t! It’s not possible.”

“It is already done, dear lady.’’

“Fuck you, you slick tongued prick!” Selma’s gentility was sinking, along with her social status. She was still working experimentally against the cords round her wrists. “Look, Ali Whatever you are… Take the damn girls and let me go. I won’t lay charges.”

The offer was ignored. Again Ali’s tone was crisp. “We now adjourn to your own premises. You will instruct Karamal’s servant.”

“With me naked! Like this!” Selma was actually shocked. “Like hell I will!”

“Would you prefer to be whipped?”

“Piss on you, you absolute asshole! All right, call him in. There’s only one. I expect he’s used to naked females by now.” Selma’s failure to free her hands was taking her into the humility of resignation.

Alissa, too, was resigned. She was also piqued. She would

have loved to smite her brother with small clenched fists. But if it pleased him to keep her hands tied behind her back she supposed she would have to put up with it. In her life Ali was authority. She felt it unfair that Griselda should be confined only by handcuffs. But still…! Intrigued by events, she snuggled up against her nude fellow captive in the car and walked with her into Selma's house. Both girls were gigglingly expectant.

The yield was four frightened girls. They were found naked in a cage, and well striped by whipmarks. They were soon joined by Selma's two feminine retainers. With clothes removed they made an acceptable addition to the consignment. Sight of their Mistress's nakedness and her bound hands demoralized them utterly. Within an hour the containment of Selma's House was complete.

"So, what now?" The captive Mistress glared at her unwanted guests as they sat and sipped her coffee. "You won't get away with this. But I can see you try." She appealed to Ali Ben Habbah. "Look, give me a break. I won't fetch much on the Market. Take the rest and leave me here. Leave me in the case if you're worried about what I'll do. Karamal will find me."

"A practical thought." Ali conceded. "But the shipment would not be complete without you. However, at the moment there remains another matter to be dealt with. It is the matter of my sister's bottom."

“What’s wrong with her ass?”

“It has been beaten.”

“And so it should be!” Said Selma with evident satisfaction. “Impudent little bitch.”

“She will now beat yours.”

It was a bad day for Selma Szabo. Its indignities had no end. She could glimpse the logic behind Ali’s statement but wanted no part of it. “You whip me and I’ll have your hide for it,” she vowed without conviction

“You will receive your hundred lashes here where the girls in the cage can watch—”

“A hundred!” Selma was sincerely appalled.

“It was not an ordinary bottom you whipped.” Ali explained calmly. “It was a female bottom of the House of Habbah.”

“So what! It’s just an ass to me. Look here, Ali Whatever, a hundred would kill me or any other girl.”

“Surely your flesh is of a superior quality.”

“Don’t be an asshole. No one’s going to pay much for me if I’m delivered in pieces.”

“Ah yes!” The Master professed to ponder. “Let us settle for seventy-five.”

Selma perked. Bargaining was her forte. Never had she confronted a more urgent incentive. “Your little pigeon only got about a dozen,” she offered defensively.

“Twenty-five.” Affirmed Alissa mendaciously from the wings.

“She’s lying! See what I mean!”

“Very well then, let us call it fifty.” Ali said amiably. “I am sure you can endure fifty strokes across your bare back and bottom without a murmur?”

“You’re being medieval,” Selma said huffily. “Women aren’t flogged these days.”

“Then what is that frame I see against the wall?”

She twisted unhappily. “You know damn well what it is. Most of these little tricks need correction. That frame is a convenience. It holds ’em nicely.”

“Exactly! It will hold you.”

“Well… If you have to have a booth for a tooth…” It was obvious Selma was already feeling the bite of leather on her skin. “Let’s say the little biddy got fifteen. I don’t see why I should get more…?”

They settled for twenty-five.

Preparation was simple. The frame was wheeled to where all could enjoy a beneficial view of the whipping of Selma

Szabo. Selma herself was given an option.

“When we untie your hands, will you position yourself without a fight, or do you prefer to be manhandled?”

“Fuck you!”

The manhandling was short and efficient, the frame well designed. Within minutes Selma’s nudity was tightly spread in four directions. Her outrage was vehement.

“Look, you sons of bitches, you can’t possibly whip me like this, all naked and taut as a bowstring! I can’t bloody well move.”

“Indeed we can.”

“Tight like this I’ll be cut to pieces.”

“Not a drop of blood will be spilled.”

