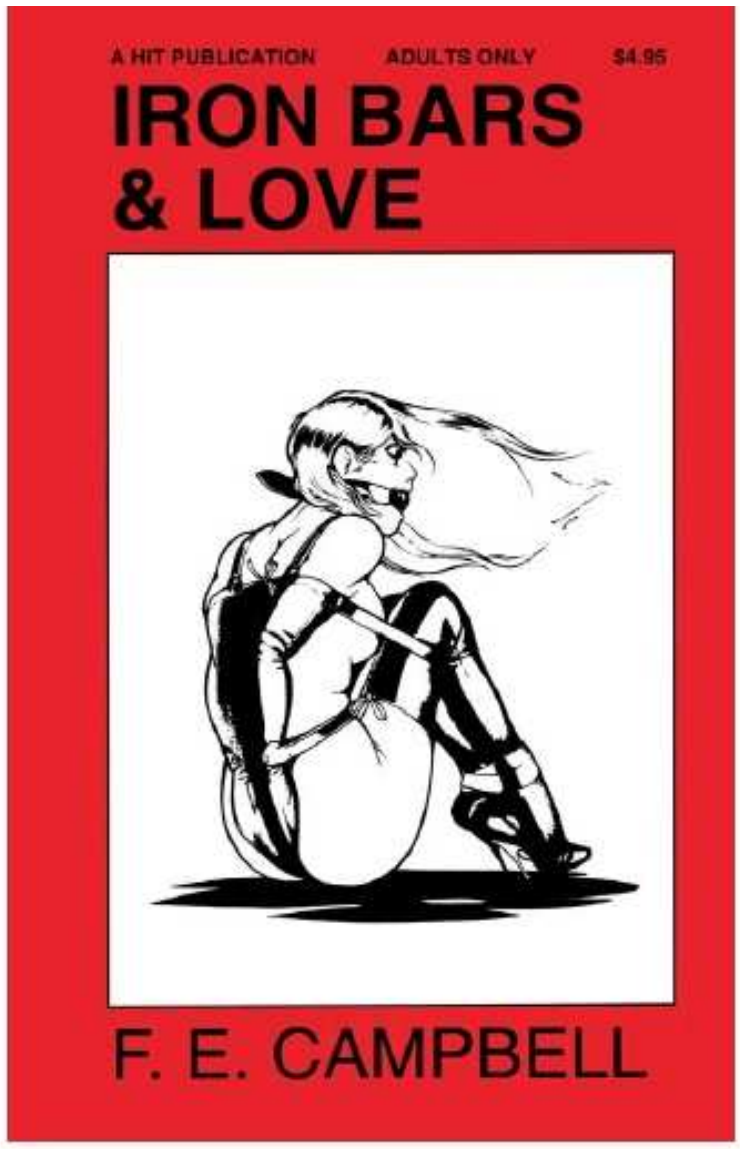


Hit 181

Iron Bars &Love

by F. E. Campbell

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The Painless Kidnap

I was suddenly and wickedly aware of being female, either of the two men laughing at my anger could subdue me with their superior strength or impregnate my womb with their male rod I felt certain was rampant and erect. We had already engaged in a disgusting tussle when I had tried to use the table lamp as a weapon. The lamp now lay shattered and I was breathing heavily enough to draw attention to my heaving breasts. The implacability of male hands had been frightening enough to force me to a quick surrender.

"All right, all right, you rum bastards. I'll stand still and listen to your nonsense. I promise I won't fight any more."

It had gained me a reprieve. Two victorious males stood back to allow me to rub chaffed wrists and rearrange myself as best I could without a mirror. The pain of the stupid fight told me I was in trouble. Rick and Jim were laughing but I was not. I was resolved to say nothing obvious like, "Unlock that door and let me out." Or

maybe, "Don't you dare touch me like that again." But this left me nothing to say. I waited in tense silence.

"You've slapped far too many faces and broken too many dates. Lana, my sweet. To say nothing of all your other haughty bitchiness. You're a prime subject for reform school," Jim informed me evenly.

"So we're going to send you to prison, darling," said Rick with obvious relish.

"Talk sense, I'm a big girl now."

Neither spoke but Rick opened the door to give entry to a woman, a woman who might have been thirty-eight or forty, pleasant features molded into severity, a Junoesque figure radiating power. In a pleasantly modulated voice she said, "My name is Hildegard Neff, Miss Liston. I'm your escort on the journey you're about to make."

It was getting worse. It had to be a joke! The boys had been kicking around in my life for years and this woman acted as if we were old friends. The whole thing was like a game in which we took turns in moving tokens. "I am not taking a journey," I said firmly.

"Yes you are, Miss Liston." The Neff woman turned to the men suppose to be my friends.

"Is she likely to struggle?" she said as if inquiring of the weather.

"Ask her yourself, Miss Neff. Our haughty babe is finding this difficult to handle."

"No, I'm not!" I flashed back. "I'm simply refusing to play a ridiculous game." I glared at the Neff woman. "What is it you want?"

She was rummaging in a sizable handbag. "Just for you to place your hands together behind your back, Miss Liston, and then to stand still."

The request had a fictional note to it, a cliché with which the heroines of romance must frequently cope with. "I shall do nothing of the sort. Good-bye."

Rick closed the door and locked it. Jim gave me an amiable smile. The woman stood, awaiting events.

"If you don't open that door and let me out, I shall scream. And I shall keep on screaming until you do."

Jim's amusement became vocal, "An excellent idea, Lana, my sweet. Scream your head off, get it out of your system. We don't mind waiting."

I did not scream. Two men and a woman waited in polite expectancy while I realized I would be making a fool of myself, no one could possibly hear. I wished I could cease being civilized and behave like a wild animal, fighting and biting and screaming. Being civilized made me so damned impotent that any scream I might have managed would be of pure frustration. I looked at the two men, two friends I liked a lot and might like again. I knew there was something under way I did not understand. But anyway I looked at it I was totally unwilling to meekly offer myself to

be bound. I shrugged disgustedly and backed against the wall.

I put up a better show this time when they grabbed me. I kicked and bit in savage determination to reach the wall. Hildegard Neff watched in bored amusement as the tide of battle ebbed and flowed. In a way I had the advantage in that neither of the boys wanted to hurt me but I was quite willing to hurt them. But the silly battle could have only one end. When I lay panting face down upon the rug with a male knee hard down on the small of my back, I knew I'd had the course. I made a few more struggles but it was tokenism. Finally I lapsed into limp exhaustion.

The amateur status of my assailants was established when Jim innocently inquired, "Would you like to deal with her as she is now, Miss Neff, while we hold her down?"

"I prefer she stood." The female voice was suddenly in charge. "Please do be sensible, Miss Liston. If the gentlemen allow you to stand, will you tidy yourself and then allow me to tie you?"

"No."

"In that case, I will ask them to remove your clothes and deliver you to me properly secured."

I felt myself curling up inside. We were now dealing in the impossible and outrageous. Once more I was defeated by reason. When I felt male fingers insert themselves in the neck of what I wore, I gave in. "All right, all right! Stop this miserable business and let me stand."

The male knee and male hands were suddenly gone. The hands now aided me to rise and then led me to the big mirror above the fireplace. I disliked what I saw but did the best with it in the mirror before turning to confront the three pairs of amused and still patient eyes.

Miss Neff now produced a roll of bandage material and, noting my interest, explained, "Effective and painless, Miss Liston. And now, if you don't mind . . .?"

I minded. I hated and loathed the act that had taken place. But rather than indulge in another rough and tumble, I pursed my lips and posed for the most humiliating act of my entire life. I turned and allowed my arms to hang limp at my back.

The fingers of Hildegard Neff were gentle as was the embrace of the material as it was wound around my unresisting wrists again and again in what I realized was a partialy adhesive bond, each encirclement of which was tight, tight, tight!

I stood there, trembling from too many strange sensations. My cheeks flamed from too much male scrutiny. It was as if they were watching me dress or, worse, undress. Acidly, I asked, "Do you have to watch my humiliation?"

"We're enjoying it, love," Rick assured me earnestly.

"You look good enough to eat, Lana," Jim assured me with equal fervor.

I suspected a vulgar intent in his words but my attention was diverted by the binding process on my arms. I wore a sleeveless summer dress and now a second roll

of bandage began its circular journey around my elbows. Miss Neff contrived to thrust my elbows together and bound them with swift movements of the elastic material which I suspected was a far more worthy adversary than rope.

I had never in my life been bound. Such restraint upon a girl's limbs belonged in fiction, it did not happen in real life, most certainly not to me! What Hildegard Neff was doing to my arms behind my back was not without a certain clinical interest. It was the strangest of sensations, not entirely unpleasant. Rope would have hurt but the bandage did not. Apart from rendering my helpless it added embarrassment to my shame by dragging back my shoulders to thrust my breasts into an unnatural prominence where they pointed from my chest at the grinning males, like twin cannons. But I had stood still thus far and it would be silly to test my helplessness in useless struggles.

Instead I asked, "Surely it should not be necessary to bind me so tightly, Miss Neff." I added a hopeful note, "Or is this part of whatever silly joke is being played on me?"

My haughty inquiry evidently merited no answer. Miss Neff took me a step further into shame. "The gentlemen feel you should be further constrained and placed in the trunk of my car," she explained as if speaking of a piece of luggage. "I prefer you sit beside me on the front seat."

Firm male fingers above the bindings on my bare arm escorted me to the expensive vehicle in which it appeared I was to take a journey whether I wanted to or not. I was lifted into the front seat beside the steering wheel and the door slammed shut. Hildegard Neff started the motor and the two men waved cheerfully and nodded encouragement as the wheels began to turn. I thrust my bound hands and arms into the corner of the seat to give me a view of the driver.

"I suppose you realize I shall scream for help the first time we see a policeman?" I inquired amiably.

"No you won't, dear."

"Moreover, my feet are not tied and obviously I will run away at the first opportunity."

"You won't do that, either, dear."

I was infuriated by her complacency but knew she was right. To introduce the police into this sorry business would humiliate me beyond bearing. Whatever absurdity was under way I had best go along with it and seek redress when it was over. Sulkily I conceded, "So, okay, I won't do anything. I'll let you treat me like a Barbie Doll. Where are you taking me?"

"To prison."

The wise eyes of Hildegard Neff spared me a sideways glance I could not interpret. But I could certainly hand out acid. "That's ridiculous. I haven't done anything to warrant prison. Besides, I'm damned sure you aren't an officer of the law. Where are you really taking me?"

"It's not the kind of prison you're thinking of, Miss Liston"

This time I got a sideways smile. "You don't have to break the law to get where I'm taking you."

It was a joke for sure. I was being played with. I wiggled and strained against the tight bandages but could not dislodge a thing. I realized this entire charade was dependent upon those firm, wide bands by which I was rendered helpless. Without them I would not be meekly sitting and meekly groping for answers. The tightly loving bonds were not mean but a part of someone's perverted humor. I doubted Jim and Rick had thought this up alone.

"So, all right, you lock me up in some sort of prison. What happens to me then?"

"Things you won't enjoy, Miss Liston. I'd rather not discuss them right now."

The evasive answer made me feel more tightly tied up than before. My future appeared bleak. But a joke such as this had to be clothed in realistic trappings. If panic hovered on my horizon, I closed my mind to it.

"I take it you had no clue this was likely to happen, Miss Liston?"

"Good heavens, no! I've no idea who'd wish to subject me to this indignity. I know I'm a bit of a bitch at times, but aren't we all? I trust I'll be released from these bandages when we reach our destination?"

"Perhaps not immediately, dear. Just be patient."

I was far from patient. "Look, this wouldn't by any chance be a real kidnapping with ransom and all that stuff attached?" I demanded.

"We prefer to say you've been arrested, dear. Money will not purchase your release."

I was dying of curiosity and longed for the straight answers Hildegard Neff was not about to give. The whole affair had been conducted in a sufficiently civilized fashion for me to be intrigued. "Okay, if it's not ransom then it has to be some man lusting for my body." I managed a sad little chuckle. "There's been quite a few of them. Men are ridiculous creatures along with their compulsion to plant their seed in every womb with an attractive exterior. I could have gotten pregnant a thousand times if I had been so inclined."

"Rest assured, Miss Liston, you will not be made pregnant." Once more the faint smile of amusement. "I am not conveying you to some gentleman's bedroom." She paused long enough for emphasis. "Eventually you may wish I had."

I could well believe Miss Hildegard Neff had never been screwed in her whole life. There was that air about her. From the way she looked at me I could lump her in that group of girls who preferred other girls to men. Lesbians, in another word. I tried that one out, too. "If you're thinking to use me to service a lesbian mistress, please think again." I made my voice as haughty as I could.

"You're right, I'm a lesbian," she said with surprising candor. "I may give you the privilege of servicing me if you are well behaved."

"That's real big of you. Drop dead!"

"Mine is not the first claim upon your lips and tongue, dear. Another has precedence. You'll probably indulge your masochistic instincts while enjoying your privilege."

The nerve of the woman! If I had possessed hands, I would have slapped her face. When a girl has only her tongue as a weapon, she is at a disadvantage. "It is not a privilege, it is disgusting," I affirmed hotly. "I'm surprised you'd speak of it."

"We could rename you Bilitis, and make you live up to the title, my dear," the gently insistent voice suggested. "I have always thought Bilitis the sweetest of names."

Miss Hildegard Neff was suddenly alive in a way she had not been before. I was catching her female scent and bombarded by vibrations I could not mistake. There was something wrong here, Jim and Rick could not possibly have a motive for consigning me to a lesbian. What would be the point! But I instantly recognized that if their motive was to inflict humiliation, there would be a point indeed! Hurriedly I asked, "You spoke of someone else who took precedence in something I shall refuse to do. Who is she?"

"The Head Mistress of Lashby Hall. You shall soon meet her."

"What the hell is Lashby Hall? You're not going to tell me . . . ?"

Hildegard Neff's voice became warm. "Lashby Hall is an academy for young women, Miss Liston. It does not accept children or teenagers, only a mature young woman like yourself is welcome. We have made a study of dealing with them. It has been most rewarding."

I was beginning to get a picture. "You mean someone is paying you to do this to me?" I demanded angrily. "Surely it wasn't those two idiots who helped to tie me up."

"I gather more than one party is involved. But I will allow Miss Witherspoon to explain the whole thing to you. Believe me, when she is finished with your first interview, you will have no disillusions. You will be allowed to ask questions."

I relapsed into silence. The bandages on my arms were taking on a greater and greater significance. Had I been free I would have jumped out when the car stopped and left Hildegard Neff to her own devices. As it was I was truly a prisoner. For the first time I honestly and truly longed to free my hands.

Lashby Hall was impressive. Victorian English smothered in ivy with a huge ground of well-tended gardens and surrounded by a forest and a formidable stone wall. There was a gate to which Hildegard Neff had the key and then a driveway to the mansion itself. I did not dig in my heels and fight, the play had gone too far for that. I allowed my guide and guard to grasp my arm and lead me to whatever might await.

It was a beautiful room. Everything about Lashby Hall was beautiful. With the possible exception of Miss Witherspoon and Miss Neff. It was not that either of them was ugly or unattractive. But they had adopted a severity of expression which did

whatever looks they had no kindness. Miss Witherspoon shared Miss Neff's athletic figure and dull color attire. She came around her desk to kiss me warmly on the forehead and pat my shoulder encouragingly towards a waiting chair. Miss Neff seated herself to one side.

"Miss Lana Liston. A spinster, aged twenty-six," she read from a file upon her desk before surveying me with bright cheerfulness. "You are a very attractive young lady, my dear, every bit as lovely as I had been led to expect."

"Thank you. Please may I have my hands and arms untied?"

"Not now, dear, don't fret about it."

"Why am I here? What are you going to do with me?"

Miss Witherspoon's smile was purely maternal. I noticed thin lips and pale blue eyes, her hair was probably dyed. "That's the purpose of this discussion," she said in business-like fashion. "I have here your file and I intend to acquaint you with its content. You have been brought to Lashby Hall because you appear to have outraged the sensibilities of a great many people, both male and female." She contrived a wintery smile. "You are accused of being stuck-up, conceited, selfish, and without regard for others. It would appear you have also slapped quite a number of male faces and damaged almost every male ego with which you have come in contact. I trust you follow me?"

I damned the scarlet I could feel flowing to my cheeks. "Even if true, none of that justifies this treatment. The faces I slapped needed slapping. Will you be kind enough to untie me?"

Miss Witherspoon ignored my request and turned the page. "There is more, Lana, don't be impatient. I gather you have contracted and then broken several engagements to be married. It is suggested your behavior is purely capricious?"

"So what!" If I sounded belligerent I could cared less. "I broke four engagements when I discovered what idiots the men really were. I suppose you know the police will be knocking at your door any minute now?"

"Your disappearance has been competently dealt with, Miss Liston, you will vanish without a trace. Your sister Julie will look after your affairs and deal with your mail. By the way, you sister is among the principle complainants."

I shifted uneasily against the bandages. If Julie had a hand in this, I was in trouble indeed. Looking around this strange but lovely room and at its occupants, I realized my identity was already close to zero, these two women could do as they pleased with me.

"I'll deal with Julie after the police have effected my release," I said stiffly. "I'm surprised women like you would listen to such petty spitefulness."

Miss Witherspoon nodded as if conceding I must get my anger vented and my self-esteem maintained. "There is also the matter of a young woman you appear to have sent to prison under trumped up charges of thift of jewellery. A number of the complainants testify to knowledge of your act." The pale blue eyes sought mine in mute questions.

I squirmed under the level gaze. "She was a little bitch who deserved all she got," I said. "I refuse to discuss the matter. The police already decided it."

"There is a long list, Miss Liston. Would you like me to continue reading?"

"Please don't bother. Free my arms and allow me to return home. If you do this I will not press charges."

"You will press no charges, my dear. I want you to understand also that Miss Neff and I are unconcerned with the truth or falsity of these allegations which reveal you in an extremely unfavorable light. You are enrolled in this academy and will serve your time her. But, after consultation with those who paid your fees, we are inclined to agree with them. You are a heartless, selfish woman."

"That's a matter of opinion," I sneered. "What period of time do these so called 'fees' cover?"

"You will be with us a long time, Lana, I won't tell you how long. But it is in excess of six months and can probably be made indefinite. One young woman has been with us four years."

I wanted to bluster and demand but the gentle voice and the atmosphere of the large study defeated me just as I had been defeated at the start. I contented myself by asking, "Whom has sent me here? Whom do I have to thank for this?"

"The names are confidential, dear."

They would be! I could think of several possibilities but to name them would imply guilt. I kept silent. I was still feeling positive someone would effect my release or that the whole elaborate charade would soon fall apart. But Lashby Hall had an air of permanence. I could believe I was not the first girl to sit as I sat now and probably would not be the last.

"You've convinced me I'm a prisoner," I admitted grudgingly. "These bandages make me helpless or I would not be sitting here so meekly. Since I cannot appeal to reason, would you be good enough to tell me what treatment I can expect while I'm here?"

"We provide a small barred cell for each of our young ladies. Sometimes they share according to circumstance. You will always be kept locked up and securely restrained in one way or another. You will totally loose freedom."

I could feel myself shivering. The formality of this wordy exchange was getting to me. It was more frightening than brutality might have been. These two women would only speak thus if totally assured of authority. I wondered what they would do if I suddenly jumped for a window and kicked out the glass. I screwed up my courage and no doubt gave them additional amusement by stating with a finality I did not feel, "I don't have much to say about anything, do I! I don't have to tell you I'll escape if I can. You'll eventually have to free me in any case and then you may rest assured I'll bring the full weight of the law upon you. Nobody should be able to get away with what you're doing."

They both smiled and I felt silly, realizing there was nothing I could say that was

not a cliche. I was more and more getting the feeling of being a trapped animal with no hope of escape. Once more I made the most obvious demand, "About these bandages . . . ?"

"If you will just stand up, dear, we may as well get you comfortably established."

I stood up, feeling awkward, hot and bothered by my bonds. Almost instantly, Hildegard Neff's hands were on my shoulders pointing me towards the headmistress' desk, then, in a swift continuation of motion, proceeded to undo the fastenings. Frightened, I broke free and turned to face her.

"Leave my clothes alone! I don't need searching, I haven't any hidden files or anything."

Hildegard Neff stood patiently while Miss Witherspoon explained, "She is going to undress you, dear. I wish to get a proper look at the quality of your figure. Clothes can be so misleading. You need not be hurt."

"Strip me!" I stared aghast.

"Yes, if that's how you wish to describe it. Just stand still. Since you're deprived of hands, Miss Hildegard Neff will do everything for you. Please stop these dramatic exclamations."

I ran for the door. Sure, it was foolish, but anything I did was foolish. I was in a no-win situation but to fight simply made me feel better, it was all I had. I backed against the door knob and fumbled with my tight bound hand to get it turned.

Openly laughing at my efforts, the Neff woman grasped the other shoulder of my dress and forcefully tore it from me, and with it the shoulder straps of my bra. I edged away from her seeking fingers but ended with my back in a corner. As I stood there unable to retreat or fight, she removed everything I wore. I could do nothing. The bandages spelt total defeat. I struggled and twisted my shoulders in hopeless revolt. But that only caused my now bared breasts to draw further attention to themselves. I stood and, when my panties were drawn down to disclose my sex, I longed to die. No one had seen me naked since puberty. But now my sex proclaimed itself for all to see. Miss Neff grasp a handful of my hair and shook my head, pretty much like telling me I had better behave myself. She led me to where I had stood before and ordered me to stand still.

If I had to make a beginning I suppose that moment would be it. I had never made a fetish of hiding my body, breasts and sex, I had never had to. Men told me with their eyes I was quality. Women spoke enviously of my figure while dressmakers found no need for artfulness in covering it expensively. Now I was stripped utterly bare for the view of a woman named Muriel Witherspoon who intended to lock me a prisoner behind iron bars. I burned with shame and humiliation and was thankful for bound hands because, had they been free, I would have been striving to hide myself in shivering mortification like a Victorian nude.

"You are exquisite, Miss Liston."

Muriel Witherspoon did not elaborate. Her simple statement seemed to say it all to her satisfaction. I admit I felt pride but consciousness of my own beauty is a part of me. But at that moment I was most conscious of the headmistress' intent stare. She

was drinking in my nakedness as though starved for sight of a female body.

"Spread your legs apart, dear, I want to see what you hide beneath that lovely bush."

My hair was once more grasped before I could run. While my head was being shaken in admonition, I miserably spread apart my legs as ordered. While my sex and pubic hair was being given the same specific intent examination, Miss Neff continued to hold my hair and drag it back to tell me of the uselessness of protest. When I was once more allowed to stand naturally I said, "I think you're both disgusting. You've had your look so give me my hands to let me dress."

My request merited no reply. I was forcibly propelled back into the chair to sit across the desk from the woman who held me in her power.

"You must accustom yourself to being naked, dear," Miss Witherspoon said pleasantly. "There will be times when you will wear our school tunic but nudity is so much more convenient to your being bound or punished. Young lady prisoners really have no need of clothes."

It sounded like a declaration of principle. I waited for more.

"I have spoken of the cell you will be allotted. You must regard it as your home. But you will be in it very little during the day. Your sentence with us includes daily punishments. These usually take the form of being bound or chained or someway restrained to impress upon you your abuse of the freedom you have lost. In Lashby Hall you will have no freedom whatsoever. It is a regimen proven successful in bringing our young ladies to a proper state of mind. I trust we understand each other?"

"Bull Shit! The whole thing's an outrageous game you're playing with girls like me who evidently have enemies they don't know. The whole thing's wicked."

My outburst earned a raised eyebrow but that was all. "Reference to your file, dear, indicates you have been unusually coy about your own person. Watching you now it is easy to see you find your nudity traumatic even though Hildegard and I are of your own sex. We will, therefore, arrange a series of displays of your vulva and breasts until we get you adjusted to what we consider normalcy." She turned to Hildegard. "Take Miss Liston to her cell. I suggest modest restraints for this first evening. And since she may find solitude difficult to cope with, you had better put another girl in with her. I suggest Sally Morgan."

That appeared to be that. I had been neatly docketed and read my rights.

Lashby Hall would now absorbed me as it had absorbed the passing years. I was just a pretty girl who's flesh was exposed for all to see, and who's arms were tightly bound. I conceded Miss Witherspoon the victory and, without protest, allowed Hildegard Neff to grasp my hair and lead me from the room. It seemed our natural our path should follow a downward course. I was too miserable to say a word.

There were a dozen cells in one single, long line. All the fronts were barred as were the doors. Each cell had one solid concrete wall and one with bars to give them freedom of vision into the next tiny compartment. Everything was so heavily monolithic I knew escape would be nothing but a pretty dream. Each cell had a

wooden bench for a bed, a wash basin and a toilet, all in full view. I remembered an exploration I had once made of Alcatraz. Miss Neff unlocked a door and guided me within. Crossing the threshold, I felt myself gripped by centuries of maiden captivity. Within these bars maiden tears had been freely shed and maiden despair moaned over each night. Soon my own tears, too, would wet the wooden bench.

"I expect you'd like to slip into something more comfortable, Miss Liston?"

If the question held sarcasm, it did not show.

"I would like clothes, please. This nakedness offends me."

Hildegard Neff laughed outright. "You've no idea how stuffy you sound, Miss Liston," she chuckled. "Actually I was thinking of your arms. Are they hurting?"

"They've been hurting a long time. I'll honestly be grateful if you would take away the bandages."

"I will replace them with steel, Miss Liston."

"I don't care, simply untie me. You can stand me in a pillory if you've got such an object, but for God's sake, get my elbows apart. You talk about punishments but what do you call the way you've had me tied all afternoon?"

There began then a small ritual with which I was to become all too familiar.

It was not my elbows which became unbound but my wrists. Miss Neff massaged them comfortingly for a few moments before holding up for my reluctant view a pair of handcuffs. "Ever worn these, Miss Liston?"

"Of course not! I'm not a criminal. I don't wish to wear them now." My wishes were of no concern. I felt the cold steel encircle my wrist and heard the click, click, click of the closing band until it was tight upon my skin. The process was repeated with my other hands. I was handcuffed! Not until I was thus safely secured did Hildegard begin unwinding the bandages from my elbows. When it was done I heaved a tremendous sigh of relief and said, with total sincerity, a polite, "Thank you, oh thank you!"

"You'll come to like handcuffs, dear. They don't hurt if you don't struggle. Even then they don't hurt as much as rope. There's no way you can get them off. Sit down and try and catch up with yourself. Your mind must be in a turmoil but that will pass. I'll put Morgan in with you when her punishment is finished for the day."

I was kissed warmly upon my mouth then watched the door close and be loudly locked. A moment later I was alone.

It was not a good feeling. The ghosts of all those other girls who had stood as I stood now gathered close to gaze upon my utter nakedness. Somewhere out beyond locked doors was a vivid world of human contact from which I had been ruthlessly extracted. I sat upon the bench and gazed upon the bars on one side and the wicked concrete on the other. I flung myself down upon the hard wood and wept. I was suddenly a little girl very far from home.

Apart from my weeping there was no sound.

2

Captivity

I had to admit the handcuffs were better. If I did not struggle they did not hurt. Even if I did struggle they did not chaff my skin as badly as ropes would have done. A brief period of twisting and tugging convinced me I could forget escape or slipping my hands through their tight clasp. I was almost as helpless as with the bandages but not quite. I discovered I could do things such as turning on the tap of the wash basin or flushing the toilet. I could even drag my arms around to where I could get a pretty fair view of the steel bands around my wrist and the single link joining them. It was a view I had no doubt I would become familiar with. In the meantime there were the bars, the concrete and me. I felt like a very small girl who had earned the displeasure of those above.

Sally Morgan arrived an hour later. She was a naked as I but her wrists were handcuffed in front instead of behind her back. She walked through the open door with an ease and grace I felt I could never match. The door was locked behind her back and Miss Hildegard Neff had gone.

The spontaneous exclamation was heartfelt. "Oh, darling, you're the new girl! I'm so lucky they put me in with you. I want to hear all about the outside, I've been in here so long I've forgotten what it's like."

She clasped me ardently with cuffed hands passed above my head. Her lips were warm on mine. When we disengaged, she said, "It's pretty bad in here the first hour or two, isn't it. I know what it's like. We all know what it's like. It's the absolute pits! And there's nothing we can do about it. What are you in here for, darling?"

"I seem to have hurt someone's feelings."

"That's the story with most of us. When we have to share punishments or get locked in the big cage, we tell each other our stories. It helps a bit to know you're not alone."

Sally Morgan was a magnificent creature with all the curves and sexuality by which a girl makes herself desirable. She was even desirable to me and I felt a tremendous gratitude for her presence. Forlornly I said, "They haven't told me much. What is it we have to endure?"

"Oh, the punishments! That's what you mean, isn't it? Well, it's fairly simple. They take us out of our cell about nine in the morning and tie us up in one of a hundred different ways. None of them are ever comfortable. We stay that way until about now, then we're put back into our cell or into the big cage. Sometimes they think we should socialize so they put us all together in the big cage to let us work off steam. Neffie and Spoonie are a canny pair, they understand girls like you and I all too well. We can't hide a thing from them but they seem anxious to avoid breaking us. They take us to the brink, but never on over. I've been in this place over a year and I still don't know how long I have to stay. Oh, and by the way, don't ever try and escape, it's terribly painful. It's one of the things we get whipped for. And being whipped on your bare skin isn't any fun."

"Only one of the things? What are the others?"

"Almost anything. It's purely a matter of caprice. Unless you've done something really bad, like hurting Neffie or Spoonie or breaking a window or something. I haven't been whipped for quite a while. That's the reason there are no marks on my skin. But you should see some of the girls. Take care and stay with the bondage and don't explore the things that get you whipped."

"Why are your hands locked in front and mine behind my back?"

"That's because you're new and they can't trust you. They put me here to look after you. I'll attend to whatever you can't do yourself. They always have things beautifully arranged."

"But, Sally, you don't seem angry! You speak of this whole thing as if it's fun?"

"It's the only way to survive, darling. Take my word for it. If you start to brood, you're lost. If a girl bends with the wind, she'll survive her sentence, even though she doesn't know how long it's going to be. It's when you fight everything that you break and become hysterical." She surveyed my wisely. "Darling, please don't do that. Please try and see a little humor in everything, it's there if you look for it. I've had to sit the whole day with my legs spread a mile apart in the stocks. It's a terrible bore and after a while you so long to close your legs you could scream. And if anyone passes by, and you can be sure they do, they have a marvelous view of my pussy and my pubic hair. One of the first things a girl has to do here is forget about being shy or being covered. Both the headmistresses are lesbians and positively adore naked girls." She grinned cheerfully, "Oh, and that's another thing. Don't fight their sexual convictions. They can compel you to service them but that's terribly painful. It's much the best to simply say okay and do it. You can always close your eyes and think you're eating a peach."

I looked at the cheerful Sally Morgan and at the tiny cell. On getting out of bed this morning my life had been as usual, a beautiful, wonderful life of freedom. I had lost it. I was now no longer clinging to the hope of misplaced humor, this was no joke. It was terribly real and I beheld the vanishing of Miss Lana Liston to be replaced by a frightened naked girl with her hands cuffed behind her back in the company of another maiden similarly sans clothing, but who enjoyed the privilege of hands cuffed in front. In shocked disgust I said, "I'll do no such thing. Lesbian stuff is horrible. They won't kill me if I refuse, will they?"

Sally Morgan laughed at my serious features. "No, they won't kill you. Each one of us is far too valuable to kill. What they will do, though, is to fasten you naked in some fashion you're not going to like and then they'll whip you until you know you're going to die, first your bottom and then your back. By the time they're half through you'll be telling them you're willing to do anything – anything at all! Right about then the idea of eating that peach won't seem all that bad."

I stared in stunned disbelief at Sally's smile. "It sounds medieval, positively Gothic. Can you understand how hard I'm finding it to believe this whole thing?"

"You'd best believe it. You believe in those handcuffs you're wearing, don't you?"

"I have to. They stop me from doing most anything, they're horrible!"

"You'll be surprised what they don't stop, darling. Look, Lana dear, we can simply stop talking about lesbianism and hope it will go away. It won't. Lana dear, you can practice on me if you want to, I've got so I enjoy it. Or, if you like, I'll practice on you, that's an easy way to get started."

"Don't be disgusting!"

Sally Morgan shrugged. "You'll hate me if I nag you about it so go your own way, darling. I'm simply telling you of a fact of life. But I haven't been locked in here with you to do a con job. I'm supposed to tell you how lucky you are and what a fun place Lashby Hall really is."

"But all this talk about whips, it doesn't seem real. I can't see a single whip mark on your skin."

"I told you I have been here a couple of years. Believe me, I was a well marked young woman for the first twelve months. After that I got wise and I'm now very careful to obey the rules. A lot of the rules are just plain old punishments but they're better than being whipped. Darling, let me tell you, being whipped is something to avoid if you can."

We stood in the little cell and grinned at each in a wry acceptance of our condition. It was very real and I could relate to it. Seeing Sally Morgan as a mirror image of myself, I was finding it difficult to avoid the same intent interest in her breasts and pubic hair as Miss Witherspoon had shown in mine. I realized that, in spite of all the friendships I possessed, I had rarely seen a girlfriend of my own age as stark naked as this. I beheld our nakedness as a vivid accentuation of captivity. And we were captives, I could have no doubt of that!

"You're not a bit used to being naked or seeing other girls naked, are you darling?" Sally laughed. "I don't think I was ever as shy as you seem to be but no girl goes around flaunting her pussy in the open air. Breasts, maybe, but never her pubic patch. You'll get used to being naked, Lana dear, and then you won't like it when they make you wear the tunic. I've been through the whole thing and know how terrible the first week is. They wouldn't let me wear a single stitch the first seven days. So let's sit on the bench and I'll tell you my story. It's the only substitute you'll have for Reader's Digest and Vogue."

I sat down was immediately confronted by the question of what to do with my hands. I couldn't do anything with them. But having them bound behind my back thrust the rest of me out of gear. I tried leaning this way and that until Sally laughed at my obvious efforts.

"Look, darling, I'm going to sit sort of astride. You lie down and rest your head on my thigh, it's the only pillow this cell has. Then I'll talk to you or you can ask questions. You can't really be comfortable with your hands behind you, but that can't be helped, it's part of the conditioning. Come, let's wiggle ourselves together."

Sally was right, her thigh was the softest pillow I had ever know. I knew I was close to the sex she did not try to hide, its female scent was heavy in my head. She was right, I could never get entirely comfortable but Sally arranged me as she might have done with a doll until I stopped wiggling. Her voice was filled with humor.

"Whoever sent me here was realy mean. There were to be no preliminaries. First off, whether I deserved it or not, I was to be whipped. The way Neffie explained it to me was a sort of welcome to Lashby Hall. In spite of all my protests of innocence, I was stripped naked and my wrists strapped to a bar which was raised high enough above my head to compel me to stand on tip toes. I blushed like I'd never blushed before. Gosh, was I ever scared!"

"The preliminaries of my whipping paused right there while Neffie explained the whole lesbian words and music and inquired if I had previous experience. I told her as simply as I could that I didn't have any previous experience and didn't want any now. My attitude was pretty much like yours. Neffie didn't seem bothered much by the stand I had taken, she simply nodded and said no doubt I would change my mind before she had finished whipping me. I told her she was dreaming and please drop dead."

Sally made a rueful grimace and thoughtfully teased one of my nipples. "It's funny how innocent you are when you come here and how everything you say is terribly naive when you think of it afterwards. We're not kids but it always seems like we act like one when we're first kidnapped. All sorts of girls and fellows had stolen a feel of me all through high school and even beyond, but when Neffie grasped a handful of my sex, I was simply outraged and tried to thrust her away with a bare knee. But she handled me easily and explored me with one free hand while the other held me. Then she wiped her palm upon my bottom and went to find her cane and whip. She very sweetly explained what she was doing as if she were looking for a book. I anxiously waited and, sure enough, she was carrying a snake-like whip and a long cane.

"I'd never been whipped in my whole life and told her so. I mentioned the police and my family and about how she would be put in prison if she dared do what she intended. Neffie just nodded as if she had heard it all before, then told me I could feel quite free to scream."

Sally paused for a moment, remembering. I felt her shudder. "It wasn't a bit like I thought it would be. I had the silly idea a girl would just have to grit her teeth and bare it and she'd come through with flying colors. But, of course, that was not the way of it. The pain was completely new and an utterly awful dimension of agony I had never dreamed about. First stroke with the cane across my bottom sent me into a dance of surges and lunges and even lifting myself from the floor by my fastened wrists. I knew I simply had to get though to Neffie that this wasn't possible, that the pain was far more than she realized. If she kept on with it, I'd probably die. I didn't want to sound hysterical as I blurted all that out between screams. I was sure I had to strive for some sort of rationale in which two women logically discussed something taking place between them. I expect I sounded real cute as I danced naked from strapped wrists and swiveled my hips in a quite useless effort to evade the cane. Neffie cut away at me as she pleased and listened to my complaints with no more than a grim smile.

"She even made me feel like fifteen cents when I stopped for breath. 'Don't stop, Sally dear,' she said. 'I've never heard a whipping so delightfully described before. I'm so glad you can't endure it but, really, I don't know what else you can do!'

"There wasn't anything else I could do. I danced on my toes while I was certain she was cutting my poor bottom to shreds. I envisioned pools of blood on the floor but couldn't look down to see. Even as I made the awful sounds I was ashamed of them but could not stop. I was terribly afraid that if I kept silent under the strokes of

the cane, Neffie would suppose I was handling it easily and would go on and on and on. Boy, did I howl!

"The real awfulness began with the whip. I had forgotten all about the whip, the caning of my bottom had been so bloody awful I couldn't imagine anything else. But Neffie paused and came close until I could smell her sweat while she held brandy to my lips as she told me what a wonderful girl I was, and how she hoped I would continue to be wonderful while she striped my back. Fortunately the brandy made me choke or I would maybe have said something I shouldn't have. Then I would have been in far more trouble. I do remember pleading with her to let my feet back on the floor but that was treated as the silly request it was. I remember I was a bundle of nerves as I waited for the whip.

"Neffie let me hang and sweat. Thoughtfully she palmed my puss once more and seemed pleased with the result. I didn't know it then but being whipped causes a girl to get all juicy. While the whip is actually snapping at you, you know you'll die. But to helplessly wait for it or to helplessly look back after it has been done to you is shockingly erotic. While Neffie was feeling me up, I felt horribly ashamed and was quite sure other girls didn't feel that way. If I got that wet from just having my bottom caned, what would I be like with my back whipped? I wondered if she could hear the pounding of my heart."

Sally Morgan paused. She was telling her story with skill and I was feeling more and more comfortable resting between her legs. I have since discovered that if a girl prisoner is not hurting, she is happy. In this strange and closest communion I had ever know with another girl, I knew a deep content, wanting the moment to last forever and dreading the opening of the door. But the cell door did not open and Sally Morgan's story continued.

"The whipping should have taken everything else from my mind but I was still conscious of being naked and utterly exposed to the thong. This time, before I started to scream, I heard myself earnestly assuring Miss Neff of my willingness to please and offering to do anything, ANYTHING, to please. Striving to be helpful, I pointed out that they had only to tell me what they desired and I would be happy to comply. I wasn't thinking of just lesbianism, I believed that had they asked me to murder someone, I would have cheerfully agreed to do so just so long as Miss Neff would abstain from marking my back with that awful leather. I just knew it would hurt much more than the cane.

"I remembered that I was constantly taking quick glances behind me to see what was happening. I never did get a good view but what I did see caused me to turn eyes front in a hurry. Then I heard Neffie say, 'Something to bite on, dear, in case you feel like screaming. I know how difficult it is for a girl while she's being whipped.' Then she thrust a four inch piece of wood between my teeth. I bit down but that small comfort disappeared. As the forth whip stroke cut at my skin, I yelled all out and lost that bit of wood. I found out since then they love to hear you scream. And I don't believe it's sadism. It's some sort of communion that gets set up between the girl who is hanging by her wrists and the woman who is cutting away at her back. Don't ask me about this psychological stuff, I'm purely guessing.

"Anyway, and before I realized, I was well started towards getting my back whipped, and sure enough the pain was different and not half as erotic as it had been with my bottom. If they would only stay with a girl's bottom, I think I could bare it. But your back doesn't give you a break at all, it's all pure pain. And the leather curls

around under you armpits and from time to time bites at the soft flesh of your breasts. With narrow waists like you and I have, it curls around so you wear a belt of fire, and then, just to put some icing on the cake, Miss Neff kicked my legs apart and slashed me up inside so I went truly crazy. My wrist hurt later from my contorting and jerking but I didn't care at the time. I never did count the strokes – I doubt Miss Neff did either. There was a shocking number of them. When she belted me one final, awful stroke, she announced, 'That's all, dear. You are now one of us at Lashby Hall and we're proud of you.' She kissed me softly and palmed my puss once more than left me alone to stand on my toes, wishing devoutly I had never done whatever it was that had gotten me into this place."

Sally's teasing of my nipples was comforting. I had never allowed a girl to do that to me before. Some had tried but been repulsed. I realized how miserly I had been over my female attributes, I had shared them with no one, not even a girl. Sally's fingertips were telling me what I had missed!

"So I'd had my whipping!" Sally told me as if speaking of a mild day of shopping. "I had been told it was only a beginning and I should place no significance on it other than my promises to do anything! Needless to say, on that first night I did the very thing I had promised myself I would not do – I served first Miss Neff and then Muriel Witherspoon. I did not die. As I recall I felt disappointed about not dying. I had felt it the least I could do as a protest against the forbidden fruit. Lying here in my cell, quite heavily chained for the night, I realized I had survived two terrible ordeals, the whip and a woman, and was feeling just fine except I had to lie flat on my tummy with my breasts pressed hard against this damned wooden bench. It was my introduction to Lashby Hall and it's two mistresses. I felt sure I would never be bored.

"It bothered me a lot not knowing who had sent me to be punished. It is not until this happens to you that you realize how many people you've been mean to. After a few months it didn't matter, I was a prisoner and for me there would be no escape. I wondered why my enemy did not come to see me punished and mock me while it was taking place. But Miss Neff gave me no answer to that one, though I do suspect pictures are taken of us with a hidden camera. After a while there is only one thing that matters, escape or being freed. I was a fool, I tried escape.

