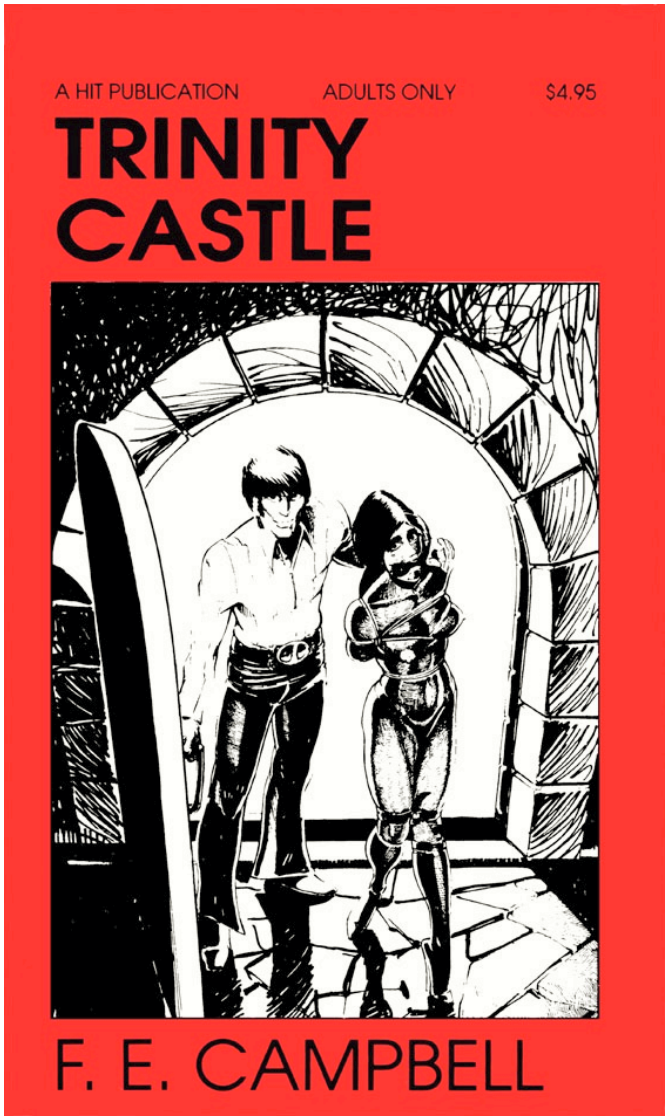


Trinity Castle

A Hit Book

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Trinity Castle

by F. E. Campbell

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1

Trapped Tourist

Trinity Castle had failed to thrill. Perhaps it had been one too many or Genevra should have brought a girlfriend along with whom to share her irritation over the Old Tea Shoppe where the locals swilled tea by the gallon and a request for coffee was met with an eyebrow raised in distaste. Genevra had reached the point of considering it time to stop poking around ancient castles and such and go back home to the good old USA where everyone knew about coffee and did not have to be tipped for telling you the time. Genevra deliberately avoided the guided tours, preferring to ramble and explore, an adventure often rewarding with unexpected treasure. So far Trinity Castle had yielded nothing. The room in which she stood contained a number of paintings, no doubt worth a fortune, but her interest was now riveted upon a neat round hole in the wall, an anomaly supported by a box and a printed sign. "Put ten P in the box and take a chance at what you grab inside. Everybody wins."

Later Genevra was to crossly tell herself she was old enough to have known better. But Trinity had palled and ten pence was not a lot of money. She counted out the coins and, without another thought, inserted her hand and then her arm to claim her prize. It would quite likely be a tour guide or a package of tea bags.

It did not happen instantly. Genevra was busily groping when her wrist was bitten by what she first supposed to be animal teeth. A few moments later she knew it had been encircled within a noose of wire which dragged her hand and arm painfully to where she stood pressed against the wall. Her arm stolen by a force unknown, her eyes roving frantically in search of help. But there was no help, she was alone.

The wrist of Miss Genevra Anderson hurt abominably. Genevra's tugs and twists elicited only pain until she stood panting and flushed to assess her plight. As yet she was not afraid.

Genevra had fought her battle with English faucets which leaked in floods and with English heating devices in which there was no heat. No doubt this was one more case in which something was not working according to plan. When someone came to provide release they were going to get a few crisp American observations on English inefficiency.

Her wrist hurt more and more. She wondered if it would do any good to scream. The school girl was delightfully English. She wore the femininely scholastic white and blue of the island's school uniforms, which Genevra had found attractive when a group were marching together on the streets or playing in the fields. It was neat and tidy and left no doubt as to the wearer's status. The girl advanced several paces into the room and now stood surveying Genevra with vibrant interest. She might have been fifteen, although there was a hint of wisdom in the eyes which belied the trim white tunic and blue blouse. Brightly she observed, "You can't withdraw your arm, can you? You're fixed?"

For the first time Genevra felt concern, a concern overwhelmed by irritation. "Of course I am fixed," she said angrily. "Surely you don't imagine I'd stand like this if I weren't. I'd be grateful if you could get me loose or go and get someone who can."

"You're very pretty," the girl said as though thinking aloud. "You're an American, aren't you? If I let you loose, would you mind being handcuffed for a while?"

Genevra hoped she had not heard aright. But the girl was carrying a handbag and from it withdrew a pair of steel bracelets of the kind usually carried by policemen. She held them up and said, "Pretty and they don't hurt a bit. You will let me, won't you?"

The child must be insane, Genevra thought. But to become the plaything of a teenage moppet was less unattractive than standing where she was. "You're being ridiculous," Genevra told the nymphet with acid certainty. "Please get someone in charge and put an end to this nonsense. Damn it, girl, let me loose!"

The teenage tone was heavily disappointed. "It doesn't really matter, because I can look after you anyway But it would have been much nicer if the two of us would have just had fun. First thing is I have to put these on your ankles."

What happened then was beyond Genevra's comprehension. She needed one foot to stand on and, when she used the other to kick at the schoolgirl who advanced towards her, she found her foot captured by teenage hands and quickly encircled with a steel cuff that snapped shut with a firm click. Genevra's trapped wrist hurt enough to reduce her motions to a pitiful protest. Quickly the girl dragged down her foot and snapped the other cuff on her other foot. When a loop of twine went around her free wrist she would have stamped in indignation and disgust had her feet not been joined. When the schoolgirl tugged suggestively, it hurt almost as much as did the wire. But the most shameful thing was still to come. The bag yielded a collar and a leash. No matter how Genevra fought, the band of leather was soon buckled tight around her throat, it's leash dangling over the swell of young breasts The battle was lost.

Genevra's wired wrist came loose without her knowing how the act was done.

She was given no chance to examine the scarlet circle on her skin before it was encircled in twine behind her back while she tottered uncertainly on feet held close together by steel.

"There, that will do nicely," the moppet said as she cut the twine to leave Genevra's wrists cinched by a mere couple of strands which hurt too much to struggle. "There, I'll unlock your ankles now, but I do hope you'll be sensible."

The moment her feet were free, Genevra took a flying leap towards the door but the

leash was clutched in a strong young hand to snub her neck painfully, and bring her to a flushed and panting halt. She stood and glared in mute outrageous.

"It will take you a little time to get accustomed to helplessness," the moppet said cheerfully. "I could hurt you if I wanted to jerk on this leash. After a while you'll get accustomed to being led around like a puppy dog. My name's Erin, what's yours?"

"None of your business. Look, girl, you've had your fun now turn me loose. I'll be out of her in no time and won't bother you again."

A vicious tug on the leash was her answer. Then another and another in harsh command to reduce Genevra to a disgusting knowledge of being controlled. "My name is Genevra Anderson," she said unhappily. "I come from California in the good, old USA. And I can assure you when I get near a police station you're going to be a very sorry girl."

"You'll never see a police station again. And you won't be going back to California." Erin's voice was a bright as good news. "Let's stop gabbing and I'll take you to the really and truly old part of Trinity Castle where we'll be in time for the afternoon class. Don't be silly or I'll break your neck."

Beyond the door the passages became a labyrinth. The unwilling tourist sensed the passage of centuries as she was led past rooms that spoke of other days. Sometimes she called for a halt, to demand release but was always defeated by the vicious circle around her neck against which there was no defense. Little by little the bewildered girl trod the dust of centuries.

The classroom was startling. It was vivid with life about twenty naked girls sat at twenty desks, busily writing and only spared Erin and her charge a brief glance before returning to their work. At the front, behind a large desk, sat a woman who gave Genevra a brief appraisal before nodding approval at the girl holding Genevra's leash. She indicated a desk and Erin led Genevra to it. There she was sat down and a shiny metal cuff locked around her ankle. Her ankle was now linked to the desk by heavy links of chain. With a snap of a pocket knife. Erin cut the twine holding Genevra's hands and marched from the room without a backwards glance, seeming satisfied over a task well done.

Genevra's protests, fighting for utterance, were delayed by pure astonishment.

Each of the girls had an ankle chained as was hers, but in addition, all were naked in a total absence of covering which left the new girl staring in dismay at more breasts than she had ever previously seen.

In all her twenty six years, Genevra had never felt more at a loss. She busily massaged tender wrists, scarlet and indented by the twine and wire. It was a good feeling to possess hands once more. A feeling offset by the shackle on her ankle, a

shackle at which she kicked in indignation with a resultant clatter of links which should have drawn attention but caused no eyebrow to be raised.

It was infuriating and defeating to stand and endure a humiliation none cared to notice. Defiantly she shouted, "I'm here, damn you, I demand release! I don't know what sort of game you're playing but someone is going to prison over this!"

Genevra might as well have kept quiet. No head was raised no eye turned. It was as if her shout had been lost in the wind. She stood back to test her tether which at best was two feet long. And then to kick it savagely in another attempt to find a weakness or demand attention. Genevra was conscious of making an outrageous amount of noise but no one turned their head. And the woman at the desk up front remained concerned with something on her desk. Since she had proven herself unable to leave. Genevra sulkily sat down.

Someone would say something, something inevitable had to happen. This ignoring of her presence could not possibly go on and on. It was a nightmare Genevra was determined to sit out until she gained an authoritative ear. Never in her life had she been thus encircled by nakedness. Only the woman at the front of the class and herself were clothed. It was a bad dream from which she would soon awake.

With commendable patience, the new girl settled down to sit it out. Her reward was long in coming but eventually the mistress stood up and, carrying an unbelievable burden, made her way from desk to desk. At her approach, each girl submissively extended a pair of wrists upon which handcuffs were tightly clasped before a key unlocked the shackle down below. It was obviously a ritual long repeated, and each girl, when her hands were chained, left the room without a spoken word. The atmosphere was eerie in its expectation of submission and by the total obedience of the naked girls. Determined not to shame herself further, she watched quietly, each pair of wrists fastened together and each ankle unlocked. When the classroom held only herself and the mistress, her heart was thudding so painfully she feared the mistress could hear it. When the mistress, showing only a small amused smile, dangled empty handcuffs before her eyes, Genevra put her hands behind her back and glared defiance.

"You would do well to join the other girls, dear. They're going to wash up and then have dinner. I expect you're hungry." The voice was exquisitely modulated. The mistress was an educated woman.

Genevra found herself inclined to obey. She, too, wanted a wash up and dine.

And above all, to leave the unbelievable atmosphere of the classroom. But if she behaved as had all the others, it would be an admission of defeat. Tartly she said, "I reject this whole piece of nonsense, this whole silly game you play. Let me loose and let me go, and I'll consider it never happened."

"You have seen it happen, dear. It will continue to happen. You can never

influence rituals so deeply entrenched as ours. Give me your hands."

It would be so easy to just accept the handcuffing, and then to leave the room.

Perhaps then she would discover the answers to a hundred questions. As Genevra considered its power over her, the ankle shackle seemed to burn her skin. She retorted, "You can't expect me to cooperate in anything you're doing. Can't you see how outrageous this is for me!"

"Of course I can, dear." The voice was gentle, almost kind. "Hold out your hands for these pretty bracelets so that you might take a step towards reality. Surely you do not wish to sit here like this all evening?"

"I certainly will not sit here all evening. I'll go to the police and get this whole thing over with!"

It sounded pompous and absurd. Genevra wished she had kept quiet. Her metal clad ankle made boasts and threats sound empty. More quietly she added, "I am afraid. Please tell me what this is all about?"

The mistress sighed. And ceased to offer the bracelets and chain. "Humility is hard to come by." She said it as almost an admission. "But perhaps if you sit her long enough in this room, you will learn its wisdom. Au revoir, dear. I will leave you with your thoughts. Consider what you have seen. Do not panic, you will not be forgotten."

It was as incomprehensible as all the rest. Genevra watched the stately departure of a woman still beautiful despite her age. The door closed and Genevra became alone. Ghosts hovered and watched. But Genevra, seated at her desk, had a disgusted feeling of having missed her cue.

With none to see or hear, it was a pleasant relief to fight the metal shackle. Venting her spleen upon the only enemy she could touch, Genevra kicked and tugged and heaved against the steel by which her foot was held until, exhausted and feeling foolish, she sat and lifted her ankle to the desk top to examine the shining links. The examination found no flaws. The only break in the silvery surface was an orifice for a key she did not have. It was by no means a commercial handcuff nor did it look like any other handcuff she had ever seen. It was a wide and exquisitely made circlet which fit her ankle as snugly as if made to measure. Allowing her foot to fall back to the floor, Genevra buried her face in her hands and wept.

The captive girl's loneliness of defeat was measured in hours, during which time she fought again and again the links by which she was held while her mind ceaselessly searched for an answer. Throughout it all, Genevra was aware of an unreality as if in a dream where nothing was sane. Somewhere there would be an answer. But supposing that answer didn't come? Perhaps all those naked girls carried forever an unanswered query they no longer spoke aloud. Perhaps each of them had come to

Trinity Castle in the same manner as herself! Genevra found no comfort in the thought.

It was Erin who finally broke the solitude. Cheerful as ever, she offered the handcuffs. "I think you're ready now. Stick out your hands, darling."

Genevra thrust forward her hands and watched her wrists encircled by the smooth, shining metal which controlled her. The leash was snapped back on her collar to make her again the submissive property of a teenage girl.

The delayed dinner in the deserted dinning hall was expansively delicious.

Genevra ate ravenously under the watchful eyes of her mistress, handcuffed wrists imposed only a small handicap in the use of knife and fork, an unexpected degree of freedom which left Genevra wondering if she could get the best of Erin in a struggle. As though to answer her thought, Erin said, "It's best not to fight me. You'd be terribly punished. And you wouldn't find the freedom you're looking for. Don't fight. Let me be your guide. Soon I'll take you to my mother and she'll explain everything. Mother's a wonderful woman."

"Your mother? What on earth!"

Erin's giggle was delicious. "Mother owns Trinity Castle, darling," she explained simply. "Now she owns you. And after she's told you why, you'll feel a lot better. That's the reason l run around loose the way I do - I'm the daughter of the house!"

"Have you thought about going to prison?"

"Oh, darling, don't be silly. Mother's terribly rich, and rich people never go to prison. Come on, dear, we've got many things to do."

Genevra followed the leash. It seemed more likely to lead her to the truth than any act of violence she could try. With joined hands sedately before her, she followed where she was led.

"This my bedroom," Erin said as she thrust her charge against the wall to exchange the leash for a short chain that was padlocked on to her collar. "You're going to undress now, so I'll let you have your hands. Please struggle all you want, I'll simply watch."

The handcuffs fell away and Genevra knew herself almost totally free. She had both arms and legs unenecumbered, so only the collar made her subject to another's will. Her freed hands flew instantly to her neck to discover the measure of this new bondage. While Erin watched in obvious amusement she remarked, "There's nothing you can do, dear. I'll just leave you there until you do as you're told. You know what comes next, don't you?"

It took Genevra only moments to guess. Cheeks suddenly flushed, she affirmed, "I'm not going to. It's indecent. I won't go around without clothes. Even if you leave me like this all night, I'm not going to do a strip-tease. Forget it!"

Erin did the unexpected. Grasping her prisoner in loving arms to kiss and whisper urgently, "Genevra, do it for me. Take your clothes off, it's such a simple thing to do. I don't want to leave you here all night. It's horrible to stand against that wall as it gets darker and darker and you realize you can't do a thing about it. Don't you realize you can't sit down? Please. . . . "

The young voice and the young body held so close and so alive were hard to resist. From the beginning Genevra had felt an attraction towards this girl. And she was aware that she had not been fighting perhaps as hard as she could have. In an honest assessment, the captive girl could think of no single instance of loosing an opportunity to escape. But she still wondered if she could have done something more.

Her fingers felt the band around her neck, and the chain that padlocked her to wall, feeling with utter certainty that decision was not hers. She could do as she was bid or undergo unpleasantness. Genevra sulkily exclaimed, "Can't you understand how crazy all this is for me? I can't possibly be anxious to please or be obedient. Erin, please, be a sweetheart and let me loose!"

"Take your clothes off."

"Why should I? I mean, give me a good reason!"

"Would you like to wear a school girl outfit, same as me?"

"Of course not! I'd look silly."

"Then take your clothes off. Mother always says that bare skin is Trinity's own uniform."

Genevra's mind was a turmoil of conjecture, at the forefront of which was a vision of herself chained to the wall as darkness fell and the dreary hours extracteing their toll of her strength. And of increasing fear. She knew herself a victim of an insidious program by which her freedom had already been taken and replaced by shame, humiliation and bewilderment. For sure she had no wish to be like the girls she had seen in the class but was the removal of her clothes beneath Erin's amused gaze such a terrible thing?

"Why can't you take me to your mother the way I am?" she asked without much hope.

"Mother wants you naked, so that's the way it will be. Don't you see how wise it is, dear? Being without clothes will put you in a much more sensible frame of mind. Mother always knows best."

The flimsy things of summer were easily removed but Genevra's distaste for her task slowed the inevitable to slow, angry tugs which stopped when she reached her panties. "Surely you'll let me wear these?"

"No. You must take them off." Erin's eyes were glowing with delight.

The unwilling captive must now grab the chain with one hand while pulling and pushing with the other. The removal of shoes and nylons were a knee bending exercise, leaving Genevra standing splendidly in total nudity. Erin's hushed exclamation of, "Gosh, you're beautiful," did little to ease her mind or erase the wounds of shame. Genevra said no word but fought her hands away from the shielding of her breasts. The urge to cover herself against the fascinated stare of a teenage girl was strong but Genevra knew it would only shame her more and bring a grin to Erin's elfin face. She allowed her arms to hang limply at her sides while watching her companion gather up her expensive scraps of clothing and the shoes, and dispose of them in an empty drawer. She held up the handcuffs again. "Time for these again, dear."

Hating one more surrender, the now naked girl extended bare arms to watch her wrists snugly circled in the pretty bracelets. Her neck was freed, the leash snapped back upon its ring, and once more Miss Genevra Anderson meekly followed a girl she could not hate.

Patrician was the word for Lady Alyath Hardcastle. Hers was a face of character, modified by a glint of humor in warm grey eyes and at the comers of thin, decisive lips.

"I knew you'd be beautiful," Lady Hardcastle said with swift assessment. "Stand still and let me examine you. Erin, you may leave."

Genevra was certain that leaving the room was the last thing Erin wished to do.

But the teenager was obedient as if having delivered Genevra into her mother's care was the completion of a task. The mother gently raised the handcuffed wrists to place them behind Genevra's neck, leaving her nudity totally exposed for the sight and probing fingers of her new captor At the end of the search which left nothing unexplored, Genevra's hands were once again lifted above her head and allowed to fall into whatever awkward pose the handcuffs might allow.

"I am pleased with you, dear." The approval was almost clinical. "You are fully up to my standards and will be a wonderful addition to the Class. I hope you will enjoy Trinity as much as I love it."

"I want to go home."

"Yes, of course. This is an early phase which will pass."

"You've kidnapped me. You could go to prison!"

Lady Alyath smiled. Her tone was calm, without haste. "I inherited Trinity and with it a vast amount of money. From the beginning I knew there was but a single wish I had to make come true - to own a stable of young ladies like yourself who I could train and dispose of as I will. I am not a lesbian, remember that."

"Those girls in the classroom - they're prisoners?"

"I prefer to call them slaves. The purchase and ownership of slavegirls is an ancient institution. It is not as openly acknowledged today but is still a fact of human existence." Lady Alyath smiled benignly. "Your spirit is troubled but that will pass. You will become one of many girls for whom I have opened doorways to a new and wider life. You see, dear, when you and I start to bore each other, I will make a gift of you to some man or woman I wish to honor. It will be someone who will cherish you and keep you safe. Try and find comfort in the thought of no longer needing to make a living or to worry about your future. Trinity has taken you for its own."

"It's difficult for me to believe, it's so outrageous!"

"Thats why you will be whipped tomorrow. To gain a fresh perspective, every one of my girls is whipped every two weeks. You will be no exception. Erin keeps a list to remind me which girl or girls is to be punished each day."

"But I havent done a thing to deserve punishment. In fact, you have no right. . . . "

"You will feel differently after receiving discipline, dear. Don't look so upset, I do not speak of a flogging. The instruments used are humane and the marks they leave upon your skin will disappear in a couple of days. The girls come to look forward to the erotic excitation the whip brings to their loins."

Genevra looked down at her silver bracelets and wrists, then up to the calm, aristocratic features of a woman who aspired to be her owner. This whole thing had gone beyond the bounds of reason, and Trinity's new possession knew it was time to call a halt. It was like telling the tides to cease their motion, but she had to try.

"You seem to think I'll accept this whole outrageousness," she exclaimed, "but I won't. I absolutely refuse to be whipped or turned into a slavegirl. This is as far as I intend to go. I demand my freedom."

"You will feel more sensible after your whipping, dear. And remember, you can earn punishment every day if you so desire. There are so many painful or disagreeable things Trinity can do with you that I hate to enumerate them all."

They measured each other without hostility. Genevra never knew her transition from

freedom was being cleverly controlled. She knew that to protest or bluster would diminish this woman's assessment of her worth. Threats are for the weak, the strong keep silent. She shrugged away the things she had no wish to hear.

"You have had a trying day," Lady Alyath suggested. "I will take you now to the other girls who will tell you everything I have not. You may sleep as late as you wish. You can hold your own leash, I"m not going to tug at it as though you were a puppy dog. I'm sure you'll be sensible."

The huge dormitory was bright and cheerful, and alive with girls. All the nakedness Genevra had seen in the classroom was chatting cheerfully but fell silent and the mistress of Trinity intruded upon their time of play. Curiosity mixed with sympathy was mixed in every eye.

Genevra was led to a cot and her left ankle shackled to the floor in the same manner as in the classroom. Every girl was similarly fastened save for a few whose chain was attached to a metal collar on her neck instead of her ankle. The good-night kiss Lady Alyath planted upon her newest acquisition was warm and loving for a girl who watched her new owner leave and close the door before turning to meet a multitude of laughing eyes and excited lips.

Their stories varied little. All had been snatched from life by the firm hand of a woman of whom they spoke of in awe. Two girls who had been whipped that day exhibited the whip marks on their skin with an inordinate amount of pride. Genevra was told earnestly not to be frightened and to abandon thought of escape, no girl every escaped the restraints of Lady Alyath. None every would. If they seemed happy in captivity, it was because they knew it useless to sit and mourn or weep on each other's shoulders with tears. They had been captured and enslaved, and that was the end of it. They laughingly admitted a wish to become a gift to something tall, dark and handsome, and very rich. Their captivities varied from as little as three months up to a perind of several years. They assured a bemused Genevra everything would fall into place for her in a week or so. Comforted by companions in distress, she slept.

2

Permanent Prisoner

As Genevra Anderson's first year as a captive within the stone and iron of Trinity Castle drew to a close, California faded from her mind to be replaced by memories of her slow subjugation to the will of Lady Hardcastle. It had taken the American girl almost the entire twelve month period to accept her condition and become reconciled to the clutch of steel and chafe of rope. And, most potently of all, the vanishing of shame over complete nudity the ancient place imposed.

Even the ritual of the whip had become a commonplace fact of life. It had taken time

for Genevra to become thus conditioned. The whipping given on the day after her capture had seemed an impossible agony, too great for any girl to bear. But her introduction to pain was cleverly contrived by having her fastened a few feet distant from a girl whos turn it was that day, a girl whipped many times during a long captivity. And a girl who was secretly ordered to show as little concern and as much control as she could manage. The two girls stood, their hands tied above their heads, to enable Genevra to watch something she could scarcely believe.

The girl from California still remembered wincing in horror as the punishing thong sliced air before impacting across innocent bare shoulders to leave a scarlet imprint on a maiden's skin. The girl thus marked showed only a bored interest plus an insolent backward glance over her bare shoulder and a carefree wink in Genevras direction. It was a superb performance.

By the time the twenty strokes had descended one by one from shoulders to knees, the punished inmate of Trinity was restless and moving from foot to foot, and thrusting a cheek hard against a bare, raised arm. But there were no screams or pleading for the punishment to cease. The girl had learned her lesson well and had mounted the first stepping stone of pain by which Genevra Anderson began her long journey of discovery.

It was not a time for conversation. Lady Alyath moved from number one to number two with no longer pause than it took to run loving fingers up and down the virgin skin of a girl who had never been whipped. Then she stepped back swung her arm and made the slender leather sing its song. In involuntary shock, Genevra screamed.

It was a rueful memory of which Genevra was now ashamed. She had long since come to know that, on a scale of one to ten, both the whip and the force of its blow would rate no more than five. How else could a girl cope with the marking of her skin at two week intervals and still provide virgin skin to mark! But that first stroke of thin leather burned her back, etching itself in Genevra's mind forever. Nothing would ever be the same again.

By the time she received her twenty strokes, Genevra had thoroughly disgraced herself with screams and distortions, and sweat from fear and pain. When it was over, she stood with heaving breasts and panting lips only to be gently kissed once more by her owner. Lady Alyath then went away to leave the two tightly tied girls to exchange whatever maidenly confidences they chose.

Genevra knew herself utterly shamed. "I made a shocking amount of noise," she admitted urgently. "I'm sorry, I simply couldn't keep quiet, like you."

"My name is Penny and I know yours is Genevra," her punished companion said softly. "Don't worry about it, we all scream the first time. When I first got the whip, I knew I'd die."

"But it is so awful. And we haven't done anything."

Sympathetic eyes found the new girl's. But Penny doubted her companion would be gratified to hear that she looked lovely as she stood there. Instead she said, "I'll bet she told you the whip would give you perspective. And I'll say it does. I know I've never been the same since that first time. But what you have to understand, dear, is that her ladyship adores whipping naked girls. And since she can afford it, she keeps an adequate stock of us on hand. Her present inventory can be sure of getting one or two whipped every day."

"Inventory?"

"That's what we really are, you know. Call us captives, or prisoners if you like. But we're really an inventory of girls her ladyship keeps around. Not only for the fun of whipping us but to use as gifts to be given to any bitch or bastard she wants something from."

"But why hasn't one of you escaped and blown the whistle?"

"Do you have to ask that?" Penny was bitter. "You've seen the way she keeps us chained. You've been chained yourself. I've been here positively ages and ages, and I've never once been free of chain or rope. Look at us now. Are we going anyplace?"

Genevra twisted and looked up at tethered wrists. Most certainly she would have to stand as she was until released. Still searching for answers, she inquired, "But the servants, those two women who hung us up, what's wrong with them that they don't go to the police?"

"Darling, you're being terribly naive. First off, they enjoy what they're doing, same as her ladyship. Secondly they get paid so damned much money that they'd have to be crazy to call the cops." Penny laughed shortly. "By the way, don't ever try to enlist their sympathy, or offer them a bribe. If you do, you'll be whipped so damned bad it will make what we've just had seem a mere tickle. Honest, I've given up thinking of escape. There's simply no way."

Genevra sighed. After they had shared the whip, Penny had disappeared. She had become a 'gift' and was never seen or heard from again. Woefully, Genevra came to know that everything Penny had said that day was true. Throughout the year, Lady Alyath's captive had never been without metal or rope somewhere tight upon her nakedness. For the girls of Trinity Castle freedom was almost a dirty word. Their only future was to become a gift.

"The Class," was a quaint expedient by which Lady Alyath found contrast for her pupils and herself. They were by no means a daily event, rather being convened at will. About half the time, each student was required to don the school tunic of white and blue Erin had worn on that first day. The ordeal of wearing it made Genevra feel a greater shame than being bare. Each garment had been made one

size too small to give undue emphasis to breasts and bottom. Always, sometime during the day, they would be removed, carefully folded and put away for the next occasion of a Class. There was also a much hated 'punishment vest' which ended briefly and all too soon above female hips to leave the rounded contours of a bottom to be caned and a patch of pubic hair wickedly exposed. Wearing this prelude to punishment, the unfortunately girl was forever impelled te tug and tug in a vain compulsion to cover what mattered of herself.

The girls were not always caned upon bare skin, but were sometimes compelled to wear an elasticized pair of briefs so outrageously tight as to demand help in dragging them above protesting hips and painfully within an innocent crotch. It was a matter of much debate as to whether the cane hurt more of less when wearing them.

Lady Hardcastle's Academy for Young Ladies was never short of a fresh surprise.

For a girl as intelligent as Genevra Anderson, it was easy to follow the process of her conditioning into what she was forced to recognize as a form of slavery. She remembered Lady Alyath using the word on that fateful first day. It had seemed an outrage then, but now was apt. She had become a girl who had value for the women by whom she was owned, a girl to be kept chained or bound and frequently punished. Genevra knew too, that she had become painfully obedient. She shrugged away objections and admitted to herself she was indeed a slave. The chaffed skin of ankles, wrist and neck were a mute testimony to the beastly five letter word.

At the end of her first month, Genevra's leather collar had been discarded to be replaced by a truly lovely thing of shinning silver, slender and beautifully made by some master craftsman unknown. It had been made to her exact measurement and locked upon her neck with a resounding snap. It was understood Lady Alyath held the only key. Genevra fingered it often and felt guilty at her own vanity when she frequently admired the beautiful creation before a mirror. At the end of it was a metal ring by which she could be attached or leashed. The neck of every girl in the place was similarly ensnared.

Erin had been in evidence, off and on, throughout most of the year. In response to questioning she said frankly that if you were rich enough, there was no need to go to school. The child admitted shamelessly to being spoiled by an indulgent mother. As one of the privileges due a daughter of the house, Erin was allowed to amuse herself with any and every girl in the place. She had inherited her mother's love of the whip and the possession of female flesh. But she administered her pains and punishments with good will, and was sometimes repentant for her own acts. If she marked a girl with the whip, those marks would not last long. On the day after Genevra had been locked into her silver collar, it had amused Erin to padlock the prisoner's handcuffs to the ring at the back of her neck, to thus compel the greatest possible exposure. Whenever Erin stepped out of bounds in the severity of her impositions on any girl, she was herself punished, as if she too, was one of Lady Alyath's slaves. Such punishments rarely diminished her high spirits for more than a few hours. On the whole, the nymphet added a touch of sunshine to captive lives. At first the new girl

had felt shy and awkward when summoned to the presence of Lady Alyath to stand or sit demurely with handcuffed wrists beneath wise, appraising eyes. At first Genevra had felt certain that such summons must surely be a prelude to punishment for sins unknown. But after a while she came to know that the visits were simply a social contact by which her owner kept in touch with her girls. Tea was usually served and the honored maiden was sent back to join her fellows in tremendous relief and a degree of pride in having carried off an interview she suspected was something to be feared. But the more Genevra saw of the woman who kept her safely chained, the more she realized the Lady Alyath Hardcastle was a warm and affectionate personality who's only flaw was her addiction to whipping naked girls and, of necessity, keeping them enchained. Exactly as predicted for Genevra everything was falling into place.

It might be supposed that for the captives of the castle, their enemy was time. But Lady Alyath was well prepared for this ancient enemy. When not in class where they actually acquired knowledge, the chained nudities performed tasks around the castle itself. The staff was small: the cook, a butler whom the girls all feared, and a chauffeur who could be called upon to offer assistance when rebellion was in the air. The girls were told of him but had never seen him enter the premises. None had needed to be manhandled. And the butler, whose name was Bristol, was an ample male influence beneath her Ladyship's command. In addition, there were the two warrior women, whose title the girl's themselves evolved. The pair were very strong and cruelly skilled in the martial arts. Trinity Castle gave much scope in the exercise of cleaning its many rooms and halls so there was never a shortage of tasks for the girls to do. But no chance whatever of escape was presented. Whenever a girl fled towards what seemed the glimmer of daylight, she found herself confronted by iron bars. Since the old structure was a keep, the only view it afforded was of the high wall which once keep an enemy at bay but which now limited a prisoner's view and provided a safe and secure playground when they were let out for exercise. Whenever a maiden was discovered attempting to defeat the iron bars, iron doors, or iron chains, she was taken before her owner to be sentenced. Most of the girls had tried this once, but once was enough. They lived within the stone walls in resigned contentment.

The maiden prison within the limits of Trinity Castle was by no means without imagination in its methods of confinement. The new girl soon became aware that confinement did not necessarily mean a cage or cell. A bit of chain and padlock could keep her just as effectively a prisoner, handcuffs and leg irons were normal. But in one of her tête-à-têtes, Lady Alyath took time to explain to Genevra the mechanics of immobility. As usual her tone was soft and sweet as though discussing the mowing of a lawn or the latest fashions from Paris.

"I positively adore handcuffs, dear child," she explained. "You will notice the ones I lock on your wrists are expensive and decorative bracelets. They save an awful lot of trouble in the matter of keeping you confined. More importantly, they are exquisitely aesthetic. A handcuffed girl not only looks beautiful with her wrists encircled by the shinning steel but they impose an artistic quality. For instance, with

you now, you sit there demurely with your joined hands resting on your pubic hair in a submission you probably could not duplicate if you tried without; handcuffs are magic."

Genevra sipped tea and agreed that, indeed, there was some magic quality about the handcuffs on her wrists. She was rarely free of them and could well understand Lady Alyath's fascination with them. In one way they prevented almost nothing, but in their end effect kept her most potently prisoner.

"You are certain to earn yourself some punishments, dear girl," her Ladyship explained earnestly. "In some of these we will bring into play the very special qualities of rope and cord. Soft cord, tight upon a girl's wrists and ankles, becomes a very personal sensation as from me to them. It will be my fingers or those of the two guards that bind you tight. And, as you struggle for release or resign yourself to helplessness, your thoughts will dwell upon the woman who tied you thus. Do you understand?"

Genevra understood. She hated rope and cord and was always grateful for her handcuffs. Rope and cord chaffed her wrists and always left her supposing that, if she were enterprising enough, she could free herself. She never did, but hope was always there and was an irritant leading to chaffed skin and sometimes punishments. The handcuffs, on the other hand, did not hurt if you did not struggle. And, since you knew yourself incapable of unlocking them, were a pleasurable release from the burden of guilt her own conscious imposed if she did not at least try. Everything had been beautifully designed to make her know herself a slave.

The punishments by which rope and cord might be imposed to punish a maiden were ingenious and diverse. Genevra had spent hours with her hands corded behind her back and one leg roped and raised to compel her to stand like a stork in a growing weariness and a horrible fear of falling. Rope had been used to tie her tightly to a post and another time to a tree in the playground. Girls who were tied thus were exposed to pubic gaze and could carry on a conversation with any other imprisoned damsel who passed her way. The ropes were always too tight and cleverly woven to accentuate her femaleness, cutting her skin to protrude her breasts or emphasise a crotch open to public view. The girls who came to talk could easily untie her bonds but did not dare.

It had been explained that cords would more often be used upon her wrists had not the possibility existed that she might free herself by use of nimble teeth. Authority demanded that her wrists be bound behind her back but this rendered her useless to perform the chores by which the girls were occupied. Sometimes her wrists were crossed and tied in front. This was done mostly in the classroom where, under the eagle eye of a watching mistress, she could scarcely employ her teeth.

Lady Alyath did not scorn the simple punishment of being locked within a cage or one of the hateful cells the girls abhorred. The sentenced girl could spend her time behind the bars in full possession of her limbs and neck unless it pleased her ladyship

to tie her slender wrists behind a whip-marked back or make the girl immobile with the dreaded hogtie, and tell her sweetly she was quite free to struggle and escape. Her ladyship found much joy in seeing the girls clutching the bars. Cages came in several sizes running all the way from a small square of mesh and iron in which a girl must crotch uncomfortably, especially if her hands were bound behind her back with thin twine she could not untie, up to a massive thing of silver bars in which a girl could stretch out on the cushions provided. The larger cages were so beautiful a girl entered them with pride and was inclined to giggle. But with the silver bracelets on her wrists, the door securely locked, and the wardress gone about her affairs, it was not long before the loneliness reduced the sinful girl to tears. In the course of her first year in Trinity Castle Genevra had sampled all of them.

There was also the ordeal of being taken to her ladyship's room to spend the night. When Genevra was chosen, she thought sure she would be required to exhibit whatever skills she might possess in giving pleasure to another of her own sex, certain her refusal could only mean some terrible punishment designed to reduce her to full submission between her owner's legs. But Lady Alyath was forever an enigma who tied her slavegirl's wrists behind her back and before turning out the lights had enjoyed displaying her wardrobe to a shivering girl who felt certain she would be whipped. When the mistress of Trinity Castle allowed her scanty clothing to fall to the floor, Genevra felt certain she faced a decision she could not make. But instead she was told to lay upon the rug where a chain was padlocked to the ring of her silver collar. She was kissed and told to have sweet dreams.

Genevra was never sure about her owner, and no doubt this also was carefully contrived. Her night chained upon the rug beside her owner's bed, was probably as hard a lesson in humiliation as she would ever suffer. It was hard to sleep with her neck confined by padlock and very short chain. But her wrists cunningly corded behind her back became a nagging infliction she could never do anything about. After many contortions and a sleepily delivered admonition from the bed, Genevra disposed her nakedness as best she could and slept the night away in innocence.

Foremost among Genevra's memories were the punishment of Erin for a sin so trivial, Genevra suspected it was simply a pretense for Lady Alyath to perform her favorite sport upon her own daughter. But Erin took the whole affair so seriously as to make watching it a breathless privilege. It was explained to Genevra that her presence was to enhance the youngster's shame. The mischievous nymphet had whipped every girl in the class according to her fancy. Now most of them were watching her own submission to the cane and whip.

The whole thing was highly stylized, it had undoubtedly happened before and would happen again. Mother and daughter had rehearsed their lines and the timing of what was said and done to create in the girls who watched, an erotic fire of which Genevra was very ashamed.

It was the room in which Lady Alyath enjoyed her daily whipping of a girl - or maybe two or three. Genevra awaited in the room, secured and handcuffed as

normal. Lady Alyath was there already.

"We're a few minutes early," Lady Alyath explained sweetly. "But my naughty daughter will soon be here. I'm hoping your presence will put the dear child on her best behavior. She starts out well but I can never be sure of her after the first couple of strokes. None of you must plead for the little darling. If you do, you'll be punished along with her."

"Genevra, my dear, may I say once again how attractively you wear those handcuffs?"

Erin was exactly on time. She was bright eyed and her greeting, probably rehearsed, was everything a mother could want, "Here I am, Mommy dear. I'm terribly sorry I've been naughty, please punish me."

"Of course I'll punish you, Erin my dear. But first I want you to tell these girls the naughty things you've done. Go ahead."

Girls are sensitive to other girl's moods and Genevra was sure Erin had no wish to bare her sins to other girls she sometimes whipped. But the Trinity ritual held everyone in its grip and Genevra listened as Erin confessed to misdemeanors so trivial she would never had thought of punishing them. When Erin, more breathless than ever, said a casual, "Well, I guess that's about the bunch. I can't think of any more," the young charmer turned her attention from Genevra to the awaiting women with the cane. "I really am sorry, Mother, I will really will try to be a better girl. Would you like to punish me now?"

"Of course, dear. Remove your clothes."

Erin stripped revealed infinite promise. Her breasts were pointed cones, her belly concave and flat, her pubic hair making a shy promise. She seemed to be showing off. Yet Genevra knew that she was aware it would take a few more years for the promise of that young body to come fully to fruit.

Erin asked, "How do you wish to fasten me, Mam?"

Genevra saw the simple title of 'Mam' as the beginning and, despite her sympathy for the youngster about to undergo pain, watched fascinated as the mother and daughter played out their erotic game.

"I think the bench, darling, it's wonderful for your bottom and exposes your back every bit as well as suspension. Run along, sweetheart."

"Yes, Mam." The young voice was still bright.

The bench had some historical importance Genevra did not remember or had never learned. It was a device on which the victim knelt on a step then arranged the rest of

herself upon a flat surface then placed her arms down the sides for the clamping of the wrists. Lady Alyath's naughty daughter slithered into position as though being greeted by an old acquaintance. The mother strapped her ankles down and added two more straps behind her knees. The teenage wrists awaited their straps without sign of rebellion or nervousness. The final strap went over and around the tiny, youthful waist with such force as to raise its owner's bottom into a curved prominence.

"Gosh, Mam, I can't move."

For the first time there was anxiety in the nymphet's voice.

"That's right, dear, you can't move. I do hope you won't make too much noise. Would you like to be gagged?"

"Gosh, no! Please, Mam. I really do hate being gagged. Honest, I'll try and not make too much noise." The youthful voice turned sly. "Perhaps if you don't strike me too hard?"

"An extra couple for that, you little fox. You really must learn not to cozen me. Are you ready?"

"Yes, Mam." It was the most humble affirmative Genevra had ever heard.

Most would have agreed the daughter could not move but as the mother sliced the pert young bottom with a far from kindly cane, the strapped daughter contrived a truly amazing amount of motion to make the straps creak and the young hair fly from side to side as its owner flung a frightened young head back and forth. The bottom, now turning red, could do little more than quiver and tremble.

Genevra was ashamed of herself. Erin's reaction to the first stripe across her skin sent a flame of urgency to start a fire within the loins of the handcuffed girl who had been whipped enough herself to understand the sensations Erin now must be feeling. The second and third impacts of Lady Alyath's cane upon her daughter flesh fanned Genevra's heat to red hot, causing her to twist and tug at the bracelets on her wrist as though by so doing she might absorb some of Erin's pain. Longing to plead for the girl upon the bench, she clenched her teeth to silence and, in a state of pure fascination, watched the cane mark Erin's pert bottom. The first five strokes were quickly applied. At that point, and after only the most brief pause, the mother threw aside the cane and chose instead the whip. The next five strokes were lengthwise up and down the slender back its owner could not move.

The sounds Erin allowed to escape her lips were never screams but were often more pitiful than screams would have been. It was as though the impact of the thong itself expelled the tortured sound from outraged lungs. The loudest were always followed by an apology heavy with shame. "Oh, Mam, I'm so sorry, I really do try." And after that there was the resumption of the punishment. Progress continued towards the

final stroke which apparently neither Genevra or Erin knew the number of.

The privilege of watching Erin's punishment formed a strange sort of bond between Genevra and the spoilt nymphet. Nothing was said, no acknowledgment voiced, but the girl in handcuffs felt more than ever she had a friend. It would be a friendship which really offered little, for within a couple of days, Erin availed herself of Trinity's power to rope the handcuffed wrists high above their owner's head and lashed across their owner's back a number of whip strokes, which even though light, hurt enough to make Genevra shed tears she would rather have held back. When those tears were dried by loving fingers, Trinity repossessed them both.

By the end of her first year as a prisoner, simple arithmetic told Genevra she had been whipped twenty-six times, as had every other girl in the castle. She understood now that the whippings were not serve. The shock of the first one was modified by the second and the third, until the infliction became hateful but bearable. It was like paying tribute to someone to whom you owed a debt. She felt quite surely Lady Alyath's possession, her body totally and her mind to some degree. Genevra even came to feel that Lady Alyath knew everything that crossed her mind. This fact was exemplified in one of the tea time visits.

"Let me see now, darling, I whipped you yesterday," was Lady Alyath's greeting in her brightest and most cheerful tone. "Turn around and let me look. The marks are always best on the second day. After that they start to fade. You really are the most adorable girl to whip."

Genevra obeyed and was almost proud to exhibit the marks of cane and whip she had already gloated over in the mirror. When the whipping had been yesterday, it was surprisingly easy and gratifying to view the results today. The handcuffed girl turned and stood quietly with only an occasional wince as feminine fingers found her modest wounds. Then, as she seated herself across the desk, Genevra maintained a modest silence while her owner spoke.

"It has been several months, darling, and I'm curious if you're still thinking about escape?" Those wise eyes searched avidly to accompany the words.

"Not often any more, Mam. I'm beginning to understand I can never escape," Genevra replied politely.

"I'm glad, darling, I don't want you fretting over the impossible. Do the handcuffs bother you?"

"Not any more. I think I'd miss them if you took them off."

"You're one of my most sensible girls, dear. I just can't think of using you as a gift to anyone. I'm greedy, I want you all to myself."

"Thank you Mam."

