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PANDORA



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by F. E. Campbell

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The Arrest

THE SUNDERING of Pandora Morse's life began when the police car nudged her gently to the curb. Her first thought was of the cocktails, but she had bypassed them in favor of the punch, which had tasted innocuous enough that she was unperturbed about sobriety. The policeman's face at her window would have been less menacing had he been in uniform, but both he and his companion in the police car were in plain clothes, and this raised an immediate concern: Do plainclothes detectives bother with traffic violations, or was this something worse? The arrest followed a predictable pattern, as though she was dreaming or witnessing a scene on television.

The male face smiled, but the voice was definitely not laughing. "Had a few drinks, ma'am?"

"Of course not! I'm as sober—"

"You're not sober at all, ma'am. If you'll just step out of the car, please."

Pandora was grateful they had pulled her into a side alley. What took place next would have shamed her deeply had there been witnesses on the street. She felt herself being forced to place her hands on top of her car and leaning forward, then separating her feet in the manner prescribed by the same voice that accused her of drunkenness. The

male hands left no crevice of her frame unexplored. All she could think of was that she was being “felt up” by the cop. Beyond outrage, she felt a silly desire to giggle as his hands found ticklish spots. She blamed this on the punch, which she was beginning to think maybe had been spiked. It was not until her arms were dragged back and handcuffed that she began to take the situation seriously. It had happened too quickly for protests.

Moments later, after the initial shock, she finally responded. “Officer, this is an outrage! You handcuffed me! You—”

“Regulations, ma’am. I’ll have to take you in. I’ll drive your car to the police garage, and my partner will follow us in the black and white.”

Much later, Pandora would wish that she had screamed at that moment, but respect for the law is present in most of us, and it was strong in her. She calmed a feeling of rising panic by assuring herself that the police officer would have a very red face before the evening was over.

The officer also wished to avoid panic and tried to calm her. “Nothing to worry about, ma’am. If you check out okay, we’ll see you on your way with our apologies. Just a few things need explaining, that’s all.”

Icily, Pandora retorted, “Why don’t you just write me a ticket and spare the melodrama? You surely don’t give a girl a prison sentence and a criminal record for a couple

drinks of punch, do you?"

"It's more than the punch, ma'am. If you are who we think you are, you'll understand." He got in behind the wheel of her car and slammed the door. "It'll only take a few minutes. We'll just get your fingerprints—they will tell the whole story."

It had happened so quickly she was nonplused. It was uncomfortable to lean back against wrists encircled by steel, and her emotions were sufficiently chaotic to take the passage of several blocks before she noted the absence of the attendant police car. It took several more blocks to recognize a strange route which would not lead them to any precinct house of which she was aware. She suddenly remembered that they hadn't even asked for her driver's license or car registration. It took several more blocks before she asked, fearful of the reply, "You're not a policeman at all, are you? My people aren't rich enough to make me worth kidnapping."

The man beside her laughed. He still radiated the right vibes. He was still the cheerful male doing what he was paid to do. He grinned at her sideways. "Aren't you forgetting something, ma'am? You're a very beautiful girl."

Pandora froze. This must be some kind of kook who had seen her in the beauty contest she had won, she thought. On the other hand, the police car and the presence of an accomplice didn't make sense. It was then that she sug-

gested, in an acid tone, “You’d better tell me what this is all about before I scream.”

“It’s quite simple,” he assured her. “My partner and I run a small business. We deal in girls. We buy and sell them. When our inventory runs low, we simply kidnap one, and you, I’m afraid, are that one.”

It was honest and explicit, and it was also deathly frightening. In an involuntary motion, Pandora tugged at her wrists, but they did not respond. She tugged harder, twisting in her seat so she could confront the man at the wheel. “But you’re crazy!” she exclaimed. “All I have to do is scream or open the door!”

“Go ahead, ma’am. Try what you like, and see where it gets you.”

Pandora screamed at the top of her lungs, again and again, but the traffic did not halt, and no one on the sidewalk appeared to take notice. She lunged around and twisted, bending in an effort to finger the latch of the door. But there was no latch to be found. In desperate anger, she kicked a spiked heel at the male leg, only to have to have the heel grasped and pulled from her feet. Her companion did not pause in his attention to the road, but said calmly, “If you want to pull tricks like that, I have a chloroform pad if you’d sooner travel unconscious.”

That was the last thing Pandora wanted. Being conscious might not help at all, but at least it was better than being a

limp bundle of inanimate female in the back seat. This way she could at least take note of where they were going. Sulkily, she reverted to twisting and pulling against her well-secured wrists. As though reading her mind, the driver pulled to one side, parked, and locked her ankles with a second set of similar handcuffs. The struggle she was able to affect was surprisingly futile, just as the male hands were surprisingly strong. His query was almost solicitous. “I could gag you, but I’d rather not. I’d prefer to talk. What do you say?”

“Don’t be ridiculous! What girl wants to be gagged?”

“Have you ever been gagged?”

“Of course not! And what’s more, I’ve never been handcuffed before either. Do you realize that I’m absolutely helpless?”

“Of course. That’s the general idea, you know. We’ve found handcuffs are very effective. Girls never carry a handcuff key, and we haven’t lost a girl yet.”

There was something wrong. This young man was far too pleasant, and except for his male strength, he hadn’t been too frightening. Pandora was still inclined to hope it was all a practical joke. Perhaps someone at the party had set it up. But that seemed unlikely. It became less and less probable as the car continued its way out of the city and into the suburbs. Finally, he turned off into a residential driveway and into an already-opened garage. All hope had faded in

Pandora's mind. The door closed behind them, and in the sudden darkness, she was plucked from her seat and carried by arms that obviously knew their way around through another door and into the dim lighting of a residence basement. Another door gave entry to a large, well-lit room. It was completely bare of furnishings except for two naked maidens, one of whom lolled against one wall and the other in a similar posture on the opposite side. The ankle of each was solidly secured to the wall by a shackle and a few feet of chain. They surveyed the invasion of their privacy without concern.

"Jesus, he's got another one! He might have the decency to at least sell us first."

"That police bit really gets 'em. Damn, to think the way I let it fool me!"

With swift, sure motions, her male escort freed Pandora's hands from behind her back and fastened them again in front. He lifted them to a dangling hook above, and before she could fight or protest, a motor began to whir and they rose to a point where she could do nothing except stand and glare. He appeared not to notice, and as though in a hurry, left the three of them alone, slamming and locking the door behind him.

The languish residents did not bother to rise. They had evidently long since gauged the shackles on their feet and were well aware they would be going nowhere. Still, they

were vocal.

“Don’t you worry, honey. He’ll be back real soon, and he’ll have a surprise for you.”

“Look, don’t be scared, sweetheart. We know how you feel—we’ve been through it all already. Seems like we’ve got the wrong color hair or something, and no man wants to buy us. A lot of them have a good damn look, though, and a good damn feel too. You’ll be attended to quite soon, you’ll see.”

Would she be the same as these two within a few days, Pandora wondered, bored, resigned, hopeless. She set the thought aside and thought about the more pressing matter of her helplessness.

“I’m handcuffed,” she complained, stating the obvious. “I don’t know anything about handcuffs. Isn’t there some way you can slip out of them?”

“If there was, we wouldn’t be here, honey, any more than if we could get these damn anklets off our feet. You get fastened in this place and you’re fixed for sure.”

“But why are you both naked?” Pandora was still grappling with the impossibility of her own recent past. “Do you really mean they’ll take my clothes too?”

“They sure will, honey. It makes some sense—for them anyway. We’re all for sale, and buyers like to see what they’re bidding on.”

“But you seem so hopeless. You’re not even trying to get loose. You’re—you’re so resigned!”

“Give yourself a few days, sweetheart—a few days of tugging at a chain you can’t break or a shackle you can’t slip over anything, sitting here bored stiff in any empty room. Why the hell would we have any hope? We’re not stupid, you know.”

The promised surprise was not long in coming. It took the form of the accomplice, the policeman who had driven the police car. In front of three pairs of outraged female eyes, the supposed policeman tossed away the helmet and the uniform that had labeled the wearer a member of the police force.

It was a girl!

Still attired in panties and bra, the one-time policeman shook out an abundance of feminine tresses and donned a pair of high-heeled shoes she had brought along with her. Her voice was all female. “Thought I’d let you see the transformation, dears. It’s such a delightfully simple way of collecting girls. Don’t feel too bad about being tricked—you’re not the first by any means.”

Having divested herself of her disguise, the young woman turned her attention to the latest captive, her eyes assessing possibilities, her greeting completely carefree. “Nice and helpless, darling?”

Pandora wasted no time. She explained in great detail about calling the police, about life imprisonment, about the impossibility of doing what was obviously being done with girls, and a few more extremely logical facts. The girl listened, nodding brightly from time to time, and then, as though nothing had been said, she remarked, “I’ll get your clothes off now. Your name’s Pandora, isn’t it? You’re nice positioned to be stripped, and there’s a buyer due at almost any time.”

Having already loosed her verbal ammunition, Pandora had little to say during the freeing of her feet. She touched upon cruelty, shame, and said, “Stop it!” several times as her person was turned about for the convenience of her captor. She also forcefully mentioned that her hands remained cuffed high above her head long after her feet were freed. The girl working on her appeared not to hear a single word.

“Nice way to have you fixed to get your clothes off,” the feminine voice stated with casual unconcern. “I’d let you take them off yourself, but chances are you’d just fight and make a fuss and get yourself hurt. You may not ever need clothes again, so just in case I have to cut something, it won’t matter too much. By the way, if you’re thinking of kicking me, I suggest you don’t. I have both a riding crop and a whip, and I won’t hesitate to use either one.”

“Best keep still, honey. She means what she says. She really slices away at you if you don’t pay heed.”

“It’s not all that bad being naked,” the second prisoner laughed dolefully. “We’ve gotten used to it. It only took us about a day before we stopped trying to cover things up.” She giggled. “It’s the damnedest feeling trying to cover your tits and your twat at the same time. It’s best just not to bother.”

The shocked young captive wondered if such resignation might not be in league with their captors. Maybe these two girls were the bellwethers for the enterprise. But it seemed unlikely. They were just cynical and without hope or expectation of release. No doubt if a girl was kept shackled in this room long enough, her curiosity or boredom would prompt an interest in anything else taking place and, most importantly, her own sale to someone she had never seen.

“My name’s Tinkar,” the girl informed absently. “These other two are Janet and Ada. If they don’t get themselves sold this evening, they’re going to get their little asses whipped. They’re altogether too damned flip. Getting your ass cropped is something you’d best know about, Pandora. It could happen to you. Now let’s see, I’m going to have to tear your dress.”

The rending of cloth was a fearful emphasis on what was taking place. Mechanically, the owner of the dress stepped out of it when it was dragged down around her ankles. Tinkar had had the forethought of placing a riding crop in prominent display as a graphic threat. Pandora’s bra straps were next and then the tiny panties. Prudently, Tinkar

dragged them down over her hips from behind. It would be more difficult to kick someone in that position than in front. She then stepped back to view a blushing and deeply shamed young woman who, an hour earlier, had been totally free, going about her own affairs. Tinkar's praise was simple and as emphatic as her hands. "You're a damn beautiful girl, Pandora. We hit the jackpot with you." She laughed briefly. "I've just told you how beautiful you are. You'll be hearing a lot of that, and you'll be realizing how beautiful you are by the amounts of money men are prepared to pay for you. Being beautiful may also dictate the way in which you get your ass whipped or caned. Beauty affects different guys in different ways. I don't suppose I need to tell you how you'll be well and truly screwed."

In a dull, flat voice, Pandora said hopelessly, "You'd be wise to set us free. Couldn't you have enough sense to do that?"

The response was swiftly and deadly. One moment the crop was on the floor, the next it was in a determined young female hand, and the moment after that it had moved swiftly, in a whirring arc, to imprint itself across the two bottom cheeks so recently bared and belonging to Pandora Morse. The pain was brutal and a complete surprise to a girl who had never known pain. The pain changed everything. In a single moment, Pandora viewed Tinkar in a quite different light and understood in part the attitude of her companions in captivity. With pain like this apt to happen at any moment, a girl would mind her Ps and Qs,

and give up worrying about the impossible. Recognizing the potency of what had just been done to her, she made neither outcry nor complaint. Pandora simply writhed and moaned, then as quickly as she could, stood erect once more, naked beauty ready for the block.

“Bit of a shock, isn’t it? The first time, I mean.” Tinkar laughed in an easy familiarity with the emotions flitting across her captive’s lovely face. “If you wish, I’ll give you a few more strokes to get you sort of climatized. Until a girl’s had her first real taste of the crop or the whip, she can’t judge anything. Want me to show you?”

Pandora was about to give many reasons why she should not be shown, but it was obvious that the question was rhetorical. The crop flashed again and again until she screamed in outrage and anger. “Don’t—please don’t! Tinkar, stop it! You don’t have to beat sense into me. The way I’m handcuffed tells me I don’t have a chance. I have to do what I’m told. You don’t need to whip me.” She fought hard to catch her breath and remain rational. “If we’re stuck with this act, can’t we try and play it out in a civilized fashion? That hurt terribly. I don’t want any more.”

“Good. I picked you for a sensible girl, and believe me, common sense will do you a lot of good in what you’ve got ahead of you. You can’t fool Dirk or me, but you might put it over on some guy who buys you. Men are suckers for beautiful girls.”

The room fell into a pregnant silence, unbroken save for the panting breaths of a girl whose bottom had just been cropped. In the aftermath of agony, Pandora looked up the length of her tractioned arms to where the steel bit cruelly at her wrists. Now, after she had been cropped, the handcuffs were hurting doubly more than before. Unhappily, she raised herself on tiptoe to ease the cut of them into her skin. In dejected surrender, she quietly said, “All right, you’ve proved your point. Can I now be fastened along with the other girls? The way you’ve got me now hurts like crazy.”

It was swiftly done. Even after her arms were lowered, her hands remained joined. Pandora knew she could never expect to win a battle handcuffed. She might scratch and claw and try to run, but with the crop waiting in readiness, such behavior would be foolhardy. She allowed herself to be led to an unoccupied shackle and chain. A moment later she stood naked, looking down at a fettered foot and a length of chain which allowed her no real freedom at all. She could not even reach her nearest neighbor in distress.

“Well, well, got things nicely in hand, Tinkar?” The good-looking disappointment named Dirk breezed in, oozing cheerfulness. “Tinkar, you’re a treasure. Did she give you any trouble?”

“No. This one’s got intelligence. We best add something onto her price for that. If we get the right man, he’ll pay for it.”

Standing, still handcuffed, Pandora surveyed the man and woman into whose hands her life had fallen. Dirk made an intent survey of her nudity. He led her from the wall as far as her shackle allowed, then turned her around, prodding in the most obvious places, even going so far as to kneel and examine beneath her pubic patch. Had she been free and concerned, his judgment would have been flattering. "She's a beauty—an absolute knockout. And she's clean all over. Just look at that patch of pubic hair. It's a positive little forest she's got, and those breasts! This one's going to sell damn well. Did you have to whip her much to get her attention?"

"Not much, and I figure the less, the better," Tinkar said evenly. "We've always said the less marked up they are, the better the average buyer likes them. If she's bruised all over, it means she's hard to handle, and most of them don't want that." She turned to the chained girls and said, "I hope you're listening. We're giving away some trade secrets here."

Pandora was trying her best to cope with nakedness. It was not easy. When the stripping process had begun, she had already resolved against the futile attempts to hide her femaleness. It was something no girl could hide, and a shy, shrinking violet only earned laughter and contempt. Since she could do nothing about it, she was determined to carry it off as best she could. She was aided in this by handcuffed wrists, but drew these to the attention of her captors, who were obviously about to leave. "My hands are still cuffed!

Look, I'm not a wild animal you need to keep chained."

Dirk and Tinkar looked at each other and smiled, obviously the same thought going through each mind. Without a word, each left the room and returned almost immediately with handcuffs, their intent all too clear. "You two haven't interested anybody yet, so maybe handcuffs will add a touch of spice." Tinkar's voice was pure silk. "Stand at attention, girls, and extend your wrists."

Janet and Ada obeyed. Watching their meek acceptance, Pandora wondered how they became so subdued in so short a time. But what could they do? With one ankle securely chained to the wall, they could offer no effective resistance to anything or anybody. The handcuffs clicked snugly on four unresisting wrists. The bare but well lit room now contained three expensive pairs of expensive bracelets. Their captors, who seemed altogether too young and carefree for such a business, said brief good-byes and left their prisoners alone. Three pairs of hands explored handcuffs, and three voices made disgusted exclamations.

"They get us one at a time," Janet said angrily. "They couldn't handle all three of us at once, but doing it this way, they could put a dozen girls in this room and we'd all be helpless. They're bound to get caught, playing that phony police routine, but that won't do us any good. We'll be sold by then." She grinned wryly. "I do have to admit I'm curious about this business of being sold to some rich bastard. It could just be to our advantage. Have you ever

thought of that? I mean, they don't necessarily beat the hell out of you, and I've been having a hell of a time with this nine-to-five bullshit. Couldn't it just work out that what we're going to get after we're sold is better?"

"If you've been here awhile, you must have seen girls sold, and you must have seen the men who bought them," Pandora pointed out. "What are they like?"

"Well, they aren't desert sheiks in robes and turbans, if that's what you mean," Jana said irritably. "They're a damn ordinary looking lot, but we were told they were just agents working for somebody else." She gave a short bitter laugh. "A month ago if someone had told me about this trade in girls, I wouldn't have believed a word of it, and I bet if one of us got loose and went to the cops, they'd have a hell of a time getting them to listen. They'd say that stuff went out with Abe Lincoln."

"At least Tinkar doesn't whip us unless we provoke her," Ada consoled. "But I'd never had the faintest idea how being whipped could change your way of thinking. It's not just that it scares you and hurts you, but it actually changes the way you see things, particularly the way you see yourself." She looked around at her companions in wonderment. "A month ago I'd have said that Tinkar and I were about the same types, the same age and everything, but now there's a gap between us a mile wide, and that gap was made by that riding crop she carries." She looked at Pandora with pity. "After she's slashed you with it a few

more times, you'll know what I mean."

The sound of the shot was startling. There was no mistaking what it was. It came to the three prisoners through doors and walls with the same clarity of message as if it had been fired in the room. It froze each of them in fearful shock. "Oh fuck, I smell trouble!" Janet exclaimed unhappily.

"It could be the police," Ada said with a touch of doubtful cheer. "God, how I'd love to see a real cop right now!"

It was not the police. It was a heavy-set, middle-aged, dark-complexioned man who viewed the three expectant captives with approval. "Ah, here you are, and not bad stuff at that." He examined an outraged Ada with intense curiosity, commenting as he did so. "Charming, charming!" He did the same with Janet, varying only his choice of words. "Lovely, lovely!" When he turned to Pandora, he stood back to get the full effect of what she was. His exclamation was one of breathless admiration tinged with a tremendous satisfaction. "Ah, this is something special! My dear, you worth a king's ransom. Turn around."

Pandora could not explain to herself why she obeyed. She did so against every natural instinct, but the handcuffs and the chain attached to her ankle told her very clearly she might as well obey so innocent a command. She turned this way and that for the newcomer to view what she presumed might be described as her charms, then turned

to face him once more. Her joined hands were longing to cover some portion of her sexuality, but she resisted the urge and allowed her arms to fall in innocence and her hands to cover as much of her pubic hair as possible. Vehemently, she exclaimed, “I suppose you realize you’ll go to prison for this!”

“Eh? Oh, that!” Their visitor leered. “Honey, they don’t send guys like me to the poky. Look girls, you may think you’re in for a bad time, but let me tell you that your best bet is to do exactly as you’re told. If you don’t, I won’t answer for the consequences. You don’t have to get those little asses of yours whipped unless you try.” He chuckled. “I’ve heard of that too.”

Noises beyond the door heralded Tinkar’s arrival, her arms safely in the grip of a type similar to the first. She was in tears, but fighting tooth and nail. With frightening ease, her custodian threw her to the center of the floor where she lay sprawling and sobbing while he closed and locked the door. His voice was firm. “Off with those clothes, kid. You know the drill.”

Tinkar was a wild thing at bay. From her position in center stage, she slowly shriveled to assess the forces she must combat, her eyes lingering only momentarily on her former captives. Her voice was toneless. “You killed Dirk! Why did you have to kill him?”

“He got in the way of a bullet, honey. That’s all his trouble

was."

The tone was almost jeering. "Our Mr. X said to us, and I quote, 'You don't take no guff—you just get the job done.' So that's what we did."

Tinkar was still surveying possibilities.

She tried tact. "I've got a little money—let me buy my way out of this mess."

"Kiddo, I told you—off with those clothes! You don't have them off by the time I've counted ten we'll take them off for you. Which do you want?"

It was heartbreaking to watch. Pandora's sympathy was now with the girl who had made her captive. It was evident that Tinkar was well aware of whatever undercurrents motivated the present scene. It was also evident that she did not underrate the two men who dominated it. As though infinitely weary, she got to her feet and reached for the clasp of her dress. She did not regale her assailants with a striptease. She simply removed her garments with a few short, sharp motions, leaving herself as bare as the three chained maidens around the walls. If she felt embarrassment, she showed no sign. Belligerently, she inquired, "Well, now what?"

"Stick out them hands, kiddo."

Pandora's heart skipped a beat. The unclothed Tinkar was a truly lovely spectacle, even though her face was sulky

and her hands reluctant as she held them for the cuffs. The rope noose around the newly captive neck was not for her alone. One by one, the captive girls were released from the wall, their hands chained from front to back, and their necks neatly circled and knotted to leave all four of them joined at a distance of three feet between each nudity. They stood in an uncertain line, shaking angry curls and twisting angry hands against an unfamiliar confinement.

“You know where we’re going, don’t you?” One of their captors demanded. “Mr. X—he don’t come here. We take the merchandise to him. What’s more, he takes his pick, and he don’t pay for none of it.” There was a coarse, amused chuckle. “And what’s more, we take little Tinkerbell here along as a bonus. She ain’t bad stuff— got a nice trim little ass and a pair of good firm tits.” His laugh became lewd. “I wouldn’t charge her nothing, not the first time.”

It was just an ordinary, unpretentious van, only it had no windows, and along each of its interior sides ran a bench. The girls’ march to the vehicle reminded Pandora of what she had read of slave coffles of another age. It was remarkably effective. No girl could escape. Each had lost her hands and had her neck firmly gripped by a rope she shared with three others. A jerk on it anywhere would demoralize the entire quarter. They were directed to seat themselves along the inside of the van on one of the benches, and their joining rope was attached to rings at each end. They found themselves surprisingly comfortable,

but also quite helpless. Eight youthful breasts proclaimed this impotence enforced by hands cuffed behind their backs. They were prisoners indeed—prisoners in transit.

Dirk's body had been a warning. They had been purposely paraded past it on their way to the van. It had drawn fresh tears from Tinkar and imposed pure shock on the other three. Now that he was dead, they remembered him only as a very cheerful and likable young man, just as they were now compelled to view Tinkar as a maiden in the same distress as they themselves. The van started its journey, and to the four girls chained and coffled within it was as much a prison as stone and iron bars. Tinkar was the only one of them with anything to say.

"The rotten bastard! He's bought a few girls from us, and now he's taken over—and he's taken us." She surveyed her companions dolefully. "He's a guy you can't possibly cross, but Dirk and I thought we were on good terms with him. I suppose not, though. I guess it's just the money. He wants it all, and it seems like he wants me too." She surveyed her three companions woefully. "Here's your chance for a real laugh, girls. I'm in the same boat as you now, and I won't get treated a bit better because I know the set-up. The only thing any of us have got to look forward to now is hopefully being bought by some guy who won't beat us up or make us scrub floors." She laughed bitterly. "Believe me, you can't tell about these assholes. They think up the damnedest things to do to a girl. If you think that the only thing you've got to worry about is being screwed, you'd

better think again. Being screwed is just the preliminary bout, a sort of prelude. What comes next runs all the way from being respectably married to being chained in some lousy dungeon for the rest of your life." For moments she mused in silence and then dolefully added, "Well, I suppose this serves me right."

They should have been angry with her. They should have reviled and condemned her. But none did. There was a lovable quality about Tinkar none could deny. Pandora asked the obvious: "Why the hell did you and Dirk ever get in this awful business?"

"We kidnapped our first girl as a joke. It was a sort of dare between us. But when we got around to turning her loose, she came up with a bigger surprise than we'd given her. She told us how we could make a lot of money and offered to introduce us to the right man." Tinkar laughed apologetically. "And now Dirk is dead, and look at me!" She twisted in futile frustration against the steel around her wrists. "I've never been handcuffed before. I suppose that sounds strange, but honest, I never have. There wasn't any need. We didn't even try it out of curiosity. With us, handcuffs were just a convenience. It's funny how passive a girl becomes when you handcuff her. I suppose it's because she's thinking of the law and the police—all that shit. She feels sort of outnumbered—in a fix she'd best not fight against."

It was so simple, so deadly. Beneath any city street was an

undercurrent, a riptide of terror none ever saw except the few unfortunates to fall within its dark net. People would be looking at the van as it sped through the streets, well within the speed limit, and they would see nothing remarkable. How could anyone know of the four naked maidens chained and bound within its unmarked panels? Pandora looked from left to right, chained in the center between two of the other girls. They exchanged glances and shrugged. What else was there to do? The van purred on its way to a destination none could tell.

The airport and the plane came as a surprise, a surprise which Tinkar morosely explained. “They get the van by on a diplomatic pass, and there’ll be a private plane. The guy called Mr. X is some bigwig up to his neck in oil and money. His hobby appears to be girls. Sometimes he keeps them, and sometimes he sells them. If he decides to keep us, you may as well resign yourselves to being pretty playthings. And the games he will play won’t be a lot of fun either. He’s quite capable of turning us loose in the desert to see who lives the longest and who gets eaten by the vultures. He’s got a real sense of humor,” she concluded sarcastically.

There was none to see them enter the plane. Not a single wave or shout or kiss goodbye. At the top of the steps, a smiling stewardess took charge, pulled them in out of sight, and freed their necks, then passed them to a waiting guard whose hand was heavy on their arms. At no time was there a possibility of escape. Any one of the four captives would have willingly taken a chance and run even with her hands

chained behind her back, but even that was not feasible. The bewildered quarter stood awkwardly within the plane, before them a pleasant-looking lounge. Whoever owned the plane had money.

The stewardess took charge. The four girls might as well have been four first-class passengers. It was explained to them that when the plane became airborne, their hands would be changed from back to front, providing they cause no trouble. There were male guards at each of the exits, and the girls were advised that it would be wise to avoid confrontations with them. The uniformed girl smiled sweetly, explaining there was no point in gathering any more bruises than necessary. They sat in heavily upholstered seats as the motors revved up and the plane edged forward on the runway, taking off for a destination the maidens could only guess at.

“I’d like to think we’re going to some king’s palace,” Tinkar said dolefully, “but I have no idea how these rich sons of bitches live.”

“Well, it could easily be a damn sight better than that walk-up I was living in,” Ada said with a hint of hopefulness. “I’ll settle for a couple of palm trees and a few dates.”

The stewardess nudged Pandora’s arm. “Are you going to be sensible while I change your cuffs from back to front? The reason I’m doing it is that I’ll be serving refreshments, and you can’t eat or drink with your hands in back.” She

chuckled. “I wouldn’t mind feeding one of you, but four is just too much. How about it, honey?”

“I’ll behave.” Pandora turned and wiggled her chained fingers for recognition. The use of the key and the relocking of her wrists in front was deftly done. It was as though the stewardess had performed the task many times before.

One by one, the girls were given back their hands. It was obvious upon receipt of this benefit none of the quartet knew exactly what to do with them. They were still joined by the single handcuff link, and wherever they held them, they seemed in some way out of place. The stewardess laughed at their obvious embarrassment. “Don’t worry, girls, you’ll get used to it. Wearing a pair of handcuffs is an art in itself. Most girls don’t wear them long enough to become adept at it, but you’ll get a lot of practice.”

The fuselage was divided down the center with the girls occupying the lounge in the back half. Up front were things at which they could only guess. Along with the refreshments, there came a man.

The man was bored. Four naked maidens should surely have captured his interest, but they did not. He gave a quick look, which was more an appraisal in terms of dollars and cents than the admiration of a lustful man. He might have been Iranian or Libyan by his looks. His English was close to perfect and bore only a slight flavoring of some foreign accent. His manner was offhand. “Ladies, do

please be seated." He waved them to chairs and a tiny table. "Our stewardess is serving a few trifles, so you may as well enjoy." He favored them with a disinterested smile. "I do not have much to tell you. You have come the property of a man I need not name. You may or may not be favored with an audience. It is still being decided at this moment." He shrugged as though disassociating himself with the whole unpleasant affair. "I had best warn you to do as you are told. There are guards fore and aft, and our delightful stewardess is versed in the martial arts. I suggest you do not cross anyone. If they want you to kneel, then kneel. If they desire you to position yourself to be in some way bound, it would be wise to do that also. What you must understand is that you no longer own your own bodies. Every bit of what you are now belongs to someone else, and will probably never be yours again."

"Cheerful bastard," Ada sarcastically confided to her companions. "Maybe we'd all best get drunk."

The man then returned from whence he came. After his exit, Janet suggested, "If all four of us jump the stewardess, we could get the best of her. She's probably got a key on her somewhere. Want to try?"

There were no takers. Each girl had her own mental picture of the man they would then have to cope with and what he would do to them, and anyway, the plane was as much a prison as Alcatraz or San Quentin. Tinkar did her best to explain the situation. "He's halfway civilized—you

saw that. How much we get ourselves roughed up simply depends on how we handle ourselves." She looked around in despair. "I'm sorry I can't tell you something more optimistic, but I don't have a clue as to what comes next when we get to—well, wherever we're going."

2

Rope Seductress

PANDORA LONGED TO FINGER the metal band around her neck and the links of the chains which joined her to the girls behind and in front of her, but unless she broke the pattern of the march, she could not raise her chained hands high enough to do so. Her hands were joined by a generous length of chain, as were the necks of the other three girls, but from the wrist shackles there hung another length of metal links to her fettered feet. The leg irons were generous in their way except that a girl walking a coffle needed to learn to walk again. The swirling links had tripped each of them from time to time through most of the first day. Coping with them meant their progress was, out of necessity, slow. When a girl stumbled, it became evident how necessary it was to have a six-foot chain between her and her companions. It gave her a chance to fall, and it gave them a chance to stop and allow her to regain her feet. To Pandora, it seemed a most inefficient way to transport four girls from one place to another, but it was from the start apparent that their transport was of secondary importance. The camera truck was an outrage to decency. It kept pace with them, like a shadow or a ghost. From time to time, its machines whirred, telling the maidens that their ordeal was being captured for posterity. It was easy to deduce their condition was nothing more than food for the hungry cameras which haunted them.

The chains and the coffle were like a time machine transporting them back to an earlier century. The very weight of the metal clanked upon their limbs, telling them all too clearly that there was no escape, no hope. If they sought to stop or complain, there was the woman with the whip to answer to.

The woman with the whip was actually only a girl, a black girl with sparkling white teeth and white shining eyes. She was forever cheerful and forever cruel. At the least sign of a pause or hesitation, her whip cracked across the lily white back or around pale smooth legs. Her voice was offensively cheerful. “You no stop, white bitch. You just keep clanking chains, make pretty music. You is lucky you don’t have to dance to it, all you have do is walk. You stop, I whip ass.”

The black girl was by no means alone. There were also male guards, who stayed out of the way unless summoned, and there was also a technical crew on the truck. In the two days of their chained progress, no male had molested them, but they were still there, ogling their white skin and making comments among themselves. No girl was told how long her ordeal on the coffle might be, or what awaited her at the end of the trip. Each of the girls had been compelled to cope with a nudity which was in its own way as devastating as the chains. From the moment they had left the plane, there had been an abundance of eyes glaring from dark faces, frankly assessing each part of each girl, keeping the quartet in a constant state of shame and

humiliation. The black girl had summed it all up: “You girls never go back, never see clothes again. You best get used to naked ass and cunt, and them pretty tits no get covered neither.” She chuckled in delight. “It ain’t just men get to look, you know—it’s so I crack my whip on white asses. Can’t whip a girl proper when she got clothes.”

It was very simple and very frightening. On the face of it, they were a coffle of slaves being taken to an unknown destination for an unknown purpose. They had not yet been ravished, but this probably meant their owner carried enough authority to retain their virginity for his own use. The way the guards looked at them told them all too clearly of male hunger for their flesh, but the black girl explained that too. “Don’t you worry ’bout them men. You be saved for somebody else, somebody real big and important. I look after these guys guarding you. Takes more than half dozen fellows to bother me. I got enough ass to take half the army.”

It may have been true, but the black girl was in no way gross. She was trim and muscular, obviously in the best of health and physical condition. Pandora and the other girls supposed they should be grateful that she played the whore for them. At night they slept upon the ground wherever the halt was called. Once more they were grateful for the six-foot length of chain which minimized their disturbance of each other through the night. They discovered they could scratch noses or tidy hair by hunching up their feet so their chin rested on their knees. They did for

each other what none could do for herself, there was a good deal of neck jerking before a routine was established and understood. They cursed the hated shackles on their feet.

The country was desolate. They saw few travelers, and those they did encounter surveyed them only with a passing curiosity, quite obviously respecting the authority which owned them all. At night they whispered speculations, and Ada and Janet, in their own uninhibited manner, made love thanks to the latitude of chain their companions contrived to make slack for the occasion. They suggested Tinkar and Pandora share this feminine sport, gladly offering every link of slack chain they might require. But the two captive girls, now equal, found no mood for love in this enforced enslavement. The desert and their guards were an inhibiting factor, and Pandora openly admitted to being a novice in the art of female love. With their own dry, ribald humor, the carnal pair assured her the day would come when she would seek out the secret places of another girl and hungrily feed upon them as bees feed upon the nectar of flowers.

When the coffle awoke on the fourth morning, the movie truck had disappeared into the night. No doubt the chained trek had exhausted the camera's patience with repetition. The male guards, supplemented by the black girl's vigor, remained a watchful entity in its own truck which also carried their supplies. It was on that fourth day that the chains were stricken from their feet. Presumably the need

of reaching a destination had become more urgent, or more likely, the shackles had simply been for the benefit of the cameras. At any rate, they were now relieved not only of the foot shackles, but the connecting chain up to their collared necks. This left each girl captive only by the collar and chain upon her neck and the fetters connecting her wrists. But it was still enough.

The black girl, who they now knew as Noona, came into her own. She had possessed complete authority over the coffle previously, but now she extended it into a diversion entirely for her own amusement. The first of her victims was Pandora.

It was strangely frightening to have her neck unlocked from the coffle. Pandora could think of several reasons, none of them good. Noona had a length of rope with which she noosed the briefly freed neck and led her charge into a nearby clump of dried-up shrubs and bushes, conveniently out of sight of the others. Pandora's hands remained chained, and viewing the whip the black girl carried inhibited notions of making a dash for freedom. Finding a small tree big enough to hold a naked girl, Noona attached her captive's shackles to it above her head. This left Pandora standing facing the trunk and all too well aware of what could now easily happen. Noona was, as always, cheerful. "You guess what I do you now, white girl? I gonna whip your little ass."

"But why? I've done everything you've told me. I haven't

given you any trouble. Please, Noona, don't. It's not fair."

It was indeed unfair. The savage cuts across bare skin never previously so abused were cruelly painful, leaving the owner of the whipped cheeks in a daze of agony and indecision. Pandora knew she could scream and plead, and she knew she could fight against the ropes, but each of these exercises were so obviously useless she did not try. By the time she had formulated a plea, she had received four strokes, and Noona had paused to assess her own pleasure and her victim's plight. Unconsciously, she put the whole situation into a few words: "You like your ass whipped, white girl. Just you think it ain't long ago you whipped us. It ain't so long ago you had us in coffle and you had the whip. I like it best the way we got now."

"But history isn't my fault, Noona! You can't blame me personally for something that happened that long ago. I bet no white person ever whipped your bottom and probably not your parents either. Don't you realize how terribly this hurts?"

"Sure, I knows. I whipped lots of white girls—you ain't the first. I'd whip you real good except I gotta deliver you in fair shape. I can't skin your little asses like I want to. But don't get no ideas I is through now. I whip you just right so marks won't show later." Noona ran almost loving fingers across the welts she had created on the virgin skin. Playfully, she fingered nipples and the lobes of Pandora's ears. A sly hand was then thrust between hot thighs beneath

reddened skin. She clutched and palmed to make her helpless victim gasp, wiggle, and plead.

“Noona, don’t—please. You’re being mean.”

“Mean! You want me to be mean?” Noona stepped back, still chuckling, and swept the whip in a wide arc that impacted across Pandora’s hips. The captive girl squealed and kicked. This continued until Noona decided she had done all the damage she dared. When Pandora’s hands were freed and she was led back to have her neck once more locked in the collar of the coffle, her wounds were viewed and fingered in apprehension by her three companions as she told what had happened. Each maiden knew her turn would come.

The town of Marramesh was, to the weary coffle, a sun baked relief of clay, palm trees, and an oasis. On its outer perimeter and surrounded by an imposing wall stood a Moorish mansion of obvious consequence. The coffle entered its precincts through a broad gateway attended by observant guards. Strangely, they spent their first night there in the same manner as they had spent all the other nights of their long trek. Their coffled chain was locked to a tree, and they were left to their devices in the sand. Before dark, through imposing trees, they caught glimpses of the Moorish architecture. Here indeed was the palace of a sultan, and their hearts beat with excitement despite their predicament. The town was tired and tattered, infested with flies, but in the garden there was only the murmur of

an unseen stream and the smell of well-tended flowers. The naked quartet slept in a dither of fresh hope.

In the morning, they were tended by uniformed guards who might have been soldiers or policemen. There were four of them, and each chose a girl and set her free, leaving the shackles and chains a pathetic pile of metal as a silent momento in the sand. The grasp upon bare arms was firm with authority. The girls parted in different directions, with nothing more than swift, apprehensive smiles at being sundered after so close a captivity. Pandora was led through courtyards and greenery to a tiny clearing within a luxurious growth of foliage she could not name. In the center of it was a slender palm tree to which she was securely bound by a man who said not a word. Her hands were crossed and bound behind the trunk. Cords cinched her waist, and other cords crisscrossed her shoulders and breasts. Still more cords encircled her knees and ankles to weld her in a woven web of confinement to the tree. At the end of his task, having tested every strand of Pandora's imprisoning cord, the man departed, a glint of amusement in his dark eyes.

