A HIT PUBLICATION ADULTS ONLY $4.95

THE SENSUALITY CLUB



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HIT 186

The Sensuality Club

by F. E. Campbell

Chapter 1

Sensuality in Cord

After four days Angelique was still not sure. When Avis was around it didn't seem so bad or so unusual for Angelique to have her crossed wrists tied behind her back. She and Avis had always prided themselves on being way out front. Between them was a trust born of years of a certain kind of intimacy, an intimacy only two girls can know. And which had made it easy for Avis to remove Angelique clothes and keep her nude. For them nudity was no big deal. Most of their intimacy had been without clothes. There was also the matter of the Sensuality Club.

It had been sweet of Avis to pay the membership which Angelique could not afford. It was a very large sum of money designed to keep the club exclusive. It was a feminine club and girls entered it only by virtue of being erotically inclined as well as rich. There were, of course, the girls like Angelique who were sponsored and financed by a member of some standing. These girls were rigorously tested and examined. But once admitted, possessed the same rights and privileges as their sponsors. Very few people had ever heard of the Sensuality Club and that was the way they liked it.

Angelique shifted unhappily upon the couch and wished Avis would come home. She had rubbed the cords with

which she was bound against almost every object in the penthouse and no longer believed she could ever free her hands. She tugged and twisted a lot but no longer expected to discover the vital bit of slack she needed to escape. Avis had proven to be far better at binding a girl than one would expect. Angelique sighed and wandered to the bedroom which Avis laughingly had said was all her own. It was a nice room except for the bars through which she had to gaze if she wanted a penthouse view. She was given the run of the place, the bars didn't matter much. Avis had explained that she didn't have to be tied up and put behind bars as well. The penthouse was locked in ways Angelique could not overcome. Nor had she access to a phone. The only restriction to her wanderings was the bit of nylon rope bound around each ankle and joining them with only about a foot and a half of slack, enough to walk but not enough to run. And she could not even kick.

There was, of course, the television and stereo, both of which could be controlled by a maiden whose hands were tied like Angelique's. There was also an abundance of reading material which the nude captive discovered was best dealt with by kneeling against the couch to awkwardly twist and turn the pages with bound hands with occasional help from cheek and tongue. Since the available entertainment was difficult and of little interest it left the expertly controlled girl with plenty of time to ponder the how and the why.

“It’s wonderful the club accepted you, Angelique dear. The selection went without a hitch. Not a single negative vote. I really am pleased and you are going to be thrilled to bits. Let me kiss you. Everything normal!”

They had kissed perhaps a little too hungrily but that was nothing new. The new member was not thinking all that much about the club when she inquired, “The initiation you mentioned, what is it?”

“You’ll take it in stride, Angelique, my sweet. It takes a little time and maybe I’ll get you started this evening. Don’t worry about it.”

The Sensuality Club’s newest member wasn’t much caring but was curious. She could sense something was up and she knew from past experiences that it might not be a good something. But curiosity still prompted, “Get me started! Avis, what are you talking about?”

The loving arms of Avis Banner encircled Angelique’s slenderness as willing lips once more engaged. “Darling, you’re thinking of hot irons and ice cubes and having to service all the members, and all sorts of things like that. I know, I went through it myself.”

“Sensuality.” Angelique rolled the word upon her tongue. “It sounds gorgeous. And you told me some of the things. Do I really have to go through this initiation business?”

“Of course you do, we all do. And if you’re going to worry about it, maybe I should get you started on the first step. Angelique, my pet, would you mind terribly if I tied your hands?”

“You mean that’s part of my initiation?”

“What else!”

“It sounds harmless, not a bit dramatic. That is, if it is you who does the tying. No, I won’t mind.”

“You’ll have to take your clothes off, darling. You can always refuse.”

“There’ll only be girls there, won’t there? I mean like now?”

“Just girls, not a man anywhere near.”

Angelique had made a swift and unconcerned shedding of everything she wore. “You’ve seen me like this often enough, and I suppose that seeing me in the buff wouldn’t be that big a thing for the members. I’m thinking of that word, sensuality. What do I do now?”

“Turn around and cross your wrists behind you back. It’s very simple.”

The length of cord had come from nowhere. But then, why not! This was Avis’s home and Avis had known this moment would come. Angelique found an unexpected thrill as

her crossed wrists felt the cord, which Avis seemed to use with a remarkably special care in the encirclement of slender wrists. There was, she noted absently, not one single, final knot but several tightly tied ones applied as the cord went on. Then there was the final command, “I want you to try and get loose. I mean, tug and pull so as to show me whatever slack I’ve left behind.”

That was easy, too. Angelique twisted and pulled her hands in the conviction that if she did so enough she would defeat the ropes and poor, dear Avis would have to do the job all over again. It did not happen. It was Avis then who did the tugging and pulling, checking all wrappings and knots.

“Where on earth did you learn to tie like that?” Angelique asked innocently. “I don’t believe I can possibly get loose. I mean it feels so… so… Well, anyway, it’s a real neat job. Oh, wow, if a man was to walk in now, I’d die! Just die!”

“The next thing is for you to sit down.”

Angelique sat. This was exciting. It was something new. In obedience to a command she stretched out her legs to watch a thicker bit of rope bind her ankle before being carefully measured then tied to her other foot. “It’s what they call being ‘hobbled’, Angelique darling. You’re hobbled for sure.”

“Is it to prevent me kicking someone? Or simply to stop me running?”

“Both. But that’s the lot for now. You’ve had it for this evening and it’s just a case of becoming accustomed to losing your hands and sort of having only half your feet. What’s it feel like?”

“It’s made me excited. I don’t know why. Is it okay if I get loose?”

“Sure, go ahead, struggled all you like. If you do get loose, I’ll have a red face!” She grinned at her friend. “And then you can tie me up! The girls probably wouldn’t mind which one of us they got to do things to. Go ahead, give it all you’ve got, Angelique, my pet.”

Angelique had twisted and tugged for a long time until she realized she was beginning to sweat and had made no progress. At the end of ten minutes she was as tightly tied as when Avis had tugged the final knot. Still curious she inquired, “I don’t think I can get loose. There’s no way I can get loose. What happens now?”

“Nothing.”

The single word contained a message. Angelique was positive of that. The only thing left was to ask the obvious.

“How long are you going to keep me like this? An hour?”

“Until I’m ready to let you loose. You are staying the night, aren’t you?”

“Try and stop me! This being tied up the way you’ve done it has got me three times as horny as I’ve ever been. Is this something those sensuality girls have discovered? Or is it just me?”

“Just a fact of life, Angelique. I’ve just remembered, there is one other thing.”

Angelique had looked at the long slender switch, a branch cut from some tree and stripped until it was smooth. And she felt some apprehension for it seemed a wicked instrument to introduce to what had, up to now, been just a bit of fun between two friends. It was swishy and flexible as Avis played with it as she cooed, “You don’t ever have to feel this, Angelique, my love. But it will be kept around as evidence of authority in case you disobey.” Avis’s voice became intensely sincere. “Don’t ever disobey. It simply isn’t worth it. Do whatever you’re told and keep your skin unmarked. I hate this cane and I’ll never use it on you unless you force me.”

“Avis! You actually would! On me!”

“Only if you made me, it’s up to you.”

“All right, all right. But please put it away for now. Put it away somewhere that I can’t see. I wish you had never brought it out.”

“It’s part of your initiation, dear.”

Angelique became very aware of how useless her hands were when tied behind her back. And of feet with a limited value. The cane had vanished the good feeling and the heat of carnal interest.

“I think I’ve had enough,” she said with firm decision. “Please untie me.”

For answer, Avis kissed her gently and went away.

That had been the beginning!

She was victim to a tease, undoubted that was the answer. Avis would come back and untie the ropes so they could have a civilized nightcap and go to bed. Angelique felt positive her erotic impulses, dissolved by sight of the yellow cane, would then return and everything would be beautiful in the way it always was. But at the end of an hour the twinge of fear was once more nagging at her mind. And at the end of two hours she set out to do what she had been ashamed to do previously because of the hobbles on her feet. She went in search of Avis.

Avis was not in the apartment. There were locked doors behind which there were probably telephones. But nothing alive anywhere. Angelique shivered. For something to do, she deliberately tested her ability to adjust to hobbled feet. It no longer mattered that she would appear ridiculous, there was none to see. She learned how to walk but with

slow, snubbed steps and felt frustration that she couldn't simply step out and walk normally.

When Avis did finally return, she was going to get a piece of Angelique's mind. But before she had finished compiling a number of bitter things to say, Avis returned to defeat the acid retorts by taking Angelique in loving and protective arms to kiss and fondle until anger was replaced by gasping breath and shining eyes.

"Poor, darling Angelique, I was mean, wasn't I? I'll bet you were getting scared. I'll bet you were getting ready to give me a real blast."

"Well… yes, I was."

"I wanted you to have that time alone and get those feelings you just experienced. We'll go to bed pretty quick, but let's first have a brandy and I'll tell you something else you'll have to know. Okay?"

"Of course it's okay. But first untie my hands?"

"Not yet, love. Hold your horses and you'll soon see why."

Everything was suddenly normal. It was cute having Avis hold the brandy sniffer to two willing lips. And to be kissed warmly by a very good friend. When it came time to refill the glasses, Avis, obviously struggling for words, changed the life of Angelique Martin forever.

“Darling, there’s something I have to tell you and I’m not sure how to go about it,” Avis said thoughtfully. “You asked me to untie your hands. But I’m not going to untie your hands or your feet… not ever.”

“Darling, I do wish you’d stop teasing. I’m not a child, I’m twenty-four, and that’s too old to be teased as far as you’re carrying this. May I have another drink?”

“I’m not teasing.”

The blight statement hung heavy in the air until Angelique gulped greedily at the offered glass. Avis continued, “We’ve resigned your job for you and discontinued the lease on your apartment. We’ve let it be known that you’ve run into an attractive offer overseas. But instead you’ve become the property of the Sensuality Club, and I’ve been elected to break the news.”

“And what else is new?”

“I know it will take time to sink in, Angelique, my sweet. That’s why I’m doing it by easy stages. I love you and don’t want you frightened.”

“I’m already frightened.” Angelique snuggled close. “Please get on with this. This is the most boring practical joke I’ve ever been victim to. Is there anything more?”

“There’s about twenty-five members of the club right now, and you’ll be passed from member to member. While

you're in any member's possession, she can do as she pleases with you. The club will make quite certain you are always kept completely helpless as you are now. Goodness knows when your hands will ever be untied, perhaps never. We have to keep you so you can't possibly escape and become obedient to the members' every wish."

"I don't believe a word of this. Avis, you're making it up. Please untie my hands, they've been tied back there so long."

Avis did not answer. A silence lengthened. It was one of those silences in which Angelique realized everything had already been said. She sat still to brood on the impossible while Avis watched anxiously, knowing full well how close to impossible it would be for any girl to immediately digest and adjust to such news. Angelique herself was wondering how much of it to take seriously. She was still inclined to see it as a joke, a tease, but this conviction weakened with every passing moment and the sight of her companion's face. As though trying to end the impasse, she said flatly, "I simply refuse to believe any of it, darling. Where does that leave us?"

"It leaves you with your hands tied behind your back, my pet, and that's where they're going to stay. So we will now go to bed together the way we always do. Come along."

The bound girl wrenched at her cords rebelliously. “I don’t want to go to bed now. You’ve spoiled everything with your talk. I don’t care if it’s a tease or not but you’ve got me out of the mood for anything. Please untie me so I can go home. See, I’m trying hard not to be mad.”

Avis took the selection of the Sensuality Club by one bare arm and led her to where they would share the night. Angelique had nothing to say about it because a handful of her hair was firmly grasped by Avis’s other hand and she quickly found that it was just too painful to argue. She allowed her nudity to be thrust upon the bed where Avis made short work of her hostile silence.

Avis had things well in hand.

It was one more beginning.

Awakening was a strange experience for the girl. She had no hands and sadly restricted feet, along with memories of a night in which Avis had given all of herself to please. Having checked her bonds again, Angelique Martin was content to quietly dream until the girl who had bound her hands came awake and would no doubt end the stupid tease. Angelique had no doubt of it.

“We’ll both bath together, darling,” Avis informed brightly. “That way I can wash every little bit of you and get you properly dried and smelling nice. Oh, and by the way, I won’t untie you. Don’t even think about it.”

“I think about it all the time. I want to be untied.”

“Of course you do, darling. But you’ll never really be untied again. We know it takes you a little time to adjust to, and that’s the reason I’ve been elected to break you in. You needn’t be frightened with me. You know that whatever I tell you is the way it is.”

Angelique wrenched at tied wrists. “This doesn’t have to be the way it is. Look, Avis, if having me tied this way gives you a kick, if it really makes you happy, I’ll go along with you. I’ll stop trying to get loose and I’ll stop complaining. But I’ll want your promise to untie me before we go to bed tonight. I’d say that was a pretty good offer.”

“Of course it would be if freedom was in the cards, darling. But it isn’t. You’ll never be free again and that is going to take you a little while to realize. There’s no way I’ll untie you. No way at all!”

Momentarily Angelique saw it as time of decision but then realized decision was something she no longer possessed. Never in her life had she been so helpless, with her hands behind her back there was nothing effective she could do. The cords around her wrists imposed an inevitability, something final.

Angelique was strangely grateful for the steel band locked safely around her neck. Leather would have chaffed horribly through the night. But now the metal collar

evoked a compulsion she could well have done without as Avis snapped a leash upon the small ring set in the collar.

“Next thing is breakfast. You can watch me make it.”

A forceful tug made the information a command.

It appeared the leash had a snap at each end. Reaching the kitchen, Avis attached her seething prisoner to a ring already solidly embedded in the wall. Beholding this conveyance, Angelique retorted angrily, “You’ve prepared for this, haven’t you? You’ve got everything fixed so you can attach me anyplace you want. And there’s nothing I can do about it. Avis, darling, what’s gone wrong? Why are you doing this to me?”

“Not me, darling, it’s the club.”

“Don’t give me that! You could set me free right now and that would be the end of this whole silly business. I’d have breakfast with you and then go home. This isn’t fun anymore.”

“Drink your coffee and stop beefing.”

“I can’t even lift a cup any more, you’ll have to do it for me. I don’t want to be this way, I just don’t! Please!”

Angelique sat and watch the best friend she had ever had prepare the morning meal. There was nothing scrappy about it and the constrained girl sipped coffee from a cup

lifted for her benefit and ate food from a fork held for her. Angelique was hungry and the smell of food was good. The eyes of Avis were close as she was fed and her revolt against tied wrists diminished with every mouthful.

“That’s my girl!” Avis approved affectionately. “Look, darling, Debbie is coming to lunch and Betty will drop by for tea. You can talk to them all you like and they’ll make a report to the rest. It really is an important day.”

“I’ll kick and scream.”

“You can’t kick, darling. And, if you scream, I can easily stop you by putting a gag in your mouth. Gags really do exist, you know, and the club has left me several samples in case you prove difficult.”

The naked girl knew she was being tested but she wasn’t sure why. But more and more the realization of helplessness was becoming a part of her awareness of the world as it now existed for her. Deeply hurt, she accused, “You trapped me, you persuaded me to let you tie my hands while I thought it was just a fun thing. Avis, darling, how could you do such a thing?”

“Better me than someone else. With someone else you might have fought and had to be subdued with force. You wouldn’t have liked that and neither would I. Believe me, Angelique, my sweet, the way we’re doing it is much the

best. It takes a little longer but saves you getting into a panic."

Angelique was standing, panting heavily, her arms forever twisting and tugging against the cord, while her eyes searched the girl she loved for any sign that this was just a joke. There was no such sign. Fretfully, she complained, "But, Avis, it's unreal! You're telling me that a bit of cord is enough to keep me prisoner all my life, a prisoner to be passed around a bunch of sensation-hungry girls. Tell me that's not true."

For answer Avis held up for inspection the letter by which Miss Angelique Martin had resigned her job. And another in which she had canceled the lease for her apartment. Angelique read and damned near wept. "You're messing up my life! You're making me into a nothing! It's too cruel, I don't believe it."

"You will believe it, dear. Take your time and it will all sink in. Don't think about it too much. We've got Betty and Debbie coming and they're bound to give you some sort of new perspective. And you always did like them. What you have to try and understand is that although we keep you helpless, we all love you. We love you just as much as we ever did."

"Horseshit!"

Avis grinned. “You have to be feeling badly to use a word like that. But it’s not horseshit, it’s absolutely real. Take it as it comes, darling, you’ll soon get used to it.”

“No I won’t. I won’t ever.”

“Stamping your foot that way hurt, didn’t it? It’s one of the reasons we’ll always keep you naked. A naked girl has to be careful what she does and says. Darling, would it help if I gave you, say, five strokes on the bottom with the cane?”

“No, it wouldn’t. Don’t even think about it!”

“If one of the other girls was looking after your tuition, you’d be caned by now. None of them would have been as patient as me.”

“Avis, if you love me, set me free. Tell the rest of them I escaped. Or this didn’t happen. Or anything you like. But, Avis darling, I don’t want to be a prisoner all my life, not even your prisoner. And I don’t want to live in a house where there are rings in all the walls to attach slaves to. It reduced me to the level of a pet!”

“That’s right, darling, you are a pet. You’re my pet and you also belong to twenty-five other girls. Even if you don’t realize it, you’re terribly lucky.”

Words were useless. In a frenzy of frustration Angelique heaved and surged and tore at bound wrists and roped ankles. Never in her life had she so exerted herself towards so

urgent a need. Avis stood and watched the twists and the wigglings with a clinical eye. The poor darling was taking things hard and had an obvious need for an assurance beyond the power of speech. Avis fetched the yellow cane.

The tied girl refused to stand still for punishment. After the first blow, with its quite incredible pain, she jumped up to trip and stumble on the rug where more cuts imposed venom she had never realized so innocent an object could possibly possess. Muttering savagely, Angelique rolled and tried to get back on her feet, but the swishing cane found her bottom no matter what tactic she employed. After a dozen strokes she heard herself pleading, “Oh, stop it! Please stop! Darling, you can’t possibly know how much this hurts or you wouldn’t do it to me. Please stop!”

Avis tossed away the cane. “This is where I ought to clasp you in my arms and kiss and cuddle you until you feel better. But, Angelique, my pet, I’m not going to this time. I want you to let pain sink in and understand how helpless you’ve become. What you’ve just endured can be repeated by any girl in the club, in fact, I could start in and whip you all over again.” She raised the disorganized captive to her feet. “What I want you to do now is kneel down, humbly bow your head and tell me you’re a sorry, a silly girl, and thank me for caning you and ask for forgiveness.”

“You’re out of your tree! You sound like one of those cheap books they keep under the counter where the haughty

heiress gets her just deserts." Angelique glared. "It's not me who has to make adjustments, it's you!"

"Kneel down and get it over with. Darling, I honestly will use the cane on you again if you don't."

With a dry sob and an air of "well, if that's the way you want it," the stripped girl sank to her knees and recited her lines in a voice boiling over with anger.

"That tone of voice won't be acceptable, Angelique darling," Avis explained patiently. "But you're under stress so I'll let it go. Let me get a hold of you, you deserve a hug."

Angelique was somewhat put off by Avis's approach. This was, after all, her best friend. She was taken in loving arms, but the scolding agony of the cane was still vivid on her bottom and in her mind. But helplessly she allowed herself to be fondled and kissed until she thrust her breasts hard against the girl she had always loved, the girl who had imposed the pain. Angelique could put no name on what had happened but something was forever changed.

Bemusedly she remembered the knowledge of good and evil back in Eden, and drew a parallel. The strips now on her skin, which any one of twenty-five girls could repeat at will, created a vast gap compared to the Angelique of two days past. She found herself crying on Avis's shoulder and sobbing in Avis's ear. "What's going to become of me! Oh,

Avis, what's happening?" After a tearful pause, "Please untie my hands."

The Sensuality Club had made a wise choice in Avis Bonner as the girl most capable of breaking Angelique's natural rebellion without brutality. They wanted Angelique to comfort to a pattern in their sisterhood fantasy before being passed from one to the other for the pleasure of all. The Sensuality Club wanted two things from the chosen girl, submission and obedience. Telling Avis to put the girl into circulation when she was satisfied Angelique met this criteria. Perhaps they claimed to love Angelique, perhaps they did. But they were imposing upon her equal parts of slavery with that love. They felt awe in their own concept of a young woman utterly unique in the loyalties she could be forced to acknowledge.

Angelique's sobbing slowly died. Avis guided the hobbled girl to the waiting couch where the two girls sat side by side, one naked and bound, one fully clothed and free, to gaze upon each other in discovery. Avis estimated the distance Angelique had traveled down the appointed path. The girl with tied hands tossed away thought of freedom or being teased. For the first time Angelique Martin was catching a glimpse of herself as the Sensuality Club desired. As yet it was only a glimpse but it was there, and the cord securing her wrists seemed alive with intent. Everything had changed.

For the girl who now acknowledged herself a prisoner, there remained uppermost in her mind a fierce determination to escape, something she could no longer achieve by the good graces of Avis Bonner. She must contrive it by herself. Surely she could not become a prisoner for life because of a cord around her wrists, surely there it could not be so!

She twisted her wrists as she had done before but got back only a message of helplessness as she had before. With an anger she dared not show, she determined never to allow the word helpless to become hopeless. Resignation to captivity was something she could not yet consider. Slowly she said to her companion, “I still love you, Avis, I don’t know why. Not after what you’ve done. I don’t want you to stop loving me. But what comes next? What are you going to do?”

“First off, I’m not going to untie your hands. You absolutely must understand that, Angelique, dear. Your hands are nicely tied and they’ll stay that way. I’m positive you can’t get them loose. The same goes for your feet. I love you every bit as much as I used to. But I have to… well, I have to implore you to believe what I’ve just said. Stop thinking about your hands, or your hobbled feet. These things are a part of your life now, part of the new Angelique Martin.”

“I just heard a door. Someone’s come into the apartment!” Angelique was suddenly tense.

“That’s Possie, the maid, she’s come to make lunch. Or have you forgotten Debbie? She’ll be here in an hour.”

“Oh, no!” Angelique was once more thrown into disarray, her voice a cry of shame. “You’re going to let Debbie see me like this. Oh, Avis, please!”

“Why not?”

“Because I’m naked and because my hands are tied behind my back. That’s why not!” the reluctant captive explained. “I’ll simply die if Debbie sees me like this. She’ll laugh her head off, and go back and tell off the girls. And she’ll guess about you and me for sure. I don’t want any lunch. Let me hide.”

“You really must stop these emotional turmoils, darling,” Avis said evenly. “You got to remember Debbie is a member of the club, she’s a girl who’s going to own you now and then. I always thought you liked each other.”

“Yes, we do, but not with me naked and tied the way you’ve got me!”

“Don’t be silly, it’s all in your head. At lunch Debbie is going to feed you the way I’ve been doing. You needn’t think you’re going to be a recluse because you’re tied.

“Oh, by the way, about Possie, she’s in on the whole thing and there’s no use getting after her to untie your wrists.

Possie will be as polite to you as ever but there's no way she'll help you escape. Understand?"

She was in a net closing tighter and tighter every moment. The club had thought of everything, there was no escape! Sulky, Angelique awaited her next ordeal.

Debbie Duval was ebony to Angelique's gold. She was thirty years old, swift, decisive, and intelligent. She surveyed the captive Angelique with complete approval. "She's positively darling, Avis. Give you any trouble?"

"Only twelve strokes. But she's not the least bit reconciled. She's been sulky for the last hour when she found out you were going to see her naked and tied."

"If you think I enjoy having you see me like this, you're crazy, Debbie," Angelique interjected angrily. "I don't seem able to do anything about it, but sooner or later…!"

"Turn around Angie, I want to see the tie."

Angelique caught Avis's warning glance and with ill-grace turned around to flap bound hands, demonstrating helplessness and distress, kicking snubbed ankles with the same intent. "I think you're all being terribly unkind. I hope you're ashamed of yourselves." She shot the newcomer a questioning glance. "I suppose it's no use asking you to untie me?"

“Not a bit, darling. And, in any case I wouldn’t infringe upon Avis’s rights and privileges. You belong to Avis until she passes you on. By the time you reach me, you’d better be well trained or you’ll quickly become well-marked.”

“I’m told you’re going to feed me at lunch, can’t you imagine how I must feel about all this!”

“It’s not how you feel about us but how we feel about you from now on. And, Angelique, my sweet, you’d best remember that.”

Lunch diminished Angelique’s sulk. After all, she knew these two girls so well. And after she’d gotten used to Debbie seeing her naked and touching her body, what was it if another girl saw her too? At the lunch she was terribly conscious of her breasts in their prominence above the plate placed before her. But after Debbie had pinched pert nipples and commented on the superb contours of the twin mounds Angelique could not hide, the shyness wore away until it seemed quite natural to have her hands tied behind her back and to be fed by a girl who was, after all, an old friend. Miss Angelique Martin said nothing to offend but quietly bided her time. Something, she told herself, had to break sometime. Surely…

“The Club spent all that money on those handcuffs and leg irons and such, when are you going to use them on her?” Debbie inquired over coffee.

“I think she’s better tied the way she is for the time being. There’s something very final about handcuffs and such. Maybe after she’s learned to accept what she’s become.”

“That’s right, talk about me like I was a package of nothing,” Angelique sniffed disgustedly.

“You’ll never be a nothing, Angelique. What you will be is a gorgeous body, gorgeous hair, and a gorgeous face. You’ll make a marvelous slave when you get used to the idea.”

“I’ll never get used to it. Forget it, I’m me, and I refuse to be any girl’s baby doll.”

“The handcuffs will be nice for her, Avis, as well as those leg irons. What a lovely combination they make! I’m glad we got an assortment with varying lengths and weights of chain we can use. Every time she changes ownership the whole collection must go along.”

“You’re going to keep me in chains!” Shock and shame mantled captive cheeks. “Isn’t that going a bit far? It sounds like the dark ages. Or are you just trying to scare me?”

“They’re for you own good, dear,” Debbie explained patiently. “They’ll be much more comfortable than rope and cord and they’re also escape-proof. But what’s best about them is they’re permanent. Once you’re locked in them you can stay that way forever. You ought to be grateful.”

Angelique sniffed again, her voice loaded with doubt, “That’s very funny. And I suppose you’ve got a fine assortment of whips?”

“I forgot to mention them,” Debbie admitted. “We made what we think is a nice selection in that area, I mean there’s no Russian knouts or South African Sjamboks, but just nice leather things to keep you in line. And quite a number of canes and riding crops. Most of the riding crops are not for riding at all,” Debbie giggled. “I did wonder as we looked at them who they were really made for. I do suppose they were really made for girls.”

“Gee, thanks! I’m sure I’ll love them all.”

“Debbie is trying to get you accustomed to the idea of these things which must sound absolutely bizarre,” Avis said anxiously. “You’re not being told about the chains or whips as a tease or to get you scared. They’re simply a useful way to help you get accustomed to being a slave-girl…”

“Is there a torture chamber in my future? It sounds as if there will be.”

“Don’t be angry with the poor girl, Debbie, she’s going through a lot of stress and I think she’s handling things as well as we can expect. Best not to harp on the whips and crops and things, because they won’t be used on her all that much.”

“They won’t be used on me at all, and you’re a pair of dreamers. This thing can’t possibly last,” the bound and nude girl interjected forcibly.

“Hush, darling, you mustn’t be rude to Debbie. You mustn’t forget that you’re subject to discipline and none of the club members want to be called names.”

The sometimes heated exchange lasted on through the afternoon with Angelique becoming increasingly aware of authority. She could say nothing that was not gently corrected or drew a reprimand. Summing it up later she realized for sure her afternoon with Debbie had taken her a step deeper into a condition she did not wish to name. When Debbie departed, Betty Harmon took her place.

Betty Harmon was something else again. Angelique was kissed and hugged and pawed. Betty Harmon was very much physical with a keen concern over female features and how heated the female was by discussion of intimate subjects and the bondage placed upon her. Although she grabbed private parts of Angelique in a very overbearing manner, Betty had a sweetness all her own and did not inspire fear.

“Get me out of this, Betty!” Angelique demanded loudly. “You’ve felt me up all over so now you can untie my hands.”

“Isn’t she absolutely sweet!” Betty bubbled. “I see you’ve whipped her, Avis, and I’m sure it was a good idea. Are you certain she couldn’t stand another dose? It’s the cane you used, wasn’t it?”

“Betty, not you too!” Angelique exclaimed. “All afternoon I’m been hearing about whips and chains and things. Untie my hands and we’ll all go home.”

Once more the captive was turned around that an interested visitor might examine the cords which held her helpless. They were duly admired and the girl they bound was admonished to stop asking to be untied. Possie served cocktails before dinner and the captive girl was alternately attended by one or the other of her two mistresses and she gratefully gulped more alcohol than she normally would have. With the loosening of her inhibitions, the conversation became increasingly frank.

“Avis, have you told the poor dear some of the girls will compel her to service their boyfriends?” Betty giggled. “Or perhaps the butler?”

“No, I haven’t and I wasn’t going to. I wish you hadn’t mentioned it, Betty. Angelique is doing her best to cope but we mustn’t overload her. Just look at her, you’ve scared her half to death.”

“You have to be joking!” said Angelique, knowing full well it was no joke. “You wouldn’t do that to me, I know you wouldn’t! That’s horrid!”

“Leave it at that,” Avis interrupted quickly. “If one of the members decides to give you as gift to a man, it’s just part of what you may expect. Don’t dwell upon it, it may never happen.”

“Damn it, that’s rape!”

“Not for a slave-girl,” purred Avis.

The captive girl had one too many cocktails and assured her captors in no uncertain way that they were dealing with fire and would probably end up in prison. At some length she explained her disappointment in their behavior, and on a number occasions requested that they untie her hands, a request which always was ignored. The tied maiden hobbled her short, snubbed steps to the dinner table, falling only once upon the way. She assured her captors that picking her up served them right for treating her in this outrageous fashion. With Betty plying Angelique’s knife and fork, the nude prisoner ate hungrily and paid no more attention to any further mention of cane or crop or cord. Far back in her mind, Angelique held a small hope the whole thing might prove a great, big tease.

The nights were a bonus Angelique could not deny. Surprisingly, bound hands and hobbled ankles hindered

nothing, but did in fact lead to giggles and laughter and a return to the love bond nothing had yet severed. The two girls gave and received hot flesh and skin slithering in sweat. They slept like logs.

Thus Miss Angelique Martin, upon the fourth day of captivity, came to a confrontation with herself.

It was easily summed up. She could free neither hands nor feet, the penthouse held her helpless. Anyway, the entire building was owned by Avis. In this building, everyone would bow to Avis's wishes, probably even to the point of returning her slave-girl, should she manage to escape the penthouse. Avis's use of the cane upon her skin had made a more potent impression than Angelique wanted to admit. In its way, it was a far more forcible statement of what the Sensuality Club required than even bound hands. And goodness knows, they had become potent enough as hour followed hour and day followed day with them still tight in Avis's original tie. Escape had become impossible.

The tied girl, now left alone for considerable periods, was coming to regard the cord upon her wrists as a part of herself and almost an old friend. She no longer expected to be freed and recognized this loss of hope as wickedly significant in her condition. It had been shameful and humiliating to have to stand while visitors interestedly amused themselves with her body, their comments as disgraceful as their hands.

“What a wonderful thatch of pubic hair! The poor darling will be lucky if she keeps it, one of the girls is sure to shave it off.”

“We should have rings inserted in her nipples. They do a lot for a girl. And, of course, there’s always her nose. A nose ring is really something.”

Such comments had become commonplace and Angelique refused to allow herself to become frightened by them, but sought the comfort of Avis as a child seeks its mother. And that comfort was always there. She loved Avis very much.

Angelique Martin made the acquaintance of handcuffs on the sixth day.

It was a day the slave-girl would always remember.

Chapter 2

Joined Wrists

The suitcase was innocent enough, its contents were not. Angelique viewed the pile of chrome and steel that fell from it with a thrill of dismay and to the tune of Avis's laughter.

"You'll be so much more comfortable in this, Angelique, my pet. And I think they'll have a psychological effect. Let's try them out. Which pair of leg irons would you chose?"

"I don't want any of them. Take them away."

"Aren't you tired of these old ropes?"

"I sure am but I'm not going to like that stuff any better. Avis, darling, please stop this nonsense."

Avis Bonner paid no heed. Darling Angelique was coming along nicely, but constant spasms of revolt were to be expected. She would deal with them kindly. She now selected a pair of leg irons with a short but heavy chain. "Watch what I'm going to do, Angelique. Just think, for half a minute you're going to have free feet! For goodness sake, behave."

It was Angelique's first step into an uncharted land. She could not deny a thrill as she watched the untying of the

rope from her bare ankles. She was conscious of breathing heavily as the rope, which had served its purpose well, was cast aside and Avis picked up her choice of irons. All Angelique could think to say was, “Please don’t. Oh, Avis, please don’t lock those things on me!” He voice was close to breaking.

Avis Bonner carefully adjusted the chrome circlets and clicked them shut to form a tight, neat band upon each ankle. “There, surely that’s a lot better! Or would you prefer I used the rope again?”

Angelique sniffed sulkily. She was not going to admit to any kind of preference for being bound or chained in any fashion. She wanted out! All she could think to say was, “Well, if that amuses you…”

“Your hands are the real test, sweetheart, I have to free them before I can use the handcuffs.” She was looking at her captive doubtfully. “Are you going to give me trouble?”

“Suppose I do?”

“I’ll whip you.”

So simple! So easy to weaken Angelique’s resolve.

“Go ahead and do what you like,” Angelique said despondently. “I know I can’t beat you. Go ahead, I’ll behave.”

It was beautifully simple, even the girl who now wore metal instead of rope had to admit the convenience. And felt an absurd affection for the cord she had worn upon her wrists for the five days as it was cast aside. It was a new and quite strange thrill to feel the chromed steel close around her wrists and click shut. She wished she had thought to ask permission to stretch her arms but quickly it was too late. Then it occurred to her that these iron shackles might just remain on her forever. For the first time in this strange captivity, the thoughts of teasing and practical jokes dissolved to be replaced by a new reality. She could never free herself from these chains and would never know where Avis kept the key. It was a solemn thought she now voiced, “You really mean this, Avis. You and the club members are never going to let me free. You’ve got me and you’re going to keep me.” Her voice took on a tone of wonder. “And it’s so easy, so damnably easy! All you have to do is buy a pair of handcuffs and that’s the end of Angelique.”

“You’ve got that wrong, darling, it’s not the end but the beginning. From now on you’ll live with an intensity you’ve never realized. When one of us makes love to you, it’s going to be twice as good. Darling, I’m thrilled to bits. Give me a smile.”

Since the final click of the locks, Angelique had been testing the metal by which she was now held prisoner. It was smooth and held her with a firm grip and a certainty which

said all too clearly she could stop tugging and twisting. But that she knew she would never do, it would always be a testing of a captivity she must somehow escape. She gave Avis the requested smile and said, “You’ve really got me. You and the girls have got me forever. This is the first time I’ve really believed…”

“They really feel good?”

“Yes, if I have to be a prisoner, they feel good.”

“Try walking.”

Each careful step produced a metallic jingle before the chain snapped taut. Except for the sound, there was little difference from the rope. Of course the rope could be cut, whereas the heavy chain could not. Angelique was still practicing when they received a visitor.

“I simply couldn’t wait. I’ve been simply dying of curiosity since I got the news. Avis, you’re simply wonderful!” Dark eyes flashed and black hair was swept aside as one more member of the club drank in the chained and lovely girl she would one day own. Isabel Travis was entranced.

“I’ve just handcuffed her for the first time. Quite something, isn’t she?”

Angelique’s blush was not as vivid as before, she was beginning to wear nakedness like an invisible cloak. She stood passive as the newcomer ogled her handcuffed wrists

and leg-ironed ankles. Isabel Travis took Angelique's head in her hands and looked deeply into captive eyes.

"Tell me, dear, how it feels to know you'll never be free again. We own you."

Angelique debated refusing to speak, but why deny herself the pleasure of these two vivid girls who, expect for a few clothes and a couple of bits of metal, were the same as she! "It's frightening, you've no right to do it to me." Her retort was an explosive bitterness, "I hate it!"

"You don't really, you just think you do." Isabel's laugh was catchy. "We all knew it would be a shock for you but I think you're doing fine. I see Avis has whipped you?"

"Yes, a real fun thing. She does it with a long, yellow cane." Once more the bitterness burned bright

"I expect we'll have to whip you a lot to get rid of that anger and resentment, darling. I've been reading up on the subject, dear, and the whip or the cane is sure fire! But, isn't it nice to know we'll never be brutal?"

"I wish you'd all come to your senses and let me go."

"That's a song she sings constantly," Avis explained apologetically. "I could probably whip it out of her but I expect she'll wear it out herself."

“I love the way you girls talk about me as if I’m not here, or as though I’m a bag of potatoes,” Angelique said sarcastically. “If you girls want to play this silly game, you should take turns with one of you submitting herself for seven days every twenty-fifth week. I don’t see why you have to pick on me for my entire life, you’ll be bored stiff with me by the end of a year.”

Isabel turned shining eyes to Avis, “Shall I tell her?”

“Sure, why not?”

Isabel playfully pinched an unprotected nipple. “We’ll never get tired of you, darling, I’m sure you know that. But we’re not going to have you carry the whole load. You’re our prototype, we’re going to learn a whole lot from you. And when you’ve got really settled down, and stop this silly business of thinking of escape and what a rotten deal you’ve got, when you’re exactly as we want you, we’ll get a second slave-girl and let you train her for us! You will, won’t you, dear?”

“No, I won’t!” But stuck by a sudden thought, Angelique added, “Not unless you draw lots and she’s one of your twenty-five members. I’d like that.”

“That’s still under debate, darling. If none of the members want to take the chance, we’ll pick up an outsider.”

“You’ll kidnap a girl? You’re crazy!”

“But what’s the difference? You’re every bit as much kidnapped as if we picked you up at the beach or the park.”

“You’ll all get yourselves into trouble,” Angelique sounded pleased. “When you’re all in prison, I’ll come on visitors day and remind you about right now. And ask you how you like handcuffs. And what’s it like to see everything through bars.” Angelique sniffed. “That’s what’s going to happen if you don’t watch out.”

“Oh, we’re watching out alright, we’ve made you disappear as if you never happened. Darling, what does it feel like to be whipped?”

“I don’t want to talk about it. You’re only asking to get yourself excited. If you really want to know what it’s like, I’m sure Avis will cane your bottom, why don’t you take your clothes off and ask her nicely?”

“My, my, she is adjusting!” Isabel’s exclamation was filled with admiration. “Angelique, you’re far too pert and impudent. When it comes my turn to own you, I’ve got this darling little whip you’ll just flip over. It will cure you completely. I’ll see if I can’t talk the girls into letting me have you right after Avis.”

“Isabel, you’re forgetting, she’s been a prisoner less than a week. Today’s the first time she’s been handcuffed. By the time I’m through with the sweetheart, she’ll be a lot differ-

ent than she is right now. How would you feel if you were in her shoes?"

Isabel Travis laughed. "Okay, okay, I know I'm a bit of a bitch. But dear little Angelique needs a lot more than you've done. If you're squeamish about it, how about letting me do it? She needs training."

"Wait your turn, Isabel, right now she belongs to me and I'll use a cane on her when I think she's ready. You would beat Angelique purple and get nowhere. Hold your horses."

The handcuffed girl felt tension slip away. Avis was sweet. Isabel had always been fun but the naked captive shivered at the thought of being delivered to her in this state of helplessness. Angelique felt a wave of thankfulness for the way things were.

"When you get me, I'll be tremendously obedient, Isabel," she assured earnestly. "I won't give you a single reason for punishment, I'll be very well behaved, I promise."

The avowal earned a kiss. "I'm sure you mean that, honey, but for sure I'll find some excuse to whip you so you might as well get used to the idea. Gee, I wish my turn wasn't so far down the line." She turned to Avis, "Are you sure you wouldn't like me to give our little Angelique a small thrashing?"

"Quite sure. But thanks anyway "

Isabel was saddened but not upset. Her roving mind seized upon another opportunity to make the captive cringe. “Avis, shall I tell her about that other thing I spoke of?”

“You will anyway, so go ahead.”

This time Isabel pinched both defenseless nipples and kissed the naked girl full upon the lips. “I’m getting my money’s worth in thinking about the things I’m going to do to you, and with you, when I get you. I’ve thought of the nicest thing I’m sure you’re going to hate. One of the things is that I’ll make a gift of you for one hour to my boy friend. How does that grab you?”

Angelique shrugged. “I can be thankful I’m not a virgin. Really, Isabel, aren’t you carrying this too far? If you actually did that, it would be rape.”

“Who are you going to tell?”

“Isabel… please don’t do it. I suppose you’d deliver me to him chained the way I am right now so he can rape me to his heart’s content. I think that’s disgusting.”

The voice of Avis was soothing, “Someone had to tell you about this, Angelique, and I suppose it might as well be Isabel or I would have had to tell you myself. The thing was discussed among the girls. The general feeling was that it would be a really erotic kick none of them could resist. I don’t know how often it will happen but it’s there.”

“Gosh, Avis, you really are a sissy, you’re going about this all wrong. I’d have the darling whipped and in shape in no time. There’s no need to take your whole thirty days to bring her around. It’s a good thing there’s twenty-five or the poor dear would never get herself anywhere.” She turned to Angelique and smiled. “You do want all the experiences you can get out of this, don’t you dear?”

“I want to go home,” said Angelique flatly.

Isabel said her goodbyes and departed. It was impossible to dislike Isabel, she was so vividly alive and curious about everyone she met. In spite of assurances of shame and pain, Angelique found herself wondering what it would be like when she was delivered as a chained captive to the dark-eyed girl who wished to whip her and whip her hard. She did not know but would undoubtedly find out. In the meantime there was Avis Bonner, the girl she loved who was also the girl who had whipped her with a long, wicked yellow cane. None of it made sense and Angelique Martin wondered what the final results would be. Would they, could they, really keep her a prisoner all her life? Even when she ceased being an attractive young woman?

