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THE RING



F. E. CAMPBELL

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by F. E. Campbell

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Ringed

IF I PUT UP WITH IT MUCH LONGER, I may as well wear the damn thing forever. It's been so long the wounds have completely healed. It doesn't hurt any more, and I've developed a trick of turning it up into my pubic hair beneath a heavier type of panty than I'd normally use. It's so big it has to be bothersome when I walk and allow it to be pendent between my thighs. I suppose it's this fact of not hurting that stops me from doing something decisive.

Dave is out there chuckling. He hasn't phoned. He's waiting for me to come crawling, and I hate myself for keeping this possibility tucked comfortably at the back of my mind. I can surrender. Then everything is all over, and he's got me good. But I'll admit his not phoning does bother me some. Of course, I suppose I could ring him and be brightly social and never mention what he's done to me and the way it's messing up my life. Oh, shit!

Mother brought me up to be a nice little girl, and I was more or less a nice little girl right up until I met Dave. I was never a prude, but I never slept around either. I tried to be a girl and let natural selection guide me. There were not that many, and what they wanted of me was the commonest commodity in the world. Mostly there was a mutual pleasure but nothing shattering. I guess ordinary is the word. But what Dave wanted was never that. No way! The

last thing you would call Dave is ordinary.

But neither Mother nor any of my boyfriends prepared me for what I'm up against now. No one told me about Dave. I don't suppose they knew. I'm not even sure about Dave myself. That's why I'm scared to do what he's waiting for. I should be able to beat him, but that's where I run up against Mother and this idea about being "nice". I can't possible take my trouble to just anyone. I'd love to confide in another girl, but I'm sure she would just adore my problem and be sure to spread it around. If people at the office knew, I'd simply die. I'd have to quit my job. A man would be most practical because he might be able to deal with it. But I simply can't bring myself to that. I curl right up at the thought. Anyway, if a man did fix me, he'd think he owned me from then on, and I'd have to be grateful.

The ring seems enormous, but I don't have any comparisons. It is implanted deep within my vaginal lips. It spells out to me a very clear message: no entry! But there is so much more to it than that. It's changing my nature and temperament, I'm sure it is. I'm becoming a frightened rabbit—a fraidy cat. I never used to be afraid of people, but I sure am now. I can't get intimate with anybody. I mean, they would soon find out, especially girls, and I want a girl so bad! Or imagine taking a boyfriend home, removing my panties, lifting my dress, and asking him if he knows how to cut an iron ring off my pussy! I simply can't do it—no way!

I'm looking hard at being celibate and dying an old maid. But Dave has no right to make me do that. Dave would get the ring off me in short order if he wanted to. But he demands so much in return. What he insists on is simply me. I'd be his slave for as long as he wanted, until he tired of too-familiar flesh and tossed me out. If he did toss me out, I bet I'd still be ringed too. He thinks it's hilarious. The only thing I have to be grateful to Dave for is having the implant done surgically by a proper specialist. He had me doped first, so I don't know a thing about what happened or who did it. I woke up afterwards and discovered the ring in my pussy. When I realized all its implications, I flipped! But what can a ringed girl do except grin and wear it? Now it's as much a part of me as my right arm. But I want it off. As long as I bear it, in flesh, I am a prisoner to it and to the man who put it there—shit!

I am waiting for a man. I am alone at the table in Matelli's, but he will be here soon. Brick is sober and reliable and doesn't date much. If I have to bare myself to a man, he is as good a choice as any. I wonder if he will hear the pounding of my heart. I also wonder if I will do what I have done before—turn and run!

If Brick guesses something is in the wind, he gives no sign. I work at being bright and amusing, and he responds. He is not a ball of fire, but I do not want a ball of fire. It is when he is driving me home that he slips me the first bad news.

"I never try and make out with a girl on a first date like

this, Bree. Guess I'm old fashioned. Thought I'd let you know."

I want to laugh and cry. For very sure Brick is not going to make out with me tonight. I can only pray he is not too damn respectable and prissy to do what I want of him. Oh, boy!

I am lavish with the drinks, but Brick proves a sober drinker. I guess I try too hard because I soon have him asking, "Bree, you've got something on your mind—what is it?"

I'll never have a better chance. This is a crucial moment I am not wearing panties or hose so, in a blind panic, I stand and raise my dress right close up to him. I can't recognize my own voice. "Brick, can you get some tools and get this damn thing off for me?"

The silence shrivels me. It is a loaded silence. I realize how absurd I must look, an object for male snickers as I bare my ringed sex and wait. When the silence lengthens and becomes awkward, I blurt out, "It's sort of a long story."

I was ready for answers, but the one I got left me high and dry. Brick looks and looks at my pubic hair and the ring within my pussy lips. He mumbles, "I really do understand, Bree. I try to be broadminded. But this is not for me. I'm really terribly sorry."

I drop my dress and stare. "What's there to be sorry about,

Brick. What I'm asking for is your help."

"Well, yes, I'm sure." Brick manages an imitation of a laugh.

It is born upon me that the poor guy is in a panic. He's all red and has started his retreat to my door. "I'm sure it's a lot of fun, but I'm not into it, and I'm not sure I approve."

I stand, frozen in dismay. The door Brick has closed behind him mocks me. With a terrible vehemence, I exclaim, "You pious prick! You sanctimonious asshole!" I grope for words, but words are not enough. I seize an ashtray and hurl it at the door. I vent my anger in a fine old tantrum of hurling things and stamping my feet. I am outraged by Brick's rejection and at myself for picking the wrong guy. I stand now amidst the shambles of my living room. I am panting, and the fear is back. I fling myself upon my couch and sob myself back to where I can make a calm assessment. Sniffing and sniveling, I look bleakly at what I have done.

Brick will not keep mute. It's too much to expect. What a fine juicy tidbit of gossip it will make! Brick will whisper it to his best friend, who will then whisper it to his. The whispers will become chuckles and then belly laughs. Within a week I will be known as the girl with a ring through her cunt, and the girls at the office will begin to corner me in the bathroom to ask giggling questions. I'll be inundated with guys wanting dates and a free look. Oh, shit!

And that blasted metal circlet will still nestle cozily between my thighs!

Hating everybody and everything, I pick up the phone.

Dave has not changed. He is as merciless as ever, but in his own quasi-humorous fashion. “Why, Bree dear, I thought you were still hunting down a blacksmith.”

“Can I come and talk to you?”

“My door has been open all along, sweetheart. You’re not going to ask me to do a clip job, I hope.”

“You know I am. Dave, I simply must get rid of it!”

“Get rid of what, Bree?”

“You know perfectly well what!” I put a clamp on my anger; I am about to ask for mercy. “I’m talking about that huge ring you welded into my—my—”

“Oh, that! I thought you’d be in love with it by now. Absolutely unique, y’know.”

I take a deep breath. I expect it will be the first of many. Crawling does not come easy. I make the simplest of confessions. “It’s ruining my life, Dave—please?”

“I’d love to have a look, Bree. You must be well healed by now. Do bring it over.”

“If I do, will you cut it off?”

“I seem to recall laying down some terms and conditions. They have not changed.”

“Oh, Dave! You mean about that silly contract or bill of sale thing you want me to sign, and that business about holding out my hands?”

“Ah, I’m glad you remember! Yes, that’s what you have to do. Nothing has changed. I bet that ring hasn’t changed either.”

I slam the receiver back on its cradle. Dave will be laughing at the other end. He knows he’s got me. He can sit out a lot of feminine tantrums. In the end, I’ll come knocking at his door. But not yet, I’m just not ready yet. Surely there has to be someone who will help. I consider the garage man down the street, but quail at the thought of the dirty oily concrete, and him pulling up my dress, and sticking my leg up on a box to offer a good view of my shame.

And I’d have to ask, “Would you be kind enough to cut this off?”

No! I’ll wear my ring forever before I can bring myself to do that. He probably wouldn’t do it anyway.

I undress. But, before going to bed, I go and stand before the mirror. I have done this a hundred times, and it’s always the same. I lift a leg up on a chair to completely reveal myself in the mirror. Then, with a terrible fascination, I gaze at the iron ring deep within my flesh. My fingers

creep to it in an instinctive reflex and gently turn it around and around. My ring's passage through my flesh is no longer fraught with pain, but its smooth, even surface mocks my animosity. There is no joint, no lock. There is nothing I can work on. I will never know what was done to this iron circlet while I was unconscious, but it was a perfect job. My cunt is ringed forever.

I have grown used to the sexual arousal this hopeless ritual engenders in my flesh. Angrily, I go to bed to find what easement of desire my fingers hold, and there is also the vibrator. That son of a bitch!

At the office I work feverishly. I don't look around much, because if I meet a pair of eyes, I am certain they will contain knowledge of my secret. This is absurd, but I can't help it. My fingers fly across the keys as I confront myself with Dave and, I suppose, with myself too. I overload myself with guilt.

Dave had been a marvelous lover. I am sure he still is. In his own laughing way he enriches his lovemaking with what Mother would have called deviations and perversions. They were simply bits of rope and cord, chains and handcuffs, straps and buckles, and the inevitable whip and riding crop. He used all of them on me, and I was never so consumed by lust in my whole life. I was also consumed by guilt. When Dave sent me home, repleted and satiated, I always thought of Mother and what she would have said. But, before turning out the light and getting between the

sheets, I would admire the whip marks across my bottom, and my lust would flare anew.

It was explosive stuff for a girl, at least for me. In the end, though, Mother won out. I called a halt. The evening I told him of my decision was the time he must have put something in my drink, and when I woke up, I was a ringed girl with a changed life.

Dave was suavely plausible. He wanted me, and he was determined that he would have me. He wanted me totally—naked, chained, and obedient—but I was not yet ready. I should go back to my mundane life and get to the point where I wanted him, as bad as he wanted me. I would come back and beg. In the meantime—as sort of a caveat—I would bear his ring he had inserted within my sex.

I was so damn mad. The ring weighed a ton. Its penetration was the ultimate violation of the girl named Bree. When it was done there between my thighs, I would never be my own woman. It was like the stigma of a brand.

"You need not think I'm going to put up with it," I told him bitterly. "I'll find some way to get it off."

"Sure, go ahead."

"I'll go to the police!"

"Why not?"

I cried a lot then. Sniffing and dabbing at tears, I affirmed,

“I don’t want to be your slave, chained and whipped all the time.”

“Yes, you do.”

His always being right makes Dave intolerable, but it does not change a thing. “This thing you want me to sign—it can’t possibly be legal.”

“Right, but you won’t sign it unless you intend to live up to it. It will be a contract between us.”

“That will be a cold day in hell!”

“Inhibitions, sweetheart. You’ll get rid of them.”

“You’re being cruel.”

“By whose standards? Oh, and after you’ve signed, I want you to offer your hands to be tied. Don’t say a word—just cross your wrists and stick them out for me.”

“You’ve got a hope!”

“My ring will bring you back, darling.”

“I’ll get it off! I’ll get it off so damn quick!”

That was the last time we were together. I was still ringed, and Dave was still waiting. If I go to him now, I can be pretty certain of being a well-whipped girl right quick. Dave will whip me far beyond where I get an erotic thrill. And he’ll punish me for all those beyond where I get an

erotic thrill. He'll punish me for all these weeks and weeks. But, strangely, this does not bother me. What is truly bothering me is the loss of my freedom. It's scary. But, as long as I am ringed, I am not free. And if I go back to Dave on my knees, he will take away freedom in a totality I have never known. I look up from my machine to find the speculative gaze of several girls upon me in a way to make me blush. But they cannot know yet. Surely Brick's whisper has not reached them yet. I lower my eyes and pound hard at the inoffensive keys.

Dave lives in a penthouse. It offers plenty of privacy for his lifestyle. His lifestyle is pretty prisoners. I have seen some of them happy, sad, and indifferent. I don't know where he gets them or where they go. He rarely has more than one at a time. I don't know where he gets all his money, but I think he inherited a business. He owns the building of which his penthouse is a part. I am not supposed to be a pretty prisoner. I am supposed to be something special, but all girls are something special to themselves. When I step out of the elevator, he is there waiting for me, smiling.

"Dave, I absolutely must talk to you!"

Dave does not say a word. He is strong. He turns me around, pushes me back inside the elevator, and pushes a button. The damn thing does not stop until it ejects me back into the lobby. Once again I am so damn mad!

I understand perfectly; I either have to do it his way or go

back home with my ring. The things I have to say to him are futile. Seething, I go back to my apartment.

The next day is real bad. I have gotten myself into a fine old dither. The office is unbearable. At 5:00 p.m., still in a mood of total pout, I don't go home. Instead, I call a cab and go to Dave's again. In his private elevator, on the way to his penthouse, my heart pounds so bad I wonder if I'll make it. I brush right on past his smile and into the lounge. There on the coffee table is the paper and pen. I do not read; I sign in silence. I am already on my knees. I turn and proffer my wrists.

This should be the saddest moment of my life, but it is not. Dave is smiling at me as he clasps the shining steel about my wrists and I hear the familiar clicks of the ratchets. I thrill to the metal's cold clasp in a new captivity. I am warmly kissed.

"The silence is over; you may talk."

I no longer want to talk. I want to be hugged and taken to bed. I tell him so. I am most gorgeously hugged. The bed bit will have to wait, but I am suffused by an irrational happiness.

"Good to have you back, Bree."

"Yes, it's wonderful."

That says it all. We stare. I finger the handcuffs on my wrists. They feel comfortably familiar. All my heated

declamations have vanished from my mind. Simultaneously, we laugh at me.

“Not the way you thought?”

“No.” I squirm. “Not a bit.”

“Reconciled?”

“I suppose so. I’m refusing to think.”

“Wise girl. I’ll do the thinking. Want to read our contract?”

“Gosh no!” I hold up my joined hands. “You’ll do what you want with me anyway. No, I don’t want to read it.”

Dave pats my cheek and kisses me again. My anger vanishes. I am no longer bedeviled by decision. Nonchalantly, Dave asks, “Mind if I have a look?”

I reach for the hem of my dress, but his hand grasps the link between my handcuffs. Dave is ready for everything he wants. The scissors he presses into one of my cuffed hands is more eloquent than words.

“You won’t be needing them any more.”

This is not new. Dave always kept me naked I strip and snip, strip and snip. When I get down to stripping off my panties, I could swear my ring is red hot and glowing.

“Lovely tease, Bree. Have to use it sometime. Stand right here and get those feet apart.”

I obey, holding my cuffed hands beneath my breasts, but not over them. I am not allowed to cover or be coy. Dave kneels and makes a close inspection of the iron he has implanted in me. He plays with it, turning it around and around to make sure it flows freely in my flesh. He gives it one playful tug to test its anchorage.

“Beautiful, Bree. Better than I hoped.”

“I’m glad you like it.” I leave a lot unsaid.

“Hurt?”

“Not when I had it tucked up inside my panties. If I walk a lot, or run while I’m naked, it will bother me.”

“You won’t be running, Bree.”

“I’m sure I won’t.”

We verge on dangerous ground, but Dave drives it back by going to the bar and mixing drinks. He tells me to sit down.

“I could make you do this, Bree. I should have you kneel and serve—you know the drill.” He shakes his head vigorously. “I’m moody about the lord and master bit. You’re an honored guest for the moment while we socialize.”

“Naked and handcuffed?”

“Why the hell not! You know my theories about girls.”

Why not indeed! I accept his drink and his friendly grin. It

is indeed like old times before Mother turned thumbs down. I glow and feel a contrary pride in the iron within my pubic hair. I have thoughtlessly crossed my knees, but hastily spread them wide to allow an uninterrupted view. It was one of the rules. Dave nods approval. He raises his glass in a toast only slightly sardonic.

“Here’s to slave girls!”

I sip and grin. “Got any others besides me locked in a cage somewhere around?” I ask.

“Had one. Turned her loose when I knew you were coming.”

“But I never told you—”

“Intuition.”

We sip for awhile in silence, looking at each other over the rim of a glass. It is nice not to have to speculate about us. We know! Soon this rich and handsome man will give me pain in what he will call a punishment. But the cocktail helps me close my mind. This moment is good. I must cherish it. But Dave moves me a step closer to my new condition.

“How’d you like a briefing, sweetheart?”

“Could I have another drink first? I’ll probably need it.”

Dave laughs and mixes it for me. I ask myself why I do not

feel ashamed of sitting like this, naked and ringed, and signing my life away. But I ascribe that also to the drink, and this is not the first time. I have walked a little way down Dave's path before.

Boldly, I assert, "I know you're going to punish me. Would you mind if we skip that and start with what comes after?"

"I'll take you to bed." I flood with joy, but it is short lived. Dave tolls its knell. "No, I do not cut off your ring first. You will wear that for awhile. I like it, and it's good for your disposition."

"But, if I have a ring in my pussy, how—"

"Come now, sweetheart—surely you remember. You service me."

I pout in remembrance. I look at my handcuffed wrists. But it is too late to retreat, and I had best be careful what I say. "Dave, please don't cheat me over the ring. I've surrendered to you in good faith. I want so much to go to bed with you and be loved the way it used to be."

"You want things your way. Get rid of that pout!"

I erase my pout. I say I'm sorry. I say that, yes, I'd love to give him pleasure with my lips and tongue. But at the end of it I ask a pathetic, "What about me?"

"I don't want you satiated for awhile. I intend to keep you hot and aroused. You'll feel less pain and be more respon-

sive. Don't look so damn forlorn. Nothing is forever. Oh, and by the way, as of now, you are forbidden to induce an orgasm in yourself."

A tear trickles down my cheek, then another. I put my glass on a table and sob into my chained hands. My grief is uncontrollable. Dave allows it to run its course until he says, "You're not being cheated, Bree. The ring does not matter between you and me. It mattered a lot to you when you were running around, but not with us. Like I said, nothing is forever."

"When will you take it off?"

"I refuse to tell you. If you intend to keep blubbering about it, I'll keep it on you for life. My god, girl, surely you can stand not being fucked for awhile."

"It's been so long, Dave."

"You've had a vibrator, but you won't get one here. I'm going build your fire up so damn high, and there'll be times when you'll be glad I have."

"But you promised! I understood—"

"You understood nothing, you ridiculous female." Dave comes and lifts me up. He dries my tears and hugs me tight and long. We kiss like crazy. "You think you're back here and a slave because of that ring in your cat, but that's only part of it. You're here because you want to be. You've enslaved yourself. You're a natural."

He's right, and I never knew it before. I bury my face in his coat and cry some more. Dave pats me gently as I realize my tears are of gladness. I am finding a new and beautiful honesty in what I have been told. Those past awful weeks were a nightmare I need not have dreamed. I can see this now. If, in a little while, Dave makes me scream, I'll deserve all I get. I am sure he knows this too. Dave knows everything. He plumps me back into my armchair and hands me my glass.

"Now listen to the rules, you little idiot. I'm going to make a self-respecting slave girl of you yet. Do you understand?"

"Yes, master. Should I call you master?"

"Not until I tell you. Drink that down and I'll make you another. It will be your last for now. I don't want you drunk."

By now I am beautifully mixed up. Nothing is the way I figured. Out of this welter of emotion comes thankfulness for Dave. He will decide everything, so I won't have to bother. If he wants to whip me, he'll whip me. It's the name of the game. Dave also makes a wonderful cocktail. I sip happily. Dutifully, I listen.

"You're a natural submissive, Bree. You're beautiful."

"Well, if you say so."

"You still have to discover yourself. While you're working at it, I'll keep you a close prisoner. You're not harboring any notion about escape, are you?"

“Gosh no! Is it even possible?”

He laughs. I expect what I said was funny. “I’ll keep you chained or tied about half the time, just for variety. Either one can be made a punishment.”

“Yes, I know. I remember.”

“I now have a real honest-to-goodness prison cell for you.”

“I’d sooner sleep by your bed, chained to the floor the way you did to me once.”

“The cell is not just for the night, pet. It will be a good place to keep you when I’m away on business.”

I do not want to be locked in a cell, but I do not say so. Maybe Dave is right about what he said about me being a submissive. I examine the idea, but shrug it off as his voice continues on about my punishments and imprisonments—and about us being together in bed. I like that last one a whole lot. I sustain a thought about how nice it would be if Dave would marry me.

“You’re daydreaming, pet. You’re not listening.”

“Yes, I am. You were saying about how I’ll be suspended and put in a cage, and how you’ve built some wonderful things to fasten me into.”

“Hmmm.” He eyes me doubtfully. “What did I say about whipping you?”

“That I’ll be whipped every time I disobey and sometimes when I don’t—just for fun. Yours, that is.”

“Come off it. You love a taste of the lash.”

“Well, yes, but not what I’m about to receive.”

Dave laughs at my dolor. He rises and holds out his hand. “Come along, Bree. You’ll feel better when it’s over.” He grasps my arm.

I have never felt more obedient.

2

Snatched

DAVE IS KEEPING ME like this on purpose. I know he is. He is not busy or anything. What I'm getting is the big cringe and awful suspense. I would not be surprised if he has a peephole, but with all his money it's more likely to be a TV monitor. Anyway, here I stand with my wrists strapped to a bar above my head. I am beautifully naked and ready to be flogged.

I was trembling pitifully while he buckled the straps. Then my arms went up, but not too far since I'm not on my toes. When he had my strapped hands up the way he wanted, he stepped back and admired his work. He admired me. I'd have died if it was someone else, but being like this with Dave doesn't seem to bother me. I mean, being naked and exposed.

"Open up, Bree."

I should have remembered in the first place. One of the rules says I must never hide my sex. I display it now, blatantly. Dave looks and looks, positioning himself for angles as with a camera.

"Beautiful!"

The reverence in his voice makes me tingle. But there is more.

“Bree, you’d be crazy to part with that ring. It completes you. Every girl should wear one.”

“If they didn’t want to be loved.”

“Nonsense! Girls always find a way.”

“None of the ways are as good as a man.”

Dave grins and lets the subject drop. He fingers my ring lovingly until he has me aroused. Not that it takes much with all he’s done to me—naked and strapped and all this erotic talk. I can see what he means about keeping me hot, and I hope he’s right about it lessening the pain. When my breathing gets heavy and I close my eyes, he leaves me flat and frustrated. I expect that’s part of my punishment.

That was quite awhile ago, and the lovely high of the cocktails is slowly fading, leaving me with the shivers every time I think about what is soon to happen. Making me wait this way is a part of my punishment, I guess. Gee, I wish I could stop thinking. I’m already wishing I had not surrendered, but I knew that was inevitable all the time, so what the hell!

I think I’ll call this phase two. We experimented back during phase one. Dave would fix me some way, and he sure knows a lot of ways. Then I had to keep him posted on my erotic responses as he whipped me. He never went all out during these sessions, just enough to really hurt. I savored each stroke across my skin and judged its rating by the

flaming of my fire. Finally, of course, he would take me over the brink to quench my fire and make me scream. That was the end of it then. This time it is going to be only the beginning. Oh, damn! Along with the apprehension, I'm getting a morbid kick out of this—having to wait.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, pet," Dave cheerfully lies as he returns.

I look in fascinated horror at the whip he carries. It is neither good nor bad—just awful. My shivers start all over again. There is no delay, no chit-chat. We get down to business instantly. I scream the very first time the whip bites my skin. I make nine other yelps and moans and screams before it stops. I writhe and kick and make the straps around my wrists creak in sympathy.

"I'd say you're a bit out of condition, pet," Dave comments cheerily. "Nobody bother to whip you while you were away?"

"Of course not!" I gasp painfully. "Oh, Dave, I can't stand this. It's too much and too hard."

"Don't expect me to stop, do you?"

"No, but I wish you would."

"You need this, Bree. Take it as therapy."

"I wish I could. Do you have to hit me so hard?"

“Indubitably.”

“How long? I mean, how many strokes?”

“How about fifty?”

“I’ll die.”

I do not die. I am fearfully alive. I vent my agony in the most shameful contortions and sounds. I am going to be so ashamed when this is over—if it ever is! I am panting and sweating by the time number twenty brings another pause. Dave’s hand contrives an exploration around the iron monster between my thighs.

“Secreting juicily, pet.”

I obediently lick his fingers dry as I pant away urgently and busily perspire. I do not care if I am flowing like the Mississippi River. Right now I do not believe that legend about a whipping making a girl horny. I am not the least bit horny—I don’t think!

“Dave, please! I’ve had enough.”

“You don’t believe that, Bree—not any more than I do. Your skin marks marvelously—amazing definition.”

“Don’t joke. This is nothing to joke about. You’re giving me agony. Dave, please dry some of this wet off me.”

I actually get a rub down. It includes my back and bottom to make me wish I had kept quiet. I gasp my thank you as

my armpits are frictioned dry.

“You’re coming along nicely, Bree. Don’t worry about a bit of noise. It’s just nature’s way of thanking me for what I’m doing to you.”

I am crying, so Dave uses his towel on my tears. I don’t want to cry any more than I want to scream, but I’m so damn helpless and bare and vulnerable. It’s a most awful feeling. Dave can do anything he pleases with me, and all I can do is writhe and cry and make noises. It’s disgusting.

Hopelessly, I plead, “Dave, what do I have to do or say to make you stop?”

“Nothing, pet. It must be wonderful not to have to make decisions.”

I am Dave’s pet. He starts whipping me again. I scream. I clench my teeth and vow not to scream again. I actually keep silent for the next four as I am striped, and scored and scalded, but the price of silence is more than I want to pay. Once again I make the sounds—the shaming sounds. I am sure, as a writhing naked girl, I make the most attractive picture. Dave confirms this after he has solemnly informed me of my thirtieth slash.

“You’re absolutely glorious, sweetheart.”

“You’re killing me, Dave!”

“You said that before, and you’ve never been more alive.”

“Please! Surely thirty is enough for any girl, and I haven’t done anything to deserve—”

“Yes, you have. You stayed away too long when you should have known I wanted you. And you had a reminder.”

Dave plays with my ring. I climax instantly and moan my female agony into his face. I provide the same convulsions as when I’m whipped. Dave has the grace to stay with me until my last moan and shiver.

“I told you not to do that, Bree.”

“How could I help it? It was your hand.”

Dave laughs delightedly. “And it was you who wanted me to cut off your ring!”

“It never did a thing for me before,” I avow indignantly. “It wasn’t till I came back and surrendered—and you started whipping me.” I pout. “I don’t understand it, and it’s not a bit fair.”

“I forbid you to climax again.”

“Then stop whipping me! Please!”

Dave resumes whipping me. I resume my responses, trying not to think about the ring and where it’s at. If I climax again, he’ll punish me extra for sure, and fifty strokes is enough for any girl. I don’t understand why I’m not unconscious by now.

There is something else I don't understand. In all that time, when I was nursing my ring out and around, I thought of Dave as an ogre, a monster licking his chops after me. But now that I'm his prisoner the image has vanished. Even now, while he's whipping me, I can only see him as a handsome guy who's molding a girl the way he wants her. I hate every lash, but I can't hate Dave. It ought to be the reverse. Oh, shit!

I'm taking an interest in the count. I'm going to live. As the forties weal their way across my back and bottom, my noises weaken, but my spirit soars. Soon there will be only ten to go. It is like a reprieve. When the blows stop, I no longer plead, but hang in the straps and pant to catch my breath. Dave dries me off again, paying particular attention to my armpits. I think he likes my armpits. Men are weird. I hope he likes the smell of female. He sure is getting a snootful. Unexpectedly, he kisses me there, right inside where the hair is shaven and the sweat generates. Then he kisses my lips so I taste the salt he has picked up from my skin.

"Only ten more, sweetheart," he whispers.

"Oh, yes! Kiss me again, Dave."

I am kissed again—beautifully, wonderfully kissed until he whispers, "Think you'll be a good girl now?"

"I'll obey you, Dave—I really will."

He is whipping me harder, I'm sure he is. It hurts so frightfully I simply can't keep quiet. I gasp out sounds as I jerk beneath each impact and surge against the straps. Dave's whip is branding me with its last etchings on my skin. I do my own countdown: "Eight, seven, six…" The number one beckons like a beacon in the night. When it cuts me, I am suffused by a great happiness.

I am also not quite with it. My mind is hazy with accumulated pain, and the cocktails reassert the last of their potency. I am intoxicated with the knowledge of being whipped. I have had my fifty strokes. I had no part in them except to bear them writhingly and scream. But I have won a victory. It takes me a little while of gathering myself together to realize I am alone.

It is delicious to simply stand in this strapped pose for the whip, knowing my whipping is done for the day. Dave is always so right. I would not want him fussing and mothering me. I am his slave for sure, and it is best he treat me so. I bypass analysis and bask gorgeously in an ineffable relief. If someone wanted to unstrap my wrists, I think I'd tell them no.

As my breasts stop heaving and my mind reasserts itself, I ask what now? My back and buttocks burn with a relentless scorch, my ring hangs heavy in my puss, and my raised arms tell me they are tired. I cling to euphoria as it slips away to be replaced by a demanding heat inside my sex. I am horny, but I am also condemned to chastity. Even if I

blossom spontaneously from a pent-up arousal, Dave will punish me. I damn my ring and wish I could climax now when he cannot see, but my pounding tide of concupiscence recedes under the reasoning of my mind. It is elusive, refusing to peak at my command. It would obey my hands, but I do not have any hands. They are strapped tightly above my head.

What is Dave? He is not a sadist—no way. He will give me the most awful pain, but it will be in the manner of Pygmalion chiseling his block of marble to create his Galatea. Dave has a dream of perfection. His chisel is the whip and the cord, and he has chosen me. I can never meet his dream demands. No girl can. But I am elected.

I'm in love with him. I did not know it, but I was in love with Dave all that time I was away. But I was so mad and scared over this ring I've still got in my cunt that I wasn't thinking straight. I have to wonder about Dave and love. He's had so many girls.

"Hate to let you down, cupcake. You look too yummy just as you are." Dave walks slowly around my exposed charms to finger a weal here and there, making me wince. "Tell me what it's like to be whipped."

"Awful!" I wriggle under his attention, my ring burning. "Dave, you can't possibly know how awful it is—I can't tell you."

"Would a few more strokes aid your eloquence?"

I blush. I twist and tug, but cannot evade his intent regard. I know what he wants. Dave gets an immense charge out of a girl's telling of a punishment she has received by his hand. Stumblingly, I recount the story of the fifty strokes and what they did to me.

Dave nods. He has an erection so I know I did okay. "Not bad, Bree. You'll improve with practice. Want your arms down?"

"Yes, please."

"I've got coffee perking—You can wait a minute. I want to feed it to you the way you are."

As I wait I come alive. My last haziness of agony departs. I am curious about what Dave will do with me now, but I dare not ask. That, too, is one of the rules. All I want is not to be whipped any more, and to be his best and favorite girl. If it amuses him to hold the coffee to my lips while I am helpless, well, why not!

"Can't make a lush out of you, cupcake. Coffee's best for now."

He has remembered about cream and sugar. It is a gorgeous brew. I sip it ecstatically while our eyes smile. I do not want my hands. This is best.

"I'm going to unstrap your wrists, Bree. Going to behave?"

"Of course."

I waste no time massaging chafed skin. I fall to my knees and hold up my hands to be joined, but this is not what he wants.

“Get up and cross your wrists behind your back.”

“But, Dave—”

“Obey!”

I have never moved more quickly. I stand erect, nostrils flaring, as my red wrists are tightly tied with thin cord which will hurt bad if I try to get loose. Dave leads me to the bath.

“Bree, you stink gorgeously—”

I stand naked in the tub. It is nice to be laved and soaped and laved again. Dave soaps my pussy and my ring with the gentlest of frictions. “If I go to town on you there, you’ll pop, won’t you?”

“Yes. Oh, Dave!”

“Know why your hands are tied behind your back?”

My blush betrays my knowledge. I pout sulkily. Dave is going to keep me in heat full time. He will keep my fingers from the ring and what it guards. I am going to be the most frustrated of females.

“I get aroused by everything you do,” I urgently explain. “I’ll pop anyway—I know I will.”

“Think about the five whacks across your bottom with a crop every time you climax. It may cool your fire.”

It cools nothing. The way he says it only heats me worse. I am about to tell him so, but I remember the rule about arguing. I shut up. I know I’ll get those five with the crop soon enough.

“Just ask for a couple of good swishes across your wet bum as an inhibitor, Bree—if you wish. Two is better than five.”

“No, thank you, not on my wet skin. Dave, go easy on me when you dry me down there—pretty please?”

He does not go easy. He towels vigorously. I flower, I blossom, I explode. Dave’s face is absorbed with interest in my spasms. He even aids their fruition by lifting my ring. and toweling below.

“May as well give you your five now before I forget. Stand still.”

I stand in the scented water while Dave gets his crop. I most earnestly do not want it, but what can I do? One thought is uppermost in my mind. “I can’t possibly keep still for it, Dave; it’ll hurt incredibly.

“You will not stand. You will bend over and lift up those hands for it. You will also make a polite request. First, though, sit down in the water and wet your behind.”

There is steel in his voice. I obey without question. When I

get back up and bend over, my voice oozes respect. “Please whip my bottom five times, Dave.”

“A pleasure. It will be ten if you horse around.”

I don’t know how I manage—the pain is excruciating—but knowing the limit sure does help. That and the promise of extra strokes. I can believe wet skin makes it worse. When Dave is through with me, I am crying.

“Damn, I’ll have to wash you all over again.”

I stand passively and sob through the repeat performance. He takes pleasure in toweling my bottom where it hurts the worst. Obediently, I allow myself to be led to Dave’s bed. There is no bed for me in the penthouse. I share Dave’s bed or I sleep chained on the floor. Previously, my leash has been by collar and chain, but now it is different.

“Stand still, cupcake. I think you’ll be amused by this.”

I am not amused. I am only shamed by the nylon cord from my ring to the bedpost. It allows me plenty of range for what he will require of me. It is fastened at each end by a wire Dave clamps shut with pliers. The pliers are then put on the dresser far away.

“Light but strong, pet. Try it out.”

I obey. I am helpless. My tied hands and the cord limit me to one single function. I demonstrate the limits of my tether, this side and that side and on the bed itself.

“Think you can get loose?”

“No.”

“Can you play with yourself?”

“No.”

Laughing at my scarlet cheeks, Dave rids himself of clothes. He is handsome all the way. My blush deepens as I see what he has for me. He drapes himself luxuriously on the bed and says, “Come on, cupcake, service me.”

I service this male who is now my master. I used to do it for him before, so I am good at it. It is useless to pretend I don’t enjoy doing it. Dave does not have to whip me into plying my lips and tongue in the worship of his phallus. It is a male conquest in which my submission is selfish. I long for my hands, but I dare not ask for them. When my homage is complete, we both sleep. My head rests on his thigh, with the rest of me between his legs.