Her ladyship laughed. "You picked that up when you watched young Erin punished. I like it as a change, after being called Lady Hardcastle. By the way, have you yet been punished for insolence? I forget."

"Not yet, Mam. I try to avoid insolence, I'm too old for it."

"You're a damned sensible young girl, that's what you are," affirmed Lady Alyath. "I'd like to whip you every day. But I do have to be a bit reasonable about punishing you girls." Suddenly silvery laughter broke the tread. "By the way, darling, I've told young Erin to keep her eye open for another likely tourist. I've been too generous with my gifts lately and the stable is low. If we manage to snare one, I'll let you explain to her the facts of life."

Genevra was not thrilled by the prospect of mothering a tearful prisoner, but said a polite thank you and added that she would do her best to be helpful. Then she reached out chained wrists for another slice of cake.

"You've been such a sweetheart that I've never had occasion to punish you for any offense." Lady Alyath's tone was purely conversational. "But I'm wondering if you might not like me to give you a truly bad time just once, so you'll know what it's like. I've long considered making you a prefect with quite a lot of authority. The experience of knowing, truly knowing, heavy punishment could be very valuable."

Genevra stiffened, feeling certain it was a loaded question. She looked wryly across the desk to admit, "I never want to be punished but this time I think you'd like me to say yes."

"Yes, I suppose that's what I do want," her ladyship mused thoughtfully. "I can easily make up some sin to justify whatever sentence I impose, but you would know it was false and it would diminish both of us in the other's regard. So I won't do it that way. And I won't even punish you alone. If I punish you alone, there will be something too personal about it." Her ladyship mused again. "I expect you know darling Sybil has misbehaved and is in one of the cells awaiting sentence. I think it would be nice if the two of you shared your distress tomorrow. Run about you affairs now, dear. And try not to worry too much about something I'm sure you'll come out of with flying colors. I do so enjoy these tea time conversations and we must certainly indulge ourselves often."

Genevra had been affectionately kissed, and sent upon our way.

The punishment was not one of the slavegirl's favorite memories. When it was over and Genevra returned to normal, she supposed that perhaps some benefit had derived but it was an experience she did not wish to repeat. She prayed it would not happen again.

The two supposed bad girls stood shivering beneath Lady Hardcastle's stern eye.

Obediently they confessed to sin and were sentenced to 'The Panel.' Neither knew what the panel was but they said a meek thank you and tried to stop shivering.

The Panel was exactly what its name implied, a thick wooden panel standing upright with no embellishments to mar the smooth surface of the wood. Two panels, actually, one for each bad girl. Against each panel a wooden box sat, inviting footstep . . Bewildered girls stood on the box and arranged their bare arms over the back of the panel as instructed. Their wrists were strapped tight together and cinched down hard as if to drag naughty head and shoulders back across the top edge of a punishment they had never heard of. The boxes were then removed and their armpits suddenly carried the full burden of their weight with the edge of the wood thrusting hard and cruelly into tender flesh. The effect was to leave each nudity suspended, her toes just above the floor, like a pair of butterflies impaled.

Her ladyship was ecstatic. "I wish you could see yourselves, darlings," she bubbled. "All you lovely female things are beautifully on view. Please try not to scream and don't ask me to set you free." She kissed each of the four nipples one after the other, waved a cheerful goodbye, and went her way.

It had been bad, bad beyond imagination. Shock had robbed them of utterance while their owner was present and the whole procedure had taken only a minute.

With Lady Alyath departed and the door closed, the punished maiden's moaned, each of them certain she could not possibly bear the pain. Each gazed at the other, beholding a mirror of her own suffering. Their armpits were blazing pits of agony. The punishment lasted the proscribed time when the boxes replaced and their wrists freed. The girl collapsed to the floor, only dimly conscious as the handcuffs clicked on their wrists.

That was Genevra's first severe punishment. It was never spoken of again.

The slavegirl's time upon the panel was close to the end of her twelfth month as a prisoner of Lady Hardcastle. Genevra did not know it then, but as her armpits blazed and burned, an event was occurring that would change her life.

It was a thing uniquely Trinity.

3

Gift in Chains

The summons to her ladyship's office came early in the morning, an unlikely time for tea or conversation. Genevra, in her customary costume of bare skin and handcuffs, approached Lady Alyath with misgivings. Something had to be wrong.

The shock was almost like an unexpected, brutal blow. Lady Alyath was seated behind her desk but standing at her side, his foot casually upon a chair, was a young man, a decidedly attractive young man who viewed her nakedness with an interest to be expected.

Genevra wanted to die, to sink through the floor, or turn and flee. Except for Bristol, the butler, who viewed every girl in the place with total indifference, the captive girl had neither seen or spoken with a member of the other sex. The absence of males had made her nakedness easier to cope with, but Genevra was a normally healthy young woman as were all her companions. In the dormitory after bedtime their conversation was overtly concerned with the absence of the male, most frankly admitting a glandular need. Sometimes they would talk of a man walking into the room and viewing them all naked. That idea sent a shiver down young female spines. And that man would, the story continued, avail himself of their charms in a way their handcuffed wrists and chained ankle would make difficult to prevent. Now, to Genevra, it had happened.

It was too much! The male examination of her nakedness, while not entirely carnal, was most certainly interested. Instinctively she crossed her chained wrists and tried to cover her breasts. It was only a partial success which made her even more aware of her pubic patch and that which hid within. With a blush she felt sure must be vivid scarlet, she let her joined hands fall to cover nothing but her navel. Lady Alyath was in her element, her voice throbbing with pleasure, as she made an introduction.

"I should have told you about Westley, my favorite nephew," she said sweetly. "Miss Genevra Anderson. I want you to meet Westley Wallace. Westley has been in the United States, finishing his education and getting a grasp on the family business. You will have much in common. I am making a gift of you to him for the night. You really are a lucky girl."

Westley Wallace appeared to find nothing remarkable about the bracelets which compelled him to raise both her hands to kiss one. He then cupped her cheeks in strong male hands and kissed her lips, gently and long. "I'm looking forward to our time together," he said solemnly. "Auntie is terribly kind. I'm sure you agree?"

Genevra was lost. Most of her mind was concerned with standing naked before a man. And she had been deprived of male companionship for a year. But now she was presented to a young man as if she were a gift, like a pair of socks. She looked at her owner reproachfully and beheld in Lady Alyath's eye a choice between obedience and the whip. Or perhaps something even worse. She had never even dared cross Erin, it would now be madness to assert herself against her owner.

"You will do as Westley orders, darling," her ladyship said simply. Then added, mischievously, "The usual terms, of course."

The 'usual terms' might easily mean a return to the panel or something worse.

Genevra was not a virgin nor was she uninformed about matters sexual. If her blush could have enveloped every inch of her skin it would have been appropriate to the mental picture of what Westley Wallace was likely to do with her. She looked at him now and felt no discontent, Westley was everything the girls talked about. She flushed, remembering the pills her ladyship had forced her to swallow the past several days, an act more eloquent than words.

"I will try and please Mr. Wallace. I am sure I can." She held up her handcuffed wrists to quietly add, "I don't have much choice, do I?"

It was the first time Genevra dined with her owner and Erin. The teenager was delighted with the situation and taunted the handcuffed guest with, "Oh, darling, you know what he's going to do with you!"

Her ladyship did not ignore the nymphet's comment. "One more vulgarity from you, young lady, and I'll send you downstairs to be whipped. Mind that impish tongue of yours."

"Yes, mother." Erin was far from contrite.

Westley Wallace had a charm and personality all his own. He spread it out across the table to tell his impressions of the USA and New York. Sensing Genevra's resentment over being thus used and given as a gift, he told her in a level voice, "Look, sweetheart, don't be shy. Don't be embarrassed. And above all, don't be frightened." His smile became almost irresistible. "I don't suppose I'll whip you this first time. In fact, Auntie has told me not to punish you at all, beyond a few of the basic possibilities, with permission from her. You're her property, you know. You'll just belong to me over night."

The bedroom came all too soon. It was a room she had never previously entered.

But Westley Wallace had made it most male. A whip and handcuffs were prominent upon the dresser, and rope and cord scattered with undoubtable design upon the rug. Knowing her cause lost, Genevra said tartly, "Do you intend to use this stuff on me or is it window dressing?"

She held out her handcuffs once again then fingered the collar of her neck. "Look, you haven't a thing to worry about. I have to do what I'm told, there is no other choice. And I can no more fight you than a troop of soldiers."

For answer she got another kiss and Westley's first command. "For goodness sake, girl, stop making speeches! And talk as if I'm human. The first thing you should know is that I like to see a girl in handcuffs or some other restraints. You won't get any more freedom out of me than you would out of Auntie. Don't fret, it's just the way things are."

"I can make love a lot better if I have my hands."

For answer, Westley grabbed her arms, turned her around, and unlocked a single cuff. Then he attached it once more to leave Genevra with her hands securely locked behind her back. Her anxiety must have shown.

"Don't worry," Westley assured her. "I've never done it with a girl who did have her hands. Don't worry, it's a good idea."

Westley Wallace easily knew how to handle a girl. His hands and fingers worked such magic on a girl as to make her panting and breathless in a shamefully short a span of time. Westley was highly skilled and Genevra soon knew herself within the power of a master. Soon she lost concern about her hands - in fact was glad to have them were they were, impeding nothing. When she had to lay on the bed, she fell into what seemed a natural disposition of her arms. After that she entered a world she had never previously known.

There were more blushes at breakfast. Lady Alyath and Erin had no doubt what had been done to her in the night. She sensed their mental visions and was shamed. After their final lovemaking and the bath, Westley had changed her hands from back to front to tell her casually, "You'll come to breakfast with the family, sweetheart." He kissed her with affection. "You've earned that."

Despite her embarrassment, Genevra glowed.

"I take it the two of you have found yourselves compatible." Her tone was arch.

"I'm so glad. You both look radiant. By the way, Westley, would you like to chose one of the other girls for this evening? You can have your pick."

"I'll stay with Genevra, if you don't mind. I found her somewhat more than compatible."

"Isn't it wonderful!" Erin gushed. "They look so happy Mommy. How about that Westley, he can have me whenever he's got the time. I'd like Westley to be the first - he's so absolutely. . . . "

Erin knew she had gone too far. Her mother swiveled her attention upon the teenager who had said too much. "Erin, you're a spoilt brat without manners." The mother's voice was cold. "Go now and find one of the guards. Ask her to give you five hard strokes on your bare bottom. Them come back and show all three of us your marks. Run along. I'll educate you somehow."

Red faced, the youngster fled from sight but with her head high. Yet she would meet no one's eye, she went to her punishment in grim silence.

"Don't punish her on my account." Westley was concerned. "She's just a kid

and gets carried away."

"She's old enough to know better. In fact, Westley, she's old enough to make herself available to you, should I so desire. But I do not desire. Amuse yourself with Genevra. If it would give you pleasure to whip her, I'm sure the dear girl would be honored by the attention." Lady Hardcastle turned her full attention upon her embarrassed slavegirl "You're released from all duties until further notice, darling," she said lovingly. "I expect Westley will grow tired of you the way men do. But in the meantime, you're his property. Be sure and please him or I'll whip you myself." To her nephew she added, "Westley, you're a lucky young man."

Genevra knew herself enmeshed in this most outrageous of Lady Alyath's machinations. There was no way out, no escape, but she was shamed in the realization she wanted no escape. For whatever time Westley Wallace desired her, Genevra was content to be his property in a far more personal enslavement than Trinity normally imposed. She took small, cynical comfort in the thought that there really wasn't much difference between being this man's slavegirl and his wife. In the bedroom it was all the same.

The conversation casually returned to trivial things as if her being handed over to Westley was of little importance. Their talk was interrupted by the reappearance of Erin.

She halted before her mother to say, "Thank you for having me whipped, Mother, I'm sure I deserved it." She then turned, bent over and flipped up her skirt. When the young bottom was bared for Genevra's personal inspection, it was hard not to wince and protest the five puffy weals which, though few in number, must have been implanted with considerable force. She said a simple "Thank you, Erin," but dared say no more.

Westley Wallace's parents had died while he was young and he had been taken under the wing of his aunt and Trinity Castle where he had grown to manhood, totally unconcerned by the nearness of a band of naked girl who served for him the usual purpose of removing the normal curiosity about female bodies which bedevils the life of the average male. He had been sent to the best of schools and a good university, but spent his vacation times at Trinity in a growing interest in his aunt's possessions. It was natural he should take for granted his aunt's gift of a girl from time to time, along with the privilege of occasionally whipping the back and bottom of any youthful beauty who caught his eye. But whatever erotic adventures Trinity bestowed were under the watchful eye of, and permission, of Lady Alyath.

That morning he led Genevra to the battlements, where they sat in the sunlight and he took pleasure in telling his temporary gift the story of his life, frankly admitting that in the periods of his absence, he missed and longed for the captives of the castle. He laughed in telling of how his aunt had insisted a number of time that it be he who chained the naked prisoners for the night and how some sought to curry favor by offering their bodies, a gift he could have had any time. At the age of thineen be had

whipped his first girl.

"When I first went away to school, Aunt Alyath was at pains to explain the difference her world and the world I was about to enter. But I was still young enough not to be bothered by an absence of nude females I could use as I wished." Westley laughed. "Naturally, as I grow older, I became more and more interested in the naked girls. I remember my first month away at school I was constantly amazed to find all the girls I met clothed. There wasn't a naked body anywhere. But auntie had warned me about this and I kept my mouth shut and started counting the days until I could return to what was for me normal."

In the sunlight Genevra looked at Westley Wallace to see him as the result of his upbringing. Probably no other man in the world has so much female flesh available. Curious, she asked, "Do you really find pleasure in keeping me handcuffed? Wouldn't you like to give me back my hands? I don't have them often."

"You won't get them back from me," Westley assured. "That's the way to clothe a girl, in chains or rope. If it weren't for the bother, I'd chain you ankles, too. But I'd rather have you walking around with me." Thoughtfully he reached for the key. "Turn around, sweetheart, I'll give you a change."

Genevra was uncertain if she was being punished, but did not dare to ask. She stood still while her master freed her hands but only to lock them behind her back. "You're not really doing anything with them," Westley explained. "And having them behind you back saves you wondering what to do with them. And makes all the nice bits of you easy to reach. The effect is much better."

Mischievously the naked girl suggested, "Look, Westley, if you want my feet chained, you might as well do it. Your aunt has done it several times and I've learned to walk fairly well without tripping myself." She paused and sought his eyes. "If it gives you pleasure. . . . "

"I'll think about it, sweetheart. Would you mind terribly if I whipped you?"

"I'd hoped you wouldn't ask. I guess I hoped you wouldn't want to."

"Every man wants to whip a naked girl. I don't think it makes much difference whether he loves her or hates her. It's a sort of primal urge we carry around with us. I won't whip you today but you get whipped once every two weeks anyway. Maybe I'll wait until then."

"I was whipped just a few days ago, you'll have to wait almost two weeks."

He leaned down to kiss the nipples she could no longer cover with her hands.

Then her lips, chuckling and happy at the serious manner in which Genevra had treated his outrageous suggestions. She was a girl in a thousand. "Don't worry about

it," he said easily. "I'll be wanting to talk to you about the times and manner in which auntie has had you whipped. And any other punishments you've had to put up with. The amazing thing about auntie, and about Trinity, is that she can be as cruel as she likes but none of you girls ever get morbid or depressed. By the way, how about escape? Do you think about it much?"

Genevra could never be sure he was not joking but took his question at face value.

"All us girls talk about it a lot. After we've been here a while we no longer think that we'll escape. We know we're here for life or until your aunt makes a gift of us to some man. It's that business of becoming a gift that gives us something to look forward to."

"Do you look forward to it?"

"No, I'd see it as getting out of the frying pan and into the fire. I tell myself I'm crazy but I'm fond of your aunt."

"Young Erin give you a bad time?"

"She isn't allowed to. She gets to whip one of us now and then but not every day the way she'd like. She has to watch her Ps and Qs or she'll get whipped herself."

Westley leant back against the warm and ancient stone. "Stand close in front of me, Genevra," he ordered abruptly. "I want to play with you."

She felt so helpless in her nakedness and was suddenly fearful of Westley. "Please don't," she pleaded. "You excite me outrageously and I'll be ashamed of myself. Please?"

"Do as you're told, Ginny. I'm going to call you Ginny from now on, Genevra's quite a mouthful. Come here and spread your legs."

Hands locked behind her back reminded her of how helpless she was. The girl now called Ginny, knew she must suffer shame either in useless pleading or meek obedience. She positioned herself as ordered, his outstretched legs between her own, and gazed into the distance beyond the wall. Then she gasped as her sex was cupped and squeezed within a male hand. She twisted resentfully to say, "I really do wish you wouldn't do this. If you squeeze like that a couple more times, I'm going to make a fool of myself."

"Why else do you think I'm doing it? Gosh, girl, you're juicy!"

She really did hate it, being naked and standing before hungry male eyes, but also couldn't control her body. She blushed and warmed up and knew that she was indeed juicy. She twisted and began tugging at chained hands. She came to climax amazingly fast as she stood astride his legs. Her body trembled and jerked and she

gasped but stood her ground. When it was over she remained standing, unmindful of the exposed condition of her body. With head bowed she whispered, "I didn't enjoy that. I think it was a waste. I'd much sooner you had made me lie down upon the stone."

"You don't have to act as though you'd lost something you can't replace."

Westley slapped her bottom playfully. "I could probably make you come a dozen limes if I wished. But since it bothers you so much. I won't. I've satisfied my curiosity. I wish you could have seen yourself as you exploded, sweetheart, you're quite something."

Genevra felt silly over making a fuss. She knew she could not expect the same treatment from Westley as she might receive from Erin or Erin's mother. The male factor had been so long absent from her life that what Westley had just done to her seemed an outrage. But when she was invited to back away once more and sit, she found herself grateful for the mercy.

"If I had done that to you in bed, you would have felt nothing wrong with it," her master chided. "Now, you've heard all about me, tell me about you."

Westley Wallace and the girl he had named Ginny, absorbed each other totally in their Lotus Land of sexuality, forever regenerating each other within their loins to bestow an endless virility. Westley took his slavegirl to the appropriate room to lock upon her ankles the shackles which she had boasted she could walk in. Once again it was the same beautiful silver bands and the heavy shining links. That his slavegirl's prowess in bed be without impediment, Westley unlocked Ginny's ankles at bed time, but only to lock them again when they went down to breakfast. Lady Alyath and Erin were both loud in their praise for this new touch of restraint in Ginny's sparse attire. It was on the sixth day Westley dropped his bomb.

4

Agonies

Westley Wallace enjoyed his slavegirl's fettered feet, a pleasure Ginny only partly shared but in which she pridefully performed. Lady Alyath's storehouse of restraints gave scope for experimentation in the types of shackles for the dainty ankles, and the length and weight of the connecting chain. Strangely, it was discovered the a long piece of chain connecting her ankles was far more likely to trip the wearer than the original, shorter links. Westley compromised by having his Ginny alternate leg irons from one day to the next, even compelling his prized possession to wear the longer tether through one whole night and finding it small hindrance to lovemaking. Ginny lost all track of time, but knew it close to the end of the first week When her master made his offhand observation.

"There's a friend of mine from New Jersey visiting tomorrow. I want you to be

nice to him."

Whatever Ginny had been doing stopped right there. She stared in disbelief. "A man! And he'll see me like this!" Her cry was heavy with disbelief.

"Why not, my pet I'm looking at you all the time?"

"Well, you belong here and Lady Alyath has given me to you as a gift. You can't possibly show me off to strangers!"

"Why not?"

"It would be all wrong and l would hate it." Ginny was panting and paused for breath. "Lady Alyath would never permit . . ."

"It was Lady Alyath who invited Colin. She's met him several times before. Don't take on so, sweetheart, if a man does see you naked, you've nothing to be ashamed of. You come close to being the most beautiful ever."

"I don't care. Oh, please don't make me, Westley!" He laughed. "Make you what?"

"You know what. I don't want to be paraded for any man's enjoyment except yours. And that bit about being nice . . . does it mean what I think it does?"

"You guessed it. But Colin washes everyday and never has bad breath. As far as I know, he's extremely potent. Cheer up."

Genevra was no teenager and no fool. She had never deluded herself that the halcyon days just passed could go on forever. She had blotted the thought from her mind but that she should be passed from one man to another went far beyond the fears she had felt about Westley leaving her one day to return to his life of freedom and leaving her to roam Trinity Castle in her chains. She kicked savagely at the irons upon her ankles to demand, without thought of consequence, "Suppose I refuse? Surely you won't tie me down to the bed for him?"

Westley took her into masterful arms, kissing first her eyes and then her mouth, and playfully bitting one ear. "You're upset. And I suppose I'm a bastard for springing it on you. Although I don't know how I could have done it any different. Do you want Aunt Alyath to give me another girl for Colin? Make you feel better?"

Ginny sniffed unhappily. "You know I would. But you've wanted to give me to this Colin of yours so I have to wonder . . . haven't I pleased you? Am I a reject?"

For answer, Westley laid her on the ground in the exercise yard where Ginny had been demonstrating her prowess in walking with chained feet. Roughly he raised her knees, laughing as he possessed his slavegirl with a passion to leave her in no doubt

about giving satisfaction. Since her hands were this time cuffed in front, she contrived to get her arms over his head and around his shoulders in a need of love far more eloquent than words.

It was Lady Alyath who, quite surprisingly, put a spoke in their wheels. "You told Genevra you were loaning her to Colin," she admonished her nephew while Ginny stood silent. "That was an order she has to obey. You absolutely must never give in to a slavegirl, Westley. Once you start they'll wrap your around their little finger. If you want to whip her, go ahead."

"Colin would be happy enough with one of the others," Westley suggested.

"I'm sure he would but that's not the idea. You know damned well there's a principle involved. You've given an order, Genevra will obey it." There came a brief pause. "Or is she being difficult?"

Ginny could see ill feeling between Westley and his aunt and a striped back and bottom for herself. Hastily she abandoned any principles she had left. "I'll do what I'm told, she said, striving for a bright and cheerful tone. "If Westley tells me to sleep with this man, Colin, that's what I'll do." She sniffed disdainfully. "Or do I sleep between the two of them?"

"That bit of sarcasm should earn the girl a punishment," Lady Alyath said crossly.

"But she's yours for the time being, so do what you want about it. If you're not in the mood to use the whip on her, you can always make her stand in the pillory. I have a lot off faith in the pillory, it gives the little darlings time to think."

"Phew! That was a close call," Westley admitted as he guided a trembling girl from Lady Alyath's office. "I suppose I ought to thank you for getting us both out of a tight spot, but you got us in it in the first place. Damn it, Ginny, you're going to like Colin. Stop pouting!"

"You make me feel a whore."

"All girls are whores at heart, sweetheart. Calm down or I'll put you in the pillory for the rest of the afternoon. And maybe the night."

Ginny shrewdly guessed the narrow margin by which she missed standing for hours with her neck and wrists in an oak prison. She suspected her escape from being whipped was equally narrow. Thoughts of freedom over the wall were made silly by ironed feet and handcuffed wrists. Seeing only disaster ahead, she blanked tomorrow from her mind.

For two hours during the night which were all too brief, Ginny forgot everything in the ecstasies induced by her master's skill. But rebellious thoughts returned when she

was led to breakfast, her feet free in a way they had not been for several days. Then, after the meal, her hands were freed from the lovely handcuffs, placed palm to palm behind her back to be tied tight by cord. Westley did not give reason for the change in restrictions, and Ginny did not ask. Sulkily obedient to his command, she stood passively as Westley looped rope around her bare elbows, drawing it tighter and tighter until her forearms were as one behind her back. Excited by the tight binding and touch of male hands, the slavegirl softened a bit and the lovely lips turned from a pout. This binding was something new and she longed to ask its purpose but did not dare. She watched Westley place the precious bracelets in a drawer as he told her casually, "We mustn't get in a rut, sweetheart. Colin will expect to see you properly a prisoner. And there's no better way to exhibit a girl's bits and pieces than the way I've got you tied right now. Look in the mirror and see the way it pulls your shoulders back and sticks out your breasts. You really are superb."

"It hurts."

"You mean the elbows. Well, you can put up with it for a few hours. And I don't want you sulking. You read me?"

Ginny said yes, she was reading him okay. She had no illusions as to why she was bound such. It was a mild punishment for her equally mild rebellion, but, more importantly, it enhanced her nakedness ten fold in its constriction of her belly, the outward thrust of breasts, and the upright posture she was forced into to ease the bite of cord on touching elbows. It looked like it would be a bad day for slavegirls.

Genevra's negative feelings were multiplied when she was led downstairs and locked inside a cage.

"You'll be safe here while I greet Colin and brief him on what's expected. Try and look forward to the introduction."

Genevra wanted to cry, feeling only desolation and a sense of loss. Her bound arms hurt but she knew they were bound because of Westley's wish to show her to the best possible advantage. She knew too, that this thrusting of her nakedness could only lead to shame and tears. Why on earth did men have to be so stupid!

She paced the few square feet allowed her. It was lonely and silent in the big room which held the cage. The only bright spot was the cushions provided for her comfort on the floor. Genevra leaned against the bars and tried to ignore the pain. And she allowed her mind to wander to thoughts of how she could possibly endure the exposure of her body to male eyes. How would she act and what would she say? Genevra did not know.

When Westley returned, he said enthusiastically, "You look gorgeous. How do you feel?"

"I hurt. And my hair's a mess."

He cocked an eyebrow. "Maybe you're right, sweetheart. Hold it a minute. I'll get young Erin."

The teenager was with Westley on his return, carrying a tray loaded with everything the female needed to fix herself. The captive drew what comfort she could from the young fingers busy with her hair and her face. Erin was skilled, and in the small mirror, Ginny found a slight strengthening of morale in improved appearance. Then she was led by a male grip upon her arm to what Westley blithely referred to as a 'fate worse than death.' He once more inquired, "How do you feel, love?"

"Like a whore who's passed from hand to hand like an animal. I wish you wouldn't do this to me, Westley."

He ignored the plea. "We've got a wise little one with Erin," he mused aloud.

"What's that perfume she put on you?"

"I don't know but she put too much on, especially down on my sex. It damned near stinks of it."

"Maybe you'll have a chance to dump a bucket on her sometime," he laughed. "She's a cute kid."

"Fat chance. Can I ask you again not to expose me like this?"

"I've lost track of how many times you've asked that, sweetheart. If I hear it again, I'll have Colin whip you as an introduction. You're making all together too much fuss over your skin. Yours won't be the first set of tits he's evcr seen."

By the time they reached what she saw as the 'fateful door,' Genevra was almost panting and annoyed with herself. Westley had seen her naked so what did it matter if his friend did also? But for the life of her, Genevra could not suppress a longing to turn and flee. When her master opened the door just enough to thust her slender nudity within, she swallowed hard and blanked her mind.

Colin Lee was only slightly older than his friend, and over the years had enjoyed almost as many females as Westley. To him, Trinity Castle was a vast erotica, and Lady Hardcastle's maidens a pure dream. On previous visits some had pleaded with him to engineer their release, an indiscretion for which he knew they had been cruelly punished. If the girl he was about to meet made the same mistake, he resolved not to speak of it. Colin Lee was knotting his tie when he heard the door and swiveled around to meet the eyes of a nude woman beyond dreams. He felt certain the girl had been told to smile.

For several moments they stared while Ginny swallowed hard and tried to say something appropriate with dry lips. Westley was fair, while this man was dark, but

was otherwise pretty close to a duplicate of the man who owned her. Colin's voice was faintly Texan. He had a Texan's stature. Dropping the tie back on the dresser, he took the visitor's bare shoulders and bent to bestow a brotherly kiss which Genevra received upon her forehead. Powerful hands turned her slowly around and around as a bound maiden heard an exclamation.

"My goodness, old West' is doing me proud. I don't have to tell you you're a beauty."

Facing him again, Ginny blurted, "I'm so ashamed. You shouldn't be seeing me like this. I'm sorry."

"If good old West' has possessed you these last days, you can't possibly be that shy," the Texas voice said softly. "What's so damned shameful about your being naked? I think you're gorgeous!"

Miss Genevra Anderson wiggled in embarrassment but the girl called Ginny became aware of male scents and a male presence enveloping her within the aura of a personality strong and demanding and wholly male. She felt like a little girl on her first day at school.

"Cat got your tongue?"

"Would you mind covering me? A sheet or something. . . . "

"Of course I would. Such an act would be a waste." With one finger he tilted her cheek. "Come on, tell me your trouble."

"I'm not used to being owned by men. I thought I was owned by Westley but now he's given me to you. I'm sort of up the creek." Ginny was aware of a massive blush.

"A neat little complexity. I sort of see your point. But if good old West' chooses to make me a present of you, you'll just have to put up with it, won't you?"

"Yes, I know. I'll try. I'm not always as stupid as this."

Genevra was once more swiftly turned about. "Damn it, girl, you're hurting, aren't you? Stand still, I'll have these ropes off you real fast."

The feel of male fingers on her skin and bonds sent Genevra into panic. She tugged herself away to turn in one more agonized appeal. "You mustn't! You mustn't untie me without permission from Westley or Lady Alyath. Don't you understand the rules?"

"Piss on the rules! You're supposed to be my property and I don't want you hurting the way you are."

Once more she was turned to feel male fingers tug. "I'll be punished."

"What on earth for?"

"I was ordered not to ask to be untied." Her blush took on fresh depth. "It was sort of understood you would want to do . . . to do it to me with my arms tied this way. Please, I don't want to be punished."

"Do what to you?"

"I'm sure you know . . . there's a four-letter word for it."

"Oh, that!" Colin laughed and peeled a loop of cord from where it had been deeply indented into her skin. "We'll get around to that in time. I want you dressed in something different from these ropes. Even if they do enhance your tits. Like I said, you're gorgeous."

It was no use. Genevra knew herself adrift beyond control. She would simply be obedient and hope it would not lead her to the whip. She was suddenly busy gasping as Colin peeled away the last loop by which her arms were joined.

When she was completely free it was Colin who exclaimed, "Good gosh, those rope burns! Damn it, honey, you're branded for life!"

"I expect they'll disappear in a few minutes, an hour at most," she said, based on her experience with tight bondage. "Marks usually do."

"Are you one of the girls who gets whipped every two weeks?"

"Yes, of course, all of us do."

"So you're an expert on whip marks!" He laughed. "I've always realized Trinity was whip happy. But Lady Alyath tells me it works wonders to keep you in a proper frame of mind."

"That's right. Every two weeks it tells us we're prisoners for life. Keeps us from getting silly ideas."

Colin Lee took Genevra into his arms and held her close as a father protects a child. Genevra's arms automatically reached up around his neck and, without warning, she was weeping a fine flow of tears upon his shirt. Neither said a word, there was no need, they both understood overwrought emotions and unexpected release from pain. Colin patted her gently and let her cry.

It was nice to be thus held. The slavegirl gave up worrying about dual ownership.

Whatever happened was probably prearranged and beyond her ability to influence. Westley's arms had felt good but Colin's seemed stronger to give a slavegirl refuge. After a while there came a male whisper in her ear, "I want you to stop thinking about yesterday or tomorrow. Stop thinking about Westley, he's away for the afternoon and you and I will be together." He laughed shortly. "Her ladyship is putting on a little show in my honor. I think it involves several of those girls. You'll certainly have to be with me when I tell her how wonderful it all is. Gosh, what would mother say if she could see this place!"

Genevra could not remember afterwards how it happened but her new owner must have picked her up and laid her gently on the bed. He played with her in the wise, comforting manner of a man who understood the female psyche all too well. From that point to the act she dreaded was an easy journey and Genevra's dread disappeared as she was once more taken by a male into a realm of infinite sensation and up into the starlight beyond the sun. It was not better than Westley, it was simply different and very wonderful.

In an awareness of obligations. Colin permitted their lovemaking for only an hour or so before they shared their bath. While her back was being dried, Genevra remembered something she shouldn't ever forget. Tentatively she asked, "Shouldn't you at least handcuff my hands or tie me some way?"

"Why should I?"

"Well, it's sort of one of the rules. I've never been free since I came to Trinity. You've allowed me more freedom than I've had in a year. I don't think Lady Alyath would approve."

"Well . . . I know. Will the handcuffs do? I don't want you loaded down with links."

Genevra found handcuffs and offered them to Colin along with her wrists. He clipped one then turned her around to clip the other behind her back. "If we're going to do it at all, we might as well do it right," he said decisively. "You're not helpless with them in front. But there's not much you can do when I've locked them the way you are. Okay? It was your idea."

"Sure it's okay. Being helpless saves me making decisions. I can't tell you how grateful I am for being free of that damned rope. I don't mind you seeing me naked anymore. Maybe Lady Alyath is right and that is the way every girl ought to be."

"You've been without a man far too long. I suspect that's all your trouble is. Consider yourself cured." He was suddenly brisk. "Come along. We'd best hunt up her ladyship and allow her to show us something really bizarre."

Lady Alyath's shrewd eyes told her instantly Genevra had been adequately attended to. But she made no reference to the act she was sure occurred. She took it for

granted and had, no doubt, planned the whole thing before hand. With her hands behind her back, Genevra knew a delicious helplessness. With her ladyship leading the way, they went to see 'her little show.'

It was a room equipped for punishments. Genevra knew it well. This time she was not alone. Lady Alyath had truly spread herself to please a man who might not have seen it all before. Whichever the case might be, Colin Lee exerted himself to show a polite attention, allowing himself to react to each exhibit while the girl who walked at his side simply wished she could go away.

It was like a trade show in which products were demonstrated to interest a buyer.

It began with the mundane. The girl in the pillory was righteously unhappy but lifted her bowed head and tugged at imprisoned wrists. She then recited lines probably rehearsed.

"I'm so tired of having to stand like this, Lady Alyath." There was a hopeful pause, properly ignored. "I know I deserve being locked in the pillory." There followed, in a burst of enthusiasm, perhaps real, from the maiden gripped firmly in the wooden yoke, "Thank you for having me punished!"

That should have been enough but Lady Alyath was determined to prolong the entertainment. She was obviously pleased with the girl in the pillory so far. But she would add humiliation to the captivity of a girl who's neck and wrists were immobilized.

"I'd like you to tell Mr. Lee and Genevra of your sin, dear. Tell them how you fell from grace and then explain the benefits you will obtain from being a prisoner of the pillory for this afternoon."

Genevra felt only sympathy as the sweet, young voice admitted to outrageous sin and of the sorrow she now felt. The girl ate humility as if hungry to be humble before her mistress. She added, for good measure, "Genevra, dear, don't ever do the things I did."

There came a flow of tears which could have been true or false, Genevra did not know which.

Colin was politely observing girls in deep travail, and unfailing with the correct comments. Mr. Colin Lee was indeed a gentleman.

The next girl was in a position far more sad. Her left wrist had been cuffed to her right ankle, while her right wrist had been wrapped in loop after loop of bandages by which she was now raised in suspension, her right arm rigid and taunt, the right wrist accepting all her weight. The toes of her one free foot were reaching vainly for the floor. It was a pose for Torquemeada.

They watched the suffering girl become aware of visitors. She rose a bowed head and, in dark despair, did her best to please. "Thank you for having me punished, Mistress. I know I deserve it. Please forgive me."

Lady Alyath beamed with pride. "Isn't she sweet. Now, dear girl, I want you to tell our friends about your sins, the reason you hang here as you do."

Once again a girl recited a colorful crime as her ladyship nodded in silent approval of girlish honesty. "The punishment is severe," she confided to Colin, "but she will always remember it. And the other girls will be brought here to witness this correction. They too, will remember and behave themselves. This whole thing is extremely beneficial."

Genevra could well imagine the procession of handcuffed nudities walking slowly past this horror which they, themselves, might suffer over a careless word or wrong action. She shuddered. Perhaps she too . . . .

The third punishment was a busy one, still in progress. The naked maiden sat upon a bench, her wide-spread legs extended to where her ankles were locked within the stout wooden stocks, out of her reach and clamped solidly there. To each side of a girlish sole sat a naked, handcuffed girl intently employed in using a short but limber piece of cane to tap the bottom of the exposed foot in an endless series of impacts their captive was already finding hard to bear. The girl was jerking her legs and trembling over her strained effort to pull her feet back and away. As the small rods found her feet, her chained hands covered her face that she might not behold her punishment or see its pain. She spared her visitors a glance but said no word.

"It is an ancient punishment," Lady Alyath explained. "For the first few minutes the girl being punished is inclined to laugh and be thankful for so mild an infliction. But as the time goes on, the little rods playing up and down her soles become an irritation and then something very hard to bear. Finally, as you see here, they give her pain, a pain that does not stop. Come, Linda, tell our guest your tale of woe."

It was the same thing over again but the little rods did not cease beating upon innocent feet and the owner of those feet constantly gasped and twitched as she made her sad confession and promised to be good.

"We're not getting the right effect here, dear," Lady Alyath said gently as she unlocked a wrist cuff and rejoined it behind Linda's naked back. "I don't want you hiding behind your hands. Part of your punishment, dear, is to watch it happening." Then, as a bonus of goodwill, she added, "Stop making such a fuss, you're not going to die."

Genevra found it hard to read Colin's reactions. He was polite and attentive, asking a few questions and nodding sagely at the answers. She was gripped in a horrible fascination as she viewed her fellow prisoners in the knowledge of what was

happening to them today might be her lot tomorrow. The girl in the pillory changed her weight from foot to foot. The loveliness of the suspended girl glistened with the sweat of pain as she hung motionless. The two youngsters using the rods on Linda's tender soles, were little hindered in their task by the handcuffs on their wrists. They were resting a forearm on one knee to achieve their endless succession of impacts by mostly wrist action. Now and then they paused to change placed and continue the punishment with their other hand. It was all carefully designed while Linda twisted and tugged both at her hands locked in steel and her legs locked in wood.

Four girls comprised the show. Number four had had her hands crossed and tied behind her back and raised up so high that her shoulders were contorted as she bent far over to try and relieve the stress. Her feet had been widely separated and tied apart to rings set in the floor. She too, stood motionless to ease her agony, her long hair reaching all the way to the floor. As the visitors approached, she tossed her head to clear the hair away from her lovely face and recited her praise of this wonderful punishment she was being granted as if it were a precious gift. Genevra shivered and longed to plead for all.

The entertainment in honor of Colin Lee was not yet done. Girls wheeled in a tea trolley, arranged a table and chairs; while daring quick glances at the punished girls. Each was handcuffed but performed her duties with competence of long experience. When they had gone Lady Alyath poured the tea to become the gracious hostess in a role she played so well.

"I do hope you're not bored, dear boy," she asked in kind concern. "You may have seen these small corrections before. But if you are aware of something more original, I will have one of the dear girls changed over to your suggestion. Don't be shy about asking."

Colin Lee accepted a cucumber sandwich and said he was well content with the way things were. Genevra wondered if he was visualizing her contorted and hurting in one of these corrections. Despite a resolution not to look, her eyes constantly wandered from one suffering nakedness to the next. Sometimes punished eyes met hers in pure envy.

"Westley won't be back for a day or two," Lady Alyath informed. "While he's away, Genevra belongs to you, Colin, Westley wants it that way. I'm so pleased the two of you get along so well." She looked affectionately at the only man present. "Would you like to whip Genevra, Colin? Most men love to whip a pretty girl." She might have been speaking of the weather.

Once again Genevra had to wonder about the man to whom she belonged. Was Lady Alyath playing with him? Was he embarrassed by such a question? She need not have worried, Colin Lee had matters well in hand.

"The dear girl is whipped every two weeks as a matter of routine, isn't she?" he asked easily. "I'm satistied to leave it at that."

Lady Alyath turned to her favorite possession. "It must be getting around to your time, isn't it dear?" she asked sweetly.

"I'm due to be whipped in two days, Mam."

"Isn't she charming, Colin dear. I can easily advance her time to today or tomorrow if you like. I want you to whip her yourself so she'll know who is really and truly her master. The whip tells the little darlings who they are far better than words."

"Thanks but I'd sooner wait." Colin was as charming as his voice was firm.

"Actually I'm looking forward to it but I'd rather not rush things. Genevra is very sweet and there's things I want to do to her. Do you mind?"

"Like some of the situations we see before us now?"

"Perhaps. But as yet I have not exhausted her talents in bed. Westley spoke highly of her capabilities and I am discovering he was right. Genevra is a jewel."

It was pleasant, but a little frightening to hear herself discussed so. Once more Genevra thought of auctions and markets and sums of cash. She was also feeling admiration for this male creature who so easily coped with the woman who held her prisoner. She was grateful not to be whipped so early in her acquaintance with Colin Lee. Two days distant was plenty close enough, especially if it was to be he who marked her skin.

She wondered if Colin would scold her skin with an unaccustomed severity. She sighed and took another sandwich.

Back in Colin's room she told him of Westley's enjoyment of putting leg irons upon her ankles. They experimented for an hour or two, pointedly making no reference to the punisbed girls below until Colin admitted, "I didn't much care for that. I don't suppose any of them deserved it." Abruptly he ordered, "Lie on the bed, I feel like playing with you."

Genevra, thrilled at the command, and played her part in a good-natured argument about whether her handcuffed wrists should be in front or behind her. Colin solved the problem by taking the cuffs off completely. But he sent Genevra off to find a riding crop, a task she performed with a childlike joy as if the whole thing were a playful game. She returned with the riding crop only to find herself bent over the edge of the bed, ass sticking up in the air. She was instructed that she would received only one stroke, after which she was to flip herself over on the bed and raise her knees immediately. Thinking that one stroke wasn't much, Genevra hardly braced herself for it. Suddenly her bottom bust into fire as the crop scored her soft flesh with the unaccustomed force of a male arm behind it. She almost forgot to flip over in the unexpected pain but his hand on her hips reminded her and she flipped.

Before she could even realize what was happening, he was deep within her, thrusting his tool home with a vigor and a will. Soon she was lost in a world where nothing mattered but the burning of her bottom and the pleasure he was generating within her loins. She thrust back to meet his thrusts and soon they were both crashing into climax, mutually occurring and mutually satisfying.

Afterwards her master admitted, "Look, honeybunch, we can't do this all the time. I want to tie you to a tree. Would you mind?"

"Gosh, no! I'm a slavegirl and can't object to anything that happens to me. Would you like me to find you a tree?"

Trinity had everything. The tree that suited Colin was found in the playground area just inside the massive walls that surround the grounds, keeping strangers out and girls in. After affirming that tree was exactly right for his purpose, he admitted "This is a sort of a fantasy thing. When I was growing up there were lots of books with girls getting tied to a tree, or a post or a ship's mast."

Genevra mischievously stretched her arms and asked, "How do you want me?"

He pointed to the tree trunk and Genevra stood her back against it. "Youre going to look gorgeous tied to that tree. And all this rope you brought."

Secretly thrilled by the role she was to play, Genevra arranged her hands behind the slender trunk and frankly laughed at her master who stood with ropes dangling in hand. "Do you realize what this means to me?" he asked reflectively. "You're going to help me lay a ghost. And you're going to look ten times more beautiful in doing it." He kissed her gently. "You really are a sweetheart. I owe Westley and her ladyship a lot."

Genevra had never seen Colin's request as anything but a playful game. The ropes with which she was going to be bound would probably hurt, but she was only a slavegirl and could not complain. Maybe Lady Alyath would come by to view the damsel in distress such as was found in the literature of Colin's youth. She laughed at him again and said, almost as a dare, "Don't worry about hurting me. Tie me tight the way the girl in your dreams was tied. Real tight. And don't worry about roping my sexual parts - isn't that a part of it?"

Colin wrapped cord crisscrossed around her wrists where she couldn't see them behind her. "You girls are all wonderful, you especially. Little more than a year ago you were bouncing around the world and completely free. Now you're playing this game just as much as I. How come?"

The tied girl laughed. "Lady Alyath calls it keeping us 'in restraint'. I've been in restraint so long I've come to accept everything Trinity does to us. Being whipped like I'm going to be tomorrow does something to a girl. But Lady Alyath has a sort of

magic. After all this time I wouldn't think of disobeying her." The sweet, soft voice was laughing. "But I think you can guess what a wonderful change this has been for me, to be given first to Westley and now to you. It's not really fair to the other girls, they'll be so damned envious."

"Even when I whip you tomorrow?"

"All of them would willingly be whipped if it earned them a night with a man like you."

Colin paused. "I wish I could duplicate myself twenty times. Those poor girls really that hard up?"

"They are and I was." She looked at him dreamily. I'll miss you terribly when you go away."

The binding of Genevra Anderson was a most competent piece of work, lovingly performed. Every strand was pull tight enough to hurt, indenting itself into her skin. As her nudity was cinched and circled, she easily discerned the attractive pattern by which she would be clamped hard and fast against the tree. Ankles and knees, crotch and waist, her breasts untouched but framed within the bonds cunningly joined above and below, pulling her shoulders hard back against the tree to accentuate the firm and lovely contours of her breasts. She was not surprised to see that her nipples were erect and hard, indicting how this treatment was affecting her body.