Angelique tugged at steel-clad wrists and knew they could indeed keep her prisoner. She turned to the only friend she had, “Hold me for a little while, Avis, darling. Isabel scared me. These handcuffs scare me. I’ve been turned into a frightened little girl. I can’t face forever.”

For large portions of each weekday, Avis Bonner looked after the estate inherited from her father, an estate comprising the entire building in which they lived and several others. Such an estate demanded supervision, and while the owner was busy with these duties she left Angelique along without even the cheerful unconcern of Possie. Possie enjoyed two or three hours of liberty each afternoon before returning to make the evening meal. Possie was alright as a companion when available, but showed no pity or desire to help.

“I don’t see why you’s beefing, Angelique. I thinks you got it good,” she explained patiently. “You girls are all rich and you gets to live in nice penthouses like this. And all you had to do for a living is wear them handcuffs. I wish I could be so lucky.”

“Then why don’t we trade, Possie? You can wear my handcuffs and I’ll go home.”

“That’s plum silly, Miss Angelique, and you knows it is. Ain’t no way I’m going to get you loose even if I could. Ain’t go no key so that’s the end of that. If I tell Miss Bonner ’bout what you said, she’ll whip your ass.”

“You may think I’ve got it good, Possie, but I’ll tell you it’s just plain horrible.”

“You ain’t never been poor, that’s why,” Possie affirmed with feeling. “All you got to do is sit around and look pretty

while I gots to work my ass off 'cause I got Ma and Pa to look after. And there's all that rent—shit! Them handcuffs don't amount to nothing."

It was a point of view which led Angelique to the comforting reflection that things could always be worse. Perhaps being terribly poor was worse than having your hands cuffed behind your back. She would never know. Possie's "No Help" policy was daunting, leaving the chained girl in a claustrophobic isolation.

"You gals don't know what it's like to be the way I is. You ain't never done a lick of work, an' you don't have to get up at five o'clock to do two jobs. If Miss Bonner offered me a hundred bucks to cane my ass, I'd grab it so damned quick!"

"Would you like me to suggest it, Possie?"

"I already done that. She said it weren't no good that way. She give me the hundred but I never felt right about it."

"I'll give you a thousand to let me loose, Possie."

"Yeah. Ah bet you would. And then I wouldn't have no job and there'll be twenty-five gals looking to make me trouble. You stay the way you is, Miss Angelique, and think yourself lucky. Gosh, nothing to do but nibble a girl's what's-it!"

"Would you do that, Possie? I mean, with your wrists handcuffed behind your back and your feet chained together?"

“Gosh, yes! Just give me the change. I’d do whenever she wanted and I’d do it good. The rest of the time I’d sleep. You ain’t got no idea how lucky you is.”

“But I’ve been told some of the members will whip me and others will give me to a man. You wouldn’t want that.”

“You’re so damned fussy,” Possie complained. “A little whipping don’t hurt no girl none. My old man used to belt into me real proper with a strap he left hanging on the wall. He’d warm my ass so bad I’d cry myself to sleep. But it ain’t nothing to worry about. I got so I sort of enjoyed the first few swats. And, as for them handcuffs, if you ain’t doing nothing, what’s the difference?”

Possie had a logic all her own. It was hard to refute, comprising as it did, a commentary upon the life and times of a black girl without either influence or cash. In it also was some faint comfort for Miss Angelique Martin who still hoped the black girl might be a path to freedom. Angelique wondered if Possie knew where the key was hidden. On the next occasion she voiced the question.

“If you can find the key to these chains Avis has locked on me and can set me free, I think I can gather five thousand dollars real quick. Please give me my freedom.”

“No way, Miss Angelique. And, anyway, I don’t know where the key is.”

“You could buy one.”

“Maybe I could but I ain’t going to. Miss Bonner, she been real good to me, and what’s more she told me you were gonna to try and put ideas in my head jus’ like you’re doing right now. I’m supposed to let her know. I’ll bet if I were to tell her what you said, she’d lace into you real good. And I ain’t so sure it won’t be good for you.”

The five thousand was the best Angelique could manage. She abandoned Possie as a channel to escape. The black girl was fun to talk to but that was all.

“Possie tells me you offered her a bribe if she would help you escape,” Avis said casually. “Is that right, darling?”

“Yes, wouldn’t you do the same?”

“I should whip you.”

“Go ahead.”

“I’ll think about it. But it’s all still new to you and I absolutely must make allowances for the way you feel. You’re right, I would have asked Possie, too. But that doesn’t alter the fact that the club expects me to whip such notions out of your pretty head. They want you so you don’t even think of escape, let alone propose Possie.”

“All right, I’ll leave Possie alone. But, darling, what’s the next item on our agenda, I get so terribly bored when I’m

alone here in the afternoon? Sitting on the couch, naked and chained, seems such an awful waste. Avis, don't you understand, this is my life."

"Very well, supposing I come home early and cane your bottom every day before dinner. Would that make you feel better?"

"Oh, Avis, please! We always get back to the damned cane, and I'm beginning to think you're as bad as Isabel. She would have cut me to bits with it. And you mention it once or twice every day."

Angelique wrinkled her nose. "I know I'm chained so I can't do anything but I really suppose I'm behaving rather well. I've become obedient to the point of nausea. I no longer ask anyone to unlock my hands. Where do we go from here?"

"Tomorrow's Saturday so I won't be going to the office. I could start your training."

"What do you mean 'training'? I'm trained already. Good gosh, everything's happened to me so what else is up your sleeve?"

"Oh, Angelique, I'm so sorry I'm the way I am." Avis paused as she thought. "Minding your Ps and Qs comes next, sweetheart. As well as a few touches of humility which, right now, you're not all that strong on."

The Sensuality Club's captive maiden did a lot of wondering about the word 'Training' but said no more and asked no questions. When the fatal moment came she was troubled by sight of the yellow cane. Avis Bonner meant business.

"Darling, your kneeling posture needs a bit of polishing up," she said casually. "Kneel down and I'll give you a few pointers because this is the first thing every girl will expect."

"Do I have to?"

The answer was swift and painful. The yellow cane cut bitterly across an unprepared bottom. The pain was terrible, and when Miss Angelique Martin returned to normal, she wasted no time in falling to her knees. Her only comment was, "I think you're mean."

"You took that cut well, Angelique, I expected tears."

"I haven't any left. What do I do now?"

"Try and get a touch of humility in both your mind and your pose. Keep your knees wide apart and bow your head."

Angelique obeyed. But her breasts were heaving rebelliously, her wrists busy with shining steel. Her remark was to be expected, "Shall I lick your shoes or something?"

Sarcasm earned a second stroke, this one squarely across the lovely, naked back to send its owner jerking onto the floor in agony. But with the easing of the bitter scold, Angelique got back into position and was silent. If her breasts had heaved before, they were doubly active now.

The mistress viewed in pity her unwilling subject. No doubt Isabel had been right, Angelique was rebellious and inclined to sarcasm. Avis found herself trembling in strange sensations of her own as she surveyed the scarlet strip she had placed upon the lovely skin of the submissive girl. It was beautiful, there was no other word for it! Crisply, she recited what was expected of slave-girls who knelt and bowed their but only to be countered by Angelique's pained exclamation, "But, Avis darling, do we have to deal in all this nonsense?"

As though by magic the third scarlet line sprang into terrible relief across Angelique's skin. This time she screamed. When the scream died down, she had to admit, "Alright, you've made your point! I'll stop being lippy and do what I'm told. Please don't hit me again, you simply have no idea how awful it is. What do you want me to do next?"

"Get back into the kneeling position and name those parts of yourself I'm going to touch."

Avis Bonner felt a bitch. But if she could conclude this job without giving Angelique more than three strokes, she

could consider the time well spent and the penalty no more than to be expected. She tried to keep the strange passion she felt from her voice, “Kneel, keep your back straight, and name those portions of yourself I’m going to touch.”

Angelique longed for tears, for screams, and above all, her freedom. Instead she quietly did as she was told, awaiting the touch of the quivering cane! Avis teased a frightened nipple.

“Name it,” the demand was not to be ignored.

“A nipple. I’ve got two of them, one on each breast.”

The tip of the cane now made a wider circle to encompass a firm, youthful mound. “And what’s this?”

“It’s my breast, I have two of those as well.”

“It has other names, use them.”

“They get called all sorts of things. Mostly it’s boobs, or cans, or knockers. I hate them all.”

“But if I told you to shake your knockers, you’d know what I meant?”

“Yes, I know.”

The tip of the cane explored once more. “Name this, Angelique.”

“It’s my navel. I never did discover what it’s for but it’s there. You’ve got one, too.”

The forth stroke two and three across the back. The owner of that back moaned dismally upon the rug before getting back to her knees. She said abjectly, “I’m sorry, Avis, I really am.”

“But you wouldn’t be if I hadn’t struck you.”

“No, I suppose not. But, Avis, I am trying.”

“Watch it!”

This time the tip of the cane played idly within the very private silken fronds. “Come along, name it.”

“That’s my pubic hair.” The chained girl dared say no other word.

“And this?”

“There’s all sorts of names for it. Would be enough if I just say it’s my pussy?”

“No. Give me more.”

“It’s my twat, my cunt, my snatch. A doctor would call it my vagina.” The young voice registered a slight break. “I thinks there’s also nats, and pub, and there’s also slit.” Hurt eyes met the mistress in anguished appeal. “Oh, Avis, that’s all I

can think of and I'm not even sure about all them. Did I please you?"

It went on. Angelique had never realized how many parts of herself were of interest to others, nor how many names there were for them. What mattered was that there were no more vivid strokes across her back and her bottom burned under only a single mark. When it was done she was fondled and kissed most comfortingly by loving arms and tender lips. She knew she must obey. Both girls knew the training session a success.

It was a somber reflection for the Sensuality Club's captive girl that everything now took her one more step away from the free life she had once led. The cane imposed a great deal of instruction to help her on that path from freedom. She tried to hate Avis Bonner but could not. The club had clearly mapped a course for the training of its slave and Avis would interrupt that course as kindly as possible. It was questionable if other girls who would get her would be as kind. The thought arose in her mind, "Avis, am I a member of the Sensuality Club?"

"Of course, dear, and with all the rights and privileges."

"I haven't noticed any privileges or rights. What they've done to me is an outrage."

"You best not tell them so. They're getting a big bang out of it being an outrage, but they don't want to hear it from you.

Darling, the club is holding a meeting at Dorothy Dawson's place tomorrow. Would you like to go?"

"I can't possibly go anywhere like this. Or could I possibly have my hands back? And some clothes?"

"No clothes, and no hands, Angelique, dear. But there's no trick to getting you to Dorothy's place and back again. You'll never be free, not ever, but that doesn't mean you won't be taken around. We'll probably have a short meeting tomorrow, and you'll be entitled to a vote, the same as me."

"Twenty-five girls all staring at my body! No thanks!"

"Wouldn't it be better than sitting here alone? You say you're lonely when I'm away. In fact, sweetheart, I won't allow you a decision, I'll take you to the meeting and that's the end of it."

Angelique did not argue. To be taken from the penthouse would be an event. There would be a ride in a car. No doubt she would be covered by a blanket or something but there might also be some happy chance opportunity to find help or hobble far enough to hide! It was a very small hope for freedom but it burned with a flame. Angelique found herself excited at the prospect and wondered how deep her blush was going to be.

One of the benefits of owning the building was the private elevator to the penthouse. Confronted by its open door, Angelique balked. “You can’t take me in there like this. Avis!” She tugged at handcuffed wrists and kicked her chain.

“Why not? It’s my building and my elevator. We go straight to the garage.”

“Well, yes, I know, but aren’t you going to cover me?”

“Don’t be silly, Angelique, the club wants you naked and that’s the way you’re going to be. Do you want me to get the cane?”

“No, never mind.” She took short, hobbled steps into the unknown. There was no one to view as she was inserted into Avis’s car and laid face down on the back seat to have the leg-iron chain drawn up to handcuffed wrists and there fastened to take away initiative.

“It’s not all that far and if you lay there quietly, you’ll be comfortable,” Avis admonished. “But if you struggle and fall on the floor, I’ll leave you there.”

“But, Avis, this is a hogtie!”

“A very mild one. Stop beefing.”

“But suppose we have an accident or something? I can hardly move. And, anyway, I hate laying on my face like this.”

Avis started the motor.

The invisible cloak which protected Angelique in the penthouse now dissolved beneath the bright eyed stares of twenty-five pairs of expectant eyes. It had been Isabel Travis who came up with the inspiration of having the Sensuality Club's latest possession stand on the platform at the end of the big room for them all to see and to deliver a short speech on the subject of being a chained and naked slave-girl. A displayed cane assured that she would feel like public speaking at this time. Her further cooperation was assured by Isabel's guiding her up the steps and then standing to one side with the cane in hand. The naked girl stared back at the twenty-five girls who had been her friends and wished the floor would open and swallow her up. This was nakedness and helplessness for sure!

"I think you're all mean!" Shyness fled, the handcuffs and her nakedness was forgotten in a vital need to make these girls under the seriousness of their actions. "I wish everyone of you could be the way you see me now. You wouldn't like it one little bit. You don't have a right to take away my life, to keep me chained and naked for you amusement. The only reason I'm up here making this silly speech is because you'll whip me if I don't. You can make me do or say anything by whipping me. It's not fair."

The applause was spontaneous and undoubtedly sincere to tell the girl on the stage most clearly that they heartily ap-

proved of her status and spirit. It was the death knell of liberty. Angelique became more heated. “You’ve made me helpless, there’s very little I can do for myself. I have to be fed like a baby, and bathed like a child. If I say something wrong, I’m punished. If it happened to you, you’d hate it every bit as much as I do. Please give me back my life.”

There was more applause but Angelique realized it was more a recognition and approval of her slavery than of her statements. She was becoming what they wanted and they were pleased. Once more she poured out her heart in motions as well as words, twisting her shackled wrists. When the final round of applause had diminished to a silence there came an innovation.

Carrying and expensive looking box, Debbie mounted the steps to the platform. She addressed the naked prisoner as well as the audience. “We think you’re wonderful, Angelique, darling, and we’re all so glad we’ve got you. We’ll never allow you to escape, you’re too precious for that. But all the girls have joined to show their appreciation of what you have become by a couple of little gifts I have here in this box.”

Angelique would not have been surprised by thumbscrews or gold-plated handcuffs. Instead she gasped and glowed at sight of an excellent example of the metal-worker’s art, a round circlet that might have been of sliver. Its beauty lay in its symmetry and the manner in which its ring was con-

trived without either weakening or spoiling the effect. Her name had been engraved upon its surface to be followed by the words, “Property of the Sensuality Club.” When Debbie placed it around the captive’s neck and clicked it shut, Angelique shivered in a mixture of emotions in which pride vied with fear in the knowledge the rite just performed was forever. The weight of metal upon her neck would be there always. The fit was perfect.

There would have been applause had not Debbie held up a warning hand and once more reached into the expensive box. This time the gasp was both from the audience and the naked girl and was one of awe. The belt, seemingly so small for maiden waist, was larger copy of the silver band already locked on Angelique’s neck, except that instead of being perfectly round, it had been curved and widened enough to fit the contours of her waist. It too had a metal ring firmly attached to it but, in addition, was made more beautiful by inserts of emeralds and sapphires to thrill a feminine heart. Like the collar, it fitted Angelique’s taut waist to perfection. When its lock was final, the girl who wore it was able to use her joined hands to explore its surface and the heavy ring the purpose of which she could easily divine. Before leaving the stage, Debbie prompted, “Say a few words to them, darling. These things cost an awful lot of money.”

How does a slave say thank you for chains? Angelique was vividly conscious of the weight of both circles she must now wear. But she was thrilled by their beauty and supposed them made her no more helpless than she already was. And obviously they were tokens of affection and a strange gratitude for being what she was. She shrugged at her audience and smiled, “I have to thank you, I want to thank you. And I suppose this could be my cue to say that if you love me enough to spend all this money on these lovely things, then surely you must love me enough to let me go. But I mustn’t say that… right?” She grinned in sudden humor, “I should say how proud I am to wear these always in memory of this moment but I have no choice. I’ll wear them always because you’ve locked them on me and I’ll never, never get them off.” Her voice quivered. “I wish I had hands to feel them. All I can touch is the ring behind my back and I know what that ring means.” She raised her chin to stare, almost defiantly, at every member of the club. “Please be kind to me.”

Angelique was kissed and fondled and had a variety of intoxicants pressed upon her, which, having no hands to push them away, she had to drink. Every girl in the place loved her and could scarcely wait to get possession. There was reverence about them as if they were well aware of privilege in owning this girl who wore her signs of captivity with such grace. Once more the invisible cloak descended upon the naked girl as she talked girl talk with

friends who held glasses to her lips and whispered longingly of things they would do when she became their personal slave. Most prefaced their remarks with a breathless, "I can hardly wait…"

"Darling, you were a knock-out!" Debbie was delighted. "They all told me what a wonderful job I had done. But it wasn't me at all, it was you. I might not have done half as well with another girl. Darling, that's the finest steel you've got on your neck and around your tummy. We chose steel because it can't be easily cut if anyone tries to take it from you. It's some special stuff that cost a lot of money. Is it too heavy?"

"I'll get used to it." She stared hard at Debbie. "They're made for me to wear forever, that right? I'll bet there isn't even a key."

"That's right, darling. But they're something you should never be ashamed of. Do you like them?"

"I love them, darling, thanks a million. Honest, I think they're positively gorgeous."

"Well, that looks after that, I really am pleased about the whole affair. There were a couple of girls there with the bright idea of giving you your first public whipping right there on the stage as a sort of get acquainted act. But the rest wouldn't go along. I thought you ought to know."

“So, whenever I fall into their clutches I’ll know what to expect? Avis, dear, I wish you could keep me always instead of handing me around from girl to girl. I can guess which ones will be mean. Gosh, I wish I was free!”

They went to bed but in their love-play, Angelique was constantly aware of a sliver circlet around her neck and a band locked around her waist, each bespoke another step to slavery.

The communal slave-girl had a myriad of memories to occupy her mind when left alone. One was of a tawny-haired beauty at the party, a girl she knew only slightly but who singled her out to say, without preamble, “I want you so badly. I can hardly wait for you. I’m going to whip you and whip you and whip you. I hope I get you soon.”

Once it would have seemed bizarre but now was no more than within the context of the Sensuality Club’s purpose with their new possession. Perhaps the alcohol generously given to her helped her take the bad news in stride. She even retorted casually, “I don’t see why you would do that. I’ve never done anything to you. I thought we were friends.”

“Oh, but we are, darling!” The tawny-haired girl was anxious to exonerate herself from any thought of cruelty. “It’s just that you’re so… so… so whippable. I’ve wanted to whip

a naked girl all my life and this is the first chance I've had. You do understand, don't you?"

"I understand that I'm frightened to be handed over to you. Please, do you have to!"

"Oh, absolutely! I couldn't possibly keep you around the place as a prisoner without doing it. For me, it is a positive MUST. Maybe if I give you one horrendous whipping right at the start and get it out of my system…?"

"I'm never going to want to be whipped so what do you expect me to say?"

"You might show more enthusiasm. It's not as though you've never been whipped, there's some lovely marks on your skin right now. Aren't you one of those girls who enjoy it?"

"No, I'm not. I hate it! If someone whipped you, you'd know what I mean. And after you've been whipped you wouldn't want to ever have it done again. Or to anyone else." The cocktails prompted recklessness. "Look, darling, before you get possession of me, why don't you get one of the girls to give you the same whipping you're thinking of doing to me? You really should, you know, so you'll know how bloody awful it is… please?"

They had parted friends but without her future owner changing her mind one bit. When tawny-hair got posses-

sion of Angelique the chained girl could expect to be well and truly whipped without mercy.

There was also the auburn hair with whom Angelique had often shared coffee or tea. Auburn hair worked hard to maintain an air that she was not over eager to get her hands on the naked and chained girl. “Really, Angelique dear, this is all a bit too much, don’t you think? I can understand your being mad. What I’m wondering is what the girls will do when they get you alone with them.” She cocked a speculative eye.

“I’m sure they’ll think of something. Some want to whip me.”

“Well, that just goes along with the whole thing, you know. You’ve read the books. I mean those special books that nice ladies are not supposed to read.” Her eyes glinted. “You know I’ve got some money so I don’t have to work. That means that I can devote all my time to you. You know what we’ll do at night, of course, but I’m wondering how it would be during the day. I mean, like I start making you uncomfortable at nine AM and carry on through to five each day. After that there would be dinner and brandy in the lounge, then bed. How does that strike you?”

“How uncomfortable do I have to be to give you a kick?”

“I don’t think you’re supposed to ask questions like that, Angelique. I believe a respectful silence would be better.

But what I had in mind was a few little notions that will keep you all hot and bothered but won't do you any harm. Have you ever heard of that ancient device called the 'horse'?"

"That's torture, pure and simple."

"Well, I suppose it is, but I'm thinking of a nice, wide, round pole that won't cut your poor pussy to bits. I'll show you what I mean when I get you."

"Couldn't we just talk? Or go for a ride in the car? I mean, with these handcuffs I'm completely helpless. And then there's the leg irons on my ankles. I can't possibly escape." Angelique's eyes were pleading.

"We'll do that too. But there has to be some more… more dramatic things. I know some of the girls want to whip you but that's old hat, it's been done before. And besides it leaves a lot of marks I don't care for. I've bought myself a safari cage and it's positively darling. You'll love being locked inside."

There had been a long list of similar delights, all of which told the captive girl she was in for it. Her apprehensions were partly relieved by Betty Hunt.

"Gee, Angelique, you were wonderful up there on the stage. But I do hope all the girls will do what you say and be at

least a little bit kind. Gosh, when they talk to me, they sound positively blood-thirsty!"

"I think it's the cocktails."

"Well, anyway, Angelique dear, I'm not going to whip you. I'll make a gift of you to my boyfriend once or twice, that is if he behaves himself! I'm sure you won't mind that. He's got the loveliest, big you-know-what."

"I'd think it a lot nicer if I just belonged to you, Betty. I don't want a man to make love to me while I'm in chains."

"But, darling, that's a thrill, it's a bonus, it's something extra!" Betty's eyes shone. "I know a guy who does the nicest things to a girl once he gets her clothes off. He's terribly inventive and ties me up in knots. When he goes home I just lay on the bed and live it all over again. Next time he shows up I'm terribly, terribly ready. Don't you see, that's the way it is going to be with you?"

That had looked after Betty, Betty was simple sex. It was evident that between the twenty-five girls who shared her body, there was real diversity of interest. Angelique could see she would not be bored.

At that point, and in a desperate longing for the freedom she would never know, Angelique went wild in panic to tug and twist frantically at handcuffs which held her easily. The steel mocked her frenzy until she knew it hopeless.

She would never escape.

Chapter 3

Connie

I mean this just isn't possible! I mean. I'm twenty-three and an adult and I've got my own apartment. I know I'm good to look at but I can't possibly be good enough to be kidnapped! I think that's what's happened, I've been kidnapped!

My name is Connie Lipton and I've known this girl quite a while. We've talked about boys. When I saw her looking at me the way she does, l just figured she was wondering what I had that she doesn't, although she seemed to me to have everything. I think she put something in the coffee. How else would I be here with my hands tied behind my back! I know it's a lovely bedroom but bedrooms aren't always a good thing for a girl like me, if you know what I mean.

I've been trying to get loose ever since I woke up. I tried the door but it's locked. I just can't get loose these cords around my wrists. I figured I could get loose if I was left alone long enough but up to now I haven't made any progress at all. It's the damndest feeling!

I expect it's white slavery, that's the most likely thing. But I have to wonder how I'm going to adjust. I mean, some bozo walks in here and expects me to spread my legs while he

has himself a fun time with my pussy and then gives the money to someone I've never seen. I think I'm in trouble.

I wish someone would come and tell me what it's all about.

Sure, I can fill in the time by trying to get my hands free. But, even if I do get the cords loose, where do I go from there? The door is locked and there is bars on the window. Thanks heaven there is a bathroom. But I can't get these cords off and I suppose that should tell me something. I've been tied by an expert, someone who's accustomed to tying a girl's hands. This doesn't look like a whore house bedroom but I don't know what else it could be. I don't know how I'll take to being a whore but I'm going to find out. Shit!

Someone's coming! Oh. Boy, this is it!

She's a pretty girl and she's carrying a cup of coffee, and says, "Hello, Connie, how are you feeling?"

"Lousy. And where am I? And why are my hands tied?"

"All in good time, dear. Here, I'll hold this to your lips. Drink it slowly." I think she's done this before. But I gulp the coffee and it tastes real good.

When I've finished the cup I ask again, "Please untie my hands. I don't know why on earth you ever tied them."

“To keep you safe, dear. We don’t want you going around smashing things or hurting yourself.”

“Am I in a whore house?”

She actually laughs.

“No, you’re not in a whore house, Connie. But you are a prisoner and you’ll have to get used to the idea. We’ve kidnapped you and you’ll never be free again.”

“Who’s we?”

“The Sensuality Club, dear, we found out about you so I’m pretty sure you’ve heard about us.”

The name didn’t mean much to me. I looked at the pretty girl who was holding the empty cup and demanded, “So, okay, you’ve kidnapped me. What do you want me for? Why shouldn’t I go to the police?”

“You won’t go to the police because you can’t. And we want you because we enjoy possessing a beautiful young woman to do with as we wish. You’ll get used to the idea.”

“I won’t! I want out. Untie my hands.”

That didn’t get me anywhere. The lovely creature said, as though I had been a real pain in the neck. “It will be a shock, I know. We allow for that. But just to shorten this period of questions and answers and wondering, I’m going to

put you in with a girl we've owned for quite a while. She'll clue you in on everything."

I'm only a little scared, nothing bad the way I ought to be. But right off this dame tells me her name is Dorothy Dawson and she's going to remove my clothes which makes me think maybe I'm in a whore house after all.

"I've already had one bath today, thank you," I tell her real polite. "But if you'll untie my hands, I'll undress myself. What do you want me undressed for anyway?"

She smiles real sweet and says like she's talking to some kid, "Girls like you don't need clothes, dear." She comes up with a pair of scissors. "I have to snip a few bits and pieces to get you undressed. I'm sure you won't mind."

"Of course I'll mind. This dress cost me twenty-nine ninety-five on sale…

"You'll never wear it again, Connie, so it doesn't matter. You'll never wear anything again. Now just hold still."

I'm actually holding still, I mean this is crazy! About all she has to use the scissors for is shoulder straps and I watch those fall away like I simply don't believe. Then she pulls things down and down until everything's tumbled around my shoes and then they get yanked off, too, and the whole bundle gets put away in a draw. Suddenly I'm sitting on the bed stark naked. What's more, I can't cover anything, I've

got no hands. I tell Dorothy Dawson this is for the birds and she says she knows how I feel but it's all a case of getting adjusted and they'll allow me lots of time. All the while she's doing this her eyes are simply eating me up.

I don't mind another girl seeing me bare, I've got nothing to be ashamed of. I know I'm nice and grade A with a nice tight waist and really lovely tits so I have to suppose if this isn't a whore house, the club she mentioned has to be for a bunch of lesbians. But the way this girl is looking at me, I'm surprised my pussy hair doesn't go up in smoke. And I realize that all this time I've been twisting and turning my wrists to try and cover up what matters but I'm beginning to doubt if I'll ever cover up anything again.

"This way, dear." This Dorothy Dawson takes my arm. "This is going to be real good for you, and you'll love darling Angelique. She's really sweet and we've owned her long enough so she's become very wise about everything. I'm very glad you're not being difficult."

The first I get to see of this Angelique dame is through bars. She's sitting on a wooden bench and safely locked in what looks like one of those prison cells you see on the TV. Her arms are behind her back same as mine, and she's stark naked, same as me. And I wouldn't say she looks all that happy. Her smile is nice but it's like she turns it on with reservations. As far as her looks go, she's a whiz. Dorothy Dawson opens the cell door, shoves me inside, then locks it

again and goes away. I stand there with my hands behind my back.

“Your name’s Connie, I’m Angelique,” says the girl on the bench in the nicest voice. “I’d give you a hug because I think you could use one but we’re not allowed to have hands.” She got up and turned around so I could see how her wrists were handcuffed. “We’re not allowed to have our feet, either. We have to wear leg irons.” She kicked at the silver chain between her ankles to show me how short it was. “It’s not as awful as it seems at first. A girl gets used to it.” She came to me and gave me a real nice, sisterly sort of kiss. “We’re both slave-girls, Connie. Come and sit down.”

Seeing Angelique walk back and forth that way showed me why that lovely nakedness was doubly effective. They had got the most beautiful belt thing I’ve ever seen locked snug around her waist and a similar sort of thing around her neck. I felt certain she couldn’t get them off. Maybe no one else could, either. It wasn’t hard to figure why they had rings at the back. Those rings would make it easy to fasten Angelique to most anything. I sat close beside her on the bench and asked right off, “What do I have to do to go home?”

“You never will go home and neither will I. They’ve owned me a year now and I don’t ever expect to escape.”

“But surely you’ve tried!”

“How could I? I’ve been handcuffed and leg-ironed the way you see me now almost since day one.”

I was picking up messages, none of them good. I now saw something I didn’t like at all. “You’ve been whipped! Those marks on your skin!”

“It happens. You get whipped at the start because they have to teach you things. Then, as you learn, they demand more and more in the way of obedience. If you slip up, or get lippy because you’re mad, you get whipped for that, too. It’s not a fun thing, at least not for the girl being whipped. But don’t worry about it, you won’t die.”

“I’m lippy, I know I’m lippy.”

“In that case you can expect to be whipped a lot.”

She smiled again and shrugged. “We have to try and see it their way. If a girl won’t conform, what else can they do?”

“They’ve broken your spirit.”

“Maybe. The Sensuality Club calls it ‘getting me properly trained’.” Once more the lovely smile which is also a little bit sad. “The club has at least twenty-five members and I’ve been passed around to all of them at one time or another. They can do anything they want except injure me. You fall in love with half of them, they’re so sweet. The other half

comes in all types. It took me quite a long time to accept the fact I'm a slave. I don't like the word but don't know what else to use. The girls call you all sorts of names like 'pet', or 'damsel in distress', or 'property'. Some of them do actually call you slave or slave-girl. I'm chained. I'm naked. And I do what I'm told."

"Don't any of them feel ashamed for treating us like this?"

"They overcome that by keeping us in really marvelous luxury. This cell is a punishment thing and it's the first time I've been in it. I guess we're here because it's a good place to keep us while we talk."

Holy Cow, was I ever getting the low down! I sat on that bench and listened to the most beautiful girl and wondered what I would look like after I've been a prisoner a whole year like she had. It was like the handcuffs behind her back and those silvery irons on her feet had become a part of her, I mean the way she moved and everything. It was like she didn't even know she was chained. She saw me shiver.

"You're scared of being the way I am, I can tell," Angelique says quietly. "They've kept me handcuffed like this the whole year now and you notice how I've come to accept it as natural. I think they've been clever in this because keeping me handcuffed has told me better than anything else how totally I belong to the Sensuality Club. It's because I

can't do anything for myself. I'm so dependent on one of them. You'll be the same way."

Angelique was really a dish and I wished I had my arms so I could love her to bits. I could see how nice it would be to have a girl like that chained and naked to make love to and know she would do whatever you wanted her to. A voice whispered in my ear that I'd be that way soon, myself. But I shut it up real quick and told myself it might happen to other girls but not me. I mean, I simply couldn't believe any of it even though I was locked in a cell behind bars with a chained girl who was trying to save me from getting my ass whipped for being the way I am. I simply had to ask, "This whipping business, how do they go about it?"

Angelique shrugs like we're talking about the weather. "You can stand still and take it, or they may want you to bend over and get it on your seat. If they're going to be really mean, they hoist your hands up behind your back so you have to bend forward and that gives them everything you've got to work on. It's beautifully simple." She saw the expression on my face. "Don't worry about those awful things you've read about, the club doesn't use them. What they do use hurts plenty but doesn't break the skin. When they cane your bottom, that's a part of a girl designed for the purpose. It's padded and bouncy. There's been quite a collection of instruments they've used on me."

"Don't you scream?"

“Sometimes. It depends on whether the girl who is whipping you wants you to scream or take it in silence. If she wants silence, she gags you.”

“Sounds like torture to me.”

“Not really, in fact I sometimes think there’s a terrible beauty about it. Look, I might as well tell you there’s going to be a show put on this afternoon just for your benefit. And, of course, it will be a sort of get acquainted thing for you. You will be the main attraction but I’ll be up on the stage with you. I’m going to be whipped.”

That is a real zinger. I stand and stare, and finally come out with, “What on earth for?”

“The mistress I had last week figured I insulted the man she gave me to one afternoon. At least he claimed I did and that was enough to get me sentenced. The only reason it hasn’t happened yet is they’ve been keeping my skin for you to watch as a demonstration.” She smiled cheerfully enough. “They think that if you see me being whipped, they’ll not have to whip you as much. It’s probably a good idea.”

“It’s crazy. I won’t let it happen!”

“What can you do about it, dear?”

She’s right, there’s nothing I can do about it. And Angelique certainly can’t do anything, either. Suddenly this cell seems

smaller but I get an inspiration. “Look,” I say, “I’m not handcuffed the way you are, if we back up against each other you can use your hands to untie mine and then I can put up a fight and maybe get somewhere.”

“It wouldn’t do any good,” Angelique tells me sorrowfully. “So much of this is testing us, if I did get your hands free, what could you do anyway? We’re both still locked in this cell and would be punished for our act.” She gives a terrible, resigned shrug. “I doubt if I could get those tight knots out anyway. Just take it easy and let things happen.”

Things happened but not in any way I had dreamed of. I mean, if some bozo came in and beat us both us I would realize how much trouble we were both in. But it wasn’t like that at all. This Dorothy Dawson dame comes and unlocks the door and says she’s sure we had a lovely talk and Angelique will show me around before lunch. I must have looked the way I felt because Angelique bursts out laughing and tells me she knows how I’m feeling and not to worry because Dorothy Dawson’s lunches are very good, indeed. I walk with her out of that cell into absolute luxury.

It’s a beautiful house full of beautiful things, way beyond anything I could ever afford. We have to walk slow because of Angelique’s chained feet. She shows me around as if she owns the place until she takes me into lunch to sit at a table with Dorothy. A black girl stands between us to spoon stuff into our mouths and hold cups to our lips. Once I got over

the embarrassment, everything tasted marvelous and I could see what Angelique meant. There was also some wine and I drank all of what the black girl would let me have. Buy the time I finished a fine lunch, I no longer cared whether my hands were tied behind my back or not. Just shows you, doesn't it!

I'm not sure I like this standing on the stage with twenty-five girls staring at my snatch, but Angelique seems unconcerned and moves around with that easy grace she has. Dorothy Dawson gives a little talk and displays me from every angle, and I would kick her in the crotch if I thought it would do any good, if fact I'd kick all their silly faces if I got the chance. But I take my clue from Angelique who knows a lot more about these situations than I do. So I listen to the oh's and ah's over my tits and the color of my hair, and then I get stood to one side and told to stand still and watch.

Poor Angelique! Holy Cow, I'm not believing what I'm seeing! Angelique takes up a position in the center of the stage and a rope comes down from up above and is hooked onto her handcuffs which are then raised up and up until she's bending over with her bottom sticking out behind. Dorothy then gets the damndest looking cane and slashes that bottom as though she's mad at it. Angelique gasps and makes noises with her chain as she kicks one foot. After a couple more strokes, which leave the damndest marks on that

lovely skin, Angelique gets turned around so as to give the audience a different view before Angelique gets three more of the same. I can see her face now and know she's really hurting as each blow lands on her soft flesh. When she gets turned again, and gets four, I can tell she's having a hard time and trying very hard not to scream. I guess she's not supposed to scream or she would have. I would have screamed my head off right from the start.

They lower Angelique's arms. I give a sigh of relief and I guess Angelique does, too. Her bottom is blazing red and she gets turned this way and that so the membership can get their jollies. I'm shivering as though it's cold. I figured this would be the end but it isn't. Angelique gets hoisted up again and this time her arms are pretty near straight up so she has to be in agony. It's a new whip this time, a wicked thing Dorothy swishes around a bit before striking the first blow across Angelique's back. It leaves a wicked red line and Angelique screams. I was right about Angelique not supposed to scream because the whipping stops long enough for a strange looking collection of straps and rubber and metal to be shoved into her mouth and buckled tight behind her neck. Angelique can't do anything, she's hurting too bad to move. Dorothy picks up the whip and goes back to work.

Angelique can't really scream but she sure makes a lot of noise through her nose and around that thing filling her

mouth. I get the idea they don't want to leave her stretched up that way too long because the whip strokes across her back are must faster than the cane strokes had been. She had ten with the cane and now ten with the whip. And they didn't lose any time letting her arms half way down. I guess it didn't matter about the gag now because she isn't going to scream anyway. But they left it in her mouth and let her stand there several minutes, all wet with sweat and still bent over enough to be uncomfortable. She kept turning her head from side to side and I'm sure she was longing to get that gag out of her mouth. I stand there feeling foolish and working at my bound hands and wondering how all this can happen just because of a bit of cord around my wrists. But even though my arms weren't strung up behind, I was every bit as helpless as Angelique.

The twenty-five girls were now chattering away with cocktails, so Dorothy Dawson took the rope completely off Angelique's arms and the gag from her mouth.

"Go down and join their fun, darlings," she said to us both, brightly. "It's over now." For a moment she looked from me to Angelique and back. "We all hope you've learned a lesson. Did you?"

What a hell of a thing to ask! But I mumbled that, yes, I had learned a lesson, and secretly realized that I had. There was no way I wanted to be whipped the way poor Angelique had been. Angelique said, yes, she had learned her

lesson and thank you very much, Dorothy. Then I'll be damned if the whip wasn't held up to her lips and she kissed is as if she meant it. We then went down and joined the girls.

Angelique gave me a little grin that told me not to worry and showed me the marks on her back and bottom, which I swear were getting darker every moment. It was easy to figure that even if a girl only got whipped only once a month, she'd always have some marks on her skin some place. As we went down together, Angelique positively swamped me in her sweat smell, and her lovely female scent hovered around us like a cloud. I wondered if the other girls could smell it too as they clustered around and made a tremendous fuss telling us how beautiful we were and holding cocktails to our lips. I gulped down as fast as I could. They made a big thing out of examining Angelique's handcuffs and my bit of cord. There were comments about how marvelous they made us look and how we could never escape. They all knew Angelique but I seemed to be a curiosity and they made me spread my legs and bend over and all sorts of things so they could get acquainted with my tits and pussy and bottom. Some went overboard about my breasts and others about my ass. They all agreed it would be nice for me to be leg-ironed the same as Angelique. After they got me half-way pickled, they made me go back on the stage and stand facing them while they had a draw to see which of them got me first. Angelique didn't get in on

this because Dorothy Dawson owned her for the present and she wouldn't be moving on for a week or two. They made her turn her back to the glass bowl in which the names were neatly folded on little slips of paper. She reached in with cuffed hands and picked the winner. The name on the slip was Muriel Scobie.

This has to be crazy! I mean, this Sensuality Club thing is absolutely out of this world. This idea about owning a girl, which is me, is way far out! I keep wishing I owned a few of them and get them to understand what a hell of a deal this is for the girl they make their prisoner (that's me again). And then there's Muriel Scobie, who's something else again. She says she loves me very much and I can call her Mu. Her way of getting this idea across is to cane my ass.

Muriel is sweet and she's a beauty like the rest of them, and she's all fired up about making me over into a slave-girl who will turn out just like Angelique. When she gets me back to her place, she sits me down and talks real serious about how I'm going to have to be real submissive and obedient, and please her pussy. I act like I'm taking it all in but secretly I'm saying to myself, "Up yours, Lady!" And I wonder a bit if she is ever going to untie my hands.

There's been so much of everything that I'm all in a dither. First off there's this business about Muriel Scobie taking me home. I figured that I'd be drugged or tied up in the

trunk or laced up in a sack or something, but I'm damned if I don't get to sit in the front seat besides Mu and all they do to keep me what they call "behaving" is tie my ankles together so damned tight it hurts. I sit there pretty, and naked, and all tied up while we take quite a long while to get where we're going. And, believe it or not, no one even notices me! There's cars and people and even an occasional police car. But no one can see I'm tied up and Muriel has a thing she calls a cattle prod. If I start making faces out the window to attract attention, she holds this thing against me and I go wild until she switches off the current. I only did it a couple of times but that was enough. I sit still like a good little girl and listen to whatever she has to talk about, and hope she'll untie my hands when we get home. Muriel doesn't answer my question about my hands. I guess it was a silly question.

More luxury! These girls are all loaded. After she's untied my ankles, Muriel puts a collar on my neck and leads me on the grand tour. Gee, I should be so lucky. Muriel then sits me on a couch and from the way her eyes are shinning, I know she's up to something.

"Connie, dear, I'm so lucky to have you. And I want this first evening together to be something we'll both remember all our lives. Right now your hands are tied with a piece of rope but I'm going to fix you up with some lovely handcuffs and a bit of beautiful chains for your ankles.

That way we'll both know where you're at and we'll both get a proper feeling of permanence."

Muriel has lovely reddish hair and green eyes and lovely white skin. The way her dress sticks out in front tells me she also has tits. But she's left me in no doubt I'll get a good look at everything she's got when she's ready to show. This moment evidently means a great deal and she's sort of looking at me hopefully as if expecting a speech. I'm still clutching at the idea of an escape so I ask meekly, "Couldn't I stay tied as I am? I couldn't possibly do anything you wouldn't approve of?"

That one doesn't get answered, either. Muriel gleefully upends a box on the rug to show me the damndest collection of shining metal I've ever seen. It scares the shit out of me just to look at it. But she's almost breathless with excitement which gets me to feeling excited too and wondering what it will feel like to wear this stuff.

She then ties my ankles again so when she unties my hands I won't be a problem. To emphasise this, she grabs a handful of my hair and shakes my head gently. "Connie, dear, don't ever make me be cruel. All I want of you is simply obedience. Be a good girl."