When we wake, Dave is again abundantly ready. I return to my duty, taking a long and teasing time, thinking up a few refinements all my own. He is pleased.

“How long will you keep me ringed, Dave?”

He detects the yearning in my voice and laughs. “You’re horny, cupcake. Sure, I know. But I’m not going to cut that ring off you and then regret its loss. You can put up with it for awhile. I love it.

“I’ll be getting a cropped bottom all the time.”

“Learn control.”

I pout and look as petulant as I dare. Then I share his chuckle. I would not return to loneliness now if he kicked me out the door. I wrinkle my nose at him and return my tongue to its task.

We do not talk much. Instead, we spend our night in a mixture of sleep and my appeasement of his needs. I give up yearning for something I cannot have and give myself totally to what I’ve got. My wrists hurt but not from trying to get loose. They are chafed from my constant jockeying into various positions by which to perform my task. Never once do I test the limits of my leash.

In the morning I offer to make coffee, but it seems I am not to be allowed the use of my hands. They stay tied right where they are while my master looks after the needs of both of us. I expect I will get used to being fed by male fingers, but right now it makes me feel like a penguin.

“I’ll be busy today, sweetheart.”

I pick up a tone I do not like. I simply reply, “Yes, Dave.”

“You can get acquainted with the cell.”

I do not want to get acquainted with the cell. It sounds awful. I demur as much as I dare.

“Tied like this I can’t possibly escape.”

“Yes, you I can. You’d be loose in an hour.”

“Then use handcuffs on me. I can’t get out of them.”

“What’s so bad about being inside a cell, cupcake?”

“You just said it. It’s the being inside and looking out through the bars. You see it all the time on TV.”

“Time you had a go at it then. You might like it.”

“Oh, Dave, what girl is going to like being locked inside a cell?”

“You’ll have a chance to find out, pet. Behave yourself.”

I behave myself and follow where I am led. The penthouse is immense and has all sorts of space I’ve never explored. The cell is in the corner of a big bare room. When I see the washbowl and toilet, I want to laugh, but the bars soon kill my mirth. Those bars look as though they have a message just for me.

“Did you buy it surplus from San Quentin, Dave?”

“Never mind where I got it… You’ll find it authentic.” He opens the door invitingly. “In you go.”

I look at my master in a wry sort of wistfulness. I shrug. I stalk haughtily inside. The door clangs shut with a truly horrific sound.

A lock snaps. I turn and look at Dave through the bars. My forecast is instant. “I’m not going to like this…”

“Be patient. You haven’t tried it yet.”

“But, Dave, my hands are still tied behind my back. You don’t need my hands tied if I’m locked in here.”

“Yes, I do, and you know why.”

I wish I could get over blushing at this oblique reference to the use of my own finger, but I blush for sure and blurt out, “Well, a girl needs a little something!”

“I’ll get you a chastity belt. How’s that?”

“Oh, Dave! Please!”

“Come here and kiss me goodbye.”

We kiss between two bars. It is damned erotic, and it is not me who breaks contact. Then I stand and watch Dave go away. I hear the closing of doors, then only silence.

I turn and survey my small prison. Along with the wash-bowl and toilet, there is a narrow cot and thin mattress but nothing to cover a naked girl. I back up against the barred door and try to move it. It does not move. I sigh and go sit on the cot. Boredom has set in already. What will it be like before my day is through? I don’t even have a view. There is a big window in the big bare room, but I can’t see out of it. I wonder about all the girls who get locked in cells like

this around the world. Is it the same for them?

It is not the same for them. They do not get whipped or loved. But when they look through the bars, they will see something, even if it is only more bars and an occasional guard. And they get exercise in a big yard and are fed at noon. In a prison this would be solitary confinement. I tug at the thin cord by which I am bound. I need its hurt. The inevitable question is now nagging me as to why the hell I let myself in for this when I could be running around free with only the impediment of a ring through my pussy. Why the devil did I make such a big thing over a bit of metal in my puss? It is not as though I could not have got rid of it if I'd really tried. I've got that damn-fool shyness sentence me to a lifetime in prison. That's what this is! I suppose it will be on and off for years and years. But who can tell about Dave? He may never lock me in here again.

The thought burns enticingly. A man can do what he likes with me—anything! I am a bound package of whipped female, not the least bit contentious, most willing to be obedient to avoid more strokes. If he opened the door right now, I would obey him implicidy. Boy, I wish he would! This day stretches out forever.

I sleep a lot. It is a chance to catch up on last night. Morosely, I walk up and down against the bars the way wild animals do. I pace back and forth, well aware I do it on purpose to try and share the feeling they must have. But it soon gets silly. This whole business of putting me in this

cage is silly. But I bet Dave is thinking often. about me locked behind bars and getting horny as hell. My lips need not worry about becoming unemployed. Bah!

My tied hands are like his fingers reaching out from wherever he is and touching me, the thin cruel cord his presence which I can't defeat. It clamps my wrists mockingly. These bars and the cord are a double whammy of helplessness. I admit there is little I could do with my hands if I had them except play with myself and my ring. Tied where they are, they reduce me to a female torso, scorching with desire. He's made me a nothing girl, bereft of everything except a pulse.

Dave plays with a doll. That's what I am—a pretty naked doll he can bind, bathe, clothe, strip, feed, and water. He takes a little girl delight in caring for me and refusing to untie my hands. When he shows up after he's made another million or so, I make no pretense of indifference. I am palpitating by the bars and so damn thankful I could cry.

"Interesting day, cupcake?"

"I thought I'd go crazy. Dave, please don't lock me in there again."

"If you could see yourself through the bars, you wouldn't beef. You look so damn cute. Manage any orgasms?"

"Dave!"

“Thought I’d ask. A man’s never sure with girls.”

“Well, I didn’t, and I couldn’t, and it’s horrible having my hands tied behind my back all the time.”

“Don’t see why. If your nose itched, you could scratch it against a bar. You’re being picky, and you know you loved the whole thing. Think of it, Bree—your very own prison cell. Why, thousands of girls would envy you.”

I bicker my way with Dave back to a nice warm feeling between my legs. The cell recedes and my hands no longer seem important.

He takes me to the kitchen with him where he opens the packages he has bought, and we have a sort of picnic dinner. But not before he leashes me by my ring and the nylon cord. He loves the ring he has put in me. I can see my pussy is going to have to put up with it for a long time yet.

“What on earth are you doing that for?” I demand irritably. “You don’t imagine I’m going to run away, do you?”

“Mental effect, sweetheart. Keeps you chastened.”

“For god’s sake, Dave, the cell did that.”

“Don’t be bitchy, sweetheart. How’d you like a ring in your nose too?”

I sniff. I cannot win. I sit down and open my mouth to be fed. Dave is comfortably attentive with just the right size

forkfuls and dabbing at my chin with a napkin. He loves having me like this. I suppose I love it too. It's crazy but fun. After dinner he announces that I will be bathed.

"You enjoying playing with my naked body," I accuse.

"So what!" He soaps my breasts lovingly. "You're a pampered pussycat. Lips and tongue well rested, I hope."

"Ready and willing. I refuse to risk being whipped."

"Good! But watch those orgasms. They cost you."

I am led to our bed by a leash. Dave tethers me there, and we do a repeat of the previous night. It occurs to me that I shouldn't have eaten dinner; I'm getting all the protein a girl can possibly need from Dave's emissions.

Breakfast and my bath strenghten our rapport. In some ways we are husband and wife. I wonder if Dave is trying me out for a more legal permanency. I don't suppose the law would approve of a wife with a ringed puss or her being locked in a cell being whipped from time to time. But I'd never complain—at least not much. I'd never be stupid enough to even think of divorce.

Dave's order brings me back to reality. "Cupcake, there's something I want you to do. On past the second bathroom there's a door, and beyond it a passage. See what you can find there. Go ahead—run!

Curiously, I obey. When I return, I am furious with Dave.

“Dave, you’ve got a girl in there! She’s locked in a cell like I was yesterday. You told me—”

“Hush, girl—down!” Dave’s hand commands silence. “I don’t sleep with her. She’s very much from the wrong side of the tracks. If you don’t want her, I’ll turn her loose.”

“Why on earth would I want her? She’s a pretty little thing but—”

He grins at my flushed face. He knows it’s jealousy. “Lady’s maid? Companion? An inferior to whip?”

“You’re my lady’s maid, and you’re my companion too. As for whipping the poor kid, how can I when my hands are always tied behind my back?”

“You’ve got a point there, pussycat. In fact, several. But I’m putting you in with her for the day. If, by evening, you turn thumbs down, I’ll get rid of her. Try her out. Her name is Mitzi.”

He’s got me mixed up again, but before I can marshal arguments, I am gazing at Mitzi through the bars. I am then pushed in with her, the door clanged behind me. I turn to see Dave waving goodbye.

“That guy’s a real asshole,” Mitzi says. “Wouldn’t even fuck me. You his girlfriend?”

“I’m a prisoner, just the same as you,” I say cautiously.

“He put that ring in your cunt?”

“Yes.”

“So you don’t get fucked either, huh?” Her eyes are brightly curious. “Why are your hands tied behind your back that way?”

“To stop me from playing with myself.”

“Keeps you horny, I bet. Well, I can look after that for you. How’d you like it, kid?”

“I don’t think you should. I’ve been forbidden—”

“Oh, fuck that! We gotta do somethin’ in this damn cage until ol’ Gimpy gets here with the boys.”

“Gimpy?”

“My boyfriend. He set me up to this.” She giggles. “There’s a mike in my hair so they can pick up messages. I’ve told ’em about this asshole’s habits and when to break in. It’s set for about two o’clock. They’ll bust me out. Want to come along?”

I am appalled. Mitzi is most definitely from the wrong side of the tracks, and Gimpy sounds like bad news for any girl. I’m so damn helpless. I can’t warn Dave—I can’t do anything.

“I think I’ll stay here,” I tell her lamely. “If I was free, I wouldn’t have anywhere to go.”

“Gimpy would look after you. He’d put you in the dough.”

“I’m sure he would. It’s kind of you to offer but—”

“Suit yourself, honey, but a looker like you could do real good. Want me to make you come now?”

Mitzi giving me an orgasm is the last thing I want. If she had asked before telling me about Gimpy, I’d have said yes. But Mitzi is now tainted, and I feel soiled. Ironically, I’d feel unfaithful and disobedient to Dave. Once more I am all mixed up.

“I’m not in the mood,” I tell Mitzi. “Can’t we just talk?”

“Huh! I bet you think I’ve got herpes or somethin’.”

“’No… really!”

“Can’t figure why you haven’t asked me to untie your hands either.”

“They’re not supposed to be untied. Dave wouldn’t like it.”

“You’re a real chump, sweet thing. Seems to me you ain’t got nothin’ to say about nothin’. You thought about that, huh?”

I hadn’t thought about it, but I do now. There is a sense of menace about this crude girl. Mitzi is not the innocent waif Dave must have supposed. I shiver and tug at my bound hands. I am locked in a cell at the mercy of a female delinquent. I have nothing to say.

“I’m gonna untie them hands whether you like it or not, honey. Now turn around!”

I do not protest. Having my hands again is going to be a distinct asset in this situation. I stand for her passively as she peels the cords away. It’s going to be wonderful.

My throat is scaled and my head dragged back. Shocked and startled, I am backed against the bars and my neck bound to them with the cord taken from my wrists. The thin bind hurts so bad my struggles are minimal. Soon my neck is bound and cinched. I am more helpless than ever. When I raise my arms to search for knots, my hands are struck brutally away, and Mitzi warns, “You try to get loose and I’ll hurt you bad, babe. All you got to do is stand still.” She laughs coarsely. “Ain’t nothin’ else you can do, unless I give you permission.”

I’m just plain scared. I’ve never been more ridiculously helpless. There are a couple of cords around my neck, and I can’t do a thing except wave my arms and kick. I’m so scared. My neck feels like it’s put already. The slightest struggle hurts enough to keep me still.

“You’re really fucked, girl,” Mitzi says with caustic good humor. “Boy, am I going to give you a time!”

Mitzi gives me a time. I am demeaned and soiled and shamed. What should have been good is not. It is very bad. I stand against the bars in passive despair as this street girl avails herself of my female parts and my ring. My ring

intrigues her. She uses it to hurt, as well as—to excite. I am ashamed of my choked pleadings, to which she pays no heed. Mitzi's lips, tongue, and fingers are busy on every part of my body. She is very talented in her own rough way. I climax again and again. I suddenly understand the torture she has in mind for me.

"Mitiz, please—not again! I can't stand it."

"Ain't you never been fucked till you scream? Ain't you never been tied in knots, honey? Well, that's what you're gonna get now."

"But why!"

"Had it done to me a few times. I always wanted a chance to do it to a nice looking girl, and now I've got you. I'm gonna make you wish you didn't have those pretty tits and pussy."

"But, Mitzi, what have I—"

"Stuck your nose up at me—that's what! Ain't that enough, bitch?"

Cruelty and carnality! I am possessed by both and respond in the same way to either. I am a bound bundle of female respsonses which exhaust me endlessly. My protective hands are beaten down until I no longer have the will to try and shield by breasts. My nipples are red and huge, and my breasts are wet with Mitzi's saliva. My pussy hurts with the unkind tugging of my ring. But finally nature is kind

and my responses die. I press back against the bars and pant.

“Oh, shit, I hoped you’d last longer than that. You’re already pooped.”

“What do you expect? Please untie me now.”

“Nah. You’re right where you should be. I gotcha good.”

“But I couldn’t do you any harm. Untie me, please. Or let me raise my hands.”

“Stay still, sister. You’re real pretty with those cords around your neck.”

“But they’re choking and cutting me.”

“So what? Keeps you well behaved.”

“Please don’t leave me like this when you go away. I’m not sure I can untie your knots.”

“The asshole can untie you when he gets back at five. Besides, another hour and you’ll be able to play with yourself when I give you your hands.”

It’s no use. Mitzi has me. The cords compel me to stand very straight and still and be polite. She has a street person’s sensitivity to insult. I don’t want her to twist my ring or bite my nipples till they bleed. She is as naked as I am, so she possesses no other weapon. I am almost relieved when we hear the sounds of Gimpy’s entry.

Gimpy is short, stocky, and has a limp in one leg. His two helpers have feral faces and an obnoxious odor. They are passably dressed, though, because they had to get by the doorman. They make short work of the cell's lock.

"We know about the broad, Mitzi. We were listenin'." Gimpy inspects my nude body with disgusting attention to detail. "Not bad! That ring in her cunt's really something."

I do not move, but I shrivel under the male scrutiny. I meet with fervid approval from all three hoods and long for rescue. I know it's useless to beg.

"Get yourself dressed, Mitzi. We'll get on with what we came for."

I am suddenly alone. My hands fly to the cruel cords, but Mitzi has been clever with the knots. I cannot find them all, and those that I do find defy my fingers. This is frustration plus so nearly free, yet so cruelly prisoned. Frantically, I search and tug. I am still doing it when Mitzi returns. She is dressed and carries gleaming steel.

"Can't make it, huh? We figured you were safe. Let's make you even safer, baby."

I look at the handcuffs in dismay—These people must be professionals. I manage only the most pitiful struggle when Mitzi pushes her hand behind my back. "Give it here, you little slut! Ain't no use fighting. " She grabs my arm. A moment later my wrists are tightly cuffed and joined

behind my back. “Fixed you good, hub?”

If Mitzi has mercy, I do not beg for it. I am desperately frightened. I do not even twist against the steel on my wrists. I thrust back—against the bars, tense and waiting. When the three men return, they carry suitcases. They seem pleased. I suppose they have stolen what they came for. I have no idea what it could be. They put their burdens down and survey Mitzi and me expectantly.

“May as well take ’em both, Gimpy. The little bitch ain’t no good to use no more, and the other one’s got class.”

The shock on Mitzi’s face is almost worth my agony. Her mouth is wadded and taped, her wrists and elbows tightly bound behind her back. Her eyes are wild in speculation and a terrible knowledge.

“Take ’em along by all means, boys.” Gimpy disposes of us in a grand gesture. “You aim to fuck them hot holes?”

“Hell no! We were thinkin’ of Ressler. It was only the other day Ressler was askin’ about girls.”

Gimpy brightens. “Damn! You’re right. I must be gettin’ old and senile. Get ’em both ready. We take ’em down on the freight elevator.

I am gagged as Mitzi is gagged. This trio came well prepared. My mouth is wadded and my lips firmly sealed. At long last my neck is released from the bars. But David’s cord is instantly used to bind my elbows as Mitzi’s have

been bound. Without love, we are sisters in distress, Gimpy waves a revolver which he probably wouldn't dare used. But who knows! We start our dismal journey into servitude.

The cord cuts at my elbows more wickedly than at my neck. I am so concerned with pain and weariness I have no will to fight. How can I fight! Gimpy has a handful of my hair, jerking my head back and forth to prove his control over me. The two boys have gone before with the baggage. Mitzi seemed demoralized. Apathetically, she obeys the directives of the gun. A car awaits us at the loading dock. We are crammed into its trunk. Our ankles are bound. When the lid slams us into darkness, we are the two sorriest maidens in the world. No one saw us being kidnapped. We have no hope.

The ride is brutal. I hope Mitzi's elbows hurt as bad as mine. I dare not struggle. I'm sure there is already blood. We lay in darkness long after the wheels have ceased to turn. When we return to daylight, we are lifted out to stand upon the concrete floor of a garage. We are then carried into a pleasant suburban home. There is a respectable looking married couple there. I suspect they make a marvelous front for Gimpy and his thugs. They view us without much interest. They have kidnapped girls before.

"String 'em up in a spare room," Gimpy directs genially. "Ressler's coming around, so have 'em naked. He'll want to see what he's buying. And take them gags off. We don't

want 'em choking."

The room is almost bare. Mitzi and I are handled so easily it is pitiful. Soon we stand a few feet apart, our bound hands raised up above our heads. I can look up and see the cut skin where the cord bit into my elbows. There is not much blood, and the woman wipes away what little there is. She eyes us with sympathy.

"First class merchandise, Gimpy. You'll get a good price."

It is such a relief not to be hurting. I stand in my new nakedness without concern. Dave has tied me like this, so it's nothing new. But when our gags are peeled away, it becomes evident that it is a fresh experience for Mitzi. She pours forth a barrage of reproach.

"Don't do this to me, Gimpy! I treated you right—I did my job."

"Tough luck, kiddo," Gimpy says complacently. "But don't you fret. Ressler might do real good by you."

"You know who Ressler sells to. Ain't none of 'em good. Please, Gimpy, let me loose and I'll work for you. I'll do a good job."

"No openings, Mitzi—sorry."

"You ain't sorry at all, motherfucker!"

But Gimpy is gone. We are alone. I get the full glare of

Mitzi's attention. "I bet seeing me like this tickles you pink, don't it, bitch?" She spits in my face as she drags and tugs at her bound hands.

Flinching, I tell her, "It serves you right. And I'm in the same boat."

"You were in it from the beginning—I wasn't."

"You should be more careful about the company you keep. Haven't you ever been tied up before?"

"Hell no!"

"It's not a bit of use trying to get loose—you can't."

"How the hell do you know?"

"Experience. But tug away if you want. It'll only hurt your wrists."

Mitzi continues to twist and writhe. A girl does this her first time. It just isn't possible to believe a bit of rope can make you so damn helpless. I feel almost comfortable. We have not been raised up on our toes. If we don't struggle, we don't hurt. I watch her gyrations without interest.

Finally, she pauses and demands, "You any idea the kind Ressler sells to?"

"Not really. Is it—a brothel?"

"Oh, he's got those too, but with that ring in your cunt and

your looks and body, he can do a hell of a lot better than that." She sniffs enviously. "You're special, you bitch!"

"I've been thinking it's you who's beautiful. What's wrong with that lovely figure you've got?"

"Ain't nothin' wrong with it, but I ain't got the education, and I don't have a ring in my cunt. I'll draw a brothel for sure." She pauses and looks apathetic. "You got any idea what they do to a girl in a real whorehouse?"

"Of course not!"

"They tie her down all spread out for the first three days. Maybe a hundred guys fuck her. After that she don't care no more. If she acts up, she gets whipped on her bare skin. A girl don't have a chance in those places."

I wish they would separate us. Mitzi is not helping me cope. The brothel idea scares me to bits, and it's so damn plausible. I long for Dave, but that's pointless now. He can never find me—not ever. I gaze up at my roped wrists and down at my ringed sex. It is best that I close my mind to everything—if Mitzi will let me, and if I can.

Ressler does not look like a white slaver. He looks like a small ferret-faced grocer. He assesses me as he would a round of cheese. Instantly, he picks up on my ring.

"Hell, Ressler, you ain't got no balls, but some guy who does will pay double for that ring in her pussy."

“How’s he going to screw her?”

“Let him worry about that.”

“Yes, not bad. And this other one?”

Mitzi pours out her plaints and protests. She is extremely vulgar and thus condemns herself to the brothel instantly. Having settled her fate, she is ignored. Ressler and Gimpy return their attention to me.

“The girl’s been whipped hard.”

“Yeah, probably fun and games. Goes along with the ring in her pussy.”

“No influential family?”

“If there was, we’d be looking for ransom.”

“I am sure you would. Very well, I’ll buy. But don’t let’s talk price in front of them. It gives them ideas.”

I’ve been sold!

3

The Mating Clamps

I AWAKE IN A BRIGHT AIRY STONE CHAMBER. I have been drugged. I shake my head to clear it of the dazed mists. I have a feeling of much lost time while I was in the dark. I look around me at the stone, the bolt-studded oaken door, and the big, heavily barred window. I am in a prison.

I am also on a cot and covered by a sheet beneath which I am naked. The warm air of a summer morning comes to me through the bars, and with it an excited curiosity. I make the motions of rising.

There are chains. They are of heavy shining metal, far heavier than needed to hold a girl. The wristlets and anklets are wide bands. They are joined, wrist to wrist and ankle to ankle, by a sufficient span of links to tell me their intent is symbolic. I cannot run away with them locked on my limbs, but there is little they will stop me from doing. Cautiously, I rattle my way to the window, my leg irons making a metallic accompaniment on the stone. I clutch the bars and know instantly that I am in a foreign land.

I think it must be the forest. A dark wall of pines threaten the place I am in like a tide held at bay well up a gentle slope of grass. It is pleasant. There are paths and a fence and some stonework. I am in a tower room at the back of a big house and can see little more than that. Without hope, I

turn to the menace of the door. There are no handles or knobs, but there is a vast keyhole into which I can insert a finger to discover the massive slab opens soundlessly and easily under my feeble tag. Strangely, I feel more frightened now that it is open than when it is closed. I am within a rich dark masonry to which my feminine nudity is foreign. I refuse to be daunted by my leg iron's plaint as I move down a passage to some stairs. As I descend I enter a medieval immensity of hallways, alcoves, and empty rooms. They are empty of life but loaded with the flotsam of centuries. I am in a treasure house of ancient times.

She wears a uniform of rank in the German Gestapo. She sits at a desk in a room lined with books. There are statues and armor, a few plants, and lots of heavy polished furniture. She is perusing papers. At her side an electric percolator bubbles cheerily. She does not turn.

"Come in, fraulein." There is a silvery laugh. "I heard your chains."

The English is almost perfect, her accent delightfully German as the S sometimes turns to a Z. She turns and rises. I behold a Valkyrie.

"Welcome to Schloss Ressler, Miss Bristol. Emil spoke of you. Come, we take our coffee." She extends a hand. "I am Inga Ressler. You may call me Inga."

As we sit and sip the hot potency from the coffee percolator, she asks, "Do you like your chains?"

“Yes, they’re beautiful.”

Again the silvery tinkle and a sly suggestion. “I suspect you are accustomed to restraint, fraulein, and also to punishment. You are wonderfully marked.”

“A man enslaved me. He’ll be terribly worried.”

“A man!” She waves Dave into limbo. “He will find two more breasts and another little votzen to whip. You now belong to me.”

I do not ask what votzen means—I can guess. Instead, I ask, “Are you doing a movie or something? I mean, I don’t understand any of what’s happened to me. And your uniform and everything. Will you let me go back to the States?”

“Nein, nein, nein! You ask too much too soon, liebchen. After I have tortured you we can talk of privilege.”

I let the torture part pass me by. It may just be a figure of speech. Inga is beautiful and only a few years older than I am. There is an incongruity. I prod elsewhere. “Must I be chained like this all the time, or are they a sort of introduction?”

“They are to keep you safe for me, Fraulein Bree. You will never have the faintest chance of escape. Now, tell me of that ring within your votzenhaare.”

“The same man—he put it there.” I blush. “It is not in-

tended to be permanent."

"I like it. It will stay there nestling between your thighs." Inga reaches over and fingers it lovingly. "It means I cannot pleasure you—at least not as I would like. But you will service me, and it will be best for your pretty skin that you do it well. Are you a lesbian?"

"No."

"I will make you one."

We have finished our coffee. My new owner holds out an inviting hand. "Come, Bree, I will give you the tour."

"I can't walk all that—well the way I'm fixed."

"I like the sound of your irons. We go slowly." Inga tinkles her mirthless laughter. "There will be much of interest. I promise."

She is an admirable guide. I learn much. But history is not her interest or mine. Our interest is in flesh and blood. We find it beyond the schloss in a long low building and, beyond that, a park. Distantly, I see the high stone walls and feel the chill of captivity. My chill deepens as I focus on the moving figures—all female! They are there within this compound in great numbers and of all ages. Some work, and others sit in the sun and converse. Some are variously clothed. Others are nude. Some have shackled feet, and others shackled hands. A few have their wrists crossed and tied behind their backs. Others are completely free. Inga's

hand guides me away to a pleasant place to sit. She is entirely casual.

“It is our girl farm, liebchen. I do not intend to put you there unless you behave very badly.”

“But what have they done?” I stare aghast.

“They have done nothing except be born female,” Inga explains cheerfully. “This is an isolated estate. We Resslers are very rich. At the end of the war we gathered up as many female captives as we could find. It was not difficult. Germany was littered with them. Those not already pregnant were immediately inseminated. The resultant progeny were divided. We disposed of the males and cherished the females. We are now into the second and third generations. Some are very beautiful girls.”

I am looking straight as Inga as I gasp, “But why!”

“For me to torture, and for other Resslers after me.”

“Why purchase me?”

Inga pats my cheek lovingly. “Most of our girls are German or French, but you are American. Torturing an American girl is better than ten of our own Nordics.”

This girl has to be mad! This is all crazy, but I am heavily ironed, so there’s nothing I can do except hope she is putting me on.

“You will now meet my brother Carl. I see him coming. It is he who perpetuates the Ressler blood. Many of the younger girls I torture are his daughters and my nieces. Is that not piquant?”

Carl is right out of a Hollywood movie. He is all the Nazi officers you ever saw on the silver screen: impeccable, correct, and very handsome, if you like cold Prussian types. He stands before us and clicks his heels. His bow and the kissing of my chained hand leave me breathless. I can imagine that he is always welcome on the girl farm. I want to giggle at the thought of him impregnating me, but I’d best not laugh. I cannot yet take all this seriously, but I’ve got an awful fear that I’m going to.

“A gift from our good Emil, eh?” His scrutiny becomes intense. “There was a Colonel Bristol who ensured my grandfather’s execution.” His smile becomes beneficient. “I am sure you will scream exqusitely. Inga my dear, be sure and keep this maiden well chained.”

They are mad, both of them. They perpetuate a past the world thinks dead. It is not dead for me. I shudder and look down at the Nazi chains I bear. They are twice as heavy as before Carl came.

He now walks briskly away as though towards something worth doing, perhaps impregnating a frightened girl or some middle-aged frau who can still produce.

Inga’s hand is on my arm. “Come, liebchen, there are things

for you to see."

The girl is tied to a tree. She is naked and quite lovely. She looks up at us apathetically and without hope. "She has been bound thus for a week," Inga tells me unemotionally. "We hose her down daily."

The ropes nestle intimately within the young flesh, but they are not so tight as to impede the blood. Her wrists are handcuffed behind the trunk. She will not escape. Curious, I ask, "What did she do to get this?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all, Bree. Isn't that delicious? I simply picked her. I pick one or more of them every day." Her silvery laugh emphasizes cruelty. "We have a good supply."

"Why doesn't she speak to us, Inga?"

"We teach them to speak only when spoken to. But they are permitted to speak, cry, or scream while I actively punish them. The sounds they make are heating to the cunt."

Inga is so beautiful, her laugh so sweet. But she has grown up in the middle of this madness. What she shows me now is basic to her life as a Ressler. When bored she tortures a girl. But her tortures do not kill. The girl will live to be hurt again and again until she is good only for breeding stock. And I am Inga's prisoner—heavily chained. I am led on into the sun-dappled verdure of the wood.

Her bare arms are widespread as she hangs in suspension from the bough. The ropes are unkind to this one's wrists.

They are her only support as she teeters precariously on the round rock rolled beneath her anguished toes. She is panting. I suppose it's from apprehension, fear, and pain. She looks at us beseechingly but does not speak.

"Is she not beautiful?" Inga breathes rapturously as though showing me a painting in the Louvre. "This is a punishment none of them likes."

She is indeed beautiful as she hangs there like a wounded bird with wings upstretched, supported half by her bonds and half by her insecure perch upon the rock. Her cheeks are tear-stained. From Inga she has no hope. Her head bows again as before we came. Inga leads me on.

"Are you going to do these things to me, Inga?"

"Perhaps, but not now."

I find hope in her "perhaps". But I remember Carl. I feel my way. "You spoke of torture, Inga—you use the word a lot."

She tinkles at my question. "You think of the hot iron and broken bones, liebchen. Sometimes it is done, but not often. It is not in your immediate future. Why waste a girl? I have tested you with the word, but I think whoever owned you took away some of your fear."

Inga may be insane, but she is wise and enigmatic. I try not to think of Dave or long for his captivity. These shining shackles upon me now sunder us apart. Dave is a world away. All I have of him is the ring. His ring remains his

hand upon my sex. But it will remain within my sex only by Inga's caprice. I, who once wanted it gone, would now defend it with my life.

"This one is not bored," Inga remarks pleasantly. "She does not desire visitors."

I can understand. This girl, too, is nudely spread, her arms high and her feet similarly spread out to stakes driven in the ground. There are a few vivid whip marks across her white Nordic back. The whip itself is waiting on the leaves where she has a good view of it. Her eyes widen in a terrible knowledge as we approach.

Inga picks up the whip and runs it lovingly through her fingers. Her tone is gracious. "Her name is Elsa. Elsa, this is Fraulein Bree. She has come to see me whip you. I am sure you are grateful." I don't think Elsa is grateful. She tosses her head and stares straight ahead. I am sure she holds her breath to await the pain. The supple thong cuts across her shoulders, and the next falls upon the twin cheeks of her rump. Elsa gasps and twists, straining against the unforgiving ropes. Her head rears for her next agony.

But there is no more. Inga laughs and drops the whip back where it was. She bites Elsa's nipple and then the other. Her hand steals down to the junction of the parted thighs. She grins back at me.

"She responds beautifully. Come and feel her, Bree."

It is a command. What else can I do? My chains hinder me not at all, so I palm the lush secretions of a sex no man will ever love.

“Now bite her nipples.”

I do this too. I make poor Elsa wince.

“You must give Elsa one good lash. Here, take the whip.”

I obey. My chain will hinder my hand. I cannot hurt this girl enough to matter. I strike across her bottom, then stand and watch the pink line form. I feel so far from reality that nothing matters.

Inga takes the whip from me and tosses it back on the leaves. “Whipping girls heats my crotch,” she says calmly. “Service me.”

I stand stupidly while the Aryan maiden widens her booted legs and lifts her skirt to reveal a bush of blonde curls such as I have never seen. She looks at me expectantly. “Come, Bree. Surely you know!

“Here—with Elsa watching?”

“She will envy and desire us both. Her loins will flame. Come, liebchen, kneel between my legs. But first hand me the whip in case you fail to please.”

I obey. I look at the bound girl and find her eyes filled with a passionate hunger. I fall to my knees between the shining

leather of Inga Ressler's jackboots. I raise shy fingers to her sex and part the curls to make way for my tongue. The whip cuts impatiently across my back to make me plunge my face hard into her Teutonic bush. My lungs fill with a new and spicy female pungency. My tongue plunges to its task between moist lips.

It is not soon over. Inga has control, and I am but a novice at such games. Finally, she deigns to climax and blossoms into dramatic and gasping sounds which tell me I may not be whipped this time!

"Not bad, liebchen. You will learn. Now service Elsa."

I am almost shocked. Mistress and the sorriest of prisoners united by my tongue, and within sight of each other and of me! It is almost obscene, but I cannot tell you why. I look from one to the other in dismay, but indecision is soon ended.

"Do it! Her legs are far enough apart. Do it now and do it well. I want to watch."

I do it. I kneel between bound feet. I push to each side blonde hair not nearly as thick as was the mistress' pubic curls. I thrust hard with my tongue within the flavorful flesh of Carl Ressler's daughter. I cannot believe any part of this, but it is happening. I experiment to learn technique. I had best make myself proficient. Dave would whip me if he knew.

While I ply this most ancient of professions, it occurs to me that if Carl Ressler impregnates this girl, he will have committed incest, and the girl child desired may be marred with defects. I wonder if I will have a chance to ask Inga. Surely they have considered this. But far more pertinent to me is whether or not Carl will breed me. It is a question I may not have the courage to ask. Elsa is not stubborn. She begins to gasp and jerk. How animalistic this is, wholly without tenderness or compassion. Dave would be so angry if he thought my worship for him had paved the way for this.

When all response is exhausted and I get back on my feet to behold Elsa hanging listless and weary in her bonds, Inga announces she is bored of these diversions and we will return to the schloss. Meekly, I shuffle in my chains to keep abreast. My mind is a chaotic turmoil of disbelief.

Inga is preoccupied. “There are things I must do,” she tells me absently. “So now I lock you in the dungeon. You have not yet seen our dungeons.” As a bright afterthought, she adds, “Every girl should spend time in a dungeon—it is most chastening.”

There are doors and passages and steps. My spirits sink as we go down. The ironed oak has no handle, only a huge key and equally huge bolts to slam into their sockets to keep me prisoner. I want to plead and protect, but Inga is too much for me. Her assurance and authority is total. I walk into hateful gloom. The chains on my hands and feet

are now appropriate.

“An iron band for your neck, liebchen. Its chain to the wall is light; it will not drag unduly at your throat.”