Left alone with her tree, Pandora counted the days. It had only been a week since she had been free and in her distant homeland. Now she was naked and bound in the garden of a palace far away, awaiting a fate at which she could only guess. She tested her bonds, but they were tight enough to discourage any real effort at escape. She would be wise to stand passively within their clutch, alone against

the tree, until whoever had willed her there made his or her appearance. She dismissed the thought that she had been left there to die. That was unlikely, and she ceased to let it disturb her any more than the other thoughts which raced through her mind. If a man had purchased her for no other reason than this, he was strange indeed.

No doubt it was the peace of the garden, the warm sunshine, the weariness from her chained trek, and the fact that her bonds clasped her so tightly she could not fall that the bound, naked girl fell asleep. She had no idea how long her sleep lasted before she was awakened by a quiet male voice. “Welcome to Jemna, Miss Morse. My name is Iben Ben Dakar, and I have the honor of being your new owner. I am a most fortunate man.”

It was a picture difficult to believe. The man gravely regarding her nudity was by no means young. He was, in fact, of the indeterminate age which some men wear like a cloak until they die. He was dressed as she would have supposed the owner of this magnificence would dress. Western garb in this setting would be offensive, it would not belong. While speaking perfect English, the voice was pleasantly colored by a tribute to the land in which this place existed. Iben Ben Dakar most definitely belonged.

Deeply conscious of the blush of shame, Pandora was at a loss for words. “I—I’m sorry,” she stammered. “I fell asleep.”

“A tribute to my garden, Pandora. That is a delight name—is it truly yours?”

“I’m afraid it is a bit unusual. My friends all call me Pan.”

“Oh yes, the little fellow with the pipes. It is a part you could play well, my dear. Was he not immortalized by a man named Barrie?” The aged eyes twinkled at the blush steadily enveloping his captive’s features. “Perhaps if we stood here quite still, Pan would make his appearance.” Pausing to ponder for a moment, the mellow voice then turned to an unexpected question. “Are you afraid of what I intend to do to you, my dear?”

“Yes, desperately so.” The words slipped out before she had thought to stop them. They seemed unkind. Pandora hastened to add, “I’m sorry, but I am a little frightened. I’ve had a bad time, and I’m not accustomed to being tied to trees like this, and having gentlemen look at my naked body. I’m terribly sorry. I do wish things were different.”

“I would not change a thing, my dear. You are delightful as you are. I enjoy your embarrassment and shame, and nakedness becomes you. I will cover you sometime, but it would be ungracious to deny myself and others this tribute to Allah’s perfection.”

The intent regard of Iben Ben Dakar was sufficiently shrewd and searching to cause the bound maiden to writhe within her bonds as though evading the penetration of his gaze. Somehow this man contrived to examine her most

intimate possessions without any evidence of something lewd or lascivious. What Ben Dakar examined was a thing of pure beauty, and it was in that light that he beheld his new possession. Feeling shamed by her twisting arms and straining shoulders, the captive girl explained, “It’s only been a week since I was kidnapped in America and now… all this! Please forgive me if I seem silly and childish.” Pandora paused, seeking the proper words. “I think you are being kind to me, and I would like to say thank you. I realize having me bound to a tree like this may be nothing remarkable in this land.”

Ben Dakar laughed in approval. Mischievously, he inquired, “Are you prepared for the whip, my dear—the branding iron, the scourge, and the other devices of torture of which you have been told?”

She could not be sure of him. Ben Dakar might well be a master of the English tongue far beyond her own capacity. She now placed a part of his accent as English, no doubt schooled at Oxford or Cambridge. In desperation, she threw herself upon Islamic mercy. “I think you are making fun of me,” she said meekly. “But if those things do truly await me, I suppose I am as ready as I will ever be.” She smiled a rueful smile. “I am naked, and I can’t move. How ready can a girl be?”

“You have a ready wit, my dear, I do not suffer fools. You and I may cross our swords in pleasure.”

“Sir, what of the others—the three girls I was chained with on our journey?”

Pandora’s new owner was in no hurry to reply. He had stepped close and was testing her bonds by inserting a finger between each strand and her flesh. He waved a careless hand as though disposing of everything other than themselves. His voice remained kind. “They do not matter, my dear. They are of no concern to you.” Once more his eyes twinkled, and this time they were very close. “Perhaps it is they who are screaming beneath the lash and the red metal smoking from the fire. We will speak of them another time.”

“I am fond of them. We have suffered a lot together. Are they bound to trees in the same manner as I am?”

“I said not to speak of them. Therefore, we do not speak of them. Is that understood?”

“Yes, sir.” Pandora felt her blush deepening, if that was possible. Conscious of inadequacy, she asked, “How should I address you sir? The title ‘sir’ does not sound right in this place. Please tell me what is proper?”

“You will call me ‘lord’. It is what I am to you. Does it please you?”

It was the last word she would have used to any man a week earlier, but in this place it seemed entirely proper. Pandora looked her owner in the eye and said, “It pleases

me, lord."

Ben Dakar laughed easily. "You see, you are already a part of this place. You are a sensible girl. I enslave you with the deepest of gratitude. Do you feel no resentment?"

"No lord—none."

They surveyed each other in a strange rapport. Pandora felt this man's power and authority. It was a tangible entity between them, uniting them, making her enslavement natural and plausible, something to be desired. As this man's slave, she might well be far more in authority than as another man's wife. Iben Ben Dakar's age vanished. She now saw him as ageless, a part of this new land she was in. Pandora then asked tremulously, "I was told of a Mr. X—are you Mr. X?"

"Mr. X does not exist, my dear. He is a useful fantasy. Come now, tell me, do these hurt your delightful nudity?" He fingered the ropes and the intimacy of their grasp upon her. "Why have you not asked to be released?"

If this was a silly game, as it might well be, she would play it to the end. Shamelessly, Pandora said, "You will free me when it pleases you, lord. It is not for me to ask." There was something corny about the words, yet they seemed proper in this place and with this man. Pandora had a feeling of belonging to another age.

"Well said!" An exploring finger and thumb tested first one

captive nipple and then the other. “Your breasts have not yet been whipped, I see. But I notice an intrepid Noona has had her way with your behind. Quite a number of lashes have lapped over across your hips. They are in plain view as you now stand. Do you bear the black girl no animosity?”

It might be a trap, but she answered innocently. “No. Why should I? Noona was given authority over us, and she used it. It pleased her to whip me, and there was nothing I could do about it.” Pandora managed a pale smile. “I’m afraid I screamed a lot, but she forgave me. It was what she wanted.”

“You do not wish to now have her thrashed in your presence?”

“No!” It was an emphatic denial. “One thrashing simply leads to another. Please don’t touch her on my account.”

Ben Dakar smiled gently, his voice almost melodious as he asked, “Are you sure? Perhaps, let us say, twenty strokes with the whip upon the soles of her feet? It is called the bastinado in this land. It is the most common form of punishment.”

“No! No, please! The poor girl couldn’t bear such a terrible infliction. Twenty strokes on her bare feet would drive any girl up the wall.”

“Well, well, I expected an American colloquialism like ‘up

the wall' from you. It is apt enough, but she wouldn't be able to climb the wall, of course she would be most securely bound for her punishment. We usually whip the soles of a girl's feet by first tying her hands behind her naked back, laying her face down upon a rug, and then raising her feet to a frame already installed and binding them fast so she cannot move them, no matter how she struggles. I'm sure you get the picture."

Pandora got the picture all too well. There was beneath this quiet, benevolent man a hand of steel and a will of iron. It would be a good idea never to be his enemy. As though impelled by a force she could not control, she asked simply, "Will I be bastinadoed, lord?"

Ben Dakar acknowledged the fearful query with a smile. "Perhaps. I have no plans to bastinado your pretty feet now. You have become my possession, and what happens to you depends on the things you say and do. At this point, you have said or done nothing wrong. I am immensely pleased with you."

Pandora was about to say more, but suddenly and without warning her owner nodded his bright-eyed tribute to beauty, turned, and went away, leaving her still bound harshly to the tree as he had found her. This time she struggled in earnest to free herself, but with the same result. She was immovably strictured. She gazed after his retreating figure with infinite regret. She knew she had found in Iben Ben Dakar the father figure all girls were se-

cretly in love with. It would be silly to assess Ben Dakar's age. He might be more potent than a man of twenty-one. In their brief discourse she had sensed all the masculinity of all the world in the hands of the man she now called lord. She knew her own future and the futures of the other three coffled maidens lay in his hands. She waited quietly, certain of release.

It did not come soon. Her lord evidently believed in the chastening effect of ropes deep within a maiden's flesh. Pandora was in true pain when the two laughing girls came and relieved her of the bonds and her enforced attachment to the tree. They spoke no English but led her joyously with much feminine giggling and laughter to the remarkably modern bathroom within the house. Upon its shelves was an array of perfumes and feminine aids to put to shame any beauty establishment back in the U.S. Pandora was bathed and laved with loving hands which, while she was still immersed in the perfumed bath, sought to give her the ultimate female pleasure, a pleasure she rejected angrily, a rejection accepted without dismay. The two dusky maidens quite obviously thought her stupid, but must have been instructed to follow her inclinations. They perfumed and scented her so lavishly she was forced to protest that too. It was only in the arrangement of her hair that they found accord. Both were extremely skilled. When the two laughing maidens had exhausted their repertoire of tricks and Pandora's patience, they dried her and led her from the perfumed feminine place. They took her to an

open mezzanine and there tethered each of her wrists to a rope already waiting to either side and at a height to raise her arms so as to bestow upon her the appearance of a damsel worshipping the sun. They left her in quiet solitude and a most devastating exposure.

In the quiet of the vast, lonely room, with the bright sunlight beyond the open wall, Pandora had no choice but to make a quiet assessment of her changed condition. She must concede a form of slavery—that was already proven—but what was wanted of her now remained obscure. She was terribly aware of having been transformed into a female object of infinite sexual allure. She could hide nothing. The soles of her feet were the only things a visitor could not see, for the rest the girls had done their work all too well. It was not just her face. They had gone beyond the accentuation of her loveliness, but they had carefully embellished her breasts with rouge and other cosmetics to reach the final point of painting her nipples. Before doing so, they had amused them with a point of flint-hard protrusion and then most gleefully painted the rosebuds, no longer a delicate pink but an engorged scarlet and an outrageous black. Not satisfied with that, they had gone lower and painted her labia beneath the pubic forest in an equally outrageous scarlet. They had then carefully rouged the cheeks of her bottom and laughingly left her to whatever Ben Dakar had in store for her. Pandora could not free her hands. She looked up at the wristlets so tight and secure, knowing she would stay there with her arms

spread wide for a fresh and intimate inspection. She had never felt more sexual or more sexually aroused. Never in her previous life of freedom had she approached any sensuality such as this. She supposed it outraged decency, but still was a pure delight. She was quivering when the two men came. She had never burned with such intense shame or so demanding a curiosity. Pandora was immensely satisfied with the work the girls had done.

“Permit me, Miss Pandora Morse, to introduce Mr. Whitlaw Terrace,” Iben Hen Dakar announced, making a graceful motion with a single hand, as though joining the two of them in holy wedlock. “Mr. Terrace, is she not lovely?”

It is close to impossible for a girl to be described as lovely or beautiful without a glow of pride. It was thus with Pandora. Part of her shrank from the admiring gaze of this younger man so recently introduced, yet since she had no choice about any part of what was taking place, she gloried in her self and hoped she met with masculine approval. It was a delightful fantasy to imagine herself devastating these two men and gaining her release. She voiced none of these imaginings, but said a prim and proper, “How do you do, Mr. Terrace.”

They laughed at her. Whitlaw turned to his host and exclaimed, “I’ll be damned! You’re right, she is a beauty. She’s just what we need. Where the devil did you get her?”

To Pandora’s chagrin, the two men settled themselves

comfortably to face her and enjoy her charms she could not hide. It was pure Arabian Nights: A serving girl, scantily clad, served potables, and under Ben Dakar's direction, held a glass to captive lips, Pandora gulping thankfully in hope of at least a partial anesthetic to her shame. She twisted uncomfortably against the tethering ropes, and before their amused regard, fumed in silence while they spoke in a language she could not comprehend. Sulkily, Pandora stood in ruffled silence while she was discussed. She was quite sure it was herself they were discussing, because occasionally their eyes would focus on her, making her more aware than ever of being naked and gaudily painted. She recognized it as the most erotic experience of her life: to stand thus exposed as a painted whore while the two men quite probably discussed her price. Along with the inevitable cringe beneath male regard was the consciousness of a burning flame between her thighs. Pandora was furious with this engendering of heat. It was monstrously unfair. The two men held all the cards, and she was forced to stand before them with widely spread arms offering them every crevice of her femininity to discuss and enjoy. She had no doubt they were discussing the finer points of what an aunt of hers once described as private parts. She longed to scream and stamp her feet, but she did neither. Instead, she protruded her chest as prominently as her bonds allowed. Damn them! If they wanted a look, she would give them a good look!

The American voice sounded good. It spoke of home and

everything she had lost, but what it offered was the most bizarre suggestion yet. “My friend Ben Dakar has suggested you as a possible solution to a problem which besets not only us but others.” He was gazing steadfastly not at her pubes or breasts but at her features. “Would you be prepared to accept an assignment?” He gave her a few moments to consider, then added, “The reward for this service, if you successfully bring it to a conclusion, will be your freedom.”

Pandora was aware only of disappointment. She could have said exactly what it was she had wished, but it certainly was not a matter of fact. Everything about the place and about her present exposure spoke of erotic delights she was half ashamed even to think about. Quite probably they included a night of heated lovemaking. Pandora shifted uneasily against the tub of the ropes by which she was held erect, and retorted, “I want to go home, I don’t want to be a slave. I really respect this man who owns me, but tell me what you want.”

“We want you to seduce a man who is a friend of ours. We want him fed false information.” Two pairs of earnest eyes searched her diligently. “There is no better medium than a beautiful girl, for she can achieve anything she sets out to bring to a conclusion of her own making.” There was a brief, meaningful pause. “Does such an idea interest you, Miss Morse?”

“Shouldn’t you employ a whore?” Pandora was trying hard

to hide her fury. “I’m told whores are highly skilled in such matters. You wouldn’t need to tie them as I am bound here.” She infused a sneer into her anger. “I am told you employ them by the hour.”

They enjoyed her obvious chagrin, laughing at her flushed discomfort. They resumed their discussion in their native tongue. Pandora could not understand a word and stood in enforced nakedness and compulsive exposure while the exchange endured. She could not deny the bitter disappointment, but on the other hand, they had promised freedom. Her feeling of warmth for Ben Dakar was not enough to erase from her mind the longing to go back and walk the familiar streets again, unfettered by bonds. Annoyed by their male disregard of what should have held them mesmerized in admiration, she exclaimed, “Oh, very well! You’ve got me. There’s nothing I can do about anything. If you’re offering freedom, tell me what you want.”

Whtilaw Terrace explained under the benign regard of the older man. What he had to say was outrageous and impossible, and undoubtedly belonged within the covers of a paperback novel, but the naked girl had no choice. She listened and made mental notes. She weighed the pros and cons. In the end, she wearily said, “I really don’t have much choice, do I?” Under a sudden impulse, she focused on Ben Dakar alone and said very simply, “I would have made you a good slave. I was prepared to do that.”

The two men regarded the naked girl in sober assessment.

She wished men were not forever obsessed with their business affairs and the making of money. It was always the wrong ones who pawed you and went away when you refused. The ones a girl wanted were elusive, themselves captive to the goddess called business and profit. Striving for perspective, she inquired, “What would have been done to me had I refused?”

“It does not matter now.” Her question was waved away as of no consequence. “What matters is your having said yes. That yes means a great deal to both of us, and it certainly means a great deal to you.”

It was all they were prepared to say.

Whitlaw Terrace drove the jeep in which they sat, and a second vehicle followed behind. It was the strangest of briefings, and Pandora felt uncertain of her attire. It had started out as a very neat, freshly laundered pair of khaki slacks, with shirt to match. They had been deliberately soiled and creased to give the appearance of days of wear and tear. In the back there bounced around a suitcase and duffel bag replete with feminine requirements she had named. If she was to deceive a man, she had best do it right.

Whitlaw Terrace was a preoccupied man. He was young for a tycoon, still in his thirties. He was completely frank. “Dakar is an old friend of mine. He’s loaned you to me—or perhaps it’s a gift—for the purpose we have in mind. It’s

best you don't ask questions or don't know too much. You're going to fall into the hands of a man called Harib. If he has other names, nobody knows them. He's a bit of a mystery, but he is also a considerable force and power in this land. We want him! You will use whatever means you must to persuade him to cross a border, preferably to visit one of the coastal cities with you. Once in any civilized spot, the phone number you have memorized is all you need. It will bring aid instantly. Repeat the number daily. It is your lifeline."

Pandora had a lot of questions, but none had been answered. She had a suspicion she was going into danger, but none would admit the fact. She liked Whitlaw Terrace, and had he not been so involved in his affairs, she would have seen him as a possibility. As it was, he was a rock-hard male, a perfect foil for Iben Ben Dakar. She could well imagine the two of them controlled vast wealth. When he made an offhand suggestion that she call him Whit, she found it easy to comply. He was a fellow American and was treating her with courtesy. There was a single question to which he supplied an answer.

"Those girls who were taken with me—the ones I was chained to as we came here—what happened to them? Have they been given jobs the same as me?"

"No, they have not been given jobs the same as you." He laughed. "They are exactly as you were and as all four of you believed. Simply slave girls to be sold to the highest

bidder." He shared a chuckle. "Don't ever underrate beauty. It's more potent than a hundred guns."

Forcefully, she said, "You're an American, but I suppose it's useless to ask you to drive me to civilization and give me my freedom."

"Absolutely useless. Let's say life has given you a job to do, and that job is here, not in some silly suburban home washing dishes." Whitlaw gave her a sideways smile. "I want you to see yourself as one of the rare ones, one of those who affect the lives of men and women, someone who will wield power. You may not think it now, but it is true."

"Yesterday I was tied naked to a tree, and now you tell me this!" Pandora's voice was bitter. "How else can I see myself except as an American waif lost in a desert the name of which I don't even know? You talk about power, but you're the one with power. Use it to set me free." She paused for a moment. "Please!"

Whitlaw did not reply. Instead, he spoke of other things, and quite soon they were in animated conversation about mutual interests and concerns. They traveled a couple of hours before Whitlaw sighed and said, "This is where we part, Pandora. I want you to take this Jeep and continue to drive it through the divide up ahead, and then follow the dirt track which you'll have no trouble seeing. I'm going back in the other jeep."

Pandora stared at him in horror, her exclamation one of outrage. “You mean I’ll be totally alone! I’ve never even drove a jeep, and especially not in some desert wilderness.” She paused, panting.

“I can’t do you any good being lost out here. It’s insane!”

“It is also the perfect cover for you. Tell anyone you meet the simple truth of what has happened to you, everything except of Dakar and myself. It’s an easy role to play.”

“It’s ridiculous! What’s to stop me from turning around and driving in another direction?”

Whitlaw shrugged. “The result would be the same. You yourself are your own perfect disguise. You are kidnapped American girl seeking escape from slavery.” He smiled in simple kindness. “It’s the truth, isn’t it?”

Pandora saw how she was trapped. But she also saw the possibility of escape by the very means Whitlaw was offering. Everyone in this strange land was surprising. Nobody was ever as you expected. Perhaps the man Harib could be a rescuer instead of an unknown menace. Pandora contrived a grin. “Well, it’s your jeep, and I’m supposed to be Dakar’s slave. If we both disappear, the loss is yours. I don’t seem to have anything to lose except myself.”

“And a very charming self you are too.” Whitlaw took her hand and kissed it in a manner to make Pandora blush. He then placed it firmly upon the jeep’s steering wheel. Reas-

suring her, he said, “You’re going to be all right, you know. You could come out of this with honors.” He laughed at her dismay. “Go on, that stick with the knob is the gear shift.”

Pandora was certain the men in the Jeep were laughing at her jolting, uneven progress as she worked her way through the unfamiliar gears. Let them laugh! As the motor picked up speed and the jeep responded, so did her spirits. She was in an American vehicle and she was free. There was not a rope or a handcuff in sight. Even if the adventure into which she drove was hazardous, it was at least not as final as being sold into slavery. She wistfully thought of Tinkar, Ada, and Janet, and shed a tear for them, wishing they were with her now.

The dirt track was there. She followed it. It was not long before a still, silent figure of a man could be seen upon a hilltop here and there. They were too far distant for her to know if they were shepherds or sentinels. Within forty minutes she beheld the roadblock up ahead. Pandora resisted the temptation to turn and flee. Instead, she gritted her teeth and drove straight for the two trucks and the six or eight men clustered as a welcoming committee.

They were a ragged lot, yet they wore tattered uniforms. She supposed they would call themselves soldiers. They looked more like bandits. She said simply, “I’m afraid I’m lost. Can you show me the road to the coast?”

While every man stared as though she was a strange new

species hitherto unknown, at the same time they carried on a rapid exchange in their own tongue. When it fell silent, one of them, presumably their leader, detached himself and said in passable English, “Me sergeant. I am arresting you for trespass and for spy. You will please step down.”

It seemed an inauspicious beginning. Pandora had visions of stone walls and firing squads, but the play had begun, and she hoped Whitlaw’s trust in her ability to carry off such a role was justified. In hauty silence, she suffered the indignity of being frisked and watching male hands rummage through her make believe possessions in the suitcase and duffel bag. The sergeant was obviously a pompous idiot, but his voice held firm authority. “You will please turn and cross the hands behind your back.” So this was it: back to bondage! In a voice as firm as she could muster, she retorted, “That’s absurd! Surely you’re civilized here. Surely you don’t tie people up with bits of rope any more.”

“You stop silly talk. You turn, you do like I say.”

Pandora shrugged. Perhaps all over the world girls were being tied up like this and no one knew. Girls and various forms of bondage were becoming synonymous in her mind. These men were probably capable of killing her without a second thought, yet essentially they were little boys playing games. Pandora turned and cross her wrists, then bit her lip as the cords bit her skin. Acidly, she retorted, “There’s no need to be cruel. I’m not Houdini.”

“Who this Houdini?” The sergeant’s voice was heavy with suspicion. He tugged harder at the binding of her wrists. Resolving to watch her words, Pandora said crossly, “Oh, never mind. He’s dead. He was a magician.”

“I put you back in jeep.” The sergeant was as good as his word. He picked her up bodily and placed her where she had sat beside Whitlaw. He got in behind the wheel and waved his troop into motion in much the same manner as a U.S. cavalry captain would have done in the Civil War. Pandora was twisting at her hands. They hurt.

The sergeant was obviously enjoying his mission. His face bore an outrageous smirk as he turned to gaze possessively at his prisoner. Pandora countered by angrily demanding; “Where are you taking me? I suppose you realize I’m an American citizen and you can get into a great deal of trouble for this?”

“America not bother about you,” the sergeant said indifferently. “You just silly girl. Harib know what to do with you.”

“What the hell he do with me?”

“He like you, he keep you for fucks. He don’t like you, he give you to us.” The sergeant’s grin was completely benevolent. “Either way, you get plenty fucks. We all good strong men!”

It was an inauspicious beginning. Pandora viewed her im-

mediate future with dismay, but she felt no surprise at the sergeant's vulgarity. What else was there for a strange female roaming around alone in these parts? Striving to maintain a social atmosphere, she inquired without much interest, "Suppose he keeps me? What happens then? Do I become his… mistress?"

"You ain't no mistress. Harib your master!" the sergeant reproved, smiling genially. "When Harib get mad, he whip your ass. When he feel good, you lucky girl, and he spread your legs. You have very fine time with Harib."

The captive girl supposed that what the sergeant outlined was no more than she need expect. Whitlaw and Iben Ben Dakar had been frank enough about it. Her mission was to seduce a man. But from what the sergeant said, it became evident that Harib either took a girl or left her alone, and she had nothing to say about it.

It was hard to see where a feminine seduction could enter into such a picture. But she set these imponderables aside and brightly asked, "Will you let me, well, sort of visit where you're taking me? I mean, you're not going to make a prisoner there, are you?"

The sergeant's supply of smiles and good humor appeared infinite. He spared her another display of both. "You prisoner now, you stay prisoner. We let you loose, I bet you run like hell."

"No, I wouldn't. Where I run to? I'd be lost."

“Your hands stay tied. Maybe I tie your legs too if you talk too much. How you like if I take off your panties and stuff your mouth with them so you can’t talk?”

It appeared in Jemna the male was top dog. Pandora felt female and insignificant as the jeep jolted over an increasingly rough track into an increasingly unattractive countryside. She began to view her mission as increasingly ridiculous. She had been sent here as a one-woman army on behalf of Iben Ben Dakar and whatever powers he represented, but with her hands tied behind her back and her panties stuffed inside her mouth, it was hard to see how she could conquer anything or anyone. She kept cautiously silent, but watched furtively for the sergeant’s next turn to bathe her in the good humor of his huge grin. This time she smiled back. A smile always helped. It did so now.

“We have very fine custom in our land,” the sergeant informed proudly. “Once every week all bad girls are taken to middle of town and tied to posts, then have bottoms whipped with cane. Very bad girls get backs whipped with real whip.” As though reassuring her of fair treatment, he hastily added, “You pretty sure you be out there real quick. Harib maybe send you out there first thing so you have respect.”

“But I have respect for him now!”

“You best not tell him that. He think you lie.” Then came another flash of white teeth. “Maybe you do lie. Maybe you

spy for government of Marramesh."

Pandora sighed dismally. Conversation appeared to lead in only one direction, which she would rather not contemplate. When they reached the dusty, sun-baked town, they drove around its outer perimeter to what appeared to be a military camp. Pandora was taken to the biggest of the tents, presumably that of Harib himself, since there were some traces of luxury within and an office desk. However, the place was empty and vacant. It appeared she would have to wait to learn whatever fate this place held for her. She stood pathetically, her hands still tied behind her back, while the sergeant explained, "I untie your hands, and you take off clothes."

Pandora stepped back, feeling herself blush. So this was it—the first of possibly many rapes. Stonily, she said, "There's no need for me to strip naked. You can do what you want very easily without that. Please don't make me take my clothes off."

It appeared she had said something humorous. The sergeant enjoyed his laugh and then said, "I no fuck you. I honorable soldier. I give you first to leader. Harib decide who get to fuck first."

It was a delay at best. If the animal act had to be performed upon her, it might just as well be the sergeant. She had seen far less repulsive men. Pandora stood, her hands still tied, and sought yearningly for something plausible to say.

But it was the sergeant who was the most practical of the two. “You slip your arms out of shirt,” he suggested amiably. “I make it easy for you. Now I untie your pretty hands.”

It was good to be free, even for a brief period. Pandora massaged wealed wrists and returned the sergeant’s inquiring gaze. He quite obviously was waiting for her to follow his instruction. Since she could think of no way to counter it and was unprepared for a fight she must inevitably lose, Pandora shrugged with disgust and pulled the khaki shirt from over her shoulders, leaving her arms and shoulders bare. With a deepening blush, she tartly asked, “Is this what you want?”

It was indeed what he wanted. Nodding affably, he lead her to the center of the large tent and tied a rope around each of her wrists. He then threw each rope over a strut above her head and pulled them tight, leaving Pandora standing with arms spread out as though in welcome. She was not spread or suspended. She was simply tied there to keep her from going anywhere, and also, she suspected, to display her to the best advantage. But she still gasped and winced when his fingers found her shirt and tugged it down, followed by the removal of her khaki shorts as well. She stood facing him, her arms held high, attired in nothing more than bra and panties. When the sergeant began removing them, Pandora pleaded, “Please don’t take them too. Leave them on me—don’t make me completely naked.”

It was as though she had not spoken. He broke a bra strap and tore the bra from her breasts. Her panties were then pulled down until she was forced to step out of them. Pandora Morse had been seen naked by men before, but never quite in this way. She wished the tent would collapse and cover her up.

The sergeant took visual inventory of what he had laid bare. He nodded, obviously pleased. Casually, as though she was a domestic creature, he proceeded to feel all her most attractive features, caressing the contours, testing the firmness, and finally testing for moisture between her legs. “Harib like this very much,” the sergeant said. “Men no get to fuck you, Harib will keep you to himself.” He then playfully pinched her nipples and, much to her surprise, leaned forward to plant a rather moist kiss upon her lips, leaving the captive girl staring after him as he left the tent and the captive girl behind him. Pandora tugged and twisted at her bound wrists, but to no avail. She soon convinced herself of total helplessness and refused to chafe her wrists further. She simply stood passively in her bonds and eyed the door through which Harib must come. She had never felt so naked in all her life.

3

Inside Pandora

OH SHIT, I must have been standing here an hour since that idiot sergeant left me for the conquering Harib to return and take possession. When I think of how I let myself get arrested way back then and get into this mess, I could kick myself a hundred times. It isn't possible, is it? But here I am standing stark naked, waiting for a man to come and rape me. I wish I had just been sold, along with Tinkar, Ada, and Janet. A nice clean brothel might be a hell of a lot better than what I'm going to get here. This place is hardly civilized. About the only benefit I can see is that this way I get ravished only by one man instead of a dozen or a hundred. Good god, a thing a girl gets to feeling grateful for!

His shadow blocks the doorway. I look up, startled, and he comes closer. I can see he's a handsome man, maybe around thirty, who could well be half white. I blush and find myself wiggling like a silly schoolgirl. Harib's speech is as Western as my own. He's evidently one of the educated ones.

"Ah, Miss Pandora Morse," he says, looking at my passport and then tossing in onto his desk. "Welcome to Jemna, Miss Morse."

"Please untie me and give me some clothes to wear," I blurt

out, knowing deep down that the plea is useless.

Harib nods to himself, as if he had not heard me speak. One of the most infuriating things about this captivity I've fallen into is that hardly anybody listens to what I say, and if they do, they simply ignore it.

"You have lovely breasts, Miss Morse," he comments, looking me over. "A magnificent growth of pubic hair too, and your belly is quite flat." His eyes twinkle mischievously. "You are altogether a magnificent female package. I am wondering in just what way I am indebted to Iben Ben Dakar for such a gift."

Oh, shit! What do I do now? He knows. There is nothing secret about my presence here. But maybe he's just guessing. I best play dumb. "Iben Ben Dakar—who is he?" I ask.

As usual, I don't get an answer. Harib, however, wastes no time. He goes to another part of the tent and returns with a beastly looking yellow cane. He flexes it back and forth suggestively.

I say the first thing that comes into my head: "Look, you don't need that. It will do no good to use that thing on me."

"It will extract the truth, Miss Morse." Harib smiles charmingly. "I would estimate your tolerance at between ten and twenty strokes. Somewhere in the range you will tell me the truth about Iben Ben Dakar."

What a hell of a spot to be in! There he is with the lousy

cane, and here I am with my hands up in the air. The way Harib is looking at me makes me feel ninety percent bare ass. I can twist my hips a bit, but I certainly can't get them out of the way of that cane if he decides to use it on me. Quite suddenly, I realize I owe Ben Dakar and Whitlaw Terrace nothing at all. They kidnapped me and turned me loose in the wilderness, and now here I am, again held captive. Why should I get my bottom beaten just to oblige them? Lamely, I say, "Oh, all right. Ben Dakar had me kidnapped and then sent me out here to meet you. I think I'm supposed to seduce you for some reason. Right now I don't feel like seducing anyone." I glare at his smiling face. "That's the truth, and that's all there is."

"My, my, a sensible young woman." Harib smiles approvingly. "One has to wonder what fresh truths will emerge beneath the cane." He goes right on flexing the horrible thing, looking at my ass.

"Look, I've told you all I know!" I exclaim with frustration. "I'm sure there's a great deal more, but I just don't know. Look, please be reasonable."

As usual, he does not seem to hear. He raps my bottom suggestively with the beastly cane, and I'm sure he only does it to make me feel bad and see me wiggle. Then I'll be damned if he doesn't swing back and plant the most awful slash with that rotten cane squarely across both my ass cheeks. The pain is so damn awful I can't believe it! It seeps into every bit of me. It turns my insides out, and I hear my

voice as from a distance exclaiming, “Don’t do that—don’t! That hurt terribly, and it won’t do a bit of good. Stop it!”

“That’s a matter of opinion, Miss Morse,” he said amiably. “I hold the view that it will benefit you enormously. It may also benefit me with some truthful information. Let us try once more, shall we?”

He tries once more. The son of a bitch, he’s going to cut me to bits with that horrible cane. I can’t be a bit heroic. I know I’m dancing around like I’m standing on a hot stove, and I’ll be damned if he doesn’t have the nerve to remark on it.

“Such delightful motions, Miss Morse. May I compliment you on your choreography? You may be pleased to know you mark exquisitely.”

I am not pleased to know. I’m not pleased about any of this. My bottom is on fire, and I can’t keep still, and I don’t know what to tell this idiot to make him stop. But I add one more trifle in the hope it will be of interest. Sulkily, I say, “I was driven most of the way out here with an escort which was under the command of a Mr. Whitlaw Terrace. He seems to be a very nice man, and that’s all I know. Look, don’t hit me with that thing again, okay?”

Harib hits me again. Its terrible stroke finds my poor bottom, which is dancing around outrageously trying to avoid the cane. It hurts so bad I even lift myself off the ground with straining arms against my tied wrists. Harib takes in

the whole performance with apparent approval. He politely inquires whether I would like the fourth stroke now or later.

“Please don’t bother.”

He bothers. Number four seems to be the worst so far. I go absolutely berserk. It’s really wonderful what a girl can do when she’s tied the way I am. I wouldn’t have believed it if I hadn’t been doing it, but when I quiet down and sort of get my breath, something strange happens. I simply can’t explain it, except that both of us have been polite to the point of absurdity. I meet his amused regard and find myself laughing right along with him. This has to be the craziest thing ever!

“Ah, we share the same joke, Miss Morse. It pleases me when a girl can laugh in the face of adversity.”

“I don’t know how it happened,” I tell him truthfully. “I don’t feel the least bit like laughing, and look, I don’t have anything more to tell you, so please stop whipping me.”

He does not stop. Number five has been there waiting all the time, and now I get it full force. I do a repeat of motions and sounds which he listens and regards attentively. When I get a bit of breath back, I tell him acidly, “I’m glad you’re getting so much amusement out of me, because I certainly am not!”

Oh damn, he really must think I know something because

here comes number six, and then number seven comes shortly thereafter. There are no worthwhile pauses in between. I just go on dancing up and down like a puppet on a string, and I am now making the most terrible noises I know I will be ashamed of later. He goes right on up to number ten, and then after a brief pause to let me think it's over, he lands the worst of the lot right on top of all the rest. "We will take that as your margin of tolerance," he says. "I will concede that I have extracted all the information you possess."

What am I saying! I'm actually thanking him. I'm actually showing gratitude that he has stopped caning me. God, how fucked up can I get! But now that he's stopped with the cane, it's my wrists that do the complaining. I've been giving them a very bad time, and I look up at them along the bare columns and ask pathetically, "Please, can I be untied now? I won't do anything foolish, like trying to fight or run."

I am not untied. It appears this is just a pause in the proceedings.

Harib explains my interrogation is now ended, but I am to receive a somewhat more social whipping after refreshments. He assures me he will hold the glass to my lips and I will feel better for a couple of good swallows. I am so damn hurt and indignant I can't think up a good retort. That's the trouble with good retorts. They're never around when a girl needs one. First thing I know there's a glass held to my

lips and I'm swallowing some of the most damn awful stuff ever. I can actually feel it going down, and it wouldn't surprise me if you could get electric light just by touching a lamp to my skin.

"You have been perspiring delightfully, Miss Morse. Girls often do when caned. In your case, it emits a scent I find quite delightful. Girls are the most intriguing creatures.

"Please untie me," I again plead "Please don't whip me any more."

"What, no promises? You plead, but you promise nothing in return."

"Oh, all right. I promise to do whatever you want. I'll be a good little girl. I'll say 'yes' and 'no' and 'please' and 'thank you'. But I've had enough. I can't stand any more."

"You will be amazed at what you can stand, Miss Morse."

"Don't keep calling me Miss Morse. It sounds ridiculous in these circumstances. My name is Pandora, so please call me that. It won't sound half as silly when you're being cruel to me."

He nods. It is nice to know I can say some things without offending him. Once more he holds the glass to my lips, and in order to do so, he comes close enough that I can tell he is inhaling the perfume I can't help emitting from my skin. It's just a mixture of sweat and girl scent. It's nothing to get excited about, but I can see it affects him intensely. I gulp

the hell brew heartily and hope it has anesthetic qualities.

Quietly, almost directly in my ear, Harib whispers, “You do realize, Pandora, that when I finish whipping you I will take you to my bed. There is no ravishment so good as when a girl’s rump is roasting from the cane.”

He tweaks one of my nipples and lowers the glass. I’m astounded to discover it’s empty. But now I have a small fire burning in my belly to keep my flaming butt company. I am in such a state of conflicting intoxications that when Harib gently suggests, “Perhaps I should explain about the second caning,” I simply retort with his silly formality, “Please do!”

“When a girl is taken to prison or enslaved, she is first whipped. She is filled with injustice when this is done,” Harib explains, smiling and noting my interest. “She is positive she has done nothing to deserve such an infliction, but she is wrong. She is a girl, and as such, deserves to be whipped whenever her master so desires. But in this one instance, there is a stern morality involved. It rids her of inhibiting opinions and engenders respect for those who own her. The difference between a girl before and after is quite astounding.”

“But you’ve already caned me!” I exclaim indignantly. “And I don’t think I’m any different now than I was before, except I hurt something awful.”

Harib smiles gently. He sees me as a little girl in need of tuition and guidance. I’d love to slap the silly smirk off his

face. Instead, I have to quietly listen.

“Ah, my dear Pandora, you are overlooking an important factor. The caning you have received, which after all was not the worst possible, was given to you as interrogation to determine just what information you possessed. That is a very different motive from what will be done to you quite soon. This second caning of your bottom will be as I have described. It will engender a proper respect for me and tell you what you may expect in the future should you misbehave.” His smile is purely beneficent. “It is probably correct to say this caning of your bottom will, in the future, save you from many worse inflictions because it gives you perspective.” He is smiling that mischievous smile again as he continues, “Please don’t thank me, Pandora; your gratitude is taken for granted.”

I can’t win! I mean, how can I possibly win? He makes all the rules and uses them against me. Oh damn, what a hell of a spot for a girl to be in! But I make the most of the fact that we do at least communicate, and I ask, “Please, may I have another drink?”

I get the drink. I also get a praise as he lifts the glass to my lips.

“Ah, a sensible girl. She builds her defenses against the inevitable. Pandora, you are adjusting marvelously.” He laughs and slips me irrelevantly adds, “Oh, and by the way, just in case you were wondering, I did the Cambridge

thing, and also attended the London School of Economics, and did a spell at Harvard. I am what your government thinks of as educated enough to be dangerous."