When his task was done, Colin stepped back to view a captive loveliness so much the perfect picture of his fantasy as to make him swallow hard.

"Try and move, honey. Struggle."

Genevra did her best but got only rope burns for her pains. "I can't move - only my head. Darling, you've done the most wonderful job on me!" She paused in confusion.

"You called me darling?"

"Yes, I know. It sort of slipped out." She was blushing.

"Do damsels in distress always use that endearment on the men who tie them up?"

"Probably not. I expect you should maybe punish me. Or I suspect there's a gag in there with the ropes."

"No gag," he said decisively. "It would totally spoil the effect. You're supposed to be able to scream when you see the dragon coming. After I've gone and left you to your fate. And, anyway, what's wrong with darling?"

He gently teased her hard nipple until she begged him to stop before he went too far. His tone was as tender as his hands. "I'll probably call you darling, and it will slip out as easily as you said it. Now, for a little while, you must stand alone. I've got an errand to run. Try and get yourself loose while I'm gone."

It took the tight-bound girl many minutes to catch her breath from the tingling excitement he had generated within her body. She was still breathing hard when some of the girls arrived. They must have been watching for they quickly gathered around Genevra to enjoy the bound and helpless girl for themselves.

"He must have taken you to bed, so tell us about it," said one. "Why hasn't he whipped you?" asked another.

"What's it like to have a man again?" The third voice was wistful.

Genevra dealt with the questions as best she could. It was an easy task for the girls already knew the answers. They gazed in longing at a naked girl tied to a tree by a man who surely must be attracted to her or he would not have bothered. By the time they had examined her bondage and asked their questions, Colin's ropes were hurting. The girls asked about that, too, and she could tell truthfully of pain. It was a pain, they all agreed, that would get steadily worse the longer her master left her tied to the tree. When Colin reappeared, they scampered back out of sight.

The master had brought a stool on which to sit while he feasted on the loveliness of his creation. He had no need to ask if his ropes now hurt, the look on her face told him. And the knowledge of her suffering added to his ego trip in which he wallowed pleasurably. He left her in bondage for the rest of the afternoon but, when she became too preoccupied with the cut of cord, her master set her free, helped her massage the rope burns from neck to heels, and then made her carry the bag of bondage materials back with them into the castle. In his room he backed Genevra up to a big mirror so she could see the wicked weal he had put on her bottom and that would last a week at least, and the still red marks left by his ropes. The slavegirl was proud of that weal and most willingly replaced it on the covers to again accept Colin's lovemaking and take her journey beyond the stars. Only rarely during the entire day did she remember that tomorrow she would be whipped.

Lady Alyath had generously left the two of them alone. But on the day of the punishment she quietly asserted her authority, and inserted a second girl whose time was due. Genevra viewed this arrangement with mixed feelings as her wrists were strapped to the bar and drawn high to compel her to stand taut and straight, totally available to the thong. Nothing was new, she and the other girl had walked this path before. It had pleased Lady Alyath to strap the second girl down upon the bench and then to call in the services of her daughter, Erin, to inflict the regulation twenty strokes, a task the teenager performed with relish. But when she asked to stay and watch their favorite Genevra beneath the lash, she was told to run along. She did but with a pout that would have earned any other girl a few hours in the pillory. The whipped girl was sent away, too, but only after her handcuffs were replaced. Her look

of longing as she left the room was directed at Colin.

It was the first time Genevra had received her ritual whipping at the hands of a man. She was glad there were others present and wished there had been more. Had she been alone with the man who wielded the whip, there would have been sadness and shame with her pain. The whipping of the other girl had been welcome to cut the tension for Colin, and to soften the shame to Genevra. She clenched her teeth, resolving not to scream But by the time the whip had cut its fourth mark on her bottom, a strangled cry of agony escaped her lips. After that she moaned steadily and sometimes performed a spirited little dance beneath the lash. Afterwards Lady Alyath confessed it the most entertaining infliction she had seen in a long time. Except for Genevra, it was a most satisfactory affair for all concerned.

Genevra wore her stripes with pride. There was a magnificent array of marks across her seat It took most of her strength not to gasp when she sat down for dinner, a formal affair for which three of its members wore clothes while the fourth was attired tastefully in handcuffed wrists, ironed ankles, and a latticework of stripes no one could see unless she turned around. Before dessert, Lady Alyath could contain her curiosity no longer and insisted Genevra should stand in such poses as would allow all present to admire the marks Colin had planted on her skin Genevra's obedience was a delight in sweet submission as she turned this way and that to enable everyone to share her shame.

When Erin suggested there was, room enough on back and bottom for another stroke, she was sent off with orders to request a guard to give five hard strokes on her bare hottom with a riding crop. When the punished child returned, the small interlude was not referred to again.

If Lady Alyath knew anything of Westley Wallace's return, she spoke no word of it. The days slowly passed to soak Genevra's whole being in a deep contentment. It was the Lotus Land of legend in which yesterday was gone and tomorrow would never come. She found Colin Lee a master to respec,t and tried hard not to think of loving him as she had loved Westley, both of them in a manner no slavegirl should have the audacity to feel. Genevra knew such happiness should not happen to her. She belonged to Lady Alyath and it was there her loyalties should belong. If it pleased Lady Alyath to give her to two men to play with for a while, then so be it. Losing both of them would be the price she would pay for a sin called love.

There came the morning when the bed she awoke in was cold and on the pillow next to her head was the shortest love letter a girl could ever have, "You are wonderful. I adore you." Beneath the declaration was Colin's signature. At breakfast with Erin and Erin's mother, Genevra was told that the following day Westley would return to possess her once again. It would appear she was to he once more punished as his welcome home. Genevra found herself unable to understand this punishment and felt so down she did not care.

Whip marks were still showing on her skin from the last whipping.

5

The Binding of Miss Genevra Anderson

Questions were forbidden. The slavegirl was still allowed her meals with the 'family.' But the absence of Colin Lee was like a huge hole in the room to Genevra. When told that Westley Wallace would return on the following day, the chained girl wandered the ancient castle in a dither of self-examination. Finally she soughl easement of spirit by timidly going to the office of the woman who owned her.

"I knew I'd be seeing you today." Lady Alyath laughed openly at her slavegirl's dolour. "Tell me your troubles. As if I didn't know."

Unbidden, Genevra felt to her knees to bury her face in Lady Alyath's lap. Tears flowed, followed by the troubled admission. "If you're going to give me back to Westley, Mam, it's best I tell you I'm in love with both these men to whom you've given me." Genevra's voice broke as she wailed, "What on earth do I do!"

The fingers in Genevra's hair were loving and comforting and felt good. It was one of those times when a girl needs a girl, when men have suddenly become impossible creatures beyond reason. Lady Alyath spoke slowly. "This is my fault. I should not have let it happen. You just asked what on earth do you do, but your question is out of order. You're a slavegirl and must do what you're told. Decisions come from me." There was a pause. Genevra wept but listened hopefully. "You feel abandoned because Colin Lee has gone," Lady Alyath continued. "Westiey will come back tomorrow and you're wondering what to say to him and how to act. If you would like I can make certain you see neither of those men again. All I have to do is put you in a cage. Would you like that?"

"No." Genevra's negative was muffled and apologetic. "I don't know what I want. That's why I'm here."

"I could whip you terribly if I thought it would do any good. Or perhaps a couple of days of mild torture would help straighten out your mind. How about it?"

"I'd rather not, if you don't mind. I was whipped yesterday and those other things won't make me feel more cheerful."

"Advise to the lovelorn!" Lady Alyath laughed in genuine amusement. "Really, darling, I didn't think it would come to this. I thought it would be fun to watch you fall in and out of love. And I arranged for you to have some pleasure in bed. You've been a darling girl. Don't you have any ideas at all?"

"I suppose you had better put me in the cage, I don't seem able to make my own decisions."

"Well, don't feel bad about it, you've been a slavegirl with no decisions to make for over a year now." Lady Alyath laughed again. "Then, all of a sudden, there are this two attractive men. I'd probably be in the same dilemma myself. But, sweetheart, I really don't want to lock you in the cage. That would be a punishment for something not your fault. Darling, I've had an idea! How about my making a gift of you? I mean a permanent gift of you to one of the men. One that you chose?"

Genevra tensed and was sure Lady Alyath would feel her shock. Once more her voice became a distressful wail. "But I don't know which one! I can't chose. That's why I'm here."

"That's a problem I can't beat," Lady Alyath admitted. "thought sure you'd go one way or the other. Are you sure a good whipping wouldn't help?"

"Thank you, but no."

"I don't want to part with you, darling. If I give you to someone, I'm the one who loses. But maybe it is my fault in the first place. Look, I've just had another idea about a woman who can do me a favor. In fact, she could put a deal my way which would run into a few millions. Trinity Castle is an expensive hobby, you know, dear. And I can always use the money."

"A woman! You mean you'd make a gift of me to a woman and I'd be her prisoner instead of yours?" Genevra's tears had stopped.

"That's right, dear. I'm sure you understand you have to be a prisoner either here or with anyone I give you to. We can't possibly have you running around free and talking about Trinity and all you know. You don't mind a few chains, do you?"

"If you let me free, I promise never to say a word about Trinity."

"You mean that now, dear, I know you do. But sooner or later you would drop a clue to someone nagging you about your missing year, or you would change your mind. I can't afford to let that happen."

"I'd never do anything to hurt you. Surely you know that. Lady Alyath."

"Look, dear, the name of this woman is Alice Murdoc. She's only a few years older than you. She'll be strict and severe, and she knows how I operate, she's visited here often enough. I can easily persuade her to carry on where I leave off. You'll have a whole new life without a man on the horizon anywhere. Would that be nice?"

"I don't want to leave you. I think it's wonderful the way you handle us girls. We were all happy until Westley Wallace came. And then Colin, just to make matters more difficult. Please don't give me away."

Lady Alyath sighed. Her little bit of fun was backfiring. There was not much she could have done about Westley, Trinity Castle was his real home. And if she had not given Genevra to him, he would have demanded one of the others who, after male starvation, would probably be as lovesick as the girl before her.

"I shouldn't be asking, but telling you what to do," she said crossly. "I still think the only thing to do with a girl in love is to whip her bottom. What you think of as love is simply a disease from over active glands working overtime. A woman has to grow up to recognize these things. You're still too young."

"Alright, so its my glands." Genevra's voice was as cross as her mistress. She stepped onto forbidden ground with, "It's you who gave my body to these two men, I had nothing to say about it. Now that they've got me in this condition, you talk about making a gift of me to a woman I've never seen, who will be mean and cruel and I'll never see a man again. Look, Mam, have Erin or one of the guards do something horrible with me." Her young voice became heavy with sarcasm. "You told me about that punishment they called the 'Horse', where a girl has to sit on something that hurts. If my glands are the trouble, maybe that will help."

"Darling, you're being silly. That's a terrible punishment, you wouldn't like it one bit."

"Girls are not suppose to like their punishments. Do it to me!"

"We are all human and subject to fatigue." Lady Alyath frankly did not know the answer to her slavegir!'s appeal. She knew herself guilty of creating the situation which brought about Genevra's distress but in the face of her determination towards punishment as a cure, she felt strangely at a loss. She remembered her own concept that a good whipping cured everything female. Perhaps if there was a fixation in Genevras mind about her glands and the punishment of her loins . . . well, why not!

Genevra admitted she had probably erred, but sitting on the sharp edge of wood did little to change her feeling that she deserved punishment and was going to get it. Even though her sin was only a failure to choose between two men. And supposing she had chosen . . . ? She simply did not know.

It could have been a pleasant room, its barred windows permitting sunlight, its mellow stone a reproach to the instrument on which she sat. Genevra's crotch was solidly planted upon the two inch edge of a plank running between a couple of braces which held it rigidly in place. Each of her feet were pulled out and tractioned to either side to give her the pose of a ballet dancer doing the splits. Her bound, crossed wrists behind her back had been raised to an overhead ring, forcing her forward for maximum discomfort on what she had chosen to call her 'glands.' At that moment Genevra was positive her sex would never be any good again.

The girl on the horse had no way of judging time. It was already an eternity as she sat astride the punishment of innocence. Pain pierced her everywhere even though it

was only the small margin of her crotch which took her weight. As usual time was the factor which more and more brought her to a realization of female frailty and its reward. Already she would gladly have given herself to Colin or Westley or even to the woman named Alice Murdoc. Genevra condemned herself for getting herself into such a painful situation. She felt a silly child as compared to Lady Alyaths power to change her life by cruelty or kindness. The victim of two loves moaned.

The door had been left open so Genevra did not hear Erin's approach until the youngster's voice penetrated pain.

"Gosh, darling, mothers really got you fixed. I've heard about this but I've never seen it before. I'll bet it hurts."

"I'm dying. Oh, Erin, take me off. Untie something."

"You know I can't do that, mother would murder me. I suppose you've got yourself into trouble over those two guys youve been sleeping with. I was envying you but not any more."

"Couldn't you let my arms down, it would help a little?"

"And have mother come in and catch us both? Gosh. I'd be siting there with you in nothing flat." Erin laughed. "Shes been threatening to sit me on that thing for years. I'll bet shes waiting for me to weigh enough so it will really hurt, like with you. Gosh, Genevra, you're beautiful even the way you're all twisted and tied like that.

Even though Genevra's pleas were ardent, she had no expectation Erin would help - her mother's authority was total. Erin got whipped often enough to have a healthy respect for Lady Alyath's commands. If she had dared free the suffering girl upon the horse, she would gladly have done so. Instead she mused aloud. "I do wish Mummy would make me a present of you. You know that gift thing she plays all the time when girls disappear. Someone gets them. I'd love to have you for my very own. Maybe mother would let me have some of the rooms out of the way where I could keep you safe. And no one would ever know."

"Why don't you ask Lady Alyath? Maybe she'd think it was a good idea And I'd love to belong to you."

"No, you wouldn't." Erin giggled. "I'd whip you every day and chain you beside my bed every night. Of course. I'd love you everyday and never sit you on this horse thing . . . no way!"

Genevra knew herself stymied at every turn. She would sit out her sentence on that naked edge of wood until Lady Alyath chose to set her free. Erin's visit was a diversion but no real help at all. But Erin was curious.

"That's the point of dragging your arms up behind, isn't it? To make you sit

forward right squarely on your thingie. Is your thingie being punisbed because you let the men use it too often? Or is it because you liked it too much?" She paused. "You loved it, didn't you? I know you did."

"Sure, that's the reason. Stay away from men and you'll be quite safe."

"I'll bet you'd get right back into bed with either one of them if they showed up right now." Erin giggled. "You're thingie will be swollen when you get it off that plank but that probably makes whatever a man does to you feel twice as, good the same way as with that stripe Colin put across your bottom. I didn't have any trouble figuring out why he used that riding crop on your bottom, the one single time."

"Okay, so you know all about everything." Genevra's voice was weary with her ordeal, she no longer cared much about anything except being rescued from the punishment she had chosen. "How'd it be I ask your mother to handcuff you and make you a prisoner along with the rest of us?"

"I'm way ahead of you, darling, I asked Mommy that a year ago and all she did was send me down stairs to have my bottom whipped. So I haven't asked about it again. You don't really think she would, do you?"

"If I was your mother, I would do it to you for sure. You've got things altogether too good. You're spoiled."

"You're absolutely right, dear, I'm spoiled rotten. It would be such fun to be handcuffed all the time and get my ankles chained like the rest of you. And then, every two weeks, I'd have the whipping to look forward to. You girls don't have a thing to cry about, you've got it good, too." The nymphet's voice changed. "Oh, I almost forgot! Did you know Westley came back early? He's somewhere around upstairs, probably with mother. He'll probably come and visit you."

"He mustn't! Don't let him. I don't want any man looking at me in this awful condition!" Genevra's voice was a wail of agony. "Please don't tell him where I am. I couldn't bear to have him see me punished like this."

"Bit late for that, sweetheart." It was Westley Wallace's voice from the doorway.

"Auntie told me you were here and what a fix you were in. I absolutely had to come and have a look."

He turned to Erin "Run along, I don't need you around while I'm talking to Genevra."

"Please, can't I stay and watch?" Erin pouted.

"There'll be nothing to watch, you've seen it all. Now scat. If you'll stay any

longer, I'll stripe your pelt worse than it already is."

Genevra was curling up inside with embarrassment for the nakedness to be seen in this contorted punishment by a male who had loved her in his bed. Tension gripped her as he made a slow circle to examine every portion of her correction. His next remark was sly. "Auntie says you won't wish to be released. You're supposed to be sitting like that to do a pennance. I wouldn't want to spoil things for you."

"Don't tease. Untie me."

"I don't think it's time." Westley consulted his watch. "I'm afraid you've go several hours yet to go."

"Don't be cruel. I'm in agony. I'll promise anything you want but, for Pete's sake, get me off this thing."

"But, my dear girl. . . . " Westley was affecting a mock patience. "Lady Alyath allows me to do anything I want to you anyway. And she tells me this is entirely your idea."

Genevra was both frantic and exasperated. The last thing she needed at that moment was to be teased. "You're being horrible," she proclaimed. "I'm dying and all you do is tease me. If you love me, set me free."

"There's a bit of poetry on that theme," Westley said thoughtfully. "I forget the rest of it and I don't suppose whoever wrote it had this in mind. Are you serious about dying?"

"I will be if I'm left like this very much longer. Westley, can't you see how I'm sitting and what I'm sitting on? Can't you see how my feet are pulled out to each side, and the beastly way my arms are raised up in the back? Please untie me, I'm begging you."

Her situation was bad enough, but Genevra realized Westley was enjoying himself. No doubt he felt the masterful male, the wicked villain who had a naked damsel in his power and would make the most of it. She wished he had a visible ego she could smash with her fists, if only she were free.

"All right!" she exclaimed. "You want me tortured for hours and hours, and don't care if I'm injured or die. If that's the way you feel about me, you might as well go."

"I'd kiss you but you're all sweaty." It was almost an apology. "Not that a mind a bit of girl sweat, you smell yummy and its giving me a hard on. I expect you're right, I ought to leave. Goodbye."

In disbelief the tight-bound girl raised her head to watch her master disappear

through the open door. Genevra had not believed he would depart thus, and had no words ready. She moaned in a free desolation, bowing her head to allow a new deluge of salty tears to splash upon the horse. She longed for Lady Alyath's authority, feeling sure if her owner could see the measure of her distress, she would be instantly freed. Even Erin had not teased as cruelly as the man who had left her to sit on the edge of a plank for hours. She tried to move but could not even twitch.

Westley Wallace walked back through the door.

Everything had hurt outrageously. Genevra's ankles burned but the real fire was in her crotch. She had been stuck to the plank's edge and cried aloud in pain as Westley lifted her from the awful perch after cutting the cords by which her wrists were tied. To be really and truly free was a miracle the hurting nudity could scarcely believe. As soon as she could move, she threw her arms around Westley's neck to receive his kisses and press her naked breasts against his shirt. At that moment Westley Wallace owned Genevra Anderson in totality. Her gratitude was without bounds and she wondered how she could have, heen so foolish as to not pick this man when given the opportunity. After a few moments the fire began wilthin her sex and she whispered, "I think I ought to feel, it might be terribly injured."

Genevra's hand was far too slow. Westley's was there first, thoughtlessly sparking Genevra's scream as he took possession of a handful of a hot and juicy sex. He squeezed it lovingly and thoughtlessly reawaken the horse's wound. He lifted the sweating bundle of femininity and carried her Lady Alyath's office.

Along with the lingering pains, Genevra felt both gratitude and shame when plucked from the plank. She had been wet with the sweat of agony and felt everyone in Trinity could smell the perfume of her punishment. She knew her hair was a disgrace and felt certain her wrists, ankles and punished crotch were all scarlet or purple or worse. All in all, she felt herself a mess and stood before her owner, head bowed in shame, free hands hanging listlessly beside her hips. It would serve her right if Lady Alyath bound her back upon the horse.

Moments ticked away. Lady Alyath held the floor, her gaze flitting from one to the other in sardonic amusement. When she spoke, it was to Westley Wallace. "Who gave you permission to take her off that horse? I told you to leave her there."

Genevra was quick in defense. "It's my fault. I made such a fuss. It was awful, much more than I thought it would be. I thought I'd die."

"Don't be absurd."

"Well, it felt as if I were dying. I pleaded and pleaded until Westley broke down. He's so terribly kind . . . well, here I am."

"Can you give me a good reason for not tying you back on the horse?"

"No, not really." The anguished voice held humility.

"Humfh! It's what I should do with you. Has your rescue from the horse inclined your affections towards my nephew?"

"Yes, it has. Westley's a darling and now I owe him everything. Please make me a present to him . . . what you call a gift."

"I ought to feel sorry for the pain I've caused you," Lady Alyath mused aloud.

"Normally I would. But you've become such an irritating female with your heart throbs and requests that I honestly feel like whipping your bottom instead of making you a gift to anyone. Can't imagine anyone being grateful."

"I'd be obedient and very grateful. I'd do everything Westley told me to."

"Huh? That's an oft told tale. You believe it now but give you a couple of weeks."

"Look, don't I get in on this discussion?" Westley's question was less than demanding. "Damn it, Auntie, do I own this girl or not?"

"You may own her at this moment but do you want to marry her?"

"What! You've got to be kidding."

Her ladyship chuckled as tears formed in Genevra's eyes as a result of Westley's emphatic rejection. There would have been many advantages to being married to Westley, not the least of which was freedom. A husband surely would never keep his wife in chains!

Westley was swift in perception. Scarlet faced, he said, "I shouldn't have said that the way it sounded. Any man would be crazy not to many Genevra given the chance." He looked accusingly at Lady Alyath. "But springing it on me like that - I Wasn't prepared. I hadn't even thought about it."

"Alright then, have you thought about it now? Do you wish to marry this charming creature who's sex you've just rescued from being squashed. Westley, for Pete's sake, don't dither."

"It's not that I don't want to marry Gin." Westley was having a hard time to think up the proper words. "But it's too quick, too sudden. How about giving me some time to make love to her and think it over."

"How long do you need?"

"Well, how about a couple of months?"

"Westley, if it takes you that long to make up you mind to marry this delightful young woman, then you don't want to marry her very bad. Maybe not at all." Lady Alyath pushed handcuffs across her desk. "Since it's you who freed her hands you can now restore her to Trinity's regulation dress. I don't want her hands in front, fasten them behind her back. And fasten them tight so she'll know she's wearing them."

"Do I have to? I don't see why she has to be handcuffed at all."

"Do as I say - now!"

The male fingers felt good. Even the tight bite of steel was satisfying to some part or need within Genevra. She drew a strange comfort from the series of clicks which told her she was once more a prisoner. Only Lady Alyath now really knew what was going to happen.

"Thanks, Westley. You may as well run along. Choose one of the other girls, if you wish. You can bring her here in an hour and I'll prepare her on what to expect. As if she didn't already know!"

"But what about Genevra? She's still mine, isn't she? I don't see why not."

Anxiety and the awareness of Genevra had attacked the Male.

"No, she is not yours, Westley, you've just given her up. Genevra is too good for you. Run along and play your games the way you always do."

From downcast dejection, Genevra had returned to acute awareness. She saw the desolation on Westley Wallace's face, accepted from him a kiss, and watched him tuck his tail between his legs and flee the room. Turning to Lady Alyath, she declared, "Aren't you being hard on him? He's really a nice guy, even if he doesn't want to marry me. And, please, can't my hands be in front instead of behind my back?"

"The answer to both those questions is no," the woman behind the desk said forcefully. "And don't ever feel sony for Westley. Westley has things better than any other young man I know of. I suppose I had hoped he would want to marry you and you would want to marry him. Just a pretty dream, I suppose. I should have known better. I'm a sentimental old fool. Want me to put you back on the horse?"

"No."

"Well, we've progressed that far anyway. I could put you with the girls, but it is not a good idea while Westley's around. And Colin might drop by for a visit. The two of them would put you back in a fine dither. I'm damned if I'll put you in a dungeon just to keep you out of their sight. So I think I'll make a gift of you. Alice Murdoc will pick you up this afternoon. Don't look so heart-broken, she'll not whip

you daily."

In shock, Genevra looked askance at the woman who controlled her life, a woman she ought to hate but could not. Alyath Hardcastle evoked in her captive girls an affectionate dependence upon herself. She was the one who made every decision in the girl's lives. Now she decided Genevra would become a gift to a woman named Alice Murdoc. It was the last thing Genevra wanted but she knew she had brought it upon herself by her failure to keep Westley and Colin in proper perspective. A tear trickled down her cheek, followed by another. "Look, I'm going to cry. Please let me have my hands so I can wipe my tears."

"I must be in my dotage," Lady Alyath said good-naturedly. "Come here and turn around,"

"I'm sorry I'm such a nuisance." Genevra was weeping and using Lady Alyath's hankie to good advantage. She cocked a watery eye at her owner. "Please don't give me away. Please keep me here at Trinity even if you have to lock me away somewhere so Westley can't find me . . . please!"

"You're becoming morbid, you need a change," Lady Alyath said crisply. "Alice will be good for you and you'll be good for her. Trust me."

It was a good, uninterrupted cry. When she had dried the last of her tears Genevra returned a wet hankie to its owner before turning around and offering her wrists behind her back.

"I'm not going to handcuff you again," Lady Alyath said with a touch of irritation. "You can have the use of your hands until Alice takes over this afternoon. You'll probably cry again and need them. Run along and amuse yourself."

"I expect I'm being terribly silly."

"Yes, you are. But we'll blame it on your glands. Damn it, if I had only realized the effect those men would have on you!"

Lady Alyath stood up and took her slavegirl within the warmth of her arms. She felt a most unusual humility in the girl she had made a slave of. "Normally I'd never part with you," she whispered. "You mustn't feel this thing with Alice as the end of anything. She's a busy woman and will probably be happy enough to give you back to me by the time Westley has gone back to the United States. You'll probably come out of this whole affair smelling like a rose."

Mollified, somewhat comforted, and in possession of her hands, Genevra Anderson wandered aimlessly, wondering if she should rejoin the rest of the girls. But they'd ask a hundred questions and probably feel jealous by the absence of any chain or other restrain on Genevra. Considering alternatives, she ran into Erin in the hall. As usual the youngster was well-informed.

"Oh, darling, mother is giving you away, isn't she? That Alice Murdoc woman. I don't want you to go."

"Neither do I. But what can I do about it?"

"You're right, darling, there isn't a thing we can do. I can't very well open the door for you. That wouldn't be fair to mother." Erin was suddenly alarmed. "Genevra, you're not handcuffed. Look, I'll run and get those pretty bracelets that look so good on you. If mother sees you free, you're in trouble."

"It was your mother who gave me my hands for a little while. She said they could stay free until my new owner takes possession." Genevra made a wry grimace. "Not that it matters, I don't seem to have any good use for them."

They went to Erin's room and then, without a plan, stood gazing at each other.

"I'll tell you what," Erin said eagerly. "I'll go and talk to mother and see if I can't make her let you stay at Trinity. I've always felt so close to you that I can't stand to see you go."

"Don't you dare. She'd have you whipped,"

"I'll take the risk. At the worst it would be only five on my bottom." She giggled.

"I get that often!"

The two girls argued back and forth, sometimes finding laughter over Erin's concern. Now that she was losing this vivid teenager, Genevra felt a tenderness bordering on love. She suggested, "Erin, dear, the only real solution for me is freedom. I mean to go back where I came from before your mother made me her slave. You said you couldn't very well open the door, but you could open it long enough for me to slip away. Your mother needn't know. You wouldn't be punished,"

"She'd know," Erin cried. "I'll be put in the dungeon for life and whipped every day. But, anyway, I love my mother too much to betray her." She seemed sincerely sad as she said, "Forgive me."

They did not mention it again.

Alice Murdoc had been a beautiful girl and was now a lovely and authoritative woman. She was waiting in the lounge with Lady Alyath at the appointed time. When the naked girl she was about to possess walked across the rug to stand in meek submission she was pleasantly surprised.

"Gosh, Lady Alyath, if you hadn't told me the story I would wonder why you

want to part with such a lovely creature. She's a showpiece."

"She's yours."

"You've told me about keeping them handcuffed. Why are this girl's hands free?"

"A fresh start. A new beginning. You may bind her in whatever way pleases you."

"Damn it, she's as free as we are. Why isn't she making a run for it?"

Lady Alyath laughed. "Genevra's explored all the possibilities, she knows she can't escape. The handcuffs are largely symbolic and she knows that too. She's learned to walk in leg irons, in case that amuses you."

"Are you happy about being given to me?" The question was sudden. The slavegirl made a motion with her hands. "No. I'm sorry."

Miss Murdoc turned to her companion, "Is she inclined to be rebellious?"

"They're all rebellious at the start. But Genevra took her training well. She'll be obedient, you won't have to punish her often."

Lady Alyath stood and, without apology, turned the slender nudity this way and that, barking commands to spread the legs or bend and touch her toes, until ever portion, curve and hidden place had been displayed.

"You are being too generous in giving me quality like this, but I'll enjoy every inch of her. She's a beauty and I'll make sure she has no contact with a man."

It was Genevra, in her brief freedom, who was sent for the tea trolley. Accepting her cup, Alice Murdoc mused thoughtfully, "All I'm worried about is you getting morbid." She fixed Genevra with an inquiring eye. "I'm a busy woman and there are lots of times I'll have to leave you alone. You'll be chained or caged or both. Can you take solitude?"

"But I'll have no choice, will I Mam?"

"That answers the questions." Miss Murdoc drained her cup and turned to her hostess. "This girl's all together too alive for solitary confinement. A month with me and she'll go around the bend. I want the girl but let's face facts."

Lady Alyath took the objection in stride. Perhaps she had prepared for it."I'm glad you have that much concern for the dear girl. How would it be if I lend you another for a while so the two of them can keep each other company? It might even double your fun."

Alice Murdoc was a little dazed. "Are you sure you want to give me two of them?" She laughed. "Won't that throw your whipping schedule out of whack?"

"I said "lend', not make a second gift, my dear. At the end of a month we can reassess things."

"But who? Which one of your girls?"

"How would dear, little Erin suit you? She adores Genevra."

"Erin! But she's your daughter!"

"Sure shes my daughter, but she's also a bundle of mischief. A month with you would do her a world of good. She has too much freedom at Trinity. Your confinements and corrections would make a new girl of little Erin."

For Genevra, things were moving far too fast. Her cry of protest was instinctive, "But you mustn't punish Erin on my account!" She looked from one to the other of her mistresses. "She'd hate being made a prisoner and being chained and tied and whipped. I'd feel so guilty about her."

"But you'd enjoy her company?"

"Well, yes, of course." She turned to her new owner to exclaim, "It's kind of you, Miss Murdoc, to be so concerned about me. But Erin's such a sweetheart."

"You've got nothing to say about it, my dear. Having your hands free is making you forget what you are. You're presuming on Lady Alyath's kindness."

The tension was diminished by Lady Alyath's pressing a button on the desk.

"We'll have the subject under discussion come and talk with us. If she throws hysterics, I'll chose another girl. But you may be surprised!"

The nymphet on arrival sensed something important in the air, but her smile for each of them put springtime in the air. When her role was explained it had the effect of intensifying her usual radiance. "Oh, mother, I think that's wonderful. You mean I can be with Genevra for a whole month! Gee, I think that's great."

"Hold it, young lady." Alice Murdoc wanted no misunderstandings. Genevra was a slavegirl but the daughter of Trinity was something else again. "You'll be imprisoned along with Genevra, dear. You'll be tied and chained and whipped. And subject to punishments. Isn't that a bit rough for a kid your age?"

"If Genevra can put up with it, I'm sure I can. Besides, we'll be together."

"It's not exactly a holiday, child."

"Oh, you're both being so stuffy." Erin's radiance was directed at her mother and their guest. "I'll love being with Genevra, even if it is behind bars. And it's not as if I've never been whipped. Mother has my bottom caned every time I make a tiny mistake. And I've been around chained girls all my life. Please, Miss Murdoc, please say yes."

Erin, in a dither of delight, was sent to make arrangements for what she laughingly called 'going to prison.' Miss Murdoc explained her preference for rope and cord as her slave girl's introduction. The metal of irons and handcuffs would be clamped soon enough on maiden wrists and ankles, but at the start she wished her slave girls to feel the more personal touch of cord and rope as she drew it tight with her own hands. Genevra was sent to fetch the materials by which she and Erin would soon be bound.

"I may as well tie your hands while we're waiting." Alice Murdoc was certainly very much the mistress. "Back up and put your wrists behind your back. I'm sure you know the drill."

Genevra had long been aware of picking up vibrations whenever someone tied her wrists. Everyone was different. From the women who bound her now she sensed force and power and a grim determination to ensure the girl she bound would never escape. The cords hurt as they were tightened down on her skin but she guessed Miss Murdoc would be well aware of the hurt so made no complaint.

"I'll tie your ankles in the car. You can do as you wish while we wait for Erin." Lady Alyath's daughter might be a bundle of excitement but Genevra felt only sadness and loss. Her eyes turned again and again to her original owner, but without effect. Lady Alyath wanted neither tears nor tantrums, only to get the parting over with. But in her heart she shared the sense of loss and sadness of her slave. So far as her daughter was concerned, Lady Alyath felt certain the child would benefit and the month would soon pass.

Erin joined the waiting trio but then stopped dead to ejaculate, "Oops! You didn't tell me and I forgot. You'll want me naked, won't you!"

"Of course, dear, it would spoil the effect to have you clothed. You can undress here and leave your clothes here. There's no need to run back upstairs."

Erin, suddenly bare, was a delight. Her young bottom still proclaimed the cane marks of her last punishment as she stood before Miss Murdoc with pride - to bend forward and exhibit this proof of her being more akin to the other slavegirls rather than her noble mother. Obediently she crossed her wrists and stood erect, eyes shinning, breath coming in accelerated gasps of expectation as she was robbed of freedom by cords.

"You're every so clever, Miss Murdoc," she paid tribute as she tugged and twisted to assure herself of helplessness. "Gee whiz, isn't this fun!"

Alice Murdoc drove a large car with a large trunk. The trunk was a yawning chasm to a couple of maidens. They did not fail to note the presence of a ring at each side and guessed its purpose. With their ankles now tight bound and burning, they were told casually their owner would be doing a bit of shopping on the way home and didn't want them shouting for help in a parking lot.

Erin and Genevra eyed gags with no pleasure but opened their mouths when ordered. The gags were brutal things, filling their mouths with rubber and steel and a plastic strap which, when buckled tight behind their neck, compressed their lips tight against their teeth. The captives looked to Lady Alyath as though hoping to be excused this infliction never imposed at Trinity. But their appeals went unheeded as Alice, with surprising strength, lifted them to place them inside the trunk. Their ankles were then cinched hard and fast to the rings to leave them facing in different directions without hope of conversation. As though shamed of what she had done, she slammed the lid down hard.

Angrily Genevra blinked back tears. Never at Trinity had she been thus bound and confined. In a burst of rebellion she struggled furiously and was aware of Erin doing the same. Had their feet not been tightly secured to the solid rings, they might have turned to tug at the knots upon their wrists. Probably they would not have freed themselves but this inability to do anything but lay hard upon their breasts against their companion's bound legs was frightening.

It seemed so wrong to be speeding from Trinity with a goodbye from the woman to whom Genevra still felt she belonged. If this was a sample of what Miss Murdoc had in store for them, they were a luckless pair indeed.

The thrum of wheels beneath the captive girls may not have spanned any great mileage, but was broken into several short segments interspersed with silence as the car was parked. Sometimes voices could be heard so perhaps Alice Murdoc was being no more than sensible in keeping them gagged. Their dark, small prison was by no means soundproof and captive ears became acutely conscious of sounds. Genevra flung her head furiously from side to side in an effort to get rid of or at least loosen the buckled horror she was forced to endure on her lips. But it was as secure as the ropes on her wrists and ankles. By dint of painfully squirming, she contacted one of Erin's bare legs to rub it reassuringly with her cheek. Erin did the same in the only sad, small comfort they could contrive to share. Genevra reflected bitterly that compared to their present condition, chains and iron bars would be a luxury.

In the depths of melancholy, the captive girl who was a gift from one woman to another suddenly beheld a ray of hope. It said much before Genevra's total involvement in captivity that she had not thought of it before. A small voice within her mind told her joyously that, for the first time in over a year, she was outside the walls of Trinity and without the clasp of steel confinements. True, she was helpless,

but rope and cord are fallible in a way that steel was not. Rope could be cut or simply untied by fingers, could they but find the knots. A girl could rub bound wrists against all sorts of things, and, if unobserved, might in time find freedom. As Genevra surveyed it, the hope shrank to small, sad dimensions, but it was a hope she had never previously had.

The same small voice whispered that Alice Murdoc was an unknown quantity.

Her brutality to them at this moment might be an assertion of authority they could not ignore. In Lady Alyath's company, she had seemed concerned with their comfort and safety. Erin might be only a teenager but there was a tremendous comfort in the girl. She had a huge fund of optimism and cheerfulness. It was possible she might, at this moment, be enjoying the whole adventure. The gags were pure cruelty. It might have been good for morale had they been able to whisper in the dark.

When the lid of their small prison was lifted, the girls blinked in sunlight and teetered uncertainly upon feet too tightly bound for comfort. Alice Murdoc seemed always in a hurry. And now, without a word of explanation, put a noose around Erin's neck and did the same for Genevra so the two girls were joined by rope with some left over for a leash.

"I'm going to free your feet," she told them tersely. "You can walk to where I'm taking you. And no tricks. If you play the fool, I can use this riding crop on you." She held up to view a slender instrument of punishment to make Genevra shiver.

It was nice to walk again, coupled with sunlight, it made both girls feel better.

"I've got another errand and I'm in a hurry," they were told briskly. "I could put you in a dungeon but it's a little early for that. You're wearing collars and I'll take a chance on chaining you to my living room wall. Don't get ideas."

It was a pleasant house. It would have been nice to be a normal guest and be able to talk and use one's hands. There was nothing visible to dampen captive courage. But there was, of course, always downstairs which, no doubt, would boast enough iron bars and instruments to cause any girl dismay. Within a very short space of time the rope was taken from their necks to be replaced by a length of chain by which they were padlocked to metal rings set in the wall. Alice Murdoc chose rings on each side of the room to keep the two of them well apan. In her haste to be gone, the mistress forgot the gags but both girls contrived enough sounds to remind her. Hurried fingers freed the straps and each girl was kissed on her forehead. They were then alone to hear the slam of the door and the car leave. The silence of the room was defeated by the metallic song of chain.

6

The Passionate Pain

"I suppose we can't complain," Erin said doubtfully. "If that damned woman is so damned busy. I don't see what she wants a slavegirl for. She's kept us locked in this cell for two days. I'll admit the food is good and we haven't been whipped. I thought she'd really lace into us at first just to show us who's boss." The youngster sighed. "The biggest disappointment is our hands. I thought for sure that since we were together we could untie each other. But we've tried and tried and we're tied just as tight as that first time. Oh, shit!"

"Don't feel too badly, we've got each other." Genevra was working hard to look on the bright side of her new captivity. "I'd go crazy in here alone all this time. She certainly knew what she was doing when she brought you along. I'm simply sorry you have to put up with the same things as me. Let's have another try at these cords on our wrists. There surely has to be some way."

The captive girls spent another thirty minutes searching for elusive knots but, as usual, were defeated.

"She's got some kind of genius for tying up a girl," Genevra admitted finally.

"It's no good. We might as well quit. Sorry I mentioned it. But it has to be possible. We spent most of yesterday rubbing our wrists up and down against the bars but all we did was polish the bars. It's not good, Erin, my sweet. We're prisoners and that's the end of it."

It was the strangest of imprisonments. Every afternoon when Alice returned from where ever she spent her day, she fed her captives with the only touch of humor she yet displayed. The food was excellent but they were forced to eat it dog-fashion while their mistress watched as they busily lapped and licked and made distressful sounds. When they were through she washed their faces and escorted them to the lounge for the only relaxation of the day. There they sipped brandy which, since the slavegirls had no hands, the mistress held the sniffer to their lips. Alice did this with good grace. Then, when all three were aglow with the warmth of that potent liqueur, she would casually inquire if they were enjoying their new captivity.

"It's a frightful bore," Erin declared without hesitation.

Alice sighed. "I told you it would be. If your mother hadn't been so kind about you both, I would have wished she delayed her gift for a week or two while I get this deal put away under wraps. I could leave you all day in some sort of discomfort like the pillory or the stocks, or standing with your hands up above your head. But I wouldn't be here to enjoy the sight and you wouldn't enjoy it either so there's not much point to it." She lifted an eyebrow at Genevra. "If you've got any ideas, don't hesitate to tell me. I would be grateful. I feel so guilty over boring you to bits."

"It's not much fun having our hands tied the way they are, I mean the cords and being so tight and all that." Genevra was anxious not to offend. "If you had a

couple of pairs of handcuffs it would be better all the way around. You could chain our ankles, too, if you thought we were dangerous."

"Oh, sure, I'm got all that stuff but I'm enjoying you the way you are. I do dearly love to tie a girl with rope or cord. I know it hurts but you'll simply have to put up with it." Alice smiled without malice. "I know you've been trying to get yourselves loose. You've been picking away at those cords for so long. It gives you something to occupy your time."

"Mommy always keeps her girls handcuffed. It works out fine."

"I'm sure it does. For your mother and her girls."

"We'd be terribly grateful if you would handcuff us for just one day to give us a break. We can't possibly get out of handcuffs and they're much more comfortable," Genevra added.

Alice laughed. "You can't get out of it the way you're tied. I feel safer with you corded that way than I would if you wore those bits of metal on your wrists, sweetheart, you're going to have to put up with me and my ways."

Both girls knew it useless to push. If they went too far, Alice would mark their skins or punish them in some other way. When they were back in their cell for the night, Alice made them sit on the hard bench and extend bare feet for one more binding they did not want.

"A bit of rope seems to bother you both." She laughed at their expressions. "It pleases me to tie your wrists, and it pleases me now to tie your ankles. In this cell you're not going anywhere so you can hop around instead of walking. If you watch me as I tie, perhaps you can figure some way to get yourselves loose. Try to see this not as a punishment but as a diversion to keep you amused."

"We should have kept our mouths shut," Genevra moaned after their owner had locked them in and departed for the night. "I think we're a bit of a nuisance to the poor woman, so by her standards she's probably being kind."

Two naked maidens looked down sadly at two pairs of neatly tied ankles into which the rope bit hard as one more reminder to behave.

"I watched all the time she was tying me," Erin said angrily, "and I doubt we'll get our feet loose any more than our hands. The woman's a genius when it comes to putting those knots way in between somewhere so I'll bet even she can't untie them. She'll have to use a knife to cut them. If she ever does."

"Did your mother ever keep you in handcuffs, darling, you seem so much in love with them? I think your roped wrists bother you more than mine bother me. Cheer up, it can't possibly last."

Erin giggled. "There's a bit more to it than that, Genevra," she said in a tone of portent. "I should have told you before but it didn't seem any use so long as we're tied the way we are. I played safe by hiding a couple of keys in my hair."

"You little so and so! I might have guessed." Genevra laughed and bestowed a kiss on Erin's cheek. "I suppose you realize you're cheating?"

"Oh, sure, and I feel terribly disloyal to Mommy. But its not a matter of life or death. I hid the keys just in case we were having too bad a time." Erin snorted. "After these last couple of days I'm going to use them first chance I get."

Once more the little voice was busy in Genevra's mind. In the right circumstances the keys could free them both and send her back to the USA and her family. At the moment, bound as they were, it seemed improbable. But Erin was a fellow captive for at least a month. Surely somewhere in that time. . . . "

Days passed. The captives hopped back and forth behind their bars and bemoaned the preference of Alice Murdoc for the use of rope. They got sore wrists and hurt ankles every evening on their journey to the lounge, but hop along they did, encouraged by the riding crop their owner was quick to swish very near their bare bottoms. They managed stairs by sitting down and pushing themselves up or down one step at a time. They simply hopped on flat areas, even though it hurt their ankles. The trip to the lounge was the only pleasant time of their days, filled with warming brandy and pleasant conversation.

Then came one evening when the phone rang in Alice's office. A minute later she returned carrying handcuffs. "I haven't got time to take you back to the cell. Hop over to the piano and I'll use these." They sat beside a solid leg and the handcuffs put on their bare arms at the elbow. "You can't lift the piano. And, if you could, you'd have to carry it with you." She kissed their cheeks and went her way to leave a pair of captive girls speechless but with beating hearts.

"She would think of something like this," Genevra said disgustedly. "Even with your key we can't reach. And even if we could get the handcuffs off, we'd still be tied hand and foot. So what's the use?"

"But, darling, don't you understand? If we get the handcuffs off, we can hop, hop to the kiichen and cut ourselves loose. There'll be knives in the kitchen."