I wanted to tell Muriel that being a good girl means different things to different people and the last thing I want is to be her kind of a good girl. I really want to run but I don't

think I'll be doing much with my feet tied. I say very simply, "Sure, Muriel, I know what you mean. I'll behave. What would you like me to do now?"

"Stand up, dear, your ankles will hurt but it won't be for long."

She's right, my ankles hurt as I stand watching her sort out the lovely, wicked things by which I will be robbed of freedom for the rest of my life—that's the way the girls tell it but I don't believe. Muriel chooses a pair of handcuffs and, even though I don't know anything about handcuffs, they look terribly expensive and terribly small. The two sets of jaws are joined by a single link which is a strong and heavy as all the rest. I'm sure that once they're locked on a girl, she's had the course. Muriel unties my hands.

It feels so damned good I actually say thank you. She lets me massage my wrists a bit and stretch my arms. It's so lovely I forget it may be for the last time in my life. If I had any ideas about putting up a fight, Muriel made it plain I had better not by keeping hold of my hair and making it clear that she could break my neck any time she wanted. Her voice was vibrating with some sort of passion as she ordered, "Put your arms behind your back, dear. This is so wonderful!"

Mu's got me going! I get a bit breathless, too, and really gasp when the cold metal goes around my wrist and there

comes the click, click. The final click makes the circlet really snug. By the time Muriel had done that to both hands, she really had me going, I entirely forgot she was using her own hands on the cuffs and no longer holding my hair. I could have made a fuss. But by the time the last click came it was too late, so I just stood there sort of bemused while my ankles hurt and I got some of the hottest kisses I've ever known from the girl who said I now belonged to her. I was clenching and unclenching my fists and fingering the shining metal. Boy, talk about creepy!

The next thing was to sit down while Muriel made up her mind about which of the chain things she would lock on my legs. The ones she had were different from the ones Angelique had on, Angelique had told me hers were the regular police thing except for the shorter chain. But Muriel was telling me she had these made special and they were a lot heavier and a lot more beautiful than they could be. I said they were lovely and thank you very much. How crazy can I get!

Seems like my chained ankles were going to be really something. They had been made to fit just exactly without that click, click, click effect. Muriel told me, and I knew this meant a lot to her, that no one but she could take them off because there was only one key, and she also said that they had been made out of a special steel that couldn't be cut. As long as I was wearing them, she said, I could kiss freedom

goodbye! The chain between my ankles was the same length as Angelique's and I wondered if I would ever be able to walk as nicely as she or if I would forever be falling on my face. There was a really heartbreaking snap whenever a circlet snubbed tight on my ankle. There was a message in those clicks, a message I picked up for sure. Muriel had untied the rope on my ankles in order to make the change and I hadn't even kicked or anything, and I knew I was going to be sorry.

She now puts everything in the box and puts the box away and tells me to practice walking around the room. She's still looking at me as though I'm something good to eat.

A little voice inside my head was whispering, "This is it, you've had it. This is the way it's always going to be." I rattled my handcuffs and kicked the chain joining my ankles to make one snub the other. And then I took my first step into something I was finding hard to believe. On my first trip around the room I stumbled twice. Everything was wrong and out of balance. To be like this always...? It's awful when you fall and have no hands. With my ankles chained together the way they were, it was even hard to get up. Gosh, when I think of the way I used to leap around! Anyway, the next round I fell over only once, and the third round I managed to make without error. But with my hands linked and my ankles linked the way they were I never felt so helpless in my life. I wanted to cry, so I went

ahead and cried. I'm very pretty when I cry and a few tears often help. I got myself kissed and hugged by a delighted girl who wasn't much older than I. Muriel licked up my tears and told me how good they tasted and I should cry some more. So, of course, I stopped. She said we could now go to the kitchen and she would make coffee. She said she had a black girl for a maid but the girl had gone home so we had the place to ourselves, and wasn't that lovely.

"You mustn't try to ask my maid for help, she won't do it." Muriel was playing very gently with my nipples, as though to show me how good captivity could be. "Dinky will do lots of things for you in this house if you ask her nicely, but if you keep bothering her to get off your chains, you'll have to be punished. You saw poor Angelique get punished today. You wouldn't want that, would you?"

"Gosh, no!" I had never been more sincere in my life. "Please don't ever whip me, I couldn't bear it. I nearly died watching poor Angelique getting marked up. And that awful position being sort of hung up backwards—well!"

Getting to the kitchen was an adventure, my longest journey with chained feet. But Muriel kept hold of my arm and I got there in one piece. Muriel had something waiting for me. The leather collar had snap fasteners and was easy to fix on my neck. I had no hands and couldn't touch it or remove it. There was a leash attached about five feet long and at the end of it a snap, which now got clipped to a ring

in the wall. I realized that ring was there for just that purpose.

“I’ve got rings all around the house to attach you to, darling,” Muriel assured me as if I ought to feel pleased. “Rings stop you having to worry about what to do. Once you’re clipped to them there’s nothing you can do except behave. It’s just a leather leash and collar.”

I got a charge out of sitting there all naked and helpless while Muriel did the work. But I was embarrassed when she had to lift the cup to my lips so I could drink. Boy, I wished I had my hands. In between drinks I realized I couldn’t even get up and leave the room. The collar and leash would keep me right where I was. I couldn’t even get up and walk to the sink. I guess Muriel read my thoughts because she whispered, “You’ll get used to it, Connie, after a while everything will fall into place. We’ll all help you be happy. Please don’t worry about being whipped, there’s only some of the girls go for that in a big way. The rest of us would rather not. Don’t stop smiling.”

“But I’ll never be as good as Angelique,” I wailed, “she moves around as if she’s not fastened at all. And she never trips or anything. I don’t see how she could possibly deserve to be whipped like you did to her.”

“I told you to forget about the whip, Connie.”

“I’ll never forget it,” I sniffed unhappily. “I know it is going to happen to me sometime so I can’t forget it, but I’ll try.” Maybe the coffee was acting as a stimulate or the cocktails were getting to me, because I dived right in, “Please tell me the real reasons I’ve been made prisoner. What are you girls going to do to me?”

I must have sounded real down because Muriel comes around and kisses me and pats me and tells me everything is going to be all right, and gives me another slug of coffee before she goes back to her chair and tells me she’ll do her best to make me understand. I have to like her because she seems to like me so much.

“The Sensuality Club adores girls and that’s what it’s all about,” Muriel said seriously. I know she hoped I was listening. “In a little while you and I are going to bed and I suppose you know what you’re going to have to do? Tell me you know.”

“Isn’t that something we should do as it happens, I mean sort of let things flow as they will…? And can I even do it properly without hands?”

“Angelique does it beautifully and wonderfully. What you’ve just said is right enough, darling, but you’re forgetting there are twenty-five girls who love you and who you’re going to love. Nobody’s going to stand over you with a whip.”

“I’ll blow it for sure. What happens then?”

“Nothing, we’ll try again.”

“And if I tell you I hate the whole idea and don’t want any part of it?”

“If you insisted, you’d have to be trained.”

“You mean I’d be whipped until I agreed to nibble you where you want it?”

“Darling, you’re being negative. Don’t you like me?”

She had me there! Sure I liked her. And because I was so bound up I needed her badly. Every time she put her arms around me and kissed me, it felt real good and took away the fears. I had to admit, “Okay then, I’ll try to be the way you want. I never used to be that way—you know—with a girl, but I’ll try. We’ve all heard about it, haven’t we? It’s not as if I didn’t know.”

“Honey, you’ll do fine, Connie, I know you will. You’ll taste good. And I know I taste good, I’ve been told over and over.” She looked across at me with such lovely, anxious eyes I positively melt. “Why don’t we take going to bed for granted, stop thinking about it.”

“Okay, but that’s not the only reason I’m sitting here naked and chained and being told I’ll never be free again. It can’t be!”

“The most important reason is something you’ll find hard to understand. You see, the club is a group of girls who all possess what is called a sexual aberration. It’s very simple. Because we’re all the same, we all adore owning a girl like you. Owning Angelique has given us more happiness than you can ever imagine. We love your nakedness and the handcuffs we put on you, and the irons on your ankles. We loved Angelique so much we bought her that collar and belt you’ve seen on her. She has to wear them because she can’t get them off. None of us can, either.” She giggles like a kid. “Having you around like that all the time keeps us horny as hell.”

“That doesn’t give you the right to keep me a prisoner, to take me away from my life, and chain me.”

“Perhaps not. But look at it this way, darling, think of all the canaries in cages, and all the puppy dogs on leashes, and all the other pets people keep because they love them. Whether it’s right or wrong everyone believes that the pets are a lot happier being owned than running around. It’s sort of a natural state. Angelique was a member of the club and we trapped her into being what she is. She had things good before we made her prisoner, but with you it’s different. We can give you so much you never had. If Angelique is happy, then we can make you happy, too.”

“I don’t think either of us is really and truly happy. I’ll bet Angelique wasn’t the least bit happy when you whipped her.”

“There’s bad and good for everyone. The club figures that if we can give Angelique more good than bad, we don’t need to have a guilty conscience. That’s the way it is.”

I digested slowly. I mean, it wasn’t all that much of a shock. I’d done some figuring on my own and when I was out and around I had read books and talked to all sorts of people, and I even ran into a fellow who wanted me to tie him up and whip his ass! I told him where to go but I always wondered. This Sensuality Club was the same thing in reverse.

“I don’t see why you get a charge out of keeping my wrists handcuffed behind my back.”

“We do. Don’t tell me you don’t get some sort of sensation out of it yourself. Come on, Connie, be honest.”

She’s right, of course. But I’d been putting any sensations I’d felt down to the business of belonging to twenty-five girls with their twenty-five pussies all waiting for me. But when I saw Angelique moving around and seen her whipped, and then the way she’d talked to me in the cell, I could see what Muriel was talking about. Sure, it was far out but it was there.

“Why don’t you girls put on a pair of handcuffs sometime so your prisoner can get the hots, too?” I asked innocently.

“That’s impertinence, Connie, a month from now it can get you whipped.”

It was a damned funny feeling to realize how these girls wanted me and the way I’d have to behave.

“Is that the reason you keep us helpless?”

I pout and look sad. “So you can do anything you want with us anytime? A pretty girl who can’t do a thing to defend herself and can’t run away, and who’s scared shitless of saying the wrong word? It’s not much fun for the girl, is it?”

I bothered Muriel, I could tell. She shrugged my question away without an answer but I got the message. If I had been a prisoner a month and said something like that, I’d get a scolded ass for sure. I tried another direction, “I guess part of what you’re saying is Angelique and I won’t ever get a man again, is that the way of it, Mu?”

“Some of the girls have boyfriends and it’s amusing to make a gift of Angelique to the guy for maybe an hour or so, sort of on loan, although he can do what he likes with her. I expect it will work the same with you so you’ll get to see a man again, whether you want to or not. You don’t have to worry about that with me but some of the other club members get a real bang out of it.”

I let the man thing go, I was learning fast. In a half-assed sort of way it all made sense. The club had figured out a way to give them all a lot of pleasure for the price of a bit of chain. And their conscience wouldn't bother them too much because they figured they were being kind to their pretty pet. I tried again, "Hasn't Angelique tried to escape? It doesn't make sense not to try."

Muriel grins and pours more coffee. "Angelique hasn't tried because she's never had a chance. And you won't have a chance, either, dear. We keep both of you with your hands and feet fastened and helpless twenty-four hours a day. After a while you'll get used to the idea."

That looked after that. But I still wasn't believing anything. It was all just too damned much. I wiggled my handcuffed arms around to where I could see the metal circlet on my wrist and complained, "I don't see why you couldn't handcuff us in front. Or maybe not handcuff us at all. We can't do much with our feet joined. If you keep me handcuffed like this for a year, I'll go crazy."

"No you won't. But we're not doing it to you just to be mean. The club thinks it's doing something absolutely unique with its prisoners. We think we've invented a captivity for a girl that's never been done before."

"Even in ancient times they never kept a girl's hands cuffed behind her back that long."

Muriel grinned at my comment. “We’re making history.”

“At the risk of going to prison for most of your life?”

“That’s the icing on the cake, darling. None of us thinks it will ever happen but that’s a panty-wetting thrill in knowing it just could. Nothing really good ever happens without risk.”

“But you talk about some girl making a present of me to a man. Why wouldn’t that guy talk? To his friends. Your secret isn’t a secret at all.”

Poor, dear Muriel, I think she’s finding me a pain in the ass. But she puts it to me straight, “Have it your way, darling. Let’s say the police walk in here right now, would you lay a charge against me and send me to prison? Think about it seriously. Would you do that?”

If I hadn’t been aware of the handcuffs before, I was doubly aware of them now. Muriel was right, I couldn’t possibly bear the thought of sending her to prison. I’d love to be free, of course, but not at the expense of putting her behind bars for years and years and years. Gosh, what a jackpot I’m in!

I get bathed. I can’t do it myself so Muriel gets in the tub with me. I can tell by the way she popped off her clothes she does it all the time with girls. She’s also very beautiful and I begin to feel hot between my legs because anyway

you look at it a beautiful girl is a beautiful girl. We're supposed to get men all hot and bothered but I guess it works both ways. I know the bed isn't that far away and I'm trying not to think about it. For a girl with chained feet, even getting in the bath is a problem. Muriel shows me how to sit on one corner and sort of throw my joined feet up and over the edge. The chain makes the damndest clatter but she says not to worry. Golly, I'm so damned helpless!

I have to admit it's fun. Muriel soaps and wets us both until we're covered with lather. Then she rubs her breasts against mine until we're breathing fast and then she switches to down below and my pussy gets soaped like never before. She knows there's nothing I can do but just stand so that what I do as she gets me more and more in the mood. After a while she gets me going so I no longer care about the handcuffs or the shackles on my feet. This is the best bath ever!

We have just as much fun getting dry. When she's through with me, she takes a ribbon and fixes my hair in a ponytail so it doesn't get in the way. I'm pretty sure I know what that means.

When Muriel gets me to the bedroom I'm scared. I've never done that before and don't want to. But I don't have to be all that smart to know I don't have a choice. On a chair there rests a long, thin cane. Muriel doesn't mention it but

it's there. I've never been caned in my life but I can almost feel its cut. I'm told to sit on the bed.

The collar is like the one I had to wear in the kitchen but the tether is chain that trails off under the bed where I guess it's fastened to the floor. It's a real long chain, but I can't walk far from the bed. Muriel explains she had to know I'm safe while she's asleep. I suppose she's right but I have to ask if this collar and chain won't spoil what we're going to do. She says, no it won't, and the way it moves around on our skin while we get in position is a real turn-on. Muriel pushes me over on my back so I have to lay on one forearm. Then she pushes my feet back against my bottom and pushes my knees apart and I suddenly realize that for now I'm not going to do it but she's going to do it to me. I have to love Muriel for being so thoughtful and knowing how scared I was and how this would be a good way to get me broken in. The handcuffs hurt and so did the steel on my ankles because I had to pull them apart real hard.

All of a sudden she was kneeling between my legs and looking down at me with shining eyes and face all flushed. When she lowered herself down, she dove right in and began. I was taunt and actually glad to be fixed the way I was so I didn't have to make up my mind about anything. Muriel would do it all for me.

Did she ever!

Chapter 4

Angelique

I've been the Sensuality Club's pet prisoner more than a year, spending that bit of time with poor Connie brought that fact home and made me feel sorry for her because I know what's ahead of her. She's a lot younger than I and in some ways I think she really is innocent. She's been around but nothing she's ever done will prepare her for what she'll have to do now. You have to do these things, there's no way a girl can refuse unless she wants to get her skin all cut up. Mostly I do whatever I'm told. But sometimes I slip and act naturally and that's why there are always marks on my skin just as there are always handcuffs on my wrists.

I sometimes think the handcuffs are the worst. I've been handcuffed the whole time without a break and I feel as though I don't have hands at all. Very rare is the occasion when I can use my hands for something I want to do, but only with much struggling and wiggling. I've come to understand why the club keeps me this way, it's simply so damned convenient they can't see it any other way. I can't struggle, so I'm ever so easy to handle. And, like I said, after a while you don't even think of resisting. Your hands are behind your back to stay and that's the end of it.

It's sort of cute the way I get passed around. I'm never certain if my new mistress has me for a week or a month, and

mostly they refuse to tell. I think that surely there has to be opportunities to escape in this process of rotation where the membership shares me. But even when the passing is happening there's no chance of escape, not ever. I guess this is the reason they grabbed Connie. The whole twenty-five of them insist they can never get me long enough. Now, with Connie safely chained and all, they can own a girl twice as often. The Sensuality Club has it good.

I often think back to when I was a member and when we used to talk about capturing a girl and making her prisoner. It was something to speak of in whispers and with giggles and with a terrible longing. I wish that we had done the same as they did with Connie. I mean, simply kidnapped a girl instead of drawing lots to see which of the members was to lose her liberty. I mean, with that big a membership the chances weren't very heavy. In that time when we were all breathless while making the draw. But it was a secret draw and I was as surprised as anyone when I was later "captured" by my friend Avis. The chosen girl was to be a real prisoner and the members were to pay no attention to any pleas or struggles or protests she might come up with. And when it was necessary to whip her, she'd be whipped for sure. I look back at when we made those rules and remember the delight at thinking of us owning a slave-girl under such conditions. It never occurred to me that I would be the slave-girl.

How could any of us have been so crazy. But it was the thrill of wanting to own a girl. And maybe, for some, the thrill of wondering what it would be like to be that girl. I, as did many others, never really thought about being the slave-girl, it just wouldn't happen to me.

Avis was wonderful with me. I couldn't help being resentful and rebellious and feeling fate had been unkind. In those first days and weeks I passionately longed for the freedom I had lost. I still do but it doesn't hurt that bad any more. Young Connie will be going through it now. And, from the way the girls are talking, Connie won't be the last girl they will kidnap. I can see in some of their eyes a glow that says they are looking forward to having a good supply of us to pass around. Just having me this past year wasn't near enough.

I've been completely trained in lesbian lovemaking. Belonging to the Sensuality Club meant that I had to be that way. Well, I was before, but all the new things I've had to learn since becoming a slave-girl! The girls are sweet about making sure I'm not frustrated, but for themselves it has to be just the way they want. There's been a few "or else's" and they hurt so bad I don't offend twice.

The highlights are the men, and I don't get to pick them. There's just a few of the girls who get a charge out of giving me to a boyfriend of theirs. The general reaction on the part of the man is delight. It really is something to see their

faces when they discover me all naked and chained and well aware I have to do whatever they want. And they want quite a few things. In some ways they're worse than girls. I've learned a lot about that, too.

I'm going to escape and one of these men will be the tool I use to get myself free. It won't be easy because the girls have talked about this and are careful. Whenever I'm given to a man they've padlocked a chain to my silver belt. The other end is under the bed or to a ring in the wall and solid enough so that an elephant couldn't pull it loose. Without the key, no man is going to get me loose.

I really am a prisoner and it is not going to be easy. I often wonder if I should feel guilty about wanting to escape but then tell myself that there is nothing wrong with a prisoner wanting to escape, it's almost the expected thing. But I also think about the damned awful punishment if you get caught trying to escape. I'm scared of that punishment, it comes in several parts. The first part is to get the letters "S" and "C" branded into my skin with a hot iron. It's the only punishment where the Sensuality Club is that rough on a girl. Regardless of that, there has been no single opportunity in the last year when I could even make a good try. I dream of escape often.

The men who get me as a gift are not all that bad. They only have me for an hour but that's long enough to talk, especially if I try and hurry things along. I've learned those

tricks, too! There's only one I think has potential. He belongs to Mary Lipmann, or maybe she belongs to him, however you look at it. He listened to what I have to say and said he understood how I wanted to escape. But he had also heard of the punishment and asked if I wanted to take that risk. When I told him I was willing and pleaded him to get me free of that chain and then carry me away, he said he'd do it. And he laughed at how mad Mary was going to be. The deal was he could own me for a whole month afterwards before setting me really and truly free. He could do what he wanted to me in that time. Both of us knew he was getting a bargain. He's going to make it happen the next time Mary hands me to him as a present. The trouble is I don't know when that will be. The suspense is murder. I've blocked the thought of failure from my mind because if something goes wrong, the girls would be merciless. Especially since they've now got Connie and would want her to learn a lesson from my stupidity. But, anyway, Dorothy's just come home and we've got things to talk about.

"Hello, beautiful, had a good day? I'm pooped."

"If the TV and the book is a good day, then I've had a good day." I do not mention my search for the handcuff key which is something I do every time she's gone.

"You're so beautiful, darling." I get a kiss and a hug and then get turned around so Dorothy can examine my handcuffs and leg irons, which is something the girls are always

doing. It's silly but they get a charge out of just looking at my wrists in steel circles and my ankles joined by chain. I'm sure they do it because they have the same feeling as me about how remarkable it is to keep a girl prisoner. They've admitted to me they're scared to death of me getting loose and blowing the whistle. They're sure I would but I'm not sure myself. If I could get free, I'd let it go at that. I will admit, though, to a couple of cute fantasies in which I own the girls who have been really mean, the whip-happy ones who are a lot of fun if only they can forget marking up my skin.

Dinky has served dinner but won't be feeding me tonight. Dorothy has given her permission to run off and meet her boyfriend for a heavy date. So I have to sort of bend forward and sort of lap it up off the plate like a puppy dog. I've gotten quite good at this and no longer get much of a mess on me. Dorothy tried out the idea of putting my coffee in a dish for me to lap up but it got cold right quick and I made slurping noises and she stopped that. Through this whole business of eating my hands are busy tugging and pulling at the handcuffs which is something instinctive. A girl needs her hands at times that it seems impossible you can't get them free.

As far as escape goes, Dinky is a lost cause. I repeatedly tempted her with all sort of offers but she just listened and then talks about something else. I think she tells Dorothy

about these but Dorothy is a sweetheart and doesn't punish me.

I ask about Connie and Dorothy tells me Connie's been given to Avis the same as I was. She says Connie is doing nicely and they're pleased with her but she'll never be as good as me. When I ask what's so special about me, I'm not so sure the answer is a compliment or not.

"Angelique, my sweet, there are some girls born to be handcuffed and you're one of them. Don't ask me why but handcuffs are as natural on you as that glorious golden head of hair."

I said a polite thank you and add how nice it would be if I could comb my lovely golden hair, but all I get out of that is agreement that it would be nice but Dinky and she would comb and brush it for me.

"Yeah, I sure am!" I go heavy on the sarcasm.

"Well, cheer up, darling, we're having company this evening. It's Nancy Turpin, you like Nancy, don't you?"

"I like her here with you but I'm glad she doesn't get to own me. Sometimes I catch her looking at me in a hungry sort of way and I know she adores my handcuffs."

"Well, what's wrong with that? I adore them, too. I'm sure I often look at you as if I'm starving."

“It’s not the same. I feel safe with you, but I’d never feel safe alone with Nancy. You know the kind of things she loves doing.”

“We shouldn’t begrudge the poor dear a little bit of fun. If she joins the club, you’ll belong to her sometime.”

“She’d make me scream.”

“That’s all in your mind, dear. Come on, let’s clear the table.”

I can actually help so long as I stay away from anything that spills. Handcuffs are wonderful but they keep a girl helpless. We did try out my washing and drying the dishes but I’m too slow at that and usually break something. So Dorothy stacks them and leaves them for Dinky.

Nancy Turpin looks good and I’m surprised the club hasn’t thought to take her prisoner. I make a mental note to suggest that to Dorothy after Nancy’s gone. I’d love to see Nancy fighting handcuffs and kicking at leg irons. Slavegirls get a lot of fantasies like this.

Nancy exudes an air of conscious virtue when she arrives exactly on time. I pick up the usual vibes and shiver inwardly. But we are three girls who love each other so she and Dorothy sit on the couch and I’m told to kneel before them on the rug. That is after I’m stood a while with my

feet wide apart so Nancy can get a good look. Dorothy loves showing me off.

“You haven’t painted Angelique’s nipples,” Nancy complains right off. “You know I like them painted.”

“We thought we would let you decide the color, Nancy.”

Nancy pretends to think about it, “Let’s paint her black this time, I think black would be nice.”

This is one more thing a handcuffed girl can do. I clink my chained steps to get the things by which our visitor will paint my nipples a color she knows I detest. What girl wants black tits—good gosh!

I don’t expect to enjoy the evening. After I back up to hand Nancy the things she wants, I once more kneeled submissively for their approval and I’m told to move up against Nancy’s knees so my breasts almost pressed against her legs and were easy for her to handle. From some place she has produced a soft brush and black paint. I even manage a smile as the brush tickled my nipples, painting them a deep indigo. Then I am told to resume my submissive pose, and allow the paint to dry while Nancy thinks up something else. I’m pretty sure she’ll think of something because just having black nipples is fun and doesn’t hurt a bit. My two mistresses chat about this and that and Dorothy deliberately includes me in the conversation whenever she thinks I’ve got something to say. It does not last.

“Dorothy, we’re forgetting something,” Nancy says. “I like this black on her nipples but don’t you think they deserve something more. Would you mind, just to please me?’

Dorothy’s glance is a message. Once more I get to my feet for an errand easily accomplished. The spring clips by which a girl’s nipples can be hurt can be carried in one hand. Once more I back up to our guest to deliver the beastly little things I wish she hadn’t thought of. I then kneel close to offer my black nipples. Even Dorothy’s eyes glow while I wish it was Nancy’s tits getting the clips instead of mine. I don’t struggle or complain because I don’t want any more pain than I have to get.

“You have the darling trained so beautifully, Dorothy,” Nancy says breathlessly as she rubs my nipples to make them rise. “Angelique is heart-breakingly beautiful the way she obeys and now kneels here without a single peep, even though she knows what I’m going to do. You do know, don’t you, Angelique?”

“Yes, Nancy, I know. I’ll try and keep still.”

Nancy makes a great fuss over doing the job properly, getting the clips so they point up while biting my flesh. It’s just a matter of practice and she actually does it very well. With the first bite I can’t suppress a gasp and flinch, but I know what’s good for me so I now turn enough to invite clip number two and do my gasp and winch all over again.

When both my breasts are thus adorned and burning with a fire, I'm told to resume position. The clips bob merrily as I edge back the way I was. My breathing has quickened and I wonder how long Nancy will make me wear the tiny instruments of torture.

I am much admired as I kneel for their enjoyment. I have painted nipples and two burning breasts and am trying hard to make no complaint. I even try to smile when I meet their eyes. There is nothing unusual about this, Nancy does it every time. Now I notice her looking repeatedly at the pubic hair on display, especially so because the approved submissive position includes having my knees spread wide, leaving my sex open. She comes up with what I've been nervous about.

"Dorothy, dear, the girl's got a lovely pussy and it's sort of staring me in the face. What about two more clips, on her pussy lips? She can stand it."

"No! Nancy, you're being greedy."

"It's you who's being stingy," Nancy pouts. "Look how much lovelier I've made her, and she'd be lovelier still with a couple more below."

"No. Nancy, you're a sadist. If you want to go in for torture, get a slave-girl of your own."

“Okay, lend me Angelique for a week. Darling, I wish you would.”

“It’s against club rules. Nancy, if you love doing things to girls, why don’t you join the club?”

“You know perfectly well why, it’s too expensive, I can’t afford it.”

“You could if you saved up like some of the others did.”

“Sure, sure, tell me about it! Dorothy, I can’t possibly wait that long. Right now if the furnace in my belly gets any hotter, you’ll have to call the fire department.”

“Don’t be silly, Nancy, you know ever well we’ll look after that for you, but right now.”

Dorothy is not really as upset as she seems.

“How about letting me whip Angelique while I’m waiting?”

Dorothy laughs. “That’s forbidden, too, and the poor darling has got quite a few marks on her already.”

“Don’t be mean!” Nancy really thinks she’s being reasonable. “Give me your mildest whip and let me use it on her just a tiny, little bit. Maybe twenty strokes?” Nancy sounds heart-breakingly sincere.

“How would it be you take your clothes off, Nancy, my pet, and let me whip you with your twenty tiny, little strokes. You’d be howling before you’d have the first five.”

Nancy relapses into a hurt silence. It won’t last long but conveys a strong impression of an ill-used girl. Boy, am I glad I don’t belong to her! No matter how still I try to be, the little clips on my nipples jiggle merrily. I love Dorothy for her determination to whip me herself without making my skin available to our guest, who clearly thinks herself hard done by and demands, “Gosh, surely there is something else I can do to this beautiful creature. I’m not hard to please, I’ll be quite satisfied with the rack, or caning the soles of her feet, or something. You name it.”

“Nancy, you know damned well I don’t have a rack, and no one is going to cane the soles of Angelique’s feet while I’m around. Caning a girl’s soles is bloody awful. How about I do it to you?”

“Funny, funny! Well, seeing as how you’re such a skinflint with the dear girl, can I leave her nipples black while she services me? And right now, why don’t I turn the clamps to insure they give maximum pain? I think her tits are getting numb.”

Well, so much for Nancy!

Dorothy and I laugh about Nancy afterwards. My nipples will remember her for quite a few hours but Dorothy has

put the clips away, until next time, and has washed them tenderly to get rid of the black. Because I've had a painful evening, and because Nancy kept me working between her thighs a long time, I'm told my duties are over for the day. Then my mistress services me instead of my servicing her. Dorothy is one of the best of the twenty-five members, and I wish she had me more often. Or always. Maybe putting Connie into circulation will help me. But that is something a slave-girl never knows.

The next afternoon Dorothy is not busy so she takes me visiting.

I've become accustomed to being driven all over the city and country side while sitting in the front seat beside whoever owns me at that time. I no longer see it as a possible escape route, I am fastened far too helplessly for that. And since I start out in my owner's garage and end up inside the garage of whoever we're going to, no one ever sees me. I don't have to even be gagged because with the car windows shut I can yell my head off and no one even looks at me. It's become routine.

Dorothy is having fun with me, we are visiting a man. Despite a few other similar exposures, I blush furiously and try and cover my most female parts with hands I do not have. This is not the first time, but up to now the effect on me has always been the same, I wish the floor would open and swallow me up.

He is personable and no longer a boy. He is taking a full frontal assessment of the things I have and he is interested in. Dorothy introduces him as Tom Fredrick's. He is told I'm available but not for whipping. Tom Fredrick's shrugs as if it does not matter. And I can tell he's seen a lot of naked girls. My blush recedes. Tom Fredrick's is dark, almost Arabic. His voice is very, very male.

"If I can't whip her, then I won't fuck her. I'll do it to you instead. Damn it, Dorothy, you get away with murder."

"Tom, you're dreaming. I'm not available. I'm here to talk investments." Dorothy is not the least bit fazed by the promise and the four letter word.

"Okay, we can go to my office. Do you want this girl kneeling on the floor with us, or do you want we should put her in the cage with Jennifer? Gets her out of the way."

I longed to kick the son of a bitch but girls leg-ironed the way I was never kick anyone. I stood there like a piece of property while they made up their minds the cage would be a nice disposal of a female body Tom Fredrick's said he did not want. We all went down stairs.

The cage was about a third of a largest bare room, partitioned by iron bars from wall to wall. The bars were sturdy enough but were also reinforced by horizontal metal braces about every four feet. There was also a door of bars and braces I wouldn't want to try and open without a key.

Jennifer was as naked as I but without restraints. She was clutching a couple of bars and leaning forward against them in a pose I suspected she had been holding a long time. I could tell right away that our arrival was a bright spot in a dull day. Tom Fredrick's unlocked the door and pushed me inside and that was that. Tom Fredrick's and my owner lost no time in leaving us alone, so Jennifer and I stood there inside the cage to stare in curious surmise.

"Has Tom bought you?" For Jennifer the question sounded ominous.

"No, I'm parked while they talk upstairs. You mean Tom Fredrick's bought and paid for you?"

"He gave me five thousand dollars for a month, I mean a month in which he can do anything he wants with me. I've sort of lost track but I think I've been here ten days."

Tom Fredrick's was getting his money's worth in this girl. Jennifer's skin bore whip marks everywhere. When we swapped stories, our captivities proved similar except Jennifer's would end in thirty days while mine went on forever. When I told of the handcuffs and leg irons, Jennifer explained that Tom Fredrick's was a purist who used a special kind of cord only and kept her well tied with it about half the time.

"He always ties me spread-eagle on the bed when he's going to rape me. I guess it does something for him," Jennifer

explained. “But he’ll tie me to almost anything when he’s in the mood and the rest of the time I’m locked in here. If I had only known what I was getting into…!”

I wanted to hug the poor kid. I could well see how five thousand dollars as bait could get a girl into such a spot.

“The way you’ve been whipped!” I was shocked. She bore many more marks than I did. “Didn’t the bastard tell you about the way men love whipping girls? You can almost figure on it the same as being raped.”

“Well, yes he did, and that’s what helped me make up my mind,” Jennifer said apologetically. “I get five dollars for each streak the cane or the whip puts on my skin. I figured that along with the five thousand I’d be doing real good.” Once more the tone of apology. “You see, I’d never been whipped in my life and I hadn’t the faintest idea it hurt the way it does. I thought that maybe it would smart or burn a bit but I could easy get an extra hundred a day.” She looked at me in search of sympathy. “I was dumb!”

“Is he going to continue whipping you even though you’re marked up so bad?”

“I don’t know. He never tells me anything.”

Damsels in distress have a lot in common besides the marks of whips. I gathered Jennifer had never made a lot of money and the offer seemed real good. Now she was try-

ing to find consolation in Tom Fredrick's promise to tie her up a lot from now on. I had to envy the poor kid because her agony would come to an end in what seemed to me a very short time. But I had to ask, "You sure he'll let you go at the end of thirty days? Is there is chance he'll decide to keep you? Did you leave word with anyone?"

"No, I didn't. I was so ashamed I didn't want anyone to know."

I hadn't the heart to berate the poor girl. And, anyway, behind those bars there was no changing of her mind or going back on the deal any more than my handcuffs or leg irons allowed me. But there was no use getting her upset, and anyway, I had just had an inspiration. "When you get turned loose at the end of your thirty days, will you tell some friends of mine where I am and that I'm being held prisoner?"

"Of course, but what about the police? If you've been kept prisoner the way I see you now for over a year, the police ought to know. Gosh, that club of yours could just as easily kidnap me!"

"Okay, then tell the police. If this Fredrick's guy keeps on whipping you the way he's done, I'd tell the police about him, too."

"I wonder if I should. He's paid me the five thousand and I've put it safe away. If he lets me loose on time and pays

for the whippings, I don't really want to get him in trouble. I expect they'd put him in prison for a long time. I did make a deal with him and I haven't been able to break it because he keeps me locked up in this cage or tied on the bed. I just feel guilty about it because I was so silly."

Jennifer puts her arms around me in a sisterly hug. "You can rely on me to do everything possible to get back your freedom. Gosh, to be handcuffed with your feet chained all the rest of your life, it's unreal!"

We left it at that. Two girls locked inside a cage couldn't do anything else.

That evening after she got me home, Dorothy played me the tape.

In pure horror I listened to my voice talking to Jennifer and Jennifer talking to me. That bastard Fredrick's had the cage bugged, and I'd fallen right into the most obvious trap in the world. As the two girlish voices dug our graves deeper and deeper, I felt myself going apart at the seams. I had tried to escape and everyone knew the penalty for that!

When the last words died and Dorothy turned off the recorder my actions were involuntary. I slid to my knees beside her to bury my head in her lap and sob, "I can't bear it, I can't possibly stand that awful punishment." I shed tears shamefully.

“I don’t suppose you can, Angelique.” Dorothy’s voice was saddened. “I would have thought you would have had more sense. Tom told me what he was doing and bet me you’d fall for it. I never dreamed… .”

Between sobs I asked, “Will Jennifer be branded and all those other things?”

“No, why should she? Jennifer wasn’t trying to escape. In fact she came across as a really honorable innocent in abiding by her contract. It was you who wanted out.”

“Can you blame me?” I was sniffing and feeling terrible about how I’d gone and wet Dorothy’s dress with all that flood of tears.

“No, I suppose I don’t. The girls have talked about this very thing and most feel it is unreasonable to expect a prisoner to not want to escape. That’s why the punishment is so severe. We don’t want a slave-girl to even think of it.”

The compassionate fingers were tender in my hair as I sobbed, “It is. It is… but, Dorothy dear, don’t have me branded. Don’t let the girls brand me, I couldn’t handle it!” I buried my fact deeper into a familiar refuge.

“Tell me why I shouldn’t, Angelique?”

“Because I’m frightened and because I couldn’t bear that awful pain. I know I’m guilty, I know I did what I’m not supposed to. I know the rules say I’m to be punished.” In an

absurd and inconsistent wail, I implored, “Please don’t punish me, please don’t punish me.”

We stayed like that a long time, the slave-girl on the rug, her mistress on the couch. One of the old masters would have found inspiration in the picture of a naked slave-girl seeking absolution for her sins. I couldn’t fail to note what a tax I was putting on Dorothy in asking her to betray the Sensuality Club. I realized full well I deserved some sort of punishment by that fatal Sensuality Club Code. I muttered, “Couldn’t you whip me instead? Dorothy, please whip me. I think I could stand that.” I dared not raise my head.

“I won’t whip you and I won’t brand you,” Dorothy said decisively. “I think you’ve just been a silly girl and acted without thinking. No one but the two of us need hear this tape, and I won’t tell. You’d better keep quiet yourself.” She chuckled to herself. “I expect you will.”

I loved Dorothy to distraction, and, as usual, longed for hands to show that love. Bitterly I condemned myself over and over until Dorothy closed my lips with a gentle hand. “Hush. That’s not the Angelique I know, babbling away like a frightened child. You can think yourself lucky for belonging to me when it happened. Some of the others would have had you up on a trial. I don’t know if they would have branded you or not but the best you could expect was a ritual whipping on the stage. Connie would have been dragged in to see your punishment. Angelique, darling, it’s

over, I've forgiven you. Let's not talk of it again. Just tell me that as long as you're my prisoner you'll be a good girl."

"I'll be a good girl."

I now dared raise my tear-stained face to gaze at a girl so merciful I could scarce believe.

We thought it was over but it was not.

The following day Dorothy decided to be busy. She has all these financial affairs I don't know anything about. Mostly she left me to my own devices because handcuffed and ironed the way I am I can't get into any trouble or even dream of escaping. Dinky has been trained so well to rebuff my pleas for help that I'm quite safe. However there are days when Dorothy feels I ought to suffer a little. On those days I get tied up. It happens to me now.

In one of the downstairs rooms, and this isn't a dungeon but just a plain old bare room, there's a metal pole dead center which runs from floor to ceiling and is four inches in diameter. It makes a perfect way to park me for the day. It's already been equipped with two snaps which latch on to my belt and my collar. All Dorothy has to do is back me up and I hear a couple of clicks. That's the end of Angelique until someone comes to unlock me. When my belt is clicked it happens between my forearms and holds my hands prisoned even more than they usually are. The click on my neck makes me stand very straight. I can't do much of any-

thing except stand. And what girl wants to stand up for nine hours at a time! Boy, do I ever know what it means to be a nine to fiver, gee whiz!

That's the way I get fixed, beautifully simple and safe. And that's the way I'm going to stand until Dorothy comes home. She acknowledges it as a punishment and says that maybe that it is some sort of punishment for my attempt at escape. I say, "Thank you, darling," and brace myself to suffer.

Having done her worst, Dorothy goes about her own affairs and leaves me wishing I hadn't done whatever it was that got me in this fix. It's terribly lonely and Dinky checking in every couple of hours isn't all that much help. Dinky doesn't linger and doesn't show any sign of letting me loose. Sometimes she brings me a glass of water, but that's the only comfort.

I get so damned tired and so utterly bored. I fought all day the first time, trying to get loose. I still try each time I'm put on the pole but I haven't made any progress. I sometimes cry but there's no one there to see and afterwards I cannot dry my tears. Being a slave-girl isn't all that good a deal.

I don't know what else to call this except punishment. I am bound and can't even see the snaps that hold me. In way of adding punishment, Dinky shows up with a gag she says I have to wear for the rest of the afternoon. I point out there

is no one to talk to and I'm not screaming, so why bother? But I might as well save my breath, Dinky makes me open my mouth and clamps the horrible thing on my tongue. It's not one of the balls, it's some kind of metal clamp that fills my mouth and holds my lips closed tight. The metal inside even holds my tongue! It's horrible! The only sounds I can make are sad moans. Four hours later Dinky checks on me. I moan at her but she ignores it. I would have promised to get down on my knees and lick her sex feverishly if she would only get that damned gag out of my mouth. But I can't tell her that and she pats my left breast with her wonderfully free hand and goes away.

I long to scream.

When Dorothy comes to unfasten me, I go into an act I'm always ashamed of afterwards. I fall to my knees in outrageous gratitude. After all, it was this woman who put me there in the first place. Then I thrust my face into the legs, my mouth just about where it could offer tribute to this woman if she had her clothes off. Afterwards we go to dinner.

Dorothy, I think, loves that little scene where I get very humble.

The days pass by, bringing boredom, discomfort and occasional pleasure in my mistress' bed. Sometimes the discomfort is really much more. There is the Pit. The Pit is

very simple. It is simply a hole in the floor in which a girl is lowered so that her chin is just above the surface. There is a wooden plank in two parts, like a stock, which encloses my neck. There is a lock that holds the halves together and the whole thing to the floor. There I stand, my naked body below and out of sight, and my head above the floor level. What a strange perspective one gets looking up at the world from the floor! How helpless it makes one feel! It's horrible.

I asked Dorothy what happens with any girl who is not a slave and isn't handcuffed and leg-ironed when she's put in this hole. She says sometimes she's just left free but naked under the wood, she can't get out, and sometimes she is tied so very tight that it is a punishment. I don't know the gleam in her eyes as she says that. This is a punishment but I guess it could be worse. I could be one of those girls who is tied tightly with cord and left in the Pit for hours. Since the Pit is in the basement, any cries or screams would not get out of the house. I can imagine how horrible it would be to be so bound and left alone. Perhaps in the dark. Perhaps even gagged. I shudder at the helplessness.