"They lay traps for us, sweetheart, beware of them. They seem to be forgetful and leave a chain unlocked or a bit of slack in the rope. So you work like crazy to get free then run like hell for the big wall. They pick you up when you're half way across the park. I remember sobbing my heart out as they dragged me back to the house. They do it cleverly and you never have a chance. When you stand, a naughty girl caught in an escape attempt, before Miss Witherspoon's desk, you are given a choice. You can be whipped or go into solitary confinement. That whipping was still too vivid upon my skin so I chose solitary. That was a mistake, too! They strap you so damned tight in leather and canvass restraints so you can scarcely move, just your bottom and pussy are bare for obvious reasons. They then lay you on the concrete floor of a tiny cell. When they close and lock the door you're in complete darkness. They lead you to believe you'll be there for several weeks but somehow they manage to monitor you and about the time you're ready to loose all your marbles, they let you out. Time varies from girl to girl, with me it was a couple of days and nights. I'll never forget the glory of the light and air and the sight of smiling faces. It was all a pure miracle after the awfulness of the dark and helplessness. When they unstrap you from the beastly things you have just enough strength to clasp Miss Neff s legs and say over and over, "Thank you, thank you, oh thank you!"

"After that I never even thought about escape. No girl ever escapes from Lashby Hall."

Poor darling Sally! I knew I had to be grateful for her telling me about Lashby Hall but wondered why such confidences were allowed. "Because they want you humble and meek, darling," Sally told me. "They're not all that anxious to whip you or inflict the really heavy punishments. What they want is for you to be servile and ready to fall on your knees whenever they want. They'll teach you key words to which you're expected to respond. I always had the feeling that one day the person who sent me here would come to watch me grovel in the approved fashion. It still hasn't happened but it could. That's the hell of it, darling, there's so much we can only guess at. For all we know we could be in here till our old age."

I was not yet that resigned. "I'll be out of here inside a week," I told Sally decisively. "Someone is going to miss me and go to the police. I'm not just anybody, I'm a name." I snuggled closer into the warm, perfumed flesh. "The police aren't dumb, they'll discover me. I'm surprised they haven't closed this place."

"We all go through that phase," Sally said sadly. "After you've been here a month you'll realize it isn't going to happen. If anyone wanted to rescue you, their effort will be blocked at every turn. Believe me, darling, you've vanished."

I did not want to vanish, on the other hand I did not want anything to disturb this glorious couch on which I lay. I had forgotten handcuffed wrists and one arm slowly going numb. Lashby Hall had made a mistake in kidnapping me, a girl with an old and honored name. I would be their undoing. In the meantime I was becoming more and more attached to Sally Morgan. And, with her advice and guidance I might easily escape the worst of the punishments this place inflicted upon innocent girls. Sally's pleasant voice continued.

"You haven't seen the rest of the inmates, Lana, but you will. When we're all together in the cage or they line us up for some sort of inspection, you'll be amazed by what you see, each of us is of centerfold quality. Hugh Hefner would flip if he were here. And at first you'll wonder why. I wondered why for a long time until I realized that it's only the beautiful girls who offend enough to get sent here. A homely girl can slap all the faces she wants and not earn an enemy strong enough to send her here. But if a girl's got big breasts, no belly, and lovely features, she'll have a hundred enemies of both sexes. We can't sleep with every man there is so the ones who don't get it are mad at us. The females are mad at us all the time anyway because we're better looking than they are. They leap at an opportunity to get rid of us. I'll bet there's all sorts of females licking their chops over your disappearance, not a few of which probably contributed to you kidnapping and imprisonment. Being a beauty isn't always honey and spice."

My beautiful cell mate was giving me a marvelous run-down on what to expect at Lashby Hall. Without her I would have been pacing up and down against the bars and going crazy about the unknown. But with her I found myself in a lovely lotus land of feminine sensations and strange disclosures. In spite of Sally's assurance about the impossibility of escape, I found my paramount wish was to be rescued before any of those who had sent me here were able to visit Lashby Hall and behold me on my knees in a whip-inspired submission. The list grew longer as I thought of possibilities, each of whom might wish to observe my naked degradation.

We got fed an evening meal, the food of prisoners. I refused to eat my bread and the single apple so Sally ate it for me. She said she had a bad day, including no mid-day meal, only water. It was hard for me to believe this bright and cheerful creature had spend the previous day with her ankles locked in one of the oldest punishments in history. She accepted it as a bore, nothing else. There would be another punishment tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow. It boggled the mind to think of it.

Sally and I slept together on the hard wooden bench. No blanket, no mattress, no nothing! Since I had no hands but she had partial use of hers, Sally entwined herself around me, tangling our legs, her arms and both our lips. I was grateful that she made no reference to lesbian love-play, her lips and fingertips had affected me deeply in a response I had never previously given anyone. But I remained steadfast in my revolution at the thought of paying such a carnal homage to Hildegard Neff or Muriel Witherspoon. I pushed such images from my mind and surrendered myself to Sally Morgan's love.

I slept amazingly. It was Hildegard Neff's cheerful, "Good morning, girls," that brought me back into the small world of iron bars and stone walls. Lashby Hall's second in command unlocked the barred doors and plucked Sally Morgan from my side in much the same manner as taking a book from a shelf. Sally made no protest other than to give me a smile of resignation back through the bars as the door was once more locked. I sat alone upon the wooden bench and shivered. Without Sally Morgan the little cell became dismal and claustrophobic, a place of no hope. My breakfast had been left upon the floor. I ate the apple and nibbled the bread in a continuing disbelief that this was happening.

When I used the facilities provided, they sparked the realization I could be kept in this tiny cage all my life without any need to open the door again. My food could be pushed through the bars and I could nibble at it as I had already on my knees, with chained hands straining to reach the apple and chunk of bread. I longed more ardently for my hands. When Miss Neff showed up again, my plea was ready.

"Look, I've been handcuffed all night and for a long time beyond that. There's no need for that, please unlock them. I promise I'll behave."

"Don't be silly, dear, you look charming as you are. Keeping you helpless saves you from doing silly things. Your hands are exactly as they should be. Don't fret."

Miss Neff delivered me into the august presence of her senior partner, standing me before the desk as previously, and then backing away as if to assure that Miss Witherspoon could have a good scrutiny of my starkly naked person. I noted that when I wiggled and twisted their eyes shone brighter so I stood still to await developments. I was not silly enough to make a fuss but repeated to Miss Witherspoon what I had already said to Miss Neff about being handcuffed. I received about the same answer. It was evident I was not going to get to use my hands.

"You look absolutely charming, my dear. Dear Miss Neff will tidy your hair before you are placed in restraints for the day."

Miss Witherspoon smiled benignly, as though with love. "We have chosen something very simple for this, your first day as an inmate of Lashby Hall. You will find it tiring and perhaps irritating but it inflicts no pain. As I previously warned you, your sex will be in full view for anyone who cares to look." She nodded to the waiting

Miss Neff. "Take her long. The ankle restraint as previously discussed."

The interview had been short and I had made no good use of it. Bitterly I said to the woman holding to my chained arm, "I take it you intend to continue with this cruel farce. Is there any use me asking you to reconsider? You could still send me home without too many eyebrows being raised."

"You will not be going home, dear. Don't think about it. I advise you to examine everything we say and do and to be completely obedient."

"I haven't kicked you in the crotch, have I?"

"No, dear. I've no complaints so far. We know you are consoling yourself with thoughts of rescue. But as time passes these will diminish. You are about to receive what is actually an amusing experience."

The 'amusing experience' was inflicted upon me in the main hall of the academy. I could make no sense of the heavily constructed box fastened to the floor in the center of the room for all to see. When I was invited to step inside it, I obeyed in total innocence. Miss Neff kicked my feet apart and folding inward upon my unsuspecting ankles a pair of hinged piece of wood which gripped my skin like the firm grasp of a human hand. There came the usual click of locks and when she stepped back to survey her work I found myself standing with my feet hidden within the box, the lid of which was locked tight upon my ankles. They were held firmly about thirty inches apart. Not only did they hold my feet, they held me also. I could do nothing but stand and, as Muriel Witherspoon had promised, expose my sex and pubic hair for all to see.

"You are new to this punishment, Lana," Miss Neff said sweetly. "So we do not give you your hands. Hands would be an embarrassments since you could be constantly striving to cover yourself. You look most attractive as you are and I will do nothing to spoil the effect. I will now tidy your hair."

I had no choice but to stand still. But I was grateful for the attention of the comb, and made no demur. My jailer then produced a lipstick and touched up my lips. She then kissed my cheek and hurried out of sight. Neither of us had uttered a word about how I would spend my day. When I considered it, I realized there was nothing to say. I would simply stand as I was with my feet well apart to expose my sex, my hands lost to me in the steel circlets behind my back. And I would not even be able to sit down on the floor. I sighed and gazed around at a scene which, before the day was done, would become all too familiar.

The first passerby was an exquisite blonde with a pageboy hairdo. She was attired in nothing but a tightly laced Basque who's emerald green made a bright and vivid contrast to golden hair. She was handcuffed but that was all. She stopped short at sight of me and came to say, "Hi! I heard there was a new girl. Welcome to Lashby H all. I see they're breaking you in easy, but don't let that fool you." Her eyes were suddenly shrewd. "I'll bet you're still thinking about escape, you're pretty sure they'll be a knocking at the door and the police will come in to take you home. I know how it is. We all go through this phase before be get so we look back at it and laugh. Are they going to whip you?"

"Good heavens, no! Why would they?"

"Well, mostly for fun. But sometimes your sponsor insists upon it. You're one of the lucky ones, don't every get whipped. It just isn't worth whatever you do to earn it. Does being naked like that bother you?"

"Of course, it does. It is an outrage!"

"You'll get over that feeling, dear. They'll give you something to wear after a while but it will be something like what I've got on. I'd feel a lot more decent without a stitch. This pretty thing just accents everything I've got. Look at the way my tits stick out, and it still leaves me with a bare bottom."

"How long have you been in this place?"

"Just over a year." The green and gold beauty shrugged. "I'll love to get my hands on whoever sent me here. Most of us never discover who it was. All we know is it cost them an awful lot of money to keep us a prisoner. Darling, I am so sorry but I have to run. Neffy's waiting to punish me for the day and she's a stickler for being on time. See you!"

She was the first of many, all clad in equally revealing clothing, some were as naked as myself. All were in haste to meet the deadline of a waiting punishment over which they seemed quite unconcerned. All were handcuffed and the steps of some were hobbled by leg irons, the chain of which swirled prettily as they walked. They could not run. One who was naked like myself stopped long enough to explain her nudity.

"I was whipped a few days ago. When a girl's been whipped at Lashby Hall, she has to stay naked for as long as it takes the whip marks to fade." She turned to show me her back. "Look at mine, they still have a way to go."

I curled up inside at the sight. Purple streaks criss-crossed her back and bottom. Both had been cruelly punished and were now on display to warn the rest of us what could befall if we were naughty girls. I shuddered as I watched her go to whatever punishment in which she would spend the day. After that I was very much alone. My punishment had started out as something I was inclined to laugh at. I stood, that was all, I simply stood still! I could wiggled and twist, not that it would do me any good, but it could vent a bit of frustration. I could not move my feet at all. Sometimes, as though to remind myself of the impossible, I dragged one of my chained hands into view where I could observe the steel bracelet upon the wrist and use my searching fingers to explore the chain and shinning steel. It was no more than a pastime, I could never get free.

Miss Neff had warned me about the servants. The staff would come and go and were free to speak to me or ignore me as they wished. I would be tempted to bribe or plead for help in escape, but would be wise to abstain. Apparently they were well enough trained (and probably paid, as well) to ignore my pleas and, even worse, immediately report them to authority. When I was told the penalty for such an escape bid, I could well believe none were ever made. I girl would be given only one chance. On the second attempt she would be branded with the letters L and H on the inside of her thigh with a hot iron.

I stood and stood. On the rare occasions when a servant bothered to stop, we had little to say. I dared not risk the hot iron and they were bored with too many replicas of myself. Mostly they dropped a greeting and assured me most earnestly that

nothing was ever as bad as it seemed. After a while I got so tired I longed for evening and release.

When a girl brought me a drink at mid-day, she was also the bearer of bad news. She was a delightful creatures who seemed honestly sorry to have to tell me the ill tidings. She shuffled her feet and twisted awkwardly before coming out with it. "Terribly sorry, Miss, but orders is orders. I've been told you have to wear a gag for the afternoon."

"A gag!" I had only vaguely heard of such a thing. I saw no good reason why I should forcefully be kept silent, but the maiden's stricken face and halting explanations made it clear the indignity was nothing more than a small addition to the punishment already under way. I had to stand still where I was but now I would also be silent. If someone wished to converse with me, I would be able only to nod or shake my head. I blushed with shame. The gag, when produced, turned out to be a plain rubber ball through which had been threaded a strap and a buckle. I didn't fight, I simply opened my mouth and allowed the beastly thing to be pushed back behind my teeth where it pushed my tongue down and puffed out my cheeks. The strap was tightened until it hurt. When I was anxiously asked if I was okay, I simply shrugged and nodded. I had the feeling Lashby Hall was watching and quietly laughing.

I have since learned of a great variety of gags by which a girl may be punished and kept mute. There are few things more demeaning than a gag. A mouthful of cloth or rubber or steel and the tight straps across your cheeks. They are an affront, an outrage to any girl, but are all cunningly crafted to silence our tongue and rob us of something feminine. The girl who had thus muted me patted my cheek and pretended not to notice my blush.

The word 'Sponsor' nagged constantly. I longed to know the name of the person or persons who had put me where I now stood. It was hard to believe that because someone had signed a check I should now be arrested from life and imprisoned, that I should be stripped naked and handcuffed and held indefinitely without even the knowledge of the period of my sentence. I could not believe I had done anything to anyone sufficiently bad to warrant what was being done to me now. But if there was a terrible mistake somewhere, it seemed unlikely to be rectified. I twisted my wrists within their steel bracelets, tugged at each foot, and tried to speak a single word. I could do none of these things, and wondered why the one who inflicted them upon me did not come to gloat.

There was one more painless but persistent punishment thrusting awareness upon me all the time. It was the separation of my legs and the exposure of my sex, a horribly shameful violation of my most feminine secret. It had been so easily achieved by the little wooden box in which I stood. I had no doubt that many other girls had also stood here before me, and they too, must have longed to close their thighs. I was very angry that my sex was so abused, so left open as if in invitation to any male who might come around. Fortunately I saw no males. This exposure of my sex might be repeated every day for a year but I could not conceive of feeling any different about it than I did now. I shook my head against the gag and longed to scream my anger at the world.

When Hildegard Neff took me back to my cell after the punishment was done for the day, the place seemed more bare and sterile than before. I knew it was the absence of Sally Morgan that made it so. But now the adjoining small cell held a

captive of its own, a gorgeous red-head, quite naked, handcuffed and leg-ironed, clutching the bars in curiosity to watch the new girl and how she would behave.

But another thing came foremost in my thoughts and, as Hildegard Neff turned the key to lock me in, I demanded, "Surely you're not going to leave me handcuffed? I've been handcuffed all night and all day – give me a break!"

Once more it was the amused and tolerant smile for a little child who need not be humored beyond a point. "You'd best forget those handcuffs, Lana," she told me. "We've got a girl here who has been handcuffed without interruption for almost four years."

Seeing my disbelief, she added, "Can't you see, dear, how practical it is to keep you handcuffed? You're always ready for punishment and can be handled easily without unseemly effort. If you weren't handcuffed, we'd probably have to subdue you by force everyday. Think about it, dear, and be thankful we use them."

I stood there in the little cell as forlornly as I have ever been until a voice consoled my through the bars. "She's right, you know. Handcuffs and leg irons are a lot better for us girls than chains with padlocks and such, and one hell of a lot better than rope and cord. By the time you've been tied up all night with thin rope, you'll be ready to scream. Your name's Lana, isn't it? Mine's Nora Stanton. I've been here twenty-five months and I've just been whipped yesterday. Take a look."

Nora Stanton turned her loveliness for me to behold the wages of sin as painted by Lashby Hall. It was a repeat of the back I had seen earlier that day except Nora's wounds were fresh and more vividly colored.

"I don't want to see," I protested. "You're the second one today and it just curls me up inside. What on earth did you do to deserve that?"

She turned back to me to display the untouched breasts and pubic hair. "Just acted sulky and said the wrong thing to that biddy Witherspoon, that's all." She shrugged. "It's my own fault, I should have known better. I was once before whipped for the same thing but it was so long ago I had forgotten about it. Believe me, I won't get careless on that count again. Don't ever give them an excuse for whipping you, it hurts worse than you can imagine."

There it was again, the awful warning! Once more I shivered and felt myself an inch deeper in imprisonment. Nora's hands were chained in front so she was easily able to drag her bench to where she could sit and talk to me through the bars. She laughed and told me I could do the same by using my feet.

"Won't we be punished?" I asked.

"No. They're wise enough to know a girl will go absolutely around the bend if she's chained up alone too long. They make everything difficult but we do get to talk and stay human. Maybe they are obligated to return us in one piece and in our right minds when we eventually get free. Whenever that is!"

"Do you know how long you're here for, Nora?"

"I thought I did, I thought it was for two years. But when the two years were up I was simply told my sponsor had said to leave me here for a couple more." She

laughed bitterly. "The son of a bitch was willing to pay all that money to keep me in prison. He's still doing it, damn him!"

"Then you know who your sponsor is?"

"Oh, sure, the bastard's not a bit ashamed of what he's doing to me. He put me here because I wouldn't marry him. He comes and talks to me through the bars once in a while when the mood takes him. I always know when he's coming because they fuss over me and make me as pretty as they can before stripping me as naked as you are and cuffing my hands behind my back. That means my sponsor gets a good look at everything I got and can make corny jokes about my tits and pussy." She paused and when she spoke again her voice was tearful. "The last time he was here I said that I'd had enough, I would give in and marry him if only he'd take me away from here. The S.O.B. simply laughed and said he couldn't possibly do that because he'd miss coming to see me behind bars and all chained up. I could have killed him!"

"That's wicked!"

Once more the bitter laugh. "Not the way he sees it. I think he's got the idea us girl all have a marvelous time her nibbling at each other. But, anyway, next time he comes I'm going to put it to him straight. If it means so much to him to see me behind bars and handcuffed, why doesn't he make a little prison in his basement and buy some handcuffs and keep me around the house. I couldn't have said that a year ago but I'm so damned sick of Lashby Hall I'd think it a picnic to be Reggie's prisoner if he'll marry me."

Poor girl. And yet, in a way, she was better off than I. At least she knew her accuser. And, since it was only a single man, she could level her loathing or pleading direct to him. I wished I could deal with my sponsor but had no hope of it.

"When I feel really down I plead with Neffie to tell Reggie how ready I am to be whatever he wants," Nora continued. "I'm pretty sure she gives him the message. In a way she's not a bad sort but the silly twit seems to think I have to stay here longer to get properly broken in – or should it be broken down! I never get an answer. Darling, does being naked bother you? It used to bother me terribly."

"Of course it does! You mean you've actually got so you don't care?"

"I'm afraid so. I think it's the way they display me for Reggie's view that's done it. The first time they let him see me naked the stretched me out against the bars and tied me that way in a sort of 'X' – you know, arms sort of out and high up, and legs spread wide until you think you're going to split." She grunted disgustedly. "By the time Reggie got through looking and poking and making his damn fool remarks, I'd lost whatever shame I had. I simply don't care now. Anyone can see me naked and be welcome."

I settled down without comfort on the hard bench. Nora was full of information that I needed. "Why does Lashby Hall deal only with girls of our age. You know, around twenty-five. There must be teenagers they could get. Everyone wants to get rid of teenagers."

Nora shrugged. "I suppose it's because they're sophisticates, darling. They're also extremely cautious. The law concerns itself with girls under twenty but figures a female our age ought to know what she's doing. If she ends up here for a bit of

training, the police close a blind eye. None of us lay a complaint – how can we!"

"But wouldn't the younger girls be more enticing, sexually?"

"Oh, darling, grow up! You're underrating what you are. Girl's around our age are at the very height of their potency and attraction. Sure, the youngsters radiate sex in waves, but they're shallow and unsatisfactory to aficionados like Neffie and Witherspoon. I suppose the reason there's only a dozen or so of us at any one time is because there's not enough sponsors who are mad enough at a girlfriend or wife to stick them in here. Remember, most people have never heard of Lashby Hall."

So far, so good. Nora was doing fine. I popped the next most obvious questions. "These daily punishments. I gather most sponsors don't know exactly what they are. They don't want to know. Why do Neffie and Witherspoon bother? Why don't they simply keep us locked up and save the trouble? It must be damned hard work to make sure a dozen girls are made beastly uncomfortable every day."

She laughed at me. "They love it, darling! It isn't work, it's pleasure. It's more than that, it's an erotic thrill! I saw you there in the hall today. I didn't stop because I was late, but you were getting off easy. We've all had our feet locked in that box sometime or other. But, believe me, there's far worse things. Today they cuffed my hands behind my back and then hoisted them up a mile high so I had to bend double. Then they walked away and left me. By noon I was so softened up I would agree to anything but no one came to ask my opinion. I just stood there with my shoulders screaming murder and wondered what inducement I could offer Reggie to put an end to this whole affair. But I couldn't think of anything. I cried and watched my tears plop down on the concrete. Oh, sweetheart, believe me, you don't want to get out of here more than I do."

"Tell your Reggie he can have me, too, as a sort of bonus for freeing you. He can keep two girls in a cage as well as one."

I had said something! Flippant as it may have been it had grabbed Nora's attention. "Oh, darling, would you really?" She was suddenly alive with hope.

"The son of a bitch would go for something like that. He'd be getting a bargain and he'd have no end of fun with us. His fun, of course. May I send a message?"

Somehow I knew I ought to follow through. My offer had been rash but, like Nora, I could see Reggie as a way out. He would tire of me far more quickly than would Lashby Hall. Supplied with funds, Lashby Hall would keep me prisoner forever. But Reggie sounded like the typical stupid male who I felt sure I could cause to be tired of me in the first week. Even if he was mad enough to send me back here, I would be no worse off. I readily gave consent, not believing anything would come of it.

If only I had known!

3

The Yoke's on Me

Nora was manna from heaven. When Neffie left us our bit of bread and apple, she

laughed at our arrangement of the wooden benches. In some ways Lashby Hall demonstrated unexpected tolerance. We two girls were welcome to do whatever we could in our cages, mainly because there was nothing we could do to aid our escape. We didn't bother with the food right away but played a delightful kissing game with puckered up lips between the bars. The feel of friendly flesh was a boon after the way we had spent out day. It was not long before the heady perfume of female musk enveloped us both. Quickly Nora's fingers were searching for those feminine places where they could reduce me to a panting, wide-eyed femaleness. After she had made me climax, we took a few bites of the bread and ate our apple. For certain no girl in Lashby Hall was going to put on weight!

"I wish to goodness Reggie would take me up on my offer of marriage," Nora continued as we snuggled close together against the bars. We only make contact here and there but anything was better than nothing in the loneliness of a prison cell.

"If the silly idiot would only let me get into bed with him or be in the same room . . . I could charm his pants off. And goodness knows what effect you would have on him. Next time the bastard shows up I'm going to tell him the most wonderful Arabian Nights tale. There will be possibilities any man would drool over. I'd even get down on my knees and call him 'Master'.

"I'm not even sure what the bastard wants but surely that ought to do it. Besides, I'll tell him he can whip me all he wants. But I won't say a thing about him whipping you." She laughed a short, sardonic laugh. "I'll leave that to you, darling, make your own deal. But, since you've never been whipped, I'll warn you. It hurts like hell!"

"Why do men want to whip girl?" I inquired innocently.

"Haven't you figured that out, darling? It's so simple and so basic." She laughed. "When the poor bastards pierce us and then go pop, they're left up in the air and the poor girl never gets off the ground. But when they whip us, there are all the sounds and emotions of an endless orgasm. And what's more we'll keep on doing it for as long as they use the Whip. It's a real bargain for a man to own a woman. And a wife just isn't the same thing."

Nora was Eve, she was Circe, she was Sapho, teaching me all the wiles by which man has been enslaved by a woman from the very first. As she spoke so innocently of things I had never heard of, I felt an immense power. And a conviction about myself and the way in which I could influence men. What did a few whip marks matter in such a quest?

"There's only one thing I'm scared of," Nora said slowly. "Supposing the bastard accepts you as a gift then leaves me as a prisoner here or sends me back after enjoying me for an evening or two. What happens then?"

Nora was going deeper than I could follow. I told her so. I had no faith in her Reggie. If he had ignored her thus far, it was unlikely he would take her to his bed after so long a time. It was in my mind to tell her to forget Reggie and all he stood for. He sounded like a really prime son of a bitch to me. But I wanted escape so bad I could taste it. If Reggie was the key, I would not care of what common stuff he was made. All I needed of him was to turn the lock. That night we slept close pressed against the bars. It was a pathetic imitation of the real thing, but the best we could do. Nora told me that almost all of being a prisoner as we were was compromise. Authority allowed a girl to go so far, but only that far. On that bit of wisdom we

went to sleep.

Quite obviously my daily punishments had to become more and more severe until they reached whatever plateau of pain my sponsors had ordered for me. Since the rest of my life seemed to be involved, the process would be slow and cautious, testing my tolerance and keeping me from hysteria. My second day was by no means related to my first.

It was the sort of three legged stool you used to see in offices and schools, much higher than normal, this one was sturdy to boot. When Neffie hoisted me up on it, my feet were a long way from the floor. I felt a little fear at being a ways from the ground with my hands still cuffed behind my back. I had given up speaking of my hands, quite obviously it was a subject out of bounds and likely to get me extra punishment if I persisted. I ceased to speak of the shinning metal bands. I couldn't associate the stool with anything but was sure there would be something more to my punishment than merely siting there. I looked around the bare room, a room which bestowed punishment. It was well lit from windows high in the wall and furnished only by a series of whips and crops and canes hanging around the wall. I wished I had not seen those.

"Don't be alarmed, dear, this is only your second day." Neffie's voice was soothing as with a child. "Today we will simply emphasis one of the features of which you are informed. I have these lovely leather bands for your ankles."

I looked down to watch my ankles being buckled tight in broad leather straps. On each there was a ring. I did not have to wonder why because I suddenly realized I was conveniently sitting between a couple of posts which ran from floor to ceiling. Miss Neff made a circle of my perch to make certain I was safely seated and not likely to fall off. She then thoughtfully examined my handcuffed wrists and tightened the band of one of them as if to keep me aware of what they were and why I wore them. She next went into swift and direct motion which left me in breathless disbelief. Each of my anklets had been snapped by a leather tether from a post to separate my feet disgracefully even as they held me fast on the stool. Miss Neff then proceeded to tighten one strap after another to make each tether increasingly taut and each of my legs increasingly spread apart. She kept that up until I cried out in genuine distress that she was splitting me in two. She then tightened each another notch and stood back to survey what she had done.

It was what Miss Witherspoon had promised, the wide and obscene disclosure of my sex. Only the twin cheeks of my bottom rested on the stool as my legs were pulled wickedly up and sideways. It was something like the splits a ballerinas would do. My pussy screamed it's presence to all.

"That's a nice effect, Lana dear," Miss Neff proclaimed as she paced around me. "You'll see now what I mean about the handcuffs, they are most useful, they save so much trouble. They are exactly what is required for this punishment. They prevent you covering yourself or easing your position on the stool. You will remain as you are now for the entire day." She patted my cheek almost lovingly. "I will visit you from time to time, of course. Just in case you manage a bit of slack. If you do, I will then tighten it right up." She chuckled happily. "I'll pass the word around to insure a few people will pass by or maybe stop to chat. I won't have you gagged until later in the day. Enjoy!"

I did not enjoy! When Miss Neff had gone, leaving the door wide open, I took

stock of my situation and could find no fault in it, nothing I could exploit for freedom. My legs were so stretched to either side as to actually generate pain within that portion of me normally meant for pleasure. As usual my hands contributed nothing, they stayed safely fastened behind my back. I thought unhappily of the girl who's hand had been cuffed like for nearly four years and realized I was falling into the same frame of mind by which she had endured this punishment. I looked down at my split loins and prayed my visitors would be few and far between. Miss Neff did not matter, nor did Miss Witherspoon. They owned me, I could never hope to evade their amused enjoyment of my punishments and pain. But the staff and the other girls like me . . . oh, damn! They could examine me all they liked and there wasn't a thing I could do.

I debated edging myself to fall off the stood but a little thought suggested that I would be far worse and might easily get hurt. There was nothing I could do but sit. My hands were useless and this fact engaged me most of all. My hands were mine, but they had been taken from me by two small circlets of chrome, and there they would stay to mock every effort I might make at reclaiming their use. Maybe forever! Miss Neff was right, to rob a girl of hands made her so easy to control she ceased to be a human and become only a package of female flesh. I bowed my head in shame.

There were visitors, mostly members of the staff who found an excuse to enter and, in passing, have a damned good look at my nether lips which I was certain must be spread wide open. One replaced another, interspersed by a few maiden inmates, prettily attired in handcuffs, back or front, and sometimes leg irons. They mostly told me I must not feel too bad as there were far worse things to suffer than sitting on a three legged stool with my legs apart. I was sure they meant well.

She was probably twenty-two but still young enough to giggle. She was tastefully attired in handcuffs and leg irons, a sign that authority did not trust her.

"Isn't it awful!" she said brightly. "They sat me there like that once, I was quite sure every fly in the country was making its way up inside and that every part of my sex was clearly seen be every person who came by. It's not true, you know. It simply isn't. Would you believe me if I tell you your pussy is as tight closed as if you were walking down the street?"

"No, I wouldn't."

"Well, it's true. Our little cunts are amazingly adaptable, they cope with almost anything." A giggle got the best of her. "How would you feel if a man walked in and had a look at you like that?"

It was something I hadn't even thought of. But I was suddenly possessed by horror, this girl might know something! Quite simply I retorted, "I'd hate it, I'd want to die."

She nodded sagely. "That's how I felt. They actually sprung that one on me. It's a guy who sponsors me here and keeps me a prisoner just to be mean. Suddenly there he was standing in front where he could get a good look and there I was unable to move an inch." She laughed in actual amusement. "Believe it or not I said, 'Hello, Jim,' and he said, 'Hello, Wanda,' just like that. For a while I wondered if he had come to take me home. I would have done anything he wanted. But all he had come for was simply to gloat and to tell me I'd stay right were I was for as long as he decided. He didn't really make my day."

So many girls, and so much yearning, every hope proving false and captivity going on and on forever. Despite myself I was beginning to see my own imprisonment as without end. Supposing my sponsors came to visit me all at one time and stood before me now! I knew I would want to die. As it was, I simply asked, "Why didn't he take you away? Couldn't you offer him something he valued? Offer to be his slave or something equally as silly but pleasing to the male ego?"

Once more the giggle. "I suppose I could have, but what the two of us are doing is trying to wear each other down. I want a rational man and he wants a girl who is completely broken in every way. Neither of us seem to have got there yet. Neffie and Miss Witherspoon do their best but they refuse to inflict actual torture. Sometimes we get to thinking they go overboard, just the way you're thinking about yourself right now. But they stay within bounds. That bastard who put me here hasn't yet found his whimpering little slavegirl and I haven't found a man. The whole thing is for the birds and if I could get a chance I'd be gone so damn quick."

The little darling's visit didn't really cheer me up. What I needed was a really sharp knife to cut the straps. I realized she was like the rest of us, lost and hopeless and with a tremendous heart-ache for someone or something, but above all for freedom. We would have had far more freedom in an ordinary state prison. There we would have had no handcuffs and been granted a recreation period in the sunlight each day. I wasn't all too sure about the whip but I don't think they indulge in whipping convict girls any more. That's something in the past. I felt sure a convict girl's folks can visit her and she knows the length of her sentence and the possibilities of parole. She would never have to sit on a stool with her feet tied so far apart she'd be thinking anything could crawl up inside.

I went back to smiling pleasantly at anyone who dropped by to have a good look at a naked girl spread so wide apart she thought she'd split wide open.

Hildegard Neff was right on time. I got kissed and patted and shown a new and different gag. When I explained the uselessness of gagging me because I was not going to scream and there was no one who could answer a call for help, she simply smiled. "There, there, darling. Please don't fret. You have to be gagged, it's part of your punishment. And you have no idea how cute you look when you have to be absolutely silent, and can't do anything about it. Look at this lovely thing I've brought."

I looked at the 'lovely thing'. I wanted to laugh or scream. It was a real shocker. The wide soft band of leather to cover my lips and buckle at the back of my neck was enough. But the thing it would hold firmly and deeply in my mouth was almost too terrible to think of. It was a rubber male phallus, not as long as the real thing but was far stubbier and chunkier, with all the features of a real one. If any man had possessed such an organ he might well have boasted of it.

Flatly I declared, "I refuse to open my mouth for anything as horrible as that."

"Yes you will, if I pinch your nipple hard enough. You've been sensible about such things, why not continue to be now?"

As usual she was right. Hildegard Neff had me figured. In another burst of sweet reason I would later regret I opened my mouth for instant oral penetration. It was a shocking mouthful and had been flavored with mint to counter the taste of rubber. I hate mint so that didn't help. When it was all the way in, Miss Neff's voice became

sweet once again. "There, there, Lana. There are narrow indentations up against the band where you can clench your teeth, you don't have to keep your mouth open. I want you to clench them now and close your lips while I tighten the strap."

I did it all, exactly as she asked. I got only the smallest thrill as the lovely, soft leather tightened hard as the buckle was tugged tight. An onlooker would have no clue as to how my mouth was filled. As soon as her hands left the buckle I tried to speak but nothing came out and Neffie laughed at my effort, patted me a few more times and then left me as tautly spread as before. From what Sally and Nora had told me. I gathered this might be considered a quite normal day at Lashby Hall.

The few visitors I had were understanding about my gag. They told me not to try and talk but just to sit quietly on my stool while they looked at all the goodies I had to offer. All of them, inmates, servants, were quite frank and honest about their interest in my physical attributes and were not the least bit hesitant to ask me to straighten up or lean this way or that to give the desired effect. My breasts were mostly approved as being unusually firm and everyone hoped they would not have to be whipped because I had been a naughty girl. This was a new one on me, I'd never thought of my breasts as being the object of punishment, let alone the lash. Once more I curled up inside at the mere thought of it.

I have to admit the visits and the comments did a lot to boost my morale through a long afternoon of wide-spread thighs and muted tongue. I was sure it was pure mischief on the part of Hildegard Neff to free me at the end of the day except for the handcuffs behind my back and the gag. I was thrust into my little cell with full benefit of both. When Nora was locked in next door, I couldn't say a word. I was assured it was not real punishment but just Lashby Hall being mean.

My mouth remained fill with the rubber cock for an hour before Hildegard Neff came with our meager supper and unbuckled my gag. Immediately we were alone again Nora became alive with information. "I know about the stool," she told me without concern. "I've had it several times. But it's really designed for girls like you who are pussy-shy. It's awful, isn't it? Everybody looking up inside. Or at least that's the way it seems. Did that little brown-haired maid come and suck your nipples?"

"Nobody sucked my nipples. But everybody talked about whipping my breasts. Do they really do that?"

"Oh, sure. But only if you've really made them mad at you. Neffie and Spoonie adore a girl's breasts and won't have them whipped unless they think it's the only way to get to a girl to behave after all else has failed. I've always found that having my breasts whipped is utterly demoralizing. It's only happened to me a couple of times but that's enough. Don't worry, sweetheart, it need not happen to you at all."

Nora was full of her day. It didn't sound very exciting, she'd been tied to a tree out in the gardens. But she had found the fresh air and sunlight stimulating. "It bothers some of the girls, darling, to be bound tight to a trunk and left out there all alone. They get to thinking about beetles and snakes and things. Of course that is part of the punishment. And there's the mosquitoes, and they're real enough for sure. It's simply horrible to have to stand and watch a mosquito land on your breast and feed itself until its full of your blood. By the time its full, it can hardly fly and you haven't been able to do a thing about it except watch. Mosquitoes always seem to chose my breasts to feed on." She mused thoughtfully about her day's punishment. "They took me out real early and stripped me bare before pushing me up against the tree and

cinching my waist really tight to it. I couldn't do a thing from then on. There's two things can happen to a girl when she's taken out into the woods. One way cinches her tummy to the tree until she's certain something has to burst, with her wrists handcuffed behind the trunk. It's simple and wickedly frustrating. There's no hope of getting loose, of course, and you simply have to stand and stand with the ropes biting your belly until you're ready to scream.

"The other is what I got today. They call it the Sweet Gwendoline Tie, after that son of a bitch artist who didn't go us girls any good when he first drew the picture of his pretty little Gwendoline laced with a pretty and most becoming crisscross of ropes. The poor girl never had a hope of getting free and neither did I today. They cord your wrists behind the trunk, rope your ankles and then sort of dress you up with a crisscross webbing of rope that leaves you as much a part of the tree as the bark itself. When they were through I couldn't even twitch, except my head, of course. And what good does that do? Anyway, I was glad I didn't have a shaven pate and a hairless little thing down below the way one of the girls has been punished. It wouldn't matter much except it's just more area for the mosquitoes to light on. I have to hand it to the mosquitoes, they've never once bitten me inside my pubic hair."

"You mean this is a punishment you get quite often?"

"Oh, sure. Like I told you about being left alone, they watch a girl carefully. When they think we're getting a bit stir-crazy they take us out into the sunlight. It works wonders. But there is one thing I wish they would stay away from. It's called the cropper cord. It comes down from the ropes around our tummies and is threaded inside our pussies before coming up in back and tied damned tight to the rope behind us. You get quite sure your sex will never be the same. When they first did it to me I was quite sure my clit was squashed to a pulp."

I never ceased to wonder at Nora's casual and matter-of-fact accounting of these adventures. I exclaimed over an obvious thought, "But aren't you bitten to death by the insects? And what happens if a dog comes along? You know what dogs are like if you can't push them away with your hands? They'll shove their noses right up into your pussy!"

"That's simply the luck of the draw, darling! You're helpless. If the park wasn't so private, any man could come along and rape you. But the dog menace is real enough, it happened to me once. And, of course, that day Neffie made certain my legs were well spread to each side of the trunk. It wouldn't have mattered much so far as just standing went, but when this blasted collie dog showed up, I was a sitting duck. I can't tell how far away he was when he first scented me but after that his snout was pointing straight towards my pussy when I first saw him. He was a really beautiful dog, I'm sure that had he been human he would have been ashamed of what he did. But he was only a dog and first thing I knew his snout was burrowing in and that tongue – that damned tongue! I was saying silly things like 'Get away' and 'Go! Scat!' and such. But he ignored me as soon as he saw that I couldn't move an inch. I swear he actually looked up in that adoring ways dogs have when you're being kind to them and thanked me with his eyes! I'm quite sure he figured I was fastened like that for his enjoyment."

Nora gave me a disgruntled smile. "Imagine how I felt! Think of it, darling, how would you feel?"

Not having any knowledge of such things, I couldn't. Striving to put myself in

Nora's place only made me shiver. I didn't really want to talk about it but some fatal fascination prompted me to ask, "Did he . . . well, did he . . . I mean . . . oh damn, did he make you climax?"

"Darling, you really are a novice!" Nora laughed at my serious question.

"Of course he made me climax! He did it so damned quick I was ashamed of myself. But what it was is that he went right on and on. Fido wasn't paying a bit of attention to climaxes or orgasms, he only wanted to lick and lick with that raspy tongue of his. He must have liked the taste or something. I guess his tongue got tired 'cause quite suddenly he upped and walked away. My pubic triangle felt wet and cold for an hour."

By way of making conversation I observed, "I'm surprised they haven't used a dog as one of our punishments."

"Oh, darling, don't think they haven't! There's a cage attached to the house and they keep several of the biggest damned dogs you've ever seen in it. I don't know what breed they are but they certainly know all about girls. The punishment is for you to be put inside with them for a whole day. Your hands are handcuffed behind your back but your feet are free to kick and you can run around and around the cage as much as you want. But there isn't a thing you can do that matters. Those blasted dogs are relentless. They follow you where ever you go. And if you think up something real good like thrusting yourself against the wire cage so they can't get at your front, they'll start to nip at you to show they think you're being a poor sport. Finally, simply from exhaustion, you turn around and let them have their way with you. The only lifesaver is that there is three of them and they snap and growl at each other and never come to a friendly arrangement over sharing a girl! They all want it at once while you stand there and long for a key to your handcuffs and another to the door of the cage. It's a very tiring day."

"And our sponsors really want this sort of thing for us?"

"Oh, yes. You'd be surprised how spiteful sponsors really are." Nora paused and seemed to give it some thought. "I suppose it's a lot easier to write something on a piece of paper than to watch it happen. They'd feel guilty if they saw how terribly miserable we get - if they saw what was happening to us. Lashby Hall so beautifully shields our sponsors from responsibility. It's as though Miss Witherspoon presents them with a long list of possible punishments and they simply check them off one by one – and I'll bet there's quite a few of them they've never heard of before!"

"Is rape on that list?"

"Of course it is! Neffie and Spoonie see rape, or should I say a man, as the ultimate degradation, something to soil a girl. I don't think they much like the contact necessary, but if a sponsor wants to punish or cure a girl of being a lesbian, they will arrange for her to be tied down and thus receive a visit from a potent and well-equipped male. They have one on tap. He probably thinks of himself as the luckiest S.O.B in the United States. He plows away inside the girl for as long as he likes, collects his fee, just imagine! Then he simply goes home while the girl is returned to her cell to wonder who did what to who. It hasn't happened to me, I'm not a lesbian. But I've watched the others to whom it has been done and they are really and truly a very baffled girl for several days afterwards. Don't ever doubt it, darling, Lashby Hall provides a complete service to diminish any of us to a pretty

package that Kipling described as 'a rag, a bone and a hank of hair' ."

The sum total of all I was learning was hopelessness. Whichever way a girl inclined, she would be countered and punished for either a natural or unnatural inclination. None of its prisoners every won a battle with Lashby Hall.

By the forth day it seems as if I had been a prisoner all my life. I no longer asked for the handcuffs to be taken from my wrists. Every morning I followed Neffie to the place where I would spend the day in acute discomfort. At nights I would be locked back in my cell. My evenings with Nora on the other side of the bars was the only bright spot. But even she thoughtlessly told me of things I would be happier not to know. My fourth day's punishment led me into a land of fresh speculation and brooding fear.

The punishment was simple. It was a yoke evenly split in half lengthways and coming to a blunt end each way but broadened in the center to accommodate my neck. Had I fought, Neffie would have had to get help to confine me thus but I was still trying to avoid punishment. The stories I had been told about the whip had made considerable impression on my mind.

"The easiest way to do this, dear, is for you to lie down. See, I'll put one half of the yoke under you neck which fits neatly in the lower half circle. Now I place the other half on top. Be sure to arrange you hair the way you'd like it before you place your wrists in the holes provided. Ah, that's exactly right, dear. You're proving such a sensible girl. I'll snap the locks and help you stand up."