I don't seem to be able to stop panting, thrusting my breasts close against him as he raises the glass once more. I suppose the fact is that neither of us will retreat. I thrust forward simply because any human contact feels good, and I suspect he does the same thing simply to feel my tits. But a little of this, along with the drink and his sniffing at my girl scent, gets me sufficiently worked up so that I no longer view my immediate future with desperate alarm. This second caning of my bottom will be simply something that will happen, and there's nothing I can do about it except regard it as a quaint local custom. I decide to scream loud enough to embarrass him. If he stuffs my panties in my mouth—well, so what! My poor discarded garments are in a pathetic little pile over on the floor, and I can only hope he hasn't noticed them.

I don't suppose any captive maiden has ever been better briefed on the subject of getting her bottom caned than I. We seem to have covered the physical, psychological, and social aspects of the matter. All that remains now is for Harib to use the cane and for me to howl. Life in Jemna is delightfully simple.

Harib isn't using the same cane. This one is thinner, and I don't know whether it hurts more or less, but possibly it's a bit more practical on a bottom that has already had a

damn good thrashing. Each cut with it starts a fresh fire burning through the whole of my being, and I am quite positive that I can't bear the next stroke, but I do bear it, and the next one and the one after that. I can't take any pride in so doing, because the only reason I suffer this heroic punishment is my tied wrists up there above my head. No matter how I contort or writhe, they remain more or less where they are and keep me standing where I am. Harib doesn't bother to follow the gyrations of my hips. He simply stands in readiness until they present the best possible target and then lets them have it. I howl disgracefully and keep assuring him he is killing me. There are moments when I almost believe it myself. I become so attuned to blow after blow that I fail to realize the punishment is over. When I come out of this maze of semi-intoxication and pure agony, I am alone. I don't mind much, because I'm sure I look like a mess. I'm sweating like a horse, and my perfume probably fills the whole damn tent. If a man walked in here, he would get an instant erection, but I'm concerned only with me. I wearily hang against my tied wrists and allow the pain to burn itself away. It is not long before Harib returns. There is now a woman with him.

It appears that the woman is my jailer. She irons my ankles, lowers my hands, and then ties them again behind my back. It seems that I am dangerous and must be given no freedom. Before I am led away to prison, Harib clasps my face in both hands, kisses me, and whispers, "Tonight, little prisoner—tonight."

I have given up wondering. What's the use? The woman who guides me is just a woman. The grip she has on my bare arm is strong and has authority. I am learning to walk with fettered feet, taking silly little steps and an occasional hop to keep up. Without the female hand on my arm, I would easily fall. This is bad because our walk has no destination within the camp. It takes us beyond and into the town itself. Fortunately, the town is small, and the central square is reached before I chafe the skin off my ankles. I expect there are other things to see, but I behold only one. My gaze is riveted upon a cage constructed from some local wood, the branches and limbs of which are contorted and twisted into the consistency of iron. But they are far too close and too heavily wired together for escape to be possible without tools. Even then it would be a sizable piece of work to hack a hole in this small public prison. Inside, a pole runs from the peak down to be imbedded in the soil. From this pole hangs a chain and collar. It is an ample length of chain, and when the collar is locked around my neck, it allows me to move wherever I want within the bars. It is probably not so much an additional imposition to keep me captive as it is to prevent an intruder from coming within the cage and taking me. But what does it matter? Here I am, naked, whipped, bound, and chained. Damn, what the hell else can this country do to me! I grin in rueful memory. There still remains the whispered message about tonight.

It appears that I am on view for all to see. Word soon gets

around, and people find excuses to come and go, passing my cage. Children gather and are kept at an appropriate distance by their elders, but they are there nonetheless, staring at my white skin. I can hide nothing of myself, because there are people in every direction, surrounding my prison. I could sit down and hide myself with my arms, but that is something I will not lower myself to at this time. I prefer to stand, and to hell with the savage faces! At least they are an orderly crowd. They have no doubt seen girls thus caged before, perhaps even another white girl. I suspect the cage is used frequently for local damsels who have offended the sensibilities of this backward land. I lean against the pole to which my neck is chained and stare back with dull disinterest. From what Harib has said, I gather I am to be his property alone, and the grinning sergeant will thus be cheated of my flesh. But who call tell in this crazy place? For all I know, Harib may ravish me once and then toss me to his hungry men. I close my eyes, and in my mind's eye, I see horrific visions of an endless gang bang—black men with huge black phalluses entering me for their own satisfaction. I remember vague stories of ancient times when girls are used for such purposes until she is dead. I have some doubts about this, though. I suspect the female facility for such things is endless, I shudder at the thought. It would do me well to serve and please Harib to my utmost. Any way a girl looks at it, a single man with an erection is better than an army of horny, uncivilized men. Unhappily, I turn my thoughts to Ben Dakar and Whitlaw Terrace. I will do little seducing on

their behalf now. All along, it seemed a mad concept, but if Harib truly thinks I am a spy, he may lower his detenses in other ways. As a spy, I am obviously useless inside this cage or anywhere else as long as I am bound or chained. There is little doubt that I will face one of these situations. This is a society that takes no chances with naughty girls.

It is early evening when the woman comes for me. She takes me to where I may be bathed and artfully perfumed. She proves herself to be a skilled beautician. To do this, she has unlocked the collar from my neck, but the chains remain upon my ankles, and my hands remain tied behind my back. The woman finds this bondage no impediment to her task. I feel almost human when I am again led to Harib's tent and thrust inside. I clank my fettered feet to where he stands.

"You are enjoying your stay with us, Pandora?" His voice is as attentively courteous as any Western gentleman.

"I would enjoy it more if I had my hands and feet."

"I will give you your feet, Pandora. Your hands stay as they are. You will discover that a maiden's hands bound behind her back add a considerable dimension to male and female coupling." He allows himself a smile. "You will find they also relieve a degree of friction upon whipped skin."

What the hell! After the cage, I'm going to need another drink before I am into small talk with this man. I have been brought here to be raped, but it appears that the act is

to be delayed by formalities of civilized exchange. I stand gratefully while Harib casts aside the shackles from my feet. I can almost believe that in Jemna girls are not expected to have hands. Mine stay where they are behind my back.

He seats me on the bed. It is a real bed too, not a cot. I have no doubt this act is to break me in gently. However, he also mixes a quite civilized drink, very different from the fire water which I had been treated to earlier. Seated, as I am now, my bottom proclaims its earlier punishment in a most urgent pain. I try to ignore it. Trying to make conversation, I say, “I hope you like the way I smell. That woman poured about a quart of something all over me.”

Harib stands and looks down at me. I know he is thinking, speculating as to his next move. It is unlikely I am beyond suspicion even now. Quietly, he says, “I suppose you realize there are two possibilities open to you. I can keep you as my personal slave, or I can hand you over to my men. I won’t ask your preference, because it is solely my decision. Unless I later change my mind, you may now consider yourself my exclusive property.”

“Very well then, I am your property.”

“In that case, I think it is desirable for you to now assume a proper position. I will sit on the bed where you sit now, and you will kneel upon the ground facing me, your knees well apart and your bottom back upon your heels. Can you do

this?”

I can, and I do. It is indeed the ultimate in humiliation. I am so obviously available, so much in his possession. But I’m sure I do look pretty and sexy, and I strive to arrange myself as attractively as possible. I look up at the man now holding a second drink and mischievously ask, “So I am now your slave girl. Now what… master?”

We share a laugh over my theatrical manner. But it was close enough to the truth that Harib responds. “You do that well, Pandora—almost too well. You heat my loins with such beauty.” He nods in confirmation of some hidden thought. “You will kneel thus whenever the occasion is appropriate. Remember that well.”

I suppose there are worse things than kneeling before a man and calling him master. This is one more act in an ongoing play.

“Thank you, master,” I respond. “I will remember. Now may I have that drink?”

“Do you find it necessary to be intoxicated before we make love?”

“No! Throw it away. The only reason I asked is because I’ve had a very rough day.” I grin up him in a sexy appeal. “Or have you forgotten?”

Harib forgets nothing. I get my drink, followed by a curt order: “Dispose of yourself, Pandora. Do not play shy with

me."

I do not play shy. I scramble to my feet and onto the bed, trying to find a comfortable position laying upon my bound arms. I discover it is quite possible if you put both hands to one side and simply lay on one forearm. The ropes hurt, but that is a part of being tied. In fact, I am beginning to get an erotic thrill out of this whole situation. It would be nice to have my hands, but if I'm not granted that privilege, the loss is his. I spread my legs outrageously and smile up at the man I must obey. If I'm going to get fucked, I want to make sure I do it right!

There begins for me now something I have never before known. This man is infinitely resourceful, and knows more tricks than a cage full of turned-on monkeys. I am twisted, turned, raised, lowered, bent, and contorted into every imaginable position in which I may be sexually aroused. It is all done with immense skill that makes me gasp and pant before the act itself is even begun. When I am finally impaled on his formidable shaft, I have already come once and am ready to explode again. I am in the hands of a master of sensuality. Harib is skilled beyond any of the fumbling boys back in the States. I cry out in ecstasy again and again as he pushes his huge, hard manhood into my hot, open sex.

When my master is finally finished, and I am panting and in a beautiful daze, the woman appears to return me to my cage. Perhaps she has been there all along, keeping a

jealous vigil, but I do not care. In a state of dazed satisfaction, I allow my feet to once more be chained, and I'm led from the presence of my sexual lord, who has already dropped into sound sleep.

Back in the cage, the collar is again locked upon my neck, and the door secured behind me. I do not know if it is in consolation or envy, but the woman says, "You very well fucked. You very lucky white girl."

I should be angry at being taken from the bed of erotic fulfillment, but I am not. I am in an absolute dither of sexual contentment. I set my naked back against the central pole and slither to the ground. My ass burns and makes its usual complaints, but I pay it no heed. I kick my shackled feet and shake my head against the collar and its tether of links. It is all I can do, and having done it, I relax upon the Jemna sand and fall into a deep sleep, dreaming of my dark master's powerful love.

It appears Harib has finished with me for the time being. He is a guerrilla, and has affairs of far more importance than a slave girl. When she feeds me, the woman tells me of his absence and uncertain return. She tells me I will stay in the cage as I am until he reappears. It is not exactly good news. I am heartily tired of the cage by the time I have been in this first day, and I really work on my jailer to try and persuade her to untie my hands. I point out the logic

that chained as I am, I do not need to also be bound, but she shrugs and laughs as though she knows something I do not. She leaves me tied. I get so damn bored that I actually spend a lot of time trying to get rid of the ropes around my wrists. It is something to do, but it is quite hopeless. My wrists are bound with some sort of wet-feeling rawhide, and the knots, if I could even get my hands on them, are impregnable. I find myself wishing Jemna was civilized enough to afford handcuffs. They would be much more comfortable and every bit as secure. It is my fourth day in the cage when the man comes.

He is a man like any other in this place. On one of these mean streets, no one would look at him twice. However, he walks to examine my nakedness behind the bars, and then advances boldly to them and starts to talk in a language I do not understand. I get an impression of urgency, and the name of Iben Ben Dakar is clearly mentioned here and there. I get up off the ground and plead with him to speak in English if he can. I go to the bars and strain my ears for anything intelligible. It is because of this preoccupation with my visitor that I fail to see we are being observed. Before he turns to run, my visitor drops a slip of paper through the bars.

They catch him easily. Three soldiers converge on him and collect him as a farmer collects a squawking hen. I watch them drag him away and then gaze down at the paper at my feet. It is folded and sealed, and it is while I am contorting myself to reach for it that two more soldiers arrive

and unlock the door. They pick up the paper, and then they pick me up. They lead me to a dismal stone building which turns out to be the town police headquarters and prison. Once more I find myself behind bars, but these bars are of iron, and the prison smells invade my nostrils, disgusting me. I have been talking steadily, but no one pays any attention. I suspect none of them speaks English. I have to await the arrival of my jailer to learn what has happened.

The news is bad. It appears that my visitor was a spy and his missive a blatant instruction to me to seek military information. In the eyes of those in charge, this makes me a spy too. It is all very simple.

It appears that the man who brought the note and I will be formally charged in a court of law, and then formally sentenced.

This whole thing gets crazier and crazier. I am locked in a prison cell, but no one will untie my hands or free my feet. My jailer tells me I have been a very bad girl and will be punished accordingly. She tells me darkly that I had best hope for Harib's return before anything too drastic takes place. Oh damn, I wish I really knew what was going on!

Harib actually does return. He comes to visit me behind bars, but he is concerned and explains that I have broken the law of the state. Therefore, he adds, I must go to court along with the proven spy. He tells me it is not wise for a guerrilla leader to interfere with laws as old as the hills. He

says those on whose behalf he works are believers in these ancient laws and penalties. His face is grave and leaves me shivering behind my bars. When I plead with him to take me to his bed, he simply shrugs. In his eyes, I am to be pitied.

The court is surprisingly recognizable. It holds all the dignitaries one would expect, and proceedings are precise and mechanical. I have been provided with my shirt and shorts, although no panties or bra. No doubt this is in deference to the law, but being clothed does little to ease my anxiety. There is something ominous in the air and in the way people look in my direction. My visitor is tried first. There is a great deal of talk back and forth, and it appears he is allowed a legal representative, but the whole affair is negative, and when he is led protesting from the court, I am positive he has been found guilty. It is then my turn to stand before the judge.

I don't understand a word! I tell them this, but they just smile with pity. My feet are still fettered, and my hands are still tied. Not that this makes much difference, but it enhances my helplessness. Harib is nowhere to be seen. My wardress is present, but she takes no part. She stands off to one side, presumably to take me to prison after this farce is done with. I have to stand and listen to the same talk as before. When it is all over, the court is suddenly hushed, and the judge sentences me. I don't know what he says, but I am sure it is quite bad. When the woman takes charge of me again, she quietly tells me I have been found guilty of

espionage and am sentenced to death before a firing squad.

It is hard to believe. This is like something from the movies, not real life. But I am taken back to my cell, still as helpless as ever. In addition, a collar is now locked upon my neck, its chain trailing away to an immense ring in the wall. It cannot possibly do any good, as I am totally helpless already. Perhaps it is just to tell me what a very wicked girl I have been, and that I am beyond the mercy of this strange land. Everything is conventional and in good order. The woman tells me that my sentence will be carried out tomorrow.

It is the worst night of my life. Harib does not come. I spend a restless night, dropping in and out of nightmares. I think back to my days in the U.S. and know this is indeed all a nightmare.

It is the fatal morning. The woman actually frees my feet and unties my hands. If I wished, I could fight, but the prison is all around me, and it is the last thing I think of. I am tended and fed, and then relieved of the clothes I was given for my court appearance. The garments are replaced by a single white sheet fastened around my neck. I am led by two uniformed guards out into the courtyard, to a wall against which are planted two posts, one of them already securely holding a man. A squad of soldiers stand in wait. I am led to the second post, the white sheet is stripped to reveal my naked body, and my back is thrust against the post, where my hands are secured. Other ropes secure my

shoulders and my waist. Presumably, what is required is to hold me against the pole, and this has certainly been done. To ensure I make as little movement as possible, my elbows are drawn tightly back and tightly bound. The fatal bullet will easily find my naked breast, which now I cannot move at all.

There comes a fine military shuffle, then a barking of commands. The six soldiers who are to kill us are lined up under the direction of a smartly uniformed officer. They prepare themselves for the fatal act. For we who are about to die, black blindfolds are provided, but my companion angrily refuses his. I am not made of such stern material, and quite willingly nod when one is offered. I wish it was the good-natured sergeant who is putting it over my eyes. He had been a likable man, but I suppose I must not complain, for he who performs this last service for me does so with gentle fingers and ensures the band is tight, making me totally blind to what is happening. But I can still envision it, just as if I had my sight. The barked commands are unmistakable, as are the sounds of rifle bolts. I tense, but then realize I am uncertain whether it will take two volleys to dispose of two spies. Perhaps we get shot one at a time. How can I tell? And which of us will be first? The volley crashes out in a horrendous impact of sound.

I am still alive!

I cannot move. I cannot see. But I can hear. There comes again the same frightful sounds, and I am actually glad to

be so tightly bound. These ropes so deep within my flesh leave me no choice, no decisions. They make me the perfect target for my executioners. I wonder if my blatant nudity gives any of them an erection. I would like to think each one is hard and will thus find it difficult to harm my naked body. Why doesn't Harib do something! I hear the sharp command and then frightening shots.

But I am still alive.

I am not returned to the cage. Instead, Harib frees me from the post and carries my naked body through the town and back to his tent. It is a long walk, and I see little of what we pass. My head is buried in Harib's tunic, and I am sobbing in a terrible reaction of hysterical thankfulness. When he has me safely within the shadows of his tent, he ties my hands once more behind my back. He says nothing. There is nothing yet to say. He throws me on the bed and there begins his second rape of me. But it is a rape I desire greatly. I moan and groan. I come and come. It is a wild, flamboyant finale to my execution, as though I had truly died and had been transported to some Arabian paradise. I even manage to forget the terrible blast of the rifles that should have ended my life. When Harib is done with me, he leaves me on the bed, where I sleep. I urgently need this slumber. When I awake, hours later, one of my ankles is prudently chained to the bed, but that is all.

4

The Unbreakable Chain

I EXPECT I AM AN IDIOT, but finding myself alive had thrust me into such a state of euphoria I was grateful for everything and particularly for Harib. Sure, it was him who had engineered my mock execution, and he told me solemnly it was done for my own good so that I might understand the possibility of punishments in this strange land. The poor chap who had brought me a message was as dead as dead could be, and the only reason I did not share his fate was simply Harib's lust and kindness. If the Jemna authorities had taken their own course, I would be dead too. So, after sleeping around the clock and waking to discover my ankle chained to the bed, I was not prepared to complain about anything. The scare of that mock execution had far surpassed anything that a whipped bottom could have done. In fact, I am not sure I'd have even felt a whipped bottom had it happened right then. When Harib came to wake me, I instantly fell into his favorite pose of submission, knees wide apart and one foot held slightly off the floor by the chain, which was presumably intended to keep me from going home to mother. Harib laughed, picked me up, and tossed me on the bed. This time we made our love with hands completely free, but I have to be honest and admit that I think I cramped his style. I mean, two people grappling for each other have to get in the way. But anyway, when we got through with that, he

said he had business to attend to and hurried away. It was at least five minutes before I realized I was completely free. Sure, I was naked, but there was not a rope or chain on me anywhere. I sat up and considered what I should do.

This was the first time I could seriously consider escape. But to walk out into this awful desert, naked and unarmed, was a daunting idea. I could well envision far worse fates than Harib. I tiptoed to the door, and there I saw the great treasure of all—a jeep! I tiptoed a few steps farther to see if the keys were in the ignition. It might, of course, be a trap, but I didn't think so. I quietly returned to the tent and there found the shin, shorts, shoes, bra, and panties I had lost after my capture, and then I put them on.

Then came the bit I really can't believe myself. I took those clothes right off again, leaving me as naked as when I had found them. I just don't know what compelled me or why I acted the way I did. Sure, I know, I'm a silly girl who had become infatuated with the world's most superb lover. If we have to blame it on someone or something, let us blame my hot little guilty pussy, that hairy little wet slit that knew something good when she felt it. The desert held uncertain loneliness, but the tent offered a huge shaft that my pussy did not want to leave. I looked around in sudden determination, and the answer stared me in the face. Hanging from the bed was the chain and padlock by which I had been fastened. Without giving myself a chance to change my mind, I sat down, pulled the chain tightly around one ankle, and locked it there with the waiting

padlock. I was back to square one.

The whole purpose of what I had done was simply to remove my options. Seated once more on the bed, surveying my chained ankle, I had all the second thoughts which a girl in my position would have. I cursed myself for playing the fool for sex. I'm sure if the jeep outside the tent could have spoken, it would have chided me for blowing the opportunity of a lifetime. I was still seated, baffled by my differing emotions, when Harib returned.

"Decided against it, eh?"

How the hell does he know! But then I look down at my foot.

He is looking too. The chain and padlock tell the story. Lamely, I explain, "I thought you'd wish me to be chained in some way. When you went away, you must have forgotten that I was completely free."

"I didn't forget a thing. I left you free, with clothes handy and the key in the jeep. Now, you ridiculous female, tell me why."

Blushing, I told him the truth. There are times when the truth is the easiest thing. Harib listened, nodding quietly from time to time, as I lay bare my maiden soul. At the end of my confession, when I was close to tears, he cheerfully said, "I have to be flattered, Pandora. It proves something, doesn't it?" His laugh made me curl up inside, but it also

made me feel good. “Do you realize that you are a natural-born slave girl? The jack-ass who sent you here to seduce me didn’t know what a treasure he was parting with.”

All I knew was that I wanted male arms around me, and I wanted to shed a few tears on his male chest. I leaped from the bed and rushed toward the man who was my master. I fell flat on my face, my chained ankle straining desperately against the bed. Harib tossed me back upon the covers and admonished, “You’re insatiable, Pandora. No, you do not get that pretty little pussy of yours impaled again so soon. You’re beginning to be a tax on my duties.”

Harib unlocked the chain I had so recently snapped shut. He pushed my ankle aside and said, “There you are, you’re completely free. Run along, the jeep’s over there. I promise I won’t have anyone chase you. Go back to wherever you came from. You’re a free girl now.”

I suddenly did not want to go anywhere—except maybe back to the States. But I certainly did not want to go anywhere in this forsaken land of deserts and desperadoes. Suppose I went back to Iben Ben Dakar—what would happen to me? He is a slave dealer, and about all he could do would be to put me on another coffle. I’d had enough of that already. I looked at this man who held my life in his hands and frankly admitted, “I don’t want to run. I have nowhere to run to. I don’t want to run away from you. If we were in a civilized place, I’d suggest you take me out to

dinner."

Without preamble, he said. "Okay, I had something like that in mind. Put those clothes back on. You can even put your bra and panties on if you wish. I'll take them off when I please. I've got business on the coast, and you might as well come with me."

The enormity of what I just heard shattered me. This was the mission I was sent on, and now it was handed to me on a plate without any effort of my own. I still remembered the phone number I must call to betray this man into the hands of Iben Ben Dakar and Whitlaw Terrace. But I knew I wasn't going to use it. I'd just wait and see. In the meantime, I threw my arms around his neck, and then remembering, sank down upon my knees, sitting back on my knees and separating my thighs as far as they would go. I bowed my head in gratitude. I then put on my clothes and followed him to the jeep.

This is too wonderful, and I don't believe any of it, but I sit there as I had sat beside Whitlaw Terrace, but now it was Harib the guerrilla leader who looked at me from time to time with an amused affection. I felt loved and wanted, and if this is ridiculous, well, then it's ridiculous. I'm not pretending I do anything right, but what girl could in this shocking jumble of contradictions? Certainly not me. I lost no time in saying, "I don't know anything about you and even less about Jemna. Do you want to tell me?"

The master from whom I had refused to flee shrugged and looked at me with a deprecating smile. “There’s not much to tell, Pandora. I’m the leader of a rebel guerrilla group who opposes the existing government of Marramesh. There’s a price on my head, but not too many seem anxious to collect it.” He grins at me again and slaps my leg. “I’m taking you into a danger zone, but it’s not a danger zone for me. It’s enemy territory, but about half the people there are friends of mine, and it’s an excursion I make quite often on business. Don’t worry your pretty little female head about it. We are not going to get picked up. I’m not having you chained back on another come.”

Harib is wonderful. I don’t really know what his cause is, but I’m all for it. We gabble away like a couple of monkeys. and when we reach the suburbs of the city, we stop at a department store and emerge an hour later totally transformed. We scarcely know each other. The discreet hotel Harib selects in the city has a knowing wink for him. He is evidently an old patron. We are escorted to a room of surprising luxury. I bounce up and down on the wonderful bed and shamelessly ask, “Do you want me to undress?”

Harib takes me out to dine. It is the dream come true. I have to admit to some thoughts about the good old U.S.A., which is now a lot closer than it has been for a long while now. I spare an occasional thought of the U.S. Consulate. But that can be for tomorrow. It need not intrude on today. The dinner is superb, and what comes afterwards is absolutely out of this world. We excel ourselves, and I am

heartily ashamed of some of my behavior. I had no idea I had such wanton desires buried inside. I get gorgeously appeased, but before going to sleep afterwards, I demurely suggest, “What, no ropes? No chain or padlock?”

Harib grins and reaches in a pocket to produce handcuffs. It appears Jemna was not as unsophisticated as I’d supposed. I turn around and put my hands behind my back, then quivered deliciously as the metal locks tight around my wrists. It is like coming home. Laughingly, Harib mocks my submission: “You wanted it all the time, didn’t you? You don’t feel good unless you’re handcuffed. Good god, Ben Dakar would blow a fuse if he knew what he parted with. Now go to sleep.”

Girls should always sleep handcuffed and with their nakedness thrust hard against the naked male. It feels so good I would not chance a thing. It seems no more than a couple of minutes before the sun wakes us in the morning. I get my hands unlocked and am told I am a free woman for the entire morning. After breakfast I am left entirely alone.

I am not happy. This comes partly because I am afraid. I am in a strange and hostile land, and whatever I do is going to hurt someone. But much as I have come to adore Harib, I know with absolute certainty I must at least try to get back to the States. I want to go home!

The desk clerk speaks English. He directs me to the Ameri-

can Consulate which is close enough to walk to. I become a child again, counting all the wicked giants, wizards, and witches who will pop out at me from every hidden crevice. It is simply too good to be true! I walk along a crowded street that isn't all that different from any other crowded street anywhere in the world, and I know that in a little while I will hear American voices and find American sympathy. I think of hot dogs and hamburgers, baseball and old glory. I know it all sounds silly, but it is wholly delightful. I trip blithely along, my heart thudding almost with pain. Ahead of me is freedom I never cherished, but I most certainly will now.

At the end of the fourth block, Whitlaw Terrace falls easily into step beside me. His voice is as casual as though we parted only hours earlier. "Congratulations, Miss Morse. You have done a magnificent job."

He can hear my heart beating, I'm sure he can! I'm now in the worst dither of my life. What do I do! Do make a run for it, or cause a scene, or to a quick sprint in the direction of the consulate? I do none of these things. Instead. I turn to the man at my side and sweetly say, "I'm so glad you're pleased. You keep good track of me, don't you?"

"Just a bit puzzled about that phone call," he says, still casual but with a hidden undertone of curiosity. "We never got it, you know. It sort of leaves us wondering about you."

What the fuck do I do now! Do I concoct some fool lie or

ridiculous story? I discard the whole cloak-and-dagger scene, and simply tell him the truth. I have a feeling this man beside me would recognize a lie, but will respect honesty.

I look up brightly and say, “Don’t look a gift horse in the mouth, Mr. Terrace. Harib and I are here, aren’t we? What more do you want?’

“And I expect you’re having a nice little morning walk to the American Consulate.”

“Yes, I am,” I tell him firmly. “And don’t try to stop me. I’m going home.”

Damn it, I’ve never done this sort of thing before. I don’t know how to cope with it. I walk briskly along, and Whitlaw Terrace keeps pace with me, chatting amiably of world affairs and local gossip of which I know nothing. I could almost cry with relief when the consulate proclaims itself with an American flag and a magnificent brass plaque. I pause only slightly and tell him, “Well, I’ll be leaving you now. I guess we won’t see each other again.”

“Oh, I’m coming in with you, my dear. I have business here too. Every good American has business with Uncle Sam.”

It is at this moment that I remember Harib. He is walking around the city somewhere in grave danger. The enemy knows he is here, and there’s nothing I can do about it. But since I cannot aid him I may as well try and aid myself. I

march boldly up to the receptionist and say, “I am an American citizen, and I have been kidnapped and brought to this country. I want to go home.”

I expect the girl behind the desk hears a lot of this sort of thing. She showed no surprise, but gave me the ready-made smile imported from the business college back home. She looked past me and inquired, “Is Mr. Terrace with you, miss—are you together?”

“Let us say that I am with the young lady,” Whitlaw says blandly.

“Perhaps you can explain to her the inconvenience of her leaving Jemna at this time. I am quite prepared to look after her.”

I can feel the ground slipping from under my feet. Something is wrong. These two people know each other and have an understanding of some sort. Forcibly, I state, “I wish to see the consul.”

“I’m afraid he’s not available.” She looks at me as though seeking sympathy. “I would suggest you allow Mr. Terrace to look after you. He’s a most valued member of the American community here. If he advises you against an immediate return to the U.S., I suggest you heed him.”

“Then I will see the vice-consul,” I say stubbornly. “And if he isn’t here, then I’ll see whoever is under him and on down the line until I actually see someone.”

The receptionist sighs and gazes at me as though she wishes I was not there. I have a sudden realization that no one here is going to help me. Something is terribly wrong. In a blind panic, I turn and run all the way back to the hotel. Looking over my shoulder, I see no sign of pursuit. Whitlaw is not visible. My mission now is to warn Harib, but first of all I have an intense desire for the privacy of our room. I run as though the devil is after me and make what apologies I must to those I bump into. I am as thankful now to see the hotel as I was a few moments ago to see the consulate.

The two men are waiting for me. One was behind the door which he now slams at my back. There is nothing dramatic about either of them. They are ordinary business types, but the deadliness in their voices is frighteningly polite. “We suggest you do not struggle, Miss Morse.” He spares me a forced smile. “You have an appointment to keep.”

I struggle. If I could get back outside the door, I would scream the place down. But these men are professionals—they know what they’re doing. They sort of gather me up, their hands hard as steel and very knowing. They used a wickedly thin twine to bind me in every conceivable portion of my body which might give them trouble. They do not need to strip me to have the twine sink deep within my flesh. My ankles are clothed in nylon, which accepts the cord as though with affection. My wrists are bare, my elbows are bare, they too are quite cruelly joined and tightly knotted. They have a professional sort of gag such

as I have never seen. It fills my mouth, compresses my lips, and buckles at the back of my neck. When it is tight inside my mouth, I can make no sound. I stare and glare in a fury of frustration, but I am thankful Harib is not here. He will take warning from the shambles of his room when he returns and may yet escape. Perhaps these two thugs had hoped to collect us both.

They now bind my knees, tearing my nylons to shreds. They then perform a really horrible tie with a length of twine from my bound wrists down between my legs and then up the front to complete itself in a band around my waist. They tug this one so tight I wonder how deep within my pussy it actually has penetrated. It burns like fire, but more importantly, it prevents the faintest movement of my bound hands and arms. When they insert me into the sleeping bag and draw it tight above my head, I realize I am in the hands of masters in the art of kidnapping. From the beginning, I never had a hope.

I cannot see, but I can hear. My ears tell me we are in what is probably a freight elevator. I am then carried a short distance and dumped into what is probably a van. The motor springs to life. I am now on a journey to a destination I can only guess. But at the moment I am concerned only with pain. These assholes have tied me so brutally with such cutting thin twine that even breathing hurts. I forget about getting loose—there's no way! What I'm wondering about is am I bleeding under the cords, and can I do anything about the obscenity between my legs. It cuts

into me with the same steady burn as the bands around and join my elbows. I struggle, but only for brief moments. I am foxed!

My mind is busy within my misery. I have to suppose that my plight is connected in some way with Whitlaw Terrace and therefore with Iben Ben Dakar. I wouldn't have expected this from Whitlaw, this brutal binding. I have a terrible thought that I may have been picked up by a couple of professional slave traders. In this country, it is quite possible. I have been too busy to cry, but now I let the tears come.

Whoever invented gags ought to be painfully dismembered. This thing strapped into my mouth is positively horrendous. It turns me into a nothing. A girl who can't scream has lost her most potent weapon, and I can't even talk. Like the twine, it has been made unkindly tight. My mouth is full, and my lips hurt where the leather band compresses them back against my teeth. Whoever made this gag certainly did not like girls.

I am so busy hurting that I can't keep track of time or anything else. But when the motor dies and I can tell we have come to a halt, someone fumbles at the top of the sleeping bag to extract my helpless head. I was right; I am in a van. But that is all I see before a soft bandage is drawn across my eyes and wound several times around my head to ensure complete darkness. My ears do me little good because no one speaks English. The bag with me bound inside is

picked up and carried. From the scents and sounds I now pick up, I would hazard a guess that I am in the dwelling of Iben Ben Dakar. There is a smell of money! I no longer care where I am. All I care about is this awful pain and getting rid of it. The sleeping bag is peeled from me like a banana skin, and I am hauled erect to teeter precariously upon bound feet. Immobilized in darkness, I am going to fall, I know I am. I have lost perspective and balance. I have been robbed of most of my senses, but a feminine voice is on my arm to steady me. “You keep still one minute,” she says a friendly tone. “I free your feet.”

I keep still. Do I ever! I will do anything I am told just to get rid of any part of this beastly bondage. When my knees are also unlaced and the twin literally peeled from within my skin, I gasp with the pain, but long to express thanks I cannot utter. I am tremendously grateful. My gratitude leaps into joy when the twine is peeled from my elbows. It hurts like crazy, but I don’t care. I just want it off! Next the tight strands are taken from my middle, and the shameful binding within my crotch is tugged free, regardless of whatever discomfort the tug may cause. When it is cast aside, I am halfway back to being human.

It appears my wrists stay tied. The strictures around them are examined and patted approvingly. The hand is once more on my arm, and the feminine voice says, “You come.”

We are in a bathroom, I can tell. Now comes the inevitable. Fingers move to the fastenings of what I wear, and I am

quickly made nude again. I cannot tell if this is to emphasize my slave status or simply to bathe me. It would appear that the latter comes first anyway. The water runs, the steam rises, and I step into warm, perfumed suds. It is a strange sensation to be naked and helpless, unable to see or speak. I can understand that this is a convenience to whoever tends me. I keep shaking my head to demonstrate disapproval, but it does me no good. A reproving hand pats my cheek. The same hand is not without its sense of mischief. It soaks me well between my thighs and then rubs away happily as though deliberately seeking to arouse me. But it is only a brief pleasantry, and then begins the process of drying, powdering, and perfuming me. I am guided from the bath. “I take off gag, but you no speak,” the voice cautions.

Damn the terms! I’ll be satisfied to get the stuff out of my mouth. I nod vigorously. The strap and buckle are tugged, and the beastly thing in my mouth is slowly drawn forth. I forget the warning and gasp, “Thank you.”

The available portion of my features now gets sponged and dried. I am told to hold very still, and a lipstick begins its work on my lips. This has all the makings of a presentation of some sort. Damn it, am I going to be introduced to someone in this ridiculous plight? I mean, my hands are bound behind my back and my eyes are blindfolded! I can’t get my hands loose. I keep trying, but it’s no use. All I do is hurt myself. I ought to have learned this by now, but it seems that I never do. I long to ask questions, but they’ll

only tell me what they wish, so I may as well keep quiet. Obediently, I follow the guidance of the now familiar hand.

We walk a long way. It is terrible to walk in darkness and without hands. It's scary, and I'm quite sure they're saving up some sort of shock for me when they remove the blindfold. After awhile I hear the opening of a door and sense that I am being guided through it. A few steps later I sense something else. It is indefinable but electric. I suspect fresh eyes are viewing my nakedness. My guide is not given to verbosity. She says simply, "You stand, I fix your feet."

My feet are being fixed for sure—they are being shackled. When it is done, I lift one of them to test the length of the tether. It is not long—I will do no running. Next a metal collar clasps my neck and snaps tightly shut. From it there is a chain. I can feel it on my bare skin. A knife slashes away the twine from my wrists, and I gratefully massage them with fingers, oblivious to all else. A metal door clangs shut. There is the snap of a large lock, but I am so preoccupied with this glorious release that it is an appreciable span of moments before I realize I have hands again and can use them to remove the blindfold. I fumble at its knots, but even that takes a minute before I peel it from my face and blink in the newly discovered light. I have something to blink about. I am in a large cage—alone. The cage is in an even larger room, which is quite bare. We are its only occupants. I stare in wonder. From the collar on my neck a chain trails to a similar collar on the neck of a naked girl who stands against the bars, her arms spread

wide and her wrists tied tightly to the struts. She is surveying me in quiet amusement.

The girl is Tinkar.

“Hello, Pandora.” Tinkar is enjoying my bafflement at this whole scene. As though everything was normal, she brightly suggests, “Now that you’ve got your hands back, how would you like to untie mine?”

I am so glad to see her that I don’t bother with anything except holding her close, breast to breast, and kissing her. We kiss and caress each other happily. I feel so good and so grateful about being with her that I am almost tempted to take advantage of her helplessness and be mischievous. But we have things to say.

“Is it safe, Tinkar? I mean, am I allowed to untie you?”

Tinkar is the same irrepressible girl I remember. She grins. “Oh, sure. The woman who looks after me—her name’s Baba—told me you could. The only reason she’s tied me like this is so I couldn’t interfere with her little game. She gets a bang out of putting us girls in spots like this. Anyway, hurry up and untie me. I want to make love. ”

I untie this cheerful maiden whose sins have so heavily come home to roost upon her bare shoulders. If only she and her boyfriend had not kidnapped me, I would still be safe at home in glorious freedom. But it’s no use dreaming or regretting now. Tinkar is here, and she is a tremendous

source of regeneration for my spirits. I untie her quickly, and we clutch each other as though drowning, while she tells me that Janet and Ada have been sold, but for some reason she has not. She says she expects her failure to find a buyer may be due to her lack of respect, but I do not believe this. From personal experience I know the manner in which respect may be engendered by the cane. I tell her so and then demand, “But why are we still sort of coffled? I mean, this chain from neck to neck. I don’t suppose we can get out of this cage, so what’s the sense of it?”

Tinkar laughs at my innocence. “Darling, you mustn’t look for logic in this ridiculous place. They do these things to girls just to keep us in proper frame of mind. If we walked around loose, we might get ideas.” She chuckles. “Just imagine this cage full of women’s libbers all fixed up like this, with their bottoms burning from a good caning. I bet it would change the whole direction of society. Don’t worry about it, a bit of chain between our necks won’t stop us from doing a thing.”

“But what if they come and catch us! I don’t think they like we girls making love—do they?”

Tinkar shrugs. She turns and protrudes her bottom up for my inspection. It is delightfully scarlet, with overtones of green and yellow. She has been quite cruelly caned. “They’ve caught me once or twice already, darling. Just forget the cane. I’m willing to risk it if you are.”

I risk it. I am so damned horny for Tinkar I don't care. I just want to smell her girl scent and taste her girl juice. This land is so masculine it simply shrivels up a girl and absorbs her totally.

I seek a rebirth—a replenishing of my used sex—from this beautiful girl. We find each other's most private parts and feed hungrily.

Time vanishes. The cage disappears. The chain, which is just barely long enough to allow our lovemaking, makes a musical clinking as we pursue woman's oldest avocation. Tinkar and I enter another world, a place where only females may enter. We caress and kiss and lick to hearts' content.