I raise my chain while Inga deals with my hair and fits the metal around my neck. There is a snap and then a tugging weight of chain. It is a needless imposition on a naked girl, but I suppose it goes with the territory. I pick up courage.

“Inga, please don’t put all these chains on me. I can’t possibly escape.”

The slap on my cheek is swift. It hurts my pride as much as my flesh. “Quiet, girl. You do not tell Inga Ressler what to do. The fetters you wear now are kind. I could make them worse. I leave you now. Consider your nothingness.”

I stand gazing in desolation at the unkind door I cannot open. My chains now weight a ton. I play with the collar and its links to seek an elusive comfort. I gaze around at stone and deeply recessed bars on high small windows. The air is artificially warm. I am imprisoned in a large chamber, its far corners even more shrouded in twilight than where I stand. I discern a pile of straw and a pail. I think of Dave’s penthouse and blink back tears.

The straw moves. I am about to scream, but a head appears from the straw and is followed by the rest of a slender female youthfulness that cannot be more than seventeen. It is as naked as I. It shakes its head and fingers away clinging

straw so I can now behold the handcuffed wrists and the padlock and chain which tethers it to the wall. It walks towards me with a smile of greeting until the chain snubs the young hands and drags them back. She stands and volleys German in a flood of greeting.

Inadequately, I say, “Hello, I didn’t know you were there.”

“Ach, I speak but small English.” Her gamin grin lights the dimness. “My chain, it is not long enough. You must come to me for the kissing.”

It is incongruous. Chained hands deny an embrace, but we clutch and paw, and glue our lips together in demanding need. Had I been captive in this place, I would be as hungry for a girl as she. When we separate for breath, she fingers my breasts admiringly.

“You have not had babies?”

“No, no babies.”

“Such lovely breasts!” She fingers her own immature mounds. “I long for mine to be as yours. Our breasts should not be sagging while we are still girls. But the babies …!” Her eyes are childishly innocent. “The master was breeding me to give me a baby. That is why I am here for a punishment. I cried all the time I was being bred. The master was much angry with my tears and so he sent me here.” She holds up small ironed wrists and their trailing chain. “I cannot get these off. A girl can never get free of

chains. They too are for my punishment."

I hold up my fettered hands. "I am being punished too."

"But not because you do not wish a baby?"

I manage a grin. "No, I haven't got that far yet."

"But will you not be fastened to the mating bed for the master to breed? You are so beautiful."

"I don't know. I've only just been kidnapped. I don't know what they intend for me."

She fingers the shining steel into which I am locked. "These shackles are so lovely. They must have a special use for you. No females at the baby farm have chains such as these. My name in the English is Angel."

"Hello, Angel. I'm Bree."

"Bree! It is a nice name. You are nice too. I expect the Lady Inga will make you her personal slave. You will pleasure her often and you will be much whipped."

We clink a chained progress to the straw and settle ourselves as best we can. As Angel tells me of her life, I realize this is all she knows. She was born and raised in prison. She speaks vaguely of "the other time", a time she has learned of from her mother. Her destiny now is what she calls "the bed of mating" and one baby after another. Casually, she recites the list of punishments a girl can get if

she misbehaves. I gather bad behavior is simply disobedience and, of course, the shedding of tears at inopportune moments.

“But, Angel, doesn’t any girl ever manage to escape?”

“We cannot escape, Bree. On the farm our ankles are always chained. There is also the so high wall. And if we try, the punishments are so very terrible. We are given nice food to eat, and we are allowed to play with each other. It is very nice to play with girls. Would you like to play now?”

We play. I suspect that if we are chained in this terrible place for long, we will play a great deal. Angel’s mouth is avid, her tongue skilled. For a little while I am back in the penthouse with Dave.

Angel admires my whip marks, and shows me those on her own skin. For these girls, to be whipped is the only dream of their lives. They do not enjoy the pain, but they wear their weals as a mark of distinction. The boredom of their captive lives drives them often to petty disobedience. Angel tells me that all of them bear the marks of punishment most of the time. Through her clatter, I catch a glimpse of my own life if I am sent to the farm to be bred. I shudder at the thought.

I am grateful to this girl, and I have to wonder if Inga forgot she was chained in here. Without Angel, I would be in a sorry disarray. This place would defeat me. Alone in here and chained as I am, I am not sure I could take it. Certainly

I could not handle this shackled solitude as well as Angel does. She seems not to notice her handcuffed wrists and trailing chain. She even uses them to good advantage with pretty unconscious gestures with prisoned hands and arms and the music of links. The padlock is dead center between her hands and laughs at liberty.

But a girl who has never known liberty does not miss it. Angel functions as well in chains as most girls who are free. She may deplore the limits of her tether, but that is all. I think she envies all this shining steel on me. I can tell she thinks me special. When I ask how long she has been locked and chained in this dismal hole, she says that she has forgotten. She thinks it's six or maybe seven days. It does not matter. Her principle concern is as to whether her mating with Carl Ressler will bear fruit. It is too soon to tell. She puts it quaintly.

"If I do not start to swell, Bree, I will be fastened to the mating bed once more, and the master will do it to me again. This time I think I will not cry, and that way I won't be punished. It will be done to me again and again until I swell. I wish I did not have to have a baby. I think you and I are nice the way we are now. We don't want big bellies."

She is so right. I cringe at the thought of being pinioned beneath Ressler's hard thrusts and then to bear his child. It's an obscenity. As for pretty little Angel, it is pure sacrilege. She is still too young for morning sickness and distortion. I ask about the mating bed.

“It’s just sort of a table. At each corner there is a metal clasp for our wrists and ankles when we lay on our backs. But there’s a sort of bump under a girl’s bottom to raise her hips and make us stick out where the master enters. Once you’re clamped tight, you can’t move much. It’s not a bit nice.”

“But aren’t any of the girls and women willing?”

“Yes, some are even glad of the attention. They talk about how good it feels. They don’t really need to be clamped, but being clamped is the rule. It would never do for a girl to make a fuss while the master is doing it to her. Some of the women told me they prefer to be fastened. They say it adds pleasure. I did not get any pleasure at all. It hurt, and the master is so heavy on top of me.”

“How often does Ressler indulge in this antic?”

“I think when he is in the mood. Sometimes four times in one day with four girls who are ready for big bellies, but sometimes there will be several days when he does not come to the women farm at all. There is something I am puzzled of. Sometimes the girl is not clamped to the table first thing. She is hung up by her wrists first, and the master whips her before she is lowered and spread out for him. Can you think why?”

“Men get sexual excitation out of whipping girls. Ressler wanted a tonic, that’s all.”

“But girls don’t need to be whipped to desire other girls.”

“Sweetheart, men and women are a bit different, you know.”

Angel nods and accepts the fact. I expect the poor child has been nodding and accepting all her short life. I find myself with a growing curiosity about this women’s farm into which I may be tossed all too soon. I close my mind to its visions of the mating bed and the clamps biting me at wrist and ankle, and my pussy open and raised to implore its own violation. It will be pure and simple rape.

Angel has not used a single four letter word, even though our conversation has dealt with our parts and purposes for which they lay in wait, I do not bother to ask her why. Everything will be revealed to me soon enough. Instead, I ask Angel about men.

“You mean others like the master? There are some, but they are servants. They are never imprisoned and we cannot offer them our bodies for the making of love. I have been told by mother of this love with men. Is it better than the love with you and me?”

Poor kid. I tell her what I can, and she tells me much of this Nazi breeding place where she has lived. We cuddle close for sleep, but when a wardress comes for me, the evening is still young as I am led away. The woman is annoyed when my neck is snubbed by my collar and tether. She petulantly uses a key and lets the iron circle fall noisily to

the stone. She grasps my arm.

Inga is magnificent. She awaits me, nude, with a crop balanced in her hands. She has one foot raised to a chair and is transformed into the golden beauty of legend. She is ridiculous to wear that Nazi stuff when she possesses such a body. Her pubic bush has been brushed and combed. It is in a class all by itself. She holds up a sliver of metal.

“Come, liebchen, I give you hands.”

I obey, wondering. Under Inga’s skillful fingers the sliver enters the metal band around my wrist, and the cuff opens to set me free. It is the strangest of feelings to be rid of so much weight. Carefully, Inga locks my wrist chains in a drawer, and I realize they are heavy enough to be used as a weapon.

“Your feet remain chained, Bree. I must not spoil you. Come, we bathe.”

We become two girls at play. I cannot reconcile this glorious creature with the Nazi maiden of a forgotten war. She will whip me without the slightest hesitation when it pleases her, but that time is not now. I use my freed hands upon Inga to give her pleasure. I am grateful for my hands. I have not had the use of them for a long time. Bathed and scented, we retire to Inga’s bedroom. Inga holds up cord.

“Pure silk, Bree. Your wrists will adore it. Turn and cross them.”

I do not even think of disobedience. With my ankles linked, I cannot fight to win, and for sure I had best not fight and lose. My bathed skin feels shiveringly vulnerable and doubly bare. I stand erect, arms back, while my wrists are crossed and bound tightly. I am sure the silk will be a vicious bond.

“You wonder why I handicap you in your work, liebchen. It amuses me to see you flounder and wriggle as you will have to do. Stand now before me and pay attention.”

I obey. I stand erect, shoulders back, like a recruit before an officer. I am very helpless.

“I want responses from you, Bree. No sulky silences. Understand?”

“I understand. I will not be sulky.”

“You will no longer call me Inga. You will call me mistress.”

“Yes, mistress.”

Inga’s eyes devour me. They flit from breast to breast, noting with satisfaction how my bound hands drag back my shoulders, then sink lower to my pubic hair. I do not close my legs.

“When I say the word ‘submit’, you will instantly sink to your knees, thighs well apart, and bow your head in submission. You will stay thus until told to move.”

“Yes, mistress.”

“Submit!”

My knees hit the rug with a thud. I part them widely and bow my head. My heart pounds, but I was not caught off guard. Breathlessly, I remain perfectly still and wish this was not happening.

“Rise, liebchen.”

I scramble up and resume my attention. I twist my wrists, but the silk laughs. Inga has bedded it deep into my skin. There is no chance of escape.

“It pleases me the way you say ‘mistress’, Bree. It is a feminine word appropriate to what we are. You must address Carl as master. He, too, may demand you submit. Be sure and do it well for him.”

Inga makes herself more comfortable in the armchair she has chosen. She surveys my nudity with the pride of possession. “We have found the submission pose most beneficial to our girls. It robs them of ideas above their station.”

“I understand, mistress.”

“If you don’t, you will. Why are you so frightened?”

“I am afraid you will punish me, mistress.”

“Of course I will punish you. But you must not walk in fear. A punishment is only a punishment. When it is over, it is

past and gone."

"I will try, mistress."

"You must. When you are frightened, I get the bad vibrations which disturb me. Then I must whip you to get rid of them. Do you understand these complexities of love?"

"Yes, mistress, I really do."

"I think it bothers you to have to stand with what you Americans call everything hanging out."

"No, really! This is not my first captivity. I am used to being kept naked and tied or chained."

"But you mourn lost liberty?"

"Yes, mistress. Is that bad?"

Inga's silver laughter trills. "It is like the flu—you will get over it. I will train you to forget." Negligently, Inga drapes a naked leg over the arm of her chair to reveal her sex in all its blonde glory. Her bush is heavy. Her slit is neat and not too plumply defined. Her voice mocks. "Consider what you see, this so nice part of me. Consider it yours. Come, use it. I invite you to feast.

I dare not disobey. I am not sure I want to disobey. The naked Inga is glorious, and the posture she assumes will not tax my bound condition. I sink to my knees and drink at the fountain of femaleness. When it is done, I resume my

respectful standing to attention before this pulsing nude whose property I have become. Inga smiles contentedly.

“I am sure you wonder about the woman farm, little pussy.”

“Yes, I’m afraid I do.”

Inga purses her lips and smiles at me with an inward knowledge all her own. “I will never send you there, liebchen, unless you anger me greatly or become old and I tire of you. You need never be sent there at all. You do not desire one of Carl’s babies, do you?”

“No, mistress, I do not.”

“Of course you do not. But there remains the slight hazard of Carl. Should he get a man thing about you and desire your body, he would order you there. I would countermand his order, and we would have a fight over your possession, but I would win. I am stronger than Carl. He needs his lovely uniform and our father’s medals. I do not.”

I stand awkwardly, feeling I should say something but not knowing what. I blurt out, “Could he not take me by force or by his authority around this place?”

“I think not. It would offend his dignity. I think the table and the clamps have become as important to Carl as to the girl. But if you are afraid, I will lock a chastity belt around your loins. Would you like to wear a chastity belt, Bree?”

“No, mistress, but thank you.”

“Good. I want you always accessible and open to my hand as you are now. Now there is something else I want you to know about the punishments you have seen and those you will receive.”

“Yes, mistress?”

“I have suffered them all.”

Inga is watching me for disbelief, and this is what I feel. Inga chained naked in a dungeon, or hung aloft by her wrists, or writhing beneath a whip? It is hard to believe. It is a thing not credible. But her voice coldly batters down my incredulity.

“I desired the knowledge. I made Carl agree. He whipped me, chained me, imprisoned me, bound me in all the ways there are. I was glad when it was over, but it was something I had to do. Can you believe this?”

“If you say so, mistress, but—”

“Ach, you think how easy for me who knows the end of each suffering. So very different from you who will never know the termination of travail. But Carl and I thought of that too. In each of my tortures I was kept in ignorance. When I was whipped, I did not know the number of the strokes that marked my skin or the time in which I was to remain bound to receive them. When I was imprisoned, and there are many imprisonments as you shall see, I

never knew the days or the weeks I would bear the chains. In suspension, I could only guess the hours I would hang, and if I would be left suspended through the night. All of this was done to me as it is done to you and to the girls chosen for such punishments."

Inga tells the truth. Her voice convinces me. I look at my mistress with fresh respect. Delectable visions of a naked Inga flit vividly through my mind. I think she reads my thoughts.

"Would you like to whip me, Bree?"

There is laughter in her voice, but she is really serious. I am confronted by a terrible contradiction. I cannot possibly bind and whip this golden beauty. Conversely, it is a thing I want most desperately to do. At this moment it becomes my heart's desire, consuming me with lust. I lie my inadequate reply.

"I cannot whip you, mistress."

"But you would like to?"

I wiggle and tug against the sulk. Shame-faced, I mutter, "I am ashamed, mistress, but, yes, I would like to whip you."

Inga is laughing, yet serious. "So you would like to whip me and mark my lovely golden skin, liebchen? I must remember. Perhaps someday when I am in the mood, eh?" Abruptly, Inga changes her direction. A lovely leg draped over the chair again, and she points to her sex. "Tell me the

name of this. I want to hear you speak it aloud."

"It has many names, mistress." I squirm. "Most of them sound silly."

"Tell me your favorite."

I blush. "I call mine my pussy."

"So I have a cat between my legs! Come, try again."

"Its proper name is vagina."

"How delightfully clinical. Now tell me how it is most often named, by others than a maiden aunt."

I state it baldly. Inga is playing with me, so I have no choice. "A cunt, mistress."

"Ah, at last the truth!" Inga is playing with me. "Name mine."

"Yours is a cunt, mistress."

"I want you to always call it that name—no other word. Understand?"

"Yes, mistress. I will always call my pussy a cunt."

"And in German?"

"I do not know."

"I used it once for you. The word is votzen. Your pubic bush

is votzenhaare."

"I will try to remember, mistress."

"Make sure you do, unless you prefer a striped skin. But now, this first day must have tired you. Let us sleep."

Inga almost leaps upon the big bed. Naked, she holds out welcoming arms. With my hands tied as they are, there is naught I can do but stumble within the haven of their grasp. It is a wise and loving grasp I would not evade even if I could. We kiss and kiss and rub our breasts and nipples into excitation. On impulse, I plead, "Mistress, what of that poor girl chained down there in the dungeon?"

"Angel? What of her?"

"We are so happy, and she is so sad."

"You would prefer I chain you there to keep her company?"

"No! Oh, no, no!"

"She is Carl's prisoner, not mine. Or, more likely, one of the wardresses put her there. She was only handcuffed, was she not? She was not heavily chained?"

"Yes, but to be alone—"

"Consider your own blessedness. I will not even chain you for the night. If you prowl, your ankle chain will wake me, and then I will whip you. Now you may love me one more time."

I do it one more time. I will not prowl.

The silk holds me tight.

4

The Woman Farm

IT IS THE FOURTH DAY. I am tethered by Dave's ring and must stand to await my mistress's pleasure. I am back in the tower room, which is bright and cheery, but Inga has made sure the tether denies me access to the window. All I can do is lean against the wall or slither down to sit upon the stone. I alternate these. I have been here for a long time.

Inga is increasingly in love with my ring. I can see myself bearing it all the rest of my life. Dave could not bear to take it off. Nor can Inga. I am now in love with it myself. It affords an obvious protection for a naked girl.

"Today I keep you captive by your so delightful ring, Bree dear."

"Thank you, mistress."

"You do not have to thank me for everything, little pussy-cat. By evening you will be angry with me." Inga holds up the silken cord. "Come, liebchen, I tie your hands."

Dutifully, I position myself to be bound. I am becoming used to it. When Inga places my hands palm to palm, I know I will not enjoy my day. I stand erect and sniff while my mistress winds the silk around my wrists and tugs it tight.

“Poor little wrists. They do not like this tying?”

“No, mistress.”

“And I am so unkind. I tug the lovely cord so, and again so, and I knot it here. Then I circle just once more, and now the tightening between.”

I wince. I can’t help it. I am being cruelly tied by an expert who makes certain every strand marks its message of helplessness into my skin. When Inga binds me, I no longer try to escape. I cannot escape, and the trying hurts.

“Please, mistress, not my elbows too.”

“Of course your elbows, little silly one. You knew from the first I would bind these pretty elbows. Think how wonderfully your breasts are going to protrude.”

I keep quiet. I have already been mildly whipped for complaining. It hurt bad enough, and I don’t want any more. Inga holds up wide adhesive tape. “Behold, little one—your blood will not congest and your pretty forearms will be as one.”

Inga has a grip all her own. It clamps my elbows tight while her other hand winds the tape. She relaxes, but my elbows do not part. Carefully, she winds, and tears and winds again. She takes me to the mirror where I can see the exquisitely neat bands binding my arms. There are not too many of them and not too few. I have learned how important aesthetics are to the girl who owns me. I can

never think of Inga as a woman. There is an eternal youthfulness about her, as though she has lived forever. I look down at my breasts. They are outrageously on display. Nipples are pointing like small cannons at a target only they can see. Now comes my tether. It needs no lock. I am powerless against it. Inga tugs it and leads me to this bright place of stone.

“I tie you to a ring in the wall, kitten. I must clamp the tie because you have teeth.”

Morosely, I watch the pliers and the wire as they rob me of my liberty. Inga assures me I will have ample cord to sit or move around. It is not until she has gone that I discover about the window. Ostentatiously, she has left the door ajar. We both know the nylon cord will hold me better than a hundred doors. I sigh and lean against the stone.

I think of Dave. But what chance has he of finding me? I must have vanished without a trace. Besides, nobody has ever heard of Schloss Ressler or what goes on here. Carl and Inga have a small kingdom all their own. I wonder if they realize Carl’s absence of a son to carry on the Ressler name and this estate. Perhaps they will select a male progeny of one of their slave women. Maybe they await the perfect specimen of Nordic male. I cringe at a sudden thought. Suppose Carl chooses me for its mother! The two of them must have some use for me besides being a plaything for Inga.

It makes sense that Inga constantly calls me feline names and endearments. I am a pretty pussycat whose antics divert the mistress of the schloss. I want to keep it this way. Sure, Inga whips me a lot, but they are what she calls “love whippings”. They are not hard or brutal, and the whip is not cruel. They simply hurt. Craftily, each time she takes me over and beyond the brink of eroticism into pure pain. But the pain does not last, nor do the pink streaks on my skin. She ties me so I am compelled to stand nakedly to be thrashed, but now hints of the time when I will stand erect and free, hands clasped behind my neck to accept the stripes I cannot now evade. I think this is impossible, but Inga assures me it is not.

Jeepers, my arms and shoulders ache. The other parts of me must think they’ve lost my limbs. My hands and arms are neatly folded behind my back and out of sight. I can’t see them myself without a mirror. The adhesive tape, in its own way, is wonderful but tells me I am to stay thus bound for a long, long time. Had the time been shorter, Inga would have used the silk cord, and I would be weeping with the pain. The tape hurts too, but not more than I can bear. I long for escape, but the thought is silly. I can never escape, never, never, never!

I have something to think about. Yesterday Inga gave me what she called the grand tour of the farm. It was unannounced and scared me silly into thinking I would go in but would never emerge. For the big event, I lost the shackles from my feet and enjoyed the freedom of my

hands.

“See! A pretty chain for your leash, Bree. I will hold it and you will walk sedately by my side.”

She had a tiny lock, not enough to impede my walk. There was a loop at the other end for her hand to ensure I made no quick snatch and ran. We might have been a pair of sisters had I not been bare and Inga dressed in her Gestapo uniform. When she led me through the locked and bolted door, I hoped she could not hear the thudding of my heart. I comforted myself with the thought that my mistress’ preoccupation with the ring in my votzen was my assurance I would not be bred.

The children stare, wide-eyed. The women salute. They are all attired in a standard tunic. It is neat and attractive enough on the young, and I suspect it is all there is. It can obviously be easily removed. Wardresses wear uniforms and carry crops. They are the power here. They salute us smartly and look at me hungrily enough to make me shudder. About this whole place is an atmosphere of sterility, quaintly contradicted by the bulging tummies which are everywhere. “Carl has been a busy man,” Inga says archly. “He is most potent. The girls who refuse to conceive are over here.”

They range from Angel’s age up to mine. They are stark naked and stand beneath a beam from which shackles grip their raised wrists. They are not on their toes, but they all

look tired and dispirited. I would look the same if was among them. They survey me and my ring with startled interest. They look at Inga with a terrible respect. There is a general shuffling and straining at their bonds as they improve their posture under Inga's sharp scrutiny.

I ask the obvious. "But, mistress, is it their fault they do not conceive?"

Inga shrugs. "It does not matter, liebchen. They act as a lesson to the rest and provide diversion. Everyone is always glad to see the pretty ones get their just desserts. If you or I were here, we might stand among them. After standing thus for a few days, they will give Carl a more sincere welcome when they are again clamped to the table for his attention."

Inga does not care about these girls. They bore her. She is the iron hand within the velvet glove. I look down at the tether from my ring and know she has me too. Does she ever! She leads me through dwellings and dormitories. The place is a village unto itself. In an open space there is the whipping post, the pillory, and the stocks.

I might have guessed they would be there. Each possesses its own sad naked maiden serving out her sentence or waiting to be whipped. Inga professes not to know their crimes. The wardresses deal with delinquency under their own law. The three girls look at us hopefully and shift from foot to foot in a vain endeavor to make themselves more

attractive. They look at me with pity.

There is a small prison. The cells are full, mostly with teenagers who stare through the bars and wear handcuffs on their wrists. None plead. Punishment is implicit to their lives. I can well believe they prefer punishment to pregnancy. It would appear the pregnant ones are not delinquent. I guess a pregnant woman here has reached the end anyway and does not care enough to transgress.

“We do not whip the pregnant ones,” Inga says casually. “It makes an extra inducement. The others get whipped a lot. We start them off in puberty with the caning of their bottoms and tell them of the future time when they need not be caned at all.”

It is neat and Teutonically efficient. I venture an opinion that they will eventually have so many girls Carl will be unable to cope. It is then I learn of the steady trickle of surplus flesh to distant brothels in the primitive places of the world. It makes an income they do not need and ensures no girl returns to point a finger.

“You would not wish to be thus disposed of, would you, liebchen?”

The mere thought is devastating. What little courage I have left turns to jelly. Humbly and hating my shame, I tell my mistress I will do anything she orders rather than meet such a fate. Inga smiles, and when she smiles like that, I am just plain scared.

We come to it at last. I knew it awaited me. Inga ushers me into the bare room with its hateful table. “This is the mating bed, Bree, the place where it all happens.”

Angel described it perfectly. There is the hump for my hips and the clamps for my wrists and ankles. They are invitingly open.

“I wish to see you fastened there, liebchen. It will be an experience for you.” She claps her hands. “Fasten the girl,” she says tersely to the wardress who appears instantly. “I want her tight.”

I dare not disobey, even though my heart pounds with an awful fear. Humor is not in this place at all. All we do is of a deadly serious intent. Inga negligently casts aside my leash and I climb aboard the table. The wardress holds my arm and positions me. As my wrists are stretched out and clamped, my heart thuds so bad I think my breasts will burst. My legs are dragged down and widely spread, and the clamps shut tight upon my ankles. It is then that the full enormity of this diabolical marriage bed comes into play. It is split in the middle beneath the small of my naked back. A motor whirs to lengthen the table the extra inch or two it takes to make my vulnerable nudity taut as a bowstring. I look up at Inga in despair.

My mistress does not see my look. She has reached down to pat my vulva and its ring. She arranges the tether to fall down between my legs and over the table’s edge. That

piece of me she calls my votzen is obscenely exposed to public view. A man could enter me with great convenience. Perhaps one will. Inga confirms this awful fear.

“We leave you to your thoughts, Inga—Savor every moment. You are greatly privileged.”

I manage to raise my head to stare at the closing door. When it shuts, I begin to panic. I tear and tug against the clamps. I go berserk. But I do not move. I can scarcely even quiver. The mating bed holds me firmly to await the thrusting phallus and the jet of sperm. I moan in utter desuetude. I forget I am still ringed and cannot be entered. I forget everything except Carl Ressler. I struggle. I hurt my wrists and ankles. I am sure my pussy is wide open and invitingly ready for the tiny persistent little beasts to invade my wet sheath and pierce my egg to change my life. When the door opens, I moan in dark despair.

Inga is an avalanche of blonde hair and warm wet lips. Her fingertips comfort me outrageously as the wardress frees me from the clamps. Inga possesses herself once more of my leash and I am helped lovingly from the table to the floor.

“Poor little kitten—you are so frightened!”

I cannot speak of it. Instead, I clutch and sob my thankfulness. For this moment Inga is my mother. She pats me gently as the wardress departs. Then she leads me home. The Schloss Ressler is home to me now. It owns me utterly

— Even to have my ankles shackled once again is comforting. Inga leads me to our bed. I eat voraciously.

I sigh again. I can choose now to go on leaning against the stone wall or I can sit on the stone floor. Neither choice resembles Dave's penthouse. If I had hands, I would brush away a tear, but I do not have hands and I lean so the salt droplet falls upon the stone father than wet my skin in a place I cannot reach. I cannot reach anything. My hands and arms are lost. Inga did not need to tie me so damn tight or to leave me here alone so damn long. I miss her. Oh, damn!

That tour of the woman farm was frightening. The place is so very much there, a constant threat. If Inga should get angry with me over something—well, I dare not even think of it. But I am sure Carl would cut away my ring and impregnate me with Aryan competence. Ugh! I think I'd rather die than be an inmate there with a swollen belly.

So I have to escape. I don't believe escape is possible. Look at me now! I could not escape if every door was open wide. But escape is all I have to hope for—there is nothing else. Inga and I will play her games and make our love, but that could end anytime. I think there's a sort of feud between Inga and Carl. I am not sure what, but they act like a married couple who go their separate ways. I suppose it's sort of fictional fantasy, but I have to wonder if it might rebound to my advantage. Gosh, I'm clutching at straws.

There is a sound. I start and look to the door. Anything is welcome to break this boredom and maybe get my elbows freed. I hope for Inga, but it is a uniformed wardress who flaunts her swastika with obvious pride. She speaks no English, and I speak no German, so our relationship is strictly impersonal. I am a prisoner to be dealt with. That is all. She takes the leash to my ring and leads me to another room. The room is bare except for a cage made of heavy wire mesh reinforced with steel at all its angles. Instantly, I know its purpose, but before I am inserted within, the tape is peeled from my elbows. The relief is so great I forget about the cage until I am well inside and I hear the padlocks snap and find myself alone in a new captivity.

The cage I am in is not exactly small, but it is certainly not large. It is just a trifle over girl size to give me room to move. I cannot stand, and I cannot lay down on its hard floor and stretch. I can detect a punitive purpose in that I must be always bent or crouched or on all fours. It would be most amusing for someone outside looking in.

My wrists are still tied as Inga tied them. Now that my elbow bindings are gone I strive for the freedom of my hands. I twist and tug. But that is a dream and I soon desist. I arrange my shackled nakedness and look through wire mesh at a bare and limited view. I was much better off in the bright stone room. My prisoner status has deteriorated. I long for the golden radiance of Inga.

The hours drag by. I am left fearfully alone. I don't even try

to free myself. I am abject and resigned. From time to time I shift to ease this weary ache of cramped immobility. I come to hate my wire confinement and to wonder if hens in their coops feel the same way. There is a shocking parallel, except I won't be eaten at the end.

The same wardress comes before night to extract me and take me to a needful convenience. I do not fight. What's the use? I clink my links and make the most of being able to stretch. She then feeds me a small bowl of slop and holds open the cage door invitingly. It takes all my will to fall to my knees and wriggle inside. I hate every abject squirm. But my Gestapo lady holds a riding crop and there is no sense getting the pain of that in addition to the discomfort of the cage. Once again I am safely locked inside and left alone. I cannot doubt this is for the night, so I curl and twist and push to my best advantage and go to sleep.

In the morning I do not get Inga; I get Carl Ressler in all his glorious trappings of the Third Reich. "Good morning, fraulein," he says coldly. Like a trapped rabbit, I watch his polished jackboots as they circle my cage. "Open your legs, girl. Let me see your ring."

I spread to such indecency as my chain allows and hunch myself to give Carl the best possible view of Dave's ring. It fascinates him, as it does everyone else, including me. He stares at it so long that I stare back in mute wondering. A man I am fond of ringed my most secret flesh, and now a man I loathe locks me in a cage. Fearfully, I voice a longing.

“Master, where is my mistress? She has not come for me.”

The only answer Carl gives is to unlock the cage and open the door. His voice is without emotion.

“Please to emerge, fraulein.”

I expect the bastard’s enjoying my nudity as I wriggle and twist my way out of the wire. If I never get inside this cage again, it will be soon enough. I sit helplessly on the floor and await instructions. Carl will take me to where my ring can be cut away, and then he will breed me. I am sure of it. I am alive with apprehension.

Carl is strong. He lifts me to my feet with graceful ease. He hunches himself up to sit on the empty cage and surveys my pliant nudity with satisfaction.

“You have been whipped often, fraulein?”

“Yes, master.”

“Have you been properly tortured?”

“No, master.”

What a hell of a question to ask a girl! The inference is obvious. Carl Ressler is about to give me a bad time. I brace my shackled feet and try to look neutral.

“The rack, the strappado, the horse, the wheel—any of these?”

“No, master. None of those things have been done to me.”

“Ach, you have been spoiled. Tell me of the man who put the ring in your votzen.”

“He simply kept me captive and used me as he desired.”

“You mean your arse?”

Damn the man! I’m blushing. I strive hard for meekness. “No, master, not that. There is another way a girl can pleasure her master.”

“Yes, of course.” Carl dismisses my other way as undeserving of comment. The thin line of his lips is reptilian. “There are many ways of pleasing a man, liebchen. A maiden’s screams can be a symphony of joy.”

Oh, damn, he’s getting an erection. Maybe I’m overdoing the submissiveness, or he may be just talking himself into it. Carl is most certainly virile, and if I provoke his libido enough, he will cut off my ring and in three months I’ll have a big belly. But whatever I say or do I will be erotic in his eyes. If I annoy him, he will use the riding crop he holds. It is a terrible preference, but my best bet is for him to get on with this torture thing. I’m sure I’ll scream, but I will also survive, and with my ring still sealing my votzen safe from male impalement.

“You will come with me, fraulein.”

It is the last thing I want to do, but Carl’s hand is on my

bare bound arm. Without demur I clink as swiftly as I can beside his longer steps. I feel I have been arrested, and now the interrogation.

There is only one word for it: a torture chamber. It is a room possessing everything. All it lacks is a screaming naked girl, and I am naked and bound. Carl Ressler propels me to the center and raises my bound hands up behind my back to be connected to a hook from above. My arms slowly rise, and I bend forward against the stress. When I am gasping, the motion stops, and my inquisitor's voice takes over.

"It is the strappado, Bree. This is the begin."

"Yes, master."

Damn him, that's all I can think to say. It simply does not enter my head to plead, and anyway, what good would it do a girl to plead with Hitler's Germany? I long for Inga. I don't think Carl is doing this with her consent. But still, she may have tired of me.

"The rope tightens, Bree, and soon the maiden feet leave the floor. The strain upon the lovely bare shoulders is intense. The girls thus tortured take new shapes and fresh beauty as they hang suspended."

The guy is insane. He has to be! And I am in his power. I am sickeningly frightened and hurting. I hear my silly voice.

“Please, master, be merciful. I will be your slave without torture.”

“Quiet!” I have been a presumptuous interruption. “You have not yet learned the full scope of this device. You will be raised high, then suddenly allowed to drop. But you will not drop enough for your feet to find the floor. Your arm sockets will be dislocated and you will hang. So simple, so ingenious, so very painful.”

I have a terrible suspicion he will take silence as an affront. Girls are supposed to show willingness. Absurdly, I mutter, “Thank you, master.”

The rope is tightening, but very slowly. Discomfort progresses to pain and pain to agony. I moan and know it the first of many sounds. Carl’s breathing is heavy in the quiet chamber.

My feet leave the floor, and my reaching toes find nothing. My shoulders scream for mercy and I scream too. But screaming hurts. The faintest quiver of my flesh hurts beyond the pain I must endure. I revert to moans. Slowly, I rise and the floor recedes.

“You have strong joints. They have not yet dislocated,” Carl says conversationally. “Their final wrenching from their sockets could come about by your struggling. Rest assured the quick drop will achieve it.”

I am willing to believe. My shoulders are on fire and I am

scared to breathe. Hanging thus, I must appear a sadly twisted and distorted caricature of girlhood. I am twisted and strained out of shape. Carl confirms this horror.

“It is a pity you do not see yourself, Bree. You have become a maiden apart and different from all others. There are those who would profit from seeing you as you are now.”

I suppose he is talking of the girls on the woman farm or maybe of Inga. I am moaning steadily and making sounds I do not recognize and for which there is no name. The sounds frighten me and come to my ears as though from far away and from other lips. This is different from being whipped. It is far more awful. Carl raises me again and I tense for the awful drop which will spell the end. But it does not come. Carl examines me with the same intent curiosity he would bestow on something in a museum. He fingers my ring and brushes my stretched nipples. Without warning, he slashes my bare bottom with his crop. I scream and scream, lost to everything but pain. When I stop screaming, he goes away.