You get so terribly tired and there's not a thing you can do. You can't move enough to ease the aches. After a while the wood chafes your neck. It's one of those cases where a girl would like to play with herself simply as an act of desperation to fight the endless hours. But I can't do that, I can't do

anything. I've tried pulling one hand around to my front, straining the fingers towards my sex, hoping that I can perhaps reach it just enough to tease the right spot. But I fail. I can't even reach my breasts. The only stimulation I can generate is to grab my own ass and squeeze. That helps some but is not enough to bring a blessed orgasm, it only makes my hornier.

Dinky does sometimes stay a little while when I'm in the Pit. She goes to the wall and pulls a lever. The first time I stood in fear of water filling the pit or an electric shock or some other painful occurrence. None of them happened. But suddenly my foot was aware of motion. Something was on my foot, something alive.

"It's mice," Dinky explains kindly. "There's seven of them. You'll have so much fun."

She leaves. Perhaps my screams and pleas were bothering her ears. Every girl knows the reason she's so scared of the little furry animals. We're scared they'll run up our legs and then into our sex. I don't suppose that's even possible but the fear is there. Our imaginations tell us we've got a wide open part of us that attracts mice. We know it can't be true but it's still terrible.

I stand there, frozen with fear, as the small rodents tease and tickle my skin with their tiny whiskers. I dare not stamp on the creatures for fear that I wouldn't kill them

and they would attack. For a long time they content themselves with crawling over my feet and terrifying me. After a long while I realize that there has been no contact with them. Perhaps they have grown bored and escaped back up the passage that Dinky opened. Dorothy and Dinky finally come to hoist me up to a world that has no mice.

Dorothy laughed the whole thing off, saying mice never ate girls, so what was I worrying about. I didn't argue because I was so grateful to be out of the Pit.

For Dorothy I was a delightful pet, in the true manner of the Sensuality Club's concept of the girl they would pass from hand to hand. Mostly we loved each other the way girls do. But now and then her conscience would bother her and she would feel that she had to punish me somehow to keep a proper balance. We talked and laughed about it but couldn't think of a better way for a mistress to treat her slave so that's the way it was. I never enjoyed the punishments she imposed but I knew they could be one hell of a lot worse. I simply put up with them. I wished Dorothy could have kept me always.

After the Pit and Mouse affair, Dorothy and I had several days of girl-girl stuff without any problem. It was wonderful until she thoughtfully said one evening, "I really should do something to you, darling. I'm spoiling you rotten. I'd like to clip you to the post again, you look so sweet standing like that. Would you like that?"

“I don’t want anything,” I say firmly. “But I know I’m going to get something. What’s it going to be? Standing at the post all day is a drag.”

“I’m not supposed to let you have a thing to say about it, Angelique my sweet. But suppose I let you stay in the pillory. I can’t put your head and hands in the way they ought to be because your hands are behind your back. But you can certainly stand there with your head in the yoke.” She giggled, “You’d stand and stand and stand.”

“Thanks. I’d prefer the cage.”

I knew half of this was a tease and the other half deadly serious. Dorothy was enjoying every moment and studying my face for reactions. “It’s so difficult,” she said, “coming up with something different every time. Don’t you have some ideas?”

“How about locking the long leash under my bed on my collar and letting me sleep?”

“That’s impertinence and I’ll remember it. Look, darling, I just had the cutest notion. How would it be I put a knot in that hair of yours and ran a rope from it up to the ceiling so you just simply stand? I’ll give Dinky orders to give your bottom a good, hard spank every hour just so you won’t be bored. I think this one’s rather sweet.”

I hate having my hair mussed up but I have to agree with Dorothy. I'm going to get tired and ticked off with anything she does to me but standing isn't too bad and I guess I can put up with Dinky's swatting my bottom now and then. The most I could get that way would be eight strokes. Even with a whip, that wouldn't be too bad. Not compared to a regular whipping. I catch Dorothy's amused eye and say simply, "Thank you very much."

I stood still while my hair was tied into a knot with the rope inside. Dorothy then hoisted it up to tug at my scalp. She then kissed me and off she went.

I stood there feeling untidy. Standing is bad any way you look at it. If you're tied up, the ropes give a bit of support but with my hands in handcuffs all I could do was stand.

I could move my arms and legs as much as ever. Not to any purpose but enough to stop being cramped and aching. I would suffer fatigue and Dinky's hourly visit which turned out to be with a cane in hand. Gloomily I was looking forward to each visit just to break the terrible boredom. She had me strung up taut enough so I couldn't take a step in any direction without my scalp crying out. After a while I just stood there, meekly and passively but not with my head bowed. There was no way I was going to bow my head!

Dinky seemed very slow in coming. Dinky was always bright and cheery, “You ready for me to cut your pretty ass with this cane, Miss Angelique? I aims to give it all I got.”

Under Dinky’s watching eyes I stuck out my bottom as best I could. Not that I wanted to, but she insisted. It didn’t do any good to the pain in my head from pulled hair but that didn’t seem to matter to her. Dinky was very happy and I suspected she had been wanting to do this a very long time. I heard a swish before everything below my waist was consumed by flame. When the fire died down, I stood up and said a meek, “Thank you. Dinky.”

“You’re very welcome, Miss Angelique.” Dinky patted my sore bottom then went away to leave me standing unhappily and trying to reach the strip I had just acquired.

That was my day, weariness and frustration and boredom to a point where I was actually grateful for the mark Dinky placed on my skin once an hour. I got my eighth stroke just minutes before Dorothy’s return and was striving to massage my pain when she burst in upon her punished prisoner and I knew right away something bad had happened. Without releasing me she kissed and clutched as though she was the victim and not I. Her arms felt so good, so very good.

“Angelique, darling, something’s happened. The club’s got itself a new member and she’s been given permission to

possess you for the next two weeks. She's coming to take delivery after dinner tonight. Oh, darling, I'm so terribly sorry!"

"I suppose I was about due to be passed on," I say unhappily. "What's her name?"

"It's Nancy Turpin!"

Chapter 5

Nancy Turpin

I wanted Angelique so bad it hurt. I went away from Dorothy's place that evening knowing I would have to do something about it. But doing something about it was actually very easy because I knew all the girls and they always figured I'd be a member who never I could afford it. Saving up the money would take far too long, I'd burn up with desire long before then. So I sold that lovely old piece of Chinese pottery Grandma left me, the price I got for it was ample to insure my membership in the Sensuality Club and I was given the nicest welcome. When I asked for darling Angelique for a couple of weeks there was some doubts and discussions. But they had a new girl named Connie and that helped. I got the girl of my dreams. I have never been so breathless for so long. It was agreed that my initiation could wait a couple of weeks until I passed Angelique on to another girl, and it was made pretty clear that if there was any evidence that I abused Angelique, my initiation would be correspondingly painful. I could have cared less, I was so damned happy.

I had to laugh when I took possession of my slave-girl, poor Dorothy had her doubts about me and Angelique was frankly scared. The poor darling was remembering the things I had wanted to do to her, and now I could do them

and she was helpless. Having her helpless was a gorgeous sensation.

Dorothy wanted my slave-girl to sit beside me in the front seat of the car. She said that we could tie her ankles tight and that was all that was needed to keep her safe. That was the way they had always done it. I pointed out how ridiculous it was for a slave-girl to share the same comforts as her mistress, and the proper place for dear Angelique was in the trunk with her elbows tied tight and a nice gag firm in her mouth. Once more I had to cope with Dorothy's distress over what she said was being mean, and I did this firmly.

"You've spoiled the dear girl," I pointed out reasonably. "If you had her around much longer it would be you who wore the handcuffs. Stop being silly. What I am going to do with Angelique will do her a world of good."

Dorothy gulped. Probably her guilty conscience about being too soft on a slave-girl. The Rules taught us all that being too easy on our slave-girls was a thing to avoid. Slave-girls were to always know their place. I'll hand it to Angelique that she kept quiet during this discussion. She'd been well trained and was probably too scared to say a word.

I brought my own strap for Angelique's elbows. I should have used rope but knew how Dorothy would feel about

that. The sweet thing stood still while I buckled her arms back tight. She then opened her mouth in the nicest way for the gag. As I strapped it tight my heart was thudding so hard I thought they'd hear. The three of us then went down to my car. I thought Dorothy's heart was going to break as she said goodbye to my new possession. Angelique couldn't say a thing. Dorothy kissed and fondled those lovely breasts that were sticking out so nicely under the thrust of my strap. I let her carry on for a while, contenting myself with the thought that those large breasts were going to be mine, all mine.

But enough is enough. I said sharply that perhaps I should leave them alone so they could go to bed. Angelique couldn't step into the trunk so Dorothy and I took half each and lifted her over and in onto the rug I had there. We watched her wiggle to find the most comfortable way to lie before we slammed down the lid. Dorothy and I had always been the best of friends but I could tell she was wishing none of this had to happen. But she put on a brave face and kissed my goodbye as though she meant it. I drove away in a state of excitement beyond anything I had ever known. My pulse was pounding out a rhythm in my mind, "I've got her, I've got her, I'VE GOT HER!"

It's quite a ride to my place. By the time I got into the garage and opened the lid I could see Angelique was scared. I'd never thought about being tied up and naked in

the trunk of a car but I suppose it isn't really all that much fun. I decided to leave the gag strapped tight for a few more minutes because it really did a lot for her. Most gags are horrible and don't do anything for any girl. But the one I used was maybe a bit cruel but it had nice artistic qualities I valued. I'm sure Angelique didn't like it but it was something she would have to put up with.

Getting slave-girl out of the trunk was easier than getting her in. She helped all she could and I soon had her standing on the garage floor. Angelique's collar and belt and the handcuffs and leg irons are the property of the club and have to stay on her all the time. The girls really hammered it into me about never giving the girl a chance to escape. They weren't being mean but just cautious. For sure Angelique would not escape from me!

It wasn't terribly late so I took my slave-girl up to the lounge where I unstrapped her elbows and took the gag out of her mouth. She said a polite, "Thank you, Nancy," and then, without being told, knelt on the rug to await my pleasure. I was brimming over with lust.

Angelique's been beautifully trained and in that way I'm extra lucky because I don't have to teach her. When I decide to be mean it will simply be for the sake of being mean. I will be the severe mistress, ruthlessly dominating a chained maiden whose nakedness was all mine. I was almost panting and could hardly keep my hands or eyes off

this beautiful and most certainly sexy woman. “She’s mine, she’s mine, she’s mine,” kept running through my mind.

I didn’t want a tipsy slave so made coffee instead of sipping brandy. I couldn’t bear to be apart from this gorgeous creature I owned for the next two weeks so told her to stand up. When she did I bit her nipples and palmed her puss with the assurance of ownership. Angelique didn’t say a word but stood passively for me to use her body while her hands were fastened safely behind her. I would have kept her elbows strapped were I not a little afraid of harming her. I had her follow me to the kitchen, and then had her sit and watch while I did the work for both of us.

I was chatty to break the ice to give Angelique a chance to get used to me and know what was expected of her. Or maybe I should say what she might expect from me. Unexpected it was Angelique who started things off.

“I hope you like me, Nancy. I’ll try and do the things you want. I’ve been very well trained.”

Angelique is far from being a child but the sweet innocence of her statement grabbed me so hard I bent down and kissed her nipples then played with her breasts while she sat motionless for my convenience until, with the same childish innocence, she asked, “Would you like me to stand so you can touch all of me?” She stared up into my eyes and actually smiled. I almost melted.

“Nancy, I’m a pretty pet, you know. I’m supposed to be played with for my owner’s pleasure. I’m not embarrassed anymore.”

“You’re so damned perfect, you almost embarrass me.”

Her grin was actually pert. “If I’m not perfect, I’m punished so I’m perfect. I try to be. It’s not easy being a slave-girl. But I guess you know that.”

“Why should I?”

Angelique shrugged. “Well, the things you did to me and said you would like to do. You know what you want from a slave-girl and you know it is going to hurt her. And I guess you also know there’s nothing I can do about it except be obedient and hope to please.”

“While all the time you’d love to slap my face.”

“I’ve been taught my feelings don’t matter.”

I was fascinated. This lovely creature had a mind and used it. I would whip her tomorrow after having her give me release in bed tonight. But her mind was a bonus, it would give me pleasure to explore. I asked the obvious, “Don’t you hate us all for what the girls have made of you?”

“I was at first but what’s the use. I can’t possibly escape, you all keep me a prisoner. And since most of the girls are kind and we shared a lot of laughs I’d be crazy to live with

a chip on my shoulder. I've been enslaved and that's the end of it."

"But doesn't having your hands fastened behind your back drive you up the wall?"

"You get used to that in time." Angelique grinned. "As far as I'm concerned I don't have hands anymore."

It was fine to grin at your mistress but I thought it best to strike a sober note. "You expect to be whipped tomorrow?"

"I expected to be whipped tonight."

She was getting ahead of me so my voice was sharp, "You want that?"

"No. But you were so interested in asking Dorothy to allow you to whip me I naturally supposed…"

"Don't the Rules forbid a slave-girl thinking?"

"You're right, they do. I'm sorry. Please punish me."

This was far, far out. I stared awestruck. "You're having me on?"

"Not according to the Rules. That's the response I'm supposed to make whenever I offend."

"I actually will whip you tomorrow, Angelique, my beauty. How does knowing about it affect you?"

“At the start, long ago, I would have been awake all night but now I’ll simply say thank you, Nancy, and put it out of my mind until it starts to happen.”

“Can you really do that!”

She tossed her lovely golden hair and shrugged. “Well, about half the time.”

“I have some other things besides the whip.”

“Most of the other girls have got those things, too. I try not to scream unless they want me to.”

If this girl hadn’t been a prisoner of the club for over a year I would have figured she was putting me on. But a prisoner that long might well be trained that well. I could see a few fading marks from prior whippings on her skin. Perhaps some of those marks were even from Dorothy.

“Was Dorothy one of those who wanted you to scream?”

“She preferred me to be silent so I did my best.” She smiled meekly. “You see, it hurts so terribly. I often think it hurts a girl far more than another girl can realize unless it’s been done to her. Honest, the pain really is hard to endure.”

This really got to me. It would have been so easy to kiss and hug that girl, and reassure her about not making it hurt too bad. But I realize that I’ve never been whipped so what do I

know about it. And, anyway, I mustn't go soft the first night together. Perhaps a compromise.

"I won't pretend I won't hurt you, Angelique, we both know I will. But I'll try to remember what you said. If you were allowed to have your hands free, I'd allow you to give me one really awful stroke so I would know what it was like. But you can't do it. Maybe I'll get one of the other girls. Dorothy probably would."

While we finished our coffee I tried to embarrass this lovely plaything by frankly discussing her breasts, tits, pussy and sex. But Angelique is not the least bit embarrassed and discusses herself with an innocent frankness. I could easily realize Angelique had been forced to talk about her body before. I guess that is a part of slavery. Angelique was way ahead of me in some areas. When I took her up to bed both of us were quivering.

I'd never done it with a chained girl and the way Angelique slithered around on the covers was a pure delight. She no longer needed hands because she'd figured out every motion to perfection. My favorite position is for me to stand with hands clasped behind my back and feet apart for the other girl to kneel between my legs. That way everything she could possibly need stares her in the face. Angelique was perfect. Boy, has she been trained!

Oh, wow!

A girl to be whipped must first be tied. I can't see it any other way. During breakfast we discussed the many ways she has been tied by other girls and I pick up a lot of useful hints. Angelique discussed being tied to be whipped with her usual unconcern as though we were talking about the weather. I gather some of the girls have been really inventive with benches and frames and things to make me feel my resources inadequate. But when I speak of this, Angelique assures me that the best possible way to whip a girl is to raise her hands up high behind her back and there she is. The handcuffs work fine. With a quaint modesty she tells of other bindings designed to expose her sex and make it easy to whip her thighs. My slave-girl eats normally but I do not. I am a quivering bundle of desire and can hardly wait to hear my slave-girl scream. When I explain I would like her to scream, she innocently states that it is something easily arranged. Holly cow!

This is it! I know my slave-girl is frightened but that's the way it should be. If she kept up the perfect submission while I whip her the way I intend, I would have to be cruel. I want Angelique to scream. I want to make her scream so damned bad! I make a frank admission of this to see how she reacts. But even though she shivers in fright, she tells how other girls have said the same thing and how she can understand the way it is. She does not ask for mercy.

In my past fantasies I have always envisioned binding her hands together and raising them above her head to hold her taut with every inch of her loveliness exposed. Girls have such beautiful curves to make my mouth water. But with Angelique's handcuffs behind her back I don't see how I can possibly get the same effect. I consider unlocking the handcuffs and binding her wrists but this is against what the girls told me. I tell Angelique my problem. "That way would be nice," she admits thoughtfully. "Even if you hung me upside down my arms would still be in the way. Unless all you wanted to do was cane my bottom." She paused as though struggling for decision. "To raise my arms high enough behind wrenches my shoulders quite terribly. But I have to tell you it's quite possible to be done. It's been done to me. If you want to whip all of my back, I'm afraid that's the way you'll have to go."

If I don't do something quick, I'll explode. I have a hanging tether with a hook at its end. I fix the hook in Angelique's handcuffs and pull on the other end of the rope. Immediately she bends forward as her arms go up and her bottom sticks out so beautifully that I pause and wonder if I need go further. But Angelique instantly comes up with, "This position is only good for my bottom, Nancy. I thought you wanted to whip my back?"

I did. But that beautiful bottom sticking out there…

Her voice was quivering as she said, “You can leave me this way and whip my bottom. When you’re finished with it, you can raise my arms up higher to expose my back. Nancy, I’m going to scream.”

It was quite wonderful. I don’t suppose my slave’s bottom was any more tight or exposed than if I had had her bend and touch her toes. But the knowledge of her being fastened and unable to get away from anything I chose to do was worth a million dollars, it crinkled my cunt and prompted me to chose the whippiest cane I had. From the first blow Angelique took me into an enchanted land beyond my dreams.

We both knew she could do a lot of movement if she chose, even to turning in a complete circle. But she did not move and took my first few cuts with the softest of sounds and a slight weaving of hips. Her bottom remained an easy target. I slashed it savagely to make her straighten up and stamp one shackled foot. As she did that her arms sort of pulled up to bring the handcuffs closer to her neck. She did not hold the pose beyond one more stroke, I guess it was too awkward or too painful. Quickly she bent forward again with her hands held well above the tight curves I knew I could whip forever. In recognition of this obedience, I made her next stroke lighter than all the rest.

“Why haven’t you asked how many I’m going to give you, Angelique? I’m curious.”

“Mostly the girls don’t tell, it’s worse when I don’t know.”

This pause is pure delight. Angelique’s breathing is mixed with gasps and even when I cease the strokes, her hips still weave and she makes small, nervous motions with chained feet. I assure myself this is the quintessence of every fantasy, that I no longer need wonder what the sound is like when lash impacts on maiden skin. I try to name the sound, straps or crops might make sounds of impact for which there is a word, but now I think only of cut and splat and thunk. There is also the sound of violins. I cut her curves again. This time Angelique screams to make my happiness complete.

Actually I am a novice but I wish to make myself a connoisseur of maiden suffering. It would be too easy to flail away in a frenzy of lust to drive this girl into a fearful hysteria by wondering into what dark hell she has been delivered. I have considered keeping Angelique fastened for the whip throughout the day and perhaps I will. I can visit her often and space her total punishment, and my own joy, across the hours in varied inflictions on her skin. It is so wonderful that I am the mistress over this slave-girl.

I tell Angelique of my wish to prolong her agony and am rewarded with a little “Thank you” which tells me she is relieved by the spacing out of punishment. I would have thought she would prefer to get it over with. But I expect she was accustomed in immobility and standing there

didn't bother her so. By the end of the fourth hour I had caned Angelique's curves enough. This punishment was going to have to last me a while, I couldn't possibly whip the poor girl every day. But my voice trembled with eagerness as I explained, "I'm now going to raise your arms all the way, Angelique, dear."

It was beautiful and it was terrible. As my slave's bare arms rose slowly to evoke an owner's gasps and the distressful shifting of shackled feet. The effect was to do away with the lovely bend and curves and replace them with a stressed torso whose shoulders would come close to dislocation before the upward raising of the handcuffed wrists would cease. When my slave-girl began to moan I presumed I had gone far enough. Anyway, her back was now totally exposed. I gazed upon its virgin skin in a hunger I could appease in only one way. I picked up my choice of whips and ran its thong lovingly through my fingers. Stretched thus, Angelique could not move.

My aim was flawless. The scarlet streak springing to live was fittingly accompanied by my slave-girl's scream. It was a beautiful scream, she had her heart in it. I did not strike immediately again but stood in awe to watch this creation of my own stand panting in a posture perhaps every bit as painful as the whip. Those handcuffs cut deeply into innocent wrists. I could not leave her thus for long and had to get on with it. The next stroke encircled her waist. I then al-

lowed the rope to fall. I'll never know if it was the slave's training or the slave's true feelings that prompted her to say, "Thank you, Mistress," from her knees.

At that moment I could easily have called it a day.

But a mistress must be a mistress and I did not want Angelique to think me weak. But just the same I raised her erect and held her very close while kissing her savagely on the mouth and breasts. She was gorgeous, gorgeous beyond belief! It was with reluctance I positioned her again and re-engaged the hook. I'll have to speak to my fellow members about moving a girl's hands from back to front that she might be properly whipped and then left to stand for as long as a mistress wishes. Angelique did not even whimper when I raised her arms.

I was learning more about myself than about slaves. I had always thought myself a bitch but Angelique's perfection in enslavement was giving food for thought. With unseemly speed, as though ashamed of what I did, I raised her arms to the full limit of endurance, and then whipped her back again and again but without full force. Guiltily I once more let down the arms and listened to the screams quiet. Once more I held a sweating nakedness very close indeed.

My fingers traced the wounds raising upon skin that was without blemish. It was blemished now and I was the bitch behind the thong. I held my slave-girl for a long, long time.

It was not yet time for lunch. It is awful to think how little time it takes to whip a girl. But at least my hunger had been appeased and the need to whip Angelique more was no longer urgent. I had the darling for fourteen days so why exhaust my lust immediately? I led her to the lounge and poured us both a stiff brandy. I needed mine and from the way she gulped hers, I knew she needed it as much. Suddenly we were a pair of girls sitting on a couch.

“Why didn’t you raise my arms again and whip me more, Nancy?” my incredible slave asked.

“Enough is enough,” I said with a fine mistressy finality. “Surely you don’t want me to take you back and do it over!”

“No, of course not. I just want to say thank you for being kind.” She came to a blushing pause. “You were being kind even if you don’t realize it.”

“Have you ever been whipped that bad before?”

“Yes. I thought you knew. I’ve been whipped terribly several times in the past year. But they’ve been punishments because I’ve been naughty.”

“For instance?”

“Well, once for impertinence. And another was for arguing. That sort of thing. I had been properly warned so I can’t say I was not fairly treated.”

“Did I treat you fairly?”

“No, of course not. You were whipping me out of caprice. You wanted to see me in pain. Since you are my mistress for two weeks, I cannot make complaint. I am simply grateful it is over.”

I adored her and could easily understand Dorothy’s feelings. Looking down at her as she knelt, I found myself wondering what it was like for a girl to have her wrists handcuffed forever behind her back. I squelched sympathy and knew I would have to watch myself and hold the line against a degree of submission more powerful than whips. I laughed but said, “Would you enjoy clips on your nipples, darling?”

“No. But thank you anyway.”

“But suppose I put them on you?”

“Then I will wear them. Oh, Nancy, it’s so terribly simple, you can do anything you want with me. Please don’t tease.”

“It pleases me to clip your nipples.”

“Very well, then, I will stick them out. There, you see, I am a well-trained slave.”

Angelique was glorious, so were her nipples which she thrust to point at me. Once more I was defeated by an emotion I could not name. I retorted, “All right, all right, don’t

worry I'm not going to put the clips on your nipples or anywhere else right now. Dorothy stopped me putting them on your pussy lips and maybe that's something I will really do. Right now I want you to tell me of some of the punishments other girls have given you. Come on, don't be shy."

"May I have some more brandy, Nancy?"

"I was hard on you, wasn't I?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so. Don't give me the brandy if you don't think I deserve it."

Right then I would have given her anything and kicked myself for doing it. I poured brandy and held it to her lips with tender, loving care. I was more and more sympathizing with Dorothy, this girl was a witch.

"I really don't get tortured a great deal." Once more Angelique's voice was apologetic as if wishing she had numerous tortures to relate. "Not many girls have what you would call instruments of torture. But one of them has a rack and she stretched me on it enough to scare me to death and hurt quite a bit, mostly my ankles and wrists where the ropes cut as she turned the wheel. But it wasn't really dramatic because after a while she had to let me loose. My hands and feet were going purple." Angelique contrived a chuckle. "I guess when a girl is really and truly racked by a torturer, those little things don't count. Anyway, that's how it was with me.

“Oh, I almost forgot, I also got whipped a little between my legs. But it wasn’t a very bad whip and I didn’t scream much.”

“This is interesting, carry on.”

“There was the girl who suspended me by my big toes, but she got in trouble with the girls because she might have damaged me real bad, and none of the members want a damaged slave. They gave her the choice of being kicked out of the Sensuality Club or taking twenty hard strokes with a really beastly whip. She chose the whip and the club made quite a deal out of it, an evening’s entertainment up on the stage. I felt sorry for her as she screamed. Especially when two girls pulled her legs far apart and the girl with the whip slashed up inside. I would have asked them to be more kind if I hadn’t been gagged at the time. They always gag a girl when she’s got something to say.”

“Sounds reasonable to me,” I said helpfully. “How’s she treated you since?”

“The rotation hasn’t taken me around to her yet. But I expect you’ll be amused by the girl who stuck me on the pole.” Angelique was in full stride. “It should have been a plank set on its edge with sharp sides close together but I guess that was too awful for any of them to allow, so all I got was a pole. I guess you know about the horse?”

“No, I don’t.”

“It’s pretty simple,” Angelique mused. “They sit a naked girl on anything with sharp edges like a plank and stretch her feet as far as they will go to either side so she can’t fall off. They raise her arms up behind her back. There she sits with her full weight on her pussy and whatever sharp thing it is she’s sitting on. It isn’t a bit nice and after a while even a round pole got so I couldn’t bear it and I started to scream. Fortunately the girl who did this to me had invited guests and it was them who insisted on her taking me off. She caned my bottom instead. The Sensuality Club doesn’t really believe in torture.”

“Are you warning me, dear?”

“No, of course not. All you’ve done is whip me and that’s not torture at all. Not as long as it’s done with an approved whip.”

The lovely hurt voice trailed off into silence. I could well imagine Angelique thinking back to the agonies endured at the hands of club members.

“You say being whipped is not torture, how bad is it?”

“Oh, that!” Angelique positively laughed. “It hurts beyond bearing. It’s so bloody awful during those first moments you want to die. But after a while the pain spreads itself out all over and the place where the whip cut your skin becomes a slow burn which makes a girl shockingly horny.”

“You’re horny now?”

“Yes. I’m terribly sorry.”

“Don’t be sorry. Would you like me to whip up between your legs?”

My slave-girl looks at me mournfully. “I would only last through one or two strokes and then I would be screaming again.” A pause and then she raised her chin defiantly. “It’s still early in the day and you can do anything you want.”

“That sounds as if you want me to whip you again.”

“I know it does. I’m crazy. But when a girl gets sexually aroused beyond a certain point, that’s about all you can do with her.”

Then she suggests that she is talking silly and we should change the subject. Well, that sounds too much like she’s talking equality with me, suggesting what we should talk about. The Sensuality Club is very strict about that, a slave-girl is a slave-girl. I should whip Angelique until she becomes once more submissive and demure. But my taste for the thong has diminished as I watch the marks I’ve put there rise up and glow their scarlet scald. Surely there must be something else, and I realize how totally I have been obsessed with the whipping of girls, forgetting the other things so easily inflicted on a helpless, naked girl. I say, “I’m not going to punish you any more now. I’m still

learning about punishing girls. I will think up a simple punishment that you won't like and then try it on you. How does that sound?"

I get a look sort of like a smile and a retort, "Sure, why not!"

She is maintaining equality. I wonder if she knows! Perhaps it has become commonplace during her year of slavery to discuss punishment with the girl who will inflict it. No doubt striving towards a happy medium of pain she can endure. I am forced to realize Angelique is more experienced in the matter of enslavement than I. Somehow, without seeming to try, I must regain initiative.

"Never mind, darling, I've just thought of something I'll enjoy. I've got a little cage just made to fit a girl and after lunch I'm going to put you inside and lock the door. It's something I can't imagine you enjoying." I tell her this with a full feeling of control. Then she defeats me.

"Thank you, Nancy. I'm sure that will work out very well. I've been told about these little cages and how awful they are if she's kept inside too long. I'm sure I'll become very well behaved."

Gosh, what the hell else can I do!

Lunch is delightful. I never tire of watching Angelique's breasts hover above her plate. It occurs to me how sweet

they would appear with the little clips alive on the nipples. It's wonderful how owning Angelique removes urgency.

I'm not rich like most of the rest, so I don't have maids or cooks or servants, just this old house I inherited. Lunch, therefore, is just sandwiches. She eats so well with her hands handcuffed behind her back. What a strange thought that this lovely girl will be handcuffed all the rest of her life. Jeepers!

I sort of apologize to Angelique for the lack of splendor in my home. The luxury she's used to isn't here. But she shrugs that off by pointing out that the more money a mistress has the more likely she is to have cells down in the basement or a dungeon. I laugh at the vision of that and then feel a bitch when I think of the little cage in which this gorgeous creature will soon crouch. We are both aware I do not have to punish Angelique at all but simply keep her prisoner and enjoy her company. But two weeks seems so little time in which to do all the lovely things possible to the body of a girl. I don't want to waste a minute and am now increasingly aware of wanting to whip Angelique all over again. As I eat my sandwich and think of her jerking under the thong, I am aware of heat. There is nothing I can do to Angelique from which I can get so great a happiness as placing marks on her skin, and I realize she has a lot of skin still untouched. It is potently there.

I speak to Angelique of this hunger in my flesh.

Angelique does not answer right away with quiet assurances of submission, but quietly thinks of what I say. “If the urge to whip me is that strong, Nancy, you almost have to do it. If you don’t, it’s going to bother you and it will be something between us we do not share.” She eyed me doubtfully. “I desperately don’t want to be whipped again. But if it’s something you must do, then it’s something you must do.”

“Do the other girls feel as guilty as I do after they’ve whipped you?”

Angelique’s laugh is almost gay. “I’m always hurting too much to know what they’re feeling. But I’m sure I’m hurting much more than they are. I don’t think they do feel guilty. We both know I’m a slave and a girl doesn’t have to feel guilty for whipping a slave. You’ll get used to owning me after a while and then you won’t feel guilty.” Anxiously she adds, “Are you really going to whip me again today, Nancy? Don’t feel you have to.”

This girl is just too much! I take her downstairs and lock her in the cage.

Owning Angelique is more of a problem than I had ever dreamed. It’s not her, it’s me! I no sooner come back up stairs than I’m lonely. I’ve taken this two weeks off from my job and I’m not like the other girls with their investments and things. I keep thinking of that lovely girl with

her arms handcuffed behind her back and her legs bend up around her chin so she can fit into that small wire mesh cage in the corner of my basement. Angelique had given me a grin as I left her alone but she can scarcely move and can't be enjoying herself all that much. I should have left her upstairs so we could talk and I would hear some more about her slavery. I might also have taken her for a ride in the car. This ride in the car bit is another thing with which I was becoming intrigued with. This time I wouldn't put her in the trunk but let her sit beside me as Dorothy wanted. The fact was Angelique had got under my skin and I needed her a lot more than she needed me. After all, any girl who is owned by twenty-five other girls cannot possibly be too dependent on any one.

I was on my way down stairs when I pulled up and told myself to smarten up. I was a member of the Sensuality Club and if I spoiled their pet slave-girl rotten, I'd be in Dutch with the whole bunch. To keep Angelique's respect for me as a part owner of her person, I'd have to leave her in that cage for at least an hour or two. Of course, I could always whip her again. I was debating this possibility when the doorbell rang.

If I'd needed a policeman I expect the uniformed male on my doorstep would have been all right. And the uniformed female beside him was pretty. But the last thing I needed

was the police. I stood there stupidly and stared which they stared back in obvious suspicion.

“Miss Nancy Turpin?”

I said yes and this was where I lived. He then handed me a search warrant which said he could turn my home inside out if he wanted. They both walked in.

The policeman told the policewoman to stay with me while he looked things over. I was so scared I was trembling. The policewoman was looking at me in a way that shouted criminal. I wanted to come up with some words to make contact with her and let her know I not a criminal, just a normal human being, but my mind shut down. One vivid picture stood before my mind, that of a tiny mesh cage in the basement with one naked and chained girl in it.

Chapter 6

Fetters in Fragments

From the first moment I was locked in the little cage Nancy and I did everything wrong. Boy, did we ever! It didn't take me very long to get good and mad with that little prison in which I had to sit all hunched up and unable to stretch anything. By evening I would be a sad little slave-girl indeed. I was pretty sure Nancy hadn't the faintest idea how terrible these punishments can be. For her they were a fun thing and I was a pretty prisoner, or more likely a pet who had nothing to say about anything.

I was feeling really sorry for myself by the time I heard the heavy footsteps and the policeman walked in.

He stared at me in disbelief. I think I stared back, also in disbelief. It was a minute before either of us said a thing.

My first reaction was relief. Here was the Law and freedom was ahead. But that feeling turned to horror when I realized I was naked in a cage before this male. Perhaps he thought I was crazy. But most of all I was thinking of Nancy and how the two of us could possibly wiggle out of this.

"You are Miss Angelique Martin?" he finally found his voice.

"Yes, I am. Would you please get me out of here?"

“I am acting on a complaint made by a Miss Jennifer Seabright. She states you have been kidnapped?”

He is staring at me in a fearful manner. He has to realize how queer this whole thing must look. I mumbled, “I suppose you could call it that. Would you mind getting me out of here?”

I then experienced a miracle. He had a bunch of keys and I was soon standing up. For a girl used to being naked, I was generating a fine blush. He then turned his attention to the keys and unlocked the handcuffs I’d worn for more than a year. I didn’t tell him that because I wasn’t sure what was best. The uniform seemed doubtful. My policeman was reserving judgment. He also removed my leg irons.

My spirits danced to a tune of “Free, free, free!”

For brief moments I was happy as I stretched all of my limbs. Then his comment brought me back to earth.

“You’ve been restrained a long time?”

“Well, yes, quite a while.”

“Against your will?”

“Well, in a way.”

“You are being evasive, Miss Martin.”

“I’m not accustomed to being naked with a policeman. Would you mind if I found some covering?”

“There’s a female officer upstairs, she will deal with you. Do you wish to sign a complaint against Miss Nancy Turpin?”

“Good gosh, no! Why would I do that!”

“She has been keeping you prisoner, isn’t that reason enough?”

I was mixed up and sure the poor guy had to think me nuts over the way I was using and stretching my legs and arms. But the way the cop was acting told me of dangerous ground either for Nancy or myself, or both of us. Stupidly, I told him, “Nancy is my friend and this isn’t what you think it is. Thanks for getting me out of that cage, but if you’ll now just run along… .”

He did not run along. He took my arm and led me upstairs.

The first thing I saw upstairs was Nancy’s anguished eyes. I realized the poor darling was seeing her future in the context of fifteen years behind bars. The policewoman all too obviously disapproved of both of us and barked at her sidekick, “Damn it, O’Brien, did you find her in bed?”

“No, in a cage. Cuffed and leg-ironed.” He turned to Nancy. “Are there any clothes around?”

“She doesn’t need any, she’s not going out.” Nancy wasn’t thinking too quickly.

“That’s what you think. I’m arresting you on a charge of kidnapping and taking Miss Martin along to straighten out her story, it’s full of holes.”

It was all unreal. I heard the girl reading out all that silly stuff about rights. Nancy kept trying to say something but the words wouldn’t come out. But the worse thing was when Nancy was turned around she was handcuffed behind her back. I could see she was scared out of her wits. And I wasn’t feeling all that secure myself.

“Nancy is my friend,” I blurted out. “I won’t sign a complaint.”

“In that case we’ll take you along, too, as an accomplice.”

“You have no right to take me anywhere, I haven’t done anything.”

They read me my rights and I knew the woman enjoyed every moment. In her eyes my being naked damned me utterly. The real heart-break was when they produced another pair of handcuffs and locked my wrists behind my back! I was so anguished I could cry.

The policeman insisted that I should be clothed before being taken to the station house. When I admitted I didn’t have any clothes to put on, my credibility sank even lower.

They found a blanket they draped around my neck and marched the two of us to their car, leaving Nancy's home unoccupied worried them not at all.

The station staff absorbed Nancy and she disappeared from my sight. A kidnap charge was nothing much but a naked girl was great news. I kept losing my blanket to the delight of my fans. We didn't lose our handcuffs until the desk sergeant was through with us.

I made such a fuss about the way I was being treated that I was allowed to occupy the same cell as Nancy. Then they took us to make that one phone call that prisoners are allowed. I phoned Dorothy and when it came her turn, Nancy phoned Avis.

Then we sat on the silly little cot inside the cell and went to pieces, clutching each other for security. It was a bad moment and I wouldn't want to live it over.

Wealth is wonderful! It is doubly wonderful if it also carries a respected name. Dorothy and Avis, and in fact the whole Sensuality Club, descended upon that station in an avalanche of feminine fury. We were extracted from our cell: Once more I knew the very acme of happiness as forms were signed. Nancy was probably more relieved than I when we were escorted out in public by a huge crowd of friends. I was still clothed in a blanket but didn't mind.

It was at this point I should have had more sense but I loved everyone and everything, and was so damned glad to be back among loving arms and hot lips that I wasn't thinking straight. I allowed myself to be ushered into one of the cars and shared an excitement at the prospect of a steak dinner the girls had arranged at Sardo's Restaurant. I couldn't feel more loved. With all this wonder I simply stopped thinking.

The girls brought me clothes which I donned in the car. They also did their best with my hair. Hair is important to a girl. When we marched into Sardo's I was one of the bunch and happier than I had ever been.

There were cocktails and I knew the pure glory of raising the glass to my lips with my own hands. Filled with love of life, I gulped whatever drinks were put before me without thinking. The food was wonderful, and I think my happiness must have been infectious for I was treated as royalty.

I think I was more than a little drunk.

I think I told them how I loved Jennifer. And Nancy Turpin. And Dorothy. And Avis. And… and…

I might have noticed shrewd glances between Sensuality Club members had I been more under control. There was wine with dinner. There were after dinner drinks. And then we were finished and I couldn't care less about anything.

You know how it is when you've had one too many. The world doesn't quite right and you see life as fragmented scenes, like switching channels on a TV. The next thing I remember is a continuation of our party in the home of Isabel Travis. It all built up to a climax in which Avis held up a pair of handcuffs of a beautiful gold color.

"These are for you, Angelique darling, we want to show our appreciation for everything you've been to us. Come here and turn around."

It was as if someone had poured cold water over me. I had been so happy but was now looking at a pair of metal cuffs that spelled imprisonment. I wanted no part of it and told them so in no uncertain way. "You know what you can do with those," I said. "I'm a free girl and I'm going to stay free."

There was a shocked silence. I don't know why, what else could they expect. But I had to realize almost every girl in the place had owned me at one time or another and would forever see me in handcuffs and a pet for their pleasure.

They stared at me. I stared at them.

"But you're a slave-girl, darling, don't be difficult." It was Avis.

"That's all behind me. You've got Connie and I'm sure you can get someone else. I've had enough."

It was now Betty Harmon who held the golden handcuffs and mounted the little platform to hold them out invitingly. “Come, Angelique, darling, we want to make a little ceremony out of giving you these, you know, the return of the lost sheep to the fold, to the arms of those who love her very much.”

The love was there, true, I loved every one of them, even those who had been unkind to me with the whip. But freedom was a drug, a need I could not deny. The thought of returning to slavery was something I simply could not contemplate. I looked toward the door and could not fail to see the three girls standing firmly before it. Falling back upon basics, I said simply, “I won’t do it. Let me go free.”

I don’t know at just what moment I made my lunge towards the door. But it was too little, too late. Frantically I punched and clawed and kicked. Within a minute I was flat on my face with enough girls standing on my back to crush an elephant. Someone gathered up my arms and called for the handcuffs. Then there was clicks and I was a prisoner again. A slave. A slave-girl in the hands of twenty-six owners. When they got off me I lay upon the rug, sobbing my heart out. I knew my wrists were handcuffed behind my back forever.

When I ceased to cry, I was escorted to the stage and turned around and around for everyone to witness the re-

possession of the slave-girl they adored. By that time I had ceased to care and all I wanted was to die.

Regardless of my feelings, the club was determined to have its ritual occasion. One of them stood beside me to tell the audience that I would not suffer the normal punishment for attempted escape because I had been taken from Nancy by a policeman, and hadn't had much to say about any of it.

While I stood there, disgusted with myself and the world, she hammered home the point that I had been a willing participant in the drawing in which my name had been picked to be a prisoner of the Sensuality Club for life. I had done this with my eyes open and with full knowledge of all entailed.

I looked down at the membership without hope.

Perhaps my new golden handcuffs were more pleasing to the eye but they felt the same as had the old pair I wore for a year. That pair was probably still at the police station. I didn't think anyone would walk in to claim them.

I was bitter and sad and hopeless. But what could I do? This was the same as I had been in before my all too brief freedom. I knew I could do nothing.

The ritual was only half complete. I looked at the lovely golden shackles in delight. I know that sounds silly but they

were beautiful. I listened as we were all told how this gorgeous replacement for my lost leg irons had been created especially for a slave-girl they all loved. There were none of the adjustments needed, these bands were made for my ankles only and fit snugly. I thought that perhaps the span of links joining the golden bands was a little shorter than my original ones but dared not protest. They were truly beautiful and I was told that once locked on my ankles they could not be removed with a key but needed a slender piece of steel to insert in a tiny slit. The snap that closed each band around my ankle could be heard around the silent room.