The quiet male voice is shattering. "My apologies for this intrusion, my dear lesbian ladies. I had not expected to find you so happily engaged."

It is Iben Ben Dakar.

We disengage. We are two very naughty girls, both of us feeling a little sweaty and untidy, our hearts pounding. Tinkar runs true to form. "Okay, master, you caught us fair and square," she says flippantly. "When do we get whipped?"

Ben Dakar turns to me alone. "Such a delightful child! She is a shameless lesbian, you know? Ah, but you most certainly do. And the poor thing seems to thrive on the rod.

Alas, I have found no buyer for her." His old eyes twinkle. "As for you, Miss Morse, I had thought better of you."

"You had better cane me too," I tell him guiltily. "You mustn't think this was all Tinkar's fault. I'm just as bad—or as good—as she is." In forlorn desperation, I add, "Why don't you just ship us back to the States and get us out of your hair?"

Ben Dakar's shrug is eloquent. "Your wish is natural, Pandora, but it will not happen. It is a precept of this house that each maiden who enters it must turn a profit. Neither of you has done that as yet, but there is still time."

"You got a profit out of me!" I exclaim indignantly. "I lured Harib to the city to fall into your trap. Isn't that enough?"

The ancient voice reduces me to dust. "You delivered Harib nowhere, my dear. He came of his own free will, and I regret to tell you he has not fallen into our trap. He has escaped." He pauses and shakes his head at me in sad admonishment. "And instead of making the phone call as arranged, you went to the American Consulate. My dear, you are a delinquent, and your delinquency will bring its just reward."

I shiver. There's something quite deadly in this quiet old voice. In our own ways, Iben Ben Dakar and I are both victims of this ancient land. He must follow a code, and I must be punished. There is something inescapable about Jemna justice, particularly where it concerns females. On top of

that, I must also be caned or whipped because of what I have done with Tinkar, and she will share this with me. We are two girls whose future is dark. Sheepishly, we get to our feet, rattling the chains as we rise. Both of us have given up worrying about nakedness. If this man who is our owner wants to look at our tits and ass, he is welcome. At this moment we are more concerned with the marks he intends to put on our skin.

“Allah is kind, my dear. He has chosen to turn your assignment with Harib to something good. We learn from our sources and your behavior that this rebel has fallen in love with you.” Ben Dakar bows courteously. “It is easy to understand how this might happen. It was originally the second string to our bow in sending you to seek him out. A girl such as yourself is irresistible to the youthful male. Alas, for me, that time has passed.”

Stricken, I gaze at Tinkar and then at this elderly gentleman who holds both of our lives in his aging hands. Woodenly, I tell him, “Harib is a good man. He could be your friend if your government was more sensible.”

Ben Dakar’s raised hand bears a terrible command. I fall silent before its authority. “It is vital to this unhappy land that both Harib and his guerrilla force be disposed of instantly.” He smiles thinly. “This much may come about when we place within his hands a letter informing him of your naked suspension above a bed of hot glowing coals for your toes to slowly char.”

Tinkar and I freeze, tense in shock. The silence enveloping the three of us is as frightening as Ben Dakar's pronouncement. I am to be sacrificed for the benefit of the state and the holy war of these people. I'd like to tell him what he can do with Allah and all his goddamn deserts! But all I see is a mental picture of me with ten toasted toes. Oh, shit! Ben Dakar reads my mind, stifling my indignation. "I would not have done this to you, dear child, but Harib will not know this. He will cherish the same vision I know to be in your mind now. He will see the smoke curling upward from your burning feet. I anticipate the surrender of both him and his forces within a week."

Somehow I manage to mutter, "Thank you." The awful threat just made has sent me into a dither. I am scared! But Ben Dakar's voice is now benign.

"In the meantime," he begins, "you will both be my honored guests. It is true you both have debts to pay, and this will be attended to." He nods affably. "I'll leave you now. May I suggest you do not resume the carnal games in which I found you earlier? It is for your own good that you do not."

We do not resume our lovemaking. We stare at each other in dismay. We are chained and locked in a cage without hope of escape. We are to be punished. Tinkar exclaims, "Oh, goddamn that old bastard's laws! None of these assholes can think of anything except caning a girl's ass." She pauses and asks, "Pandora, this guy Harib—are you really

in love with him?"

"I don't know," I admit dismally. "I suppose, in a way, I am. I had to face this question when he set me free here in the city. I suppose the answer is the fact that I ran as quick as I could to the American Consulate to try and get them to send me home. If I had been in love with him, as you suggest, I wouldn't have done that—would I?"

It is a question to which we do not know the answer. Too much has happened to us too soon. We are just a pair of naked girls in a cage who are playthings in a larger game played by men alone. We cannot bargain with them by offering our sex, for it is theirs for the taking. We have no bargaining power at all. Our only recourse is to obey. Unhappily, I ask, "Have you picked up any clues as to what might happen to us when this all finally over and done with?"

Tinkar looks gloomy as she admits, "Sure, I've asked around. I asked the other girls in the slave pens, and I asked Baba. It seems that I'm still to be sold, and I think you'll join me on the auction block. You're a beauty; I'm sure you'll fetch a large sum for Dakar the asshole."

We sit together on the floor. We do not finger our chains. In spite of our owner's warning, we finger each other, finding comfort in each other's warmth and scent. It is sweet of Tinkar to tell me I am beautiful, but she is just as lovely. I play with her nipples, and they get rock hard. She kisses

me and suggests, “Lightning never strikes twice, darling—let’s try it again. Okay?”

I am frightened. I do not have Tinkar’s casual disregard of consequence, although I do feel a heat within my loins for this beautiful girl. Still, I have two punishments coming, and I want no more. Since we do not know if Ben Dakar’s definition of carnality includes the use of a girl’s fingers. I reluctantly stop my play. We laugh nervously as we move apart, giving a bit of distance between our yearning need. But when we sleep, it is together, entwined lovingly.

We do not make love, but in my mind, I feel Tinkar’s hot breath on my wanting body. I’m sure she must do the same.

In the morning, we are awakened by Baba. “You come,” she orders, as she unlocks the cage. “You both be very bad girls.”

We clink our chained approach to punishment.

5

Penalty and Penance

I SUPPOSE ALL PRISONS LOOK AND SMELL THE SAME. Certainly those in Jemna do. This one reminds me of the hateful place Harib's soldiers put me in. But there is a difference. We share it with three other girls: sad-looking maidens who view us without hope. They too have been striped on their bare skin. The real anomaly lies in Tinkar and I being free of chains. Our collars are unlocked, the shackles taken from our feet. But we are still safely imprisoned.

The cell door clangs shut upon us, and our efforts to talk with our fellow captives are abortive since they speak no English. We gaze upon each other sorrowfully. We are sisters in distress. Perhaps they know what is to be done to us. Tinkar and I do not.

The prison has a bright, sunlit courtyard surrounded by a high wall. The five of us are led there under an armed guard of uniformed soldiers. It is all very military and correct. We are marshaled well out upon the sand and forced into a dejected line in front of a seemingly innocent structure, which becomes more menacing the more we look at it. It is a long, heavy balk of timber, a thick plank in which half circles have been chiseled and polished at appropriate intervals. It does not take us long to guess their importance. We gaze at each other with worried looks, and one of the

other girls places her head upon a sympathetic shoulder and begins crying.

If I knew as much as she probably does, I'm sure I would do the same thing.

We are left there to wait under guard. I suspect this is just to crinkle spines and generate tears. This is a time for examination of guilty conscience, but all Tinkar and I know is that we are about to suffer pain. When an order is barked in the native dialect, our companions scramble to sit upon the sand. Hoping for approval, we do the same. A soldier starting at the end of the line directs the placement of delinquent ankles within the hollows provided in the plank. This has the quaint effect of placing my right ankle in proximity to my neighbor's left and my left ankle close to Tinkar's right. We discover, without surprise, that our legs are well apart and our pussies are blatantly exposed. Two more soldiers now complete the ensemble. They lift and place upon our waiting ankles a second plank as heavy as the first and similarly indented with half circles which fit snugly upon our flesh. The whole thing is simply a sort of communal stocks. It is designed to accommodate six girls, but in this case, it will have to make do with just five. I bet we'll scream enough for a dozen.

Padlocks are solemnly snapped shut. We are most definitely prisoners. Our bottoms find little solace in the hot sand.

Tinkar and I are still not sure. This is innocent enough, but what comes next? Even the next refinement gives us no real clue. Behind each girl is a heavy metal ring, well imbedded in the sand, and from it is a chain and collar. When the collars are locked upon our necks, we are forced to rest back on our elbows. We cannot sit erect. We can lay down without discomfort, except in the shame of our nudity, but we do not wish to lay down. We wish to learn what is to be done with us, and resting upon our elbows, we watch in apprehension. I am petrified. I exchange wondering glances with Tinkar and strive to make myself comfortable, an effort which tells me that comfort is not part of this ordeal.

The wait seems endless. I suppose we all expect it. Anytime anyone is going to hurt a girl they leave her alone to think about what is going to happen. I suppose it's considered therapeutic in its admonition against sin. We compromise by laying down and entwining fingers and hands. We cannot reach any of the nicer parts of each other. After a long while we behold a man coming toward us from the main building.

It is Whitlaw Terrace.

I hate to have him see me like this. It's horrible. I'm sure I look pathetic, scared, and terribly untidy. The soles of my feet and their wiggling toes are about the only greeting I can offer him. I have to lay down if I am to use my hands, and no girl in her right mind wants to lay down naked be-

fore a man when her legs are as far apart as mine are now. I wish I could believe he was coming to rescue us, but I'm sure he's not.

"Hello, Pandora. I'm sorry to catch you girls like this, but it seems there's no alternative." He looks up and down the line of girls and continues. "Looks like it's punishment day here in Marramesh. Would you believe me if I said I'm damned sorry about this whole thing?"

"We're sorry too. What's going to be done to us?"

Whitlaw raises a surprised eyebrow. "They haven't told you?" He repeats his gaze up and down the row of pinioned feet. "I'd have thought you'd have figured this one out for yourself."

"We don't live in these here parts." Tinkar says sarcastically. "What's the bad news, chum?"

"The bastinado. All five of you are going to have the soles of your feet caned."

I feel the ice creeping up my spine. The collar on my neck now weighs a ton. The planks between which my ankles are fast held becomes solid concrete. I am not surprised that the foreign maiden cried earlier. Tinkar and I gaze at each other. My cry is from the heart: "And you're going to let them!"

Whitlaw shrugged. "If you can tell me how to stop them, I will. I may as well tell you that it's not the old-fashioned

bastinado either. They don't have time to lightly rap the soles of your feet all day long. They'll just go at you like mad, right from the start. Harib knows about this, and I'm going to take pictures for him."

"You goddamn asshole!" Tinkar shouts in disgust. "You motherfucker! You call yourself an American!"

Whitlaw views my companion and the collar tugging at her neck sadly. He shakes his head hopelessly. "Would you believe me if I told you this is being done for the benefit of America? They want Harib out of the way. I'm afraid a couple of girls simply don't matter very much in this situation." He looks at me unhappily. "And you, Miss Morse, have a second punishment after this. We'll be sending Harib a real collection of photographs." I watch him fiddle with his goddamn camera, but what really interests me is a soldier carrying one of those yellow canes I have come to hate. He approaches the end of the line with an air of purpose, and the girl closest to him is already panting. But she does not plead. I guess she must have her pride. I am shrinking up inside, wondering if I should start screaming now. From what I have heard of this punishment, it is the most awful thing that can be done to a girl. I begin to understand the fiendish ingenuity of the collar and chain. It allows us to rise up and witness our own punishment, but we cannot lean forward enough to use our hands or influence anything. Tinkar and I are third and fourth in line, and will have to watch two others before it is our turn. By that time we will be utterly demoralized, scared out of our

minds. I turn to speak to Whitlaw, but he has backed away, focusing the camera on this evil torture. I long to die.

It is pure nightmare. The girl screams steadily as the soles of her feet are caned. They are not light blows either. I mean, I suppose they could be harder, but they are still very cruel. First one sole is caned and then the other, back and forth. It is done slowly enough, with a momentary pause between soles, to give the girl the fullest opportunity to savor her present pain and anticipate the next one. She writhes and contorts within the limits of her tether, but the collar on her neck is cruel. She chokes against it constantly, and its chain rattles and clinks as though celebrating this cruelty. The girl who had wept now lies on her back and covers her eyes with her hands. I suppose there is some sort of mercy in our ability to do this. When the first girl has been punished to the satisfaction of those in charge, it is the next one's turn, and at the first blow she lunges against her chain and cries out in extreme anguish. As the dusky maiden's feet are whipped and her cries rise, I find myself panicking. It is absurd, but I am pulling and tugging at my feet as though I could actually free them or pull them back through the holes which hold my ankles snug. I look despairingly at Tinkar. She too is doing the same thing. I guess it is involuntary, and I don't think I could stop if I tried. The girl being whipped is a writhing contortion of flying arms and tugging neck. I suppose I too will soon be the same. Whitlaw is busy taking pictures. Whoever designed this latitude of freedom for girls whose feet are

being whipped was an absolute fiend. It doubles our travail.

I cannot bear any more—I have had enough. I follow the other girl's lead and lay flat upon my back, covering my eyes with my hands. To hear what is taking place is had enough—I don't wish to see it too. It will reach me soon in all its horrible menace. If there was anyone to plead with, I would plead. I would promise anything to avoid this horrible fate. The impact of the cane is like a thunderclap. The girl screams steadily.

It is then that the screams pause and slowly die. I realize my turn has come. I dare not look. I hold my breath in dreaded anticipation. The blow cuts at me from heel to toe. I scream piercingly. Soon Tinkar screams beside me, then it is the turn of the remaining dusky maiden on the other side. The swish and thud of the cane increases its tempo, as do her awful sounds. Foot screaming, I raise up and open my eyes to behold Tinkar doing the same. We stare at each other in amazement. Each of us has received but a single cut upon the sole of one foot. It is unbearably awful, but it is only one! The whipping of the girl on Tinkar's other side continues in a measured cadence. When it is done, the bar is lifted from our feet and our three companions in agony are carried away. They cannot walk. The bar then falls again, leaving Tinkar and me still captive. Each of us has a burning, throbbing foot to keep us company.

One stroke only! Someone has sent us a message, but per-

haps it is only a prelude to worse to come. But nothing makes sense now. It would be easy for me to say we are in a worse emotional condition than before. The thought of being truly caned in the manner of that single stroke upon the bare innocence of our pinioned soles is unbearable. I don't know why a girl wouldn't faint or go into hysterics or even die. Those dusky maidens with whom we could not communicate were heroines despite their screams. My foot throbs horribly and tells me I have felt the ultimate anguish. I long for Harib with a tremendous yearning. That's what we need now: a man with a gun. I will find comfort in Tinkar's arms—if I ever reach them again. But the arms I want most are Harib's.

Time passes. We are ignored. No one comes near to look at our wounded feet or ease our bondage. We've become hungry and exchange doleful predictions on our plight. But before twilight, Baba appears on the scene with a soldier who unlocks and lifts the bars that have held us captive. He removes the hateful collars from our necks. Baba replaces them with the collars and coffle chain we know so well. My feet are once more shackled. We are escorted back to the familiar cage and given food. The lock clicks dramatically upon the door, and we are again alone. We fall into each other's arms in a desperate clutching embrace. We need warmth and love, and we give it to each other. Our limping journey from the stocks was a painful ordeal. As we fall asleep in each other's arms, our feet burn steadily.

“Well, well, what a charming sight.”

I sit up and rub my eyes. They have let us sleep late. Beside me Tinkar stares and sits up too. Our connecting chain makes its cheery morning greeting as it imposes its will on us. I look through the bars at Whitlaw’s smiling face. He is as cheerful as ever and exudes the same atmosphere of quiet confidence I have come to expect from him; I kick my ankle chain irritably and demand, “Have you come to take more pictures! I’m sure we’d make a pretty sight as we are now. You could title it ‘Caged’.”

“Pissed off, huh?” He nods in understanding. “Well, it’s about all I can expect, but in case you’re interested, some of those pictures yesterday turned out great. Harib’s got them by now.”

I make no reply, but Tinkar says sourly, “Have you come to feed us peanuts through the bars, or just to tell us about today’s torture?”

“I think you’ve had the torture,” he reassures us. “Yesterday must have been a damn rough day. Mostly mental, of course, but just the same.” He smiles complacently. “Oh, and by the way, we’ve picked up young Harib. One of our patrols got him. He’s safe in the prison you visited yesterday, so I can put my camera away and you won’t be tortured.” He smiles as though bestowing gifts. “Dakar tells me, however, there’s a little matter of punishment which I believe Baba will attend to. I’m sure you’ll accept it in good

will." He turns to leave, but remembers something and turns back with his ready smile. "And one other thing: You're both to be sold."

I am stricken. I cannot imagine Harib in prison, he who is the very spirit and essence of freedom. But I am helpless to do anything. I don't suppose I will be allowed to even visit him. Tinkar knows what I am feeling. Her arms wrap around my nudity, and before we realize what we are doing, we are making frantic, passionate love. Baba catches us at it. She carries the familiar yellow cane and explains, as though it is a matter of course, how our punishment now has to be advanced from ten to twenty strokes each. In a spirit of girlish camaraderie, she says she will not report this second sin of ours to Ben Dakar. He would be very angry and would punish us far worse. Smiling, she goes on to explain how she will have to take us out of our cage to be punished and that we can earn ourselves even more stripes should we give her trouble. Tinkar and I look at each other in disgust. Trouble! How the hell can we give anybody any trouble when we are chained neck to neck and our feet are shackled? We tell her we will be the best behaved girls she has ever seen. We ask if she can't reduce the sentence to fifteen. Tinkar adds a pathetic footnote: "How the hell did we know you were going to walk in on us, Baba!"

There is one good thing about being enslaved, naked, and chained: We don't have much time to worry about anything because one thing follows another, and if you're

hurting in one place, you're hurting somewhere else. My tears for Harib will soon change to tears for myself. Baba opens the door and beckons cheerfully.

I expect Baba has done this often. She has that air about her as we stand and wonder what's going to happen next. It doesn't take long. Two pairs of handcuffs are brought out, one for each of us. We are told to raise our hands high above our heads to the bars where our wrists are then handcuffed to hold them at that height. The chain upon our necks ensures we will share each other's pain. We are that close. Our shackled feet will do very little kicking. Suddenly I realize the moment has come, and I am helpless to do anything except suffer.

It is a silly situation. Tinkar and I have become delinquent children about to be punished by a stern governess. No matter how we try, we cannot get away from this atmosphere about this particular infliction. Baba has a maternal way about her as she smoothes our backs, our bottoms, and explains the finer points about the caning of a naked girl. "I being very kind. I no stretch skin. Not hurt near so much when stand like this."

We know she is right, but it is hard to feel gratitude. We realize the severity about what we are to suffer depends entirely on the weight of her arm. She can make it little or a lot. The sense of being owned and controlled deepens. "Isn't there some way we can get it back down to ten Baba?" Tinkar asks hopefully, and I add, "We'd be ever so

nice to you and give you a wonderful time."

We have said the wrong thing. Baba takes offense. It appears she does not share our pleasure in girlish joy. Her pussy is for men alone. She tells us this indignantly and assures us that we now most certainly will get the full twenty. Unless she lightens the strokes, this is a severe punishment. We have nothing else to offer as a bribe, so we hold ourselves in tense readiness for the pain.

I suppose what happens to Tinkar and me now arises from a matter of pride or is it shyness or are we trying to be smart-ass and show each other we can take it? But as the yellow cane cuts into our flesh, we grit our teeth and make every effort not to scream. I have never more longed to scream than now but I steal a sideways glance at my companion in distress and see the firm tension of her jaw and the compression of her lovely lips. As the cane impacts upon her skin, she grunts and winces. She gasps. I suppose I do exactly the same. But I am immediately caught up in an endeavor to not lose count and to dam back the welling peals within my throat. When I finally do scream I do it right. I think Tinkar is relieved: for she adds her voice to mine as the cane swishes joyously upon our so vulnerable curves. Our handcuffs above our heads add their metallic accompaniment to the noise we make. If Baba was brought up this way I can understand her lack of interest in fun and games.

Baba starts to lay it on us again. I think she's being a bit of a

bitch. She doesn't need to hit us as hard as she's doing. I'm going to have marks all the way up my front from the way I'm thrusting myself at the bars in a futile effort to escape her cane. A prisoner recognizes helplessness only with her mind; her body continues to rebel. If mine could crawl between these bars it surely would. I have lost count. The cuts lap defeatingly one upon another to merge into a single living pain. I scream most satisfyingly. I expect Tinkar's screams and mine are part of Baba's reward for a job well done. She slashes into us with vigor and is now finding those crevices and folds between our bottom and our thighs. I wish she knew how bad it hurts; she'd probably ease up on us. But Baba does not know. Only Tinkar and I have this dark knowledge. When Baba tells us it is over, we say meek thank you, and go on sobbing and moaning as if under a momentum of anguish we cannot slow down. We are sweating, but it is not the sweat of love although I am picking up Tinkar's redolence in a way to make my nostrils flare, whether it is for passion or pain. When our hands are freed, we have no will to fight or argue. We will do whatever we are told, and we are told now to precede Baba to the bathroom for we are to be made beautiful for possible purchases. Our appearance and morale enhanced, we are returned and locked within our cage. Tinkar mutters morosely of us being a pair of lovebirds in a pet shop, the simile is apt. But I wish I had a lovebird's feathers. I am only partially clothed, and that is by the scarlet welts of Baba's cane. I wonder if a purchaser pays more for a well-whipped girl!

Being sold, at least the way we are being sold, is a shockingly humiliating experience. Baba has instructed us on what is expected, leaving no doubts about anything and assuring us of atrocious punishments if we renege. Tinkar tells me buyers come in all sorts and sizes, and mostly show very little interest in what they see. They don't want to boost the price. We talk in desultory dejection while we wait. Tinkar's spirits are more resolent than mine, but then she does not have Harib to worry about. But chained and caged, I have as little hope of helping him as if I were on the other side of the world. Tinkar wonders aloud what it might be like to be purchased by a black man. She giggles and says she has heard they are amazingly hung and know how to use it so as to reduce a white girl simply to a moaning, writhing bundle of ecstasy. I wish she hadn't brought the matter up; it just might happen.

We are greatly honored. It is Iben Ben Dakar himself who ushers in the guest, the buyer, the purchaser, or whatever we are supposed to call him. Our owner smiles benignly and most kindly inquires after the condition of our bottoms. Obediently, we turn for him to see. He says that Baba is a good girl and no doubt we will be good girls too. We then resume as per Baba's instructions. Our motions are not all the graceful because of the chain linking our necks. We tend to jerk at each other at the wrong moments and also tread on the shackles on our feet. We are shockingly embarrassed, and the more we try to do our best, the more awkward we become. I have a terrible fear that the

purchaser may be privileged to witness a couple of slave girls getting their bottoms caned some more.

He is an ordinary looking man, but perhaps this is good. Tinkar's dreams of the finely chiseled features of a black Adonis are purely fantasy. The best we can hope for is something middle-aged and without halitosis. We stand brightly at attention, chins up, breasts arrogantly protruded, tummies concave, and our legs just enough apart that the purchaser knows there is something there. Then, slowly, we raise our arms and clasp our hands behind our necks to further enhance whatever it is we've got. It is as though male eyes focusing upon our nipples carry some sort of electric current for each of the four tits on view double in size and become outrageously hard. If I had my way with them, they'd lay down flat. The next exercise is to sort of unwind our hips. We sway them gently from side to side, probably to assure the purchaser of a spine still intact after punishment. We then raise first the right leg to further expose what shouldn't be exposed at all, and then we raise the left. Quite probably he thinks we've got two pussies instead of one. At times like this even one is too many!

A girl cannot be more naked than naked any more than someone in the water can be more wet than wet. The man's eyes are ceasing to shrivel, I'm sure they're looking just as hard but we are becoming inured to their interest in our female parts. In an absurd sort of motion reminiscent of an older time Regency dance, we reserve positions to expose

our backs and bottoms. We raise our arms as though in surrender and stand making the several motions Baba had instructed, then widening the spread between our feet. We then performed the last bit of our act which is simply to bend over and touch our toes. I do not think this is to demonstrate a caning posture. I suspect it is simply to allow a full view of a pussy in reverse. The chain from Tinkar's neck to mine clinks happily as its center links touch the floor. I bet after this first show they'll take the shackles off our feet so we can do this particular foot spreader better. We stand and sort of sort ourselves out, pink cheeked and bitterly humiliated. Ben Dakar says a most courteous "Thank you, ladies," then asks our visitor if he would care to see us whipped. We hold our breath, but it appears we do not hold that much interest for this man. It doesn't matter a damn, but I must say I am bitterly chagrined. Damn it all, what more could we do for him! I bet he's telling Dakar he prefers a girl with red hair or a tip tilted nose. Men are bastards!

But I have leaped to the wrong conclusion. We were more potent than we thought. It appears the nondescript gentleman who showed so little interest was actually enraptured with Tinkar. He has purchased her! He has no interest in me at all. Distraught. I stand while our necks are freed, and we stare at each other in dismay. We had forgotten this ancient condition of slavery in which a wife can be wrested from husband, a child from its parent, to say nothing of lover from lover. Slavery has no concern with

feelings. Perhaps a slave is not expected to have any. Before Tinkar is led away, we are given the grace of a few moments in which to hold each other tight and kiss goodbye. For a few moments I forget Harib. Then Tinkar is gone, and I am in the cage alone.

I lean against the bars in despair, shedding tears. I have lost all that I love. I will soon be in the possession of a total stranger who will probably whip and violate me daily. Iben Ben Dakar seems a decent old coot. I don't see why I can't touch his heart and find myself a better fate. If he wasn't so damn old, he could keep me for himself and whip me and take me to bed all he wanted. This is a beautiful home and such a fate would be the best I can possible hope for. Oh shit, and when I think how this all happened!

Baba attends me. It appears I am not sufficiently enchained for a girl on sale. She has a gem-studded collar she locks upon my neck and a set of shackles for my hands. They match those already on my feet, but they are now removed. I expect my guess was right about the spreading of my legs. I look down at my new restraint. Its chain is much longer than a handcuff chain. It loops rather becomingly between my wrists, its bands around my flesh wide and totally devoid of mercy. If I had six hacksaws, I couldn't get them lose. "You very pretty girl," Baba assures me comfortingly, and I really believe she thinks she is cheering me up. It's like I said before, that's what girls my age are for, to get their bottoms caned and their legs spread wide. Good god, I sure am a long, long way from home!

It is lonely in the cage. I pace back and forth around its circumference. It is not a long walk. I clutch the bars with my chained hands and peer between, but there is nothing to see. It is a futile exercise in hope. I realize if I am left alone locked in this cage for very long, I will welcome a buyer with open arms. That is, if I could open my arms, which I can't. Loneliness defeats everything. But it is probably no more than an hour before Iben Ben Dakar reappears.

We stare appraisingly, once more something electric in the atmosphere. In this man's ancient eye is an intent which may dispose my life. It must be nice to wield such power. I am completely his. I pick up the pleasure in his voice.

"I have what I hope is good news for you, Pandora Morse," he says gently. "I have sold you to a man you already know. His name is Whitlaw Terrace."

I am tense in disbelief. Terrace! Good gosh, I've never supposed he would look at me twice. He always seemed so preoccupied. He can't possibly be in love with me, and he's never seemed like a man who'd enjoy whipping my bottom. He must be filthy rich if anything I've been told about my value is true. I am fighting a congestion of emotions as to whether this news is good or bad when Dakar explains further.

"You are a lucky girl, my dear. Mr. Terrace is a wealthy man, and I don't suppose he will whip you any more than

any other purchaser would. Fortunately, he and I are old friends, and it has been easy for us to arrive at an amicable settlement. Your value is great. Being my friend, it is quite probable Whitlaw will loan you to me occasionally in the future should I have a special need for you."

"Why is he not here to take me?"

"He is busy." Dakar waves my question aside. "We will prepare you and deliver you to him." There falls a silence in which Dakar surveys me in a deep speculation all his own. I am silent, for I have nothing to say. I begin to glimpse the possibility of good in what I have been told. "His home is magnificent. Your new owner is in oil."

I look at this old man who has sold me. I feel a compulsion to mutter an embarrassed, "Thank you. I believe you are being kind."

Ben Dakar smiles and nods, then goes away, leaving me to contemplate my changed life.

I am positively tingling. I glow, quite suddenly realizing what has happened. I have to believe it is good. Whitlaw is white, and he has never been anything but courteous. He has the same inflexibility of all these men of great wealth. I suppose it is that quality that makes them rich. He will not make love to me as gloriously as Harib, but I do not expect to feel disgust either. As the moments pass, I feel better and better about what I have been told. I survey my cage with a more kindly eye, and I lift my shackled hands to admire

rather than to condemn. A slave girl sold is one reborn.

6

Linked and Loved

THERE IS AN AIR OF PURPOSE about Baba. I feel like the rooster which has caught the farmer's eye for Sunday dinner: He's pretty sure something's about to happen, but he doesn't yet know how bad it will be. I do not like the look of what she carries. It is strange to realize she has probably handled fifty different girls, and I am but one more for her. To Baba, we are all merchandise. She is not exactly unkind, but I cannot yet forget my blazing bottom for which she was responsible. Her tone is brisk: "I let you out of cage. You kneel down and behave."

Well, anyway, I'm glad to get out of that damn cage. It has occurred to me that I now have a considerable latitude of freedom. Only my hands are joined, and after I have kneeled, I lose even that bond. The lovely new shackles are unlocked and cast aside.

They had no chance to work their magic on anyone. That is if feminine shackles hold a magic for someone else. I suspect they do! I now see what Baba was carrying. It is a coil of wire and a pair of pliers. I put two and two together, and I dislike the sum. "You now put hands behind back."

I gasp and move restlessly as wire bites my wrists. A single strand, that is all. But there is a cinching loop between, and when both are knotted as tightly as Baba desires, I meekly

ask, “Baba, why on earth are you wiring me up like a package for shipment?”

Baba chuckles. “You are package for shipment. You been sold. You find new home.” Her chuckle this time is mischievous. “You get plenty punishment.”

“Is this wire the first of them? It feels like it.”

I suppose my question merits an answer. Baba moves on to what I desire least of all. She loops my elbows to bring them close together, then treats them the same as my wrists. The pain of this is bad to begin with. I hate to think what it will become. “Baba, please. I can’t stand this, and what’s the need of it anyway? A single wire cuts way in deep.”

“Get you ready for shipment,” she reminds me with another chuckle I do not share. “You make small journey. We no want you struggle. With rope or handcuff you struggle plenty, but not with wire. With wire you no want to move at all.”

Damn it, she’s right. They think of everything. A girl wired up like I am will avoid any movement. It is agony enough to keep still, but to struggle would be suicidal. When Baba is done with my elbows and they are flaming fire, she turns her attention to my ankles which get treated the same way as the rest of me. Here I have a most obvious protest. “But, Baba, I won’t be able to walk. I won’t even be able to hop. You’ve made me totally helpless!”

“That the way Baba want. You no struggle. You do what you told. You don’t walk, someone carry you.” Again the silly cackle. “You very lucky girl.”

I would have felt a lot luckier if she had used rope or handcuffs instead of wire, but apparently in the circles which deal in the sale of girls it is deemed desirable to render them as impotent as possible in transit. In a way I can understand. I simply have to hope I’ll get where I’m going before I go up the wall. Bitterly, I inquire, “What about the collar on my neck? Has he bought that along with the rest of me, or are you taking it off?”

“It stay on. You look very pretty. It also with ring and good for leash.” She reaches up to the item in question, inserts a finger through the ring pendent at the nape of my neck, and tugs to show me the utility of something which is also beautiful. It does not matter. It does not hurt. I could care less.

It is a uniformed soldier who carries me to a waiting car. It is all too evident Terrace and Dakar are definitely in with the government here. There is a semi-military atmosphere about everything done to me so far. The soldier’s uniform reeks of laundry, and his breath reeks of something else, probably some vile local beverage. He looks at what he holds with a grin of appreciation. “You got lovely tits. You not being sold, I’d bite them.” He holds me easily while one hand explores. “You got nice cunt too. I like very much. Maybe I get to fuck you sometime.” He roars with laughter.

“I bet you like that. I very, very good.”

Damn him and his lust! But what the hell else do they expect, putting a naked, bound girl into a soldier’s arms? I bet this poor guy’s got an erection a foot long. I actually feel sorry for him, having to carry a naked white girl who he can’t use his big, dark manhood on. My sorrow rapidly disappears when I see the open trunk. “You’re not going to put me in there!” I demand urgently. “There’s no need to put me in there. Why can’t I ride in the front like a human being? I can’t move, so I can’t possibly escape. If you don’t want me to make noise and cause a fuss, you can always gag me. Please, don’t put me in the trunk.”

“You go in trunk.”

The asshole is absolutely right—I go in trunk. He grins down at me for a moment, then slams the lid. I am now in something pretty damn close to total darkness. Despite a metal jack and a spare tire, I wiggle onto my side, a position in which the pain is at least minimized. Not that the wire gives me a break any place, but a girl does the best she can. I debate the wisdom of screaming, but I am sure they will have considered this hazard, and if I make a lot of noise, I may get punished for it. I am already beginning to think as a slave thinks. I’ll never get loose, I know I won’t. Never!

I do not bother about the starting and stopping of the car or the passage of time. I simply hurt and long for the ordeal

to be over. Baba certainly knows her stuff when it comes to immobilizing a girl. Hell, if you stuck me out in the middle of a field now with no one looking, there would be nothing I could do. These wires are simply for the birds. I want to cry in solace for their wounds, but I fight back the tears. Whoever opens the lid should see me looking at least halfway human, not a sniveling creature with a runny nose. Shit, slavery is nothing the way it's supposed to be. If someone was to free me now, I would love them forever.

I am so busy hurting I don't realize the wheels have stopped. The lid to the trunk rises abruptly, and I find myself gazing up at the amiable features of Whitlaw Terrace. As he looks at me the amiability dissolves and he demands, "Who the devil wired you like that, Pandora—that silly bitch Baba?"

I tell him that yes, it was Baba. He then uses pliers to free my elbows. I suppose he can easily figure they hurt the worst. Next my ankles. The relief is glorious, but the way the wire had to be pulled from within my skin tells me I will wear thin circlets of scarlet or purple for days to come. My hands have not been freed. I suppose I can't expect that all at once. Whitlaw is a prudent man. He sounds peeved when he tells me, "I didn't tell that silly bitch to use wire on you. I suppose it's a good idea with some girls, but rope would have looked after you well enough, or a pair of handcuffs. Here, I'll lift you out."

I feel so good. Suddenly the sun shines just for me alone,

and suddenly the pain is bearable. I do not quibble about my wrists. I suppose I have to be fastened some way. I can't expect freedom, at least not this soon after being purchased. This guy and I don't really know each other at all. He has no reason to trust me or I him. I mutter a modest thank you and then say, "That's a marvelous way to fix a girl you don't trust, but please not me, not ever again." I gaze at him and strive for wry humor. "I am told you've purchased me. What do I call you now, sir or master? Please tell me."

He has stood me erect and he's helping to massage my wounds from Baba's wire. His unexcited voice tells me to call him Whitlaw or just Whit for short—he says that's what his friends call him. He assures me I will not be punished for this familiarity. He intends to simply call me Pandora. I ask, "Why haven't you unwired my hands? Don't you trust me?"

"Don't be a silly girl. Of course I don't trust you. Why would I? You want to be free, you want to go back to the States, and you probably want to run off to the prison and do that mournful act of looking at Harib through the bars." He laughs up at me from where he kneels to comfort my ankles "How badly are you in love with that guy, Pandora?"

Whit has done nothing for me. He hasn't changed a thing. The wire around my wrists and the collar around my neck tell me what I am. His manner is still strangely impersonal and faintly abstract, as though he doesn't think of me as

real and is not quite sure about himself. I have a sudden terrible thought that he may be a homo and has no interest in girls. I am not sure if his manner arises from this or only because he is a rather shy gentleman. I suppose either way I win, but what would a homo want with me then? I search my mind for things I have read, but don't recall instances of homosexuals enjoying the caning of a girl's bottom. From what little I've learned of it, they confine this activity to each other. Abruptly, I inquire, "Why have you bought me, Whit?"

He gets up and chucks me under the chin. He is the perfect big brother. If I was much younger, he could even be a delightful father image. There is no menace about him, and yet he has not been kind to me. He has used me just as Dakar used me. He refuses to free me or send me back to America, yet he is an American and seems to be a thoroughly nice guy. I suppose I'll make some sense of this sooner or later, but I cannot now.

Whit does not bother with my question, but carries me from the garage into the house. It is a splendid place just as Dakar had promised. Its appointments are Western, but its architecture is purely Moorish. I'm sure it will provide sunlit rooms of stone in which I can be suitably punished. I cannot forget it was this man who watched and took pictures of the whipping of one of my feet. Oh damn, this is a queer and crazy jumble. I wish to goodness he'd tell me something instead of being so painstakingly gentle!

With hands still wired behind my back, I stand before Whitlaw's desk in his sumptuously and expensively appointed office, very much as a supplicant before a judge, while he calmly takes a visual inventory of what he has purchased. He has seen me naked before, so that's nothing new. The difference now is he owns what he sees. I sense his concern as to what he will do with me and to me. He slips me a surprise. "I have a little time available, Pandora. I intend to fuck you." His smile is still that of a big brother. "I want you to regard this not as rape, but as the ancient droit-du-seigneur. After all, you have cost me a lot of money."

I sniff. Whichever way it happens or whatever high sounding term is used to describe it, I will simply end up upon a bed with my legs far apart or up in the air. I'm becoming somewhat of an authority on this particular activity and have no hesitation in telling my new owner, "I'm not a virgin, you know, and even though you use the term 'right of the master', it still adds up to the same thing." With a touch of defiance, I add. "Okay, where do we do it?"

Whitlaw picks me up as though I weigh ten pounds. I admit I find myself nestling against the rough stuff of his jacket and as we go upstairs I realize I am excited. Well, why the hell not! Whether this is rape or the ancient claim of the lord of the manor's right to a maiden's flesh, or even if it is nothing but a casual coupling, it is nonetheless my first time with Whitlaw and it is not likely to be my last. This man owns me. It is a strange sensation, but it adds a

dimension to what we are about to do. I guess in this strange mix-up of right and wrong he probably does have as much 'right' over me as we might have acquired at the alter. Anyway, it's going to happen. My wrists hurt like crazy.