I had seen pictures of it but never really believed them. The effect was pretty much that of the milk maid of Victorian days carrying two loaded buckets suspended from a yoke resting on her shoulders. The difference was that she could take hers off and I could not get out of mine. Standing erect, I looked to either side at my pinioned hands which stuck out from the hard wood as if having taken root. The wooden grip on both my wrists and neck was snug as if the damned thing had been made for me. The two padlocks were massive. The whole thing was about four feet long and prettily shaped. At each end there was an iron ring. Neffie led me to the pillars and there, sure enough were rings to match my own. When the two were joined by two more padlocks, I found myself prisoner to the vertical posts. I could stand or move within the tolerance of a half step either way. But that was all, I could not sit down. Miss Neff stepped back to admire her work and assured me I looked positively delicious.

I did not feel delicious. I longed to scream in fury.

The principle of exposing my no longer private part was again adhered to by a beastly contraption Neffie called a 'spreader bar.' It was exactly that, thirty inches long with a strap at each end. When the straps were buckled on my ankles I stood exposed and feeling cold between my thighs. The yoke on my neck was two or three inches thick which made it difficult for me to look down to examine this fresh humiliation but I could certainly feel the effect. I could imagine what I must look like.

I look to Hildegard Neff and pleaded, "I could easily fall over. I can't stand properly with my legs so far apart. What happens then?"

"You won't fall, dear. A great many girls have stood as you stand now and none have fallen yet. Remember, Lana, you can still move your feet although I'm sure

you'll find it a bit awkward."

"Please don't leave me like this, Miss Neff. Please not all day. It's awful. I'll bet you don't know how awful it really is!"

"Yes, I do, Lana dear. Don't fret. You're not going to fall over and all you have to do is stand there for all to see. Your pubic triangle is very nice and, with your arms raised as they are, your breasts show to good advantage. Be pleased with yourself. You are what a vulgar male might describe as a 'Real dish!"

I was not consoled. With Hildegard Neff gone I stood there, feet wide apart, my pussy in public view, the beastly bulk of timber clutching my neck to raise my chin and imprisoning my wrists, to leave my naked body free of bonds and breathtakingly bare. I shook the whole contraption but got only a mild metallic rattle from the rings connecting me to the posts. I could do nothing, reach nothing, cover nothing. Lashby Hall was once more laughing.

Since the threat of being whipped as punishment if I asked to be freed, I dared not bring up that subject with any visitors who drifted my way. The result was an infuriating exchange of compliments like, "You really do have wonderful breasts, Miss Liston."

Or, "The yoke and the bar become you, dear, you look most charming."

Or, "It's a lovely day outdoors, Miss Liston. What a pity they didn't tie you to a tree."

Mostly I just said "How nice," and tried not to sound sarcastic. I had the feeling they were not really seeing me when they stopped to speak. What they were seeing was the myriad of girls like myself who had stood thus so we all blended into a composite picture of female flesh and feminine dolor. I wondered if I'd be compelled to bite on a gag all afternoon. I tried to feel good about the loss of my handcuffs but even that didn't work. I would far sooner have my hands behind my back than sticking up on each side of my face. They had never been more useless or more secure.

Along towards gag time it was not Miss Neff but Miss Witherspoon who appeared. With her was a man.

I had never desired the presence of a man less than now. I saw my condition as a position of concentrated shame, to him I would appear ludicrous and silly standing in my exposure. Miss Witherspoon's formal introduction added one more incongruity.

"Miss Lana Liston, Mr. William Trafford." She stood by expectant.

When things get just so bad some latent force comes to our rescue, mine did then. I spoke in a cool and unflustered voice. "Good afternoon, Mr. Trafford. How nice of you to come and look at me."

He inclined his head in quiet acknowledgment of my sarcasm. Miss Witherspoon twittered, "I have been talking to Mr. Trafford about you, dear. He is seeking a particular type of young woman and I have recommended you highly. His interest is with a view to purchase."

I stood in shock while Muriel Witherspoon departed. I was burning with blushes, my mind in turmoil and wondering if I dared ask the authoritative looking man for help. He then answered the questions I had not asked.

"Surprised, heh?" He laughed at my expression. "Would you like me to buy you?"

He was late thirties, I suppose I could consider him handsome. He exuded an aura of wealth in the way some girls project their sex. I managed to come up with, "Please don't joke, Mr. Trafford. No one buys or sells anyone anymore. And I'm not really in the mood for humor."

"Damned pretty outfit, that. Bother you much to wear it?"

"It does more than bother me, I hate it! I don't suppose you have the keys." Unexpectedly he held up the keys for my view. But after a moment returned them to his pocket. "I assure you, Miss Liston," he said evenly, "there is a quite considerable traffic in human flesh, mostly young women like yourself. Slavery is far from dead. It has simply become increasingly expensive."

I just stood there feeling stupid. True, there was not much else I could do, but since I could make no sense of his talk of buying and selling girls I took a chance. "Mr. Trafford, I've been told you'll report what I'm going to say and I'll be punished terribly for it . . . but will you please help me get out of here? I've been kidnapped and I'm being held prisoner against my will. The way you see me now is an outrage."

"So you'd welcome a sale?" He smiled at my flushed cheeks. "I would often be kind to you. I wouldn't beat you too much."

"I think you're joking. Did some of those who sponsored me here ask you to drop by and have a look?"

He had been quietly examining those portions of me I least wanted him to see. His answer was preoccupied. "No, not really. But I do know one or two of them. They sparked my interest, that's why I'm here. But I'm puzzled, according to them you're a first class vixen."

I twisted unhappily against the yoke. Clinging to whatever dignity I might still possess I said, "I think you're just having fun, Mr. Trafford. This talk of buying me is nonsense. And I don't feel the least bit like talking to a man I've never seen before fastened like I am. That is, unless you wish to take me home?"

"You're place or mine?"

"I suppose you'd use me carnally?"

Mr. William Trafford nodded and chuckled. "The vixen comes out in you occasionally. They were right about that. Of course I'll use you carnally what a way to describe a good fuck! What you need first off is about fifty with a good cane across that pretty bottom of yours."

"In that case you can leave me here. Please go away. If you were a gentlemen you'd use those keys to let me out."

His nod saved a lot of words. Damn him! He actually did what I had said, he went

away and left me exactly as he found me. A few minutes letter Hildegard Neff showed up with my gag of the day. In masochistic anger I opened my mouth and allowed my tongue to be clamped with steel and my lips compressed by the soft leather of the band. Once again I could not speak. While she tugged and buckled it behind my neck I thought of a dozen things I should have asked but it was too late. I was kissed, fuming inwardly, then left once more alone. I actually cried and told myself the tears were anger when in true they were of self-pity. A passing junior maid stopped long enough to dry my cheek, and to offer comfort.

"There, there now, Miss Liston. I guess it's not much fun but it's a lot better than being whipped, isn't it?"

After she was gone I cried again.

4

Male Venom

The gag was a new experience. The way my tongue was clamped and my mouth filled with steel made it more like a bit than the other gags I had worn. But it was most effective for its purpose, I couldn't speak a single word and the sad, ugly little sounds a gagged girl makes were pitiful. I spent my afternoon wondering how much of a mess I had made of my morning and what opportunities I might have tossed away. At the end of the day my wrists were again handcuffed behind my back and I was again locked in my cell, still gagged and unable to ask the question that was on my tongue.

"Nora will take the gag off for you when she comes," Neffie said laughing as she left.

I could hardly wait!

Nora laughed at my wagging head and obvious concern. She reached through the bars and unfastened the gag and told me the design was a new one to her. When I first question burst from my lips, she seemed surprised.

"I thought you know, darling. Every so often a girl gets sold. I think it started out because some girls owed their sponsor a lot of money they couldn't pay. It seemed only justice for them to be sold into slavery and the sponsors split the cash with Lashby Hall. There's nothing really dramatic about it and the transactions are performed through some sort of broker. The girl who has been sold simply finds herself possessed by someone else instead of Lashby Hall."

She made a wry grimace, "But after they've been sold I guess it's a life time affair. Or at least for as long as her purchaser wants to keep her. Men buy girls for you-know-what. But there are women who buy us, too, and I suppose for the same reason. But don't worry, dear, you're here in your cell and if he didn't take you away with him I suppose he's chosen someone else. Or lost interest. I'd say it was a bit flattering you were chosen in the first place."

"Would you want to be sold, Nora?"

"If the guy was handsome and was well behaved, sure I'd take a chance on it. I can't imagine a male owner would punish a girl everyday the way we get punished here. Besides, a girl can work on a man. A man may be a lot stronger but I'll bet you if I nag and plead and cry enough at the right time I could get him to do anything I wanted. Except maybe set me free."

Once more I saw only a hopeless future. Nora could rest, content in her knowledge of her sponsor's name and intent. I sensed she liked the guy, that ridiculous Reggie. But I had no such hope. I was falling into the rituals of Lashby Hall, pains and punishments and now knew I would become more inured to them and accept their inflictions as an inevitable part of life. And I had not yet been prisoner for a week! But it seemed a century.

That night, after my bit of bread and green apple, I was taken to Miss Witherspoon. Hildegard Neff refused to answer my questions on the way but took me to stand nakedly in the familiar place before the desk. My hands were still firmly fastened behind my back.

Miss Witherspoon surveyed me with approval. "Your day was not too strenuous, I hope, my dear?"

"Yes, it was. And that man . . . . "

Miss Witherspoon smiled a small and secret smile. "Ah, yes, Mr. Trafford. Is he not charming?"

"He might be if he didn't want to buy me and do horrible things to me. Is he my only chance for release from Lashby Hall?"

"That question is the reason I've had you brought here this evening, my dear. I've been in touch with your sponsors and they've agreed to allow your sale to Mr. Trafford. Or perhaps any other suitable man." She gave me her brightest smile. "I have here a list of their names and I also have their permission to read it to you. Perhaps it will be of aid to you."

My heart leaped in my chest. It was like an adopted finally being told the identity of its real parents. Breathlessly I waited until Miss Witherspoon began to read. As the familiar names began to roll off her tongue I stood in my nakedness and curled up inside. These were men and women I had supposed my friends. But as the list unrolled, it appeared I had made an enemy of each one by being something I could still not understand. They summed it up for me when they described me as a bitch. When the list was placed back on the desk, I wanted to cry out denials but in my heart knew it useless. Muriel Witherspoon knew it useless, too. She had spoken to them all and absorbed their venom.

"You can guess the term of your sentence, dear," she said quietly. "It is indefinite. Without end. If Mr. Trafford should wish to purchase you, I would consider you a lucky girl."

She was being kind and her kindness impressed me more potently than did the list of names, among which were relatives and even my own sister. I thought of myself as the most doomed maiden in Lashby Hall. Speaking aloud I said, "But no girl wants her body totally owned by a man and to be his slave and take his punishments."

Miss Witherspoon allowed her voice to follow the pattern of my own. "Ahh, but you are forgetting your sex, Lana dear. You are a very attractive and very beautiful girl to whom no man will be immune. You are very desirable and where desire is there will be love. If you play your cards right as William Trafford's slave, you may soon become his mistress and then his wife. Think about it. For a girl as lovely as you, it is not a dream."

For me at that moment it was altogether too dream-like, too much a fantasy of white knights and ladies in distress. I was still certain his first act upon owning me would be to inflict some sort of awful whipping, the marks of which I would bear a long, long time.

"You don't have to make a decision now, Lana dear," Miss Witherspoon said. "The reason Mr. Trafford did not take you today was some involvement or other in the coming month. After that he'll be free deal with you."

"You mean to flog and torture me!" I said savagely.

"He did not say that, dear,"Miss Witherspoon said with infinite patience.

"You are allowing your imagination to run riot. I do believe you deserve and need some sort of whipping to settle you down, you are all on edge. You have no idea what a therapeutic effect the whip has on a girl like you. If your friends had gotten together and whipped you a few years ago, I don't suppose you'd be here today."

"You're relating the principle of 'Spare the rod and spoil the child' to me?"

I asked.

"Of course. You are a classic example. Your family did you no kindness in spoiling your rotten."

I felt as Custer must have felt, standing alone, surrounded by his enemies.

By some quirk of fate my best friends were now Hildegard Neff and Muriel Witherspoon. They had the power to influence my future. They were the only ones I could turn to for help even though they kept me bound and chained and locked inside a cage. The whole damned thing was so ironic I could have broken into hysterical laughter. Instead I was rational as ever, the shaming rationality which left me mortified in chagrin.

"Very well then, sell me to Mr. William Trafford," I retorted angrily. "Perhaps he'll invite you to watch the first time he whips me."

Neffie took me back to my cell and dried my tears.

When I told Nora the news she was ecstatic. "You're the luckiest girl in Lashby Hall," she told me seriously. "That Trafford guy is so damned rich! I've heard about him. Sure he'll give you a bad time at the start. He'll work out his frustrations on your hide, but it won't be long before he feels sorry for you, and once you've got a man feeling sorry for you the rest is pure gravy. Miss Witherspoon is right, you've got it made."

Sitting handcuffed on my bench against the bars with Nora in the same fix on her

side, I began to see some silver linings in the clouds of my despair. The word 'slave' had thrown me, evoking visions of the auction block, the bastinado and the whip. But there had been nothing about Mr. Trafford to suggest such things other than his single assurance that what I needed most was a good thrashing. I let that pass, perhaps I could evade that, too! Perhaps I could become a steaming seductress!

In the middle of such rosy dreams Nora's voice became wistful. "If only Reggie would do this for me. If only he'd get over his anger and take me home. I think it's what he wants to do but he's got himself into a box by putting me in here and now he's ashamed to take me out too soon. He thinks this place is a five year minimum sentence." She sighed heavily. "I sent him the message about my being his prisoner in his own house. And telling him how you had offered to come along, too. To be his second prisoner and to really give him his money's worth. If the silly twit had an ounce of gumption, he'd yank me out of here and take me home." She sighed again. "But he couldn't possibly bid against William Trafford. Reggie's got a bit of money but not that much. Jeepers, I really envy you!"

The following day was Sunday, the day when Lashby Hall gave its female prisoners a breathing space in the big cage. It really was big and gave all twelve of us a wonderful opportunity to move around and talk to each other. As usual, Miss Neff had been cautious and the wrists of each girl were, like my own, handcuffed behind her back. Some were also leg-ironed. When I asked them why they explained how they had kicked someone where it hurt - or tried to. They willingly demonstrated how they could walk with dainty, snubbed steps but could not run. Having my own feet free made me feel as if I belonged to the privileged classes. Not that it mattered, none of us were going anywhere.

We talked and kissed and nuzzled each other without inhibition. Each of us was a beauty in her own right and I wondered why Miss Witherspoon hadn't lined up the whole troop for Mr. Trafford to chose from. It did not seem to be I was the most lovely. But they all raved about my breasts and laughingly sought permission to nibble and bite them. The cage was a marvelous release after daily punishments. It was a tonic which probably enabled the prisoners of Lashby Hall to survive from one week to the next. In the afternoon Hildegard Neff extracted Nora and I from the cage and led us away without a word of explanation.

Reggie Twining was about the way his name suggested, rich, good looking, and spoiled rotten! He sat in Miss Witherspoon's office as if he owned the place and eyed his beloved Nora and I. It appeared that negotiations had already been concluded. Mr. Reggie Twining was going to take his Nora home with him and continue her imprisonment. He had graciously accepted myself as a bonus in her shameful offer.

Poor, dear Nora must have really loved the guy. She fell to her knees beside his chair and, since the handcuffs robbed her of hands, rubbed herself in cat fashion against his expensive slacks and held up her lips to be kissed, all the time pouring out her thanks for deliverance from durance vile. Reggie graciously accepted this tribute to his magnanimity. I kept silent while Miss Witherspoon sorted things out.

"I have explained to Mr. Twining, Lana dear, the fact of a possible prior sale of your sweet self to Mr. William Trafford. Since that sale has not yet been consummated, Mr. Twining has agreed to take you on more or less a trial basis, but should Mr. Trafford decide on a purchase, you will be returned here for delivery. In the meantime you may enjoy the benefit of being with Nora and her sponsor. I'm sure you will find whatever awaits you far preferable to whatever Hildegard and I can

do for you here. Really, I have rarely know so lucky an occasion."

Mr. Reggie Twining withdraw a checkbook. "Perhaps you will be kind enough to have the two of them packaged for transport," he said in the manner of command. "In the meantime you and I, Miss Witherspoon, can conclude arrangements."

There was no doubt about what Reggie called our 'packaging'. It reminded me of advertising in which the purchasers are told to include an extra sum for postage and handling. Nora and I were now handled. Miss Neff took each of us by the arm and led us from the office where, so I gathered, a financial transaction involving a considerable sum was being conducted. Reggie Twining was basking in all the glory he could muster. Nora and I looked at each other and managed only a small, apprehensive grin.

Apparently our handcuffs were part of the deal, they were not unlocked.

Miss Neff guided us to where a van awaited. Inside was a bench against each wall. We were invited to sit on opposite sides against the wall. A strap encircled each neck firmly securing our necks to the frame of the van. Our legs were spread wide and strapped to the legs of the benches. And then one more strap encircled our elbows and draw them together until it hurt. The strap was then buckled to the frame behind us locking our bodies firmly to the metal frame. We could not move a muscle. Hildegard Neff kissed us both lovingly and offered the hope we would both be very happy. She said she was sure we both would be and had no doubt about our good luck. Then she added, I thought a trifle wistfully, that she was sorry to loose us both and without us Lashby Hall would not be the same.

We waited. Fortunately we could still speak, I was surprised Hildegard had forgotten the gag.

"Isn't he a darling!" Nora gushed. "I could hug him to bits."

I was not all that sure about Reggie but pointed out that fixed the way we were we had little choice.

"Don't be a spoilsport, darling, Reggie has to be careful with us. I mean, supposing we ran away. He would have spent all that money for nothing."

"If I ever get the chance, I'm running for sure," I told her. "I'm sick of being anybody's prisoner."

"Well, don't worry, darling, I don't suppose you'll ever get the chance. Reggie took my bait, hook, line and sinker. He's going to make us a couple of slavegirls the way I suggested. I'm not sure what he's going to do to us, but I'm sure it will be a damned sight better than Lashby Hall. Besides, don't forget I'm going to snuggle up to him and open up my legs without any argument, and first thing we know I'll have him wrapped around my little finger. Men are really ridiculous. I suppose you know that?"

I did not share her optimism. I was sure Reggie was going to get mean and enjoy doing it. Back in Miss Witherspoon's office he had been examining my nakedness in a way that made me cringe. Now, with us ready to go, he climbed aboard and his first act was to clamp a gag into our mouths. They were those gags with the horrible rubber phallus, and the way he tightened the buckle made me think he wanted to break my neck. Nora and I looked at each other and would have shrugged if we had

been able to more. We had been sold and obviously had nothing to say about anything.

It was a hunting lodge in the mountains, very beautiful and posh. It was isolated and came equipped with a black girl who assured us first off there would be no use looking to her for aid. Her job was to keep us properly secured and whipped as needed. She assured us she enjoyed whipping female asses because her own had been so well stripped by her father. In the glowing prospect of being taken to bed by a male, Nora's enthusiasm could not be dampened, but my own was far more fragile. Rosy was a nice black girl but with an air of mischief and a roguish eye promising us no good. She ignored our request for the removal of our handcuffs but showed us around the place with an air of pride as if she owned it. There were a couple of rooms where the furnishing was so blatantly meant for punishing a girl that my skin crawled and my spine grew clammy. In one were all the tools by which a maiden could be whipped or caned. Or, in fact, beaten with anything at all. The gear in the other was subtle but no less frightening. Reggie Twining had taken his beloved's offer all too seriously.

When Rosy attached me to a wall and led Nora away I was quite certain I knew the fate awaiting her. I settled down for a long wait, feeling quite certain my new owner's virility would stand the test of time. You can understand my mixed emotions when my new owner walked briskly in at the end of ten minutes. He looked upon me with deep approval.

"There's two things you need, Lana," he told me with decision. "One is a good, hard fucking. The other is an equally hard thrashing. What you say we get started?"

It was more of the same! I had not expected our owner's first attention, that he should select me for so dubious an honor came as a shock.

"You've got us mixed up," I said without hope. "I'm Lana, the girl you're looking for is Nora."

"You know damned well I'm looking for you, Miss Lana Liston. Which punishment do you want to start off with. I suppose you see both as punishment?"

The son of a bitch had me for sure. I thought longingly of Neffie and Spoonie and my little cell. Men were poison. All I would get out of this one was a rape and pain. I told him, "I don't want either, thank you. I had hoped you were a gentlemen."

"Well, I am!" He looked aggrieved, falsely accused. "Don't you remember all those Southern gentlemen who availed themselves of the charms of their slavegirls without a pang of conscience? Where did you get the idea you're so special?"

I wanted to claw his face and kick him where it hurt. But I could do neither. I was securely tethered and very naked. My owner was eyeing my bare skin with an indecent appetite. There was no doubt in my mind which of his offers I would receive first. I remembered the theory that a girl's whipped back and buttocks would add to the enjoyment of whoever ravished her. I was about to be both whipped and ravished, I had no doubt of it.

Since I was already fastened in the room designed for the marking of female skin, there was not much work left for Reggie to do. After a bit of indecision, I found my hands cuffed in front and my ankles solidly locked within another of those wooden

box affairs I remembered from Lashby Hall. It was neat and tidy, all of me was open to the whip, I could shield myself from nothing. Reggie's voice told me what I already knew.

"You're a beautiful picture, Lana. I'm going to make you squirm and maybe scream. Have you ever been flogged?"

"Of course not! Look, Mr. Twining, can't we talk this over? I haven't done a thing to deserve this whipping you're talking about."

"That's what you think," said Mr. Twining seriously. "Every girl needs whipping just on general principles. I detect in you the makings of a haughty bitch, you need bringing down a peg or two. I want to hear you beg and bring yourself down to the same level as the rest of us. I'll look after Nora later."

"I'll beg now, really I will. Please don't whip me. I'm scared."

"Your first time, heh? Don't feel badly, a lot of girls have felt the whip for the first time in this room. You're just one more on a long list. How does a riding crop on your bottom and a whip on your back sound?"

"It sounds terrible!"

Reggie used the crop first, slicing my bottom from hip to hip to leave me gasping in an agony beyond any previous knowledge. My hands sought to touch the weals but could reach only the lap over on each hip. When I looked at them there was a red mark. My feet were dragging in pure panic at the box.

"That's a real good start," said Mr. Reggie Twining with satisfaction. "Now, as regards your wish to beg?"

"Please don't hit me again, I can't bear it, the pain's too awful. Please!"

I gave my pleading all I had, hating myself for every word. The pain had left me unable to act in any other manner. Reggie grunted approval but struck me again squarely across both my cheeks. When I bent over in agony, he took the opportunity to deal another blow to my taut skin. The pain was hideous. I sprang erect but could do nothing more than stand, a nude and helpless subject for his crop. My joined hands could do nothing but I ended up by burying my face within their fingers and standing in pure animal fear to await whatever pain this male would inflict upon me next.

As usual nothing went according to schedule or expectation. I heard Reggie's voice as he stood there looking at the damage his crop had brought to my flesh. "I'm terribly sorry, old girl, but I simply can't wait, I've got to give it to you now!"

Within moments my feet were freed and I was laid upon my back upon the floor while Mr. Twining had his way with my body in approved Victorian fashion. I wondered how many girls had been thus raped while handcuffed.

The way Reggie had gone about it robbed my ravishment of drama, I felt cheated. I won't pretend it was the first time I had a man inside me, but Reggie was like no other. He thrust and plunged as if drilling a well, and I could not tell if this was simply a lack of finesse or to punish me in a way the whip could not. He had been

right about his excitation he did not last long but exploded quite disgustngly, to lie heaving and panting, on my nakedness as though fearful of breaking contact. The steel cuffs hurt my hands where his weight pressed them against my body.

Feeling an idiot, I said, "Thank you, Mr. Twining, could we get up now?"

He did not answer but I felt a small miracle taking place within my pussy. Mr. Twining evidently believed that if a girl was worth raping once, she was worth raping twice. As though my polite response had flipped a switch, the drilling process resumed. I understood now why Reggie had been willing to dispense with his girlfriend for so long a time that she be punished. The fault was not entirely his own. Reggie Twining did not need a girl, anything soft and wet would have serviced him as well.

"But aren't you forgetting dear Nora, Mr. Twining," I asked innocently in competition with his labored breathing. "We're both fond of Nora, aren't we? And it wouldn't be fair for me to get it all."

"Damn it, I suppose you're right," Reggie admitted grudgingly. His voice now quickened with interest. "Was it good for you? I'll bet it was the best piece of ass you've ever had."

"Oh, yes!" I lied. "You're quite something, Mr. Twining."

He grunted acknowledgment of a tribute. "Did you get an extra kick," he quickly added, "out of having your ass cropped before we started? I mean, did the pain do anything for you?"

I knew I had better make it good. "Of course it did something for me. It was an experience like I've never had before."

"You sure?"

"Of course I'm sure. You're really a remarkable man, Mr. Twining."

Reggie evidently desired submission and mine evidently passed muster. He grunted and withdrew. He had stripped before entering me and I had to admit he had a damned good body and his weapon was well up to standard. He gazed down at his tool and said generously, "You can clean this off for me. Use your mouth."

I curled up inside with disgust. My rejection was automatic, "I'm sorry, Mr. Twining, that's something I couldn't possibly do. I don't think you'd respect me if I did."

"Who said anything about respect! I want my prick washed off and you either do it pronto or your feet go back in that box. I never did finish whipping you. Anyway, it might be a good idea."

I thought longingly of Lashby Hall, but Lashby Hall was past. My immediate concern was absorbed totally by the wooden box, my feet, and the riding crop. Most definitely I did not want to feel its cut again. Awkwardly I struggled to my knees and found the object of my ditaste staring me in the face. Piling shame on top of shame, I took it between my lips and licked as if my life depended upon giving satisfaction. Undoubtedly the welfare of my bottom actually did. It proved one of those tasks

which, seemingly impossible at first, turns out to be well within one's capacity. I began to suspect I had a latent streak of feminine submission in my make-up. By the time the punishing prong was clean and dry, I was prepared for the inevitable question.

"They teach you how to do that at Lashby Hall?"

"No Sir. Our training was female orientated."

"Well, I'll be damned. I'll try out Nora and see if they did as good a job on her. I suppose that once you stick your tongue out there's not that much difference between a pussy and a prick." He mused for a second. "But you didn't want to do it, did you? Took me, to make you behave."

"Yes, Sir. You've been very kind."

I seemed to be forever hating myself for submission, but my entire concern was centered on that damned crop and the painful stripes across my bottom. If Reggie made me stand there again, he wouldn't be likely to stop after a few strokes. Kneeling abjectly, my hands cuffed in steel, longing to spit, I felt I'd reached rock bottom. If Reggie Twining wanted submission, he was certainly going to get it. I'd heard of females being conquered by the whip and, even though I'd had only a few strokes, I could well believe the whip could conquer me. My heart beating fast in terrible fear of what would come next, I bowed my head and mutely waited. I could well believe the handcuffs on my wrists were laughing gleefully over the humility they enforced.

"You look damn pretty in that pose, Lana." There was actually feeling in my owner's voice. "In case you don't know it, you're a raving beauty. And what I want now is for you to stay kneeling just that way while I go and fetch Nora. Will you do it?"

"Yes, Sir. I promise I'll stay like this."

"No running away?"

I raised my head to stare at this man who owned me in a way I had never been owned before. Reggie had paid money for my body and could do what he pleased with it. Once more I swallowed shame. "What would be the use of me running away, Sir. I'm naked and I'm handcuffed and, even if I got out of the house, I'd get lost in the woods. I prefer to stay here with you and Nora."

He swallowed it. "Okay. You're a damned sensible girl. I'll be back with Nora in a minute. But you stay right where you are."

It was an unexpectedly bad moment after Reggie had departed. I was half free, I had my feet, I was not tethered. I could easily run. But I was plain, old-fashion scared. That damned wooden box was quietly chuckling and waiting for my ankles. And I was pretty sure that was where my ankles would end up if I was caught running away. The great outdoors held little attraction for a naked girl wearing handcuffs. Reggie had me figured. I sighed and bowed my head again. I did not want to see the objects hanging on the walls.

Nora was still delighted with the whole thing. Reggie had her fastened the same as me so she was able to run over, bend down and kiss me. We kissed a lot until Reggie

yanked us apart. I would have thought that, since Nora had been a one time girlfriend, he would have treated her with kindness. But Reggie obviously had this thing about rape. He laid her on the floor in the same manner as he had subdued me. I was then privileged to watch an re-enactment of my dishonor. Reggie had evidently become once more over excited by his dominance over a pair of chained and naked girls, and his beastly explosion was not long delayed. When Reggie was satisfied with his use of her, he reenacted that earlier moment and picked up the riding crop before ordering, "Clean me up. Take it in your mouth. Kneel up and get busy."

I watched in helplessness, sharing Nora's shame.

"You know I won't do that, Reggie. We had that argument long ago. Please, I simply can't."

"One of the reasons I had to dump you in Lashby Hall, sweetheart."

Poor, darling Nora. She eyed the riding crop her owner was idly playing with. "You're not going to use that on me, are you!"

"I will if you don't get with it right quick." Reggie cut the air with the crop to produce a truly awful sound.

"But, Reggie, that's cruel!"

Our owner wasted no time. Poor Nora was a perfect target for the first wicked slash across her seat. She cried out in dismay and leaped away but Reggie and the crop followed. Whenever he caught up with her or she paused to protest, another line sprang into vivid life upon her skin. It took only six savage strokes to bring her to her knees and to most urgently pay her lip service to the male as I had done. Mr. Reggie Twining was on top of his world.

At the end of Reggie's second triumph the three of us would have made a strange tableau to watching eyes. A naked male holding a riding crop and a pair of nude girls kneeling, heads bowed in defeat, hands chained together. We remained thus for quite a while before Reggie had another inspiration.

"That Lashby place had a good idea about keeping your hands locked, I'm going to stay with it. Is that how they got you both so obedient?"

"Yes, but our daily punishments helped."

"Cost a lot of money but it wasn't wasted," Reggie said thoughtfully. "You first, Lana, step back into that box and ask me to lock your feet and then give you five strokes with this crop across your bottom. Ask me nicely."

Nora and I exchanged glances of dismay. They must have been eloquent for Reggie continued soothingly, "Don't look so heart-broken, I'm making it only five to go easy on you. If you can't obey this simply order, you can't obey anything."

I struggled to my feet and walked over to step into the hated box. Reggie closed it on my ankles with the usual daunting snap of the lock. I was once more well and truly fixed!

Nora was watching, her face suddenly wretched with disillusionment. "But, Reggie, you never used to beat me! Please don't!"

"You're idea, sweetheart. You both offered your pretty pelts if only I'd get you out of Lashby Hall . . . or have you forgotten?"

We had forgotten. I hadn't known Reggie and I suppose Nora didn't believe he would so avidly hear her heart-broken plea for freedom and accomodate it at the expense of her hide. Reggie was a crass idiot who had made up his mind to give his two slave girls no leniency but to break us at the start. In his understanding of females he was just plain dumb. With a terrible urgency, I spoke my piece, "Please, Mr. Twining, will you whip my bottom five times with your riding crop. Please whip me hard, I've been a naughty girl."

My submission, coupled with the naughty girl bit, had been potent indeed.

Mr. Twining thrust Nora back down on the floor and proceeded to spend within her the pent up forces generated by my words, and I suppose also by the sight of my standing helplessly to await the bite of his whip. In tearful impotence I stood and watched Nora raped again. I don't know what other word I could properly use, it was certainly no act of love. And when it was done she, this time without question, paid her oral tribute to his conquest. When Reggie picked up the crop and came to stand behind me, I could almost believe I had gotten the best of the deal.

"Let's see, how many was it you asked for, Lana?"

"Five, Sir."

"Ahhh, yes, five. Bend down a bit and raise your hands. Ahhh! That's perfect. Stay like that for the whole time. Don't straighten up."

I felt like crying, the whole thing was so merciless and, even though five strokes doesn't amount to much compared to a real whipping, there was no need of them. All they would achieve was to make Nora and I long for a return to Lashby Hall. We felt damned sure Reggie would never set us free. I leaned forward, gritted my teeth and received a scold across my bottom so damned awful I sprang erect to twist and jerk in a purely animalistic fashion to rid myself of pain. Our owner's admonition came to me as from a distance.

"What was it I said about holding the pose, Lana?"

"I'm sorry, Sir, but it hurts so damned bad."

"Perhaps we should not count that one. We will start again and give you a second opportunity to be obedient."

Only my ankles being locked in the wooden box kept me from going berserk. I was so totally and wickedly exposed my courage just wasn't equal to the task. Miserably I bent forward. I don't know how I managed to hold the position as the crop sliced wickedly at my bottom. I knew my hips were weaving as I uttered moans and gasps to acknowledge each fresh impact of the crop. Somehow I managed the desired obedience, and at the end of it managed one more submissive lie, "Thank you for whipping me, Mr. Twining. You are very kind."

My simple words of humility did it again. As Reggie unlocked my feet I could see his male rod rise erect. But this time Reggie did not bother. I guess he figured he had Nora and I safe prisoners and available anytime he wanted us. What he most wanted now was to stripe his beloved's bottom. I stepped out of the box and darling Nora took my place. She looked back over a bare shoulder to plead, "Please, Reggie, don't hurt me?"

"What the devil to you think I'm doing this for, you idiot girl? Of course I'm going to hurt you, that's the name of the game. See if you can behave as well as Lana."

Nora earned no extra strips. I suppose her love of the man gave her extra strength or perhaps her experience in being whipped at Lashby Hall helped her. I saw her feet tugging at the wooden stocks and her hands twisting within the metal cuffs on her wrists. All these motions were now so terribly familiar I could scarce believe in the freedom I had once possessed.

"That's got the two of you away to a good start," Reggie declared grandly. "I hope you agree?"

We agreed. At that moment we would have agreed to anything. I will be forever branded with a secret shame in a knowledge most girls will never have to abide. Quite simply it was that a man with a riding crop can break the will and courage of a naked girl. Fiction my deny this but I know it is true!

There was never any doubt who would prepare the evening meal. There were no servants, just the three of us. Reggie was well prepared. Having brought up the subject of the kitchen and the duties thereof, he produced two pairs of leg irons. They were the same as we had worn before but the linking chains had been shortened to what Reggie described as 'kitchen sized'. Each of our short steps would be snubbed but allowed enough length for the short journey between table and stove. The dinning room required a greater freedom than he was prepared to bestow. Having secured our feet, he pointed out that we could easily serve his majesty with our wrists cuffed in front of our bodies. He left us alone to do our work. Our first instinct was to clasp each other in our arms. But a girl can't do this when she's handcuffed so we nuzzled and kissed and got as close as we could which was very close indeed. Nora's heart-break seeped through to me.

"I didn't know it would be this bad," she mourned. "I thought he would just have fun with us but these marks on our skin isn't fun. Oh, darling, I have gotten you out of the frying pan and into the fire."

"If we asked him, would he send us back to Lashby Hall?"

"I dare not ask that. It would be sort of like slapping his face. As far as he is concerned he's giving us just what we asked for. Gee whiz, look at all the money he's spending on our account!"

We had trapped ourselves and we were both cognisant of it. Reggie probably knew it too and was laughing up his sleeve. It was evident he was going to give us no more opportunity to escape than had Lashby Hall. Nora and I went about the simple task of preparing dinner from cans and frozen packages with a thoughtful air, consoling ourselves with the hope that after the first few days of whipping us and being mean he might ease off and give us a break.

"He doesn't even do it to us decently in bed," Nora sighed. "He used to be real yummy. But this ramrod technique must be to make sure we don't get anything but he does. And I was so looking forward to it!"

We did not have to dress for dinner. Custom for ladies was handcuffs and leg irons so we didn't have to change. At least our training at Lashby Hall would now stand us in good stead. It is surprising what a girl can do with her hands held close together. We prayed for approval of our cuisine.

Reggie's idea of a dinner conversation certainly held our attention.

"I don't want you two girls getting any ideas about there being a number one girl and number two girl. There isn't a number one. But if one of you perfects a really good piece of ass, she may get promoted. What I want most from both of you is obedience."

It was not hard to promise obedience, our skin was still burning from the crop. And, anyway, it would be silly for girls chained as we were, to profess free will or choice. We were both trying to eat daintily while using two hands instead of one. We noted Reggie's approval.

"You girls handle yourselves well in those cuffs," he told us. "In my opinion every girl everywhere should be handcuffed, back or front, at all times from adolescence till when she would be of no further interest to a man." He sighed heavily. "When you consider it, that would probably solve most of the world's problems. The domestic ones, at least."

I rose to the bait. "That means a girl could never put her arms around a man, no matter how much she loved him," I pointed out reasonably. "Nora and I can't be half as nice to you as we would like to be when you lay us down and spread our legs. Handcuffs rob you as much as they rob us."

Reggie grunted. He was very good at grunting. "That's a laugh. If you're talking about fucking, why don't you say so instead of being so damned polite?" He favored us both with a triumphant grin. "I want to tell you girls that I've never enjoyed getting inside a female as much as I have with you with your hands cuffed. It adds a whole new dimension. I think I'll do it next time with your hands behind your backs."

That was that. Reggie was never going to let us win an argument. Nora and I ate thoughtfully to the pleasant clink of metal links and the thought of our hands behind our backs and underneath us next time Reggie wanted to prove his manhood. My mind toyed with the idea of hitting Reggie with a bottle when he wasn't looking. I hoped he would not put our hands behind our backs before I got the chance to. Once he did that, we would be much more helpless. It was like being a pet in a cage the way our new owner regarded us with obvious pride of ownership. I spared a quick thought for William Trafford and wondered if he would rescue me from Reggie and if I would be any better off if he did. The men associated with Lashby Hall appeared to have a thing for girls and whips.

As Nora and I did the dishes, we giggled ourselves in recognition of resembling a couple of brides anxiously awaiting the revelations of the first night. We weren't a bit sure that Reggie's assaults upon our sex during the afternoon would diminish his capacity to deal with us during the night. We had no expectation of escaping his ram-rod attention. But, like the June bride, we still had to discover the discomfort we

might have to endure while being impaled. There was only one thing that we had to be grateful for, and that was a box of small red pills. He made us swallow one while he watched to be sure we did. But he needn't have worried, the last thing Nora or I desired was to produce a small edition of Reggie Twining. Since we had neither pockets nor purse, we put the box in a kitchen cupboard and prayed Reggie would not allow us to forget.

His majesty enjoyed brandy after dinner. Needless to say, it was our job to serve it, to hold a match to his cigar, and then to kneel in front of him with our knees far apart to give him the best possible view of his point of entry. We were instructed to hold cuffed hands were they would not impede his view.

"I suppose you girls are wondering about bed," he suggested. "I've thought out a rather nice arrangement for you, I'm sure you'll be pleased. Oh, and by the way, get yourselves a brandy. You can sip it while I give you instructions."

Lashby Hall had never given us brandy. It was a point in Reggie's favor. We filled a glass each as nearly full as we dared, and sat in demure submission for his approval. We sipped. If Reggie had offered us chloroform, we probably would have used that with equal thankfulness.

"That's a lovely pose you're in right now," Reggie observed. "I want you to fall into it instantly whenever I say the word 'Submit'. I'll give you a bit of training in this tomorrow but remember, the response must be immediate. Remember, the same goes for any time I send you for a whip or strap or cane. I don't want you taking your sweet time just because I'm going to mark your skin. If I give you any order, I want you to snap to it. Even if you don't want to. If either of you indulge in being sulky, you'll be sorry."

We were pretty sure we'd be sorry anyway but listened attentively. Reggie went down a lot better with a glass of brandy. I wondered if there was any way Nora and I could be permanently pickled. At least we knew the whereabouts of the bar!

"There's another thing I want you to remember," Reggie continued grandly, "I don't want you pleading for mercy or asking me to send you back to Lashby Hall. Above all I don't want you to ask me to set you free. I'm sure you don't like having to stay where you're put because of a bit of metal on your wrists or ankles, but that's the way it is. Forget freedom, for you it's just a dirty word."

We felt ourselves diminish with every word he uttered. Ruefully I considered that he might as well have bought a drum and beat on that. Except that the drum couldn't cry. It must give a man an immense sense of power to generate feminine tears and watch them flow. I saw us as animated Barbie dolls possessing a female facility. I'd never felt this low down at Lashby Hall.

"Any questions?" Reggie asked as if not really expecting any. "Please don't hesitate to ask."

"Reggie, darling, what about this whipping business? Neither of us expected the riding crop immediately. You won't use it on us again, will you?"

"Of course I will! Don't try and make terms with me, young lady. Look at you both now, you wouldn't be half so well behaved if I hadn't lit into you and striped your rumps. You can't tell me otherwise."

We shifted unhappily and took hurried sips. We could not tell him otherwise for sure! Nora tried again, "But, Reggie darling, couldn't you tell us the things we shouldn't do – I mean the things we'll be whipped for? We'll be a lot more fun for you if we're not scared half to death most of the time."

Reggie grunted. "I'll give that a bit of thought," he promised. "Don't get the wrong idea about being whipped, you'll get it when you need it. If you need it every hour, well, that's your own fault. But I'll tell you this, I'm not going to whip you to bits. The two of you are valuable property on which I spent a lot of money, you should get a lot of comfort out of that thought. But, while we're on the subject, I'll also make it plain that when I order you to bend over for five, you won't argue or stare at me as if I'm the Lord High Exclusioner. You'll bend over right quick. And after you've had your five, you'll thank me. That isn't too hard to understand, is it?"

We agreed it was something we understood. The brandy was getting low in the glasses and we were getting high to a point where Nora's query seemed rational, "Do all three of us sleep in one bed, Reggie?"

"It's about that time," Reggie said. "Finish up your drinks and wash the glasses, and then we'll go to the bedroom. I'm sure you'll be amused by what I've thought up for you."

Nora and I were interested but not amused. We looked at the big bed longingly but it was not for us.

"I refuse to try and sleep in a bed filled with females," Reggie said grandly. "The bed is for me. You two get to sleep on the floor on either side. And don't let me hear a single beef."

We made no beefs. Perhaps we were going to escape the ram-rod treatment after all! But, nonetheless we stared unhappily at Reggie's next exhibit. It was an iron collar, open to receive our necks, and a very short length of chain. At Reggie's invitation I lay down and a moment later the iron band closed around my throat with a solid click. When I tried to sit up, I discovered I had only about eighteen inches of links before I was snubbed. I lay back down while Nora was locked up on the other side of the bed. Reggie was evidently determined to get his money's worth and, if making us unhappy assured full value, he was scoring heavily. I turned on my side and rested my cheek upon my cupped hands. It was the best I could do.

Reggie walked back and forth, tremendously pleased with himself. "That's the proper way to have a girl," he declared in male judgment. "Remember what I said about the handcuffs, if every man treated his woman like this, there would be no divorces and no infidelity." He chuckled. "I don't suppose either of you feel inclined to adultery, do you?"