"If she hasn't locked the door."

"Don't be dismal." Erin was aflame with excitement. "Look, Genevra, it won't be easy but I'm sure I can get my head down to where you can reach in my hair and get the key."

Suddenly the impossible was possible. They tugged, twisted and contorted until

Genevra's fingers touched the tiny metal key. Because they were so closely linked, Genevra could not reach the handcuffs on their elbows with her hands but Erin took the key in her teeth. It took perhaps ten minutes for her to insert it in the handcuff and turn it. With a click the cuff released and fell from the bare arm. Placing the key back in Genevra's hand, she implored, "Hold on to it, darling, I'll put it back in my bair just in case. Come on now, let's do our hop, hop, hop act and pray the kitchen isn't locked."

The kitchen wasn't locked. There were knives. Genevra found such fortune hard to credit. Alice Murdoc would be waiting somewhere and they would both be whipped. But within a few minutes both girls were totally free. Leaving only cut bits of rope on the floor, they fled up stairs to dress.

"There's bound to be money in the dresser," Erin predicted. "Women always put their money in the dresser. Hmmm . . . here it is. Mommy will pay her back so I don't feel badly about taking it. There's enough for a taxi. Where do you want to go?"

"To Colin Lee. He'll help me get back home. Do you know his address, Erin?" The taxi was beautifully normal after a year of imprisonment. As its wheels sang its song of freedom, Genevra asked anxiously, "But what about you, Erin? Do you want to stay with me?"

"Colin will love having you, but he won't want me, Gin dear. If I stay with you, he'll have to lock me up or chain me someway so I won't wander off. I'll go back to Trinity. Mommy will pay the taxi if I don't have enough."

"But won't you be punished?"

"I'll be punished in a good cause, darling. Colin will get you safely back to the US and will probably go along with you. It's a beautifully happy ending. When I tell mother about the lousy time we had in that beastly cell, she'll probably go easy on me. Mother is terribly understanding. Don't worry about me."

The taxi with Erin inside paused only long enough to make sure Colin's door opened to admit his visitor. It then sped away to leave Genevra staring into a pair of male eyes. Suddenly she knew for sure everything was going to be alright.

Questions and answers flowed in breathless succession until Genevra was plucked off her feet and carried to a male bedroom where she was hastily stripped and tossed on the bed. Colin stared down at her loveliness with what she suspected was a new pride of ownership.

Time ceased.

The restaurant and dinner brought Miss Genevra Anderson back into the world after more than a year's imprisonment. But far more significantly her limbs were free. She

could raise a glass or move a chair in a manner almost forgotten. She smiled across the candle light to lock eyes with her knight in shinning armor. She was safe. She was protected. She was gloriously happy.

When they had set aside their lovemaking for more practical affairs, the fugitive from Trinity realized ber hands were free and offered them for inspection. "You've forgotten my handcuffs," she told her new protector. "I belong to you now, so do you want them back on ?"

"I don't want them at all. Except to kiss." Colin suited action to words, returning chaffed feminine wrists to their owner while their lips engaged in passionate touching. "I know a place we can pick up some clothes and shoes. After that I'm taking you out to dinner."

After that, real freedom was difficult for Genevra to deal with. She had assumed that when escaping the imprisonment of Trinity she would happily embrace another captivity with Colin Lee. She was quite certain he would be a kind master who might impose no more than pretty bracelets worn in front. She had imagined nakedness, for a slave girl does not wear clothes. Now this sudden vista of total liberty left her vaguely uneasy. Erin had forgotten to use a key to free the collar from her neck but tonight she would wear it as jewelry and happily stare down any raised eyebrows that came her way.

She looked at Colin. "You mean you're going to leave me free to move around as I wish? Or as you wish?"

"That is right. I like a chained girl as much as Lady Alyath. But I refuse to dedicate my life to keeping a chained female around the place. If I leave it with you right now, it doesn't mean I love you any less. You said you hated having you wrists tied behind your back by Alice Murdoc. So that's what I'll do to you any time you become difficult."

"I'll never be difficult with you Colin."

"That's what they all say. But look at the divorce courts. It would do the average wife good if she spent a couple of weeks at Trinity. Long enough to get at least one of those famous whippings."

"You're just being macho. I'll bet you don't mean a word of it."

"But I do." He was suddenly serious. "Be honest when you look around the people you know. The girl rules the roost. By the time she's middle aged her husband becomes a mere nothing with no opinion or the will to enforce one. I wouldn't want that."

They argued happily, neither one seeking to score points. Afterwards, they drifted into Colin's bed and forgot the perversity of either sex. Before drifting off to sleep the

onetime slavegirl asked, "Don't you want to fasten me some way? If you don't I can get up and go away."

"Sure you could. But you know damned well that you're not going to. Go to sleep."

Genevra went to sleep.

They resumed their discussion the following day.

"Lady Alyath is something of an enigma," Colin mused over coffee. "She's a charming woman, she's kind and thoughtful. But if her favorite hobby ever got into the newspapers, she'd be labeled a sadist."

"That's probably true but I'll bet you none of the girls would testify against her. Lady Alyath is more than charming, she has some sort of magic she brings to bear on a girl. I felt it from the very first day. You come to realize you've traded one type of life for another. It soon becomes a lot more colorful and dramatic and exciting than the world you left behind. I often thought there was a spell over Trinity Castle which moved it into another world." Genevra laughed. "Silly, isn't it?"

"Perhaps we dreamed it all." Colin reached across to pat her hand. "You don't hate her, do you?"

"Goodness, no! I often felt love. Or at least affection. And there was always Erin, she's a sweetheart."

"Want to go back?"

"Gosh, no! This freedom shatters the dream. Are you really taking me back to the states next month?"

"It will work out fine for both of us. In the meantime, you stay here and we'll aljoy ourselves."

"No B&D?"

"I'm afraid not. I must be in love with you girl, I haven't the faintest wish to put you into bondage or make marks on your pretty bottom. If you feel like a few marks sometime, you'll have to provoke me."

Genevra glowed with happiness. "We were talking about Lady Alyath being labeled a sadist," she said soberly. "Would that apply to you, too? It's such an ugly word. But you told me yourself that you'd whipped a lot of girls."

"Do you see me as a sadist, honeybunch?"

"Of course not! No way!"

"Then I'm not a sadist, it's that simple." Colin laughed at a girl who was still feeling her way into Wonderland. "Have you noticed you lift your cup with two bands instead of one," he teased. "And I'm sure I've seen you take little, short steps like your feet were joined. I'm surprised her ladyship didn't have you tattooed 'Property of Trinity Castle' . . ."

"That's it, make fun of a slavegirl. Trinity is habit forming but I'll get over it," she said. "Darling, you've no idea how wonderful you've made my world."

The days slipped by and in each of them the lovers found a deep content. Marriage was never mentioned but was implicit in everything they did. At the end of the month lay the USA and Colin's promise to take her there. The freed girl constantly thought of herself as his property, but no rope or handcuffs appeared on the scene. As the time for their departure neared, Genevra dreamed often of the USA and introducing Colin to the family. It would be hard to explain her disappearance for a year, but perhaps her lover would think of something.

It was when Genevra was getting ready to go out and buy a suitcase on an afternoon when Colin was busy at his office that the impossible and inevitable merged to knock upon the door.

They had been named Bee and Cee. And when dressed for the street, seemed far removed from their profession. It took a bewildered Genevra several moments to recognize the guards of Trinity. And by that time, each had taken possession of one of her arms, Smiling they said, "Welcome back to Trinity, Miss Anderson We're taking you home."

The pick-up was flawless. A cuff snapped on Genevrd's right wrist, the front door of Colin's house closed behind them, and they marched as three happy females to the street and the waiting van with open door. Had there been a passerby, Genevra would have screamed for help. At least that's what she told herself afterwards, in anger at how easy it had been. Inside the van, the other cuff was snapped around a strut of the wall. The door was closed, the guards took their seats, and the sound of the starting motor was the kilell of doom.

Genevra had the choice of sitting down or standing up. She employed those first moments painfully tugging at her steel restraint. But she had never before escaped such a bond and didn't now. Disgustedly she sat down with her right hand slightly raised and held near the wall. Sardonically she supposed the relative freedom in which she sat, as opposed to being gagged and covered with rope, was a laughing emphasis on how easily she might be controlled. Savagely she knew the scrap of steel upon her wrist would change her life.

Bee and Cee talked together but only occasionally looked back to grin at their dejected prisoner The captive girl sat sullenly, sometimes finding vent for her

desolation by tugging at a wrist that only hurt. Strangely, she gained pleasure from her pain, as if somehow helped ease her disgust over being so easily taken.

But the burning question in her mind was what would Colin think?

Upon arrival at the castle, the recaptured girl was taken immediately to one of the rooms of painful memory, and there attached to a ring in the wall in the same manner as she had been tethered in the van. Bee and Cee departed cheerfully, leaving Genevra standing, unable to sit or move away. Her view in this sober room was of an array of instruments of punishment. She shivered fearfully in expectation.

Lady Alyath did not keep Genevra long in suspense. Her greeting kiss was warm.

"My ladies have given their report." She patted a wan cheek. "And I'm tremendously pleased at how simply they gathered you up and brought you home." She stood back and cocked an inquiring eye. "Is it too much to hope you're happy to be back?"

For answer, Genevra wept. Her story of love and liberty overlaid with sobs and sniffles but conveyed the important points.

"Let's say you had a change, a pleasant vacation, dear," Lady Alyath said gently, using her own hankie to wipe away tears. "I want you to know, dear, how happy I am to know you're mine again. Men are simply a nuisance to a girl like you."

Still weeping, the escaped slavegirl asked, "I suppose you'll punish me terribly?"

"Tell me why I shouldn't, dear?"

"I couldn't help myself. There isn't any reason why you shouldn't. Not unless you feel sorry for me, and I don't expect you do. I expect to he punished. I broke the rules so I won't complain. At least I'll try not to."

"I'll have to make you naked. And I'm thinking in terms of fifty really hard strokes with one of the less pleasant whips." The voice of authority was soft.

"Thank you."

"That just as a prelude, of course," Lady Alyath quickly added. "I suppose you've looked around and recognized old friends, so I'm suggesting you spend a day in each. There's other things in other rooms but we won't bother with them right now. You've been a very naughty girl."

"Yes, Mam. Thank you."

"My goodness, are we ever broken and resigned. Come, girl, let's go up to my

office for tea. This place gives me the willies."

As usual, Genevra was baffled and bewildered. Her hand was taken from the wall and joined to the other wrist. In docile apprehension, she walked beside the mistress of Trinity to drink tea and eat cucumber sandwiches.

Crazy, crazy!

The tea was heartening and Genevra never understood why tea in America was a poor substitute for dishwater, whereas in England it was a zesty beverage. It was indeed like coming home to have to use both hands to lift the cup. Genevra was aware of being studied and assessed by wise eyes across the desk. She wondered if pleading for mercy would do any good. But she knew herself an escaped slavegirl, recaptured and rechained. In all she had ever read about such situations there could be no possibility of simply being told to go and sin no more.

"If you are wondering about Erin, you can stop worrying. Here, have another sandwich. It must be nice for you to have to use both hands again." Lady Alyath chuckled. "I spoil that child outrageously. She came back here as if nothing had happened and butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. She made a full confession and gave me the missing keys. She took all the blame and said it was she who led you astray. I'm angry with Alice Murdoc, she should have made escape impossible. I'm not going to give you back to her. She's got altogether too much on her mind to own a girl."

"Yes, Mam. But what have you done about Erin? Is she being punished?"

"Genevra, my pet, you know me well enough not to ask that question. The little imp can twist me around her finger. I told her she would be whipped the same as you. But I couldn't do it! I just couldn't do it. So she's been naked and handcuffed, and simply one of the girls awaiting your return. I don't know what to do with her now. And I've a suspicion she's enjoying herself with the rest of the girls."

"She's terribly sweet, Mam. Please don't have her whipped. Everything's probably my fault."

Lady Alyath smiled. "You're as much the mother hen when it comes to Erin as I am. Surely you're not going to tell me she couldn't be punished. How would it be if I simply suspended her by her wrists for a day? It's not a pleasurable experience."

"I think it would be more than adequate. I'd hate it."

"I'll bet you would. Look, Genevra, stop calling me 'Mam'. It makes you sound like an domestic. My narne is Alyath, call me that."

"58

Genevra felt a surge of optimism by this. It was an optimism swiftly dampened by her ladyship's next retort. "I expect you're expecting to spend the night in the dungeon, very heavily chained. You can forget that, it's too stereotyped. You'll remember the four poster bed in which I sleep? Well, you're going to be tied naked to one of the posts. Tied so tight you can probably sleep because the ropes will hold you up. I won't have you gagged but if you wake me for any reason, you'll wish you hadn't. Does that satisfy you?"

"Thank you." Genevra was about to add the humble 'Mam' but changed it quickly to the strange new word, 'Alyath.'

"That's better. Now I want you to tell me about Colin Lee. I suppose you fell in love and decided to get married." Lady Alyath sighed. "It's all so ridiculous."

"We were going back to the USA in a few days. We were going to get married there with my family." Genevra raised her handcuffs to examine them. "I don't suppose that's going to happen now."

"You're damned right that's not going to happen. I like Colin, he's a nice boy, but if he's going to steal my girls, I can't invite him again. Damn it, these erections men are bothered with are a curse. There ought to be a pill!"

"I love him. Please let me go. Please let us go back to my family."

"What you just said affects me more than you suppose. l won't do it, of course, you belong to me. Colin must find his own girls somewhere else. Westley can have the run of the place, of course, when he's in England. But I'm safe with Westley. He's so filled with females that he would never dream of marrying one. He'll get over his infatuation with you. You should be proud that he chose yours out of forty other breasts, and twenty other cunts. My girls are heavy competition. There's a demand for them."

Genevra felt Trinity closing in around her like a cloak. She had been given a glimpse of punishments ahead and Colin had been dismissed as impotent against the castle's wall. There was little more to do than to accept another sandwich and then declare, as if prompted by some inner voice, "Alyath, I'm terribly fond of you. Honest, I really will accept your punishments and not complain."

"You'll get over this affair with Colin?"

"I suppose so. By the time you've punished me a month, he'll be fading into the distance."

"Raise you hands, dear."

Bemused, Genevra obeyed and watched the tiny key work its magic with the steel upon her wrists. "Take off your clothes, dear. I can't bear to see you like that. Fold

them neatly and put them in that drawer."

As in a dream the slave obeyed, folding each garment carefully and placing the shoes on top of the pile. She returned to the seated woman to extend her wrists in invitation.

"You wish to be handcuffed, child?"

"I suppose so. You always keep me handcuffed, don't you?"

"You make always sound like forever, sweetheart. Colin gave you freedom and I can do no less. You and Erin and I will enjoy dinner together and both of you can have your hands until you're tied to my bedpost for the night. If you've got a guilty conscious it will give you something to look forward to."

Freedom of hands and feet was as exhilarating now as with Colin. It added sparkle to their dinner and the brandy afterward. Then she and Erin were told to go to the bedroom and wait. They spent most of this last freedom kissing and hugging and lamenting Genevra's fresh captivity. Well aware of what was to be done to her, Erin stripped off her clothes. Bare skin upon bare skin brought both girls to a state of heated longing which the arrival of Bee and Cee brought to a quick close.

"Pick your post," said Cee cheerfully. "You'll be standing against it a long, long time. Don't squeal when we fix you tight, them's the orders. We ain't heard nothing about gags so you can jabber away until her ladyship comes. Get with it now!"

The girls viewed with distaste the pile of rope emptied on the bed from a box brought by the two guards. There didn't seem much to say so they kept a silence made eloquent by an exchange of anguished eyes. Cee took one girl and Bee the other. The very first cord told the two girls they were in the hands of women who knew their craft. It was hard to keep quiet as the cord bit again and again into crossed wrists. Even Erin lost her sparkle as rope followed cord beyond any need of helplessness in a punitive assertion of punishment.

A cinched waist followed the binding of the hands. Then ankles were bound to each side of the post to insure what the guards called 'a parting of the ways,' and a sufficient exposure of 'your pretty little puss.' It was a beginning.

Their collars had never been removed and now the ring was used with rope to tie their necks to the post.

"Let's tie their shoulders so the rope comes in behind their neck, goes under their armpits and goes behind the post," Bee suggested. "We can cinch the ropes by another from armpit to armpit to get a crisscross effect framing their breasts. Her ladyship doesn't want their breasts bound or forced out of shape. Can't blame her. This is a nice pair."

It took the guards a good deal of discussion and work to obtain the desired effect.

But when they did, each of the four breasts was pushed out and framed by rope above and below, woven for maximum visual effect. It also clamped their backs hard against the post. In Erin, Genevra saw a mirror of herself and knew for sure neither of them would spend a pleasant night.

"That's nice. Her ladyship will be pleased. They've got only one place left and her ladyship didn't say anything about that. Let's do it anyway. We can always untie it if she thinks it vulgar."

Their bellies have been already cinched cruelly tight with a belt of many loops.

The guards had difficulty inserting beneath that belt additional cord. But they succeeded and brought the rope down to carefully thread it through the vulva. It was then tugged to extract a couple of distressful gasps as it went back and up through the innocent cheeks so often caned or whipped. The infliction had no practical value other than to punish. It simply shamed and hurt. The guards expressed themselves well satisfied. They pinched four motionless nipples and went away to the tune of laughter to leave behind two naked, well-bound girls.

"I'll ask Mommy to untie that last rope," Erin said confidently. "Mommy won't like it, it's vulgar."

"You can't do that," Genevra said dejectedly. "Your mother warned us both against speaking. Don't you remember her promise to gag either one of us if we said a word. Gosh, I don't want to be gagged all night."

"She said something about a whip, too, I seem to recall. Okay, darling, I'll keep quiet." Erin snorted. "A girl would suppose that bloody rope down inside would get to feeling good. But mine isn't working that way. How about you?"

"It just hurts the way it is supposed to. It's not going to give us pleasant dreams, Damn it! Your mother will probably see it as something cute. Erin, my sweet, before the next month is through I'm going to be wishing that Murdoc woman had never given us a chance to escape. That cell and tied hands was better than this."

Unhappily they exchanged lamentations, accusing themselves of things they should have done but failed to do. Lady Alyath took her time in making an appearance and each girl was conscious of the increasing animosity of each rope indented in her flesh, a slowly increasing agony with only morning offering any hope of release.

Lady Alyath was delighted and made mental note to give her guards a bonus for work well done. Such masterly rope work woven around the girls for an entire night must surely bring her two darlings to see the error of their ways. Being tied to the

bedpost overnight lacked the fine drama of the fifty promised strokes, but by morning, Lady Alyath was certain she would have a couple limp young ladies only too anxious to please. She would handcuff them early to send them to the bath before joining her for breakfast.

"I adore you both," she said. "But I'll whip you horribly if you say a single word either now or later." She chuckled. "I can tell you would like me to take those cords out of your pretty little slits. Well, I'm not going to! Cee and Bee have done a marvelous job on you. Good-night and pleasant dreams."

In the darkness wiih Lady Alyath fast asleep, two maidens thought much of their misdeeds of the past, and of behavior in the days to come. They looked sideways at each other but dared no sound. Even that became difficult as each neck was chaffed by a collar rigidly held against the wood. Genevra knew herself more helpless than ever before and contemplated her immediate future without optimism. From the sound of Erin's breathing, the young girl must have finally fallen asleep. Genevra closed her mind to Trinity, the fifty strokes and Colin Lee. Off and on during the night she cat napped but gained little rest.

"I'm not lacking company, am I, darling?" Erin bemoaned the next morning in their bath. She held up handcuffed wrists. "You wash my back and I'll wash yours. Golly, I've never felt so washed out in my life."

"You'll perk up after breakfast," Genevra said with such cheerfulness as she could muster. "The bedpost should be the end of it for you. It's just me who has other things waiting."

"I didn't think Mommy would really do it," Erin mused. "I thought she would untie us after a while and tell us to go to bed. I suppose I'm growing up and she's thinking I'm a big girl now. Jeepers, I'm going to have to be careful about what I say and do."

Coffee worked its magic. Erin sparkled and Genevra began to hope for a reprieve.

Her ladyship was glowingly absorbed by the rope marks her daughter and slave would wear upon their skin all day. The effect was wickedly erotic and she guessed her daughter was taking pride over the scarlet lines she could not hide. Her mother resolved to keep the youngster naked and handcuffed for as long as the effect was pleasing to the eye. At that juncture, her ladyship was told she was wanted on the phone.

"I guess I'm not really forgiven." Erin displayed her handcuffed wrists with pride.

"I guess Mommy will do to me whatever she does to you. I get a nice feeling from thinking we're two slaves together who can never be free and have to behave ourselves." She wrinkled her nose. "I've been among Mother's girls all my life but it

wasn't until I stood against that bedpost that I realize what being a slave truly was. It scared me. Things happen and you dare not say a word. Darling, I do wish Colin had got you back to the USA before Mother's guards got you. I hate to think of your being a prisoner for the rest of your life. That's something you don't really want. Mother should never have allowed those men to get a look at you."

Genevra shrugged. "Don't worry, dear, I'm resigned. There's something about Trinity, it's an irresistible force. Once it has taken a girl there's no way she'll ever get free. None of your mother's girls ever have escaped, have they?"

Erin giggled. "No, they haven't. And maybe I'm not going to, either. Mother keeping me handcuffed for breakfast may mean something."

Lady Alyath was absent a long time. When she returned both prisoners knew something was wrong. She sat down to resume her meal but her thoughts were obviously elsewhere. Her eyes flickering absently back and forth from girl to girl but always coming back to rest on Genevra. Evidently having reached a decision, she said disgustedly, "That was Colin Lee."

Genevra dared say no word but the uninhibited Erin said it all, "I'll bet he wants to come back and sleep with Ginny. Mommy, won't you let him sleep with me?"

As usual she had gone too far. Her mother's expression turned to that of an eagle looking upon its prey. "Will you never learn, Erin," she said disgustedly. "Go down and ask the girls to whip your bottom, and whip it hard. Don't ever talk to me about men. You haven't grown up enough to stop earning yourself the cane. Run along, I have to talk to Genevra."

Erin departed, managing a suportive wink at the girl who had shared her punishment of the night. Alone with her owner, Genevra eyes implored. "That call had something to do with me, didn't it? And it's bad news."

"Of course it's about you. Really, dear child, I've managed this whole affair deplorably! That boy Colin had the effrontery to demand you back!"

Genevra tried to show no sign, but she could not still the pounding of her heart, which surely Lady Alyath must hear in the silence of the room. Finally she said, "I don't suppose you're going to give me to him?"

"Damn it girl, I have to!" Lady Alyath was showing unusual perturbation. "I've looked upon Colin as a second nephew. It's this damned glandular compulsion. He's threatening to go to the police and tell them all about Trinity Castle if I don't give you back to him. I've never been subjected to such an outrage."

They stared at each other. Genevra had no hope of release. Somehow or other Lady Alyath would defeat the male demand.

"I know what you're thinking, dear," her owner said kindly. "You're quite sure I can chain you away in a dark dungeon where you'll never be found. And this is something I certainly can do. Young Colin can roam the castle as much as he wants to and would never find you." Lady Alyath sighed. "But apart from the misemble experience this would be, the trouble Isn't just with you. I've got over twenty other girls and it's not practical to keep them in the lower level of dungeons while the police ransack Trinity. I simply cannot take the risk."

Genevra's spirits rose and fell with each of her owner's angry words. What she said now came without thought, "Colin shouldn't do this to you. If you'll allow me to use the phone, I'll tell him so. You could go to prison if he carries out his threat."

"That's right. I certainly could. But it's too late for you to intervene. I've told him you'll be delivered, safe and sound, this afternoon." Lady Alyath pretended a shudder. "I can't bear the thought of you wearing those appalling clothes again. Really, these men!"

Emotions play havoc with our minds. Genevra felt only love for this woman who's small kingdom was threatened by a male in rut. She longed most earnestly for Colin's arms and for his bed, but was not prepared to pay the price if it meant the end of everything for Lady Alyath. Urgently she suggested, "Free me and give me clothes. I'll go away so I won't be here if the police do come." Seeing the flicker of apprehension in her owner's eyes, she added, "I promise I'll phone you everyday and come back to be your slave whenever it's safe. l think some of the other girls would promise you the same. And you'll have enough dungeon space way down below to keep them out of sight while Trinity is being searched."

"You'd do that for me!"

"Of course, you know how l feel about you."

"But after last night? And after my threat to have you flogged!"

Genevra shrugged. "Last night is passed. After all this fuss is over you can flog me until your heart's content." She met the aristocratic gaze evenly. "I don't think you'll do it but I'll take the chance."

"I love you very much, Genevra. But it's not that simple. Maybe we can hide the girls and get you out of the way. But if two or three policemen search the place they'll be bound to find something. And once the News of the World gets wind of it, Trinity and all it means is doomed."

They fell silent. The naked girl had forgotten Colin and what he might do. When his image formed once more in her mind, she felt again the rising tide of excitation and the throb within her loins which she supposed should tell her she was no more than a wanton strumpet, deserving only of the whip. As usual, the older woman read her thoughts.

"Forget it, dear. All of us are what we are. If tying you to a cart's tail and whipping you publicly in the streets would rid your mind of Colin Lee, it might be something to consider. A century ago l could have had that done to you. What I need now is something to defeat overactive glands." She chuckled sardonically. "Don't worry, dear, that fire burning in your belly will be quenched sometime later on today. l hope Colin burns his phallus in your pussy."

By the time Erin returned to exhibit her scarlet stripes, everything was settled.

Since Genevra was to become a gift once more she was allowed to dress in the clothes her ladyship deplored. It was a simple dress without sleeves, which allowed Lady Alyath to bind the willing hands and helpless elbows.

"I feel as though I'm giving away the Bank of England," she said disgustedly. "How does that feel, darling?"

"Terribly helpless. My elbows hurt. Isn't that the way it is suppose to be?" The slavegirl cared for nothing except the man who would possess her later. She fluttered her shoulders and asked, almost in provocation, "Is that all you're going to do to me? The collar on my neck, bound hands and bound elbows? Why not shackles on my feet?"

"That's all I'm going to do. The idiot male who is coming to pick you up can do whatever he likes, but I've made you a neat package, and that's the end of it. Darling, I'm sure he'll let you run around free so please phone me sometimes." There was an infinity of longing in the simple words.

The first thing Colin Lee did was cut the cords which bound his loved one's arms. "I expect you've got the wrong idea about me. I've given back her freedom and if she decides to marry me, it's because she wants to, not because she's scared I'll whip her into saying yes." He paused as though troubled before adding, "Lady Alyath, I'm more sorry about this than I can tell. Forgive me?"

"I'll never forgive you but that won't stop me liking you. Run along with your pretty girl. Marry her if that's what the two of you want." Lady Alyath chuckled. "After she's worn your wedding ring a while she'll be looking back in longing for my handcuffs. Take that as a prophecy."

It was a time of tears and ardent arms, promises of future meetings and of friendship never allowed to die. The last the captive saw of Trinity was of a mother and her now dressed daughter standing sorrowfully upon the great steps and waving her goodbye. Genevra buried her face upon Colin's masculine shoulders and implored, "Don't ever loose me again or let me run away. Oh, darling, please promise you'll keep me always."

"You can bet on it," said Colin Lee.

7

Ma's Prisoner

Ma Bristow had purchased the rough and rocky section of land ten years previously, cultivating only enough to feed the horses she raised as her means of livelihood, the rest being a wilderness of varied growth, none worthy of the commercial axe. Many of the wild things inhibiting this small forest ended up in a pot upon her stove. It was while hunting she found the girl.

The car had left the road to roll down a steep incline and impact against a tree.

Roaming her forest, Ma Bristow heard the sounds of disaster from a secondary road adjoining her property. She hurried in the direction of the sounds to find the wrecked vehicle within which was a man and a girl sprawled shapelessly but still living. Ma Bristow put down her gun and checked both for vital signs to reassure herself that neither was in a dangerous way. It was in those first few minutes that a life-long dream reentered her mind and seemed at last possible. With surprising strength she plucked the girl from the ruins, tossed her over a shoulder and picked up her gun to march determinedly back to her house. Upon arrival she tossed her unconscious guest upon a couch while she phoned the police to tell, in clipped precision where they could find the car.

Ma Bristow knew herself much favored by the gods. Few ever achieved fulfillment of their fantasy but Hers now lay upon her couch, totally and completely at her mercy. Ma Bristow gazed down almost in awe.

She was a 'pretty little thing.' That was the way Ma saw her, with deep contentment. Ma was immensely strong for a woman and the sleeping girl could be handled and dealt with easily. Without delay, Ma Bristow reached for the fastenings of the summer dress.

Stripped naked, the girl was more lovely than Ma Bristow's wildest dreams, no longer a pretty little thing but a beauty to be kept safely for ever and ever and shared with none. She arranged the lovely nudity in the greatest possible comfort and selected a bottle of brandy.

Ma Bristow poured some brandy into a glass but paused before placing some between those lovely lips. There was a task to be performed. Horsewomen are never short for rope. Selecting a length, she tightly bound the unresisting ankles of the naked girl, taking much trouble to insure her knots could not be easily reached by the girl's fingers. With her task completed. Ma Bristow moved on to the tried and true liquid within the glass.

Genevra Anderson coughed but came awake to stare in confusion at an unfamiliar

scene, and the interested features of a woman she did not recognize. When more of the burning fluid found its way into her throat, she groped her way back to the real world, a world she did not recognized.

"Where am I," came the classic line.

"You're safe, sugar, real safe." Ma sat on the couch to raise the limp girl erect.

"Here, drink the rest of this."

It was a kitchen tidily kept, but cluttered with the instruments of someone who maintained a horse. A saddle graced one comer, a blanket in another and sundry bits of tack and harnesses were scattered about. The woman with her arm around Genevra's shoulders was somewhere between forty-five and fifty, plain looking with the hint of a hard life. Genevra sensed great strength.

"How did I get here?" Genevra was groping in a jig-saw puzzle where the pieces did not fit. "We were in a car?"

"Don't you worry none about that. All that's over and done. I got you safe, that's all that matters. You okay?"

"But, Colin, where's Colin?"

"There ain't no Colin, sugar, there's just me. You can call me Ma. That's what my kids all called me. When I had 'em."

"But there is a Colin, he was driving the car when the tire blew. I remember the noise and rolling over the bank. I want Colin, please get him for me."

Ma Bristow sighed. It would have been better if the girl had lost her memory. Ma attempted a clumsy effort at deception. "That's right, you got a knock on the head, sugar. But there ain't no car and there ain't no Colin. There's jus' me. Like I told you, everythin's okay."

Genevra made a discovery and voiced it immediately. "But I haven't any clothes on! I'm naked! I ought to be dressed!"

"A gal as pretty as you don't need clothes, sugar. What the hell you need clothes for?"

"But you're wearing clothes."

"That's because I ain't a pretty gal and never was. A pretty gal is different." Genevra shifted as though to reassure herself she was in one piece. Instantly she was forced to ask, "But my feet . . . I can't use them. They seem to be tied?"

That's right, honey, a good way to have 'em."

"But it isn't. I have to walk, you know. I can't with my feet tied. I don't know how they got that way but please untie them."

"You mustn't ask that, you stay the way you is. Pretty gals shouldn't every ask to be untied." Ma Bristow patted a bare shoulder for emphasis.

Genevra looked down in wonderment to where neat bands and loops of rope had carefully been wrapped around her ankles and quite cruelly cinched tight. The effect was almost pleasing in its neatness but she didn't take any time to enjoy the view. She stood erect quickly but the cords were so tight on her ankles that the tendons in the back of her ankle couldn't expand properly as the leg normally does upon raising and there was pain in her ankles. She teetered and had to reach out to keep from falling. Her hand found Ma Bristow's arm.

"I'll fix you a better way in jus' a minute, sugar." This time the rough hand patted a naked bottom. "Had to make sure you didn't run when I wasn't lookin'."

It didn't make sense. Genevra put first things first and leaned over to search for knots but found them cunningly concealed. "I really can't stay like this," she said in her best no-nonsense voice. "Please cut them."

"I'll fix you a pair of hobbles in just a minute," was the reply, "don't you fret." There were knives and forks on the table a few feet distance. In sudden panic the bound girl leaped towards the table to hop and hop again until her fingers closed on a knife. Instantly the knife was knocked from her grasp. Immediately she was picked up and tossed on the couch. Without a word, Ma Bristow rummaged in a pile of gear to produce, what Genevra recognized as a quirt.

"Know what this is, honey?" Ma Bristow asked pleasantly. "It's a quirt, made for a horse. But I can jus' as easy use it on your bear ass. You pull another stunt like that and I'll show you just what it feels like on your ass."

Frightening as it might be, it strangely made sense. Genevra now understood she was a prisoner and was likely to remain one for as long as this woman had her way. Her skin began to crawl at sight of the dangling thong. Undoubtedly the quirt was made for a horse's tough hide and would be terrible if used on a girl's tender skin. She sat up to ask politely. "Are you going to keep my feet tied all the time? It makes me terribly helpless."

Ma Bristow sighed as if to say a woman's work was never done. This time she rummaged in a cupboard to come up with a length of chain and two padlocks. Genevra needed little imagination to figure the purpose for that collection of metal.

"These will look after you okay, honeybunch." Her voice said plainly she was making a kind concession. "Here, put them pretty hands out, I'll fix you."

Still not thinking very clearing and unable to come up with a good contrary word or deed, the naked girl watched the freeing of her feet and the encirclement of each ankles by iron links. The click of two padlocks signaled the end of freedom for her ankles. The chain between the locks was barely fifteen inches in length. She remembered something about a hobble. Genevra Anderson had become a girl who's feet were hobbled to compel her to walk slowly and never try to run. She could not avoid uttering some sarcasm, "How neat! Do you do this often?"

"My first time, sugar. But I thought about it a lot. Sort of been my ambition. And I sure am grateful the way you dropped in out of the blue, like it was a gift. I'll make sure you don't every get away."

"But you don't have the right to do that." Genevra was trying hard to be patient.

"Don't know "bout that. But there ain't much you can do about it."

Genevra looked down at shackled feet. The effcct was not unattractive but she could never free herself of padlocks. Nor could she walk properly or run. Somehow she must get this strange woman to abandon her idea of making a prisoner of a naked girl. Somehow she must find Colin or pray be finds her. Ma Bristow seemed sane enough but had probably become odd through living alone. She might be capable of almost any act, even unthinkable ones. But at the moment the rough female voice was loaded with good cheer.

"'Bout time we ate, sugar. I gol some things in that pot on the stove You see if it ain't the best you ever ate. Get yourself up to the table. You'll find you can walk real good the way I got you fixed. But don't you beef, I don't want no beefs."

The slew was unexpectedly flavorful. Ma's unwilling guest ate with unexpected appetite. During the dinner her hostess spoke despairingly of her past life before buying that horse farm. But with pleasure, she told how Genevra was to be the little girl she never had. A little girl who always obeyed mama and always said thank you right on time. A little girl who would never wear clothes or be without the security of a chain. As the older woman's enthusiasm grew, the spirits of her prisoner dropped to a point where Genevra knew she had to make a stand. When they did the dishes she took every opportunity to walk back and forth with an outrageous clatter, and explored just how much movement she could make so hobbled.

When Ma Bristow announced the two of them would hunt for an hour or so in the wood lot, the girl with chained feet took her stand in the middle of the kitchen floor to say, "I can't possibly with my feet like this! It's absurd. Genevra's voice was quite emotionally stern. She was almost panting. "Loook, Ma whatever your name is, take this chain off my ankles and let me use the phone. That way we can be friends and no harm done."

Ma Bristow stopped in her tracks, surprised at the outburst. "You're telling me what to do, sugar. Ain't no way you give me orders."

"It's not an order, it's a request. Please free my feet."

"Honey, you ain't been listening to what I been tellin you. You're my little girl and little girls don't talk that way to their Ma. I've been doing my damndest to be kind but I guess this has all been strange. What you need is a good Iickin'. Pick up that there quirt, and as you hand it over, ask me real nice to give you a Iickin'. That's a good girl now."

In a fury of despair, Genevra threw herself at the older woman, fists flying, ankles snubbing painfully against the links. To win freedom she would have to batter her adversary into unconscious. It was a forlorn hope but one she had to try.

It was humiliation plus. The initial surprise was not enough to outweigh Ma Bristow's strength. Genevra was no weakling, but felt her grasped in one hand while the other took firm hold of the soft flesh between her legs to lift her from the floor while she beat in futile anger and kicked impotently at the chain which joined her feet. Genevra was carried thus to a corner where Ma selected another bit of rope. Kneeling painfully upon the defeated girl's belly and thighs, she possessed herself of two pair of arms to bind the young wrists tight together and leave some rope to spare. Hurting and helpless beneath the weight, Genevra had no choice but to watch the binding by which she was made doubly helpless and forced to realize she was in deep, deep trouble.

When she arose, Ma Bristow tossed the rope over a waiting hook above to lift her captive's hands and arms over her head to a point where captive heels left the floor and the tied wrists burned beneath the constriction of the rope. Fastening it thus. Ma Bristow stood back to admire her prize.

Damn me, youre really something, sugar. You really didn't have a hope but you sure did try. Now its up to me to teach you a lesson." She plucked the quirt from its comer and displayed it for the nudity to see. Guess you know what I'm going to do with this, huh?"

"Please don't whip me, oh, please."

"If you'd had a baseball bat, honey, I'd be dead. And you don't think you deserve a lickin! Ha!"

I didnt have a baseball bat. I was trying to get my freedom back, that's all. "You and freedom is strangers, sugar, and that's the way you stay. I'm going to use this quirt on your pretty pelt until I figure you've learned your lesson. What you've just done is a real no-no."

Genevra had never felt more bare or more helpless in hel life. She was gazing at the

wicked instrument that was about to stripe her skin, certain it would hurt her bitterly. She remembered other whippings this woman knew nothing about and was certain this could be the worst of all. Pathetically, she played the last card in her hand.

"I'll obey you. I'll do whatever you want, Ma. Please don't whip me."

It was disgusting she should have to kiss the leather soon to bite her skin but Genevra dutifully obeyed Ma Bristow's command. Ma became cheerfully practical.

"The way I got you tied, love, you can jump around or turn this way or that. I want you to know it don't matter much, I'll just keep on whipping whatever of you is handy. Jump around all you like, I don't mind."

The suspended nakedness instantly turned her back, hating the thought of the quirt across her breast. Ma's voice was warm. "You're being real sensible, honey. A girl's back and her pretty little ass is just made for quirts and canes and whips. I also got me a real pretty little riding crop I'll use on you in a little while. I got to show you what to expect if you don't behave. Know what I mean?"

"Yes, I know." Genevra's voice was tired and lost. "But you don't have to do this to me, I promise I'll be a good girl."

"I'll make real sure of that," Ma Bristow said as she swung her arm in a wide arc to cause the quirt to whine before it nestled in the waiting flesh.

The scold across bare shoulders was so much worse than expected that the punished girl raised her nakedness by bound wrists to kick in wild abandon, as her feet pedaled frantically in air. Immediately her toes were again upon the floor, Ma Bristow again cut the air with that wicked leather, this time to circle a narrow waist. Stroke number three struck savagely at what she chose to call Genevra's "Ass."

With stroke number four Genevra screamed and continued to scream as the quirt found her flesh again and again. At first they were screams of outrage but soon, as her nudity became streaked with red, they became pleas for mercy and of promises of good behavior. Looking back afterwards, she would remember those pleas in deep shame. Ma Bristow paid no attention but used first the quirt and then the crop to extract from the hanging nudity the capitulation she desired. She was a woman who believed that if a little was good, a lot must surely be better. She continued to whip the sweat streaked body past its breaking point, stopping only when it hung limp and without response to new inflictions of pain. Ma Bristow had her victory.

When the naked girl hung limp and without the will to fight, Ma Bristow told her, "I got chores to do, girl. You can stay the way you is and do a bit of thinking. I'll bet you've come a long way since I first strung you up. Is that right?"

"Yes, that's right. I won't fight you any longer."

It mattered little if Ma Bristow was there or not, the whipped girl knew herself helpless and in pain. The quirt and the crop had worked their intended miracle to make Genevra know for certain she could never escape and should not even try. She was devoid of hope and will. From now on she would do whatever Ma Bristow told her to do. And she would exhibit gratitude for any day in which her skin gathered no marks. Miss Genevra Anderson was broken.

By the time Ma Bristow returned, Genevra had groped her way back to full awareness. The whip was done but now the burn and scold of the wrists from which she hung was a punishment in itself. It was not only her wrists but her wracked shoulders that pleaded for release, causing her to reach up on tip toes to seek non existent relief. As Ma came through the door the punished maiden looked up in actual gratitude.

"Pity you can't see yourself like that," Ma Bristow said sincerely. "Whipped and tied and hurting, you're the sweetest picture I ever hoped to see. Just a minute. I got me an idea."

Genevra's flare of hope swiftly died as the older woman loosed only enough of the rope to lower the tortured arms enough to ease wrists and shoulders some while still compelling her to stand with arms upraised just above her head .

The middle aged owner of a girl sat down to frankly admire her prize, the cherished possession. "Must I go on standing like this?" pleaded the possession. "I'm so terribly tired." Suddenly she added, as in apology, "But I'm so thankful for easing the rope. It doesn't hurt so bad."

"Glad you said that last bit." Ma's voice was sharp. "And, sugar, you get this straight, you'll stand the way you are as long as I want. If I let you down, I'll just string you back up because what I'm looking at does something for me. Honeybunch, I sure am glad I found you."

The whipped girl hung her head in pure dejection. To be whipped and cropped had been bad enough but to have to go on standing as she was. A tear formed to fall upon her foot. For Genevra, freedom had become too abstract to consider. The bound hands she must hold above her head no longer hurt distressfully. Her shoulders were tired from stress, but that was all. Every time she moved her whip marked skin responded with fresh pain. She was sure she was the sorriest woman in the world.

Ma Bristow did not approve of dejection, she wanted her pretty girl animated and alive. She fetched the brandy bottle and poured a slug of the fiery stuff down an unresisting throat with the usual effect of causing the tied girl to splutter and cough. As if to help the girl revive, Ma Bristow grabbed a handful of sex and kneaded with surprising gentleness until the girl responded by shifting her feet. "I expect I'll be all right now," Genevra said. "Could I have some more brandy now?"

The last thing Genevra wanted was an orgasm to spasm and contort her nudity. But

her request for brandy caused Ma to stop her manipulation of flesh and fetch the bottle. With her hands tied above her head, Genevra had to rely upon Ma's generosity and would greedily have swallowed enough to make her drunk. But Ma Bristow wanted none of that and was carefully to administer the medication in moderation. Putting the bottle back on the table, she returned to her interest in Genevra's sexy, stretched out body. Grasping a breast in each hand, she placed a nipple between a finger and thumb perfectly positioned for squeezing, then gazed hard into the eyes of this anguished maiden to demand, "I suppose you know what I could do to these?"

Genevra knew all too well! Once more the clash of chain signaled the uneasy motion of her feet as she thought of the right thing to say to save her frightened tits from whatever Ma might do to them. She said evenly, "I know I mustn't ask you not to hurt them, Ma. You may do whatever you like with them, I don't own them anymore."

She had said the right thing. Ma tweaked the rosebuds playfully but let them go.

"You hit the right note there, sugar," she said approvingly. "If you had asked me not to hurt them, I would have. But that there bit about these two tits being my property goes to show how a whipped ass does a girl no end of good. You're coming around real nice." She reached up and unhooked the tethering rope above to allow a pair of thankful hands to fall. "Your hands is still tied, sugar, but if you want to try and get 'em loose with your teeth, you've got my permission. I sitting down myself and takin' a shot from this here bottle. Pour yourself another if you want but that's the last I don't want no tipsy gal acting foolish."

Perhaps it was the brandy she had already taken, or perhaps it was feminine intuition which prompted Genevra to sink to her knees, holding tied hands prettily in view, and say, with actual sincerity, "'Thank you, Ma, for letting my hands down. It feels real good." She gazed up in adoration to add, "And thank you for whipping me, I know it's done me good."

Both females turned their attention to the bottle. Genevra sat down and used her teeth in an effort to untie her hands while Ma looked on in benign omnipotence as though knowing full well the teeth would fail.

The pot upon the stove produced more food as if by magic. Ma Bristow grumbled that she would have to do more hunting tomorrow if they were to continue to eat. But for now she spooned out generous portions of meat and gravy. "Sit yourself down, sugar, and we'll have us a feast. You didn't get them pretty hands untied so they can stay as they is. You'll be surprised what a girl can do with tied hands so long as they ain't behind her back. Want to go hunt with me tomorrow?"