I hang. The sounds diminish and recede. I am going away into a dark and distant world which reaches out for me like a clutching hand. But in this blackness there is peace.

The hurt is a pleasant hurt. It tells me of something over and past. Gentle hands are arranging my limp arms and massaging my tortured shoulders. My hands and arms are no longer tied. I move one foot enough to tell me my ankles

are still shackled. Fearful of what I may see, I open my eyes. Angel's face gazes down at me in pity.

But this is no dungeon. It is a normal dormitory sort of place with rows of cots, all neatly made. Instantly, I know where I am.

"You are in the woman farm, Bree. Do not be afraid," Angel says soothingly. "I will look after you, and the women will be kind. You have been tortured—we know."

My fear recedes to a nagging vision of the mating bed with its metal clamps open and waiting for my wrists and ankles. I push the vision back and tell Angel how glad I am to be with her. I reach up and touch the nippled breast which leans over me solicitously. The act hurts my shoulder, but with the nice hurt which does not matter.

"He hung you up with your hands tied behind your back, didn't he? We know about such things. It has been done to many of us girls. It means he likes us."

I do not argue the inconsistency. I sit up very gingerly. Angel gathers my feet and twists me so they may rest upon the floor. This leaves me sitting normally upon the bed.

"Your feet are still chained, Bree. This means he will not breed you right away."

My hand flies to my ring. It is still intact. This is likely the only good news I can receive, but it floods me in a great tide of relief. "What will be done with me?" I ask anxiously.

I am remembering the brothel.

Angel shrugs. “I do not know, Bree. Perhaps nothing. You are now one of many. Some are nearly as beautiful as you. You will learn to speak the German and be like us.”

“I can’t escape?”

Angel shrugs again. “None have. If we could, I would go with you, but it is best not to talk of what cannot happen. “

She brings me soup and tells me again the food is good. When it is done, she shyly asks if I would like to walk with her.

Angel wears the regulation tunic. Diffidently, she tells me I am not allowed to wear anything except my chains. I must go naked. She believes this may have something to do with my ringed votzen. Someone must desire it visible.

I cannot remember all the names and faces. There is enough English for greetings and assurances of goodwill. Wardresses look at me and smile grimly. If they know my fate, they say not a word of it. Angel takes me along a path beside the wall we cannot scale. I cannot rid myself of my leg irons so we do not follow it around the woods and grassland encompassing the farm. In this open space the irons I must wear tell me of how little chance I have of escape. Our stroll has been short, but my skin beneath the locked bands is chafed. Angel tells me it will become hardened and resistant to the friction of the iron. There are

other girls whose feet are also chained, but she does not know why.

“I cannot take you into the prison, Bree. It is forbidden.”

I have no wish to see more of bars and cells and stone walls. I tell her so, but ask about the place of punishment with its stocks and pillory and the rest.

“There are always girls there,” she tells me sadly. “They are supposed to have been bad and earned their punishment, but often it is because the wardresses are bored and find pleasure in fastening a girl there for a day or a night. We may speak to a girl being punished, but we are forbidden to loiter. Come, if you do not wish to see the mating bed again, it is the last thing I can show you.” She pauses hesitantly. “But we are close by the place where girls are bred. There is something there I think you should see.”

Angel takes my hand. Cringing, I allow myself to be led where Inga had taken me before. It is all the same, but this time there is a naked girl clamped hard down upon the brutal table. She cannot move any more than I had moved. She gazes up at us without hope. She and Angel exchange Germanic words.

“She is waiting to be bred,” Angel explains. “When this is to happen, the wardresses are told in advance. They take the chosen girl and clamp her to the table as you see Frieda here. She must await the coming of the master. He will plant the seed within her womb and then leave. He never

stays or talks or gives us praise.

“You mean Carl may show up at anytime?” I am aghast.

“You must never call him by name, Bree. He is the master. We all belong to him.”

“Can’t we let this poor girl loose?”

“Of course we can’t! She would be terribly punished and so would we. She is frightened because this is her first time to be entered by the master. I was frightened too.”

The girl is young and lovely. I shudder to think what she will be in a few years time. She is looking in curiosity at my ring, but she makes no plea. This is the way of things at the woman farm. What is about to be done to her has been done to most. I am sure her votzen is bone dry. I take Angel’s hand and tug. I do not want to be here when that bastard Carl arrives. Frieda’s young girlish sex, so blatantly exposed, bids us a mute farewell.

“The girls do not mind being seen as we are seeing them,” Angel says gently, sensing my hesitation. “It is very dull and sad to be bound or clamped in one position for a long time or having to stand with arms raised beneath the beam. If we only exchange a word or two, it is a break in their monotony.”

There are fewer girls this time, but the scene is the same. Naked and female, they stand with wrists crossed and bound above their heads at a height their teeth cannot

reach. Some have been whipped. Angel talks to them and tells them how come I am ringed. There are smiles, but we dare not linger. Angel's finger guides me on.

One lonely nude is locked in the pillory. The stocks are vacant. Angel manages to make her smile too before we leave. It is now my memory that nags me to ask, "Angel, what about the whipping post?"

She is on the other side of the massive timber. Only her bare arms are visible from where we stand. They are shackled high to make her hug the wicked timber. Instantly I know. I do not need the glimpse of golden hair to tell me it is Inga.

"She was sent here—yesterday," Angel tells me timidly. "She was so tightly bound she was hurting. We don't know why, but the master was terribly angry. We are forbidden to call her mistress now. She is just Inga, the same as the rest of us."

I digest the news. For me it is bad, bad, bad. In spite of her imperious capriciousness, Inga was my friend. Now she is fastened to the whipping post of the woman farm and is, I suspect, naked. Carl is indeed insane. There are probably family politics I know nothing of, but just the same this is absurd.

This is all a fact of life for poor Angel. The woman farm may be curious, but it accepts. "She is to be whipped later today," she says without emotion. "I did not want to tell

you. You are fond of her, are you not?"

I suddenly realize just how fond I am of this woman I called mistress. I go to her as fast as my ironed feet will take me. Sure enough she is nude. She has been gazing up at the metal bands around her wrists. I can imagine her fury at being held by so little. She hears my chains and turns. Our eyes meet in shock. We both blush, Inga in deep shame and myself in sympathetic embarrassment to see her thus. She tosses her golden hair the most feminine of gestures. Her voice is bitter.

"It seems I have offended the Third Reich, Bree. That swine, that rotten brother of mine!"

I clink my way to the captive golden flesh and take it in my arms as I would a child. We kiss passionately, and the woman farm vanishes from our lives.

"Oh, Bree, I am so terribly ashamed that you should see me like this." My former mistress is actually in tears. I kiss them away, licking them hungrily from her cheeks. Mournfully, she adds, "You still have your ring, and I have not been touched. He may not breed us. It is a chance.

"But, mistress, why? I don't understand. I thought you ruled."

"I did, but my brother has a Hitler complex. Now he is Der Fuehrer. He is also insane. I suppose I have known his insanity for a long time, but have never admitted it, even to

myself. Oh, Bree, I have been so naive. Carl drugged me, and when I awoke, I was here. No woman will obey me. Those I have treated cruelly will be glad to see me stripped and whipped and clamped to the mating table."

"But, Inga, he can't possibly—he's your brother!"

"It will make no difference. I told you—he's insane."

I'm in a mad, mad, mad world! That Inga, my mistress, could be so used seems impossible. Whatever she has done to me, she is far too beautiful for the clamps and the hard table and what will follow. She is too beautiful to be whipped here at the stake. I look up along the bare columns of her arms to where the metal bands fit snugly around her wrists. She cannot escape, and I cannot help her. I could reach between her thighs to fondle her sex, but we both scorn such play. Inga's breasts are thrust hard against the wood.

"I will be whipped, Bree—have no doubt about it." She nestles her golden hair against mine and drops her voice to a whisper. "There is a way out of here. After Carl has whipped me, if I am allowed to join the rest of the women, you and I will steal away."

I gasp in ecstasy. "Oh, mistress!"

"It will depend on how heavily they keep me chained or locked away, liebchen."

"But they are bound to let you walk as I am walking some-

time."

"You walk with fettered feet."

"Yes, but surely—"

"Speak no word of this, not even to Angel. Trust me."

"A wardress has seen us—we must not loiter."

Inga and I snatch a fervent kiss. Angel and I walk away from the place of punishment. The uniformed woman shares a few brief words with my companion in their native tongue. That is all. We walk into and merge with the population of the farm.

"I expect they will take the chains from your ankles quite soon," Angel says wisely. "I think you are shackled only because you are new. They want you to understand there is no escape."

"But no one ever tries—do they?"

"Not any more. They used to try when my mother was young, but they were always caught and terribly punished. It is an offense to speak of escape, so let us not talk of it."

This damn farm of women is self-perpetuating. For these girls and women within the wall freedom is abstract. They are well fed and their nakedness covered. For drama there are the clamps and mating bed. They are not as amused by my pussy ring was I would have supposed. I expect this is

because irons and shackles are so much a part of their lives. I have observed seven other girls with ankles linked as mine are linked. They have all adjusted to short steps—nobody notices. We attach ourselves to a group in a dining hall and share coffee. In the annals of slavery this place must be unique.

There comes the muted wail of a siren. Angel tells me it is the summons. Every inmate must attend the place of punishment to watch my mistress whipped. There are a few who are enthusiastic but not many. Most seem to regard it as a chore.

It is undoubtedly Carl Ressler's day. He will make a Roman holiday of his sister's degradation. After the event about to take place, he will reign supreme, and the Schloss Ressler will be his alone. Two aides attend his magnificence, all three of them dressed in the manner of Hitler's Nazis. They will take up positions while the wardresses marshal the multitude in a wide half circle. Inga's naked back glows in all die glory of its virginity. Here truly is unmarked skin for the lash to etch with its scarlet and purple agony. I shiver.

It is a wardress who will whip my mistress. Chairs are brought for Carl and his henchmen. They sit in careless comfort, their riding crops draped across their knees. The female executioner takes up her stand behind and to one side of the manacled nude. Inga takes one quick look over a raised bare arm. The woman with the whip awaits the signal.

Whippings are terrible things. They should not happen. I forget the exquisite erotic joy I have known from a mild streaking of my bare bottom in the play of love. There is no love here, only a cold and bitter cruelty. I behold the chained loveliness tense in shock as the first lash bites from hip to hip. Inga presses her forehead against the post and makes fists of her pinioned hands. Her only sound is the gasp of disbelief in a pain so terrible. I know how she feels. I have been there too.

Inga does not scream until after the tenth blow. It is a cry of anger and deep hurt. It is a peal of accusation against the watching man who has ordained her suffering. Her feet kick and stamp as though to rid themselves of pain. She tugs against her captive wrists, but is probably unaware of what she does. As a harder slash across her back evokes her loudest scream, a hushed murmur emanates from the women among whom we stand. But there is no revolt in it, only sympathy for the woman punished at the post.

Thirty strokes! It does not end until Inga slumps against the upright timber and her head bows down. Carl advances to take inventory of his sister's flesh. He nods, well satisfied. He and his companions march away. I am sure he misses the brass band. The rest of us are told to go about our affairs. Carl did not look at me or my ring. I wonder why.

Inga must stand one hour with her lacerated back. I risk trouble and go to her alone, cursing the leg irons that slow me down. If a wardress wishes to catch me, she will have

an easy task. There is no way I can run. But it is dusk and almost everyone is indoors.

Inga is possessed by grief and all consuming anger. No woman has ever lost more than she by her brother's betrayal. I press our two nudities close and hard so she may nestle against my warm flesh and we can kiss. Her whisper in my ear is vehement. "I must kill him, Bree—I must!"

I do not make the mistake of soothing her as a child. Inga is my own magnificent Valkyrie possessed by rage. Valkyries do not weep; they are female warriors of a Norse Valhalla. It is not until we have comforted each other for a long time that she asks, "Bree, is my back a mess?"

"The skin is only cut in a few places," I lie. "The rest is beautiful. You are the most beautiful girl I have ever known."

The sweat of pain has dried on Inga's skin, but the two of us are enveloped in woman scent. We desire each other and are oblivious to all else. Suddenly a scald of agony sears my bottom and a flood of German reprimands tell me I have overstayed my time.

A hard grasp upon my bare arm leads me away. The single stroke across my bottom cheeks hurts horribly.

I am not punished further, but am instead escorted to the dining hall for the evening meal. A place is made for me, and I am included in a conversation I do not understand.

But I am fortunate. Across the board there is an American voice. “Welcome to the club, sweetheart. How the hell did you get in here?”

I tell her as much as she needs to know. I realize my whole story is too incredible to believe. But she shrugs and nods. We exchange names. Hers is Susan.

“It’s my own fault I’m here,” Susan admits. “I was doing a European tour when I heard rumors about this place. I’m by way of being a journalist and sell the odd article. I realized right off what a bonanza this could be, so I hired a ladder and climbed the wall.”

“And they caught you?”

“Oh, sure. Within an hour of my dropping down on the wrong side of that blasted wall they had me stark naked and tied up in ways that made a beastly kind of hurt. I’d never been so frightened in my life.”

“Your elbows and pussy?”

“Oh, you know about that. Well, anyway, they figured I was harmless, so they simply added me to the inventory. They kept me in irons the first week until they found the ladder I’d left on the other side. That was all.”

Susan takes me to the dormitory and we play checkers until bedtime. A wardress handcuffs the right wrist of one of the girls to her cot. She makes no demur but lays down for sleep with her bare and pinioned arm outside the coverlet.

Susan and I snuggle into a single cot. She giggles and tells me she must be barren. She has taken the mating bed many times, but nothing has happened. She clasps my sex, so I tell her the story of my ring. I have found a friend.

We sleep.

5

Flight

THE WOMAN FARM is a prison in itself. Goodness knows why they need a real one. But one exists, and my mistress is inside. I am given a grudging permission to visit her for five minutes, but I have to leave my tunic at the desk and do my visiting in the nude. My irons make a fearful clatter in the penal silence.

The girls are young. I suppose the older women have lost the urge to sin. I would like to know their crimes, but I dare not ask. They sit dejectedly on their narrow cots, but come and grasp the bars and gaze in speculation as I pass. There is only one girl in each cell. Perhaps isolation is their punishment.

Inga is locked inside a similar little cage, but she is different. The worst restraint I saw on any of the others was handcuffed wrists, but my mistress is loaded down with metal bands and links to a point of absurdity. She is so ironed she cannot even make the gestures of greeting, only a twinkling of fingers on a captive hand. A collar and chain snub her short of the bars. We cannot kiss. Her radiance lights up the institutional gloom as with sunlight. But she is almost in despair.

“Look at me, liebchen. Carl has had these things locked on me to tell me there is no escape.” She shakes herself to

make a clatter, of links. “He guesses I know a way out of there, but makes sure I cannot use it.”

My heart drops in tune with hers. Inga is my only hope, and the hope is wrested from us by barbaric irons. That a brother could do this to his sister is beyond belief, but there have been cases enough in history. Ineffectually, I protest.

“But, Inga, to chain you so heavily! Locked in one of these, a girl could never escape.”

“It is the same as the whipping. To teach me I am nothing.” She shuffles around to display her back. “What does it look like, Bree?”

My gasp is my answer. Inga’s weals have been washed and tended, but the conglomerate of strange colors is worse than yesterday. I have no words for what I see, but tell her the truth as best I can. Inga shrugs.

“My flesh will heal, but my hate will not.” Bitterly, she adds, “Unless he has me whipped each week. It is something he may do.”

I feel so helpless standing thus against the bars and looking through them at my shackled mistress. Inga will always be my mistress to me, no matter what her condition. I utter a familiar platitude.

“Mistress, is there nothing I can do?”

“You can wait and pray and, if possible, keep out of Carl’s sight. I do not think he will keep me chained in here too long. I think he will send me naked to be shamed before those to whom I have been the mistress.”

We talk for as long as I dare. Now I retrieve my tunic and go out into the sunlight. My mind is in turmoil, but it contains the most vivid visions of a golden naked girl heavily chained. Within me burns a great anger against the strutting male who has imprisoned us both. I go in search of company. The day drags into afternoon. It is then that I am apprehended by the wardress.

The wardress is dressed in her full Nazi ensemble. She even has a pistol on one hip and a truncheon on the other. She looks absurd, but I do not laugh. She conjures up a hundred horrors in my mind. She takes my arms and slows her steps to my hobbled walk.

“You come.”

I have no thought of disobedience. But this woman is amused, and I am sure her grin bodes me no good. I am expecting the place of punishment, but what looms is worse. It is the building in which there waits the mating table and the clamps. I stop in dismay, but am roughly jerked ahead to the hateful fastenings and the beastly rape. The woman farm can shrug and simply say I have been bred. But, for me, it will be the raping of my helpless nudity. I will be clamped down, and Dave’s ring will be cut

from my sex. I will be stretched and open for a man who is insane. Strangely, the tears now welling up in my eyes are for my ring and not for me at all.

Inga Ressler is nude upon the hard wood. Her wrists and ankles are spread wide and solidly clamped. She gazes up at me, stricken.

“Liebchen!”

I go berserk. Once I could not have done it, but I do it now. My actions seem by someone other than myself. I am only a silly little prisoner with shackled feet, not a girl to fear. The wardress thoughtlessly turns her back. I snatch the truncheon from her belt and use it brutally. She falls with a satisfying thud. Without pause I fly to the clamps. Their mechanism is simply. In a moment my mistress is free and has me in her arms. I have never known greater happiness.

Inga is magnificent. She glows. She is again my mistress, and I obey her commands with joy. While we bind and gag and stow away the unconscious woman I have bopped, she tells me Carl is almost due, and that he will come alone. She takes the wardress’ gun and checks its load. We search pockets and find an impressive ring of keys, one of which will loosen the fetters on my feet. She then does the incredible. She lays herself back on the table, places the gun under the arch of her back, and then stretches herself wide.

“Clamp me, Bree, but do not make them click—just enough

pressure to make me seem well held. Then hide. You can leave the rest to me."

It happens swiftly. I have been hiding only long enough to find the key and free myself when a jack-booted male becomes audible. Breathless, I watch.

Carl Ressler is almost a caricature of Nazidom. He is belted and polished and creased and altogether splendid. But he wears no pistol.

After all, he has only come to rape his sister. What need does he have of arms? He comes to a halt at the lower end of the mating table and gazes down in triumph at his sibling's helpless nudity. Her open sex confronts him blatantly. He leans forward to finger it while he chuckles.

"Ach, my little one, I have you where you belong."

Inga executes her brother with a swift, sure grace. The clamps fall from her outstretched wrists. When she sits upright, the gun from beneath her back points squarely into Carl Ressler's face. He stares in stricken fascination.

"You disgrace us, Carl."

It is simply said and done. Inga pulls the trigger, and the king of the Schloss Ressler is dead before he strikes the floor.

"Come, Bree, there is work to be done."

I cast aside my shackles, careless of the sound. When Ressler breeds a girl, this place is taboo. It is discreetly deserted and his alone. It is now ours. I help Inga strip the uniform from the body of the dead man. I then help her in donning. it herself. It takes a lot of tucks and tugs, but Inga is a tall girl, and the end result is good. Inga Ressler pockets the ring of keys, then straps on the belt and puts the gun in the holster. From the bound woman she takes handcuffs and turns to me.

“Come, liebchen.”

It does not occur to me to hesitate. I hold out my hands and watch the bracleting of my wrists. It is a familiar feeling. “Follow my lead,” she whispers as she takes my arm in an authoritative grasp.

We walk together in the daylight.

My heart sings in glory as I am led, a demure and passive prisoner, past the guards and wardresses and gates of iron. Inga barks orders, and uniformed women hasten to obey. There is none who question the authority of her uniform or her voice. Her obvious freedom returns her to her status of a few days past. The mistress of the Schloss Ressler is taking home a girl slave for her amusement. No one looks at me. My handcuffed wrists divorce me from concern.

It is the same at the schloss. If there is surprise or shock, it is well hidden. The debasement of Inga Ressler was too brief to erase her former glory. We return in triumph.

When we reach our bedroom, Inga strips the hated tunic from my nudity and throws me on the bed. We revel in the ecstasy of freedom and relief.

But we ration the ecstasy. Inga has things to do and orders to give. I lay in luxury and watch her change into her own swelte uniform. Severely splendid, she turns her attention to me. She unlocks one cuff and attaches me to the bed rail. I am so happy I scarcely notice, but her voice snaps me back into reality. “Liebchen, I want you think hard while I am gone. When I return, I want you to tell me what you would do now if you were me, and what you would most like to do yourself.”

“Mistress—oh, Inga, you are giving me my freedom?”

She laughs and kisses me. “You are not free, little one. Look at your wrist.” She waves gaily and departs.

The going of Inga Resslers is like the quenching of the sun. I am instantly deflated and slump nakedly upon the covers, a bare arm stretched up to where the metal holds me safely. I do not question the silver circlet around my wrist. It is a fact of life, and there is no reason I should be any less Inga’s captive than before Carl’s death. But thought of that strutting madman’s death tenses me with a jolt. I understand Inga’s message perfectly.

Inga Ressler is—a murderess.

The ugly word is ill suited for what she had to do, but the

law will never see it that way. The law is ignorant of the Schloss Ressler and all it has been, but would approve no part of it. Unless my mistress can bottle the estate up tight she is in grave danger.

There is the matter of inheritance and the woman farm. The woman farm was a male thing sustaining male ego. It was more Carl's than Inga's. My heart is clutched again at the thought of all those male infants the woman farm must have produced through the years and what was done to them. I have not dared ask what their fate was; I have not wanted to know. But I face the knowledge now. All were put to death.

And Inga Ressler knew.

The enormity of the whole concept is shattering. The Schloss Ressler has been itself the law for all who lived therein. Can this still be so? I look up at my locked wrist and for the first time wish it was free. But what would I do with freedom? Inga has become my life. Without her there is nothing. Dave and his penthouse have faded into a distance I can never bridge. How can a penniless naked girl traverse a continent and an ocean? If the police put their hands on me, they will put me in prison as some sort of accomplice to a horrendous crime.

But Inga remains my mistress.

I love Inga terribly.

But I am not left along enough alone to drive myself around the bend with tearful speculation. When Inga comes back, she is concerned.

“I can’t find Schwartz and Hendricks,” she says angrily. “They were the two bastards Carl brought with him to watch me be whipped. Either they were away while I killed Carl or they left immediately on getting word. Those men are dangerous.”

“Only the men?”

“They were trusted. They came and went as they pleased. They were Carl’s men. The rest do not matter. They live on the estate, so nothing has changed for them.”

“What will you do?”

“Have Carl buried—without honors. I have talked with the wardress we left bound and gagged. I have soothed her and given her a small promotion. This whole estate is a well-oiled machine. It will roll forward of its own momentum. Do you want me to free your hand?”

“No, don’t ever free me. I belong to you.”

“Are you sure?”

“Of course I’m sure. Can’t the two of us go on living here as though nothing had happened?”

My mistress is stroking my nipples in meditation. I am in-

stantly afire, but I do not count. It is my mistress who matters. Our fate is in her hands. “We can try,” she says. “Perhaps I see ghosts that are not there. Hendricks and Schwartz may resolve themselves harmlessly.”

“I did as you told me, Mistress—I thought a lot.”

“And?”

“If the police get into the act, they will arrest you.”

“Of course. I have thought of this.”

“So grab all the money you can find and fly to America with me.”

She smiles at me tenderly. “You are a very sweet child, and I have thought also of this. From princess to pauper in three days—it must be a record.” She laughs bitterly.

“Would it be so bad?”

“To relinqish the schloss, yes, but for the woman farm I do not care. The poor creatures will be bereft in freedom, but the state will look after them. I never got the dividends from the women that Carl did. The farm was his and before that our father’s. I would not trade you for the whole lot of them.”

I glow. I watch Inga strip away her Nazi clothes. She tells me she is done with them forever. She will erase every trace of Hitler’s pomp from the entire estate. Everything of

Carl's will be burned. Naked, she is glorious, flaunting her wounded back with pride and vowing she will not be whipped again. I tremble as she frees my hand and locks it again with the other behind my back. We will now make love upon our bed, and the loss of my hands will not matter at all. It is better that way. We care not why. When Inga clasps my sex and a handful of my ring, I explode in a myriad of stars and cry aloud my ecstasy in being owned.

It does not really end. But after a long, long time my mistress separates our sweat-drenched nudities and goes to one of the huge closets where she keeps her clothes. When she returns, she tosses garments across a chair and a bundle of money on the bed. She takes the handcuffs from my wrists and tosses them to the floor.

"Bree, you are free. Dress, take the money and one of the smaller cars. Drive to Berlin—the roads will be marked—and you can be back in America tomorrow. You will be safe there."

I massage my wrists and stand in disbelief I gaze at this golden beauty who relinquishes me forever and sends me on the loneliest journey of my life. Slowly, a tear forms and trickles down my cheek. This salt drop is all the answer either of us should need. Angrily, I gather the cuffs from the rug and click one firmly on my wrist, then put my arms behind back back and snare my other hand tightly.

We stand and stare deep into each other's eyes. We are two

naked girls; one robbed of her hands. We say no words as the moments pass. Then, with a cry of joy, we tumble back on the covers and resume where we left off. Night claims us and somewhere in the darkness we fall asleep.

Inga is right—the estate is indeed well lubricated and functions without a hitch. We breakfast royally, my hands switched from back to front. We are attended with ceremony, and I eat outrageously. But my mistress is thinking hard.

“Bree, I want to talk to the law firm that handles our family affairs. If I take you with me, eyebrows may be raised.”

“Then leave me here. Chain me up someplace.”

“It’s nothing to be flippant about,” she chides. “We may be sitting on a powder keg. Until I can be certain about those two defectors, I must cover every hazard. Do you still refuse to return to America?”

“Mistress, it is not refusing to go home, it is choosing to stay with you.”

“I love you too. Are you willing to trust me a lot?”

“You know I am. Are you going to whip me?”

“Yes.”

The single word jolts my euphoria. It was not what I expected. But I simply say, “I’m sure I deserve it. When does it

happen?"

"Quite soon. I want you anonymous while I'm gone, so you will spend the time of my absence being mildly punished on the farm. If the police raid us, you will be one among many."

"Are things that bad?"

"They could be. I will take no risks. Do you agree?"

We do things in style. Since I am to be punished, I must be naked. Inga locks a collar around my neck and my hands behind my back. From the collar there is a chain leash by which she leads me grandly to the farm of women and to my immediate fate. She herself is severely tailored and tweedy in the fashion of a country gentlewoman. She carries a light and wicked crop as her only badge of office. We pass through the portal and enter the strangest of female worlds. We enlist a wardress to accompany our tour and answer Inga's administrative questions. The wardress takes my lash from the hand of my mistress. We go from place to place in a most normal fashion, but my heart thuds harder and harder as we get closer to whatever pain it is I have to bear. Even if I am whipped with love, it will still hurt, especially under the critical eye of a wardress. I could have done without the wardress, but who am I to say? Certainly she is deferential enough, and there is a great chatter of German exchanged between the two of them. My trust in Inga is total. Eventually, we reach the place of

punishment. There are two girls standing with their arms held high, and one more shackled to the whipping post. That is all.

For me it is to be the pillory. We stand by it while the collar and leash is taken from my neck and my hands given one more brief freedom. The wardress holds high the upper yoke where I must set my neck and wrists. My mistress arranges me and my hair to their mutual satisfaction. The yoke descends and there is the snapping of a lock. I am terribly and totally a prisoner. “And now, liebchen, your bottom must be whipped,” Inga mourns.

It is the strangest of whippings. The other punished girls may have seen such things before—we are in a lesbian world—but I am cloaked in shame when the wardress takes the crop and retires to where I cannot see what she is doing. I know for sure she will use it on my bare skin, and it will hurt like blazes. Inga clamps my head with both her hands and raises it to where our lips meet.

“Only six, beloved—” Her lips clamp hard on mine.

I am gagged with kisses, and it is just as well. Unseen, the crop cuts fearfully, and I know its agony courses up and speeds its passage by tongues and lips into Inga’s heart. Her fingers clutch me harder as I am sliced again. I do not scream. I could not if I wanted. I hear the wardress laugh as from another time and place. She slashes my innocent bottom cheeks for the third time. I stamp my bare feet as

though to transmute my agony back into the waiting earth. With the falling of the sixth stroke, I am panting and gasping for breath.

“You are exquisitely welted, liebchen.”

Inga dries my cheeks, then she and the wardress walk back the way we came, but I stay here: It is a lonely feeling. The other three delinquents who are my companions survey me with interest and sympathy. I curse my inability to answer their German questions, but smile back and wiggle my fingers in what I hope are friendly gestures. I even raise my captive foot and wiggle it around for good measure. They nod and understand. This is the freemasonry of captive girls.

I have not been locked in a pillory before. There is something shaming about its clutch upon my wrists and neck. I feel silly with most of me back the other side where I cannot see it. Back there I can be loved or punished by anyone who likes, and there’s such a loss of dignity. I am a severed head and a pair of severed hands. I think I’d have preferred the whipping post, even with all its awful implications.

I stand and stand. After awhile I also ache and ache. It must be the same for the others, but at least they can talk to each other. My vagrant mind picks up a picture of the four of us and of the punishment place. Gosh, what a Roman holiday the world press would make of the Schloss

Ressler if they ever find out! Such pictures and headlines and so much nakedness—oh, boy! Inga could make a million out of selling the rights. But if the police grab Inga and me, the media will get this sensational world of women for free.

I wonder if they would label this a war crime and put Inga in Spandau Prison. It started out as a war crime for sure, but I don't know if a war crime can be inherited. But whipping posts and pillories will earn no sympathy. My mind provides another vision of my golden darling—naked, hands bound behind her back, a blindfold upon her eye—before a firing squad. I shake myself angrily. I must blot out such nonsense. Inga will rule her estate forever like the Valkyrie she is.

Another vision I had best not dwell on is Dave and the penthouse.

The pillory is to blame. It makes me long to be anywhere but here, I am infatuated with Inga, but when she is gone her magic departs too. I could be back now, or on the plane and free. Perhaps I rejected the chance because it was so hard to comprehend so great a gift.

But, in my heart, I know it was the magic of the Valkyrie.

All four of us punished girls are ignored. We exist in our little world of punishment. The two who stand with arms upraised often divert themselves by twisting at bound wrists. They do not get free, but it is something to do. The

girl shackled to the whipping post takes her own turn at jerking and wriggling but without hope. I do not even try. It is no way possible for me to escape this beastly thing, this bulk of timber into which I am locked. A girl fastened in a pillory is there to stay. All she can do is tick off the hours hoping someone will set her free.

It is the same wardress who whipped me who approaches. She is hurrying, so I figure it means something is up. While she fumbles with the pillory's padlock, she uses two of her few English words, "Hurry up."

When I am extracted from the timber's clutch, she grasps my wrist and literally drags me from the place of punishment. I manage only a feeble wave to the three I leave behind. Reaching the first hut, I am dragged inside and presented with a shirt. It is one of those inadequate, provocative numbers that leave a girl more naked than nude. I put it on and am about to point to my still exposed pussy and its ring when the woman does something incredible.

Dazed, I look down at the automatic pistol she has placed into my right hand. She shows me the safety and inserts my finger within the trigger guard. She then undoes a button of the flimsy shirt and thrust both hand and gun inside to nestle coldly beneath my naked breast. Giving me no time for questions, she hurries me past curious eyes to the main gate of the woman farm and beyond. She points me towards the Schloss Ressler across the rich green lawn, she points towards a car and figures on the drive below the

imposing steps. A hand is hard against my back as she uses three more words: “Run quick, mistress!” I am launched like a projectile.

It is good to run hard on this soft turf. My feet, fettered for so long, carry me like wings. I am a spring uncoiled from the compression of captivity. I know something must be terribly wrong, and halfway to my target I understand. Two men beside the car wear police uniforms. The other two are Schwartz and Hendricks, and a fifth figure is female. It is Inga Ressler with her arms behind her back, and I know why. The last of the Resslers is under arrest.

My advent on the scene is regarded as comic relief. Male eyes grin at my near nudity and are entranced by my ring. None see me as a menace. I surprise myself every bit as much as I shock them. I pull the gun and point it at them.

“Mistress, tell them what to do.”

Inga must have had this planned with the wardress, the operation is so smoothly oiled. She snaps swift German, and a moment later her wrists are freed. Without pause, she takes the automatic from my hands and swivels it in menace. Her voice drips loathing.

“You handled me—touched me!”

The two shots are almost as one. Two uniforms and their contents thud upon the gravel of the drive, Schwartz and Hedricks turn to flee, and their sentence is a single word.

“Traitors!”

The automatic barks twice.

Two girls stand in motionless silence below the granite steps. I have a feeling the Resslers of the past view us with approval from their own special Valhalla. The four dead men are a Ressler victory, but Inga’s voice is sad.

“It is over, liebchen.”

Driven by a terrible hunger, we hug and kiss. She tells me I was magnificent, but I know that without her spirit possessing me I could not have done it. I am no warrior maiden as is she. Under an impulse I cannot name I pluck the handcuffs from the gravel and offer them along with my hands. “Please, mistress?”

Inga knows it is my affirmation of loyalty. Her pause to consider is but brief. She smiles. “Very well, liebchen, but in front. You may have need of hands.”

Breathlessly, I watch myself possessed. The steel is still warm from Inga’s flesh as it circles my wrists and takes away my freedom. My mistress contemptuously tears away the silly shirt to return me to a respectable nakedness.

“Come, Bree, I want you packing our things while I arrange the disposal of… this.

“Others will come?

“Of course they will come. But we will not be here for their hands and irons. It will take them a couple of hours to miss this lot. It is all the time we need.”

Soon Inga joins me in the packing of costly luggage. One bag of it is taken up with American dollars and securities. Wherever we are going, Inga will not be poor. She picks an unobtrusive little vehicle from the several in the garage. We load it and drive away, Inga leaves her family home without a blown kiss or waving hand, I note the drive is once more neat and tidy and without trace of what happened there less than an hour since. To the very last the oiled machinery of nobility still functions. But as we drive through the main gate onto the country road which leads us to the autobahn there are tears in Inga’s eyes.

I pretend not to see.

“We will go to America, liebchen.”

“Yes, mistress.”

I say the simple words quietly, but my heart leaps. I am going home. Soon the woman farm and the bloodletting will fade into memory. I watch the German countryside slip by but scarcely see it. My thoughts are all with the girl who drives. To lighten our mood, I innocently ask, “Will you keep me handcuffed on the plane, mistress?”