Whitlaw is not Harib, but then I didn't expect him to be. He has thrown me on the bed, and I arrange my wired hands to suffer as little hurt as possible while I am. I still think of it as rape. When Whit removes his clothes, he seems to be twice as big as before. He is truly a magnificent male specimen, most obviously virile. I thrill at what I see. A year ago this would have horrified me, but now a man so endowed only excites me more. He has immense control, and I scream from climax to climax as he thrusts his massive self inside me. As we end our blissful union, we lay together, panting. It is useless to compare rapes or couplings or whatever you want to call it, including that neat four-letter word. They are all different in as much as we ourselves are different. If Whit is not Harib, he still certainly need not apologize for his ravishment. Vulgar words and expressions flit through my mind. I think in terms of Whitlaw filling my tight, hot pussy with his huge, hard cock—him thrusting again and again, fucking me as I submit to his irresistible masculine virility—and I think that this expression of lust is most eminently appropriate.

Whit unwires my wrists. I almost have another orgasm, the feeling is so intense. My thanks are fervid. He is a man of his word and is doing exactly as promised. He now breaks

a piece of news to me that I am not sure about.

“I need someone to look after you, Pandora. I’m not here all the time. I can’t leave you roaming around. I have selected a young woman I have known for some time. She has one of these peculiar names no one can pronounce, so I have rechristened her Wisteria. Wisteria is educated and very much aware.” He glints his gray eyes at me in amusement. “She also adores whipping a girl. I have given her carte blanche with you. She will keep you safely captive and punish you as required, either by your behavior or her caprice. She will do you no injury, but I do suggest you watch your Ps and Qs. It is her intention to turn you into a model slave.”

“Why don’t you whip me yourself? I’d sooner you did.”

Whitlaw studies the question and then says, “The idea displeases me. I have no hesitation in ordering you whipped, but the act of marking your skin is something I prefer to delegate to others, preferably a woman. Wisteria is perfect for the purpose. You may like her.”

I would prefer to spend time with Whit alone. What he has done to me has engendered a warmth I cannot ignore. I have discarded the father image and am now on the verge of tossing away the big brother image as well. It would have been pleasant to enjoy this total freedom he has granted me and to rub my wrists to my heart’s content, but Whitlaw Terrace is a methodical man, and I quickly realize

he has planned everything neatly in advance. The door opens, and I get my first look at Wisteria. There is about this lovely creature a lithe strength which tells me I could never get the best of her. Along with a pair of handcuffs, she carries a tremendous authority.

I bet she and Whit have slept together many times. There is an understanding between them I cannot fail to see. A moment later I am turned around. My arms are gathered in back and the handcuffs replace the wire upon my wrists. As usual, I am back to square one. Melodiously, she says, “Hello, Pandora. Our master calls me Wisteria, and you can call me that too. I want you to like me. I will not whip you too often.”

“Well, well, I can see things are going to work out just fine for you two,” Whit says with a heartiness which holds a tinge of relief. I suppose he doesn’t want a jailer for me who will deliver a wreck to him every time he returns home. Again I am aware of kindness in this man, but I also wonder why the devil he wants me when he has her. But I suppose in this strange land an American girl has certain utilities the local ones can’t deliver.

Our master departs as though glad to leave. I suspect he’s embarrassed about my surmises about Wisteria. They are all too obvious. The girl and I stare at each other without hostility. We are intrigued.

“I’ll get you whipped first thing, Pandora, and after that we

can have a nice long talk over a cup of coffee. Would you like that?" Her startling words are bright and cheerful as though to be expected.

"Couldn't we have the cup of coffee and the nice long talk without the rest of it? I don't see why you need to whip me, I haven't done anything wrong."

"It's just to sort of get acquainted, dear." Her voice is as charming as the rest of her. "Now don't try and talk me out of it. If you do, it will simply hurt all the more. Your bottom has already been well caned, so what I had in mind was just a light attention to your legs. I do think whipping a girl's legs is so much fun. If you tie them properly, they dance around most entertainingly. I'm sure you will, Pandora. I just know you're going to be something special."

This has to be nuts! But I do realize it sort of conforms to what I know of Whit. Neither he nor this girl have rough edges or brutality. They do what they do in a pleasantly affable and friendly way, even when it is as bizarre as what Wisteria now proposes. My breathing quickens. I tug against my newly handcuffed wrists. "I suppose I have nothing to say about anything, do I?"

"Not a thing, dear. And by the way, if you were wondering, I was educated in England and France—that's where the accent comes from. You don't know anything I don't know, and I intend to always keep you properly secured. For instance, with these handcuffs now. I wouldn't want you not

to understand." It is as though we have known each other a long time. I suppose this is because of all the authority wielded upon me since enslavement. Wisteria is a link in a chain of impositions. I will have to bear whatever she hands out. But beneath the seeming cruelty of her words I sense a warmth, a girls-together sort of thing that has yet to mature. Fleetingly, I think how nice it would be to take her to bed and eat her all night long. I'm sure her naked body must be exquisite! In the meantime, she's going to whip my legs. Oh, god!

Wisteria's fingers on my bare arm are nice, though. I wonder what Whitlaw is up to, placing me in the care of a girl like this. Even though she is about to be cruel, there is something emanating from her. It's that same aura of good will I feel from Whitlaw. They are a strange pair, and there is, I'm sure, more between them than meets the eye.

I was right. There is a room. With firm, unhurried motions, Wisteria positions me as she desires, and a few moments later I stand with my handcuffed wrists dragged high up behind my back. I lean forward. I have no choice. I had wondered if there would be a moment of freedom when she removed the handcuffs, but she does not need to do this. She has simply hooked the single chain between them and drawn them high. There is nothing original about it; it has been done before. But I look down at my legs. It is an easy view, and I realize how vulnerable they are. I have goosebumps I can't touch.

The whip is a slender, wicked job, more like a leather shoelace than a thong. Wisteria dangles it before my eyes as though sensing my interest. “It’s harmless, Pandora,” she reassures me quietly. “You won’t believe this while it’s happening, but you’ll see.”

Do I ever! The beastly thing wraps itself around the calf of one leg in a kiss of fire so acute I am positive blood must follow. But there is no blood, only a pink line or circle growing deeper by the moment. It is an altogether new pain, and I want no more of it.

Innocently, I wail, “Wisteria, please stop! This isn’t a fun thing—it hurts like hell. Can’t you do something else?”

“If I do something else, my dear, you would realize you prefer this. It’s a dear little whip, and I don’t want you saying it isn’t. Here, Pandora, kiss it.”

She brings the whip up to my face, dangling the leather thongs before my face. My quivering lips kiss the handle, and I swallow hard, awaiting Wisteria’s next move.

“Now, my dear, it will kiss you.”

I grit my teeth, and again I feel the wicked thing biting at my legs. It is awful. Wisteria slashes away happily, and I find myself doing the very thing I did not want to do: dancing as though a puppet on a string. My feet move up and down, kicking out sideways. I am rewarded for my performance by another cut of the whip and then another.

This is one more instance where the girl wielding the whip would most certainly show more mercy if she herself had been on the receiving end. I kick and cavort outrageously, but there is nothing I can do to stop her. My wrists remain cuffed high above my back and vie with the thong to cause me pain. Needless to say, Wisteria does not confine her whipping to my calves alone. Everything on my helpless limbs suffers equally: my thighs, my knees when I twist around for a moment, my ankles, even the soles of my feet as I dance helplessly. When I meet Wisteria's gaze, she is smiling. She loves every moment of my pain.

"Wisteria," I gasp. "Please slow down. Give me a rest, please! Wouldn't you prefer making love?"

I have said the wrong thing and am rewarded by a real zinger way up between my ass cheeks. I suppose with a master like Whitlaw she has no desire for female love, and if she has no hunger for my pussy, then I'm really up shit creek!

The whipping of my legs suddenly stops.

"That's all, dear. Your legs are now a lovely scarlet. Can you see them?"

Yes, I can see them quite well. My hands are now lowered to enable me to twist and turn, giving me a better view of my punishment. Wisteria seems proud of her work. We all have our own thing, and if this is hers, perhaps I am lucky. I mean, I realize it really could be much worse. Wisteria

unhooks my hands from the tether by which they were raised, then guides me to where she makes the coffee. It is all very splendid and functional and rich. More than ever, I feel like a poor relation. Striving for the proper tone, I say, "Thank you for whipping my legs. I didn't enjoy it much, but then I don't guess I was supposed to. But could you tell me something, Wisteria? Could you tell me why Whitlaw bought me?"

She laughs gaily. "I don't even know why he bought me, honey. He doesn't collect girls—you and I are the only ones."

"You're a slave!" I am shocked. "You've got to be kidding?"

"Not at all. It's not as strange as you think. Iben Ben Dakar acquired me along with a consignment of white girls, and Whit simply took a fancy to me. At that time he was whipping girls himself, mostly those belonging to Dakar, but he took to whipping me, and then he took to loving me too." She sighs pensively. "But then he lost interest in the whippings, and even the loving. He's a terribly busy man. I mean, sometimes he gets others to whip me, and will watch occasionally, but it's not the same."

"I know how you must feel," I confide. "He is very potent in bed—I know. And so big!"

"Oh, god!" she exclaims, excitedly nostalgic, "I was scared the first time, but he got me so wet and turned on, the thing just slipped inside, and from there it was one climax after

another. I couldn't believe it!"

"I know," I agree. "When he was finished, I just lay in a lovely daze, my pussy simply glistening with his essence."

We both sigh, and then remain silent, thinking back to our time with the mighty male force who is Whitlaw Terrace—our master and our love.

Since I have been fed earlier, it's quite natural that Wisteria raise the cup of coffee to my lips. I drink gratefully. There is something immensely civilized in a cup of coffee. Maybe it's just because it reminds me of America. It gives me courage to ask, "But, Wisteria, if things have gotten bad now, why don't you just run away? You're a slave, but you still have the chance to escape."

"Oh, you mean because I'm not chained or tied?" Wisteria says without concern. "You won't run away after you've been here as long as I have. A girl would be stupid to leave all this beautiful, rich luxury and go out and work for some pittance in an office." She smiles at my puzzled face and goes on to explain. "Think of it: You've got all the privileges of being a wife without any of the disadvantages. Whit allows me to do almost anything I like, as long as I'm available when he wants me. He doesn't even keep me naked, although if I annoy him and earn a punishment, I lose my clothes for several days. He thinks it shames me to be nude, but I got over that a long time ago. I expect you have too."

“But he must have kept you chained or tied at the start, or did he just lock you up all the time? How long did it take?”

Wisteria laughs at my eagerness. She is well aware of its reason. “Forget it for now, dear. There’s no freedom for you. If I unlocked those handcuffs, I’d have a battle on my hands right quick. Be honest now, I would, wouldn’t I?”

I suppose she’s right. I twist at my steel-clad wrists as though for reassurance. I am a prisoner for sure. I make a reluctant admission: “Well, yes, I suppose you are. What happens to me in Jemna is not my life at all. My life is somewhere across the ocean.”

“There’s quite a chunk of it in our local jail, isn’t there?” Wisteria’s eyes glint mischievously. “Isn’t his name Harib?”

“How did you know?”

“Oh? I know quite a lot about you. Whitlaw told me. He thought it just as well I knew what I was dealing with. He describes girls in love as a pain in the ass, so I suppose that’s the way you’ll have to think of yourself. Now that you’ve caught a glimpse of what Whitlaw Terrace can do for you, are you going to have those delightful romantic fantasies about getting your hero out from behind the bars and ushering him back to freedom?”

“I would if I could! You’d do the same, wouldn’t you?”

“I doubt it. Men are the same for me as what the master called girls in love. I’ve never had anything but trouble out

of any of them except Whit. He's always told me exactly what he'd do for me and to me, and he's kept his word. Think of it, would you really let the guerrilla loose if you had the chance?"

"Of course! I'd give my body to anyone who'd free him. I'd take his place even."

"You're just saying that because you know it isn't going to happen, but you do act as though you love the guy. Suppose I showed you a way in which you could barter your pretty little pussy for his freedom, would you go for it?"

"You couldn't. Wisteria, how on earth could you? I mean, I'm as much a prisoner as he is, and it's your job to keep me so."

"Oh, I'm human, Pandora. I'm a girl, and I'm subject to silly notions the same as you are." Wisteria pause as though taking an inward glance within herself. "Suppose I showed you a way? I've said it's impossible, but it really isn't. The reason I'm talking like this is I'd enjoy a bit of danger. That's the only thing I have against my marvelous life here in Whit's house. I want a bit of spice, you know." She muses a bit longer and comes out with, "I've thought of a piquant situation—it tempts me. Would you wish to run the risk?"

"Yes! But what about you, wouldn't you be blamed?"

"Oh, sure, but that's the bit of spice, and I've come to know Whit pretty well. In most circumstances I can twist him

and get what I want. There's only a slim chance he'd toss me in that horrible little black hole he's got under the house, that place with all the bars and stone and ugly chains. Ugh!"

Wisteria must be kidding. She'd run the risk just for excitement! But I can dimly glimpse her motives and perhaps the risk for her is small. She is a very favored slave girl. I consider the possibility of Whitlaw being in love with her, and quite absurdly feel a tinge of jealousy. I scarcely think of the risks or agonies I will endure to bring about Harib's release if such is even possible. They do not matter. I simply ask, "But, Wisteria, how?"

"That's where the touch of piquancy comes in, Pandora. My biggest risk is you, but I'm getting you're as honorable as good old Whitlaw. Here's the kicker, and I don't blame you if you say no." Once again there is mischief in her eyes. "Think about this: I make it possible for you to affect Harib's release, and then instead of running off with him into the romance of the desert and his tent and all the glamour that clings about a guerrilla leader, you simply come back here to me. You renounce Harib, you strip naked, you turn and offer me your arms for the cuffs I will have awaiting you. There, is that not a piquancy?"

Is it ever! It is also as great a tax upon my honesty as could be devised. It is in its way diabolical in its cruelty, and I have to wonder if Wisteria knows what she demands. Wonderingly, I look at her and ask, "And if I fall, you go

down into that black hole with its chains for half your life?"

She shrugs. "It could happen. I obviously don't think it will, though. You see, dear, there's a little more to my plot than what I've told you. What we will have to do is wait for Whit's absence for one or two days to enable me to make the deal and for you to deliver your delightful person to the lecherous official who will accept it as his bribe for Harib's release. You then hasten back to captivity with me and are completely innocent of suspicion. I can simply shrug and say I've kept you chained throughout the whole time and whoever makes the query doesn't know what they're talking about, it's infallible. It will work."

"Why would you trust me?"

"Just an instinct. I think you'll come through. There's also that touch of spice that will be my reward."

"You have to get more out of it than that!"

"Call it a vicarious thrill. But, darling, don't ask too many questions. I could change my mind, you know." She laughs again at my evident dismay. "I suppose your conscience is bothering you in some way or other. If it would help at all, I'll promise to give you a good whipping on your return. It would make your noble sacrifice that much more dramatic and satisfying. It would, wouldn't it?"

I don't believe this. I am naked and handcuffed and a pris-

oner. I just don't understand why this delectable creature would risk her freedom and skin on my behalf. But then, of course, she does not expect to be caught. She is wagering everything on her conviction I will live up to a promise—a parole—and come back to her. If I do that, the scheme is indeed without flaw. I forget about my scarlet legs in a rising ride of excitement. I see Harib's face as clearly as if he were in this room.

It happens on the fourth day. We know in advance Whitlaw will be absent. I try to disbelieve. If I did not, my excitement would destroy me. When I think of what I must do, I consider it in the light of fantasy. I will not let myself hope too hard. I am glad Harib knows nothing. It would be agony for him. When Whit is safely gone, Wisteria takes the handcuffs from my wrists and I am free. Amused, she gives me clothes and watches me put them on. I am trembling and she has to help me. During the four days I have been fully instructed on the manner of my behavior in the price I have to pay. Nothing is simple; it appears there are ritualistic ways of doing things.

Wisteria has acquired a strange conveyance, presumably rented. In it she drives me to the jail and personally escorts me to the office of the man who holds Harib's life and freedom in his hands. I can't pronounce his name, so I just think of him as the Warden. He is in his office, and his eyes become alive at the sight of me. Apparently he has a penchance for white maidens from America. I pick up his vibrations. I know I excite him. Well, why not! I'm a beau-

tiful girl, and Wisteria has gone to great lengths to clothe me and make even more lovely. I know myself to be most desirable. He turns to Wisteria and says, “I approve most heartily. Our bargain will be honored. I will place this young woman in a taxi when her task is done.” He bows Wisteria to the door, and when he turns to me, we are alone. I am so damn grateful he is not hideous. I have been so damn keyed up, I haven’t examined him as he has examined me. He is simply a tired, middle-aged man, and I suppose this is why he is vulnerable. His wife is probably plump and has a large family. I am puzzled as to why he would not divert any female prisoners who come his way into his bedroom, but that is not my affair, and if his thing is purely for a resident of the U.S., then that explains it all. I tell him I am honored by our arrangement and will do my best to please him. For the moment I am purely and simply a whore. He assures me he will live up to his part of the bargain. Harib is nearly free.

“Be kind enough to remove your clothes, Miss Morse.”

As I obey, I wonder how many times he has given that command. His authority is great. Nude. I am ushered into an adjoining room which is a pleasant lounge with a bar. This whole bizarre absurdity has become so normal for me that I accept his offer of a drink. By all the standards of fictional heroines, I ought to need one. I am ashamed that actually I do not. I am as calm as a girl about to be ravished can be. When I have gulped my drink and said my thanks, the Warden removes his clothes and discloses something

better than anticipated. His paunch is not overly large, and his equipment is in the same category. But my heart almost stops beating when he removes from the drawer the familiar yellow cane. He flexes it back and forth, eyeing me with approval. “I’m sure you understand, Miss Morse. What we are about to do has little value unless the girl has suffered pain. It is the pain that provides my pleasure. I intend to cane the palms of your hands.”

7

Agony of Love

I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN. I stare at the Warden aghast, and wonder if I can come up to his demands. I suppose somewhere in his background an American was mean to him and this is his revenge. He will make me extend my arms and then he will thrash my hands. Thus I will writhe erotically before I even reach his couch. Harib's release will not come cheap.

"The prospect startles you, Miss Morse. Well, consider it as being in a noble cause. I am certain the man I have in the cell below would be grateful for what you do. I suggest another drink. The pain will be extreme."

No heroine approached her martyrdom better informed than I. Good god, this whole casual business as though I was negotiating the purchase of a dress or a pair of shoes! The Warden pours me a liberal portion and another for himself. He clinks glasses with me and makes his toast. "To the beauty of a maiden's pain." He smiles winningly and gulps his down in swift swallows. It takes me longer. Somehow I seem to have a lump in my throat and my hands tremble. Thank heavens for alcohol! I don't know what this stuff is, but it goes down like a stream of fire, and my courage mounts accordingly. The Warden has throughout been studying my torso and shows ample physical evidence of approval. The cane which has been

tucked beneath his arm now comes to the fore. “I think, Miss Morse, I will ask you to kneel. Here, in the center of the floor where we have ample space. I would like you to kneel with your knees well apart so I may see your pubic patch. You will then extend your right arm with your hand stretched open.”

Why should I complain! I asked for this and entered into it knowingly. This idiot has been looking at my pubic patch steadily for quite awhile. I don’t see what extra good it will give him to have it on view when I kneel, but on the other hand, it does me no harm, so I assume the position he requests and tentatively extend my arm as directed. I am not going to like this one little bit, and I only hope I do not scream too much.

The cane whistles and bites at me like a snake. It hisses through the air, then strikes. The pain is unimaginable and like no other. I whimper in dismay and clutch the injured member beneath its opposite armpit, but it appears this is not the way it is done.

“Come, come, girl. You know better than that. You allow the hand just caned to hang limply at your side while you then extend the other arm for the similar treatment.”

Well, I suppose this hugging of the wounded hand is all in the mind. It seems to give comfort, but possibly does not. However, it takes all my will to do as directed. The business of holding out my as yet uninjured hand is pure agony, an

agony of the spirit, not the flesh. That will come soon enough. Once more the air is split with a terrible snicker of sound and fire lances into every part of me from the palm of my left hand. I remember just in time to allow it to fall limp at my side. I now have two hands on fire and wait in trepidation for the next command.

“I trust I hurt you, Miss Morse?”

“Intensely.”

“Excellent. You are now conditioned. I trust you understand the importance of what we have just done?”

“Yes, sir, I do.”

“In that case, you may arrange yourself upon the couch, or do you prefer the floor?”

The suave son of a bitch! Everyone’s so damn polite and then they perpetrate the most shocking cruelty. I wonder what happened to the leering villain of fiction. Maybe he never existed. But anyway, right now I am so damn thankful he’s not hitting me any more with that cane I almost feel euphoria to have done with it. That of myself I must now deliver is trivial compared to the caning of my hands. I lay on the couch, raise my knees, and spread my legs wide. It is then that I get my next jolt. The Warden is strapping on a huge, outrageous dildo.

“But you don’t need that, sir!” My exclamation is involuntary, and to it I add my maiden homage. “You’re ever so big.

You don't need help. Please, I'd much sooner have you."

I waste my time. It appears the Warden sees in me the possibility of fucking the United States, not just a girl. I am to be ravished by a personal weapon designed for the impotent. Well, I have sustained the caning of my hands, and I can no doubt endure this as well. Thank heavens this is not my first time! The monstrous cannon he now points at me is almost frightening. If I can take this, I can take anything. Politely, I inquire, "Sir, do you wish to tie me in some way?"

The Warden is pleased that my query is, I suppose, a tribute to his maleness and the magnificence of the weapon by which my sex is to be assailed. What could be more natural than a girl being bound to receive it? He gives my innocent query some thought, but decides against it, presumably on the basis that America must render in totality. He does not want me to be able to say I had no choice.

The couch is large. It will permit whatever play may arise from my implement. That is all I can think to call it. I question if being pierced by it is even sexual. I see it in much the same context as being whipped. It is a truly fierce thing which he belts on himself so tightly as to make it spring erect in true reality. I don't know much about such devices, but I presume it is hollow and within its rubber or vinyl sheath his own organ quietly awaits its turn. Oh damn, there's always something fresh to learn.

The Warden kneels between my spread legs and looks

down at me possessively. How marvelous it must be to be male and possess such power. This man has caned my hands and is now about to thrust his artificial organ into my womb. I suppose if he now demanded I rise to have my back whipped, I would obey. This is the insidious quality of punishment. If it is inflicted a little at a time, it can go on forever!

The Warden smiles down at me. “You are impatient to be pierced, I can tell. But fear not, I indulge in speculation. Surely you can grant me that.”

I suppose I can, but I am realizing the cat-and-mouse quality of what is taking place. Suppose the Warden demands this and then that and then something else! Wisteria has made a deal, and I am about to remind him of it when his voice resumes, “I toy with possibilities, Miss Morse. Suppose I introduced Harib to a room in which you hang naked and suspended upon the triangle to be flogged? I invite him to use the whip in return for freedom. What will he do?”

“Refuse.”

“You are sure of that?”

How can I be sure of anything in this crazy world? I am no longer sure of the Warden. I have a terrible feeling he could renege and use me horribly to please himself or to harass Harib. I am not bound, but I am naked and terribly at his mercy. The fact is, I cannot be sure of anything, not

even Harib. He is only human and might do what he saw as his duty to his people. The Warden's voice brings me back from surmise.

"That is just a possibility, Miss Morse. I will not do it. You may set your pretty mind at ease. However, another follows much along the same lines. Suppose I have Harib chained to the wall in that same room and then have you brought in and bound to the triangle and he is compelled to watch while you are flogged! An interesting picture, don't you think? Harib would be told of your voluntary sacrifice and then sent out into the desert. I wonder how his pride would sustain the wound."

"You make fun of me, sir. You are an honorable man."

"Alas, that is true." The Warden sighs heavily in what I suspect is not a true dolor. "So let us make your martyrdom come true."

I bet this is something few girls ever feel, this immensity piercing me in a slow progression as though toward a goal. My sex is shocked by the intrusion, but it is female. It adapts. The Warden is evidently experienced in this incursions within the feminine orifice. He has his own technique and it works. I am deeply grateful for it. Without his pauses, his twists and turns, I can imagine injury, but none takes place. By the time I have abandoned horrific speculations and come to realize I am alive and well and functioning, every bit of his artificial atrocity is within me,

it is inside me right up to its hilt. I have a silly thought as to what his penis thinks of the whole proceeding. I hope it feels cheated!

I don't know if I am to orgasm instantly, but I do not. My mind and consciousness is filled with too many violent impressions, hopes, and fears. But the Warden is skillful and eventually nature has its way. He brings me to climax long before he comes anywhere near, and in fact, I do not know if he can climax at all inside this ridiculous sheath with which he pierces me. His pleasure goes on and on, and is accentuated by his grasping of my wrists and thrusting my hands down beside my head to observe their swollen hurt upon my palms. The Warden gets his money's worth, and how!

Finally he removes the dildo and finishing me, or rather himself off with his own flesh and blood weapon, emerges from the fray very much the conquering hero. The Warden is pleased with himself and with me. I can only hope he views the U.S. with a kinder eye than before my piercing. He invites me to another drink which I accept. Thank goodness for alcohol! There can be few ordeals inducing sobriety than being whipped and being raped. Most certainly I can down another snort, once again he comes up with something gentlemanly, we clink glasses and this time his toast is gentle while he looks me in the eye. "To courage." I feel a heroine.

The Warden plays with my various female attributes be-

fore I dress. Surely he cannot be as lonely as he acts or is it simply my American flesh. At any rate my breasts, my nipples, and my pussy are well examined and truly felt. Resuming my clothing I feel ridiculously over dressed, this apparently is what being naked does for a girl. I can now regard clothes as a bit of a bore and regard myself as nicer as only me.

“Your great moment is at hand, Miss Morse.” The Warden’s wary eyes survey me solemnly. “Can you believe me what I say I do not envy you?”

I believe. I do not envy myself. What I must now do may be the most heartbreaking thing of my entire life, but it must be done. I return his stare and say simply, “I am ready.”

In his horrible little prison behind the bars, Harib is still the smiling boy, but seeing me his smile vanishes. Everything I have to say remains suspended while he accuses, “You! You who betrayed me, selling me into this! What the hell are you doing here!”

I will be forever grateful to the Warden. He takes over and tells the man behind the bars of what I have given on his behalf. It is a shameful chronicle but I would like to take pride in it. I wish Harib did, but when it is done and the Warden asks bluntly, “You believe me?” the prisoner says, “Not a word of it. This is one more trap. Do you think I’m a fool!”

I am bereft, dismayed, undone. I stand speechless while the

Warden thrusts a bundle through the bars. “You will escape in these new garments and will use the gun only if you must.” Sadly he adds, “I will leave you two together for a brief space, surely you can rediscover each other. If you can’t, there is no hope for you.”

I do not care that he is gone. I do not care of being clothed, unfettered, and unbound. My thoughts are not my escape but of Harib. He is looking at me in disbelief. “You did this, what the Warden says?”

“Yes.” I say it as simply as I can. I will not boast of it, but surely Harib must understand. If he does not, then the Warden is right: we are both destroyed.

“Come here.” A male arm reaches between the bars and grasps my hand. Willingly, I give myself to the limited embrace the bars allow. We kiss and kiss again until he says hoarsely, “You did this for me. You gave yourself that I go free.” He looks me in the eye and his old sparkle returns. “You are a woman beyond price.”

We scarcely notice the bars. It would be nice if they were not there, but we do very well with them. It would be ludicrous to think of true intimacies when life hangs in the balance as it does now.

When the Warden returns and says we must go, Harib is at first startled and then shocked by what we tell him of my bargain. I watch his face and know he too grapples with his conscience, his pride, and his honor. Since he possesses

these things, he will honor them in me. I snatch one parting kiss, then turn and run. I dare not stay. Each moment is agony. The Warden chases me, perhaps he fears my running has an ulterior motive. He takes my arm and leads me to the street.

In the taxi I find myself panting, my breasts rising and falling in a devastation of emotion. I condemn myself now for not having stayed longer with Harib or found some way out of this impasse, but perhaps things are working for the best, but I will shed tears and drive them from my cheeks with hands still throbbing from the Warden's cane. By the standards once governing my life, this has been an incredible day.

I direct the taxi to the small door at the side of Terrace's magnificence and steal within like a burglar in the night. I tiptoe my way to where Wisteria will wait, but each step is a triumph telling me of victory. Once safely back with Wisteria, no finger can point at either of us. My visit to the Warden and his jail will not exist. Perhaps one day I will cease to think of Harib.

Wisteria is waiting for me. So is Whit. They greet me with smiles. I greet them with pure dismay. Without thinking, I glare at the man who owns me and stutter, "You weren't supposed to be here. You're supposed to be away somewhere."

Their smiles broaden, but I do not smile at all. I am having

terrible visions of floggings and dark dungeons. But Whit gets to his feet and in the most courtly fashion, raises my hands to his lips, his eyes twinkling. “You did well,” he assures me. “I am pleased with you.”

Wisteria tells me gently, “It was a test, dear.” She holds up a warning hand as she sees the emotion take possession of my features. “Don’t worry, your Harib is safe away. We kept our part of the bargain, just as you have kept yours.” She grins at Whit and back at me. “Our master has to know how far he can trust his slaves.”

“You mean… you mean… I’ve been hoaxed!”

“Not really,” Whit explains patiently. “Your Harib is safe away in freedom. Surely that must mean a victory for you. We do not mourn his going. We have talked with him and reached an understanding. He will bother us no more. We will not make a martyr of him by execution.”

“What’s he saying, Pandora? Is he still got you as an ace in the hole? Harib won’t want pictures of you with a scarred back.”

Everything is sorting itself out. I am still bemused and still uncertain of these amiable smiles. I feel like a child who has unwittingly performed a good deed without realization. It now appears I have pleased others than myself. I have a mental vision of Harib speeding across the sands in his jeep while I remain a prisoner and slave. It is vastly unfair, especially in the light of what they have told me,

but I have made a deal and must live up to it. It is comforting to know I will be loved instead of punished. “Are you forgetting something, dear?” Wisteria asks gently.

I have to think a moment before knowing what to do, then it is simple. I quietly undress and have rarely felt more embarrassed, I don’t know why, but these two friendly eyes shame my nakedness. With Whitlaw and Wisteria I should be clothed, it is fanciful but the way I feel. However, I strip and fold, strip and fold, until I am completely bare. Once I have achieved this nudity I feel better, it is become my natural state. I present my back to Wisteria and offer my still hurt inside and feel the coolness of their steel. I have completed a circle and am back where I started. In a whimsical wish to please, I now go to Whitlaw Terrace, I kneel before him in the manner I am taught, spreading wide my knees and bowing my head in complete submission. I have lost my hands, and wonder if I will be given them again.

“Bravo!” They say it in unison, and I realize they truly mean it and are pleased with me. I have to wonder why I’m handcuffed if I am now trusted. But I have so many things to think about that handcuffed wrists are well down the list. Whit raises me erect and plants his brotherly kiss on my forehead. “She’s earned a drink,” says Wisteria. “I’ll make one for all of us.”

The trouble with euphoria is it takes us too far. We go beyond the borderlines of what is proper to the occasion. I do

so now. Seizing upon her words, I go beyond. “If I have earned a drink, what must I do to earn my freedom?”

There is a truly frosty silence. Once more the visions of the flogging and the dungeon flit across my mind. When a girl my age is indentured into slavery, she has so much to forget. It is still too easy for me to think as myself as a person instead of a possession. I hasten to make amends. “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have said that. I was in bad taste. Please forgive me.”

I am forgiven. Bonhomie returns. I sit on a stool and am fed my drink alternatively by the man and the girl who it seems to me are probably in love. There is a rapport between them that I envy. I expect it is the explanation for Whitlaw’s big brother image in my eyes.

The day draws to a close, but Whitlaw excuses himself on the grounds of phone calls to be made in his office. He once again pats my cheek, kisses me on the forehead, and tells me I have emerged with great honor and will receive a fresh responsibility before too long. He bustles away, no doubt to make a few thousand or a few million dollars in the next sixty minutes. I am still bemused, and Wisteria laughs at the shadows on my face. “It’s the price a girl pays for everything you see here,” she tells me sagely. “It couldn’t happen unless the man was forever dashing around in the way Whitlaw does. There are some weeks I see little of him.”

“You’re in love with him, aren’t you?”

“Of course I am.” She glints at me with amusement. “So are you. Think I can’t tell? If he didn’t have so much on his mind, he’d be any woman’s dream.”

“Is he going to marry you?”

Wisteria shrugs. “I honestly don’t know. But I’ll play every trick in the book to get him. You may as well enter the sweepstakes too. A few chains and bits of rope never stopped a girl from getting a man. He must like you or you wouldn’t be here.”

“All he wants me for is rotten jobs and cramming intrigue,” I pout. “What’s this thing he’s hinting about now?”

“He’ll use you as a weapon against a man. I don’t know the details.”

“Well, if that’s the way of it, why wouldn’t I simply run away, or is this man going to keep me chained?”

“You can run away, all right. That’s why this test is so important. You’re supposed to be a little homing pigeon who no matter how far afield she goes, will always come back.” She gazes at me quizzically. “You’ll be on parole, and he’ll extract a solemn promise from you. I don’t know the rights of it, but you are going to be terribly taxed, darling. You’ll have freedom in your hand, and you’ll have to throw it away. You’ve done this once on account of Harib, but how many times can a girl toss her heart overboard? I made my

own choice, and you'll have to make yours too. Now there's something I have to show you. Remember this, I don't want you having kittens about it either. Everything passes; nothing is forever. Come along, Pandora dear."

Well, I've had a few drinks, and thank goodness for them. I have a quivering feeling in my tummy that what I am to be shown or endure will not be pleasant. Despite the placidity of Whit's temperament, his house seems forever on the move. No one in it sits down for very long, unless, of course, it's a slave girl who's tied so she can't get up! I follow as directed, but Wisteria soon takes my arm, not so much in command but because she knows I am afraid. We go down and down and down.

I suppose it's a dungeon! I don't know what else I can call it. It's pure horror. The windows above the level of my head are all heavily barred, and since they are deeply recessed, they provide little light. They simply accentuate a sort of perpetual gloom, and this time of day it's getting dark anyhow. It would be better to be introduced to this place at midday when the ghosts have not yet started to lurk in the shadows. Inside the heavy door I plant my feet. I don't want to go farther, but Wisteria laughs and says, "That's the way I felt, dear. Don't worry, you'll come out here alive."

"But what have I done?"

"You've just done a damn good job, and this is the begin-

ning of your next assignment. It may not seem like that, but you'll have to take my word for it."

I can see how wise it is to keep me handcuffed. I'd hate to have to make a decision about this place. The way I am, none is called for. I tug at my ironed wrists, but that is my only protest. I sense a purpose in what is being done to me, but wish it didn't have to happen. I step further within the stone and the bars, and stand meekly, but seething with injustice, while Wisteria locks heavy shackles on my ankles. "There's a whole set of these, dear. They can be locked on just about every part of you, but I'm not going to use them. Just your feet and they're only to help you pick up the atmosphere." Wisteria kisses me quickly, pats my cheek, and flits away as though fearful of what I may ask or she may say. The door sounds horrifically. It is not cold, but I shiver and find myself trembling from some emotion I cannot name. It's just this place, it's designed to make naked girls tremble. I wonder how many have been chained down here ahead of me and how many have been lucky enough to have a Wisteria to do it to them.

I make the grand tout. The chains and clamps and things I can not name are frightening and poor company for a naked girl. In a far corner I find straw. It is the only humanity vouchsafed me. Since the iron on my ankle weighs a ton, I don't bother with further explorations, but sink down gratefully and find that the straw is fresh. Good gosh, fancy having to be thankful for clean straw in the corner of a miserable hole of a dungeon!

I will never underrate a dungeon or the weight of heavy metal on my limbs. Both are daunting. It takes about two minutes for the silence to seep and possess my whole being. I am entombed! My handcuffed wrists behind my back help nothing. I cannot even finger the links and the heavy band upon my feet. I can't do anything! I must be close to night outdoors because the gloom within this place is almost total. I am a pathetic white ghost in the darkness. Gosh, how good it would be to have another girl chained here at my side! But that's just dreaming. I'm in a dungeon and will stay here at the pleasure of my master. I can't imagine it is Wisteria who makes a decision such as this. In a self-defensive attempt to keep the ghosts at bay and defeat darkness, I lay down and go to sleep.

The dungeon differentiates between midnight and noon, but that's about all. I wake up somewhere in between and am grateful to see the opposite wall. I lay drowsily upon my straw and dream silly dreams about Harib and freedom and the U.S.A. I suppose the further you get from the things, the more you think of them. In this dismal hole a girl is about as far from anything as she can get.

I hear the door opening. My heart skips a beat as I look at it opening. All is well; it is Wisteria. My heart sinks, though, when I behold what she carries. It is my breakfast, and if I am to be fed in this lousy place, it means I am to stay here. I have been thinking about Wisteria and I happily chatting upstairs, but that was evidently a dream. What I'm in for is worse than I had supposed.

I have become frightfully subdued. I do not bombard her with questions, but wait for her to tell me what she chooses. She eyes me shrewdly, gauging the effect of me of a night's imprisonment, but we manage sufficient gaiety to laugh at the shackles on my feet and my cuffed wrists. Wisteria feeds me competently and I take the food from the fork or spoon with equal aptitude. Damn it, I'm getting good at this! If I get any better, I won't need hands at all. But I think wistfully of how comforting my fingers could have been in the darkness. This dungeon would be the perfect place for a maiden whose Mama thinks she plays with herself too much.

There is something electric between us, an expectancy. I eat and drink, but am keyed up to plead and perhaps weep in whatever effort I can make to get out of this hateful place. But everything I plan is tossed into the discard when, at the end of breakfast, Wisteria cheerfully says, "Well, that's that, dear. Come along, we can go upstairs."

"Why didn't you feed my upstairs then? Why bring everything down here?"

"To watch your reaction, darling. To see how well you've borne up and how well you'd accept the idea of staying here on and on through the day." She lifts a sly eyebrow. "I'm willing to bet you have been thinking breakfast meant forever, haven't you?"

I wish I had hands: I'd hug her. I stand, quivering, while my

feet are freed and the shackles dragged away. In a tremendous gratitude, I kiss whatever parts of Wisteria my lips can find. She laughs and holds me tight, then picks up the tray and leads the way. While Wisteria bathes me and fixes my hair, I learn my fate.

“It’s a woman, Pandora. She’s a bit of a bitch, but she’s the widow of one of the biggest oil men ever. Whit is dealing with her over something or other, but she drives a hard bargain. I suspect, if the deal is to go through, you’ll be the bribe, the bonus to make it happen.”

“I have to get down between her legs?”