It was at that point Nancy Turpin chose to raise her hand to propose a motion, a motion to amend the rules to allow any mistress to removing the handcuffs from a slave-girl if it was necessary to have her hands before her for a certain punishment. The motion passed.

I thought that was the end of it but one more announcement was to be made to the effect that the slave-girl known as Angelique was hereby removed from the care of Miss Nancy Turpin and placed in the care of Miss Mary Lippman for an indefinite period pending the obtaining of a fresh girl to bring the Sensuality Club's inventory of slaves up to three. I heard this piece of news without interest, knowing their use of the word "obtaining" meant kidnapping. My main concern was with Mary Lippman and her presenting me as a gift to Tom Fredrick's, who would really

and truly take me into freedom. With that fresh hope I clattered my steps back and forth across the stage. Everything was back to normal.

“That new girl, Nancy Turpin, had the right idea. I’d thought of it long ago but never figured it would pass,” Mary said as she stood back to view me with approval. “It’s a lovely pose and you can stay that way all day, darling. I’m not going to be too mean but you do deserve something. I don’t think you realize how lucky you are. We’ve let you off the main penalty for an escape attempt.”

I sniffed and wrinkled my nose at my new mistress before looking up at the golden handcuffs with my wrists inside tethered above my head from a chain from the ceiling. As usual there was nothing I could do about anything and I would spend this first day of a long imprisonment standing up. “I didn’t try to escape,” I retorted. “Everything just happened and I never did get free.”

“Yes you did, you were free all through dinner and then again at the party. We’ve all been kind and then you go and do that dash for the door. It took six of us to hold you down.”

“It was only four, it wasn’t six, and I’ve got as much right to freedom as anyone. Now I’m a prisoner all over again and it just isn’t fair. Do you have to hoist my arms like this?”

“Don’t beef, it’s a nice little punishment that won’t do you a bit of harm. Tomorrow I’ll give you something else. After that I may be nice. Maybe. I just love to hug and kiss and play with you but you don’t deserve it so you can just stand like that and think about how lucky you are.”

“Lucky?”

“Dear,” she purred, “I should be whipping the hell out of you. And branding your skin, too!”

I gulp and shut up. Mary leaves me alone.

I’m always watching someone go and leave me in some sort of jackpot. It seems strange to be able to see the handcuffs that hold my wrists prisoner. I’m so used to having my hands behind my back.

All I can think of is that I should have made my escape when I was allowed to walk out of the police station. Or in the restaurant. None of the girls had thought to handcuff me and I was totally free to fight or run. I suppose it shows how much of a hold the club has on me. How much affection flows back and forth. I guess I never made a break because I really loved all the girls and was feeling such gratitude for them rescuing me from jail. Being the prisoner of the club is one thing, but that horrible jail cell and the cold, impersonal way they handle you is another.

Jennifer Seabright is the real heroine of the whole piece. And nobody even knows her except me. I wish she'd phoned those names I gave her instead of going to the police. Then my freedom might have lasted more than a few hours. I guess it was easier to phone the cops. If the policeman hadn't found me in that awful little cage, that might have helped, too. The poor guy looked so shocked to see me all curled up inside that wire mesh, far worse than if he simply found me walking around the house with Nancy and my arms behind my back. It's hard not to rehash the events over in my mind, but what's the use. I wish I could ask Mary about Tom Fredrick's. What I have to do now is wait for something that may never happen. In a way I'm back to square one.

This punishment isn't so bad. But, of course, I'm not tired yet and I'm sure to get good and tired before Mary lets me loose. There's one thing about this new idea of unlocking my hands for punishment, it gives me a few moments of a sort of half freedom which, if I pluck up enough courage, I might use to get the best of whatever girl owns me at the time. I can't really see this happening because the punishment would be really bad. But it's an intriguing thought and this evening when Mary lowers my hands and changes my handcuffs from front to back there'll be another chance. Oh, shit! I'll never, never dare!

I wonder if I'll ever get to say thank you to Jennifer Seabright. I may never see her again but she really did try to help and I have to be grateful for that even if it didn't work out. Poor Jennifer, I wonder how many whip marks she collected and if she's happy spending the money.

It's noon before Mary comes by with a cup of coffee. I'm so tired standing with my arms up in the air, and so glad of her company I forget all the lovely sarcasms I've planned all morning. But my suggestion of a coffee break in which I get to use my hands for a few minutes is ignored. She lifts the cup to my lips and I drink while she says how nice it is to have me back in all my nakedness, and she's wondering if she should whip me just a little or is my skin marked up enough already. I keep silent. I'm a slave.

There's a wooden box in the bare room where Mary makes me stand. She sits down and chats about club affairs but it's hard for me to remember that I'm a member and would have a vote if I weren't always a prisoner. She goes on excitedly about having a third slave-girl along with Connie and me. Not that she needs another slave-girl but all the girls get a thrill out of snatching the chosen one from her life and into their possession. We debate as to whether this unique concept goes on anywhere else in the world.

Standing like this is horrible when Mary leaves me alone. I can't ease any part of myself beyond standing first on one leg and then the other. I can take some of the weight with

my hands on the chain but the handcuffs hurt and I have to cease. I just stand and stand and stand. If only I'd run away when I had the chance.

Mary visits me more and more in the afternoon. I expect that's to check how I'm holding up under the strain. I know she wouldn't want me to lose consciousness and hang by my handcuffs. I repeat to myself regrets over not taking the chance and running when I had the chance.

But then, if I failed, I'd get the letters "SC" branded into my skin! And that idea scares the hell out of me.

I wished Mary loved me enough to let down my arms. She claimed openly that she and all the other girls loved me. But my arms remained over my head and I hurt. All I could do was try to look sad enough to touch her heart. But Mary had owned me before and knew my standard tricks. I was ignored except for one look that clearly said tricks like that would do me no good and might even get me additional punishment.

I stood out my day until dinner but for the last hour of what I could only see as a punishment but Mary says is not bad enough to be a punishment. For a while she sat on the box and talked of many subjects, not the least of was what she should do with me the following day. I was invited to offer ideas on suitable punishments, just as though we were talking about some third party.

“I hate doing the same old things over and over, you know. All I really want is a nice humiliating discomfort like you’re suffering today. Is that too much to ask? Just a playful little game to keep you wishing you hadn’t done what you did. See what I mean?”

“How about just tying me in a cage so I could sit down. You could tie me tight so I’d be uncomfortable?”

“And with clips on your nipples?”

“I don’t remember mentioning that.”

“Well, I suppose we could forego the clips. At least for all day. Perhaps now and then for ten or twenty minutes, just to give you a change of pace. But, goodness knows, you’re experienced enough to take them all day. Come on, help me out.”

“How about the Chinese Water Torture?”

“I know that one but it takes too long to become effective. What on earth made you think of that?’

“I suppose it is because water doesn’t leave marks. How about that one arm and one leg stand?”

“That’s too severe, darling, go easier on yourself. Good gosh, if I go on like this I’ll be letting you spend the day in bed.”

“I think that would be nice if you were with me.”

“With you doing all the work?”

“Sure, I’ll do all the work. I know you think I’ve been a bad girl and deserve the frustration. I’ll make you happy.”

“With the chain around your middle so you can’t wander off while I’m asleep?”

“I don’t mind. Whatever you wish.”

“That reminds me, do you remember that guy I gave you to that other time, Tom Fredrick’s?”

“I remember all my punishments.”

“I wouldn’t exactly call Tom Fredrick’s a punishment. He’s never a punishment with me and you looked damned good and starry eyed after he left. If you ask me nicely perhaps I’ll let him have you for two hours instead of one.”

“You mean he’s coming again?”

“I think he’ll be here next week. I’ve a good mind to tell him to give you a really bad time. Would you like that?”

“Yes!”

I hoped the single word kept my secret. What Mary told me set my heart to thumbing and my hopes to soar. I hadn’t achieved freedom at the party but perhaps fate was giving

me another chance! Carelessly I said, “Please don’t let him whip me. I only want to be whipped by girls, I hate getting myself marked up by a man.”

Before lowering my arms, Mary went behind me. I don’t know where she got that whip from but suddenly my bottom blazed into flames and a startled gasp escaped from my mouth. It was only a single stroke but it hurt. She must have swung with all her strength.

It was a silly game but at least we were loving each other. A single stroke, even a hard one, is tolerable. I did not protest. In fact, I thanked her as sincerely as I could.

That’s what it’s like to be a slave-girl.

“Feel better Angelique?”

“Yes, Mary, thanks a lot. That bit of freedom got me spoiled and I’m glad it’s you who is putting me back into my place. That really hurt.”

“I’m so glad, dear. Would you like another?”

“Oh no, oh please no!” I wailed. Then I realized I was being teased. Looked up at the golden handcuffs that kept me standing where I was and wondered if Tom Fredrick’s would free me from them.

Mary seemed to have decided tomorrow. “You might have been a new experience for Nancy Turpin, darling,” she said, “how was she as a mistress?”

I had to think about that one but did the best I could. “It’s like that old proverb about the month of March, she came in like a loin and went out like a lamb. Poor Nancy wanted very much to hurt me but felt guilty about it. She was like someone who constantly reaches out then pulls back. Putting me in that tiny cage was one of the worse things she did. But that policeman rescued me after I’d only been there an hour or so. I think she’s one of those cases who needs to whip a girl half to death at the start and then they would be friends forever every afterwards. Does that make any sense?”

“Anything that gets you good and properly whipped makes good sense, darling. I’m not nearly as severe as I should be, darling, and all the other girls would be disappointed with me if they knew how kind I was with you. Suppose I stop pussy-footing and really give you a good thrashing tomorrow? That’s a good idea.”

It’s an idea I want her to forget so I quickly offer the first thing that comes into mind, “Wouldn’t you sooner tie me tight into a kitchen chair and put the clips on my nipples? I’d look ever so pretty but I wouldn’t enjoy it the least. I hate my nipples being hurt.”

Mary let the subject drop to return to Nancy Turpin. “I never really felt sure about Nancy,” she confessed slowly. “To begin with, she really doesn’t have all that much money. I think money is important when it comes to owning a girl. What I mean is that, if you’ve never had much money, you feel sorry for the poor creature. Because we took you away from her, we’re presenting her with young Connie for a week, and I’m wondering if she’ll kill the poor girl or spend the entire week with her in bed. What do you think?”

“Somewhere between the two, Nancy is a compromiser.”

Our conversations drifted on to other subjects. I constantly looked up in longing at the hands chained up above my head. But my mistress refused to bite. In fact, she told me at one point to stop it or she would get the cane. She expressed the idea that I needed a good caning just on general principles. “How does it feel when you sit down, darling?”

“Just normal, I don’t feel anything.”

“In that case you need the cane. I should always keep you tender where you sit, you need it.”

I didn’t argue, I was getting terribly tired and knew if Mary caned me one more time I’d be in tears. Finally she announced it was five o’clock and let down my arms to allow

me to slump to the floor. It was gorgeous to let the arms down. I thanked her.

I was handcuffed in front and Mary said I could stay that way through dinner so I wouldn't have to be fed. It was wonderful. Once more my gratitude was sincere. It was one of the nicest dinners I have ever had, and the girl who owned me and I laughed every time I clinked the golden handcuffs as I plied a knife and fork or raised a glass.

But I pressed my luck. "Wouldn't it be nice," I suggested, "if my hands were always in front? Then I could do much more. I mean, it saves you so much trouble."

"That question," she replied sweetly, "evokes visions of an Angelique being punished."

"Well, I was just trying to be helpful." I felt my skin crawling in slave-girl fear. "I'm sorry if I offended, I didn't mean to."

"All right, all right! Tell me where your hands do belong."

I know Mary is too lazy to punish me this time. Obediently I respond, "My hands belong behind my back, Mary."

That was that. After coffee my hands were changed to behind me, and I was once more at square one. I wished the lovely chains on my ankles were not so beautiful so I could hate them but they were very beautiful indeed. Damn it! I couldn't hate anything!

That night Mary was extra special nice to me in bed.

As is common with mistresses, Mary ignored my suggestions of punishments for the next day and chose one of her own for me to put up with. It was that deal where a girl stands on a box with her back against a low partition of plywood and gets her hands and arms thrust over the top and tied down tight so the edge of the thick plywood sticks into her armpits. When the box is removed the girl's weight is almost totally on her armpits. Except whatever she might find if her toes can reach the floor. It was much worse than yesterday. When she yanked the box from under me I know I was in for a bad, bad day.

"You look too beautiful for words, standing there like that, darling," she sighed.

"I'm not really standing, I'm hung up here and it hurts."

"Don't be picky, Angelique. Your armpits are being hurt today because it's a part of you that usually gets away scot free. Be thankful it's not your pussy on that wooden edge. Would you rather that?" I am not thankful for anything but do not say so. I can't move at all except to kick chained feet and that hurts. I hope I look as nice as Mary says but I doubt it.

Mary's fingers tease my nipples as she explains, "I absolutely have to do something to you, Angelique, my pet. I don't think you've been decently punished for a long time

and I'm concerned with that attempted escape of yours. Have a nice day."

The last thing I want is to see Mary go. I want to explain how terrible this is and that I can't possibly bear it, but my words die in my throat as she disappears. I think this is a punishment a girl would have to experience to judge its awfulness as my armpits settle onto the edge. My shoulders are quickly aching and I know it will grow only worse. I try not to move, it hurts too much.

My pussy gets in on the act. Damn thing warms up and sends tingles into my body. I don't know why that is when the rest of me is aching, but there it is. Maybe it's because I haven't had this punishment before and my sex considers me attractive female as I hung plastered to the board over which my arms are drawn. My wrists are still handcuffed and make their own complaint. I feel sure it will be an interesting day.

This punishment causes my breasts to stick out. Looking down at them, I am stricken by a terrible fear that Mary will succumb to the obvious and put clips on the nipples. That's the trouble with being a slave-girl, you see everything that's negative and likely to hurt. Mary is a sweetheart and I excuse her giving me this agony because she probably doesn't know just how bad it is. When she comes back, if she ever does, I'll tell her for sure.

A punished slave-girl has so much time to think she tends to envision horrors that never will really come to pass. But the horrors are really possible and she hopes her mistress won't think of them and make them real. The clips upon my nipples, for example. When Mary returns I try to tell her graphically how awful this position is, but I can tell she doesn't agree and finds me inviting without my arms being usable or even in sight. Instead of putting the clips on my nipples she kisses them both and goes away to leave me still hanging against the plank. This is the worst possible torture she could impose. I wonder if she knows!

I don't get the clips, I don't get anything except occasional visits from Mary who thinks I am putting on a show of pretended agony for her benefit. She finds me a beautiful creation as I hang against that board with my toes reaching for the floor. I can't really blame Mary but it is not one of my better days. When she frees me in late afternoon, I slump helplessly to the floor and shed enough tears to float a battleship.

The next day I revert to being only a companion to a rich and pampered young woman who keeps my arms handcuffed behind my back. All is as it should be and I'm sure the Sensuality Club would bestow their seal of approval on a punished slave and her benevolent mistress.

As yet Mary has not whipped me. The days slip by and I am as happy as a handcuffed girl can be. Mary forgets punish-

ments and I carefully avoid them by being as good a slave-girl as I can be. I am aware that somewhere forces are at work to affect my future. But for now I can only cherish them and hope. Tom Fredrick's is out there somewhere. And Jennifer is there, too. I have to wonder if perhaps she might try again to free me. Ah, the fantasies by which slave-girls pass the time.

Finally there comes the day when Mary tells me that tomorrow Tom Fredrick's will visit and that she will present me to him. She thinks it is a punishment but I know better!

When events are favorable they move swiftly. When agony is in the cards they move slowly. It is as though for a gala event that Mary takes me to the chosen room with its waiting bed and chains my middle with an impressive padlock.

"Just so he can't steal you away, darling. Never trust a man."

I stand there, trembling, fearfully secured. This is the moment I have cherished for a long, long time.

The moments lengthen and I stand there trembling, the chain padlocked around my waist, to await The Male. I wonder what Tom Fredrick's will do to me in those thirty days which are his reward for my freedom. I finger the chain and padlock doubtfully, they are heavy and very strong. Will the tools he brings be enough? Poor, darling

Mary, she will be devastated when he carries me downstairs.

Enough time passed that I have to wonder. It is not long before Mary bursts in to bring me up to date.

“Something’s gone wrong, Angelique, darling. I don’t know what it is. I’ve had to cancel Tom Fredrick’s because the Sensuality Club wants me to deliver you right now to Dorothy’s place.” She looks at me with anguished eyes. “Don’t ask me what’s happened, darling, because I simply don’t know. But I feel it’s bad. They picked Dorothy’s place because she’s got that room with the little stage. Come along, I’m curious.”

My chain and padlock are swiftly dealt with. I do not ask about Tom Fredrick’s because it is possible Mary already knows, and this is the cause of the flap. Even as I sit beside Mary on the car ride, my ankles tied tight enough to hurt, we can only debate possibilities, we do not know. I wish I could stop trembling.

Dorothy’s place evokes a lot of tender memories. But the Sensuality Club’s pretty well taken it over and the place seems filled with excited girls who look at me in a way I can’t read. They are warm in their greetings to Mary. I am swiftly put up on the little stage and told to stand there, facing the audience. Dorothy is nowhere to be seen.

My ankles were untied so I am able to shuffle my feet as I stand there awkwardly. I do not try to talk to anyone. I feel very naked. I get a bad, bad feeling about this.

It is not long before the little theater fills. The membership is all there and I see familiar faces, none of which smile back. It soon turned out that a couple of the huskier girls have been appointed as guards and they come up on the platform with a gag, the sort of gag I detest. When it is firmly strapped in my mouth I won't be making any speeches so I wonder why I'm on the platform. They leave me alone up there.

With a shock to stop my heart, I see a naked girl coming towards the platform. This is Dorothy's house but here is Dorothy herself, stark naked between two large girls, with her wrists handcuffed behind her back. She is also gagged the way I'm gagged so when they march her up the stairs and stand her by my side we can't communicate. We only exchange looks of agony with our eyes.

I am eaten with curiosity and Dorothy obviously wants to tell me something. But the tight straps in our mouths keep us silent. I am not kept in doubt for long—it is now a courtroom with one of the club's favorite members standing trial. And their favorite slave-girl! Each of us is represented by one of the members who carries up a chair to stand behind while she espouses our cause. These two actually have notes they refer to while the atmosphere becomes

tenser. It is a gala day for the Sensuality Club! The crime is treason and even though we seem to be already convicted our console will pled our case while we stand mute. If is all very official and I'm sure they are loving every minute of it.

Dorothy and I keep looking at each other in bleak distress and I have to wonder at her sensations at standing naked before an audience. For all I know this could be the first time she's ever been handcuffed. Poor darling, the girls are being mean.

Everything well planned, disaster moves swiftly. One of the girls adjusts a little table on the platform and places thereon a small tape recorder. The tape plays. In the hushed stillness I hear my voice.

It is the tape that son of a bitch made the time he had me in that little cage with Jennifer. It comes through beautifully and the Sensuality Club gives every word their undivided attention. I want to die. I dare not look at Dorothy. I am positive she did not give the girls the tape. But how they got it does not matter, they have it now and it condemns me for sure and shows Dorothy as aiding and abetting my escape from punishment. Oh, shit!

When the tape is over our consoles take up the battle. It was a good defense but woefully inadequate when placed against the evidence. There was never a chance.

Dorothy is sentenced to one year imprisonment to serve as a slave-girl for the club, while I am to bear the letters “S” and “C” upon my skin forever.

They have forgotten Dorothy’s feet and she uses them to leap into the wings and head for an exit. I don’t know what the poor girl planned to do in the street, naked, handcuffed and gagged, but it doesn’t matter. She was almost brought to the floor by two large girls who must have been expecting just such an action. Quickly she is standing beside me again.

From somewhere they produce leg irons and clamp her ankles so she will not be running for a long, long time. She tugs at her wrists and ankles as if not believing that they are ironed. Both of us have had the course.

The club is compassionate. They will administer Dorothy’s estate while she serves her time in slavery. They have also taken over the house and demonstrate good will by taking Dorothy downstairs and locking us as we are in the cell Dorothy had intended for slave-girls only. But she is now a slave and it is only fitting she gaze through iron bars from within. Their sympathy for a fallen angel runs far enough to unbuckling our gags.

We made an instinctive motion to clasp each other but we have no arms. For Dorothy this is something new and she fights savagely at the restraints.

“Oh, Angelique, I am so terribly sorry! It’s all my fault, I should have burned that terrible tape.”

I silence her with my lips. Two naked girls can easily find comfort in each other’s naked bodies and that we do. Our passions are intense and we find our hands being behind our backs little determent to lovemaking.

Later, we lay on hard benches and talk.

“They can really do what they say,” says Dorothy. “They can easily handle my affairs and take over this house. Darling, is it very bad?”

I gently explain the worst of it is the handcuffed wrists and shackled feet. It is easy to remind the shackled girl of how she treated me and that is the worst of it. I do not speak of the two girls who are really mean. Nor do I remind her that a year will soon pass. Compared to a lifetime.

“I’m going to feel so silly about kneeling down and being humble. I mean, I’ve known these girls so well and so long. Now I’m their prisoner and they’ll whip me. They’ll probably be a lot harder on me than they’ve been on you. Oh, darling, I’m scared!”

That makes two of us. I try not to think of it but my quivering flesh feels the glowing iron.

Dorothy suddenly remembers. “I’m being a selfish beasts, just thinking about myself,” she moans. “I’ve only got a

year's imprisonment but you'll be marked for life. Darling, if they give me half the chance I'll try and talk them out of branding you. Damn it, you don't deserve to be branded, you're too sweet and lovable. Damn it!"

We are terrible grateful for each other. I wouldn't have wanted to be locked in here alone to await the red hot iron.

Dorothy tells me that I'll be Mary Lippman's prisoner for the next two weeks while she is going to belong to Avis for the same time. It seems my branding is to be turned into a ritual for another occasion as if the girls are little children, keeping the real goodies to last.

We get a sad little laugh or two over Dorothy learning to walk. The poor dear cautiously explores the tiny steps allowed her and snubs her ankles constantly. I cannot ease her falls.

We face each other on the hard bench and talk. I ask if the club will bother to kidnap another girl now that they have her. How many slaves do they need? Dorothy tells me this is something she does not know. But owning a slave-girl is like a drug, the more you get of it, the more you want it. And even with three slave-girls, there is still twenty-five club members. While we talk there hovers in the back of my mind the awareness of Tom Fredrick's still being in my future. If Mary is to own me for the next two weeks, I have to suppose he may visit yet and steal me away from slav-

ery. I would like to confide in Dorothy but I'm afraid the cell may be bugged and hold my tongue. It's best she does not know and thus cannot tell my secret beneath the whip.

Dorothy tells me that business of Mary and me being hauled off to jail made a deep impression of the Sensuality Club. From now on they will make very sure we have no chance of escape. I hug my secret and resolve that should I soon find freedom I will somehow rescue Dorothy from slavery. I'm not sure about Connie, I think she probably enjoys the luxury and accepts her whip marks as just one of those things.

Poor Dorothy, she will find out so many new things. Just imagine being whipped by one of your best friends. When that happened to me I felt as if the world had ended. Slavery is not the least bit easy.

I have to smile at the way Dorothy fights her handcuffs. She doesn't know she's doing it but never stops. When she sees me watching her, she says, "Well I can't just do nothing, can I? There's always the chance that something isn't quite right or something will break." She gives me a faint smile. "So, okay, I'm being silly, handcuffs never break, handcuffs never come loose. I'll try and remember."

It gives my poor, sad companion amusement to tell me the cost of the lovely collar and belt, and my golden shackles. The amount is staggering and for several moments I feel

gratitude and pride. Ruefully she explains that not only was the craftsmanship costly, but since they were made to fit me alone, they are a one of a kind deal. She tells me frankly I'm never likely to get them off. She laughs bitterly when I suggest the girls may love her enough to do the same for her.

Woefully, we realize that with me going to Mary and she to Avis we will not see each other again until after Dorothy has served her sentence. Since that first time I have not seen Connie and have only heard about her. Dorothy vows that she will demand my services upon release. But the club does not have to grant her wish and we can only hope. When night falls we do on that hard bench all we have ever done before. Since both of us are helpless we could have done it better but the end result is marvelous and we assure each other that after Dorothy's year has passed we will simulate our mutual helplessness and do it again. I mentally compute my age, I will be twenty-nine.

Mary Lippman is grateful to get me back. Because of the clubs new concern with security she has to transport me from Dorothy's place in the trunk with both my ankles and elbows tightly bound, and joined in a hogtie to assure I make no disturbance. I'm also gagged. I hate the whole damned thing.

Mary is a sweetheart, as soon as she dares she frees me from the biting cords and gag. It is like old times when she

takes me to the kitchen and makes coffee. She is bursting to talk but she is Mary Lippman and her talk is sometimes quaint.

“Would you like me to whip you just a little, darling?” she inquires anxiously. “I mean, sort of counter-irritant to get the bad taste out of your mouth over everything that’s happened. I’d love to whip you.”

I ask to be excused and the request is granted. I’m sure that Mary will whip me pretty soon but if I can delay it, I will. We both talk about poor, darling Dorothy. And then about my brand. It appears I am to be branded at the end of Mary’s ownership when I am passed on. It is to be a gala event and take place on the stage. Mary explains that so large a room will absorb my screams. She adds that she, too, will try and talk the girls out of this awful punishment but doesn’t hold much hope. They are all getting damndest erotic charge out of the thought of my flesh branded with “Sensuality Club”.

Naturally I do not mention my hope that Tom Fredrick’s will extract me first. I long to know his arrival but dare not ask. Never in my whole life has so much hung in the balance so simple as a man visiting a girl. Without thinking what I say, I agree with Mary that it would be nice for me to finish out my time in her tiny cage.

We sip our coffee and Mary admits she is longing to possess Dorothy, not with any special intent but simply to experience the thrill of having a onetime equal on her knees, fearful of being whipped. I point out that she now has me and that is really my circumstance. I was once a member and still am. She says this is not the same thing at all because Dorothy was one of the founding members and the very last girl any of them expected to have a chance to whip or put behind bars. She says that even thinking about it makes her horny as hell. It is a time of laughter and Mary is good for me, so long as I do not think of her beastly little cage. The night in bed with her is wonderful.

In the morning Mary decides I should have my hands in front instead of behind my back. This will make it easier to put me in the cage and make my time in there a little less weary. The cage is a soundly constructed little prison. The wire mesh is solid and the corners made from steel, and the lock a solid padlock. I hate the whole idea now and wish I hadn't been so agreeable yesterday. Slave-girls should never say yes to anything.

Entrance to the cage is by a door at one end which opens up and over to admit me. I crawl inside and arrange my chained nakedness as best I can. It takes a lot of compression, even the crinkling of toes, to make it possible for the door to close. Mary almost has to push the door to get it to close. And the snap of the padlock is an evil sound. I can

move my hands a little and turn my head from side to side but can't move my legs or body. Mary loves the thing; I do not.

I have to admit it is a lot easier to crawl inside than last time. Having my hands in front is wonderful and I wonder if I can talk Mary into letting me leave them there after my time is up. Anyway, I can now do a decent crawl into the cage. I grin back at Mary and accept her assurance that she won't leave me a compact bundle of female all night. Slave-girls must be ready to accept whatever their mistresses think is good for them.

After about an hour Mary visits to make sure I'm all right. I consider asking her to let me out but know within that it has been far too short a period to ask for such a boon. I would probably earn a few strokes of the cane. In spite of cramps and hating the whole thing I say everything is okay and I'm not dying. She blows me a kiss and there isn't room for me to return it. She leaves me to wonder when she will come again.

When she returns after only thirty minutes, my world is changed.

Tom Fredrick's has phoned to say he will be there right away. I am in the damndest dither as the cage door is unlocked and I edge my way to freedom with no more than a few nicks and chafings on my skin. I am trembling in ex-

citement but Mary will attribute this to the knowledge that I will soon be the hapless victim of a male rape. For one hour I am to be given to Tom Fredrick's for his sole delight. And whatever punishments he may chose to inflict should he so desire. I am so thankful I want to sing but don't dare and try to mold my features to those of a maiden about to be sacrificed to male lust.

I love Mary very much and wished I did not have to deceive her. I love her more when she forgets to padlock the chain around my tummy as she hurries to greet the visitor. I stand there with my hands in front instead of behind my back. Boy, how lucky can I get!

The wait is long but the action, when it comes, is swift. Tom has his bag of tools which may or may not have dealt with the chain had it been locked around my middle. After picking me up and kissing me most ardently, Tom Fredrick's grunts, "Didn't bother to chain you, eh? Mary's a real honey of a girl and I hate to steal her property but here we go."

He picked up his bag in one hand and me in the other as if I weighed nothing. I will be forever grateful to the kindness of Fate that between the bedroom and Tom's car we did not find Mary or anyone else. My mistress was somewhere behind a closed door and considered me safely prisoner. Tom was taking no chances, he dumped me in the trunk and slammed the lid. I lay there in the dark and was overflowing with happiness.

Every girl thinks about the bridal night and a confrontation from which she cannot escape. I know most couples have done it before but in those cases where they've held off until the vows have been spoken, it must be an ordeal to tax endurance. That's the way it was with me and Tom. We simply stood and stared until he said roughly, "The hell with this," and laid me on the floor and fucked me until I was I crazy with lust. His thrusts were hard and had no end. But after he was finished inside me, he sat me on a couch and gave me the biggest sniffer of brandy I had ever had. I was still panting and sweating but it was wonderful to hold that sniffer in my hands.

Tom was accustomed to girls, he was not afraid of us. From the first I was aware of him as the Master. He accepted a girl as a creature who's function was to serve her male. He noted my golden chains and informed that he was inclined to leave them on me. "They won't stop me from doing most things and they're damned becoming. But I have to wonder if I can get them off if I have to."

He rummaged in a draw while I sat, demure and worshipful, and sipping the brandy which was getting me back to normal. After all, I had just been stolen from one owner and introduced to another with a violent, hard and wonderful screwing. What I mean was Tom Fredrick's had a male weapon out of this world!

He returned with a couple of key rings and an assortment of bits of metal which he used to probe at my ankle bands. He actually found one that slid home and turned the lock. The anklet fell away. For a few seconds we stared at the bare ankles. Then he put the band back on. It was the same with the handcuffs.

But this time the handcuffs went on behind my back. When I pouted he laughed and explained that he completely approved of the club's concept of the handcuffed maiden who had lost her hands for life. It intrigued, there was a thrill in it. He was positive the attitude of the girl had to be affected by the knowledge that everything she had in front was open and available, she could deny no use of her body.

Tom Fredrick's found a vast amusement in what he called the antics of the SC. He had been intimate enough with Mary to learn the whole story which he found endlessly intriguing. He had experimented with slave-girls of his own but had always been too busy to get the proper girl or give her enough attention after he had her a prisoner. He's given girl after girl money and sent her on her way with an apology for his lack of interest. He frankly admitted with me it would be different because I was a trained slave, well seasoned and experienced. He went on to say, without apology, that he would leave me alone most of every day, and would keep me securely enough chained so I could forget escape. Until my thirty days were up, that is. Had Tom

Fredrick's been other than he was, or my new servitude indefinite, I might have been less happy than I was.

I resolved to find out why he had never married. I was also curious about his addiction to the whip. I would be a lucky girl indeed if he had no interest in marking up my skin. If what he did to me last night was repeated, it might well be enough to keep him happy. I hated to admit that it would keep me happy, too.

Tom Fredrick's was positively enthralled by the story of Dorothy and of me being sentenced to the hot iron. He had me relate Dorothy's story over and over, and admitted it was a real erector in its implications of pride brought low and of a beauty who had possessed a slave now forced to serve a sentence as one. Being a man, he found the thought of all that girl flesh being passed around as something much to his liking. It was the reason he had taken the trouble to possess me.

The story of Connie held less appeal. He had found younger girls a bore, and kidnapping as a prelude to enslavement unlikely to provide the same stimulation as my enslavement by lottery. Casually he brought our conversation to a close by saying, "It's time I whipped you, Angelique."

I felt no shock, only disappointment. But I'd been whipped all over the place by so many that I mustn't take this too se-

riously. But I shouldn't take it lightly, either. I asked, "Even if I haven't done anything?"

"That's right, it's for my own pleasure. You're not too badly marked right now."

"You're right, but I'd sort of hoped…" I shrugged. "You can't blame me for hoping you might be someone who would enjoy my body for the pleasure it can give, not for the pain you can cause it."

"Your pain gives me pleasure," he said simply and that was that.

I'd been taught not to complain. All I said was, "Please don't whip me every day."

Tom Fredrick's laughed at my doleful face and pathetic voice. He picked me up and kissed away my gloom. "Forget the blues, honey, I've said I'll whip you so I will. I refuse to be influenced by what you say or the way you look. But you've had more whippings than one. Come on, smile."

There was something about Tom that made smiling easy. With his hand on my bare arm, I was led to where I would be shown pain.

"What part of me gets whipped," I asked, trying to sound casual.

He evidently found that amusing, once more there was the fine masculine laugh. “Just your pretty little ass this time, sweetheart.”

I was surprised when he unlocked my handcuffs. I had supposed he would simply raise them up behind so I would have to bend over. But while he was unlocking them I realized the unbroken tradition no longer applied, the club no longer owned me, I belonged to Tom. He slipped my golden cuffs into his pocket, along with the key. He looked down at my feet. “I’ll leave them as they are right now. They allow you just enough room to kick, and I do like a girl to kick. See those parallel bars? Stand here and stick your wrists up on that one about two feet apart. I’m using a couple of pieces of nice, thin rope that should be a change for you. Rope is beautiful and I love to see a girl wearing ropes tightly pressing into their skin.”

He was right about the rope sinking into my skin, he wrapped it tightly around my wrists and the bar. I found myself breathless as I watched the cords possess my wrists, I felt pretty sure Tom had tied one or more girls before in just this way. My heart was beating away like a bass drum as I watched. Tom was tying tight enough to hurt.

“If you’re going to tie a girl at all, you’d best tie her tight,” he informed. He cinched savagely. “That hurt?”

“Yes.”

“Good. Now we’ll do the other.”

“I’m not accustomed to being whipped by a man.”

“You were in a rut, sweetheart. Thirty days with me will do you a world of good.”

I didn’t believe a word. Thirty days with Tom was going to hurt. But he was a nice man, and boy could he screw a girl! I was finding the most extraordinary fascination in looking at my bound wrists held on the bar. I felt very bare and helpless.

There was more to come. It was a bench Tom thrust below the bars and against my pubic curls to compel me to back away until I was bending over with my arms rigidly out thrust. My master next walked around to feel with a hand up my thighs. He cupped my puss and used that to raise my hips and pull the bench back. When he released me, my belly was on the bench and my bottom nicely curved. The bench now hurt because my chained feet were lifted from the floor. I felt certain I looked ridiculous but perhaps that was what Tom wanted.

His “How’s that grab you, honey?” told me I was in the hands of a Master.

“It’s horrible. And it makes me look horrible. I wish you’d forget it. Please, Tom, don’t whip me in this horrid position.”

“You don’t like it!” He contrived to sound hurt. “It’s got your pretty ass positioned just right.”

“I don’t care! Look, Tom, if you’ll take me off this damned bench and take it away so I can stand, I promise I’ll stick my bottom out every bit as good. Or as bad?”

“Yeah, I bet. You’d handle the first one or two okay but then try to hide your bottom.”

“I wouldn’t! Oh, Tom, really I wouldn’t! I’d stick it out there for you every time.” I was hating that damned bench more and more. “Don’t forget I’ve been whipped an awful lot and I really do have some control. I won’t like it but I’ll do it.”

That gained my master’s attention. He walked around me a couple of time. “Okay, Angelique. You asked for it. I’ll take away the bench. But if you don’t deliver, I’ll make you a very sorry girl.”

“I’ll deliver.” Getting rid of that bench and being allowed to stand, even with tied hands, felt almost as good as if I’d had the whipping and done with it. All I had to do now was pretend it wouldn’t hurt any more if I stuck it out than if I tried to hide my bottom. To demonstrate good faith I bent as best I could, depressed my waist, straightened my knees, and stuck out my behind. Tom’s tribute didn’t help much.

“Angelique, you’re really beautiful! You really think you can stick it out that way for every stroke of the whip?”

“I’ll give it my best try, I really will.”

His words suddenly registered. “What do you mean, the whip? I thought you were going to cane me? You’ll cut my bottom to pieces with a whip. A girl’s bottom always gets caned or cropped.”

“Not this time! There’s a swing and a sound to the whip I enjoy. Don’t worry, I’m not going to cut up your hips. Hold still.”

That has to be the most awful moment. But I had learned the trick of putting myself in neutral until my skin got the impact of whatever instrument was being used to give me pain. I did that now but it was only a couple of seconds until the thong kissed my tender flesh. I let out one of those awful sounds I’m always ashamed of and tried to jump away. Of course, my hands were held rigid and I could not escape. It was not easy to force my sore bottom to stick out for stroke number two. My mind kept telling me that none of the girls hit this hard or painful. Why did I ever let a man whip me?

“Bravo!” I knew his tribute was sincere but it didn’t stop my hurt. “See how you make out with this one.”

I didn’t do so good. The pain was bloody awful. My knees grew weak and I jerked like a puppet on a string.

“Want me to gag you, Angelique? I’m not too keen on screams.”

“Thanks, but I’ll try to keep them down. Please don’t hit me so hard.”

“Hard? I’m going easy on you.”

The next one was the same. Hard and painful. My inflamed flesh registered an explosion of pain. I was learning what it was like to be owned by a master.

I knew that after each stroke I was becoming less brave, that my knees bent and I was wiggling my ass around. But at the same time I was more ardently anxious to prove I could really deliver myself to his whip without complaint. I felt certain Tom Fredrick’s would show little sympathy to a loser. I pulled by back down to thrust my bottom far out. After the sixth stroke, which isn’t that many, Tom told me I could stand up.

Standing straight had ever felt so good!

He brought his face near mine. I smiled back, probably faintly, and spread my fingers to demonstrate how tightly I was tied. Below my bottom blazed.

“I’ve decided not to give you more than ten, sweetheart,” he said. “Feel better?”

I didn't dare say how much better I felt. The four strokes I had to endure would be bad but I was resolved to pay my dues. "Thank you, Tom, Master. I'll try to be a good slave-girl."

I was sincere but didn't know why I talked like that. He was my owner for only thirty days, not life.

We stared at each other. He smiled. I smiled, too. Strangely we both broke into laughter.

"The final four are going to be bad but see what you can do with them," I was told.

They were bad. The sort of pain that curls your stomach into knots. I clenched my teeth against the screams he did not want and pulled uselessly against my wrists. When it was over I made no demure when he clasped my nakedness from behind, frictioned his rod against my flaming seat and cupped my breasts into male hands.

"You're all right, Angelique. You're good. You and I are going places. Let's go get ourselves a drink."

The impossible was made possible by the untying of my wrists. Of course the bands of gold were replaced but they were in front and not behind my back. I was grateful for this just as I was thankful for the ten strokes. I had, after all, expected twenty or more.

I had been whipped by my new master but Tom was not yet through with my tender flesh. Disposing ourselves on the couch for the drinks, he placed thereon a circular board with a surface of the roughest looking sandpaper I've ever seen. Then, as if proud of what he had done, "There you are sweetheart, sit on it."

There are worse things than sitting on sandpaper. But with my bottom whipped the way it was, I'm not sure what they are. I obeyed my master's command carefully and wishing he hadn't thought of this. When I had settled my full weight, I couldn't hold back a gasp and looked up into his eyes with a plea in mine.

"Oh, Tom, this is going to be horrible."

"Discipline, my pet. Think of it as building character. Brandy okay?"

I was being beautifully managed and controlled. Just when I was thinking that at least I had my hands in front of me, Tom casually unlocked one cuff and refixed my hands behind me.

"This is one thing I have to admire about that SC. Their concept of keeping your hands behind your back is quite something."

“But how can I drink?” I exclaimed unhappily. “You seem to forget that when you put my hands behind my back I’m helpless.”

“That’s the way you should be, darling. I want you helpless and that’s the way it is going to be. I’ll lift your glass. Was ever a maiden more richly blessed?”

“You seem to forget I’m sitting on sandpaper and I’m not enjoying it one bit.”

“We mustn’t quibble, darling, life’s full of minor tribulations. Be thankful your bottom was properly tenderized. I trust it chafes?”

“It’s worse than that. It’s like sitting on a hot stove.”

“Excellent. That tells me where you’re coming from. Just a minute and I’ll be back with the drinks.”

While he was gone I wondered what he would do if I got up and sat somewhere else. Probably ten more strokes. That would be just too much. If Tom Fredrick’s wanted to sandpaper my bottom I would just have to put up with it.

One thing about Tom, he was generous with the drinks. I eyed the sniffer of brandy and drank deep before it was taken from my lips.

The fiery drink helped.

I wanted to protest the sandpaper as it seemed to grow worse. When I could no longer hold it in, I blurted out, “Oh, please, Master, this hurts so!”

Tom surprised me by picking me up with strong hands. He sat me to one side and pushed the board away. “There, sweetheart, that better?”

“I can tell you how much better it was if I had my hands. But, anyway, Tom, thanks a million. Thank you.”

“Don’t mention it. My mercy has a selfish motive—I wish to talk.”

I wondered if he always tenderized a girl’s bottom before starting a conversation.

“I’ve got you for thirty days, Angelique. What will you do then?”

“Pick up my life where I left it.”

“Think you can do that, sweetheart?” Tom’s voice was serious.

“I don’t see why not. I’m not dependent on a job, I’ve got an income.” I chuckled at the thought. “What I’ll do is visit all the girls one by one and tell them what it is like to be free. I’ll stay away from their meetings because there’s too many of them there, I’d get jumped. But I can handle one by one.”

“I don’t think you’ll ever be safe, sweetheart. The club hasn’t raided my home because I know too much about them. But once you’re out on your own they’ll repossess you just like a finance company on a delinquent car. Haven’t you thought of that?”

I hadn’t thought of it but did so now. “They wouldn’t dare,” I said with fine assurance. “They’re not going to walk into my house and drag a screaming girl out to the car.”