We disclaimed adultery. We reaffirmed his ownership but pointed out that if some strange male, bent upon rape, should pass by there was not much we could do to defend ourselves.

Reggie laughed that one off. We were his and his alone. He than produced that blasted riding crop and hung it on the wall for us to see, expressing the pious hope he would not have to use it. He then unlocked our leg irons and took them away. We didn't have to ask him why!

When he took the handcuffs from my wrists, I was almost shocked.

"Just giving you girls a chance to prove yourselves," Reggie said kindly. "A girl needs her hands and feet to properly make love. If you don't come across properly, I'll fix you so you can't move."

The son of a bitch had it all figured. We were now completely free but not free at all. We had our body and limbs but our neck was chained to the floor, the metal band heavy on our throats, the weight of the links a constant reminder. We couldn't even kneel.

"Well, aren't you a bit grateful?" Reggie demanded.

Spread out on our backs upon the rug we ardently expressed our most humble thanks.

I now had both hands and feet but no wish to use either for Reggie's purposes. Reggie chose me first, partly confirming my suspicion of preference. His first choice should have been Nora. I felt pretty sure if he were to make me his number one, it would be a position without any privileges I wished to enjoy. But a girl chained as I was has no choice about anything. With that damned crop hanging on the wall I knew I had best put out and deliver. Reggie had now removed his clothes and displayed himself as ardently ready for the fray. Without being told to, I spread my legs and raised my knees to offer the soft, warm cleft of my thighs and that which waited wetly above. Reggie entered me like an army at full charge. I clasp him in my arms.

A girl can be subdued in other ways besides the whip. Our worse enemy is within ourselves in our loins. I now found myself surrendering to unexpected skill, a male tenderness which Reggie now employed in what was probably his method of trying us out and weighing Nora and I against each other. The responses of a girl to male competence are well enough understood that I have no need to recount the gasps, the moans, the wigglings of my surrender to the man who held the key to my chain. I forgot the chain and gave up fighting. I was conquered for the second time that day. When Reggie withdrew my lips were wet with kisses, my arms free but without purpose, my sweating skin now cold without its covering of Male. From the other side of the bed I heard the masculine attack upon a female sheath begin again.

I longed to slip into sleep but feminine curiosity kept me alert. I could not raise myself from the floor to see anything of what was taking place on the other side of the bed with Nora, but I strained my ears to share with her each nuance of feeling, each moan and each gasp. It was a long time before Reggie withdrew but, this time, he exacted from my fellow prisoner the tribute of her lips to cleanse the weapon of her defeat. With a cheerful, "Good night, girls," Reggie went to bed. Nora and I were too far apart to whisper and dared not talk. We slept the best we could upon the rug with the iron band warm around our neck.

Sometime in the night our owner used us again. It was like a dream. This time it was my turn to cleanse the male tool of my master. I slipped back to sleep with the taste of sex upon my tongue.

I was awakened in the morning by the leg irons being locked back on my ankles. Automatically I extended my hands that I might not feel naked without the familiar

handcuffs. Not until they were firm and snug upon my wrists was the key used on my collar. Nora and I were told to prepare breakfast and hobbled together on what seemed an unending journey to the kitchen. By the time we arrived we hated our leg irons with a passion.

"The thing now is to figure out what to do with you two girls during the day," Reggie mused over his ham and eggs. "Got any ideas?"

"If you just leave us the way we are, we'd be safe enough," Nora ventured timidly. "We can only just barely walk with these things on our feet. And anyway there's no where to walk to up here. Maybe we could look at television or sit in the sun."

Reggie laughed. "What about you, Lana?"

I had no ideas for a painful day and knew Reggie would consider nothing less. I told him so but added, "I'd love you forever if you set me free. Please unlock my hands and feet and let me go. I've got money, I'll pay you back for whatever expenses you've had."

"No one has enough money to pay what you're worth, my pet," Reggie assured me with an almost sincere grin. "Don't worry about getting free, you never will. But Nora's idea about sunlight and fresh air isn't all that bad. How would you both like being tied to a tree for the day?"

What a hell of a question! The hell of it was that within the context of our condition it was rational enough. Nora and I looked at each other with a frown but then quickly agreed that, yes, it might be nice. Memory of the crop aided our decision.

We did the dishes and then Reggie pointed out a cluster of smallish trees off to one side. He told us to start walking our sad little hobbled steps and he would catch up with us with the rope. Without even thinking of escape, we did as we were told.

"He's bound to get tired of doing these things to us," Nora consoled. "I'll bet if we're real nice to him we'll soon be down to only handcuffs inside a week. We could run right now if it wasn't for these damned things on our ankles."

I shrugged disgustedly. For me life had become one captivity after another, and I could see only more of the same stretching into my future. Bill Trafford was an unknown but I had little doubt he possessed a riding crop the same as Reggie. I thought longingly of my cell at Lashby Hall but even there I did not want to spend my life behind iron bars. I thought of my sponsors and what I would do to them if ever I got free. It was a gorgeous fantasy which lasted until we reached the trees.

"You see how easy it is to keep you under control," Reggie reminded us when he arrived with the rope. "The secret is to always keep some part of you chained or bound up." He backed me against the three inch trunk and roped my tummy to it with swift, hard tugs and a knot somewhere I could not see. "There, get the idea! Now I can use the key on you and yet you'll still be safe."

Reggie was dead right. I was attached to that damned tree by bands of rope half cutting me in two. But I willingly held out my hands to have them freed and then looked down as he did the same service for my feet. Once more my limbs were free but I was still helpless! But my arms were gathered in back, my wrists crossed and

tightly tied with thin cord, thin enough to discourage efforts at escape. I did not complain, I knew it would be useless. I also kept quiet while my ankles got the same treatment only he didn't tie them together, he spread them to each side of the tree so my sex was well on view. Reggie did not believe in a girl every closing her legs.

"I think I'll leave it at that," he said thoughtfully. "You'll be here all day and there's no use being too rough on you. If you can get out of that, I'll eat my shirt."

Sadly I knew his shirt was safe enough. I couldn't move much of anything except my head. I watched while our owner chose a second tree and placed Nora against it so we could see each other and be close enough to talk. At first I was surprised at this concession but a girl can never tell about guys like Reggie. He got creative on Nora's bindings. He treated her feet and tummy the same as mine but by some pretty play with cord, fastened her wrists above her head tight to the trunk. I agreed with him it was a nice effect but would become tiring as the day wore on. In a bit of special treatment, he criss-crossed rope over her shoulders and between her breasts in what he admitted was a largely decorative design, not strictly necessary to insure her captivity. When he left us, whistling a cheerful tune, we stood with breasts pointing at each other like cannon and our pubic triangles proclaiming themselves in the sunlight.

"Darling, do you realize this is our first chance at escape?" Nora said immediately. "We can't ever get free from chains but with rope there's always a chance. Gosh, Lana, wouldn't it be wonderful!"

I agreed. But I told her I had no more hope of getting loose than if I were loaded down with links and locks.

"That's because we've only just been tied," she said eagerly. "If we just quietly work away at our hands there's no telling . . . . "

"I can't, it hurts too much."

"Well, yes darling, I know, mine hurt, too. But we've got all day. If we can only find the least little slack we can take it from there. I've read about it in books."

"So have I. A fat lot of good it is going to do us. That boyfriend of yours is a real bastard and it wouldn't surprise me if he is watching us from somewhere and having a quiet laugh."

For the next half hour we didn't talk much, just grunts of disgust as we worked and grew more frustrated. My wrists finally hurt so much I had to quit. But I was sure there was not the slightest loosening – they were just as tight as when Reggie tied the knots.

"Let's forget about getting loose, Nora, all it does is hurt. We're foxed but good."

"I guess we are, darling. Well, we can rest," Nora agreed. "But I'm tied different from you. If only I could drag my hands back down. Even if I can't get them loose maybe I can reach them with my teeth. I'll try more after we've had a rest."

If we were being punished I could well believe the fragile hope of escape was part of that punishment. I had trouble believing that I could make no progress against a small amount of cord. But in my heart I knew it was a useless task. I told Nora of my

idea about hitting Reggie over the head with a bottle or anything else handy, sometime when our hands were cuffed in front. It still seemed the best bet.

Nora could not see my hands behind me but I could see hers in plain view above her head. When, after a while, she resumed her twisting and tuggings, I watched with only an academic interest. I was certain we were both safely tied but was suddenly startled to observe her hands inching down closer to her head.

"They're coming, something's slipped some place," Nora exclaimed breathlessly. "If I got them this far, surely I can get them the rest of the way. Watch and pray, darling."

That was all I could do. My mind was flooded with glorious visions of freedom and revenge, of getting back to my previous position in the world, and having access to my bank account. At that moment I believed the only hindrance to this ambition was those few circles of cord Nora fought so bravely. Little by little she exploited the bit of slack until suddenly it widened to permit one of her bound hands to reach her mouth. Eagerly her teeth sought a single strand of cord and began to bit and tug. But the small, hard cord was nylon and not easily defeated.

I watched in helpless impotence, welded to my tree by Reggie's merciless cords. It was horrible not being able to help. My own hands were impossibly bound and lost to me. I watched breathlessly as the cords yielded every so slightly to Nora's struggles. From time to time she spared me a shinning eyed glance and when she stopped to rest, she panted in triumph, "I'm getting there, darling, I'm halfway through. This is one time Reggie outsmarted himself. If he had tied my wrists with rope this job would have taken forever, but he used that thin stuff because it hurts. Darling, we're going to get free! We're going to walk away from here."

Freedom! I had been so intently concerned with Nora's struggle I had forgotten the desired end result. Both of us would be free, wonderfully and gloriously free! True, we would be naked in a world which eyes naked girls as strange and probably criminal. But I was not going to let that deter my flight to freedom. I wondered if we dared steal back to the lodge and drive away in Reggie's car. It would have to dual benefit of speeding us to help and robbing him of transportation. But I knew it was pushing our luck. I wondered, if he caught us in the act, he could actually subdue two vigorous young women fighting for their freedom. One of us would have to hit him on the head with a rock or whatever was handy. The idea made me shudder. Maybe it would be best to simply run and run and run.

"I've got it, I've got one hand free!" Nora's peal of triumph interrupted the still morning air. She was excitedly waving a free hand and arm to restore the circulation before returning to the attack. Her other arm and hand were still firmly secured and she would need them both if she were to rid herself totally of ropes. My heart was thumping joyously as I watched her fight. But the second hand was easy, she now had slack to work with and in a space of minutes the cords which had held her wrists fell loosely to the ground.

The sudden male voice was shattering.

"Congratulations, sweetheart! I didn't think you had it in you. But as I watched it seemed a shame to interrupt – you were working so hard."

Reggie Twining walked out of the trees and up to Nora. The son of a bitch was

grinning from ear to ear. Nora gazed at her owner in shocked horror. Then she looked at her hands is if wondering how they had gotten there. She buried her hand in them and burst into tears. If I had my hands free, I would have done the same.

Reggie spent a couple of minutes watching his lady love's grief, a grief he did nothing to comfort. He then came to me and tested the cords on my wrists, tummy and ankles.

"Evidently can't trust you girls," he said. "Damned remarkable what a female can do when she sets her mind to it." He patted me under the chin. "I'll bet you were having visions of running down that road with nothing on. You would have had a damned long run."

It was pure heart-break. I had been within a few minutes of what I most wanted but now it was snatched away ruthlessly. I doubted if Reggie would bind us with rope a second time. He would think we possessed some magic touch to wiggle loose. From now on it would be iron bands and links of chain, against which we need not bother to struggle. Uselessly I pleaded, "Reggie, please let us go. Please don't hold us prisoner any longer. Nora will love you a lot more when she's free."

"When?" He cocked an eyebrow.

"Okay, then, if she was free. It's our lives we're talking about. Give us a break." I even offered, "Keep one of us and let the other go. You don't need two girls. Hold me and let Nora go back to her free life again."

"You're nuts, Lana! If I let her have her freedom, I'd be in jail for the rest of my life."

"No, you wouldn't. We promise not to say a word." My voice was breaking as I realized the trap all three of us were in. "If that's what you think, you'll have to keep us all our lives or kill us the way a lot of other kidnappers have done to their prisoners. Oh, Reggie!"

All I got from my pleas was a brotherly sort of a pat on the cheek. Reggie was in high good humor and all I had done was accentuate his sense of power in the possession of a pair of lovely, naked girls.

"Can the doom and gloom," he told me cheerfully. "Now, since I really don't believe you can get loose, I'll turn my attention to little Nora on the other tree."

The first storm of Nora's grief had passed. She was not dabbing at wet cheeks as she watched her lord and master's approach with apprehension.

"I'm sorry, Reggie. I really am. Please don't be mean. Prisoners do have a right to try and get free, don't they?"

"Not in my book they don't. You try to escape, you get yourself punished. That's simple. By the time I'm through with you two, you will have forgotten what the word escape means."

"Please don't hurt me. Please, Reggie. I thought you loved me."

"Love has nothing to do with it, sweetheart. You've been a naughty girl, now you

take the consequences. Loving parents punish their naughty children, don't they?"

"I . . . I . . . I suppose so."

My ropes were clasping me twice as tight. I could see Nora's strictures biting savagely into her skin and knew how helpless she was against the pleasure this man took in pain, the pain of girls! I wondered if I would get punished, too.

"How would you like to suggest a fitting penalty, darling?" Reggie asked in mock kindness. "I'm sure you can think of something."

Nora looked at her former lover wistfully. "No, I can't. And, anyway, you'll do whatever you want to me."

Our owner appeared to have extracted his fill of verbal dominance. He strolled away to a tree and cut a couple of long, slender stems of willow. "These will do fine. No use going back to the house for the riding crop. Watch me peel them so they don't cut you up."

We watched. Boy, did we ever watch! Since Nora's back was to the tree, there would be only her front for Reggie to slash away at. Her lovely breasts, still pointing at me, were going to bear the brunt of Reggie's discipline. I was sure of it and I could see Nora was too.

"Let's see now, it was your fingers that got you into trouble, wasn't it?" Reggie inquired pleasantly.

"I suppose so."

"I'm glad we agree. So now, if you'll just extent your left arm and flatten the palm of your hand?"

For a moment I was glad it was not Nora's breasts. But a girl's hands, caned by a man, whipped with a willow branch, might be every bit as hard to bear. I wondered if I could muster the will to hold out a hand in the way Nora was told to do. The poor dear evidently believed it useless to plead any more and very slowly she extended her hand. The first cut across her palm brought a wail of anguish from her lips. Tied as she was, she could not even seek the solace of her opposite armpit. Reggie's voice was relentless.

"And now the other arm, dear girl? I don't know why I didn't think of this before."

I watched it happen all over again. I knew Nora was finding the strength and courage but didn't know from where. I would have been screaming and pleading for mercy. Perhaps she hoped that with a single cut across each hand, Reggie would be satisfied. Her features contoured by pain, she thrust out her virgin hand to receive her master's justice. When the cut exploded on her palm she hugged her injured hands tight above her breasts and softly moaned her anguish. Reggie Twining stood proudly by.

Nora sobbed out the heart-break of her hands into the silent woods. I was certain half the agony was disillusionment with Reggie, the shattering of the dream which had sustained her all that time at Lashby Hall. But Lashby Hall was gone, its authority replaced by an idiot of a man who, I strongly suspected, had no proper

idea of the intensity of the pain that he inflicted on us. I had to clench my teeth against protest when, in the most pleasant of tones, he requested the sobbing girl to hold out her first hand again.

Nora gazed at him in disbelief, her sobs checked by shock. "Not again?" she said aghast. "Oh, Reggie, not again! Not on top of what you've just done!"

"Not on top, sweetheart, I think I can manage to place the second along side the first. Out with that naughty hand. Come on now, you know you deserve it."

"I don't, I don't!"

I knew she would have stamped her foot had she been able to.

"Oh, Reggie, this isn't the way I thought you'd be at all. I thought you'd lock me in a cage or keep me handcuffed or something. The worse I expected was to be spanked." She sniffed unhappily. "Look at me now, tied to a tree and my hands being tortured. It is torture, you know, the way you hit so hard with that beastly switch."

"I'm waiting, dear heart."

Nora held out her hand. I don't know how she managed it but she did. The blow was cruel but she instantly extended her other hand again.

"Want to get it over and done with, heh?" Reggie observed. "Sorry, love, you don't tell me when to hold your hand out, I tell you. What do you say we wait a while?"

"Please, Reggie, don't make me wait, this is killing me. If you make me wait for the next stroke, I won't hold my hand out, I just won't."

Reggie was enjoying his mastery of us both, strolling back and forth between the two trees and their captives. He had neatly contrived a condition where Nora would be pleading for punishment she didn't want. It was power indeed, and I wondered why he hadn't treated her like this long ago instead of sending her to Lashby Hall. But Lashby Hall had been potent for us both, neither Nora or I was the same girl we had been. I suppose you could say we were broken, but when I thought of Miss Neff and Miss Witherspoon I could not use that word. I suppose conditioned would be a better word. Reggie strutted around like a turkey cock for several more minutes before consenting to wound Nora's hand again. He left the switches on the grass before us and return to the lodge.

I waited until the tears of pain ceased before saying, "Darling, he's forgotten to do anything about your hands' Your hands are still free!"

She held them before her face as if seeing them for the first time. Her voice was a horse whisper of grief, "Darling, they're ruined! I can't use them. They won't do anything I try. I couldn't untie a single knot." She let the injured members fall listlessly to her side.

Once more Reggie had us foxed. It was double to have free hand but be unable to use them. I tried to encourage her to flex her fingers and try to get them working again. She had already been heroic enough. I wasn't a bit sure I would have done as much. Maybe if Reggie left us tied here long enough some feeling might return to

her hands.

Reggie had his own ideas, he was taking no changes. Within minutes he showed up again with a pair of leather wristlets which he buckled on Nora's wrists. He also brought rope and threaded a piece through each ring. Soon Nora's arms were pulled sideways and tethered to other trees. He tightened the ropes, pulling on the anchor trees until they young trees bent, then the tied off the ropes. Nora found herself being pulled between two trees as if they were trying to split her in two. The stress on her arms and body was uncomfortable but not agony. At least not yet. And her hurt hands were not far from any other ropes that held her bound to the tree.

"Nice effect," said Reggie. "Try and get out of that." Whistling happily he returned to whatever he was doing in the house.

When he was gone we said no words, there was none to say. Nora would suffer and I would stand helpless by and watch. No doubt my turn would come. I no longer tried to free myself even though I knew it the final defeat.

It was about four in the afternoon when Reggie decided we had been punished enough that day. Nora had, for sure, and I was stiff as every cord was hurting. When we were freed we were too stiff and dejected to do anything but hold out our hands for the inevitable handcuffs. We even had to say, "Thank you, Sir." He led us back to the lodge by a noose he had place around our necks. But he did have the decency to let us bathe before we had to go to the kitchen to prepare dinner. By the time he had locked our ankles in our leg irons and left us to our task, Nora's whipped hands had returned half way to normal. We clinked our fettered feet back and forth as we work in the kitchen. Reggie had got himself a pair of well trained slaves.

"Reggie's up to something." Nora slammed the icebox door with unnecessary forced. "I can tell. He's so damned snug, haven't you noticed?"

"The way he's got us fixed, I'd be smug, too. Right now he's probably the luckiest man in the country."

"Well, yes, but I can pick up Reggie's vibes and I think something's happened this afternoon while we were still tied to those trees. I bet he's figured out something horrible to do to us tomorrow."

I didn't care about Reggie's vibes or about Reggie, all I wanted was to have my hands and feet freed and then run and run. But both running and freedom were fruitless topics, we would never possess either as Reggie most certainly possessed us!

Reggie behaved like an absolute son of a bitch, scarcely every taking his eyes from Nora's punished hands as she fumbled and dropped things from fingers still numb. He tempered his gloating by solicitous inquires as to whether her cuffed hands hurt and how much. If during our meal I noted his eyes dwelling on either one of us, I felt he had surely thought of a real doozy to spring on us the next day. But after we had done the dishes we did enjoy a half way civilized hour looking after our master's comforts in his lounge, all three of us sipping brandy. Nora and I frankly told him how badly we wanted to go home and Reggie explained at great length why that was never going to happen.

Kneeling humbly before him this exchange of diverse views was just by way of friendly conversation. We paid it no attention.

The night was the same, heavily collared and chained by our neck to the floor but otherwise free, free to pleasure Reggie! The riding crop was still visible so we did our damnedest to make it good for him. Reggie was fair and honored both of us by two impalements each. He brought me to climax both times, a reward for which I was ashamed.

Reggie was evidently convinced leg irons kept us safely prisoner because, when Nora and I had finished the dishes, he told me to go up to the bedroom and await his arrival. I shrugged and began the long march up the stairs with snubbed steps. Half way up the stairs I stopped to rest and be angry with myself over doing nothing with this tiny bit of freedom granted me. But if I deviated the least bit I was pretty sure Reggie would whip my bottom, or the soles of my feet, or something that would hurt. Anyone who could whip a girl's hands for untying a knot could hurt a girl in any number of ways. Once more I shrugged in helplessness and resumed my slow way, finally reaching the bedroom. Reggie was close behind.

"Lie on the floor, Lana, your usual place," he ordered in a businesslike way. Mindful of the crop I obeyed instantly to passively accept the collar around my throat. Reggie patted my cheek approvingly before heading for the door. In alarm at thus being abandoned, I snubbed my neck as I called out to him, "But I'm still leg-ironed and handcuffed! Haven't you forgotten?"

"No, sweetheart, I haven't forgotten. You look charming with them on. Enjoy."

This time he escaped. I consoled myself with the knowledge hands and feet didn't matter much when my neck was so solidly connected to the floor. I lay back upon the rug and wondered what Nora's fate might be. Mine seemed to be a day of boredom. I went to sleep on the rug.

It might have one hour or two, I could not tell. But I awoke to a startled awareness of someone else in the room. It was a woman, a woman who smiled down at me in evident enjoyment of what she saw. I made an involuntary exclamation of dismay, "Oh, no!" while staring into the laughing eyes of sister Diana.

My principle sponsor!!!

5

The Female Gloat

"How nice to see you like this, Lana darling. I've been so damned curious."

Imagine my feelings! This for sure was scraping the bottom of my barrel of humiliation. I wished to disappear but was held firm, a naked exhibit for Di's enjoyment. That she should behold me thus was bitter gall indeed.

"Have you come to take me home?" I asked without hope.

"Of course not, Lana dear, don't be silly. I've come to gloat over your misery. I expect you know I was your number one sponsor."

Diana was gorgeous, raven hair and white skin, green eyes and a contoured slenderness to make men drool. She was pure bitch and if any had deserved to go to Lashby Hall, it was certainly her. She was a clever vixen and I could see no sympathy in her shinning eyes. It was no time for being heroic.

"Please, Diana dear, get me out of this, take me home with you. I've had enough. I don't have any fight left. I'll lick your shoes if that's what you want."

"That would be nice," she purred. "Her you are, dear." She placed an expensive shoe beside my face. There was nothing but shame for me anyway I turned. I kissed the shoes not once but twice, loathing every second of it. "That's a good girl," my sister said approvingly. "Darling, you can't get up, can you? Your neck's chained to the floor. This is better than I ever dreamed."

"I am also leg-ironed and handcuffed," I pointed out. "I suppose you find it all delightful?"

"Of course, dear, I knew you'd understand, Lana. I've wanted you in some sort of fix like this every since we were kids. Remember when I tied you up with the clothesline and left you alone? Such lovely memories."

"I'm surprised you hadn't come to enjoy my shame before this."

"I didn't come too soon, Lana darling, because I felt sure all I'd get out of you would be a lot of pleading for freedom. I've waited long enough for Lashby Hall and this delightful Reggie Twining to soften you up. Their efforts have improved you vastly. And this outfit you've got on – well, you should have been forced to wear something like this often, ever since the age of ten. "Does any of it hurt?"

"It's not supposed to hurt. It just keeps me helpless and humble."

The lovely eyes were roaming avidly. My loving sister took a short tour of Reggie's bedroom and exclaimed delightedly at the discovery of Nora's collar on the floor on the other side of the bed.

"Darling, it's such a wonderful concept, the two naked maidens chained on the floor on each side of their master's bed." She paused dramatically. "I suppose this is too much to hope for, but does Mr. Twining actually–"

"If you're meaning does he get between our legs, yes he does. We both get raped several times a night. Did you suggest that he do that?"

Diana's laughter was of pure joy. "Better and better. Far more than I expected. Chained and raped! What wonderful things I'll have to tell about you when I go home! By the way, I suppose dear Mr. Twining does have you on the pill?"

"Thank goodness, yes."

A dreaming look came into my sister's eyes just before she asked, "How would it be, Lana my pet, if I ask him to stop. If I ask him to make quite sure you get pregnant and can't do anything about it. Just imagine you being chained like this and with a big belly with a little Twining scheduled for arrival soon. It's quite romantic."

"Don't be a bitch! Di, can't you be satisfied with what I've had to endure up to

now? You could set me free if you wanted to, the others wouldn't mind."

"Yes they would. You've no idea how many toes you trod upon. They all ask if you get whipped regularly. I can see from that lovely riding crop on the floor and the marks on your skin that you really do. I'm so terribly pleased."

Further conversation seemed pointless but Diana was not going to allow me to sulk. She placed her other foot beside my lips to demand, "Kiss this, too, Lana my sweet. Tell me what a worm you are and how sorry you are about offending so many of your friends, and, of course, especially me. Go on, do it properly"

I did it properly. I clasp her shoe with my chained hands and kissed it with feeling. "I'm just a worm and don't deserve a lovely sister like you, Diana dear." I tried to use my most sincere voice, not easy with the gall rising in my throat. "I'm sorry I was such a bitch with all the other people. And especially with you. I'm sure I deserve this punishment you're giving me. Thank you."

"My, my, Lashby Hall has done miracles with you! You could never have brought yourself to say a thing like that a month ago. We certainly must keep up the subscription to have you stay on."

I wanted to cry but if I could possibly avoid it I wouldn't give her that satisfaction. Awkwardly I shifted on my side and managed to rest my head on my hands. It was less demeaning that having my head rest on the rug. The response was instant.

"You don't enjoy being fastened like that, do you, dear?"

"No, I don't! Neither would you! Diana, haven't you mocked me enough? Haven't you had your revenge? At least ask Mr. Twining to unlock the collar on my neck. I'd still be helpless."

"I prefer you as you are. That is a beautiful collar even if it is black iron." Diana was so gorgeous, so alive, so charming when she wished to be. It was heart-breaking to think of the chasm between us. Some of it may have been my fault. We had too much money and too much independence. It seemed to me I was paying the bill for both of us and she was getting away scot free. In a terrible need to know, I asked plaintively, "So, okay, you won't take me home. You won't do anything nice for me. But will you at least do this, tell me the term of my sentence. How long will I have to stay a prisoner of Lashby Hall or with this Reggie Twining?"

"Wouldn't you like to know, sweetheart. Well, I won't tell you. But don't rule out the possibility of still being here when you're forty-five. The cost really doesn't matter to any of us. Oh, but that reminds me, remember that railroad stock the broker bought for us? Well, it went way, way up and I've sold it. I accepted your check and used the money to pay your sponsorship at Lashby." My sister positively glowed. "Whenever they're being really mean to you, remember that it is your own money that's paying for it! Think of it right now! You're really in a wonderful fix right this moment."

I was finding it hard to curb my tongue. Bitterness was fighting for expression. But Diana had seen Reggie's riding crop and would probably enjoy a chance to use it. All she needed was an excuse. Total humility was my safest bet. "I've kissed you feet, Di, I'll kiss the feet of every member of the sponsors. I'll tell all of you I'm a louse and I'm grateful for being punished like this. Isn't that enough to earn me freedom? I'd be the laughing stock of all of you forever."

My sister did not bother to answer. Instead, she knelt at my side and took the linkage between my hands. I did not fight her. Diana lifted my hands and arms to examine the metal bracelets neither of us could remove.

"I've never seen handcuffs before, Lana dear. They're really something, aren't they! May I tighten them a notch or two?"

"No! Oh, please, they're tight enough already!"

Slowly and deliberately, her eyes intent upon mine, my sister clicked each cuff a single notch. Reggie had cuffed me too tight in the first place and my bracelets now hurt.

"They're hurting just a little now, aren't they, darling?" she asked pleasantly. "How about I tighten them just one more little notch, sweetie?"

The shinning steel was now deep in my skin. I knew from experience the pain would be steady and only get worse. I think Diana realized she had gone too far for she tossed my hurting hands aside and, without warning, grasped both my nipples between thumbs and fingers in a grasp hard enough to make me yelp.

"I've wanted to do this every since we were children together, Lana dear," she said with obvious feeling. "It's so silly, isn't it? You've got two breasts and I've got two breasts and neither of us has ever played with the other's. I could hurt your nipples now and make you do anything I said. Is that right?"

"Yes."

"I'm hurting your wrist already, so how would it be I give you an orgasm?"

"Oh, Di, please don't. Not like this."

"I've always wanted to play with you but you've been so damned snooty and cold. You keep your tits and other parts to yourself. This is the first chance I've had to touch you. And you can't stop me, dear."

I could not stop her and I was not going to struggle. There is some saying about if rape is inevitable, relax and enjoy it. I lifted my handcuffs back over my head to get my hands and arms out of the way, then closed my eyes and let her have her way.

"Open those little eyes, Lana, no cheating. I want to watch your eyes go all dreamy as I make you come."

Once more I obeyed. I seem to be forever obeying, but as her fingertips teased my nipples I could have cared less. I even began to think of her with affection. I had always loved her more than she had loved me. At least so I believed. When she trickled five fingers down to possess my sex, we stared fixedly into each other's eyes with an understanding never previously achieved. Diana owned Lana, it was that simple.

I don't want ever to be cynical about orgasms. They are wonderful, some sort of reward we don't deserve. I allowed my senses to flow with Diana's curiosity over my carnal responses. In the throes of climax I tossed my head wildly from side to side

and forgot about closing my eyes. I gave the orgasm everything I had while my sister played upon my sex and my breasts as a master organist might have played the stops. When, after going completely wild, I lay pantingly still, I got my reward.

"That was simply gorgeous, darling. We must do it again. You can't stick your nose up in the air the way you used to do. I've got you."

My darling sister now turned her attention to the leg irons on my ankles.

Since they were already too tight, she abstained from tightening them more.

"Such lovely silver chains," she admired. "I can't wait to see you walk in them. I hope you trip and fall, I'd like that."

"I'll try and do that for you," I promised, trying hard to keep sarcasm from my voice. "But I've become quite clever at doing things while my hands and feet are chained. Reggie makes us do things."

Di nodded thoughtfully. "Did I tell you, darling, that later on today I'm taking you to Lashby Hall so we can sort of relive some of your punishments there. Aren't those two women, Miss Neff and Miss Witherspoon, a couple of darlings. When they spoke of you I could tell they really do love you. Also that they are quite cruel. They showed me some of their girls being punished. And that's another thing I can hardly wait for, to see you in the same sort of fix. Gosh, some of those sweethearts were spread wide open." She mused thoughtfully for a few moments, remembering happiness, then exclaimed, "The biggest thrill is going to be when I have you helpless in my car. Miss Neff and your Reggie both assured me there's no problem about my being alone with you. They'll fix you so you can't move. It's going to be marvelous."

"It only takes two pairs of handcuffs," I told her, "it's no big deal. With my wrists and ankles cuffed I'm quite helpless. They'll gag me too, that is unless you want me to talk. Please, don't ask them to gag me, it's horrible."

"They tell me you've never been free since you came to Lashby Hall. There's always been a bit of you fastened somehow. That's really one for the book and I'm longing to tell the bunch how you are under control. But the thing I'm going to want to hear about most of all is you getting whipped. Miss Neff tells me you haven't been properly whipped yet. But Reggie has certainly lit into you with that riding crop – those lovely marks!"

"I expect you'll be privileged to watch me whipped sometime while you're here," I speculated. "But I wish you wouldn't, it hurts so terribly. And I scream so during it."

My sister sighed happily, feeling great joy, no doubt. "It's so much more wonderful than I dreamed. For instance, you locked in your cell, I'd like to see that. And you tied with your legs far apart in one of those really obscene positions. Really, darling, we should have locked you in Lashby Hall and I could have come up once a week to watch your tears. Really, you do cry sometimes, don't you?"

I suppose gloating is like any other emotion, it can wear itself out. My darling sister went up one side of me and down the other with her stories of remembered bitterness and assurances of continued punishment. Strangely, I was glad to see her, she was a link with rationality and, if she so chose, could have me released instantly. Diana was a constant, tantalizing possibility of my freedom. But so far she had

laughed at my requests for it.

I wondered what Reggie was thinking of his vivid visitor. I was willing to bet Diana's effect upon him would be the biggest erection of his life. I hoped he choked on it.

His adoration was evident when he came to unlock my collar. He scarcely noticed me or what I was doing, his eyes were intent upon my sister. I had to wonder if he was seeing her as beautiful captive subject to his will. Or whether she seemed an unattainable dream. I could see the erection I had predicted and knew Diana saw it too. Men are shockingly obvious and respond to stimuli in the manner of rabbits or bulls or other animals. All Reggie had been to me so far was an immensely potent male organ.

My temporary owner now took much pleasure in demonstrating to my lovely sister his mastery and technique in the handling of a girl, herself excepted. His adoration was so much for Diana that he fumbled with keys and locked my hands behind my back in an absent-minded sort of fashion. His thoughts still lost somewhere else, he took the leg irons from my feet and substituted handcuffs on my ankles. I was now a package ready for transit. He picked me up and carried me, naked still, to Diana's car. Sitting helplessly beside my sister in the front seat, I realized I was probably as close to my remembered past as I was likely to get.

"Well, you're well placed and on your way," Reggie assured me. "If you'd like some demonstrations with Lana, Miss Liston, be sure and bring her back, I'll be happy to oblige. Those old biddies at Lashby Hall may not wish to whip her for you but I'll be glad to do that for you any time. Believe me, she's a beautiful subject."

"The man seems fond of you, Lana," my sister observed as she steered us onto the main road. "What is it with him and his girl Nora? Where do you fit in?"

"Nora and I bribed Reggie with a present of ME to get ourselves out of Lashby Hall. Now we wished we hadn't. He's a real bastard, ten times worse than Lashby Hall ever was."

"And now I'm taking you back to Lashby Hall. Are you angry?"

"Diana, I don't know what I am or where I am. I don't even know what I'm supposed to be. But if you want to be kind, and if it is something you can do, you should return me to Lashby Hall permanently, or at least until you choose to release me. Reggie's like a puppy, he doesn't know when to stop."

"But isn't his intercourse with you a consolation? You don't get that at Lashby Hall, do you?"

"Yes, it is," I admitted. "I hated it when he first fastened me the way you saw to rape me. But I'm a girl, and a girl needs something besides another girl's lips. At least I do." Bitterly I added, "Maybe you'd like Reggie to screw you. I'm sure he'd oblige. He'd close his eyes and pretend it was me."

My sister snorted in disgust. "We're not going to bother about messy sex," she said. "What I want is to enjoy having you in the car with me like this. It's so hard for me to realize I've got you helpless. I could even drive you back home, exhibit you around and then return to Lashby Hall. How would you like that?"

"Oh, Di, you wouldn't! Please, you don't have to keep rubbing it in. I'm helpless! You've got me! Come, we'll leave it at that."

"I think it's wonderful, Lana, the way they've got you conditioned. You know you're helpless and don't expect anything else," my sister glowed with satisfaction. "What's it feel like to know you'll always be a prisoner, that you'll never be free? Tell me."

I wiggled and clinked my handcuffs and told her as best I could what hopelessness was like. Diana listened avidly as if my words were the utterances of a sage. It was easy for me to be graphic and get through to her some of the terrible knowledge that you can never be free again, that handcuffs and leg irons are now your life, along with occasional journeys into cord and rope. I told her of my feelings as we stood bound tightly to the trees and Nora almost succeeded in her bid for freedom. I could hear her sudden intake of breath at the thought of us girls escaping. She said nothing but there was a gleam in her eyes that told me she found this all highly exciting. Finally she came up with, "There's a few other girls I'd like to send up here. I could probably dig up the money even without the group. Especially since I've got all your income to play with. How about Molly Saunders?"

"Don't I satisfy your instinct for sadism?"

"Lana, dear, that's an ugly word. You ought to be punished for using it. Do you think there's any way Miss Neff or Reggie would let me punish you personally? I'm thinking of the whip, of course. I so long to hear it splat across that cute bottom of yours or across your back. I don't think any girl has really lived until she's whipped another girl who's tied up so she has to stand and take it. Know what I mean?"

I knew what she meant. I think this longing to possess and to mark girl flesh is universal. It has nothing to do with sadism, but is wickedly erotic. It even transcends mere sex. But all I knew was that being whipped hurts a girl like crazy and I didn't want to be whipped any more. I told my sister so and got told in turn, in no uncertain terms, that if she ever had the chance she would whip me a good one just to see what it was like. I looked at the passing scene through the car window and longed for freedom.

Diana enjoyed every moment of our drive back to Lashby Hall. I didn't know whether to be pleased or sorry. I knew I would be punished at Lashby Hall and I knew I would be punished with Reggie Twining. Now my sister wanted to punish me, too. It was all too much to think about, so I sat in silence while the country side sped by. There were other cars, people on the roadside, even a police car with two officers but I could do nothing about any of them, I was under control. I screamed against the closed window as the police car passed but my cry was lost among the traffic sounds. My sister laughed delightedly.

"Didn't do you much good, did it? Gosh, you've no idea how delicious it is to possess you like this. I'm so glad I came. I've going to visit you regularly from now on. It will give you something to look forward to as you pine away in chains and behind the bars." She laughed delightedly at her words. "Aren't I an absolute bitch! I love it!"

I wondered how many sisters would be like this if given the opportunity.

Then I pondered if I could do as Di was doing if the roles were reversed. I didn't

believe I could but I will admit to a glowing heat deep down inside at the thought of my darling sister strung up naked and her back criss-crossed with gorgeous scarlet marks. But I knew I would comfort her and share her anguish. It was all ridiculously complicated and I thrust it all from my mind with a direct question I didn't find easy.

"Look, Diana, I know I'm helpless, I know you've got me. And I'll admit I'm frightened. You seem so . . . so . . . well, so different. So powerful. I'll deed over to you everything I possess. There's quite a lot of it, as you should know from the will. If I did that, would you give me freedom?"

My sister gave me a sideways glance of astonishment. "Gosh, Lana, has it been that bad! You're not suffering at this moment, are you? And it hasn't been all that long since we sent you to Lashby Hall. Only a couple of weeks. I don't think any of the group want to set you free in under . . . well, let's call it a period of years."

"I'll die! This is my life you're talking about. You're robbing me of my life! Don't you understand this is worse for me than prison?"

"Don't be silly, Lana dear, we're not robbing you of anything like that. Take now, for instance. We've just left the home of a really delightful man who probably gave you more girlish thrills than you've ever had outside, back in what you call 'Freedom'." Diana grinned at me. "Talking to Miss Neff I didn't get any impression you were loosing out on life there either. If you want my opinion, darling, I think you've been having a truly marvelous time! You ought to thank me."

"So, okay, I'm ungrateful. But will you consider the deal? Everything I possess for freedom? I mean, real freedom. Not where I get kidnapped again the next day."

"You really mean that, don't you?"

Diana was impressed. "Darling, you'd be crazy. Both you and I have got a considerable estate. I'm going to divert to myself the income from yours while we keep you prisoner. But I can't touch the principle so it will be waiting for you when you get released."

"I don't care! I want my freedom more than I want anything else. Please let me buy it from you."

There had been a break in my voice as I made my plea, it had touched Diana, I could tell it had. She drove thoughtfully for a while in silence but then started off on a tangent.

"You said you'd sooner be sent to the state prison. Did you really mean that?"

"Yes."

"I think you're being sulky and mad at me." Diana laughed at my solemn lips and hurt eyes. "If Lashby Hall and Reggie Twining are that bad, and if you ask me nicely, our group could probably arrange for you to vanish and become a six figure number in a prison."

"For how long?"

"You wouldn't know that, dear, any more than you know how long your sentence is

at Lashby Hall."

I suppose it shows the effectiveness of the treatment I was getting. I actually considered the outrageous proposition of voluntarily leaving one prison to enter another. But I suppose I'm sentimental. I found myself thinking about Miss Neff and Miss Witherspoon, and Nora, and even Reggie Twining in his more human moments. They had to be better than a woman's prison, didn't they?

"Forget it," I finally said. "You've got me so there is no way to turn. You won't give me any kind of a break at all. Gosh, if only I could get rid of these handcuffs!"

"But you can't, can you darling? I enjoy having you thus, it's better than having a dozen orgasms."

I could tell Miss Neff was pleased to see me, her kiss and brief hug were genuine. She examined the marks from Reggie's crop but said nothing. As if my prearrangement, she locked a collar and leash upon my neck, unlocked my ankles, then she changed my hands from front to back before handing Diana my leash. My sister's laughing eyes met mine as this fresh humiliation brought red to my cheeks. She gave a delighted tug to assert authority as I walked beside Hildegard Neff along passages and halls and down stairs to a vision of iron bars and concrete well remembered. In silence Hildegard opened the door to my cell. Without command, I walked inside. As the iron door clanked shut, I turned to look through the bars at the two females faces, both smiling in amusement at me. Miss Neff reached between two bars to free the tether from my collar but that was all. I stood there, naked and collared, my wrists firmly handcuffed behind my back, locked in a prison cell to which my sister commanded the key. It seemed strange and quite wrong that Miss Neff should be taking orders from Diana. I curled up inside at the thought of my money making it possible.

"I'll leave you two together for a few minutes," Miss Neff said with warm sympathy as if my visitor was someone to give me comfort. "Come upstairs whenever you're ready, Miss Liston. I'll have one of the girls make coffee."

I knew Diana was relishing this situation with a delight she could hardly hold within. It seemed as if she might even be close to laughing out loud with pleasure. Her eyes were shinning bright and her breasts heaving with almost sexual ecstasy as she viewed my helplessness.

For a long time she did not speak, content to soak up the view of my impotence. Finally she said, "Oh, darling, it's wonderful to have you like this. I'll never forget this moment."

I won't forget it, either. We stood there, divided by iron bars, she happy and I fighting hard against despair. I tried to rationalize Diana's girlish joy in revenge, telling myself she would tire of piling humiliation upon humiliation. Perhaps she would soften and become merciful. She was my sister, after all, and to this hope I had to cling. But I was also steeling myself in the knowledge the next few hours or days might be bad, bad, bad.

Figuring it wouldn't hurt, I gave Diana some pleasure by twisting against my handcuffs, making a metallic song from the links.

"I hate to leave. This scene is classic," Diana said dreamily. "You break my heart,

Lana, standing in your cage so beautiful and so resigned. To think I have the power to free you curls my up inside in knots of ecstasy. I should have an artist here to paint a portrait of this scene in oils."