“I’m afraid so, darling. That and other things. You don’t have to ask what they’ll be. She’s coming to look at you today and decide if you are what she wants. She’s a contrary bitch and may choose me instead, but Whit tells me it’s a case of you or nothing.” Wisteria looks me up and down, assessing her work. “You really look delicious, darling. I could eat you myself. If she has any sense at all, she’ll grab you. Believe me, Sabrina Prestwick knows a bargain when she sees one. I suppose you’ve heard of Prestwick Petroleum? That was her old man. Sabrina’s young, but her husband wasn’t. He couldn’t make the grade, but suspect he enjoyed it as far as he got.”

Everything keeps happening. I wish it didn’t. I wish there was a little lull in all this activity, all this wheeling and dealing, all this making the most use of me while I’m

around. I must have been naive before all this happened. I mean, I never realized the power that's latent in a girl. Damn it, if we had freedom, we could do anything! Of course, on the other hand, if I was not sponsored by someone like Whitlaw Terrace, I don't suppose anyone would notice me. Money is where it's at. Plaintively, I inquire, "Don't I ever get a rest between assignments? Will this go on and on?"

"Men don't believe we girls ever get tired. They think we can go on and on just the way they enjoy." Wisteria kisses me and pats my cheek. "Don't worry, darling. Maybe you're better off keeping busy. If you were just sort of hanging around, I'd be tempted to whip your bottom or something amusing like that." She kisses me again. "Would you like me to whip your bottom?"

"It might be nicer than what this Sabrina woman will do to me."

"Well, I'm not going to," Wisteria pouts. "I'm beginning to think you enjoy it. I enjoy the first half dozen strokes myself, but that's about as far as I want to go. Look, darling, you have to be sort of, well, arranged for Mrs. Prestwick. She's sent instructions as to how she wants you."

"Well, how does she want me?"

"Just naked, dear, with your hands up above your head. You know, the good old revealing posture in which a girl hides nothing. Come along, I'd best get you fixed. There's no

telling when she will show up. If she can catch me in a delinquency, she can report to Whit. It would tickle her to bits."

In the chosen room, my handcuffs are unlocked and taken from me. To undo the second cuff, Wisteria pulls my arms around in front, and as the key turns, she stares me in the eye to tell me she is daring me to run away or right. I easily could. For several moments I am as free as air. It would be a case of pitting my strength against hers. Perhaps in desperation I would win—who knows? Wisteria deliberately pauses to give me a chance for whatever I wish to do. When I do nothing, her eyes glint in confirmation, and she locks my wrists again in front. She positions me, snares the handcuff link in a hook from above, the hook rises. I am fixed, I stand with my hands above my head, but they are not stretched. In a sense, I stand at ease, but am delightfully exposed. Wisteria pats me here and there, playing with my nipples a little until I begin to breathe heavily. Then, in a final affection, she pats and plays with my pussy. She kisses me and assures me gravely, "I've absolutely got to leave you, darling. If I stay here, there's no telling what I'll do to you. I could even let you down and have Sabrina catch up right in the middle of doing something we shouldn't." She laughs and runs away.

I do not run. I stand alone in this familiar pose I know so well. It is everybody's favorite, revealing as it does every crevice of a girl's being except the soles of her feet, and they can be pulled up and inspected if desired. They can

also be snared with rope, pulled back and up, and whipped should the inspector so desire. I shudder.

It might be the first thing this Sabrina Prestwick does. But now I plant my soles firmly on the floor and wait.

I have to battle irritation with myself that I failed to fight. Surely I could have put up a battle and forced Wisteria to subdue me by her superior strength. Suppose, by some strange quirk of fortune, I had got the best of her. I would now be running free and headed for an airport. I thrust the thought away. It is pure fancy, wishful thinking. In that short time my hands were free, I was no closer to real freedom than now. If I was given a choice between America and anything else, including Harib, America would win. I am still a little girl who wants to go home.

Sabrina Prestwick is Mentone, Palm Springs, and Acapulco. Houston, Texas, is in there too. She smells not so much of oil, but of money. Sabrina is an expensive package of bitchy femininity.

Wisteria hovers anxiously, probably hoping she does not get picked along with me. I wonder what she was like when she married Prestwick Petroleum. I doubt she is more than thirty now, but her eye is sharp, and her voice brittle. I suppose Prestwick loved her when they married, but I wonder if he would love her now!

Our eyes lock. I allow mine to fall first. It is silly to either challenge or offend this woman. I have a feeling I will feel

this woman's whip soon enough without taking chances. She circles me slowly, prodding as she goes. I don't know what good it does, but it evidently pleases her. Perhaps she disapproves of fat and is making sure I am not thus burdened. Needless to say, my breasts and pussy get the most attention. In a bored tone, she inquires, "I suppose you've been well fucked?"

I tell her that I have, but never had much of a choice in the matter. She completes another circle and then abruptly asks, "Women too?"

I admit to having given pleasure to women and received it as well. I blame no one. It is a simple fact. She nods and asks. "Good at it?"

"Yes," I state factually.

I will not know if I am to like Sabrina until such time as we make love or she punishes me. It is in those two acts we discover each other. At this moment she's as much of an enigma as the Sphinx. She makes herself more of a puzzle when she abruptly snaps, "She'll do. I'll take her with me."

I have been disposed of in much the way of buying a pair of gloves at a department store. You take them with you; they do not rate a special delivery. Wisteria says a grateful thank you, but I say nothing. The gloves would have said nothing either.

"Would you like me to fix her up for the journey, Mrs.

Prestwick?"

"Fix her up! What the hell for? Is she liable to run away?"

"Well, not really, but is only a slave girl, and she might be tempted by freedom." Wisteria is uncertain what to say. "We don't think she would run away from this house, but if you wished to be cruel—"

"My god, girl, do I look that bad!" Sabrina manages a chuckle. "Don't worry about her. You clothe her, and I'll fix her. She'll have to get up damn early in the morning to get the jump on me."

They discuss me while I am dressed. I feel like a dummy in a store window. I notice Wisteria does not bother with panties or bra. No doubt I will not be dressed for long, but when I am declared ready to be taken to my new captivity, I am most definitely presentable. I've had no part in the conversation, for when I muttered my trite little contribution, I was told to keep still. Oh damn. I wish this wasn't happening! I wish I could have stayed with Wisteria long enough to catch my breath. Going from Wisteria to Sabrina is like the difference between the North Pole and the Equator.

Placed beside Sabrina in the front seat of her Rolls, what else would you expect! I am relieved of my shoes, and a little device which I later learn is called a thumb cuff is cinched around my big toes to hold them tightly together. It is a trigging silly little bond, but when I move, it hurts, and

I realize it has the power to hold me helpless. Nothing else is required. I will sit here until someone removes them. If it hurts this much simply to wear them, it most certainly prohibits hopping. The fond farewell Wisteria and I would have enjoyed is cut short by Sabrina starting the motor. I am free, but I cannot walk.

Oh, hell! What next?

8

Female

I AM SURE Sabrina and I look absolutely perfect together, sitting in her car. I wonder how many pedestrians on the street could guess that one of us has bare feet and her big toes are clipped together with an unbreakable bond. But I am accustomed to the bizarre, and I have to admit to faint amusement in my plight. I am surprised one of those who owned me earlier hadn't purchased the damned things. Sabrina talks to me casually as she drives, as though neither of us had a care in the world.

It seems, for the time being, my prison is to be Sabrina's bedroom. It is quite strange despite its magnificence. Someone has been busy with their measuring tape, ensuring the girl of Sabrina's choice does not overstep the bounds of what she is permitted. The central piece in the room is composed of two beds, one a splendid king-size affair and the other an austere cot with only a mattress and no covers. They stand side by side and are level with each other, as though ready to be joined together. Sabrina has handcuffed me to bring me from the car. She did this before removing the thumb cuffs from my toes. She says if the cuffs amuse me so much, she will use them on me again, but since I have to walk, I had to be handcuffed. Now here I am, being chained for my new duties. There is the most gorgeous bathroom, but outside its door is a ring

in the floor, and from the ring a chain trails up to the collar on my throat. I have worn this collar throughout it all. It is highly decorative and deadly in its implacable hold upon my neck. It now comes into its own. A padlock completes the ensemble. I have become Sabrina's prisoner!

"I'll break you in easy, Pandora," she says, thoughtfully surveying my hands and feet. "How will it be if I just tether you by your neck? That has to be the most frustrating thing in the world, and I like the way it looks on you. Go ahead, get into my bed."

I try to obey. There is a great deal of chain trailing from my collar, but it has been cunningly placed. When I strive to reach the gorgeous bed, I am foiled. I can lay down upon the narrow cot with its hard mattress, but I can't reach the comfort of the covers on the king-size resting place. I can walk around half the room, and I can use the bathroom facilities with ease, but the chain will not allow access to Sabrina's bed. She is very shrewd.

"You simply don't rate, Pandora," she says, reading my thoughts. "All I need to do is keep you conveniently at hand. Now take off your clothes." I hadn't expected to keep them long, so it's no great loss. "No, I won't let you play with me so soon," Sabrina tells me as I discard my clothing. "We need to get to know each other first. I'm not as gung-ho as you may have been told." She surveys my naked body in approval. "I have to go out on business, so you'll be alone for awhile. Since you're so tickled with the thumb

cuffs, you might as well wear them. Go sit on the cot."

I sit on the modest bed and stretch out my bare legs. I watch, fascinated, as Sabrina again fastens my toes. I hadn't witnessed it properly the first time, but I now see it exactly as it is. The little cuffs are both cute and cruel. They nestle in behind the knuckle of my big toe and bite firmly. There can never be any slipping out of these things. Perhaps they could be removed with an instrument of some sort, but I have nothing of that sort, so I am as much in their power, as if my hands were cuffed behind my back. I realize how wickedly frustrating it would be to strive to rid myself of the little cuffs with hands already chained behind my back. Even with a key, I'm not sure it would be possible. It would certainly be painful and exceedingly difficult.

"There you are—a chained neck and cuffed toes. You can think of things I may do to you while I'm away. In fact, why not think up a good punishment for yourself? When I get back, I'll see whether it amuses me or not. Goodbye."

I suppose it could be worse. I finger the little cuffs as if I were a child with a new toy. I also finger the collar on my neck and its trailing chain. There is quite a weight of chain, and there will be times when I will have to arrange it to avoid partial strangulation. There is one nice thing about this ridiculous captivity: the bathroom. A girl can amuse herself endlessly in a well-stocked bathroom. My only problem is getting there, but I have an inspiration. I slip to

the floor and use my hands and knees, pulling myself forward, sort of hopping along without using my feet. Anything I do with my feet hurts; the cuffs just don't like it. I decide to have a bath. I can handle this okay by sitting on the edge of the tub and swinging my joined feet over into the water. If the water does the cuffs no good, that is not my affair. The chain from my neck makes the damnedest noise, no matter what I do with it. I don't see where Wisteria got those notions about me escaping. Hell, there's just no way!

I sit in the warm, perfumed water and consider my new situation. I am a bribe paid to Sabrina, and I don't guess she wants me for anything except her own amusement. She has already spoken of punishment, and I can easily guess what that is. She has already found pleasure in chaining me as I am and in the denial of the bed. It is easy to figure I am not the first girl thus ensnared. I liked Wisteria. I'm sorry to be taken from her. I would gladly give her the pleasure of whipping my feet again rather than face the unknown torments I suspect Sabrina has in store. From this point on, I think of Harib and wonder if I will ever see him again. I am imprisoned in the city, and the city is not his hunting ground. The only way we could come together again would be by barter. If only he had something one of my owners really wants! But that is dreaming. I set the thought aside. I have already been made a plaything and chained accordingly. I am sure Sabrina will enjoy every moment of every act she performs

upon me. Guiltily, I know my hope is for a purely carnal relationship—at least that doesn't hurt—but I realize that there will be other things.

Sabrina bustles back in without greeting or comment. Her thoughts are obviously on things other than me. I am simply a recent addition to her bedroom decor. Having disposed of her accouterments, she sinks gratefully into an armchair and then turns her attention to me. "Pandora, go and fix me a drink." Then, in realization, she adds, "Come here, I'll unlock you."

Following my mistress's instructions, I make my way to the bar. It is not until I have poured her cocktail that I realize I am completely free. I wonder if this decision was deliberately contrived to test me. I ponder it momentarily, and realize exactly what would happen, then I think of the dungeon and understand why I was put there, chained, overnight. It was done for moments like this—to make me reconsider escape and understand that I am now a slave. I think of my caned foot, the slender lash across my legs and knees—I shudder. I shake my head, trying to empty my head of such thoughts, and deliver the cocktail to my mistress, kneeling before her.

"Decided not to run, eh?"

"No, I'm too frightened."

"As well you should be," Sabrina says, her smile broadening. "You wouldn't have made it anyway, honey—no way."

She gazes down at me where I am kneeling. “Terrace was right about you; you’ve been trained well.”

It would be closer to the truth to say that I have been scared shitless. However, I do not say this to Sabrina. Cautiously, with pain in mind, I ask, “What should I call you, Mrs. Prestwick? I mean, our social status is not equal, so is there a title I should use?”

“I like the good old tried and true, honey. Just call me mistress. It’s hackneyed, but I like it. It tells each of us who we are. What do you say?”

“Yes, mistress.” Damn it, how humble can I get! “I hate being punished—I’ll do whatever you say. Please give me a chance to be obedient before you punish me.”

“Hell, girl, what’s that got to do with being punished? I suppose punishment is the wrong word, isn’t it? If I beat your cute little ass or scourge those lovely breasts, it will most likely be because I simply want to do it. Punishment doesn’t enter the picture. This idea that a girl has to be guilty of something before you hurt her is for the birds. Do you understand?”

“Yes, mistress, I understand.”

It is as though I’ve joined a club and paid my dues. I now belong to the sisterhood of pain, the girls who without question accept the will of others. In a sudden need to know, I politely ask, “Please, mistress, how long are you

keeping me? I mean, when do I go back to Wisteria and Mr. Terrace?"

Sabrina is amused. "Damn it, Pandora, you haven't tried me out yet. Could be I won't hurt you nearly as bad as they will. You're just clinging to the devil you know instead of the devil you don't." Sabrina has a point: I truly do not know her. She cements whatever may be between us by holding out her glass. "Here, fill this again, and since you've behaved quite nicely, make one for yourself too. Bring it back here, and we'll share them together."

This time I do not think of escape. I mix the drinks, making mine extra potent. I gulp down a mouthful of straight tequila before I leave the bar. I have a feeling of an undefined menace in the room.

"Still playing it safe?" Sabrina laughs at my trepidation. She holds out her glass and clinks it against mine. "Here, Pandora, let's drink a toast to burning bottoms."

I do indeed drink to burning bottoms, like it or not. My own bottom, so recently caned, starts to burn again as I think of it, joined by a throbbing foot and scarlet calves. I wonder how much of this is just in my mind.

Eyeing me shrewdly, Sabrina inquires, "You're feeling guilty, aren't you? Something ought to happen—you're thinking something should be done to you. Well, okay, go to the dresser and bring me what you find in the bottom drawer."

It is not likely to be good. And it isn't! Hating the feel of them, I pick up a pair of metal clips and take them back to the woman who will soon use them on me.

"Ever had clipped nips, Pandora?"

"Yes, mistress."

"Not the way you're going to get them now. These are absolute little devils. I want you to assume the proper position before me, and I will clip your nipples. As I put each on, you will pleasantly say, 'Thank you, mistress.' Your hands will remain free, but you will not take the clips from your tits. Understand?"

"Yes, I understand." I gaze around frantically as though for aid before I plead, "Please, Sabrina, don't put those things on me. I've had it done before, and I hate it. The pain is terrible and hateful, and it does something to a girl that is terribly shaming."

"Good! I like your position. Now all you have to do is hold still."

I hold quite still. I really don't have any choice. I look down, fascinated, as the small jaws approach my breasts. When they are carefully positioned and sink into my flesh, I manage not to wince too badly. "Thank you, mistress," I say in a clear, firm voice.

"You did that well. Okay, now the other one."

“Yes, thank you, mistress,” I say again. I now have two burning, painful bits of metal on tender nipples. I have done nothing to earn them; they are simply to amuse this woman who is gazing at them, enraptured. She thumps one, and I wince in pain. The other she pulls, and I grit my teeth, resolved to make no movement or protest. I feel tears roll down my cheek as she takes both clips, one in each hand, and twists them slightly. She seems to notice only my reddening nipples, not my pain or the tears I shed in silence.

She releases the clips, and then states quite firmly, “You will wear them quietly, Pandora, as I question you.”

I nod my head, conceding that I will wear them quietly. It’s just as well I have known this pain before. I look down at the tiny monsters with loathing and feel them burn with metallic animosity. If I were to move or run, they would bob prettily upon my breasts as a sort of erotic ornamentation. But I remain absolutely still.

“How did Terrace come to own you, honey?”

I can see no reason to evade the questions. I tell Sabrina what there is to tell. I go way on back to the fake arrest and the beginning of all my troubles. She listens, no doubt devising a way in which to profit from my tribulations.

“This Harib,” she interjects, “what of him?”

Harib is mine. I am proud of him. I have no reason to hide

our sad, doomed romance. I tell Sabrina that, adding whatever details seem pertinent. My breasts burn steadily, and I wonder if I can earn release from the biting clips by anything I can say.

“You and this Harib guy, are you in love with each other?” Sabrina is astonished, as if her definition of love and mine are somehow different. “Did he ever fuck you?”

I have told so much already; why hide anything? “Yes, many times,” I admit. “He is the most wonderful lover in the world.”

“You ain’t tried them all, honey, but I’ll take your word for it.”

Sabrina is thinking deeply, and I wonder if I have diverted her enough to plead for the removal of the clips, but she is deeply immersed in thoughts I dare not disturb. Out of this comes a question. “You mean, you and I could go out there, and we’d get a friendly reception?”

“Of course. I told you, mistress, Harib and I are in love.” Hastily, I add, “I long to go back to the U.S. more than anything else, but since I am not allowed to, I’d marry Harib tomorrow if he asked me.”

This time there is a ponderous silence. I kneel, and burn and burn. I am sure no two nipples anywhere have taken as much as mine take now. I long to grasp the clips and take them from my flesh, but I do not dare. Sabrina’s eyes

may be on the clips and her mind elsewhere, but she would punish me horribly if I used my fingers now. I resign myself to suffering longer in the hope of some reward.

“Look, honey, if you and I take a jeep, go out into the desert, and find Harib, are you sure we’re not going to get stood up against a wall and shot?’

I fervidly assure Sabrina we would be safe. So far I’ve paid little heed to her obvious musings, but now I pay strict attention. Something is brewing—something that could be good for me.

“Pandora, tell me, would this Harib do things to please you? If you asked him for something, would he grant it?”

Sabrina sounds interested, but I have to realize her interest will be solely for her own sake. It might not help Harib or me. On the other hand, what can it hurt? Disregarding the clips, I ask, “Have you thought of something, mistress? Can I help?”

“Hell, why not!” Sabrina is looking down at me with fresh interest. Her eyes even leave my nipples to seek my face. “There’s oil out where Harib has his little two-bit kingdom. Prestwick sent a geological party out there long ago, but then this damn political thing got going, and it hasn’t been safe to send a team out there since. But if Harib is the way you say, there’s a real chance at making a deal. What do you say you and I drive out there?”

It's too good to be true! But Sabrina is very serious, I can tell. She is hungry for another few million, even though I've heard she is the third richest woman in the world. Dutifully, I respond, "Yes, mistress, let's do that. And now—"

"Oh, your tits! They're hurting, eh? You want the clips off, I bet." Sabrina sighs. "Well, if there's one thing I'm a sucker for, it's a hot tip, and you've just given me the hottest one I've had in years. Okay, hold still."

The pain shocks me, and I gasp uncontrollably. To have the clips put on is bad, but to have them removed is even worse. I am sure my nipples will never be right again, but I look down at them, and they seem to be a glowing pink. Nipples are remarkable parts of any girl. Mine are miraculous. I agree to everything Sabrina asks, and she then takes me to bed.

It is a loss of social status for Sabrina, but who is there to know? The clips are gone, but I am still captive to the chain. It follows me wherever I go and clutches tightly at my neck. I am never free of it. The damn thing snubs me demandingly when I seek Sabrina's bed. There is no way I can lay on it; I must instead lay on my cot. True, I could get my feet over her covers, but what good would that do? I give up worrying and meekly ask, "How would you like it, Sabrina? You had best instruct me on giving you pleasure."

Now it is easy. I am on familiar ground. Fuck the social distinctions! I will gladly put up with my hard little mat-

tress and find amusement in Sabrina's need to be the first to lay her nude body upon it. I am to service her, which is no more than her due as my mistress. She is beautiful, so I need not complain anyway. I kneel beside her on the cot and look upon her superb nudity. Since I have learned the worth of girls, I make assessments often and compare other bodies with my own. If I am worth a certain sum of money, then another girl also has a price, higher or lower. I assess Sabrina as top price, but then again, she will never be sold.

We now assess each other, but not in terms of monetary value. We gaze upon each other as females. Our only difference is the collar on my neck and the biting cuffs on my toes. The latter tell me clearly what my role is—that I can give but not take. My legs are closed. Now I perform the motions I have learned so well. I go to work. I start with her lovely, firm tits—the nipples erect as I lick and caress them—and then I work my way down. I tongue her navel, kissing her concave belly, and then find her hot, wet sex. She simply reeks of the natural feminine perfume, and her pussy is glistening with girl juice. It is a taste to which I have grown fond, and I feed hungrily upon her open snatch. She moans loudly, writhing upon the cot, as she reaches climax after climax. Finally, apparently satisfied, she pulls my head up by the hair, gesturing for me to move up on the cot. I position myself on top of her own gorgeous body, and our tongues meet in a strange love that exists between mistress and slave. "You are exquisite," she says in

a low, husky voice. She then pushes me away and snuggles against the hard little mattress, apparently well spent. Lazily, through halfopen eyes, she looks up where I sit beside her and gives another shocker: “Darling, I must now whip you. Then we can do it again.”

I long to scream! I long to beat her lovely face with my fists! It just isn’t fair. This girl holds all the cards. She can do what she likes with me. My clipped toes warn me not to get into a tussle, and the chain trailing from my collar tells me I can’t escape. In frustration, I exclaim, “But I thought I pleased you! I worked so hard, and now you’re going to whip me?”

“Yes, dear. I’m your mistress, remember? I’ll whip you whenever and wherever I like. If I don’t whip you now, I may simply go to sleep, but if I put some lovely marks on your skin and hear you howl, I’ll be ready for another round of that lovely tongue of yours. By then it’ll be rested, and so will I. Girls are quite wonderful sexual creatures, my dear, or haven’t you noticed?”

I stand unhappily, wondering how Sabrina will inflict this pain on my innocent flesh. I’m sure she will do it with flair. She rises languidly and leads me to the foot of the immense bed. There, incorporated in its footboard, are the fatal straps. As though sleepwalking and knowing what to do, I kneel and place my wrists within the waiting loops. Sabrina buckles them tight. It is so unjust I long to cry. I have given Sabrina colorful delights and now she gives me

pain! Dolefully, I ask, “Do you mind if I scream?”

“Of course not, dear. Screaming is part of the scene. Now, what I want of you next is to stand up. I can’t reach your bottom properly when you’re kneeling like this. Up-sadaisy!”

It is possible. I comply. I am now most adequately positioned for what Sabrina intends to do. My bottom is bent enough for skin tension and maximum pain. My next concern will be the kind of whip or cane and the vigor with which she wields it. I look back apprehensively. My toes are hurting.

“I’m being kind, Pandora. Your pussy isn’t sticking out back; you’re not nearly bent enough. What do you think of this lovely thin riding crop? It gets us away from the school room atmosphere of that silly cane.”

If I tell her what I think, she will cut me to bits. “It’s very nice, Sabrina,” I lie. “I’m sure you’ll enjoy using it.”

“Well, won’t you enjoy it too?” She sounds genuinely shocked.

“No, I won’t enjoy it one little bit,” I admit. “I bet it’ll hurt something awful.”

“Darling, I must get you educated. Perhaps if I feed you aphrodisiacs and keep a dildo strapped in you all the time you will come around.”

“If you don’t mind, I’d rather not.” Oh shit, this is the end of our little chit-chat. She has now found the blasted crop. I cringe at the sight of it. Whoever made the blasted thing didn’t like either horses or girls. I bet the manufacturers get a big kick out of knowing their work will be used to put scarlet lines across female bottoms. I doubt if a single one of these slim bits of wickedness ever really get near a horse. I can’t shuffle my feet because of the clips, but I make what motions I can all over with a view to whatever comfort I can achieve in readiness for pain. I try not to look back over my bare shoulder. I’m sure I won’t like what I would see.

“Here we go, darling. You can thank me later.”

Thank me, my ass! The hell of it is I probably will. By that time I’ll be so humble I won’t know what else to do. I tense. The crop sings a new and deadly song. The pain is awful beyond words or previous experience. I am certain my ass is now slashed into two portions. Sabrina’s voice comes to me through a maze of agony. “Darling, you mark exquisitely. You’ll be so proud when you see how it looks.”

I won’t be proud at all. What girl is proud of a scarlet seat! Sabrina’s crop cuts at me again and again, and I am grateful the straps holding my hands have bound them well apart. It gives me a stability my feet no longer have. With my big toes clipped together, it would be very easy to fall. She has only cut at me with four strokes so far, but already I am making noises that I am ashamed of but can’t control.

Number five gets a full-longed scream out of me. My whipping stops.

As I am freed and allowed to rub my burning bottom, I realize the judgment a true mistress uses on the girl who is her slave. Never too much, never too little—that's the secret. I can tell Sabrina is in a fine dither of fresh lust, and damn it, I feel a stirring down there myself. I sometimes run out of patience with girls, and that includes myself.

I return to work.

It is damned irritating to sleep on a hard little mattress beside a beautiful girl who sleeps in glory upon king-sized luxury. My bottom burns in a steady, sulky protest of injustice, but I tell it sharply to forget its troubles. I've got plenty of my own. I arrange my chain and do the best I can about my big toes. There's just no way I can get them really comfortable. Hurting in two places, I go to sleep.

Sabrina is an early riser. I suppose she has to be, being a businesswoman along with everything else. Whenever I came awake during the night, I could hear the heavy breathing of her deep sleep. Damn her, she doesn't have a care in the world. She can sleep peacefully with a chained girl beside her, knowing full well I can do nothing to injure her or aid myself. The thumb cuffs on my toes keep waking me up, so I have plenty of time to ponder this. Not that it matters. Nothing seems to matter much any more. I am a rich girl's play thing, and I've got a striped bottom. Oh, shit!

Sabrina unlocks my toes, but replaces them with some shiny new leg irons she tells me can be purchased at all sorts of stores. They are like shining silver and heavy. They're such a relief after what has clamped my toes all night long, I am now prepared to enjoy them. I test their hobbling effects upon my steps. They tell me clearly I still can't fight Sabrina, nor can I run away. The chain is taken from my neck, and a black girl serves us breakfast in the sunlit kitchen. The girl is not surprised to see me. I guess she has seen plenty of others with chains upon their feet. I plant my nakedness upon a chair and smile at her to tell her I do this everyday. I am lower in the social scale than she, I am but a slave.

The woman who holds the key to the leg irons on my ankles is preoccupied. Toward the end of the meal, she abruptly says, "This Harib fellow—I have to talk to him, and I'll need you along. Without you, I wouldn't dare go near his hideout."

I am quivering with anticipation. I sense possibilities beyond my earlier dreams. I sit up straight and ask, "You mean, you'd drive out there with just me?" I ask doubtfully.

"Of course. If we take on the army, we won't see hide nor hair of the bastard. You're a sure and certain bait. Do you know the way?"

I tell her how Whitlaw sent me into the wilderness, and that if we drive along the same road, we are almost certain

of the same result. Sabrina looks at me almost lovingly and pats my hand. “You’re a good girl, Pandora. Maybe I’ll cut you in for a bit of the action.”

I bet I don’t get enough to buy my freedom.

9

Fettered Affection

WE ARE EXPLORERS. Sabrina wears khaki. What is visible of me wears khaki too, but my feet are bare and my toes well clipped with the horrible little thumb screw things I dislike. I asked for the leg irons instead, but Sabrina would have none of it. These things amuse her. She understands my frustration in being rendered helpless by so little. I cherish a secret hope Sabrina may wear bonds before this adventure is done.

My wish is granted. It is the same sergeant. He greets me warmly and exclaims about the “togetherness” of my toes. He approves of the simplicity of rendering a girl helpless and obedient. I am sure there would be a tremendous sale in these little gadgets if a salesman was here to sell them. They appeal to everyone except me. He surveys Sabrina doubtfully, evidently feeling her role and mine are in reverse. She is a stranger and therefore suspect. He inquires blandly if we have another pair of thumb cuffs. He obviously does not believe Sabrina’s denials, or maybe he’s just curious, but when he seizes one of her bags and proceeds to open it, she exclaims angrily, “Leave that alone!” She gazes at me as though this is my fault. “My god, these men in Jemna—they’re impossible! Forever demanding bribes and all that shit.” She turns to the sergeant. “Here, let me do it, you bumbling idiot.” She hands him the prize:

another pair of thumb cuffs. “There, now perhaps you’ll guide us to Harib.”

The sergeant is enraptured. The cuffs come in a neat little package with two keys. He prudently pockets the latter and explores the possibilities of the shining steel. He bestows Sabrina his most beatific smile. His voice sounds excited: “Please, dear lady, you now remove shoes.”

Sabrina sits, stunned. As though I am an interpreter, she turns to me for confirmation of what she has heard but can’t believe. “This asshole doesn’t believe he’s going to use those things on me!”

“I’m afraid he does.” I long to laugh at Sabrina’s predicament, but I do not.

Poor, dear Sabrina! Along with my amusement at her discomfort is a tremendous flood of sympathy. I know just what she’s going through. It’s a case of the higher you are, the harder you fall. I was never that high up, but I sure did fall with a bang. Every American girl with a lot of money should spend a little time in Jemna, just to gain perspective. The sergeant saves debate by plucking Sabrina from the jeep, laying her on the ground, tossing her shoes in the back of the vehicle, and with evident gusto, locks my mistress’s big toes firmly in the steel cuffs. Sabrina is in no position to argue since he is sitting on her stomach. When he stands to admire the effect, she exclaims, “Don’t you understand, you idiot—I’m Prestwick Petroleum!”

The sergeant has never heard of Prestwick Petroleum. His retort is amiably unconcerned: “Me sergeant, you cunt!” He picks her up and tosses her in along with her shoes and the spare tire. I sit in glorious neutrality, hugging myself in joy.

The sergeant drives the jeep, just like old times. I make no suggestion that my feet be freed—I know my place. If am I held prisoner in Jemna long enough, I will do everything right. I tell the sergeant of our passenger’s immense authority and wealth, and also of her need to talk to Harib. He listens and nods sagely. “He whip her ass first thing. Is always best.” Having disposed of the matter, he gives his attention to the bumpy road.

The town and Harib’s house await us with all their familiar desert silhouettes. We stop off at the police barracks where, despite all my protests, Sabrina is taken inside. As usual, the sergeant’s summation is brief: “She may be spy. We question and search.” He drives me on to my reunion with my love.

Harib is still the smiling boy, but with a few more lines upon his desert face. Since the key to my cuff is still with Sabrina, we can’t make love, but he rapidly divests me of clothes, tearing what he must. We do the best we can. It is a good feeling to be with Harib, and I know I have made no mistake in my choice of a male. He is for me, and I am most certainly for him. He leaves no doubt in this matter. He playfully makes me orgasm again and again with his lips, his tongue, and his fingers. His touch sets me on fire. My

nipples scream in joy and demand his touch. I do for him what the cuffs allow.

I tell him of Sabrina and plead on her behalf. I am sure she is having a bad time at the barracks. She will say all the wrong things. Harib listens, unconcerned with her discomfort, but much concerned by her reason for wanting to meet him. He tells me he's already involved with Whitlaw Terrace's group. Harib's guerrillas are suffering now not from famine but feast. They are in the midst of much potential wealth. In between much nibbling of my hungry body, he says that none of it would have happened had it not been for me. I suppose he's right.

It shows me how much of a slave I have become that I cannot forget my mistress. I am half hoping she does indeed get her bottom well whipped—it would do her good—but on the other hand, she has not been too cruel to me, and she has imposed a great measure of trust. If I can help her, I must. I explain all this to Harib, but he only laughs and says the sergeant can have his way with Sabrina to place her in the proper frame of mind for the interview when it happens. With this, I have to be content.

But the cuffs on my toes turn out to be Sabrina's salvation. We need the key, and Harib must go to Sabrina to get it, or to the sergeant who may now have it.

We find Sabrina in a bare room, as bare as she herself. Sabrina is stark naked. Her only covering is the cuffs still

clipped upon her toes. Her hands are held high above her head. She has obviously been made available, both for inspection and search. Possibly the sergeant has darker things in mind, but now that Harib is here, they will not happen. Her greeting is typical. “Thank god you made it! You sure took your time. What the hell’s that man carrying you for?” She glimpses the steel on my toes and laughs. “You too! I wish I’d never bought the damn things. Please tell that bastard who’s holding you to stop staring at my cunt; he’s got yours, so he doesn’t need mine.”

I have to say one thing for Sabrina: She is not fazed by her captivity. She is exposed—totally vulnerable—but seems unconcerned.

The chrome upon her toes glints mischievously, but she contrives to stand with grace. She’s very beautiful.

“Sabrina, this is Harib.” I make the introduction nervously. I have little hope of goodwill between the two.

“Him!” Sabrina is still treating me like an interpreter. “Why the devil doesn’t he wear some decent clothes instead of those khaki shorts? He looks like a fucking servant!”

“He speaks perfect English, Sabrina.”

“Oh! Well, anyway, tell him I want to talk to him and to get me out of this goddamn fix!”

“You were told I speak English,” Harib says coldly. “It is you who needs lessons in etiquette. Where is the key to this

thing that joins Pandora's feet?"

We find the sergeant and Sabrina's bags. They have been well rummaged, and anything of interest is now laid out for inspection. Among the stuff is the much-needed key, and using it, Harib finally frees me. However, the lovely, shiny leg irons are there too. They are irresistible, and I am not the least bit surprised when Harib locks them around my ankles and pockets the key. His voice is mischievous: "You are a slave, are you not, Pandora?"

"I am a slave, Harib, but only to you."

My desert hawk nods thoughtfully. I clink happily, hobbled at his side, as we return to poor Sabrina. She concedes an ungracious thank you when we unclip her toes. Then, after a minute of mute examination, she demands, "Well, let me loose! Let my hands down, and, while you're at it, get me some clothes."

None of these things are done. Harib surveys his prisoner thoughtfully while I gaze upon her with a mixture of humor and sympathy. Sabrina breaks the silence by demanding, "And about this whipping shit, forget it! I've never heard such nonsense. This no way to treat a woman who can be of great value to you."

"Indeed you can—and you are."

The inflection in Harib's voice is unmistakable. It catches Sabrina's attention. I see her body tense and a shadow

cross her lovely face. Now less belligerent, she says, “Look, you’re not thinking about holding me for ransom, are you?”

“There is no need. You have nothing I desire. You are simply an irritating young woman who needs to be taught a lesson. Have you ever heard of the horse?”

I see Sabrina’s eyes flicker, but she comes back with a brave retort: “What the devil do horses have to do with this!”

“I was speaking of a wooden horse.”

Sabrina knows! I can tell from the fresh emotion on her face. I suspect Harib has shrewdly found her Achilles heel. Sabrina would very nobly and no doubt very bravely sustain corporal chastisement, but the horse is something else again. Apart from being outrageously painful, it robs a girl of all her dignity and pride. It reduces her to an untidy assortment of female parts, all of them hurting. Uncertainly, she says, “Look, I came here to do business with —”

“First you must learn manners.”

Harib leads me from the room. I look back at my mistress. Her face is stricken with a terrible knowledge.

“If this were not done to her, she would be impossible to deal with,” Harib assures me, amused by my concern for a girl to whom I owe nothing. We are upon the lovely shaded

terrace. Harib sits casually and sips a drink which I share. But I am a slave, so I kneel at his feet. I am outrageously happy. Still, my conscience bothers me. “Please send her back where she came from Harib. She is only trouble.” I giggle. “You can keep me—I can’t run away.”

“She will be horsed, and afterwards she and I will talk. The time she spends with her cunt upon the wood will make her amenable to reason. Without that, she would be impossible.”

Harib’s word is law—I do not dispute it. He tells me now of Whit’s offer and guarantees they will change the whole complexion of Jemna. Actually, poor Sabrina is a bit late. After I have been told all I need to know, I am taken to our bed. It is a shockingly long time before we leave it to bathe and visit Harib’s suffering captive.

It is another room, and it is almost another Sabrina. If I did not know her so well, she would be hard to recognize. She has become a mere female thing, amazingly stretched and contorted, her legs bound and pulled to either side to compel an almost ballerina split. Her tied hands are raised far above her head behind her back, and she leans as far forward as the ropes allow. Her pussy is crushed and seemingly sundered upon the edge of the plank, which is the backbone of the horse. If it is possible for her to move, it is something she does not wish to do. Sweat glistens upon her naked body, and she spares us a brief remark: “Get me off this thing! Please let me down!”

“You find your situation trying, Mrs. Prestwick?” Harib’s query is as gentle as a snake’s hiss. “You are coming to terms with your most interesting parts.”

“Oh, don’t hand me that shit!” Sabrina is far from dead. “That suave courtesy is pure theater.” Her breasts are heaving. “Talk naturally. Call me a bitch, if you want, but please don’t give me this smooth stuff.” Her tone changes. “Please get me off this thing—please!”

“You have only been on it for an hour.”

“It’s killing me. Look, if we’re ever going to talk sensibly—”

“I think a few more hours,” Harib suggests, then leads me away.

That night, after we have made our love and are deep in sleep, it happens.

All hell breaks loose. The firing of guns is a continuous thunder. Harib leaves my arms and leaps out of bed, but as he does, the door bursts open, and a man stands there with an automatic weapon, its bullets spewing death. Harib falls, and I know I will never feel his arms again. Two more soldiers appear and drag his lifeless body from the room.

I am less than the dust.

I am still naked, the leg irons shining discreetly on my an-

kles. I am suspended by my thumbs, and my feet are only inches above the floor. Iben Ben Dakar stands in thoughtful attention to my plight. He is once again the paradox of kindness in cruelty. No doubt it is Allah who had told him to hang me thus. I long to die and get it over with.