It evokes a grim small smile. “I would like to, but I suspect the law will rob us of that. You will lose a mistress and I a

slave."

"But why."

"Think, liebchen. We will be lucky to leave the American airport without being apprehended. There will be barely time before the alarm is sounded and I become a much wanted fugitive."

"But couldn't we get a house in the suburbs and sort of vanish?"

"For a little while, but they would find us."

"How about Canada?"

Inga laughs. "I do not seek a fate worse than death, shivering away my life on an arctic wasteland. Try again, little one."

"England?"

"In Canada you freeze outdoors, and in England you freeze indoors. No, thank you, And the hazards are the same."

"South America?"

"They are tired of Nazis there. They are hostile. No, what I must do is disappear in the United States. I must cease to exist."

"But how?"

"It is you who must make me disappear, beloved slave."

“Me! But I’m nothing—”

“That is just the point. You vanished in the U.S., but you never surfaced in Germany or anywhere else. You are in a quaint sort of limbo. The only concern on your behalf will be with your male owner who lost his pretty little slave girl. What is his name—Dave?”

“Yes.”

“So now you make this Dave a gift—the gift of me.” I am still gasping and trying to sort this out when Inga continues relentlessly. “Dave’s slaves do not officially exist. If he locks me away in a cage, I will have a better life than any prison will grant me.”

“But Dave may not—”

“Would any man in his right mind refuse the gift of a gold-enhaired slave girl—a most obedient slave girl wishing to please?”

I am ashamed of my instant reaction. Would Dave or any man look at me when Inga stands naked for their pleasure? I am on fire with jealousy, but it passes as quickly as it came. The handcuffs on my wrists tell me clearly I still belong to my golden mistress and always will. If we must share one master, I will gladly do so. If Dave notices me less and less, well, perhaps Inga will love me more. I thrust these thoughts aside. This is no time for feminine silliness. I consider the plan. It is without fault.

“Would he whip me often, Bree?”

“You are being mischievous,” I tell her with mock severity. “I don’t see why he would whip you at all.”

“He whips you, liebchen.”

I need no answer. A loving hand reaches to stroke my cuffed hands. The little car purrs steady. I am going home. But my mind is in turmoil.

I want to cry.

Inga Ressler

I AM NAKED. I am handcuffed. I am locked inside a small, uncompromising cell. I sit on a moderately comfortable cot and gaze out through the surrounding bars. I should be intensely unhappy, but I am not. Instead, I am warm with a wonderful security from those uninformed oafs who scour the world for the she-devil for whom the media have coined a hundred ugly names. I am a “priestess of pain”, a “blonde with a whip”, and “the golden murderess”, to name a few. I hate those men. They are robots without reason, blindly following a code. They arrested me, handled me, and handcuffed me—ugh! If it had not been for my liebchen, they would now have me safe in one of their beastly prisons for the rest of my life.

I like Dave Muir very much, and he is beginning to value me. Yesterday, for the first time, he whipped me, and I became very much what Bree calls horny, which is a silly American expression but it hits the nail upon the head. After Dave had been not too unkind and I had refused to scream, we knew each other better than before. This whipping thing is new to me. I do not count that beastliness at the woman farm; it was simply brutality. But my beautiful Bree tells me slave girls get often whipped upon their bare skin and may learn to like it if it is not done to them too hard. I am a slave girl now. It is most amusing.

I owe darling Bree so much. She and Dave have caused to vanish a girl named Inga Ressler and have created in her place a goldenhaired slave girl who bears no name at all and who nobody knows about except those two. Dave says he will call me “Hey you!” but that is being funny.

I have never had a master. Carl wanted to be my master, but he knew not how. Here again I owe salvation to Bree. Had she not taken me from Carl’s hateful mating bed and its four clamps, I would now be victim to the fate he planned for me. I would be a prisoned girl waiting for her belly to swell and eject a monster child.

So I am very happy with my cage and having my hands joined together to keep me mindful of what I have become. But there is another American idiom which tells me what I now am is something not to be knocked. There is a warm glorious coziness about this imprisonment. I am safe, safe, safe! I sit upon this cot and dream most lovely dreams of all those searching men and their stupid laws which would never vouchsafe me a fair trial or even understand who and what I am. For me, this small prison is a Ressler victory. If Dave keeps me locked in here long enough, I may become bored, but I am not bored now.

I want my Bree, but Dave is being mute about her. He knows she is mine, but takes her as his own. I wish Bree was locked in here with me, but his maleness stops it. Dave has her locked or chained away somewhere in this amazing penthouse place, and we do not get to see each

other alone very much. He says this way he owns all of each of us. If he prisons us together, we will gang up on him. Poor dear Dave, he has much to learn. In the meantime, he teaches me, and his teaching can be most painful and leave marks upon a girl's skin. I have seen these marks also on Bree, so I know how she too learns.

It was a blush-making beginning. I pinken up now with just the memory. Bree and I had got a hotel, and she had talked long on the phone. Her Dave was well briefed. I was then prepared. It was a giggling schoolgirl thing in which we laughed a lot and had to stop and make love because the thought of what I was about to do was making me horny. When I walked out into the streets of New York wearing nothing but shoes and nylons, naked beneath my cape and my wrists cuffed behind my back, I was so excited I wished to return to our room and make more love. But Bree was firm. We made our journey. She stood me before Dave's door, then ran back to the elevator.

When Dave opened the door, I tried not to stare at this so handsome man. I primly said, "I am a present for Dave Muir."

Dave took me inside and closed his door. He stripped from me the cape, and my blushes made me pink all over. I swiftly followed our plan and fell before him to my knees, stating simply, "Master, I am your slave to do with as you wish."

What came next was a shock. I was lifted up, my arm taken, and I was led to a chair on which my master sat and I was draped across his knee and spanked until my bottom blushed and became exceedingly hot. Because of my cuffed hands, my indignation was lost. Dave was strong, and my flailing legs bothered him not at all. He then pushed me to the floor and said, very sternly, “Don’t you ever pull that corny line on me again. It’s been used in every hack paperback since Adam.”

I was in much disarray and most warmly horny from my burning seat. My master saved me searching for words by demanding, “Where’s that little so-and-so who put you up to this?”

Their reunion was sweet. I turned my back. There are things one should not watch. After awhile my liebchen exclaimed, “But, mistress, your bottom! It’s all red!”

“I spanked her ass,” Dave said. “She came up with the corniest line, and I know who coached her. Come here, you!”

This spanking of adult young women of an upper caste is new to me. In Germany we whipped our girls often but never spanked. The girls had no caste at all, so to have spanked them would have seemed trivial. Now I watch with interest what I suspect is a love ritual and not a punishment at all. My darling allows herself to be draped across a male knee with her wrists gripped by male fingers.

There comes then a blush-making lifting of the dress and a thrusting down of panties to reveal the soft round cheeks I love. Dave raises his hand and spanks with a vigor and concentration I admire. My darling makes token kickings and wrigglings and gasps. She too is being made horny, I can tell. In the middle of her travail, she turns to me and winks. Then we have to stand before this man, our bottoms burning, and listen to a lecture.

“You’ve got lovely tits, Inga.”

I think this man is being deliberately vulgar but cannot be sure. To be safe I say a demure thank you and try to look coy. I am far from the Schloss Ressler and must not forget.

“Noblewoman, eh? Do you fertilize that pubic bush?”

I am being goaded. I expect he wished to punish me and desires an excuse. My darling retorts for me.

“Don’t be mean, master. You’re making her blush.”

“Who spoke to you, brat! Get handcuffs.”

Pouting but not displeased, Bree obeys. Soon she stands as I.

“Damn handsome pair: brunette and gold. I asked if you considered yourself a noblewoman, Inga.”

“I am a noblewoman!” I soften my tone. “As your slave, I will try hard to forget. I am grateful to belong to you.”

“I’ll whip you. I’m a mean master.”

“It is expected. I will strive for meekness.”

“Shit no!” My master is perturbed. “I want you haughty and disdainful—the whole bit. You’re magnificent, right out of the legends. Don’t spoil yourself.”

“Dave, be nice to her! She’s a darling.”

Our owner swivels slowly and fixes my liebchen with a cold eye. “I think a gag, sweetheart. Not the ball type, the one with the phallus.”

Bree shrugs and starts, for the door. But this I cannot have. I intervene. “No! Oh, please, master, the fault is mine.”

It is as though I do not speak. Dave calls after his retreating sweetheart. “And bring a pair of clothespins.” Then back to me, “You talk out of turn, but I’ll try not to whip you this first day.”

They talk a language of their own, these two. It is a language I must learn, for half of it is fun and half dead serious. It could be a deadly repartee if I don’t learn when to pout. I am not doing well, but to stand thus naked before a man is not easy for a Ressler girl, especially when she is robbed of hands. I stare in amazement when Bree returns.

Bree has no hands either, but seemed not dismayed. She carries what was ordered as though having her hands behind her back impedes her not at all. She backs up to our

owner and is relieved of her small burdens. I cannot understand what he wants with those small wooden domestic pins, but the gag is understandable in any language. It is broad soft black leather in its middle a stubby soft rubber phallus with indentations for a girl's teeth to clench tight. Dave lays it beside him on the floor and fumbles with Bree's cuffed hands.

"No, Dave! No! I don't want to!"

Bree breaks away and turns to face her master. She stamps a bare foot. "I know what you're going to make me do, and I just won't!"

"Temper, temper! Would you like to go and fetch two more pins?

"Gladly, rather than do what you're thinking of."

I stare. I don't know what is going on. I know I am involved, but I don't know how. My darling girl is panting and indignant and is about to turn back to the door when her laughing master grabs her arm.

"Hold on! You're way out of line, but I'm making allowances. Don't get so bitchy!"

Bree pouts and sulkily retorts, "Well, I simply don't want to do that."

"You girls!" Dave makes a motion of disgust. "I figured you'd a lot sooner do it than have me do the job. I bet Inga

would too."

He appears to have scored a point. Bree relaxes and looks around as though for counsel. "Do you have to do it?" she demands unhappily.

"Indeed, yes. Never change a decision. You know the law." Dave's grin warms my heart. "Come on, be nice to her."

"Oh, all right!" She stamps her pretty little foot again and turns back to offer him her arms. "You really are an S.O.B. the way you have me foxed."

I am learning. There is a message here somewhere but I have not picked it up. But we have no pause. Bree is now massaging her wrists. Dismally, she asks, "Am I allowed to speak to her?"

Dave gestures grandly to warm my heart. "Sure, go ahead."

Bree picks up the funny little wooden clothespin and comes to face me, her voice heavy with dolor. "I hate to do this, mistress—"

"Don't call me mistress! I've told you before."

There is no mistaking male authority. Bree starts again. "I hate these things, Inga, but I have to clip them on your nipples."

The world stops still. This cannot be! It is ludicrous, beneath contempt. I have never heard of such a frolic. I stand

very stiff and stick out my breasts. “Think nothing of it, liebchen,” I say handsomely. “This is stuff for children; it is not for adults.” I watch the little jaws approach the hard pink innocence of my nipple. I tell myself I must not laugh.

I do not laugh!

This is a new and indecent pain, a pain to shame me and make cringe. I would not have believed the silly little wooden horror could be so cruel. But they watch! I stand very straight. I keep my breasts arrogant, but I meet Bree’s hurt eyes as she readies my second nipple for its punishment. I realize she has worn them too, and I can do no less. The pin bites my bud and vibrates as I breathe. Bree backs up to her master and is once more handcuffed. She continues to stand as the phallus is thrust within her mouth and the broad band strapped tight across her lips. Between them is an understanding of how this is done. Bree has the preoccupied manner of a girl being measured for something. When her lips and cheeks are compressed under the pressure of the buckled strap, she tosses her head, shaking it from side to side as though by doing so she achieves comfort.

We follow the wave of our master’s hand. Bree and I stand before Dave like a pair of delinquent children before a stern authority. The small wooden things biting my breasts point firmly at him like twin cannons. I have to consciously refrain from twisting my wrists within the cuffs.

“They look good on you, Inga.”

I’m sure they do. But they do not feel good. I fight a compelling need to writhe upon the rug, to weep, to scream, to plead. I want so much to plead for the pins to be taken from me, but Dave waits for that, reading my face, knowing about the pain, so I keep silent and stare above his head.

“That’s a new effect: the haughtiness we were speaking of.” Dave chuckles. “I know you’re hurting. Ever had your tits clipped?”

I do not answer. I am being teased. A Ressler should not tolerate such treatment. I take a deep breath, and my nipples burn twice as bad. The pain scrambles my thoughts, and I bitterly realize what a different Inga I am from the mistress of the Schloss Ressler. That Inga would never have stood naked before a man as I now stand. But this man is sanctuary.

“Your feet apart, Inga. May as well show what you’ve got.”

I obey. I am sure my votzen is plain to see. I wish I could exhaust my store of blushes. My blushes betray me, and Dave reads them well. “Ah, yes, delightful! Neat and tidy, no unsightly folds. Not been used much, eh?” My scarlet silence irks Dave into barking, “Answer when I speak! I want no sulky disdain. Understand?”

“Yes, Dave. “

“That’s okay—you can call me Dave. Things will hurt you more that way.”

He is right. Bree knows how to handle this painful intimacy, but I do not. To call him master excuses everything, but to use the Christian name of a man who is hurting you will keep me always off balance. I will expect a master to whip me, but I will never adjust this anguish on my breasts to a man I call Dave. He keeps me on the defensive, and this angers Inga Ressler. Inga Ressler is annoyed with this meek Inga who is often behaving like a coy moppet fresh from school.

“Expect me to fuck you?”

Damn him! I am sure he does not usually talk this way. If Bree was not gagged, she would rise to my defense, but Dave has me alone and—at his mercy. Stiffly, I admit, “Yes, of course. It is the privilege of masters with slave girls.”

“It’ll be your first time, won’t it?”

How does he know! Am I that transparent! Once more I lay clamped down upon the mating bed, but Dave is not my brother, so this will be different. I am a true virgin, and I don’t want to think of a man inside me, because I am not ready yet, but I have to face it, so I make my reply as offhand as possible.

“Yes. I understand you would be considered a fortunate man.”

“Oh, I am! But you’ve had a few tongues in there, I’m sure.”

“That is my affair.”

“If you’re expecting me to turn Bree loose on you, forget it.”

“I am sure you will be ample compensation.”

“My, my, that was a lovely haughty bit. Keep it up. I can always break you of it if I need.”

We stare. I am sure Dave laughs at what he has put on my breasts. They hurt so bad they spoil my repartee. All I can think of is throwing my nakedness at his feet and pleading for their removal. This is what he is waiting for. Suddenly I am there upon the rug. My pinned nipples stare up at his smiling face in a mute pleading to match my voice.

“Please, take them off! Please!”

“You actually want them off?”

“They hurt so terribly. I can’t answer your questions properly. All I can think of is the pain and how ashamed they make me.”

“A good honest statement!” he barks at me. “Now get back there! Stand at attention—Stick out them tits. I want your feet further apart. Your request is denied.”

I am obeying all his commands. I dare not do otherwise. As I turn, I catch Bree’s eye. It comiserates and also reassures. I should weep but I do not. I stand stiffly at attention and

move my feet obscenely apart so I feel all pubic hair. I point my pins at Dave, this man who owns me. My nipples burn like twin bonfires.

“Come back here.”

I do not believe this, I step forward. Bree comes too. She kneels and is relieved of her gag. Its rubber phallus is wet and shining with her saliva as Dave lays it aside. His tone is abrupt. “Take them off for her.”

Bree rises and grins at me as though to say “I told you so.” She needs no hands for anything. Simply, she says, “This will hurt.” She then bends and opens a pin by biting it apart. I squeal and wince. I bite my lip in chagrin.

“Hurts worse when they come off than when they go on,” Bree says evenly. “Hold still.” She bends again and bites my second enemy with sharp white teeth. This time I manage silence, but for several moments I am panting hard while my darling girl very gently massages my breasts with lips and tongue. It seems she needs no hands for anything.

Once more we stand together in our delinquent pose. We have no hands, but it seems a girl has no need of them. Bree pouts bravely in my defense. “You’re being terribly mean to poor Inga, master.”

“Want your gag back?”

“No! I’m sorry.”

There it is again. They have just said things to each other that I do not understand. They exchanged a message in his threat and her surrender. I will understand these things in time.

“Want a ring through your cunt?” he asks. “I could get you one just like Bree’s.”

“Yes, please!”

Dave shakes a warning finger. “And we both know why, don’t we? No dice. One girl with, one without—that’s it! An ideal arrangement, don’t you think? But remember, if you give me reason to toss you out of the street, you’ll wear a ring down there you won’t easily get off.”

I am tingling again like an excited girl. But that is what I am! The thought of Dave’s ring in me is devastating. I know how Bree treasures hers. Brightly, I respond, “Whatever you say, Dave. Thanks anyway.”

“You need a bit of training.”

“Yes, I know. I’ll get Bree to teach me.”

“No, you won’t. I’ll teach you. Come and kneel in front of me.” Dave glares at Bree. “Remember the gag, sweetheart.”

I kneel. Dave tells me to lay back on my pinioned arms. When I have done this, I catch a glimpse of the shame he will impose.

“Open your knees wide. Push your hips up as high as you can. Then hold still.”

It is as I feared. My shame is deep. If my votzen could blush, it would be scarlet. It blatantly beckons before his eyes. He leans forward to pluck a pubic hair and see me wince. He runs a finger up the tight exterior of my slit. “What’s the vulgar word for these things in Germany?”

“Votzen.”

“And the same thing in English?”

“Master, you don’t have to be so mean—oops!”

I am allowed to lower my hips to watch my darling gagged for the second time. It would seem Dave is truly a master to be obeyed. Bree is meekly resigned to it. She shrugs and grins at me before she can grin no more. I raise my hips as high as I can get them to display all my sex and goodness knows what else. With a meekness to match Bree’s, I answer, “In English it is a cunt, Dave.”

He nods, satisfied. “Get back up at attention.”

I obey. Standing before him now, I almost feel decent. Bree and I exchange a glance which tells me I do well. We offer our owner our most respectful attention.

“How’d you girls like to go out to dinner?”

Liebchen cannot speak. Wonderingly, I exclaim, “But we

are prisoners!"

Bree is nodding vigorously. She needs lips no more than hands. Meekly, I say, "That would be very nice—I would like it very much—but could we not run away?"

"You won't run because you're scared of what's waiting for you out there. Bree won't leave you. Bree would come back anyway because of my ring in her … votzen." Dave laughs at his own humor and adds, "I have you safe as on a chain."

"Why then must we be handcuffed and naked, and why the little cells if we dare not run?"

"Because they please me. I like my girls captive. Okay?"

I am sure it is okay. It hides me, does it not? And there is a spinetingling eroticism about all that happens in this penthouse palace. Dave is very male and very human. He has me all excited about this going out to dinner thing. My darling's eyes sparkle like my own.

Our owner gives us time. Bree takes me into a female paradise of scents and perfumes. We bathe each other and do each other's hair. Bree is skilled. We emerge in truly regal splendor for Dave's approval. I am more shy before him thus than in the nude. He tells me I am magnificent. These costly things which drape me with such sly cunning are a far cry from the Nazi uniform. I am ten times more woman and so is Bree.

"Yes, you'll do."

We glow in the approval. Dave does not speak. I have never felt this gorgeous in my whole life. In the bath I asked my darling if we will do this often, but she knows no more than I. We are owned and what we get is what Dave chooses to bestow.

Our evening is fairyland. It is all the things the swastika never gave me. Our escort is proud of us, I can tell. Bree and I dance every dance, alternately with him and, by his gracious consent, with others. If this is captivity, I don't want freedom. Bree has told me her story, and I can see why she also clings tightly to this handsome male who is cruel and kind and unpredictable enough to ensure we are never bored. He and I learn about each other and some of what I learn will hurt. I must avoid getting silly and romantic about him. If he belonged to any girl, it would be to Bree. But I do not think Dave Muir belongs to anyone. I am sure he will whip me often enough to keep me sensible.

As the dancing and cocktails wane, so too wanes some of my interest in frivolity. I am a slave girl and had best not forget it. I do not want to go home and be chained and be sad about being chained. I have sought enslavement for my own selfish reasons. The least I owe Dave is to be a good slave to him. I thrill anew at the thought of what he may do to me when we return to the penthouse. He may lock me in a cage or simply do nothing, or he may take me to his own bed and claim his rights. How will I respond? I don't know. But this is amazingly exciting. If he does no more than imprison me, it will be a wrap around sanctuary.

Dave is so delightfully casual about what we do. He is not anxious about his possessions. He is complacently satisfied of our obedience. There is about him that aura of wealth and power and an easy assurance in their use. After the last dance he gathers Bree and I in the manner of a girl collecting furs from the cloak room. When the flunky delivers his car to the door, Bree gets in the back seat first. When she sees the handcuffs, she languidly holds out a passive wrist. Bewildered and excited, I match her left with my right. The ratchet clicks metallic mockery and we are joined. I snuggle close to my captive Bree while Dave gets behind the wheel. Laughingly, he tells us, "Just so you're not tempted."

"You big oaf," Bree retorts with mock petulance. "What girl would want to run away from you?"

I am still not sure of these remarks, but I am a happy captive. I snuggle close and play with the steel circle around Bree's wrist. Bree leans over and kisses me, and I had not known there was such felicity in this world. I am also horny and am thinking that for a virgin this cannot be proper. I simply do not care.

When we get out of the car in the underground garage, our hands are not released. We walk, joined, to the elevator and I am still breathless when we reach the penthouse. Bree never seems to notice handcuffs, but they are a new experience for me. Inside the door, Dave unlocked her wrist and leaves the pretty bracelet to dangle from mine.

“Put Inga away for the night, Bree. You know how. Then report to me.”

Dave tilts my chin and gives me a big brotherly kiss. It is not the sort of kiss I want, but I am only a slave. His whisper compensates. “You are an exciting woman, Inga. I was proud of you. Tomorrow you’ll be whipped. I’m looking forward to it.”

I am looking forward to it too, but I am given no time to say so. Bree takes my dangling cuff and leads me from Dave’s sight. Her tug on my wrist is peremptory, and I wonder if she is jealous about that kiss. I am slightly dazed and follow her in total obedience.

“It’s humble but it’s home,” Bree says. “It’s all yours.”

It is neither of the things she says. It is a sweet little cell with a sweet little cot. There is a discreet partition for the conveniences.

But the bars look very strong, and there are a lot of them. The back of the cell is concrete wall and so is one side. This will prevent communion with other cells down the passage. Mine is the last of a line of three. Bree unlocked the door.

“I’m afraid you’ll have to undress, mistress. Slave girls don’t wear clothes. Here, just so you don’t feel bad, I’ll undress too.”

Bree is a darling. When we are both nude, she locks my

free wrist to the one already braceleted. “Should be behind your back,” she says cheerfully. “But maybe he won’t notice. After all, this is your first night. I can’t stay, you know. I have to go right back.”

I swallow disappointment. We kiss as though we may never kiss again. But I am very tired. I walk inside the cell and turn to watch myself locked in. I lay on the cot and am instantly asleep.

It is Bree who wakes me. She is now handcuffed the same as me. She also has a mournful confession. “Mistress, he’s made me promise not to give you an orgasm. I’m so sorry.”

I consider this male thing. I find an instant answer. “But how is he ever going to know?”

Poor darling Bree. She shuffles unhappily and says, “We can’t ever be sure, but he made me give the most solemn promise. If we do it and he finds out, I’ll be terribly whipped, and I’m not all that fussy about being whipped that hard. Forgive me, mistress. “

I can forgive Bree anything. We bathe each other. Bree already has breakfast waiting for us.

“Bree, how do you manage all this in handcuffs?”

“You’ll catch on. I’ve been handcuffed so long I’ve forgotten anything else.”

“Liebchen, Dave said he would whip me today—will he?”

“If he said he would, he will. Don’t worry; he won’t forget.”

“But he is not here.”

“He is a businessman. He’s out making another million. He’ll be back around noon, at twelve sharp I have to get you ready.”

“Ready?”

“To be whipped, mistress. I have to tie you or strap you whatever way you choose.”

“I have a choice?”

“You do today. It pleases our master to be magnanimous with his new slave. Besides, tying up a girl is a chore, and he’s got me to save him the trouble. Sure you won’t mind?”

“I’ll adore the whole thing.”

“I wouldn’t bet on that. But before and after may make it worthwhile for you. It does for me. I suspect we’re just a pair of horny rabbits.

“What do we do until you have to tie me up?”

“The dishes first. Then I’ll take you for a walk in the garden. The whole roof is garden around this penthouse part.”

The prospect of being whipped by Dave Muir keeps me pleasantly frightened. Being whipped by a man you like is such an intimate thing, and I have to wonder how I’ll be-

have.

“Don’t hesitate to scream,” Bree says wisely. “And Dave’s as sensitive to tears as the next man.”

“Why do men like whipping girls, Bree?”

“Because we behave like an endless orgasm. Nothing significant about it, really.”

“But they won’t let us whip them.”

This amuses Bree. “I understand there’s some who would. But Dave is sure not one of them. Don’t ever suggest it. Men’s egos are sensitive.”

I think of the pillory and the whipping post at the place of punishment on the woman farm. I meditate aloud. “The girls we used to punish at the Schloss Ressler never seemed to enjoy it. Why would we?”

“You’re so naive! Dave and you and I love each other. That’s the difference. If some hulking bully was going to whip you, you’d be pleading with me to help you escape.”

“Yes, I suppose so.”

“And Dave is crafty about getting a girl horny before it happens. Being horny sure does help with the pain.”

“Is that why we are forbidden—”

“Probably. But a girl can’t be sure about masters. They’re a

tempermental lot where their slave girls are concerned. “

“And these other things he has done to you and will do to me? The hanging by our hands and the sitting on the horse?”

“It helps more than ever with them. Getting whipped creates its own heat in our hips for the first few strokes, but those other things are just scary and you’d do anything to escape them if you, could. If a girl can go to them with her fire burning bright, she’s lucky.”

I feel like a girl in a convent receiving wisdom from the nuns. I polish dishes with zest. Bree is so beautiful as she plies the soapy water with hands in rubber gloves. We had laughed a lot about those rubber gloves, but she managed them as she does all else with her cuffed hands. She is so wonderful. We go to the garden.

The garden is a small miracle. It has walks and flowers. There is deep black soil in which trees flourish, and there is a small waterfall and a pond strewn with fish. There is a lovely choice of seats, some with parasol and table for drinks. Dave must be a prince.

Before we sit, I go to the pediment and look down. I lose my breath at the enormity of our distance from the street. Everything below is tiny. I shiver and pull back. Bree refuses to look at all. When we are seated, she giggles and says there are no immediate buildings to overlook us, but there are sometimes helicopters. It is best to ignore them

and look very happy and hide our chains. She says the cushions are handy for covering up whatever is locked on us. She thinks of everything. She says we can swim in the pool if I can manage swimming while handcuffed. She promises to teach me.

“He won’t leave us girls alone like this often, mistress, so we’d best make the best of it.”

“But why would he keep us apart?”

“It’s the male thing,” she sniffs disdainfully. “Probably thinks we’d gang up on him. Of course, he’s right about that. We sure would.”

“Gang up on him?”

“Sure. Think up ways to fox him. We could, you know. And there’s jealousy too—a pair of us and only one of him. No girl really wants to share her man. We’re going to have to watch that.”

“But Dave does not belong to either of us—we belong to him!”

“And that’s the way he’s going to keep it, so he’s bound to keep us apart more than half the time.”

Here we go again with Bree being wise and me doing the wondering. But when I have been a slave girl as long as she, maybe it will be different. “Won’t we ever get to sleep together?” I ask mournfully.

“He can’t let us do that. Don’t you see?”

“I see. I see all too well the perils of being female. Dave’s prohibitions will help me store in my libido the anaesthetic by which to blut the sharp edges of the pain he will bestow upon my female flesh. It is all so well conceived. I have so much to learn. But over all of this is the comforting vision of those silly uniformed men running after me like hounds seeking a scent and finding nothing. Compared to them and their dark prisons, what are a few whippings?”

“It’s getting close to noon, mistress. Nervous?”

“I can’t help it. It’s my first time. But as long as it’s you who’s tying me—”

“Want to get it over with? We can take it slow—maybe try things out. Be ready for Dave that way.”

It is a room full of things to give me quivers. Bree points out their finer points. She has been fastened in all of them. “I thought I’d simply have to stand with my arms up in the air.”

“Sure, if that appeals to you. Dave will love that.”

Bree giggles and confesses she has been left a key to our cuffs. She dare not use it on herself, but obviously she must use it on me. She has the tiny thing hidden in her hair. A bar comes down from above and in a few moments I am standing the way I asked.

It is awful!

I am so naked! Nothing has changed, but I am many times as naked as I was, I look up the bareness of my arms to where my wrists are strapped tight at each end of the bar. I feel all armpits and breasts and pubic hair. I am trembling.

“A lot less exposed, liebchen.” I wriggle and think of Dave standing beside me while I am like this. I have to stand erect with my arms stuck out forward to where they vanish in the wood. I can’t get closer to the stocks because it hurts to bend my wrists and I can’t bend my elbows. Femininely, I ask, “How do I look?”

“Glorious.”

“No, really!

“Don’t worry—you’re breathtaking! He’ll really go for you the way you are. It’s a good choice. If we knew he was only going to cane your bottom, we could have strapped you down to a bench, but we can’t be sure. And if he does want to whip your bottom, the way you are hurts least. Don’t ever get your bottom stretched if you can help it.”

Such a voice of experience! Bree is so right about being bound or punished by loving hands. I am no more scared now than I was, and the excitement builds. I am going to be whipped by a nice man named Dave. It is too unreal but I love it. I look around for Bree but she is gone.

I must wait for my whipping, and the suspense will build.

Oh well, I need a few moments to discover what I can do and what I can't. I flex and twist and try to turn. I seem free, but I am shockingly helpless. Never in a lifetime could I extract my wrists from those holes. I'm a fixture. I can see how nicely I am positioned to be whipped. At least I am not all open armpits the way I was on the bar. I think I can protect my breasts better now. But surely he would never whip a woman's breasts! Would he?

Bree had closed the door, even though I couldn't possibly leave this room. Now it opens. Dave has arrived. He tilts back my head and kisses me with a very male kiss which I would like to prolong but cannot.

"You have no idea how good you look, Inga. I can't wait to get at you."

"I'm glad you like me, Dave."

"Bree give you a choice?"

"Yes. Do you approve?"

"I'm wondering. You were terribly whipped back there on that—what'd you call it, woman farm?" Dave runs his fingers up and down my weals to make me shiver. "Not healed yet. Your back's not nearly ready."

"But if you wish—"

"Don't martyr yourself, sweetheart. Don't worry, you'll hurt enough. I'm thinking of other places. Any suggestions?"

My heart contracts, but I gulp and say, “I can’t think of any, Dave.”

“There’s always your breasts.”

I turn and look at him. “Please, Dave—not my breasts!”

He nods. “Yeah, bit rough as a beginning. But don’t ever think they’re immune, sweetheart.”

“Of course, Dave, I’ll remember.”

“I could upend you and whip your cunt.”

I am shocked but try to keep my voice calm. “I did not know that it was possible. I’d hate that too.”

“You’re narrowing it down, sweetheart. How about your armpits?”

“Oh, I can’t tell about any of these things! I don’t know much about being whipped. I don’t think my armpits are on view.”

“Easy to change that. Probably have to fix you some other way anyhow.”

I suddenly feel a great affection for the way I am fixed now. I do not want to change. Dave could easily fix me some way so I wouldn’t look half as beautiful, and it’s going to hurt whatever way he ties and whips me. Meekly, I say, “I think you should decide, Dave. You know so much more than I do. If you want to whip my back, I won’t mind.”

“You’re a treasure. How about your bottom?”

“Of course! Why not?”

“Not as badly as your back is marked. There’s room for a mild whipping, and that’s all I had planned for today anyway. Should have you strapped to a bench, though.”

I remember Bree’s warning about stretched skin. Anxiously, I say, “That would be nice, Dave. I’m sure it would hurt a lot more.”

“You’re not a masochist are you, Inga?”

“Oh, no, I’m just trying to help. This is the first time you’ve whipped me, so I want it to all be right. It will give you pleasure to whip me, so I want things the way you wish.”

“No kidding?”

“Oh, Dave, as if I would! And at a time like this?”

“Okay, I’ll take your word for it. But if I put you on the bench, I’ll use a strap on your bottom instead of a cane. Not so severe.”

“Thank you, Dave, that’ll be nice.”

“You sure you’ve only been whipped that one time?”

“Positive.”

I am quite breathless with all this suspense. I almost wish Dave would whip me any place at all and get it over with.

But I am in the hands of a real master. Dave frees me and leads me to a weird sort of wooden affair.

“It’s self-explanatory, Inga. You kneel here and bend over.”

There is nothing self-explanatory about it at all. It is horrible. But I do what I am told. When Dave’s fingers have sort of molded me to the wood, I can well see how suited this is for the whipping or strapping or caning of my bare bottom. I feel as though my bare bottom is by far the biggest part of me.

There are straps, not to hit me but to fasten me so I can’t move. Dave buckles them around me one by one. “It’s a copy of one they used for naughty girls in England in the seventeenth century,” he tells me by way of keeping my spirits high. “Would a spot of brandy help?”

“Yes, please.”

“Nice sensible answer. Won’t be a minute.”

I’d settle for an hour. While Dave is gone, I test this new but archaic bondage. It is perfectly designed for what it is, a whipping bench to be used when the girl’s punishment is to be administered to her bottom. It is the worst thing yet, and it makes me feel guilty and delinquent. I tug and struggle, pull and push, but I move nothing at all. When Dave returns with the brandy, he shows me the strap with which he will punish me. It is thick and amazingly limber but not very long. Dutifully, I admire it and ask for another

sip of brandy.

“Makes a lovely sound as it slaps bare skin,” he assures me as he puts the straw back to my mouth. I can do nothing. I am helpless. My head is bowed too far down to drink any other way. I suck avidly and the brandy is soon gone. I glow all over.

“Suppose we may as well get started, Inga.”

“Yes, I guess so. Hope I don’t make too much noise.”

“Can always gag you. Would you like one now?”

“Oh, no! No, thank you.”

The blaze is fierce. So is the sound of leather on flesh—my flesh! I surge against the straps but elicit nothing but a protesting creak. I am exquisitely held. The strap inflicts a quite new and different pain. “You’ll love the marks,” he says nonchalantly as he hits me again. “Pity you can’t see them rise and form. It’s quite something.”