Strangely Diana's joy seeped through the bars to infect even me. It was the same as clinking the handcuffs to know that as I stood here naked and imprisoned, I bestowed upon her happiness I could not share. There was power in it, a perverted power in reverse. For several strange moments my nakedness tingled and glowed in response to an emotion so perverse I might feel ashamed of it as I sat in the confinement of my cell.

"It's more than I can bear, darling, I'm bursting at the seams with this gloriously erotic sensuality of having you as your now are." Diana gave up striving for expression. "I'm going upstairs now to have coffee and talk to Miss Neff about you. Goodbye, little sister."

I sat on the familiar bench and wanted to cry. The next door cell screamed of Nora, but Nora was gone, it was empty, as empty as my life. And I was sure it was an emptiness soon to be filled with pain. I sat there pondering the whole miserable business until Miss Neff arrived with the apple and bit of bread, a supper I eyed without favor as I remembered the lush dishes Nora and I had prepared at Reggie Twining's. With my hands behind me, I could not hold the apple and did not even attempt to eat.

I had felt certain Diana would insist on something being done to me that day. But the hours drifted by as I sat in solitude and dreamed of a freedom I would not get. It was not until the gloom of night possessed my cell that Diana came again, creeping upon my silently to observe my imprisoned nudity for several minutes before I realized I had company. I am sure I made a sad and dejected picture, desolate enough to warm her heart and flood her loins with heat. Her wish to diminish me might be mental but the effect achieved was cruelly erotic to a point where even I felt stirrings within my sex.

"You haven't eaten your supper, darling," she said with seeming concern. "Have I spoiled your appetite?"

"I don't have my hands free to eat with, Di. And it's not enticing enough to eat dog-fashion."

"Do you really do that!" Her tone was vivid with interest. "Really and truly down on your knees?"

"Of course! How else when my hands are behind my back?"

"Show me. Oh, darling, please show me. Please let me watch."

I had to be crazy but the fact was I was so thankful for someone to talk to, someone to defeat the loneliness, that I simply shrugged and did as Di asked. I had become skilled at eating dog-fashion simply from practice. I leaned over and took a small bite out of the apple, followed by a bit of bread. Then I sat back on my knees to chew while gazing at the shinning-eyed girl beyond the bars. I continued the shaming and demeaning show for her pleasure.

With about half the food consumed, I stopped and simply said, "I don't want any

more. I'm too miserable to be hungry. I hope you enjoyed the show I put on to make you happy."

"I did, oh Lana, it was wonderful to see you down there on your knees like a beautiful, big cat. Is that all you ever get to eat?"

"It's suppose to keep us slim and humble."

I did not bother to rise but sat back on my heels to await whatever my sister might next order me to do. She was breathlessly probing, "If you weren't hungry, Lana, why did you humiliate yourself by getting down there and eating? I'm curious."

"Because you asked me and I wanted to please you. I'll do it again if it gives you so much happiness."

"Trying to soften me up?"

"I suppose so. But the way I'm fixed, I've nothing to loose by being kind to anyone, including you. You'll be pleased to observe how imprisonment has made me humble. It is supposed to do that to a girl, isn't it?"

My sister was eyeing me in a different way. Her voice was without mockery. "I understand what you're saying, Lana. What I've just seen and heard is quite remarkable. You win this set hands down. And several people are going to be truly interested about what I have to tell. About the way you are humble."

"I'm just a defeated prisoner, there is nothing remarkable about that. The way I'm feeling I could easily cry. If you would like to watch a girl shed tears without being able to dry her eyes. Being locked in a cage like this changes everything."

"Come to the bars and let me kiss you, Lana. It's something I really want to do."

"Why don't you unlock the door and come in?"

"I can't, I don't have the key."

It was like all the rest, crazy. Sort of like both of us were under a spell. I pressed my nakedness against the bars and offered my lips. My sister's mouth was hot and hungry. We kissed longer than we had ever kissed before in our whole lives until she withdrew to whisper, "Darling, I've been given permission to whip you tomorrow afternoon. I'm going to do it, I long to do it. It's the most satisfying prospect of my whole life. Will you forgive me?"

"I suppose so. It will hurt the same either way."

"Thank you, Lana dear." Her voice was husky and brooding. "I think I love you for the first time in my life. It won't change a thing, I'm still the bitch. But, for what it's worth, I suddenly love you terribly. Good night, darling."

In utter loneliness I sought the wooden bench.

So I was going to be whipped and by my own sister. I felt strangely divorced from the whole thing, probably it was too bizarre to be believed. I slept surprisingly well. In the morning I ate my apple and bread.

"I suppose she told you about it last night, didn't she?" asked Miss Neff. "I'm not sure I approve of it. And I'm not sure I approve of your sister." She shrugged. "But I have no say in the matter. Miss Liston is one of the most beautiful creatures I have ever seen and I have to feel sorry over the way she acts towards you." She smiled a small, sad smile. "But I suppose Lashby Hall would be empty if it were not for those like your sister who use us to try and exorcise a devil they cannot see."

"Don't worry about it. Please, Miss Neff, don't let it bother you."

"You're very brave, dear, and you don't deserve to be whipped for anything. I wish it was not going to happen. But, anyway, that is not until this afternoon. This morning we're going to give Miss Liston pleasure by exhibiting you in a way that really caught her fancy. I'm sorry about that, too."

"Never mind. I don't seem able to feel any thing, I'm sort of numb."

The truncated column was still there in the big hall. So were the cuffs and the ropes as if waiting since last time. Without a word I edged myself up onto the flat surface and held out my feet for the wide leather bands. When my legs were tightly and obscenely spread to leave me disgustingly exposed, a refinement was added by a tether, snapped upon my handcuffs, and my arms pulled out and raised enough to compel me to sit erect and in such a way as to expose the cleft between my thighs. The tug on my strained shoulders would soon become painful but I said nothing. Compared to what would happen to me in the afternoon, this was pure fun.

Diana waited half an hour before she came. "I had them do this one on you specially, Lana dear," she confided in an intimate whisper. "Miss Neff told me of the various things done to you and this sounded so deliciously obscene I positively had to look. Does it hurt?"

"I suppose so. It's the sort of hurt I've become accustomed to. I'm glad you enjoy me like this."

"I never thought your pussy could be so beautiful, darling."

"Thank you, Diana. I'm sure yours would be beautiful, too, if you were here instead of me."

"Touche! You're so sweet and so brave. I think if I were siting there like you, I'd be pleading and praying all over the place. Aren't you scared?"

"Of course I am, Diana. But fear wears itself out. When you're afraid most of the time you simple carry fear around like a mild toothache, you simply put up with it."

"You've been told officially about my whipping you this afternoon?"

"Yes, of course. I'm sure you're looking forward to it, even if I'm not. I push it out of my mind. Having to sit like this acts as a counter irritant. You'd be surprised at the ways a prisoner keeps from going crazy."

Diana walked slowly around and around, making a careful inspection of all of me. I could not move. It was worse than last time, much worse. My raised arms added a new dimension of discomfort and disgrace. If there had been any one single pose I

wanted my sister to not see, it would have been this. She had chosen it with almost magical insight as to what would make me ashamed.

Bitterly I said, "This is another vision to last you all your life, Diana. Be sure you get your belly full of looking at my pussy. And my pubic hair and crotch."

"You know, dear," Di said cheerfully, "a man could just stand in front of you and shove his prick right up your pussy. Well, it would be a bit of an angle – sort of upward. But if you were moved just a little forward on the chair . . . If there were a man here, of course! Maybe that nice Mr. Twining . . . . "

"Don't be beastly. Or crude."

"How about a dozen men?"

Diana was really piling it on. And I had to admit that she was right. If I were a bit more forward. And if there were a man present – I felt myself getting warm inside my pussy area and was ashamed of it. I hoped Diana couldn't see my emotional reaction to being helpless and the thought of a man shoving his thing up inside my wide-spread legs.

My thighs were begining to ache from the strain. My wrists hurt from the metal digging into my flesh. My back was starting to ache, too. But these were not critical pains yet and I ignored them.

Diana stood around, like she was trying to think of something horrible to say to me or do to me. I hoped her mind would stay blank.

"This isn't a day for idle chit-chat. This is the day you're going to get whipped! And I get to do it! I like that idea.

"Gosh, but you must be enjoying that position. You look so . . . so alive. Well, at least aware. Yes, that's it, you're fully aware of your body and everything happening to it. Wouldn't you agree?"

I had to agree but stopped short of asking if she would like to try being aware of her body by having Miss Neff do the same thing to her.

"Diana, I know I shouldn't ask you but I simply have to. Take me home with you. Make me sit like this all morning but drive me home this afternoon. Please, you've got my life in your hands. Please!"

"What! And not whip you! Darling, have you lost your marbles?"

"Very well then, take me home in handcuffs the way you brought me here. Then keep me prisoner at your place and do what you like to me. You can whip me to your heart's content right in your own home. So long as you keep those handcuffs on me, I won't have a thing to say about it."

I could tell I had struck a responsive cord. My sister was seeing visions. I pressed the issue home. "Miss Neff and Miss Witherspoon would think better of you if you did. I don't think their heart is in having you whip me. They're just bowing to the benefits of the money you provide. Darling, I'm your sister, take me home."

I had come close but not close enough. Diana pinched my nipples so they hurt. "You're a crafty little fox, Lana, I'll have to watch out for you. You reach my heart when I least expect. Enjoy your stretch. I'll see you this afternoon."

My sister left. If only I had more time with her I might manage to soften her up to where she became truly human. Cracks had shown in her armor but none big enough. I moaned in pain and loneliness, and longed for the morning to end. And that even though I knew the afternoon would be far worse.

The morning did not end easily. An unexpected guest was Miss Muriel Witherspoon. Generally she did not witness the physical punishments on her girls. Her kind, wise eyes observed every part of my body and my emotional being. "Miss Liston is quite firm, Lana dear. I have tried to talk her out of whipping you but find myself up against what appears to be a life-long desire. Or should I call it an ambition. She wants to whip you, her sister, and will not be at ease with herself or the world until she does. But I will have Miss Neff present to assure you receive only pain and not injury."

"The injury's inside, Miss Witherspoon."

"I know that, dear. The whole thing is simply a physical fact we must dispose of. Goodness knows, neither Miss Neff or I want to loose you. But should the act of whipping your nakedness appease your sister's hurt feeling, who knows what might come of it! I've asked her to take you home tomorrow – who knows!"

Miss Witherspoon was comforting, there was something maternal about her. She kept a dozen girls in prison but loved them all. It might be strange but still was true. When she freed my raised arms from the tether, I positively adored her.

"That's not normally part of this punishment, Lana dear. There's no longer any need of it since Miss Liston has enjoyed seeing you in it already. I gather she was pleased?"

"She loved every minutes of it while she was here. Thank you, Miss Witherspoon, for letting my arms down. That helps a lot. You're a dear."

On this happy note Miss Witherspoon swept away on her affairs. I did not move. I could not move. My heart was singing and I had entirely forgotten that in the afternoon I was scheduled to be whipped. Like I said, being a prisoner is a strange and complex business beyond comprehension.

When Miss Witherspoon departed my morning's punishment was no more than half done. She had eased my arms but the rest of me was stretched tight and subject to examination by any who passed by. There were a number of visitors, each indulging their own curiosity as to what I had to offer. They were members of the staff and Nora would have giggled over them as 'tit people' or maybe "pussy people." But they all liked to see a girl in a fix. Since I was fastened and unable to stop them, they all had a good look. No doubt they felt thankful they were not in such a fix themselves. I wondered if the staff of Lashby Hall got extra pay or whether the constant sight of maidens such as me enabled the management to impose cheap wages. It did not matter. I simply said, "Hello," and answered whatever questions they asked about how I felt and let it go at that.

I was released promptly at noon and given the freedom of Miss Neff's own, rather

well appointed, bedroom. And the services of a trembling teenage prisoner. She was to do my hair, bath me and make me beautiful for an ordeal which most evidently I would prefer to escape. My hands remained handcuffed behind my back throughout.

Diana had chosen the trapeze bar and I could not dispute her choice. To stand with my hands above my head exposed all of me for whatever instrument she choose to use to inflict pain. There were lots of possible ways to fasten me but none as demoralizing as this. Miss Neff explained it all as she led me to where it would happen and, almost lovingly, strapped my wrists at each end of the bar. I watched my hands and arms rise up above my head.

"I'm not going to stretch you, Lana dear, just keep your hands nicely above your head where they won't get in the way. You sister concurs with this idea because it leaves you with a good deal of freedom to express your feelings. I'd feel badly if I had you standing on your toes."

She was absolutely right. I, too, was thankful for not being stretched. But when I looked up at my strapped wrists, they were pretty far out of reach. It would have taken only a few more inches to make me have to stand on tip toes. I would stand thus helplessly through whatever was now to happen. I raised and lowered first one foot and then the other. It did no good but I guess I was nervous. No one was present except Miss Neff and I avoided burdening her with pleadings or questions. I was going to be whipped, and that was that!

I was left to stand and no doubt to think about what was soon to happen. My sister made a grand entry at around two in the afternoon, tastefully attired with shorts and a silk blouse beneath which I knew she wore nothing. Her eyes were vividly alight and her voice alive with happiness.

"Lana, dear, you do understand this is purely personal. I am not going to whip you because of some sadistic desire but simply because you're my sister and I've wanted to whip you for as long as I can remember. I want that clear."

"Yes, I understand," I said mechanically. I knew Di was in the middle of an obsession and would not respond to logic or emotion.

"Miss Neff has positioned you so wonderfully, darling. You can't get away, can you!"

"No. I can't get away. I'll have to stay like this while you whip me."

I could feel my sister's vibrations, I could smell her female musk. Guiltily, I realized I could smell mine, too. We were both female and about to embark on an orgy of femininity with Miss Neff, herself very female, standing by as referee.

"I hope I make you very happy, Diana," I said simply. "Forgive me if I scream."

"Would you like to be gagged, Lana. Miss Neff mentioned the possibility. Personally, I'd like to hear your screams."

I wished she would get on with the job. I replied, "No, thank you. I'd like to scream, if you don't mind. It does actually help, but if you hit me very hard I'll make the damnedest racket."

I was getting ready to say something else when the first blow struck. It was the blow of an inexperienced arm intending to strike squarely across my back but which, sadly, went beyond to curl beneath my armpit and weal the slope of my breast. I had made up my mind not to scream at the first excuse but the shock and Diana's poor aim taxed my resolve to the full, I moaned and did a sort of bicycle paddling act with my free feet. The pain was all I could think of when the second blow bit me savagely from hip to hip, admittedly a greater accuracy but also more venom. It was a searing flash of pain to break down my morale and drag from my unwilling lips the first scream of the day. It was a pretty hearty scream too, I gave it all I had.

The whipping of Miss Lana Liston by her sister, Miss Diana Liston, was probably no shattering event. But to me and my sister, who was exploring a previously unknown ecstasy, it was something to keep us totally absorbed and a little bit awestruck by our own reactions. It was interspersed by the unexpected. After the third stroke had curled around my waist, I was suddenly grasped by loving arms and passionately kissed by lips which stilled my screams and moved me to a trembling longing I could not believe. My sister's flesh had become desirable. At that moment I wanted her passionately.

"Scream, little one, scream! You are my heart's desire and I am going to whip you until I can whip you no more. Forgive me, it is something I must do."

I was only concerned with pain, not with my sister's obsession. For a while still to come, pain would be my enemy. I heard myself demand, "Yes, yes! Oh Di, whip me all you want and as hard as you can. I don't give a damn so long as you love me." Such a declaration surprised me as much as it did her.

My sister, Diana, whipped me with increasing skill and undiminished venom. Miss Neff had armed her with several instruments for this, my unearned punishment. The first half dozen strokes across my quivering flesh momnetarily satisfied her inclination for the whip. We went to a Roman flagellum, designed for female bottoms. It slapped across my ass with a sound to curl my spine and an entirely new type of pain at which I screamed afresh with a vigor of which I was no longer ashamed. Receiving the full strength of my sister's arm I could give her no less than the full strength of my lungs. Diana slowed her wicked arm to give me a little rest between each blow and to scream anew as the supple flagellum impacted my bottom once again. It was a feast of sensation such as I had never dreamed.

It is one thing to be whipped by a professional uninvolved by the emotions of the scene. But to be whipped by your own sister in a fervor of erotic emotion interspersed by loving lips and loving arms taxed even my own incredulity to the full. Diana was, unconsciously, taking me way out and beyond the boundaries of pain and anguish and fear into a land where I glimpsed her own need to do what she was doing and felt an absurd pride in providing my soft flesh for the impacts of whatever instrument of pain she chose to use. One by one, she chose the whip, the flagellum, the strap, the cane, and the crop. Each was used upon the appropriate portion of my nakedness, imposing a unique agony of its own and extracted from me the appropriate sounds of anguish. I longed for it to stop but at the same time longed for it to go on forever. I was completely lost.

It was Miss Neff s quiet voice which ended this feast of feminine eroticism.

"I think perhaps that's enough, Miss Liston. I don't think you should whip Lana anymore. She has endured remarkably well for you."

I remember her words seeping through the mists of pain after Diana's last stroke with a riding crop across my back. I also vaguely remember that I was slack in my bonds, my feet and legs no longer taking most of my weight. But I don't remember any pain from my strapped wrists. I fought back from the edge of unconsciousness at the thought of the end finally being here. I had been whipped by my sister and it was over.

But it was not over!

Diana cuddled my whipped nakedness hard against the contours of her own body. I was kissed and kissed again by a girl I knew excited almost beyond endurance. This was a new Diana I had never seen, a Diana who might show me mercy when I had suffered enough. Miss Neff had brought my punishment to an end but I could feel my sister's heart thumping hard against my breasts as she made her request.

"Miss Neff, I know this if awful of me but I want to whip Lana some more. I want you to make her open her legs so I can whip her up inside. I want to do this so very much."

There was a long silence in which I returned to reality from the mists of pain. Diana's hand slid down to cup my the soft mound which hid the secret slit within which Reggie had found so much joy. I gasped at the contact as a handful of my most secret flesh was avidly grasped and a feminine voice whispered in my ear, "This is what I must whip now, darling. I must, I must, I must!"

"How many strokes were you thinking of, Miss Liston?" Miss Neff's voice came from far away.

"Would twenty be all right? She can stand twenty, can't she?"

"You're sister has already been well whipped, Miss Liston. I think you are forgetting the tenderness of that sexual area you propose to strike. I cannot sanction such, I am sorry."

I wanted to hug and kiss Hildegard, but Diana was not yet through with me. "Very well, Miss Neff, let me ask for only ten lovely strokes high up inside her lovely legs. I'm sorry I got carried away with her back and bottom and forgot the spot I most want to whip." Her voice pleaded. "Only ten – please?"

"I will agree to six, no more." Miss Neff was firm. "I think we should' let the poor girl stand and rest a while before you add this additional cruelty. Let us go upstairs and have a cup of coffee while your sister remains as she is to contemplate what she has yet to receive."

Sarcasm intruded upon the voice of authority, "I am sure that will please you."

They went away, leaving my strapped wrists helpless above my head, my mind freshly alerted to impending agony. If my sister whipped as hard within my crotch as she had whipped the rest of me, I knew I would go wild and fling myself around like a puppet on a string. I sought comfort in Miss Neff's moderation of my sister's original intent. Over and over it ran through my mind, 'Only six. Only six. Only six.'

They were chatting animatedly on their return. It was hard to believe what they

intended to do to me. But they lost no time, I think Miss Neff wanted it over and done with. She grasped one of my ankles and dragged it off to one side and held it high to expose me utterly in blatant invitation to the whip. From behind I heard Diana's heavy breathing before my loins exploded into fire. Miss Neff clutched my ankles firmly as she intoned, "One."

Held as I was, I could be whipped from either back or front. Diana's lovely eyes smiled lovingly into mine as she took a fresh stance and made an experimental light stroke to get her distance. I watched the whole thing as I was once more cut within that place where no girl should ever be so punished.

"The darling is so beautiful like that," Diana' s voice floated over my screams. "Thank you for letting me have this happiness, Miss Neff, thank you."

The next fiery cut was number three. Miss Neff released my foot as I flung myself in wild gyrations to punish the strapped wrists. When it was deemed I was ready for number four, my other foot was dragged high and wide to disclose the only bit of skin my sister had not yet touched with pain. As Diana cut and cut again and Miss Neff intoned the count, I knew I was providing Diana with intense sensation as acute as was my agony. Surely she would show me mercy now! Surely!

I suppose I would have lived through twenty strokes within my sex, I really don't know! The six had reduced me to a whimpering package of girl. I had to stand and stand while my tormentors took another break. When she came back, Diana instantly took another handful of my private flesh she had so bitterly punished, and explained joyfully, "The damned thing is scolding hot down here. It's wonderful! Oh, Miss Neff, do come and feel!"

Miss Neff declined the privilege for she had had enough. She lowered my arms, unstrapped my wrists, then handcuffed them behind my back. I was back at square one, where I had started.

The scorch was a live thing between my thighs as I was led back to my cell. I felt myself deliberately compressing my sex to gain whatever sexual excitation my pain might allow. It was there and coming more and more to life with each step. Diana took one arm while Miss Neff held the other. I was well restrained.

No one said a word but I was certain the female scents I could smell were not all mine. When I was thrust inside my cell and the door shut, I turned to deliver one more bit of humility by which I will be forever shame. "Thank you for whipping me, Diana," I said. "I'm glad it gave you so much happiness."

They went away.

6

Tigress Caged

I sat alone on the bench and savored pain. From the back of my neck down to the back of my knees it was like Diana's fingers were deliberately keeping my weals flamingly alive. I seemed to hurt all over even though my front was untouched by thong or cane. When a girl speaks of the aftermath of a whipping I have to admit it

is not a steady continuation of the agony of the lash, it is simply a steadily diminishing burn. I knew I would sleep upon my belly that night but now the act of sitting as I was upon a part of my well-whipped indeed was a continuation of the punishment, one in which I deliberately thrust down my weight to feel the hot sensations which the whip had given birth to. It seemed wrong for Diana to have all the fun.

It was Diana who brought my apple and the bit of bread, insisting I eat it while she watched. I repeated the shameful business of feeding like a dog before I was told to stand and slowly turn for my sister to admire her handiwork upon my skin.

"The fact is, darling, I can't get enough of you," she admitted. "I thought whipping you would cure it, get it out of my mind, but it's made it worse." She giggled shamelessly. "Or should I say it's made it better. I want to whip you again, I want to do it every day of your life. Darling, be a sweetheart and come closer to the bars and lift up your leg the way Miss Neff held it. I want to see."

I did as I was told. I was finding a clinical interest in my sister's obsession with my imprisonment and the punishment I would bear each day. I struck whatever poses she demanded and even felt a perverse pride in bearing these vivid markings of her whip, but beneath it all I still held a desperate hope of freedom.

"Just stand there, Lana, in that beautiful innocence of yours," Diana said at last. "I'm sure you're hoping I'll be kind after being so cruel. Forget it! I more than ever want you here. Seeing you standing like that is worth a million dollars. I'm going to get a camera and take pictures to show the group. But, even better, how would it be I bring the whole bunch up to see you behind these bars and watch you whipped again? Not right away, but in a month or so."

"Don't ask me, Diana, you'll do whatever you want anyway. Sure, I'll hate them seeing me naked and hearing me scream, I'll loath it, I'll curl up inside. But that's what you want, isn't it! Do what you damned well please."

"Poor darling, you've had a bad day. You can put your foot down now. I wish you could see the colors, darling, and how beautifully your puss is swollen."

I was getting a perverse sort of pleasure in counting the points each time she scored at my expense. "How much longer are you staying at Lashby Hall?" I asked hopefully.

"Want to get rid of me? I'm afraid I'll only have tomorrow with you, at the most, the following day too. Miss Neff has been so sweet. She's agreed to do several things to you tomorrow so you and I can sort of discover them together. She says it won't be real pain for you, just discomfort. She tells me discomfort is the key word here. I'm longing to see."

I would have slept a lot better if I had had my hands. But I was getting expert at doing things without them. The arrival of my bread and apple woke me up and Miss Neff took the opportunity to explain away my day.

"The stocks for your feet and the pillory later for your wrists and neck, Lana dear," she said consolingly. "I think they'll satisfy her Ladyship, one in the morning, one in the afternoon. She's been wanting me to spread you out on the horse. I don't think she realizes how bad a punishment that is. I'll try to avoid it. At the worst you won't

have to endure it more than an hour or so."

I knew Neffie meant well. If she hadn't mentioned the horse, I would have figured I was getting by pretty easy. Sitting with my feet locked in the stocks is a breeze. And the pillory isn't all that bad unless you're bent way over. I showed Hildegard my markings from the day before and then ate my breakfast. Neffie bathed me and took me to my punishment de jour. When she had my whipped bottom nicely hurting on the hard bench and my ankles spread far apart and locked inside the oaken yoke, she kissed me and hurried on her way. My sister showed up in about an hour. She had evidently slept late.

"How absolutely sweet!" Diana gushed in her usual pleased manner. "Does it hurt, darling?"

"If a girl's sitting on whipped bottom and has no hands, it hurts a lot," I told her shortly. "That's the way it is with me. I hope you like it."

There were more exclamations. Everything done to me thrilled my sister to bits. I was a treasure house of pain for myself and erotic sensation for Di.

"Do you really want to leave me here to suffer this sort of thing everyday?" I asked pleadingly. "I've never hurt any of you this bad. Diana, please, you're my sister, take me home."

"You've asked that several times, cupcake, and I don't want you to mention it again. If you keep asking me to take you home, I'll talk to Miss Neff and is if I can't get it made a punishable offense."

I leaned back to put my already obscenely exposed puss into even greater exposure. "Don't you want to look, Di darling, I'm sure I'm nicely on view?"

She actually followed my suggestion, standing between my spread feet and leaning over the stocks to peer up between my marked thighs. I had no hands, I could do nothing to shield myself. I let her look. Maybe what I was trying to do was wear out my humiliations so they ceased to hurt. My sister then moved back behind the bench to reach down and clasp my nipples and squeeze them hard enough to make me cry out in alarm. I couldn't stop her, they were all hers!

Diana amused herself with my tits for a long time, pointing out she had never previously enjoyed access. It now appeared my nipples were to be a part of any punishment she might devise. I bit my lip but did not complain. She knew how she was hurting from my gasps and the tension in my body every time she pinched my tender flesh.

Neffie changed me over to the pillory early in the afternoon, extending an unusual privilege. She was obliged to remove my handcuffs in order to put my wrists in the pillory holes. This left me in one of those glorious moments I so seldom knew. She patted my bottom and told me to run to the bathroom by myself and not get any ideas. I did exactly that. When I returned, an entirely free girl, my sister had returned from lunch and complained about the brief freedom. "Miss Neff, Lana was absolutely free, she could have run away, she could have done anything!"

"But she didn't, did she, Miss Liston?" Neffie retorted quietly. "You underrate your sister. Lana is becoming very well trained. I intend to place an increasing trust in her

good judgment."

I ignored Diana, other than to do a few physical jerks with my arms to show my joy. I then, and without being ordered, went to the pillory and fitted my neck in the half circle, using my free hands to gather my hair and place it carefully on the side of the board where my head was so none would be caught in the closing wooden yoke. Then, with a sigh, I said goodbye to freedom and placed each hand inside the smaller circles. The wood came down and freedom was gone.

Miss Neff, quietly smiling, locked the yoke solidly in place with a padlock on the hasp. My afternoon had begun.

Being locked in the pillory is the ultimate in boredom. You stand. For excitement you look to one side and see your right hand, and then to the other side to behold your left. That's about the end of it. But my ennui was relieved by my sister's frequent visits. Diana adore the pillory – with me locked in it, of course. Early on she discovered the availability of my private places which were no longer private. She teased my nipples until they were hard. Then she teased my pussy, gently and skillfully fingering my clit until I was trembling with sexual excitement and rapidly heading towards a climax. But she stopped while I was still a little short of satisfaction. I wanted to stamp my foot in frustration.

For a few moments she stood behind me where I couldn't see her and a terrible thought came into my mind. I prayed she wouldn't cheat and whip my while I was helpless here and my backside invitingly available. Neffie wasn't there. I realized a rear view of my nakedness would be shockingly tempting.

When the afternoon was half gone, my sister took time off from tormenting me to go upstairs and have coffee with Miss Neff. On her return she was positively radiant.

"She's a sweetheart," she told me. "She says she'll put you on the horse for one hour for my benefit. I don't think she's hot on the idea but she's given permission."

I tensed against the heavy oak that held me fast. I would have hoped that Di was satisfied with whipping me. "You don't understand how terrible it is," I protested weakly. "It's not a fun thing, it's an ancient torture. Can't you leave me in this pillory for the afternoon or think of something else?"

"Nothing that is half as good, darling. You suggest something."

I had to be desperate to come out with what I did. "Tie me to a tree outdoors and leave me like that all night," I said without thinking.

"But, Lana dear, I simply have to watch these discomforts you're getting and I don't want to stay up all night. Try again."

"They've got a horrible little cage that only just barely holds a girl. She has to sit all cramped up and after a while you just want to scream to get out. It's made of heavy wire mesh so you'd have a good view of me. How's that?"

"But you're not actually hurting?"

"No, I suppose not. It's cramps that get you."

With me standing there in the pillory like a dummy and not able to move much of anything but kick my feet, my sister affected deep thought to let me know my punishment was a matter of much concern. But then she announced she might have to go back home tomorrow and wanted something really dramatic done to me before she left. She said she had read so much about the horse, she simply had to see what my pussy looked like on the edge of a plank.

"You can see that with me on it for five minutes. You don't need an hour, Di."

"But I understand it's quite a fuss to get you fixed up properly. I wouldn't ask anyone to go to all that trouble for anything less than a full hour. Cheer up, darling, I might have asked for two, or even leaving you sitting there all night."

"Miss Neff would never agree. I expect that's the reason it's not happening that way. Gosh, Diana, can't you ever give me a break?"

The only break I got was a series of orgasm induced manually by fingers all too wise, fingers that knew every possible way to drive a girl right up the wall. I contorted against my oak imprisonment in ways to give my sister total satisfaction. When she decided I'd had enough, or maybe she'd had enough, she told me I was a beautifully responsive subject and she couldn't wait any longer to see what I looked like upon the horse. I didn't plead any more, there is a point beyond which a girl might as well shut up.

Miss Neff was brutally frank. "I do not approve of this, Lana dear, but Miss Liston insists and, after all, she is your principal sponsor. I have explained that an hour is more than enough."

Neffie saw my thank you in my eyes. In a business like way she now freed me from the pillory and handcuffed my wrists behind my back. I was a sad little girl indeed as I was led away.

It was there as I remembered it, the plank's edge, the box I would stand on while being fastened, the anklets and the random bits of rope. I could have sworn the damned contraption had been waiting just for me all the time.

In the silent march to the punishment my sister had chosen for me, I had debated putting up a fight. Even with my hands behind my back I could have kicked and bitten and maybe even landed a good blow or two. But I couldn't do that to Neffie, it would only distress her and in the end I'd be subdued and probably earn myself an extra hour. I hated submissive compliance but it would at least rob Diana of satisfaction is seeing me brought low. Without waiting to be told, I positioned myself on the box with a leg on each side of the plank I would hate so bitterly soon. Diana was more breathless than I.

My sister insisted on helping. I looked down while she and Miss Neff buckled the anklets tight and snapped on the tethers which, when cinched, would come close to splitting me in two. The ways and means of this punishment must have been previously discussed. Diana knew all about raising my arms to have the single link of my handcuffs snapped to the tether above. It was Diana who put her arm around my waist and told me to sit down on the edge. Diana held my waist to balance me during this. My bound arms prevented both escape and falling off sideways. Gingerly I lowered myself until I felt my pussy lips being crushed. Then I had to put even more weight down until my legs could be picked up and pulled tightly to the sides.

Diana giggled. "Make sure you get a comfortable seat," she said with a grin. Then Diana's arm was gone and I was alone, balanced upon a point of pain that I knew would grow worse. I felt impaled by the bitter wood. As I moaned my first recognition of a new agony, I looked from side to side to behold my taut legs and their tether ropes being cinched to rings in the walls. I came very close to telling them I really didn't want to go through with this but part of me knew, even as the hard edge bit deeper and deeper into my soft sex, that words would do no good. Indeed, pleas would only delight Diana even more.

Diana knelt as close as she could to get the best possible view of my feminine parts as they sat upon the wood and the wood drove up inside me. I knew she would be partly cheated because girl's pussy almost vanishes beneath her weight. Miss Neff was again raising my arms cautiously to insure the perfect tension and balance of my body. Satisfied, she checked every rope and said, before leaving, "I assume you wish to stay and observe your sister's anguish, Miss Liston?"

"Of course! Oh, yes, yes, yes!"

"Then perhaps you will excuse me. I will leave you two alone. But I will be back in precisely one hour. During that time I do implore you seriously to add nothing to what the poor girl is suffering."

With the closing of the door there was a heavy silence while the pain where I sat spread and grew. It was rapidly becoming the central point of my being, the focus of all my attention. I was already moaning. Which drew response from Diana.

"Is it really hurting that bad, Lana dear?"

There are some questions you cannot answer, this was one of them. My only attempt was another moan.

"You're almost split in two, aren't you, dear. This is better than a dream!" Interminably, between gasps and groans, I managed to convey a hurting so great as to inhibit conversation. I didn't think Diana believed a word. She kept rattling away with exclamation after exclamation of delight to which I finally made response by the simple act of screaming. I screamed and screamed hysterically and hoped the sounds of suffering would touch my sister's heart. I suppose her response was predictable.

"If you keep making that noise, I shall gag you, dear sister. You're being frightfully vulgar."

My screaming trailed off. I was frightened of the gag, I wanted nothing more to cope with right now than what I already had. I managed a choked, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I'll try."

But I could not stop the moans.

Screams are terrible things. Mine must have convinced Diana of the true nature of the thing on which I sat, the true nature of my punishment itself. Up to that time she have treated the whole thing as humorous. But when she spoke now, it was in a serious tone.

"So, okay, Lana my pet, I'm a bitch and I'll confess I begin to feel a little like a

bitch. If that's any comfort."

Silence followed before she said, "There's something about you, something about the way you suffer, and you longing to be free and go home that really gets to me. I'm not going to turn you loose, that's out of the question. It's like when I whipped you, I wanted it to go on forever, and I want this to go on forever. This power I absorb out of your suffering is heady stuff, indeed, and I'm going to have to watch it. I'd best go home tomorrow and catch my breath. I'll come back in a month and see how you affect me then."

My sister was thinking aloud, her words coming to me through the mist of pain. I wanted her to go away. If I had to sit like this for an hour, I wanted to do it alone. I wanted to be the only one to see my stretched legs, my wrecked arms, and my flattened sex. My arms forced my head forward and I had a very good view of my pussy. But I hated to look at it. It was terrible to see what I was feeling, both sensations were painful in the extreme. But it was a pain to turn my head so I just closed my eyes.

Di's voice intruded into my world of darkness and pain. "I like your idea of taking you home, darling, and making a place like these where I could make you uncomfortable all the time. I could keep you safely prisoner all by myself. It wouldn't be too hard to fix, but right now I'm scared. You're habit forming, Lana, and I've become addicted. Goodness knows what I'd do to you if I had you all to myself."

She allowed a small silence. "Or would that please you, dear? Would you like to be mine alone?"

What a time to pop that kind of question! I was hurting too much to give it much thought. But anything that got me away from my present imprisonment might be worth a try. Perhaps there might come a chance of escape if she were my jailer. There certainly were none now.

I managed to gasp, "Okay. Take me. I'm your prisoner here anyway."

I was hotly kissed, fingertips played mischief with my nipples before I was allowed to drift back into the mists of pain Diana did not understand. When Miss Neff released me, I flopped limply to the floor only semiconscious. But I heard Neffie's irritation, "Really, Miss Liston, you've been most unkind to your sister. This is a punishment we reserve only for the most extreme cases. I'll handcuff the poor child and we can leave her here to recover."

I felt the tight clasp of handcuffs but did not open my eyes. I simply wanted to drift in the wonderful golden feeling of having come through and it was over. It had been this way with the whip. When it was over the suffering actually seems worthwhile. It's like someone wearing tight shoes all day because it felt so good to take them off at night. Silly! Well, most of what we think and say is silly.

I lay there, curled up and clutching my wounded puss with both shackled hands. And finding a glorious comfort in this simple holding of myself. It did not occur to me to wonder why my hands were cuffed in front. I cared for nothing except the diminishment of pain.

After a while Miss Neff came to help me erect and hold my arm as she led me to my cell. The apple and bread were waiting but I flopped gratefully on the bench to let

Miss Neff arrange me as she pleased and I fell into the depths of sleep.

I awoke to daylight. I knew it was early but I had slept enough. The apple and bread were still there and I ate them hungrily, reveling in the possession of hands. It was truly wonderful to have my hands, even though joined, where I could use them instead of behind my back. I wondered if Neffie had been kind or simply absent-minded. I anxiously examined a pussy recently whipped and yesterday punished on the' horse. It appeared to have survived both torments remarkable well. Everything was discolored and swollen, and my private lips now made a truly glorious handful, still hot with suffering. I ate the last scraps on which Lashby Hall made certain I would not get fat. Then I was able to wash my own face in the bowl and use the tiny mirror to try and do something for my hair. Incredibly there was a lipstick on the tiny shelf. I blessed Miss Neff, for no one else could have placed it here. When I had used it, uncaring that the process took two hands instead of one, I looked and felt ten times the girl I had been. I recalled someone saying something about girls being the most resilient creatures in the world. They were right. It was then I heard the sounds.

Miss Witherspoon did not often visit. She was regally carrying my bread and apple and thrust it with a flourish through the bars before unlocking the door. I stood in spell-bound shock as Miss Neff and one of the more muscular members of the staff came into view, grunting with exertion as they carried the unconscious figure of a naked girl whose wrists were safely handcuffed behind her back. They carried the figure through my door and deposited her face down on my wooden bench. The servant nodded at a job well done and went her way. From somewhere in the passage Miss Neff procured a couple of small chairs which she placed just outside my cell as I stared in fascinated horror at my bench on which reposed the handcuffed loveliness of my sister, Diana!

"She'll wake up after an hour or so," Miss Neff said cheerfully. "Miss Witherspoon has some news for you."

"We were not advised until yesterday evening, dear." Miss Witherspoon's gentle voice was directed at me. "It appears the group which sponsors you here at Lashby Hall has reached a similar decision with respect to your sister." She bestowed her kindest smile. "I was amazed at the list of her offenses. She appears to have annoyed more people than even you. Her stay with us will be indefinite, as is your own."

I stood there with my back to the concrete side of my cell as my two visitors watched my features struggle to cope. It would take some time to believe what I was seeing.

"Is that possible? I thought Diana was the instigator, more or less the leader of the pack. They wouldn't dare!"

"The same might have been said of you, Lana dear."

I suppose the year between us had always had let us feeling Diana was the superior. But she was pathetic now upon the wooden bench. I knew I should be happy at what I had been told. Miss Witherspoon must have read my mind.

"Do the names William Harding, Emily Bostock, Mrs. Amy Pearson, and John Savage mean anything to you, Lana dear girl?"

"You mean they sponsored her? Told you to keep her here? Told you to make her

a prisoner like me?"

"That is correct. All of them have been in touch with us, speaking for the rest of the group. I gather they carry weight?"

"Gosh, yes. Oh, Miss Witherspoon, if those four want Diana here, you've got her for sure. Those name carry a lot of weight."

Miss Witherspoon coughed gently to herald a pronouncement. "Hildegard and I must admit to you, Lana dear, a certain feeling of justice about what is taking place. We were not a bit pleased by your sister's treatment of you. We tried to explain to her that punishment is one thing but wanton unkindness is something else again." Once more the little cough. "We explained what was happening to those people on the phone and they instantly agreed. They have requested a somewhat more severe regiment for dear Diana than is proscribed for you."

Joy was beginning to seep back into me. I was still as much a prisoner as ever but Diana's comeuppance was a tremendous relief. I hadn't realized how her promises of continued visits and the possibility of her taking me home for continuous torture depressed me. I had been having visions of whippings all the time and riding the horse in between. I even had one wild vision of her making me sleep upon the horse every night, all night!

However, I was now confronted by how I should treat a girl with whom I could now get even. Once more Miss Witherspoon cut me off.

"We are sure you must feel poorly used by your sister. Possibly you may wish reprisals or at least a 'getting even'. I fear Miss Neff and I must place limits upon what we can permit in this regard. But, dear girl, please understand our comprehension for such a desire. Your sister is most certainly richly deserving of punishment."

Miss Witherspoon and Miss Neff looked at me expectantly. I realized they were awaiting my request for permission to whip Diana in the same way she had whipped me, and to have her placed upon the horse as I had been. I shook my head as if to clear it from conflicting emotions. These two women! It as hard to cope with their sweetness one second and harsh punishment the next. Somehow I felt certain that if I now asked permission to whip my sister in return for the way she had whipped me, that permission would be granted. But I looked at her unconscious nudity upon the bench and found it hard to bear malice. Diana was going to have a rough enough time when she awoke. I could imagine her shock and how long it would take to recover from it and adjust to becoming a prisoner in Lashby Hall. Tentatively I said, "If you would like me to whip Diana, I think she deserves to be whipped and I would like to do it. I know this isn't a bit forgiving, not even the way I ought to feel, but I think it would do her good. The same goes for the horse." I look pleadingly. "I'm afraid I've never been a really nice girl. I sort of discovered how I deserve to be at Lashby Hall. Looking at Diana I saw a mirror of myself."

The owners of Lashby Hall nodded, I could see they were pleased but there was still things to be said. "We are leaving Diana in this cell with you. I'm afraid we are foisting off on you the thankless task of trying to make the dear girl understand what has happened. Of trying to get her to realize its inevitability," Miss Witherspoon sighed. "She is such a strong-headed young woman. But I am sure you will do better than anyone else. You will notice your hands are cuffed in front whereas Diana's are

locked behind her. This will assure your safety and gives you an element of authority."

"Thank you, honest I'll do my best."

"We know you will, dear. By the way, Mr. Harding has undertaken the management of your outside affairs, and Diana's as well. Your estate will be kept intact and well supervised. I don't know when you may have use of it again, but it will be there."

"A suggestion, Lana dear," Miss Neff added. "We are much concerned here with the psychology of punishment. It is my judgment we should allow Miss Diana Liston a reasonable period of adjustment from being a pampered rich girl to a naked prisoner without hope of parole. You will, therefore, not whip her tomorrow, nor place her on the horse. As a matter of fact, as of this moment, Miss Witherspoon and I believe contact should be limited. To Diana, when she awakens, you will represent a crutch, a sounding board, a sympathetic audience. After your initial help, she will have her own cell and make her own life at Lashby Hall the same as any other delinquent young woman. However, should you wish to more permanently share her imprisonment, you have only to say." A wintery smile graced her features. "Such a situation does have a certain sense of justice, does it not?"