We are alone in the chamber where I am being tortured. His old, wise voice is telling me what I must know. “It is over, child. Harib is of the past; his insurrection is squashed. When our government learned of Mrs. Prestwick’s folly, we felt it time to act.” He sighs regretfully. “If only that woman had stayed in America, the arrangement Whitlaw made might have sufficed. Such women are a nuisance. She is being escorted to the airport and sent back to your country. You saw your lover killed, so there is nothing I need tell you of that.”

I moan and plead. “Please let me down. I don’t deserve punishment. I have done nothing wrong.”

“A matter of opinion, child. You have earned your punishments, and you will receive them.” He allows himself a dry chuckle. “I’m sure Whitlaw will come to your rescue when he is done with the arrangements for Mrs. Prestwick for whatever deal it is they have hatched. It is quite apart from the affairs of Jemna.”

Dakar walks slowly around my stretched nakedness. My feet implore the floor, but they are denied. He pats my cheek, telling me I am not a bad girl, simply misguided. He

says I will make Whitlaw a good wife after I have been taught my lesson. He goes away.

It is terrible to hang thus. For the hundredth time I gaze up at the bare whiteness of my arms attached to the bar, at each end of which my thumbs are looped below the knuckle. Even if I struggled, which hurts far too much to do, I could never free them. The little loops of thick, soft cord bed deeply within my thumbs and condemn the rest of me to torment. No doubt Jemna would approve. I am only a girl.

I hang. Sometimes I raise and lower a foot. It is all I do, and I do it as a challenge rather than remain forever immobile. I dare not struggle for freedom, and anyway, what freedom would Jemna offer?

I am possessed by a respectable, elderly gentleman who trades in girls. He has allowed me certain freedoms, but I am now returned to his inventory. I wish I were safe inside his slave cage instead of punished by my thumbs. But what I wish means nothing. Harib was the only one in this cruel land to care, and Harib is dead. I will be sold, and no doubt whoever buys me will continue these punishments. I am white, female flesh, and thus far too costly not to be used. My owners will extract every scream they can from every crevice I possess.

What was it Dakar said about Whitlaw—about marrying me? That's absurd! But I suppose Whit does remain my

only hope. There is no one else to rescue me. It would feel good to be in his big, strong arms again and receive kisses, no matter how brotherly they might seem. I'd settle for any big brother who smells of expensive cigars and whose rough tweed frictioned my bare skin. But I suppose that's asking for the world.

From time to time, Dakar visits me. He does it quietly, without fanfare, and listens politely to my pleas for freedom. No doubt he regards these pleadings as the meaningless chirps of a caged bird. I have a feeling I puzzle him, or perhaps he is thinking up some fresh use of me beyond ordinary sale. Sometimes he touches me as though reassuring himself that I am still alive. I moan and tell him of my hurt, but he only nods and goes away.

Everyone is new. I have not yet recognized a single face. I suppose Dakar sells everyone and everything around him if a chance for profit arises. When my feet are finally lowered to the floor and the loops taken from my thumbs, it is done by a girl I have not previously seen. She is totally impersonal and unconcerned. Sabrina's leg irons are still locked on my ankles, so I suppose she has no fear of me. I am fed and bathed and taken to the cage. It has but one other occupant. Before I am thrust within, my arms are gathered and my wrists handcuffed behind my back. I am then seemingly ready for the night. I stare at my fellow prisoner, grateful for not being alone. Surprisingly, she is white, and the only bond she bears is handcuffed hands listlessly held above her pubic hair. The cell door clangs

with the finality I have come to hate.

“In the doghouse, huh? They must be scared of you.”

“I’m being punished, that’s all.”

How strange an introduction. Two white girls in a cage. We are both American; I can tell by her accent. In unison, we ask each other the same question: “How did you get here?”

For a moment I forget my thumbs in urgent need of human communion. I tell her the story of my captivities, hiding nothing. My outpouring is like a catharsis. The girl tells me her name is Dolores, then gives me the rest in bits and pieces between comments on our present condition. She examines my chains and asks, “What the devil have you done to deserve all that hardware?” She holds up her own hands, which are joined only by a pair of handcuffs. She is relatively free, hut her comment is bitter. “You’re accustomed to handcuffs, aren’t you? I can tell. So am I, I guess. I wear them like bracelets. Handcuffs must be as big a boon to slave traders as sliced bread.”

She examines my thumbs and massages them for me, telling me that she too was hung in that manner. Cynically, she says, “You’ll never believe a word of what I tell you. Damn it, the way I got converted into a slave girl is just too good to be true. At least you were tricked. I walked into it with my eyes wide open.” She grins and shrugs. She seems good natured and totally resigned to her predicament. Her chronicle of woe contains a good deal of wry humor. “I

bought a package—you know, a tour. There weren't any tall, dark, handsome strangers, though; just a bunch of cackling old hens. I never really found a companion; their arthritis wouldn't let them keep up with me. So then I did the very thing we'd been told not to: I wandered off alone. After what was a really nice morning, I arrived at this house, and mistaking it for some sort of local shrine or something, I was wandering around the gardens when a girl invited me in to have a look around. Can you imagine, I actually followed her in! God! It all seemed so innocent. When I met Iben Ben Dakar, he gave me a cup of coffee, talked enough to discover no one knew where I was, and then had me popped inside this cage. I was the most surprised little girl in all of Africa."

"You mean you've been—"

"Hell no! I can tell you've been in here before, but I've been in and out of this damn cage so many times I've lost count. I suppose you know about our owner's trade in deals, right?"

I don't know, and I really don't care, but this is far better than being alone in silence. I admit my lack of knowledge of Dakar's operations.

"It's real simple and very modern," Dolores says, amused. "Anybody who's ever bought a slave from him can trade her in on a new model, can you believe that! It's a real popular service. I guess most of these shitheads who buy

girls get tired of them quick, especially the ones who beat them. When their skin gets pretty well used up with whip marks, they start to yearn for a fresh slave girl, so they go to old Dakar and make a trade. I think this is about my fifth time around."

"I don't see how any man could tire of you. I mean, you're so beautiful, Dolores."

Dolores chuckles. "So you like my body, huh? Every girl who gets into this cage gets in here minus clothes. It's close to three years since Dakar first snatched me, and there aren't many times since that I've been covered. Men who buy girls for money like them naked and ready. I don't see why any man would trade you in either."

"I was sort of, uh, rented out. I wasn't even sold."

"Yeah, that's another one of his goddam services. It happened to me once. He rented me out to a miserable old bastard who ran a whore house. My job was to contact and give a message to a girl who was supposed to have been a prisoner there. I never did find her, but after awhile this guy's clients told him I was too well educated to make a good piece of ass, so he sent me back here again. Dakar whipped me because he thought I'd muffed the whole deal. This job isn't much fun."

Dolores makes me think I am one of the lucky ones. My captivity has not been that long, and at least I did have Harib for a little while, a vivid memory to warm me in my

old age. Dolores sounds shockingly experienced. “I got purchased by another girl-trader once,” she continues chattily. “This guy’s method was to buy a girl on some sort of deposit arrangement and then try to sell her for more than he paid. It was okay with Dakar because the price was high enough in the first place.” Dolores laughs almost in disbelief. “My god, the sums these idiots pay for girls! If they’d only give me the cash, I’d marry one of the silly bastards and be a good little wife to him.” Once more she chuckles in remembrance. “But these jerks all have a thing in common: It seems that in Jemna a married man absolutely does not whip his wife. He can whip his girl-friend or a slave girl all he likes, though, so all the rich ones have some unfortunate girl tucked away just for that purpose. That’s why old Dakar can make a good living out of his business. So a girl’s chance of matrimony is pretty damn slim.”

As Dolores was musing, my thumbs were becoming less painful by the minute. “Go on,” I urge. “Did this guy make a profit on you?”

“Well, eventually, but it was a damn painful business as far as I was concerned. You see, the way he operated was to instruct us how to present ourselves with a view to sale. We had to kneel submissively and raise our chained hands —he kept me cuffed the way I am now—and plead longingly for the client to get out his checkbook. He had a stock phrase we were compelled to memorize: ‘Master, please buy me.’ But they’d all heard it before, so it didn’t do

a damn bit of good. Anyway, at the end of every day I wasn't sold, I got the blame, and he whipped me. By the time I'd been there a week I'd been whipped so much the only client likely to purchase me was one interested in whip marks on a girl's skin. Boy, did I have them too!"

"What is it about whipping? That's been my experience too. Every man you come up against wants to whip you, and most of them do."

"I asked one of my masters the same question," Dolores admitted dolefully. "That was after I got to know him pretty well and he'd already whipped me enough so he wasn't aching to do it every hour on the hour. He laughed at me, and said it was easy to understand—that all a man was trying to do was prolong the sounds and motions of a girl in orgasm. He assured me I did real well."

"You mean we could defeat them if we just lay still and didn't make a sound?"

"I doubt it. They'd still get a charge out of watching the scarlet lines spring up after they hit us. It's something I'll never prove, because I can't lay still or keep quiet. It hurts too damn much."

Dolores comes to me and plays with my nipples. It feels delicious. I wish she would stop talking and just play. Her fingers are so clever and I am in such tremendous need. I cannot do the same for her because my hands are behind my back. This means she is punished by my handcuffs

more than I am. But her story continues. “Mind you, Pandora, they’re not all nuts about whipping us. There are the guys I call the gadgeteers. They think up the damnedest things and often go to a lot of expense to make contraptions they can put us in.” Her fingers fall away, and she says regretfully, “I’d best not make you come, and I’d best tell you now that we mustn’t eat each other. It’s strictly forbidden, and the punishment for it is so damn awful I won’t run the risk. Can you go along with that?”

“Yes,” I tell her. “I’m sorry it has to be that way, but I do understand. I’m sure you’re right.”

Dolores has a real talent in her storytelling. “Well, anyway,” she continues, “this one guy who owned me for awhile was a great party giver—mostly cocktail parties, with quite a few rich European guests. His particular little whimsy, as far as I was concerned, was a sort of trolley affair. It was quite low down on the ground, but it pushed around easily and was just big enough to fit a girl on hands and knees. Anyway, this thing was divided by a panel of plywood sticking up out of its center, in the middle of which was a round hole big enough for my tummy. It was hinged, and it locked. The deal was I had to kneel on the little trolley, the top half was raised, and I bent forward to support myself on my hands. This placed my middle exactly where desired, and the top half was lowered down and locked. And there I was. Figure it for yourself. I couldn’t go backwards or forwards. I could kick and wave my arms, but I could do nothing effective, and I was beautifully

exposed, especially if someone wanted to whip my bottom. Anyway, when his parties were well along and people were having to think up things to talk about, a servant would wheel me in and leave me in the middle of the floor. Imagine it! And with Europeans—white people—there, and everybody looking at me, making comments."

"I've never run into that one," I admit soberly. "What happened?"

"Oh, they gave me a bad time. Nothing too serious, but I was never sure of that. The paddling my bottom was innocent enough, but you'd be surprised how it hurts when a man does it for real. In fact, some of the women were even worse. They actually did extract sounds from both ends of me. I couldn't keep quiet. But the worst part was the position I was in. I could kick my feet one at a time, or I could wave my arms one at a time. I couldn't do both at once, and neither did me a bit of good anyway. I was there to be enjoyed, and enjoy me they did. My owner made certain there were no whips, canes, or crops around. He reserved my whippable skin for his own use."

How sadly vulnerable girls are! I reflect upon this while Dolores turns me around and plays with the nape of my neck. She knows all the places and is tremendously skilled. I suspect it's a labor of love. Her handcuffs clink delightfully while she works. The steel on my own wrists is passive. I refuse to fight it. A girl is silly to fight handcuffs. Once more the cynically amused chronicle continues.

“The old boy with the brothel used a trick on me I’ve always supposed was designed to promote trade. He had a sort of lounge where a man could talk to a girl or have her provide him with a drink or coffee or whatever. Well, even though no one had asked for me, I was let loose in this room without a single restraint. The kicker was that I had the damnedest chastity belt locked over my pussy. It must have cost a fortune, it was so beautiful and strongly made. It fit every crevice down there, like it had been measured and molded just for me. It was terribly tight, so it made me walk funny, but that just added to the erotic kick for the men. Then, to make doubly sure I didn’t hand out any freebies, he had a gag put in my mouth, and this was as much a work of art as the chastity belt. It filled my mouth, covered my lips, and locked with a big padlock at the back of my neck. The boys could look and touch, but that was all. If they wanted to play, they had to pick another girl and pay. I was just sort of a come-on.”

“But they could have whipped you!”

“They could if they’d had a whip, but the brothel keeper made sure there wasn’t one around. He was strictly a pay-for-play man, and if a guy wanted to whip you, it cost him a fixed price for each stroke.”

“But why didn’t he sell one of the clients the key to your belt? I’d have thought that a natural.”

“Well, he didn’t. He never talked to me much, but I sort of

gathered he figured it would be an anticlimax. It would be best to leave the client excitedly envisioning what there was under that metal shield that covered my puss. The reality would be disappointing, so why disappoint the poor guy when there was all sorts of other pussy around the premises? Darling, this traffic in girls has reached a fine art in Jemna. If I ever escape back to the States, I could make a fortune as a madame."

I've never been properly sold. There was Whitlaw and Sabrina, but neither of them were my real owners. I suppose I'd have run into a lot of this stuff Dolores talks about if I had ever been handed over for cash in a final transaction. She was telling me nothing to make me hope it would happen.

"There's a small place in the interior that has no other function but as a slave market," Dolores continues. "It happens once a week. Girls are taken there from all over, and the marketplace is a big open area in the center of town where all sorts of stakes and posts have been firmly planted. The girl is fastened to one of them, which her owner rents for the day, and she has to stand in whatever posture he has chosen to bind her. The buyers walk back and forth, discussing business and our most intimate attributes. If they ask us a question, we have to answer politely, even if we don't understand the question. We are not allowed to be whipped. That is reserved for after the money has changed hands."

“You don’t mean you got taken there? Oh god, Dolores!”

“Sure, I was taken there. Old Dakar sent me himself. I think it was to teach me a lesson and show me how much better off I was being sold in this posh establishment than being picked up by a farmer or a camel driver.” Dolores laughed at the memory of her discomfort. “For the first hour against the post I was quite sure the police would show up anytime. I couldn’t believe this sort of thing could happen without the foreign press getting wind of it, and I never remembered reading anything like that. But it was all taken for granted, and I realized there wasn’t going to be any rescue by any cops or soldiers. My owner had chosen to fasten me to my post by chaining my hands above my head. He’d done it nice and loose so I wasn’t strained or stretched, but I had to stand in what we all know is a very inviting pose. It shows off a girl’s tits wonderfully, and she can’t get away if someone wants to handle the rest of her. I was polite and respectful to the buyers, but no one purchased me. I haven’t been able to figure that, because I could see myself as being the best merchandise on view. I simply had to suppose my price was too high and I was there only to be taught a lesson. It was sort of exciting because the men who looked at you came in all kinds, and I played a game with myself where I would try to pick out a nice-looking owner. I was still remembering the old boy who whipped you if you weren’t sold, and I was fearful Dakar might do the same. But I didn’t get punished at all. In fact, he had something rather nice for me when I got

home.”

10

Slave Song

OUR CAGE HELD US FOR SURE, but we can move around in it, and for this we are grateful. We are two canary birds who never expect to fly the forest again. Once I might have disbelieved the stories Dolores tells, or wished not to hear them. But that is not so now. After what I have done and seen I can believe anything. I listen attentively to the lilting cadence of her voice. “They all get sexual at times, Pandora, especially after they’ve whipped you. But sometime it’s just as a sort of experiment, as though they are finding out what we are made of and how we are put together and how much we can endure without falling apart. There was this one guy who had a pedestal in the center of his playroom floor. On the top of it was the damnedest phallus you’ve ever seen. It was complete even to the swollen veins and the contours of the head. It was right in every way except it was just too goddamn big! When I first saw it, I exclaimed, ‘Oh, no!’ But it didn’t do me any good. The guy just said, ‘Oh, yes,’ and proceeded to stand me on top of it with its point tickling my pussy. He then tied my hands behind my back and I was all ready. The simplest things are often the worst, and like I say, they spend so much damn money on the shit! This pedestal affair must have worked on compressed air or something. Anyway, all he had to do was push a button and it gently nudged its way up into my crotch. I’d been told to stand still, so I didn’t

dare do anything else. The only break I was getting was to have the knob well greased with Vaseline. He seemed to think he was doing me a big favor. I didn't dare move; I just stood there my legs apart as he instructed and felt the increasing pressure from below. I had the most awful visions of being torn to pieces, or only being able to accommodate elephants afterwards, but you know how it is, a girl is beautifully adaptable down there, and I discovered I was too. By the time the knob was well inside, I was panting with apprehension. The son of a bitch was a real artist. He stopped whatever he had going and kneeled down to examine the results and push me a little way this direction and that. Satisfied with an unimpeded piercing, he went back to his push button, and the first thing I knew the blasted phallus was edging its way into my middle. It probably wasn't nearly as big as I remember, but it seemed then to be two feet long. I remember I was sweating and giving off girl smell in waves while I tugged and twisted at my tied hands, but by this time there was nothing I could do. I couldn't even walk away. The pedestal and the thing inside me held me right there for sure."

"A sort of huge dildo?" I asked, enthralled.

"I suppose so. But the asshole had this one wired. When it had gone in so far I was expecting it to reach my tonsils, he stopped the thrust and turned on a motor. The fucking thing was equipped with a vibrator! He was doing things to me I couldn't believe. After my first orgasm, the climaxes came so fast I had no time to make the complaints my lips

tried to utter. He probably thought I was going to keel over and injure myself, so he stopped the thing and watched me standing there with a belly full of artificial cock, panting like crazy. He said I was a good girl, then went away and left me like that for the rest of the day. Have you noticed how they always do that? I think they get a kick out of thinking about us back there suffering, because they want it that way."

I can't match Dolores' tale of tribulation. I don't have the gift. To keep her talking, and because we seem to be in a medieval atmosphere, I ask, "Dolores, have any of these men stretched you on a rack? I've heard about it, but I've never seen it done."

"Oh, that." Her tone dismisses it as being of little consequence. "Yeah, I ran into it once. The assholes would probably use it a lot, except they don't want to ruin a good girl. The one I got put on belonged to a guy with an inquisitive mind. This one had a sort of central plank the girl lays on, and then your arms and legs are stretched out to the two pulleys, one at each end. Like most of them, this jerk was sort of modern. He didn't have that great big wheel with the spokes you see in movies. All he had to do was press a button and I started to stretch. He protected his investment enough to have wide wristlets and anklets strapped on me real tight so they could stand the strain. He made a fun thing out of it by describing my appearance as my stretching progressed. I mean, it wasn't all that much. We're only talking about fractions of inches, but every little

bit counted—believe me. Once my four tethers stretched taut, every little extra tug made me grunt and moan. It's a real bummer."

"He wasn't whipping you or anything? Were there any hot irons and stuff?"

"No, it was almost clinical—just a quarter inch at a time. When he had me well and truly stretched, he took away the bench, and I'll be damned if I didn't stay almost perfectly stretched—no support and hardly any sag at all. That really scared me, hanging there just suspended by wrists and ankles. The son of a bitch didn't do anything really dramatic. He got a chair and sat himself down beside the rack so he could lean his arm on it. Then he started to pluck my pussy hairs. Now how's that for crazy!"

"All of them? You mean he plucked your pussy bare?"

"That's what I was afraid of at first, but he assured me he was a collector of pussy hairs and just wanted a few samples. I suppose all pussy hairs look the same once they're plucked, but I guess it's the girl and the circumstance that makes the difference. Anyway, he satisfied himself by plucking about a dozen, and the last six or so he deliberately plucked slowly, so he had me yelping good. Just try pulling one out a little bit at a time, holding it so the flesh is pulled up and resists—it hurts like hell! You're sure you're losing an inch of skin from each tug, but when you look later, you find it all intact. Anyway, that was as far as it

went." Dolores sighed. "I suppose I couldn't really claim to have been racked at all. I mean, he never broke a bone or even really bruised me. It all seems so damn silly afterwards. I'll admit that here and there I've got an erotic kick out of things men have done to me, but none of it really seems to accomplish anything. I think that's why whipping us is their favorite thing. It brings out more responses that are recognizable to them, and if we're not tied too damn tight, we do writhe exquisitely. Once I offered one of them that I would writhe like crazy, pretending I was in agony, for as long as he wanted, without being whipped. But he didn't like the idea. He just wanted to whip me harder and longer, and I wished I had kept my mouth shut." She sighs again. "A slave girl has to be so damn careful about what she says."

We tell each other stories about ourselves until we both realize we are just killing time. Our tall tales lose their excitement eventually and only bring revulsion. We are gratefully diverted when Iben Ben Dakar makes his appearance.

Dolores has everything down pat; she is far better trained than I am. She drops to her knees, spreading them wide, and rests her cuffed hands above her pussy. She then bows her head, playing to the hilt the role of slave girl, ready for instructions from her master. I do the same, but I am slow and clumsy. Even the kindest chain still impedes my motions. Breathlessly, we await our master's orders.

“You may gaze upon me,” Ben Dakar says kindly, as though bestowing infinite wealth. “I wish to speak on the matter of your sale.”

We gaze at the old fraud, obedient and expectant, our flesh quivering. At a word from the old man, the most terrible things can be done to us. It is not surprising that we are on our knees.

“I intend to sell you both, dear girls. I wish you to do those things which please a buyer most. I want you to kneel as you have kneeled to me. It is a fitting tribute to a man prepared to spend large sums.” He surveys us soberly, and then adds, “Your performance will be evaluated. Should it fall short of what I deem vital to your task, you will be whipped. Do you understand?”

“Yes, master!” we exclaim.

“I have spoken of Whitlaw Terrace to you, Pandora. I know nothing of his feelings for you, but I will give you counsel. Should he buy you, do not mistake his intentions. He may eventually marry you—this I do not know—but until he does, you must remember you are a slave and should behave thus. He may not whip you himself, but he will have the task done by others.” Dakar chuckles. “Whitlaw Terrace may be American, but he has spent enough time in this land to revere our customs. Should he come to view you, I want you both to give your best efforts. Is it understood?”

We respond in the correct manner. We understand perfectly.

In the morning, we are taken from the cage to be bathed and made pretty. On our return we are fed. It is all beautifully convenient. I have no hands, but Dolores has hers and can feed me. We make a fun thing of it. I take the food and drink with gusto, assuring Dolores that one day I will do the same for her. We are getting a good feeling about each other, a feeling of belonging.

And then Sabrina Prestwick shows up. It is not until she has told me I should have my little ass whipped for the way I behaved with Harib, and has circled the cage several times, that I realize she is a buyer of serious intent.

“You, girl,” she says to Dolores. “Do you want me to buy you?”

“Yes, ma’am, please buy me. I will be a good slave to you,” Dolores replies, ever the correct slave girl.

Sabrina turns to me. I know what’s coming. “Pandora, do you want me to buy you?”

I raise my head and bluntly say, “No, thank you.”

There comes a silence in which Dolores eyes me with sly admiration. Sabrina is obviously thinking hard. She seems not displeased, but I can’t trust that. What I’ve said is hardly flattering.

In her usual abrupt manner, she says, “That was a challenge, and I accept it. I will buy you. If you had anything to pack, I’d tell you to get your bags now. But you don’t have any need of such things. You don’t have any hands either, and if I remember right, those are my leg irons you’re wearing. I suppose I’ll have to buy you to get them back, eh? I’ll go and talk to Dakar about prices. See you soon, darling.”

I stare as Sabrina walks toward the door. She looks back over her shoulder, a haughty smile on her lips. She blows me a kiss and walks through the door. What have I done! Instinctively, I turn to Dolores and bury my face in her bosom, the tears rolling down her breasts. We then seek and find hungry mouths, lips and tongues comforting one another. She curls one bare leg around mine and rubs reassuringly.

“What’s the matter, darling?” Dolores asks gently. “She is a woman, after all. I sort of hoped she would buy me. I know we females can be bitchy, but at least it’s better than a man.”

I can’t tell if Iben Ben Dakar is pleased. He pays us a visit and tells me I will spend a little time with Dolores in the cage and must behave myself. I suspect he has some sort of scheme under way from which he will make a profit out of what has happened. He’s neither pleased nor displeased, but I suspect Sabrina was a surprise. But with a slave trader, no matter what happens to his girls, he comes out

on the right side. He may get a great deal of Sabrina's money, and she just possibly may get a great deal from Whit. In the meantime, I wish I could go back to the U.S. Oh, fuck!

It turns out to be a busy day for Iben Ben Dakar. I suspect he tanks up the boys before he sends them in to view his slaves. A drink never failed to lubricate any business deal, and whether they buy us or not, they still view us with favor. I throw everything I have into my act, pleading with them. If I can arouse some of these assholes, maybe one will outbid Sabrina, if it's not already too late for that. By the end of the day, we are both sold. I wish for this one last night they would let me have my hands. Instead, Dolores also gets hers locked behind her back. Being a slave girl is absolutely for the birds! I suspect the two of us are doomed to slavery for the rest of our lives. We cry ourselves to sleep. I am sure this cage has seen such maiden tears before.

In the morning, we are readied for transport. When I see the wire and the pliers, I panic. "Not the wire," I plead. "Please don't wire me—there's no need. Rope is every bit as good. The wire just hurts too much!" I make such a fuss the girl in charge fetches Ben Dakar, and I take the opportunity to ask, "You said Sabrina Prestwick was being deported, didn't you! But she's still here, and she's buying me." I am not punished. In his way, Dakar is a kindly old man. He

explains gently that affairs of state are no concern of mine and what Jemna decides to do with Sabrina is Jemna's affair alone. I listen, but realize it doesn't really matter. If I'm not purchased by one, it will be another, and either way, it is not likely to be good for me. I content myself with asking Dakar to order that I be tied with rope instead of wire. He smiles and leaves me to the mercies of the girl with the pliers. When Sabrina comes, I also plead with her, but she tells me not to be silly, that she is not going to be bothered by a slave girl seeking freedom. She wants me held tight—secure and humble. The wires cut deep and burn cruelly. When I have been carried and placed within the trunk of her car, my ankles are also wired. It seems to me that I have gone this route before.

Sabrina is not all bitch. When she has me home, the first thing she does is cut the wire on my ankle and then on my elbow. It is a repeat performance. She then uses a pair of thumb cuffs for their proper intent. Laughing at the look on my face, she clips them on my thumbs while my hands are still wired together. It is perhaps their first time to be used as they were intended. They hold me beautifully helpless and hurt only a trifle more than handcuffs. Sabrina tells me seriously, "I'll never give you freedom, Pandora. It's asking too much of any girl to dangle freedom before her nose and not have her leap for it sooner or later. You'll be a lot happier if I keep you properly handcuffed or bound. I'll vary it enough so you won't get bored."

I consider her words, then ask something that seems terri-

bly obvious to me. “But, Sabrina, what do you even want me for? What good can I do you? I’d sooner be owned by you than one of the local sand monkeys, with their cruelty and their snake pits, but why, Sabrina? Why!”

“No mystery, sweetheart. You’re white, and so I am. I love punishing you, and you’re good company when I need it. Just behave like a good girl and I won’t whip you any more than my moods dictate.”

I come close to asking why she has to whip me at all, but I am becoming experienced at slavery, so I need not ask why. The punishment of slave girls upsets all preconceived notions of justice. We are the whipping boys of modern times. I am jolted out of this somber reflection by Sabrina’s amused demand: “I bet you got one hell of a charge out of seeing me back there on Harib’s blasted horse, didn’t you!”

Sabrina is absolutely right, and my face betrays me. Lamely, I say, “There was nothing I could do. I was entirely helpless.”

She is as beautiful as ever. She wears clothes, but her hands are cuffed together in front. She wears them with an easy grace that tells me she has worn them often. “Hello, Pandora,” she says, “long time, no see.”

Gracelessly and breathlessly, I exclaim, “What one earth are you doing here! I thought you belonged to Whit?”

She comes to the bars and says, “Here, forget about Whit and Sabrina and that old Dakar. Forget all of them. I’ll play with your nipples, okay? You’ll like that. I’m handcuffed in front, so I can do most anything. Here, get your lips between the bars—I want to kiss you.”

It is all quite crazy, but my questions die under Wisteria’s fingertips. I am outrageously susceptible to fingertips, and I allow Wisteria’s to take me to Nirvana. We girls are so lucky to have all these erogenous places. But, needless to say, Sabrina shows up right when the rainbows are becoming most intense. “You’re a pair of little lesbo sluts,” she chides. “Pandora, if I put a store window dummy in there with you, you’d soon be down between its legs!”

There is something going on—I know there is! This is all too slick and well rehearsed. Wisteria and Sabrina know something that I don’t. I watch, entranced, as Wisteria holds her hands out for the removal of the cuffs from her wrists. She is then turned around and gets her hands cuffed behind her, just like me. After a few clicks she is as helpless as I am and for the same reason. She grins at me. We are now two maidens in distress. The door is opened and she is put within. I watch the same procedure that I myself went through. By the time the door is locked again, Wisteria stands as I stand, looking at me with wry humor. Sabrina salutes us both, locks the door, and departs. The whole thing hasn’t taken long.

“I’ve been naughty,” Wisteria tells me demurely. “I’ve been

sent here to be punished. Sabrina's real good at it."

"Whit sent you?"

"Sure. You know how he hates whipping girls himself, but Sabrina loves it, so it all works out fine."

"I think everybody here is nuts, including me. I don't see why you look so happy."

Wisteria chuckles. "They've forgotten to take my clothes off. Since I'm sentenced to be punished, I ought to be naked. So far as looking unhappy, what's the use? I'm sort of a professional slave by now. Everything has happened before. I try and confine my unhappiness to when my punishment happens. That's surely enough without living it over and over after that. If you work at it, you'll pick up the knack. It sure helps." Wisteria wriggles around to accommodate her two pairs of thumb cuffs. "Now, I want you to tell me your adventures. Whit said you could do it better than he could. He said you've really had yourself a time."

That's the nice thing about being caged with another girl: You can talk. At least you can talk if you're not gagged, and fortunately, we are not. I babble away while Wisteria looks at my breasts and pubic hair. I tell her the whole thing, including the sadness about Harib. I can't be sure whose camp she is in, or if she is friend or foe, but she is very sweet and very beautiful. I wish she was stripped—naked, as I am—so I could also admire her. When I have finished my tale, Wisteria brightly says, "I bet Sabrina punishes you

along with me. That would tickle her fancy, having the two of us suffering at the same time." She then sighs longingly. "She's a beautiful bitch. I'd love to have her in a cage cuffed the way we are."

"That's pure fantasy, Wisteria."

"Sure it is, but what else do I have to think about? Remember when I whipped your legs? That seems so long ago. Uhmmm, would you like to whip mine? I bet you would. Why don't you ask Whit? I bet he'd let you. A slave girls legs are the least of his worries."

"I don't think I want to—but thanks."

"That's because you haven't been a slave long enough. Boredom hasn't got the best of you yet. After you've been whipped so many times you become mentally adjusted to it, when you see a pleasant diversion, you'll go for it. Believe me, when you get a chance to give as well as get, it comes as a wonderful release."

Looking at Wisteria's unconcerned loveliness, I realize how far I have come from reality. The cage, Wisteria, the thumb cuffs, and all this is about what I expect. Wisteria and I are in the middle of a strange have-and-have-not paradox. Sabrina certainly has us, but we do not have her or any other girl. I can understand Wisteria's point of view that if given an opportunity to be cruel to her or she to me, we would leap at the chance as an escape from boredom. I make motions of revolt against steel-clad thumbs and toes,

but quickly cease my struggle and smile at Wisteria. She grins back in understanding.

“How did you get over here from Whit’s place?” I ask, looking for something to say.

“I walked. It’s a lovely day, and it’s not too far.”

“Handcuffed! You walked over here handcuffed?”

“Of course—why not? I used a handbag and a scarf, and if I arrange them properly, it covered me up nicely. Nobody noticed a thing.”

“But, Wisteria, you’ve had all sorts of keys to all sorts of handcuffs—why wouldn’t you keep one in your bag?”

“Oh, Pandora, they’re not that dumb! Both Whit and Sabrina keep careful inventory. If they give you a key, they expect to get it back. I’ve tried to keep one a number of times, but I never made it. I got punished over it, too, so I stopped trying.”

I catch the obvious flaw here, and I demand, “But you were free! You were properly dressed, and you had your handbag. Why didn’t you just go to the American Consulate? They could’ve got you back to America.”

“I told you before, dear,” she says patiently. “I absolutely won’t throw away a good thing. Why the hell would I go back there and be a drudge in an office or cook for some poor slob who’ll die poor? You couldn’t sell me that—I’ll

stay here and take my lumps. If you think about it long enough, you'll probably do the same."

I think about it now. I let what she has told me seep in. I have a mental vision of this lovely girl carelessly walking along the streets to a destination where she knows she will be punished. Damn it, Whit must have given her something pretty wonderful to make her willing to do this. I can't imagine myself being so docile.

"It got my pussy all wet thinking about what I was walking to," Wisteria says, laughing. "And you've forgotten, dear, that I wouldn't want to go to America. I was born here, and it would be even easier for me to run home, but I still don't want to. My family is extremely poor. It was Sabrina who got me educated. Wherever she sent me, I came back, even if I knew I'd be flogged."

Another inconsistency stares me in the face, and I have to verbalize it. "Well, then, if you're so willing to accept captivity, why are your thumbs and big toes cuffed the same as mine?"

Wisteria laughs at me. I've said something silly, I guess. "But, darling, don't you understand—being captive isn't just being prevented from moving here or there. It also makes you subject to the whims of whoever owns you. I'm not cuffed because anyone thinks I'll run away; I'm cuffed because it gives Sabrina pleasure to have me this way. And she isn't a sadist any more than Whit. Don't you ever use

that word around me."

I realize how much Wisteria is of Jemna. She belongs here, but I do not. She is wearing the thumb cuffs with a quiet, natural grace, almost in comfort. But I can't do it. I am in constant revolt against them, and mostly they hurt as though in reprimand.

Sabrina is back. God, this cage is a popular diversion! "Hello, darlings," she says happily, and then takes Wisteria from my presence. Having freed her toes, she leads my cellmate away. I suppose it is to be given her punishment—whatever that might be. I think of Prestwick Petroleum and wonder what the board of directors would think of these goings on. But I suppose they're only dummies—Sabrina holds the stock. It is about fifteen minutes before I too am collected by my smiling mistress. I am sure she has something up her sleeve.

Poor Wisteria! I should have guessed. Sabrina must have given a hurry-up command and construction has been completed in a rush. Wisteria is seated on the horse in the posture I well remember. I'm sure Sabrina remembers it too. She smiles radiantly and smothers me in vibrations as well as her own pungency of perfume. The atmosphere of this room is potent with the emanations of agony and joy. Here is a strange polarity of opposites.

"Isn't she beautiful!" Sabrina exclaimed delightedly. "I had so much time to examine what it was I was sitting on that I

had no trouble in getting an exact replica. What do you think, Pandora? Is everything the way it should be?"

"Yes, mistress."

It is exactly the same, but I dare not elaborate. I am keeping my tongue in check for fear of what I might say. The horse is something no girl should have to suffer. It is just too damn unkind, and it violates all the things we cherish. Stretched upon it, we become untidy and contorted. We are not pleased with ourselves and find it impossible to bear our punishment gracefully. We can't even look anyone in the eye without raising our head against the stress. The horse simply should not be allowed!

"Wisteria bears up so well when she's punished," Sabrina tells me in a sort of confidential whisper. "Don't you find her nakedness superb?"

Words are almost sacrilege in this place while Wisteria suffers. It becomes a sanctuary of anguish in which one whispers and walks on tiptoes. I can't tell you why, but it is so. In terrible fascination, I study the naked girl being punished for a sin I do not even know. I suspect Wisteria is getting a raw deal. I bet Whitlaw sent her here to get her bottom whipped, but now look at what Sabrina's done with her! My tummy is doing a somersault as I realize my turn is next.

Wisteria spares me a wan glance, then returns me to her contemplation of the horse itself and her preoccupation

with pure pain.

Her feet and legs have been drawn cruelly to either side, and her shoulders are distorted by the upward pull from her bound hands. But the full focus of what is being done to her pinpoints upon the squashed, compressed softness beneath her pubic patch. I wince simply to look at it. A small secret place designed to love is bearing all its owner's weight upon the narrow edge of a cruel upended plank. Gazing upon it, I allow my feelings to subvert judgment. "Sabrina, she's never done this to you. Please take her off of it. Do something else not so cruel."

"Such as?"

"Well, couldn't you cane her bottom or something?"

"Oh, come, dear, how terribly trite! Wisteria must feel ashamed of you. She's made of much sterner stuff. See how sweetly resigned she is to having a crushed cunt."

That word again! It is so terribly appropriate to a scene like this. To speak of pussies here and now would seem a childish affectation. The four-letter word implies the full cruelty of the plank's edge. Wisteria neither screams nor moans, but she is breathing more and more heavily, and perspiration is evident as it glistens on her lovely body. I wonder if I will conduct myself as well.

I long for the comfort of an American policeman. In fact, any American at all would do just fine. I long for Whit. I bet

he wouldn't let this happen. I'm sure he doesn't know it's taking place. I believed he and this suffering girl were lovers, but now I have to wonder. I wriggle unhappily against the things upon my thumbs. It is now that I notice Wisteria's thumbs still bear the little metal cuffs. Her hands have been raised by ropes around her wrists, but the cuffs glint brightly and saucily as her thumbs hold still in patient immobility. I notice the spasmodic heaving of her breasts. Wisteria may not know it, but every breath she takes protests what is being done to her. Sabrina follows my gaze and comes up with, "You like them, don't you? You think Wisteria's breasts are beautiful?"

"Well, aren't they!" I demand irritably, forgetting prudence. "Please, Sabrina, she's had enough. Let her down."

Sabrina smiles and leaves my side. I don't even think to run—what's the use? My thumbs are still prisoner, and I am naked. When my mistress comes back to me, she is holding little metal objects in her hand. "The finishing touch, darling. Wisteria does need just a little something, don't you agree?"

I do not agree! I view what I behold in pure horror. This is bitchiness piled on top of bitchiness. The cruel, snappy little clips glistening in Sabrina's palm hold a terrible menace for any girl. For Wisteria, now they would be just too much. When Sabrina goes to the tortured girl and fits one of the clips carefully upon a poised nipple, I shout before it closes, "No, no, no! Sabrina don't—you mustn't!"

Our mistress turns; she is smiling. Perhaps she has achieved a desired result. “No? You think our lovely Wisteria’s breasts should not bear these delightful little ornaments?”

I have a suspicion what is coming, but again I demand, “No, she shouldn’t! She’s hurting enough. A girl on that horse doesn’t need anything else. You ought to know that, Sabrina.”