Griselda was breathless. To behold a woman whipped was exciting. She wanted to deny the fact but knew it to be true. She would cringe and wince with every blow across Selma’s flesh, but her pussy would be wet and the familiar fire come alight within. She could feel as ashamed as she pleased but her sexuality would be rampant. Her pulse quickened as she watched the untying of Alissa’s hands.

“Well, that’s better.” The younger sister massaged chafed wrists, then threw her freed arms around her amused brother. “I do love you, y’know. But you make me so mad,

always teasing."

"You will be tied again when your task is done."

Alissa's protest died as a whip was gently placed in her hand. She looked down at it with shining eyes, forgetting her own minor troubles under the stimulus of what she was about to enjoy. She laughed joyously as Selma looked back apprehensively over one bare strained shoulder.

"May I lace into her all out, Ali darling?"

"You have Carte Blanche, dear child."

"Not with that whip," Selma importuned. "Please, not that one."

"Have you not used it on those pretty creatures in your cage?"

Selma said no more, but turned away. Griselda wondered if she closed her eyes. She wondered, too whether Alissa had ever previously whipped bare skin. The girl showed artistry. The scarlet response she drew from Selma's flesh was perfectly placed across the width of the shoulders so desperately tugging in constraint. Those who watched were enraptured. Selma was not.

"You hit me that hard again, you little bitch, and I'll kill you," she promised vehemently.

Alissa, thoughtfully, cut another etching across the bounc-

ing bottom and one hip. Her victim squealed.

“Stop it… you’re killing me!” The frame trembled under the strapped woman’s emotions. “You with the name… Get the little vixen away from me.”

“You would prefer to be whipped by a man?”

“I don’t want to be whipped at all. Look, tell her to go easy.”

Alissa cut again at the junction of the thighs. Power surged from the naked woman in the frame but fell back defeated by the straps. “I do hope this is hurting you.” The Arab girl said brightly. “I’m enjoying it ever so much.”

“I’ll cut your cunt out, you little whore—!”

It was a mistake. It diverted the whipper’s attention to that portion of the female anatomy usually inviolate. Alissa was inspired. “Here’s a cut for yours right now, darling.”

She trilled happily as she snapped the thong hard up between the outstretched thighs.

Selma screamed. Griselda recognized it as a scream in which anger and outrage superseded pain. Its vibrations were still alive when the leather once again entered forbidden territory, splatting its tip deep within the pubic bush.

“I’ll whip your cunt hairs out one by one, you little whore!” Selma promised fervently. “Just you wait!”

“Care to make an appointment?” Alissa inquired politely. “That would be fun. Give me an opinion on this.”

The leather impacted with a C—R—A—C—K across the writhing back. It curled beneath an open armpit and bit a breast. Griselda suspected it was not an accident. Selma Szabo howled.

“Don’t you ever say thank you?” Alissa’s query was heavy with girlish reproof.

“Fuck you, baby!”

The next stroke did the same service for Selma’s other side. This time it reached slightly higher on the slope of the big breast. When the recipient’s scream reached its peak it faltered down into a grudging ‘thank you’.

“Thanking me for what? And don’t I have a name?”

“Piss on that exercise! I’ve played that little game myself, and you’re not raking me in on it.” Despite agony, Selma was still conscious of dignity and of the watching eyes within the cage. “Whip me and be damned!”

There were screams aplenty but no more plaints as Alissa punished the woman who sold girls for a living. When the twenty-fifth stroke had fallen and left its mark the girl who delivered it was panting. Griselda was compelled to admire the whipped woman. But perhaps Selma Szabo’s skin was as tough as her temperament. Conscious of sexual arousal she studied the sweating skin and the crimson mark

thereon. They had an erotic beauty all their own.

Impelled by mischief, Alissa circled the frame and frictioned the stock of her whip within the stretched cleft between her victim's thighs. Selma moaned. "Stop her! Somebody stop the little brat, she's going to make me climax."

"Enjoy the privilege."

"Take her away, you asshole. It's not decent! Ohhhhhh!"

Selma Szabo's orgasm was impressive. It taxed the frame fully as much as her struggles under agony. When she subsided, limp and breathless, there came a round of applause. The odor of her musk was potent.

The guards took her from the frame. When they produced rope she made as if to struggle, then shrugged hopelessly and allowed her hands to be tied behind her back. Griselda could well believe it the bitterest moment of the woman's life when the cage door was opened for and she steeped inside to become one with those she had enslaved.

"You will not untie her hands." Ali's command to the other caged maidens was stern. He turned to the guards and made a brief motion towards his sister.