I was gaining confidence. The sight of my sister's nakedness no longer sent me into a confusion of emotion. The two guardians of my prison could hardly have been more lenient or helpful. Of course they wouldn't let me go but I didn't expect them to. In a faint hope, almost involuntary, I timidly asked, "When you were speaking to my sponsors, did they show any softening about me? Did they think I had been punished enough?"

"No, dear, they did not. I made a point of mentioning your good behavior but their disapproval of you remains intact. They pointed out how short a time you have spent here. It is normal in women consigned in our care to remain with us a period of many months or years."

I nodded. It was like being sentenced all over again. I was warmly kissed, my bare arms squeezed affectionately, and then they picked up their chairs, locked the door of my cell, and departed to deal with the affairs of Lashby Hall.

The whole thing was bizarre but I was getting used to it. I made enough space at the end of the bench to sit down and awaited developments.

Diana did not come speedily awake. When consciousness began to return it caught me eating my apple while watching the small motions of her awakening form. Obviously the bench was hard and she sensed that. Not yet awake, she tried to turn but was hampered by the lack of hands. Several times I rescued her from falling to the floor.

I knew instantly the moment she became fully alert. All motion stopped as she tensed in the realization of something wrong. Her arms tugged in disbelief they were not free. I arose and used my own cuffed hands to help her up to a siting position. She muttered stupidly, "Something's happened. Where am I?"

I sat close beside her on the bench, lifting my hands over her head to hold her close. "You're with me, Di," I whispered close to her ear. "Don't fuss, just come

awake slowly. I'll hold you."

She awoke but not slowly. She tensed with almost a jerk. She looked, wide-eyed, around the cell and then at me.

"What's happened! Lana, what have you done? How did I . . . ?"

I lifted my arms back over her head so she could stand. Quite evidently my presence meant little. What she was concerned with was the cell and the passage beyond. Her realization of being handcuffed was a shock and I was the one who got the blame.

"Lana, this isn't funny. How did you get me here? I'm handcuffed! How did you manage?"

"Yes, you're handcuffed, Di. Don't fight them, you can't get free. I'm afraid you're a prisoner the same as me."

She shook her head as if to rid her mind of sleep. "That's not possible, that's all wrong. It's you who is the prisoner, Lana. I'm not. I don't see how you could possibly . . . . "

She was suddenly wide awake, her voice a peel of pure shock, "I'm naked!" Diana was very beautiful. Satisfied she had herself under control, I watched her come to grips with this new situation. I had never seen my sister naked any more than she had seen me. We had shielded ourselves from each other. Her curves and contours made me envious until I realized they simply matched my own.

"Just sit still and I'll tell you the whole thing," I suggested. "Just listen a minute before you blow your top."

She didn't want to listen, she blew her top. "You rotten bitch!" she screamed in anger as she jerked at her locked hands. "I'll teach you to play these lousy tricks." She jumped up and aimed a vigorous kick in the direction of my stomach before tumbling to the floor in a sobbing bundle.

Because of the confinement of my own hands, I could only clutch her arm beneath her shoulder to help get her back up. I aimed a kiss but was thrust aside by a female fury. She vented her wrath against he cell bars, pushing and pulling at them frantically until defeat overcame her. Then she turned and aimed a thoughtless kick at the massive lock. She yelled at the pain of it and hopped around to finally plant her back against the bars where she glared at me.

We stood like that while she rubbed her injured foot against he other leg.

Her lovely breasts were heaving in turmoil of emotion which gradually stilled. "So it wasn't you, Lana?"

She shook her head again. "Someone' s robbed me of clothes, fixed my hands like this, and locked me in here with you. I don't get it."

"The bunch who put me in here have now sponsored you. Darling, it seems like you have enemies."

"The rotten bastards, they can't do this! It's just not possible!"

"You and they did it to me. Now they're doing it to you."

Poor, beautiful Diana. I could almost watch her mind sort things out. "It's a joke," she declared, "It's it? Some sort of dirty, rotten joke." She looked at me hopefully. "Tell me it's a joke, darling."

"It's not a joke, darling," I told her gently. "I'm handcuffed, you're handcuffed, the door's locked. Nothing has changed for me. You sent me here and I have no hope of getting my freedom back. Now the rest of them have done the same thing to you. I must have been more of a bitch than I ever dreamed and, of course, you've never been anything else. Di, darling, don't let's kid ourselves. We haven't been all that nice to know."

She did not argue. My sister is far from dumb. Instead she inquired, "I have to talk to Miss Witherspoon. Is there anyway of getting someone down here?"

"No, there isn't. We just have to stand or sit in our nice little cage until someone brings us a bit of bread or an apple. Or comes to take us to punishment."

"Bread and an apple!" My sister made it sound like something terrible and unclean. "What the devil would we do with bread and an apple?"

"Eat it. That's what we get fed."

"You have to be joking."

Diana was sorting things out. "Don't tell me you've been eating such rubbish."

"I ate mine while you were unconscious. You'll eat yours, too, darling, when you get hungry enough."

"No I won't, I'll absolutely refuse."

"Then I'll eat yours along with mine. They always keep us just a little bit hungry, it's good for our figures. Great diet. We'll call it the Lashby Hall Diet. Slim down in no time."

She let it pass. Leaping on to her next distress, "Lana, it must be possible to get free of these things on our wrists, it just has to be possible. Please help me."

I held up my own hands. "I can't get these off, I certainly can't free yours. When a girl is handcuffed she stays handcuffed until someone brings the key. I've been handcuffed ever since you sent me here."

"Don't keep saying I sent you, I was only one of a group."

"Well, anyway, I'm here. So are you and it's the same bunch of meanies who are going to keep us here."

My sister was catching up. She was probably remembering a great many incidents Which, in total, had brought her to where she was now. I had done a good deal of that soul searching myself since coming here. And, as a consequence was beginning

to understand the reasons for my captivity. I was not a bit sure my sister understood. But her mind had been at work in a different direction.

"You and I have never been very good friends, have we?" she inquired as if making a discovery.

"No, we haven't. We've been a pair of bitches."

"And I had you whipped, made to sit on that plank thing."

"It gave you so much pleasure, I almost felt it worth the pain," I retorted bitterly.

"I expect you're mad at me?"

"What else do you expect."

"Could I say I'm sorry?" She sounded a trifle pathetic.

"Say it by all means, I'm sorry, too. If you want an honest opinion, I think you were damned unkind."

"Lana dear, please forgive me."

Diana's reasoning was not hard to follow. She had been damned good and mean and was now wondering if her chickens were coming home to roost. I shrugged, "I suppose I forgive you. You were just a bitch, acting like a bitch. You can't help it, Di dear."

The poor dear was giving her wrists a really bad time. I had done that too during my first days. I suppose it is an instinctive act, like pacing up and down behind bars. Her mind was still busy. "I think Miss Witherspoon and Miss Neff are fond of you, aren't they darling?"

I shrugged. "They're as kind to me as Lashby Hall permits," I admitted.

"But what's that got to do with you?"

"They don't like me much. I was wondering if you could put in a good word for me. Is there any chance they'd make you whip me because I whipped you?"

"Quite possibly. Stop worrying about it, Di dear, prisoners don't have anything to say about anything. I don't have any influence in high places, if that's what you're thinking of."

"I couldn't bear to be whipped. I'd die."

"You'd bear it if you had to. Being whipped doesn't kill girls. If you continue being Miss Diana Liston, it's quite likely to happen."

It took my darling sister several minutes to digest my words. But if she found no forgiveness within Lashby Hall it would not be for lack of trying.

"They'd never dare set me up on that horse thing – would they? They couldn't!"

I was getting good at shrugging. "Why not? You're pussy is no more sacred than mine or any other girl's. Like I said, with your temperament, you're likely to be punishment-prone."

"Don't say such things, they frighten me! Darling, I don't seem to have hands. But if I had I'd put my arms around you and tell you how I've always loved you. I have, you know."

"Yes, sure, I noticed you affection the day you whipped me. You must have loved me a lot to cut at me like that," I agreed sarcastically.

"I got carried away. I said I'm sorry."

"You didn't get carried away when you sat me on the horse. I've never seen a girl work harder to make something happen."

My sister let that pass. Diana had now gotten both feet back on the floor and, perhaps for the first time, was having a good look around at bars and concrete and still more bars. Her reflections were broken by the arrival of Miss Neff with the apple and bit of bread. She pushed them beneath the bars instead of unlocking the door.

"Good to see you're up and around, Miss Liston." She was cheerful as ever.

"Here's your breakfast. And I'm sure you're having an interesting time listening to everything Lana has to tell?"

"Let me out of here, you rotten bitch!" Diana was running true to form.

"Right now you can get these damned things off my wrists." She backed against the bars and wiggled her hands invitingly.

"Lana will hold the apple and bread for you, dear, you won't be having hands for quite a long while. If ever."

"You can't possibly keep me here!"

"Why not? We kept your sister. We expect to keep you both a long time yet."

"Then at least get me a cup of coffee while we talk."

"We're not going to talk, dear. And prisoners never get coffee." Miss Neff walked grandly away.

Poor Diana! I wondered if I had been equally ridiculous on my first day. She now turned to vent upon me the full vigor of her outrage. "You heard that! When I talk to the sponsors I'll certainly let them know the kind of treatment we get. They'll have us out of her in an hour."

"You'll never get to speak to the sponsors," I told her. "As far as they're concerned, we're dead and nicely out of the way. I expect you'll start on the daily punishments tomorrow and that will give you things to think about."

I got another vicious glare. "They may give you those beastly punishments, they won't dare inflict them on me. If they even mention it, I'll give them a piece of my

mind."

"If you do that, they'll give you the thin end of the cane across your bottom. Diana, grow up!" It was hard going. I picked up the apple and the bread. "If you refuse to eat these, Diana dear, may I have them?"

"You know what you can do with them!" my sister snorted in disgust.

"Apples and bread, and naked in a prison cell! I just don't believe this. Tell me it isn't true."

I sat on the bench and started my second breakfast while Diana ranted and raved and paced up and down. She would eventually wear herself out and become human. When I thought of all she and I had lost by getting ourselves into this jackpot, I would have done some pacing myself. Our sponsors had robbed us of life, replacing it with dry bread and iron bars. I didn't have much comfort to offer the girl who put me here, I could have used a bit of comfort myself. I almost wished for my daily punishment as a way out of the cell.

After a while she tired of her pacing and sat beside me on the bench.

"We may not be left together too long," I told her. "They'll probably keep us in separate cells. Or that beastly cage or one of the little ones they have around. We might as well be friends while we're together. Want me to play with you?"

"Don't be disgusting! And how can we possibly be friends when I can't even touch you?"

"I can touch you. At least I can today. But mostly my hands are kept behind my back. Oh, Diana, I wish none of this had happened. Both of our lives are going to be totally messed up by this imprisonment."

I was spared further talk by the appearance of Miss Neff. She unlocked the cell door in business-like fashion. "It's not too late for your daily punishment, girls. Lana understands it but you may as well get started on our program, Miss Liston. I have brought Mary with me in case you prefer force."

"Drop dead."

Muscular Mary wasted no time. Following my sister as she backed into a corner, she grabbed a handful of Diana's lovely hair and shook it until her brains rattled. Suddenly her slender neck was noosed with rope and tightened down. While this was going on, Hildegard Neff thoughtfully changed my handcuffs from front to back. I was back to square one.

I had forgotten whether I did much struggling on my first day. Diana fought with all she had, which wasn't that much. A girl's bare foot can't land all that effective a kick, and the rough rope around her neck limited her movement. She finally had to follow where she was led. As an example of what was expected of a girl at Lashby Hall, I walked ahead with small steps, flaunting my hips as if walking to a picnic.

"You rotten little bitch," my sister howled at me. "If you're being such a brown nose to impress me, you can stop anytime." She trailed off in a series of yelps as the leash had its way with her.

Without regard for comfort muscular Mary disposed of my sister in short order. She raised Diana's arms way up and simply placed the handcuffs link over a hanging hook, too high for any possible withdrawal. There was now a definite trace of apprehension in Diana's protests.

"We think it a nice idea to start you two girls off together. We are really being very kind to you, Miss Liston, even if you do not recognize the fact."

"All I recognize is outrage," Diana gasped. "I'll make sure you go to prison for ever when I get out of this."

My own punishment did not take that long. When told to I knelt and spread my knees apart. Straps went over my ankles and when buckled tight, held my feet and legs to the floor. I was pushed back until I was sitting on my heels at which point a chain leash snapped upon my collar, and that was that. I would kneel thus until someone chose to set me free. I could not fall sideways or back, the chain to my collar prevented me falling forward. At first glance it might not seem a punishment at all, but I knew my knees and ankles would soon start to scream and there was nothing I could do.

Miss Neff patted my head approvingly and turned her attention to my struggling sister.

It was a simple device, a cast iron base from which rose a pedestal ending in a metal simulation of a male phallus. It took both women to place it where Diana had to move her head to avoid it poking her in the eye. I could easily guess what was coming.

"Embrace it in your mouth, Miss Liston."

Helpless as she might be, Diana still possessed considerably ability to move. She swung around from her raised and firmly secured hands to point in an opposite direction and lashed out blindly with a bare foot. She impacted with the cast iron object. She managed only to hurt her foot, badly to judge from the cry of pain and the way she hopped on one foot while uttering very unlady-like curses. The two women smilingly took a taut bare arm each to turn their victim back around to face both me and the waiting pedestal. A hand in her hair positioned her mouth and pushed down hard. My sister opened her mouth and accepted the metal monster. It was that or risk loosing teeth as the hard metal was pushed against her mouth. A strap circled her neck and was buckled tight. It left my sister in rather as undignified a posture as possible. Her pert bottom was waving back and forth in the air and her fingers struggled uselessly, but no matter what motions she contrived she could not move her head, raise it, nor force the phallus out of her mouth. Thoughtfully, Miss Neff raised Di' s arms a couple more notches, evoking a little scream of protest, muffled by metal.

"A lesson in humility, my dear. You're nicely bound as your mouth pays tribute," Miss Neff said gently as her finger explored a pair of the firmest breasts a girl could offer. "I suggest you stand still, struggling will only hurt. Perhaps your sister will be sweet enough to talk to you. It will help you pass the time. You should also bear in mind that Lana will be suffering increasingly as your day wears on. You must not feel ill-used."

Alone with my sister I longed to laugh or cry or scream, perhaps all three. But I did none of them. I sat unhappily wondering how bad I was going to hurt and, at the same time, twisting to explore the limits of my bondage. There was nothing effective I could do. It was almost impossible for Diana to look at anything but the floor but I could tell she was striving to glare at me in fury as if I were the author of her distress. Irritably I reminded her, "If you hadn't put me here, you wouldn't be here yourself. Both of us would be happily out in the world, spending money and enjoying life. I'm sure the way you're fixed is not a bit nice but you can blame it on yourself."

She could not reply but I knew her snorts and gagged sounds meant she was telling me to shut up. She was not used to gag and kept trying to talk even though she would never be able to force out even a word. "I know everything you want to say, darling," I told her. "Don't worry about not being able to say it." I found I was not too good at one-sided conversation. I just sat and looked at poor Diana and was thankful she was not bent too far forward by her raised arms. The punishment seemed severe for her first day but I need not have worried. After about an hour Miss Neff and Mary showed up again and in a business-like fashion freed her from her shame.

"We thought it a bit hard for the poor child on her first day," Miss Neff explained. "But we will now refasten her in an easier pose but one she may like even less."

Miss Neff sighed with resignation. "I fear when the poor child's mouth is released we will be inflicted with bad language and protests."

Fascinated I watched, realizing I was still a relatively new girl here myself. My sister's wrists remained handcuffed behind her back when she was unstrapped from the male phallus. She was back at square one, and I suppose we would have been disappointed if she had been quiet. As usual, she was to the point. "You'll spend the rest of your lives in jail for this." She glare at me. "I'm sure this is your fault, Lana, you could make them treat me decently if you wanted to."

Her blazing eyes settled upon the waiting women. "You needn't stand there thinking you'll do anything more to me, I've had a belly-full. You know what you can do with your rotten punishments and your iron cocks. Don't you dare do anything like that to me again."

Mary gripped her from behind and lifted her easily to hover above the waiting pedestal which now became a male threat. Diana, glimpsing fresh possibilities, kicked lustily until Miss Neff used the riding crop upon her shins and told her to stop it. Diana stopped, the crop must have hurt. She hung, tense, eyes wide, breasts heaving, while Miss Hildegard Neff acted as guide for what was now obviously an impalement. I watched, far more fascinated than if it had been myself.

"Don't you do it! Don't even think of it, you two beastly bitches! Put me down and free my hands." Diana's last words have been broken and trembling. The lovely nakedness to be impaled was now too frightened to struggle, no doubt Diana was envisioning frightful wounds from the iron phallus. Since the iron itself was already wet from her mouth, its head smoothly entered between the virgin lips Miss Neff held to separate. Inch by inch and gasp by gasp, Miss Diana Liston found herself more and more solidly entered by the invader. It was now within her sheath and great care was being exercised as it slid higher and higher to bring her toes closer to the floor.

"I'll die. You're killing me. No girl can possibly endure . . . . " Diana continued in that vein to the last.

The pedestal and its prong were adjustable. Miss Neff busily adjusted until she waved an arm to signal a successful completion and got to her feet. Mary took her hands from Diana and the two of them stood back to survey their work. My sister was too shocked to come up with her usual insults. Her eyes had become intent and without focus as she balanced on her toes and struggled against her handcuffs. Her heels slowly edged lower to the floor. When Diana knew herself impaled to the depth of the metal rod without dying or even being fearfully torn asunder, she loudly proclaimed, almost in wonder, "I can't move! I mean, I can't possibly walk. I can't step off this beastly thing you've stuck me on. Lift me off! I demand you immediately lift me off. This is obscene."

Miss Neff and Mary patted their victim's bottom. "If you stop struggling, dear, you won't hurt yourself," Miss Neff said gently. "All you have to do is stand, it's very easy."

"I'll have endless orgasms. I can already feel–"

"How nice for you, dear. You're so lucky."

My sister and I were once more alone. With the closing of the door Diana's struggles ceased. "This has to be crazy!" she said. "I can't lift myself off this horrible thing. Have they done this to you?"

"Not yet, but I'll get it sooner or later. Is it that bad!"

"Of course it's bad! It's utterly indecent. If only I could lift one foot up and over – but I can't! Oh, damn!"

"Well, Di, at least you won't get pregnant."

"That's a rotten thing to say. I hope they stick you on it for a week."

"Thanks a lot, darling. If you don't want orgasms you should stop wiggling like that."

"Am I wiggling? I hadn't noticed. This is awful, I can't fight."

I watched Di suffer her orgasm while nakedly impaled upon a metal prong. Handcuffs had never gotten such a going over as hers did now. Her eyes became glassy and her mouth hung open as the gasps and moans echoed around the room. Some of the sounds she came out with made me almost envious. It was for sure I would get no sexual stimulus from the way I was fixed.

The climax had exhausted Diana's instinct for battle. She stood cautiously erect, her head slightly bowed in defeat, while her bare arms hung listless at her back. I felt sorry for her. I wished I didn't but I guess it was the sad, defeated pose. I knew there was no use saying anything, there was nothing worthwhile to say. We were two girls imprisoned because of our stupidities and facing an endless vista of punishments. I did not try to struggle, I knew helplessness when I felt it.

Diana stood as still as she could, making a nice picture. No matter what pose she took she would always be lovely. The beautiful Diana Liston could enchant anything or add her own magic to even situations such as this. But after a long while I became

anxious enough ask, "Diana, darling, are you okay?"

"I suppose so. I haven't died."

"Don't go to sleep and fall. That might be dangerous."

"Why do you think I'm standing so still," she retorted. "It's all right for you, you've got things easy."

"You wouldn't think so if you were down here. Di, I'm so damned sorry. Everything seems so damned hopeless and endless. And all we have to look forward to is being locked in a sad little cell until tomorrow. We don't even get our hands back, the handcuffs stay on and we eat our apple as a dog would."

We gazed at each other in desolation.

The appearance of Reggie Twining at that moment was no more a shock than anything else. At least not for me. With Diana it was different. She had made his acquaintance differently and was now enveloped in shame. And she reverted to type.

"You must leave at once, Mr. Twining. You mustn't look at us. If you were a gentlemen, you would turn and leave the room at once. Please see Miss Neff as to when Lana and I may be able to see you."

Reggie gazed upon my sister in pure amazement. His shock was divided between her condition and her commands. He looked at me and grinned. We were old friends. He took a long, hard look at my exposed sex before his attention turned to the way I was bound. But Diana made a far more interesting exhibit for his attention. He walked around her several times, gazing with interest at the manner in which she was secured. He seemed to know what was up inside her.

"Boy, they've really got you fixed!" His admiration was genuine. "I'll have to bring Nora here some time and have Miss Neff show me how's it's done. Damn it, Miss Liston, I never expected to see you like this. Do you know how beautiful you are?"

"Yes, I do. Can you lift me off this contraption? Please be a gentlemen."

"If you're for sale, I'm in the market."

"I'm not for sale. You have now had a good look at my nakedness. Be a gentleman and lift me off this outrageous object. Or if you will place something beneath my feet so I can get myself off."

Poor, dear Di! Reggie Twining was gazing at her in pure awe. He asked what was, for him, an obvious question, "Has anyone ever whipped your ass, Miss Liston?"

"Please don't be crude," my sister sniffed disdainfully. "I have not been whipped and I have no intention of being whipped. Please don't keep looking at me that way. And please get me off this. I will assure you of a more than adequate reward."

"Your snatch?"

"Please don't be offensive. That is a horrible way to speak of a . . . well, to speak

of the object you were referring to."

"I can think of worse!"

Poor Diana! She was so beautiful, so enticing, so sexy. Even with her being angry and standing there impaled on a metal rod, she was still beautiful. Reggie summed it up for me.

"You're a real dish, Diana. I'm going to stop calling you Miss Liston. You can call me Reggie. I suppose you're curious why I'm here."

"I couldn't care less. Please leave."

I had to feel sorry for Di. I must be careful not to paint her as a prude or Victorian. Di had been around just as I had been around, but had revealed her nakedness, only for the act of love. And then for only very few, carefully chosen men. To be starkly displayed like this, impaled and handcuffed was a serious departure from the norm.

Reggie turned his attention to me. "Lana, my pet, you've spoiled me. Did you know you 'were the best piece of ass in these United States?"

I flushed. Reggie's statement hit me in about the same way his sudden appearance hit my sister. I was not a bit certain if I should take it for a compliment.

"You're twice as good as Nora, I found this out when I had you both beside my bed. Should have told you at the time but you know how it is."

I did not know how it is, I was not a man. But I must admit my most tender memories of Reggie were when he had me chained to the floor and entered me at will. Since that time, and since my return to Lashby Hall, I had been annoyed with myself by a degree of dolor at the prospect of a manless existence for the rest of my sentence. Reggie had been cruel to Nora and I, he probably had left the poor girl in some painful bondage to come and gloat over us. I suppose it happened only because those at Lashby Hall had little opportunity to consort with sponsors and Reggie was an amusing example of the breed. Bitterly I retorted, "Thanks for the compliment, if that is what it is. But that doesn't help me much, hurting the way I do right now."

"I think a lot of Nora," he continued as if I had not spoken. "I used to be in love with the dear girl. I'm not sure why I sponsored her to Lashby Hall, except maybe because I'm a man who demands total obedience and won't tolerate being nagged."

He surveyed his captive audience with goodwill. "The fact is, Nora falls a bit flat now after I've had you, Lana. So I've decided to give her her freedom. She can flit away and do whatever she wants so long as I can hold on to you."

My surge of joy was selfish. If Nora could be freed, so could I! If she were being returned to life today or tomorrow, perhaps I could be returned to freedom in a month or two. Diana appeared to be only a spectator while I looked at Reggie hopefully and said the conventional thing, "I don't think you'll regret giving Nora freedom. She's a sweetheart and deserves it after spending a couple years in here. Will Lashby Hall allow you to take me?"

"No problem. It's all settled."

"Will you lead me away helplessly fastened?"

"Damn it, girl, what else!"

Reggie evidently saw my question as belaboring the obvious. "You're a precious package, I won't be taking any chances with you. I don't want you thinking that because I set Nora free, you can go flitting off yourself. You're doubly precious."

"What's the man talking about?" Diana interjected. "If this man expects to use your body as a depository for his sperm, you should refuse. Tell him to keep his precious Nora."

"Do I look as if I could refuse anybody anything!"

"That's what I like to hear," said Reggie cheerfully. "You're trained, Lana, and how!"

It is hard for a girl undergoing punishment to keep her mind away from her aches and pains. I asked, "It's all wonderful, Reggie, but would you mind unstrapping me, I'm hurting?"

I don't suppose he heard me, he was too wrapped up in visions of what I would probably suffer when I was the only girl he had to play with. Apart from joy while chained beside his bed, I would be a Barbie doll into which he inserted needles. I wondered if I could possibly persuade him to take Diana instead. My sister's thoughts went in the same direction.

"Why not take me instead, Mr. Twining. Our intellectual levels would make me far more interesting."

"You mean you want to be screwed?"

"I did not say that," Di said haughtily. "In my case you would have to abandon such carnal pursuits."

"Up yours, sweetheart. I know when I'm on to a good thing. You're a pretty package, but I'll bet you're a lousy lay." He laughed coarsely at the joke he made next, "You're probably enjoying the best piece of ass you'll ever have!" He pointed to the metal pedestal and the unseen metal phallus.

My poor sister returned to an offended silence. I could well imagine she saw no hope of victory anywhere. I had always suspected that she used men in the same way that they expected to use her. I had always thought that to approach my sister carnally would be a cold experience for most men. Reggie still concentrated on me. "Last I had you, you were thinking I was a worm unfit to lick your shoes," he told me. "I'm going to cure that, but the cures painful and you can blame yourself. Don't doubt I'll pick up your vibes and know your thoughts. By the way, do you even wish to be my property?"

"Of course she doesn't!" my sister cried on my behalf. "You ought to know that. Go away."

Reggie Twining returned his attention to a girl who certainly had other things to

think about. "Who asked you?" he demanded sourly. "Keep your trap shut unless spoken to."

Faced with decision, I asked, lamely, "You mean I can stay at Lashby Hall if I choose?"

"Not really. You belong to me. Miss Witherspoon and I have simply regenerated the previous agreement. If you insist on being sulky, you'll dance a pretty tune to the music of my riding crop. That's a promise."

I returned to the only theme on which I was a true authority. "Reggie, please, I beg of you, unstrap me. I'm hurting and you'll be quite safe, I'll still be handcuffed."

Reggie gave me another intent stare, probably figuring out if I hurt and how much. As if bestowing a priceless treasure, he leaned over and tugged and unbuckled straps until he reached the collar upon my neck. Annoyed, he complained, "I don't have the key to unlock this, you'll have to stay chained."

"The key's on the wall, it's hung there to ensure frustration," I told him.

It was glorious to stand up. The man who would use me had to help me rise against the stiffness of my legs, but my knees sang a hymn of thankfulness and I felt a lot better and far more like a girl instead of a package. My thanks were sincere and, I fear, unheard.

"You can walk around all you like, Lana, but don't try anything. Stay away from the door," my master told me. "I'm going to make you pay attention to your Ps and Qs."

I followed my master from the room. Reggie had nothing to fear from me, my hands and arms were safely locked behind my back. My last glimpse of Diana was of a lovely white back and a pair of twisting hands in steel bracelets. My mind was filled with but a single thought. If Nora was given her freedom, it meant Reggie was susceptible to decency.

Perhaps me too!

7

Hopeless & Helpless

"Mr. Twining wishes to pick up his association with you at the point where your sister's arrival interrupted," Miss Witherspoon informed me brightly. "I see no reason to refuse his request, everything is in good order. I've heard nothing from Mr. Trafford, so his possible purchase of you remains in abeyance."

I longed to plead to stay at Lashby Hall but was pretty sure the appeal would be ignored. It would also hurt Reggie's feelings and that would result in my feelings being hurt, too. His hurt would be mental but mine would make my skin. I shrugged and accepted the inevitable.

"Thank you, Miss Witherspoon, I'm sure Mr. Twining will keep me safe." It was

trite but my heart sang joyously, "He may set me free, he may set me free, he may set me free!"

There was no suggestion of saying good bye to Miss Neff or Diana, evidently I would see them again. Perhaps Reggie would sanction a visit. Thinking of the function I would now serve I got hot between my thighs. I felt certain Reggie wanted me as a woman instead of something to beat at with his riding crop. I was going to have to be very careful how I treated my new master. Impulsively, and while I was still in Miss Witherspoon's benign influence, I asked, "Could I please have my hands back now?" I stared straight at Reggie. "I promise obedience. Please unlock my handcuffs."

"Don't make me laugh," said Mr. Reggie Twining.

"That is asking altogether too much, Lana dear," Miss Witherspoon gently added. "Surely you realize a girl's wrists handcuffed behind her back are the cornerstone on which we build." She turned to Reggie. "I suggest you keep Lana's hands securely locked as they are now, Mr. Twining." She kissed me a sweet good bye and I was on my way.

Beside his car Reggie gave me a choice. "I'll help you climb in the trunk, sweetheart, and you can have a nice ride in the dark. Or you can sit beside me in the seat if you give me your solemn promise to behave."

"Scout's Honor. I'll be a very good girl."

Reggie opened the car door and helped me step back into his world. It was so damned good to see a radiant Nora clothed and free of bonds I could have cried. As always, I couldn't do a thing but she embraced me with a pair of loving arms.

"Isn't it wonderful, darling, I'm not sure I believe it yet. But look, I've got clothes on! And there's not a handcuff on me anywhere! Not even a bit of rope around my middle. Reggie's being a perfect darling."

Reggie Twining basked in his own greatness, radiating a disgusting aura of self-approval. "I'll allow you two girls half an hour to yourselves before I drive Nora to the city," he said grandly. "Don't try anything stupid."

Nora and I were cautious to do or say nothing to offend Reggie. I felt more useless than ever with my hands still behind my back but Nora used her freedom enough for us both. I have never been more ardently kissed or hugged. I was tearful at the thought of being alone in this place after she went back into life. Reggie could never take her place. I was electrified by a soft, urgent whisper in my ear.

"I've stolen a handcuff key, darling. Reggie doesn't know."

Tensed in shock I stood within Nora's loving arms, my mind racing to possibilities. I dared not ask Nora to use the key upon me now, Reggie was close by and the risk far too great. Reggie would see it as a betrayal and would enslave her again, plus add considerable punishment, probably for us both. I had no illusions of overcoming Reggie by physical force, even the two of us would fail. The whisper came again.

"I can't use it now and you can't hide it. So I've put it inside that round box of

talcum powder in the bathroom, he's bound to give you the run of the bathroom sometime, so pick your own moment. Come I'll show you."

It was there, the tiny bit of metal by which a girl might be set free to return to living. I was seething with excitement and delight.

Reggie must have infected himself with his own benevolence. I had expected to be safely locked away and perhaps leg-ironed while he delivered Nora to the apartment he had obtained for her. Reggie did things right and never seemed short of money. Now it appeared I was to get neither dungeon, cell nor dark closet.

"You may as well come along, Lana. It's quite a drive and I'd like someone to talk to on the way back. Same terms as this morning. That okay?"

I assured him it was okay and was truly sincere in my thank you.

"Best your shoulders be covered, sweetheart. I've got a tee shirt that should be just about right."

My heart sang. I felt sure it could be Nora today and me tomorrow, and riding in a car with Reggie was about nine hundred times better than sitting in a cell alone. There was one thing for sure with Reggie, he could go up and down the scale of kindness and cruelty. I gazed at the little scrap of almost nothing which was the shirt Reggie had promised. He picked up my doubtful look.

"All right, all right. Turn around, sweetheart, I'll give you your hands for a moment."

I backed up like an obedient horse and one of my wrists was freed. A couple of moments later the tee shirt was over my head, and the cuff replaced. Freedom was a very short thing. It was par for the course and I couldn't expect Reggie to let me ride with him without restraint. I would be lucky if it were only hands.

It was only hands! Running to form, darling Reggie opened the trunk of his car and made an inviting gesture. "I'll let you out for the ride home," he said kindly. "But there's no use overdoing this love and kisses bit. In you get."

I looked within the tiny prison. It was clean. There was room for me. I did not complain while being helped inside. The last thing I saw before the lid was slammed was Nora's concern.

I wiggled around, seeking comfort, but decided there was none to find. I did the best I could in the almost total darkness and prayed for sleep.

When the lid was raised we were in the underground parking. It was easy for Reggie to lift me up and out and into the front seat. He proceeded to tie my ankles and knees with far more rope, tied tighter than need be. I did not complain, I was getting good at not complaining. I wondered if it would do me any good. Nora hugged and kissed me before being ushered to the elevator by Reggie's impatient hand. From now until he got me safely home I represented something of a hazard and he wanted to be on his way. For me the moment had a terrible pathos, freedom was all around, Nora had walked upstairs into a new, free life. In the streets we would soon travel, people would be walking and shopping while I could do no more than wiggle ineffectually as I was taken back to slavery.

"Nora's okay, but you're a damned sight better, Lana," my master told me happily as he threaded our way through traffic. "The poor girl's in love with me but you're not. That makes it easier to punish you and give my mean streak full reign. Scared?"

"Yes, I'm scared. Forgive me, Reggie, if I seem a bit tearful. I've just been given a glimpse of freedom and now I'm going back to prison. Perhaps you can't understand that."

He drove a while in silence before Reggie went off on another of his tangents. "That sister of yours any good in bed?"

"How should I know? If you are interested I'm surprised you didn't get Miss Witherspoon to let you try her out." I sniffed disdainfully. "Diana was known among her friends as the 'Beautiful Bitch'."

"Intriguing. I wouldn't mind owning her."

"If you want to be really mean you can lock us both in the same cell, we don't get along."

"Suppose I made you number one and your sister number two. That way you'd have the edge on her."

"I'm no good at that sort of authority. I couldn't possibly whip Diana everyday. But that's probably what she needs."

"My, my, such sibling sentiments. It would be worth buying her just to watch the interplay between the two of you."

There had been an element of banter in our conversation but now I made my voice as sober as I could. "Please, Reggie, don't buy Diana. I don't know whether you can or not. But if you did I don't think she will make any of us happy. It will take Lashby Hall months to make her realize there's others on this planet besides herself. Lashby Hall is just right for my sister. Believe it or not, it did me a lot of good. Imprisonment there is a humbling experience for any girl."

My owner gave me a quick glance. "That's quite an admission."

"It's not a heroic admission. If I can save myself stripes by being humble, then I'll be humble. I'm surprised how much of a habit humility can become."

"The triumph of the beaten bottom, would you say?"

"That's one way of putting it. Reggie, please don't whip me. You'll find me very receptive to reason."

"I'll whip you as often as I wish, sweetheart. That could be everyday or once year. I think I'll let it be governed by your own temper. Get sassy, you get whipped. Just like that." Thoughtfully he added, "Probably shouldn't tell you this but I've no intention of beating at you all the time. I've done a little study of the whip and it turns out to be a damned defeating instrument for correction. Give a girl ten strokes and you're just getting nicely warmed up. But the girl's half way up the wall already. Give her twenty and you realize it's becoming habit forming. But by that time the

unhappy maiden is starting to wilt. So, how far can you go or should you go? I suspect it would take at least a hundred until the man got weary before he would consider that would be enough for the day. But, by that time, the girl would be in bad shape if she weren't dead. Do you see the problem us poor men have to face?"

"If that's the way of it, why even start! I'll be grateful if you never do."

"I suppose that's the humane answer," Reggie agreed sadly. "But bastards like me are not humane. I buy a girl like you because of the glorious power it bestows. So as long as I keep you handcuffed you're absolutely mine. If your hands are behind your back you won't ever cross me."

"Shall I kiss your feet each morning?"

Reggie laughed delightedly. "Sweetheart, it's remarks like that which will keep your pretty skin marked up. I could tell you to watch your tongue but, to be honest about it, I enjoy your sarcasms. Don't stop. They may get you a few welts but all in a good cause."

"If you really want sarcasms and acid, you'd best buy my sister. She'll give you both. I'm already half trained to give you whatever you want. If I wasn't this well trained, I'd be reminding you about your dear old mother and how it's far better to give than to receive – freedom to girls, that is!"

I found myself enjoying this exchange. Reggie was good company. I even forgot the discomfort of tied feet and chained hands. I was getting a lot of comfort from the knowledge of the handcuff key hidden safely away. That key was like money in the bank. And the good thing was Nora could not now be punished for putting it there. My mood was soon shattered by Reggie's next observation.

"You girls and your freedom!" he scoffed cheerfully. "No girl is really free. A man with money can have her picked up at any time and she'll simply vanish into places like Lashby Hall or where I'm taking you. If circumstances warrant my repossessing Nora, I could easily have it done. There's guys who make a living kidnapping girls."

"I'm sure there are," I agreed acidly. "But I'm curious, what circumstance would warrant your making Nora you prisoner again?"

"Could be anything, sweetheart, could be simply male caprice. Could be you escape so I replace you. Or if you became a bore, I'd send you back to Lashby Hall and get another girl for my bed. Lana, my pet, you must regard yourself as merchandise, saleable, expendable, but also much to be desired. It is that desire which saves your bacon. Some man is always going to desire you, to own you. This gives girls a tremendous edge over us poor men. See what I mean, there's always a bright side to a girl's situation if she looks for it."

"That means the bright side to my present helplessness with the rope on my legs and the chain on my wrists is a man named Reggie Twining. Is that it?"

"I accept the honor," said Reggie grandly. "I suppose you know what I'm going to do to you immediately we get home?"

"You'll rape me??? Gosh, I do hate all those four letter words they've though up for it. If the words got more than four letters, it sounds simply ridiculous. Am I right, do

I get raped?"

"Suppose I said, no, that I whip you instead." His tone was sly.

"Then I'd be whipped. Reggie, all you're doing is salivating over this power you're so proud of. Sure, you can do anything you like with me, no contest!"

I was sorry when our ride ended and we approached the lodge. Reggie had been fun. I was not a bit sure this happy state would continue. But he insisted on picking me up bodily, legs still bound, and carrying me over the threshold in the approved manner. It was appropriate enough, I shared his chuckle.

When he untied my ankles and knees, I kicked my feet and did a little dance for him and felt in almost total freedom, handcuffs had become so much a part of me I no longer noticed them. Helplessness was implicit in this business of enslavement. Obviously I could never be free or I would run away. I cast the thought aside to ask, with sly mockery, "In what manner do you wish to perform our sexual congress, Mr. Twining?"

"I'll perform it on your bottom with a riding crop if you become any more of a smart-arse than you already are," my master made masculine sounds of disapproval.

"You would be the loser," I retorted. "I could be much nicer for you on the bed or even on the rug. For the full treatment you can give me back my hands."

"I hear a lot about those hands, how'd it be I put handcuffs on your elbows, too?"

I shrugged. "I shouldn't have started this, I can't possibly win. Please do whatever you like with me, I promise I'll behave."

My master managed to contain his lust long enough for me to make coffee. It was his idea not mine. And, if you're thinking it is not possible for a girl to make coffee while her hands are cuffed behind her back, you're crazy. It's not easy but it's possible. Having made it and being watched my intent male eyes throughout, I even managed to serve my master but bogged down when it came to lifting a cup to my lips. Suddenly Reggie performed this service for me and both of us enjoyed one of those sudden and unexpected intimacies coffee generates. At the end, Reggie's inclination for innovation got the best of him. With swift motions he cleared the table and told me curtly to get up and lie on it upon my back. It seemed to me a rotten way to go about what he had in mind but I arranged my handcuffed arms and disposed my legs for his convenience. In this quaintly domestic atmosphere I got what I had coming.

Reggie had changed. I remembered unhappily the day he had tied Nora and I to a tree, it had been rough and hurtful and I expected some repeat performance, I expected pain. But Reggie's performance appeared to now be diverted into things quaint and unorthodox. He called them 'innovative'. They included burying me in a hole with just my neck and head above ground level. Another was to suspend me high up in a big tree where I would be almost out of sight unless someone looked way up. When I failed to show enthusiasm, he modified these notions by locking me within the cage of an abandoned dog kennel while he went to town.

I did a quick bit of computing to conclude it would be more pleasant out doors than in on such a lovely day. I told Reggie I thought it a marvelous idea and, as a

reward, he move my handcuffs from back to front and handed me a broom with which to sweep the floor of my new prison. The two of us got around to where the heavy metal mesh and steel posts were waiting. Once more there was something faintly domestic about our doing something together. I think Reggie was surprised when I failed to beef but actually applauded his idea. The fact was that compared with my imagining the wire cage was a tremendous relief. When he unlocked a couple of large padlocks, dragged open the door, I stepped inside without a qualm. It was not until after he had locked me in and gone away, I realized I should have opted for imprisonment indoors. It was for very sure I would find no handcuff key inside the cage! I swept it out busily, reveling in the possession, or semi-possession, of my hands. But within the sunlit cage I could feel only optimism. With this new Reggie I might have no need of handcuff keys at all.

In a real prison I think they keep an inmate sufficiently busy so there is little time to clutch the bars and gaze out at freedom. But my cage is not a real prison and once I'd swept its floor as clear as I could get it, there was nothing else to do except admire the view through the wire mesh. Or sit down and reflect upon my solitude. I chose to sit and spent time thinking of Nora's key that box. I realized an element of chance in opportunity. It would be tantalizing to be collared and chained on the floor of Reggie's room and to know the tiny scrap of metal was only a few feet distant. When I thought back I realized how few opportunities there would have been to get to that box. These sober reflections were interrupted by the return of Reggie Twining.

III

"Gosh, that's a good job you've done on that floor! I've just remembered your hands. Can't possibly leave you all day with them where they are. Sorry 'bout that"

I was sorry about that, too. Reggie unlocked the door, took the broom and was about to turn me around and put my hands behind my back when we were interrupted by his glands. Maybe I looked cute inside the cage or perhaps the well swept floor gave him the idea of spreading me out on it.

"Just had an idea! sweetheart. Let me have your hands." He unlocked my handcuffs. "We'll have ourselves a time. Lie down."

"Oh, Reggie, why can't we go up to the house. I don't want to get laid in a dog kennel."

"You get laid whenever and wherever I chose, my proud beauty."

It was clearly the tone of a master, the owner of a girl to tell me I had best behave. In addition there was the freedom of my hands. It may sound silly, but to possess them once again after so long was a gift for which I was grateful. If, within the gratitude, there was a female knowledge of performing the act of surrender more skillfully, it was no more than pure common sense. Reggie was good in The Act, now I would match him all the way!