“You know damned well that isn’t how they’ll do it. They’ll employ a couple of the boys to handle it easily, or there will be something in your coffee sometime and you’ll wake up with your hands and feet in irons.”

“Like now?”

“Like now. That’s what will happen.” Tom was regarding me soberly. With the sandpaper gone I was paying attention.

“That SC bunch will be hopping mad and thinking up things to do to you when you’re once more their prisoner. What I’m saying is, it is shockingly easy to make any girl a prisoner any time. If I were to turn you loose on the street, I could repossess you again within a day. Honey, you’re on the spot.”

Tom was so serious I had to think about what he was saying. I had a feeling he was looking after me and didn’t want

me to fall back into the clutches of the SC. Without much thought I challenged, “I don’t have a future, do I? But suppose you don’t let me loose at the end of my thirty days? Suppose you keep me chained as your slave. What about that?”

“It would be easy, do you want me to do it?”

“No, of course not. I want to be free so bad. Oh, Tom, is my situation that bad?”

“Every bit. Angelique, you’re an exquisite creature ideally designed for chains and slavery. I don’t think you realize it yet but you enjoy most of it, too. Am I right?”

“No!” I found myself panting and a little corner of my mind said that he was right. There wasn’t much those girls did that you really hated, it told me. I found myself on the defensive.

“Well, all right then, I suppose there was a thrill in most of it, even the handcuffs forever bit. But never enough to compensate for loss of liberty.”

Tom was laughing at me. With a quick switch he demanded, “How’s your seat?”

“It’s terrible. May I stand up?”

“No, keep sitting on it. I’ve never seen you so well behaved.”

“It burns and hurts something awful. Please let me stand a little bit.”

“You’ve been taught not to complain.” He reached down and replaced the sandpaper circle on the couch. “Sit on this again until you’re ready to make an apology.”

“I’ll make an apology now.”

“You’re not getting off that easy. Sit!”

I sat. And hurt.

“You’re a smart girl but I can see that you don’t believe me about how easy it is to pick up a girl.” He sighed then glanced at his watch. “Well, I have some business to attend to in the town. I’m sure you won’t mind waiting right here for me?”

I didn’t answer as it didn’t really seem to be a question. He helped me to my feet and walked me over to a wall. There was a ring set solidly in it with about a foot of chain dangling from that. The end of that chain just reached my neck collar where he padlocked it. Then he left. I could stand with my face looking at a blank wall a few inches away or I could awkwardly turn around and stand with my back against the wall and stare out into the room. I sighed and felt my tender bottom gently with my fingertips.

It was most of the afternoon before he returned. My bottom was still sensitive but no longer burning when I heard

the sounds of his return. I gazed expectantly towards the door but it was not Tom who walked in.

It was Dorothy Dawson.

Chapter 7

Breast Strokes

Dorothy shuffled her way in on chained feet. She was naked and wore her hands cuffed behind her back as I did. Behind her was Tom Fredrick's. With a grin he made her walk over to stand beside me.

"I told you it would be easy to kidnap any girl if you set your mind to it. I just walked in and took this lovely creature out."

I could just stare in disbelief while Dorothy blushed and averted her eyes from the male gloating before us. She had lived such a sheltered life before and just wasn't used to being a prisoner. She had to wonder if she had been rescued by this handsome male or taken to a deeper captivity.

"And you should have seen the face on Avis Bonner when I walked right past her, carrying Dorothy away." He laughed as he sat down on the couch to view with unrestrained joy his two possessions.

"Please," began Dorothy weakly, "I'm grateful for you rescuing me but could you please let me go now?"

"No." The reply was simple and straight to the point.

"Well, when will you let me go?" she asked.

“When I get tired of you in bed.” He looked her up and down in a way to make any girl blush. “That may be a long time.”

“Please, Mr. Fredrick’s, need I remind you that the SC is not without power. The girls will not let this invasion of our homes go unanswered.”

“That so?”

“Yes,” she continued, warming up. “I should think that you will very soon find out the power of the SC in a way you will not like.”

“Is that a threat?”

“Let me go, you bastard.” Dorothy immediately realized her mistake and turned a little pale.

Tom just continued that grin. “I think a lesson is in order. You both are my slaves and you had better remember that. Bend over.”

The order was unexpected. Dorothy knew what was expected of a slave in this situation but it was hard for her to emotionally accept and obey. She had been made a slave only a short time before and was still used to giving orders, not taking them. But she saw in his eyes that he was serious. She bent over.

The first stroke took her by surprise. She had expected it but not the terrible fire and pain that exploded in her bottom.

“I’ve told Angelique about my preference for whips on a girl’s bottom rather than canes or riding crops. Probably hurts a little more but, well, that’s the plan, isn’t it?”

Dorothy had stood up and hopped around with the first stroke. It was very hard for her to force herself to bend over. The second stroke brought tears to her eyes and a gasp of pain that was close to a scream. Her tears flowed as she bent over again.

My heart went out for the poor girl. It was my guess that she had not yet been whipped by Avis and just wasn’t prepared for this. She fell to the carpet with the next stroke, and the gasp was a scream. She struggled to her feet at our master’s order and readied herself for the next cut.

After the fifth stroke, Dorothy was allowed to stand next to me.

“Just so you’ll know I’m serious. But I can be kind, too. Every evening, after I’ve given your bottoms a whipping, I’ll put you two together so you can cry on each other’s shoulders. Now, what was that you were saying about the SC coming to get you?”

It was an effort for Dorothy to get her voice under control but the sobs did stop. “The girls will be mad.”

“I’m sure,” Tom replied. “Go now, what will they do?”

“Well, for one thing the girls might get together and all come here to take us back. I don’t think you could do much about twenty-five angry women.”

Tom grinned. “Go on, what else?”

“Most of the girls are quite rich. And powerful. They hired a couple of gangsters to kidnap Connie, guys who do that all the time for money. They could hire a dozen such men to come here and take us back.” She shuttered. “They might even punish us for something we didn’t do.”

Tom nodded. “Anything else?”

“Let me go. I think I could talk the girls into some kind of a compromise. I’ll come back and be your slave again. What I want to avoid is a sort of a war.”

“Come off it. Those bitches would have you stripped and in chains in a minute!” Tom appeared to consider for a moment. “I’ll trade you back to them in consideration of them forgetting about Angelique. When I’m through with Angelique I want to know that she’s really free and won’t be kidnapped again or hunted by the SC or anyone else. How ’bout talking on the phone?”

Dorothy looked first at me then at the man who held her prisoner. “Very well, if that’s what you want. It won’t do any good.”

Tom dialed the number and held the receiver to his prisoner’s ear, leaning close to pick up the message. I watched poor Dorothy’s face and her pleadings, until Tom took the receiver himself to speak forcibly. When he returned the phone to its cradle he looked at his two girls in disgust.

“Those little bitches think they own the earth.” His voice held contempt. “I’ve a damned good mind to kidnap the whole lot of them one by one and whip some sense into their pussies and heads. Best thing is to forget them, they can’t do anything.”

Poor, dear Dorothy! So far as the SC went, we were both escape prisoners and subject to repossession. In a month Tom would set me free and I could look forward to the club getting me back. And Dorothy would remain his prisoner for as long as he chose.

I was glad when Tom broke the somber reflections. “I told you girls I’d give you some time together. It’s getting late so I can’t take you down and put you in the cage.” Instead he locked Dorothy to another ring in the same wall as I was tethered. “I’ve fixed you close so you can do whatever you want to do, except what you probably want to do most of all. There will be no more of that while you belong to me.”

He patted our bottoms before going away. Dorothy and I kissed in a great thankfulness at being so close, our breasts rubbing together in a very nice way. Even when excitation told us to stop, we remained pressed close together to find what comfort we could.

“I won’t use that beastly four letter word but Tom is going to rape me, isn’t he?”

“I expect so, he’s done it to me already and he’s very good at it. Dorothy, it’s not the end of the world, you know.”

“Avis Bonner told me how angry the bunch was over loosing you and now Tom’s stolen me as well. There’ll be a bunch of hornets ready to sting.” I could feel her quivering. “Don’t you see the spot I’m in? If the girls rescue me, I’ll have to finish a year’s sentence. If they don’t succeed in that, Tom Fredrick’s will keep me for goodness knows how long. Do you think we can talk him into letting both of us go free at the end of your thirty days?”

“I doubt it but we can try.”

She managed a snicker. “The trouble is I don’t know which one I want, or if I want either of them. I mean, the girls might punish me. But Tom might whip me, too. Would he?”

“Damned right he will.”

“Which one would punish me the least?”

“The girls, some of them are kind. I’m sure Tom doesn’t think of himself as cruel but his whip hurts.”

“Has he given you any chance to escape?”

“Gosh, no. This handcuff and leg-iron routine is foolproof.”

It was terrible not to be able to give Dorothy some good news. We were a pair of helplessly chained prisoners, now of a man instead of a bunch of sex hungry girls. But we were owned either way.

It was lovely to press close to this girl. We whispered possibilities back and forth without reaching any kind of conclusion. When Tom Fredrick’s unsnapped our collars to take us to bed, I have to admit to quivering delight but was pretty sure poor Dorothy was viewing it as rape, and was probably wondering how bad it would hurt. I wished I could help but it was too late now. Two slave-girls made metallic music as they walked towards what Queen Victoria would have considered a fate worse than death.

Tom had already installed a second chain for his new captive and snapped it shut on her collar. He then snapped me and brought Dorothy’s blush back to life by stripping as naked as we were. After a single horrified glance at male genitals, Dorothy hung her head.

“Come on, Angelique, my sweet,” Tom commanded happily. “Show this lost lesbian how it’s done.” He sneered, “She probably doesn’t even know.”

I placed myself on the bed and made myself as comfortable as a chained girl can while Dorothy stared in fascinated horror. The random thought raced through my mind that Dorothy was probably consigning me to a horrible whipping when she got me back under her control. Perhaps I did look a little wanton. Perhaps it was the smile on my face.

The thought that Tom might soon convert Dorothy away from lesbianism was a comfort to me but I was more interested in that more than ready rod. I spread my legs as wide as the golden shackle permitted.

When I blinked my way back into the real world, Dorothy was still standing and staring in what I suspected was a blend of disgust and desire.

“Angelique, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!”

“Oh, I am,” I said.

I was suddenly shy, not wishing to witness the shame of a girl I loved. “Please chain me somewhere out of sight,” I pleaded. “Dorothy will hate having me watch.”

“Too damned bad! You’ll watch, sweetheart, and she’ll like it. Was fun, wasn’t it?”

I am sure it would be useless for any girl to try and think only pure thoughts and feel only revolt at the nearness of a male tool about to pierce her vagina. When it actually entered her, there was no chance of Dorothy maintaining a dispassionate separation of her mind and body. Tom's vigorous thrustings quickly had the chained girl responding and every trace of rebellion wiped from her face. Her eyes closed and she made tiny sounds of delight. Thereafter I knew I was watching the age old battle of the sexes and one more phallus victory.

That night Tom Fredrick's slept happily between a pair of chained and naked girls who owed him much.

Had the sortie been successful, it would have had about it a sort of poetic justice. In the morning Tom announced an absence due to business and locked us both in a downstairs cage. As an emphasis he locked a chain around Dorothy's middle and another to the belt I would wear forever. There was plenty of chain so they did not matter much. At least that's the way we figured it when he kissed us goodbye and locked us in. Once more alone, my former mistress and I dived straight away into speculations on our captivity and why the devil Tom had added the heavy chains around our tummies and anchored them to the heavy ringbolt in the concrete wall.

We were busy whispering when the door opened and Avis Bonner walked in.

Avis was not alone, she was followed by two large girls and Betty Harmon. “We’ve come to take you back home, darlings,” Avis announced happily. “That idiot man has driven away somewhere so now’s our chance. We’ll play the same trick on him that he played us. Except you two will walk to the car instead of being carried. Sorry it’s taken so long.”

They had all sorts of keys and a bolt cutter. The cage door yielded to one of the keys. After some kissing and hugs, they went to work on Tom’s fresh chains on our waists. None of their keys would open the padlocks. Dorothy and I could do nothing to help. We stood and watched. And we could not help but notice that none of the girls had done a thing about our handcuffs or leg irons. And no doubt they were happy to find us still packaged for their convenience. They were also happy to discover the golden restraints upon my hands and feet.

Since the keys failed, they now inserted my tethering chain into the jaws of the bolt cutter. Gleefully, they pushed down hard.

Nothing happened. When the girls tried another link the first one failed to show even a scratch. After much effort neither Dorothy’s nor my chains had parted and we were still prisoners to the wall. The SC was not equipped to deal with his heavy duty bondage.

“The son of a bitch must have figured on something like this,” Betty Harmon exclaimed disgustedly. “What do we do now!”

“I said we should have brought a couple of men with tools.”

“The only way we’ll get them is to smash the concrete to get that ring bolt loose. We can’t even cut away Angelique’s lovely belt.”

The four girls looked at each other and us in bafflement and anguish. “Could we phone and get help,” Avis suggested.

“There isn’t time,” Betty Harmon said. “The bastard has us beat this time and what we’d best do is lock the door again and creep away as if we’d never been here. If these two don’t say a word he’ll never know. That way they won’t get punished. Maybe we can come back another time with more equipment or a couple of men.” She gazed at Dorothy and I. “Darlings, I’m so terribly sorry.”

The girls did not give up easily, trying their keys again. So absorbed were we in these efforts we failed to see or hear the presence of our man. By the time realization dawned, Tom Fredrick’s had the cage door locked with the four would-be rescuers safe inside.

Happily, he used a bit of chain and a padlock to insure the closing of his trap. Not a single girl spoke, so complete was

his surprise on them. None protested or threatened. It was Tom Fredrick's who spoke first.

"I'm so glad you came. I know you would so I was waiting." He picked on Avis as the leader. "What are you expecting to happen next?"

"If you have any sense at all, you'll unlock this door and let us all go."

"I'm afraid I'm a bit short on sense today. The last thing I intend is to turn you lose. Think again."

"The club won't let you get away with this. You really are playing with fire Mr. Fredrick's." Avis sounded desperate.

"Playing with fire!" The phrase appeared to please. "A nice idea. I'll warm my hands before I warm your rumps. How's that grab you?" Not a single girl answered. Dorothy and I were simply an audience. Our four rescuers looked at each other with fear in their eyes and allowed the Master to once more take the floor. "Now, here's what I'm going to do," he said heavily. "I'm going to whip those pretty little bottoms of yours before sending you home." He beamed cheerfully at all present. "When you get back you'll tell them I'll do the same thing to any of the rest of you who have the nerve to enter my house without invitation."

"You wouldn't dare," said Betty Harmon without conviction.

“The first thing I want of you is your clothes. Throw them out through the bars. I’ll put them in a pile so you can have them later.”

“You’re dreaming.”

“There’s no way we’re going to do that.”

The denials were serious. Even I had to wonder how Tom would impose his will on four healthy young women, two of which were brought along because they were the largest members of the Sensuality Club. My doubt was needless, Tom had things well in hand.

“You almost have to refuse, don’t you,” he agreed. “But we’ve got lots of time so you can stay behind those bars until you decided to strip. You may take several days. In the meantime you’ll get neither food nor drink. Think about it.”

Four clothed girls looked at each other in dismay. “The son of a bitch means it!”

“And he can get away with it. Oh, shit!”

The four looked at me and asked, “You know him best, Angelique. Will he do it?”

“Yes, he will. He’s a Force.”

There was now a debate which beat back and forth within the bars to arrive at an obvious conclusion. “Let’s do it now and get it over with.”

There was unhappy agreement and promises to go home and get help once he let them go.

“Angelique, darling, will he hurt us? I mean, real bad?”

“He certainly will. He doesn’t use a cane. I don’t know what to tell you to do. He can do whatever he likes with the whole bunch of us.”

We were still arguing when our master returned. “Well!”

There were a few moments of silence before one of the girls slipped out of her dress and tossed it to the waiting man. Slowly and hating every second, the other three followed her lead while Tom looked eagerly on. When four naked girls were trying to hide behind their hands, the male gathered up the discarded clothes and disappeared with them. When he returned he had another demand.

“The club has sentenced Angelique to be branded. I want your assurance that will not be done.”

“What does it matter? You’ve got her, we haven’t. She’s safe. Besides it takes a vote by the whole club to do what you want.”

“Angelique goes free at the end of thirty days but I’m holding on to Dorothy Dawson. The day you repossess Angelique will be the day I burn some letters of my own in Dorothy’s skin. You wouldn’t want that—would you?”

“All right then, no brand,” Avis said with heat. She turned to smile at me. “Angelique, dear, we’re going to get you back. If we don’t reclaim you before this man turns you lose, we’ll get you afterwards. We all love you and simply will not let you go.”

“Well, that looks after that,” Tom said. “The only thing left to do is whip your bottoms. Just be patient a moment.”

Six girls watched a man preparing to whip four girl’s bottoms. At the same time he passed us comments that we be informed.

“I’d keep the whole jolly lot of you if I weren’t a practical man. But life is mostly compromise and you can’t push too hard in one direction or you’ll get hit from another. Wouldn’t you agree that if I keep you for visitors, that club of yours might get so mad that they’d do something stupid? If I let you go home, they’ll respect my judgment. And you can show them your bottoms so they’ll know I’m not a man to mess with. These little whippings I am about to administer will nicely fill the bill.”

The four new nudes were still blushing and trying to cover three places with two hands. Since I had been nude for

over a year it was no big thing to me. I almost laughed at these girl's attempts. But poor Dorothy was as upset as they. Our master's voice continued.

"There's a fellow I know who would play quite a price for the privilege of putting you four in a whore house. I don't suppose you'd enjoy that much. The only reason I'm not doing that is to prove to you I'm a reasonable man who believes in moderation. I'll make sure your ass is a pretty purple but, unless you provoke me with wisecracks, that's all that will happen to you. Remember this and know yourselves lucky while it's happening."

We surveyed the suspended hooks with misgivings, having little doubt as to their use. Tom Fredrick's had thought of everything and now commanded, "I want the bunch of you to get over to the far wall. When I open the door one of you will come out. If all of you rush the door, I'll just slam it and you can spend a day or so until I ask you again."

"He's paying us a tribute," said Betty Harmon. "The bastard figures he can handle one of us but not four."

Betty Harmon was the first one to step forward as the door was opened. She offered her hands to be bound without a word. A hook came down to snare the rope and raise her arms to relieve her of the effort of trying to cover anything.

"Hey, stop it, you're lifting me off the ground!" came her shocked cry.

“That’s right, sweetheart, give you a chance to kick. Wiggle all you please and I’ll catch you with the whip when you come around. Ever been whipped?”

“Of course not! Let my feet down, you mustn’t do this.”

It is a sad fact that a naked girl suspended from her wrists is often more lovely than at any other time. It was so with Betty, who was now busy pedaling an invisible bike in her efforts to find the floor. Tom watched this approvingly for several moments before he struck.

I’ve been whipped so often but the whole performance still fascinates. It’s largely sexual, of course, the thunk of thong on flesh lights a fire in anyone’s loins, even that of the girl whose flesh is marked by the leather kiss. Betty Harmon heaved herself up by bound wrists in pure shock and emitted a choked scream, more of anger than of pain.

Tom Fredrick’s did exactly as he had promised. He stood still and lashed out as the struggling beauty presented a good angle. The cuts were swift and hard. I doubt I would have accepted those blows without screaming. Betty Harmon held out until the fourth stroke, showing the pain mostly by a crazed and jerky dance she performed at the end of her tether. After the fourth she screamed. Her bottom began burning. As her punishment progressed she no longer tried to hold in the screams. It was shameful and beautiful in some strange way.

Without pause, Tom Fredrick's administered twenty strokes, turning her bottom purple. When finished he left her to hang and opened the cage door. "Next?"

One of the larger girls was number two. I knew she wanted to fight but didn't dare. Her wrists were swiftly bound and soon her feet were lifted from the floor. By some miracle she contrived only gasps and moans as her flesh was wealed and the scarlet streaks gave way to purple. But her dance of pain was every bit as vivid as Betty Harmon's had been. Again and again she raised herself up by the bound wrists, only to jerk back down. When the twenty strokes had done she was left to hang.

The male demand of "Next!" extracted Avis Bonner. She gave me a wry grin in passing before offering her own nakedness to be bound and suspended with the other two. As her wrists were tied, she addressed Tom Fredrick's quietly.

"I think you're making a mistake, Mr. Fredrick's. This won't deter, it will only enrage the rest of the membership." It was the tone of sweet reason.

"Will it now!" The masculine voice had a ring of steel. "That's one of the remarks I didn't want. You've earned an extra five."

I saw Avis flinch and longed to cry aloud in bitter protest. But fear kept me silent. I could soon be hanging with the

rest. Dorothy and I exchanged horrified glances as Avis's feet left the floor and the frightful ritual began again. I think we all winced with every stroke.

Avis screamed throughout her punishment. From the frightful purple welts I know he was hitting her far harder than he needed. After twenty he paused. "This could have been the end of it for you. You were lippy and I won't tolerate a lippy broad. Now you get your extra five."

"Yes, I understand." Even in her agony, Avis Bonner's voice was quietly resigned.

The five were needless cruel. When Tom left the sweat-drenched and vividly beaten nude, Avis was weeping. The opening of the cage door and the cry of "Next" was automatic. When the seat of number four finally bore the vivid strips of male disapproval, its owner was allow to hang in anguish while my master turned his attention to Dorothy Dawson in the cage.

"I've changed my mind, Miss Dawson," he said politely. "I aim to make that club of yours to forget this whole thing and leave Angelique and me alone. No more invasions of this house and no more kidnappings beyond." He sighed. "I had intended to keep you but I will allow you to go back to the club if, of your own free will, you ask me to whip you the same as I have these girls. Seems to me I'm offering you a pretty fair deal?"

She, too, flinched under the impact of this unexpected proposal. But freedom is a powerful lure she could not resist. “Thank you, I accept. Please whip me in the same way you have whipped my friends and send me home with them.”

Her surrender was exquisitely simple.

Alone in the cage I pressed my breasts against the bars to watch. If Dorothy had expected freedom she would be disappointed. For the whipping of her bottom there was no need to free her hands. Tom simply raised them up behind her back in the manner I know all too well. When she was bent wickedly forward, he massaged the tight, young bottom before taking up his stance. He then whipped poor, darling Dorothy Dawson. She did not even have the relief of kicking or jerking herself up by bound hands as did our would be rescuers. True, she could use chained feet in evasive but scorned so useless an act, and with extraordinary courage, considering how virgin her skin was to the thong, did no more than kick at shackled feet and sway from side to side as purple took the place of red and moans turned to cries of distress.

Having delivered Dorothy’s pain, he lowered her punished arms, unlocked the handcuffs, and took the leg irons off, to leave Dorothy standing in disbelief. One hand went back to explore the throbbing weals which were her tribute to the male. Tom then lowered Betty Harmon to the floor. His command was curt, “Get yourselves dressed.”

“But I haven’t any clothes,” Dorothy protested.

“Then go home naked.”

Three nudes hung in silent doubt. I gazed longingly through the bars at a freedom I was not to share. When Betty Harmon was once more clothed, the second girl was lowered and told to dress. With two girls back to normal, my master thrust at them a swift decision, “Here’s your beautiful Dorothy Dawson, and I’ll give you handcuffs and leg irons. You can fasten her or give her freedom, I don’t care. But if you chose to give her freedom, she’ll walk out of here stark naked and without a dime.”

It might have been a cruel decision to have to make but was not a decision for the girls. “Darling, if you think you can get the best of us, let’s have a fight and see who wins. Don’t forget, you’re still under sentence and that twelve months of slavery still holds.”

I had to admire their single-minded purpose. Behind them was the power of the club!

I think if Dorothy would have been clothed she would have elected to walk out the door and take her chances on being repossessed and punished as a runaway slave. But naked is terrible for a girl, you feel so terribly defenseless. We watched until she said unhappily, “Okay, keep me prisoner. I’ll go back with you.” She sighed miserably as she turned her back and offered her hands. When her feet were

ironed she was back to square one with nothing to look forward to save a year's enslavement. But at the end of twelve months she would be free and once more a mistress in the club.

Feeling more and more alone behind the bars I watched my fellow members get dressed while Dorothy stood to one side, chained, obviously feeling low, and probably wondering what the girls would do to her when she was once more back in her house. It is amazing what handcuffs and leg irons do to a girl. The poor darling was obviously already very much a slave. Once more her wrists were busy with their steel shackles.

I cannot tell how the message passed from girl to girl but immediately all four were fully clothed they rushed Tom Fredrick's in outraged fury. For an instant he disappeared beneath a pile of girls who kicked and clawed and bit. With some men it might have worked. Four healthy young women against a single male might have placed most men at an disadvantage. But Tom Fredrick's must have picked up a sign somewhere and was ready for the rush. For a few moments I thought the girls would win, but he prevailed. For a man, when necessary, does not hesitate to use his fists while a woman can only kick and claw and, if she tries to hit, deliver pitifully weak blows. Superior strength also allowed him to man-handle the girls around, pulling an arm behind a back here and clicking a handcuff on a wrist

there. Suddenly all four girls lay panting on the floor, all eight arms locked in steel behind backs.

My heart went out to them, freedom had been so close for them and was snatched away by their own stupid actions. All were silent as they awaited sentence. Tom Fredrick's grinned at a couple of breasts hanging out of torn clothes. "You girls don't have a lick of sense," he casually informed. "What the hell do I do with you now!"

"Please send us home," said one girl. "We'll apologize and promise to behave ourselves. We won't bother you again."

"You're damned right you won't!" My master seemed little inclined to sympathy. "Seems like you girls need breaking in. I thought sending you back with a whipped ass would be enough, but I guess I was wrong. Well, never mind, I've thought of something else."

Tom Fredrick's must have purchased handcuffs in wholesale quantities. I never saw were he got all those pairs from and he had done it right in front of me. He then arranged the handcuffs so that each girl had her left wrist locked to the bars of the cage and her right wrist free. "Strip!" came his sharp command.

Slowly, sadly, they removed their clothes. That being done, her master bound her wrists with rope from a drawer and cinched her elbows cruelly tight. Next he removed the

hook from a suspension rope and noosed it around her neck to compel her to stand erect with breasts out thrust.

“I suppose you know what I’m going to do?”

She knew! So did the rest of us. Confirmation came. “You’ve guessed where I’m going to whip. Ten on each breast. Maybe by that time you’ll learn. In case you’re figuring on leaping around all over, I’ll give you a choice. Stand still and stick them out for ten each or leap around for twenty. Don’t say I never try to be helpful.”

What a choice! It was far more cruel than binding a girl so she can’t move. And I wonder how any girl could possibly stick out her breasts to have them whipped. It was just too much.

But before any of us could say a word, Tom flourished a small but wicked little whip and cut it across the right breast of the girl so cruelly bound. As though carved in marble, the girl stood still and continued to stand still as stroke after stroke left imprints on her lovely mounds. It was an amazing demonstration. She whimpered and gasped throughout but never once screamed or sought to move her breast out of harm’s way.

It was very simple. Tom now freed that bound girl but handcuffed her wrists to the bars of my cage again. Then he took Avis and bound her arms as before.

I could well understand how a girl would try her best to stand still for ten but I was not a bit sure I could do it myself. I realized Tom was using a special kind of whip to do no injury while delivering a healthy sting. Avis cried out in pain. She stamped her feet. She even screamed. But she stood her ground bravely and was rewarded with only ten on each breast.

Then there was the next girl. Tom took his time, enjoying each tightening of the ropes, each swish of the whip, and each gasp of pain. When four pairs of breasts had been reddened and their owners tethered to the cage, they were told to stand at attention and face their captor. Tom took each girl's photo and then of them as a group. No girl said thank you but all obeyed quickly when told to face the bars to give Tom's camera the opportunity to record bottoms terribly wealed. Even Dorothy was included in that shot.

My loins responded to such a sight with a heat that shamed me. How could I get excited about my friend's suffering? Yet there it was. I had never seen so much battered flesh in my life. These girls would not be comfortable sitting down for a while and would prefer not to wear too tight a bra, either.

Tom freed captive wrists and told them to dress and depart without delay.

I was suddenly alone.

Chapter 8

Maidens in Distress

I was alone again. I missed Dorothy even though I had been jealous when my man turned his attentions to her. I fought my handcuffs furiously while she was getting fucked! Even when she was whipped I felt a longing that my master not have another woman in his house.

It was therefore with a feeling of relief and getting back to normal as I stood inside the big cage to gaze through the bars at the man I now called Master. If ever a man had mastered a girl, it was me. Watching him whip eight breasts and five bottoms had left me scared of his authority. The way he was looking back at me left me uncertain as to whether my own breasts and bottom were safe, or whether he would change their color.

I went close to the bars and said, “Thank you, Tom, for getting me off the hook over the brand. That was wonderful.”

“It would only be wonderful if they recaptured you, sweetheart.” He winked. “Think, only twenty-nine days until you walk out to the world and become fair game. That bunch I just whipped told you how much they wanted you.”

“They won’t get me. I’ll never let them take me again!”

He was delighted by my feelings but cynical as ever. “The only way you’re going to be safe from those girls, sweetheart, is to talk the police into locking you in a cell and keeping you there for the next ten years.”

“That’s not going to happen, either.”

“How’d it be I let you out of that cage? I don’t know why we’re standing there talking through the bars.”

Once out of the cage Tom gathered me into his arms to become a tender and loving male who couldn’t get enough of me. This is a nice feeling for any girl and I loved every moment so when I stood back gasping it was easy to say, “Tom, please let me be free. I couldn’t put my arms around you just now and it was something I wanted very bad. Please, take the handcuffs from my wrists and the leg irons from my ankles. I’ll love you to bits forever.”

I’d touched him, I could tell. But I was a long way from wining a battle. Except that Tom’s voice was now more sober and more thoughtful. “Honeybunch, you’re forgetting I want a slave-girl, not a wife.”

“Any man could say the same thing about marrying his secretary.”

“But, gosh, we’re not talking about marriage.” He shook his head. “That’s the way with you girls, if we give you an inch you want a mile. No, the proper way to handle you is ex-

actly the way I have you now. And, anyway, what the hell would you do with yourself if you were completely free? You'd be bored stiff."

"That's another way of saying I'll be bored stiff in twenty-nine days."

"Well, won't you?"

The longing for my hands and feet had never been so great. And I knew… Tom had somewhere a few bits of metal that could unlock my shackles and set me free. Unhappily, I shrugged. "If you think I'd be bored all day because I wasn't chained or tied, you reduce me to nothing more than a female body, convenient to appease your sexual urges." Even I heard the heart-break in my voice. "Tom, is that the way of it? Is that all I really am? A convenient cunt?"

I could swear Tom Fredrick's winched at my vulgarity. I'd hit a nerve. But he was not defensive, simply matching his wits against a woman. "That's really all any girl is," he insisted. "A man can't even be sure of her being available for that unless he keeps his eye on her. Right now I've got you the way a girl should be." He shrugged. "It may be rough on the girl although you seem to thrive on it. But if a man is physically strong or financially stable, it's the best bet. The divorce statistics don't make a free girl the least bit attractive."

“If I were free, I’d be a lot more fun for you in bed.”

“I’m not even sure of that. In fact, I think it’s probably just the reverse. Think about it.”

I had thought about it often. He was probably right. There had been something gorgeously erotic and exciting in our sexual encounters, some sort of extra factor, quite apart and in addition to his extraordinary sexual abilities.

I sniffed and put on the feminine act of pretending the subject beneath consideration. Tom wasn’t fooled. “How would you like me to whip your ass again?” he asked as if offering help to a girl in need.

“That’s your answer to everything, isn’t it?” I sniffed again. “If a girl disagrees with you, whip her ass. In fact, whip her ass anyway, it will do her good. Tom Fredrick’s, you make me so damned mad!”

“Just trying to help. Honeybunch, don’t you realize it’s the handcuffs and leg irons which make your backside as available as your front. If you were free, you’d make the damndest fuss about being whipped and probably run back to mother every second day. This way works fine.”

“It works fine for you because I’m a slave, you own me. No need to be proud about it.”

“Not a matter of pride, sweetheart, just convenience.”

I stood there before The Master, my breasts heaving angrily, and my hands twisting for a freedom they weren't to get. This was getting on dangerous grounds, and I could tell I was likely to be whipped at any moment. Nothing bad, perhaps, but enough to calm me down and make me humble. "But, Tom," I pleaded, "couldn't we sort of forget that for now and you make me a present of half an hour's freedom? We could go upstairs and have a drink. Whenever you say the word, I'll stand quietly for you to chain me again the way I am. Please?"

Tom would always be a surprise but I did not underrate the pathos in my voice as I made my pitch. In less than a minute my golden shackles were on the floor and I was embracing my owner with two arms gloriously free. I nuzzled my lips against his neck, twisted a free foot around one of his, and generally behaved in a manner mother would not approve of.

The thank you I whispered in his ear was sincere. I got my bottom patted and was told to precede my lord and master upstairs. Reaching the lounge I was further instructed to mix the drinks for both of us and serve my master on my knees. I played my part very well.

"May I have permission to do the thing I want most of all?" I asked while on my knees.

"I won't ask. Go ahead."

All I wanted to do was leap and jump and kick and wave my arms in wild abandon. I was well aware my master approved and enjoyed this exhibition of a female body. When I once more knelt for his approval I was breathless and panting. Once more I said a demure thank you and meant it.

We later talked about the Sensuality Club's intent to recapture me and my coming freedom. I was sure I knew the Sensuality Club so well that I could avoid their traps. I could have the girls I liked visit me one at a time. I could handle one girl at a time. All I had to do was avoid their meetings. I will admit the seriousness of what the girls said to me really struck home. But I was sure they did what they did out of love.

"I sent that Dorothy Dawson back home, sweetheart, because I preferred you. No use having two girls around when you're happy with one. And, anyway, I proved my point that I can pick one up any time I wish. That Sensuality Club bunch now knows that not a single one of them is safe. How would you like me to pick up that Connie slave-girl tomorrow?"

"Please don't until after I'm free. We don't need company."

"Jealous."

"I'll be everything you want in a slave-girl so you don't need Connie."

We sparred back and forth, enjoying ourselves. I felt wonderful and, of course, I was hoping Tom wouldn't chain me again. Then it occurred to me that I wouldn't mind marrying Tom. I was pretty sure I could train him so I wouldn't get whipped more than once a week, or once a month. I was pretty sure I could handle him even if I did get my skin marked once in a while. I was so happy with this pretty dream I forgot time. But time goes on and my fantasy fell shattered to the floor when Tom announced that time was up and I should stand for rechaining.

I was a sad little girl indeed as I put my arms behind my back and positioned my feet. I was bitterly disappointed but I had really hoped that Tom would really enjoy me running free enough to prolong that freedom. He must have read my thoughts for he said frankly, "Sorry, Angelique honey, but I didn't want that freedom to become a habit. Fact is, I am in love with you in these golden chains and I don't want you any other way. I guess I'm a kook."

"If you're so much in love with my golden chains, why don't you let me go and sleep with them instead," I inquired bitterly.

"You're being lippy but I'll overlook it this time. I knew damned well I was making a mistake giving you that bit of freedom. You would be happier right now if I had left you chained in the first place."

“It’s cruel to give a girl something then snatch it away.”

“The thirty minutes was your idea, honey.” Tom grinned and snapped the lock on my leg irons.

I wanted to cry. I know it was silly but that was the way it was. I should have known that lovely dream could not come true. My voice was teary as I asked, “Shall I kneel before you in my chains once more, Master?”

“Of course I want you there. And since you can’t control your tongue you can leave your knees well apart and keep your head bowed for the next five minutes. Damn it, I must be going soft!”

It was then the door bell rang.

I could have eavesdropped but the sound of my chains would have betrayed me. I stayed kneeling on the rug and heard only the distant sound of voices. I didn’t care much who it was or what they wanted because I was pretty sure it wouldn’t be the Sensuality Club again and I wasn’t in any danger of being rescued. Besides, I wasn’t sure I wanted to be rescued. It seemed a nice idea to serve out my time. I was pledge to Tom, and then a walk into freedom.

Approaching footsteps told me I would get to see the visitor. I looked expectantly to the door and will be damned if Tom didn’t usher in a very pretty girl. It was several moments before I recognized Jennifer Seabright. The pleasure

in her greeting was genuine, and I wished Tom had left me free long enough to use my arms in greeting.

I expect Jennifer knew the way I felt. Her reassurance was instant, “Don’t worry about being chained, darling. The brute of a man used to keep me chained the same way.” She paused dramatically, “Angelique! Those glorious golden chains! And that beautiful belt and collar! Oh, wow!”

“I’m glad you like them, I get tired of them myself.”

“You’ve been a slave-girl too long, dear,” Jennifer said. “Or has Tom been abusing you? Let me see your bottom.”

“She’s sitting on it,” Tom said shortly. “And I’ve whipped her ass if that’s what you’re thinking of.”

“It wouldn’t be you if you didn’t.” Jennifer seemed well in control of things. “Angelique has given me the loveliest idea. Perhaps you would like to tell her why I’m here today.”

“It’s your story, you tell her.”

Jennifer made herself comfortable on the couch in such a way that I was kneeling as much in front of her as my master. “We haven’t seen each other since that little time together in the cage,” she said. “But I guess you remember I was working out my time with Tom, who had purchased

me for a month, and a bonus of so much per stroke. It worked fine. Tom is a very honorable man."

Jennifer was cute and very sure of herself. I realized she had been Tom's prisoner for a month and they must have become close enough to reach some type of a rapport. I was jealous! I didn't trust their easy way with each other.

"I would have thought you would be scared to visit in case Tom tied you up and plumped you back in the cage," I suggested uncertainly.

"I'm not nervous. Like I said, Tom's an honorable man."

It now occurred to me I owed this girl a lot. It was not Jennifer's fault that going to the police in her effort to help had gotten me in deeper trouble. I now expressed the thanks I should have said before. But as I poured out gratitude I was only too aware that Jennifer was free and clothed while I was naked and chained. There was a gulf a mile wide between us.

"The reason I'm here is because I want to sell myself again." Jennifer shrugged. "I know it's ridiculous, but I belong to a family that's got more troubles than you can shake a stick at and I need a lot of money to bail them out. I'm going to ask Tom to make me his slave-girl again for a month or two. Or as long as he likes. I know he gets you free, Angelique, and I cost him a lot of money but I hope you two won't mind."

“I’m a slave-girl and I’m not allowed opinions,” I said unhappily.

She turned to Tom. “How about you… Master?” Her voice was loaded with mischief.

“I’m losing Angelique, so why not. I can afford you.” Tom was enjoying the interplay between two females. “Owning Angelique for a month isn’t all that important, I stole her.”

“I don’t see why you’d let her go, why don’t you keep her?” Jennifer smiled at me. “She certainly can’t get loose and run away.”

“She and I made a deal. Forget it.”

“I don’t think she wants to share you with me.”

“That’s too bad. I can easily whip her into thinking it’s a good idea. And that’s free, too.”

I was really burned up. I had never felt more helpless and scared. I knew myself the classic girl slave who must listen in silence while her owner carelessly discusses disposal of her body. This girl could interest a man like Tom and I didn’t like that.

“How would it be you come the day after I set Angelique free?”

I longed to shout no at them but I was most bitterly a slave and kept silent.

“That would be nice,” Jennifer said. “But the trouble is I have to have money right quick and plenty of it.” She allowed the words to hang for a moment. “The fact is I’ve fixed things so I can take off my clothes and offer my wrists right now.”

Tom laughed delightedly. “Aren’t you pushing things too hard?” he inquired.

“Not if you knew the story behind my need.” Jennifer turned from Tom to me. “We shared a cage for a little while before and we can do it again. Please, darling, don’t be jealous.”

“You really are pushing your luck, Jennifer, my sweet,” Tom said. “I think I should test the sincerity of what you’ve just offered. How about you pay an entry fee of fifty strokes without reward?”

Jennifer was stricken in shock. So was I! Fifty strokes was a terrible punishment, more than I had ever to endure. Unless he was joking, Tom was being terribly cruel so that now sympathy displaced jealousy in my mind. While Jennifer was gathering her wits, I said, “Tom, that’s too damned awful. Fifty strokes would half kill a girl.”

“How about fifty for you, too, sweetheart. Give you something to share.” Tom was very much The Master.

“Please don’t punish Angelique for feeling sorry for me,” pleaded Jennifer. She had suddenly become a small girl. “I’ve been too pushy, I know I have. I’ll take the fifty.” She visibly swallowed. “No charge.”

There is something about a girl and a whip that changes the girl utterly. It was so now with Jennifer. She had become a young girl sentenced to a terrible punishment. Even though she was clothed and free, she had become a slave.

“My clothes…?”

“Strip.”

I knew she was beautiful, I had seen her naked before. In this moment of anguish she seemed lovelier than before. Clothes slowly went off and were neatly folded. Then she knelt submissively in front of the man who had become master to us both. I could also feel the power surge in Tom Fredrick’s as he gazed down upon his new-found prize. He enjoyed the sentenced nakedness for several moments before barking, “Get the whip, you know where it is.”

Jennifer said no word but rose swiftly to obey her master’s command. I could not believe a woman would hurry to fetch the whip for fifty strokes. Fifty! Terrible!

Her need must be great, indeed. I longed to comfort her. But handcuffs denied that ability.

Jennifer had been well trained. She knelt once more, kissed the whip, and offered it to the man who would use it to wound her skin. She said nothing but was breathless in suspense. Tom turned to me. His voice had changed, “What do you think, Angelique?”

“She’s perfect. I’ve never seen anything more beautiful.”

My tribute was sincere. I knelt in chains but Jennifer knelt in freedom. It was a tremendous gesture in giving. She did not move as Tom and I surveyed a submission complete in every detail. Tom broke the spell.

“Okay, Jennifer, you’ve proven your point. You’re home free.”

Jennifer’s radiance was no longer brash. Her thanks were sweet and sincere. But as her voice fell away to a whisper, Tom turned to me. “Angelique, it’s strange how things turn out. You wanted to be free and I wanted a slave… and Jennifer’s given us the answer.”

“You mean…?”