I am willing to believe him. But all I want is to acquit myself well in Dave’s eyes. I am sure no Valkyrie would scream, so I must not scream either. I grit my teeth as number three explodes. It would be nice to cry, but Valkyries don’t do that either. I console myself by thinking how awful this would be without the brandy. I can’t move. My poor dear bottom has to take it all.

“That’s all sweetheart,” he says as the sixth stroke splays

against my naked bottom. “Didn’t really need to strap you down.”

I am glad he thinks so, but I know I couldn’t possibly have stood still for such pain otherwise. I suppose a mere six is being kind to me. What was it called—a mild whipping? Well, anyway, it is done. Relief floods me like a wave. Most sincerely, I say, “Thank you, Dave. This is another new experience for me.”

“Hurt?”

“Intensely.

“Good. Didn’t want you to think you were being pampered. I know you wouldn’t want that.”

“No, of course not.”

“May as well follow the old tradition—let you stay there awhile.”

“I’m sure you should, and thank you again.”

I am glad to be alone. I won’t enjoy being alone for long, but right now it is nice to pant and gasp and struggle without someone watching. The awful pain seeps right through me to every crevice, then gradually recedes. By that time I have guessed the position I am in is a punishment itself. I wonder unhappily how long I must endure it. I can see that being a slave girl is not all joy. Strangely, I feel no resentment.

I would judge an hour before Dave returns. “I’ll get you free and you can have a look at yourself in a mirror,” he says casually. “Wasn’t all that bad, was it?”

I long to tell him how awful it was and how frightened I am in this helplessness. Instead, I meekly say, “No, I’m sure it will be good for me.”

The mirror tells the story. I protrude my posterior and it returns me a picture done in scarlet and purple. The precise dimensions of Dave’s strap are imprinted on my cheeks in colorful authenticity. Where they struck, they eliminate the weals left me by Carl’s whip. I suppose an already wealed bottom might account for some of the hurt. I try and look radiant. I exclaim, “Oh, they’re wonderful!”

Dave helps me stand. I envelop him in musk. I know how he feels my heat. He pats my wounds and tells me the time is not now. He says he will put me in my cell so I can rest. He is very brisk about the whole thing as though strapping a girl’s bottom is an everyday affair. I am chastened to think it probably is.

“Now your hands, Inga.”

The handcuffs are like old friends. They clasp my wrists lovingly and click me back into captivity. Along with my burning bottom, they leave me in no doubt as to what I am. Reaching my cell, Dave opens the door and sincerely says, “Thank you, Inga, you did well. That strap is brutal.”

I glow with pleasure as I walk inside. The door clangs and locks. Hopefully, I turn, but he is already gone. I try and reach my hurt bottom to soothe it as best I can, but the handcuffs defeat me. I am exhausted and soon sleep.

Well, that was yesterday. Today I am still locked up like a prisoner who is a criminal and need never expect release. I do not mind. I am safe in here and I have had my whipping and earned approval. There still remains the act of Dave fucking me, but this I am willing to defer.

I have not seen Dave since my whipping. Bree tends to me, but only on limited time. She gives me breakfast and a package of sandwiches wrapped in wax paper. She pushes them to me through the bars in a slit provided. She tells me sadly that she is not allowed a key to open my cell. When I ask where she will spend her day, she says she does not know yet. She too is a slave. It is sad to mingle the tears through bars, but this is what we do. We kiss a lot before she hastily departs. Bree is still handcuffed. Maybe she always is.

I sit on my wealed bottom and relive the past days over and over. I start to play with myself but desist. I think I withdraw my hand because of what Bree said about building the libido of the master. Whether Dave uses me or not, the thought of it still thrills. A slave wants her master or at least the company of other slaves.

My mind gradually works itself around to squarely con-

front the insistent little nag I have refused to recognize. It is that I must eventually be de trop in this menage. There is something between Bree and her master I cannot match. I know I am beautiful and desirable, but I cannot rid myself of this small nag. It is there and it thus remains.

I am a prisoner. I am locked in a cell and handcuffed. I can do nothing to influence anything. I know the potent appeal of a naked girl through prison bars, so I use that as best I can. I want Bree so very much. But I expect she is also in prison. Dave is deadly serious about his girl captives. It seems like play, but it is far more than that. Much of what he does to us is painfully real. For instance, my burning bottom and these bars. I am grateful for both, but they still frighten me.

At noon my master finally returns. He passes newspapers through the bars. Reading the sections he has marked, I realize I am a much wanted girl. The uniformed men scour the globe for Inga Ressler, the she-devil of the woman farm. The venom they spew out makes me shiver and feel like a rabbit in a trap. In self-pity, I tell my dolor to the man beyond the bars.

“You’re feeling sorry for yourself, Inga. But I’ll be damned if I’ll put Bree in with you. I won’t humor you girls. You’ll have to hack it out on your own.”

I am right up against the bars, my cuffed hands holding them above my head. Dave can smell me, and my breasts

are close. I am sure I look pitiful and appealing. Surely he must want to hold me. Maybe he'll open the door.

"What you're worrying about won't happen," he says. "You won't split up Bree and me. If you tried, I'd make you very sorry. But you're so damn beautiful there's no way I'll ever let you go. I've got you and I'm grateful. I'll keep you as a pet in a cage. You're gorgeously decorative."

"Dave, later on when the search for me dies down, then, if I became a nuisance, would you free me?"

"Hell no! Stop being a cry-baby-act your age! I won't whip you or fuck you today, if that's what you're aiming for."

"Dave, I'm so lonely!"

"All prisoners are lonely. Bree handles it, and so can you."

"I feel ungrateful. You're keeping me so safe, and here I am crying on your shoulder."

"What you're doing is a spot of enticement. If you had spare skin, I'd whip you for it. I'll tell you when to do the enticing."

"Thank you, master."

"Why do you call me that?"

"Because you sound like one."

We stare and laugh. I feel better. Dave kisses me and

leaves. I sit on my cot and read the papers.

Oh, well!

7

Me Alone

I SUPPOSE THIS SERVES ME RIGHT. I can be flip and mischievous with Dave up to a point. I can even nag—a little! I guess I nagged too much about him refusing to lock me in with Inga, and telling him how melancholy she was bound to get if imprisoned all alone with so much on her mind. Well, I nagged too much and now I'm in a cell not far from hers, but he's got my hands tied behind my back in a real mean tie I can never get out of, and he's got me gagged with a mouthful of rubber and a band of leather tightly buckled over my lips. Dave said it would be good practice to stop me from pouting, but we both know he's frustrating me to bits because, without the gag, I could call to Inga down the passage and we could talk. The poor darling doesn't know I'm here, and for sure I can't tell her. Being naked and tied, I can't even make a noise against the bars. He's got me foxed. God, I hate gags! And all day! Oh, shit! I refuse to prowl. I won't walk the bars. I want to, but I won't. This negation is about the only act I am capable of. Dave really does go overboard sometimes, and when he does, I dare not even act sulky. He's a real master. Poor Inga, she is not sure what to make of him. He beat her bottom yesterday and chuckled over how good a sport she tried to be over the awful marks. Anyway, she's been in that cell three days, and even if Dave punishes me, I'm going to tell him he ought to let her out. I want my mistress

so damn bad, and not through a lot of iron bars. But for sure I'm not going to tell him that. I wanted him to lock me in with Inga. I offered to sit on the floor with one hand cuffed to a bar, and she could have one hand cuffed to her cot, but he wouldn't go for that either. Men get so damn jealous!

I'm jealous too. Dave whipped Inga but not me. Isn't that crazy? Having Inga around ought to spread the stripes, and I ought to be pleased, but I'm not. Seems like I want them all. Well, I never pretended to be anything but a feminine female, and that's the way it is.

I could hear most of what they said today when he gave Inga the papers to read. Poor darling, she really does need me, and she's so concerned about him and me being in the middle. Gosh, Dave was rough on her, but maybe he was right about that. When a girl gets weepy and feeling sorry for herself, the best cure by far is to whip her derriere so she squeals. I know this from personal experience. Jeepers, I wish I could rub these gag straps against something and get the buckle undone, but there's no way! I bet Dave's laughing, thinking about us girls and how he's got us foxed. I hope he's right about what he told Inga—that she was a gorgeous pet he would always keep safe in a cage.

A girl can't get herself into much of anything in one of these cells.

Dave's ring is still in my cunt. Neither of us say so, but we

hate to part with it. It's been admired so much, and I've been so proud. That ring is part of me now. But there I go again. What about Inga? Dave won't install a ring in her cunt, so that makes it the only one available in the house. I have to think about this. It bothers me. It won't be a bit fair if she gets all the whip and all the fucks too! She could awfully easy. She's so damn lovely I can't compete. Gosh, I wish I could get in there with her. I bet we'd both explode within seconds. But, shit, look at these bars! I'm saving this up for Dave when he gets home, even if it means he puts me right back in here, gag and all, for the night.

Dave foxes me again. When he unbuckles my gag, I don't even get nicely started when he announces he is taking us out to dinner again. He gives me the keys and tells me to look after Inga. He is very much the lordly master who can't be bothered. He even takes off my own handcuffs so I can dress, but when his two shining slave girls appear before him, he puts them back on. I'm so accustomed to this on and off routine that it takes a moment to realize.

"But, Dave, we're going out in public. I can't be handcuffed."

"Yes, you can. We've done it before. Looks sweet, doesn't she, Inga?"

"But you're not handcuffing her! And that other time wasn't in such a spiffy place."

"Prefer the cell and the gag, sweetheart? Inga and I can go

alone."

"All right, I know when I'm beat. I'll behave. Are you sure you have them on me tight enough?"

Dave tightens them one more notch to teach me a lesson. One of these days I may learn to stop when I'm ahead.

Being handcuffed in a restaurant is not as bad as it sounds. Even though Dave plays the real bastard and insists on a prominent table, I can keep my hands in my lap most of the time. Going and coming, I use a scarf to cover the steel. Poor darling Inga, she is much concerned for me.

"Please, Dave, if I ask to be whipped, will you give Bree her hands?"

"Nice try, Inga, but no."

The tables around soon know my condition, but this place is expensively discreet. They accept my bracelets as an avant garde fashion. The waiter hopes for a big tip so does not bat an eye when I hold them up for him and brightly ask, "Aren't they lovely?" After awhile I forget I have them on and act naturally. It is very easy for me to forget handcuffs. Inga is breathless about me all evening.

Dave must be punishing me for something, or he's just being male and thoughtless. He dances with Inga and leaves me sitting. I just don't have the nerve to inflict my handcuffs on the prospective partners who come and ask. I keep my hands in my lap again now, and when I sip my drink, I

use both hands to hold the glass. It would serve Dave right if I got tipsy. That surely would be the pits for a man to escort a tipsy handcuffed girl in a place like this.

Darling Inga feels terrible about me. When they come back to the table, she tries to cope—with a male she does not understand.

“Dave, please, couldn’t you change the handcuffs and dance some with Bree? I would wear her handcuffs most willingly while I sit as she sits now.”

“You were making me an offer, as I recall.”

“Yes, of course! Please whip me or one of those other things.”

“How about two of those other things?”

“Yes, glady. Anything you wish.”

Dave pats her hand and says crisply, “Come along, let’s dance.”

And I go on sitting it out!

I mustn’t be angry or jealous—I simply mustn’t! I love them both.

Dave must have made a lot of money or something. He’s so goodnatured, and the next morning he tells us we have the day alone together. We can roam the penthouse, but we have to be naked and handcuffed. It is almost total

freedom. I kiss and hug Dave, and Inga does the same as he is about to leave. She sure does put her heart and soul into these demonstrations of gratitude. Dave gets a hard-on with all the fuss she makes. I almost have to push him to the elevator.

“He is so kind,” Inga says breathlessly. “And now we have each other all day! Yesterday I was so sad but now—”

“We will go and make some more coffee,” I say firmly.

She follows like a lamb.

We are on our third cup when there comes this ringing at the door. It has to be someone who matters or the doorman would not have let the person come up. Innocently, I open and stick my head around the door. It is pushed back at me so that I fall. There, standing in the doorway, are two men holding pistols at the ready.

“Where is she?” one demands.

“We know she’s here,” the other says.

It is not until they have unburdened themselves of these two cliches that they really see me as I stand back up. I am both angry and terrified.

“You got no clothes on!”

“And you’re handcuffed!”

“Please stop playing cops and robbers,” I say icily. “Or

would you prefer I call the police?"

"We are the police." A badge is flashed in my face. "Where is Inga Ressler?"

"Do you have a warrant?"

They flash their beastly warrant. It is at that moment that Inga comes to see where I am. They recognize her instantly.

"You're under arrest, lady."

"I'll read you your rights."

Inga and I are stricken. There is nothing to say. We are caught red-handed.

"Don't know about this naked business. Guess it's legal in your own home."

"Them handcuffs, lady—you must be a real kook!"

"Better take 'em off. Best use your own."

Inga and I stand, viewing with loathing these creatures who are the epitome of all she hates and fears. My mind revolves around ways out of this trap fate has sprung on us. But there are none. Even if Inga had hidden somewhere in the penthouse, these men would have found her. They have their warrant, and I am naked and handcuffed. Inga breaks the awkwardness. Her voice has a terrible sadness.

"Why must you do this to me? I have harmed no one."

“Not the way we heard it, lady. Say, you got any clothes?”

“May I dress too?” I ask mechanically. “If you take Inga way, I’m going with her.”

“Damn right you are, miss. We’re taking you along too.”

“You’ll have to take off our handcuffs if we are to clothe ourselves. I’m afraid we don’t have the keys.”

I hold out my hands. They are curious and amused. They come close enough to pick up our woman smell, and their nostrils flare. “What brought you to this penthouse?” I demand angrily.

“Hell, lady, you been out on the two a couple of nights now. You been seen. Your golden she-devil here is pretty hard to miss in a crowd. Should have stayed at home.”

“May we go and dress?”

“One at a time. Goldie Locks goes first. Don’t try nothing. I’ll stay with you, and you’d better be sensible.”

They are not brutal, just uncouth. I suppose I can’t complain. I am suddenly absurdly shy about being naked and alone with this man. The loss of my handcuffs makes me feel doubly nude. It is hard not to use my hands to cover parts of me. But this is a coyness I refute. Standing and waiting, we become conscious of each other in a way we had not been before. He comes up with the inevitable query. “You got a ring in your cunt, ma’am—how come?”

I want to tell him to mind his own business but I am his business now. Soon he will put Inga and me in a cage, and we will belong to the state. I had best be polite. I shrug. “It’s just a fad, a fetish, call it what you like. Some girls have rings in their nipples too. It’s quite common.”

He is enthralled. “You mean it don’t come off?”

“I’m afraid not. Does it bother you?”

He is about to be vulgar when it hits me like a tangible blow. It is nothing but feminine intuition, but suddenly I know for sure. I leap past my captor who comes in lumbering pursuit. The sliding doors from the lounge to the rooftop garden are wide. When I reach the pediment and peer fearfully to the street below, I know what I will see. A crowd has already gathered. At its center is something white and gold that had once been Inga Ressler.

“You killed her!”

My voice is choked with horror. The detective curses and leaves me to my tears. He heads for his companion and the elevator. It will be a black mark for these two men that allowed this to happen. It was our nakedness which threw them off guard, but they are trash and do not count. I sink down blindly on a garden bench and weep out my anguish. I have lost my mistress, and the world has lost one of the most beautiful girls that ever lived. Perhaps, unseen by those creatures on the street, other Valkyries from Valhalla claim their own.

The hand on my shoulder, when it comes, is not that of authority.

It is Dave. The doorman, not liking the looks of our visitors, had phoned. He picks me up and carries me into the lounge. He finds brandy. There is nothing to say. I gulp while Dave dries my tears. After awhile I whisper, “Master, I’m under arrest.”

“No, you’re not. I dealt with that.” After a long pause, he says, “She did the only thing she could do, darling. They’d have crucified her.”

Dave is marvelous.

When I lift my glass with one hand, he takes possession of the other and tightens the cuff around its wrist. He joins it with my other by the familiar clicks. Once more I feel clothed. I nestle against him in the only sanctuary I know. It is the only sanctuary I want.

Dave holds me tenderly and feeds me brandy, brushing away my decreasing tears. We have never needed words, and we do not waste them now. After awhile I simply ask, “Will you please whip me, Dave?”

He understands. He does not quibble. He knows I ask for a catharsis, not a punishment, I will counter pain with pain. He takes an authoritative grasp of my bare arm and leads me to the room where it will happen. We do not bother with complexities. A snap from above clicks hold of my

handcuffs' link, and my arms raise just enough to keep me in one place while the whip excises my mood. He does not ask if I am ready. Dispassionately, he begins to mark my skin.

I feel pain. But thoughts of Inga come between the thong and I. There is also the brandy, and I don't believe Dave is whipping me as hard as he could. But Dave is a master and will use his slave to the limit of what is required. I am moaning and twisting, and the handcuffs bite my wrists. But I surrender myself to pain. Ater a long while it gives me an orgasm, and as the spasms fade and the climax recedes, so do the strokes that stripe my skin. When Dave takes my half suspended nakedness in his arms, I am sweating from the pain and exuding my girl smell in waves.

"That better, sweetheart?"

"Oh, yes!"

"More?"

"Not now. Later, if you want."

He slaps my bottom and tells me I am a lustful mink. For my sins I can stand as I am and he won't tell me for how long. If I do not struggle, it does not hurt, so I do not complain. We kiss and kiss, and then I stand alone. Droplets of sweat still trickle from my stretched armpits down my flanks. Visions thrust themselves at me, but I close my

mind to something that is done.

Dave sustains me. He absorbs my grief as a blotter absorbs spilled ink. I love him to distraction. But I hope he will never try to change me from what I am. I am his slave girl. It would be nice to be his wife, but it would rob us of something special. During these first days after Inga's leap from life, he punishes me just enough to keep me from brooding. A lovely legend fades. I suspect he has trouble soothing authority, but he does not tell me and I do not ask. At this moment he has me in a fix guaranteed to take any girl's mind off her troubles, all except the one I'm in right now. It began over the breakfast coffee.

"Think you've graduated, Bree?"

"Oh, I see what you mean! Yes, I guess so."

"I'm in a mean mood."

"I'll try and not complain too much. Or is it something really fiendish?"

"I'm afraid it is."

"Well, don't be so solemn about it. I expect I'll live. Care to give me details of my torture?"

Dave pretends to wince. "Bit of a variation on the horse principle, pet. Hope you don't mind."

"Of course I don't mind. What girl wants to sit crushing her

cunt all day long while you're off having a wonderful time? But you'll do it to me anyway, so I won't quibble."

"My new idea may not crush your little do-funny as badly as you think, precious girl. It's designed to sort of spread the agony."

"I bet!"

It is neat and I'm sure would lend itself to pretty pictures. A pedestal and a crossbar. The crossbar is not wide. I sit astride its unkind surface. My feet go down each side of the vertical. They are kept in place by metal bands sufficiently loose as to offer me no support. All they do is keep me from dismounting.

"The real killer is a thought of my own," Dave says blandly. "I'm sure you'll admire my inventiveness."

"Oh, sure."

I am somewhat breathless, hoping for saving grace somewhere. But when I look up, all I see is two wires. They hang down from above and are not even insulated. My master refers to them as "haywire". He gives me hands and tells me to arrange my ring to the best advantage, then to raise my arms. When I obey, he fastens a single loop of wire around each of my wrists, using pliers and clipping off the ends. The wire is not tight on me, just snug. But… oh, boy!

"There is an element of frustration," Dave says.

Is there ever! My whole concern is to take my weight off my pussy. I push down with my feet, but they simply go up and down within the bands which hold them. They take no weight at all. I flex my arms to raise my tortured twat, but that hurts my wrists. I clutch the wire above, but it is too thin to grip, and my fingers slide.

“Bit perplexing, I’m sure,” my master says.

“Dave, don’t be such an S.O.B. This is agony!”

“Come, come, pet. Admit you wouldn’t miss this for the world.”

“If will ruin the thing you ought to treasure most. Oh, master!”

“Count your blessings, Bree. You’re gripping with your thighs. You can’t do that on a real horse, and I’m sure your hands can help a little.”

“They might if I wanted to cut my wrists. Please, master, don’t be so mean.”

“You look very sweet. Besides, I’ve been letting you off easy. Have to get you back in shape.”

“If you leave me on this thing long, you’ll get me back in two equal halves. I can feel it starting already.”

Dave examines what is visible of my pussy and crotch. There can’t possibly be much left on view. I am sitting

squarely on the whole assemble He assures me everything is just fine and that I'm a wonderful girl and look very beautiful on my perch.

"But, master, how long?"

"I'll be home around five, sweetheart. I'll dismount you first thing."

"But that's hours and hours! I'll be dead!"

But he has gone, no doubt to make a lot of money. I myself am going nowhere.

All really rough punishments are like being whipped. There are those first moments of shock and panic when you know you'll die. But you merge into unwilling acceptance of something you can't change. You endure. You grit your teeth. Girls seem to have an endless store of endurance. I don't think we are the weaker sex at all. I'd like to see a man put up with this little notion. Oh, balls!

So, all right this is not as bad as the real horse, but it would certainly pass as a pony. Dave will never injure me, but by the time he gets back at five I'm going to be a very sad little girl.

The hours don't help. They pass slowly, and I can't count their passing. I can't shift positions to try and ease things. I can't do anything at all except keep on sitting. I can sure do that, and my poor pussy moans and groans with a language all its own. Because of the ring, he couldn't sit me right on

my lips. I lean back a bit and that helps, but I sure will be glad when this is over.

My day actually does pass. I cry a little and dream a lot. The part of me I'm sitting on gets sort of numb, and that is a blessing. I dream mostly of Dave, but the dreams are sort of confused because I'm not sure how well a girl can be a slave and a wife at the same time. If I were Dave's wife right now, I can't imagine myself being in this predicament. I sure will be glad when he gets home.

Dave is always extra affectionate after he has given me a bad time. I'm not sure if it's because what he's done to me gives him an erection or whether he's just balancing things. Anyway, today, after dinner, we are on the couch sipping our coffee while I amuse him by playing with my ring. I can now play with it without the slightest discomfort. But most of the time I'm not even conscious of it being there.

"If I cut your ring off, Bree, you'd shed tears."

I probably would. There is something distinctive and individual about my ring. It has become a part of me. Dave and I have made the adjustments it obviously imposes. We are happy with what we do. I laugh at the pleasure he has in flipping and turning the ring. He adores this metal that is of him and which is also of me.

The intercom gives its signal. The security man tells us there is someone named Ressler to see Dave. My master looks at me in puzzlement. For a moment I am puzzled too.

Then I remember and laugh.

“It almost has to be that little man who purchased me from Gimpy.”

“That bastard! I’ll kick his goddamn ass!”

I hold up cuffed hands to check his anger. “Master, no! Please! He can’t do us any harm now. Let him come up. I’m curious.”

Dave gives the orders. Then he says, “Hold out your hands, sweetheart. I’ll free them so you can dress.”

This time with Ressler I am on the winning side. He will not walk out of here with me a bound bundle over his shoulder. Mischief prompts my plea. “No! Let me be naked and handcuffed. He’s seen me this way before. Let’s see his reaction now.”

The expensive card he presents reads: Michael Ressler, Broker. He is the perfect picture of the sleek business type. His suit cost a lot of money and is in good taste. Noone would imagine his brokerage is in girls. He accepts a drink and a chair. He views me without a raised eyebrow but with distinct approval, especially my joined hands. I am sure he is of the opinion that all girls should be thus confined. The look be bestows upon Dave is shrewdly assessing.

“I have to thank you both for your kindness to my cousin. We Resslers are a scattered clan, but keep in touch. What

you did for Inga you did for us all."

He seems sincere. After all, why not? He speaks the truth.

"Still don't appreciate what you did to Bree," Dave says sternly.

Our visitor is unperturbed. His regard for us is benign. He sips quietly and shakes his head in sadness. "The Schloss Ressler and the woman farm was a vast mistake, an outcome of the war."

"So?"

"I was not aware of all that took place or of Carl's maladjustment."

"Excusing yourself for kidnapping Bree?"

"I did not kidnap the young lady, Mr. Muir. I purchased her."

"Is there a difference?"

"The difference between a civilized act and a gangster's aberration. I am a civilized man, Mr. Muir. I buy and sell girls whose fate is already determined. Through me they may reach a happier situation."

"Like that woman farm on that damn schloss?"

Ressler spreads his hands in deprecation. "It happened. I am sorry. But may I remind you the young lady found a

very strong affinity there? I speak of Inga, of course."

"So she fell in love with Inga? So did I. Are you working up to making a point, Ressler."

I sit mute as befits a slave girl. The men spar. What Ressler comes up with next is quite shattering. He makes another deprecating gesture to pave his way. "I wondered, Mr. Muir, if the young lady might be once more for sale?"

"Why, you asshole!"

The little man placates. "My apologies. Seeing you like this I realize." He sighs. "But I could have placed her most advantageously. I had to ask, didn't I? It was the only way I could be sure. Men sometimes tire of their possessions."

"No way am I tired of Bree."

Risking my master's displeasure, I interject. "I am female and curious, Mr. Ressler. How much would you pay for me?"

"I am prepared to go as high as five million dollars."

Even Dave is shocked. I am enthralled and still curious. "Who on earth would pay that much for a girl—for me?"

"I am not at liberty to say, miss, other than that the gentleman is in oil."

I am still thrilled. "An Arab sheik, Mr. Ressler?"

“I made five million dollars last week,” Dave interjects dourly. “You can’t interest me in money.”

“Ahhh! You must forgive my ignore of your circumstances,” Ressler says. “The sum I have mentioned would attract many. The young lady would have lived in a palace and been treated as a queen.”

“In chains?”

“She is in chains now, Mr. Muir.”

“A pair of handcuffs!”

“Nevertheless, she is restrained. She is not free. I note you keep her naked also. But in the palace she would be discreetly covered.”

“See-through bloomers and golden chains, eh?”

“Please, do not let us spar, Mr. Muir. I might add that the large sum offered is on part due to that ring the lady wears with such unconscious charm.”

“Surely your potentate can ring a cunt or two among his present inventory. I can recommend a good man.”

“Quite so, Mr. Muir. But now, since I cannot buy, perhaps I can sell.”

“You know, you’ve got a lot of nerve, Ressler. I suppose you’re talking about a girl?”

“An exquisitely submissive maiden, one to touch the heart of any man.”

“We are not in the market,” I affirm decisively.

They look at me and laugh. I blush. I have spoken out of turn. It is for my master to make such rejections, not for me. Probably I have just set myself up for a punishment.

“Perhaps a slave girl for the lovely lady herself?” Ressler enquires. “Believe me, this is common among the cognoscenti. Naturally, the master derives amusement from both of his possessions. Her price is a mere half million.”

“Can’t amount to much then.”

“She is young and lacks the ring. Not to be compared at all.”

Ressler has quickened my pulse, but his blandishments pass Dave by. Caustically, my master asks, “Why don’t I call the police and blow the whistle on you, Ressler? Someone should.”

“We both know you will not do this, Mr. Muir.”

It is as good an exit line as any. Ressler takes his leave of us. His expression of regret and goodwill linger after him. “Engaging rogue,” my master comments drily. “So, sweetheart, you’re now worth five million, and you don’t want a personal slave girl we might both enjoy.”

“But, master, all I said was—”

“I heard what you said. You were almost aching to sell yourself to that little twerp. Palaces and pantaloons—shit!”

“But, master, I couldn’t help but—”

“Five good ones with you properly bent over should look after your lapse, poppet. Fetch me a cane.”

There are times when it is best not to argue. This is one of them. Biting my lip in chagrin, I do what I am told. It’s a humiliating time, these moments when affection is suspended and I become simply a naughty girl. The cane hurts horribly across my bent bare bottom, and I wish I had the temerity to utter the excuses crowding my mind. But the five could become ten and the ten twenty. I am a slave, and it is by enforcing these small disciplines that Dave keeps me aware of what I am. I kneel before him and humbly kiss the wicked wand with which he will punish me. I hand it to him and say, “I am sorry, master.”

“I know you are, pet. Let us see if we can make you five times sorrier. Touch your toes and keep those knees stiff.”

I make my little choking sounds as the cane slices me. My bottom weaves. But I dare not move. Five strokes is almost the lowest possible punishment. I must not risk more. But it is so hard to keep my cuffed hands touching my toes. I feel the searing whack of Dave’s cane, and I curse Michael Ressler for appearing at our door. When I am punished

enough, I make a pink-cheeked apology for being a girl and return the cane to its closet. My master takes me in his arms and asks if I will ever be naughty again. I nestle close and tell him no.

If only we had guessed!

8

Thrice Captive

DAMN, DAMN, DAMN! We should have guessed. We might have known. Dave should have locked me in a cell and tied me up so I couldn't twitch. I'd have been safe. Instead, we went out to lunch, still laughing about Ressler and the five red streaks across my bottom. An expedient was used to get Dave away from me in the car park, and that's where it happened. The reeking cloth coming from behind to cover my face—and then nothing.

This is not the place I was taken before. I have not seen Ressler. I can't prove Ressler did this, and I'm sure that's the way he wants it. When I woke up, I was right here in what looks like an expensive office, but the chair I sit in is a heavy oak kitchen chair, and I am corded to it as though I was Houdini and someone was scared I'd get away. I can't move much at all, from the way the ropes cut and hurt, I'd judge I've been tied this way for quite awhile. There is nothing much exotic in view, but I'll make a guess I'm on my way to the see-through pantaloons and the golden shackles. Oh, shit, to think I've been so dumb!

I've been bound with loving care, not just a swathing with rope around my nakedness. My arms are neatly disposed of over the chair's back, and my wrists are corded to the upright at each side. There are half a dozen strands tightly tied around my middle. The whole ensemble is designed to

frame and accentuate the exposure of my ring. My feet have been dragged back on each side and tied tight to the back legs of this damn chair. This drags my knees wide apart and gives a pretty fair view of what's between my legs. I am most decidedly on view.

My back is to the door, so I do not see his entry. He comes into view and proves disappointingly Brooks Brothers with an Oxford tie. I know this is a silly reflection, but I've been owned by an American businessman and a member of the Gestapo. A real live sheik in a burnoose with flashing eyes and a scimitar would be a pleasant change. His voice is Cambridge with overtones of Harvard.

"Bree Bristol, is it not? I will call you Jasmine."

I guess he's the real thing, just a modern version of what I'd envisioned. Or is he? My second look reveals nothing Eastern. This man is an older and plumper replica of Dave, but nowhere near as stirring to my pulse. All I feel is irritation.

"My name is not Jasmine, and I don't want to be called Jasmine. Please untie me. I can't run away—I'd be too stiff."

"Let's not take chances, Miss Bristol. I like you as you are."

"I… I'm sure you do. Have a good look up between my legs. How about leaving my feet tied? I'd still be safe."

"No."

“My hands?”

“Miss Bristol, don’t you realize you are in no position to bargain?”

“What I realize is I’m trussed up like a turkey, and I don’t know why.”

“Drop the innocence, Jasmine. You know damn well why you’re neatly woven into rope and why you are likely to stay tied.”

Oh, shit! Here we go again. Just because I love for Dave to tie me up doesn’t mean I want him cutting me to pieces with his cords. Wearily, I ask, “Okay, tell me: did Ressler sell me to you?”

“Mr. Ressler provides a useful service, Miss Bristol. Yes, I have purchased you for a large sum which I hope to recover from your previous owner, Mr. Muir.”

I can almost feel the ropes getting tighter and tighter. There is the same aura of power about this man that Dave exudes. I pour scorn upon my new captor. “You’re talking about ransom! You’re holding me for ransom?”

He shrugs. “The term is crass, my dear. Your Mr. Muir and I happen to dislike each other. I intend to use you as leverage in a business deal with him. I am sure we can condition you to touch his heart.”

“We…”

“Ah, yes, Jasmine you will be serving a dual purpose. I am making a gift of you to my daughter. She has certain inclinations. I’m sure you understand.”

“You mean she’ll torture me to make Dave do what you want?”

“You put things so concisely, Jasmine.”

“Jasmine, my ass! And you know what you can do with your daughter. Here, let me phone Dave and we can settle this out of court.”

“Ah, there is one small impediment.” He almost hisses out the words in his enjoyment of my dismay. “My daughter—her name is Orchid—intends to use you for a period before we commercialize your assets. The period in which we leave Mr. Muir wondering where you are will be indefinite.” He chuckles. “You will emerge intact, but with painful memories.”

It is not much to look forward to. I would have preferred the pantaloons and golden shackles. Girls can hurt girls terribly. I don’t suppose there will be any erotic pleasure in what she’ll do to me. The thrill will be all hers. Dismally, I plead.

“Can’t you put a period on it? Please! I don’t want to have to think what she does with me will go on forever. You don’t have to make it that rough—please.”

For answer he pats my cheek and tells me he will send his

beloved daughter in to take possession of her new toy. Then he's gone and I am alone, but not for long.

Orchid is maybe fifteen—a mischievous moppet, bright-eyed in her proud possession of a girl. I suspect I am a big event in Orchid's life. Wide-eyed, she circles me with obvious approval. Her voice is almost awed. "Gosh, Jasmine, you're beautiful! Do you scream nicely?"

I'm sunk! I think of all the things I can say to this avid young pixie, but what's the use! I acknowledge her enjoyment of me cautiously. "Your father tells me I'm his gift to you. I'm glad you like my body."

"Oh, I like all of you, and we're going to do the coolest things together. You're not going to ask me to let you loose, are you?"

"I'd like to, but if you tell me not to, I won't. I'm hurting a lot, though. Is that what you want?"

Orchid surveys me with glowing elfin eyes. I sit. The ropes bite my nakedness which is now her possession. I try to shift uneasily under her stare but scarcely move. "I bet you're thinking up ways to get the best of me," Orchid says with pert assurance. "But they won't do you a lick of good. When I untie you, I'll handcuff your wrists or ankles—maybe both! It's always going to be that way, Jasmine. Understand?"

I understand all too well. With bonds that lock instead of

tie, she can handle me and keep me safe for her pleasure. I haven't a hope in the world. Dully, I say, "Yes, I understand, and I'd like to go to the bathroom."

Orchid is unabashed by physical functions. She giggles in delight. "You mean you'll pee on the chair if I don't let you loose?"

"Yes, eventually."

"Then let's settle for the eventually bit. I took so much trouble tying you the way you are."