Dutifully I lay upon my back and open wide my arms while my heart sang a song of freedom.

Reggie's skill and my own response made me forget the floor beneath my back and caused the canine cage to seem an altogether desirable place in which to be ravished.

I rather like that word, 'Ravish' as being a cross between the objectionable 'rape' and the four letter variations. In the reflections of aftermath, I flirted with the thought that my tolerance for my condition was aided greatly by the fact that Reggie was so damned good at pleasing a woman with that weapon of his. Men always seem to win and I was no longer ashamed of defeat.

Reggie was a master of surprise. When he at last moved from me and helped me to my feet to be kissed, including nibbling gently at my nipples, I did what seemed the most natural thing in my world. I turned my back upon my master and wiggled my free hands invitingly above my bare bottom. I did not get handcuffed. Instead I got my bottom playfully slapped and one of my free hands grasped to be led from the cage to Reggie's waiting car. I was told my master had second thoughts about my day and was inspired to make it much less of a bore. To be able to do as I pleased with two free hands washed away doubts and hesitations. I sat beside my owner in his car, positively seething with a confusion of expectation.

"Got a notion to add a bit of excitement," Reggie confided as he drove out on the gravel road. "I want to get away from simply beating your bottom or hanging you up by your thumbs, bit hard on you last time. So, how would it be I add a tingle of fear instead of pain?"

"Like what?"

"Wait and see!"

His command held laughter so I wasn't too concerned. In the meantime I did everything I could think to do with my hands.

"That's right, sweetheart," Reggie approved, "use them while you can. It won't be long before you lose them again." He chuckled at a thought of his own. "I'm aiming to give you enough freedom for perspective. I'll alternate between what you think of as good and bad, or maybe kind and cruel. Right now, for instance, you're enjoying sitting beside me without a single restraints. When you get the restrains again they're going to seem doubly difficult. Is that reasoning sound?"

"I suppose so, but, Reggie, if you're willing to give me these bits of freedom why not go all the way? Give me my freedom in the same way as you gave Nora hers. I promise I'll come to you once a week, and for that entire day you can do whatever you like with me. Or to me. It's the things you do to me that hurt."

"Sorry, my pet, you're a seven day a week girl doing a life sentence. Forget freedom. How'd it be I wail into you with the whip every time you mention it?"

I did not mention it again, I simply sniffed my most eloquent sniff of disapproval. But it was a lovely day and Reggie was in a marvelously good mood and I was curious as to what he had up his sleeve for me. I soon found out.

"It's a nice tree, don't you think, sweetheart?"

I surveyed the slender five inch trunk without enthusiasm. I'd had quite enough of trees. Moreover, the woodland was far too much wilderness for my liking. We had to drive a road that was hardly worthy of the term to reach this spot. I was feeling that fear Reggie had mentioned. It was one of those bits of woodland where you could imagine bears or snakes or monsters creeping from the brush.

"It's a nice tree, I didn't think I was going to be attached to it," I admitted cautiously. "Reggie, you've been so sweet to me, don't blow it now. Take me back to the cage."

"The place is full of atmosphere, that's all, sweetheart," Reggie assured me briskly. "You're not going to be bothered by passersby asking if you would like help. Or a troop of boy scouts stopping off to give you a gang bang." He affected dissapointment. "I thought you would love it. You've hurt my feelings."

I still didn't know if this was good or bad. The cage had been safe. I could not have escaped from it. But this tree in this place gave me the creeps. I was about to describe my feelings when my master negated them by producing my familiar handcuffs, cuffing my left wrist, and then dragging my left around the tree and clicking the other cuff on my right wrists. That left me embracing the tree of his choice as if I were holding a lover.

"Nice effect," Reggie said thoughtfully. "I could add a touch of rope here and there and perhaps a gag. But the utter simplicity has a charm of its own. Good bye, sweetheart, I'll take you out to dinner when I come back. That is, if you're still here."

He got back to the car before I could think of what to say. It was as infuriating as Reggie no doubt wished. Total frustration! I could easily stand like this until I died simply because of a little metal around my wrists. I thought longingly of the key in that box in the bathroom. But I had to cast aside such longings, I was attached to the tree for the day.

The first thing I did was look around but all I saw was trees and brush and grass. The next thing was to raise my arms and examine my handcuffed wrists. I had never before had the chance or reason to raise my handcuffs up to eye level and study them. What I saw made me more angry than ever. The silver circlets were tight, joined by nothing more than a single link, but because of them I would be forced to embrace my tree until Reggie's return. Disgustedly I clutched the trunk and considered lying down and trying to sleep. But I would be flat on my belly and the twigs would hurt my tits. I decided against it, I would stand out my lonely day in frustration and longing for the cage. Such is the lot of captive girls!

We were far from the Ozarks but that was where he belonged. Everything about him had seen better days except the characterless contours of his Saturnine face. That face had never seen better days than now! I undoubtedly was the best day of his life. His greeting was cheerful.

"You waiting to be fucked, miss? Seeing you ain't got no clothes?"

I was shriveling up under his leer. He was carrying some sort of rifle, undoubtedly looking for some small game. There was tobacco juice on his chin. I could see no profit in this creature at all and longed to flee.

"Please go away, I'm waiting for my boyfriend," I said without conviction. "You always undress like that when you're meeting a guy?" he inquired.

"Yes. Well, no . . . I don't really. Why don't you just go away and leave me alone."

"Because I ain't dumb. Them's handcuffs, ain't they?"

"They're none of your business. They're a fun thing. My boyfriend will have the key."

My visitor circled the tree and then scanned the area around. "Ain't no clothes hanging around. That means you came here the way you are. I don't believe you've got no boyfriend."

"Believe what you like. If you can get these handcuffs off my wrists, I'll be grateful."

"How grateful?" His voice was a whiplash.

I had made my own trap and walked into it. But if this backwoods relic could free my hands I knew I was willing to take a chance. Freed I might be able to kick him in the crotch and run. "I've only got myself. You can have what I've got between my legs if you think you'd enjoy it."

"Okay, lady, you've got yourself a deal."

My Ozark tribesman lost no time. He produced a key ring from which hung keys and tiny tools and went to work in a manner to make me wish I had not made the offer. In a couple of minutes my wrists were freed.

"I know the tricks, Missy," my deliver said. "Ain't many things Lou can't do. This ain't the first time I seen handcuffs."

This should have been my big moment. To kick and run or simply run. But my right wrist was still tight held in the grip of a male hand. Lou's woodman's eye had detected his ideal place. I was dragged to where a gnarled bit of root stuck out in the sunlight. It was a perfect anchorage and a moment later my handcuff was clicked around it to compel me to kneel with the loss of a hand and an arm in seeming supplication.

"That'll hold you, Missy. Get that little ass settled down, proper like, and we'll knock off a chunk the way you said."

I shrugged and sighed. At least Lou seemed genuine and would let me go when he was finished. He would then have no purpose in holding me. I disposed myself upon my back in the posture most desired by men and held out my one free hand as I had held out the two of them to Reggie not so long ago. I wondered if these submissions qualified me as a whore, a member of the oldest profession in the world.

Men are all the same yet consistently different. I could not claim authoritative status because of being raped by Lou, Lou was simply one more in my relative short line of conquests or of being conquered. Some bite a girl's nipples until she longs to beat them on the head or, if the males approach is sufficiently skillful, cause them to moan and groan and get all hot and wet. Others make a potent play with lips and fingertips before the penetration. But it is in the penetration itself that a female finds a conqueror or a pitiful male thing. In Lou's penetrations of my sheath, his unsuccessful attempts to plow a new field left me with nothing but disgust, while he panted out his pitiful masculinity. I thought thankfully of the pill my master compelled me to swallow each night.

"You make a real fine piece of ass, Missy," Lou paid tribute while putting back on this pitiful garb. "Damn me, I ain't had no better! You gonna be here tomorrow? We'll do it again."

I assured him I would be in the same place at the same time and most grateful for a repeat. Lou nodded as if it were nothing more than his due before asking, "It was real good for you, weren't it? I could tell the way you heaved them tits."

I agreed with that, too. I would have agreed to anything right there. "You're a real man," I lied. "Please unlock my hand, it's still cuffed to this root."

Lou was glowing with male satisfaction. I'm surprised he did not want a repeat. It could not be everyday his hunting expedition bagged such a prize as me. Dressed, he eyed me and, with swift, decisive motions, he freed my hand. But he dragged me to the tree where a few seconds later I found myself again locked with my arms around the tree.

"But you said you'd let me go. You said if I gave you what you want, you'd set me free!" I complained bitterly.

"Don't recall saying no such thing, Missy," Lou said. "Wouldn't want to rob that boyfriend of yours of nothing. Said he'd be here right soon, didn't you? I'd best make myself scarce."

I was outraged and betrayed, my voice was shrill. "You can't leave me like this, Lou, you can't. Maybe no one will come and I'll just have to stand here until I die. You wouldn't do that to me, would you?"

"It was you told me about that there boyfriend, Missy, tain't me what's leaving you to die, it's him."

"I don't have any boyfriend," I said urgently. "I was handcuffed here by someone who doesn't like me. I'm lucky you came. I'm lucky for what you've done to me. But please let me loose. Please, please, please!"

My sincerity touched something in his puny heart. He stood surveying my helplessness. "Trouble with gals is a man can't believe a word they say," he explained as if letting me in on a secret. Everything you gals say and do twists a man so he don't know where he's at. Only thing to make them tell the truth is to warm their pretty little ass."

"But, Lou, I'm telling you the truth. I don't have a boyfriend and no one's going to unlock these handcuffs. I'll stand here forever if you don't help me. I'll raise the ante. Please free me. If you want, I'll go along with you. I'll be your girl. I'll do whatever you want. Please don't leave me handcuffed to this tree."

Looking back at it I can see my pleadings and promises as contemptible. But I had given my all and received nothing. In this absurd creature I could see possibilities of freedom. I watched his face and could almost see little wheels going around in his mind. His verdict was not the one I sought.

"I'm going to whip that pretty little ass of yours until I get the truth," he told me with decision. "Keep your little trap shut until you have something worth saying."

I stood in complete helplessness and watched. I had been violated and now was to be beaten. It was all monstrously unfair and, while Lou selected and cut a willow switch, I debated what lie would serve me best. I had a spasm of tugging at my bonds until my wrist hurt so bad I was forced to desist. I eyed the willow switches with disgust and pure fear. This absurd man was going to whip me until he got the truth, but there was no truth. If he whipped me until dark I could tell him no more than I had already done. I was helpless, he could do whatever he wished with me. I longed for Reggie Twining with all my heart.

"Don't expect you to keep quiet while I roast your rump, Missy," Lou said.

"Make all the racket you want, ain't none to hear. Iffen I don't get results out of your backside, I'll turn you around and start in on your front. A girl's ass ain't all she's got to whip."

"Lou, please don't whip me. Take me with you and keep me prisoner. Think of all the fun you'll have."

It was not until after I'd said it I realized I did not have myself to give. Lou had me and if he wanted to take me home with him, he could. This sad reflection was cut short by the first stroke of fire across my bottom. It hurt every bit as bad as I expected and drove me to hugging my tree with all my strength in the same way you read of people biting hard on a bullet. I took seven of Lou's hateful cuts before I screamed. After that, I took whatever satisfaction I could find in screaming as I pleased. The screaming didn't help much but was the only weapon I possessed, and I was pretty sure the man who whipped me hated the loud noise. As the tenth stroke flamed my flesh I blurted out the whole improbably truth.

Lou stopped long enough to listen. "That's a likely story, gal. You think I was born yesterday?" he demanded scornfully before going right ahead with number eleven and twelve. I had just started my second round of screaming when the whole operation was halted by an angry female voice.

"Hey, you, Lou Haskins, what the hell do you think you're doing to that there gal?"

"Just warming her ass a bit, Josie." Lou was instantly defensively. "Found her here the way she is and she don't want to tell me nothing. 'cept a pack of lies." He was obviously anxious about this woman. "You want to have a go at her?"

"What the hell would I want to beat the bitch for?"

"Well, she's got a real nice rump for whipping, real pretty it is. Here, give her a few licks, you'll see what I mean."

"You've been farting around with this gal all the time instead of shooting something for dinner?"

"Don't you worry none, Josie, sweetheart, I'll be getting something right quick right after I finish with this gal."

I could tell Lou was still on the defensive.

"You take that there gun and go shoot something, Lou Haskins," she ordered. "You never could stand the sight of a bit of bare skin without wanting to mark it up.

Lou Haskins, you're an asshole."

My Ozark torturer, suddenly sheepish, took his weapon and headed into the brush. I should have felt relieved but wasn't a bit sure Josie might not be more difficult to cope with than the pathetic creature who was obviously her husband. I tried my plea, which never seemed to do me any good, "Thank you for sending him away. Please free my hands."

Josie was in her forties, plumpish but muscular. She wore a sleazy dress and when she came close to examine my handcuffed wrists, I smelled her sweat. She examined my steel bracelets in curiosity before asking, "The cops use these on you? Was it the police fixed you this way so they could come back later and pick you up?"

I was about to blurt out the truth when I realize Josie had herself made up the perfect lie. "How did you guess?" I said admiringly. "They cuffed me here in mid-morning and said they'd be back. I wish the bastards would hurry up. I'd sooner sit in a cell than hug this tree all day."

"I ain't got much use for coppers, honey. I'd let you loose if I had a key. But, shit, I ain't got nothing like that. Looks to me you're going to have to stand like you is."

I was about to tell her of Lou's tools but realized Josie might be jealous of what he had done. Desperately I suggested, "If you had an ax or hammer and chisel you could easily break the connecting link."

"Forget it, honey, I ain't meddling with no cops. If cops put you here, they're welcome to pick you up. I'll make sure that that man of mine don't stray this way no more."

As usual the handcuffs had me foxed. Since she had no key the best I could expect of Josie was to leave me in peace. But I suppose I was too tempting a dish to simply ignore.

"You're a damned good looking bit of skin and bone," Josie said. "I never did look as good as you do right now. It ain't often any pretty little trick like you comes my way. Since you ain't wearing no clothes it means you're a floozy, some sort of chippie, I bet." She eyed by nakedness up and down. "Seems a shame to waste them switches Lou peeled for you. Something I always wanted to do was whip the bare ass of a growed up gal. I ain't never getting no better chance than this."

There was something inevitable about the way people wanted to whip me. I knew I should be saying things that mattered but there was nothing she could listen to. I represented a life-time ambition and there was no way she was going to pass it up. My bottom cringed anew.

Josie was going to whip my bare skin for pure pleasure. She had no other motive than to hear the sound of the switch and see my flesh turn red under the impact. My whole being rebelled at being thus used. When she took her stance and eyed her target, I instinctively moved it around. The manner in which the handcuffs held me to the tree was such that I could easily circle the trunk. And this I did, but to no avail. Josie simply chuckled at my pathetic effort at evasion and followed me to cut and welt me as she pleased. I tired of this game before she did. Once more I hugged the trunk while this backwoods slut beat upon my naked skin with gusto until each willow switch was shredded and cast aside. By this time I had ceased to scream and

was quietly moaning and crying. I had even stopped looking back over my shoulder.

Without warning a hard female hand inserted itself between my thighs and cupped the slit and mound Lou had so ineffectually used. Josie kneaded my innocence with harsh intent before withdrawing the searching hand. "Just like I thought!" she said jubilantly. "That there man of mine got you loose someway and got into your snatch. Don't think I can't tell, honey. A girl's snatch don't hide nothing from me and yours tell the story loud and clear. I suppose he cuffed you back the way you was so he could beat on your ass for a bit of sport. Damned good think I happened along. I got to keep an eye on Lou, that's for sure."

I didn't say a thing but went on crying against the bark. I was used and abused and couldn't think of a thing to say that might not make things worse. Josie seemed in a mood to take offense.

"You'll say it weren't you fault but it's always a gal's fault when a man gets inside her. I ought to cut myself a bunch more switches and let you have it real good across your back as well as your ass."

"Please set me free," I pleaded tearfully. "You and Lou have both had your way with me. You've hurt me something awful. Surely you've enough pity to get my hands out of these cuffs?"

I got no answer. Taking my tear stained face from the trunk, I gazed around to discover Josie disappearing. All around me on the ground were the fresh shreds of the willow switches. I raised my hands and looked at my tight handcuffs in total hopelessness. I wept fresh, salt drops of frustration.

I don't suppose it was yet five p.m. when Reggie showed up to retrieve his property. I was so hysterically glad to see him, I cried again as he used the tiny key to take the handcuffs from my wrist. I knew only anger as I looked at the scrap of metal that spelled my freedom. Meekly I held out my hands to be joined again. But, in a terrible need to be held, I put my head upon his shoulder and dried my tears upon his shirt while I clutched his arm as if fearful to let go. Over and over I expressed my gladness for his presence. Then, finally returning to rational speech, I told him the events of my day and turned to show him my sadly marked up skin.

"My, my, what a marvelous job they did on you, sweetheart," he said unfeelingly but in sincere admiration of my scarlet and purple curves. "It's not what I expected but it has added that bit of spice to the boredom of your day. It's a hazard I'll try to keep constant for you."

"You mean, you told those horrible people to do this to me!?" I rattled my handcuffed wrists in fury.

"Hell, no! I don't even know who they are. As a starter this turned out rough for you, Lana my pet. But I want the possibility of such things to constantly hover over whatever I do to you each day. Gives me a thrill, too, thinking about it."

"That's horrible. Some lunatic might kill me!"

Reggie shrugged. "Some lunatic might kill me," he pointed out logically.

"Touch of danger keeps everyone alert." He laughed at my doleful features. "Of

course, if you prefer to have me lock you in a cell each day?"

My conversation for a while was mostly sniffs. I now had hands and Reggie gave me his handkerchief. I dabbed at my tearful eyes as we drove back. After a while I felt better.

"Aren't you going to tell the police about what that man and woman did to me?"

"Sweetheart, you know I can't go to the police. The very last thing you and I need is a policeman asking questions. No, I'm afraid you'll have to write it off as an occupational hazard. Cheer up, my pet, tomorrow may be totally free of pain."

Making supper I missed Nora terribly. My mind was also alive to the freedom of my feet and the relative freedom of my handcuffed hands. Upstairs there was a key, but it was almost as if Reggie knew. When I made an excuse about the bathroom, he followed me and sat upon the bed as if he were my jailer. The same state of affairs existed during our evening in the lounge. And at bedtime it please him to lock me to the floor beside his bed by the collar and short chain. A few feet away was Nora's key but it might as well have been atop Mt. Everest. I knew I could not get free and devoted myself to making Reggie happy. In so doing I got a lot of happiness myself. Life plays the damnedest tricks on girl.

In the morning it was a repeat. Reggie announced his daily trip into town and said I could have the run of the house. But first, "Turn your back and cross your wrists, sweetheart." I did as I was told, expecting handcuffs. But it was a wicked nylon rope that robbed me of hope. I stood still like a good girl while my master wound and tugged and knotted. He then pushed me over on the bed and tied my ankles the same way. He then kissed me lightly before going. I lay on the bed, seething with excitement.

It sounds crazy now, but I hated to hear the sound of Reggie's departure. I hopped, rabbit fashion, to the bathroom. I turned around and opened the talcum box. The key was there, all right. But it was then I realized I couldn't use it – that little key could do nothing against the nylon cord. I replaced the cover and then hopped back to the bed. On the bed I sat and surveyed my latest frustration. I admired Reggie's neat bindings around my ankles. They hurt just enough when I hopped to tell me what and where I was. But, anyway, I hopped over to the big mirror and took stock of my bound hands. They, too, were neatly strictured without a visible knot. I sighed, there was but one hope left.

Bound hand and foot the way I was, I could have spent a painless but boring day lying on the bed. But I chose to make a long and difficult journey down the stairs into the kitchen. It was an inch by inch and step by step affair. I opened the draws looking for the knife that was not there. I stood erect with my ankles hurting while I damned Reggie's forethought and the image of him quietly laughing some place over my discomfort. It was possible but not easy to use my bound hands in a laborious and futile search for anything with a sharp edge. But no matter where I looked there did not appear to be a sharp edge in the house. Reggie had been thorough. Panting, I sat down and debated if I wanted to go outdoors. There might be a sharp edge out there.

I was really helpless and working around as I was giving me chafed wrists and chafed ankles. Nothing had slipped, there was no slack, I was still tight, tight, tight. In such a condition it seemed absurd to hop outside. But there was nothing else to

do. I began my second trek in quest of freedom.

Reggie had not locked the back door, so I hopped on to the back porch and then crawled up by bound and painful contortions the several steps that led me to garden level. A few more hops led me to the lawn on which I relapse with a tremendous gratitude.

I had no sooner caught up on my breathing and managed to sit up and look around when a feminine voice from another world came across the grass to me.

"There you are, darling. I tried all the doors but they were locked. Thank goodness I've found you."

It was Nora Stanton.

8

Ecstasy in Rope

I had thought of Nora often since she had been granted freedom but her new condition was of another world, I had never expected to see her again. Yet, here she was, nicely dressed, smiling, the Nora I remembered best of all. Confronted by a miracle, I managed only, "How on earth did you get here?"

Nora did not bother with so foolish a question. She was free and could come and go as she pleased. If she chose to visit the scenes of her captivity, it was no more than a human weakness. I was suddenly so glad to see her I could weep with joy.

Nora giggled. "I've got a car now. Oh, darling, everything is so wonderful. Here, let me get at those cords."

In shivering delight I watched deft fingers tug and unwind the nylon bands from my ankles. "I don't know why Reggie didn't forestall this," Nora reflected. "He must have guessed I would come and rescue you. This is far too easy, it smells of a trap. Darling, we'd best go while the going is good. If Reggie catches me doing this, I'll find myself back at Lashby Hall."

She helped me stand erect. I immediately turned and wiggled my hands at her. They were ignored. Instead, my arm was grasped and I found myself running beside my rescuer to the car. Nora was undoubtedly right. If Reggie caught us in this attempt at escape, her freedom might be gone forever. I was finding it difficult to believe in my own!

It was not until we were in the car and it was moving over the gravel road that I finally said, "I'm free! Oh, Nora, thank you, thank you, thank you!"

"I couldn't possibly leave you there, Lana dear. Remember, I've had a couple of years of it, so I know the awful hopelessness of being behind bars and wearing chain. You haven't even had a couple of months." She turned towards me soberly. "I'm finding this hard to believe, it's been so damned easy." She laughed nervously. "I'm have expecting to find a tree across the road and Reggie waiting with a gun. It's lonely enough up here, he could get away with it."

Nothing happened but Nora's concern infected me and we were both thankful to see the main highway ahead. My own spirit had never really been dampened since the glorious moment of my rescue. Now, I suddenly remembered something Nora appeared to have forgotten.

"Nora, what about my hands? They're still tied." For some reason my reminder was timid as if addressed to Reggie. "Have you forgotten."

She did not answer but drove over the shoulder of the road. She switched off the engine and turned to face me squarely. A strange smile tugged at her lips. "I'm not going to untie you, Lana. I thought you had guessed."

It was a moment to remember. Maybe I had guessed. Maybe my subconscious had been savoring this moment. But right then my main concern was to appease the anxiety I saw in Nora's eyes.

"Okay, leave me tied. I don't mind. It might be fun to keep me prisoner a couple of days. Just you and me, and I'd have to do everything you told me to. I can't ever get out of this tie Reggie's done on my wrists."

"Lana, I'm a bitch. I'm not thinking of a day or two. I'm thinking of something as indefinite as Lashby Hall. Will you hate me?"

I could not possibly hate Nora. If she hadn't made this wild suggestion, I might have made it for her. It is hard to describe the feelings possessing me at that moment, but considering Lashby Hall and Reggie Twining, I would consider it relative freedom to have Nora keep me. I told her so and added she should stop looking so anxious because we would both love every minute of so tender a captivity.

I got kissed and kissed back. Long and hard. It would have been nice to have my hands to hug Nora but I had gotten accustomed to doing without and she hugged hard enough for both. We agreed it would, in any case, have been impractical to return to my own home. The group would immediately discover my return and might easily decide to kidnap me a second time and put me back where I could cause them no embarrassment. Reggie Twining was not one of the group, it was unlikely they had ever heard of him. In Nora's house I would be safe in more ways than one. The more I thought of the cute game she had devised, the more I liked it. If I got my bottom whipped along with the hugs and kisses, it would probably not hurt half as much as what I got the day before while handcuffed to the tree. Nora started the motor and we drove away into a free, new life.

"Me, of course! What else! We'll reverse rolls. I'm quite safe, you'll never get free."

I did not contradict. I was already mischievously thinking of ways I could defeat Reggie's cord and claim my prize. But that was for another time. For now I asked demurely, "What must I call you?"

Nora reflected. "Don't let's sound like a cheap paperback. Let's both use our names. Call me Nora. I'll call you Lana. Agreed?"

"I have to, don't I?"

"It's going to take a bit of getting used to," Nora admitted soberly. "I've been a

prisoner for two years, now look at us! Oh, Lana darling, I'm so happy."

We did the things girls do. We giggled together over coffee and tea and television, plus a hundred memories. We forgot the bindings on my wrists and couldn't have cared less. Had Nora cut Reggie's cords, I would have insisted on being tied again. Such was the measure of our love. We adored each other in bed without the fear of spying eyes or punishment. Punishments were of our past and we spoke of them breathlessly in retelling our pain. Still giggling, it became understood between us I must not be immune from retribution for small sins, or the true travail for any larger offense I might commit. We were delightfully thoughtless in this making of our laws, failing to see the traps we laid for ourselves.

We both agreed on the need for constraint upon me in the night. I must not roam in the dark while Nora slept. Mischief would get the best of me and mischief was something I had to watch. We had, from the first, decided against chains. We had had our belly full of chains and iron bars and tiny cells, so Nora would use only rope and cord and straps to mold me to her desire. Knowing how easily female fingers discovered and defeated knots, Nora produced pliers and wire. On the first night of my fresh captivity I slept with a stout rope tied upon on ankle and a cunningly contrived bit of wire upon its fastening to defeat my fingers. I did not even try for freedom. Why would I when I possessed the greatest freedom of all in Nora's bed. But, one way or another, I was beautifully controlled.

Nora in her new freedom was reveling in clothes. When we slept together or made love, she stripped naked for me, but the rest of the time wore an ever-changing succession of garments. She took a keen delight, as did I, in dressing me in whatever feminine frippery my bound hands did not impede. We exclaimed over a succession of panties upon my loins and bras upon my breasts. There was a wrap around sarong and a summer frock or two designed with fastenings Nora dealt with. I was never allow to wear these goodies too long for fear they might affect the enslavement of my mind. A fully dressed girl is far less controllable than a stark naked one. Nakedness is a constant remainder of the whip. Nora was wise.

The girl who owned me had kept until last an exquisite creation to extract an exclamation of delight when first revealed. It was a satin corset, bright scarlet with black trim. She fastened this around my waist to protrude my breasts and accentuate my hips, and cause us both to gasp as the waist narrowed as she pulled the strings.

"You're going to wear this," Nora said decisively. "Good gosh, the things that does for you!"

The corset was wonderful. It not only looked good, it felt good! It was so tight but so good. My figure was never poor but this garment made it much better. All girls wished they had the kind of figure this gave me. My breasts protruded in invitation for correction or loving. Both cheeks were still wickedly marked by Lou's willow switches, but their purple blemishes became all together to be desired when matched against the constricting scarlet of my tight corset. Below the front of it, my pubic hair proclaimed my sex. Above my breasts were outrageous. I don't know why, but even my nipples became hard under this treatment.

Nora made me walk and bend and wiggle before ordering me to lie flat upon the floor so she could brace her foot upon my back to tug and heave at the laces until I squealed in a mixture of anger and pleasure. My waist discovered it could go even smaller and my breasts burned as they were pushed into the carpet. She then helped

me to my feet to stand before the mirror once again.

The reflection I now beheld was erotic beyond words. Both of us were breathless, myself literally so because of the constriction of my waist.

"I can hardly breath," I whispered. "Nora, darling, look at my waist, I scarcely have any. It's . . . it's . . . well, it's so gorgeously indecent. I'm ashamed of myself but I love it. Please loosen up the laces a bit so I can breath."

"No. You stay the way you are, darling. I refuse to spoil anything so beautiful."

"But I can't breath."

"Don't be silly, you are breathing. If you weren't, you'd have passed out by now. Walk around and get adjusted."

I walked but immediately slowed. "My hips!" I gasped in disbelief. "Do you see the way they go from side to side. It's a whore's walk!"

"Very nice, indeed. Wear it and enjoy. If I hear a single beef, I'll use a crop on that bottom that's doing the wiggling."

Nora was adamant. I would wear my corset and like it! The trouble was I liked it all too much but was fearful I could never become accustomed to its demands upon my figure. I adored the result but was scared of fainting. I was, with the slightest touch of apprehension, obliged to learn to breath in a manner I had never done before. Shamelessly I walked around the room, a provocation to cause my owner to exclaim delight over the erotic new contours. She had turned me into a whore. I did not care.

I had to wear the corset, that wicked thing, all through the day and then Nora told me it would hold me throughout the night. It would not prohibit obedience to the orders she would give. As I sat upon the bed and watched her fasten the rope tether around my ankle, I advanced a dozen perfectly good reasons why the corset and I should part company. She listened to none of them. She produced a wicked length of strap and assured me earnestly she would use it as a whip upon my bottom should I fail to attend her with my usual skill. When I complained of being certain I could not sleep, she produced the strap again and assured me I could either sleep with it or sleep with it and a burning bottom.

To my own surprise I performed my slavegirl duties and slept quite well.

In the morning I was told to stand before the mirror. When Nora removed my lovely corset we both gasped almost in awe at sight of the scarlet marks it left on my body. Nora said that she would keep me naked that we might both enjoy these while they lasted but that, in the afternoon, she would dress me in whatever garb my bonds allowed. Put a tiny cape over my bound hands, and take me for a walk and do some shopping, I suggested. It was in this innocent activity the fear began.

Nora had possessed her new freedom long enough to be casual, but for me it was pure wonder. Like being born again or to behold the multicolored beauty of the world after being blind. I reveled with every fresh scene and in our ability to stride out and walk where we chose. We both exclaimed constantly over comparisons between our present freedoms and delights and the iron bars and handcuffs of Lashby Hall. We

were two very happy young women.

We shopped. Nora purchased things for the pure love of purchasing and perhaps to exhibit me to the world. Those who served us in the shops eyed my cape in curiosity but made no comment. I think some guessed about my tied hands, it did not matter. In the glorious freshness of free air I was almost tempted to tell Nora to remove my cape and let them see me as I was.

The two men were waiting for us outside a store. Expect for being a trifle oversized, they were ordinary, well enough dressed, middle aged and unremarkable. They said no word but crowded in upon Nora and I on each side. We were jostled and pushed and each had an arm tightly grasped and hurt by the pressure of male fingers. The incident lasted only long enough to tell us of an evil intent. The two them melted into the crowd before we could collect our thoughts.

Nora said, with finality, "That wasn't an accident, they did that on purpose."

A shadow had been cast across our day but we rejected concern. For all we knew they could be a couple of hopeful mashers seeking feminine response to their course approach. Even if there had been a policeman in sight, there wasn't much we could have complained about.

We continued our shopping. I twisted my tied wrists frequently to wonder in pure mischief what would happen if they were suddenly on view. Nora, guessing my thoughts, told me to behave.

They awaited our return to the house. They had a van parked at the curb and followed us up the pathway to the door. It was not the same pair but another couple, equally anonymous. One of them took the key from Nora's stunned fingers and opened the door for us with a flourish. Each of us had our arms gripped and held firmly to suggest it would be useless to struggle.

The key was placed back in Nora's hands and our two visitors saluted before returning to the van and driving out of sight while Nora and I stood breathless and frightened on the porch. We expected other men to emerge from every door but none were there. We were both nervous. When we went to have a drink Nora's reaction was understandable.

"Lana, darling, let me untie your hands, something's terribly wrong."

I turned defensively and angrily. "No Darling, I won't have those men spoil anything for us. Even if my hands were free there would still be nothing I could do."

We debated the police but the law would be unsympathetic to slavegirls and those who kept them bound. We considered going shopping again, this time for the purchase of a gun, but a sense of the dangers involved killed that idea.

"I'll bet it's the group who sponsored me," I said dejectedly. "That's pretty much the same way they kidnapped me the first time. Although then they used a couple of men I knew."

"It's a warning, darling, they're telling us something. Oh, Lana, my sweet, what the hell do we do now?"

I understood her fear. The poor dear had spent two years behind the bars and secured by the handcuffs of Lashby Hall. Compared to her, I was a mere novice. For her to be taken back now, after being granted freedom, would be terrible. But, suppose these strange men were concerned with me and not with her? Or perhaps with both of us? I knew with a terrible certainty I had no wish to return to Lashby Hall or Reggie Twining. But I was willing to confess a ray of sunlight at either place. I had become fond of Miss Neff. And Reggie's maleness each night had been nice. A partial answer to this problem was not long in coming.

With the ringing of the phone, Nora and I shared its message, ear to ear. It was Reggie Twining's cheerful voice.

"Hello, darlings. I knew you'd be together. How are you getting along?" Reggie had guessed what Nora had done. But we had expected that and did not bother to lie. We told him we were getting along very well and thanks for calling and be sure to call again.

We should have slammed the receiver back down. Not that it would have done much good. Having disposed of formal greeting, Reggie got right to the point.

"Been having visitors, I hear. A couple of large men on two separate occasions?" he inquired pleasantly.

We said, yes, we'd had visitors. We also said we didn't want any more visitors and could we please be left alone?

Reggie contrived to sound brutally used. "It's damned unsporting and absolutely unfair," he complained. "You two having the time of your lives while I sit here in solitary loneliness."

"Why not get a girl, then? There's lots of them in the city."

"You're being facetious." His voice was still desolate. "I just get used to Lana when you steal her away from me. I want Lana back." There came a brief pause. "Are you there, Lana? Are you listening?"

"Yes, I'm listening. Reggie, darling, I don't want to go back to being trussed up like a turkey all day and being violated on your bedroom floor at night. Please leave me alone."

"You've cost me a lot of money."

"I'm sorry about that, Reggie dear. Can I pay you back by monthly payments?"

"I can't sleep with monthly payments. And monthly payments don't have cute bottoms. Please come back to me."

"No."

We heard him sigh as if driven by feminine illogic. The tone of what he now said was chill. "You were not be molested today. Those fellows had orders to just make a point, to let you know someone was thinking of you. Don't you realize they could have just as easily have popped you into their van and brought you back?"

"It never occurred to us."

"Come off it! If I'd given the orders you, Lana, would be back here safe with me. And you, Nora, would be starting a fresh sentence at Lashby Hall. How does that grab you?"

It grabbed us! Nora and I looked at each other in dismay. We felt like a mouse in a rattlesnake's cage at lunch time. We were willing to concede that either of those pairs of males could have had us tight bound in their van and delivered by now. That knowledge made a mockery of freedom. A girl is never free. Once more the voice.

"I'm not going to be a brute about this. I gave Nora her freedom and that still stands if she behaves sensibly. Lana, it's you I want. I'm telling you right now to return her to me or tell me where I can pick you up, and everything's back were it should be. If you don't, I'll arrange to have both of you . . . well, shall we say, retrieved. You can both forget freedom for a long, long time."

It was that simple! Reggie had laid it on the line and used the old trick of divide and conquer. If I detached myself from Nora, she would be safe to continue her life in freedom. I would be back behind bars and bedecked with chains again. My answer seemed simple and clear-cut. I was about to say that I would arrive tomorrow when Nora forcibly told the male to get lost and there was no way she would relinquish me. She even told him of my tied hands and the impossibility of me escaping her clutches unless she chose to set me free. Reggie listened patiently before saying, in a tone of sweetest reason, that we should sleep on it and give him a decision in the morning.

Nora cradled the phone and looked at me in wide-eyed distress. "This is all my fault," she moaned. "I should have known Reggie would guess. Now we're going back to imprisonment. And I'll bet he'll punish you terribly for running away with me." She burst into tears.

I turned to shake both bound hands demanding, "Untie me, Nora. The way I am I can't either fight or run. And I can't put my arms around you the way I want to. Damn Reggie Twining! He's ruined our freedom and lives. I'll go back to him tomorrow and put an end to this whole silly business."

"No, you won't." Nora was sniffing and tearful but determined. "If you talk to me like that, you'll stay tied up forever. I'll not have you sacrificed on my account."

I turned back to her again. I was finding a strangely erotic pleasure in my helplessness. A man and a woman were both determined to make me captive. But one held me captive already and there was no escape. I could not go back to the lodge unless Nora so willed. Quite simply, I said, "I won't let him take us both, Nora. Please let me go back to Reggie and leave you your freedom. I simply couldn't bare to be Reggie's slavegirl and have to think of you in Lashby Hall. Please, you do understand, don't you?"

I remained bound. Nothing I could say of do changed Nora's determination to keep me for her own. But gradually she dried her tears and we talked more rationally. But there was no way out! Privately I made up my mind, somehow I would escape from Nora's love to buy her freedom with my own. Once more Reggie was ahead of us.

They must have had keys. One entered by the front and one by the back door to

catch Nora and I finishing breakfast in the kitchen. They were extremely polite about the whole thing and grateful to find my hands tied behind my back. They told us Mr. Twining had given instructions we should not be harmed but they must take me with them. I must return to the lodge with them while Nora stayed here. To insure this, they escorted them to the hall to clasp Nora's arms around the newel post at the bottom of the stairs and handcuff her thus. They said they would return after making delivery to set her free. They had it all figured and I was a siting duck, ready for the oven. They tied my elbows painfully, and once inside their van, they bound my feet. I lay miserably upon the floor, thinking of Nora's stricken face as I was taken away.

I could call it the worst ride of my life, I suppose it was! My elbows hurt like fury from the biting cords and the same for my ankles. My pleadings went unheard by my guards. I think they were enjoying my nakedness and helplessness. The floor was hard and the motion of the van inflicted a torment of its own as the miles sped by. I hated to think of the whipping Reggie would give me when again I was under his power. That was something I could take for granted and need now dwell upon. My master would whip me and then ravish me while the pain was still fresh upon my skin. I could count on him to run true to form in this respect. I cursed my libido for the heat generating within my sex at though of Reggie's ravishment. It is amazing what eroticisms are born of pain.

My guards must have been wise to my condition. After an hour of so, one of them casually inquired, "Looking forward to getting your ass whipped, sweetheart? I think you got one coming."

"Then why don't you have the decency to set me free?" I demanded. "You're breaking the law by kidnapping me. You could go to prison for someone else's pleasure. Let me go."

They did not let me go. One of them grumbled, "Always the same, always lippy, forever wanting something. There's only one way to deal with a lippy broad." He produced a gag. I couldn't do a thing. Once more it was wise to be obedient. He bent down and raised my head to his knee. "Open wide, honey, you're going to love this."

I did not love it. The wad of rubber filled my cheeks and compressed my tongue, a wide band of flexible rubber compressed my lips. Things were buckled behind my neck and I was mute. My head was laid back upon the floor. My guard patted my ass playfully. "There you are, honey. And get this straight, we're no way letting you loose. And there's no way we can be bribed. You'll be delivered as per contract. Lie still and enjoy."

I lay still but did not enjoy. Gags are hateful things. I could not scream, I could not reason. I was, more than ever, a pretty package of female to be delivered for the pleasure of a man. I was surprised these two did not rape me but no doubt Reggie Twining's pay was generous and his instructions firm. The pussy between my thighs was for him alone!

A girl can't just stop thinking. And, anyway, the pain of the cords kept me awake and alert and wanting to be rid of them. I allowed my thoughts to drift to Lashby Hall and the man who was waiting for me with a whip. I could figure I was done with Lashby Hall unless I somehow offended Reggie beyond his tolerance. Then he might return be to Miss Neff and Miss Witherspoon. But I didn't think that too likely.

And I wished I could stop thinking of Reggie's rod. Damned sex drive!

Reggie would punish me constantly but always as a prelude to his ravishment of my sex. Hildegard Neff would inflict kinder punishments but with a consistence to shrivel the spirit. Miss Neff, moreover, was pure lesbian, and while a girl can be punished to a point of accepting the Arts of Sapho, she may do so only under duress. Shamefully I knew I would spread my legs for Reggie whenever so desired.

There was no blare of trumpets for my return to prison. My guards each lifted one end of me and carried my within the lodge to deposit me with a thud in front of Reggie's desk. The gag muted me effectively but I had to listen and watch an exchange of compliments and the writing of the check. My two kidnappers said a hearty, "So long, doll!" and went their way while my master gazed down at me with unmistakable pleasure.

"Welcome home, Lana my sweet. Why the devil did you run away?"

I shook my head and made funny sounds. Freed of the gag, I sought only to placate. "Reggie, please don't whip me. I just don't know why I was so stupid."

I got no answer. "I've missed you a hell of a lot, Lana. Of course you get whipped, you know you deserve it."

Then, out of a clear blue sky, "Will you marry me?"

The cords biting my flesh at elbow, wrist and ankle made a proposal of marriage sound ridiculous but my feminine nature opened to possibilities. The first was that, as a wife, I might reform Reggie and lead him to our proper place in society. Perhaps to even cure him of his tendency to whip me before or after dinner. My heart was beating hard as I surveyed these possibilities. Ridiculously, I said, "You have to be joking."

Reggie Twining had me for sure. He stood there looking down at my painful helplessness and would probably have ravished me right there and then had not my legs been bound to tightly.

"What the devil do you mean, Lana. You know damned well I'm not joking. You're a beautiful girl and we get along fine when you behave yourself."

"Are you going to whip me?"

"For Pete's sake, why must you harp on that! Sure, I'm going to whip you. I have to teach you somehow not to run away. Surely you see the sense of that."

I saw the sense all right. I suppose by the standards of slavery I did deserve a whipping for running away with Nora. A well-trained and well-behaved slavegirl would have rejected rescue and clung valiantly to the ropes which had bound my hands and feet. It was all a question of standards and the way you looked at it. I knew it would not matter how I viewed my sin, Reggie's judgment would prevail. I was not protesting my punishment. What I was really trying to do was digest the vision of being Mrs. Reggie Twining.

I kept silent while my ankles were freed. I rolled over and lay still while the torment

of my bound elbows was given similar mercy. I was helped to stand erect with no other bond than my hands behind me.

"I asked you to marry me, Lana. You haven't replied."

You have to understand my state. I was naked and bound and helpless. My only future was a life time of imprisonment and pain. I had to be practical but I simply had to ask, "I'd love to marry you, Reggie, but will you still whip me afterwards? Will you will keep me a prisoner? I'd love to marry you and be like normal people are."