"No you don't! Ali, I simply refuse!" Alissa had seen both the motion and the rope. She wanted neither. She took a backward step, glaring.

"Obediently or with a tussle. Your choice, dear child."

“Ali, I’m your sister. It’s not right for you to have my hands tied behind my back. Look, darling, if you must humiliate me to sustain your image, why can’t I be handcuffed like Griselda? I think handcuffs look much better on a girl than bits of rope.”

“I like you in rope.”

”But Griselda’s only a slavegirl and I’m your sister! It’s not fair!”

“I bestow freedom on Griselda as of this moment.” Ali Ben Habbah declared grandly. “That makes you even. Now, put your hands behind your back and behave.”

“Oh shit!” Alissa tossed a rebellious head of hair and stamped a rebellious foot. But she obeyed the order and stood, pouting sulkily, while her wrists were crossed and tied. “I think you’re mean,” she declared petulantly, and stuck out her tongue at the head of the House of Ben Habbah.

“Needs her ass whipped,” said a male voice from the doorway. “Let me have her for a month, Ali my boy, I’ll teach her manners.”

“Carl Karamal!” The men shook hands, between them an obvious rapport. Behind her Master, in exquisite nakedness, stood Miss Antonia Noyes. Her hands, too, were tied behind her back but her eyes were shining. With a cry of delight Griselda threw her cuffed hands over her loved

one's head and hugged, breasts to breasts and nipples to nipples, until prudence returned them to circumspection.

"Carl!" It was a cry from the wilderness, a cry of joy. Within the cage Selma Szabo was thrusting against the bars, her big breasts protruding. "Look what these bastards have done to me! Get me out of here."

"Complaints should be directed to Mr. Ali Ben Habbah." Karamal explained courteously.

"He's going to sell me to the whorehouse!"

"How considerate. Think of the attention you will receive."

"Stow the humor, Carl. I'd get my ass screwed off. Do what you have to with this Arabian Night and get me out of this cage."

"The poor woman is not herself." Ali Ben Habbah said gravely. "Perhaps, old friend, we should adjourn to the lounge? There are drinks, and we may sort out our possessions?" He dismissed the guards and waved his company to the door.

"That's my whiskey, you asshole!" Selma's was a wail of outrage against an unkind fate. "If you think you're going to sit there sopping up my booze in my house while I'm down here naked as a jaybird— Hey… all of you… come back here!"

The female plaint died away as they mounted the stairs.

Two maiden hearts were beating fast. Alissa was pouting. “We need a serving wench.” Carl Karamal mused. “I will untie ’Tonia’s hands.”

“Untie mine.” Alissa suggested hopefully. “I love serving drinks.”

“No one will be untied.” Ali Ben Habbah said gravely. “There is no need. Griselda can do more when handcuffed than most girls can when free.” He beckoned so that she stood before him. “Do you wish your hands unlocked, beloved?”

“No, Master… please! Not ever.” Griselda hugged her linked wrists between her breasts.

“You see, she is quite perfect.” Ali could not eschew complacency. “And the woman who was her Mistress? You find her pleasing?”

In all her loveliness, Miss Antonia Noyes knelt before her lords. “It is I who am happy, Master,” she said forthrightly. “I am owned.”

“And she is loved.” Carl Karamal affirmed heartily. “But, look here, Ali old chap, what the hell are we going to do with poor Selma?”

“The brothel.”

“Well… she is a business associate, y’know. I owe her something. How about whipping her ass instead?”

“It has already been whipped.”

“O.K. So whip it again?”

“I’d love to do it some more!” Alissa chirped.

“And whip hers too while we’re at it.” Karamal suggested.

“Two excellent thoughts!” Ali approved. “Alissa shall whip Selma Szabo, and you shall whip my sister. It should have been done long since. I am sure she will profit.”

“Ali… you… you! Ohhhhh… I hate you…!” Alissa was scarlet faced with chagrin. “Why don’t you whip your slavegirls if you’re so fond of it!”

“A charming thought.” Karamal conceded. “But we will bestow their stripes on you, my child.”

“I’m not a child, you big asshole.”

“In that case your stripes can be more severe.”

“Oh shit!” Alissa’s indignation flowered. “You’re both so mean.”

“I will take half her punishment, Master.” Griselda was starry eyed.

“And I will take the rest, lord.” ’Tonia offered happily.

Alissa sighed. It wasn’t fair, four against one. “I’ll take the whole damn lot myself,” she said emphatically. “I’m a big girl now.”