The little bitch! Orchid holds all the cards. She would probably love to see me tinkle where I sit and then punish me in some beastly way because I did it. Why did I get myself into this new disaster! Dave and I should have stayed in the penthouse. Being loaded with chains and safely locked in his favorite cell would be purest joy compared to what I see coming from this spoiled brat. Oh, damn, I don't want to be made to scream by an adolescent. Orchid reads my thoughts.

"You'll never escape, Jasmine—never! I'm going to take pictures all the way. Think how thrilled that man of yours—the one Daddy doesn't like—will be to get prints of you being whipped and hanging up by your thumbs. Have you ever been hung up by your thumbs?"

"No."

"You needn't be so sulky. It's going to be great fun for us

both. You'll be sort of like an actress playing the star role. I'll know how you feel." Orchid giggles again. "I've had it all done to me. I made Phoebe do it, just so I'd know. Absolutely the whole bit."

"Who's Phoebe?"

"She's my maid. You'll meet her. Daddy pays her gobs of cash so she'll do whatever I tell her. She's rather sweet."

"You made her torture you?"

"Just for maybe a minute—just so I'd know. One minute was lots, though. I wouldn't want any more. But for you, Jasmine dear, it's going to go on and on and on."

"You're telling me you're a sadist?"

"Not really. I'm simply the luckiest girl in the world. I mean, to have you. I'm going to make you sweetly humble and anxious to please. Right now you're a trifle bitchy."

"I'm hurting, that's why. Look, handcuff me and let me out of this chair, okay? I'll be as humble as you wish. I'll kneel and do the whole submissive act. There's no need to hurt me any more. I know when I'm beat. I've been other people's prisoner for a long time now."

"But, Jasmine, you miss the point. I like hurting you. Your humility is a sort of nice bonus I get along with your pain. Do you know what these are for?"

Oh, damn, it's beginning! Orchid is holding for my inspection a pair of bright red clothespins. I suspect they were not made for use on the family wash. Suddenly I feel ninety percent nipples as I mutter, "Yes, I know what you use them for on a girl. Please don't put them on me."

Orchid takes great care. Her eyes glow. She is totally absorbed, in this punishing of my pink buds of flesh. She gets maximum effect in the slow approach of the avid open jaws and their voracious bite upon the points of my breasts. I myself cannot move, but I can look down and see what is being done to me. In my own way I am as breathlessly absorbed as she herself. When number one sets my breast afire, Orchid raises her eyes to mine and smiles in what I could swear is total love. When number two adds its agony and points a scarlet finger perkily back at my tormentor, Orchid lets out a sigh.

"Aren't we girls wonderful, darling!" Orchid says happily. "We're made so gorgeously."

For the moment I am not interested in how girls are made. My concern is with the way girls hurt. Both my breasts are on fire as the damn scarlet pins quiver and point and clutch at my breasts for anchorage. I toss my head in the only motion I can make and enquire, "They hurt like fury Orchid—do you want me to scream?"

"Would you like to?"

Orchid's interest is clinical. She is studying the red clips on

my nipples and their effect on me. I don't scream. I don't feel like screaming except in bitter frustration. What I want to do is crawl into a corner and cry.

"They look lovely on you." Orchid is entranced. She walks slowly around me and my chair. I sit motionless and try not to look down at Orchid's bright red toys as they devour me. "I'd love to leave them on you always, but I expect your tits would fall off after a few days. And we wouldn't want that, would we?" She flicks the twin demons of pain to make me wince and gasp. "Now tell me why you have that marvelous ring through your cunt."

I tell her. Orchid's interest is breathless. "But, Jasmine, he can't fuck you!" she exclaims.

"No. I pleased him in other ways."

"Not much for you, was it?"

"I love Dave, and we both knew it wasn't forever."

My breasts throb and burn while Orchid's mind roves. "If I hold that ring, you'd have to do anything I said, huh? I mean, you couldn't struggle?"

"Yes."

"I could lead you around on a leash."

"It's been done. I'm used to it. Look, Orchid, please untie me."

“I told you not to ask. Do you want to be gagged?”

“No. I’m sorry—I forgot.”

“This office isn’t the best place to play with you,” she decides. “I’m going to take you to my own room. Everything is there. We don’t need dungeons. I think they’re so morbid.”

My spirits soar! To be able to move again! Even though the red pins stay, I humbly promise, “I won’t give you any trouble, Orchid.”

She pats my cheek. “That’s right—you won’t. You’re going to wear handcuffs and leg irons, the nice police kind that let you walk. You’ll be able to take those clips off. But if you do—well, don’t say I haven’t warned you!”

“I won’t touch them, even though I want to.”

We understand each other. Understanding is so easy when one of the parties is helpless. I watch as the ropes unwind. I gasp as they peel. Orchid loves my gasps. It is easy to make them sincere. When the time comes, I hold out my hands and watch as they are freshly prisoned in shining steel. When they are snugly clicked, I fight my own battle with the scarlet jaws upon my breasts. I could take them off, but I dare not. The ropes continue to uncoil.

“I think Phoebe’s wearing the proper leg irons, but these will do for now. They’ll keep you from getting ideas.”

The police irons have a foot of chain and larger cuffs. Oth-

erwise, they are the same as those on my wrists. But does it matter? I have lost hope. Orchid will do as she pleases and there's nothing I can do about it. I luxuriate standing in my irons while she laughingly leashes my ring with a length of discarded rope. "Come along, Jasmine, be a good kitten."

Orchid's room is a nice blend for her comfort and my discomfort, an uncontrived compromise between boudoir and Torquemada's playroom. The four-poster is ornate and massive. There are rings invitingly placed around the walls. Above our heads there are ropes waiting for my hands. At least it is not concrete and stone. Femininity is reassuring.

"There's the bathroom, darling. Go ahead and pee to your heart's content. But if you touch those clips, I'll know."

"Thank you, Orchid," I say, then clink my way into female luxury. I take all the time I dare. Passionately, I long to free my nipples of their agony, but what's the use? Instead, I fix my hair. The bright clips bob and vibrate with every motion I make. Their pain is bitter.

"Back against the bedpost, Jasmine."

I obey. I Iift my hands above my head. Orchid clicks something and I cannot bring them back. I stand naked, arms raised and awaiting the pleasure of an adolescent girl.

"I can tell you've been whipped, Jasmine. There are fading marks."

“Yes, I’ve been whipped.”

“I’m sorry about that. It would have been nice if your skin had been virgin.” Orchid’s eyes are sparkling with mischief. “Phoebe had never been whipped when she first came. It was so much fun. But I don’t suppose it will be a shock for you.”

“It’s always a shock, Orchid. A girl never gets used to it. Do you really have to whip me?”

“Yes, I really do. Standing like that, you’re so pussy-perking I can’t resist. Let’s see, what shall I use?”

The little bitch is actually going to whip me. And I haven’t done a thing. I follow her gaze around the room. There are whips and crops and straps all over the place where they have been discarded by feminine hands. I shiver and wonder about the state of Phoebe’s skin. Mine will soon be freshly marked. Orchid selects a snakelike streak of wickedness at which I shiver.

“Turn around, darling. Show me your back.”

I turn and present my back. I am shockingly helpless. With ironed ankles I won’t even be able to kick. The red pins brush against the post as I obey.

“I think it’s nice to have your nipples hurting while you’re whipped, Jasmine dear.”

“If you say so.”

“Five cuts, darling. It’s kind of me to tell you. But I don’t want you hysterical this first time. The only reason I whip you, apart from the pleasure it gives me, is so you’ll know what it’s like. Are those dear little red things hurting?”

“Terribly.”

“Then try this.”

I want to scream and kick and struggle. But I stand motionless in shock. Orchid whips like a demon. With her second stroke lapping my hips, I scream. I tug at my chromed wrists, uncaring of hurt. I try to turn and face this nymphet who slashes me so joyously, but in front the thong will hurt me worse and with a greater intimacy. I thrust a red-clipped breast hard against the post and grit my teeth.

“That was the loveliest scream, Jasmine. Now another.”

I scream obligingly. It is easier to scream than not to scream through the three cuts across my naked back which my adolescent owner inflicts with immense panache. Under different circumstances I might like this vivacious young moppet, but all I feel in my pain is desolation. After this there will be other agonies leading me nowhere except to chains and slavery. My breasts are heaving from the tension of the stripes across my back and bottom. The spring clips burn my nipples joyously without cessation. I cannot reach them now. I am almost glad.

“You can turn around now, Jasmine.”

I turn, uncertain if she is through with the whip or if there is more to come. The two red demons quiver. My apprehension shows.

“Don’t look so forlorn, darling. It was only five. But you are beautifully naked. I’ll let you see after awhile. You’ve got just the right kind of skin. Would you like me to make you come?”

“No, thank you.”

“I’ll do it anyway. I expect you’re embarrassed. But you look so sweet and helpless the way I’ve got you I can’t resist making you moan. I’ll fasten you like that through the night sometime.”

I have nothing to say. I want to tell her it is time she unclipped my breasts, but it would only get me a punishment. I pickup Orchid’s scented girl breath as she comes close and her hand reaches. The moment she palms my ring I gasp into the roseate world of femaleness in which I become no more than palpitating glands responsive to the mischief of this bright-eyed girl. I stand, my handcuffed arms upraised, my fettered feet spread to the limit of their chain. I surrender utterly to this youngster to whom I have been presented as a gift. I have not desired this attention, but Orchid has the magic touch. I climax again and again. Between orgasms I open my eye to find hers intent and close, searching avidly for my reactions to her hand. She flips the clips to make me moan anew. I am totally hers.

“Want me to take them off, Jasmine?”

“Oh, yes, please!”

“I’m sure you do.” She drops the subject as easily as she had picked it up. “I’m going to show you like this to Daddy sometime and see what he thinks of having you done in marble or bronze for the two bottom posts. The effect would be yummy. We could even have the ring. It would be useful to attach girls to. How’d you like to be chained to a replica of your own ring?”

The question is rhetorical. Wherever Orchid chains me spells no escape. She remains close to find pleasure in making the red things I must bear vibrate and quiver under the impulse of her finger. I can’t stand really still while she accentuates the pain, and my uneasy motions pleae her immensely. I can tell. She is happily preoccupied with what she does. I suppose this is the reason I was given to her: to be a flesh and blood plaything and be impotently chained. But my resentment wavers under her girl scent. I know she picks up mine. I will hate this teenager while she hurts me, but for the rest I can’t resist. Hell, I’m already under her spell. I keep thinking of how much fun it would be to take her to bed, or to have her take me. I don’t have much else to look forward to, but just the same I am ashamed of myself.

“You like me, don’t you, Jasmine? Don’t bother to lie.”

“I’d like you a lot more if you’d take these things off my

nipples."

"Don't be silly. If I did that, I'd just do something else instead. You can't possibly win. I'm going to have so much fun with you. You're my slave girl, and I'm your mistress. You may as well get used to it, darling."

"I'll try."

"That a girl! If you don't succeed, I'll whip you some more. If you ever feel a good whipping would help your mood, just tell me."

"Will you always keep me hurting like this?"

"That's for you to find out! I'm going to leave you as you are for awhile. My pussy will perk every time I think of you standing here, against the post. Bye, darling. Have fun!"

Orchid is gone. Without her, the female room seems less bright. I am never going to be able to cope with Orchid. She will always keep me guessing and yearning.

I turn and lean my naked wealed back against the bedpost. The clothespins on my nipples point straight ahead. I try to relax. This is all so new and different. I can't possibly compare Orchid to Dave or Inga. If I didn't take her threats seriously, I might thrill to this utterly female situation.

Phoebe walks casually into the room. I know it is Phoebe because she is naked and has ironed ankles. Her skin is not really black, just a nice dark sheen and texture all its own.

She takes stock of me with interest.

“You is an awful pretty gal, Miss Jasmine. Looks like little miss sugar pie hit the jackpot, uh-huh. You must’ve cost a lot o’ her daddy’s money.”

“Hello, Phoebe. Can you take these things off my nipples?”

“No, ma’am, I sure can’t, and you know I can’t. You wear ’em as long as that little cutie pie wants. That sho’ is a nice pose she put you in.”

I suspect Phoebe affects her Negro dialect. It goes with the role. But when she wishes, she can speak perfect English. I now ask the inevitable question.

“Phoebe, is it any use asking you to set me free?”

“Not one little bit, honey.”

“There’s a man who’d pay you an awful lot of money.”

“There’s a lot o’ men would pay me a lot o’ money fo’ you, sweetheart. Forget it. You is Miss Orchid’s prisoner, and that’s the way you stays. Me and you can be friends, but that don’t include no escapes.”

“I had to ask.”

“You got it out o’ yo’ system. Anyway, I don’t have no key no how.”

Phoebe is magnificent, a mahogany Aphrodite. In a

wrestling match with her, I wouldn't stand a chance. But neither would Orchid.

Curious, I ask, "Why do you let yourself be chained and kept a prisoner?"

"Money, honey! Just plain ol' hard cash."

"But you could walk away. Those leg irons wouldn't stop you from leaving this house and getting help."

"This here black gal ain't doin' nothin' so crazy. First off I'd land in jail, and second I'd be walkin' away from more dough than a black gal can make any other way."

"But you've let yourself become a prisoner. They don't have to pay you any more than they have to pay me."

"Oh, I got me a contract with Orchid's daddy. One day a week I walk out o' here free an' clear. Contract runs for three months, then it's open to renew. I renewed it three times already. I can put up with a whipped ass long as I get paid."

"The man I really belong to would pay you a million—"

"Hush yo' mouth, girl! You'll get yo'self whipped talkin' like that. You want I should whip you? Miss Orchid said I could if you gets too excited 'bout escape ideas."

"All right, I'll keep quiet. If Orchid has you, I don't understand why she had me kidnapped."

“Honey, that’s simple. With me it’s a business deal, but she’s got you fo’ real. She’s got you fo’ life! Ain’t no way you ever gonna escape. A pair of handcuffs or a bit o’ rope—that’s all she needs fo’ you.”

It’s so wonderfully simple! I don’t have a hope in hell. Orchid can use the littlest restraint and I’m here to stay. I tug fretfully at my handcuffed wrists. Urgently, I plead, “Please make a phone call for me, Phoebe—oh, please!”

“I ain’t messin’ with nothin’, and you may as well get used to that. You belong to young Orchid now, and that’s the end of that. You want I should whip you a little?”

“No! Why would I?”

“Well, sometimes when I been fixed the way you is, I’d have been glad of anything. A gal gets so damn sick of bein’ tied up or chained or whatever. A little whippin’ gets her back on track. You sure you don’t want it? Orchid won’t mind. She told me I gets to use you.”

Good gosh, two girls to whip me! Two girls I have to please and placate! My first flush of hope with Phoebe dissolves. But there is one more question I have to ask.

“Phoebe, Orchid told me about torture—will she really do that?”

“She ain’t goin’ to kill you, honey. But, sure, she’ll do mean things to make you hurt. It ain’t that she’s mean inside. It’s just sort of girlish curiosity, and she’s spoiled rotten. Any-

thing she wants, she gets. Right now she's got me and you." Phoebe focuses her attention on my ring. "Miss Orchid told me 'bout yo' ring. She say she gonna put one in my cunt. Bother you bad?"

"Not now. It did at first."

"Mighty cute. I wouldn't mind if it didn't hurt too bad. Looks real cute on you."

"Does she keep you naked all the time, Phoebe?"

"Mostly. But sometimes she gets the notion to make me wear bits and pieces. Never amounts to much. She'll keep you bare all the time. The gal sure is in love with tits and everything else we got."

Even if Phoebe won't help me, I am grateful she is here. She adds a touch of normalcy to my bizarre predicament. When she wanders away and leaves me alone, I slump dejectedly against my pinioned wrists. The red pins hurt terribly and point in perky arrogance at nothing in particular. Once more I long to cry.

I guess life is full of things you don't really believe will happen, but when they do they come as much of a shock as if you'd never heard of them. That's the way I am now. I thought and hoped that Orchid was fooling when she spoke of hanging be by my thumbs, but now it's real.

I am hanging, naked, by my thumbs!

It is no use saying the pain is unbearable, because I'm bearing it. I have to. I have no choice. My arms are coming loose and my thumbs are dying, but apart from this I am doing fine. Orchid watches my torture. She is absorbed and interested and loving every moment. I am a dream come true for her.

"Gosh, Jasmine, Phoebe never looked as lovely as you. Does it hurt real bad?"

"Yes."

"You armpits are all flattened, and your breasts are taut, and your tummy is tucked way in so you've hardly got a tummy at all. Gee, you've got a wonderful bush. It's so thick and shiny. Would you like me to play with you?"

"No. Oh, Orchid, this hurts so bad."

"You'd like to let your feet back down on the floor?"

"Yes! Oh, yes, yes, yes!"

"But you know I won't?"

"Yes, I know you won't. But, Orchid, please—"

"I don't want to hear it. Not a word about letting you loose. I want you to suffer the tortures I give you—a sort of sweet resignation. Remember, you are suffering to please your darling mistress who you love and who loves you too."

Orchid is fantasizing while I hang here like this in an agony

she can't understand. If she really did get herself hung this way, I bet it was for only a moment or two. It seems like I've been hanging for ages and ages. Any motion hurts, but I can't resist looking up at the short bar, from each end of which my thumbs are looped. It seems impossible that a teenage girl could do this to me, but it was shamingly easy.

"There, Jasmine, your ankles are tied tight together. Now I'll unlock your wrists and loop your thumbs. Understand?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"Don't sound so dreary about it. It's not every girl who gets to hang by her thumbs. You ought to be real excited."

She's teasing me and loving every minute. She's got that damn riding crop. I wait breathlessly for the steel circlets to be taken from my wrists, thinking I may have a chance of escape, but it's useless. I should have known. Orchid steps back before I can grab a handful of any part of her. Without further ado, she proceeds to slash away at my writhing rebellion. I am helpless. I cannot reach her. When I reach for the ropes around my ankles, she cuts my hands away with shrewd blows to make me squeal in anguish. The crop hurts bitterly upon my bare skin. I lunge for her, but I fall short, and the crop cuts happily at the expanse of skin I now present. I fall over, but no part of me is sacred. Orchid says no word but watches for what my writhings offer of my nakedness and sends her weapon into battle on my flesh. It takes all my fortitude to kneel—to offer my

thumbs for their binding.

“I’m sorry,” I pitifully gasp.

“Got what you deserved, Jasmine. You should have had more sense. Gosh, I’ve marked you gorgeously!”

If I had offered my thumbs in the first place and been a good little girl, I wouldn’t be burning and hurting all over. Oh, damn my stupidity! Orchid makes a point.

“You got yourself flogged, darling. You didn’t have to. But you’re still learning. One of these days you’ll learn complete obedience. Understand?”

“Yes, I understand—I was foolish—but hanging me by my thumbs is just too, too awful!”

“Sure, it’s awful. That’s why I’m doing it to you. You’ll be pussyperkingly obedient when your toes leave the floor. Now put your thumbs in the little loops.”

I loathe this surrender. Inwardly, I writhe in mortification as I insert my thumbs within the chamois loops she holds invitingly. But my tied feet defeat me, and I don’t want to be whipped any more. I hold my hands steady as they are robbed of thumbs and the loops tighten.

“You may stand now, Jasmine.”

Even to stand is not easy the way the cord cuts my ankles, but I manage. Unhappily, I watch my hands rise up, and

then my arms. There comes the tensioning of all of me. I stretched and stretch before my toes part company with the rug. My moaning cry is instant.

“I can’t stand it, Orchid, let me down!”

Orchid stands, wide-eyed in rapture. I can only guess at how I look in this outrageous suspension, but she finds in me as I now am something far too satisfying for her to heed my plea. My anguish passes her by. I doubt she hears a word—I am a naked captive girl hanging by her thumbs, the fulfillment of a nymphet’s fantasy. With me, Orchid can make every dream she ever had come true. I moan in desolation.

“I bet it makes it worse, not knowing how long I’ll make you hang there—right?”

“Yes.”

I shouldn’t have answered. But as long as I can keep her here with me, there is a hope she’ll relent and let me down. I have to be what she wants. If I get her mad, I’m sunk. I keep up a keening moan which comes straight from my tortured thumbs.

“You do that beautifully! You’re so sweet. I’m going to get Phoebe so she can see you like this.”

I moan and long for release. I am a sorry girl indeed, for all I can see down through the years is a succession of days like today. All pain, pain, pain! And just to please a

bright-eyed moppet who, for the life of me, I cannot hate. There is something elemental about her. I am owned and helpless in the power of a sprite. She will make things happen to me, and I will suffer them and maybe be rewarded in her bed.

I dare not move. I want most terribly to kick—to raise and lower a leg, and to struggle. I want to do anything at all to tell me I am still me. But being me hurts too much. The only way I can minimize this punishment is to hang passively still. Orchid has untied my ankles, I am sure, only to tantalize me with a seeming freedom. I advance my foot and look down at it and the space beneath which measures my suspension. It is only about six inches, but that's enough. An inch of air beneath my toes hurts as bad as ten or twenty. I try to relax, but my eyes are drawn up the taut columns of my arms to the wicked nooses tight beneath the knuckle of each of my thumbs. I could hang like this for days and never free myself. I allow my head to fall back in spiritless dejection. I wish I had what it takes to let go with a raucous scream of anger, but that hurts too. I lapse back into my steady moan.

Phoebe cannot be shocked. She too has hung like this. When our gaze meets, we exchange the silent sympathy of the sisterhood of pain. I wonder how she can tolerate agony for cash. But then I've never been truly poor. Her eyes rove my nudity in a perfect understanding of what she sees. Her tone is the respectful servant.

“She sure is beautiful the way you got her, Miss Orchid. She ain’t likin’ it one bit.”

“Go and pull her ring, Phoebe. I want to watch.”

“Gosh, ma’am, that’s goin’ to hurt her real bad!”

“Do it!”

I am appalled. My tummy writhes. I don’t want what is about to be done to me, but Orchid’s eyes are alight with pleasure, and her pleasure is what counts here. My legs already hang loosely apart. There is nothing I need do to prepare myself for Phoebe’s finger in my ring.

We do not look at each other. Phoebe and I are both shamed as she crooks a finger within the circlet in my flesh and gently pulls. Gentle as she may be, the result is agony. My nakedness follows the compulsion of the pull, following where it is painfully led. My thumbs and shoulders scream anew. I hear my voice.

“No! Oh, no! Please don’t! Stop!”

For a moment I am held out of the perpendicular by the metal in my pussy. It is so convenient for a mischievous finger, almost like a handle.

“Let go, Phoebe.”

I have been moved only inches, but the sudden release sets me in motion. In a slow arc I flow back and forth, sus-

pended in the air. Surely my thumbs must leave their sockets, but they do not. Girls are miraculous the way we hold together under stress. I hear my moans becoming louder and louder.

“Wouldn’t it be nice if you kept Jasmine company, Phoebe?”

“Whatever you say, Miss Orchid.”

Pain does not take me beyond curiosity. I lift my defeated head and stare. This surely can’t be happening. But it is. Phoebe goes about the preparation for her own punishment much as if she was hanging a curtain. She slips out of her dress and kicks her shoes to reveal her mahogany nakedness. I have long since learned girls are never punished wearing clothes. Bareness is doubly shaming and is part of the act. Avidly watched by the teenager who owns us, the black nubility fetches two more chamois snares for her thumbs. She touches one of the panels of controls to bring the fatal bar down to the level of her shining breasts. She turns to Orchid.

“I is ready to be punished, Miss Orchid.”

My own pain recedes as I watch the incredible. Phoebe hands her youthful mistress the two loops, then proffers her thumbs to be looped and tugged tight. Then each one is affixed to each end of the bar which is to carry her weight. She is completely passive as though disinterested. Under Orchid’s control the lovely mahogany hands rise, then the arms. When their owner is prettily stretched, Orchid says,

“I’m sure you’d love to tell Jasmine how you feel about this, Phoebe dear. Turn and face her, please.”

Phoebe is a pulsating beauty of flesh and blood and sensitivity, but she might as well be an automaton in the precision and control by which she approaches something which surely she must fear. Her tone is warmly untroubled.

“I gets punished, Miss Jasmine, ’cause it gives Miss Orchid pleasure. There ain’t no other reason, and you don’t have to feel sorry for me.”

“Go on, Phoebe, don’t stop.”

“I’m going to get hung up same as you, Miss Jasmine, and I’ll hurt just as bad, and I’ll wish I could get my feet down on the floor, and I’ll get hot in my pussy, but it won’t do me no good. That okay, Miss Orchid?”

“I think you should tell Jasmine about some of your other punishments, Phoebe. You won’t feel much like talking once your feet are in the air.”

Phoebe visibly takes a breath. I feel for her. Orchid is playing her wicked little game with both of us. This is pure tease. But it is a deadly brand of tease which neither Phoebe, nor I dare gainsay.

“I gets whipped real often, Miss Jasmine. I gets whipped all over. Miss Orchid’s got a special little whip for my breasts and my pussy. I gets the cane or crop on my bare ass and a

whip 'cross my bare back."

"That's lovely, Phoebe." Orchid's eyes glow with approval over the power which gives us to her as playthings. "But take Jasmine a step or two further. I'm sure she's interested."

Damn her, I am! I am the centerpiece of an erotic tableau, and there will be others. I don't want to hear, but I have to listen. Phoebe's punishments and mine hold a macabre fascination.

"I has to stand the whole day in the pillory sometimes, Miss Jasmine. It gets awful miserable after a few hours, but a gal can't shift herself none, so we just puts up with it. I sat with my feet in the stocks a couple days once. That ain't no good neither. We also has to sit astride a bar. It cuts yo' pussy something fierce!"

"Thank you, Phoebe. Isn't she sweet the way she tells you these things, Jasmine? But that will do for now. You ready to go up in the air, Phoebe?"

"Yes, I's ready, Miss Orchid."

It happens. I watch the stretching toes leave the carpet and raise to the same height as mine. Vicariously, I feel the tearing stress at muscle and sinew and nerve as Phoebe's weight is accepted by her shoulders and thumbs. She gasps and makes no silly pretense of heroism. She moans as I moan. Why shouldn't we! Both of us are girls and are being

tortured for no other reason than that girls in pain offer an eroticism men do not.

Orchid plays with us. Her fingertips find our most susceptible places and evoke their own special gasps from our parched lips. My ring and Phoebe's dark pussy are favorites, but our nipples also give much joy. Even in our pain we cannot fail to respond. Sex is powerful. It is now that I realize I too am aflame within my crotch. I want an orgasm, but Orchid will not give me one. She fingers and sucks and bites. Phoebe and I moan. Everything is as it should be in Orchid's world.

When Orchid tires of us and leaves, Phoebe says, "You ain't goin' to die, Miss Jasmine. It sho' feels like it but we won't. She'll likely let us down 'bout noon."

"I can't last till then. Oh, Phoebe!"

"Yes, you can. We ain't got no choice no how. We is fixed too good."

"Phoebe, I've got to escape. I've got to get back to the man who owns me. I can't stay here and be tortured everyday."

"You gotta remember it ain't always goin' to be this bad, Miss Jasmine. There'll be days you don't hardly hurt at all. Ain't no tellin' 'bout her royal highness." Phoebe pauses, then wistfully adds, "But she's sort o' sweet. Leastways, I think she is. I wish I was between her legs right now.

"Phoebe, there can't be enough money in the world to

compensate you for this."

Phoebe mentions a sum so huge I begin to understand her loyalty. But in desperation I plead, "So, all right, you've made a deal. But I haven't. I was kidnapped. I want out. Please help me."

Phoebe says nothing. We hang. Our moans blend musically.

I hurt so damn bad.

9

The Orchid

THE SISTERS are not supposed to use perfume—the convent rules are strict—but Sister Stephanie's scent comes to me hot and strong through the lattice of the confessional. Maybe it's Sister Stephanie herself that I smell. She's gorgeous, and I simply must confess enough sins so she has no choice but to punish me terribly. It's understood between us. I come to confession only when I can't stand the yearning any more.

The little box in which I sit lends itself to whispers. I'd find it hard to talk out loud about all the things I do to poor dear Phoebe and darling Jasmine. I really am a little bitch, but I can't help it. I'll do all those things to them again and be right back here whispering to Sister Stephanie again and be simply scorching between my legs. I adore girls' pussies, and Sister Stephanie tells me it is not that bad a sin and that I can be assured of absolution. Seems like Sister Stephanie had quite a time herself when she was my age.

It's a shivery stone chamber where I go to be punished. I don't mean it's cold, but it's all stone and the big window has iron bars. I know I'm not the only girl to be punished here, and I bet some of the nuns get whipped too. Sister Stephanie is always telling me she'll explain how nuns punish each other, but she hasn't got around to it yet. Once I get in the middle of all this stone, I get so damn goosey!

We both undress. We don't wear much. There's nothing under Sister Stephanie's habit except Sister Stephanie. The killer with her is when she takes off the collar to reveal her shaven head. The first time I saw that wonderful hairless head I orgasmed on the spot. I'm getting used to it now, but it still fuels my fire. Girls are so lucky to have a pussy. A girl's pussy adds so much to her life. The one Sister Stephanie has is really super. I mean, like, wow!

Sister Stephanie is gorgeous when she's naked. She tells me I will look like her in just a few years. She says my breasts will develop and be firm and hard and big-nippled, and it will be the same with my bush. Sister Stephanie has a bush. I simply get lost in it when she instructs me to get down there. That's when her scent hits me in great big waves.

"What you've confessed merits a sound caning of your bottom, Orchid. Do you agree?"

"Oh, yes, sister. Cane me real hard."

"There is no other way, child. How would you like to be fastened?"

"I don't care—whatever you like."

Actually, I care a lot. It hurts less when I'm standing up, and it hurts most when I'm bent over and my skin is stretched. But this is a spine-chilling moment when I wait to find out how I'll get it. I wouldn't miss it for the world.

"The whipping stool is much the best, Orchid. It is the pose

of penitence. You may dispose yourself."

Sister Stephanie always says that. I mean, about disposing myself. It curls me up every time. My heart thuds like crazy as I kneel on the place provided and fit the rest of me into all the proper places. The whipping stool is the most wonderful contraption for the whipping of girls. It has places and straps for every bit of us, and even after we've been strapped tight so we can't move, it can be tilted and adjusted in all sorts of ways to please the sister who is doing the punishing. I tuck my tummy over the saddle as I bend down and reach to insert my hands within the waiting straps. As I do this, I think of Phoebe and Jasmine. If only they knew!

Daddy knows. My daddy is a wise man. He used to cane and whip me himself after Mummy died. It was always supposed to be a punishment, but we both knew it never was. I screamed and made a fuss, but that went along with the lovely marks on my skin. I used to admire those marks in the mirror for days. I still do. I always regret their fading. It seems such an awful waste of beauty. Sister Stephanie punishes me much harder than Daddy ever did, so tomorrow I'll have a lot to gloat over in the glass from what she is about to do to me. Daddy said he could never bring himself to whip me as hard as I needed. That's when he sent me to the convent. I've been coming here for more than a year now.

"This strap across the small of your back does such wonder

for you, Orchid. Don't you agree?"

Sister Stephanie is right. This final strap is the piece de resistance of the whole ensemble. I gasp as it cinches me hard down and, at the same time, rears my poor darling bottom a mile high, its skin tautened like a drum. Sister Stephanie pulls and tugs until I have a wasp waist and feel like I'm breaking in two. Then she buckles me like that and the sound of the straps and the buckling is more of those spine-freezing moments I both love and hate. I am now ready to be whipped.

"A short period for meditation, Orchid."

"Thank you, sister."

"I will gag you when I return."

She slips her habit on and leaves. I've never been sure about this meditation bit. What it really is becomes a time for any interested nun to come and feel me up. They are all entranced by the way my pussy sticks out back from this awful bind. They palm and press the poor thing and assure me how plumply its lips protrude and how it is certain it will receive a few cuts from Sister Stephanie's cane. Dutifully, I say my "Yes, sister" and "Thank you, sister", and wish they would make me come instead of just messing around. But maybe they get me all excited on purpose. You can never tell about nuns.

When Sister Stephanie comes back and locks us in, while

she's taking off her habit, I confess about feeling hot and wet, and I ask her couldn't she make me come just once. But she says not to worry, that the cane will cure me of carnal thoughts and purify my mind. I'm sure she says this with tongue-in-cheek, but that's all I get. I try to move to make myself pop, but I can't even twitch.

"Are you ready for your caning, Orchid dear?"

"Yes, sister."

"And the gag?"

"Yes, please."

I'm not sure if I should be ashamed about the gag. But if I'm not gagged, I scream so ridiculously and get so mortified. From some place I have the feeling I ought to remain silent while my bottom is cut to bits, but I never can. Phoebe is better at the silent suffering than I am, but even she breaks down and howls if I whip her enough, and I always do. Jasmine does not horse around or even try to keep quiet while I punish her. She screams delightfully. I'm so lucky Daddy bought her for me. Without demur, I open my mouth for Sister Stephanie to push in the rubber wad, then close my lips on it while she buckles the soft leather band across my mouth. I am naked. I can't move. I cannot speak. This moment is why I am here. I burn with gorgeous lust.

The convent uses real yellow canes they get from Singa-

pore. They do not split or fray. Sister Stephanie selects one carefully and uses it on my strictured bottom with capable cruelty. From the very first stroke I know I should have stayed at home. I can't bear such pain. I don't want another stroke. Why must she hit me so hard? I struggle but do not move. I tell her how impossible it is to continue, but no sound passes my gagged lips. I belong to the convent now, and there is nothing I can do about it. Her second stroke tells me I have made a great mistake in coming here. I should have known better. I am just a silly kid who is getting a lot more than she deserves. But then I think of my own two slave girls and the way I punish them. This is retribution, I must have wanted this or I wouldn't have entered the confessional. Oh, damn! Number three extracts a scream from every nerve I have, but the room is silent except for the zing of Sister Stephanie's cane and the splat of its meeting with my flesh.

"As you suffer, Orchid, I want you to remember those two girls you hurt so much."

She must have read my mind. The admonition splats upon my consciousness as number four splats across my cheeks. The pain is so great I actually do resolve to be more kind. I won't keep the resolve, but I make it anyway in a silly hope it will ease this scorchmg agony.

"Pain purifies, Orchid. We have only just begun."

When I have received ten strokes, Sister Stephanie gives

me a break and a drink of water. I guess she thinks I am too young for anything stronger. It's wonderful to be free of the gag for a little while. After I have gulped down the water, I say what I need most to tell her. "I can't stand any more, sister. Please don't cane me any more."

"You have to say that, dear. I do understand."

"But I really can't! It hurts too much—much worse than last time."