“Sure. I take those golden chains from you and lock them on Jennifer. We get you dressed, we give you money and take you home. You’ll be totally free in a wonderful world.” His voice was almost anxious. “That is what you want?”

Suddenly that was the last thing I wanted. But there was the kneeling girl in need and somewhere beyond was the glorious freedom I'd been longing for. Stupidly I heard the voice of a girl named Angelique uttering a lie from a fantasy, "Of course, it's what I want. And you're right, Tom, it's worked out wonderfully." It took everything I had to keep my voice from breaking. "Thank you for everything you've done. I'm very happy."

I'm sure Tom knew. His voice was still faintly anxious, "You can still visit, nothing's changed, Angelique."

"That's right! I'd love to do that."

"You can feed Jennifer peanuts through the bars."

A man and two girls smiled away an awkwardness. "You mean you're giving me those lovely gold handcuffs and leg irons? Are you sure?"

"They're by way of the Sensuality Club," Tom explained. "If you're looking at Angelique's belt and collar, they belong to the Sensuality Club, too, but you can forget them, they won't come off. Angelique's stuck wearing that belt beneath her clothes. She'll have to explain to friends that she's so fond of that necklace that she never takes it off."

It was the way it had always been with vacations, you don't really believe in them until you're in the plane then quite suddenly it's true and wonderful and gorgeous. Suddenly

all three of us were laughing as I was told to stand while Tom found the magic bits of metal and gave them the proper turns to set me free. I threw my arms around his neck in a way I rarely could. Then I hugged Jennifer. Excitement had me in its grip and I was suddenly really and truly happy.

I stood and glowed, still a slave, still awaiting direction.

Jennifer became shy. She looked at Tom who was holding the golden restraints and asked, “Would it seem silly if I wave my arms around and kick my feet this one last time?”

We watched. Jennifer was actually blushing when she turned her back to offer her arms. I shared with her shivers as the handcuffs clicked and snapped.

I had to stomp hard on jealousy as the golden bands, still warm from my flesh, encircled Jennifer’s ankles and were locked tight.

In keeping with our mood, Jennifer’s giggling suggestion I wear her clothes seemed appropriate. Everything fitted. Jennifer had come with a handbag, the contents of which Tom now dumped into an envelope and sealed. He replaced it with a thousand dollars which he said would see me through until the banks were open. Jennifer looked at the money in pure envy.

We gave ourselves no time for the awkwardness of goodbyes. Tom announced he and I would ride in the front seat but the newly chained slave-girl would be placed in the trunk to let her know where she belonged. Not only did the poor girl get the ride but had to stay thus imprisoned as Tom and I discovered the hidden spare key to my house. He inspected the place with me. The club had kept it in good order but tomorrow I would have to change the locks. All I got in the way of a farewell was a quick kiss, my bottom patted, plus the verbal reassurance I should call him any time I had a problem, and visit whenever I had the urge. Goodness knows, it is a pretty good deal for a girl. But as I watched him depart, it was as though I stood in the loneliness of space.

My first act in freedom was to take off Jennifer's clothes. This was not because they were Jennifer's but because I had been naked so long I found clothes bothersome and uncomfortable. The clothes went safely into a drawer.

Nothing ever turns out the way we think. In those first months of my enslavement to the Sensuality Club I had thought of this moment almost every waking hour. But now in freedom I felt let down and knew in honesty it was because of Jennifer and Tom. Jennifer could not shed the golden chains as I had shed her clothes. I did not see her new enslavement as her being Tom's possession, I saw it as Jennifer possessing Tom. I knew it was silly so I went up-

stairs and found some of my clothes where they had been left. I dressed so I could walk to the corner store for food. It was evening before the phone rang. It was Avis and I felt so damned good at hearing the voice of a girl with whom I had shared love and who's whip had marked my skin, I am sure I sounded overly thankful. Especially when I remembered her seat was probably purple and her breasts scarlet from Tom Fredrick's whip. What she had to say only heightened my thankfulness.

"I know you're back home, darling. That Fredrick's guy isn't as omnipotent as he thinks. I'll bet you're lonely."

"Gosh, how did you know!"

The silvery laugh was an oasis in a desert. "You're forgetting how you spent the last fourteen months, darling. That was habit forming."

"Thank you, but I don't want to be chained again."

"That wasn't why I called. And the club doesn't know I'm calling. Would you like me to come and spend this first night with you? It's sort of an occasion."

I wanted Avis so bad. Tom was off to one side and something else again. I wanted to kiss her wounds and let her play with me. But I could not forget the club. "And in the morning I'd wake up chained hand and foot and a slave to

the Sensuality Club again." I hoped I didn't sound too bitter.

Once more the silvery amusement. "You have to think that way, sweetheart. But, honest, the club doesn't know a thing about my calling you. But there's things we have to talk about and I want you very much. Do you want me after that awful man?"

"Yes."

"I'll come right over. Just so you can sleep easily I'll bring a pair of handcuffs and the key so you can make me helpless for the night. That way you'll be safe. I'm coming because I think it would be fun."

"Come on over," I said without a second thought.

Sure, I should have known better but maybe I'm a natural born slave-girl and chains are my destiny. But when Avis and I danced up the stairway, we weren't thinking of anything except each other. It wasn't until later when we were sharing coffee in my kitchen that Avis insisted, "Darling, I think you've forgotten that I want you to be safe all night." She fetched her bag and removed a pair of handcuffs. "Don't be shy, do it!"

So much in so little time! Yesterday I had been owned and kept in chains by a man. Today I had the chance to chain a girl who had been my mistress. Things were changing too

fast. The handcuffs were cold to my touch as I picked them up and walked behind Avis. She put her hands behind her back without a word. The metal clicked shut and she was my prisoner. Feeling strange emotions, I grabbed a handful of her hair and led her to the bedroom.

We laughed later but for a while there was only the sounds of lovemaking as I lay gloriously free upon silk sheets and my own little slave-girl serviced me! Wonderful!

We slept late. When I woke up my wrists were handcuffed behind my back. Avis was beside me in the bed, looking as innocent as all get out. I had to suppose she had gotten up during the night and gotten the key where I had hidden it. Or had brought with her a second key. But I was now her prisoner instead of she being mine. Tears filled my eyes.

I had trusted Avis and now she would return me to slavery. Without hands I dried my tears upon the pillow and woke her up.

“Hello, Angelique, darling. When you sleep you really sleep. Are you mad?”

“I’m mad and hurt.” I was sitting up to gaze down at the beautiful woman in my bed. “I suppose this means chains and the whip and all the rest of the Sensuality Club?” I gave a short and bitter laugh. “Gosh, what an idiot I was!”

“Helpless?”

“Of course I’m helpless. I’m surprised you haven’t locked leg irons on my ankles.”

“I did, darling, you haven’t noticed!”

It was true! I now felt the secure grip of ironed ankles. Avis had me for sure. The Sensuality Club would be laughing their heads off. I wanted to scream.

“I’ll bet you hate me, sweetheart?”

“I could never hate you but I’m terribly disappointed.”

“And why shouldn’t you, darling,” Avis felt under her pillow and found the keys. “Lay on your tummy and I’ll do all the work.”

“But why? I don’t understand!”

“To teach you a lesson, Angelique, my pet. You’re a blonde innocent waiting for disaster.” The keys clicked and the handcuffs fell off. Then the leg irons.

I sat up, once more totally free. I had my hands, I had my feet. I looked down at the girl who’s prisoner I had been to demand, “But why! Tell me why?”

“I’ve just told you. Here, just to prove I love you, darling, hold on a minute.” I watched while Avis rose up from the bed, turned her back, and offered me her wrists. “There

you are, my beloved Angelique. Do you need any other proof that I love you?"

In a flood of thankfulness I pushed Avis back down and fell upon her. The handcuffs were forgotten as two females engaged in lovemaking of a very passionate and wild nature. When we lay side by side, sweating and panting and knowing the world was good, Avis said dreamily, "I still want you to handcuff my wrists behind my back."

"We can do that next time," I informed. "What am I saying! Avis, darling, I'm not going to handcuff you now or ever!"

"Yes you are. It's an experience we both need. It think the cuffs are somewhere in this bed."

"That's a good place for them. Forget them. I won't turn a girl into a slave like I was."

"You mustn't think that way, Angelique. This is something I really want. You'll think it's crazy but I used to love watching you move in the handcuffs and leg irons and twist your hands against the cuffs when you thought no one was looking. And when you made love you were so damned cute. Please."

We searched the bed and I did to Avis what had been done so often to me. The steel clicked and she was a prisoner, just as I had been. I suddenly realized how right Avis was.

This was going to be a glorious thrill. “Too tight, darling?” I inquired.

“They don’t hurt so I guess they’re not too tight.” Her voice was breathless.

We bathed and I did all the things that had been done for me. I made coffee and helped her drink. It was wonderful and my mind kept repeating over and over, “She’s mine, she’s mine, she’s mine…”

After breakfast I put the leg irons on Avis and watched her practice walking the tiny steps allowed her. It was then I realized the changed demeanor of a girl confined. She was quickly becoming a slave-girl, submissive, obedient, surrendering her will to that of another. When I helped her back up after each fall, we shared the laughter of female happiness.

During a pause in which Avis stood there, smiling, hands behind her back, she made a laughing guess, “I’ll bet I know what you’re thinking, darling. You’re wondering if you should keep me for an hour or a day. Or perhaps a week or maybe forever. Right?”

“Of course it’s right! What else would I be thinking?”

“How long is my sentence?”

“How long do you want it to be?”

Avis's eyes were shining in content. "This is the nicest feeling I've ever known. I want to belong to you, and I want you to compel me to do all the things I made you do. I want you to whip me whenever you feel like it. Will you do that, Angelique?"

"Of course I will." Life was opening to fresh vista of delight. But then suddenly I saw the fatal flaw. "But what about the Sensuality Club? They'll never let us get away with it!"

Avis twisted in her steel bonds as if it gave her pleasure. But the lovely eyes were slowly clouded in thought. "Oh, shit! I forgot the club and the club is the most important thing I had to tell you about. Darling, do you realize they are already making plans to repossess you? I was going to tell you to pack up and we could go far away." She laughed. "But now look at us! If the club walked in on us right now, they'd take us both, and they'd punish us both just like they're punishing Dorothy Dawson right now."

"They wouldn't dare!"

"Yes they would. And they will. Angelique, darling, surely by now you realize how easy it is to kidnap any girl. Look, Angelique, keep me your prisoner until tomorrow morning. It's something I've wanted for so long. Tomorrow set me free and I'll go back to the club, tell them I've visited you and see if I can't talk them into giving you complete freedom. But the way things are, they consider you a run-

away slave. Your time with Tom Fredrick's, because they believe when he let you loose you should have gone straight to them, instead of coming home. It's crazy but they figure you should have offered them your wrists and asked to resume your interrupted life sentence. You know the rules."

"That's crazy, no girl would do it."

"Yes they would. Look at me right now. If something could be worked out, I want you to keep me as your personal property for always. And you can't tell me you didn't enjoy half of your own slavery."

"Well… yes, I suppose that's true." I was struck by a sudden thought. "Avis, the club didn't send you here to talk me into going back, did they? I mean surrendering without a struggle? Going back to be punished?"

"No. It was my idea. I suppose if I walked back with you, everyone would be overjoyed. Feeling the way I do right now, I should go back and offer myself in your place. In return for your freedom. Am I crazy?"

"Yes you are. I know how you feel but the club wouldn't do it. They don't want willing victims, they want girls who will always be trying to escape. Then they've got a justifiable excuse for keeping her chained and helpless. Supposing I do as you and go to some distant place, where would you suggest? Would you come too?"

“Sure I would go, so long as you promised to keep me captive. How about Spain?”

I was suddenly excited, seeing visions while I watched Avis twist her wrists against the handcuffs. I went to her handbag and found the other pair I knew she had. “I don’t see why you should have all the fun,” I said laughingly as I turned my back and closed metal around each wrist. “How’s that, darling? Now we’re both in the same boat!”

With a tremendous erotic thankfulness for having Avis at my house, I added, “I’m so glad you came. Oh, darling, this is so much fun!”

It was right there that Debbie walked in.

Chapter 9

Mistresses

Debbie laughed delightedly at our shock. “You forget, Angelique, my sweet, the club had the keys to your house. When we got the news about Tom Fredrick’s and you, I figured you’d head here.” She looked directly at Avis. “I figured on you being here, too, but not in that condition. Aren’t you ashamed of yourself?”

With Debbie things had to be bad. And, damn her, she was right in picking up my instinctive glance and motion towards Avis’s handbag. She beat me to it easily and pocketed the keys.

“You won’t be needing these, darlings, they’ll be safe with me and so will you.” Her tone was teasing as she turned to Avis. “I always figured you for a submissive, darling. But I never expected anything like this. Can’t get free, can you?”

I knew myself condemned. But Avis, as a much respected member of the Sensuality Club, might be treated differently.

“I suppose you’ve guessed what I’m going to do to you,” said Debbie, shattering all remaining hope within me. “I’m taking you both back to the club to stand trial. Angelique, darling, you’re an escaped slave so you know what you’re going to get. And you, Avis, you really should have known

better than to sneak over here and use the club's slave-girl to play pretty games. In your case, Avis, I'm going to push hard at your trial for the same twelve month sentence we give Dorothy. Dorothy is working out remarkable well and so will you.

"There's one thing you can both expect when it comes my turn to own you and that's a damned good thrashing."

"Debbie, you can't!" Avis gasped. "We haven't hurt anyone. Stop looking so stern and let us loose. Then all three of us can go for lunch. Let's have fun."

"Nice try but you're dreaming. You both know what I'm going to do with you. All I'm wondering is if I should torture you just a little while I have you and before I take you home. You wouldn't mind, would you?"

"Yes, we would! Don't be a little beast, Debbie. You know my standing in the club is every bit as good as yours and they'll listen to everything I tell them. I know that Angelique is a runaway slave, but it wouldn't hurt you to let her go. Please?"

"That fellow member bit is a joke. Don't you realize, Avis, that you've let us all down by allowing yourself to be chained the way you are. Good gosh, if every member was as screwy as you, we wouldn't have a club. I'm taking you back to stand trial and that's the end of it."

I could have screamed in frustration. Fate was being cruel beyond anything we deserved. If Debbie had come an hour earlier, I could have coped with her. In a tussle I might easily have gotten the best of her. But to be delivered because I had put the cuffs on myself was bitter gall. Avis and I watched our visitor open her handbag.

It was cord, thin cord that I didn't like. I leaped and aimed a kick but a girl with hands fastened behind her back does nothing right. It was a poor sort of kick which resulted in Debbie grabbing my ankles and throwing me to the floor. Suddenly she was sitting on my back. I sobbed as my bare elbows were circled in a noose of thin cord. It drew tighter and tighter until I cried in pain.

"There's no need for that, Debbie. It hurts something awful. Please don't do that."

I might have as well saved my breath. When my elbows were firmly joined, Debbie unlocked my handcuffs, knowing that I was still helpless. She repeated the process on my wrists. I was in pain and shamefully willing to obey. I managed to kneel and watch poor Avis get the same treatment. The thin cord dug deep into her flesh and I had to wonder if it was just as deeply embedded in my arms. Soon the handcuffs made a pile on the floor and we two girls were bound by small amounts of thin, hard cord.

“And now, just to stop you being silly while I get the car…” Debbie was loving every minute of it. A handcuff locked to the foot of the bed with the other cuff locked to Avis’s ankle held her prisoner. My ankle was also so secured and we were both going nowhere.

Alone, Avis and I stared in dismay. “She means it, she’s going to do what she said,” Avis moaned. “Oh, Angelique, what have I got you into.”

“It’s not your fault, darling. She probably expected to catch me alone and overpower me. Debbie may do what she says but you’ve enough influence with the club to override her. I know I’m sunk because I’m a runaway slave. But Debbie could get herself into trouble for treating you this way. Golly, does this cord ever hurt!”

I was suddenly panic-stricken. Debbie would be back at any moment and between me and a lifetime of enslavement was only some thin cord. Desperately I backed against Avis’s corded arms and painfully made an attempt against the tight cords. But all I achieved was hurt fingers. When Avis tried to do the same for me, she was equally defeated. It was at that point Debbie returned to march us downstairs to the car. As we stood by the car with its trunk lid open invitingly, she locked our ankles together, my right to Avis’s left, with the leg irons. Then she gagged us with a ball gag taken from the trunk. The ball was huge and filled my mouth, forcing the jaw wide open and pushing my

tongue down. She pulled the strap holding the ball very tight.

“You don’t need to gag us, Debbie,” protested Avis as my gag was going on. But she was quickly silenced and the both of us shoved into the trunk with little care given to our comfort.

The ride took little over an hour. It only seemed like years. In the darkness, surrounded by warmth and car sounds, we were pressed face to face and body to body. As our gagged faces pressed and our breasts merged, I thought how exciting this could have been if it weren’t for the terribly tight cord hurting our arms. Even so, I felt my body responding to the touch of Avis’s body. And perhaps the fear too. Soon we were both thrusting our hips towards each other in a hopeless imitation of lust.

It was Dorothy Dawson’s home we saw when we were taken out of that dark trunk. That seemed a good choice for our confinement and trial. There was the room with the stage, and a dungeon in the basement. There was even a cage. We were escorted to that cage by eager girls who had been our friends. There our cords were cut off. Thankfully the gags were left in our mouths to silence the cries that greeted returning circulation in our arms.

When they left us, only a leg-iron joined our ankles, we were free otherwise, an unusual condition for me. But then it was unusual to be chained to another girl.

We hugged each other and cried on each other. We had a terrible need of each other. Soon our lips met and we completed the lovemaking we had only been able to start in the trunk.

The Sensuality Club always did things right. They left Avis and I to commune unhappily in the cell throughout the night, no doubt to make us properly aware of the size of our sins. The next day the entire membership was present, all agog with the pleasurable knowledge of being completely right and in good standing while two of the sisters stood before them in shame of nakedness and with wrists securely handcuffed behind their backs. It was something I had done before but for Avis it was new. Of the slave-girls Connie and Dorothy there was no sign.

The girls elected to provide a defense for Avis and I did a far better job than I would have expected. The whole affair almost sounded like a court with their arguments back and forth and motions. The main argument in Avis' favor was that her actions were merely what was to be expected from a girl interested in finding out what the slave-girl's life was like.

Then sentence was pronounced. Avis was to serve only three months of slave-girl service, and to receive ten strokes across her back. The Court visibly rubbed its hands in satisfaction at a job well done.

The advocates had a more difficult time with me. No one was quite sure to what degree I had welcomed my kidnapping by Tom Fredrick's. I might have been innocent for a kidnapped girl has to go along with her captor and can't make any decisions. On the other hand, there remained the concrete fact that when released I had failed to contact the club. My behavior was considered and debated until a compromise was developed by which I was to receive not fifty strokes but twenty with the same whip as would mark Avis. I would then endure three days of what The Court described as "rigorous bondage." Having thus endured the pains of the club's displeasure, I would then be returned to my status as the Sensuality Club's first and favorite slave-girl. Back went I to the rotation of ownership.

I was dearly loved and must never be allowed another chance to either escape or be kidnapped.

Avis and I were close to tears as we stood there on the platform for everyone to see. We were then locked in the cell below to await the main event of our being publicly whipped. Once more the clang of the closing bars told us all too clearly what we had become.

“I’ve never been whipped.” Avis looked at me doubtfully. “Is it very painful?”

“Not the way you used to whip me. But the way they’re going to whip us is going to be terrible, I just know it. The girls think they’re being kind by giving you only ten and me twenty, but they haven’t been whipped either so they don’t know what they’re doing.”

“But, Angelique darling, you’re sentenced to twenty.”

“I’ll handle it. If they don’t gag me, I’ll scream towards the end. That will help.”

“It just doesn’t seem possible that you and I can be standing like this and talking but in a little while we’ll be tied up someway and whipped on our bare skin. It just can’t happen.”

“It will happen, Avis. The club’s committed itself. But that three months sentence for you proves how high you stand in their regard. I bet every girl who gets possession of you will be kind. You probably won’t be whipped again after today. Gosh, I wish Tom Fredrick’s would get us both out of this.”

“He wouldn’t stand a chance against the whole club. Oh, Angelique!”

We were relieved of our leg irons and led back upon the stage, which was now equipped with a pair of trapeze bars

with ropes. There were also some iron rings in the floor I didn't recall. We were surrounded by eager, helpful girls. We dared not struggle. Within minutes the ankles of both of us were tightly strapped to enable our feet to be spread wide apart and tied to rings. We were quite helpless and it was now safe for them to free our hands and invite us to place our wrists in the straps at each end of the trapeze bar that we might watch them tightly buckled. Then they rose up before our eyes until our nudities stood conveniently stretched, our arms up high and our legs spread wide.

I think there can be no greater loneliness than that which grips a tight-bound maiden awaiting to be whipped. There were girls all around me but they were part of the force that worked against us and would cause us much pain. Avis and I dared not speak to each other even though we were not gagged, a sign I took to mean the audience preferred to hear us scream.

I have previously tried to tell of being whipped but there are no proper words by which a girl can convey the incredible explosion of pain as the thong impacts with your skin. Or of the burning scold it imparts. The first time the whip cut across my bare shoulders I screamed and flung myself against my bonds in an expression more of outrage than of pain. For every one stroke Avis received, twice the lash descended upon my skin.

Everything was well in hand at the Sensuality Club.

My courage cannot cope with pain. A pinched nipple will reduce me to utter submission. The whip takes me a step beyond into mindless agony. We dance a dance of pain, Avis and I, as the whip performs outrages against our bodies. Our screams echoed and should have pleased the membership. It was easy to sense the undercurrent of erotic excitement in the crowd watching. Perhaps they wondered who would be the ones to possess Avis and myself after our punishment had ended. Avis and I had little to look forward to. I am certain that right then Avis' three month sentence stretched out within her mind to infinity. We were a couple of damned unhappy girls.

Several of the members had taken turns in using the whip but all had made their strokes hard. Not one of them played favorites. The club had said we must be punished and punished we most certainly were.

We hung limply after the last stroke, panting and praying that it was really over. The club was pleased with us and gave us a round of applause as we were once more ironed at wrists and ankle. In the cell below, we frictioned breast to breast and dried tears in each other's hair. In the morning my darling Avis was assigned, for her first week of slavery, to Isabel Travis, and I was given over to the first of my days of "rigorous bondage".

We were given no chance to say goodbye.

Bondage comes in all types. The club explained that they could easily make me stand for a day with my hands tied above my head with body exposed for all to see. It was felt that for a slave as experienced as I, this was far too easy. Instead I was suspended by a single wrist while my other hand was bound tight to the opposite ankle, forcing me to stand on one foot. It was a beastly, rotten punishment on top of being whipped and I told them so. But they explained how kind they had been to sentence me to only twenty strokes when I undoubtedly deserved fifty. I should be grateful, they said, to be standing in this painful and contorted condition for only a single day. I will not dwell on that other to say that I would have preferred to be whipped again rather than this punishment. The club was clever in its punishments and I was getting the full measure to teach a runaway slave-girl not to run away again. Isabel Travis led Avis from my sight by a rope leash. This was day one.

Day two was an even more severe isolation of a maiden in distress. It was not the conventional understanding of “the horse”, there was no narrow edge on which I had to sit. Instead there was a smooth, round pole suspended between two trestles. I was invited to sit upon that pole while my wrists were bound tight behind my back and raised up high. Each ankle was solid strapped and drawn out to either side. I was held securely upon my perch. When this was done the girls assured me it could be much worse and

went away. In solitude and unable to move I disagreed with their verdict. To be worse than this would have called for red-hot irons. As I viewed my day ahead, I wept.

Numbness helps. After a while my pussy gave up and resigned itself to bear my weight. The same was true of tied wrists and strapped ankles. Despite the assurance of a big, smooth pole, I knew myself subject to the ancient “Horse”.

I had visitors. They laughed or mocked or offered sympathy according to their mood. But when they went away I was still astride that beastly pole. I had not been gagged and thus was free to plead. I am ashamed to speak of the pleadings and promises I gave. But laughter was the only reply. When evening came I was released and chained once more in the cell. But now I was alone, poor, dear Avis was already in service to a mistress who might be cruel or kind, I did not know. All I knew was that tomorrow would be another torture.

The girls loved to play with my breasts and to rub my pussy with skillful fingers. When my breath came heavily as I grew excited, they laughed and stopped touching my heated body. I was told to be a good girl and behave myself. My hands were then tied behind my back and I was raised with one ankle securely tied and tethered from above to spend my day upon the stone supported only by my shoulders and one ankle as the rest of me hung suspended and burned from the noose around my ankle. The girls had no

name for it and told me cheerful it was no more than a discomfort by which I would come to a repentance of my sins against the Sensuality Club. I damned them to hell. But only in my mind. Silence is best for a slave-girl.

When I was visited, I bore, equally mute, the playful teasing of my pussy so well on display for such attentions. Some even used lips upon my breasts and pussy. But none would allow me to get too close to satisfaction. It was a game they found most amusing. The hell of it was the girls were right. Long before my punishment was finished I felt only regret and sorrow over having ever thought of escape in the first place. I forgot I was guilty of my sins but knew only determination not to sin again. I even viewed the slavery I would experience all my life as a relief, much to be desired.

When I was released I would willingly have knelt and kissed the feet of those who set me free. Thus is a maiden conditioned to submission.

I might have known it would be Debbie. The club regretted the time it would take to once more equip me with golden handcuffs and golden leg irons, so I was delivered to my new mistress with plain irons on ankles and wrists, police issue. I was indeed back at square one.

Debbie was delighted. She and I both knew I had been given to her for a week because of the service she had per-

formed for the club. When I was formally handed over to her, I was fearful of how she would keep me under control during transport. But Debbie, inconsistently, insisted I was fine with just handcuffs and leg irons, and should sit beside her in the car. I was driven thus to the place where I expected the thrashing Debbie had promised. Debbie owned me for seven days and could mark my skin with whatever marks and pain she pleased.

We spoke of nothing important during the ride.

I was not thrashed. No doubt the club had given Debbie a warning as to the proper treatment of slave-girls. Debbie, while obviously thrilled by having me all to herself, appeased her natural instincts by nothing more than subjecting me to a succession of nude discomforts inflicted by chain and cord in a continual progress of punishment. She was constantly aroused into a hot need I was compelled to satisfy as she arranged her nakedness upon me in such a manner as to place her sex in contact with my lips. Fortunately I had been well trained and passed these tests with flying colors. The punishments she had promised should I fail in that task were too terrible to tell. As a sign of her authority, she kept me chained in her bed each night only long enough to satisfy her need before binding me tight to a post downstairs for the hours of darkness. After my release each morning, Debbie cuffed my hands behind my back and brought me up for breakfast.

Gossip of the club was not encouraging. Connie was giving satisfaction as a slave. But Dorothy Dawson was constantly being whipped for misbehavior. Debbie promised a meeting in which I could view the marks on Dorothy's skin. Debbie told me Dorothy's skin was far more vividly striped than mine. And she was kept tightly bound instead of loosely chained because cords were far more painful. I knew exactly what she meant.

The worst thing Debbie did to me was suspend me by bound wrists throughout an entire day. There was nothing new that I had not suffered previously. But even so, it was still bloody to endure. My wrists were crossed and tightly bound before me and a rope passed from them to an overhead pulley. I was lifted from the ground until I was nearer the ceiling than the floor. I hung thus nakedly and did all the usual pleading and moaning.

When Debbie came to visit, which she did frequently, she amused herself by chatting in a friendly manner and forcing me to conversation, all the while using a pair of tweezers to slowly pluck my pubic hairs. Dear Debbie made sure her slave-girl's day was never dull.

By the end of the seven days I was with Debbie, I was trained to a quivering submission in which I would fall to my knees and perform whatever function she desired without complain. I spent a lot of time with my mouth up between her thighs. I was never free, never, never, never!

During this first week of my return to captivity I thought a lot about Tom Fredrick's and cursed my indecision in accepting freedom I knew now I did not desire. But Jennifer had taken my place and that was that! I imagined the two of them as lovers as I was whipped or strictly bound and hurting.

At the end of my seven days I might have given a tremendous sigh of relief had I not envisioned the months and years ahead in which I would forever be chained or bound. I tried not to think of the whip too much.

Natalie Crosby had possessed me twice during the previous year and I always thought of her as the dark-eyed beauty with the cone-shaped breasts. The line "a lean and hungry look" came to mind for her. She was a very intense woman. She had frankly admitted to the desire to whip me steadily while she owned me and it was only the club which prevented her from doing exactly that. Natalie achieved a compromise by whipping me seldom but hard and upon those portions of myself I desired least. Natalie was intensely interested in pain, no question about that. Natalie was highly intelligent and, when not punishing me, a good companion. Of the twenty-five she was not the worst nor the best.

While my two mistresses sat on the couch and sipped tea as they discussed my merits and shortcomings, I was told to stand meekly before them in the security of the Sensuality

Club's standard restraints, handcuffs and leg irons. I had to listen to an exchange of ideas and opinions designed less to inform each other than to humiliate me. I had gone this route before and simply waited it out in meek submission which I hoped would earn me a comfortable seat in the car instead of being tied up in the trunk.

Must have worked because I was allowed to sit beside my new owner as we sped off in her Mercedes. With her usual efficiency, Natalie had installed snaps where they conveniently hooked onto the gorgeous belt still snug around my middle and the chain of my leg irons on the floor. We both knew these additional marks of captivity redundant.

Helpless, I sat awaiting the pleasure of my new mistress. Natalie could be relied upon for conversation. "Can you guess the first thing I'm going to do to you, Angelique, my pet," she inquired in a voice hushed by excitement. "I adore that pretty little pussy of yours so I'm going to whip it with a lovely new whip. I'm going to call it my "Pussy Punisher", and I'll tie you so you can watch it happen. I have to do this first thing because I'm simply raging with lust. It's your own fault, dear, for having such a gorgeous little cat."

What does a girl say to that! I rejected a polite thank you, and complaint was out of the questions. I compromised with a trace of bitterness, "I'm so glad I can make you happy, Natalie. I expect I'm lucky."

“Was that sarcasm, darling?”

“No, really! It seemed the sensible thing to say.”

“That looks after our first hour, Angelique, my sweet. Guess what else I’ve got waiting.”

“Does it hurt?”

“Don’t be negative, it’s a man!”

“Oh, not that again! Natalie, I don’t want to be raped again. The club doesn’t approve of men.”

“I suspect you were not that picky about a guy named Tom Fredrick’s.”

“I was lucky with Tom. I don’t want to talk about it.”

“I can easily make you…”

“I know you can, Natalie. If you hurt me enough I’ll do or say anything you wish. Please don’t.”

“I’m not thinking of a casual encounter, Angelique. Anyway, this guy wants to rent you from me for most of the term of my ownership. He offers a really staggering amount of money which, seriously, I can use. How would you like to be rented out?”

“I wouldn’t. As far as I’m concerned, I belong to you and I’ll try to please you. But the club wouldn’t want you renting me out.”

“He’s nice.”

“Okay, then, lock me in the cell or tie me to a tree while you and he have fun in bed.”

“Angelique, my dear, that sounds like rebellion. And, anyway, no slave-girl should talk to her mistress like that. Shall I add five strokes to your pussy or would you prefer them somewhere else?”

“I’m sorry. Honest, I’m sorry. But after being owned by girls for so long that the idea of a man… well, it’s disgusting.”

“You found Tom Fredrick’s disgusting?”

“No, I didn’t. But I told you I didn’t want to talk about Tom. If that gets me whipped, then so be it. In any case, Tom’s got himself another girl. She’s a nice girl and very much into the scene. In fact, she’s right now wearing those gold handcuffs and leg irons the club gave me.”

“Jealous?”

“Yes, I am. If I could go back to Tom, I would. In fact, why don’t you sell me to Tom, he’s got lots of money?”

I could tell Natalie was interested. “I’ll think about it, Angelique,” she said soberly. “Actually I’m a fool to part with you, you’re so delicious. But the way men pay for girls! I’ve never realized how much men value tits and pussies. If it wasn’t for the club I could make a fortune out of you.”

“Then why don’t you? Why don’t you resign from the Sensuality Club and take me with you. If you took me fastened the way I am, there wouldn’t be a thing I could do about it.”

“Nice try, Angelique! If you keep on you’ll have me doing a twelve month stretch, same as Dorothy Dawson.” Once more her eyes searched my nakedness. “It’s an idea and it’s worth thinking about. Angelique, darling, your price is going up by the minute.”

I wondered what I had started. Or if I had started anything. Aware of the punishment I had already earned, I dared not risk another by asking questions. Natalie would do whatever Natalie liked, and I’d find out about it soon enough. I wished I had not let loose the information about the golden shackles the club had given me. I missed them myself for, if a girl must be chained, it feels good to wear gold. I wished I still wore those chains in slavery to the only man I ever called Master. But that was a pretty dream—I would never, never escape from the Sensuality Club.

Natalie always knew what she wanted. Safe in her garage I was unchained from the car. I was instantly led to what I

remembered as the room of punishment. My pussy crinkled in terror.

“I’m going to have to remove your leg irons. You’re not going to do something stupid, are you?”

“I can’t do anything with my hands behind me. Go ahead.”

Natalie glared at me. Had I been sarcastic?

“You’re a sweetheart and I’m absolutely ashamed of what I’m going to do to you. But I have to do it or I’ll absolutely explode with lust. I’m strapping leather bands around your ankles, in case you haven’t noticed.”

“I noticed.” I was looking down to watch the black leather bands buckled tight into my skin. They would simply hold me for punishment. When she told me to lay on my back on the rug, I obeyed without question. I was a slave-girl about to be punished for her mistress’ pleasure. Unable to contain my fear, I said, “Please don’t hurt me too much. Should I scream or do you want me to keep quiet?”

“Scream. I want to share your pain. Does that sound silly?”

I was laying on handcuffed arms as my legs were hoisted upward between two poles. I could guess the rest, it was elementary. The cuffs were snapped to a ring in the pole such that my bottom was off the floor and exposed my crotch totally. She had been right, I would be able to see every blow upon my naked pussy.

“Lovely position, isn’t it, dear?”

I didn’t answer. My legs formed a big “V”, a shape almost designed to guide the whip downward towards my exposed sex. I knew I would jerk about and cry out. I clenched my teeth.

Natalie’s whipping of my pussy was not really a major event but simply one more step in the pathway of pain I must walk the rest of my life. A slave must expect the whip even though it lay unused for days at a time. Natalie had said she was doing this to get it out of my system. Perhaps this whipping of my pussy would be a prelude to something nicer. I heard Natalie’s voice, “Dead center, darling.”

I promised myself not to look but somehow I couldn’t pull my eyes away that tender part of me. Natalie held a lean, wicked whip. I watched the sweep of Natalie’s arm and could even see the leather coming down. I did not scream, I simply went crazy with heaves and twisting as the world exploded into red-hot pain. It was bitter, bitter pain. The scream that should have come stuck in my throat.

“Natalie! Oh, my god, Natalie, please! Not again! You’re killing me!”

“Nonsense, dear,” was her reply. And another harsh stroke to make me explode into pain.

“Tell me how they hurt, Angelique dear, I’m curious.”

I had to make it good. Suddenly words of burn and scold and scorch tumbled out of me. And of fear. I was suddenly very much afraid of what would happen if the tip of the whip would land squarely on my clit. Thus far it had landed to either side.

Natalie listened with attention and said she supposed it wasn't all that bad. She would now give me another stroke and maybe I could describe the sensations better.

The thong was thin. But it landed directly on that most sensitive part of my being. Waves of pain washed over me, nearly causing a blackout. But such mercy did not come and I gasped and shook with spasms. I vaguely remember thrusting my hips wildly up in the air just after the stroke.

I told Natalie that she was cutting me in two. And I screamed. All I wanted was to put out the fire now burning in my sex. Looking up at my mistress' lovely features I knew Natalie was enjoying herself.

"I'll try and cut one of your thighs this time." The voice held love but the stroke was bitter pain. "I wish you could see the view I see, Angelique dear. You're starting to get very red. A few more strokes and there'll be purple. This is gorgeous."

Short of using a mirror this was the only position I could think of that allowed a girl to watch her pussy being whipped. Stroke followed stroke and I paid full vocal trib-

ute to them all. I pleaded, screamed and moaned. I would have offered anything to cease the pain but a slave-girl has nothing to give. If I had had any sense I would have been a free girl and not being tortured by a beautiful, dark-haired girl.

Natalie was bright-eyed and joyous, breathing heavily as she struck again and again into the open invitation of my thighs. I could not believe that my cunt was not being slashed to ribbons. But, although discolored and swollen, it was still whole. She then sat on my face and told me to be a good little slave.

The next day I was introduced to the man who would change my life.

Chapter 10

Scarlet Lines

Natalie spared me nothing. I was terribly sore below my waist. She told me I was every inch a female and could be proud of myself. She allowed me to stand as I pleased to assure myself that no blood flowed and my sex was still intact.

“Today’s the day I rent you out, darling,” Natalie told me. “It’s going to be a wonderful experience for you, especially since your cunt is so tender and sensitive. I hope you’re properly grateful.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Whipping your pussy like that did so much for me, darling. But the lovely little whip and the service you did after put me beautifully back on course. You can expect a repeat next time the rotation delivers you into my power.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“I’m never sure about that ‘Yes, Mistress’ bit, but I suppose it’s the proper thing for a slave-girl to say after being whipped. Bill Masters fucks so gorgeously, I have to say you’re a very lucky girl.”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

“Gosh, there you go again! All right, all right, I won’t punish you for that. I want you to carry this obedience right on through after Bill Masters comes. If you behave the way he expects, I can raise your price outrageously. Would you like me to whip your cunt again?”

“No, Mistress, thank you.”

“Okay, but I want you to remember that if you blow this deal with Bill, I’ll whip you like you’ve never been whipped before.”

She patted my bottom affectionately. “But you’ve got more sense, darling. Perhaps you’ll never be whipped again. I forgot to ask Bill Masters if he likes whipping girls.”

“I expect I’ll soon find out. Natalie, dear, would you be kind and ask this guy not to whip me the first day? You can show him between my legs so he’ll know I don’t need it.”

I was puzzled by Natalie, she was doing something which the club would punish her for if they found out. Whimsically, I wondered what sort of slave Natalie would make for the Sensuality Club. But in the meantime there was me, and I couldn’t see much to be happy about. If I wanted to be pawed over by men, I would never had joined the Sensuality Club. Now, being forced to lay down and spread my legs for one after another, didn’t thrill me a bit. But it was in the rules, the Holy Rules.

“You’ve got the June bride feeling, I can tell,” Natalie quipped as she made coffee. “Butterflies in the tummy and maybe a bit lower down?”

“It’s worse than being a June bride, I’ve never seen the guy.”

“I don’t see why you’re bothered, Angelique dear, you’ve been given to several men and it’s never bothered you yet. Thing is you fell in love with Tom Fredrick’s. Am I right?”

“I suppose so. Girls are crazy. And I’ve never been sure if it’s the guy or his genitals we fall in love with. I read once they used to call it his rod and he used it to keep his woman in place. Maybe they grew them better then.”

“You mean Tom Fredrick’s wasn’t…?”

“Yes, he was, very much so. But most of them are pretty damned feeble. Really, dear, I’m terribly sorry if I’m in a pessimistic mood.”

“The fellow has a right to expect something, too, Angelique dear,” she reproved. “Let’s talk about something else. For instance, why don’t you soft talk Bill Masters into granting you freedom? A few tears and a bit of friction in the right place does wonders with men. I’d be surprised if you couldn’t twist him around your finger in a week.”

“You’d be in a fine pickle if I did.”

Natalie worked hard at making me feel better. I know my melancholy arose from the feelings I had for Tom. A girl can't love one man and spread her legs for another and feel right about what she's doing. True, I would be helpless when delivered to Bill Masters, and whatever he did to me or with me would not be by my choice. The more I mulled the whole thing over, the more jumbled my thoughts became. I was thankful when the doorbell rang.

On Natalie's instructions I clinked and rattled my way to the lounge and stood naked to await the master I must serve for the next couple of weeks. Natalie had also admonished to smile and look happy. Tugging frightfully at my handcuffed wrists, I did my best.

I felt increasingly foolish as I stood, naked and in chains, to await Natalie's boyfriend. When at last they arrived I had never seen Natalie more bewildered or flushed as she ushered in not a man but a smiling girl. It was Jennifer Seabright.

Imagine my feeling! I was even more baffled than my mistress. Not simply by Jennifer's presence but because she was accompanied by the sweetest thing I had ever seen, who could have been any age below nineteen. The girl was far too delicious to be walking around loose. I hungered for her instantly and could well believe Natalie was salivating, too.

“Her name is Desiree,” Jennifer explained. “Isn’t she just too darling for words?”

Along with shock I was receiving messages. With her back to Natalie, Jennifer contrived by her expression to tell me to shut up and let her do the talking. I contented myself with a, “Hello, Desiree, you’re very beautiful.” I longed to add, “Run for your life,” but was too curious.

“This is Miss Jennifer Seabright,” Natalie informed. “She’s brought me a letter and the whole thing is quite a shock.”

“I can easily explain the whole thing,” Jennifer said brightly. “I’m what you might call a professional slave-girl and Mr. Masters, who has been my owner for some time, wishes to trade Desiree and I in exchange for one Angelique Martin.” She beamed to me affectionately as if never seeing me before. “I expect that’s you, isn’t it? Please don’t call me Miss Seabright, Jennifer sounds so much better.”

“This has to be insane,” said Natalie.

“Not really.” It was as if Jennifer had her speech prepared. “For some reason of his own, my Master wishes to make a test with Miss Martin. He sort of wants to buy her from this club of yours and then give her the option of running around loose or enslaving herself to him.” She smiled. “Men are so strange. But, anyway, he feels quite sure that in payment for Miss Martin you would be only too happy to

accept Desiree and I. I think you're getting a very generous offer."

I had to agree but dare not do so openly. This girl was beautiful and well-built. She exuded sex, it radiated from her. If anyone wanted sex personified, it stood before me now with shining eyes, lovely long blonde hair, and fantastic legs shown off quite well by the short dress.