Genevra was discovering it was just as easy to eat with two hands as one. Where ever her right went, the left was sure to follow. "Sure, I'd like to hunt with you," she said with an actual trace of enthusiasm. "But it isn't even possible with my feet

chained. The way you've got me fastened I can't do much of anything."

"Ain't aimin' you should run down no rabbit," Ma Bristow guffawed, pleased at her own wit. "You can trail along behind and I'll keep an eye on you while I knock off a couple of dinners. A bit of fresh air will do you good."

The whip had taught Genevra many lessons. But in some tiny comer of her mind there now returned to her mind visions of Colin and freedom. Ma surely could not keep her hidden forever. Someone, somewhere would surely see her or say something about the girl Ma was keeping. One day Ma would make a mistake but until then Genevra decided to be extremely obedient to avoid the whip and to hunt with her captor. Meekly she said, "Thank you, Ma, I'm going to enjoy that."

Sleeping arrangements were simple. "I got me a big house here, honeybunch, but don't use much of it. If you want to sleep in bed, you'll sleep with me. Or do you prefer the floor?"

Genevra did not prefer the floor and said so. Ma Bristow was pleased that her bed had been chosen and approved heartily of Genevra's choice. "Here, let me untie those hands. You sure ain't got no gift for getting yourself 1oose."

Gratefully, Genevra flexed freed arms and performed a few loosening up exercises which Ma Bristow watched with approval. But it was not long become there came a stern demand, "Tum around, sweetheart, and cross them pretty wrists behind your back."

Genevra obeyed. With hands tied at the base of her spine, she knew herself helpless. She followed the woman she could see only as a fresh owner to the bedroom and the bed. Obediently she lay down to twist and squirm into what comfort she could find before the covers were tossed across her nakedness and Ma Bristow joined her for the night. Helpless and hopeless, she slept for the night.

The so-called hunt was wonderful. It had been a long time since Genevra had become so aware of the way in which sunlight and open air nourishes the spirit and lifts the soul. She followed her owner towards the trees, snubbing her ankles with each step but somehow managing not to fall. After a while Ma Bristow tired of slow progress and strode firmly ahead with a stern warning. "Don't you play the fool, sweetheart. Don't get no ideas about being out in the open air, and doing a Houdini act. There's no way you're going over the hill."

It was terribly true. Genevra watched Ma and her gun walking towards some luckless creatures. It was wonderful to be in the open air, but the captive girl had no illusions. Her feet were to remain fixed at no more than fifteen inches apart, and her wrists were bound tight behind her back, still immobilized from the previous evening when they had been fixed that way before bed. Ma had fed her breakfast and dealt with all her needs, admitting quite frankly she enjoy such as pleasures. Genevra had been the perfect model of obedience, and now clinked and clanked her metallic way after the

woman who owned her. She felt like a puppy dog who trailed after its owner.

Ma Bristow pushed her replenished pot across the stove with the satisfied air of a job well done. Genevra stood with an awkward air of nakedness in a terrible premonition her day was only about to begin. "I'm going to get you started," said Ma Bristow with terrible decision. "You been neglected, that's what's happened to you. You ain't never been a twelve year old what knows her Ps and Qs. That right?"

"Yes, Ma, that's right."

"Well, sweetheart. I'm picking up the slack. You probably know more about grammar and spelling than I do. So, for your lessons I'm gonna teach you "bout a horse. Ain't nothing better to know than how to do the right thing by a good horse. See what I mean?"

"Yes, Ma, I see. "

"Now, here's where we begin. See this cute little corset I've got for you? I've been saving it for years for you to come. I'm going to lace it around that tiny tummy of yours real tight to tum you into a sweet little twelve year old whose going to listen to her teacher with proper respect. Think you're ready for it?"

"Yes, Ma, I'm ready."

The corset proved an adventure. Genevra wondered who it had been designed for. It's frilled top only partly covered her breasts which swelled and swelled to protrude greatly as Ma pulled and tugged at laces Genevra could not see. For the best possible effect. Ma threw a rope again around the hook in the ceiling and told her student to clutch it and lift herself from the floor with hands just recently freed. With her rib cage profiled and her belly amazingly concave, the girl being properly corseted held the pose long enough for Ma to extract the ultimate fraction of an inch in the constriction of a feminine waist. It was far tighter than it's wearer could ever have believed possible. Standing there in the grip of whale bone and steel, decorated by frills and pretty bows, Genevra found it difficult to breath. It was as though a giant hand held her.

"Oh, Ma," she managed, "I think I'm going to faint."

"That will soon pass, sugar. You ain't gonna faint, you ain't the fainting type any more than I am. Just let your insides adjust themselves. Then, when you're ready, I want your hands again behind your back."

Ready? When would she truly be ready for that! But Genevra knew it was a command and, giving her self a minute's rest, she dutifully turned her back and crossed her wrists. When the ropes were tightly tied in a manner she could never free, she was told to kneel.

Whatever was about to happen the cruelly corseted girl knew she was helpless and increasingly aware of enhanced sexuality. Her breasts peeked shyly above the frills and her sex below was blatantly exposed by a garment with that intent in mind. It was far worse than being ordinary naked, this was an erotic nakedness to accelerate the pulse. Kneeling in polite attention, the transformed girl beheld the length of limber cane Ma Bristow had produced from somewhere. From the look in her eyes, Genevra thought Ma had some stern purpose not yet revealed to her.

"You ever had the palms of your hands caned, sugar?"

The question was a shock, a new approach to the vice of punishment. Her voice quivered, "No. When I went to school they had abandoned such things. They had found other ways to punish us. There were all sorts of do-gooders anxious to condemn what they saw as sadist. But I never really paid that much attention. I wasn't that much involved."

"You're involved now, sugar. I want you to look good and hard at this here cane. It could cut the palms of your pretty little hands."

Genevra shriveled inwardly. Obviously the cane was being displayed for her benefit. If Ma Bristow wished to use it, it would be easy to find an excuse. Pathetically she said, "Yes, Ma, I see it. If you wish to use it on me I will not complain. Please tell me what I am to do?"

It was absurd. A girl without interest in anything equine was to be informed of the various parts of a noble animal and of the purpose of their employment by mankind. But perhaps this was better than the calculus. Genevra had never been good at mathematics and was grateful for any channel by which to avoid the cane. Since it had not yet been brought into play, she supposed the yellow cane an inevitability. It would have been nice to bow her head and weep.

It seemed an endless litany. Withers and hocks, fetlocks and flanks, the horse ceased to be a beautiful creature as it was sectioned and described at Ma's insistence. Genevra listened carefully, suspecting the worst, and when it came time for the questions and answers the worst was reality.

"You don't understand the term 'pigeon-toes'? Really, dear, after all my explanations!" Ma Bristow sounded shocked. "I think you had best hold out your hands."

"I can't hold out my hand, it's tied behind my back."

"We'll soon see to that, dear."

Fingers became busy behind Genevra's back. The young girl know what she must do with at least one of the now-freed hands but allowed them to hang limply on each hip.

"Come, dear," said Ma Bristow kindly, "I've already told you what to do. Hold out your arm with your hand taut and stretched out. I've never done this before but it is something we'll both leam about."

The chain was potent, it told Genevra that even with freshly freed hands she could still not leap towards the door. She could not leap at all. Her hands were to be punished and there was nothing she could do. Hesitantly she extended an arm and opened its hand. Ma Bristow was kind, "That's right, dear, you know how to do it. Now just hold steady."

The pain was terrible! This was not of any school room but of an ancient torture chamber as the cane cut the young and innocent hand across the taut palm. Genevra gasped in agony and clutched the wounded member beneath an opposite armpit. Leaning forward, she swayed back and forth on her knees in an attempt to absorb the pain. If she was told to extend her other hand, she knew it would be an order she had to refuse, even though horrible punishment followed.

"Never went to school, myself," said Ma Bristow cheerfully. "I've been told of little asses getting caned and hands cut at with a cane. Didn't bother me none "cause anyone with a lick of sense don't ever go near a school. But I wondered. . . . " She mused. "But I guess I've been curious, sort of wanted to see it happen. Did that there cane I laid across your palm hurt much?"

"Wickedly."

"Ain't nothing wicked about being punished in school, sugar. But I guess teachers and such like didn't hit near so hard. Now, let's get on with our lesson. You got a lot to learn."

The kneeling girl supposed things could be worse. Her outraged hand hung beside her hip. If she could only remember everything Ma Bristow talked about, her afternoon might yet be free of pain. Frantically, she gave the equine responses by which she must survive and surprised herself with an unexpected knowledge.

When the inevitable slip occurred, Ma Bristow said heavily, "Guess you know what to do, sugar. Don't give me no lip."

It was like walking a mile to the gallows. The girl about to receive correction stumbled to her feet, looked unhappily around as if seeking help, then bent down and touched her toes. No arrangement of clothing was required. The corset laughed in silent glee at breasts and buttocks. Delightedly, Ma Bristow took her stance and swung her arm to make her cane sing it's wicked song as it swished towards soft thighs.

"Your ass and back have been whipped enough," she conceded with great good will. "I'm letting you have this down below where you flesh is nice and soft. I'll

be wanting you to tell me how it feels."

It felt awful beyond words. Never before had Genevra been whipped or caned in just that place. But knowing the virtue of submission, she held that pose to await whatever other infliction might come. But instead of a second stroke she was lifted up and unexpectedly kissed. In the manner by which a child is kissed.

"You done real good, honey," Ma Bristow commended warmly. "Them there thighs of yours is real tender, ain't they? I'll remember 'bout that. Now you kneel back down and we'll go on from where we left off."

They lesson continued.

At the end of the seemingly unending lesson, Ma Bristow proved unexpectedly kind. "You can have them hands of yours through dinner," she conceded as if giving the gold of Fort Knox. "I'm real pleased over the way you took that there cane on your pretty little hands and then them soft, warm thighs. It were a real education for us both. I'll make sure there's a lot more. Now I want you to tell me what sort of pain you got out of it."

Genevra did her best. She had never been aware of any great gift for graphic description but memory of the cane across her palm and thighs provided an inspiration. She waxed more eloquent in her description of the agonies of her lesson. Those long dead authors who told of the horrors of the Bridewell must have turned in their graves in pure envy at her sincerity. When the last drop of agony fell from her lips, Ma Bristow said, in a maternal tone, "Come with me, sweetheart, and let me cuddle you. You done better than I thought. Tell me how old you are."

"I'm twelve, Ma. I'm just a girl." Once more the statement was a gamble.

"That's right, sweetheart, you're doing real good. Now, tell me how we're going to spend the night."

"I'll sleep beside you with my hands tied behind my back."

"That's right, honey, you're learning real fast. Come on, honey, and we'll tuck away a bit of that brandy."

"But don't you want my hands fastened? They're still untied from being caned."

"You been a good girl, sweetheart, you gets to use them hands to eat. What's more, I'm taking off that there corset. You ain't a little girl for the rest of today. So tell me how old you are now."

It was crazy but Genevra obeyed. "I'm twenty-seven, Ma, but I'm still your property."

"You surely are, honey! With them hands free, I still got you safe with that chain and padlocks on your feet." Ma chuckled. "Tum around, honey, and let me see them lovely whip marks. I can't get enough of them."

It was insane, Ma was insane. But the hobbled nakedness was grateful for any command which did not hurt. She turned obediently to display the marked skin Ma Bristow so much admired. It was absurd but Genevra was beginning to feel proud of it herself.

"Them marks make you more beautiful than ever," Ma breathed in reverence. "I'll be sorry when they heal. But, by that time, you will have given me an excuse to stripe you again. Damn it, gal, I'm a lucky woman!"

It was a feeling with which Genevra agreed. But loosing the rope on her wrists and the terrible constriction of the corset was very much a plus. She helped with knives and dishes while Ma worked at the stove.

"I've been thinking about the way I need to keep you safe, sugar," Ma said reflectively. "What I'll do is go to town tomorrow, the big city, not the village, and get some of them there handcuff things. Don't suppose they hurt if you don't struggle and they'll be right handy in keeping you safe. They got some things they call leg irons but I sort of like that bit of chain you're wearing now. Them padlocks sort of hanging down from each ankle are real sweet."

Genevra's spirits sank one more notch. She could understand Ma's point about handcuffs, but their steel clasp would be something from which she could never escape. Bitterly she reflected that where there was rope there was hope. But with steel there would be none. So far as her feet went, they were lost to her anyway. Ma's chain and padlocks would hold her prisoner forever. With palm still throbbing from the cane, and thighs still sore and tender from that single awful stroke, she continued her small domestic chores.

"That would be nice, Ma," she replied since she felt a reply was expected. She added a lie. "I've never been handcuffed."

"That there lickin' did you a power of good. You ain't talking back to me now."

There was pleasure in the middle aged voice. "But this here going to the city means I got to take you locked in the trunk. Or fix you some place where no one's gonna find you if they come snooping. Got any ideas?"

"The trunk would be awful for so long," Genevra replied, "because I'd have to be tied."

"That's for sure," Ma agreed heartily. "Can't have you banging those little fists on the lid every time we stopped. Damn it, I guess I'll have to gag you, too. You're

right, it would be rough."

"Couldn't I ride with you up front? If you covered me with a blanket or something no one would be able to see I was tied."

"Nice idea, sugar, but I'll have to park the car somewhere and there'll be people. You'll be going for help. If I gag you, people will be calling the cops."

Genevra was seeing herself tied to a tree for the day. It would be pleasant to ride with Ma but she understood the older woman's problem and desperately suggested, "Ma, if you tie my hands behind my hack, take off the chain and then tie my ankles real tight, I'll just be a tied up package that do anything or go anywhere." She hesitated only a moment before adding. "Please, Ma, if you take me with you, I'll give you my word of honor not to scream or cry for help or anything like that. That way we could both have a nice day."

"You call that nice, sugar? Trussed up like a turkey?"

"I want to be with you. I don't want to be here alone."

"Well, well." Ma turned to gaze searchingly at her possession. Genevra could tell she was pleased. "It's a nice idea, honey, and right now you mean it. But if I get you in a parking lot with people all around, there's no way you ain't going to give them a signal." Ma sighed. "Do sort of wish we could figure something out."

They ate their food thoughtfully, the chained girl enjoying the freedom of her hands even though they were still numb and hurting from the cane.

"If you leave me here, where would you fix me? Where do you think I would be safe, Ma?"

"I'm thinking on it. This here's a big house and its got a lot of rooms I never use. One of them's sort of a secret hideaway. Never discovered it myself until I was here a year and realize the big book case hid a door. Never had no use for it up to now. But when I first got in there I had to be curious about the window. It's barred-big, stout iron bar set close and solid." Ma mused in silence a few moments. "Never did figure out about that room."

Genevra shivered. She hated that hidden room without ever seeing it. In defeat she heard her voice ask the impossible. "Please take me with you, Ma. I don't want to be left alone. Tie me up and put me in the trunk if you think that's best I won't complain or think you're mean. Honest. I won't!" Genevra gazed earnestly into Ma's interested features. "I understand what a problem I am to you. I understand that there's times when you'll have to make me uncomfortable and helpless. I'll simply have to handle these times as best I can." Genevra grinned. "I'm your prisoner and prisoners must never be given a chance at escape."

"I got me a real treasure in you, sugar." Ma Bristow said. "Mind you, that there whippin' is helping you handle this real good. You couldn't never have talked like this yesterday, before I marked you up. I'm going to think about it overnight and I'll come up with something. Eat your supper."

8

Cut of Cord, Bite of Steel

Before the trunk of Ma Bristow's car was ready for a tied up girl, it had to be cleared of an accumulation of years and a blanket spread out for the comfort of its tenant. Genevra's hands were tied behind her back. She was still naked but had lost the chain and padlocks which were now replaced by tightly corded rope She wished she had kept quiet about suggesting herself as a 'neatly tied up package,' for that was just what she had become. To the girl in her small dark prison the whirl of wheels seemed endless. But the car's rhythm provided an accompaniment to thought so that the tightly bound girl found her mind drifting back over the incredible.

Guilt was foremost. The bound nakedness reproached herself for the condition in which she now lay, helpless in the trunk of Ma Bristow's car. Surely there must have been some moment or some word by which she might have found the key to freedom. But she could think of nothing she might have said or done to circumvent her captor's determination to keep her safely helpless, as one keeps a pet with a collar and a leash. Genevra knew she should hate the woman who kept her tied so tight, but despite the whip and cords and chain, she felt only compassion for the middle aged female to whom life had not been kind. She had little doubt that if she gave total obedience and erased the word escape from her mind, Ma Bristow would treat her with the same loving care she bestowed upon her horse. The word for Ma Bristow was simply 'lovely.'

In fiction, Genevra would have discovered a sharp object against which to rub the cords and thus escape. She did her best to explore her small dark prison, but the cords bit painfully until she ceased to lay still and helpless, her mind filled with speculation as to what Ma could possibly do with her as she went from store to store. At first, Genevra had believed that being left alone in the parking lot would allow her to use her feet, knees or head against the lid to produce a loud noise. But when she sought that end, she discovered a total inability to use any part of herself for any such plan. She was tied tight and firmly gagged and would stay thus until Ma Bristow chose otherwise. She gave way to tears and afterwards felt better.

When the car halted and the lid raised Genevra saw only Ma's features and the blue sky. Ma's voice held concern. "I've been thinking of you back here. You've been crying, ain't ya? It's time that pretty mouth had a rest so I'll unbuckle the gag. Ain't no use you screaming "cause we're off on a side road and there ain't no one for a mile. There, that better?"

When the still bound girl got her mouth back into working order, her first words were thanks for such relief, followed instantly by a frank admission. "I was crazy to ask to come with you like this. Please take me back and chain me anywhere you think I'm safe. Please?"

"Too far to go back now, sugar. You're stuck with me in this here car. But I never aimed for no punishment. Looks to me that's just what it amounts to, now. Here, I'll stand you up a minute."

The gentle but strong hand lifted. Standing with bare feet, her ankles protesting the stress, Ma's naked prisoner looked around at a quite countryside offering no hope of rescue. No doubt she looked as doleful as she felt. Ma steadied her by a firm grasp on her shoulders then leaned forward to kiss captive forehead and eyes. Holding her prize at arm's length, she made an admission of her own.

"I got myself real fond of you myself, sugar. Couldn't bare the thought of loosing you. It probably hurts a bit but there ain't nothing else I can do." She sighed. "Sure hate the idea of putting you back in that there trunk. How would you like to ride with me up front?"

"You would!" Genevra poured out gratitude. "I mean . . . of course, I'd love to sit with you. But I thought you didn't want me to. You wouldn't take my word of honor."

"Well, I've been thinking on that. You make me a solemn promise which you ain't no way gonna break even though you's mighty tempted to?"

"Yes, oh, yes !"

"Well, then you repeat these here words after me."

It was a most solemn declaration of obedience, of renouncing freedom no matter the temptation. The words were daunting and accompanied by threat of severe punishment should she fail. Once she might have giggled over such a school girl type oath, but she now repeated it in a clear, sincere voice. When her declaration of dependence was complete, she knew herself more slave than she had ever been.

Ma Bristow's compassion did not extend to loosening of cords or ropes, a benefit her captive most earnestly desired but dared not ask for. Slavegirls must be thankful for small mercies and Genevra was grateful enough to sit as she was placed on the front seat next to Ma Bristow. Ma climbed behind the wheel, patted a bare shoulder and started the car.

It was unreal and could not possibly be happening, but Ma Bristow's casual voice brought its own brand of logic to make it possible. "Maybe I'm crazy, girl, there's gonna be times you'll have a fight to keep your mouth closed. But you're stark naked and I'm betting you'll not want people to see you that way, certainly no men. I got a

blanket in the back seat and I'll drape it over your shoulders when need be. But there ain't much of you anyone's going to get a good look at. Ain't no one's gonna notice much funny "bout a girl's head and bare shoulders. They ain't gonna stick their head in the window and see your tits. It's a good thing I got you tied the way I has. You got no choice but to keep still. Look around and enjoy the ride."

Genevra did as she was told, there was nothing else she could do. But curiosity prompted her to ask, "But when you park the car and go shopping, are you going to leave me alone like this? You actually going to trust me?"

"I have to trust you, child, or put you back in the trunk. I can do that and put the gag back in your mouth."

The bound girl wished she had kept quiet. Once more she felt only compassion.

Ma Bristow would be beset with doubts the same way she would, herself, be tempted. Both were trapped by a desire great cnough to test their will. But when the moment came and the blanket was draped over bare shoulders, it had come to seem most natural to sit back, bound and naked, in the car while her companion shopped. There were people around but Genevra was cautious to meet no searching eyes. Genevra had given up the struggle against her bonds and was trying hard to play her part in this drama. She strove to compose her features into anything but a desperate girl. The oath did not prohibit thoughts of freedom. Surely it might be possible some passerby would be curious enough to look within the car and note her bound condition. Genevra supposed that if she gained freedom by the act of someone else, her oath would remain intact. But as more and more people came and went, it became increasingly difficult to avoid giving signals with her eyes. It was almost a relief when Ma came back with her package.

Tension inhibited conversation as they went from store to store and the hazards of the parking lots repeated themselves again and again, until finally the dreaded thing occurred. A uniformed attendant noticed something odd in the posture of a girl who sat alone in a car. While Genevra sat in stoney silence and immobility, he rapped upon the closed window, and when it did not open, made motions indicating his wish to speak. For once Genevra was forced to meet another pair of eyes but shook her head and turned away to present only a pair of blanket-covered shoulders and the back of a seemingly haughty head. As the attendant rapped again, Genevra's heart thudded violently. But the attendant shrugged and went away, having seen only an unsocial girl who had not wish to speak. Had the window been opened he would have learned the truth. But the window had been closed and he had left.

The tied girl wondered angrily if she had been a fool. If she had turned and sbouted and shrugged away the blanket, she would most probably now be free. On the way home she told her tale and shared laughter in a strange relief . .

The blanket discarded, Ma could again pat bare shoulder in earnest approval.

"You done fine, sugar. You had to be good stuff to keep your word the way you did. If I was fond, of you before, I'm twice as fond of you now."

"But didn't you worry? You were taking a tremendous chance with a girl you hardly know."

Ma chuckled. "Sugar, I'm the best judge of horseflesh in the country and I ain't that bad with a girl. I had you figured from the start as quality. Weren't easy for me to give you that much head but I had you figured right, sweetheart, I got to give you a great big thank you."

The slavegirl was instantly aware to the possibilities. "If my word of honor worked out well on this trip, why don't you let me extend it. I wouldn't have to be chained all the time and perhaps I could help you on the farm. I could clean the house while you looked after the horses. If my word is good now, why shouldn't it be good then?"

"You had to come up with that, honey, I knew it was waiting. But there ain't no way I can give you that much freedom. After a while you'll get so accustomed to walking around without a chain or a bit of rope that you'll see no harm in just walking right out and going down the road."

"What, naked!"

"You're getting used to being naked, sugar. Me seeing you that way don't bother you anymore. If the chance comes up, I'll show you to a few of the folks I trust. We could do this honor thing again so you'd serve them coffee in the bare, and I'd explain you were just a girl who didn't have no shame and was proud of what she got. The rest of the time I'll keep you chained and don't you ever forget it."

Genevra sighed inwardly. Her only hope was to break her oath or if Ma Bristow made a slip. Perhaps if she were displayed naked to someone who might spread the word. "I guess that's the best you can do with me," she said humbly. "Don't think I can't understand the problem I am to you. No matter how many promises I make and keep, the thought of escape will never leave my mind." She grinned shyly. "Sorry about that."

Ma's first act back at the farm was to untie bound ankles and replace the rope with the familiar chain and padlocks. Then Genevra's arms were loosen and she was left reveling in relative freedom while they put away the purchases and lit the stove. When it came to the final box. Ma Bristow glowed with pride.

"You're going to love these here things, honey," she said with complete assurance. "I fell in love them myself. They'll make things a lot easier for both of us."

Genevra knew what to expect but the handcuffs were still a shock. There were several sets of them in shining steel and dark gun metal black. Some were feminine in their contours and evidently manufactured with the idea of being used upon a girl. There

would be very little overlap as the circlets closed. Some were joined by a single link while others were joined by a short length of chain. There was one set of what Ma described as 'leg irons' which would replace the chain around her ankles with metal bands two inches wide. The connecting chain was heavy and even shorter than what Genevra now wore. But there would be no padlocks, the metal bands locked directly on. Genevra sat while her mistress exchanged the old for the new, their wearer Showing a ridiculous satisfaction over the beauty of them, as well as the weight of the bands and the chain. Strangely she preferred them to the bit of chain and padlocks she had been wearing. She said a quite sincere thank you for the gift. Her ankles secured, Genevra was motioned into a standing position while Ma Bristow selected a pair of handcuffs. "Don't really need to put these on you, honey, not while we're doing things around the bouse." she explained. "But I like the effect. Locking these pretty things on you is like dressing up. But there ain't no clothes would suit you half as well." She stood back to admire the steel by which a girl was held prisoner. "You sure do look pretty as hell, sweetheart. That trip to town sure did payoff."

Undoubtedly the circlets and chain had been expensive. Genevra tested their snug fit and admired the polished finish upon which some craftsman must have exhibited love in their creation. Her fingers played constantly with the shining links and explored the smooth circles in which her wrists were safely locked. Wryly and silently, she conceded it would be useless to now search for some sharp object on which to fray the rope. Ma Bristow had her captive now for sure.

"You like 'em, honey?"

"They're lovely, Ma, and they fit so well. I'll never struggle to get them off because I know I can't. I'll bet they cost a lot of money."

"Damn right, sweetheart. But they're well worth it. You're worth it. I just can't get over the way you wear chains like you was born to them. You're a real natural. Come on, let's eat."

The exposure of Miss Genevra Anderson's chained nudity was not of Ma Bristow's contrivance, but by chance. Ma was in the barn and Genevra was weeding in the garden when she became aware of no longer being alone. Turning in alarm, she beheld a hairy and cadaverous man of advanced age leaning on the garden fence and eyeing Ma Bristow's pet with acute interest.

"What do you think you're playing at, girl?" he inquired with a cracked but interested voice. "You ain't got no clothes on."

He was old, it could have been worse. Genevra looked down at herself. "Yes, I know," she agreed, "I haven't got a thing on. Ma likes me this way. If that's who you're looking for, you'll find her in the barn."

"She's got you real fixed out in expensive things, I'll bet. She must have bought them in a store."

"Yes, she did. Please stop staring at me like that."

"Why the hell shouldn't I stare, you're a sight for sore eyes. Damn it, if I were forty years younger!"

"I can't help not having any clothes. But that's no reason to stare the way you're doing. Haven't you ever seen a naked girl before?"

"No, I haven't. I've been a bachelor all my life. I never had no truck with them gals what you pay." The ancient eyes remained on the breasts and pubic hair Genevra refused to try and hide. "Look, honey, I run out of gas a way down the road, that's why I'm walking. Can you help me out?"

"I'm sure Ma can. She's in the. . . . "

"Okay, she's in the barn. You go on weeding while I watch. Ain't never seen nothing like this."

He seemed harmless and if she was to be shown naked to a man, she could hardly have picked a better example. He seemed to be content to look whereas a younger man would not have settled for that. With a shrug she resumed her war upon the weeds. But the cracked old voice continued.

"Them handcuff things don't stop you from doing a thing, do they? Or maybe you get used to them. She keep you chained like that all the time?"

"Yes."

"She's whipped you, too, I can see the marks. How come?"

"I was a bad girl."

"I'll just bet you were. Ma laced into you real good. I can tell from them marks. What's you mean you was naughty?"

Genevra was saved from further explanations by the coming of Ma Bristow. She took in the situation with one shrewd glance. "Howdy, Hiram." she greeted casually. "I see you gettin' acquainted with my girl. Lovely, ain't she?"

"I ain't never seen nothing like it." Hiram was breathing heavily. "Mind if I cop myself a feel?"

"No touching, Hiram. She's mine and that's the way it will stay. If you want a girl for yourself, go get one." Ma Bristow chuckled. "You're too bloody tight to spend the money and I hear tell you can't get it up no more. I bet you run out of gas again."

"Yeah, you guessed it, Ma. But before we go get the gas can, how'd you like to whip her pretty little ass for me? I've always wanted to whip a girl's ass but got no chance. One gal I asked said sure I could do it for a hundred dollars. She must have been nuts."

"Genevra's already been whipped, she don't need it. Come on, Hiram, hefore your eyeballs fallout on the grass."

They laughed about it afterwards, agreeing that Hiram was the perfect subject by which to reconcile a slavegirl to her nakedness.

"Hiram will have made the first dent in that shyness of yours, sugar," Ma laughed.

"What you really need is something younger, something tall, dark and handsome. But I'm damned if I know where I'm going to get one."

"I don't want a man looking at me at all. Don't show me off anymore. That old man was horrible the way he looked at me, I knew what he was thinking all along. And then he wanted you to whip me! Gee whiz!"

Hiram was quickly forgotten. Genevra had already been handcuffed and legironed for several days, but her owner still found erotic delight in the way they held her slavegirl prisoner. Genevra could sense the pleasure it gave and found her own amusement in posing her own nudity in the best postures by which to show off the chains and her own nakedness. She quickly discovered the placement of feet and play of hands by which Ma Bristow could be sent into spasms of delight. Even when the slavegirl stood in quiet docility, her arms limp and her joined hands held demurely above her pubic hair, the effect was more potent than anything contrived. Ma Bristow was a happy woman and Genevra was strangely proud to bestow such joy.

It pleased Ma to lock a different pair of handcuffs on the slender wrists each night, mostly in front to cause the slave to lay awake wondering if she could use this semi freedom to any benefit. But always she was defeated by the iron bands upon her ankles. Even had her hands been completely free, the leg irons would have insured her staying where she was. No matter how she tried, she couldn't walk more than a few paces without her owner becoming aware. It was one more frustration among many. Genevra was almost glad when her wrists were handcuffed behind her back to remove any possibility of what she should or should not do. Enslavement to Ma Bristow was never dull.

Helen Green came close to being a carbon copy of her closest friend. She, too, kept horses and professed a scorn for men. Unlike Ma Bristow, her eyes held lechery as they surveyed the loveliness of Ma Bristow's girl. Her retort was instant, "Where the hell'd you get her, Ma?"

"None of your business, Helen."

"Well, maybe not. But I sure would like to have her in bed overnight. Put a price on her and I'll buy."

"She ain't for sale."

Good naturedly they bickered while the greedy gaze never strayed from Genevra's breasts and other chose parts of her lush body. When Ma left them alone to go to the pump house, her query was instant, "You do this for fun, honey? That old biddy really holding you prisoner?"

"I'm a prisoner. But Ma Bristow's really kind, please don't think badly of her."

"Never heard tell of such a thing," Helen Green said firmly. "That's the way of it, I expect you'd like to get lose. How'd it be I unlock those pretty little handcuffs?"

"You can't. Ma Bristow has the key."

"I'll just bet she has." Helen Green was obviously thinking hard. "Damn it, girl, I ain't gonoa let Ma keep you all to herself. Damn it, I got the hots for you the first thing I seen those tits you wiggle around all the time." The visitor sighed. "Ma said she got a surprise for me but I never figured on anything like this." The aging eyes became fierce. "Sooner or later I'm either going to buy you or steal you, you can bet your life on it."

Ma Bristow had no illusions. She laughed at her slavegirl's confusion. "I'll bet you get yourself a proposition, sister. Helen's interested in what you got between your legs."

Genevra stood, shuffling chained feet and wishing Helen Green would stop staring. But the visitor was herself in no way embarrassed. "Loolkie here, Ma, it won't hurt you in no way to loan this little bit of fluff to me overnight. It ain't asking much for an old friend."

"Can it, Helen. We both know what you'd do with her. Be grateful I'm giving you a look at what I got. I might have known you'd get wet pants." She turned to the chained girl. "Make us a pot of coffee, dear, and serve it the way I've told you how. Helen ain't getting her hands on you, no way. But that don't stop us treating her right."

While the slave girl busied herself at the stove the older women talked about horses. But Helen had now caught sight of Genevra's whipped back to cause desire to flame anew. "How would a thousand dollars hit you, Ma?" she asked.

"Come off it, that ain't even the price of a good horse. I told you, Helen, the girl's not for sale."

"All right, five thousand."

Aware of drama, Genevra turned to see and hear her increasing wealth as the price mounted until Helen Green barked, "Okay, then, ten thousand bucks. And that's my last offer."

"It had better be." Ma retorted. "The girl's not for sale at any price. You can look but not touch. And if you put ideas into her head, you can't even touch. Go home and make love to a horse."

Later they chuckled over Helen Green as they had with Hiram. But the sum of ten thousands dollars, while by no means a fortune, was a large enough sum to cause the slavegirl misgivings. She doubted if either woman could afford so much money for that purpose. It was evident, therefore, that Helen Green was inflamed by a lust close to being beyond control. That was frightening. That night, Ma Bristow unlocked the lovely shackles from Genevra's ankles to replace them with simple handcuffs so she could not even walk. No word was said but Genevra guessed why she was thus confined.

It was four days later that Genevra discovered the keys.

It was while dusting in the bedroom while her owner was busy with affairs of the farm. The small ring with two tiny keys, lying half buried in the rug beside the bed where Ma Bristow had dropped them in the process of getting dressed. She picked them up to gaze in fascination at her chance for freedom. It had been so long. Shivering with excitement, she inserted the key in her ankle irons. It turned easily. The band fell off. Genevra stared at her freed foot in disbelief. Then she clamped it shut once more. Then she tried the smaller key on one of the circlets around her wrist. Fortunately the handcuff was one with a longer chain to allow her household tasks. It was easily done and the cuff fell open to leave her hand free. Hastily she again imprisoned herself to gain time in which to think. If she were to use these keys to gain her freedom, she had best plan carefully and aim for a time when Ma Bristow was least likely to catch her in the act. Naked she could not hide the keys upon her person so she slipped them beneath the corner of the carpet in the least used portion of the room. With her heart singing I joyful song of glee, Genevra went back to work.

The happy girl was no fool but neither was Ma Bristow. As Genevra continued her domestic labors a cloud of doubt diluted her joy at discovery of the keys. The facts as she saw them now were negative. Ma undoubtedly had two separate sets and would keep the duplicates in a safe place. On Ihe other hand, if they were the pair she normally kept on her person, she would soon conduct a search for them as soon as she went to use them and discovered them missing. But either way, Genevra knew there was but one thing she must now do. The keys were undoubtedly a trap, a test of her behavior. Ma would undoubtedly be watching for an escaping slave to run towards the road.

With bitter disappointment she met Ma Bristow in the kitchen to hold out the tiny ring and keys. "You must have dropped them," she said innocently. "I found them while I was cleaning."

For a moment there was dead silence in which Genevra quailed as the older woman's eyes bore into her to judge innocence. Ma Bristow held the keys in her palm, looking back and forth from them to the girl who could have used them to run away. "I suppose you tried them out?" Her tone gave away little of her feelings.

"Yes, they fit my leg irons and handcuffs."

"Then why the hell aren't you running down the road."

Genevra visibly squirmed. To make a plausible explanation taxed her ingenuity to the limit. Her admission was shaky. "I wondered about that question myself. I could have easily found something to cover myself and been a ways from here." She paused and looked appealingly, as if for help. "You couple have easily caught up with me. All I can tell you is that I simply did not wish to use those keys to run away. It was something I simply could not do."

"Hmmmm . . . you figured I dropped them there to trap you, heh?"

Genevra gestured hopelessly. "Please don't be angry. When I decided to give them back to you, I knew that anything I said or did would sound phony. But surely not as wrong as if I had used them upon my chains. Please don't punish me."

Ma Bristow was large. Her bear hug lifted her slavegirl from the floor to hold her in a tight embrace of affection and approval. "Sugar, you done the right thing. And I can't tell you how this touches my old heart." Ma's eyes were misty with deep feeling. "You should have run. It was crazy for you not to. Sure, I would have beat the tar out of you if I caught you. But you shouldn't have thought about that, sweetheart, the way you've handled this makes me love you all the more. I've said it before and I'll say it again, I won't ever let you go."

The incident of the keys, silly as it may have been, brought the woman and the naked girl into a closer relationship than before. Genevra moaned a lost opportunity which may not have been an opportunity at all. Ma Bristow might never admit the truth. But even though she had improved her status as a slavegirl, her compulsion to find freedom was as strong as ever. Finding the keys generated hope. If something happened once, it could happen twice. Perhaps in a quite different way. Genevra assured herself of this over and over. But in the meantime, she made certain she was very well behaved. If only she could rid her feet of shackles. If only . . . .

Help came from an unexpected direction - the unexpected second visit of Helen Green. The friend of Ma Bristow marched into Ma's house as if she owned it and discovered the slavegirl. Her greeting was brief, "I don't suppose I'll ever use these." She handed the puzzled Genevra a small package. "Hide them quick before Ma

shows up. And if they work for you, remember I live five miles down the road."

Genevra hide the package of keys. With Ma Bristow already in sight coming across the field, Helen Green said, "I'm going to try and buy you once again. If I can't make a deal but you manage to give Ma the slip, you got to remember I'll treat you like a princess."

Genevra wished it wasn't happening. She disliked Helen Green's carnal interest in her body but what was done was done. She listened with mounting interest to an exchange which concerned her. She had been thinking of herself as a slave but what she must now listen to made the term doubly valid. The visitor wasted no time.

"Look, Ma, you're being selfish. You've got yourself a jackpot, like wining a lottery, but you won't share it with an old friend. I'm asking you again to loan me that girl over a weekend. Be a good sport and say yes."

"No."

"All right then, just one night."

"Helen, can't you understand, I don't want the girl in your hands at all. We both know what you aim to do with her and the poor kid won't like it any more than me. Look, Helen, let's drop it."

Helen Green snorted but her tone was amiable. "You're a real honest to goodness bitch, ain't you. Ma? I got an idea what that gal means to you so I'll raise my bid. I called it off at ten thousand last time. Now I'm offering you fifteen. Ma, that's a lot of money."

"No. You need that money. Keep it."

"I don't need it more than I need that girl. It just shrivels me up inside to look at her. We're both horse traders. I'll go for twenty thousand."

For moments Ma Bristow hesitated as if in shock or thinking. The watching girl shivered at that high price. Shivered also under the hot, hard stare of Helen Green. Pathetically she said, "Please don't quarrel over me. I'm not worth the breaking up of an old friendship."

"Twenty-five thousand."

Ma Bristow sadly shook her head. "You'll get over this Helen," she consoled.

"You got the hots for Genevra so bad you don't know what you're doing. You're out of control. You're welcome to visit and look at Genevra all you want. But if you're going to raise a ruckus, it's better if you don't come."

The slavegirl under discussion served coffee and wished herself far away. The two women continued to bicker until a disgruntled Helen Green said a sorrowful goodbye and retreated to her car.

"If you affect every bitch in heat the way you do Helen, I'd better keep you locked up some place," Ma Bristow said angrily. "Damn it, I've know Helen for years and I've never seen her like this before. It's you that's done it but it ain't your fault."

Since the incident of the keys, Ma Bristow's treatment of the chained girl had become increasingly casual. Genevra came and went around the yard pretty much as she pleased as she tended the garden and kitchen. Occasionally she braced the smell of the barn to watch Ma comb a horse. She had learned to walk with shackles, nowhere near her normal stride, but a snubbed little walk that got her where she was going, if slowly. She almost forgot the chained limitations of her feet just as she had long since learned to perform her household duties with joined hands. The handcuffs became a cruelty only when they controlled her hands behind her hack.

Within these limited freedoms it was easy to find an opportunity to examine Helen Green's package.

With the ring of tiny keys, a great many little bits of metal holding infinite promise. How Helen might have come by them did not matter to the woman holding them as she sought the two which might spell freedom. One after the other the tiny bits of metal probed until one entered, and heavy anklet and turned to invoke the miracle desired. Another performed the same service upon her wrists. A moment later Genevra stood naked but free. She laid the lovely metal things by which she had been controlled on the bed with mixed emotions. She hid the ring of keys in a safe place and already knew where to find the clothes she had worn at the time of the capture. Within a couple of minutes she was looking anxiously across the yard to where she knew Ma Bristow was working in the barn. From that point her feet flew as if on wings. In a passionate glory of free limbs she sped swiftly down the road towards hope.

It was a wild exhilaration of motion which Genevra knew she could not possibly maintain. She would need help. She must find that help in a farm or a car. Either one would probably be the first stepping stone to a reunion with Colin, who by now had probably given her up for lost. It had not occurred to anyone to search Ma Bristow's farm.

There were no cars, it was a lonely road. But, after a couple of miles of effort, the fleeing girl was rewarded by the sight of building across the field. Breathlessly she knocked at the door of the farm house. It was opened by a buxom rural wife who listened to her lies of a wreck car and loosing her way with concern. Soon Genevra was seated at a kitchen table with a cup of steaming coffee. So far so good. Genevra was possessed with a sense of thankfulness.

The farm woman's name was Dora and having nodded her way agreeably through

Genevra's garbled explanations, said quietly, "You'll be needing to get to the city, love. The car's gone right now but I can reach my husband where he's at on the phone and he should be back by the time we've finished coffee. That help you out?"

Genevra sipped contentedly as Dora's muted voice talked on the phone in the other room. She supposed she could ask to use the phone to try and get in touch with Colin but such an effort would take time she could not afford. The sooner she got far away from Ma Bristow, the better. Either the city itself or one of the larger towns along the way must be her goal. Colin could reward her helper handsomely. Her longing for his masculinity was intense.

Dora chatted friendly like, replacing cups and commenting on the hazards of the road. When there came the sound of a car entering the road, Genevra heard it as a joyous sound.

"That will be my Dick," said Dora. "You'll soon be on your way. It's been nice meeting you."

When Ma Bristow walked into the kitchen there was a silence as of death. Fear clutched Genevra's insides in a hand of iron. The two older women had no need of speech, communicating with each other with grim and secret smiles of understanding, they handled the smaller girl with ease. Genevra fought but could not prevent handcuffs from clicking around her wrists, locking them behind her back. She was once again lost. When the familiar shackles found her ankles she ceased to fight. The neighbors exchanged thanks.

"I'm much obliged to you, Dora," said Ma Bristow in obvious sincerity. "If you hadn't been such a friend I might never have found the little bitch. It would have broken my heart."

"Glad to help, Ma," Dora said flippantly. "Helen Green told me you had her up there so I didn't have any trouble knowing who she was. I'd keep those chains on her if I was you."

The ride home was made in fearsome silence. Genevra knew with certainty that the familiar yard with its old house was the place she must now call home, or more appropriately 'prison.' Ma Bristow could not wait for her captive's short steps but picked her up bodily to place her standing in the center of the kitchen floor. With the unlocking of handcuffs hehind her back, Genevra was told to shed her clothes.

With the warm, summer air once more embracing her bare skin, the captive submitted once more to handcuffs on her wrists but still remained silent in her misery. She awaited her sentence. Ma Bristow left her thus but sat down to quietly enjoy the loveliness of Genevra's nakedness and the apprehension she could not hide. Her voice was not gruff but alive with thankfulness. "Tell me how you did it, sweetheart," she asked casually.

"It wouldn't he right."

"That means you're hiding someone. That someone has to be Helen. Next time she comes here, I'll kick her ass."

"What will you do to me?" The slavegirl voice trembled. "Tell me what you deserve, sugar. I'm sure you know."

"I guess you should whip me. I've read that's what they did to runaway slaves."

"You're right, girl, but I'd just as soon not. You've still got marks from the last time. How'd it be I hang you up by your thumbs?"

"If you wish. I expect I deserve it."

Ma Bristow always had a fresh surprise. She rose and embraced the trembling nudity with warmth. "Damn it, honey, I'd thought I'd lost you. I couldn't take that, I just couldn't. I'm so damned glad to get you back I couldn't think of whipping that skin of yours. Tell me who gave you the keys and where they are and I won't whip you a single stroke."

"You shouldn't ask me that, Ma, you know you shouldn't."

Ma Bristow sighed heavily. She did what she must. A minute later Genevra's handcuffed wrists were high above her bead to expose her body. Ma stood before her, flexing the wicked slenderness of the riding crop she much preferred. "I don't want to use this on you, sweetheart, I'm asking you straight not to make me."

Genevra broke. It was all so useless and hopeless. To be flogged raw in protecting a woman like Helen Green was beyond her strength. Tears streamed down her cheeks and she told Ma Bristow everything.

Her reward was an absent minded kiss as if confession had been a foregone conclusion. Ma laid the riding crop upon the table. The naked girl stood there with hands above her head, still convinced of coming punishment and praying it would not be the crop.

"I ain't saying I won't use this on you, sugar," Ma said, tapping the slender weapon. "But you've had your run down the road and stretched them pretty legs. So what I'm going to do is give you a course in the art of standing still. Get what I mean?"

"I . . . yes, I suppose I do."

"You won't be sleeping comfortable in my bed for a while. Someway I got to make you sorry for what you done. Get you in a frame of mind where you ain't going to do it again. That's a sensible way of looking at it, ain't It?"