"You are a bigger girl now, Orchid. You are growing up. As you grow, you will require more pain. I am not hitting you as hard as I could."

"You're not?"

"No, dear. Let me show you."

It's unbelievable! I am certain I am badly cut and blood is running from my wound. I scream and scream while Sister Stephanie listens patiently and quietly smiles. I wonder if I smile like that when one of my slave girls screams.

"You see, Orchid, there is always something worse. One day we will graduate to your back."

My back! Oh, shit! The way I'm bent now it's as stretched as my bottom. But I thrill at her words: "graduate to your back"! My lovely young virgin back will stripe so vividly. I am hot in my pussy all over again. Phoebe has told me about this. I can be as cruel as I like to her and she will

come up hot and secreting like crazy. I guess it's wonderful.

"Another little rest period, Orchid. I won't be gone long."

It is simply another time in which I become an exhibit. The nuns drift in and out, delighting over my ten stripes. They discuss them breathlessly. I can't help knowing they are getting hot out of this the same as me. I don't know if it is bad for nuns to get erotic thrills from wealed female bottoms, but they sure as hell do! I pick up wafts of pussy pungency as they stand close. It is a musk smell every girl knows about.

"She's so young—only fifteen!"

"She's a woman. I'd love to beat her. The ones who come to me are always homely."

"I suppose Sister Stephanie will—"

"Of course! And she won't share her either. I've asked. Can't blame her, though. This girl is as tasty a morsel as I've seen."

"Do you know how many strokes she's going to get?"

"God knows! With Stephanie it could be fifty. Fifty is the most I ever inflict. After that they are always anxious to please."

The rotten biddies! They're throwing a scare into me on purpose. Fifty lashes—wow! And I can't move. When Sister

Stephanie comes back, stripped for action, I blurt it out.

“Sister, you’re not going to give me fifty strokes, are you?”

“Why not, dear? You’ve been terribly naughty.”

“But I came and confessed, and I let you strap me down.”

“What’s that got to do with it, dear? I think fifty is an excellent number. Like I said, you’re growing up.”

“I couldn’t bear it! I’d die!”

“You know you won’t die—not any more than your little slave girls do.”

Oh, shit! I’m up against my own confession. I can’t win an argument, but I’ll settle for pity. “Please, have mercy!” I tearfully beg. “You’ve given me ten, and they hurt something awful. I can’t bear fifty, I really can’t. Please!”

“It is not for you to say or ask, Orchid. Would you like to advance your sentence to sixty?”

“Oh, no!”

“It might be kindest if you were gagged.”

“I expect it would. I’m sorry.”

“Pain changes us, dear. I know you’re a different girl from the one in the confessional. It is my task to try and make sure you do not revert. Do you think you will whip your girls tomorrow?”

“No!”

“We must bolster that resolve. Open your mouth.”

Oh, damn! I think I’ve fucked this up but good! I should have kept quiet about the fifty, and I might not have got them. Sister Stephanie buckles the gag so that I am mute.

“They are starting to overlap now, Orchid. It can’t be helped.”

I stop thinking. I scream against the binding on my mouth. I make the whipping stool creak in protest against my heaves and surges. I refuse to consider that I cannot free myself and that this punishment will continue at Sister Stephanie’s discretion. I cling to a prisoner’s hope of getting loose. Once more I think guiltily about my girls. I bet I’ll be real nice to them for a couple of days, and the poor darling will wonder why. I must never let them know about the confessional—not ever! But wouldn’t it be fun to send one of them here and be able to watch! If it was Jasmine, I’d have to bring her here bound and chained. I wonder if Sister Stephanie would go for that. Oh, god, this hurts!

“You are doing wonderfully, Orchid. I’m proud of you. That’s thirty you’ve had, and you’re still feeling every one as though it was the first. I’ll sponge you down, dear. You’re all sweaty from the pain.”

The gentle voice reaches me through a mist of agony. I am hurting so bad I didn’t know Stephanie had stopped my

whipping. Thirty! Good gosh! It's just as well I am still gagged. She and I both know what I'd be saying. Wow, the sponge feels so good! She even uses it across my wounds and is getting its wet softness right up into my armpits. I close my eyes. I don't care if the sister doesn't take my gag out this time, I'd only say the wrong thing. I sure don't want any more of this than I'm going to get anyway. I am being patted and dried, and the nape of my neck is kissed below the strap. I am left to the mercies of the curious.

"I so admire the gag Stephanie uses."

"These young things look sweet when their mouths are sealed. I use wide tape myself. Properly applied, it is so white and virginal."

"The dear child's bottom is coming along well. Tomorrow it should be entirely purple."

"There's still a few individual stripes discernible. I expect Sister Stephanie will fill them in."

"These young girls are incorrigible these days. This whipping probably won't do this sweet thing a particle of good."

"Well, this one's here placating her conscience. No one made her come."

"She's here to build a fire in her crotch, if you ask me. Adolescents have become insatiable. Conscience is a good excuse."

“Sister Stephanie is making a competent job of her. Is she to enjoy further correction after her caning?”

“I didn’t ask. I’d say she was in good condition for it. A fifteenyear-old is most responsive. They feel pain intensely but have amazing endurance. This little minx is good for hours and hours.”

I get ten more, which brings me up to forty and the knowledge that I’m going to live. The gag does not get unbuckled this time either, and I bet it’s so I can’t ask questions about any further correction the old biddies planted in my mind.

“The last ten,” Sister Stephanie says. “You will be more kind to your girls now?”

I nod. I put everything I’ve got into it.

“You do understand there will be a further penance to follow?”

“Hell no!” I try to scream into my gag. I shake my head in firm negation of this further penance. I look at her with wide, appealing eyes.

“It will be something quite different, Orchid, but it is a part of your penance on which the convent insists.”

I look as desolate as I can. It is not hard. When the cane starts to cut at me again, I am totally absorbed in agony and forget about what comes next. I get a real wowser for number fifty and nearly go berserk within the straps. At

last it is over and done with.

Strong fingers unbuckle my gag, and a firm voice commends me lovingly. There is another glass of water. I manage to smile back at Sister Stephanie when she tells me there is only the shortest of waits. If it was not for what remains to be done to me, I would be weeping in joy.

“I won’t be whipped again, will I?”

“No more whip or cane, dear. That’s done with. But there maybe one small thing. I can’t tell you now.”

Once more the lone immobility upon the whipping stool, once more the black-habited feminine comments. I can talk back now, but it is best I don’t.

“The little darling’s had fifty with Stephanie’s cane. Look at her, she’s simply vibrating with life.”

I am vibrating with apprehension and pain, that’s what. But I do not contradict. I can’t get loose, so I have to quietly listen.

“An hour or two perched on the horse would do her good. Most of these little does need their sex well punished. This one has the plumpest lips down below. Look at them sticking out!”

My pussy lips are looked at and admired. These convent females have their minds below their waist all the time. Jeepers!

“Pity we can’t pop her in the dungeon. With a few chains, of course.”

“Yes, of course. But there’s too much money involved for that. Her father is Ross Lambert. He approves of beating her bottom, but no dungeons.”

“No special dispensations?”

“Not yet, but give her time. She’s susceptible to conscience, and her father won’t live forever. I’d love to see her properly chained in number three.”

I feel like telling them to shut up, but they seem so sincere. What they are saying is what they think. Now I can’t resist asking, “Do you have girls like me locked in dungeons?”

“Of course, dear. There are a couple locked away right now. We keep them beautifully loaded with links.”

“But what right have you? I mean, why do you do it?”

“Their parents send them, Orchid. Their parents simply gave up the battle and passed them along to us. It only takes a week or two to get them acceptably humble. Are you sure you don’t wish to commit yourself?”

“Gosh no! Would you please unstrap me?”

They drift away. Sister Stephanie returns and says we are now ready. When I ask what we are ready for, she simply smiles. Nuns are positively omnipotent. With her usual deft

surety, she unbuckles my straps, then helps me stand. My poor bottom burns like fury.

“Will you do what you’re told, Orchid, or shall I call in help?”

“I’ll do what I’m told.”

“I have to blindfold you. I want you to follow where I lead.”

I am so passively obedient I could kick myself. I wouldn’t say boo to a goose. I am led for a short walk and then pushed down on what seems to be a bed or couch. Even though it is soft, my bottom screams and I gasp in pain.

“You’ll have to get used to it. It will hurt badly for several days.”

I am busy thinking of ways I can hide my purple rump from the two girls I own. I will wish to use them with us both naked. I’ll have to think up something. But now I lay back as a gentle hand supports my breasts and back. I do not sense a headboard. I’m on some sort of couch affair. When the sister starts to buckle my wrists and ankles, my mind flashes back to the woman farm and those awful clamps. But this is different. The leather bands strap tight and I am spread wide open, but there are chains, and the chains are loose enough to give me an inch or two of freedom. I am not stretched taut. Fingertips find my nipples to make me moan and twist, but I am well held. Whatever anyone wishes to do with me they most certainly can. A

pillow is slipped beneath my punished bottom. I can guess what comes next.

The lips and tongue are super. I am sure it is Sister Stephanie, but I do not ask. I reward her with female sounds from my ungagged lips. I writhe, and I am sure my writhing is exquisitely sensuous. I want to please Stephanie. I wish also I did not come so soon, but my sex is a pent-up volcano that's been ready to erupt all the way through my caning. I forget who and what I am. I deliver myself to sensation. My wrists and ankles tug and tug. I am glad they tug, and I am glad my bottom burns. I am possessed! I wonder if Jasmine feels as I do now!

The change is inevitable. I scent Stephanie's sex as it approaches my hungry mouth. When she lowers herself upon my face, it is a homecoming. I take a deep breath of her feminine pungency and go to work. For this moment it is I who am the slave. This visit to the convent will do me good. I lustily suck.

Stephanie goes. I know she goes. I cannot see, but I feel the loss. Her heat and musk disperses. But I sense a new beginning. I hear the rustle of clothing as a female makes herself naked for the service I must give. I test my bonds. They are reassuringly secure.

"You will please me, little girl, or you will be sorry."

Hot and smelly flesh lowers itself onto my face. I do not try to escape. I know I can't. The convent owns me, and I will

do its bidding. After all, it has been my friend. My tongue probes. My lips follow the familiar contours of a cunt.

She is decent enough to pluck her cunt hairs from my mouth when we are done. She does not go down on me. Why should she! I am a fifteen-year-old girl who is learning about being female. She pats my left breast and tweaks its nipple before she goes.

I presume it is a nun, but how can I tell? But it has different ideas. It is interested in my own sex, my neat slit with its plump adolescent lips. It is sniffing my girl smell. I can sense this too. It is easy to get between my legs, they are so far apart. I moan gratefully as female lips seek mine and I am entered by a tongue. It bestows a long and mindless joy.

“She needs livening, Sister Agatha. She has climaxed, has she not?”

“Yes. Her flavor is intensely sweet.”

“It will be sweeter for a touch of this.”

I hear the exchange through a roseate haze. I am still transported and have little interest in words. I sense one leaves and one remains. I am well attended. Wow! My pussy palpitates like all get out, and I have a little thought of what “a touch of this” can mean.

“You are a whore, Orchid. You do not know it, but you are a strumpet.”

Oh, shit, what now? Surely not a kook! I tense. I squeal in shock and anger as light thongs splay out upon my outrageously displayed sex. It is scarcely agony, but why is this being done? They are using all of me for pleasure, so why would they want to whip my cunt?

But I am in a convent and Sister Stephanie has gone. My pussy and the skin around it scorches and tingles warmly from the blow.

“You see, she likes it. She feels the heat. Strike her again.”

There must be two of them, but what does it matter? Oh, shit, I can’t see a thing, and I can scarcely move. Certainly not enough to turn over and protect my puss. I let them have a real howl of anger and pain as my pubic patch gets splatted a second time.

“She felt that, sister. She is a delightful moppet. Behold the motions of her hips.”

I flatten my wounded bottom down hard on the pillow, I didn’t know I was doing anything with my hips, but I sure won’t now. I suddenly remember I am not gagged. “Leave me alone,” I demand. “I came here to have my bottom caned. That’s been done, so let me loose and I’ll go home.”

“How sweet!”

“And so wickedly innocent!”

“She should be reddened some more before I take my

turn."

Splat, splat, splat. The last of them sounds wet, but it's not my fault. I can't help it. I really howl now and quite forget about my hips, I make my chains clatter and the couch shake, but, without warning, female lips are again busy with my cunt. They are mature, vigorous lips which somehow blend with my scorched skin and flare me into a blaze like you wouldn't believe. Hell, if these bitches didn't hurt me so much, I'd be a real happy girl! But I'm learning things all the time.

"Whipping it affects a vast improvement, sister. I suggest you try her. She has the flavor and fragrance of youth."

I can think of all sorts of things to say, like "Drop dead!" or "Go suck an orange!" But I'm in such a dither. I mean, I can't even see them. And that last time was really quite something. Now, when the thongs bite at me again, flicking this way and that into my crotch, it is not such a shock, and all I feel is heat. I'll have to practice this on the girls and see what it does for them. The poor dears deserve a little something. Oh, shit, I hope this nun knows when to stop!

"She's ripe, sister. Now is the time."

Ripe! Am I ripe? The onslaught of the mouth upon my pussy tells me that I am. I am sucked into a hungry mouth while clawing fingers hold my hips. These nuns are outrageous—really!

I don't pay much attention to anything except what is being done to me, and even then I'm way off some place. They make me pant myself into exhaustion, and I become very drowsy. But I suddenly come awake and know a new presence is with me, looking down at my stretched nudity. I tug to see if I'm still fastened down. I am. But an unseen hand pulls the pillow from beneath my hips. This gives me another inch of movement. I twist within the limits of my short chains. In a spot like this it's horrible not being able to see.

"I will remove your blindfold, child."

The way the voice calls me child I can tell it's authority. I bet it's the mother superior. After I've blinked my way into daylight, I can see my guess is right. This one is older than the rest. She won't be interested in games. Her features framed within the oval of her coif are studying mine as though I don't have a secret she can't see.

"Welcome to our house, Orchid. Would you like to stay with us?"

"Gosh no!"

The denial pops out of me—it just comes. But I am sure it is not the right thing to say. The calm voice gives me one more shock.

"Perhaps we can change your mind, child."

"I'm not a child, and I want to go home!"

“At first we I all want to go home, Orchid. For me, it was many years ago. We will not let you leave.”

Jeepers, the way she says that! It’s creepy. I tug at the wristlets and give it to her straight. “Look, sister, there’s a mistake. I’m not a novice or a new girl—not something like that. I came here to see Sister Stephanie, and she—”

“She caned your bottom, yes. I am sure you deserved every stroke.”

“Well, yes, but it’s long past time for me to go. Look, you can’t possibly keep me here.”

“No?”

She’s amused. She’s as good as telling me I’m fixed but good, so I try again.

“Yes, I know I’m strapped and chained on this couch, but you absolutely must undo these straps and let me go.”

“Why?”

“Because! You don’t kidnap girls like me. My father is Ross Lambert. He won’t let you keep me here like this.”

“No?”

She sure can put a lot of amusement into one word. She makes me feel like a silly kid who doesn’t know what she’s talking about, and I sure don’t know what she’s getting at. I’ve never been this helpless or naked or looked at this way

in my whole life. It's for the birds. Even Daddy's name didn't make a dent with her. There's something wrong for sure. I panic. I go berserk. I tug and tear and flounder. I even scream in anger at the impassive face looking down at what I do. When I have to lay still, panting, I know for sure there's no way I'm going to get loose.

"Feel better?"

"No, I feel worse. I can't get loose."

"That's right. You can't get loose—not now or ever. I'm hoping you're going to be a nice sensible girl."

"I'm going to scream your house down if you won't let me go."

I hope I don't sound as terrified as I am. Something awful is happening to me. I mean, even if I'm the wrong girl, I'm still in the most awful spot. I'm a prisoner. To think I simply walked in here with my eyes wide open—shit! The mother superior holds up the gag invitingly and smiles the sweetest smile.

"You were saying about screaming, Orchid?"

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean it. I'm trying to be polite, but what are you going to do to me?"

"You have one more penance before the solitude of prison, dear."

“Why would you put me in prison?”

“To be alone with yourself, child. Most novices are surprised by the girl they meet. I’m sure you will be too.”

“My daddy will cause you no end of trouble if I don’t get to go home.”

“We are acting on your father’s instructions, child.”

She has to be lying. But what has she left me to say? When the two sisters come for me, I become a real brat and scream and kick like a wildcat. There’s no way I’m going to simply walk to whatever they’re going to do with me. I sort of get lost among the flailing arms and legs until I get brought back into the world of pain I thought I was finished with after those fifty with the cane. What they have done to me now is for the birds. Oh, hell, this is going too far!

The nuns leave me alone in the convent’s bizarre device. It’s like a cross with the top bit missing. I’ve been lifted up and my arms dragged over the crosspiece and then down. My hands have been tied to the main upright in back, and all my weight rests on my armpits over the cross. My feet can’t reach the floor. The pain is horrendous, and there’s no one I can tell about it.

I can’t believe Daddy is really behind this. Oh, damn! I’m going to be so kind to the two girls when I get home. I’ve never been so humble or scared in my life. There’s nothing

I wouldn't do to get out of this blasted convent in one piece.

"You have hung there for one hour, Orchid. We trust you feel chastened and contrite?"

It's her again, and the other two are with her. I gasp out that I do feel chastened and I'll do anything they want. They regard me in silence as I sob and moan.

"Yes," the holy voice says. "I think we may consider Orchid ready for her true penance. You may take her down."

It feels so good I don't care about anything. They can finger my tits and pussy as much as they like while they march me down and down. Each of them has me by an arm. The mother superior leads the way. It is not until we are confronted by the massive door that I clue in on what's next. When the door swings open, I know the worst is ahead. It's a real, honest-to-goodness dungeon, and they're going to lock me inside in its darkness. Once again I go crazy, heaving and kicking and screaming. But they handle me like the child they say I am. At the end of a few minutes, I am not fighting nuns—I am fighting chains. They've locked manacles on my wrists and ankles and even my neck. They are quite long chains, but they are attached to the stone wall, so I can only go as far as they allow. The three women stand just beyond my range and smile at my tantrums. Not that my tantrums matter very much. I am soon ashamed of the clatter I am making with all the links. I stand with all this metal hanging from me. I pant and

glare. I want to cry.

“Your chains fasten with locks, Orchid, the girls who wear them are all about your age, so the one size fits all. They are perfect for you.”

The mother superior is right—they do fit me. I lift my captive hands to examine how I am held. I am scared to death. I fall to my knees and beg not to be locked alone in this dismal place. Once more I promise anything and everything. They nod, satisfied. They leave. They slam and bolt the door. After awhile I go and sit on the stone. I play with my links, and I cry and cry. I’ll do anything, anything at all. I’ll even ask for my back to be whipped. But I want out.

I want to go home.

10

The Cell and I

THIS IS NOT AS BAD as hanging by my thumbs. It would be nicer if I didn't get whipped every hour. Phoebe has been told to whip me, and she does so faithfully. Phoebe is all right, but I simply can't wean her away from all that money. She will do as she is told. Within this context we are the best of friends and have reduced the act of her giving me pain to something quite impersonal. There is no sense in me getting all upset over something I can't change and which Phoebe is well paid to do. Good gosh, I am starting to rationalize what is happening.

I stand at the foot of Orchid's huge bed. I face the coverlets and pillows, thinking a lot about being chained there while we sleep after I have done my duty. I have to stand like this because my wrists are tightly tied and pulled up to each of the bedposts. They don't reach that far, but the rope does, and it holds me securely. In any case, Phoebe checks my bonds every time she comes. She won't even let me get a hand loose—as if I could!

That time when Orchid hung us both together by our thumbs made a bond. Phoebe and I are sisters in distress, but her distress is sort of commercial, while I'm simply kidnapped. Phoebe can call it quits at the end of each of her contracts, but I'm a prisoner for life. As each day passes, I say one more goodbye to Dave and everything I

thought I had. The penthouse vanishes into limbo. I cry a lot when no one is looking.

I could easily cry now. I have to stand like this all day, and I'm getting tired of shifting from foot to foot. I can't climb up on the bed because my feet are ironed and the chain is short. This also stops me from kicking when I'm whipped. Kicking helps, but it is a pleasure I am denied. Leg irons are infuriating. Poor Phoebe has to wear the heavy set while our owner is away, but chains and things don't seem to bother Phoebe the least bit. I think she counts the dollars as she clinks.

I don't have anything to count. I could keep tabs on the stripes I'm getting from Phoebe, but what the hell! She is not being cruel. Orchid does not expect her to be cruel to my bottom and back, but she makes me smart and wince and writhe. If you whip a naked girl at all, it has to have some sort of effect. Phoebe is amused by my reactions to her thong. In a ridiculous sort of way, I'm interested myself.

I'm a captive, a slave, a prisoner. I belong to Orchid. What is being done to me and with me narrows my interests. I used to be concerned about all sorts of things, but now it's how much I'm going to hurt and if I'll be able to move and whether or not I'll be gagged. My horizon is small. I've even given up thinking of escape. I'm never given the faintest chance. Like right this minute. I look up at my roped wrists and the way they are cinched up to the posts. I try, of

course. I always try, but there's no way I can get loose. Even if I did, there is still my chained feet. A girl can't defeat her chains. Chains are implacable and frightening.

I took back over my shoulder as Phoebe returns. Even though she is going to whip me, I am glad to see her. It gets so terribly lonely standing as I stand. Any diversion is welcome, even if it hurts.

"Guess it's time again, Miss Jasmine."

"Guess so. Don't feel bad about it, Phoebe. I don't mind."

That looks after that. I grit my teeth and manage to take the half dozen cuts across my skin without too much fuss. I can't just stand, but I do the next best thing. I have to think of Phoebe. It distresses her when I scream. If it is possible to be kind to a girl you whip, she is kind to me. She says Orchid told her she could go easy. After all, if I am to stand tied like this all day, I'm going to collect quite a few stripes.

"Want me to play with yo' ring, Miss Jasmine?"

"It would be nicer if you did it to me before you whip me next time, Phoebe—get me real excited and then whip me. Then, after I've had the strokes, make me come—please?"

"Why don't I do both? Now and then again in a hour? You can stand it, can't you?"

"You're so sweet. Will Orchid mind me getting all that pleasure?"

Phoebe's hand is my answer. I gasp and moan. I do all the things I do when I am whipped. She is very clever. She delays my climax on and on, but I finally explode. My tied wrists burn as I writhe in ecstasy. I cease to be a lifetime prisoner. I am just a girl.

Phoebe is wonderful. She clinks her way around in fettered feet, quite unconcerned by her partial slavery. She is accustomed to the heavy leg irons to which Orchid alone holds the key. She has housework she must do, and she must be punctual with my whippings. If she gets the work all done, she will stay with me and talk. But she will not untie my raised bound arms. That perogative is Orchid's alone. For all we know our owner may make me stand like this all night and take Phoebe to her bed instead of me. It would be a bitter pill, but I would have to swallow it. I have to wonder if any other fifteen-year-old girl wields such total dominion over another as she does with me.

It is afternoon before Orchid comes. I peep around a pinioned arm and brightly say, "Hello, Orchid."

I am unprepared for what comes. I am enveloped by youthful arms and kissed and hugged breathlessly. I have no arms myself, but Orchid's are enough. The scent of her excites, and I know I will do whatever she says, even though it hurts.

"Darling Jasmine, I'm so mean to you."

I can't dispute this, so I do not try.

“Leaving you like this all day and making Phoebe whip you —it’s wicked!”

There is something wrong, but I don’t know what it is. With Orchid, I must be careful. I am still firmly tied and helpless, and she can be a cruel little tease. Inadequately, I whisper, “Phoebe and I are fond of each other. I don’t mind her whipping me.”

“Darling, I’m going to make you promise something.”

“Sure, just tell me what.”

“You know where my clothes are. I’m going to untie you. I want you to dress and take the money I’ll give you and go home to your Dave without looking back. Promise?”

It is too much too soon. I know my retort is heavy with suspicion, but this I cannot help. “Orchid, are you, kidding?”

“No, I’m not. But I want your promise. I want you to run like hell before I change my mind.”

Freedom! They must have felt like this in Buchenwald and Auschwitz. One minute sentenced to life, the next a reprieve. I don’t believe this, but my heart is pounding. Doubtfully, I say, “Of course I’ll promise, Orchid, but—”

She kisses me like it was the last kiss in the world, then pushes me away. I actually hesitate. Orchid seems upset and forlorn, but I see my collar and chain draped across

the bed and the handcuffs on a chair. Either one would make me captive again, but I am not yet released. I am still ironed. I kick the chain to draw Orchid's attention my imprisonment. Without a word, she unlocks them and propels me all the way to the cupboard.

"Darling, I'm going to leave you. I can't stand this. I don't want to see. I'll keep Phoebe out of the way. Dress and go—hurry! If you let Phoebe and me capture you again, it will be your own fault."

With what sounds like a sob, Orchid is gone. I start to dress, my motions becoming quicker and more urgent as I panic. The handcuffs mock me from the chair. If I let them be put on me again, I'm sunk. I grab the bag and money from the dresser, then flee as though Satan himself was at my heels. When I breathe the fresh air of the street, I begin to believe. I run and run, my unchained feet flying in an ecstasy of motion. I don't care what the passersby think. I'm free, free, free!

Dave is even more yummy than my dreams: tweed, cigars, eau de cologne, and just plain old male. I nestle my head against his shirt as I kneel against his knees. His hand strokes my hair as he explains the miracle.

"Wasn't too hard to trace you, Bree, but it took time to get around Ross Lambert. Had to go slow—didn't want them taking you underground. Lambert's not a bad guy when you get to know him. We straightened things out. Then

there was just you and young Orchid. I gather she is quite a girl."

I tell my master about Orchid. It is marvelous to thrust against him and know I'm safe. He tells me how Lambert agreed to deal with his teenage daughter, but Dave does not know how he did it, and neither do I. But the miracle has been worked and I am here. I am suddenly aware of my disgraceful condition.

"Dave, I've got clothes on!"

"I thought that's what they were, kitten. Take them off."

I can't do it quick enough. He's going to take me to bed but not right quick. Anticipation will be yummy-yummy, but I'm still groping for normalcy—Dave's kind of normalcy.

"Master, I ought to be handcuffed."

"Huh, guess you should. Well, go get them!"

Everything is so beautiful. I glow and radiate vibrations as I hold out my hands and watch them ironed. I shiver with delight. Orchid never managed to click handcuffs on me in quite the way Dave does. I play with my joined hands happily like a kid. I snuggle back into the safety of my master's arms, but I am not yet content.

"Dave, when you're not using me, I want to be locked in a cell. I'm not safe running around loose."

My master laughs enjoyably. He strokes my hair gently, like I'm his favorite pet. I wish I could purr. "You'd soon tire of that, Bree. About the second day you'd be pleading to get out from behind the bars."

"Don't pay any attention to me."

"Almost have to take you out and around if I'm going to marry you."

I am sure my heart stops. Married! To Dave! What more can life offer a girl! My cup of joy is running over! But I am female and see the serpent in Eden. "But, darling, of course I'll marry you. But how can we! I mean, you can't keep a wife locked up and chained the way you do with a slave."

"Why not?"

Life is too full, too wonderful. Dave is right: why not! Handcuffs will nestle on my wrists just the same if there is a ring on my finger, and I'm sure a wife can peep at her husband through bars. I am about to ask what he'll do with the ring through my pussy when the doorbell rings and we have to untangle. When Dave returns, Orchid is with him. She has been crying.

"Daddy sent me. He says you have to whip me on my back." She sheds tears in earnest and sobs out that nobody loves her any more. "Daddy says I was so mean to Jasmine that I have to be punished." She gazes at us wanly between damp fingers. "Please punish me. I daren't go home if you don't."

Dave is enthralled. Orchid is shooting girl vibes at him by the millions. This dilutes my sympathy to where I think whipping her teenage back an excellent idea. Mr. Lambert must be an excellent parent. I don't know how she does it, but Orchid gives a wriggle or two and is suddenly nude. "I'm terribly sorry about my bottom," she says earnestly. "It's already been attended to."

It certainly has—her round, firm buttocks are one gorgeously contorted bruise. It is dark purple. "It was done with a cane," she sniffs. "Please don't ask me to explain."

We can guess. Dave takes Orchid by the arm and leads her to the appropriate room. I follow behind and wish I had not been in such a hurry about the handcuffs. Orchid looks slender and sweet and lovable by the time her wrists are strapped to the bar and her arms raised. Her back is whitely virgin. I'm a real bitch, but I can't help it. I get the clips Dave uses on me and hold them for her to see. "Do you mind?" I ask with sugary venom.

Orchid's young breasts are firm cones. The clips quiver on their points to heat my puss. She bites her lip. They hurt outrageously, but she does not complain. I step away to watch.

Dave whips the slender young back with immense care. Orchid marks splendidly. The clips on her breasts quiver and bounce with each blow. She tries hard not to scream, striving to vent her pain in moans and small cries for

which there is no name. I expect girls have always made these sounds, but history has made no note of them. Dave uses a short, tapered thong. A larger whip would wrap around Orchid twice. This one, under his deft handling, spans her back and shoulders with cruel precision. Orchid chokes back her screams, but eventually they break through the dam of her determination. Screaming, she kicks and dances as the thong impacts. She lifts herself by her strapped wrists and undulates deliciously. When Dave is done with the whip, I go and reach for the clips too. Orchid wriggles them away from my fingers and whispers huskily, "Leave them on. I have to stand—don't you remember?"

We leave her bound and with my clips vibrating on her cones. It is impossible to hate Orchid. She is a gorgeous nymphet. My master takes me to our bedroom where I service him with all my pent-up intensity of love. He handles my ring to make me a volcano in eruption. The lava of my secretions flow abudantly, but neither of us speak of cutting the circlet from my flesh. I have borne it for a long time. It is a part of me. I am curious as to what he will do with it, but I do not ask. I have a strange reticence about my ring.

"Young Orchid's quite a girl," Dave muses as he plays with the parts of me he finds of interest. "I can see how she'd give you a bad time. Lambert wanted you to whip her, but I figured you'd blow it."

“I don’t want to whip anybody.” I wriggle closer to him for protection. “It was mean of me to use those clips.”

“Lambert has another job for you, kitten. He wants you to personally keep his darling daughter imprisoned for a week—heavily chained, of course.”

“Oh, Dave, why can’t we just send her home? I’ve had enough of Orchid. What I want is you.”

“Even when I’m mean? And I will be mean.”

“Your being mean to me is part of our thing. I don’t mind.”

“Seems to me a nice long drawn-out whipping is called for, Bree. Something to welcome you back to the fold.”

“Yes, of course, it’s a wonderful idea. But, please, not in front of Orchid.”

“I had thought of that. You’d be humiliated greatly—lovely cringe and blush effect. But, okay, I can see how you’d hate it. We’ll make it private—just the two of us.”

“Thank you, Dave. When?”

“You name it. Do you want to be whipped before or after we get married?”

“You get me all in a dither. This won’t be the last time you whip me, will it?”

“Of course not! I’ll whip you before and after if you like.

We can go shopping for the most beautiful whip we can find."

"I'm not leaving this penthouse. We've got lovely whips here."

"You'll do as you're told. That settles it. You'll be whipped the day before and again the day after. Give you something to think about besides clothes and orange blossoms."

Dave is wonderful. He knows what's best. He tells me now I can go and deal with Orchid. She is mine—I can do as I please with her. I sort of wish she had stayed at home. Coming here to be whipped is an anticlimax. But there is a pixie magic to Orchid. First thing I know I'm rubbing my naked nest against hers and we are kissing. I free her hands to we can embrace. I am still handcuffed and will likely stay handcuffed the rest of my life.

"Daddy says for you to chain me up and lock me in a cell, Jasmine. Please say you will. I don't want to go home half finished."

"Are you sure, Orchid? I don't have any wish to punish you."

"I'm sure he'll send me to the convent if you don't."

Orchid is envious of Dave's three cells. She chooses the one on the end and gets excited about the bars and the cot and the whole thing. We both take the chains for granted, but we are breathless as I lock them on her wrists, her ankles,

and then the collar around her neck. There is a lot of chain that goes with them so she can get to the bars and look beyond. They are really a punishment thing to tell the girl who wears them where she's at. The first time their weight is scary, but my whipped nymphet is still enthralled. She takes them in her stride and giggles at their clinks and clatter. Orchid is irrepressable and wishes to cling, but she cannot follow me beyond the door, so I easily escape. After I have locked her inside, we kiss again through the bars. I must watch Orchid. She makes a heartbreaking picture as she grasps the bars with chained hands and looks at me wistfully as I depart.

Dave is putting down the phone. He asks if I would like to be whipped now before he has to go on business. I ask if our wedding is really that close, and he tells me that it is. My heart pumps so hard it's going to leap up my throat as he straps me with the same straps I have just taken from Orchid's wrists. Being whipped is always a breathless affair, and I stand there naked and panting and expecting pain. When he whips me, I behave much the same as Orchid. While my skin is striped, I wish I'd opted for just one session with the lash instead of getting another after I am married. But Dave knows best, and thinking of our wedding helps a bit with my agony. My master whips me severely, but when I emerge on the other side, I manage a smile along with my sobs.

"Thank you, master," I say demurely.

“Want to run errands with me, kitten?”

Dave reads my fear. He laughs and leads me to a—cell. It is the one farthest removed from Orchid. She may hear sounds, but if she calls, we will not answer. I am not in disgrace, but I don’t want her to think I am. I stand, passive and palpitating, while Dave takes my handcuffs, and replaces them with the heavy metal of the irons. I take it as a sign of affection that he locks a band around my waist as well as my wrists, ankles, and neck. If this was fiction, I would be the most distressed of damsels. He clangs the door devastatingly and laughs as he leaves me, ironed and forlorn behind the bars.

I shed tears, but they are a welling of thankfulness and relief that what is past is past. I am where I wanted so badly to be. I wallow in this cornucopia of blessings. Orchid, chained in her cell, would never understand. I play with the links of my chains as with a rosary. My whipped back burns, as does my sex, but from a different flame. After awhile Dave will return to our penthouse, and what he will do with me I can only guess. Everything that is and was and will be palpitates in my pussy to make me quiver with anticipation. Mrs. Dave Muir! I dare not think about it, but it is going to happen! I arrange my chains and nestle on the cot to dream. Dreams are wonderful, and mine have all come true. Giggling, I wonder what my husband will do about his ring still deeply embedded in the flesh of my most secret place. I reach down and finger it reassuringly. It is still there.