"You have to be out of your tree," said Natalie.

"Don't tell me your fellow members would not approve?" said Jennifer. "I am absolutely sure they will approve and will be delighted by what they receive. Oh, and by the way, Desiree is my younger sister." I played submissive and stood silent but my heart was thudding with an intensity I hoped no one could hear. Natalie had stared steadily at the radiant child since bringing her into the room. Jennifer took Natalie a step further in sinking the hook into Natalie.

"Would you like Desiree and I to strip, Natalie? We're perfectly willing and have two of the nicest bodies you've ever seen." Then she added, "We'll let you handcuff us as a sign of sincere intentions. Won't we Desiree?"

"You'll love my pussy," said Desiree's musical voice. "All the girls do."

Desiree's fingers were already searching for the zippers. They both made quick work of the little clothing they had

worn. And they were right. Jennifer was a treasure by any standards and Desiree was a fantasy come true. I longed to have her alone in some secret place and under my control. That dream would not happen.

The impact was what Jennifer desired. “I’m nice, aren’t I? And Desiree is out of this world.” Her eyes sought Natalie’s. “Please say you agree.”

“Of course I agree. The two of you are just too much.” Natalie was breathless. “I could get a fortune for you.”

“Why don’t you? By the way, I do think you should handcuff us so it will be too late for us to argue about things. Behind our back is best, isn’t it?”

Desiree’s skin was virgin and flawless. Jennifer’s bottom was vividly marked by whip marks. No one made reference to the colored strips. But they were one more evidence that Jennifer spoke true.

“I’m afraid I’d have to have the Board’s approval,” said Natalie. “If I set dear Angelique at liberty, there could be hell to pay.”

Liberty! What a wonderful word. I had even enjoyed it once, a long time ago. But the thrill was every bit as strong, the desire as great now. I looked directly at my mistress, “This means a lot to me, Natalie. If I wanted to be dramatic,

I could say it means my life. And you're getting such a bargain."

"You and I can believe that, Angelique. But will the rest?"

Natalie was weakening.

"I really do think you should handcuff us, Miss Crosby," Desiree said in sweet innocence. "Jennifer looks ever so nice when we're handcuffed."

If I had been free, I would have handcuffed them myself. It was as if Natalie was in some sort of trance as she sought out two pairs of handcuffs for her visitors. When it was done, Natalie stepped back.

"I think you should tighten them one or two clicks," said Desiree sweetly. "Mine are not tight enough."

My heart melted.

Natalie tightened both pairs of handcuffs to make their wearers wince. I could tell she was hooked. All that was left was to reel in the fish. If Natalie loved them the club would love them, too.

There is some sort of magic about locking a girl's hands behind her back. She becomes helpless and everything she has can been seen. So it was with Jennifer and Desiree. I noted that both of them had nipples aroused and erect, indicating that they were also getting a charge out of this.

“I like being handcuffed and I’m obedient,” said Desiree.

“If you want a bit of sport along with the whipping of our bottoms, and the other services you can compel us to provide, I’m quite willing to try and escape every chance I get,” Jennifer contributed helpfully.

“But I simply must contact the Board.” Natalie’s voice was shaky.

“I’m afraid we can’t wait for the Board to hold meetings and all that nonsense,” Jennifer affirmed. “We think we’re offering you a bargain. But if you don’t want us, we won’t be a nuisance, we’ll simply leave.”

“You can’t. You’re naked and handcuffed. I could keep you and Angelique, too.” Natalie was right on target. “I’ve got you and I don’t have to bargain.”

“There is your conscience, you know,” Jennifer said slyly. “We’re not doing this on our own, Mr. Masters is in on it, too. If one of us doesn’t report to him this afternoon, you’ll have him knocking on your door.” Jennifer smiled. “He told us to tell you that as a last resort, if he thinks you haven’t played fair, he’ll go to the police.”

Jennifer was wasted as a slave. She should have been in the United Nations. But I knew how she felt about the handcuffs and all the rest of the scene, handcuffs puckered up

my pussy, too. Girls are shockingly weak when it comes to their glands.

“Do we have a deal?” Jennifer inquired sweetly.

“I’ll be ever so nice between your legs, darling,” Desiree said as if she could hardly wait.

“This is something I simply can’t decide alone, you’ll have to give me time. I simply can’t let Angelique walk out the way you ask.”

“In that case please unlock our handcuffs and we’ll walk out.” Jennifer’s voice was firm.

“And I would so have loved to have eaten you, Miss Crosby.” Desiree sounded soooo sincere.

“Very well,” said Natalie, utterly enraptured. “It’s a deal. When I’ve put leg irons on your ankles, I’ll turn Angelique loose. I suppose she can take your car.”

“Of course.”

As if by afterthought, Natalie demanded, “I suppose you realize what you’re doing makes you prisoners for life. Do you really want that?”

“We wouldn’t be here if we didn’t, Miss Crosby.”

I stood in silent disbelief as Natalie took the leg irons from my feet and locked them on Jennifer. There was another

pair for Desiree. When my mistress unlocked the handcuffs on my wrist I knew myself in a dream come true. Half an hour later I was driving Tom Fredrick's car down the highway, totally clothed and free. In the handbag given me was two hundred dollars and ahead of me Tom Fredrick's would be waiting. I had to wonder how he had impressed Natalie in his role of Bill Masters, but after all I'm only a slave-girl and needn't bother my head over such trifles. My heart was singing.

A girl has to lose liberty to know how glorious and wonderful it is. Even though I was driving I took time to kick my feet or wave an arm. Freedom is also intoxicating and in my euphoria it suddenly occurred to me that I should not be delivering myself to Tom, even though he had purchased my release this second time. It just suddenly seemed so logical to return to my home, call Tom on the phone and make him come to me. I knew, of course, should he refuse, I would immediately go to him. But I would not tell him that. At the first safe opportunity I would turn his car around and head for my own home from which Debbie had unkindly snatched me a short time ago. My heart was now singing even more loudly because I was my own mistress again.

I thought of the Sensuality Club and shivered. It was a really marvelous idea to have a pet slave-girl to pass around. That is, so long as you are not the slave-girl! I knew that af-

ter my more than a year of enslavement I would never be quite the same again. I don't mean more or less but simply different. My mistress had unlocked within me sensations and emotions I never knew I had. I had to admit to the strangest and most erotic sensations during all those punishments the girls thought up for me. I'd never fallen in love with being whipped even though it was sensual, too. I could figure I'd be whipped often enough if I went back to Tom or if he took me by force. There is something different and special between a man and a woman.

But I refused to dwell on it and concentrated on getting home. I knew myself terribly in love, that much was sure.

Thinking about Tom Fredrick's made my panties wet. I suppose one of the reasons for my own doubts about love arose from my inability to forget those powerful thrusts by which Tom made me know I was most surely female.

I was in a dither of happiness when I pressed a little button and my garage door opened. When it closed again behind Tom's car I knew I must not make the same mistake again but to immediately phone a locksmith to render those keys to my home which the Sensuality Club possessed valueless. My house was empty as I made for the little room I call my office and the phone. For sure the Sensuality Club would not catch me napping again.

Waiting for me beside the phone was Tom Fredrick's.

I was not rooted in shock, nor did I stand with my mouth wide open as people are supposed to do when shocked out of their socks. Without pause I flung myself on him, put my arm around his neck and repeated over and over, “Thank you, thank you, thank you!”

When we came up for air his welcome was typical, “I thought I should kidnap you before that damned fool club of yours did it again. Now take off those stupid clothes, you look ridiculous.”

Shedding the dress was instant nudity. Kicking off the shoes I immediately resumed position. After Tom had played with my nipples a little while, I implored, “Please take me to bed. Can’t you sense that I’m in agony?”

“I want you in agony, you aggravating pussy cat.” His fingers fell away. “I’m still annoyed over giving you freedom and you toss it away without even trying to keep it. I’ll make sure you’re never free again.”

“Do I get whipped first thing?”

“You deserve to. But the signs indicate you’ve been pretty well whipped already. Some girl must have been a real pussy fancier. I suppose the marks on your back and rump were donated by the club?”

“That’s right.” Snuggled up close. “But if you want to whip me again now I won’t mind, honest I won’t. It feels so good with you.”

“You’re a vixen who needs and deserves a few lessons. But you needn’t think I’m going to whip you every day just to appease that lusty little cunt of yours. Good gosh, just feel it now!”

“I’m so glad you made me take off Jennifer’s dress. I’ve been naked so long I hate clothes. Am I permitted to ask about Jennifer?”

“Not really, but I’ll stretch a point in this case. Jennifer was simply a case of too damned much, too damned often. And that little trick Desiree she called in to please me is too young. But I figured she’d please those lesbian cats at the club. I simply prefer you.”

“But the club will keep her for life, won’t that cost you a fortune? That deal you make with her?”

“I’ll be disappointed if it does.” He laughed. “I’ll be damned good and surprised if Jennifer and her little sister aren’t back home by tomorrow. When they got there, were they searched?”

“They were stripped naked.”

Tom laughed again in most evident amusement. “Jennifer and that little nymphet had more handcuff keys tucked up

in places or in their hair than they'll ever need. Pity the poor girl responsible for them, she'll wake up to an empty nest."

I felt sorry for poor Natalie, the club would be furious. I could only hope she wouldn't suffer the wrath of the Sensuality Club too badly. I thrust concern away to demurely plead, "Please take me to bed."

"No! You have to be punished for all your absurdities, so you can damned well wait until it's me who gives the word. Don't you ever start telling me what to do."

"I'm sorry, Master. I'm so terribly happy, I've forgotten what I am. Am I still a slave-girl?"

"Wouldn't you sooner be my wife?"

The heavens opened and I heard violins and angels. The best I had been hoping for was to be his slave for always. His simple question left me breathless. I had been kneeling at his feet as we talked. I had been gazing up at him. "Master—oh, Tom! Do you really want to marry me? I want to be your wife so damned bad."

"There's strings attached, honey."

"You mean you want to punish me some way first?"

I could tell Tom was delighted with me. I knew it the same way a child knows it has pleased its elders. Tom's voice was

sober as he said, “What punishment, sweetheart? Since I got you back this time you’ve been willing and almost anxious to be punished as if I’m a practicing sadist with nothing else to do. I love submission in a girl but that collection of hens have got you so well broken I’m not sure I like it.”

Perhaps without knowing it Tom was opening up for me fresh vistas. I could be myself again. I could be Angelique Martin who had opinions and could make them known. And who could indulge in a pout or a sulk when so inclined. Tom’s voice took me a step closer. “Whether you’re my wife or not, you’ll still be captive. I want a wife who can go out and around with me on occasion. But what I want most of all is my own captive maiden who will always be trying her damndest to escape. I don’t want a doormat. Am I making sense?”

I laughed delightedly. “What you want, Master, is the Angelique who lost that lottery months ago. When I think of all the agonies I went through…”

“You’ve got the idea. Now I propose to make it real. I’ll keep you prisoner for thirty days. I’ll even treat you rough. I don’t mean whipping you, but cords and chains and ropes and stuff. You’ll be a well confined girl. If, at the end of the month, you have failed to escape then that is that. I’ll keep you prisoner and enjoy you to the full. If, on the other hand, you manage to escape my ropes, the two of us will go and get married. And live happily ever after.”

“But, darling, in all the time I’ve been a prisoner I’ve never managed to get loose from anything. I’ve never even come close to getting loose.”

“I have to hand it to that bunch of Lesbians for keeping you a secured prisoner. They know what they’re doing. I’ll admit you never had a chance, a girl just can’t defeat handcuffed wrists and chained feet. That’s why I’m promising you no metal. No handcuffs.”

“There were times when they simply kept me tied, I never got loose then, either.”

“Stop quibbling. I’ll be very surprised if sometime during the next thirty days you don’t get the best of a bit of cord.”

“Couldn’t we get married now and I’ll escape afterwards?”

“A remark like that can get you a striped bottom. Watch it!”

“I’m sort of free right now,” I said. “Do I get… well, fastened?”

“I’m being nice to you. And anyway, I want you free for a purpose I have in mind. I’ve got something I want to show you. But, first, do we have a deal?”

“Of course we have a deal. I can’t really lose, can I? I’ll try my damndest to become Mrs. Tom Fredrick’s. But, if I fail, you’re stuck with me anyway. I’ll just have a couple of chafed wrists.”

“Damn it, Angelique, I can’t see why you can’t steal a kitchen knife or sucker me into tying you less tight. And there’s always the fictional way of rubbing your tied hands against something sharp. When I think of all the tricks girls play on men, you and I will be walking to the altar within seven days.”

I kept silent. After being a prisoner for so long I did not share Tom’s optimism. If I was tied by Tom, I was sure I’d stay tied. But I could see this meant a lot to him. And I could see it adding a delightful spice to whatever he did to me or we did together. I tucked the marriage bit away in the back of my mind and told myself I was a very lucky girl.

Suddenly I was in Tom’s arms and for quite a long while I entirely forgot ropes or anything else.

Being loved made everything right. It didn’t matter to Tom or I what the rest of the world thought. We were happy. When, after we surfaced, he told me to come and see his surprise, I followed without a thought. When he threw open the door to my lounge and waved me in I was totally unprepared. Naked on my rug and bound tight into the contortion of a hogtie was Nancy Turpin.

“She seemed to be in charge here when I arrived so I put her on hold,” Tom said casually. “Probably you know who she is.”

“Untie me this instant, Angelique,” Nancy said. “This idiot of a man is insane.”

I wanted to laugh. I know the reaction is unkind but emotions have been piled on emotions, and a tied up Nancy Turpin, stark naked, was just too much.

“Tom’s very nice when you get to know him. I’m sure he’ll untie you when he gets ready.”

“I’m not asking him. I’m telling you. Angelique! Do as you’re told.”

I have to admit that I was tempted to obey orders. But Tom took over. “You can stop ordering Angelique around. I suppose you’re one of those hens from the Sensuality Club. You’ve lost Angelique. Angelique belongs to me now.” He paused a few seconds. “And so do you.”

It hit poor Nancy hard but she did her best. “I’ll have the police deal with you,” she said harshly. “You probably don’t realize the power of our club. I have to suppose you’ve stolen poor Angelique again. But if you now set me free and allow me to dress, I will convey whatever messages you wish to the Board.”

Tom gently clapped in mock applause. “Magnificent, simply magnificent,” he said. “Yes, I now own Angelique. But I also own you. I’m well on my way to a harem.”

“You are disgusting. These ropes hurt. Untie me.”

Nancy was very beautiful there on the rug, naked and with very tight ropes cutting into her arms and legs. I wondered how good a sport she would be about the reversal of our roles. Tom caught my eye and winked. “See if you can get through to her, Angelique.”

I’d seen Nancy naked before but I have never seen her hogtied. Innocently, and trying to please, I ventured, “You really do look beautiful like that, Nancy.”

“I don’t. I look horrible. And I feel horrible. Angelique, if you don’t untie me right now, I’ll report you.”

“I’m afraid I don’t belong to the club anymore. I belong to Mr. Fredrick’s. So do you.”

“Nonsense! Men don’t count. Either tell him to untie me or do it yourself.”

I sighed. I could almost feel the authority of the Sensuality Club from this tight-bound girl on my rug. Tom was right, I had been their prisoner far too long. I tried again, “Nancy, dear, I think you have to understand that you’ve become a prisoner of war. If I were you, I would be very polite to Mr. Fredrick’s. If you are, I’m sure you won’t be whipped very often.”

“You little cheat!” Nancy was staring at me and what she saw as my disloyalty. “When the club is deciding how to punish you for this, I won’t help you at all.”

I sighed again. “It would be better if you told Mr. Fredrick’s that you’re happy to be his prisoner and that you want to please. Nancy dear, don’t get yourself punished.”

Being hogtied and naked while a man looks on isn’t the easiest thing for a girl, especially for a member of the Sensuality Club. Getting nowhere myself, I was thankful when Tom took over.

“Stubborn little bitch, isn’t she? Don’t bother arguing with her, I’ll just have to whip some sense into her. Or would you like to do the whipping? Was she mean to you?”

“The way the club figured it, none of them were mean.”

“But you still collected a lot of marks on your skin?”

“Well, yes. But, Tom, it’s so hard to explain.”

“I’m sure it is.” Tom’s voice was harsh. “Especially with her ladyship listening. Maybe I should whip her immediately. I can tell she’s not going to talk sense until she’s well striped.”

“Don’t you dare!” Nancy went into a positive frenzy of rolling and twisting against Tom’s ropes. “Angelique, tell him he mustn’t. Tell him how wrong his is. Tell him. Oh, tell him anything you like but don’t let him whip me.”

“All Tom wants to do is make you understand.”

“Go to hell.”

I was shocked by that outburst. A slave-girl, and that was what I was thinking of Nancy as, simply did not talk like that to anyone.

Nancy simmered down a bit. “Tell the damned fellow I’m ready to listen to whatever he wants to say. But you can also tell him he’s making a big mistake.”

“Why don’t you tell him, Nancy?”

“Tell you what, Angelique, girl,” Tom said, “you go and make coffee while I talk to the princess here.”

I still wanted to laugh but still felt sorry for poor Nancy. A girl who has been a mistress does not happily become a slave. I made coffee and enjoyed every second of being free. I glowed with the thought that Tom loved me. All the days ahead seemed wonderful. And I wondered how long it would take Tom to tire of Nancy and send her back to the club.

When I returned with the coffee, I got an instant command. “You can untie the hog, Angelique. But not her hands and feet. In her present mood I think she’d be a trouble.” When I drew away the cords binding her feet to her wrists, she seemed grateful but sat up on one hip and said, “I take it I’m not to be set free.”

After a little coffee Nancy ventured, “Would money buy me freedom?”

“No. Don’t need it.”

“Can I abase myself some way to earn liberty?”

“No. Don’t need the service. I’ve got Angelique.”

The poor dear wiggled and twisted a bit before she asked, “So you keep me prisoner? I can’t stop you. What can I expect?”

“Pretty much the same as you gave Angelique. Depends on your behavior.”

“Is there something I can say or do or some price I can pay to avoid being whipped?”

I gave her more coffee. I also straightened out her hair for which I got a really sincere thank you. Girls hate to have men see them with their hair mussed.

“I was never all that unkind to Angelique.”

It was a cry for help.

“Ever whip her?”

“Well, yes. All the girls whipped her. At that time she was the only slave we had.”

“How many strokes?”

It was dangerous ground and Nancy saw the trap. Looking at me, she lied, “Five. It was mostly five.”

“Horseshit! I might believe thirty?”

My former mistress twisted towards me. She was distressed. She sought help. “I never did give her thirty. Tell him I never did give you thirty, Angelique… please!”

“Angelique feels sorry for you so I can’t believe a word she says,” Tom replied coolly. “I’ll start you out with twenty. That won’t be hard and with a whip that won’t draw blood.”

“Twenty! I’ll die!”

“We’ll have your remains delivered to the club. Is this your first time ever?”

“Of course it is. And you’re a brutal beast for tormenting me like this.”

Once more she turned to me. “Oh, Angelique, what am I to do? What is going to happen to me?”

“If I knew what was going to happen, Nancy dear, I’d tell you. But slave-girls don’t know anything. Maybe it would be a good idea for me to tell Tom what you did to me.”

“Please don’t, it will sound terrible.”

Nancy relapsed into a sulky pout.

I knew Tom was enjoying this whole thing. In a way I was enjoying it, too. There is something delicious about humiliated pride, and I'm only human. Dear Nancy was at the top of a slide into a humility she could not even imagine.

When Tom told me to untie her feet, I knew her time had come.

My house had a basement but no dungeon, whipping post or cage like other members of the Sensuality Club. But Tom said he would make do and we all went downstairs. When Tom paused before one of the heavy timbers, Nancy chose to be dramatic. "A whipping post, I presume? How appropriate."

When he untied Nancy's wrists she went crazy. I knew she believed that she could run free and being naked she would attract instant attention. I stood there as she used all her strength to fight my man until he grabbed a handful of hair and shook her head. Nancy's struggles stopped.

"I should batter you around a bit, that's the conventional way to handle a struggling woman. You want that?"

She did not answer. He shifted to one of her wrists.

"The police will get you for this."

Tom snorted a short laugh and that was the end of that discussion.

Nancy's wrists were soon tied one to each side of the massive timber and she was a prisoner. The rest of her was free and available. I wiped away the tear which escaped her and whispered hope, "Girl's don't die from being whipped. You know that from the way it was with me. It will soon be over."

"No it won't," Tom vowed decisively. "This is her first time and she is going to enjoy it. None of this soon be over business. Here goes number one."

I swear I felt the pain. I winched at the truly awful sound of a leather thong cutting into the skin of a naked girl. I knew this was going to be bad. Nancy refused to scream. I knew she would hold her screams for as long as possible out of pride. But she went wild in trying to escape her timber. She even went to the length of thrusting a bare foot against the wood. I longed to tell her how useless it was but, on the other hand, struggling helps. Screaming helped, too. Tom was being totally The Master. "I want you to get the full effect of each impact, Miss Turpin. Whether you've been whipped before or not it is still a unique experience, you should pay attention and enjoy. I'm going to note the effect of my leather across your skin. Fine colors form, especially when two strokes are laid over each other.

The second stroke caught her still struggling from the first. It evoked much the same response save for a larger gasp. Nancy was breathless but Tom continued, "One tenth of

your punishment. Think what a changed young woman you will be when I count out twenty."

"You bastard! This doesn't change anything except to make me hate you."

"If twenty does not achieve our purpose, we can start all over again, Miss Turpin."

Nancy stood there panting. This time she refused to speak and waited. No doubt she was thinking of the power of the club. I counted three, four, five and six. At number seven Nancy began to scream. At the start they were more gasps of agony. But as seven and eight marked her skin they were closer to pleas. She never ceased struggling against the ropes that held her.

"When you feel humbled, tell me," said Tom casually.

"That isn't going to happen," said Nancy in gasps. "I suppose you know you're killing me."

The whole affair was beautifully spaced. Tom was indeed a Master. When the word ten was pronounced, I knew Nancy heard it only as a promise of ten more to go. She moaned and for the first time failed to scream as the leather kissed her bare shoulders. As if out of a clear blue sky, she said dully, "If you'll stop whipping me now, I'll do whatever you want. Please?"

Our master did not stop. Instead he suggested, “Do I notice a change in tone, Miss Turpin? Are you beginning to realize you are not the only young woman in the world?”

“Whatever you want. Just stop this.”

“Excellent, Miss Turpin. You are reacting beautifully. Please keep me advised as we progress.”

There was eleven and then twelve. The leather was wet now with Nancy’s sweat and had a different sound. Her struggles were less wild now. And her skin was more marked up. It was terrible and beautiful at the same time. After the fifteenth impact of leather, I heaved a sigh of relief she did not share. So far as Nancy was concerned, her whipping still had far to go.

At number sixteen, she gave her loudest scream of all. Then she was silent and immobile. When the word “twenty” was announced, she simply stood panting. Miss Nancy Turpin had traveled a long road.

Tom and I stood silent as though in awe. I don’t suppose either of us had doubt about Nancy’s state of mind. We merely awaited confirmation. It came as she slowly said, “You were right, I’ve been a proud and haughty bitch. And I wasn’t all that kind to Angelique. But please don’t whip me anymore, I’ve had enough. I didn’t even believe I could take this.”

It was about a beautiful a surrender as a man could wish for but Tom was not satisfied. His voice was crisp. “Who and what am I?”

The answer was instant. “You are Tom Fredrick’s, my Master.”

“And what are you?”

“I am your slave-girl. I will obey. Please don’t whip me again.”

“And what is Angelique?”

“Angelique is the girl you love. I expect to obey her.”

The beautiful response had not been mechanical. But each had been filled with feeling. Nancy had indeed traveled a long and painful path.

Tom consulted his watch. “I liked the way you said that. You have arrived at these conclusions in the space of forty minutes. Should you find your feelings changing, the whip is here. Draw comfort from that.”

“Yes, Master.”

Another job was done.

We left the naked Nancy tied to the post to take her time in returning to normalcy. Tom and I went to the lounge where I poured brandies in what I suspected might be the last of

my freedom. I had no doubt about how to dispose myself, offering Tom's drink while on my knees.

"Think you can handle it?"

"You mean to be whipped the way Nancy was?"

"Hell, no! You're whip-happy, Angelique. I'm talking about the thirty days."

"Of course I can handle it! Darling, don't you see, I can't possibly lose."

"That's a flaw in the arrangement I should correct. It's no fun having a situation in which you can't possibly loose. If you fail to find your freedom in thirty days, you not only become a permanent prisoner, but you also become…" He eyed me shrewdly. "What would be really bad for you? Fifty?"

Fifty would kill me. I was sure of it. It was impossible. But I cheerfully replied, "Fifty would be nice, Master. Perhaps you should make it sixty."

Tom laughed, recognizing bravado. "It's a deal then," he said. "You get yourself someway free and you become Mrs. Tom Fredrick's. Or you get the whipping of your life and become a slave forever. Looks like a pretty good deal to me."

I did not contradict.

Chapter 11

Girl in Gold

I was not bound until the following morning. Sure I could have escaped during the night but escape from Tom Fredrick's was the last thing I wanted. Poor Nancy had to sleep on the floor with both wrists and ankles locked in handcuffs. As an added precaution, Tom locked a chain around her neck with its other end locked to the bedpost. I really felt sorry for Nancy even though I felt quite certain she was counting my sins in her mind and calculating the punishment to which I would be subjected once I was back under control of the Sensuality Club. In the meantime she belonged to Tom.

In the morning Tom took us away. Nancy rode in the trunk. He said my home was not properly equipped for the subjugation of slave-girls and his place would work much better. On arrival Nancy was instantly locked in a downstairs cell. I stood trembling as Tom ran a length of cord back and forth through his fingers. He eyed me.

"You know what to do, honeybunch," he said and I felt a thrill run down my spine. "We now begin your thirty days."

I've already spoken of the extraordinary sensations I feel whenever I turn my back and offer my bare arms. It was the same now only more so. Tom Fredrick's quite simply

crossed my wrist and with care bound them with the thin cord I knew I could never defeat. I did not care, this was a beginning, not an end. When he had tugged the final knot, he asked aggressively, “Well?”

“I can’t get loose.” I laughed in unconcern. “Tom, there’s no way I can ever free myself after you tie me like this!”

“You haven’t even tried.”

“No, but I will. What I mean is a girl knows when she’s helpless.”

“Okay, okay. I suppose I should do something with your feet. Can’t have a girl running around almost free.”

My master set me down so I could watch him join my ankles a foot apart with rope he finally wound around and around the connecting strands until it looked like a hangman’s knot. I could walk but my steps would be short and my progress slow.

Making my voice casual, I asked, “Is that it? Does this replace the handcuffs and leg irons?”

“That’s it, sweetheart. Haven’t you already figured ways to get loose?”

I knew I would never get loose but did not tell him so. I simply shrugged and said, “I’m going to be your wife. I

don't know how I'll do it but I will. I hope this is all the tying up you're going to do."

"Damn!" Tom exclaimed. "Those feet! I can't get your legs apart."

"You could have thought of that before you tied them."

"Don't be a smart-ass. Would it be cheating if I put those golden leg irons back on your ankles?"

"I don't see why you couldn't untie my feet at night and tie them again the next morning. You're getting lazy. I'll figure something out."

"I could screw you dog fashion for the next thirty days. Of course I could always use Nancy?"

"Use the golden shackles," I said with instant decision.

We left it at that.

During those first few days there were times when I thought of asking my master to relieve me of the cords and lock me once more in the lovely golden shackles. By the end of the first twenty-four hours I knew I was never going to escape from the way he tied me so what the hell. I didn't ask because it seemed ungrateful and because it might seem I didn't want to become Mrs. Tom Fredrick's. But I didn't worry too much because of the truly outrageous things he did to me, in and out of bed. His sexual use of me

was so nearly continuous I thought I would grow numb and lose sensitivity. But with him it didn't work that way. I got more and more acutely sensitive in all the proper places. I was so happy I didn't bother much about trying to get untied. From my first moment of being bound I had secretly supposed my weapon would be in the kitchen, and went there as soon as I could. But the knives were all in one drawer which was locked. I could almost hear Tom laughing.

My next try was with a pair of scissors but the stuff Tom had used laughed at the scissors and I actually broke a pair. Guilty I hid the broken pieces. I looked around the house for those sharp edges but found none. Because of Tom's constant attentions, I didn't much care.

My master was interested in my progress or lack of it. And he inspected my tied wrists daily, always assuring me my hands were securely tied. I could have told him that myself. My feet were freed often, mainly because Tom didn't really like doggy style. The golden shackles were sometimes locked on. I didn't complain because it was a lot nicer to walk around with chained feet than tied ones. Little by little we settled down to a comfortable routine from which I was positive I could never escape and didn't really want to. Tom assured me I would make it before the thirty days was up but he was the only one who believed it.

I felt guilty about Nancy. Nancy Turpin was a fellow member of the club against whom I had no wish for revenge. Tom was keeping her locked in the cell which wasn't much of a life for any girl. When I asked why he kept her there, he said it would teach the club not to mess in his affairs. Even though the poor girl was behind bars I was jealous. Tom allowed me to visit Nancy on the fourth day. He opened the cell door wide and left it that way. It didn't matter very much because I was tied and Nancy was locked to a ring in the stone floor which allowed her the run of the cell but little else.

In my whole life I don't think anyone was so pleased to see me. Nancy's hands were tied behind her back the same as mine so our greeting was inhibited. I don't think it is right to lock a girl behind bars and leave her long.

I immediately gave her the only physical comfort I could by doing what Tom called "muff diving". When she felt better I was deluged with questions. Why had Tom made her prisoner? What was Tom going to do with her? What was Tom going to do with me?

When I protested I didn't know the answers, I'm sure she thought I lied. Seeing how beautiful her nakedness was, I secretly wondered if Tom wasn't keeping her around because he wanted a second female body to screw.

We backed up and tried to free each other's hands but gave up in disgust when we could not work the knots loose. Nancy was curious about the whip marks on her bottom that she could not see. I assured her that they were all the expected color and very beautiful indeed. She seemed relieved there was no broken skin. After a while she asked how good Tom was in bed and was he likely to use her as well as me.

I picked the query up as wishful thinking and was again jealous.

After a while Nancy brought up the topic that was perhaps her main concern. "Angelique, in those times when I whipped you or the other girls whipped you, did you get these strange sensations?"

"Of course I did."

"I mean as if you had gone miles away from here? And that you weren't any longer the same girl at all?" She gazed at me earnestly. "Should it be like that?"

"I guess so." I almost had to laugh at how serious she was. "Being whipped is the start of turning someone like you or me into a slave-girl. Our owner then whips us once in a while to keep the knowledge in our mind. It's sort of basic and simple."

Nancy nodded slowly. Then as if anxious to impart a discovery, “Your owner is really marvelous, isn’t he?” Her eyes were shining. “You’re so lucky, Angelique. I really do envy you. But I do wish he’d take me out of this cage.”

I laughed. “You’re a perfect example of the before and after. You mean to tell me Tom actually achieved a conversion with only twenty strokes?”

Nancy had the grace to blush. “I’m not going back on anything I said. But I’ll admit that fellow you belong to sort of showed me something in myself I didn’t know was there.” She sighed with pleasure. ‘Tom really is wonderful.”

I knew the irritation I felt over Nancy’s change over heart was unreasonable. I swallowed it quickly. I advised, “Nancy, you don’t have to keep calling Tom my master, or owner, or anything else. Just call him Tom. He owns you, too, you know.”

She held up her chain. “This tells me that and so do those bars. But I might as well be some wild thing he caught and put in a cage for all the attention he pays me.” Her voice now held heart-break. “I don’t know why he keeps me or what he wants me for.”

I had no answer. I wished Nancy was back with the Sensuality Club. For my money she was altogether too gorgeous and would daily tempt my master. Disgustedly I looked at the chain around Nancy’s middle and twisted the cord be-

hind my back. “Nancy, dear, I’d get you out of here if I could. But look at me, I’m as helpless as you. I don’t know why he wants you. I wish I did.”

“You’re jealous.”

“I suppose so. Two girls and one man never did work out.”

Nancy shrugged. We were both so helpless it would be useless to argue over something we could not control. Sadly she said, “I feel awful about the way the club treated you, Angelique. When I think of you being passed from girl to girl and getting punished by each one, I have to think perhaps I’m getting only what I deserve. Does Tom really have it in for the Sensuality Club?”

“He hates lesbians. If he catches us doing it, we’ll get the whipping of our lives.” I grinned at her. “Since he’s owned me, I’ve come to understand his point of view. He’s very much a male.”

“You must have some sort of influence with him, Angelique. Could you please ask what he intends for me? Why do I have my hands tied? I can’t escape even if I had them.”

“I’ll try. So far as your hands go, you’re no different to me. Mine are tied the same as yours. Even if we had untied them, it wouldn’t do us any good. You’re still chained and I’m still shackled. Cheer up, for all I know he might let you loose tomorrow.”

My master was not the least bit open on the subject of Nancy. He had got her and was enjoying the sense of possession. As he laughingly said, “Think of all those clucking hens in the club wondering if I’m going to send her back pregnant. Come to think of it, that’s not a bad idea!”

“But keeping her locked up in chains and tied the way you have her isn’t very kind.”

“They weren’t very kind to you, were they? You were all fired anxious to escape the first time I met you.”

“Yes, but I don’t want her around, she bothers me.”

“Not before I screw her a few times. Teach her she’s female.”

“But I don’t want you screwing her,” I said very unhappily. “I want you screwing me and only me. Darling, you’ve whipped her and brought her down to size. Please send her home.”

“Seems to me you said that before.” Tom’s voice held a warning I didn’t want to hear.

“Yes I did and I’ll say it again. Tom, dear, two girls and one man is simply not a good idea.”

“You’re jealous!”

“Yes, I’m jealous. Nancy’s a beautiful girl and she wants you to do it to her so damned bad she’s hurting. Whip her if that’s what you wish but get it over. She belongs back in the Sensuality Club.”

“Sweetheart, you’re giving me orders. You’re not my wife yet, you know.”

“And I never will be, not the way you keep me tied.” I was becoming emotional but didn’t care. “I’ve tried and tried to get loose but can’t. I love you terribly and don’t want you to have another slave-girl. Please?”

“Maybe it is as well you brought this up.” There was a terrible authority in my master’s voice. “Even if you get loose and I marry you, that is not going to change me. I’ll still own slave-girls like Jennifer or this Nancy. You ought to be pleased because they’ll get the stripes I could lay on you.”

His voice trailed away and his eyes burned mine.

“Aren’t I enough to keep you happy?” I looked at my master with all the appeal I could. “I’ve never complained about you whipping me. You can whip me all you want so long as you take me to bed afterwards and love me. Please, Master, don’t sleep with any other girl.”

“Don’t be silly, we’re both adults. Angelique, I thought you had more sense.”

The cords around my wrists were suddenly doubly tight. The shackles on my feet bespoke of endless slavery. In irritation I twisted my shoulders back and forth and said something I should not have said.

“I don’t want to be a part of a harem. If that’s all you think of me, then you might as well send me back to the Sensuality Club. When one of those girls got me, it was at least me alone.”

I knew right away I’d gone too far. I blamed myself for breaking up something beautiful. I had touched Tom’s male pride and was going to suffer. He picked me up bodily and carried me downstairs. Nancy’s eyes were like saucers as he unlocked the cell door and carried me into her prison.

“Angelique has gone a bit off course,” he announced, “and needs corrections. I want you to see her being whipped. With you watching it will hurt her twice as much.”

Tom had me! He knew I wouldn’t plead or get on my knees in front of Nancy. In the same vein, he knew how I would hate to have her watch me whipped. Me, who was supposed to become his wife! I stood in anguish while he cut away the cords from my wrists and retied my hands well apart and above my head to the bars of Nancy’s cell. I wanted to cry and recall every word I had said. But I did not say a word.

“I hope this hasn’t come about because of me,” Nancy said uncertainly. “Please, Master, don’t punish Angelique because of me.”

“Did you call me ‘Master’?”

Tom stopped the whipping of my back and sounded interested.

“Yes, I called you Master. That’s what you are. You’re Angelique’s Master and you’re my Master. Please don’t whip Angelique.”

“Would you prefer me to whip you instead?”

“No, I wouldn’t.” Nancy sounded defiant.

“Then watch your tongue. And speaking of watching, you can watch Angelique taught a lesson. She’s jealous of you and thinks I should send you home. Fact is you both need a lesson and you’ll both get one. Watch.”

I couldn’t call it the worst whipping I’d ever had. It was simply bad enough. Whenever I looked back over my shoulder there was Nancy absolutely bug-eyed.

“Damn it, a man has to keep a girl in her place. I probably should whip you both first thing every morning. Nancy, pay attention. This is what a girl gets here for being sulky.”

The whip cut again and again.

I had promised myself I would not scream, not in front of Nancy. But I am sure Tom had read my mind and toward the end of my correction his searching thong became more vicious. Soon I screamed and cared not at all if Nancy heard them or not. I was a sad and punished girl.

I had been thrust against the bars throughout, fearful of my breasts. When I realized my master was satisfied I simply hung and sobbed out the agony within. I felt defeated and deflated and longed only to go away and cry. But I was firmly fastened to the bars and no doubt made a graphic exhibit. I was sweating and panting, and altogether in retreat.

I was not left there long. There was more to come. When my wrists were untied I simply stood there, not wanting to meet the eyes of either Nancy or my master. My master once more tied my hands behind my back.

“Lay on your back on that bench, girl,” barked my master, but not at me, at Nancy. “Spread your legs.”

It took Nancy several seconds to realize what was happening. For her this was it. If I was waiting for her protests, I would have to wait a long time. She slowly arranged her chain and herself to please The Master. I knew she did what she must but still felt anger. When Tom joined with her, I realized I had been positioned such that I had to watch. That probably hurt more than the whipping had.

When Tom Fredrick's completed his conquest of Miss Nancy Turpin he said no word nor met my eye. He locked us both behind the bars and went away. Nancy pulled herself together and disarmed me utterly by the unexpected. Instead of seeming pleased with what Tom had done to her, she rubbed her bare skin against mine in concern about my whipped back. I realized she saw my whipping only as a punishment because I had tried to help her. How could I not feel warmth for her. Then she whispered excitedly that Tom had been careless in the binding of my hands. Would I like her to untie them, she asked. I told her to go ahead and stood still in a mixture of emotions as she worked away to give my hands a freedom quite meaningless because my feet were still shackled and we were behind iron bars.

When, after a long time, she came to admit defeat I was not surprised. When Tom Fredrick's ties a girl's hands, they stay tied. This was just one more proof. With our hands tied behind our backs we tried our best to comfort each other and have conversation. She breathlessly told me over and over of her startling discoveries of what the male whip and male weapon did to a girl. She was happy.

Tom and I have returned to normal and Nancy was permitted a limited freedom around the house, wearing the golden chains that rightfully belonged to me. She came to be locked in them because I complained about my feet being chained being a violation of our agreement about my

attempt to escape. He laughingly assured me that from then on I would be roped or corded only. Nancy would be the one to wear the lovely gold the club had given me. I had been whipped enough to cure me of complaint and kept to myself any protest.

Tom gave me increasing freedom but never untied my hands. He tied my feet or hobbled them in various amusing restraints. Our wedding was a subject he talked about often, seeming to believe in it in a manner I did not.

On the last night before the end of my thirty days of grace, he laughed at all my efforts and dwelt upon the terrible whipping I was to receive for that failure. Then he hogtied me on the bed while he went to sleep with Nancy.

In the morning when I was sent to make the coffee, something my bound hands had learned to do, I tested the draw as I did every morning at this time. It was not locked but opened at my tug to reveal every knife a tied up girl could ever need. I had long determined how a bound girl could position a blade to gain freedom. Within minutes I was free of all ropes and seething with excitement. I suspected Tom had done this deliberately, and that meant he wanted to marry me as much as I wanted to marry him!

But there was one task to be done. I fled downstairs. Tom kept a set of keys for the golden handcuffs and chains and the cell on hooks on the far wall. I freed Miss Nancy Turpin

in less time than it takes to tell. I dragged her to the garage and thrust her behind the steering wheel.

“But I’m naked!” she cried.

“Don’t worry. You won’t need clothes.”

“But…”

“Go on home, where you belong. Go on quick. And give all the girls my love.”

I got back to the coffee making just in time. A minute later I was carrying a heavily loaded tray with our morning coffee and my golden shackles. My heart was thudding as I mounted the stairs to meet my fate.

“Got rid of her first thing, didn’t you?” he greeted. “I was curious to see what you would do. Thought maybe you would be gone with her to the hen house you call the Sensuality Club.” He lifted the weight of golden chains from the tray. “Glad you saved them. You’ll wear them, of course.”

“Of course.” I was breathless.

“There will also be a punishment for allowing a prisoner to escape.” Tom’s voice was casual. “I suppose you knew this?”

“I sort of thought there might be a penalty. It’s one I won’t mind paying. Is there anything else, Master?”

“Yes, there is. You’ve been damned good and sulky these past days just as if I don’t have the right to use my own cock. You’ll pay for that, too.” He mimicked me, “Anything else?”

“Well, yes, when will we get married?”

“Tomorrow. I’ll whip you today but leave your other punishments for the honeymoon. That okay?”

“Yes, Master. Thank you, Master.”

“And don’t get sassy. And I don’t want too much lip after the ceremony. You had best remember.”

“Yes, Master. I’ll be very good.”

“Even when I go out for a night on the town and keep you chained up safe at home?”

“Even that, Master, though I would prefer not to know.” I gave him my loveliest smile. “After all, I’ll only be a wife. Won’t I?”

“That sounds like sarcasm. I’ll add it to the list.”

“Thank you, Master. I’m sure I’ll be very happy.”

“That sarcasm again? You want to try for more.”

I quit while I was losing, after all a girl's back only can take so much. Instead of words I joined my master in our bed and neither of us had much to say for a long time. When that time was passed, Tom ceremoniously locked the golden handcuffs on my wrists and the golden leg irons on my ankles.

The gold is really nice.

And, like Nancy said, my master is really wonderful!