Genevra nodded. "I'm sure it is," she said without concern. "I do understand how you have to punish me and why. But, please don't tell me the things you're going to do." Her voice broke. "I don't want to know."

"Fair enough. Look, honey, I got an errand this afternoon so I'm going to give you your first taste of standing still. Guess I could leave you standing as you is right now but we gone that road before. You know where the bag of rope is, fetch it and come along with me."

Ma Bristow slowed her pace to accommodate the clink of chained feet. Ma Bristow quite frankly enjoyed the sight and sound of the linkage by which the slavegirl's movements were controlled. She knew herself fortunate in the ownership of a girl who was both beautiful and who made such a lovely slave. And a girl who showed affection for Ma, even with all she had done to her. Ma assured herself with satisfaction that the girl walking beside her in sweet submission was of quality and temperament to gain strength from the ordeals she must endure for the next few days. Ma Bristow was determined to prove to Genevra just what she was.

The trunk of the tree was rough on female flesh as Genevra was backed against the trunk and her waist belted by length after length of rope, knotted tightly somewhere she could not see. Thus immobilized, she was relieved of handcuffs and leg irons.

"I got me a notion about how to tie them pretty shoulders back," Ma informed. "Them pictures showin' a gal with her breasts crisscrossed with rope ain't real." She stood and surveyed her partly bound prisoner with satisfaction. "I was going to tie your hands behind the trunk with a bit of cord, but you'd be a hell of a lot safer with handcuffs. Ain't likely anyone will come by but just in case. . . . "

Nothing mattered anymore. Genevra put her hands behind the tree and sighed as the smooth steel circlets once more possessed her wrists. Ma Bristow now went to great lengths to put into practice a notion she must have cherished in her mind. A crisscrossing of rope behind her captive's back which brought the soft rope over shoulders and down into her armpits. The whole webwork of rope lashed her shoulders hard against the trunk. Ma found the whole effect pleasing. The lovely breasts stood straight out, proud and firm and seemingly eager for attention.

Next the dimpled knees and then the slender ankles were bitten hard by rope to leave their owner completely welded to the tree and totally unable to move, a fact she drew unhappily to Ma's attention. Then she added, for good measure, that she was already hurting allover.

"Isn't that the way it is supposed to be, sugar? Ma asked sweetly. "But if you prefer another whipping like last time, I'm willing to untie you. You don't want to be whipped?"

"No, I don't. I'm sorry I spoke,"

It was a small comfort to be kissed, to have her nipples affectionately pinched and to have a rough hand thrust between closed thighs to grasp a handful of the tender girl flesh. But these endearments took only a matter of moments and then the tied up slavegirl watched her mistress disappear between the trees and knew herself alone.

Genevra had been led deep into Ma Bristow's small forest which she chose to refer to as the woodlot. She knew it unlikely that anyone would discover her, and if they did, Ma's shrewdness would defeat their efforts to set her free. Even if she had not been confined by an inch thick pile of rope, the handcuffs would have held her to the tree. Soon the immobilize girl closed her mind to escape. It hurt too much to dwell upon it. It hurt to remember her joyous flight earlier that day. But that was the most painful memory that day. Genevra thought back to Trinity Castle and Lady Alyath. It seemed silly to compare Lady Alyath with Ma Bristow, yet the end result was pretty much the same. Idly, she reflected that perhaps some girls were kidnap prone and might as well make up their minds to be a prisoner all their lives. But pure reason defeated such nonsense and brought her back to the present and being bound to a young tree in the forest. She supposed the tree was better than the whip but after a couple of hours was no longer sure. After a burst of anger and frustration, she surged against the cutting cords, deliberately accepting pain in order to make certain there was no trace of slack she might exploit. But there was no slack.

Wrapped up in a vision of an endless time so bound, she surged again and a again against the ropes only to finally stand limp and defeated, still a prisoner of her bondage. Even when she wept the tears brought no relief

9

Punishment

Ma Bristow had promised a night without comfort. She kept her word. Genevra knew a brief freedom at supper time but then was taken to a room she had never previously seen, one of the many in the huge old house Ma Bristow never bothered with. It was totally bare and smelled of neglect. This time there were no handcuffs nor leg irons, only cord for the young wrists and rope for the slender ankles. Genevra offered no protest as she was bound. She felt no justification in doing so, and knew it would do no good even if she did. Looking around the bare, sad room she knew she would be lonely in the night. Bound as tightly as she was, there was little hope of sleep. And any hope that lingered was rapidly dissolved as her bare elbows were looped with more strands which drew tight to pulled her elbows together, making her forearms as one. Before Ma had tied the final knot the ropes were hurting with many promises of more pain to come.

"Well, I've got you nicely fixed," Ma said cheerfully. "'The room's all yours and you can do as you please. You can lay down flat on the boards or sit in the corner leaning against the wall. If you stop worrying about how much it is going to hurt,

you can probably get some sleep. At the doorway she turned to add, "You'd better get yourself some sleep, tomorrow is another day."

The night was more dismal than the day. The woodlot would have been a pleasant place in which to dream had she not been captive to a tree. But this bare room with its door locked by Ma as she left, was an austere and desolate imprisonment. Even without being so unpleasantly tied it would have been a poor place to spend the night. When Genevra hopped to the only window, there was little to see to give her hope. When darkness came there was nothing. With painful hops she sought a corner of her prison and lowered herself to the floor of her prison. Nothing was easy. There was no way for her to ease her body into comfort, there just wasn't any for a girl with her elbows so tightly bound. She knew it useless to struggle and did not try, surrendering her nudity to the clutch of rope and bite of cord. Bitterly she wished she had never seen Helen Green's collection of keys.

Genevra could have sworn she would not sleep, but intermittently she did. The sleep was filled with nightmares in which she fled down an endless road with Ma Bristow in pursuit. When she was captured she was led back to prison with a rope noose around her neck. Then, standing naked in Ma's kitchen, she was formally sentenced to life imprisonment. They were not the kind of dreams from which one woke refreshed.

Ma Bristow chose to play the role of an older woman giving guidance and imposing discipline upon an errant girl for whom she felt the flickerings of love. "Eat yourself a good breakfast, sugar, and there's lots of coffee in the pot. I know you ain't got much to look forward to today but le?"s make the best of it. Look, I ain't even got you fastened."

It was true. Genevra was as free as when she had run along the road. But it was a sad and listless freedom without joy. In every place where the rope had held her in the night, she now bore purple marks where cord and rope had been painfully peeled. But nothing really mattered because soon she would be bound again to spend another day of bitter regrets for her own stupidity.

"Look, honey, I don't want you moping around like a scolded cat," Ma admonished. "Damn it, girl, every punishment ends! You only got a couple more days and then you're back to the handcuffs and leg irons and doing the chores. You got it made."

Today and then two more . . . Genevra tried to match her owner's cheerfulness but failed. "Oh, Ma, three more days being bound too tight and I'll be dead! I'd sooner you whipped me and got it over with."

"I gave you the chance, honey, and you turned it down."

"I must have heen crazy. Please, Ma, don't put me in that awful room tonight. I?"s full of ghosts and I cried all night. I promise I'll never try to escape again, honest

I wont."

"We're going to make quite sure of that. Right now you're just saying you'll never try to escape. But when I'm through with you, you won't just be saying it, you'll be thinking it as well. See what I mean?"

Genevra saw the logic but had no wish to pay the price. Even though she was unbound and free she had no urge to make a run for it. She was altogether too stiff and without spirit for such a test. Ma would only catch her again and then there would be more punishments.

This time the trees were young and slender. Genevra stood between them while her wrists were bound, each binding trailing a length of rope. The punished girl was in a don't-give a damn mood and assured herself that Ma could do with her as she wished. The trees were about four feet distant from each and there was plenty of rope by which Ma could circle the trunk over her head. "Stand still," she admonished as she drew the rope tight enough to raise an arm. Then the other arm was bound in an upraised and spread wide position, leaving Genevra standing midway between the trees. Not until then did Ma disclose the measure of the punishment.

First one and then the other of the ropes was pulled tighter and tighter to cause the slender trunks to bend like steel spring. After many adjustments, Ma was finally satisfied and stood back to admire two trunks bending towards each other, held thus by Genevra's weight, leaving the captive girl to endure the tug against wracked shoulders. Without hope of reaching the fastenings of the ropes. Genevra knew the bondage secure and that she would never move from that spot. And the strain was constant on her arms as the slender trees tried to regain their upright position. It was like being hung from her arms but different. Different and worse.

Ma Bristow was not devoid of imagination. From her bag she withdrew a considerable length of chain. This here's gonna keep you interested, honey," she explained patiently. "Lift them pretty feet as I arrange it so i?"s something you can stand on. Maybe it will help them pretty arms."

Genevra had no choice but to obey but after lifting a foot she discovered there was chain to stand on instead of grass. When both feet had put their weight upon the jumbled mass of links, Ma tied the ankles tight together.

"I have to do this, honey. You'd soon kick the chain away. But the deal is you stand on it. Just like you have to hold them arms up to the trees. Don't thank me. You'll be seeing me tonight."

Genevra had to wonder why she did not cry out in anger and pain as Ma left.

When it was too late she sought comfort by telling herself that Ma would have done nothing anyway. The endless battle she must now fight with the pull of two tree plus the chain beneath her feet was only one more way in which Ma Bristow told her she

must never attempt escape again. The naked maiden closed her eyes and bowed her head and tried hard not to scream.

By noon Genevra's arms were numb. Her wrists were two bands of fire. Her feet could easily have defeated the chain had they been free but bound as Ma left them, they had no choice but to endure the punishment of the metal links. By evening when Ma Bristow came to set her free, Genevra had lost consciousness and hung motionless between the tree.

Ma was contrite. Carrying her barely conscious burden over one shoulder, she picked up her bag of tricks with the other band. Two trees tried to return to vertical and a punished girl knew for sure she would never seek freedom again.

That night a securely chained slavegirl shared Ma Bristow's bed, a comfort to give her strength for one more day.

"What I got for you today ain't all that bad," Ma Bristow said at breakfast. "You won't like it but you're not suppose to like it. And you'll know that after tomorrow you'll be home free and the two of us will be back to normal. I got great hopes you're going to be a real sensible girl."

Genevra agreed with everything. She would say yes to being whipped if that was Ma Bristow's wish, or would have endured a burning brand on her flesh if her mistress so desired. But after breakfast she was led to a room she bad never seen. It was pretty much the same as the bare chamber in which she had spent the awful night except that in the center there stood a wooden structure for which she felt misgiving but had no name.

"That there's a hog crate, sugar," Ma Bristow explained. "I used to keep me a couple of sows and when they needed the attentions of a boar I had to jockey them into a crate and take them to where the boar could shove it into them. Don't worry none, honey, this here's brand new, it ain't never had no hog in it." Ma Bristow chuckled. "You're going to be the first ever."

"You want me to crawl inside that thing?" Genevra's question was heavy with disgust, "It's not big enough and anyway what good would it do?"

"You'll find out, honey. But you ain't gonna have no hands in there. Come on now cross "em behind you."

"Why don't you use the handcuffs?" Genevra asked as she fell the bite of twine. "I thought you liked handcuffs?"

"That I do, sweetheart, but not half so much as I like this nice, thin cord. Hold still, don't bother to tell me it hurts."

It was shockingly familiar. The naked girl whose limbs had been free stood in docility

as the cord indented into her wrists. She shrugged off this additional imposition by assuring herself she would simply refrain from struggling. Ma Bristow would desire the struggle but she could foil that intent by accepting the bondage behind her back. When Ma said briskly, "There, sweetheart, that will stop you playing with yourself, all you got to do is crawl inside."

Doubtfully Genevra advanced on what should have been a home for hogs and now was an object by which she could be caged. Sinking to her knees to face the open end of the crate, she complained, "I can't get in there, not without my hands."

"Yes, you can, honey. Sit on your ass and edge yourself backwards. You can do it."

Unhappily Genevra obeyed. It wasn't easy but was still possible. Thrusting with her feet and rolling from side to side, sbe achieved entry to the tiny prison and from that time on beheld the limited view between heavy wooden slats securely nailed shut. Ma Bristow was cheerfully informative.

"Don't you worry about that crate, sugar. Those old sows of mine weighed four hundred apiece." She chuckled. "You would have thought the critters would have been glad to get what I was taking them to, but seems like they never did. You're one up on them sows, honey, you ain't going no place."

The wooden cage was brutally small for a girl. With her bare back and bound arms hard pressed against the wood at one end, she watched Ma Bristow fit the door into its slots and lock it with a padlock she displayed with pride. To make this possible, the girl was compelled to draw back her feet and legs until her knees approached her chin and the lovely head pathetically bowed, no in shame, but from lack of space.

"You look real sweet there, sugar. One hell of a lot prettier than them there hogs."

"But I can hardly move!"

"That's the idea, sweetheart. When I built this here crate I never dreamed I'd get a girl to put in it. I'm a damned lucky woman. And, after tomorrow, you're going to be a real lucky girl."

"If I'm still alive."

Ma Bristow treated the retort as humor and went away laughing.

The girl in the wooden cage made the usual experiments as to how she could twist or wiggle. She was cramped too tightly to thrust her feet against the padlocked door to test its strength. Rocking herself from side to side failed to move the crate a single inch. In any case, her plight would have been worse had it fallen on its side. With head bowed in submission to the beastly little structure. Genevra's view was restricted

to her own breasts, her pubic area, and the legs and feet she could not use. The pain of corded wrists were a mockery behind her back.

The silence could almost be felt. The girl in the wooden crate knew herself isolated from the world. Ma Bristow undoubtedly knew that this was a major part of the punishment and would return only after long enough to make Genevra suffer. The prisoner would get neither food nor drink as the dismal hours passed. Inevitably her thoughts returned to the very subject she was forbidden to explore. The crated girl did not hate Ma, she knew that in spite of these inflictions there was an element of affection between them. But she did not want to spend the rest of her life in chains to please an aging woman's fancy. Somehow, someway she had to escape! But how could she escape? In bitter shame she realized the punishments had worked. Ma Bristow's will to rob her of initiative and hope. The girl knew that even if given the freedom of her limbs, she would no longer dare to run. Someone would catch her and bring her back. And then Ma would begin another course of treatment to eliminate the desire for freedom. Trinity Castle and Colin Lee seemed a million miles away.

Whenever Ma had left her alone to do the housework, Genevra had constantly tried to use the phone but always found it disconnected and could find no way of making it work again. She wondered if Helen Green would reappear for one more try at getting her. Overcoming her dislike of that woman was a thankfulness that the woman hungered for her flesh. It had given her the keys to shed her shackles and, perhaps if she had chosen another direction to run, would have given her her freedom. She might have been in Colin's arms now instead of inside a wooden box designed for hogs. In such reflections the hours passed, each one more slowly than the passed one, each adding more misery.

During the day Ma must have taken her gun to the woodlot, the iron pot on the stove simmered with a delightful aroma.

"What you got today weren't all that bad, was it, dearie? Sort of figured I was letting you off easy."

"I suppose it could have been worse," Genevra conceded. "But, honestly, Ma, it was awful. I don't think you realize how awful these punishments really are. I promise I'll never try to escape again. Look, you allowed me to have my hands and feet during this meal but I wouldn't run out the door."

Ma chuckled. "I got to wonder where I get these notions, sugar. I ain't no way what they call a sadists. And I ain't the same as Helen and old Hiram who want to be a beating on you with a whip full time." She munched contentedly. "I suppose there's a bit of the devil in all of us. What I did to you these last few days surprised me as much as you. Like that whipping I give you. Can't really say I enjoyed any of it. But on the other hand it didn't leave me feeling bad. There's something about punishing a pretty girl what gets under everybody's skin. Anyone who says they ain't thought about it is a liar."

"Is that all a girl like me is good for? To get her skin marked by whips or rope burns, and look at the world from behind iron bars. How old do I have to be so it doesn't happen any more?"

That's an easy one, sugar. When your tits start to droop and your belly stops heing flat. That's when folks loose interest. I ain't worrying about it 'cause that will be years and years. Maybe I'll be dead and leave you this farm in my will." Ma grunted over inward visions. "I expect you'll get yourself whipped and punished a few times before that happens."

"I thought you wanted to keep me just as a pet?"

"Pets earn themselves a kick once and a while, sweetheart."

"If you ever get finished punishing me, will you still keep me chained?"

"Of course, I can't let you go, honey."

"I'm not chained now."

"That don't mean nothing. After a day in that there hog crate, ain't nobody gonna do much running. But once you get to feeling frisky again, I'd be crazy not to play it safe. You know what I mean."

"Yes, Ma, I know. But may I sleep with you tonight?"

"Sure, if you don't mind two pairs of handcuffs."

"That means you don't trust me. I don't mind being handcuffed but it would be so nice to sleep really and truly free . . . I have promised. . . . "

"I know you've promised, sugar, but I'm a suspicious old bird. I'm damned sure if I were you that I'd break that promise and run first chance I got."

"I thought you were punishing me so I wouldn't run again."

"You're getting yourself punished for the run you already made, honeybunch. I'm just hoping these punishments will sink in enough so you'll think twice next time."

It was useless and futile. They could go around and around forever but the slavegirl knew she would always end up in chains. The trouble was she knew the chains and the reason for them." They were far better than being locked up always in one of the bare rooms.

Genevra saw it as a hopeful sign that Ma allowed her total freedom as the walked side by side to the woodlot with the shade and multiple possibilities of making a naked girl uncomfortable. Since she was not handcuffed, Ma allowed her to carry the

bag of tricks.

"I got us a real honey for you today, sugar. You'll hate it and I'm going to be ashamed of myself. In case you're curious, that's one of the reasons I leave you alone all day. I'm embarrassed at some of the ways I leave you fixed. I'm going to be as glad when this day is over as I expect you'll be. Sometimes I think we're all nuts."

There was a metal bar. It was fastened at each end to trees far enough apart to accept its length thus making it a horizontal bar eight feet above the grass. The anxious prisoner could think of several ways it could be used. She should have turned and run. But the influence of punishment was strong, sapping her courage. It would be nice to be back in Ma Bristow's good graces once again to continue her captivity without threatening clouds overhead. Feeling this would be goodbye to freedom, she allowed Ma Bristow to position her beneath the horizontal bar and watched without too much interest as the bag was emptied to the ground. There was a whip and familiar objects of steel. There was a great deal of rope but Ma selected none of these. When she gave her usual terse command, "Give me your hands, sugar," the girl about to received punishment found loops of soft leather into which a metal ring had been fastened. She extended both hands.

"Made these yesterday when you was in the crate." Ma slipped the soft leather loop over one innocent thumb. When she drew it tight it cinched down tight behind the big knuckle and the owner of the two thumbs being so bound knew her fate. "I just read about this here but I ain't never seen it used," Ma explained. "According to the books it's pretty damned rough. But I did a bit of figuring to sort of help. Ever been hung up by your thumbs, sweetheart?"

"Of course not! Oh, Ma, must you do this?"

"It's your last punishment this time around, sweetheart. I figure you got off easy in that crate, so now I want to do something you'll remember. Just in case Helen ever slips you another set of keys. Just you stand there while I get things started."

The nude prisoner was becoming accustomed to such commands. But she stood in limp submission, her thumbs prepared for punishment while Ma fiddled with things above her head. "I'm going to lift you up and I want you to slip the rings on your thumbs over these here hooks to them hold. You understand?"

"Yes, I'll do it." The tone was listless.

The hooks were at the end of ropes, a couple of feet apart. It was like playing a game but after several tries the maiden succeeded in placing the first of the rings within the waiting hook. The second followed easily as Ma Bristow held her up. Finally the sad nakedness was lowered and the ropes became taut. When Ma relaxed herself, Genevra hung in suspension from a pair of tortured thumbs.

The prisoner had schooled herself not to protest or beg. She would accept her

punishment in the same spirit as it was given: simply that it was a necessary evil. But this wish was sorely taxed as her thumbs screamed in unison with arms and shoulders. Genevra was in agony, convinced her thumbs would never hold the stress. She moaned and could not stop.

Ma Bristow was enthralled. She backed away to drink in with avid eyes this masterpiece of corrective discipline. Nerves, muscles and sinews of the captive girl spoke eloquently of a punishment almost too great to bear. Almost regretfully the older woman placed her head between the bare thighs to position them as needed for the idea she had in mind. It was very simple. A pair of stout wooden pegs driven into the ground below each suspended foot. Instantly as her thumbs once more bore her weight the soles of Genevra's bare feet sought the comfort of a couple of flat surfaces a couple of square inches each, teetering thereon in the only perch she had by which to ease two tortured thumbs.

"That better, honey?"

"Yes! Oh, yes!"

Genevra was prepared to be grateful for anything. The tiny pegs imposed a punishment all their own but nonetheless provided a small easement for the pain above her head. Gasping, she pleaded. "Don't leave me like this, Ma, please don't leave me."

Ma Bristow turned and walked away. She hated what she had done but was convinced of the need for it. Girls were flighty creatures, always in need of control, or discipline. Perhaps she would release her beloved Genevra an hour earlier than she had planned. In the meantime the punished girl could think about her sins. Everything would work out fine.

Genevra closed her eyes and moaned steadily. Ma Bristow and left and would not return soon. This was a foregone conclusion. Since she was not gagged, the prisoner knew she could scream to her heart's content. But screams would seem an obscenity and do no good.

She sought the pegs with feet that could not touch the ground. On those small surfaces she rested as much of her weight as she could. But the pegs soon hurt her feet so she must forever changing the contact with her soles. No matter how hard she worked to find relief, her shoulders and arms and, above all, her thumbs remained in taut travail.

Ma Bristow had achieved a masterpiece. Genevra's correction for the day was cleverly designed. The suspended girl was willing to believe the pegs beneath her feet would save her thumbs from dislocation or worse. She looked down at taut breasts and concave belly but could not see her feet. She shifted them constantly, seeking relief that was not there. She moaned steadily and found comfort in the awful sound.

The suspended nude had no knowledge of time, not that time mattered, she would hang thus until Ma Bristow decided to cut her down. Nor could she hear sounds around her, dwelling solely within her own agony and awaiting Ma's return. Thus it was she failed to hear the almost silent steps approaching. An ancient and cracked voice interrupted her thoughts.

"Well, I'll be damned! Ma Bristow do this to you?"

The slavegirl opened her eyes to gaze at the old man named Hiram. He had already seen her normally naked so it mattered little that he behold her now in the stressed discomfort of suspension. A voice which seemed other than her own said weakly, "Please cut me down! Please . . . please. . . . "

Hiram was aetually shocked, "You shouldn't ask me to do a thing like that," he said, "Ma would have my ass if I did that. My goodness, gal, you're pretty like that. I ain't never seen anything that beautiful before,"

"Never mind Ma. This is torture. Oh, please cut me loose. I can't stand it any more."

Genevra cared nothing for her words as long as them gained her release.

"Like I said, girl, you shouldn't ought to speak of Ma like that. If I just found you this way by accident. I'd take you home and spank your ass whenever I wanted. But since I knows you belong to that tough old biddy, there ain't nothing I can do. She's a neighbor of mine and you can't do a neighhor dirt."

"This is killing me. You have no idea how it is. Can't you feel mercy?"

"Well, sure I feel sorry for you, gal. I'll bet you're having a real bad time," Hiram circled the suspended girl a couple of times before reaching a decision. "Look, kid, there ain't no way I can let you down. It just wouldn't be right. You belong to Ma Bristow and that's the end of it." He snickered gleefully. "But there is one thing I can do real easily and that's lay a nice limber willow across your pretty rump. And there ain't nothing you can do about it,"

Strangely, she did not plead. There was a sort of inevitability about the ritual soon to begin. With dull and hopeless eyes she watched the ancient man pick his tree and cut a pair of wicked looking switches which he carefully peeled and smoothed down to make them suitable for contact with female skin. She wondered if it would be any use to scream. But the house was far away and if she made too much noise the old man would probably gag her with one of his socks or something equally disgusting. As Hiram approached, gleefully testing the willows he would use, she closed her eyes.

It was a vicious stroke, lapping both cheeks of a female bottom available for such attention. Pain on top of existing agony might be supposed to be of diminished intensity when compared to tortured thumbs. But the shock of the willow across her

seat caused the suspended girl to loose contact with the pegs on which she was standing. Her weight coming fully on her thumbs added more pain. Genevra screamed and screamed again. Her feet kicked out wildly then sought the wooden pegs again,

Hiram stood in awe at what he had achieved, relishing both the scream and the fresh line of red his wand had painted on pale skin. "I wouldn't never have believed it," he confided, "I never seen nothing like this. I couldn't hope for nothing more beautiful. Don't suppose you'll mind if I give you another?"

The question was academic. Genevra was certain she could do nor say nothing to change his mind. Clenching her teeth she contrived to accept a second searing cut without loosing contact with the small pegs. The pain forced her lips to plead, "Hiram, don't whip me any more. Please don't whip me any more. Can't you see the agony already? I'm being punished. You don't need to whip me as well."

"Never said I did, young woman," Hiram affirmed cheerfully, "The reason I'm whipping your little ass is because I want to. Don't suppose you have any idea what this means to me. When Ma Bristow comes to cut you down, she's going to find a girl with a ripe, red ass!"

"No!" The negative burst from Genevra's lips with an explosion. "Hiram, cut me down! Please cut me down! If you cut me down. I'll do anything!"

Genevra knew instantly she had said too much. Hiram perked up, his eyes becoming bright with interest. "Did you say you'd do anything, gal? Anything? How'd it be you lay on your back and spread your legs a while. It's something I ain't done in years but I'm ripe for it. What you say?"

Genevra moaned inwardly. Privy to tortured thumbs and whipped bottom, she was forced to think of actually doing that obscene act. If she refused. Hiram would undoubtedly continue whipping her ass until she submitted. While her features betrayed conflict of emotions. Hiram happily administered stroke number three with a greater force than the first two. Once more the legs kicked and jerked and the young lips screamed their anguish to the still air. With the attitude of a man engaged in an essential task. Hiram slashed the helpless flesh in the first of succession of blows to drive the tethered girl into scream after seream beyond control.

It would have been merciful to loose consciousness but the welting of her flesh seemed to keep her awake despite the pain. Genevra knew she could not get the best of this old man in her condition but, if the chance arose, she could surely out run him and there was always the hope he might prove unable to perform the act he proposed,

"Yes. I'll lay down for you. I'll do it. Oh, stop, stop, stop!"

It was a strange and weirdly erotic scene beneath the bar around which some ropes hung useless, their cut ends bearing witness to what had taken place. When Hiram

had used his knife Genevra had limply fallen to the ground where she now lay, sweating and panting and making small whining noises. Over her, Hiram stood, still holding the willow. He noticed with admiration the increasing scarlet of his work. When Genevra held up a hand, imploring him to stop and in a choked voice pleaded, "Give me a few moments. Please, not right now."

The male victor grandly conceded, "Take your time, missy. Want I should rub your ass?"

"No. Oh, never mind. I'll be all right in a minute,"

"I'll be using this here willow on you again if you play me tricks," Hiram was very much the conqueror. "You'd best do what I say,"

"Yes, oh yes. I will."

Everything this female said and did was delightful for this sex-starved old man who held his willow at the ready. He watched his weakened victim rise on one hip to tear in loathing at the leather loops on her thumbs, and stare in dismay at the discolored and numb digits. Genevra's hands and arms themselves were slightly numb and only weakly obeyed her. She longed to lay upon the grass and sleep.

It was not long before Hiram, spurred by flame within, said, "I ain't got all day, missy. Ain't you "bout ready to wiggle that little ass for me,"

She knew the time had come. Genevra longed for the appearance of Ma Bristow. She got to her knees and then gingerly to her feet to stand uncertainly while her nakedness was fed upon my hungry eyes. Obedient to Hiram's request she turned slowly around that the marks of his strokes might further inflame desire. She had thought to outrun her tormentor but realized now she might stumble and fall within the first few steps. Her only friend was time. She sought its aid by asking, listlessly, "Don't you want to take your clothes off, Hiram? Men don't do what you want to do with their clothes on."

It was a new idea. Hiram viewed it with suspicion. "Don't need that," he finally decided. "I'll zipper on down and that's as far as I'm going. What we need first of all is you back with them legs stretched out wide and that little slit of yours sort of giving me an open invitation."

It was no use, she could neither fight nor run. The rigors of punishment had so weakened the girl about to be raped that she now saw the filthy act as inevitable. She could think of nothing to further delay it, but arranged herself in the desired posture and looked up at her elderly rapist inquiringly, hoping devoutly he did not smell.

For Hiram it was suddenly a confrontation. He had never seen so nice a piece of girl flesh as now invited him Genevra had obligingly raised, her knees and spread them far apart, while Hiram's wounds across her flesh still burned. Hiram suddenly

realizing the time had come, manfully clutched his zipper to thrust it down while still using his other hand to hold the willowswitch as though it was a tool needed for the task before him. Loosening his belt, he felt within to discover that while the fire burned brightly in his loins, it failed to impart vigor to the weapon he must use. Unable to think of a furtller act which might improve the situation and bring about his dearest wish, he paused to say, "I ain't as young as I used to be. Just hold your horses."

It was then Ma Bristow came into view.

Hiram saw her first, his mouth opening in dismay followed quickly by a scramble of old fingers to repair the opening in his pants. Noting the willow in his hand and taking in the import of the scene at a glance, Ma bellowed, "You silly old asshole, you know you can't get it up,! What the hell are you doing with my girl?"

Hiram turned and fled and the irate owner of a woodlot and a girl assessed his character with a single word, "Asshole!"

Ma Bristow now turned her attention to a girl busily rearranging herself "That old fart didn't get it into you, did he? Looks like I may have made it just in time." She snickered at some private thought. "I'll bet he cut you down and then couldn't make the grade?"

"That's right," Genevra acknowledged. "But after he cut me down - I couldn't run and I couldn't fight so I had to do what be said." She turned over to exhibit the crimson evidence of Hiram's persuasion. "He kept on doing this to me with that willow that's on the ground. Please, Ma, none of it was my idea. I'm so damned glad you came."

Ma Bristow relaxed, now glimpsing elements of humor. "A good thing I come when I did, honeybunch. But I got a notion his prick weren't near as potent as that willow strip. Damn it, he's given you the reddest ass I ever did see. If he ever comes near my place again . . . !" She allowed her threat to hang unspoken in the air. Then she gathered up her naked possession to hold a sobbing girl against massive breasts with strong arms. She wept quietly into Ma's coarse shirt while her bare back was gently patted with reassurance The situation was suddenly satisfying to them hoth.

Surveying the ruins of her interrupted punishment, she shrugged. "I was on my way here, anyway, honey, when I heard your scream. It's afternoon now and I got to thinking about the way you was hanging there. I felt bad about being so damned mean. Was it all that bad?"

Genevra tried to smile but managed only a nod and to mutter, "Yes," and to raise one still throbbing hand to wipe away a final tear.

"I ain't gonna say I'm ashamed of myself, honeybunch, but I guess you've had enough. Feel like running away?"

The naked girl shook her head and said, "No way."

"Well, that looks after that," Ma said briskly. "We'd best go home. This time I'll carry the bag. Want I should carry you, too?"

"I think I can walk. 1'm feeling better already. Oh, Ma, I was in terrible shape when he cut me down."

"I'll bet you was. But that there punishment did you a heap of good. Right now you're the sweetest gal I ever known. And you and me is gonna have a wonderful life. Is that right, sugar, or am l a silly old woman with a dream?"

"You couldn't be silly if you tried," Genevra said, believing every word. "I promise I'll be the best slavegirl you ever had."

"The best and the last." Ma Bristow grasped a wounded hand and led her slavegirl along the path of permanent possession.

Coffee worked its usual miracle and the iron pot on the stove yielded a hot meal.

"I suppose you're wondering what happens next, Genevra," said Ma Bristow. Her use of Genevra's name Signaled something serious coming up. The naked girl bathed in the warmth of an intense relief and a glow of well being. Genevra shrugged and said, "Yes, of course I'm wondering. But I don't seem to care much. I suppose it's the punishments and that beastly thing with Hiram. Maybe I won't feel this way for long, but it's how I am right now."

It was as complete an affirmation as any owner of a girl could hope for or expect.

Its evident sincerity, while deeply satisfying, left Ma Bristow embarrassed. "Don't know how you're figuring it, sweetheart, but I'm wondering if you're hoping to be running around without a chain or a bit of rope or nothing. Have you thought about it?"

"I've thought about it but I really don't care. Do what you wish."

"What I wish seems a mite unkind. I've been thinking about you and me a lot while you've been getting them punishments. When I've been honest with myself, I had to admit I like you best in chains or with a bit of rope around your wrists. Is that going to spoil things?"

"Of course not! I've known from the very first how much you enjoy seeing my chained up. Don't feel bad about it, Ma. But can I have the rest of this afternoon as a sort of vacation?"

"I was going to suggest it myself. You deserve it love, let's clean up a bit and

I'll take you for a ride in the car. Don't need no chains or nothing, not the way you are now."

It was quite wondefrul. Something magic had taken place between the two women to bestow a rapport beyond anything previous. Looking back on that time afterwards, the obedient girl who had once been Genevra knew it to be among the happiest moments of her life. That night, at bed time, there seemed to be no need of words. Genevra sat on the bed and extended bare arms to receive her favorite pair of handcuffs clicked tight but not enough to hurt. Next she thrust out her legs for her ankles to be similarly confined with another pair of handcuffs. Genevra had not intention of trying to run away but she was now fastened tight to make it impossible anyway. She was strangely comforted by that thought.

In the morning the two women were dragged from sleep by a pounding at the kitchen door. When they went down to answer the summons, it was Lady Alyath Hardcastle who stood upon the step.

10

Her Master's Slave

Erin breathed ecstatically, "Mommy's so wonderful, isn't she? I mean, she went all that way and brought you back. Maybe there'll be a time to tell me all about it after I've whipped you. If I don't have to go back to Class. I missed you so much that Mommy put me in with the other girls. I've been sleeping with one chained ankle every night and collecting quite a lot of stripes in Class. I never seen to be able to do anything right. I expect you've noticed."

Genevra had had plenty of time to notice. In one of the rooms of punishment her hands had been tied above her head to await the fortnightly whipping every girl in Trinity must receive. She had expected far worse and did not complain. It was news that it was this delightful youngster who would wield the whip.

"Why doesn't Lady Alyath whip me," she inquired without much curiosity.

"She missed you so much, darling. She was quite frantic when she heard about you vanishing that way." Erin giggled. "I think she thought that that boyfriend of yours was a bit of a wimp since he never managed to find you. Was he good in bed?"

"Don't be nosy. I haven't seen him since that accident on the road. I don't suppose your mother will ever let me see him again. I asked you why isn't she whipping me herself!"

"Because she's in love with you, that's why! I shouldn't tell you but you might as well know." Erin wrinkled her nose. "I shouldn't tell you but she's instructed me to whip you really hard. I hope you won't mind."

"Of course I won't mind. But I get so tired of standing like this, all naked with my hands up in the air. Couldn't you whip me now and get it over with?"

"No. Mommy wants to watch. I think she wants to watch me at work just as much as she wants to watch you getting the stripes. I expect she'll come down when she's ready. Did you get whipped much at that farm where you were prisoner?"

"Only once, but it was pretty terrible."

Erin sighed again. "You're so lucky to have all these adventures and all these people wanting to own you. All I get is siting in class and knowing I'll get my bottom caned if I don't pay attention. Darling, please tell me what it is like when a man does it to you?"

"It depends on how you feel about the man. Colin was wonderful."

"How about Westley?"

"Westley was wonderful, too, except he's such a playboy and doesn't take things too seriously. Colin wanted to marry me but that's got all horsed up. Erin, dear, are you sure you mustn't whip me now?"

"Don't be impatient, darling. When I start, you'll wish we had both waited longer. I know what it's like standing the way you are. All the girls have to put up with it when their day comes. Mommy's put me on the schedule, too, so I got whipped three times while you were away. Did I tie your wrists too tight?"

"Don't worry. But I do wish Lady Alyath would come so you can show her how clever you are in whipping other girls. Do you know what she's going to do with me? I mean, after I've been whipped?"

"No really. I think mother's sort of feeling her way with you. Did you know Westley is showing up tomonow? You'll be all whipped so he can't do it. I wish he'd do . . . you know what to me. But he never seems interested, even when I offer. Men are so tiring."

Genevra was strangely content considering her coming whipping. This state of mind was strange but everything at Trinity had fallen so beautifully in place, it was as if she had never been away. By the standards of the castle, her whipping was long over due. She refused to think about it.

Lady Alyath arrived late to discover a pair of excited girls. One was excited because of what was to be done to her, the other because she was longing to perform the task of striping the skin of an older girl she adored and much admired. Lady Alyath wasted no time but kissed the lips of the naked girl awaiting Trinity's infliction. She told her daughter, "Get on with it, Erin. Remember what I told you; if you don't do

it right, you'll be whipped yourself." She sniffed. "You'd probably enjoy it."

It was an unreal homecoming. Genevra, awaiting the painful ritual, wondered if so bizarre an act could take place anywhere else in the world. She doubted it. She tried not to look too scared and readied herself for the whip.

The leather instrument sang gleefully. Aware of Lady Alyath's adoration of her motions of body as the whip marked her skin, Genevra did her best to please. It was not difficult for agony alone would prompt the desired response. She kicked and squirmed as Erin cut at her shrewdly with blow after blow, but did not scream. Everything was exactly as it should be.

In the afternoon, as Genevra hung by tethered wrists, the sweat of punishment trickling down her flanks, Lady Alyath spoke to her. "Do you wish you had grabbed the chance when you had it? The chance to run?"

"No."

"But you couldn't possibly enjoy what Erin's just given you, sweetheart."

"I hate it, it hurts horribly. Thank you for Erin, I'm sure her work pleased you."

"Did I do alright, Mommy?" Erin's voice was anxious.

"I'm proud of you both. I couldn't be prouder. Run along to class, dear, I'll look after Genevra."

The prisoner and her mistress stood eye to eye. Genevra was still twitching from what had been done to her. She was once more kissed before Lady Alyath spoke. "An amusing child, isn't she? I'm glad I put her into the class, it's doing her a world of good. Darling, I suppose you know you smell gorgeously. While I've got you fastened I'm going to hug you and enjoy all that perfumed sweat. Genevra, dear, you'll never know how much it means to own a girl like you."

Minutes passed in loving communion. The naked girl forgot tired arms and chaffed wrists but was not allowed to forget the weals across her back. Each was traced and tested by the fingertips of the woman who was free. Once more the whisper, "I'm not going to untie you, darling, you can stand the way you are for a while. You're such a gorgeous pictures that, if I let you loose, it would be like slashing a Rembrandt to bits. I see my daughter has done a wonderful job of tying your wrists." lady Alyath laughed. "The little so-and-so is growing up fast and I don't know what I'll do with her. She thinks she wants to be like me, but that's a profession . . . or is it?" Lady Alyath sighed. "I'll worry about her later. In the meantime, I'm going to leave you tied and standing while I catch up on some work in the office. I'd let you loose but I want to think of you standing here. You'r image will keep me wet all morning. Am I a bitch?"

"Well, I guess you are. But a nice bitch. I'll suffer for the good of your glands."

"You have no choice, dear."

Lady Alyath's radiance sustained the naked girl whose wrists were firmly tied and well above her head. It was a familiar pose for Genevra, exposing all of her for the whip or just for gazing eyes. She had not thought of trying to get loose, that was impossible, so she did the only other thing within her scope - shifting her weight from foot to foot. She knew what her life bad been and what it would be, so there was little speculation in her thoughts. Quietly she made her mind a blank.

Westley Wallace walked in with his usual air of owning the establishment, his features coming alight with real pleasure as he heheld the object of his quest. Genevra was horrified and wished to cover herself. True she had been as intimate with this man as any girl can be, but much had intervened since they had been together last. And a great deal of those experiences had been concerned with females and not The Male. Helpless to move or change her pose, she allowed Westley to break the silence.

"I was supposed to show up tomorrow," he said. "But when I heard you had returned, I decided to come and lay claim to you without delay. I just arrived and haven't seen Lady Alyath or young Erin yet. I discovered where you were from one of the servants. You look better than ever and I'm going to run up and get Aunt Alyath's permission to take you to bed. I'm sure you'd prefer going to bed with me than standing the way you are."

"No, I wouldn't. I'd be grateful if you would take a "hello, Westley" and a "goodbye, Westley" instead. Please leave me alone."

"You're almost predictable, sweetheart." He teased her nipples. "I'll swear these things have gotten even more gorgeous than before. It's lovely to have them around again. I'll use them often. It's damned convenient finding you all helpless and naked, just like old times."

"I'm glad you're pleased. But, for goodness sake's, stop what you're doing. I can't move them away, and if you had an ounce of chivalry in you, you wouldn't tease. I think you'll find Lady Alyath in her office. Go and pay your respects and leave me alone."

Surprisingly Westley departed on his errand. When he returned, he was accompanied by Lady Alyath, who herself teasingly played with two captive nipples her owner could not hide.

"Westley tells me you two have exchanged greetings already. Isn't it nice to have him back, it will give you a fresh interest."

"I don't want a fresh interest. Please, Lady Alyath, don't give me to him. He wants to take me to bed right now and I'm not in the mood. Please don't put me under his authority." The eyes of the bound girl duplicated the pathos of her voice.

"Don't be silly, darling, a romp with Westley is probably just what you need. You've had Ma Bristow and me and Erin. Westley will keep you from getting in a rut."

"She looks as though she's just been whipped, Auntie. I suppose it's just the usual Trinity affair. Damn it, I wish I'd been here in time! Do you mind if I whip her again? It's been so long."

"NO!, Oh, please, Lady Alyath, don't let him. I've been whipped already today and I don't deserve it. Please!"

"But it is rather in intriguing idea, darling. I've just admired Erin's artistry on your back and there are still spaces left. And those bruises on your bottom you collected from Ma Baristow are fading fast. I shouldn't allow Westley to give you the usual twenty strokes. But I think you could handle . . . ten?"

There was that in her mistress' voice Genevra knew she must not protest. She supposed she could handle the ten just as she had handled the twenty from Erin. But she was afraid. Yet she bit back words and contented herself with pouting.

"The dear boy also wants to take you to bed, and I think he should while your skin still burns. Darling, please remember we don't have him with us all the time. And if you don't enjoy these small pleasures with him, you may regret it after he's gone. I don't see how you can be shy about a little sex with him when the two of you have done it before."

"But I've been away from men for so long. And men have never given me anything but trouble. Please, lady Alyath, I beg of you, don't make a gift of me to Westley. Please let me rest."

"No, dear, I've made a judgment and we'll stay with it." Lady Alyath beamed brightly upon both. "You've only been like this a couple of hours and it's still quite a while to lunch, so I'll leave the two of you to enjoy yourselves."

"Well that's that," Westley said, complacently. "You really are a female filled with complaints. You'd think I was something terrible, the way you go on."

"You're a spoiled brat, that's what you are. Westley, be nice to me, untie my wrists."

Westley Wallace now had an air about him, an air of blissful omnipotence which had irritated her from their previous association. Genevra felt like a domestic animal to be used and handled when ever someone wanted to bother. She exclaimed, "You

don't have to whip me! It's a beastly idea and it doesn't make me like you any better. There'll be another girl who will get the Trinity whipping tomorrow. Why don't you whip her instead?"

"I intend to, dear girl. I will whip you both!"

Genevra stamped her bare foot in frustration. With Lady Alyath's sanction, he would now do whatever he wished with her. She wished he were not so cock-sure with her and himself. If he treated her like a person instead of a facility, she might have gained pleasure from what lay ahead. Knowing Westley as she did, there was no need to pull punches. "Untie me, Westley," she pleaded earnestly. "I'm so sick of being helpless. I won't put up a fight."

"Don't be silly, my pet, you have to be tied to be whipped. I intend to hurt you far more than you can take standing still. You'll do just fine standing the way you are."

Westley's scorching cuts were indeed too severe to accept in freedom. Since he was allowed to administer only ten he spaced them out and interjected caustic comments in between. Genevra squirmed and struggled. When being so punished, Genevra no longer cared what kind of spectacle she presented. Uncaring of shame or male regard, she twisted and screamed in anger as if flinging the terrible sound at him. At the end of Lady Alyath's ration of ten strokes, she was once more sweating and making small sounds of defeat. Lady Alyath was delighted.

She stood in limp surrender as her wrists were freed, ashamed of the weakness in her flesh as she became aware of the fire that had been kindled within her loins by this fresh whipping. With firm hand. Westley tested her sex to announce happily that he would now enjoy a couple of jolly good hours. He didn't bother to carry her to a bedroom, instead laying her on the floor. Genevra found herself sardonically wishing things had happened the other way around. She rediscovered the old ecstasy in Westley's skills and was as surprised as shamed to find she enjoyed the coupling. But, after all, she was only a slavegirl being used by her owner's nephew. When Westley began a second attack on her sex, she gave in whole-heartedly to his weapon and his lips.