Reggie wrinkled a disapproving male nose. "You're in no position to dictate terms, my pretty little prisoner. Come on down to the lounge and we'll sip a brandy. It's not every day that Reggie Twining proposes to a girl. Especially when he's got her tied up so she can't decently refuse."

I followed, my hopes high. So Reggie would get around to whipping me some times. But what did that matter? I used my bound hands awkwardly to make our drinks before kneeling awkwardly before my master. He sipped before declaring, "I refuse to relinquish anything, sweetheart. If all men treated their wives as I intend to treat you, there would be no divorce courts. Sure, I'll continue to punish you as I please. But when you're my wife, the punishments won't be without reason. I won't punish you purely for pleasure." He mused a moment then said, "I expect it's hard for a girl to understand how a man who is not a sadist can gain pleasure from her punishments. I've thought about it a lot and still don't have an answer. I'm just telling you that's the way it is."

"For instance, I am taking you to the Kilroy's reception but if I catch you looking at another man or giving any man any kind of come-on, I'll whip your ass until it glows bright red. Does that make sense?"

Without hesitation I declared, "Yes, Reggie, that does make sense. I accept those terms. When do we get married?"

"Hold it, don't run away with yourself, girl! I quoted a case in point. But you'll also have to spend considerable time in a cell or in a cage or in chains on those occasions when I'm absent on business. There's quite a lot of such times. What about that?"

Reggie was asking me! He had me helpless but was still offering terms.

Once more it might be crazy but my heart warmed to this man who had purchased me for pleasure and held me prisoner by force. This morning I had been free, I was now captive, tomorrow I might be free again! Meekly I shared my thoughts.

"Reggie, you own me. I only have a say in things you want me to. Being your wife would give me so much I can never have as you prisoner. At worst, the chains and cords and being whipped when I displease, these are things I'd be getting anyway. I just have to be better off as Mrs. Reggie Twining."

"You're weighing profit and loss?"

"A girl always does that when she's facing marriage. It would be better if a man did it too. But mostly they're so damned anxious to get her clothes off."

Reggie was dead serious about the whole thing and I was wondering how successful I would be in making over the man I married. I had another obvious question. "This business of leaving me a hard and fast prisoner when you're away on business, is it because you're scared I'll run away and you'll loose me? Or is the thought of me locked in a cell, and beautifully chained or bound, going to give you the hots?"

Reggie grinned. "Can't you guess! I get a terrific charge out of your being my prisoner and all it entails. I'm being honest about it."

I choked back disappointment. After all, I was a hundred times better off with Reggie's suggestion than I had been with Reggie at the lodge or at Lashby Hall. Playfully, I mocked, "Thank you very much, Reggie. What would you like to do to me now?"

Reggie grunted. "We both know what I ought to do to you, don't we!"

I was riding high on the euphoria of a new life in which I would be half free and half captive and very much Mrs. Reggie Twining. Offhandedly I said, "Okay, okay, I have to be whipped. I know I have to be whipped. So whip me and get it over with. It's my punishment for escaping, isn't it? I won't try to escape any more."

My master listened quietly. I suddenly realized what I had asked for. I had started to shiver by the time Reggie said, "I don't have to whip you, there's no must about it. It's the accepted thing at Lashby Hall for an escape or attempt to escape. You're a very guilty girl, you know."

"Okay. I'm guilty. Whip me."

My master looked at me in puzzlement. "Damn it, Lana! There's times when you're so submissive it tears a man's heart. You wouldn't, by any chance, be a masochist?"

"If I was, I wouldn't be trembling and scared like I am. I'm just acting like this to get enough courage to act sensibly until you get me securely tied or chained or whatever it is. Let's get with it, Reggie, please'!"

My master looked at me, still puzzled. But his voice was firm. "Okay, sweetheart, are you thinking in terms or twenty, fifty or a hundred strokes?"

I was trembling as I said, quiet without hope, "Twenty would be nice – if you think it enough."

I followed him downstairs. But a small dividend appeared when we reached the room where it was to happen. I got my hands untied!

"You've worn this a long time, Lana my sweet." Reggie held up the length of limp cord while I vigorously rubbed the indentations it had left on my wrist. "Damned shame to take it off. One of these days I'll tie you like that and leave the cords on you for a week. Or how would a month be'!"

There are far worse things than having your hands tied behind your back. I looked at the cord and knew it had never bothered me all that much. In the same spirit as asking of the whip I told him, "Keep it and used it next time. Keep me tied as long

as you like, I don't mind. A girl gets used to anything."

Once more I got the puzzled look. I also got a pair of leather wristlets, appropriately ringed, which Reggie now proceeded to buckle tight over my indented wrists. The leather was soft and wide enough not to cut. I could guess how I was going to be whipped, it would be with my arms held above my head and the rest of me totally at the mercy of the lash. The ropes and snaps were already hanging in invitation to my arms. Reggie placed a box to stand on and ordered me up and to lift my hands. They were snapped in place.

There I was! Reggie stepped from the box and kicked it aside. He stepped back to admire a naked girl who's nudity would soon be stripped with scarlet lines.

He stood there looking at me quite a long time while I suffered the agonies of a vivid imagination. I doubted the strokes would be only twenty. The only mercy I could expect would be a rest now and then to let me catch up on my breath and maybe stop screaming. Right about then I was a very sad little girl indeed.

"I told you, Lana. I wasn't all that keen on constantly beating you. Flogging is okay for a convict but you're the most beautiful girl I've ever seen."

We stared at each other, the master and the naked maiden slavegirl. A faint hope came to my mind. I waited.

Without further ado, Reggie went to the wall and put his thumb on the control. My hands rose, my arms stretched, within less than a minute my toes were six inches off the floor and my shoulders screaming. Reggie's voice was conversational.

"Neither of us are in the mood to whip you, Lana. Let's show a bit of a originality. I know this has been done before but never by me to you. You're going to hang quite a long time, see what you think of it."

I stared askance at the closed door. It had all happened very quickly. I was striving to adjust myself to being hung up by my wrists instead of being whipped. My wrists hurt and my stretched arms were sending messages of alarm, as were my shoulders. But from the shoulders down there was no pain. I realized it would be a marvelous posture in which to fasten a girl for the whip. But Reggie did not use it for that. I raised and lowered one leg but it only made my shoulders hurt a little more so I quite. I remember wondering if I looked beautiful like this, I wasn't a bit sure. I could see my breasts were flattened. My sex was there in the open.

I soon understood why Reggie had approached my suspension without humor. There was nothing funny about it. My first reaction had been thankfulness to have escaped the whip, but it is one of the facts of life that things can always get worse and I began to wonder. The pain was bad and I was sure it would get worse.

How long would I hang? The floor was only a few inches below my feet but could have been miles. I struggled in a semi-panic in the hope something might break but the equipment was equal to the task. Nothing broke. At the end of it, my nakedness swung gently back and forth. After a while I simply hung in a listless acceptance of something I could not change. Little by little my head bowed more and more. If I looked beautiful as I hung, so what!

I was suspended in time, unable to count the hours, knowing only that a few

minutes would seem an hour or two or three. My heavy breathing was the only sound in the bare room. After some time that might have been hours or fifteen minutes, Reggie came to visit. He opened the door soundless to observe the full quality of my dejection. I raised my bowed head slowly to prove that no matter how bad things get there is always hope.

"I've had enough, Reggie, take me down. Please, please, please!"

Reggie effected shock. "Good gosh, Lana, you've only just started your day. Do you know how long you've been like this?"

"I don't want to know. I've been like this hours and hours and hours. And I know you're going to tell me it's been only ten minutes. Oh, Reggie!"

"Fifty minutes, actually. Just a nice little bit."

Reggie circled my suspended nudity with thoughtful steps. He evidently liked what he saw. For the second time that morning, he said, "You're beautiful, Lana, so beautiful you tear the heart."

"Let me down and save yourself a stroke."

"That's my girl! A touch of humor even under stress."

The last thing I wanted was an exchange of humor. What I wanted most in the world was to get my feet back on the floor. I told Reggie so in no uncertain way. And, as a full measure of desperation, pleaded, "We made a mistake, Reggie, let me down and whip me instead. I simply can't stand this, it's too damned awful."

"You appear to be standing it very well, my pet. You'll just need a little time to adjust."

"Do I have to be dead before you realize how bad this is?"

"I've never seen a girl more vividly alive."

My master then piled shame upon pain by kicking my legs apart to insert a questing hand to grip my sex. His palm came away wet. He then held it up to my mouth for me to lick it clean. I obeyed and wondered unhappily why a girl would become sexually aroused while enduring such pain.

"Reggie, please – whip me instead. Please whip me instead!"

"You're being silly," my master chided severely. "If I listened to you, you'd be hopping back and forth between punishments. This suspension is a lot easier than a hundred strokes with the leather. Try and put up with it, it's only for one day."

"A hundred would kill me! Oh, Reggie!"

"No it wouldn't. But I don't wish to give them to you. I'm leaving you alone again. But, if on my return, you still want the whip. I'll give it to you. But I think you'd be crazy to chose it. Think it over."

I thought it over. I had plenty of time and the more I thought about it the more I

realized I could not possibly bear a hundred lashes. I knew about being whipped, it was something already done to me. My bottom was still multicolored from contact with Lou Haskins and his bitch of a wife. It wasn't all that hard to make decisions when Reggie had me fixed the way I was.

The stress continued. The aches grew. The pain grew. And there was nothing I could do.

As time passed I came to know I would not chose the whip. But perhaps I would loose consciousness as the pain became too much. Surely no one could 'stand this pain for a whole day!

I underrated myself and underestimate Reggie's knowledge of what he was doing. I did not become unconscious. Instead, those parts of me suffering the most became partly numb and I passed over a sort of point of no return in which it was easier to suffer out my sentence than to endure the leather. On this last visit before my release, my master became quite chatty.

"You may never have a punishment like this again, Lana, if you use your head," he told me with encouragement. "Here, I brought a bottle of brandy. Let's both drink a toast to the way you're handling it. I shouldn't tell you but you're doing quite well."

There was other things he said but it was a one-sided conversation. I was sort of numb all over and didn't really feel a reply was necessary. He poured the brandy and held up a glass for me to sip. It burned but was good. Soon it warmed up my insides and made my numbness glow a little.

He talked but wouldn't say how long I was still to hang. Claimed I would think he was a sissy if he did. I couldn't figure out the logic on that one and didn't try.

"Can I trust you enough tomorrow," he continued in an even tone, "to take you with me to buy the ring?"

I wasn't sure I had heard right. But I demanded, "You mean without handcuffs and rope and things?"

"That's right, sweetheart. Free as air."

"Reggie, you can't possibly mean that. Look at the way you've got me now. You won't let me go free."

"Try me. You've nothing to loose."

"You mean, you'll let me wear clothes, I won't be naked?"

Reggie's eyes continued to devour every part of my hurt nakedness. "I'm a bit of a bastard, sweetheart," he admitted without shame. "With this partial freedom I'm promising you, I do hold a trump card. If you do me dirt, I'll simply have Nora picked up and put her where you are now. A man can't be too careful with a female."

I should have thought of Nora myself. It was certainly a hold over me.

Reggie knew I would come to heel at the mere mention of Nora and Lashby Hall. If I could have shrugged, I would have. Instead, I asked in innocence for more

brandy and spent the balance of my punishment day pleasantly pickled. It didn't kill the pain all that much but helped me paint rosy visions of tomorrow.

When Reggie finally let my feet back on the floor, I did not try to stand but crumpled, a very punished girl, upon the floor. I was very thankful. I remember being hotly kissed and of saying over and over, "Thank you, oh, thank you!" before I went to sleep.

9

Fettered Fate

Reggie must have carried me to the lounge and dumped me on the couch. It was there I drifted back from dreams. The last one was vivid and I remembered the voice of Hildegard Neff.

"But you see our position, Mr. Twining. Mr. Trafford insists upon exercising his option to purchase Lana and there is nothing any of us can do. Her sale to you was conditional."

Reggie's voice penetrated my dreams loud and clear.

"I refuse to give her up. Possession is nine points of the law. Look at her, she's mine."

Dreams are fun up to a point. This one was becoming vividly personal. I found myself listening.

"Mr. Trafford is an immensely rich and powerful man, Mr. Twining." Her voice was, as ever, gentle. "I don't think it would be wise of you to run counter to his wishes. I am sure you can easily repossess dear Nora. The sweet child was once in love with you. I am sure she would give you comfort in what you are seeing as a loss."

"Damn right it's a loss. And it's not going to happen!"

"Believe me, Mr. Twining, Miss Witherspoon and I do fully understand how disturbed you must be by this demand."

"Disturbed!" Reggie gave the exclamation all he had. "Damn it, Miss Neff. Lana and I are going to get married. Tomorrow we are going to buy the ring. Tell that to your Mr. Trafford. He can go to hell."

Hildegard Neff's desolation penetrated my dream. "Oh dear, Miss Witherspoon and I had no idea. Really, Mr. Twining, you are a most surprising man."

I sensed her anxiety.

"Damned right I am! Tell this Trafford fellow where to go and that's the end of it." My master was well aroused.

Miss Neff was a force, there could be no doubting it. The shadow of Lashby Hall

was heavy on all present. "I must remind you, Mr. Twining, of the powers and authorities by which this affair must be governed," she suggested gently. "Should you prove adamant in your refusal to relinquish dear Lana. I cannot answer for the results. Lana would be taken my force and you can hardly hope to escape unscathed. Please do try to understand."

By now I was awake. These two were in the room before me, discussing which of two men would own my body to use as they wished. It is hell to be a girl and thus desired! I could now see Miss Neff sitting stiffly and my master lounging in an armchair. I tried to sit erect but discovered my hands were once more fastened behind my back, this time with handcuffs. I was also leg-ironed. I was a prisoner.

I contrived a siting position and looked desperately at my master. He was obviously shattered in his awareness of a threat I did not understand. Hildegard Neff eyed me affectionately. I knew that there was nothing I could say that would affect the outcome, I was property. As usual Miss Neff summed it up.

"The dear child is awake, Mr. Twining. I am sure she will obey the dictates of authority. She is such a sweet girl, I must implore you to relinquish her. There is always Nora Stanton."

There we were, the three of us. I was doing a girl's usual twisting against handcuffs and clinking the leg irons on my ankles as if to assure myself they were real. Hildegard Neff's voice rolled on, "Allow me this suggestion, Mr. Twining, I will take Lana back to Lashby Hall and promise to use all my influence upon Mr. Trafford with a view to returning her to you as soon as maybe. Mr. Trafford struck me as being an intelligent and reasonable man. I will point out to him the advantages to Lana in becoming your wife, he may not wish to come between you two."

Miss Neff allowed herself a thin smile. "I suspect Mr. Trafford is not short of feminine companionship. Behind him is a quite remarkable story I will not bore you with."

The room was silent. Hanging above us all was the threat of some authority I did not understand, but I could see Reggie understood. His voice held only misery.

"Can I be sure of this? Why should you fight my battles with this man Trafford?"

"Because you have my word, Mr. Twining," Miss Neff reminded in faint reproof. "Allow me to take Lana home with me and I will work on your behalf. I am sure Miss Witherspoon will agree."

I had been ignored during the whole exchange. Now, in clear decision, I announced, "I won't go to Lashby Hall. I won't go anywhere except to stay right here with Reggie. I think you're a darling, Miss Neff, but please go away. Please leave Reggie and I alone."

"You have nothing to say about it, child. Keep silent."

With my hands behind my back and my ankles joined by chain, Miss Neff was absolutely right, I had little to say about anything. Perhaps it was this very impotence that drove me to desperately leap for the door. I tripped on hobbled ankles to fall sprawled out on the rug. Reggie picked me up and put me back on the couch. I was

weeping in fury and repeating over and over, "I won't go to Lashby Hall, I won't go."

"The poor girl is overwrought," Miss Neff said to the male who might no longer be my master. "Will you be kind enough to provide me with a length of rope?"

I could not fight but I could certainly talk. Unfortunately Hildegard Neff and Reggie Twining were talking at the same time. As usual Hildegard Neff's authority won over.

"I am tying your elbows. Lana dear. I will tie them so you hurt. I have always found this a very good way to control young women who are emotionally upset. Please forgive me."

I wanted to kick and scream and fight but, like a dummy, meekly kept still for this familiar binding of my arms. Reggie watched but said nothing. I knew he was weighing the consequences of keeping me by force. Once more I was aware of a power hovering over us all. That power might dictate that I be delivered to a man I had only met once.

When Miss Neff thoughtfully grasped a handful of my hair, I knew myself lost, standing erect with hurting arms and able to contest nothing at all. Reggie's eyes met mine in pure misery.

"I'm sorry, Lana." His voice was shamed. "There's things you don't know. I have to relinquish you. Let's be thankful for Miss Neff."

"Such a nice man!" Hildegard Neff exclaimed when she had me safely in her car. "I am sure Mr. Trafford will favorably view this matter of your marriage," Miss Neff twittered like a bird. "It is an unusual and unexpected feature of your case, dear. I do hope you're going to be sensible."

"You mean, you hope I'll be submissive and obedient," I said grumpily. "Yes, I'll be a good slavegirl." Bitterly I added, "What the hell else can I do? You've got me fastened so I can't disagree. If only you could understand how tired I am of being chained and tied and strapped, you'd let me out of this car right now and unlock my irons." I paused a moment before adding, "Wouldn't you?"

As usual, what I said deserved no answer. I tugged at the handcuffs and rattled my leg irons as my only protest.

"You must forgive me for finding those sounds absolutely delightful, dear," Miss Neff said frankly. "They tell me you are well secured and I need not worry about your escaping. They also show your healthy disapproval of being thus controlled." She sighed gently. "For me, life has always been divided between women like me and a constantly changing group of young women, handcuffed and ironed, roped and strapped, whose only wish is escape. You're not going to be silly about trying to escape, are you dear?"

I gave her a dejected no but asked her how she would feel if, to be married on the following day, she was suddenly jerked back into imprisonment.

"I don't suppose I'd like it, dear. But it is always wise to accept authority and to see ourselves conforming to rules. You will conform to the Rules, dear, won't you?"

"The way you'll keep me chained, I'll have no choice," I said. "Oh, Miss Neff, I do so wish you'd let me go. Just unlock these things and turn me loose." I looked her straight in the eye. "Please, please . . . please'!"

It did not happen. On arrival at Lashby Hall I was taken straight to my sister's cell. Diana was sitting dejected on the wooden bench in her tiny prison. The door closed and we were locked together. Diana's hands were cuffed behind her back, it was her only bond.

Diana was subdued, still a bitch but nowhere as much a bitch as when we were last together. "I thought you were safely chained and being well screwed by that guy, whatever his name was," she said without much feeling. "What went wrong?"

I told her what went wrong. When I was finished her retort was bitter. "You have the damnedest luck, Lana. Every man in the world wants to get to you. Look, if you don't want this guy Trafford, why don't you recommend me? I'm sick to death of chains and iron bars. What do you say!"

I happily agreed but explained I had no say in the matter. I was a girl with something between her legs and an omnipotent male could pick and chose between us. If he liked my secret place over hers, there was nothing I could do. "They've been giving me the damnedest time," my sister said. "I've stood in the pillory, been tied to a tree, and they caned my bottom just because I said Miss Witherspoon was an old fart. I girl can't say a thing around here."

A silence grew during which, perhaps, we both saw each other with more sympathetic eyes. In a burst of candor, Diana said savagely, "I'm getting the same as you, I'm giving up any hope of escape. I'm becoming a professional prisoner. Oh, Lana, if I had only known what this place was like I would never have put you in here."

We moaned and lamented to our heart's content. We came to a new understanding of each other. We were sisters in a prison from which we could never escape. Quite soon I was to be sold to a man I did not know. Off in the distance, Reggie Twining was a decreasing influence in my life.

My sister and I slept as best we could huddled nakedly upon the narrow wooden bench. In the morning I was taken to my fate.

"Miss Witherspoon and I do not approve of this, Lana dear," Miss Neff explained as she laid me on the bed and bound my wrists tight to one end and my feet to the other in a perfect spread-eagle. As usual, my sex screamed to any curious eyes. Her voice continued, "I would not be binding you like this if Mr. Trafford had not insisted." Her voice was heavy with disapproval. "We can well understand why he wants you bound in this obscene posture. Really, men disgust me!"

If Miss Neff was disgusted, I was doubly so. After all it was my body which Mr. Trafford would rape and my mouth which would probably have to pay homage to his male member. I knew it would do no good to plead so I just asked her to tie me loosely enough so I would not be stretched or in pain while my new owner tried me out. Both Miss Neff and I had to assume this was his motive in requesting I be fastened thus to await his arrival. It was all neatly cut and dried and I longed to scream.

"I leave you alone now, dear," Miss Neff said sorrowfully. "We both know what's going to be done to you. It's something no man has ever done to me so I can't really be a judge of your feelings. Are you comfortable?"

I told her I did not hurt. I struggled to demonstrate the small freedoms her bindings permitted. It wasn't much. I was well secured and well open to male conquest.

Idly I wondered how many naked girls have lain as I lay now, spread and firmly bound, to await a conqueror. In a way it seemed the most natural posture in the world, a purely female function. I paid tribute to Miss Neff's cords by struggling for several minutes until pain told me to lie still and be sensible. There was no sense in being violated and having raw wrists and ankles, too. I suppose I had got about as low in the scale of feminine experience as I could get.

Bill Trafford seemed even more handsome than I remembered. His casual, "Nice to see you, Miss Liston," held no menace. His eyes roving my nakedness said it all.

Hoping to delay the inevitable, I came out with. "Nice to see you, Mr. Trafford, I have been made ready for rape."

He laughed in pure enjoyment. "Come off it, Lana, stop playing the haughty heiress and come back to earth. This isn't rape and you know damned well it isn't. I've screwed you before and intend to screw you again. In the meantime I understand you've been well Rogered by a Mr. Reggie Twining. You're a long way from being a blushing virgin."

I could contest nothing, Trafford held all the cards. Yet, I found courage to say, "If you'll untie me, I won't struggle. I can make it much better for you if I have my hands and feet."

He grinned a boyish grin as he tossed aside the last of his garments. "I'm sure of that, Lana, but it is nicer having you bound like this. I simply can't deny it. You'll have to put up with it."

He seated himself beside me on the bed and began to tease my nipples with his fingertips. Damn him, he soon had me panting.

Rape or intercourse or whatever you want to call it does not deserve an effort to describe. It can be seen as something exquisitely beautiful or ugly and obscene according to the point of view. The affair was mutually satisfying despite my misgivings and set my new owner's seal upon my sex. Trafford complemented me on a performance inhibited by rope. I have always believed a man cheats himself by binding a girl spread-eagle while ravishing her.

Trafford then untied my feet to allow me to close my legs but left my arms still bound. Resuming his seat beside me on the bed he dropped a casual remark, "Miss Neff tells me you have plans to marry. I've messed that up?"

"Yes."

"Much of a heart-break'!"

"Yes."

"Your Reggie Twining must be hating me!"

"Yes, he is. Look, Mr. Trafford, please don't buy me. The world's full of pretty girls, you don't have to have me."

"But I'm intrigued by your background, Lana. This whole Lashby Hall affair is almost too good to be true."

I wiggled against my tied wrists. I did not care that every bit of me was under the nose of Mr. William Trafford and wondered if my sex smell would repell or attract. It was potent in the air.

"I know I'm delicious to men," I said disgustedly. "They love to whip me and violate me. Usually in that order."

"I haven't whipped you."

"No, you haven't. Do you intend to?"

"Probably, when I get to know you better."

We fell silent. I looked up and he looked down. It struck me we made a damned handsome pair. His intense masculinity made a good match for the female package I knew myself to be. Like casting bread upon the waters, I suggested, "If you're intrigued by my background, Mr. Trafford, why don't you buy my sister Diana? She's imprisoned here the same as me. And I'm sure she could be tied to a bed just like this for you to test."

Trafford raised an eyebrow. "You mean she was a haughty bitch who stepped on too many toes and is now getting her just desserts? That was your story, wasn't it?"

"There's not much to chose between us." I was forced to agree. "She hasn't been at Lashby Hall long but they have managed to instill a little humility. I think they've been giving the poor dear a really bad time." My voiced became bitter. "They give me a bad time, too. My sponsors insist upon it. But that's the curriculum at Lashby Hall. There's no use complaining. If someone doesn't rescue me from the place I face a life time of being punished everyday and being chained and locked in a cell every night. And I'll never, never have the use of my hands, they'll always be handcuffed or tied. Look at the way you've got me right now."

Trafford rose and paced thoughtfully back and forth, bestowing a faintly amused smile upon me each time he passed. When Trafford stopped beside the bed, he stared, not at my pubic triangle, but straight at me. "So you don't want my beautiful Moorish palace, Miss Liston?"

"Does it matter what I want! I'm sure you'll take me there, suitably restrained, of course, so I'll have a chance to be breathless. Does it have the usual dungeons or cages for lady visitors?"

He nodded as if my sarcasm had passed him by. "It has all those things. A girl may be certain she will never escape." He paused again. "Your sister, Diana? Tell me more."

"There's nothing to tell. She's a beautiful bitch and that's about all there is to it. If you enjoy whipping girls, Mr. Trafford, it will do her a lot more good than me."

"You despise your sister?"

"I used to, but since they brought her here I can feel only sympathy. This place shocks a girl to bits. I've had to feel sorry for her, she's going through one hell of a time."

"Would you like me to untie your hands, Miss Liston?"

"I'd be grateful if you would."

"In that case you will remain as you are. A maiden under duress has an appeal all her own. You look entirely charming."

I sniffed disgusted. I was being played with. It pleased this man to see me nakedly exposed with my arms spread wide and tied so there was nothing I could do. I wanted to scream and beat my fits against anything male. A girl always wants these things when she knows them denied.

"Why don't you get Miss Neff to introduce you to Diana?" I asked acidly. Trafford surprised me by untying my hands and helping me from the bed.

He watched me rub and massage the rope marks. "You and I will both go and visit your sister," he said in a voice betraying nothing.

"I suppose I should tie your hands behind your back, shouldn't I? I understand it is a sort of school uniform."

I turned and presented my wrists and stood without complaint while he bound them tight. My heart was beating hard with a fresh hope. Yet I felt a little guilty at how sincere my sister's wish to get out of Lashby Hall via being sold to Mr. Trafford was. At least he was most handsome. I walked beside him to where I would probably find out my fate.

Miss Neff's quiet smile upon hearing Trafford's request should have warned me. Not that it mattered! We found my dear sister siting on the low, hard bench with her ankles widely separately and locked inside the wooden stocks. Her hands were tied behind her back as were my own. But I knew she was fastened thus to prohibit her hands from easing the chaff and numbness imposed by the oak on which she sat. Her seat would be okay for the first hour but after that would become an increasing punishment she could do nothing to counter. I had sat like that myself and knew it as a far worse punishment that it seemed.

The introductions finished, my sister made a valiant effort to come out on top. "I must apology for this obscene position in which you find me, Mr. Trafford. It is Lashby Hall's idea of how to treat a young woman, it is not mine!"

Bill Trafford murmured a few kinds words while I watched Diana's features register shock and horror that she should be discovered thus be a handsome and probably wealthy man. I knew she was trying hard to close her legs but they did not move.

"I would consider it a favor, Sir, if you would negotiate my release from this outrageous place. I have been kidnapped and held here against my will."

By the time she made this declaration her breasts were heaving and her cheeks were pink.

Poor, darling Diana! So formal, so correct, and so ridiculous. Trafford was gazing at her entranced. I knew the poor girl was suffering agonies of embarrassment, a fact clearly advertised my a spreading blush she could not hide.

When Trafford drew Miss Neff over to a corner of the room and whispered urgently, my hopes rose higher still. I guessed what he was negotiating. Unaware of benefit, my sister glared at me in pure female fury. "I suppose I've got you to thank for this disgraceful exposure before a man, Lana. There's never been a man who has seen me like this before." She paused before continuing. "Is this the rich one you were telling me about'!"

I said, yes, this was the rich one and to please hold her horses before blowing her top. I dared not even hint at what I guessed was about to take place. Trafford and Miss Neff lost no time. Miss Neff unlocked the stocks and my sister closed her legs thankfully for the first time in several hours.

"You've forgotten to untie my hands," she snapped.

They brought my sister to her feet. If Diana wanted a man she had a lot to learn. But if a haughty bitch was what he wanted . . . ! Feeling like excess baggage, I followed the trio to where my snooty sibling would learn the facts of life.

Diana would have been more vocal had she known what was happening.

She probably thought she was being taken somewhere to be punished. But her hands were freed and she was thrown sprawling upon the bed. As they tied her hands spread wide and started on her feet, she began to glimpse possibilities. When the spread-eagle was being finished, she played her role to the hilt.

"I would have thought that obscene exposure in the stocks would have been enough, Mr. Trafford," she said icily. "I see no reason to stretch me again like this." She felt into a hurt silence.

"Does she always talk like this?" Trafford inquired. "I've never run into it before, she's absolutely unique."

"A relic of Queen Victoria. I begin to despair," Miss Neff said sadly.

"Perhaps your present intentions may have a humanizing effect. You can bring the two of them to my office when and if you consummate the act." She swept from the room as though disclaiming responsibility."

I had been watching Di and saw her tense at the word 'consummate' and she surely was not so dumb as to not pick up on the veiled reference. For most young women the posture in which she was tied would have been explanation enough.

"I hope you do not intend to do something foolish, Mr. Trafford," she asked.

"Depends on the point of view," said my new owner easily. "I'm going to fuck you, if that's what you're worried about."

We could have heard a pin drop. But the silence was heavily loaded. Diana was not a girl to embrace defeat easily but dealt with the subject the way she saw it. "If you penetrate me, you will be guilty of rape, Mr. Trafford. It is an outrage. I insist upon being untied and allowed to go home."

If I had had a riding crop I would have given Diana a couple of welts to bring her back into the real world. But my hands were still tight tied behind my back and I was wondering whether to stay or leave. Sensing my indecision, Trafford ordered, "I want you to stay her and watch, Lana. It will annoy this stupid creature and that's what I want most to do right now. Stay and watch, it's an order."

My sister was not pleased. "Send her away, Mr. Trafford. Oh, please don't let her stay here to watch me raped. Please. Mr. Trafford, I beg of you."

Bill Trafford began once more to bare his body. I had seen it before but was still impressed. If I had to be a male, I would have wanted a body just like that. Diana viewed this swift unveiling of male virility with pure horror and became human in her expression of disapproval and her pleadings for release. The poor dear continued to place emphasis on being allowed to go back home. I did not escape.

"As for you, Lana, you should be ashamed of yourself. Go away! Mr. Trafford leaves no doubt of his intentions. I don't need you to witness my degradation. Please leave before this goes too far."

I simply ignored her. I had to. Orders are orders. Then mischief prompted me to ask. "If you want to do it to my again, Mr. Trafford, I promise to be a good and obedient girl. It might be nice for Diana to watch before it becomes her turn."

Diana's struggles might have been aimed at escape but it showed how little she knew of men. I could easily see that her wiggles and tuggings only excited this male more, sealing her fate. I had to admit, I even saw her as more highly erotic than usual. Trafford could wait no longer and positioned his body between the wide spread legs and pinched a pair of indignant nipples as the first round in this battle. My sister didn't squeal, probably from shock. He lowered himself upon her beauty. Penetration was instant, a fact that told me quite a lot about my sister. From that point there was no more talking, only action. Miss Diana Liston resorted to the sounds ravished girls have been making for a hell of a long time. I was impressed by the variety of outrage, anger and appeal that was conveyed without words. And all with her eyes closed.

This was the first time I had witnessed a man possess a girl. I will remember it always.

It has been said that woman is the ultimate instrument and will respond according to the skill of the male. I expect it is true, we are conquered by the phallus. As I watched my sister's ravishment and beheld the growing excitement and contortions, I felt nothing but despair for the entire female sex, myself included.

When Bill Trafford was through with the living flesh he had conquered, he joined me in silent communion to assess the quality of the moaning girl who's breasts still heaved and who's outstretched limbs were still tight bound. Bill Trafford cocked an

amused eyebrow in my direction.

"I'll take her," he said with a decisive voice. Then he chuckled at emotions he saw flit across my face. "When I've thrashed the nonsense out of her, she'll be an absolute treasure. Perhaps, one day, she'll be half as good as you."

By the time Diana had stopped her moaning and Bill Trafford was once more dressed, Miss Neff appeared again. She noted the conquered female flesh on the bed, Bill Trafford's obvious satisfaction, and pursed her lips in disapproval. The act I had been forced to witness was, by her standards, disgusting. Life is so simple for lesbians, I almost envied them.

I waited breathlessly, knowing it was my own life hanging in the balance.

As previously, Trafford put an end to doubt. "I will purchase Diana," he said evenly. "I want it understood that I do so because of Lana's obvious anxiety over a love affair which included marriage. I give her leave to pursue that affair. I also expect to make out very well with her sister. The ways in which I do this need not concern you now. Would you please look after the papers."

He held my shoulders and kissed me hard and long. Then he thrust me almost into Hildegard Neff's waiting arms. She led me to my old cell, thrust me within, and turned the lock. I sat down on the hard familiar bench and wondered what would happen now. Looking around at the bars and concrete, I shivered. I was far from home!

Before resigning myself to solitary confinement, I did battle with Trafford's cords, the battle raging painfully and long. Finally I had to concede him the victory. At the end of my revolt, I was still tightly tied. I shed a few tears of self-pity. Everyone seemed happy except me. Remorsefully I envisioned Reggie Twining repossessing his once adored Nora and telling me to get lost. That is the effect of a prison cell upon a girl.

When Hildegard Neff brought my apple and bit of bread in the morning she told me Trafford had bound my sister for transport and taken her away, paying the price and satisfied with his bargain. It had been a neat exchange. Diana had departed for some strange country while I took her place in prison. I wondered If somewhere along the line I had been crazy.

"When will I be sent back to Mr. Twining?" I urgently inquired.

"Your sponsors approved the sale of a single girl, dear," Miss Neff patiently explained. "In the first instance that girl was you. But, by your own wish, Diana has been sold instead, sold into a permanent slavery. We have no authority to set you free."

I pondered the whole affair. The way Miss Neff explained it I didn't have much of a future. "But Mr. Twining actually owned me," I protested. "You know all about us getting married and I thought we had your sympathy."

"You do, sweetheart. Miss Witherspoon and I are already in communication with your sponsors to obtain the necessary release. In the meantime there is nothing else for you to do but remain here at Lashby Hall."

"With the daily punishment?"

"How else could you occupy your day, dear?" Miss Neff was, as usual, heavily loaded with sweet reason. "I will arrange for your discomforts not to be severe."

Big deal! Reggie was out there somewhere waiting for me while I would be sitting in the stocks or tied to a tree! I was quite certain the sponsors would take long enough to reach a decision. If that decision was negative, I'd be a prisoner here for life. I burst into tears and Hildegard Neff busied herself with comforting. When a girl's hands are tied behind her back, she can't even cry decently.

I spent the day in what I suppose would be considered a rather humane punishment. There were vertical posts with a sort of stocks horizontal across the top. The stocks opened to accept my wrists then closed down on them to lock tight. I simply stood there in my nakedness with my arms outstretched to disappear within the solid oak of this punishment of which I know no name. The wood was tight around my wrists, it was useless to struggle.

I struggled and chaffed my wrists: Sure, it was silly, but I just didn't feel like standing there and meekly accepting my penance. In the end I felt foolish and finally just stood still. Those who came to view my punishment all followed a similar ritual of asking me what it felt like and then feeling me up between the legs. They always found me wet, which they appeared to think made me some kind of super sexual woman. I answered their questions politely and licked palms dry upon request. I was mainly concerned about them pinching nipples, a diversion to which most of the staff seemed addicted. But they must have been told to layoff. I stood there the whole day without a pinch.

When my wrists were once more handcuffed behind my back and I was once more locked within my cell, I cried then fell asleep. It is tiring to just stand in one place all day.

The next day I did not even leave my cell. With a pair of pliers, Miss Neff wired my thumbs together, cinched them with a separate band, then snipped off the ends by which I might have freed myself. She then performed the same service for my two big toes. I quickly found that wired thumbs and toes were not a thing to fight. Not, at least, unless you really like pain.

Once I stopped trying to get free, the punishment became more a mental thing than a physical one. It seemed I should have been able to free myself from a few bits of wire, tiny when compared to handcuffs, but every attempt ended only in pain. I could only sit and contemplate my future.

Despite Hildegard Neff's affection and the diversion of my sister's affair with Bill Trafford, my return to Lashby Hall was wickedly depressing. When a girl is surrounded by irons bars, concrete and locks, it is hard to believe in freedom. My thumbs and toes were wired today. Tomorrow it would be rope or chain or wood. I wanted out so bad it hurt.

I ate my apple and bread and sat in frightening solitude. In the afternoon it happened.

"The phone is so wonderful," Miss Neff informed cheerfully. "I've phoned person after person among you sponsors and managed to get them to accept your

imprisonment with Mr. Twining as well as you sister's sale to Mr. Trafford." She patted my cheek affectionately. "I thought it best not to mention your marriage but allowed them to think Mr. Twining would give you a very bad time indeed. I'm sure this is wonderful news for you dear. I'll run you back to his townhouse right away."

While the wire was being unwound from my thumbs and toes, I looked around at the little cell which had been my home for a short while and felt a little nostalgia at knowing I might never see it again. There was also Neffie. Regardless of the things Neffie had done to me, we shared a tremendous warmth. I think it likely I was carrying a load of guilt about my behavior before the group had sponsored my kidnapping and introduction to the gentle logic of Lashby Hall. Perhaps that was what caused me to accept the punishments of Lashby Hall as being just. As the last wire fell and I was handed clothes I felt as if Saint Peter had personally opened the Pearly Gates for me.

It took a bit of adjusting to sit beside Neffie in the car totally free of all restraint. She talk to me gravely but happily of the things I still had to face in the strange pact Reggie had made. In front of his house we kissed for the last time before I hurried up the walkway and paused on the steps to wave a last farewell. The car departed and I rang the bell.

It was not Reggie who opened the door, it was Nora who stared at me in wide-eyed disbelief. If felt my smile fade as I stammered, "They let me go. Oh, Nora darling, they sent me back to Reggie."

I was about to add, to get married, but the vibes I was picking up felt wrong.

I quickly learned how very wrong they were!

Nora was handcuffed but she did not let that hinder our embrace. We hugged and kissed until she whispered in my ear, "Oh, darling, Reggie was all broken up. He thought you'd been sold to some guy. He told me Miss Neff had taken you back to Lashby Hall and everything was final. He phoned and asked me to come over. I felt so terribly sorry for him."

"So he handcuffed you?"

Nora lifted her handcuffed hands back over my head and looked at her bonds as if seeing them for the first time. "Well, we sort of had to do something, didn't we? I mean, being Reggie's prisoner had been the beginning and the end of everything for me." She allowed her joined hands to fall while gazing at me with big, hurt eyes stricken with grief. "Reggie says he and I are going to get married. He told me all about his plans with you and I said, yes, I'd be his wife or his prisoner or whatever else you want to call me on those terms. Oh, Lana, darling, I feel simply awful!"

That made two of us. How illogical it was and how little cause I now had to complain. Trafford had owned me for sure when Miss Neff took me away. And Nora and Reggie had had a thing going long before I carne on the scene. I felt like a very small piece of driftwood along in a big ocean.

"I think we had better let Reggie in on this," Nora suggested fearfully. "After all, he's going to have the final say."

"No he isn't!" I made my negative as final as I knew how. "I'm not going to mess

things up for both of you. I took him away from you once, I won't do it a second time."

"But, darling, where would you go? What will you do?"

"I'll get my estate back and pick up my old life from where it was left off. Maybe this time around I can make a few friends."

We had made brave vows but nonetheless ended up in Reggie's office, standing before his desk, airing our stories. The news hit Reggie hard.

"You mean the idiot's chosen Diana instead of you!" He stared at me aghast. "He needs his head examined. Why the hell couldn't he have thought of Diana in the first place. The silly bastard's screwed us up, but good!"

Reggie Twining sat silently while gazing at the two girls of whom he could marry only one. Nora and I both sensed his distress. The poor guy had to make a choice. After a good deal of twisting around in his chair he came out with a typically Twining solution. "I'll marry one of you," he said without hesitation. "We'll toss a coin to see which one of you it is. When that's out of the way, the girl who doesn't go to church will get properly striped naked and properly handcuffed and leg-ironed. If I can have a wife, I can also most certainly have a slave."

Then he tried for a touch of humor, "Damned good idea, really. She'll be handy around the house and useful to beat when one of us is mad." He grinned broadly as if having solved the problems of the world. For Nora and I perhaps he had.

Events moved swiftly. The handcuffs were taken from Nora's wrist and Reggie tossed the coin. I called heads, it came up tails. I knew Reggie was about to tell me to strip but I had to try an option. I told them.

Nora and Reggie let me go but only on the understanding that I would return if my mission failed. I knew the name and phone number of the most influential woman among my sponsors. I went to her and laid the whole thing on the line and pleaded for the repossession of my estate and return to freedom. Doris heard me through. At the end of my pleas she came up with an angle I had either forgotten or failed to see.

"We thought you deserved punishment spread over a period of time, dear," she explained softly. "Don't you realize that was less than a month ago?"

"Yes, but if you know what I've been through . . . ."

Doris was not interested in what I had been through, probably she already knew. She continued the same sorrowful accounting of my fate. "I am not at liberty to tell you the length of your sentence. But it was certainly not less than one year. Think, my dear, you have served less than one twelfth of a sentence we think you richly deserved. Nothing has changed."

I saw the point, it was not encouraging. But by her standards, it was absolutely fair. In the eyes of my sponsors I was nothing better than an escapee to be returned to Lashby Hall immediately.

"I know what you'll be thinking, dear," she said. "But please remember, if you obediently serve out your sentence, you'll return to your estate, you life, and your old

friends will welcome you. You will have paid a debt and will be honored for having done so. As for Diana, the less said, the better."

There was nothing more to say. Doris had said it all. Her insistent wisdom was hard to fight.

"Would you like me to phone and have Hildegard Neff pick you up for your return to Lashby Hall?" she inquired.

"No. I don't want to be handcuffed or tied again right now. I'll get back to Lashby Hall under my own steam. You've been very kind."

I was kissed and patted, even though I had promised no obedience. Doris was the kind who thought the best of everyone. Out on the street I walked to let the fresh air clear my mind. I came to a phone booth and was surprised by the conviction I had come to. I phoned Lashby Hall and made arrangements for pick me up as soon in the evening as she could. I told her I knew what I was getting into and why. There was no way I was going to upset Nora's life a second time or set Reggie Twining off on a course he might regret. At that moment I was very much surplus to everyone and everything except Lashby Hall.

I will go back with Hildegard Neff tonight to begin my sentence once again. It is much the best.

THE END



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