“My, my, you do feel strongly on the subject, Pandora. Very well, but we don’t waste them; we’ll put them on you.”

I asked for it, so this serves me right. Anyway, it does relieve Wisteria of a little bit of misery. Sabrina is enjoying a cat-and-mouse game with the two of us. I can almost feel her pleasure as she fingers the clips and gazes lovingly at my pink rosebuds which—damn them—have obligingly grown in size and prominence. She returns my woeful gaze with bright eyes vivid with sensation.

It is a beastly feeling. What do I do—run around the room and get caught, or just stand passively and allow it to happen? I twist my poor thumbs again and again. They’ve really had enough of this twisting, and I can’t get out of the clips anyway. Reason dictates that I stand still. Sabrina reads my thoughts: “Do you want to run, honey, or stand still? Why don’t you go and stand against the wall and press your tits hard against it so I can’t get at them?”

She is teasing. There is nothing I can do; my hands are safe

behind my back and will stay there. Unhappily, I retort, “Oh, all right. Get it over with. I know you intend to, and whatever I do can get the best of me.”

It is a small operation, neat and clean and wickedly decisive. In a sort of arrogance, I stick my breast out to receive its pain. Sabrina takes much care in the positioning of the metal clip which will snap shut to bite my bud in vicious joy. Having completed her preliminary move, she slowly allows the jaws to close. I moan and shift restlessly as her hand falls away, leaving the lovely shining thing to bite at me to its heart’s content. I do not scream, but it would be very easy to scream and most deeply satisfying. It is the same with my other breast. Despite myself I can’t refrain from watching it happen. Even without my arrogant outthrust, my breasts are in plain view. With the two decorations firmly biting me, I close my eyes and moan. I twist my shoulders, and the clips follow me, vibrating at my rebellion. It is as though they were alive.

“They look sweet on you, Pandora.” Sabrina kisses me. It is a genuine kiss, full of warmth. “You may remove them—if you can!”

Should I try? I know she wants me to. She wants to see the frustration and additional pain I invite by reaching for something I cannot clutch. I give way to instinct—not to her will—and strive with my strangely pinioned hands to free my nipples, but it is hopeless. I can come within a little space of achieving it, but I can’t reach as far as is my need.

The clips laugh at me and bounce merrily against my struggles. I desist and stand still, hurting like blazes and longing to scream. I do neither. Instead, I try to sink into the same absorption with my misery that envelops Wisteria upon her perch. If a girl hurts enough, she can become oblivious to things around her, and right now I would like to be oblivious to Sabrina's happy features. She is feasting on our sensations. I can almost believe she feels them vicariously, only joyously.

"I'll leave you two girls alone for awhile. I'm sure you've got things to talk about, but I won't be gone too long. The two of you are just too gorgeous not to enjoy."

Wisteria and I have nothing to say. What the hell can two tortured girls talk about? I go close and lean to kiss her forehead. Wisteria raises a grateful face, and for a few moments I find her lips and we kiss. These small contacts are tremendously vital to a slave girl. We value them greatly. We kiss for awhile, and it seems to lessen the pain.

Wisteria's is the agony, mine the frustration, until I realize I could perhaps, by kneeling down, contrive to free her feet. It would be easier if my hands were bound, the cuffs rob me of thumbs, but perhaps if I wriggle around a bit… ?

But Wisteria says not to, that Sabrina would catch us in the middle of the act, and anyway, if I did achieve freedom for her, we would both be terribly punished as a result. We consider these possibilities in silence until I state defiantly,

“I’m going to do it, and if I give you your feet, you can do the rest.”

“What about my arms? I can’t do a thing without them.”

I go to the control panel and discover if I get a chair…! Feverishly I work.

It is wickedly frustrating. Fingers needs thumbs, and I have no thumbs, but I pick away until the rope falls free, as does Wisteria’s legs.

I am so silly. It is not until now that I realize I can lower her hands, so I get on the chair and fish with my foot on the control panel to find the button. The whir of the electric motor is a cry of victory. Wisteria’s arms come down from their high stretch from behind her back. She remains cuffed, but she can use her fingers to steady her perch, so she does not fall. Frantically, I go to the still tied foot. The pretty clips on my nipples bounce merrily with the exertion. When I have Wisteria completely freed, she will be able to take them off for me. I return to my work and even manage to utilize one thumb, assuring the other it isn’t really hurting. We then stand back to back while I drag the rope from her wrists. Both of us remain thumb cuffed. I then sit on the chair and guide her searching fingers to my breasts. I do not tell her how much she hurts me, but I clench my teeth until both the beastly beetles have been taken from my rosebuds. My nipples throb and throb, presumably in gratitude. We stand apart and stare.

It is so absurd that we share laughter at each other. In our anxiety we have forgotten the vital focal point of our whole situation. Both of us are still almost helpless, we are both securely thumb cuffed and we have no key. I'm not sure we could use one if we had it. The shadows deepen across our faces until Wisteria moans bitterly,

"We're going to be sorry we did this, Pandora. Oh, shit! When I think what Sabrina will do to us, it scares the hell out of me!" She gazes at me askance, we both feel silly and inadequate, we are almost as helpless as we ever were. Sabrina can handle us with ease. In anxiety and doubt, Wisteria bends forward to examine her punished pussy. She cannot believe it's not horribly mutilated. It is a logical thought which all girls who sit upon a horse share, but it is never the case. A pussy is close to indestructible. It may hurt like crazy, but it comes up smiling. I assure her she has nothing to fear.

Our next concern is a key. It is possible we could not use one if we had it, but it would be nice to make sure. Wisteria scoffs at my suggestion that trying to open the door, something we could probably manage, and going on a search, the key will be wherever Sabrina is and Sabrina is the last person we wish to confront, so dejectedly and with Asian fatalism, Wisteria suggests that since we have this little bit of freedom before the ax falls we should use it to gain what happiness we can, it may be a long time before the chance comes again. With a faint spark of animation, she suggests, "Come on, Pandora, let's do a sixty-nine. It's

the only thing left."

"What, with Sabrina hovering!"

"It's our only chance, Pandora. This is all my fault. I should have thought of the thumb cuffs and stopped you from letting me loose, but the damage is done, so let's get what little joy we can before the dungeon door slams. We'll be lucky if we don't get thirty days in chains and semi-darkness for this little caper."

"Would Whit actually let her do that to us?"

"He's our only hope, but he'll agree that we have to be punished. Oh, shit, Pandora, we're really up the creek!"

Sabrina enters, and so does Whitlaw Terrace. We two delinquents stand and stare in horrified dismay. Guilt is heavy on our features. Whit's smile does little to cheer me up. Sabrina will talk him out of being kind to us. But it is Sabrina who provides our next surprise.

"You see, Whitlaw, I told you they could do it. Look at the poor things—they're scared stiff."

"I suppose we could let them off with a flogging," Whitlaw suggests pensively. "Your place or mine?"

"What they deserve is for both to go on the horse for the next two days," Sabrina contributes with equal severity. "They need a lesson, especially Pandora. This couldn't have happened unless she'd taken the initiative. I'll be damned,

she's even got rid of the clips on her tits!"

I have nothing to say, and neither does Wisteria. Guilt hangs so heavily upon us we cannot wiggle out from under. True, there is a hint of raillery in this verbal exchange, but that seems too good to be true. Did they really make a test with us to see if we actually could free ourselves? Playing it safe, I say in total abnegation, "It is my fault. I thought of it. Punish me, not Wisteria. She told me not to do it."

"A flogging isn't enough," Sabrina declares decisively. "Look at the simpering little so-and-so's! My authority hasn't been this badly flouted in years. They deserve the flogging, the horse, and more! What do you suggest, Whitlaw?"

I begin to have hope. They are playing this awful suspense bit for all its worth. I'm sure Wisteria and I look pitiful enough to give them a big charge out of it. With Whit present, I begin to hope we may be let off lightly—if you can call a flogging light!

Playing their own game, I venture anxiously, "I suppose it would be no good to say we're sorry?"

"No, it wouldn't, and you're only sorry because you forgot you were thumb cuffed. Really, that's a hoot to go to all that trouble and forget you'd still be helpless in the end. Really, I'm ashamed of you both."

Wisteria and I are ashamed of ourselves too, but we do not say so. We exchange nervous glances and twist at our thumbs. Whoever invented the beastly things should be hung, shot, beheaded, and then drawn and quartered! As long as there's a pair around any home, no girl is safe.

Whitlaw plays right along. "How about making them kneel in silence for a couple of days? Kneeling doesn't leave marks, except on the knees. The pose might induce penitence."

Now I'm not too sure. Whitlaw didn't mention the flogging, he's gone to something this brutal but probably just as devastating. I long to end this suspense, but dare not say the wrong word. I suspect Wisteria and I hang in a delicate balance. Our mistress and our master are both in good humor and are, I think, playing with us, scaring us to bits. Wisteria is wise; she is keeping quiet. I had best do the same.

I hate my thumb cuffs bitterly.

The pair of nooses in the bare, stark room are frightening. It would seem possible that Wisteria and I are to be hung. But they are too low for that. They are far too low for any purpose of which I am aware. Sabrina grips both of us with firm fingers and pushes us forward. Whitlaw follows behind. I hope he's ashamed of himself. With this woman, we are going to need all the help we can get. When the

ropes from above dangle against our faces, Sabrina directs, “Kneel down, darlings. You’re going to love every moment of this.”

We kneel. We know we will love nothing about to happen. The purpose of the hangman’s noose is now most evident. They are for our necks. Kneeling ten feet apart, Wisteria and I gaze upon each other unhappily, seeing a mirror of ourselves as we kneel erect. The noose is not tight upon our throats; it is loose enough. But when we seek to sink back upon our heels it tells us no. The full refinement of our punishment is now most evident. Instantly, I try and burn a bridge.

“Please don’t do this to us—don’t leave us kneeling like this. We’ll fall over and strangle.”

“No, you won’t, darling. You’re big strong girls, and you’ll kneel and kneel until I say otherwise.” Sabrina is positively salivating at our fate. It is exquisitely simple, and I am certain Wisteria and I make a pretty, pathetic picture as we kneel, thumbs joined behind our backs and our necks adorned with rope. The rest of us is naked. The floor beneath our knees is hard.

“You’re not really going to leave us like this for two days, are you?” Wisteria pleads.

“Indeed we are, dear. But don’t worry. You are both valuable pieces of merchandise, and we are not going to ruin you. At night your necks will be chained to the floor. You

can sleep in… well, sort of in comfort." She laughs gaily at our forlorn faces. "Every morning you'll kneel up again, ready for a fresh, full day."

"No, no! Oh, no!" Wisteria is even more alarmed than I. Perhaps she has seen this punishment before. I suspect she has. "Please do something else to us. Please punish us in another way I don't care how bad it is."

The more urgent our distress, the sweeter Sabrina's voice becomes. "But, darlings, surely you prefer this to thirty days in the dungeons with the heaviest of chains and an additional flogging on your first day and again on your last? Compared to that, this is mere child's play. You'll kneel it out in a breeze."

They go away. I'm sure Whitlaw is glad to escape. But Sabrina extracts every ounce of enjoyment from our predicament. From the door she waves cheerily, although we can't wave back. We are left alone to gaze upon each other in stricken dismay. Wisteria is sweet. She does not say a word about my freeing her from the horse and getting into this fresh disaster. We are maidens in distress, and will not blame each other.

"This was done to me once a long time ago," Wisteria confides. "It was only for a couple of hours I had to kneel like this, but I thought I'd die. Oh, darling, I'm so terribly sorry!"

"It isn't your fault. Wasn't it Whit's idea? And both of us are

helpless."

"What I mean is I should have thought up something more awful to plead for," Wisteria says reflectively. "I guess that thirty days in the dungeon, the chains, and the floggings weren't enough to entice Sabrina into making a change." She laughs bitterly. "Of course, Sabrina is going to want to come and gloat, and I suspect she doesn't like the dungeon. It's not a very cheerful place to gloat in. But with us in this room…!"

We explore our bonds. They are simple and few. We already know the measure of the beastly little cuffs upon our thumbs. We now strive to rid our necks of the noose by which we are compelled to kneel erect. We soon discover this is impossible. They are real hangman's nooses with the length of knotted ropes, the weight of which drags them down to prevent us from getting our chins or mouths at them in the way we hoped. We discover we can almost sit back on our heels, but not quite. The distance by which this comfort is denied might just as well be ten feet for all we can do about it. My knees are already unhappy. Unexpectedly, it is Whitlaw Terrace who comes to view us first. He stands in contemplation of our punished beauty. We know we are beautiful, so why deny it? Our beauty is, for us, almost a curse. Without it, we would certainly not be kneeling here like this. With mock cheerfulness, he says, "Look, I'm sorry about this. I didn't think Sabrina would take me up on it."

His sorrow is welcome. We hope he will be very sorry indeed. We gaze up at him with doe-like eyes and pray.

“Look here,” he says earnestly, “I don’t know how bad this punishment is for you. It looks simple and harmless, but I don’t suppose it truly is. Would you actually prefer the dungeon, with its chains and whips?”

“I wouldn’t,” I tell him without thinking. “I’d be dead before the thirty days were up.” I look at him soulfully. “Whit, do we have to be punished at all? This is just for Sabrina’s pleasure, isn’t it?”

“Yes, you have to be punished, sweetheart. I’m sorry. After all, you did take the law into your own hands, you know. I’d be satisfied to give you two or three hours like this, but that’s not good enough for her ladyship. She wants you to get the works.” He fixes me with an appealing eye. “She’s taken a fancy to you, Pandora. So far as she’s concerned, it’s a deal.” He laughs gruffly and shrugs. “But I want to sleep at nights. I don’t want to lay in bed thinking of you enduring shit like this. I’m willing to call it off. I’ll tell Sabrina no deal.”

I’m so thankful to Whit I could cry. He is coming across as a true American after all. I glow. I thank him profusely while Wisteria watches in speechless silence, it is then that my tongue speaks for me, or perhaps it is my heart. “I will happily be your prisoner, Whit. I have been before, and I can be again. I know you’re in love with Wisteria, but we

wouldn't conflict. If I do misbehave, you can always punish me."

Whit nods. "You still belong to me. I have not yet sold you to Sabrina. I have just told you I will not do so. There are plenty of ways of enjoying a slave girl without cutting her in two on a horse or having her kneel as you kneel now." He chuckles: "Maybe I'm just getting old."

Girls are absurd. I hear my own voice saying the impossible, "You've been kind to me, Whit. Maybe Sabrina is a mistake, but it's a mistake I'll try to live with. Please take Wisteria back. She doesn't deserve to be punished. If Sabrina is satisfied with just me, let the deal stand. I'll put up with whatever she does for me. I think I owe you something."

Whitlaw Terrace is a big man. He stoops down to plant a kiss upon my upturned face. I would like to think he is choked up with emotion, but in silence, he frees Wisteria from the noose and leads her away, leaving me alone in a silent room with a dangling empty noose for company. I shift from one knee to the other; they hurt.

Sabrina comes next. I can't tell time. I am more and more preoccupied with my knees. It helps if there is someone to talk to. She surveys me soberly, nodding from time to time as though in confirmation of a thought. Finally she says, "Whitlaw has told me about your conversation. He's a good guy, isn't he?" She makes another slow circle. "You're very

beautiful like that, Pandora. You're one of the most beautiful things I've ever seen. But I'm sure I'm not the first to tell you that. Does that hurt bad—the kneeling, I mean?"

"Yes, it hurts. It's hurting more all the time." I try not to look too desolate. "But that's the way it's supposed to be, isn't it?"

"There are quite a few things I want to do with you, Pandora. I wish Whitlaw hadn't suggested this kneeling trick. If I hadn't sentenced you to it, I'd take you off to something more interesting."

"Like the horse, for instance?"

"Was that sarcasm, my dear?"

"No. Honest, it wasn't. I'm just getting tired, and I hurt so bad. I'm sorry."

"I'll believe you, but most would not." She makes one more circle, as though unable to get enough of me. My skin almost crawls with the intensity of her regard. "You can kneel there for awhile, Pandora. I'm doing a bit of thinking about you. You're far too good to waste. That bastard Terrace is getting enough out of me, so I may as well get my money's worth out of you." She laughs gaily at my obvious apprehension. "Don't worry, there will be no hot irons or snake pits. Maybe I'm not as bad as you think."

Once more I am alone. I can't tell if I've been teased or if some fresh hope does lay ahead. I tug and twist at the little

metal circlets around my thumbs. It is hard to realize they govern my life. If, by some magic, they fell away, I'd be a free girl, or at least I'd be able to make a run for it. I dream, without hope, of the good old U.S.A. It doesn't seem possible it still exists and that I might one day return. I curse the thumb cuffs and once more shift from knee to knee. This operation is becoming more painful each time I do it. Soon my knees will be so numb I'll not care any more. Oh, damn!

It is a brisk and busy Sabrina who visits next. I'm sure an hour has passed, and my plight is getting to the point where I have been considering falling sideways and trying to break my neck. If I were positive I was to be left kneeling thus for twenty-four hours, I think it's something I would seriously consider. But Sabrina is a busy woman, and I am infected by her new purpose. She reaches down and tugs and twists the thumb cuffs to make them hurt. I make no sound. Sabrina has something in mind.

"I don't trust these damn things," Sabrina says forcefully. "They are sort of cutesy pie, but to risk a girl like you to something as small as that... no way!" She fumbles for a moment and then there comes the familiar feel of steel upon my wrists. "These will be a hell of a lot better, and I'll feel easier in my mind about you." She clicks the metal circlets tightly upon my wrists. "You're used to these things, aren't you? Yes, I'm sure you are, so I don't want to hear any complaints. Understand?"

“Yes, I understand. I won’t ever complain about handcuffs.”

“You like them!” She sounds surprised. “I’d have thought you’d prefer cord. There’s always a chance of wiggling out of rope.”

“If there is, I never managed it,” I tell her dismally. “Would I be asking too much to get rid of the thumb cuffs? They hurt.”

“You’ll wear them awhile longer. Like I said, they’re cute. They set off the cuffs nicely. It’s a real nice effect. It’s a pity you can’t see it yourself.”

Sabrina is strong. Her arms lift me easily, and I gasp thankfully. My knees protest the sudden return to their natural condition, but their protest is brief. I forget them. I can’t embrace Sabrina, but I lean my head on her shoulder and weep into the softness of her neck. Everything has been just too much. I need these tears. But, oh damn, I wish I had my hands!

Sabrina is suddenly maternal. She cuddles and comforts me as would a mother. She dries my cheeks. “I’m taking you home with me, Pandora. This was sort of a test run.” She pauses thoughtfully, stroking my bare back. “I’m taking you home in my car. Will you behave?”

“I have to behave the way you have me cuffed.”

“Well, up to a point. I want you able to walk. I’ll be damned if I can carry you, but I don’t want you playing the fool.

You're going to be tempted, I'm sure."

I scarcely hear what Sabrina says. I'm still soaking up the relief of getting rid of the noose and being allowed to stand. The handcuffs are nothing in my life. I'm so damned used to them they almost feel good upon my wrists. Sabrina's next suggestion jolts me back to reality.

"I always think elbows are so effective," she ponders affectionately. "A girl always responds well if you control her elbows. I've invented this little device. It's so much handier than the single glove with all those laces."

Sabrina holds shining metal bands for me to see. They are beautifully made, but I have no desire to become closer acquainted with their shining steel. Each band is at least two inches wide, but thin enough, I suppose, to preserve my femininity. Sabrina quietly orders, "Stand still, Pandora."

I stand straight and still for the next infliction. I'm still radiating thankfulness for release from the noose. Whatever Sabrina does to my elbows can't be any worse. But I gasp as the bands contact my flesh. I can't see, but in some way they are made to contain my forearms as the elbow by the simple expedient of Sabrina exerting all her strength to thrust my arms together. There is a most definite click. My elbows are contained.

"Do you feel chastened, darling?" Sabrina inquires anxiously, as though it matters. "I wish you could see the effect.

It's quite lovely. And it's not just on your arms; it's on your shoulders and breasts too. If I just control you with this, will you be tempted to run away?"

Damn the woman! How can I tell what I'll be tempted to do? What a question to ask a girl! Of course I'll be tempted, but I dare not say it. I simply say, "They make me feel horribly helpless. I expect they'll hurt after awhile."

"Good girl! That's a fine response. Look, we've got quite a ride ahead of us, and I'd like someone to talk to. I ought to gag you and put you in the trunk, but I don't see why I should deny myself your company. I suspect when you're not hurting too much, you have things to talk about."

Thoughts of car trunks and hog-ties set me to trembling. If I can travel as I am now, I have to be grateful. I don't want to be gagged either. Urgently, I exclaim, "You don't need to do anything else with me, Sabrina, I'll be absolutely safe, but if there's a worry in your mind you can tie my feet together after I'm in the car, or you can tie or chain one ankle to anything you like. Honest, I'm not going to be a nuisance."

I feel like an idiot. I'm so damn humble and anxious to please. Of course, after the horse and the kneeling, why wouldn't I be anxious to please! Sabrina appears to understand. She pats my cheek and, surprisingly, kisses me. I'm sure now I will have to spend both time and effort between her legs, but that is for the future. For this moment I do not want to be gagged. "The first time I make a peep at the

wrong place, you can gag me then, Sabrina," I tell her hopefully. "In the meantime, I promise all I'll do is answer your questions and be a good girl." Primly, like an English servant, I proclaim, "I know my place."

Sabrina controls me by my hair. She grasps a handful and leads me to the garage. It is a most effective way of ensuring a girl's behavior. If someone has a handful of my hair, I do not argue. It is much like having my nipples ringed. A girl with ringed nipples dares not say a bad word. She does what she is told. I step into Sabrina's car. In the front seat, beside where she will sit, I watch her tie my ankles. She does this with tremendous relish, looping them a number of times, getting the cinch rope in between, then tugging the whole thing tight. It is a most attractive bond, and if it was not designed to inhibit my escape, I would admire its carefully placed strands of cord and the way they bite at me. I sink back into the expensive upholstery and prepare myself for a conversational ride. I don't care where I'm going; it simply doesn't matter.

"You're accustomed to being captive in a car." Sabrina eyes me shrewdly as she steers our vehicle into the stream of traffic. "How long have you been a slave?"

I tell her of my misfortunes, or should they be called adventures? I suspect if I am humble enough, Sabrina will not be too unkind. But I sure will need to be humble as all get out! As a start, I say, "Your invention of this thing on my elbows is really something, mistress. When I try to move

them, everything moves: my shoulders, my breasts, everything above my waist They're metal, aren't they? A girl could never get free."

"That's right, dear child. I've got you. I've got you damn good and safe. Feel like screaming? I have the gag handy." Sabrina holds up an object I have only dimly seen. I recognize the wad for my mouth and the straps and leather band for my lips and the nape of my neck. I have no hesitation in saying, "No, I do not feel like screaming. I don't want to be gagged. Besides, if I were, I couldn't talk to you."

"Good girl! You're beautifully helpless, aren't you? All we need is the gag, but unless you're silly…!" She suddenly changes the subject. "You know what I'm going to do with you when I get you home, don't you?"

"Yes, I know. You'll take me to bed and make me eat you."

"Make you?"

"No, you don't have to really force me. I'll gladly do whatever you want. I'm a slave, and I know I'm a slave, so there's no use in objecting to such a thing. It doesn't hurt, so why should I mind?"

Sabrina is satisfied, but she is female and curious about everything. "When I'm through with you—if I ever am—I could give you back to Whitlaw. Would you like that, darling?"

"Of course I'd like that."

“I’m ashamed of any girl who isn’t a lesbian. The rest are simply cock-hungry—poor deluded creatures just waiting to be taken advantage of. Honey, stay with me and you’ll be well looked after.”

“I seem to be well looked after now,” I tell her, with only the faintest sarcasm. “I can scarcely move at all, I’m naked, and you’ve promised to gag me if I make any noise. I’m all yours.”

“Did that Terrace fuck you good?”

“Everyone has done that,” I tell her coldly. “Back home, when you meet a guy, he might kiss you or he feels you up a bit, but my experience here has been that they fuck you the first thing.”

“If Whitlaw Terrace has sold you to me permanently, I’ll have you branded, Pandora. If the job is competently done, it’s quite beautiful. What do you think of that?”

“If I loved somebody, I guess it would be okay. Otherwise, no!”

She spares me a glance. “What you’re saying is if Harib wasn’t dead and in his grave, you’d gladly accept his hot iron on your pretty flesh—is that it?”

“I guess so,” I say sadly, remembering my lost love. “Wouldn’t you feel the same?”

“I had a girl branded once. It was over here, of course, not

back in the States. It turned out well. After the first month, the girl became proud of what she bore. I had a hard time getting rid of her; she thought my brand meant she was mine for life."

I let the subject die. I want no more notions in Sabrina's head than are there already. On an off chance, I ask, "Would you take me back to America with you the next time you go?"

Sabrina is amused. "You'd be quite a prize," she admits slowly. "My Arabian princess, stolen from her homeland to be exhibited at crass cocktail parties. You'd be a great success. I suppose I'd have to whip you regularly to make sure you behaved."

"I'd do anything," I promise rashly. "I want to get back there so bad!"

"But, darling, you wouldn't be free. I'd have a tab on you all the time. I'd be as cruel there as I am here." She smiles openly; I have struck a chord. "But you've given me an idea. How'd you like to serve tea at one of my parties clad in nothing but rings? There'd be one for each nipple, one for your nose and one for that little fur box between your legs."

Sabrina is not joking. Unhappily, I share her vision. I am sure all the bitches at her party would be entranced by me. I can imagine her going a step further and compelling me to service the whole lot—eating pussy after pussy, old and

young, tight and saggy. I shudder at the thought and respond quietly: “Thank you, mistress, but I’d rather not.”

“I’ll talk to Terrace about it,” Sabrina assures me, hot on the trail of new sensations. “If he approves, you may as well consider yourself already ringed.”

Damn! It isn’t safe for a girl to open her mouth in Sabrina’s presence. I bet I mentioned a chicken laying an egg, she would immediately have me safely locked in a chicken coop. Her mind is filled with visions of naked, uncomfortable girls. I have a lovely vision of my own. It is of Sabrina hung by her thumbs, gazing longingly between bars or squealing beneath a whip wielded by me. She needs it; she has lost perspective.

Everybody here lives in a palace. At least the ones that possess me certainly do. After the inevitable wall, gate, and courtyard, servants take charge. Sabrina walks grandly away after having issued the brief instruction, “Fix her in the usual way, Achmed. I’ll be along in awhile.”

I am not too fussy about Achmed, but he thinks I am a real find. He is a slight but wiry thirty-year-old in some sort of scanty uniform. His greeting is typical: “I get to fuck you sometime. Missus not always permit first off. You get whip on ass.”

I suppose it’s as good a greeting as any. It tells me where I stand, or at least where Achmed stands. Icily, I say, “Thank you,” and am then led within the walls. Girls bathe me and

fuss with my hair. I can do nothing. I am still handcuffed, thumb cuffed, and my elbows are tightly clamped in shining steel. I think the metal bands are kinder than cord, but they are wickedly implacable. I feel confined forever. Under Achmed's supervision, I am taken to my place of execution.

"Is nice you stand. The lady Prestwick that way whip you real easy," Achmed assures me as though I should be grateful. "She say she take a little while. You stand, you wait."

I wait. I have been forced to stand between a couple of planks. Achmed has thrust these together to clasp my ankles tight in round holes already devised about fifteen inches apart. This gives me a strangely defiant stance. I cannot move. Sure, I can weave my shoulders around against the elbow clamps, but I soon find it best to stand still. That way it hurts the least. I don't even do my familiar tugging at handcuffs. The metal clasping my thumbs is a deterrent. By now my thumbs have had a belly full of those beastly little jaws clasping them. I am aware of looking my best, but what good will it do me? I am going to be whipped.

Sabrina takes her time. I am almost glad to see her when she comes. She carries only a length of limber yellow cane. It is enough.

"What do you say to a welcome, darling? Something to

warm you up and cement our new friendship?"

"Oh, mistress, you know I don't want to he whipped. But there doesn't seem any way out of it. Won't my hands be in the way? I can't raise them the way you've got them clamped."

"Don't be impatient, darling. All in good time. I've only just come into possession of you, remember. I'm going to feel you. It's lovely to feel a naked girl."

I am sure it is—at least for Sabrina! I can't fight, so I might as well enjoy. Her hands are very wise and very soft, they find all my places and linger. They tickle and probe. Sabrina's lips find my nipples and make a meal of them. I am soon aroused and panting.

"I'll bring you to a peak, darling, but I won't take you over the top. I always feel sexual arousal is a marvelous anesthetic against pain. It lets a girl enjoy the best of both worlds. Don't you agree?"

I agree. I would agree to anything at this moment. Nature is cruel to girls. It makes us vulnerable and responsive to almost any fingers. I have no doubt if it was Achmed doing this to me, I would give at least a minimal response. With Sabrina's skill and femininity, my flame flares fiercely, and I want her to go on forever. But with a final pat between my legs upon my engorged crotch, she brightly says, "That's enough of that. You're almost ready to pop, Pandora. I shall do this to you again and again and again."

I stand there panting and bedewed by tumescence. Sabrina is really cruel, but at this moment I adore her avidly. I am no longer much surprised by ways in which I am tied or tortured. The rope from above is to be expected, as is its joining with my manacled hands. When my arms rise in the air and I bend forward to accommodate distressed shoulders, my bottom rears in a new isolation all its own. Sabrina stops the upward tug and pats my two firm twins approvingly. “Such a gorgeous bottom, Pandora. I’m so lucky.”

Of course she’s lucky! She’s got all the money there is, and she’s also got me. What more could a lovely lesbian want? I feel ninety percent bottom as her hands lovingly massage the rounds she is about to cut at with her cane. I am still under the urgency of her fingers “Please, Sabrina, make me climax. I’m in a frightful dither—please?”

Sabrina does not make me climax. She does the obvious: She picks up the wicked yellow snake. I do have the awareness of a small mercy. Sabrina did not hit me as hard as she could have. God knows it’s bad enough, though!

“That cool your cunt a little, sweetheart?” she inquires pleasantly. “I thought you might have climaxed from the pain. A girl sometimes does. But you can feel on safe ground now. You may scream if you like.”

I do not want to scream, but I make an assortment of sounds which I suppose sound pretty much the same.

Along with my vocals, my feet are free and find their own expression of agony by stamping back and forth across the floor. My arms are lost to me, as is my bottom. My bottom belongs to Sabrina and her cane. They use it with severity.

“That’s ten, darling,” Sabrina informs as she pauses to run experimental fingers over my flaming flesh. “I do think in these little welcomes twenty strokes is about right for a girl. You could probably take thirty, but for a new girl I don’t like to make her hysterical. Are you feeling okay?”

What can I say! I hurt fiercely, but that’s not what she means. Grudgingly, I tell her I’m okay, but I hurt like crazy. From my voice, I can tell she will detect my longing for her to stop. She does not stop. After a delicious interlude of tracing and kissing the weals she has placed upon my skin, Sabrina takes up position on my other side. I take a deep breath.

I am so damn thankful when the twentieth cut has sliced at me that I have the absurd feeling I always have at such a time, as though the agony was worthwhile just for the relief of the cessation. It is the most glorious feeling, better than an orgasm in its own way. I suspect winning a huge sweepstakes would feel about the same. I am not released.

“Perhaps you should offer thanks for what you’ve received, darling?”

“Thank you, mistress, for whipping my bottom.” I can almost sound cheerful. In a way, I am sure my mistress un-

derstands I ask for nothing more, simply that the cane stay away.

“You mustn’t think I’ll be this gentle always, Pandora. This was exactly what I promised: a warm welcome.” She allows herself a girlish giggle. “Warm is the word, Pandora. Your bottom is positively on fire. I wish you could feel its heat.”

She feels it for me. It is enough. Since I am still breathing and in good health, I have no illusion that this is finished. It may be my welcome, but there will be more to follow. Sabrina is a gourmet who has enjoyed the appetizer, and now her feast is to follow. She is inventive. When she tells me I must now service her, I expect to be untied, but I am not. She kicks a solid little box beneath my face, grasps two handfuls of hair, and mounts the box. It is by no means an ideal position for a slave girl to perform her duty, but Sabrina’s musk is heavy in my nostrils and her pubic bush is tickling my face. In a sudden demand she pulls my lips against her hot sex. She stands high enough so that when she pulls me to her and drags at my hair, my tongue and mouth find her pussy. I go to work, Sabrina’s warning heavy in my mind.

“Now do a good job, darling,” Sabrina pants. “If you want me higher or lower, just say so. But if you won’t play properly, remember your position. You’ll get another twenty with the cane, and this time all of them will be hard and in the place that hurts the most.”

I assure her of my full cooperation—not with words, but with the avid tonguing of her hot, wet box. I sure do wish I wasn't fastened and clamped so rigidly; I could do this much better with my arms around her, kneeling between her legs. But this is a beginning. Nothing will ever be ordinary with Sabrina. I try not to get too many hairs in my mouth as I eat her.

Sabrina shudders, climaxing, thrusting against my face. She is done with me for the moment. Satisfied, she pulls away, leaving my face smeared with her hot girl juice. She leads me to the wall and the ring whose purpose is all too clear. She unlocks one cuff and locks it again upon the waiting ring. To my immense relief she unlocks the thumb cuffs and the clamps upon my elbows. I shower her with thanks and a few tears. My relief is great. She accepts the tributes grandly and hugs me in a most satisfying embrace. I discover I now have a free arm and I use it around my mistress in humble gratitude. I am then left alone. It is the strangest feeling to stand thus, naked and almost free, but with one hand securely chained to the wicked ring in the wall. I simply cannot go away, and that's all there is to it. I am like a parked car, awaiting its owner's return. This is not a bad word for my condition: I am parked.

I have an opportunity to examine a pair of handcuffs in a way I have never previously done. I can play with them. I can try and free my prisoned wrist. I can tug and pull without discomfort. But the handcuffs give me a warning of their own. In my enthusiasm I inadvertently press too

hard and am rewarded by the menace of a click and the tightening of the steel band upon my wrist. I desist, handcuffs are dangerous playthings. I use my gloriously free hand to explore my wounded rump. I twist and turn to look at it. My bottom has been most adequately whipped. It is still burning, but the worst is over. Caressing my poor rump, I reach all the way down, finding the neat crease between my legs. It is damp, as I feared. Moving my hand to the front, I long to find the release that was denied me earlier. Dreaming of the cocks of my dear departed Harib and the darling Whit, I use my hand to rub my sex. It gets hotter and wetter, and I can now see Sabrina in my daydream. She is chained, forced to feed upon my hungry pussy. This time she is denied, and I come in a glorious rainbow—a feminine release that has me panting in glory.

A little later, when Sabrina returns, she is accompanied by a pair of giggling little girls of perhaps nine or ten years old. They survey me with bright, shining eyes in which there is a wisdom I do not share. Sabrina bubbles over with enthusiasm.

“This is Daisy and Dawa,” she says. “They’re going to help me in an experiment over which I’ve always been curious. Have you heard of the bastinado?”

Have I ever! I tell her of the whipping of my soles of my feet and how unbearable it was. But she waves my tale of woe aside to continue, “That really is not the true bastinado, dear. The real thing is when you’re fastened help-

lessly and two people—usually children—have light rods with which they busily rap away at the soles of your feet. After a few hours it's supposed to drive a girl crazy, but I've never been quite sure of this. I bet you'll be able to laugh the whole thing off."

I am quickly turned about, my hands once more joined by handcuffs, bands of thin cord encompass my elbows in a fresh cruelty quite different from the shining clamps. A rug is laid upon the floor beside a rigid little iron structure, the purpose of which I now understand. The two girls giggle as they take my ankles and help to lay me flat upon my protuberant breasts, my legs are bent upward from the knee, my ankles tightly bound to the frame. When the three of them are finished with the ropes, I can not move my feet at all. Their soles point in innocence to the sky. Desperately, I say, "Mistress, I don't deserve this. Please don't!"

"Don't be silly, Pandora dear. This is only an experiment. It may not hurt at all. Don't begrudge me something I've been waiting to do for ages."

Never was a girl less able to complain or to do anything about anything. All I can do is roll back and forth upon my breasts. I understand the purpose of the thin cord around my elbows. It controls me utterly and deters real struggles. Perhaps when the soles of my feet have been whipped enough, I will go berserk, but that is something yet to discover. In dismal recognition, I revert to silence. I glance

back fearfully to see the small girls fingering their wands and eyeing the soles of my feet in positive delight. My punishment begins.

It is the strangest of sensations. The youngsters must have done this before. They have developed a technique. From the very first rap my feet react in violent flinchings, but fail to move. Sabrina stands to one side and watches with shining eyes. She draws up a chair to sit comfortably to watch.

There are six of them, one an officer in some sort of uniform. They are distinctly colored. There have evidently been enough of them to subdue Sabrina's staff. They move with the assurance of immunity, scattering the two moppets aside and grasping Sabrina in a form of arrest. Sabrina is shocked. I am hopefully surprised.

It's as though a rehearsal had drilled these men to precise motions. Sabrina, protesting violently, is stripped bare. She is most cruelly bound at wrist, elbow, and ankle. She is then hog-tied, left writhing on the floor in a frenzy. She is not yet frightened, but that is to come.

"What the hell are you bastards doing!" she demands as the last of her bonds are made secure. "I'll have your balls for this!"

I don't think the men speak English, but the officer is flu-

ent. “We are relieving you of your prisoner, Mrs. Prestwick,” he informs coldly. “We are taking you to sell you into slavery.”

There is a silence that all can feel before Sabrina explodes, “You assholes! You can’t sell me! Don’t you know who I am? I’ll have the whole city on your asses.”

“As you wish,” the officer says indifferently. He has probably seen a great many bound, naked women who are unreconciled to their lot. “You will be transported to a distant place and there sold. You will disappear.” He looks at my condition and then back to her. “It is to be hoped your new owners administer some of your own justice.” He nods to one of his men. “Gag her.”

I can’t help being afraid. I’m still helpless. No one has made an effort to free me. Sabrina’s fate may very well be my own. It would he a terrible fate indeed; there would be no return.

Two men pick up Sabrina and carry her away. The officer turns to me. “You are my prisoner; you will be reasonably treated if you behave. Please ask no questions; they will be answered in due time.”

I am swiftly untied, except for my crossed wrists. They are examined and tied tighter still with many knots. Apart from the cords upon my wrists, I am free. I too am gagged. I am also blindfolded with several folds of bandages across my eyes. In this new darkness I follow where I am led.

It is a vehicle. I suspect a van. I am laid upon the floor, my ankles tightly bound.

It is not a long ride. At the end of the journey my ankles are released and I am set upon the ground. My wrists remain bound, but the blindfold is removed.

I once again face Iben Ben Dakar.