"You both look very happy, darlings," said Lady Alyath at lunch as if the whole thing had been her idea. "I do love to see my girls enjoying themselves. It's marvelous to be young."

"You're not exactly an ancient, yourself, Auntie."

"Perhaps not. But never mind me, what are you going to do with your plaything this afternoon, Westley?"

Genevra knew that was exactly what she had become. She could be whipped or ravished at Westley's whim, but wondered why the actual word sounded so much

worse then the reality. There was much she could say, but wisely held her tongue.

"I have an absolutely ripping idea, Aunt Alyath. But let's not talk about it and spoil the girl's lunch." He smiled to both his aunt and the naked girl. "We don't want to make you feel neglected, sweetheart. So long as I am here, I'll think of something to keep you amused. Now, for Pete's sake, don't come up with something caustic like asking me to leave tomorrow. Not that your protests could change a thing. The nice thing, Gin', is that it's going to happen anyway, there's nothing you can do!"

Conversation flowed. The slave girl knew herself in the presence of intelligence and did her best to match up. Suddenly Lady Alyath exclaimed, "Westley, do you realize you don't have a single restraint on this poor creature. The poor girl must feel absolutely bare!"

Westley was abashed. "I thought you were giving her more freedom now! I mean, after that little trip she took, I suppose she would be well-broken without any silly notions of escape. I've got to admit that few weeks she spent away from here worked wonders. Wonder what they did to her?"

"Of course she isn't broken! I'm surprised she hasn't hauled off and punched you on the nose. Genevra is simply being a very sensible girl. Under my guidance she may never bother with escape. Unless you mistreat her. Remember, my boy, I'll have my eye on you. Genevra belongs to me, not you."

Genevra disliked hearing herself discussed. She broke in politely, "I can go and fetch a pair of handcuffs if you think that will help?" She looked from one to the other inquiringly.

"You'll find a pair in the drawer over there, my dear," Lady Alyath said approvingly. "I keep them all over the house, they're so terribly convenient. I've been making a practice lately of popping a pair on young Erin any time she becomes a pain. She loves them, of course, but it is a stern reminder to watch her Ps and Qs. I love the expression on her face when I lock them behind her back. Yes, dear, run along."

It was significant that the slavegirl brought the shinning bracelets to her mistress not her master, being careful to meet Lady Alyath's eye with her message of preference. But she was only a slavegirl and was waved away and forced to kneel beside Westley's chair, raising her hands that they be joined by steel. Westley had noted the interplay and female eyes and clicked the handcuffs one notch too tight.

"We call him Hamlet," Westley explained. "He's a nice old horse we've had around for years. You'll be quite attached to him, the same as we are, except in a different way. You'll notice I've got him saddled and his front feet hobbled. Not that it matters, he doesn't walk very fast anyway."

Genevra was quite sure Hamlet was a nice enough horse, for an old horse. He

cocked one disinterested eye in her direction and then continued to munch grass.

"What are you going to make me do?" Genevra inquired with a tone of resignation. "Sit on his saddle while you tie my feet underneath his belly?"

"That's a nice idea, sweetheart, I'll keep it in mind. But, no, I thought of something quite different you'll probably enjoy a lot more. I'll padlock one end of this chain to your handcuffs and the other end to the saddle. Then I'll go back to the house and maybe watch you. Isn't that a cute idea?"

"I can't see any point to it." Genevra said.

"You will after Hamlet has led you up an down the field looking for greener grass. You see, dear, every time he moves you have to go along."

"Am I suppose to enjoy this?"

"Not really. You'll get awfully sick of sitting down and standing up and doing what Hamlet decides."

The slavegirl was secretly relieved. Following an ancient horse around a field surely can't be too bad a punishment. But this thought did not inhibit her retort, "Westley, you're a bastard!"

"I'm so pleased you approve. Would you like your ankles hobbled? So you and Hamlet would be on equal terms?"

"Westley!"

"I brought a pair along just in case."

"Keep them! Please go away so Hamlet can have me all to himself. I hope you've told your aunt what you're doing with me."

"She thought it a splendid idea and came up with one of her own which we'll probably use tomorrow." Westley pretended an admiring sigh. "You're such a lucky girl, we're both thinking of you all the time. Bye for now!"

Genevra stuck out a pink tongue at her master's retreating back. Her ordeal for the afternoon would probably not be painful but what girl would want to follow an elderly horse around a pasture? Especially if she was stark naked and handcuffed. She examined the chain and knew she could not free herself from it. Hamlet was not a nervous animal and continued to eat grass while she examined the saddle. But a padlock had been inserted into the buckle there, preventing her inspiration of removing the saddle. She had an amused vision of herself carrying the saddle back to the stable but it was probably better that the padlock prevented that. Undoubtedly

her punishment for such a prank would be dire.

The afternoon passed slowly for the chained girl, who spent a good deal of the time slapping at insects that found her delicious. It was pleasant to sit on the grass and watch Hamlet, with whom she shared a bond, crop grass and occasionally glance at her. She was thankful her feet were not chained, Hamlet's movements were erratic and the tether not long. When Hamlet sought greener grass, she had best be alert and quickly on her feet. Once, when she drowsed, she was pulled to her feet and nearly fell upon her face. She had to scramble frantically to avoid being dragged. She entertained the idea of climbing up into the saddle and thus be carried where ever Hamlet desired rather than to follow. But she was certain she would look ridiculous and give her master an opportunity for derisive laughter. She longed to share Trinity with Lady Alyath and wished Westley Wallace far away.

As the afternoon progressed she became angry with her inability to draw the too tight circlets of the handcuffs to Westley's attention. Quite probably he would correct his unkindness at lunch. As it was she was forced to wear the familiar bracelets with a degree of discomfort greater than normal. Hamlet did not care and gave no comfort.

It was lonely out in the field with only a horse for company. Sitting down in the grass, Genevra cupped her chin in her hands to survey the trailing links of her chain tether with disgust. But reason still worked its wisdom and she was forced to concede her punishment was mild. Perhaps things weren't so bad after all.

Bathed and perfumed to remove all hint of horse and with her handcuffs on ber ankles instead of on her wrists, Genevra cast aside all bad humor to become as witty as her host at dinner that night. Even when she was told her feet would be freed in order to provide Westley with his amusement for the night, she only shrugged to say boys would be boys, refusing any hint of ecstasy herself. She belonged to Trinity and Trinity was using her as its owners wished. After so long an enforced period of no sex, she should be grateful for skilled attention from the male. She knew she would have been if only she could have gone willing to Westley's bed without hint of chains or the aura of compulsion in which the act was clothed. No doubt she would get used to it again.

When the time came, Lady Alyath insisted on the same anklet she would have worn in the dormitory with the girls.

Genevra's afternoon with Hamlet had been delightfully free of impositions upon her flesh save for tight handcuffs. It had been pleasant. Thus encouraged, she approached the new day with optimism and hope. Westley was right, she should not be forever complaining.

"It's a sulky, darling. We've made a few alternations, adapting it to you." Lady Alyath looked around at an English morning with approval. "Isn't it a nice day!

We're so lucky. Here, let me take one of your arms."

Looking at an expensive two-wheeled vehicle; Genevra had no trouble guessing how her day would be spent. The seat, designed for one, would nonetheless hold two. And it was obvious that today Westley was not going to enjoy her all to himself. In the manner of a docile pony, who was at that moment free of bonds, Genevra allowed herself to be positioned between the shafts which were raised to provide straps for both her wrists as well as the upper forearms to make her doubly helpless. There was a shoulder harness and traces on either side by which to pull the little vehicle and supplement the effort of hands and arms. Another harness caged her hips and constricted, and included a strap which ran over her pubic triangle and tightened down so she could never forget it was there. It buckled just above her round ass. The piece de resistance was the bridle and bit, which Lady Alyath positioned carefully before her mouth.

"Open your ntouth, dear, this probably isn't half as bad as you're thinking," Lady Alyath said as she adjusted straps and buckles and tugged them tight.

It was bad enough. Something Genevra had never before known. The bit compressed her tongue and tugged back at each lip with an authority she could not ignore. To a large ring against her cheek, Lady Alyath now snapped the reins on either side.

"We'll pull them gently, dear," she said soothingly. "All you have to do is obey whatever pressure we exert. Genevra, dear, you're the loveliest pony I've ever seen."

Genevra stood quivering, knowing the harness, the bit and the straps were simply a beginning. A buggy was evident and she knew it was not decoration. Quietly she sought to loosen strapped wrists but the leather bands were tight as were those higher up her arm. As usual, Lady Alyath's voice was there, "Do try and get yourself loose, darling. It's very much a part of this exercise that you should know you can't. You're nicely fixed and you'll have to do exactly as you're told. Try and think like a pony, try and be one."

The moment when her passengers climbed aboard and Westley flapped the reins that she might understand how cruelly they might hurt her mouth was a moment to long rememher. Knowing her fate, Genevra awaited the command. It came now in a clucking sound from Alyath's lips and a sharp, small flick of the whip upun her shoulders. Genevra exened all her strength to get the wheels in motion. She knew without a doubt that she had hetter be a good pony.

Effort absorbed the harnessed girl to the exclusion of all else. The weight of the two people compelled labor until her burden gained momentum. She could no longer think of it as a child's amusement. The manner of her harnessing was not sufficiently severe as to erase a false impression of freedom. Her feet were totally free. It was hard work. But immediately she achieved speed, Genevra was surprised by the ease with which she could keep the cart going. Ease, that is, compared io the effort needed to gain that speed.

Of all the straps holding her and cutting into her naked body, the one running through her crotch bothered her the most. It was tight. Angrily she realized it's presence in a place where no strap should be might easily generate an orgasm. As her strides made the strap shift and tug, the massage on her sexual parts was hard to ignore. She wished she could ignore the bit in her mouth.

No matter how she tried, Genevra could not see herself as a pony in the manner suggested by her mistress. She was a naked girl driven by the whip and controlled by the bit. Worst of all, it was a man who held the reins. Had it been only Lady Alyath, the slavegirl might have found amusement in the outrageous play. But visions of Westley smirking back there in the seat was just too much. Westley's presence at Trinity spoilt every thing.

Genevra was soon sweating. If she slowed to a walk, the whip instantly flicked her skin. But she could not run forever, and how could Westley possibly know the limits of her strength. But she was young and the whip was potent.

The pull on the reins was gentle but firm. The laughing "Whoa, girl, whoa!" was an unexpected relief. Thankfully Genevra stopped and stood there, panting and sweating, and wishing the strap between her legs was somewhere else. The bit in her mouth made it difficult to talk as they dismounted to examine their pony, testing and tightening straps here and there. She longed to speak of fatigue but Lady Alyath discemed her need.

"We'll have to go easy on her at first, Westley. Alternate the walking and running. For this first time we'll just make one circle of the park. And don't be whip happy unless she deserves it."

Genevra beamed gratitude from loving eyes. Then she looked at Westley and chomped her bit, along with a gaze of reproof. But she was forced to stand during the strap adjusting. She winced as he tightened down her crotch strap another notch.

"Get an orgasm yet, sweetheart?" he asked pleasantly. "I figure that bit of leather should give you pleasure along the way."

Genevra glared and snorted, then blushed at the equine sound inadvertently produced. A towel was used to wipe away her sweat by Westley with more than necessary gusto. Lady Alyath used a pink ribbon to create a ponytail of Genevra's long hair. Once more they climbed aboard. Genevra, not waiting for the flick of the whip, leaned desperately at her straps until they were flitting merrily along the paved pathway around Trinity's gardens.

At the end of her ordeal, Genevra was freed and told to bathe before lunch. Her wrists were handcuffed, her bottom was patted and her performance praised. She examined which ever of the fresh whip marks she could reach. She wrinkled her nose at the grinning Westley, who took considerable interest in her body and marks

himself. Devoutly she hoped it was an amusement Westley would not desire again.

Slavegirls must be flexible. After performing her equine duties, there was the sudden luxury of the bath and then a most civilized conversation at the Iunch table, an intellectual exchange in which horses were not mentioned. As usual, Westley's eyes turned quite often in the direction of busy handcuffs on busy wrists. But this routine restraint was also ignored as the girl who wore them demonstrated how much a part of her they had become. Over coffee, Genevra asked politely, "What would you like to do with me this afternoon?"

Westley effected surprise, "Oh, didn't we tell you, sweetheart, that now with your change of status you'll be in the stable. This lunch is just a pleasant change from hay and straw."

"You mean you're going to make me eat hay and straw!"

"No, dear, that's for you to lay on. We want you to be a happy little pony."

The happy little pony looked from one of them to the other. Westley beamed his enjoyment of her dismay, but Lady Alyath shrugged and gave her a smile which said all too clearly that the favored nephew was to be humored while in residence: "It won't be forever, dear," Lady Alyath said soothingly. "You mustn't be angry with Westley, it's just that he's a sweet boy."

The feminine plaything of the very sweet boy would have liked to describe him in other terms less polite, but knew herself on dangerous grounds. Walking naked and handcuffed beside Trinity's favorite son, she said, "I think you're being mean. Westley. Girls don't want to be horses. And pulling that cart was terrible. It was almost more than I could manage."

"You did splendidly, dear girl."

"Westley, do you have to go on with this horse thing? Isn't there some other little torture you could inflict on me somewhere else?"

"Don't be sarky, love." Westley patted a couple of her fresh whip-marks. "And don't pout. If you don't behave, I'll harness you up to that buggy and make you pull me all around the gardens for the rest of the afternoon. How would you like that?"

She said no more. If Lady Alyath wished her to belong to Westley for the afternoon, there was nothing more to be said. In the event of him becoming amorous, they would probably spend the afternoon rolling in the hay. The loose stall in the stable was plentifuly supplied with both straw and hay. Westley opened the door invitingly, and his plaything stalked angrily inside to tum and look with disgust at the bridle and bit. "I thought you said. . . . "

"'That's right, my pet, no buggy this afternoon unless you chose to make

yourself objectionable. I told you of your new status and a bridle and bit is very much a part of it. Stand still while I put in on and open your mouth when told."

Genevra obeyed, breasts heaving in angry emotion but opening her mouth as ordered and biting down on the hated bit as the harness was strapped upon her head and a padlock clicked behind her head.

"Handcuffs stay as they are, love. You make a really beautiful picture, Ginn. Pity you can't see yourself. I may drop by and screw you during the afternoon. But don't hold your breath, I've got things to do." He kissed each of her nipples and went away, locking the heavy door and shooting its massive bolts home.

The Trinity stable was little used, Genevra was its only tenant She stood now in its silence and smell to finger the leather bindings of the bit and test its lock. She could never get rid of it and must wear it in shame until her master chose to use a key. The handcuffs didn't matter, there was nothing she could do anyway. For several minutes she simply stood where the man had left her, wanting to cry in disgust at the locked box, a fresh imprisonment not previously experienced. She would have preferred the cell with its iron bars and hard bench. This horsy captivity reduced her to an animal. Savagely she shook her head. Everything was unkind and unfair, and she wished Westley would go away.

It was a long afternoon. Even longer because she was not ravished as he had promised. Feeling utterly abandoned, the dejected girl kicked a pile of straw into the corner and sat on it to clasp her knees and to ask herself again and again why she had failed to run away when she had the chance. She knew the answer to that, too. It was simply the radiant influence of Lady Alyath Hardcastle. The girl in transit had failed to even think of Westley Wallace.

In early evening the harness was taken from her head and she was fed. Leaving her for the night, Westley thoughtfully locked her ankles in another set of cuffs, remarking that since she was going nowhere, she could scarcely complain of one more little restraint. By that time the slavegirl was lonely enough to welcome his male attentions but Westley ignored the possibility, guessing her sudden eagerness. It pleased his male omnipotence to deny the pleasure of his rod to the lonely, helpless girl who had treated him with silent contempt earlier. Contenting himself with the patting of a bottom, the kissing of freed lips, and a cheerful goodnight, he left her with a thud of bolts. Genevra knew her day was done.

The occupant of the straw filled stall now had two pairs of handcuffs to wear. She was not much concerned for, even if she had possession of her feet, there was nowhere to walk. She would have liked to kick Westley but would never have dared. So she clinked the metal on her ankles for a minute to make sure nothing would come loose, then forgot this fresh restraint in speculation of what would happen next. It was unlikely to be anything she would enjoy.

Westley looked good upon a horse, riding with the assurance of long practice.

Genevra, taken from her stall surveyed the sleek animal and its rider with misgiving. Westley had rope, one end of which he tied around his victim's handcuffs, the other end he attached to the saddle. Handling the reins easily with one hand, he used the other to take up slack and tug commandingly at the girl he had turned into a pony.

"Thought you would like a change, sweetheart. Nothing to pull. All you have to do is run, sweetheart."

"You're going to drag me behind that horse!" Genevra was shocked. "Westley, be sensible, stop treating me like this." She looked down at handcuffed wrists in disgust.

"Thought you'd be pleased." Westley contrived to sound hurt. "I'll break you in gently. We'll start out with a nice walk and then maybe a little bit of a trot. It's a fun thing."

"Supposing I fall!"

"Supposing I use this riding crop on your bottom," Westley replied. "You sure do know how to complain. Come on, let's get started."

Genevra knew defeat, handcuffed and tethered to the saddle she was as much a prisoner as if she were locked in the cell. But there had been steel in her master's voice which told her she had best obey.

When the horse started out at a leisurely pace, she followed submissively, being careful to gather up a few feet of slack as a safety measure. But she was careful also, to hold only a limited amount, for if she caught up with horse and rider, the tether would loop upon the ground to trip her.

Westley nodded with satisfaction. "I'll see if I can't rig up a Roman chariot," he told her. "Those stories of Queens being brought into Rome chained behind a chariot always got to me. They're a real tum on. I'll see what I can do."

"Don't bother."

"No trouble, sweetheart, a labor of love."

"Doesn't the way you've got me now humiliate me enough? You're playing the victorious Roman siting on that horse." Walking carefully the slavegirl sniffed in disgust to add, "Westley, you're an absolute . . . well, never mind."

"What was it you were going to call me? A bastard? A prick? A brute? Or something else? Come on, girl, let's have it."

"I won't say it, you'd punish me."

Suddenly Genevra's hands and arms were jerked forward to their full length as the horse began a gentle trot. Franticly she sprung forward to keep pace, loosing her bit of slack. Conversation ended as Westley sat content to watch, riding easily and looking back in sardonic amusement at his captive's pink cheeks and running feet. Genevra had nothing to say and gave all her attention to running and trying not to fall.

The accelerated pace continued for what seemed a long time and, when her tormentor chose to slow his stead once more to a walk, Genevra was panting and bedewed with sweat. The handcuffs had been jerked and tugged. She sought now to tum the silver circlets back to a comfortable normalcy. She dared not think how long this might go on.

It went on a long, long time. Westley was now content to offer an occasional word of encouragement whenever his captive caught his eye. One thing Genevra wanted was to talk. But she had to keep up with the horse at a speed often far too fast for comfort. Yet he carefully slowed the horse to a walk whenever he sensed she was nearing exhaustion. Thus passed one of the most humiliating mornings of a slavegirl's life.

The bath and lunch only slightly modified Genevra's pout. She felt ill-used and told herself she would never have come back to Trinity willingly if she had been aware of Westley's presence.

"You're sulking, dear girl," Lady Alyath warned. "Wipe that glum look off your face unless you want to spend an uncomfortable afternoon. And I do mean uncomfortable."

The slavegirl instantly obeyed but blurted out, "He's giving me a very bad time, Lady Alyath. And when he's finished with me for the day, he locks me in that horse box in the stable. He even handcuffs my ankles."

"It won't he for long, dear. I though you would find Westley an invigorating experience. You're getting wonderful exercise and look simply radiant. Stop pouting."

"What will he do with me this afternoon?"

"Ask him yourself. If you were kinder to Westley, he'd be kinder to you."

"Just more of the same." Westley said casually. "Just to keep the dear girl amused, I thought of adding a trap with the hip harness. What do you think. Auntie?"

"I think you're a naughty boy, Westley. You'll have Genevra running around the park all afternoon with a chaffed and overheated sex. You can run her for thirty

minutes but no more."

Genevra supposed it was in the nature of her condition that things always got worse. But she said nothing and stood as Westley ordered while he strapped the painful humiliation upon her loins, tugging at the straps tight enough to make her grunt. But she did no complain. Within the thirty minute span she orgasmed three times. Then she stood, dejected and panting, and most certainly hot and bothered when Westley relieved her of the infliction.

"Don't you want to thank me?" he inquired. "I saw you go into spasms. Three times, I think? Seems to me you ought to be grateful. Or would you sooner I did it with my hand?"

"Don't be crude. Westley, please be a little bit nice to me."

"Okay, would you like an insertion? We can do it right here."

"Not after what you've just done to me. I'm exhausted in that direction, too." Westley let it pass, got back on his horse and the punishment began again.

For diversion, Westley occasionally diverted their course from the paved road into the trees and back again. On one of these excursions the impossible occurred. An apparition arose from behind an outcropping of rock, a fearsome sight Genevra could scarce belief. The horse reared to throw its totally unprepared rider to the ground. Westley's head struck something hard with a sound the tethered girl could almost feel. She stood at the end of her tether to stare in disbelief at something she had hoped to never see again.

It was Helen Green.

11

The Rape of Trinity

Genevra's first instinct was to turn and run, This woman could be nothing but bad news and there was something terribly pathetic about the crumpled figure of Westley Wallace, But instantly an even more urgent need was manifest. The startled horse had retreated several yards and stood, snorting and wide-eyed to look back at the cause of his behavior, If he should turn and run, as he might well do, Genevra, at the end of her rope, would be dragged and injured horribly, Fearfully, she walked slowly towards the steed with a smile and gentle words, But as she advanced, the frightened animal backed away,

"Here, let me handle this," Helen said with stern authority, "Remember, I know about horses. If he runs, you're in trouble, so stand still while I cool the critter down."

Genevra, well aware of her own peril, watched in fascinated admiration as Helen Green exerted all her expertise to quiet animal fear and bring the horse to where she could grasp its halter and scratch its snout. The animal visibly relaxed. Helen Green tethered the horse's reins to the nearest tree then untied Genevra's tether from the saddle. Then she pulled in the naked girl as if Genevra were a frisky colt. In a sudden realization of fresh menace, the slavegirl jerked the rope and turned to run.

Throughout the whole incident Genevra had never had a chance, nor brief moment of freedom. Now grasping the rope with joined hands, she exerted all her strength to jerk it from Helen's clutch. But a woman who has broken horses and handled them all her life handled the slavegirl's frantic efforts at escape with ease. Helen was strong and had no trouble defeating the naked girl. Then she pulled the girl into a fresh captivity. In a complete understanding of Helen's ploy, she stopped her useless pulling against superior strength and ran towards Helen in the hope of doing whatever damage she could. But this too was fatal. With swift motions, Helen Green side stepped the charging girl to let her fly by, stumble and fall in the grass. Slowly Genevra rose to her feet to stand there, dejected and defeated but still glaring with hatred.

The two faced each other, Helen with a grin of victor, and Genevra flushed and defeated.

"You put up damned near as good a fight as a horse," Helen said, admiringly, "I suppose you know what I'm going to do to you?"

"Yes. I know. But how did you get here? I don't understilnd."

Helen Green laughed, "I ain't the broken down old girl you thought I was. I got a bit of dough tucked away and so has Hiram, We're splitting the cost and I come down here to pick you up, Nobody would sell you, but when you ran away, you didn't run in my direction, so now I'm going to get you for nothing. And you're going to have a mighty sore little ass,"

It was absurd and difficult to comprehend, But the handcuffs were tight and the rope from them had been tied to a tree, Genevra tried sweet reason, it was her only weapon. "You can't possibly get me out of this county. The woman who owns this place and owns me will have a thousand police looking for me, You're going to find yourself in jail. Be sensible and untie this rope."

"And what would you do then, sweetheart?"

"I'd run back to the castle and get help for Westley."

"Don't worry none about him! I can tell by his breathing he ain't in bad shape. But by the time he comes around you and me is going to be long gone, But it seems the best thing for me to do is gentle you down a bit. You don't have no proper

respect. I got my eye on that there riding crop that guy lost when he fell."

Helen picked up the weapon and flexed it back and forth. "That's one thing you can always find in a tack shop; a good riding crop, Hold still while I mark you up a bit."

"But you can't! You mustn't! Damn!"

Necessity had dictated Helen's control and the binding of the girl's hands to the tree. But it also made a near-perfect position for the marking of a girl's skin. Genevra could easily turn this way or that but could never hide her bottom from the crop. It cut her bottom again and again as Helen Green worked out her frustrations. The slavegiri had nothing to be brave about and it was not long before her cheeks were wet with tears and she was pleading for mercy. Helen showed none,

"You ain't got Ma Bristow on your side now," she said happily, "From now on, gal, you're gonna get this regular. Hiram and me has got quite an investment and you're gonna pay us the dividends from your pretty pelt. Go ahead and scream, there ain't no one to hear."

Genevra screamed, She tugged and jerked and danced. But the limber crop had no trouble keeping up with her contortions, The whipped girl was furious to think how easily she had been conquered and immobilized for Helen's pleasure, Westley showed no signs or returning to the land of the awake as she tried to avoid the pain, In desperation the hurt girl looked back over her shoulder to plead, "Please don't whip me any more, Can't we talk for a minute while I catch my breath? We both have things to say,"

The crop rested. Thankful, Genevra leaned against the tree which she was tied to, Helen moved to one side to get the best possible view of a damsel in distress, "You got an idea, kid? Who's this bozo on the horse and who owns this place?" She chuckled. "They own you, too, Or at least they did."

Hoping to impress, Genevra told the truth.

"You little bitch! You had Ma and me fooled, We figured you was sweet and innocent but you'd been a sort of slavegirl in this castle place all the time, I'll whip your ass off when we got the time."

"Alright," Genevra agreed hopelessly, "You've got me and there's nothing I can do, But how did you find me? And why bother?"

"Like I said, honeybunch, all you got to do to find anyone is spend enough dough. And the reason is "cause you got under my skin. Ma wouldn't let me have a go at you and wouldn't quote no price. If she could kidnap you, I don't see why I can't."

"I told you why. The police will have you within a few hours. The way I'm

fixed I can't fight, so if you've a car nearby I expect you can get me into it. But you should go and see Lady Alyath Hardcastle if what you want to do is whip a girl. She'd probably lend you one. She's got about twenty, all of them beautiful, all of them handcuffed, and one or two of them get whipped every day."

"You're kidding!"

"No. Really. Go and see for yourself."

Helen's interest had been captured for sure. But she asked, "How to I get to see this Lady what's her name?"

"Untie me and walk with me back to the castle. I can arrange things there for you."

"This whole thing's nuts. I'd best think on this a while. And while I'm figuring it out, I might as well have another go at you with this here crop I've never had this good a chance in my whole life."

Genevra groaned. Was there no hope for a slavegirl - no future but pain?

Feverishly she bargained, "I don't want to be whipped and I'm asking you not to do it to me. You'll be rewarded if you take me back to the castle. Even after you've untied this rope, I'll still be handcuffed and helpless."

"You've got it all figured, huh? And what's the catch? I end up in a cell?"

It was hopeless Wearily the fastened girl delivered herself back to punishment.

"You won't listen so go ahead and do what you want. I hope you won't mind if I scream." Genevra thrust her forehead against the trunk and closed her eyes.

Helen Green was deliciously happy. Here, right at the start of her adventure to kidnap the most desirable girl she had ever seen, was a foretaste of the future, She would whip the little trick now to make her easier to handle. And when she got her safely home, could continue to whip her every day the rest of her life. Hiram would have to have his turn, of course. But even then she could still watch. This lovely nakedness, tied and delivered, was a precious gift of which Ma Bristow woluld get no share. Gleefully, Helen Green swung the riding crop in a wide arc and could have sworn she saw the twin cheeks quiver in suspense.

Westley's period of unconsciousness was brief. Returning, he did not move but listened in fascination at the clearly audible feminine voices and what they said. He quickly realized that this was a person from Genevra's little adventure outside Trinity Castle who had followed her here. In semi wakefulness he had heard the impacts of a riding crop on female flesh. When, after a period of talking, it seemed this activity was about to begin again, he had recovered enough to act. Cautiously he rose.

Helen did not stay her hand. The riding crop found its mark to evoke scream after scream. But a male figure was suddenly there, glaring at her and could not be ignored.

"Shove off, buster, I'm busy."

Westley was thankful he had taken his time in standing up. Helen's exclamation had driven away the last effects of the blow he had suffered. He grinned at the hostile woman who held his crop. His voice was suave. "Kind of you to look after Genevra while l was on the ground. Since you're punishing her, I must suppose she misbehaved."

"Just warming her little ass. I've been wanting to do it a long time. Why don't you take a powder."

"Perhaps you'd be kind enough to untie the girl, she can't get away."

"I ain't untying nothing! If you come closer. I'm going to bash you. Leave me be, I've got work with this little filly."

Westley advanced a step and Helen retreated. "You can leave or be escorted off the grounds," he said politely.

"I ain't going nowhere without the girl."

"Surely you're not suggesting you own Genevra?"

"I got a claim on her good as yours. Seems to me she is the most kidnapped little trick around. Don't you lay a hand on me!"

The girl tied to the tree was feeling a great deal of thankfulness at the recovery of the man. "Go away, Helen," she urged. "I told you the police will pick you up if you don't. You can't possibly take me away with you. Go away."

Helen stood her ground but tossed the crop at the advancing male. "Here; take the damned thing. I'm not going to fight you. I ain't wanting to get mixed up with your damned cops."

"A sensible decision."

"Maybe for now. But you can bet your boots I'm goona pick up this little filly sometime when you ain't looking. I got a guy looking after my place back home. If it takes a year, I'm goona get her." She patted Genevra's bottom. "Be seeing ya."

They watched her stride away. Presumedly she scaled a wall and had a waiting car. It did not matter, she was gone. Westley kissed the nape of Genevra's neck and

enquired; "How about I pick up with the crop where the lady left off'? She was doing a good job."

"Don't be unkind. I'm hurting enough already. That woman's a bitch, Westley, I'm so glad you're not hurt. Are you sure you're okay?"

Once more the flaming bottom received approval, this time from a male hand.

Westley was happy with the concern in Genevra's voice. "Sure, I'm okay. Now, as regards the matter of your bottom and this riding crop. . . . "

"If you have to hurt me, go ahead. I can't stop you. Helen has me tied so I can't get loose."

It was evidently the right note. The slavegirl was once more kissed and the rope she could not reach swiftly untied.

"I'm not going to ride and pull you along behind," the masterful male said carelessly. "We'll walk together so we can talk. And, anyway, I need the exercise." He coiled the tether to loop it over one arm while retrieving the now calm horse. In a condition of glowing gratitude for rescue and release, the handcuffed girl walked blithely at his side.

"That old bird's around the bend." Westley laughed. "I lay there and listened before I got up, and I've never heard such a load of old cod's wallop. Don't worry your head about her, she's about as much chance of getting you out of Trinity as she has getting the gold out of Fort Knox."

"Westley, I really am grateful. You make me feel guilty about the nasty things I've said."

"I enjoyed every one. Those cute beefs and moans you keep coming up with gave me a wonderful chance for a bit of caustic humor. We make a wonderful team."

Genevra told herself she had best watch her tongue. This was a precious moment to be exploited. Tentatively she suggested, "Perhaps now we could call a truce? I won't beef so long as you're not too unkind."

"Best not to promise anything, sweetheart. I'm a bit of a bastard, so let's leave it at that."

"Are you going to run me around the park any more today?"

"If I did, it would be like the racer who climbs right back into his crashed car to drive again."

"I think you enjoyed it and I don't mind all that much. Westley, it's such a

lovely day that I don't want to be put into a cell or tied up some place. I'm going to try and be more the way you want."

Westley stopped to take her in his arms and kiss her with unusual feeling, "You're a very sweet girl," be said "And I wish I could make you promises but I can't. I'm the way I am and we'll have to do the best with each other." He resumed the walk. "But I'll tell you this, you've been wonderful in bed."

Genevra blushed. She had tried hard not to be wonderful in bed but male potency and her own responsive body had reduced her to undesired ecstasy. Quickly she change the subject, "When your aunt brought me back, I thought she'd play with me the way she always does. I hadn't expected you. How long will you be here this time?"

"I'm never quite sure. But since you mention that return to Trinity Castle, I have to ask you again why the devil you didn't grab the chance to escape? Good gosh, just think of it! You could have been waltzing around by in the USA with your family, instead of being naked and handcuffed like this with a man who's always mean and who you have to service every night in bed. You were either crazy or else Aunt Alyath had you drugged some way I'm curious."

Genevra raised her handcuffed wrists with their rope tether as though to acknowledge their existence. Westley had asked a question she often asked herself.

"I suppose the word for me is crazy," she admitted. "But maybe the truth is I've been a prisoner so long and I've sort of fallen in love with Lady Alyath and Trinity. I was probably scared to go back into the world on my own. If you gave me my freedom right now. I'd be terribly at a loss to know what to do with it."

"You're getting morbid again, sweetheart. There's only one thing to do with a morbid girl and that's whip her bottom."

"Go ahead. I can't stop you."

"Forget it for now. But, sweetheart, what you've just said sort of puts a skid under this whole wonderful game. If you feel the way you think you do, then there is no need for handcuffs or any other restraints."

"I guess you're right, Westley. But I don't suppose I can ever be really and truly trusted. Something can happen to make me want to run. So it would be best to keep me so I can't. Like I said, it's crazy!"

"Even my crass attentions don't make you long for liberty?"

"No. I wish you wouldn't do some of the things but no girl is ever going to have it perfect. Try me out if you wish. Unlock these handcuffs and I promise I won't run away." She laughed at sudden inspiration. "Get back on your horse and I'll run

or walk beside you the way we did this morning. I won't run in the wrong direction. I'll be an obedient little puppy dog who comes to heel. Want to try?"

"It's a pretty idea but it wouldn't work. In the park here there's no where for you to run to find freedom and I could catch you easily. I think you're a witch. A male like me can't possibly figure you out." Westley allowed the loop of rope to fall and remounted his horse. He looked down with a smile as he said, "All right, Genevra, you asked for it."

It was easier now. Their talk had smoothed away resentment and compelled the handcuffed girl to have one more good look at herself. Compared to the attentions of Helen Green, running at the end of Westley's tether was a pleasant exercise. Genevra's bottom was still burning with the hot flame of Helen's venom. Had fate not been so kind, she would by now have been tightly bound in Helen's car and on her way to goodness knows where. Crazy as the whole thing might be, Genevra found herself smiling whenever Westley Wallace turned to look.

"Westley told me the whole thing, darling," Lady Alyath said over a late breakfast. "Really, this Helen Green is a bit much. If she shows her nose here again, I'll have her in the local jail before she can sneeze. Those marks she put on your bottom are outrageous. Where is Westley?"

"He got out of bed real early while I was asleep."

"Just one more phone call and away he goes." Lady Alyath snorted. "I don't keep track of his affairs. He's a dear boy and I'm simply grateful for the time he spends with us. Was he very mean to you?"

"No. I simply wasn't in the mood for Westley."

"What really matters, dear, is you. Westley says you're a witch, and I'm almost inclined to agree. Don't you understand how you upset the peace and quiet by telling him you wouldn't run away, even if you could, and that you're happy being handcuffed and naked and in love with me. He thinks you should be whipped every day instead of once every two weeks. Why don't you marry Westley? It would sort of balance the books. If you said yes, I would unlock your handcuffs right now."

"I'm not ready for Westley. Maybe I never will be. And as long as he is the playboy he is, he shouldn't marry any girl. He sees me as a nice body with wrists and ankles he can tie or chain, and a pretty bottom he can whip."

"But I'm sure he wouldn't be too hard on you, dear. I could have a word with him. Trinity needs an heir, darling. There's a bit of Trinity's blood in Westley in a way that there wasn't in that other nice young man, Colin lee. I thought you would be safely married to him and I intended to make your first son the heir to Trinity. I don't know what went wrong with that young man, he simply disappeared. I've sent out feelers without result. Are you quite sure you couldn't consider poor, dear

Westley? You two could live here at Trinity. Or, if he wanted you somewhere else, you can always run home to Auntie Alyath if you felt the need."

"I wouldn't be able to run, he'd keep me chained."

"I'd keep an eye on you both. If I thought there was something wrong, I'd repossess you. But Westley would never go too far. Like you said, he's a playboy, not a sadist. Not even a firm master. I don't think he'll ever grow up."

"Please, I don't want to talk about Westley, and I certainly don't want to be the mother of his children." Genevra laughed. "Can you imagine Westley with a baby on his knee!"

"I sometimes wish I were a lesbian, darling," Lady Alyath mused. "It would be a neat solution to this problem, if it is a problem. There would be some point to keeping you on a chain and demanding your lips whenever I was in the mood. Good gracious, what am I saying!"

"I've never been a lesbian, but I would be if you wished."

They stared in a loaded silence, eye reading eye in a mingling of vibrations. Lady Alyath's pulse had quickened, her eye was bright. Flippantly she said, "You're a wicked young woman. I'm going to think about what you said. But for now I want you to keep thinking of Westley as a possibility."

"I haven't been a bit nice to Westley this time around," the naked girl confessed guiltily. "I did nothing but snap at him. He didn't punish me for being sulky. But don't you want to whip me?"

"I always want to whip you, darling. Whipping you could easily become a vice. But I'm whipping one of my other favorite girls today. And, anyway, I think you've had enough for the time being. Here, give me those hands."

With fast beating heart, Genevra watched the magic of that tiny key. The handcuffs were then placed in the center of the table in plain view. "You can look at them while we have out coffee," Lady Alyath said soberly. "I expect they hold memories. Go and sit down again and be sure you use your hands properly. Don't lift your coffee cup with both hands."

Genevra obeyed. It was the strangest feeling, not only physically but from the confusion in her mind. She could not help feeling kindlier towards Westley. She also felt warmth for the beautiful woman who sat across the table looking at her as though she read her thoughts. Quite probably she did. Genevra blushed as if caught in an act of mischief.

When the meal was done with the freed girl walked out into the sunlight with Lady Alyath, leaving the pair of lovely bracelets on the table.

The following day the impossible occurred.

It happened in the bedroom when the mistress and her one-time slave were sorting suitable garments for a journey up to town. Both were radiantly content in a way they were to think of as the calm before the storm.

When Helen Green walked in, carrying a sleek, new automatic she seemed like something out of a nightmare. In anger, Lady Alyath exclaimed, "Get out of here, or I'll phone the police! Put away that silly gun."

Helen did nothing. A voice from the doorway, an old cracked voice that Genevra recognized, said, "You ain't calling nobody, lady. We're going to have ourselves a bit of fun with you two. We got your servants out of the way, nice and safe, and there's no one going to interupt for a couple of days. We'll have ourselves a time."

The anger of Lady Alyath Hardcastle was explosive. But the telephone was downstairs and two guns were pointing squarely at her heart. Disregarding the, danger, she affirmed, "I'll have you both in prison for this. Get out of here."

The uninvited guests grinned. Helen and Hiram were dressed in much finer clothes than was their normal garb, no doubt to look respectable as part of a ploy to gain entrance to Trinity Castle. It had the reverse effect. Tweeds did not suit Helen Green and pin-striped trousers were a waste on Hiram. When Lady Alyath began a resolute march to the doorway, two guns barked. The bullets grazing each of two bare arms. In disbelief she looked down to stare at the small scratches on her arms.

"Us knows how to use these things, lady," Hiram cackled. "Next time we shoot, won't just graze your hide, it will make a hole. Tell Genevra here to behave."

The sound of the shots had been frightening, the minor damage an uncanny demonstration of skill. Lady Alyath had courage aplenty but was busily using a hankie to staunch the two tiny wounds. The invaders watched in silence and amusement until Helen barked, "That's enough of that, we didn't do you no harm." She focused on Genevra "Get your hide over to Hiram. Let him tie your hands. You ain't making us no trouble, girlie, and don't even try. You start acting up and your friend gets a slug in the gut."

In hopelessness and distress. Genevra shrugged and went to where Hiram stood with a bitter piece of cord. Miserably she turned her back and crossed her wrists to feel them well secured with a brutality to be expected from the hateful old man who tied the knots. Thrusting his completed task aside, Hiram withdrew another length of cord and looked with his hungry old eyes at the noblewoman. "You next, lady. Come one, don't horse around!"

"She ain't ready yet," Helen said casually. "Come on, bitch, off with them clothes! I want you naked the same as little tootsie."

She was about to refuse, but with two guns on her and Genevra, she thought better of it. "Alright, I'll do it. But both of you are going to be terribly sorry!"

Whatever sorry the invading couple was likely to suffer was in the future and not the present. They stared in avid hunger as the lovely woman bared her charms. Firm breasts, a flat belly, and shapely legs were their reward. When the summer shoes were kicked aside and the owner of Trinity stood revealed in all her glory, the visitors to her castle gasped in admiration.

"Damn it, what a pair they do make," said Hiram.

"And what a pair to play with," added Helen Green. "I ain't never seen a couple of asses so ready for the whip." She waved the gun at Lady Alyath. "Go and get yourself tied, whore."

To bare herself before these creatures was probably the most difficult task Lady Alyath had ever performed. It was followed now by a humiliation which flamed her cheeks while making her eyes flash fire. But she stood as Genevra had. Stood while an old man wrapped cord around her wrists and drew it far too tight. With the final knot, she exclaimed, "I suppose you know this hurts terribly. Once more I offer you a chance to leave before you get in more trouble."

"It ain't us what's in trouble, lady, it's you and that little filly of yours. You's better smarten up and talk to Hiram and me like we was people instead of a pair of dogs." Helen cackled delightedly. "And, anyway, what you going to do about it? I bet you ain't never been this helpless in your whole life."

It was terribly true. Lady Alyath was already working against Hiram's skill with no other effect than to place additional hurt on her wrists. Two naked women now knew themselves utterly in the power of others. For Lady Alyath it was a sensation quite unreal. Stiffly she said, "If it's a matter of money. . . . "

"It ain't money, bitch. Us two don't need your damned money. What we want is your hide. Understand you got a couple of rooms downstairs."

Lady Alyath could neither run nor fight. This was a new experience, as was the ancient male hand upon her arm. In the room of punishments the naked noblewoman panted in desperate indignation as she was fastened in a manner to please a woman who was busily selecting whips and crops. Long experienced to helplessness, Genevra stood dejectedly to await her tum. Within five minutes both nude females were suspended by their wrists, their toes only barely able to support a portion of their weight upon the floor.

"Here, use this, Hiram," she said as she tossed the old man a wicked looking whip. Then, turning to Lady Alyath, "Lady, I'm going to make you scream."

Eyes gauged for distance. Strong arms swung back. A whip and a crop swished the air on their journey to impact upon the waiting flesh. Lady Alyath Hardcastle scream in pure anger and pain, while Genevra simply moaned and clenched her teeth in this start of a fresh ordeal to be endured in despair. All four in the room were breathing heavily.

It was an orgy of cruelty, caused by two people who's lives were denied the loves and companionship which might have rid their minds of the sexual fantasies of whipped girls bound at their mercy. Helen and Hiram had led hard, harsh lives of semi isolation in which dreams became obsessive. In the room of punishment, the whip and crop cut and cut again to cause a pair of helpless nudities to jerk and kick, and scream and sometimes moan. But all that pain was also causing intense satisfaction to the man and woman who had gone to considerable effort to find their heart's desire.

For Lady Alyath it was pure nightmare. She was entirely without experience in agony. The marking of her skin was a dimension of pain undreamed and almost beyond ability to bear. Along with the rest of her travail was a terrible shame at the motions and sounds she could not control. She felt certain her bottom was being cut to pieces. Finally she heard with thankfulness Helen's factual statement, "Best hold off for now, Hiram, they've had enough for now. Let their feet down on the floor while I go and have a look at some of these pretty toys. Maybe I'll find something we can use."

Genevra had never felt so hopeless and helpless. She shared her mistresses shame for she believed it her fault this was happening. To witness her mistress thus tied, and thus punished, was a horror beyond belief. But never had her beloved Alyath looked more beautiful than now as she sweated from every pore while her toes strained for the floor. When Hiram adjusted the suspending rope to allow for female feet to stand flat upon the floor, there were sighs from the pair whose skins were scorching from the whips.

"Damn it, Hiram! They must have been expecting us! There's stuff here like you wouldn't believe!" Helen exclaimed in jubilation. "Best we don't whip them to bits this first time. Let them sit a while here in these here contraptions, we'll get ourselves a pair of the most humble whores you ever did see. Come and have a look."

Hiram put down his whip with obvious regret to amble across the big stone chamber to where Helen pointed with pride. "Look here, Hiram, this here is what they call a pillory. And this here is a pair of stocks; where you sit her along the bench and fix her feet in them there holes. Ain't you read about them?"

"Shit no! I never read no book in my whole life." Hiram viewed the wooden horrors without favor. "You mean you want to put them two girls in these two wooden gimmicks and leave them be? He snorted. "It's the sort of thing some ancient king would have done but it ain't nowhere as good as a riding crop across a plump, young rump. I figures we got them good enough right where they is."

Standing with upraised arms, Genevra found herself actually longing for the oaken embrace of any of those torture instruments which might end the whipping of her back and bottom. The tortured ass was on fire from Hiram's heavily applied thong. Her smallest movement extracted protesting pain from bruised flesh. Lady Alyath was in a similar plight, standing nakedly with hands held fast above, her loveliness limp in despair, head bowed in the hopelessness of defeat. As yet, neither Helen nor Hiram had discovered the delights of a carnal infliction of those instruments. Their legs had remained together as they hung and the idea of striking the whips upward into wide spread legs had not occurred to these horrid creatures. Genevra prayed it would not. Likewise their breasts had been spared. But Genevra also knew that it was only a matter of time. If these two continued their torment of the nude women, they would surely tire of the same targets and begin to consider what else they could strike to produce pain. Then it would be a quick mental jump for even these dim wits to see four firm and shapely breasts just standing out as if begging for the leather thongs. And after that Genevra shivered.

To change her mind from such horrible thoughts, Genevra wondered if she could offer the sexual delights of her body to pleasure this strange woman and disgusting old man. Might that earn she and Lady Alyath a breathing space? It was a pathetically small hope since the tethered girl knew well that what she offered could be forcibly obtained. But perhaps these absurd conquerors would find virtue in a willing girl rather than one who must be bound down. It seemed hopeless and fearfully she knew that Helen's assessment of two days for them to work their evil was the minimum time in which to hope for rescue. She closed her eyes and bowed her head to provide Helen and Hiram with a twin picture of feminine submission, the beauty of which they probably failed to comprehend.

"There's something that don't look like much. Hiram, but I hear tell it's real bad for a girl's snatch. See, it's a plank on edge between a couple of sawhorses. The book said a gal was willing to do anything after she sat on it with her legs spread for a few hours. If you thinks them other things is too sissy, how about this?"

Hiram obviously had little interest in the ancient machinery of pain. He exclaimed: "Shit, Helen, I don't see no fun in this stuff. Seems to me it's just plain cruel, and there's no way I'm a cruel man."

"Then what do you call what you been doing to that gal for the last hour? Look at her pretty ass and the way you've marked up her back like I never did see. Ain't that cruelty!"

"Hell, no!" Hiram seemed genuinely indignant. "It just warms them up a bit and let's them know who's boss. I'll bet that little gal would be right ready to spread her legs any time I asked." He chuckled evilly. "A good riding crop don't take no heed of headaches and the time of the month."

Helen sniffed doubtfully. "Like I told you, we can't whip them all day steady. They'd

be dead come night time."

Hiram was aghast. "You telling me, Helen, I can't whip that there gal no more? Hell, I only got nicely started. Look at the two of them, they's only just pretending, acting like they's real played out. Shit, woman, they can both stand just as much again."

"But we ain't giving it to them. Maybe tomorrow but not today. What we're going to do with these two little tricks is sit them on that there plank and then get us a box of that there scotch I saw upstairs so we can sit and sip while we watch them squirm. If you're man enough to screw either one of them, well, go right ahead!"

"I'd have to whip her again first to get it up."

"Well, okay, half a dozen across her ass ain't here nor there. Mind if I watch?" Every word had been clearly heard by Genevra. When Hiram stood before her,

shuffling his feet in strange embarrassment, she met his eye. "Alright, Hiram, I'll do anything you want if you promise to let Lady Alyath down and not punish either of us anymore. I'll give you all the pleasure I know how."

Hiram turned to the waiting woman as if seeking aid. "The little bitch is making terms! What say I get her back on track with the whip?"

"Damn it, man! If you want her, take her! Don't suppose you can do it standing up? Let the little bitch down and I'll bet she ain't gonna put up much of a fight. And when you're finished with the gal you might as well slip it to her ladyship, too. She ain't gonna say boo to a goose, neither."

Hiram had certainly made himself cleaner than he was in the woods. But a coupling with him seemed a bit bizarre to Genevra. But, from the look in ancient eyes, it was something about to happen. Pain became secondary to the possibilities of using a brief freedom to good advantage.

Hiram was busy with the rope and soon Genevra stood both naked and free of bonds, for the purpose of being raped by an ancient gentlemen.

"Show her who's the boss, Hiram. Don't take no lip. The little bitch don't have no choice but do as she's told."

Hiram stood resolute, eyeing the discarded whip longingly. "What I want of you gal, right first off, is to turn around and show us how good a job I done on you. Come on, don't stand there gawking."

Genevra shrugged. At least this one wouldn't hurt. Without Helen she could have handled this old fool, but she knew herself no match for the female. Listlessly she turned to obediently stand that her wounds might be examined in all their glory. Her arms, grateful for release, hung limply at her sides. "Am I bleeding," she asked.

Once more Hiram was shocked. "Hell, no, girll I ain't cut you! Like I said, I'm not a cruel guy. What I'm giving you is what every girl needs every so often to keep her from being too all fired uppity. That's okay now, I've had me a good look, you can tum around."

It was a swift and terrible impulse. As she turned around, Genevra swung on the ball of one foot while aiming her other foot squarely at an old man's crotch. Hiram gasped and doubled over, bolding himself and mouthing obscenities while Genevra fled to the door. But the door was locked and she turned at bay to face an angry Helen Green.

Dancing from side to side to keep out of the grasp of Helen. Genevra kept her freedom for a few seconds. But there just wasn't enough room in the dungeon and Helen closed in. Resting on top of a structure for which she had no name was a length of sturdy wood which Genevra grasped in the nature of a club and turned to strike. But even as she did so the club was wrenched from her hands as Helen gasped a handful of her hair and kicked her feet out from under her. Genevra was suddenly on the ground with a hard knee planted firmly on her spine. Her arms were pulled behind her to cross the young wrists and bind them tight as their owner gasped and panted against the floor. She envisioned the thousand torments to come.

Helen Green was enjoying herself. With plenty of time ahead, she would break this spirited filly to her will. She hauled Genevra to her feet and thrust her to the center of the floor where she stood weeping and twisting at the tied hands. It was a picture to soften hearts. But not in the audience of two, one of whom was still laying on the floor, moaning.

Helen had already turned a fresh attention to Trinity's collection of instruments to make maiden's wish they had said yes instead of no.

"The bitch damned near killed me," said the offended male. He glared at the weeping object of his wrath. "I'm goona have your ass for this, gal. That was a hell of a thing to do to a guy. You ever been kicked in the balls?"

"I don't have any," Genevra sniffed dismally.

"That's right, she don't," Helen said Sarcastically. "But she's got something what's every bit as good. And I got something here that makes the punishment fit the crime. Hiram, shut up about heating her ass, you're going to love this. Come here and give me a hand."

"What about my balls?"

"You still got 'em, ain't you? You men make the damndest fuss about nothing."

"What's you mean, nothing!" Once more Hiram was indignant. "I got me a

pair of balls a man can be proud of. For a moment I thought that damned gal had killed them both." He grasped Genevra's hair and propelled her to his awaiting accomplice. "Here, Helen, make her real sorry for that there kick."

Helen was without sympathy but offered an ancient pun. "If you ain't got enough land back home, Hiram, you now got yourself two more ache-ers!" She laughed at Hiram's discomfort and got not even the faintest smile from the two prisoners.

Genevra wanly eyed the implement of her punishment recognizing it from memory as the "Horse." Never had she felt so utterly ill-used. First Hiram's whip, then the threat of rape, a threat no doubt put on hold awaiting the return to normal of the sexual organs of their owner, and now she was to be placed upon the hated horse to be punished by a man and a women who did not belong in Trinity at all. Hopelessly she met the feverish eyes of the woman she loved but who still stood with hands above her head in naked helplessness.

Helen and Hiram bickered as to ways and means but would obviously achieve their purpose. But Genevra could no longer bear the thought of what was in store for the innocence between her legs. Instinctively she fell to her knees and pleaded in a manner to melt more tender hearts.

"Please don't punish me on that thing. I've been on it before and it's too awful to bear. It's murderous and it will kill me. Oh, please, please, please!"

Hiram brightened. "Seems like you hit on something, Helen Our little gal here acts like she wishes she hadn't been bad." He beamed on the kneeling girl. "You sorry for what you done, honey?"

"Oh, yes! I'm sorry. Please don "t put me on the horse." She looked from one to the other of her captors as her wrists fought uselessly at their cords. "If you won't do that, I'll do anything you want. I'm on my knees, I'm begging and pleading for mercy!"

"And a damned pretty picture you make, honey," said Helen. "Now you got that of your chest, we'll get on with this here job. Hiram, you're gonna love this." She patted Genevra's bare shoulder. "You're gonna love it, too, ain't you, honey?"

"No. I'll scream."

It was useless to fight. Genevra was lifted astride the wicked edge of the sturdy plank and held there by hands clutching her breasts in a bear hug from behind. Helen Green flitted from side to side adjusting her legs to the proper wide spread positions with two pieces of rope and two metal rings in opposite walls. When the young limbs were taut, Helen commanded, "Okay now, Hiram, set her down fairly and squarely on her little slit. I'll pull her arms up behind over that there hook." Then a minute later, "My goodness, we really got ourselves something here!"

It was every bit as awful as last time, probably worse since last time she had been put there by loving hands, not the rough, hate filled hands of these two. And last time her ankles had been pulled sideways using leather cuffs, not the rope which now bit cruelly into her ankles. And her bottom hadn't been as sore and flaming from a fresh whipping as now. But otherwise, it felt the same. Terrible.

Genevra's mind was a turmoil of emotions, mostly fear . . She knew that as terrible as it now felt, that agony would grow and grow until her sex would be screaming at her, and her shoulders aching, and her feet feeling as if they were being cut off, and . . . well, Genevra tried not to think about all the pain that was coming but she failed. It was too very real to deny.

"Damned if she ain't a picture for sore eyes," exclaimed Hiram. "The little bitch is squarely on her twat, ain't she!" He grabbed Genevra's right breast. "Does it hurt?"

"Of course it hurts! Just watch her face," said Helen. "Now I'm going up to get that there bottle. And don't you do nothing stupid while I'm gone."

The huge stone chamber was suddenly silent except for Genevra's panting breaths and Hiram's heavy, and foul, breath. Knowing herself condemned, the girl on the horse moaned softly in a steady increase of misery. Lady Alyath stood in naked impotence, struggling weakly against bonds she had once designed.

During Helen Green's search for the bottle of whiskey, Hiram contended himself in another life long ambition. Offered for his pleasure was no less than four breasts! He touched, at first timidly, the erect nipple of the girl on the horse. Then he stroked them, Finally, realizing they weren't going to do him any harm, he pinched them playfully. He divided his attentions from one female to the other, delighted in the variety at his command. While thus engaged he did not mention either the whip or the crop. Both women endured his admiring attentions without demure. They had no choice.

Helen returned with a bottle and two glasses on a tray. Hiram positioned a couple of chairs and a small table. The two of them than sat and did exactly as Helen Green had promised, sipping cautiously at a new and interesting brew with increasing approval. They drew each other's attention to certain interestirig points on their bound victims. They made rude comments which the girl could easily hear. Helen's comments on how bushy was the pubic hair of Genevra led Hiram to collect a few samples for closer examination. He did this with a wide smirk and with apology.

Of the two females, Genevra was the most interesting in the stressed contortion of her seat on the plank's edge. She did not move, movement brought only pain. Raised arms forced her to bend forward and place all her weight upon what had once been a secret place. Sometimes she looked sideways at Lady Alyath to meet an agonized response from eyes that had lost all hope. Hiram was heavy with his praise.

"Damn it, Helen, you got her fixed like I wouldn't believe. I ain't feeling no pain now but the little bitch is getting a kick in her crotch every time she draws a breath. I got to hand it to you woman, you know a good thing when you see it. And the edge of that there plank is a damned good thing. Do every little filly in the world a heap of good to stay that way for an hour or two every day." He sipped the potent liqueur in a growing cloud of content and wild dreams.

To the girl siting astride the edge of a plank time passed slowly marked only by increasing pain and, oddly, an increasingly erotic feeling. There also increased the crudity of the comments directed her way from the two who abused Trinity's hospitality and drank its finest whiskey as if it were water. After an hour or two the sight of the tortured girl, plus the warming effects of the scotch whiskey, returned Hiram to his original intention.

"I got to stick it into that there girl," he announced grandly. "This here looking business is fine to a point, but I got to get some action Helen, what say we let her down and lay her on the floor?"

The Chivas Regal had softened Helen too. She also shrewdly estimated the length of time a female might be able to endure the plank's edge within her crotch. "Okay, Hiram," she said, "we'll take her down and watch you try your luck."

As if anxious for a positive result, she added, "You sure you're up to it? I don't see no bulge?"

The exercise of punishing a naughty girl now proceeded in reverse. Genevra was too tired to be anything more than limp flesh which was laid on the floor with its legs kicked wide a part for male attentions. Her eyes were closed in thankfulness for being off the horse. But the pleasure was short lived as her pussy began to awaken with much tingling and pins and needles, along with a burning and throbbing.

It was Hiram's great moment. He stood on center stage with the spot lights illuminating his ancient features and bright eyes. He was obviously hypnotized by Genevra's pubic hair and venus mound, and seemed unwilling to tear away his fascinated regard of a feminine facility he was about to conquer.

Helen grew impatient. "Better take your clothes off, Hiram. If you take them pants off, you'll get an extra inch. You can probably use it."

"Hush your mouth, woman, this ain't something a man wants to hurry about. I'll tell you straight, there ain't no way I'm taking my pants off."

"When did you last have a bath?"

"That's none of your business, Helen. You shouldn't ought to talk about such things." Hiram paused to think again. "But maybe you got a point there ahout my pants. If I take them off, you promise you won't laugh?"

"Hell, I ain't promising nothin! Come on, Hiram, take them off and let's see what you got. Don't keep that poor girl waiting."

Hiram fumbled with fastenings until he was able to push his pants slowly down until he could step out of them. Revealed was a pair of polka dotted shorts. He continued his inspection of the inert challenge he must conquer.

Helen's voice was derisive. "Come back here. Hiram, and have another snort. I'll bet you need it. You can't get it up."

Hiram obeyed. The absurd exchange had drifted to Genevra's ears through her mists of pain. In other circumstances it might have been comic, but was now merely sordid. With the door locked and Helen Green still resisting a Scottish influence, there was no hope of escape. She stole a glance at her bound mistress. Helen's patience once more grew thin. "Get with it, you silly old prick! Damn it man, you got a girl waiting for you, get to her. Can't you get it up?"

"A man has to go slow about these here things." Hiram sounded as if imparting useful information. "No use rushing it. But if I go back now for another look at that pretty little slit, I'll bet you I bust the zipper off my pants."

"You ain't wearing no pants, you old asshole. What you need to do now is take off them shorts. You want me to help you get started with my hand?"

Hiram backed away. "Don't you dare touch me, you old witch. You ain't got no decency at all. If it wasn't for all these rude remarks you're making, I would have had my pecker up real good. If you'll stop them wisecracks, I'll have the job done in no time."

Genevra was feeling well enough to laugh but bit it off, chuckling inwardly as she recognized a friend in Hiram's inadequate genital organ. The second hope lay in the bottle of scotch, still half full. But it was capable of sending enemy to sleep. But if, after Hiram's failure, they placed her back up on the plank. . . Beyond this she dared not think.

For Hiram, it had become a case of completing his male function, or forever enduring Helen's laughter about a man who couldn't get it up. He had no illusions about his potency and had always comforted himself that, if properly inspired, nature would reanimate his ancient phallus. In grim determination he removed his shorts.

It was pure anti-climax. Helen snorted. "You ain't got enough there to pee through," she chuckled, "No way you're going to get it into that there girl. Make the little bitch give you a blow job - if there's enough there to blow!"

At that moment someone opened the door.

12

Prisoner for Life

Helen Green and Hiram, in spite of being ridiculous, were a quick witted pair and had taken in only half the bottle between them. When the radiant Erin slipped inside the door to which she had the key, they stared in open mouthed astonishment for only long enough to enable the teenager to behold the horrifying picture of her whipped mother, standing with her hands above her head. She ran up to her mother to clasp her naked body, and to then tear savagely at the tight bound wrists. Acting in unison, Hiram slammed the door and leaned against it while Helen grasp a handful of teenage hair to pull it's owner backwards from her task of rescue. Erin was forced to the floor and the binding of her hands took only a minute. Helen then abandoned the youngster to go and lock the door. She told Hiram to tie his own girl's hands behind her back, pointing to Genevra.

Her demand of Genevra was harsh, "Get on your feet, you silly cow. You ain't been hurt bad enough to lay there all day."

The swift events had been enough to throw Genevra into confusion. She had hoped for freedom with the first opportunity. But opportunity had come and gone in the space of seconds. Stiff from her time upon the horse and lacking in spirit from events, she rose to her fect. Lady Alyath was still tied as she had been for hours. Erin was struggling frantically with youthful optimism at wrists bound behind her back. Genevra supposed she could fight but what was the use. Once more in bitter defeat she turned her back and crossed her wrists. Hiram, a bit unsteady on his feet, tied them. Then, to celebrate, he pinched each nipple hard enough to evoke a cry.

"She's good and safe. Helen. They're all good and safe. What say we sit a spell and sip?"

It was a strange and bizarre tableau. Hiram and Helen with refilled glasses sat and surveyed Lady Alyath Hardcastle in the glory of her nakedness and bondage. There was Genevra, standing naked and alone, also in bondage. The teenager who they beheld as a back and bottom, ready and virgin for the whip and crop, had abandoned the hopeless task of freeing her hands and was standing by her mother, both seeking comfort and giving it. It was the most satisfying situation Helen and Hiram could have desired. It was most definitely Helen's show. Hiram had thankfully replaced his shorts and pants and discreetly made no mention of his aborted rape. He much preferred Genevra as an object ripe to whip, and was satisfied to contemplate her now in the knowledge of having made her helpless, to further endure any punishment he and Helen might decide. In his mind he was a nobleman who owned a slave.

"You got any idea what a gold mine we just received?" asked Helen. That little filly who just walked in ain't just one more ass to whip. She's our insurance policy for

the time of our lives."

"I'm glad she's come, but her little ass ain't no better than what we got."

"You ain't even seen her ass, stupid. Go and tear her clothes off and let's have a look."

Physical exercise was not exactly Hiram's fondest wish at that moment. Delighted by Helen's suggestion, he stumbled towards a young woman now eyeing him with deep hostility. Immediately he came within range Erin kicked him squarely in the crotch, shouting. "Don't you dare come near me, you filthy old man!"

Everyone was delighted. Except Hiram.

As he rolled on the floor, holding himself, he released a stream of obscenities, some of which even Helen had never heard. Helen went to the waiting girl, assuring her partner at the same time. "Don't worry, Hiram, you'll get over it. You didn't have that much to loose."

She then grasped Erin's hair to shake the frightened young head. "You want I should slap you around a bit, or will you stand still while I get them pretty clothes off your pretty tits?"

"You'd best stand still, Erin," her mother suggested wisely. "They've got us all fixed so there's nothing we can do. There's no sense in getting hurt any more than we have to." Then, turning to Helen Green, "We're not dangerous. Why don't yeu untie Erin's hands and she'll undress herself? You can tie them again afterwards, if that's your wish."

"Who do you think you're giving orders to?"

"It's just a suggestion. I can't give orders." Lady Alyath's voice was much more subdued than Genevra had every heard. It was almost submissive.

"It ain't that bad a notion," Helen admitted. "Okay, let's all watch while the pullet strips with mother looking on. I like it."

Erin found guidance in her mother's cautioning eyes. When Helen had finished untying her wrists, she wasted no time for reaching for the buttons and zippers to strip herself bare beneath a woman's avid gaze and the admiration of an elderly male.

"Damn it, Helen, she's a beauty, ain't she!" said Hiram, making a rapid recovery from the teenage foot to the groin. "Just think of the way I can lace into that young, round rump. I'll have her marked up but good."

"Sit down and have yourself another drink, you silly old fool," Helen

admonished. "You still dont know what you're talking about, do you? Just watch this."

Once more she tied the crossed wrists and grasped Erin's hair. From a pocket she withdrew the automatic and thrust its muzzle into Erin's ear. "Stand still," she warned. "This thing could go off." She turned to an agonized mother. "I'm offering you a deal," she said. "I've got this girl, and a pretty little thing she is, too. I'm holding her hostage for your good behavior. We've decided to stay here a week. We'll whip you everyday. And we'll whip that girl, Genevra, as often as we please. But we won't touch your sweet little daughter if you do what you're told."

"What do I have to do?"

"It ain't that bad. Just be yourself, lady. We'll let you go about your business upstairs. You just do the ordinary things you do every day. You can get yourself dressed and let your servants out and carry on as if nothing happened. Hiram and me will stay downstairs and have a bit of fun. After lunch everyday you'll come down here and take your clothes off to get yourself whipped. We do dearly love to whip a body as nice as yours. We'll set you free in time for you to dress and go to dinner. I'll walk around a bit myself and you can pretend I'm a guest. But the first I catch sight of a cop I'll pull this trigger and then you ain't got no daughter no more."

"Yes. I understand."

"Well, you haughty bitch, is it a deal?"

Lady Alyath Hardcastle visibly swallowed. "You seem to hold all the cards. But this horror can't go on forever. Someone's going to guess there's something wrong."

"We aint gonna be greedy. We'll just take one week. Then Hiram and me'll get in our car and drive away. We'll take your gal with us but we'll dump her off after a while with a few coins to make a call. Seems to me us is being real decent about this whole thing."

"You call holding that gun against my daughter's head and thrashing my bare body every day decent?"

"Think about it. It could be a hell of a lot worse. Think of the things we could do to your little girl if you start acting up. The way we're offering, she won't get a mark on her skin. Make up your mind or I'll start on you again with a whip."

"There's no need." The lovely voice was broken. I've got no choice but to do as you demand."

"Very well, it's a deal."

"I'll go along with it for one week. But if you prolong it, I'll call the police and

take our chances. I dont think you'll murder my daughter. But I can't be sure." She shook her lovely head in disgust. "This whole thing is absurd. What happens now?"

"I let you down. You get yourself dressed and go about your business. I was going to suggest you and me put your pretty little thing in one of those cells. But you probably got more keys hidden around than a dog's got fleas. And that's a pity, because behind them bars she wouldn't get hurt none. You could have a chat with her every day and see that she's okay. Bloody nuisance having to keep her tied up."

"The keys to each cell hang on the wall outside the door where the inmate can see, but cant reach. Lock Erin in any cell you please and take the keys. I suppose I have to thank you for being that considerate. Please untie me."

Genevra remained standing. She could think of nothing useful to add to the conversation. She shivered at the future planned for her. Apart from whipping Lady Alyath once a day, they planned to pay attention to her full time. She was sure that Hiram would whip her full time. Until his arm fell off. Or her skin was slashed totally off.

Dismally she watched as Lady Alyath was freed and once more dressed. Then she smiled a sad farewell as Erin was taken to spend her week behind iron bars. It seemed impossible that Helen and Hiram could keep their hands off the girl that long, but there was nothing anyone could do about it.

Genevra watched Erin and Helen disappear into the passage leading to the cells, then turned to look at an old man who's genitals had evidently survived after all.

"Helen will be going upstairs with her hostess." Hiram volunteered. His eyes focused, as usual, on Genevra's crotch. "What say you and I sit down and have us a drink? Like I say, I ain't the least bit cruel."

"I can't. My hands are tied."

"Yes, you can. I'll hold the glass to your lips. I figure you need it."

The girl with tied hands shrugged. What had she to loose. She walked with the man to the chairs and table holding the whiskey. Even she was surprised at the eagerness with which she swallowed the burning whiskey. Generous to a fault, Hiram refilled her glass. Then again. Gasping, Genevra finally sat back.

"You say you're not cruel, Hiram. You're sharing a drink with me in this nice social way. If that's how you feel then why keep me a prisoner? Why not untie my hands? I can't possibly get away from you,"

"I'll tell you why, sweetheart, Helen would have my ass. And, anyway, I want to whip you again. You're the most beautiful thing I ever did see and I love to think of how I'm going to whip you for the next seven days. It just warms my heart." He

sighed, "You gals like getting yourselve's whipped, don't you? I heard something about that once. Something 'bout it making you horny. That right?"

"I hate being whipped, it's horrible. If I thought it would do any good, I would ask you not to whip me any more. And not to sit me back on that horrible horse."

"Well, don't worry none girlie, it's only going to be for a week. I figured we was going to take you with us but I ain't sure that's best. Guess it's best this way. I'm going to remember this week all my life. If you should ever want to come to my farm for a visit. . . . " Hiram allowed the invitation to trail away as if offering infinite delights.

Helen thoughtfully returned with another bottle. "Get your ass out of that chair," she ordered instantly. "Hiram and me want you to kneel down real pretty right in front of that chair. And don't say nothing unless you're spoken to. Hiram and me got to do some talking and catching up on this here bottle."

Genevra knew it could be worse. She didn't care about humiliation or being naked. Her thoughts were directed towards avoiding the cane, whip and horse. She bowed her head in total submission, and hoped for the best.

"That's the way it should be, sweetheart," Helen approved, "You stay like that for a while and you'll be fine. After that Hiram and me will figure out what to do with you next. Don't you dare look up."

For the naked girl, the respite was all to brief. Her knees and back hurt, but these were easy agonies to bear when compared to what might be happening. But she was too beautiful a possession not to use. After half an hour of quiet sipping and chatting, Helen barked a fresh command. "let's see what you're made of, honey. Sit your ass on that there plank without being tied. Then while you're sitting there tell us what it's like."

Misery flooded the poor girt. In dull despair she said, "I know you'll make me so I'll try to do what you want. But remember I don't have hands. I'll fall off for sure."

"That's okay, boney, you can climb back on again."

So much is possible! A naked girl, even with her hands bound, is capable of so many things. Hating what she must now do, she walked to the horse to swing a free bare leg across its ugly edge and thrust herself into position with one foot still on the floor. She fell off the other side.

"Don't you fret none, honey, we ain't mad at you. You done real good," Helen commended, "Try and do it again and see if you can't sit a while."

With wrists crossed and useless, Genevra tried once again to balance on the edge, ignoring the agony. She managed to balance there, mostly by clamping the plank

with her legs. But even with the legs holding tight to the wood, the edge still cut into her private parts without mercy. This time she lasted almost a minute before falling off.

This time it was Hiram who said, "She done real good, Helen. Ain't no sense making her get up there again. Ain't there something else?"

There was something else. And the caplive girl glowed with gratitude when she saw what it was. Looking from one to the other of her tormentors, she asked in wonder, "You want to put my feet in the stocks? You want me to sit on the bench? Is that all!"

That was, indeed, all. Thankfuly, the punished girl sat on the bench and fitted her ankles into the wide spread half circles awaiting female flesh. The yoke came down and the padlock clicked to make each foot as much a prisoner as the girl to whom they belonged. Genevra sat in helplessness but devoid of pain. The two who owned her for the next seven days gazed upon her with glowing eyes. Once more Hiram was carnal.

"That's a damned good idea, Helen. Them stretched out legs is showing us everything she got." He cackled. "I'll bet you she'd like to cover it up if she had hands. Damn it, you get the best ideas!"

Helen smiled with pleasure. Her opinion of Hiram might be down around zero but his praise was sweet. She looked at the exposed sex and helpless arms with deep satisfaction, her mind already active on the ways and means by which this lovely creature could be transported to her farm to be frequently whipped and caned, to provide pleasure for an aging man and woman.

Shamelessly, the man and the woman enjoyed female impotence. The lovely picture of the young girl with legs apart to show off her sex pleased them. And she was very helpless. Even if her hands had been unbound, she would still have been helpless. She could not reach the padlock. And, if she could, she could never hope to force it open. The wooden block held her ankles snug and tight.

Helen wondered if she could make such a device on her farm, while Hiram dreamed of a bent over bottom on which his cane could impact with the cruel sound he had come to recognize and love. Suddenly he complained, "She's sitting on the best part. No way I can use the crop on her ass that way!"

"Hiram, you ain't got no imagination at all. If you ever read a book, no one would ever now. Can't you see what I got all fixed up for you?"

Hiram appeared to see nothing other than a pretty girl whose bottom he could not reach with his whip. "I can't see a damn thing out of the way," he complained. "What's you talking about?"

"Her feet! Her feet! Can't you see her pretty little feel sticking out of that there

oak? Take a riding crop to them and hear her squeal!"

Hiram looked at his female companion in awe. His voice was reverent. "Helen, you sure know what you're doing! I never thought of such a thing. But now that I look at them there pretty little feet. Holy cow!"

"Please don't whip my feet, the pain will kill me." Genevra believed everything she said. Despite the uselessness of the act, she was twisting and tugging at her ankles locked in wood. No matter what agonies might be inflicted upon the soles of her feet, they could not move. She would sit there on the bench without even the help of her hands, and scream and scream and scream. It was hopeless. Hiram picked up the riding crop and swished the air.

As the limber leather cut it's passage through the air towards her foot, the door opened by force of a uniformed hand and an official voice announced. "I have a warrant here for your arrest!"

The blow landed but Genevra hardly noticed, so great was her relief. She wept and was comforted by a fully clothed Lady Alyath Hardcastle. She was pressed against loving breasts. "It's all over now," said Lady Alyath. "When that silly creature locked Erin in the cell and came back here to torture you, I knew we were out of danger. We probably owe our salvation to that bottle of whiskey."

There were several uniformed men. After all, Lady Alyath Hardcastle was a person to whom you paid attention. Like all British policemen, they were polite. While handcuffing Helen Green and Hiram and reading them their rights, Helen muttered out loud, "Sure I couldn't have shot your kid but I sure as hell could have shot Genevra. Why the hell didn't I?"

"Because you're a stupid woman," Lady Alyath said. Then to the officer, "Please take them away. If you need me in court, or to sign a complaint, just phone."

Suddenly the huge chamber was silent. Lady Alyath nursed the well-whipped girl in the stocks for several minutes before untying Genevra's hands and freeing her feet. She then helped her beloved girl to her feet to hold her steady on uncertain legs. "It's all over, darling," she whispered. "You're free, you won't be tortured any more. And those two creatures will be in jail for a long, long time. Let's go and get dear little Erin out of that cell."

Erin's hands were still tied behind her back. She carne to the bars eagerly at the sight of her mother. When she was free and back upstairs, she was told to put her clothes back on. Her joy knew no bounds as it gave voice in her exclamation, "Gee whiz! Mommy, darling, please keep me the way you keep Genevra? Just for this evening? I can dress tomorrow."

To that plea Genevra added her own, "Don't let me get accustomed to freedom, Lady Alyath. You know how I feel about freedom." She extended innocent hands.

"You'll know where my bracelets are. Please lock them on. It's not much but it will tell me who l am."

"Me, too!" said Erin, gleefully. "Oh, Mommy, isn't this wonderful!"

They went to dinner. Lady Alyath was every inch the noblewoman. Her slave girls were simply two more naked damsels with handcuffed wrists and shackled ankles, a spectacle so common in that part of Trinity as to raise no eyebrows. They retired to the lounge for brandy in a state of pure euphoria.

The days were happy days in their relief from tension. Erin returned to being a daughter and a student in her class again. If she earned the cane, her mother never knew except by reading the accounts of her daughter's behavior as she did all her prisoners each day. Each day two of the girls were whipped. Genevra was forced to watch until the marking of a girl's skin became as normal as the food she ate. Trinity basked in happiness and well being. Until into this Eve-controlled Eden the Male came to claim his own.

It happened at tea time while Genevra and her mistress sat in the sunlight of the patio. Genevra saw him first, striding towards them in a purposeful yet casual approach. On arrival he said without preamble or greeting, "Thanks, I'd love a cup. May I sit down?"

Lady Alyath was equal to any occasion. Colin Lee was not an enemy. He had been a close and most intimate friend, her nephew's companion. And the man Genevra was to marry. Her response was automatic, "Of course you can sit down, Colin, dear. But first give me a hug. And you certainly owe Genevra a kiss or two."

Colin performed these male functions with his usual charm, noting without comment the handcuffs on his beloved's wrists and the shackles on her ankles. For some feminine reason of their own. Genevra and her mistress had desired these restraints upon her nude girl. Fully aware of what she called 'restrictive jewelry.' Genevra blushed beneath male stare. It might have been easier on her if Colin had commented instead of pretending not to notice.

She listened breathlessly as he told his story of the auto accident and his failure to track her down in spite of the cooperation of every policeman in the land. All he said amounted to no more in Genevra's mind than an apology for not discovering Ma Bristow.

It could have been awkward, but Lady Alyath glossed over possible embarrassment by yielding her slavegirl once more into Colin's possession to take to bed that night. But only in the restraint of chains. After that they could talk and she ardently expressed the hope his visit would be long. Sweetly she informed that the schedule had run its course so that Genevra was due to be whipped the following day and she hoped Colin would be there to watch.

Genevra was lost in blushes and confusion, but deeply thankful for the restraints which could be blamed for any lack of spontaneity to a man who might become her husband. Inwardly she was appalled by the absence of emotion and her failure to glow in the manner of a bride recovered by her mate. Her responses were short and stilted through dinner while Lady Alyath carried the conversation with her usual gaiety. Still chained and very much a captive, she accompanied her master to his bed.

Once together and alone, Colin took her in his arms to whisper urgently, "Look, darling, I know I never found you. You have to think I failed. But I spent a vast amount of time and money searching for a girl I knew I loved, But a girl who might no longer love me." He paused in evident distress. "But you don't love me any more, do you?"

"Colin, I simply don't know. If only you'd phoned or written a letter, or anything at all! I simply can't switch emotions like a dress or a pair of shoes. Give me a break."

"Will you sleep with me tonight?"

"Of course I will!" She felt him stiffen. "I know you think I slept with a dozen men since I was parted from you. But that's not true." She held up handcuffed wrists. "I haven't been exactly free, you know. And Ma Bristow always kept me tied. Oh, Colin, I'm so terribly sorry things are the way they are."

"You're in love with Lady Alyath."

"I didn't say that. But I'll admit I want to be with her always." Genevra laughed, embarrassed. "These chains are by my own request. Lady Alyath holds the keys but I expect she'll give them to you if you ask." She looked up into hurt male eyes. "Don't feel badly, Colin dear, everything's happened as if none of us had anything to do with it."

"So, I can get you out of those chains but you'll still belong to Lady Alyath." Colin's voice hardened. "Is that the way of it?"

"Yes. I'm terribly sorry. Absence didn't make the heart grow fonder. It wasn't just the absence, Colin dear, It was everything else. I was always in the power of someone else and always in restraint. I never had the chance to escape. And when Lady Alyath came to take me home. I didn't even want to. She gave me the opportunity to run away and go home, but I didn't want to. Can you understand this?"

"In a half-assed sort of way, I suppose I can. You've been through a lot and it has affected you. You're not the same girl I wanted to marry. Do you still want to marry me'!"

"If Lady Alyath says so."

"That's one hell of an answer! That's not good enough! Damn it, girl, what about my feelings!"

"I know. I'm an absolute bitch. Colin, dear, tomorrow it's my turn to be whipped. Why don't you ask Lady Alyath if you can do the joh. You would have loved it once so why not now? Maybe it will settle something in both our minds."

"That's a lot of Freudian nonsense and you know it. Whipping a girl simply gives her a great deal of pain without any profit I know of. Sure, it's a carnal indulgence, and I suppose I enjoy it as much as any man. But it doesn't lead anyplace. It won't take you and me to the altar."

"But just the same, Colin, it is going to happen. Forget it if you wish. You can use me now anyway you want, I'm afraid I've become outrageously obedient. Look at my back. That was done to me a couple of weeks ago. I'm not the girl you thought I was."

"I've been looking at your back. I'm sure Lady Alyath didn't whip you that badly. There's someone else been working on you. And what about your bottom?"

"Yes, there was someone else. And every time a girl gets whipped it changes her. Maybe only a little bit but some. And if she gets whipped too many times she becomes a different girl her old friends can't recognize." Genevra paused uncertainly to add, "Oh, Colin, let's stop this absurd nonsense. Take me to bed and stick your tool into me again and again. That's something that hasn't been done to me since Westley went away."

"Westley was here?"

"Why not? He drops in anytime he feels like it. Lady Alyath gives me to him as a matter of course. Just the same as she's making a gift of me to you right now. Surely you don't feel jealous!"

"Yes, I do. I'm a man, or have you forgotten. You're to be my wife, or have you forgotten that too! Damn it, this has gone far enough!"

Colin Lee propelled a beautifully chained maiden through the door of his bedroom and slammed it shut with Genevra on the other side. The slavegirl shrugged but shed no tears as she wandered off to the clink of her chains to seek the bed of Lady Alyath Hardcastle. Lady Alyath wisely asked no questions but embraced her warmly. Soon they were both asleep.

In fiction, Colin Lee should have angrily departed in the night, Instead he was very much in presence at the breakfast table, no longer loving and charming. He seemed compelled by a brooding discontent to leave Lady Alyath baffled and the slavegirl ill

at ease. For Genevra it was not the best possible day. She was to receive the routine whipping as part of Trinity's rules. She supposed she would continue to receive it all her life, just as did all the girls who could not escape or be given as a present. In common they all wore handcuffs with unconcern, and accepted the periodic striping of their skin as a fact of life. Looking at the man who might have been her husband, Genevra vowed never to say yes again.

It was all heartbreakingly familiar. Genevra was marched to the place of punishment by the usual two guards. Lady Alyath was there, playing with a whip, while Colin Lee stood against a wall to glare with disapproval. Trained and conditioned, Genevra raised her arms for the fastening of her wrists in an acceptance of helplessness, which, under Colin's hostile stare, made her faintly ashamed. Straps were buckled tight and she was ready for the routine twenty strokes.

With the prisoner secured, Lady Alyath dismissed the guards and offered her guest the whip. "I expect you'd like to use this," she said calmly. "You probably think our darling girl is guilty of infidelity. Go ahead and stripe her skin, she's all yours."

Up to that moment, Genevra felt only the normal anxiety at the coming pain and the clutch of straps on her wrists. She was most securely held for a correction each girl in Trinity experienced every two weeks. No doubt it kept the other girls in line, but for this day Genevra was uncertain of diredion, but wished mostly ardently it was Lady Alyath who would wield the whip to mark her skin and tell her who she was. The male hand would strike her harder but tell her nothing. Most devoutly she wished Colin would continue to stand against the wall as an observer during maiden anguish, a hope almost instantly denied.

"I think you should whip her, Colin," Lady Alyath said earnestly. "The two of you are at odds and this infliction may settle something in you minds. She will hate you or love you more. And you may discover if this is truly a girl to fit your temperament. I'll keep count. Don't kill the poor darling."

Angrily Colin thrust the whip aside. "I can't do it," he said savagely. "You're probably right about the effect but she's too beautiful and too helpless to thrash."

"Would you prefer I let her loose and you can chase her around the room. I'll count only the strokes that mark her skin." Lady Alyath provided the sweetest smile. "I expect she'd try to stand still for you but no girl can stand against a whip."

"That's something else I won't try to do," Colin said decisively. "I think I'll leave the room while you finish this up."

"It's not you who will leave the room, it's me, dear boy. I'm going to trust you with Genevra and leave you two lone." She thrust the handle of the whip into his hand, kissed Genevra's cheek, and tripped lightly from the room.

The young couple stared at each other in dismay.

From her storehouse of confused emotions, Genevra taunted, "Go ahead and whip me. I know you want to. It's what you came here for in the first place . . . isn't it?"

Colin's resolution vanished to be replaced by thin lips and hard jaw. Once more his exclamation was savage, "You asked for it. I've been pushed into a position where I either whip you, or go away with my tail between my legs. Hold your breath."

She remember the previous time she had been whipped by Colin Lee. It had been bad then, it was bad now. He flung frustration into every sweep of a male arm. The impact was far more severe than Trinity's ritual would normally impose. Genevra tried hard to remain composure under the lash. But after the fourth stroke she turned and demanded angrily, "Sure. I know I asked for this, but do you have to whip me so hard? I wish you wouldn't."

"Turn around. Damn it, girl, I don't know what's got into you."

Genevra obeyed, shrinking from the look in Colin's eye. Her only refuge was to press a cheek against a bare arm, and this she did as the fifth brutal cut scolded her ass. She screamed, a scream that was a blend of all the emotions a punished girl feels.

It went on forever.

But at the count of only fifteen there came a pause. "You've got five more to go." said a hard male voice. "Let's do this properly. Spread your legs."

Genevra had been kicking and jerking herself from the floor. With the next stroke up and hard into her crotch, the female contortion was the wildest of them all. With vigor it was repeated again and yet again until Colin Lee hurled the whip to the floor.

"That's it! I hope you enjoyed yourself, I did not." There was the briefest of pauses followed by, "Goodbye, Genevra."

The tied girl was panting hard in the slow recovery from the worst twenty strokes she had ever endured. As usual she was ashamed how she had screamed and jerked in an unintentional erotic exhibition for male eyes which held no love. Sweat glistened upon her lovely body. She gazed up at strapped wrists. Genevra knew the absurdity of wanting to scratch her nose and resigned herself to what might be a long wait. It did not matter. As the pain slowly receded she would use the opportunity to try and make sense out of what had taken place. The scolded cleft of her sex was insisting she should never speak to a man again. Why was it that the portion of a girl they professed to love was the part they chose to hurt the most? Dully, she wondered how swollen her soft mound might now be. And if there was blood upon her back.

At that point Westley Wallace walked back into her life.

Westley was his usual self. And at sight of him, Genevra uttered. "Oh, nooooo! Not you! On top of everything else!"

As though she had not spoken, as if she were a free woman, Westley took her sweaty body into his arms and kissed her in a brotherly manner that always infuriated Genevra.

"Please, Westley, I'm not in the mood, I've just been whipped. Go and talk to your aunt."

"I'll bet it was Colin."

"Yes, it was. Please go."

"I figured. I passed him on the road. He looked mad as hell." Westley made a inspection. "Holly cow! He really let you have it, didn't he?" His hand inserted itself where no male hand should go. "You got it down here too, didn't you! Damn, I knew today was the day you'd get your turn. I wanted to whip you myself."

"How nice. I expect it was with a view to reforming my character."

"Damn it, girl, I don'l know why you have to be so sarcastic with me. I'm not such a bad son if you give me a chance. I had intended to undo those straps and let you down. But you've talked me out of it. I don't suppose you'd say yes to a proposal of marriage?"

She was suddenly ashamed. "Oh. Westley, I know I'm a bitch. And whipping me doesn't do a bit of good. I'm not in a marrying mood today so go and leave me alone."

Westley did another circle tour. "He seems to have missed your thighs," he said thoughtfully. "And there's still your breasts. No one every seems to remember that a girl's breasts can be whipped. But they mark up wonderfully." He pinched her nipples as if testing them. "You've got the most beauliful breasts in the world. Perhaps just a light whipping on them. Well, maybe not today." He was teasing her, and she could tell it. Or at least she thought he was.

"You've definilely got space for dear old Westley to whip you some more."

Tears were running down Genevra's cheeks. To be whipped again as he described was just too much. Genevra refused to meet male eyes as her tears were dried by him. Without a word Westley left her.

The whipped girl had little time to think. Very quickly, Westley was back with a heavy box which he placed by her left foot. He was followed by a radiant Lady Alyath and her daughter, clothed for a change. They were followed by two guards, with wide smirks. There followed Benson, the butler, in his pin striped trousers.

While alarm bells sounded in Genevra's mind, Westley stood by her. He was perfect in his suit complete with white carnation. The final knell of doom was in the form of a minister complete with his book of common prayer. He was introduced and the Reverend Cliff Bull. Ignoring Genevra's obvious charms (not to mention the whip marks fresh on her body), he commenced to read the service by which she would become Westley's wife. The words droned on while in her mind Genevra was screaming no, no, no!

Under the authoritative eye of Lady Alyath Hardcastle, Genevra heard her own voice making the appropriate responses. When it came time for Westley to give her the ring, he mounted the box to slip the golden symbol of a fresh slavery on the third finger of her left hand "You may now whip the bride."

With deliberate cruelty Westley delivered what Genevra was sure was the most horrible stroke of her life. But there was only one. While she was still gasping, she was kissed by all present. But Lady Alyath's was the warmest of all. The company filed out for a wedding breakfasl in the lounge. Left once more alone, a dazed young woman looked up at wrists still bound in leather cuffs above her head and wondered how long she would be left standing. Until Westley came to claim his bride was the answer.

The straps felt very tight.

TRINITY CASTLE

BY F. E. CAMPBELL

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